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POH Transcripts - 1838

February 1st. 1838. New York

At 11 AM got on board the London Packet Ship "Mediator." At noon we hove off from the wharf at the foot of Pine Street, and the steamer tow-boat, took us out beyond Sandy Hook. The day was wonderfully mild – the bay almost wholly without floating ice and we all (us passengers) stood on deck to admire the scenery, and see the last of New York. Just ahead of us the Havre packet was being towed out; and astern of us came the packet for Liverpool. (We saw neither of these all the way over the Atlantic although we all arrived at our several ports within a few days of each other.) As the sun went down we saw the last of the New World - I believe the heights near the Narrows – and the land vanished like a grey cloud on the horizon. Now then we are fairly off – the "skipper" or "old man" says we shall be in England in eighteen days; but as I was 49 coming out, this appears too fair a hope. An uncomfortable evening – nothing in order – all (*bottom line of text missing from photocopy*)

Friday. February 2nd. 1838. On the Atlantic

Lord Bacon says that it is a very foolish thing for a man at sea to sit down and write a diary of events which happen during a voyage: for, as he says, every succeeding day must be like the preceding, and a record of events is only ringing changes on some half dozen things which regularly occur in succession. That being, we will be brief: - for in this assertion there is some truth – that is, if the weather should prove moderately steady.

To day the wind blew from the northeast and we went along "like winking:" - but "oh horror," as Fanny Kemble says, I got sea-sick – yes I did, "and no mistake." It is just a twelvemonth since I made my last voyage, but I have had a great deal of boating, both in travelling and in excursions in my own boat in Boston; so that I had almost flattered myself that my sea horrors were over for ever. I suffered for ten days coming out and three (*bottom line of text missing from photocopy*).

Feb.27th. 1838. Straits of Dover. –

Wind easterly during the morning, fell calm towards noon, and in the afternoon it sprung up to the S.W. – This is better. However, we made very little way, and got no glimpse of land, though we are coming up towards the Straits.

Fell in with, and spoke to a Hamburg schooner.

After tea drove away the evening with a game of Speculation.

Wednesday, Feb. 28th. 1838.

Took on a third pilot this morning.

At 7A.M. obtained a good view of Dover – the castle – and Shakespeare's cliff. How often have I seen Dover in this way – in steamers, packets, and various sorts of craft – and yet I never was there. I fancy I know all about the castle hill, and the fine cliff, off which Lear was going to jump; and yet forsooth I never was on either.

Friday. Towards the evening we ran by Margate with a fair wind, for it is gradually veering round to the west. We were a long time making short tacks, as we arrived nearer the Thames. Several large ships were in our case; but we beat them all in sailing – these American packets are beautiful sailers. We passed Chatham, and the hulls of six large ships on the stocks were visible. As the sun went down we cast anchor for the night, for the skipper was afraid of proceeding in the dark.

Turned into bed about ten, and thought it very queer that now I was so near trading again on the soil

of Old England – a much better soil faith, than the Yankees can boast off. True, there are many things which I like in America – but then there are many more which I prefer in England. A pound (*bottom line of text missing from photocopy*).

March 1st. 1838.

March 1st. 1838. Thames, and London.

At 4 A.M. was awoke by a steamboat coming along side and fastening herself to us, to give us a lift up the river. Slept again till 7. Turned out – breakfast – shave – polish up – passed the towns merrily. What a very antique and venerable look there is about every building in this country, when compared with the newness shed over every thing in the one I have just left. Quite astonished to find they have had so severe a winter in England; the winter in American has been the mildest almost ever known.

Entered the St. Catherine's Docks, and went ashore.

Quite horrified in walking through Cornhill, to see that the Royal Exchange has been burnt down. It happened whilst I was in the middle of the Atlantic, about a fortnight ago. What a pity!

Saturday, March 3rd. 1838. London

The preceding pages are remnants of the earlier part of my Diary. Perhaps I might with advantage have saved such portions as preserved the records of actual facts; but as there was so much in it that was childish, I threw it indiscriminately into the fire.

P.O.H.

POH Transcripts - 1846

Peter Orlando Hutchinson

Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh

July 10. 1848.

All my Diary, for 15 years previous to this, I have burnt, as being useless. P.O.H.

Sidmouth, Devon. 1846

[note in margin: According to date, this page comes last.]

Saturday, Dec. 26 __ Got on the rail at Paddington at a quarter before ten, and was taken by the Express train to Exeter in four hours and a half – distance I think 194 miles. As I had two or three hours to spare, I walked out to Heavitree where my uncles and cousins have been buried to inquire the particulars in case my father should be buried there, as I was disposed to wish for. Learnt from Mr. Atherley, the Vicar, that in the vault in the church my grandfather, Judge Hutchinson, and his wife were buried, but I forget whether there were any others; but since the erection of the new church burials are not allowed to take place – not even in the old vaults. In common graves, about twelve yards south west of the north-west corner of the churchyard close against the wall that bounds the lane, in a cluster are Thomas Hutchinson, son of the Judge, William his younger brother, formerly curate of this parish; Louisa, William's wife, and Henrietta their child. At William's feet lies Thomas's son William, but without a monument. It was my wish that my father should be near them; but two days before his death he said he might as well be buried at Sidmouth.

London and Sidmouth. – Dec. 1846.

Friday, Dec. 25. Christmas Day. →→__ Received the following letter from my brother:- "Sidmouth, Dec. 24. 1846.

"My dear Peter. – Your father died yesterday at 6 P.M., and it is my mother's particular wish that you come down to the funeral, which is to take place here on Tuesday, if possible. You, and my mother are named Executor and Executrix; and £500 are left to you, as well as half of Section 18. [At Alexandrina, Victor Harbour, South Australia; being the plot of 154 acres bounded on the east by the river Hindmarsh, and on the south by the sea.] As I am bothered with business, and have many letters to w rite, it is not necessary to say more, as we expect you so soon.

"I am your affectionate Brother, Bingham Hutchinson."

On the receipt of the above I made immediate preparations for the journey. I excused myself from Mr. Green's Xmas party, but without alleging the reason, and went to the Paddington station to enquire about the departure of the trains.

POH Transcripts - 1848

Sidmouth. Ap. 1848. *(nb this does not follow on from any previous page)*

of hoarding, for he had 75.000 bottles of 150 different sorts of wine, and upwards of 1200 full hogsheads: that there were 24.000 wax candles at Neuilly, and that these added not a little to the blaze when the palace was burnt. These are amusing statistics.

Thursday. April 27.__ Gilt the coronet of the Hutchinson crest on one of my pole screens.

Friday. April 28.__ Sent off a letter to Mr. A.F. Lindsay, at Alexandrina, South Australia. See March 20. 1848.

Monday_May 1. 1848.__ **May Day!** Fine clear weather, but a cold air. Just like a March day.

Tuesday. May 2.__ Met Mrs. Cunningham on the beach. Told her I wanted ten minutes chat with her. She appointed twelve tomorrow.

Spent the evening at the Walkers', Lime Park.

Wednesday. May 3.__ Attended to my appointment at Witheby; but instead of ten minutes with M^{rs}. Cunningham, made it an hour.

Friday. May 5.__ Spent the evening with the Le Patourels at Sidbury Castle House. Walked home soon after midnight.

Sidmouth and Tiverton

Sunday. May 7__ Church morning and afternoon. In the evening, went to All Saints and heard their new instrument the "Harmonium." The effect is good and somewhat organ-like. The tones are produced by the bellows acting on elastic metallic tongues.

Tuesday. May 9.__ Went to Tiverton to attend the funeral of aunt Mary Roberton, my mother's sister, who died last Thursday the 4th Instant, at 10 P.M., from an affection in the left breast, caused by a violent blow which she received in her youth. Met her son-in-law the Revd. F. Jones at the Tiverton Road Station, and we went on together.

Wednesday. May 10.__ The funeral took place this morning. The only relations present were uncle Roberton, aunt's husband; cousin Mary Roberton, uncle's niece; the Revd. F. Jones, and myself. My aunt was buried in the same spot in the yard of the New Church in Fore Street, where her daughter Jane was interred several years ago. The tomb is the size of a common grave, bricked at the sides, and large enough to hold two or three coffins one over another, and it is at about 20 or 25 yards from the School at the bottom of the south walk. My aunt's is the only coffin; but the bones of her daughter, collected and placed in a box, are deposited on it.

Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh, Devon. July 1848.

Friday. July 7. 1848.__ Rambled over the hills in the neighbourhood of the Hennock road.

Saturday. July 8.__The hay not quite made enough to house, but very nearly. Took a walk to the Quarry, and made a sketch of it. Came home with the rheumatism in my lame leg. What a plague that leg is!

If you should chance to get a lame leg

You will find it to be a terrible plague.

Sunday. July 9.__ It rained incessantly all day. Alas for the hay!

Young ducks will thrive on a rainy day,

But rain is a grievous thing for hay.

That truth to this conclusion brings –

That ducks and hay are different things.

Monday. July 10.__A superb day, and the hay was housed.

Tuesday. July 11.__Made two sketches of Heightley Cottage.

Wednesday. July 12.__Took a drive in the carriage on the Ashburton road with Mary and my mother.

Thursday. July 13.__Left Heightley for Uffculme. Went to Exeter in the carriage, and then took rail to the Tiverton Road Station, and then a fly to Uffculme, where we arrived safe.

Uffculme, and Sidmouth. July 1848.

Friday. July 14.__Weather extremely fine and hot. As a proof of the heat of the sun I may mention a circumstance that happened this morning while I was dressing. The candle that I had used the night before to go to bed with, was standing in the window with the sun shining upon it. All at once I was astonished to see it bend sideways with the heat, double down, and deposite the extinguisher in the candlestick. After breakfast I used the sun to seal a letter, by means of a looking-glass.

Saturday. July 15.__Made two drawings for the little Joneses, and in the evening took a walk with them on Uffculme Down – No! I took the walk with them yesterday evening. I went up there this afternoon alone, and made a drawing of the Whetstone Hills.

Sunday. July 16.__At Church twice. In the cool of the evening my mother, the Joneses and myself walked to the Down.

Monday. July 17.__My mother and myself left Uffculme and returned home to Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, from which I had been absent some two months.

Sidmouth, Devon. July 1848.

Tuesday. July 18.__Wrote a letter or two and set things to rights.

Wednesday. July 19.__Received a visit from Mr. Barratt, during the continuance of wh. one of the most important subjects connected with a gentleman's appearance was discussed. Mr. Barratt is a tailor, and the parish clerk.

About an hour after midnight, when I was in bed but not asleep, my attention was arrested by a bright glow of light shining into my room. I jumped out of bed, opened the window, and looked out, and continued looking for more than half an hour. There was large blaze of fire, the flames of which were rising over the roofs of the houses in the direction of the marsh. The next morning I heard that it was a fire in the timber yard of Charles Farrant, upholsterer, and that about £100 worth of timber was destroyed. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Farrant is not very popular. But a fire occurred in the same spot some months ago, and it seems a spite exists owing to his having stopped up a thoroughfare in that neighbourhood.

Thursday. July 20.__Passed a pleasant evening at the Le Patourels' at Sidbury Castle. Walked out and back.

Sidmouth. July 1848.

Sunday. July 23.__At church twice. Both services done by Mr. Bircham Houchen.

Monday. July 24.__Spent another pleasant evening (night!) at Sidbury Castle. Rode there and back with Mr. Heineken.

Tuesday. July 25.__Amused myself by carpentering in Ebdon's workshop for a couple of hours. Read part of Wilkinson's Australia.

Wednesday. July 26.__Finished making the block for the pulleys, to be fixed to the jamb of the side door to keep it shut.

Friday. July 28.__Made a coloured drawing in Sketchbook No. 9. Finished reading a volume of Australia written by a Mr. George Blakiston Wilkinson. The colony of South Australia has now been founded eleven years and a half; it contains upwards of 25.000 inhabitants, and is in a most flourishing state. I almost wish I were out there looking after my land at Alexandrina. The plan which has been adopted with respect to this colony has answered well – namely that the money expended on the purchase of land from the crown, is devoted to the purpose of sending out respectable emigrants, on the principle, that land is no use without labourers to till it. The moral condition of the colony, too, has been much promoted by the care that has been taken in only sending out persons of good and steady character, both men and women. When Adelaide was founded, in December 1836, the aspect of things soon began to improve: but a system of over speculation in land reduced the colony to considerable distress, and in 1843 this distress was at its worst. Things, after that, began to improve; but the discovery of the vast mines of metal, speedily gave such an impulse to industry, and opened such a source of wealth, that it has gone on progressing in prosperity ever since.

Saturday. July 29.__Had an industrious day at drawing. Did a coloured sketch of Amyat Place: was occupied several hours at illuminating the initial letters of Louisa Mary Robertson's name, from a design sketched out at Heightley; and received a lithographic stone, on which I mean soon to set to work.

Sunday. July 30. __At church twice. After dinner took a walk up to “Jenny Pine’s Corner,” or “Jenny Pine’s Grave,” as the spot is sometimes called. The story goes, that an old woman, who many years ago committed suicide [1811], was buried here in the four-cross-ways. She

Sidmouth. August 1848

Is said to have cut her throat with a rusty knife – an instrument she generally had in her hand, for she used to earn her living by weeding. There is a stump of a tree at the north-east corner with the initials “J.P.” cut on it, but I do not think the present tree is the same I recollect near that spot twenty years ago [see on, and MS. Hist. of Sidm. III.125,]

Monday. July 31. __Took a ramble on Salcombe Hill and got caught in a sudden and violent storm of rain. I was as drenched through as if I had been ducked in the sea. I hurried home and changed everything.

Tuesday. August 1. __Passed most of the day drawing.

Wednesday. August 2. __ Ditto

Thursday. August 3. __ Ditto

Political affairs have gone on apace. The French have 10.000 prisoners who were taken after the disturbance of the beginning of July, and they don’t know what to do with them. The slaughtered at the time amounted to about an equal number. Ireland is in a terrible state – as when is it not? But it is worse than ever if possible, and is in a state of rebellion from one end to the other. I have no sympathy with the Irish. Their ingratitude is disgusting. Last Saturday the first skirmish took place. Mr Smith O’Brien, M.P., in the rebel uniform, and wielding the “82 Club” cap headed some 5000 insurgents, who had collected on Boulagh Common, near Ballingary, Co. Tipperary. Fifty policemen, who had been sent to that neighbourhood, fearful that they should be overwhelmed, took refuge in a house on the borders of the common, when Smith O’Brien came up and summonsed them to surrender. As they refused, from the windows, to do this, the insurgents began to place faggots about the house to set it on fire. Upon this, they discharged their weapons upon their assailants, and killed several, and the rest retired. O’Brien had a narrow escape of his life. He has since vanished. The government has offered a reward of £500 to anyone who shall take him; and £300 for the capture of several of the other rebel leaders. So much for Ireland.

Friday. August 4. __Had a fagging day at writing and copying letters.

Sunday. August 6. __ After church took a walk over Peak Hill. Met Mrs, James Jenkins and her two daughters on the top of the hill, and saw Miss Catherine Cunningham as I was coming down.

Monday. August 7. __Sent cousin Mary Robertson the illuminated initials of her name. Commenced my lithographic drawing of the new organ in Sidmouth Church upon the stone. It is sundry long years since I dabbled in this work, and I feel quite out of practice. I hope soon to do a map of the town and parish, reduced from the large map, executed according to the provisions of the Tithe Commutation Act, now in the keeping of the churchwardens, so I do this drawing to get my hand in.

After dinner took a walk up Salcombe Hill, commencing my scrambling up the cliff at the mouth of the river Sid. The farmers are beginning to cut their wheat in this neighbourhood. We have had a great deal of rain lately; and the weather still looks unsettled.

Tuesday. August 8.__ Six hours at lithography , and two hours yesterday – making eight.

Spent the evening at Lime Park, where, besides the Walkers, I met Captain Elphinstone and his eldest daughter; and Mrs FitzGerald and two daughters. Captain Elphinstone is the lineal descendant of the Lord Balmerino, who was beheaded for his share in the rebellion of 1745. He is too poor or too indifferent to prosecute his claim to the title.

Wednesday. August 9__ Most miserable weather for the harvest. Four hours at lithography – and the eight before = 12. William Smith O’Brien, the leader of the Irish rebellion is arrested. He was taken last Saturday evening at 8 o’clock at the Railway Station at Thurles. What will be his fate? Severe or lenient? Will they make an example of him, and hang him up by the neck? Or transport him, or what? We shall see. He is now in Dublin Castle. Some say his friends will try and make out that he is insane, in order to save his life. But he is not a madman, he has been a fool.

Thursday. August 10.__ Six hours at lithography, and the 12 before make 18. Finished and mounted my pole screens.

Friday. August 11__ Six hours at lithography – and finished the work. This makes 24 hours that the whole has taken me to do. I have made it a close copy of my drawing of the new organ in Sketchbook No.8 with the only difference of the addition of the group of figures.

Saturday. August 12. __ Handed the lithographic stone over to Harvey, the bookseller, and he will send it to Risdon’s, 25 High Street, Exeter, to get a proof taken, and see how it turns out.

Sunday. August 13.__ At church twice. The Dean of Exeter preached in the morning. He is terribly lame, and was obliged to get into the pulpit on crutches. A horse kicked him in the knee, and damaged the patella. The prayer “For Fair Weather” was read. We have had so much rain lately that serious apprehensions are entertained about the harvest. The ripe grain is again growing out of the ear as the wheat stands. I counted above 80 fields of corn in the valley of Sidmouth as I took a walk up Salcombe Hill this evening.

Sidmouth and Exeter. Aug. 1848.

Monday. August 14.__ Bingham’s birthday. He is 42. Received a proof impression of my lithographic drawing. The grain of the stone is too coarse for a good effect. They get these things up better in London.

Spent the evening at Mr Heineken’s, chiefly at music.

Tuesday. August 15.__ Sidmouth Regatta. The weather was better than it promised in the morning, and matters went off pretty well. Some of the rowing matches did not come off. The men who intended to enter for them, took upwards of 50 000 mackerel during the morning; and this success at fishing put so much money in their pockets that they did not care for the money they might have contended for. Besides this, a hard morning’s work had tired them.

Received from Mr. Radford, solicitor, the document in which Burnley acknowledges being indebted to me in the sum of £10 and £100 three per cent. consoles . --- repaid July 1849.

Friday. August 16.__ Started for Whipton to see the O’Brien’s. Went into Exeter by coach. It began to rain as soon as I arrived. Went, however, to Risdon’s, the lithographer. The defect in the stone,

under the window in my sketch, shows more on the stone than on the proofs. As there appeared to be no satisfactory remedy, I resolved to do the whole over again. So I ordered him to clean it off, and send the stone to Sidmouth once more.

Walked out to Whipton, and found Mrs O'B. and her four sons, most of whom I have not seen for some years. They drove me again to Exeter to call on Mrs Gray, their sister Annie, whom I have not seen since she was married. Went back; had a chatty evening, and slept there.

Saturday. August 19.__ After breakfast copied 26 coats of arms rudely emblazoned on the panelled ceiling of what was once one large room up stairs, but which is now divided into two bedrooms and a passage. The house probably belonged, at some distant period, to one of the old county families, as I recognised many arms of noted persons of the neighbourhood, as Bampfyld, Russell, Chudleigh of Ashton, Champernowne of Clyst Champernowne, Acland, Fulford, Prideaux of Notewell, Raleigh, &c. [Sorry I have lost these sketches.]

In the afternoon, returned to Exeter, and then got the coach for Sidmouth. My modern Article on Whipton is in the "Western Antiquary", Vol. XI. P.196.

Monday. August 21.__Walked to Sidbury, and called on the Hunts and the Fellowes. Returned via Shogbrook.

Wednesday. August 23.__Walked to Knowle, to call on the Wolcotts. Then rambled over Bucken Hill to enjoy the view, where I had never been before. This hill commands the Harcombe and Packham valleys to the north, and there is a fine view of the valley of Sidmouth to the sou'west.

Monday. August 28.__Witnessed Mrs Walker's signature at Lime Park.

Tuesday. August 29.__ Composed a waltz in Bb [*B flat*].

Wednesday. August 30.__Took a walk with Mamma and paid some visits.

Thursday. August 31st. At a party at the Leviens. Went through three quadrilles - the first with Miss Fitz Gerald, the second with Miss Mary Ann Kennet Dawson, and the third with one of the Misses Leven. By the bye, this family is of Jewish descent, but they have now turned Christians, and the father of the present man, altered his patronymic from Levi to Leven, or else the present man did it when he gave up Jewdaism.

Friday. Sep.1. 1848.__Beware ye partridges, and don't say I didn't warn you.

Began my new lithographic drawing, and worked two hours.

Sidmouth. September 1848.

Saturday. Sep.2.__One hour of lithography; and the 2 of yesterday make 3. After lunch started at half past one with the Miss FitzGeralds to find the petrifying spring near Salcombe Mouth, by appointment. We went over Salcombe Hill, keeping along the edge of the cliff on the top and down the other side, where the view was beautiful, as the day was fine. No particular adventures occurred, except one or two slips and tumbles in getting over the stiles on the steep slope of the hill. We went down upon the beach at "Salcombe Mouth." And the walking about 100 yards still further eastward, found the spring issuing from the face of the cliff. It is nothing, however,

compared with what I remember it a dozen years ago. We saw a quantity of petrified moss adhering to the cliff; but too high up to get at. There were some masses lying on the beach, but not good. However, we brought some of it home. We then sat down upon the shingles and discussed some sandwiches. We returned to Sidmouth, all along the beach: but it was almost more tiring than going over the hill.

Monday. Sep.4. 1848.__Superb weather at last. After all, we have a great and confident hope in a fair harvest. Three hours at lithography - and the 3 before = 6.

Tuesday. Sep.5.__ Five hours at lithography - and the six before = 11.

Wednesday. Sep.6.__ Five hours at lithography – and the eleven before = 16.

Thursday. Sep.7.__Miss Slessor and George Gutters were married this morning at Sidmouth church. Four hours at my lithography – and the 16 before = 20. [see window in church. s. side.]

This evening went to a ball and supper at the Hunts of Court Hall. Two quadrilles only. Home at half past 12.

Friday. Sep.8.__Three hours at lithography, and finished my work, having been 23 hours at it altogether. It requires some resolution to do the same subject twice over. I hope everything will be satisfactory this time.

Saturday. Sep.9.__Went to Livonia Cottage and called on Mrs. Elphinstone, and her brother Mr. Loback. She was a Russian lady, and speaks English with a foreign accent. She ought to [be] Lady Balmerino here, and is Baroness Elphinstone in Russia, as her husband was made a baron in Russia some years ago. Though he is a Captain in the British Navy, he was also for some time in the Russian service. That he has a right to the title of Lord Balmerino, appears plain from the genealogical tree he shewed me, and the facts he related; but as he has a wife and several children, he is “lying on his oars,” as he observed, and cannot at present prosecute his claim.

Parliament was prorogued last Tuesday by the Queen in person, accompanied by Prince Albert, after one of the most protracted sessions on record. The Whigs are strange statesmen; and in spite of their “retrenchment” and boasted “economy” they have wound up by confessing that they are two millions in debt. This they have been obliged to borrow; and thus have added two millions more to the National Debt.

An account has just been given in a parliamentary paper of all the gold, silver and copper money of the realm coined at the Royal Mint from the first of January 1816, to the 31st December last.

Of gold coinage the value was	£90.029.763..15..3
Of silver	£13.573.906..19..10
And of copper.....	<u>£343.051..15..0</u>
Total	<u>£103.846.722..10..1</u>

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Immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, the Queen, Prince Albert, and the princess and Prince of Wales started from Wolwich in the Royal Yacht for a sojourn in Scotland.

Monday. Sep.11. __Though moderately fine the weather is very cold. Indeed, it has been a cold summer. According to the register kept here by Mr. Heineken, the thermometer has only once or twice been up to 71.

Wednesday. Sep.13.__Walked to Ladram Bay along the beach, and returned over the hill. I have not taken this walk for six or seven years. It is rather a rough one on the beach, and in order to get through the Arch at Ladram Bay, one must calculate the time, so as to be there at low water at spring tides, for at neap tides it is not low enough to walk through. To-day the moon was full, and I arrived at 20 minutes before twelve, and found the tide very low. I can see some alterations in the face of the cliffs since I was here last. When I was on the sands in Ladram Bay, I fell in with a gentleman who had that morning rambled over from Sidmouth, but he had gone over Peak Hill, the way I meant to return, and I directed him how he could go back the way I had come, which, at first, he was afraid to do, for fear of being caught by the tide. In the course of our conversation, he talked on the subject of geology, and he mentioned having recently having come from the Isle of Wight. He had also visited the Landslip, and made several remarks of the appearance exhibited in the cliffs in this neighbourhood. He then observed that he had been reading a book, which he got at Harvey's Library called "The Geology of Sidmouth, and South-Eastern Devon," written by a Mr. Peter Orlando Hutchinson, and he had been making observations on the coast with his book in his hand. At his announcement I could scarcely contain my countenance, for he little thought that he was talking to the author himself. However, I remarked, with all the gravity I could assume, that I remember having read the book some years ago. We then separated, and I climbed to the top of High Peak Hill, where I ate my luncheon. On the way up I made a coloured sketch of Ladram Bay. High Peak Hill is about 513 feet in elevation [513.9 by the Ordnance calculation]. I gave myself half an hour to examine the remainder of the earth works of the old camp, for such I have not the least doubt but it is: but whether it be the Fidortis or the "Lost Station" of antiquaries, I cannot decide positively, tho' incline to the idea. No. On examining the escarpment of the cliff, next the sea, where the hill has been abraded away, in two places I remarked a stratum of ashes and charcoal, one about three feet below the surface, and down to which I could not reach with my arm over the cliff. But the other was in a more accessible place, and not above a foot below the surface. These fires appear to have been made on the ridge of the agger or earthwork, but whether for signals or culinary purposes is not certain. It appears, then, that the earthwork was subsequently heightened, and the remains of the fires buried; but the wearing away of the hill has laid the ashes bare, and shewing the appearance of a black stratum. I collected several pieces of the charcoal and brought them home. On being held over a candle, they reddened like a piece of charcoal recently made. I must make another visit to the hill, and examine it still more closely.

After dinner this evening, finished reading Dr. Johnson's Preface to his edition of Shakespeare's Plays, and then read Pope's ditto to his ditto, which are prefixed to Alexander Chalmers' edition. Pope's preface is not to be compared to Johnson's, either in the grammatical correctness of the language, nor in its elegance or force, nor has it half the epigrammatical power, nor analytical anatomy. I have not been in the habit of looking upon Johnson with the blind deference of many persons; but I am rather pleased with the style and composition of this preface.

Sidmouth. Sep. 1848

Friday. Sep.15.__ Oh, horror! I have just learned from the lithographic printer in Exeter that the stone on which I have executed for the second time my view of the interior of Sidmouth Church, has broken in two halves under the weight of the press! Here is another week's work gone. The first time a flaw in the stone, the second time the stone cracked in two! "The third time," says the proverb, "is always lucky." He said, however, that as the accident had happened under his hands, he would make it good to me, and that he would draw it himself. But if he does it, it won't be my doing; and I want the lithograph to be my own doing. After a little vexation, I resolved to have courage to do it again, and sent for another stone.

Saturday. Sept.16.__ Superb weather! We shall apparently have a fine autumn, after all; and I have resolved to make the most of it out of doors. To-day I planned another examination of High Peak Hill. Started after breakfast. Made a coloured sketch of the hill from Peak Hill, which took me two hours. Discussed my lunch, and then walked to the summit of High Peak. Erected a little flag-staff, on which I fixed an old cambric pocket-handkerchief, as a signal to Mr. Heineken in Sidmouth. Then erected an upright staff four feet long, having two cross pieces three feet apart, thus:- [*drawing*] By means of this Mr. Heineken will measure the distance to the summit of the hill from his house in the High Street, with the micrometer in his large telescope. Instead of three feet, however, it would be better if the pieces were 6, or even 10 feet apart. Perhaps I will be at the trouble of erecting a longer pole some day. These signals I left after I came away. Then examined the worn away face of the cliff, and dug out some charcoal, which I carried home. Also rambled down over the cliff to examine below the summit. Found nothing there in the antiquarian way, but several imperfect geological specimens in the green sand, which were not worth taking. Returned home after having been six hours out.

Monday. Sep. 18.1848.__ Went to see Mr. Fish's cottage. I believe it must be some eight or ten years since I was there last. What an exhibition to be sure! There is a profusion of everything that costs money (except books) but we look in vain for anything that can bespeak talent, good breeding, science, or mind.

Tuesday. Sep.19.__ Sent off my letter for Mr. J.M.Skipper, of Adelaide, South Australia.

Wednesday. Sep.20.__ Received a letter from Mr. John Skipper of Thorpe Hamlet, acknowledging the receipt of £2.

Received another lithographic stone.

Thursday. Sep.21.__ The splendid weather still continues. Took advantage of it by making an examination of the old British, Saxon or Danish camp on the summit of Sidbury Castle Hill. Started after breakfast, and ascended on the south end of the hill; but it was a most difficult scramble, and I had great difficulty in getting up. Since I was here last (about six years ago) the thorns, brambles, heather, fern, trees, and brushwood have grown so high and close, that it required considerable toil to get through it. The best places to get up are either on the north-west or the south-east. The hill is about 500 feet high, the summit oval in form, and two aggeres enclose it. I measured the two diameters of the inner agger, with a ten-foot rod which I cut coming up, and made the longest 1450 feet, or 483 yards, being somewhat more than a quarter of a mile: whilst the short diameter was 430 feet, or 143 yards. As I stood on the south-east point of the hill at noon, the sun was directly over the church tower in Sidmouth. Examined the whole of the top of the hill all round the entrenchment; but the coppice and bushes in some parts was so thick, that I found great difficulty in tracing the works with certainty. At the north-east point, where it joins Ottery Hill, there appeared

to be a deep intrenchment between two parallel earthworks thrown up like hedges, as if a flanked or protected road of entrance originally existed here; but the trees were so thick, that it was difficult to trace it far. Independent, however, of the fact that this hill is conical and isolated, the remarkable circumstance of two springs of water rising out of the ground on the summit within the circumvallation, must have rendered it a notable cite for a stronghold. And whilst there are ponds of good water on the surface at this height, the well at the Buscombe Farm in the valley below, is seventy feet deep. Some antiquarians, in their endeavours to find the "Lost Station" have, without sufficient grounds, pointed to this hill as the probable cite, but which I am more disposed, and strongly disposed, to assign to High Peak Hill. The distance of the "Lost Station" from Isca, or Exeter, in the Itinerary of Antoninus, is set down as XV Roman Miles; and this agrees with the distance of High Peak. General Simcoe, in writing on this subject, because he could not make any of the known camps in the neighbourhood agree with the required distance, suggested that the Roman was wrong, and had made a mistake in his figures! This was a new way of settling the question. But General Simcoe did not know of the existence of a camp on High Peak*; and [*yes; he alludes to it in a note in Polwhele.] until I published the discovery in "Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette" some six or seven years ago, I am not aware that the fact of a former camp on that hill was known at all.

Having completed my measurements and observations on the top of the hill – discussed my luncheon – and made a rough drawing of Sidmouth as seen from thence, I commenced my rough descent, and walked home.

Friday. Sep.22.__The fine weather has broken up with a thunder storm.

Saturday. Sep.23.__The weather warm, but rainy.

Monday, Sep.25.__Began my lithographic drawing, for the third time. Worked at it 4 hours. Played for an hour on the pianoforté.

Tuesday. Sep.26.__At lithography 4½ hours, which, with the 4 yesterday, make 8½ hours.

Wednesday. Sep.27.__To-day 4½ hours at lithography, and the 8½ before, make 13 hours.

Thursday. Sep.28.__Yesterday, the moon was new, and I took the opportunity of the spring tides to make another series of observations along the beach to Ladram Bay. Started soon after 10 A.M., and as I went on I made a sketch of the features of the cliffs all the way, especially marking the faults or dislocations, of which there are several. Not taking those between Sidmouth and the Limekilns (which I must take another day) I began at the Limekilns and went westward. There appears to have been a slight perpendicular crack at the "First Roosings," so called, and the strata from the Limekilns thereto (about a furlong) dip down towards the west, but afterwards the strata rise towards the west, according to the general course along this coast. [Bent upwards by the fault at the old limekilns, bringing up the Chit Rocks.] All along under Peak Hill there is no disruption; but I am not sure whether there is not a dislocation at the beginning of High Peak Hill, just after the second of the two little points of the cliff that jut out into the sand. A few hundred yards beyond this, where there is a cavern, there is a crack; and then at the point of a few hundred farther, and a little beyond the isolated tall mass of rock, there is another crack, and a small cavern. Just beyond this we come to the first of the masses of rock on the beach, having a volcanic appearance. This, and the crack last mentioned, are spoken of in my "Geology of Sidmouth." The next marked locality we come to is the most projecting point of High Peak Hill, off which stand the isolated rock called "Picket Rock," which

I believe means Peak-ed Rock, or sharp rock, from its shape. Further off in the sea, and never left quite dry, even at the lowest tides, is a smaller and flatt rock. On the small extent of beach immediately on the west of this point of the hill are found globular nodules of ironstone, from the size of a pea to that of an apple. At the next point we come to the principal mass of volcanic matter. [No, no. Hard rock but not igneous. P.O.H. 1879.] The lava, in a heated state appears to have forced itself out from under the cliff, bring with it stones and pieces of the sandstone formation. It is amygdaloidal here, having cells in it like the hill on which the castle of Exeter stands. I brought some specimens away. In the cove in which this occurs, there are two or three faults in the cliff easily discerned. In the next cove also there are two dislocations meeting at top, like a letter A. A few yards further westward we come to an arch through a slightly projecting point. I recollect when there was no arch there - perhaps about twenty years ago. In this cove stands a large isolated rock, once of course united to the main land. By the bye, the eastern point of this last cove looks as if looks as if it would be detached from the main land. [See my MS. Hist. of Sidmouth Vol.1.p.8 for the geological section of these cliffs and point A.] It is planted with potatoes on the top; and this plot of garden can only be reached by a narrow footpath. Lastly, we come to the celebrated Natural Arch; and having passed this, which can only be done at low water, spring tides, we are in Ladram Bay. There are two curious isolated rocks standing in this bay.

Having completed my observations geological, I walked up the cliff to the summit of High Peak, to make some observations antiquarian. On the way I had a great feast of blackberries, and these I enjoyed with a crust of bread and some apples which I had in my pocket.

The more I look at and consider the remains on the summit of High Peak Hill, the more I am convinced that a station of great vastness and strength once existed here. I examined it again to-day, and contemplated its various positions and entrenchments. The form of the work appears to have been egg-shaped, the small end pointing towards Peak Hill, and tending, in its long diameter, north-east and south-west. On the north-east side, too, where it was probably most easily approached, the works were stronger. There are indications of three aggeres on this side. I again examined the strata of charcoal: and to-day I managed to reach lower down over the sea-face of the cliff than before; and whilst lying flat, and with my arm at full stretch, I contrived to get out a piece of charcoal as big as an egg, being part of a knotty joint in a large branch of a tree. This I brought away, as it was the largest I had found. The grain and texture resemble oak. As these fires were made on the top of the earthwork, in an exposed situation, I am disposed to think that they were signal fires, and not fires used for dressing food. I will shortly write a letter on the subject of this hill, and the Roman roads through this neighbourhood to Woolmer's Gazette, for something more ought to be said about them, and I will record in print these my observations.

Finished the afternoon at home with a practice on the piano, and and an hour and a half at lithography: this, with the 13 yesterday make 14½.

Friday. Sep.29.__ Michaelmas Day! North-east wind - dull weather – thermometer 60. At lithography 3½ hours; and the 14½ of yesterday, make 18.

Saturday. Sep.30.__ Sat down to lithography, but several people called and interrupted me, and through threw me out of my calculation. Think, however, that I was at it about three or four hours – say three; and the 18 before make 21.

Being a rainy evening, I chopped fire-wood for an hour by way of exercise.

Monday. October 2.__At lithography 4 hours, and 21 before = 25. Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken. Brought home the first vol. of Camden's Britannia, by Gough, edit. of 1806, four vols. folio.

Tuesday. Oct.3.__At lithography 5 hours, and the 25 before = 29.

Wednesday. Oct.4.__ At lithography about an hour, and finished the work. This, with the 29 before, makes 30 hours. The two previous times I was 24 hours at this Interior of Sidmouth Church. I hope no accident will happen this time with the printer.

Thursday. Oct.5.__Went with Mamma and called on the Fitz-Geralds.

Friday.Oct.6.__ Made arrangements to survey the top of High Peak Hill. The remains of the ancient stronghold on this hill has occupied my attention a good deal lately. Yesterday I finished reading David's volume on Axminster. He is inclined to think that Hembury Fort may have been Moridunum. I had been thinking of writing a letter to one of the Exeter papers on the subject of Moridunum, and pointing out High Peak as the possible site: but the matter grows, and I am disposed to think that it would be a suitable article for the Gentleman's Magazine - indeed, I have some notion now of embodying my investigation in the form of a book, for I find that I shall have material enough. When I was returning yesterday week over Peak Hill, the idea suggested itself that the track across the common, about 40 yards from the edge of the cliff on the summit, descending on the western side, and still used as the pathway, might be the remains of the old British Road, from Sidbury Castle Hill to High Peak. It is not impossible, but it may have been the Ikenild Street, or a branch of it. It appears to come from Bulverton Hill, inland, all along the crown of Peak Hill towards the sea, and turns to the westward at 100 from the cliff, and then points directly to High Peak. The end abuts out over the cliff, where the land has fallen away between the two hills, Peak and High Peak. But we come to the other end at the base of the cone of High Peak, where it continues on to Otterton. It may then have gone on to Woodbury Castle and Exeter.

To-day the summit of High Peak was enveloped in a thick sea fog, but I commenced my survey and carried it through. It was terribly wet work driving straight lines through the furze and long grass. The fog prevented my making some distant observations with the spyglass and compass, as I had intended. I was more than 6 hours out, and returned rather fagged. - Oct.10.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1848.

Saturday. Oct.7.__Received a proof impression of my last lithographic effort. This is more like what I desired. I think it will do. So much for perseverance. [See my Hist. of Sidmouth, V.IV.74.]

Plotted my yesterday's survey on another piece of paper, so as to set it out fair. The fog has prevented my making it perfect in several places. I must go up there again soon - only I will take care to have a clear day.

Monday, Oct.9.__ Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken.

Tuesday.Oct. 10.__ As my survey last Friday of High Peak Hill was very unsatisfactory, I went up again to-day. The atmosphere was clear, but it blew a hurricane from the north. There was a man cutting furze on the hill, but some of the bundles were blown away over the cliff as if they had been feathers. I was afraid to go near the edge of the cliff myself. In spite of this I laid out my sundry lines

and angles, though I think I must come up again to perfect the business. I managed it much more agreeably today than last Friday.

Wednesday. Oct. 11.__ Plotted out on a fair sheet of paper my rough notes of yesterday. Oct. 12.

Sidmouth. Octr. 1848.

Thursday. Oct. 12.__A mild, quiet morning, but a somewhat hazy atmosphere. Went, however, to High Peak to take some bearings, and perfect my survey. Was out seven hours and discussed my crust on the summit, and washed it down with blackberries. It is surprising with what gusto one enjoys dry bread when out on such expeditions. According to the mean of several observations taken a few years ago by Mr. Heineken and Dr. Radford, the heights of the different hills near Sidmouth are as follows at low water: High Peak 511: Peak 489: Salcombe Hill 497: Maynard's Hill 458. Took the bearings of several places by the compass from the top of High Peak – just over the strata of charcoal. Took the bearings of many of the points in my survey, and went over some of my measurements again, and corrected my angles. I hope now that it is tolerably correct, allowances being made for absence of theodolite and chain. Went out at ten in the morning, and was not back till five in the afternoon. On looking over the cliff, on the summit, I put up a covey of eight partridges, which I had done several times before. Curious place for partridges.

Friday. Oct. 13.__Plotted out my plan of Peak and High Peak hills. Mr. Heineken spent the evening with me. Bingham and Burnley went to Mr. Hoskins' ball at the London Inn. I declined the honour. Shewed Mr. Heineken my model of a safety valve for steam boilers contrived some six or seven years ago, which I term a "piston valve." The idea and principle he thinks are new, and therefore he urges me to communicate it to the "Mechanics' Magazine." I will think about this.

Posted my letter to Mr. J.H. Skipper, Hindley Street, Adelaide, S. Australia. This was a duplicate of the letter of September 18th. last. It will probably go by the "Glenelg", 1500 tons, which is to sail on the 15th Instant.

Saturday. Oct. 14.__After breakfast went down to the mouth of the River Sid, and made a coloured sketch of the cliff, being the western point of Salcombe Hill, rising immediately above the river. Two faults, or dislocations are visible here; and to the geologist, are worth noting.

Sent my Essay entitled "What is the present National Spirit of our Literature, and to what is it tending," to the Editor of Woolmer's Exeter Gazette, according to his request.

Received 12 impressions of my lithograph of the Interior of St. Nicholas' Church, Sidmouth from Harvey, the bookseller in Sidmouth, to give away, but not in the place – our arrangement being that he takes all the expense upon himself, and I give him the impressions to make the most of.

Monday. Oct. 16.__Sent my Aunt Mrs. Cocks one of the lithographs of the inside of Sidmouth Church.

There is now no question about the Asiatic Cholera having arrived among us. For some weeks past several doubtful cases have occurred in London and elsewhere; but now there is no longer doubt. There have been between thirty and forty decided cases in London, and about as many in Edinburgh, and a few in other places on the eastern side of the country. The deaths have been from two thirds to three quarters of the persons attacked. It was stated a short time ago by Dr. Shapter,

the mayor of Exeter, at a public meeting, where the subject of precautionary measures was discussed, that the disease travels westward at the rate of about 280 miles a month. This is nearly 10 miles a day. There appears to be much less alarm in the country at the arrival of this terrible visitant than there was in 1832. Indeed, it seems to excite few apprehensions, and people go on in their ordinary occupations and amusements as usual. We may expect it in Devonshire shortly.

Wednesday. Oct.18.__Walked to Sidbury and called on the Misses Hunt of Court Hall. Mr. Hunt, the father, now 85, confesses that he does not feel so vigorous as he used to do half a century ago. Called also on the Revd. Mr. Fellowes. Went and returned through the lanes of Shogbrook. The weather dry, but a cold and very cutting north-east wind.

Thursday. Oct.19.__Sent to the "Mechanics' Magazine" my invention of a safety valve for steam boilers, which I name the "piston-valve." The notion was struck out some seven years ago, but has laid aside till now.

Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken, making some experiments in galvanism.

Friday. Oct.20.__Again at Mr. Heineken's, prosecuting our experiments in galvanism.

Saturday. Oct.21.__A fine day. Took my mother a constitutional walk after breakfast as far as Jenny Pine's Corner and back.

Monday. Oct.23.__The fine weather is over: but if we have rain we are compensated in some degree by having a much more agreeable temperature of the atmosphere. It has been unusually cold for a week.

Tuesday. Oct.24.__The papers mention that the recent cold weather has arrested the progress of the cholera in London. Since the disease appeared in England a few weeks ago, there have been about 200 cases. This includes London, Woolwich, Leith, Edinburgh, &c, where the most cases have occurred, and these are all on the eastern side of the country. It is now, however, reported that one case occurred the other day at Portland, and on at Plymouth. This is taking a long skip westward. If this is the case Exeter will not long escape. It was said, some time ago, in the reports we received from Russia, that in those places where the epidemic was raging the magnets lost their power, and that the electric telegraphs became useless. As the peculiar state of the atmosphere apparently the cause of this scourge, or accompanying it, may be looked for in Great Britain, since the disease is among us, I have a wish to test this by experiment. I have hung up a small magnet in my room, which, by having a small bucket of card attached to the piece of steel placed against the ends of the horseshoe, will support about a pound and a quarter. Should the same phenomenon appear in England, as remarked on the Continent, I shall be able to observe whether the magnet loses the power of supporting the weight now hanging to it – that is, by the bye, if the cholera will allow me to do so.

Wednesday. Oct.25.__Finished reading Mr. Sidney's "How to Settle and Succeed in Australia." He condemns the "Wakefield system," and advocates dispersion not concentration of the emigrants; and says that the present price of land at £1 is too high for the interests of the colony.

Thursday. Oct.26.__This morning at breakfast-time a parcel came to us, or was brought to the house, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Hutchinson. For some time we hesitated to open it, but not knowing of any person of our name in the place, at last we did so. To our amusement, we

discovered six dozen toothbrushes! Much puzzled, we made enquiry, and it came out that a Mr. Hutchinson had recently arrived, with his wife, and the parcel was intended for him. We have found out that he has come here for the winter, and he is apparently descended from the same parent as ourselves. His home is in Lancashire.

Friday. Oct.27.__Bingham and myself called on Mr. Hutchinson-of-the-Toothbrushes. He has something of the Hutchinson about him in the upper part of the nose and eyebrows, but otherwise I see no particular family likeness. He may be from 45 to 50 years of age. His hair is brown, and his whiskers not full, both which are family peculiarities.

Saturday. Oct.28.__Made two drawings of the cliff west of Sidmouth, in order to shew the “faults” or dislocations, of which there are several opposite the Chit Rocks.

Sunday. Oct.29.__After church, took my mother a walk to the Limekilns on the cliff, but we were driven home by a storm of rain.

During the evening read Mr. Gathercole’s Letters to a Dissenting Minister on the errors of dissent. Certainly, he seems to carry a strong argument with him.

Monday. Oct.30.__Occupied for some hours in writing a rough draught of a paper on the subject of the old camp on High Peak Hill, and a consideration of the probable site of Moridunum.

Mr. Hutchinson-of-the-Toothbrushes returned our call. He has much of the Hutchinson about the upper part of the nose, the eyes, and the eyebrows. We had a long chat on pedigrees, family seals, coats or arms, &c. I shewed him my MS. volume of “ Memorials of the Hutchinson Family”, and as he was curious about its contents I lent it to him. His father entered the army young – at 16 – and accompanied the 64th to America on the breaking out of the American war, to fight the Yankees. When his father was going out, my ancestors were coming to England.

We were talking of “Fortiter gerit crucem”, the motto used by Lord Donoughmore, and were expressing our state of uncertainty over whether the motto were really a Hele motto or a Hutchinson motto. He believed the latter, and for this reason, namely, that he is pretty positive that his grandfather used the Hutchinson arms on his seal with that motto to his will, some years before Mr. Hele married Miss Nixon (Hutchinson.) If this were so Mr. Hele did not bring it to the Donoughmore family.

Tuesday. Oct.31.__A miserably rainy day. Received from Holden, bookseller, a packet of books, relating to the ancient history of the west of England, which I wish to consult now I am about my article on Moridunum, &c.

Wednesday. Nov. 1.__Mr. Toothbrush Hutchinson returned my “Memorials of the Hutchinson Family.” He also gave me an impression of his seal – Hutchinson quartered with Massey of I think perhaps I might be able, with care, to insert my own quarterings of Sanford and Coddington Foster in the second and third quarters, and then make an electrotype seal of the whole.

Thursday. Nov.2.__Wrote several hours at my article on the subject of an inquiry into the site of Moridunum.

Sidmouth. Nov. 1848

Friday. Nov.3.__After breakfast took a walk up to Greenway Lane lying beyond Jenny Pine's Corner, and close under the higher part of Bulverton Hill. The view towards Sidbury is beautiful; and the foliage just now is of every imaginable colour.

Saturday. Nov.4.__The day fine and clear, but the N.W. wind cold. Took my mother a walk up Peak Hill. She can't climb hills as well as she used to do. A passing cloud brought down a sprinkling of snow. This is too soon.

Sunday. Nov.5.__At church this morning with my mother, and received the Sacrament. Being the "Gunpowder Plot" day, the appropriate prayers were read. The Act of Parliament also, that requires these prayers to be read, was given us in full.

Monday. Nov.6.__Finished my "Dissertation on the site of Moridunum," which I wish to have printed in the Gentleman's Magazine.

This evening sundry "old popes" visited us; and well illuminated by blazing tar barrels.

Skimmed over Risdon's survey of Devon, and made a few extracts therefrom.

Tuesday. Nov.7.__Went through Westcote's Devon, and made some extracts.

Spent the evening with the Walkers and Lime Park.

Wednesday. Nov.8.__Received a letter from Mr. Nichols of the Gentleman's Magazine, and sent my Dissertation on Moridunum to him. – See Letter Book, Nov. 8. 1848.

The weather to-day is clear and fine – something unusual. The "Great Sea Serpent" is still spoken of with wonder. Since the account of it, as seen by the captain and crew of H.M. ship Daedalus, was published, several Letters have appeared in the papers on the subject. In Captain McQuhae's statement, he remarked that it carried its head some four or five feet out of water, but that many feet of its neck or body were visible, but that no undulation appeared in its motion: hence he concluded that its length underwater must have been immense; for it was swimming at the rate out about 15 miles an hour; and it is known that all creatures of the eel and snake tribes undulate the body in swimming. A recent writer in the Times states it as his opinion that perhaps the animal was a saurian, propelling itself with fins, and was a Plesiosaurus, or a creature allied to it. If so the idea that the plesiosaurs are an extinct race, known only in the fossil state, may be erroneous. This writer's argument seems plausible.

Thursday. Nov.9.__Fine day, but a cold north-east wind. I see it mentioned in the papers that the last session of parliament was the longest on record. It sat from Novr. 18.1847 to Sept. 5. 1848. The members met 170 days, and were in the House 1407½ hours, which is an average of 8 hours 16 minutes and the quarters. Of these 136¼ hours were after midnight. The number of divisions was 255.

In Paris, on the evening of the 4th of November, 101 guns were fired to announce that the New Constitution had been voted by the National Assembly. The 10th of December is fixed for the election of President. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, nephew of the Emperor, is likely to be elected. The sober party is in great alarm. They need not fear. The nephew is not the uncle.

Dr. Radford sent me current number of the Archaeological Journal. There is an interesting narrative of some recent excavations at Cadbury Castle, where several fragments of armillae, &c., were found. But he wanted to seduce my allegiance away from the Gentleman's Magazine, and get me to send my Dissertation on Moridunum to it; but despite the beautiful getting-up of the new periodical, I had an affection and a reverence for the other, which I could not forego. Besides, I am disposed to think that the Gentleman's Magazine will always be looked upon as a standard work of reference.

Friday. Nov.10.__Received a letter from Mr. J.G.Nichols, acknowledging receipt of my Dissertation, and saying, in complimentary terms, that he will forthwith order my sketches to be engraved, and the matter set up in type.

Called on Dr. Radford. Returned his magazine. Called on Mr. Heineken. He shewed me some coprolites.

Made some extracts from Borlase's Cornwall.

There is a curious law case reported in the Times of the 7th Instant. It is entitled "Prince Albert versus Strange." It seems that the Queen and Prince Albert, for the last seven or eight years, have been amusing themselves with etching on copper various subjects, some original, some copies, and having impressions, for their own private use, taken off by a copper-plate printer, called Brown, in Windsor. But Brown's journeyman had surreptitiously taken off a number of impressions, which he first kept to himself, and now has made arrangements for publishing and selling them. With this view a catalogue of 63 subjects, among which are about ten portraits of the Princess Royal, done by the Queen, has been issued. In order to get a better sale, they have been avowed as the works of her Majesty and her consort. Mr. Strange, of Paternoster Row is the ostensible publisher, and the Prince has applied for an injunction to restrain this appropriation of private property. The case has excited a good deal of amusement.

Saturday. Nov.11.1848.__Made up a parcel of books hired of Holden, Bookseller, Exeter.

Sunday. Nov.12.1848__At church. My knee that I hit in the dark last Tuesday Monday evening, hurts me so much that I will lay up and nurse it.

Wednesday. Nov.15.__ Coloured three views of my lithograph of the inside of Sidmouth church. This makes ten. Having kept house since Sunday, my knee feels better. It is very tiresome, as I wanted to go to the top of High Peak Hill, especially as the weather is fine and dry.

A small hiatus.

Sidmouth. Dec.1848.

My friends, this is the bay called Navarine, -

We ne'er will let a Turkish King o'er England reign.

Full three parts of the world they always crave,

We'll fight those Turks our valours for to save.

They form a line you plainly see,

With full intent to conquer we [sic in orig]
But yet, for all their Admirals, you shall find
A Turkish dog we will not leave behind.
We'll beat them all without [unless] they run,
So now let every tar stand to his gun,
Until the voice of thunder's heard on every side,
And those salt waves with Turkish blood be dyed.

[A break]

See, now, my friends, this is an able fight.

[A break]

So, mariners, away! now quickly go,
The Turks shall your determination know.

[A break]

And see! that Turkish Admiral's run away,
That talked so much of naval victory.
Our English, French, and Prussian total twenty-seven,
The great Turks number one hundred and eleven.

But that great boast we did not mind,

We fought so long,

So bold and strong,

Till not a Turk is left behind.

For some we burnt, and some we sunk,

And blew some in the air;

We fought so long,

So bold and strong,

Till now, my friends, you see the bay is clear.

The Turks, my boys, their courage well did show,
But our bold English tars soon brought their colours low.

Such is the precious manuscript. The original author has either been very much marred by his transcribers, or else he wrote according to a type of his own, - that is, if he wrote the MS. which was placed in my hands. It certainly reads clearer as I have arranged the lines, than all running on as prose, in the way I found it.

Sidmouth. Nov. 1848

Thursday. Nov.16.__ Coloured two Lithographs of the Interior of Sidmouth Church. Did not go out, but my knee is better.

Friday. Nov.17.__ My birthday! What a miserable reflection! The papers mention that at Durango, in Mexico, a million mummies have been discovered.

The Times newspaper of the 12th of October, this year, in an article on the railways, tells us, that £326.643.217 have been authorised to be raised for the construction of railways, by acts of parliament already passed; that up to the end of last September £195.317.106 have actually been raised in the country for their construction; and the public are still liable to be called on for the sum of £131.326.111. There is wealth in the country somewhere.

Read part of the Blue Book, being the First Report of the Lords' Committee on emigration from Ireland. The questions are very searching and the evidence gives one an immense deal of authentic information on all our colonial dependencies. The Second and Third Report I read a month ago - having begun at the wrong end. South Australia is the colony I prefer, after a fair consideration of all, though Port Philip is good; and I am glad my land is in South Australia.

Saturday. Nov.18.__The first half of my Essay entitled "What is the present National Spirit of our Literature, and to what is it tending?" appears to-day in "Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette." The rest of it is promised next week, for it is too long to print all at once.

Coloured two prints of the interior of St. Nicholas' Church. This makes 16 coloured. I have taken upon myself to do 50.

In the "Mechanics' Magazine" of to-day appears my communication, with the illustrations, relative to my so-called "Piston-Valve," which I forwarded to the Editor on the 19th of October.

Sunday. Nov.19.__Went to church in the afternoon - the first time I have been out since last Sunday - and the duty was done by the Revd. Bourke Fellowes.

In the evening finished reading the Revd. Mr. Gathercole's Letters to a Dissenting Minister. This Mr. Gathercole had been a dissenter himself; but seeing the evils of the system, he became a member of the Protestant Church of England. His arguments seem to be very conclusive. He is sometimes rather virulent in his language. He allows it; but says in his excuse, that he learnt it "whilst he was with the dissenters."

Monday. Nov.20.1848.__Carried 15 coloured lithographs of the Interior of St. Nicholas' Church to Harvey, bookseller.

Tuesday. Nov.21.__Called on Mr. Heineken. He was just coming to me with the current number of the Mechanics' Magazine to shew me the piston-valve in print, not knowing that the editor had, unasked, sent me down one.

The weather to-day is superb, and I long to be once more ferreting about on the top of Moridunum - I mean High Peak Hill. I am very glad I did not knock my knee and disable myself until after I had made my survey and completed my article for the Gentleman's Magazine.

Wednesday. Nov.22.__A sudden change in the weather. The wind is south-west, and it is raining like fury. Finished reading the series of articles in the Second volume of the Penny Magazine entitled "The Mineral Kingdom." They form a very good succinct introduction to the subject of Geology.

In the "Western Luminary," Exeter paper, of today, there is one of a series of articles entitled "The Nooks and Corners of Devon," or something to that effect. In the one to-day there is some antiquarian notice of the camps in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth. The article is subscribed by the initials "W.P.S." I imagine this must be W.J.P. Shortt of Heavitree, the author of "Sylva Antiqua Iscana," and "Collectanea curiosa Antiqua Dunmonia." He was ignorant of a fortress on High Peak Hill when he published his two books: but three years ago, he issued a prospectus to obtain subscribers for another work, and I then directed his attention to the fact by means of a letter in Woolmer's Paper. As his book has not come out, I suppose he could not get enough subscribers; and he is now possibly bringing out his materials without cost to himself through the medium of a journal. I remember promising to become a subscriber. In the "Western Luminary" he mentions a station on "Peak Hill" meaning High Peak, the summit of which hill he never seems to have visited. He remarks on it merely incidentally; and evidently he is not aware either of the size or importance of that station. Some of his other remarks are made with his usual carelessness. He writes in such a hap-hazard manner, and often speaks with great positiveness when he is quite wrong, that it is impossible to rely on his assertions.

Friday. Nov.24.__Paid Lester and Radford £3..15 for Miss Salter thinking it was the 25th.

Saturday. Nov.25.__A further portion of my Essay appears in Woolmer. Bound the No. of the Mechanics' Mag. in which my Piston Valve is printed.

Monday. Nov.27.__The blow in my knee still feeling uneasy. I applied 6 leeches to it, as advised by Dr. Cullen. I ought to keep quiet for a while; but this is very trying when one feels all the desire to be rambling over the hills.

The approaching election of the President of the French Republic, absorbs every other thought in France. It comes on the 10th of next month. The struggle is between General Cavaignac, and Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, nephew of the Emperor. If Napoleon gets elected, he will never be able to hold his ground through four years of office in that lawless, reckless, country. He is not the man his uncle was. There are nine million voters to canvass! On this unusual fact the Times of the 24th Instant remarks:- "In the mean while the efforts and exertions of the partizans of General Cavaignac and of Prince Louis Napoleon are on a scale never before witnessed. To canvass 9.000.000 electors is a task never previously undertaken by candidates, yet so zealous are all concerned for their principles in this struggle, that this feat will be achieved." At present the notion

is that Louis Napoleon has the best chance, though the tug will be a hard one on both sides; and yet it is allowed, that he has little to recommend him to the favour of the nation, but his name.

Sidmouth. Nov. & Dec. 1848.

Wednesday. Nov.29.1848.__ Finished Mary Robertson's coat of arms in a lozenge, surrounded by four children.

Made two coloured rough sketches for Miss Heineken to copy, one being the New Church, Sidmouth, and the other the windmill at Stafford.

Thursday. Nov.30.__ Strange news from Rome. The Pope has been obliged to fly! I don't pity the Pope much. First, I do not look towards popes in general; and with respect to Pius IX in particular, I am not sorry that the mob, which he so much courted at his accession, has now given him a taste of what mobs really are. He stopped at nothing in order that he might gain popularity. He commenced a course of the most reckless and sweeping reforms; and now his people, following his example, and awakened to action by himself, are carrying out his principles, but in rather too extended a degree. He has aroused them, and he cannot pacify them. Everything was for Liberty. He has now awoken this monster, and it has proved too strong for him. Doubtless he did some good to his people by his reforms; for during the time of his predecessors they were kept in extreme darkness. But there is a medium in all things. This he overlooked. He thought he could not do, or rather, undo enough, to please and satisfy his subjects; and now, instead of reforming Italy, he has

Sidmouth. December 1848.

revolutionised it. On the 15th Instant, his prime minister, Count Rossi, was stabbed as he was entering the House of Representatives. The Pope was kept a prisoner in his palace. He was forced to change his ministry, under a threat that, if he did not, everybody in the building, except himself, should be slaughtered. The last accounts are that he has made his escape and fled. Where he has gone, nobody knows. It would be a good joke if he made England his place of refuge, as crowned heads in distress are given to do. By the bye, when I was at Chudleigh in the summer, and at the time when the Jesuits were turned out of Rome, and some sixteen of them were harboured at Ugbrook Park, in Lord Clifford's mansion, it was said even then that the Pope might have to fly, and if so, that Ugbrook had been offered to him as an asylum.

Friday. Nov.31.__ This morning I met with a strange accident that might have been serious. Just after I had stepped out of bed, I put my bare foot on a pin, and in some unaccountable way ran it nearly up to the head in the sole of my foot. The pain was considerable, but catching hold of the head, I immediately dragged it out again. It bled a good deal, and I feared inflammation might come on. The knee of the other leg would have been enough at one time. No evil arose out of the accident.

Monday. Dec.4.__ The Pope has taken refuge on board the French steamer the "Tenare," – so says report. General Cavaignac, when he heard of the insurrection in Rome, sent four steamers to his assistance. Being President of the French Republic pro tem., until the coming election, he had the

power of effecting this self-interested measure; for we are told that it was done more to serve his own ends by a stroke of policy, such as might gain him popularity, than that he sympathised with His Holiness in his reverses. It is said that this will get the General some supporters. But he has just gone through an ordeal which has gained him much strength both in the chamber and in the city of Paris. A charge was brought against him, that during the emeute in June, he had collected troops in Paris, and ordered them to fire upon the people – the sovereign people. A discussion in the chamber ensued, in which he justified himself; and it ended by a vote of over that “he deserved well of his country.” This triumph has gained him the support of the present government, and a great part of Paris. Still, the friends of Louis Napoleon are very sanguine. Louis Napoleon’s chief reliance is in the departments. It is now thought that not more than 5.000.000 persons will vote at the election for the 10th Instant. A fortnight ago it was declared that more than 9.000.000 voters would be canvassed. It is doubtful whether either of the candidates will be thus elected. In the first place, unless a candidate secures 2.000.000 votes, the election is void as respects the nation; and in that case the power to elect devolves upon the Chamber of Deputies. Now, as there are two or three other candidates in the field besides the two just named, as for instance Ledru-Rollin, a violent Red Republican, Raspail, a sort of Robespierre, with others less ultra, it is likely that neither of them will get 2.000.000 out of 5.000.000 votes. If this should be the case, and then, if the election devolves upon the Chamber, there is no doubt but General Cavaignac is safe. Of all days of the week, the election, which is likely to be characterised by bribery, corruption, violence, profanity, excess, crime of every sort, and probably bloodshed, is fixed for Sunday!! I cannot comprehend the Roman Catholic religion. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

On turning over the current No. of the Farmer’s Herald, I see a review of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, Vol. IX, Part 1, in which there is a notice of the Phosphoric Strata of the Chalk Formation, and some observations of its fertilizing qualities. Amongst other places, it says that a bed of phosphoric green marl occurs in the Whitecliff near Beer, in Devonshire. It contains fossils rich in phosphate of lime, and nodules containing shells and casts of shells. I should like to make an excursion to Whitecliff.

Tuesday. Dec.5.__This evening, Mrs. Theophilus Jenkins of Lime Park, daughter to the late General Walker, and our neighbours and No. 1 Coburg Terrace, spent the evening with us, to wit, Mrs. and Miss Creighton.

Saturday. Dec.9.1848__ The assertion, that the Pope had fled to Malta, turns out to be false. He has gone to Naples Gaeta. Under the expectation that he would soon be in Paris, the French had begun to make preparation to lodge him in the Tuileries.

The papers mention more about the Royal Etchings. The case is appointed to be tried to-day in Vice Chancellor Knight Bruce’s Court, at Lincoln’s Inn.

Serious apprehensions are entertained of disturbances in Paris tomorrow, it being the day of the unique election. Should not be at all surprised if they passed the sabbath in shooting each other from one end of the city to the other. The result of the election will not be made known until the 18th. It will take a week, I imagine, to collect the result of the poll from all the innumerable polling places in the departments.

Sunday. Dec.10.__Went to church. The first time I had been outside the house for a fortnight. My knee, however, does not get well so fast as I could wish.

Received a letter from Mr. J.G. Nichols, of 25, Parliament Street, Editor, or at all events printer, of the Gentleman's Magazine. It enclosed two proofs of the Plan of Sidmouth with its neighbourhood and the view of High Peak Hill, executed from my drawings which I sent him on the 8th of last month together with my article on Moridunum. I regret they are done on stone. I had hoped they would have been engraved on steel or copper. They are done in line to imitate engravings, but they lack the fineness and the sharpness which engravings on metal exhibit. The following is his letter:-

"25 Parliament Street

Saturday, Dec.9.

"Dear Sir.- The lithographer has brought me these proofs of the plates intended to illustrate your memoir. I regret to find they do not equal your beautiful drawings, but perhaps he can arrange to lighten the sky. If you find any other part necessary to be altered, will you have the kindness to let me know. I remain, Dear Sir, Yours Faithfully,

"John Gough Nichols."

P. Hutchinson Esq.

In my reply I suggested one or two minor alterations.

Tuesday. Dec.12.__ In the newspapers an appalling incident, or rather an act of culpable carelessness, has recently been mentioned, in which 73 persons were suffocated, by being shut down in the fore cabin of a steamer off the north coast of Ireland during a storm. They put into Londonderry when it was discovered. The captain is in custody.

The last new invention is the production of light by electricity. The most brilliant effects have been produced in London, by erecting the apparatus in Trafalgar Square, on the summit of the Duke of York's column, and other commanding situations. It is said that the gas lamps were quite eclipsed. A company has been formed and the public is invited to take shares. It is thought that this light will supercede gas, and is well adapted for streets, squares, large buildings, light-houses and the like. In the prospectus it is stated that the cost of light in England, produced by gas, oil, wax, tallow, &c. amounts to £11.366.000.

The King of Prussia has given his turbulent subjects a new constitution. It consists of 112 articles.

The Emperor of Austria has abdicated in favour of his nephew Franz Joseph the First!!!

Surely we live in strange times. Happy England! Here we go on quietly and prosperously, and the Queen, I trust, sits on her throne as firm as a rock.

Mr. Heineken lent me the first edition of Camden's *Britannia*. It is a duodecimo in Latin, bearing date 1586. The present trade price is about 6 shillings. This is not much for the "editio princeps." Also Camden's Remains, a book about the same size, but in English. It is "the fourth Impression, [Edition?] reviewed, corrected, and increased. This bears date 1629. He sent them to me to turn over, as I am contemplating a small volume on the subject of Moridunum at some future day. I can, however, do nothing here in Sidmouth. The books which I wish to consult I fear I cannot get any nearer than in the Library of the British Museum. Country towns are foolish places to live in. There is no getting anything.

Wednesday. Dec.13.__Sent to Harvey, the stationer, 15 more coloured lithographes of the Interior of St. Nicholas' Church, Sidmouth. This makes 30.

Practised an hour and a half on the piano forte – a thing I never did before; but everybody was out, and I had it all to myself. I shall, however, never make a piano forte player. One must begin young to play that instrument well. There are so many notes at a time to read, and the work of the two hands is so isolated, by which the practical management of this instrument is so unlike that of most others – as the flute, violin, clarinet, &c. - that nothing but commencing early will enable a person to overcome its difficulties and peculiarities. But owing to the handfuls of chords, and combinations of sounds that can be produced on it, by which the intricacies of counter-point, thorough bass, and modulation can be studied and surveyed, it is an instrument that every really musical person should learn to become master of. The practical part of the science of harmony cannot properly be gone into and handled on any other – unless I mention the organ – but this is in a manner the same thing. I now regret I did not begin the piano forte when I began the flute – when I was somewhere about ten years old. Many vexations and disappointments, however, which have come upon me during the last five years, have much cooled my former love of music, and I may add, poetry. The stern realities of life are grievous coolers of youthful sentiment.

Friday. Dec.15.__The accounts from France become interesting. The state of the pole cannot be finally known for some days, but that which refers to Paris, and some of the neighbouring districts, has arrived. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is carrying everything before him in the most extraordinary manner. In some places his majority is three to one over Cavaignac, in Bordeaux and others, he has nearly all. The total of the votes in Paris amount to 242,376, and are thus divided:-

Louis Napoleon	131.154
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Cavaignac	73.129
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Ledru Rollin	22.279
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Raspail	12,656
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Lamartine 3.144, and 114 others, which are distributed amongst General Changarnier, Marshal Bugean, the Prince de Joinville, Louis Blanc, Dupont de l'Eure, Arago, Considerant, Prudhon, Vidocq, (the thief-taker!) Larochejacquelin, Beranger, (the poet,) de Montrol, Abd-el-Kadez! Falloux, Eugene Sue (the author) Mole, Jerome Bonaparte, &c. A strange list indeed: and the returns shew that the most favoured are either demagogues, aggitators, insurrectionists, plotters, criminals under a better government, ruffians, socialists, approvers of murder, robbery, and assassination; while the orderly and the intellectual have been insulted with a single vote or two. This ought to convince any thinking person of the absurdity of universal suffrage; and how ridiculous it is to suppose that the ignorant and the debased can possibly know how to elect those who are the best fitted to govern a nation well. No doubt is now entertained of the election of Louis Napoleon.

Another strange matter has just been mentioned. The government proposes to grant pensions to certain worthy characters who are considered to merit such distinction. Amongst the names set down are Pepin, son of the accomplice of Fieschi, who shot at Louis Philippe with his Infernal Machin, 300 francs; and the sister of Lecomte, who fired at Louis Philippe last year, 500 francs.

It seems that the Pope escaped from Rome, disguised in the livery of a servant, and mounted on the coach-box of the carriage of Count Spaur, the Bavarian Minister! The Countess Spaur was a Mrs. Dodwell, an English woman, & then in the carriage with her husband.

Saturday. Dec.16.__The first Fytte of my burlesque Romant., in the style of an ancient poem, and entitled "Ye Merrie Geste of Exancester," is printed in Woolmer's paper. They have made a mistake in the last line of the eighth stanza, by printing the word "concentrated" instead of "concenter'd", so that, although the sense remains the same, the iambics will not scan.

The last accounts from Paris mention that the amount of votes then collected was 2.394.000, which were thus divided:-

Louis Napoleon 1.727.000

Cavaignac 516.000

Read an hour of Camden's Britannia, Editio princeps,

Ditto Ditto Remains, in English.

[Newspaper cutting added to the bottom of the page:

EPITAPH: - The following is inscribed on a tomb-stone in the churchyard of Steddon, Holderness: - "Here lies the body of Wm. Stanton, of Patrington; he was buried the 28th of May, 1683, aged 79 years. He had children by his first wife, 38; by his second, 17; own father to 55, grandfather to 85, great grandfather to 97, great great grandfather to 230; he lived to see of his generation, 251."]

Sunday. Dec.17.1848.__At church. Not been out since last Sunday. Finished "Poetical, and other Pieces, by E.R." – Emily Roberton. I like some of them very much.

Tuesday. Dec.19.1848__Wrote to Mr. Nichols, of 25 Parliament Street, on the subject of "Moridunum."

Put a small blister on my knee. Though not worse, still, it does not get better quick enough.

Wednesday. Dec.20.__ Took the blister off, after 15 hours' endurance.

Thursday. Dec.21.__ Shortest Day! A long day to me, now I am so disabled. The wind north-east – the weather black and cold. When I got out of bed this morning, the thermometer stood at 40. Whilst dressing it rose one degree. The warmth of the corpus, moving about the room, I suppose, was the cause of this. I recollect the same circumstance last winter. On opening my window it fell to 32°.

At a cabinet council, recently held, it is decided that parliament is to meet "for the despatch of business" on the first of February.

Louis Napoleon is winning the race astoundingly. The last accounts are:-

Louis Napoleon 5.300.000

Cavaignac 1.320.000

The number of cases of cholera in England and Scotland, up to December the 18th inclusive, have been 2548. They are thus divided:-

Cases 2548.

Deaths 1200.

Recoveries 446.

Remaining 874.

The acting of the "Westminster Plays" terminated on the evening of the 18th Instant. The "Phormio" of Terence is descanted on in the Times of the 19th. It gives the Prologue and Epilogue as written for the occasion. Many allusions to passing events, and some jokes, given in "dog Latin," occur. The fall of empires on the continent is not forgotten. The Prologue says:-

Non nunc, ut ante, felix Austria nuptiis,

Petit incrementa, sed bellis domesticis

Gemit lacerata, nec finem cernit mali.

Non nunc, ut ante, magna mens Germaniae

Excelsiorus flosculos philosophiae

Libat; sed rebus dedita politicis

Errant errores sane inextricabilis."

This is true. In the Epilogue Nausistrara enters as a female Chartist, and explains some of the Chartist principles. She says:-

"Chartistarum ego sum muliebri a corpora missa

Ad vos, fraternam ut dem capionem manum,

Audite - Hoc unum deprecimus - 'Omne quod est nunc

Vobis, sit nobis; commoda, jura eadem.'" &c.&c.

Friday. Dec.22.1848.__Beautiful clear sky, but a north-east wind, "enough to cut a snipe in two," as they say. Finished colouring the last of the 50 lithographs of the Interior of St. Nicholas' Church, Sidmouth. I give 46 to Harvey, the bookseller, here, and keep 5 for my trouble.

Sunday. Dec.24.1848.__ Could not go to church. Wind north-east, and as cold as ever. When I stole a glance out of bed across the room, I saw my bottle of hair oil on my dressing table looking like lard. This served me for a thermometer at that distance; and I have it in sight in order to see the state of affairs when I open my eyes of a winter's morning. The real thermometer was at 38°. When I drew my razor strop out of its case, it was all over white hoar frost – the frost of oil.

Christmas Eve – but we did not burn ashen faggot.

Monday. December 25. 1848.__ Christmas Day! Could not go to church.

The wind has veered to the south-west, and the air has become quite mild. What a pleasant change! When I looked out at my oil bottle, I had the satisfaction of seeing it transparent.

The Mummers muster strong this year. Some parties are dressed in the uniforms of naval officers, and some as officers of the army. One person in Turkish costume generally accompanies them. In Staffordshire I recollect they used to be designated "Guisers," quasi Disguisers, as I was told. Our young footman, William Livermoor, told me that he used to go round acting as a mummer a few years ago. They made a good harvest of it. He says he once received six shillings as his share of the receipts. Being a lover of literature, and a collector thereof, especially when it is rare and valuable, I asked William if he had any of the pieces written down which they acted? He said he thought he had at home, and would enquire. One piece was called "Nelson," another "Codrington," and another "Wellington." After a search he brought me an extraordinary MS. which was as difficult to decypher as a mummy roll. It was some time before I discovered it to be in rhyme and metre; for the lines were not divided, but ran straight on, and did not begin with capital letters. Strange liberties have been taken with the rhythm and the rules of grammar. I have tried arrange both, without departing from the sense of the original in the following rescript; but I confess that in many places it was not easy to discover any sense at all. The following is "Nelson" and "Codrington," such as they are.

"Nelson"

"Who is he that makes so free with Nelson's name?

For I am Nelson, and jealous of my fame.

I will not submit such swelling words to hear,

Nor let the man that challenged me appear.

Stand forth thou boasting wretch, whoe'er thou art,

And Nelson's sword shall pierce thee through the heart.

No mortal challenge shall my heart alarm;

Who is the man that dares despise my arm?

Who art thou Richard? &c."

[Here follows a break, as if another speaker began, only the language is still like Nelson's.]

“Thinkest thou, audacious man that I’m dismayed?

Could Nelson of a Frenchman be afraid?

Oft famed, my gallant deeds did gain applause;

I fought and conquered in my country’s cause.

I bravely fought, my glory to advance, [Qy. my country’s glory?]

And by that famous victory I lowered the pride of France.

And dost thou now attempt my glory to revile?

Think on that famous victory of the Nile.

There Nelson was, in all his full renown,

Which brought the pride of boasting Frenchmen down.

Then o’er those Spaniards Jervis won the day;

I shared the glory of that disputed fray;

And now a Frenchman to despise my name!

Am I not vindicated in this injured frame?

While Nelson scares them with his great renown,

This sword shall cut the boasting Frenchmen down.”

[Here they fight, if I recollect the drama, as I have seen it acted, though the MS. says nothing to that effect.]

“Now see how low that boasting Frenchman lies!

That is the man that did my arm despise.

That is the man that dared me to the strife:

How low he kneels, and humbly asks his life.

How could I deem [?] to grant thee such request;

It was when Nelson’s sword had pierced thee through the breast.

Seeing what an insult thou dost now demand,

To fill the vengeance of my mighty hand.

But mercy best becomes a conqueror’s heart,

Since none but conquerors mercy can impart.

I spare thee then – see, Nelson can forgive;

I grant thee life – arise, arise, and live.

[Another break.]

'Twas well this sword my trusty hand could wield,

But wait - I'd make your haughty crest to Britons yield.

And if the foe again attempt our native land,

My service is again at your command.

Britannia's glory I will e'er maintain,

Britannia still shall rule her subject main.

On her proud foes my vengeance shall be hurled,

And bear her name like thunder round the world."

[What follows in prose scarcely seems to belong to "Nelson,"

though, in the MS. it is attached to it.]

"Ruffian, hold! advance thy hand to the tenth part of a hair to injure that fallen man, and this weapon shall make thy head to roll like a trunkless ball upon the ground for daws to peck at!"

[A break, and then:-]

"Love and religion mingle brighter tears [than] were ever shed for a warrior's brow – and thou shalt smother them."

[A break, and then:-]

"Oh, thou art a true.....[illegible] but should the strength of twenty thousand [men] embrace [brace] thy sinews, I would not leave thee, but crable [grapple] with thee thus – and offer thee up as a sacrifice on love's pure altar. I think thy name is John of Lancaster?"

[Next follows "Codrington," or "Codreton," as it is spelt. I am convinced that the above prose sentences are no part of the drama of "Nelson," their style and matter being totally different. Moreover, the appeal to "John of Lancaster" savours of a scrap from some old play, long antecedent to Nelson's time. The drama of "Codrington" celebrates the exploits of Admiral Sir Codrington at the Battle of Navarino in]

"Codrington"

See here am I, that hero bold, Codrington my name,

Britannia's glory I will unfold, and banish Turkish fame.

Tuesday. Dec. 26.1848.__By the accounts from France we learn that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has carried everything before him, and has been proclaimed President! Upwards of 7.000.000 votes have been received. The two first on the list stand as follows:-

Louis Napoleon.....5.434.232

Cavaignac.....1.447.107

Though there were still more votes to be received, yet the amount received, was so overwhelming, that his success could not be affected by the others, and so, in order to put an end to the excitement in the country, it was judged best to confirm his election at once. On Wednesday last, therefore, he was proclaimed in the National Assembly. He made a short speech, and then went and shook hands with General Cavaignac. It is said that it is no proof of republican feeling which has put him at the head of affairs, but the contrary. Some think that a few months will see him Emperor; and the Legitimists hope that his election will pave the way for Henry the Fifth. I am rather disposed to think that a few months may see him hurled from his pinnacle of popularity. What a life of vicissitudes this is! It seems but the other day that he was Louis Philippe's prisoner in the Fortress of Ham; now he has the old king's place, and Louis Philippe is a refugee in England. When the Emperor was a rising man, it was proposed to extend his period of first consulship to ten years. On its being referred to the nation, out of 3.557.885 votes which were given, 3.368.259 were in his favour: and when it was proposed to make him Emperor, out 3.572.329, only 2.560 were against him.

Wednesday. Dec.27.__ A quiet mild day. Took a ten minutes walk on the Terrace to try my leg. Found it do no harm. Towards night it came on to blow like fury from the north-east. When I went to bed at eleven the rain was beating against my window as if it would drive it in. The house shook with the violence; and there was a continued crashing and noise as of slates and tiles blown off the roof. I was afraid the kitchen chimney might be blown over. Sleeping was out of the question for several hours.

Thursday. Dec.28.__A beautiful morning, and the storm subsided; but the garden is strewn with slates blown from the roof of the house. Made my mother a new pair of garters, knit in worsted. Finished the outside worsted work of my workbag.

[pages torn out]

or, as the title runs, "Remaines concerning Brittain, But Especially England and the inhabitants thereof; their Languages, Names, Synonyms, Allusions, Anagrammes, Armories, Moneys, Emperresses, Apparell, Artillerie, Wise Speeches, Proverbs, Poesies, Epitaphs. The fourth Impression, reviewed, corrected, and increased. London: printed by A.J. for Symon Waterson, and are sold at his Shop, at the signe of the Crowne in Paul's Churchyard. 1629." There is certainly much curious matter in this volume; and Camden deserves much praise for his industry in having collected together so many amusing anecdotes, inscriptions, and facts both historical & traditionary.

Sunday. Dec.31.1848.__Last day of the year. At church in the morning with my mother. In the “Achill Missionary Herald,” a publication strongly advocating Protestant principles, and published at Achill, on the west coast of Ireland, I observe the following, which is worth copying. It is a list of some of the corruptions of the Romish church, with the date of their introduction:.

Adoration of the Saints.....	375
Prayers for the Dead.....	400
Worship in unknown tongue.....	600
Primacy of the Pope.....	600
Adoration of the Cross.....	788
Adoration of Images.....	788
Adoration of Relics.....	788

[The page which follows appears to be a loose leaf inserted subsequently.]

Mr. Peter Orlando Hutchinson to the Revision Committee

1. I have placed my initials P.O.H. at the bottom of each page of my work, and I would hope that all the other translators have followed the same plan.
2. Some persons render the words **leuga** and **leuca** by the word **mile** in English. Whilst the mile is supposed to be 1760 yards, and the **leuca** is supposed to be 2640, which is just one mile and a half, such a rendering is at least very misleading, and therefore ought to be avoided. Under such a principle of rendering, no translator could be depended on for accuracy. The safest plan is to retain the word **leuca** in English, as we do the word **hide**, and that will not mislead anybody. I have followed this plan.
3. The word **virgata** in the **Exchequer Domesday** I have translated into the word **virgate**: but the word **virga** in the **Exeter Book** I have retained – just to mark the difference.
4. **Olim et modo vat.** I am at a loss how to fill up the end of the last word. Latterly I ceased to fill it up at all.
5. **Agra** and **acra**, which are nouns feminine, are given as the correct words for the acre: and yet, in the **Exeter** volume, the word **agros** is always used as the accusative plural, and **agrum** apparently, for the singular. Perhaps the scribe used the word **agrum** as a neuter noun. Where **agros** appears in full, I have considered it my duty to retain it; but where the abbreviated form **ag** is found, I have extended it to **agras**.

[The diary continues, but evidently a page or two has been lost.]

POH Transcripts - 1849

Sidmouth. January, 1849.

San Joachim, not far from the port of San Francisco. No sooner does a ship touch there than the sailors desert, and run away to the gold regions. All the servants have left their masters, clerks, their employers, and soldiers the garrisons. With a spade and a basin they wash the gravel, and collect gold worth from five to ten pounds each person a day. Everything is neglected for gold, and the necessaries of life are getting very scarce.

The papers contain an affecting letter from Abd-el-Kader, the captive Arab chief, to Louis Napoleon, reminding him of the promise made by the late government, of suffering him to retire to Syria, and urging him to fulfil the pledge.

Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, sometime king of Westphalia, is appointed by Louis, his cousin, as Ambassador to England.

It is said that the French government have made overtures to the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, brother of the Emperor, for the hand of his only daughter for Louis Napoleon. I should think that Louis Napoleon won't catch her. When her mother, the Grand Duchess Helène, was at Sidmouth in 1830, I remember two little girls, about five years old. This is one. The other died.

The Emperor of Russia has refused to see an ambassador from the Queen of Spain, and will not acknowledge her right to the throne of that country.

Wednesday. Jan. 3rd. 1849.__Cold north-easter – very cold. Called on Mr. J.M. Hutchinson, my seventy-seventh cousin. He has been laid up with the lumbago – quite a family ailment. Was introduced to his wife, and to Miss Thornborough, her sister. They complain that Devonshire is quite as cold as Lancashire.

Put a second blister on my knee this evening.

Sunday. Jan. 7.__ Could not go to church. Finished reading "Scattered Jems; or Weekly Meditations By a Lady." This Lady is Mrs. Fellowes, wife of the Vicar of the adjoining parish of Sidbury. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakespeare. This volume is the fruit of adversity. The Fellowes were once is some affluence; but reckless living on the one hand, and the depreciation of West Indian property, owing to the emancipation of the slaves, and recently the extraordinary determination of the Whigs not to do anything to rescue the West India planters from destruction, though they encourage slave grown sugar from Cuba and other places – these things suddenly brought an amiable family to great straits. When it was proposed to publish this book by subscription, people liberally came forward, many taking six or eight copies and paying for them, but only actually receiving one, a generous ruse to favour the author. Mrs. F. put £100 in her pocket by this book. Thus pleased at her success, she has since brought out another; but her friends were tired of paying more than once for six or eight copies and only taking one, so that the second has not gone off as the first did. Many of the copies still hang on hand; and I rarely see her, but she asks my advice as how she can get a sale for them.

Monday. January 8.__The Times newspaper of the 5th Instant in speaking of the newly discovered gold field in California, says that it has sent the Yankees mad, and that they are all packing off to the

new Dorado. It begins its observations thus:- "The race from New York to California has begun. Never was there such sport – fifty thousand men running, neck or nothing, twenty thousand miles, by sea and by land. There they go, sailing, steaming, a-sea, a-foot, and by rail, over oceans and continents, isthmuses deserts, and mountains, round capes and archipelagos, and every other geographical conception. St. Legers and Derbys, steeple-chases, hurdle races, sculling mathes, and even balloon races, are child's play to this." It seems, in sober earnest that an immense number of ships are fitting out to depart for California. But England is not exempt from the mania, for it seems that several ships are unfurling their sails at London and Liverpool to steer to the new Dorado. It is reported that one person picked up a lump of gold weighting thirteen pounds!

Wednesday. Jan.10.__ Finished reading an interesting Article in the Edinburgh Review of October 1848 entitled "Ethnology, or the Science of Races." It takes a comprehensive survey of the numerous races of mankind scattered over the face of the globe, in commenting principally on some physiological works by Dr. Pritchard. It shows with a great degree of satisfaction that all the marked differences in feature, colour, craniological conformation, phrenological and even anatomical structure, which we observe in all the races which have been described by travellers, are no more than time, climate, and diet will produce: and consequently that the theory of origin from a single pair, is not shaken by this wide diversity – a theory which some philosophers have adopted with difficulty. It also shows that amid the immense diversity of languages and dialects spoken by all these races, a cautious study into their radical structure and their glottological peculiarities, conducts to the conclusion that there was but one beginning of speech. How this accords with the Mosaic account of the dispersion of Babel, may remain for consideration. But there is a passage at the end of the article which I would wish to quote. "But lastly," it says, "it has been argued that, admitting the possibility of all which we have urged, the lapse of time necessary to bring about such changes as those required in any hypothesis of the single origin of the human races, is far greater than the received chronology admits; the evidence of the extreme diversity of races being at least coeval with the earliest records. An objection founded upon the authenticity of the Mosaic chronology comes with an ill grace from those who refuse their assent to the Mosaic account of the origin of the human race from a single pair; and in the present state of critical inquiry, it scarcely needs a serious refutation. For there is no more reason to suppose that the book of Genesis was intended to give us an exact chronology, than that it was designed to teach us geology or astronomy. All writers who have entered upon the investigation of primeval history, have felt a difficulty in reconciling the proofs of the existence of powerful empires and high grades of civilization, with the ordinary chronology founded upon the Mosaic records; while the fragmentary character of these records, depriving them of all claim to be regarded even as affording a continuous genealogy, has been increasingly felt and acknowledged by unprejudiced biblical critics. The whole teaching of modern geological inquiry, moreover, is to lengthen the period which has elapsed since the commencement of the recent epoch; so that without carrying the origin of man one step further back in geological time, we are quite free to assign any moderate number of thousands of years that we may think necessary, for the diffusion of the race, and for the origination of its varieties."

Now, it is true that the records in the Bible are at times of a "fragmentary" character, and the Bible was not written to teach us chronology, geology, or astronomy with the minuteness of modern scientific treatises; but from Adam to Christ the genealogies are given with an unbroken course of regularity, such as in this part of the subject, at least, the idea of a "fragmentary" compilation can with less positiveness be allowed. If this be so, can we dispute the usual chronological period as given by Ussher and others, notwithstanding the great lapse of time which seems to have been required, in order to produce so many varieties from a single pair? All that part of the description of the

creation which pertains to the miraculous course of events antecedent to Adam, is certainly "fragmentary." The words are:- "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." There is nothing to tell us when this "beginning" was. Geology teaches us to infer that it was ages before the placing of Adam in the Garden of Eden; and there is nothing in the Sacred Volume opposed to geological investigation inference. I have remarked on this in my comments on the Hebrew word xx which I made on the 13th of last June. But I had not been so satisfied that since the epoch of Adam the narrative had been so fragmentary. It was on this assertion in the passage quoted that I wished a little to dwell.

Thursday. Jan.11. __Read a notice of Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court and Times of George the Second. And a profligate court and immoral times they were!

Friday. Jan.12. __Received from Mr. Nichols the proof sheet of my Dissertation on Moridunum to look over. Looked it over – and made a few corrections, and sent it back to London to him. It comes out next month.

Read an article entitled "Roger Williams" in a periodical called "The Christian Reformer" lent me by a friend; as in this article, which refers to the founder of the State of Rhode Island in North America, there is an incidental mention of his contemporary of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, my ancestress. She is referred to twice. Once at page 581 Vol.IV, it says:- "The church at Boston was at the time of Roger Williams's arrival under the care of Mr. Wilson. With many excellencies of character he was [Mr. Williams was], though sincere, narrow-minded, as his conduct towards Mrs. Hutchinson shewed. " And secondly, at page 588 it observes:- "One of the first victims of persecution to whom Rhode Island proved an asylum, was the unfortunate but heroic Mrs. Hutchinson, who, like Williams, was banished from Massachusetts for her religious opinions." Her husband William Hutchinson died at Rhode Island in 1642, and the year after she, and sixteen of the members of her family and servants, were massacred in Connecticut by the Indians. This I have detailed in my "Memorials of the Hutchinson Family."

Tuesday. Ja.16. __Heard from Mr. J.G. Nichols that he would send to the Marquis of Northampton a February No. of the Gentleman's Magazine, if I will forward him a letter for the Marquis to go with it.

To-day my mother lost her purse with £7 in it. She was in a great fluster and sent for the Sidmouth policeman to search. It was finally discovered under some hay in the cat's bed. Rather suspicious.

The rage for California is as great as ever.

The papers mention that a discovery, more valuable than Californian gold, has been made in the Straits of Magellan, Cape Horn – to wit, coal.

A new importation from China has taken place, namely, 128 tons of copper ore.

Friday. Jan.19.1849. __Read Milton's "Lycidas" in Sir Egerton Brydges's Edition of the poems, for which I gave 25 shillings of one of Mr. Hamilton's clerks in 1835 when we were engineering in Staffordshire. He gave 30 shillings, and soon valuing money more than books, offered the whole six volumes to me.

"Lycidas" is unreservedly abused by Dr. Johnson – why I do not see, for there is a something to me very pleasing in it. All the other editors, I believe, and Sir Egerton the last, give it a due and deserved

amount of commendation. But Johnson seems to have arranged his verdict before the trial, by a species of Devonshire Lydford Law, where they used to hang a man first, and try him afterwards. Johnson says there is no passion in this poem: but it appears to me that there is much more here than in most parts of "Paradise Lost," where there is too much learning, and too much hard description, for passion. I do not admire everything of Milton's: but "Lycidas" is one of the poems that I the most prefer.

Saturday. Jan.20.__ Delightfully mild; but a sea fog came on so thick this afternoon, that the church tower was not visible from Coburg Terrace.

The papers mention that there are already many cabals and plots hatching already in France against Louis Napoleon. Latterly, however, (and luckily for him, as it diverts attention) the nation has become vociferous against the National Assembly, elected by the people only a few months ago. The sovereign people urge them to dissolve, alleging that they were only elected to perform certain work, to wit, to settle the affairs of the country, and elect a president, and that now this work is done they are bound to break up the Chamber and return to their homes. But since the sagacious people thought proper to allow their representatives 25 francs a day during the period of their duties, they seem in no wise inclined to vacate. Hosts of petitions praying them to dissolve, have been poured in by their constituents, which petitions have hitherto been disregarded. A pacific means won't do, the people threaten force. The French government has sent several steamers from Toulon to co-operate with other powers, to re-instate the Pope.

England holds on the even tenor of her way. The agitator Richard Cobden has been exciting the Manchester people by inflammatory speeches, declaring that the taxation ought to be reduced ten millions, and that this could be done by reducing the army & navy. He is one of the preachers of peace – "when there is no peace. "

Sunday. Jan.21.__ Could not go to church. The weather is now delightfully mild. On the geraniums in the dining room we discovered a dark-coloured butterfly fluttering. This for January!

Thursday. Jan.25.1849.__ Sent off my "Memorials of the Hutchinson Family" to cousin John Hutchinson of Blurton Parsonage, near Trentham, Staffordshire, to let him look them over.

Friday. Jan.26.__ Superb morning! When we assembled in the breakfast room the thermometer stood at 64°! This is, indeed, unusual in January, for the room at that hour had had no time to get warm, much above the external atmosphere. Perhaps the sun shining on the room may have affected it.

Tuesday. Jan.30.__ This day 201 years ago Charles the First was murdered. Curious enough, I finished reading the Trials of the 29 Regicides to-day – a book recently lent me. The number of those who signed the Death warrant, however, is much greater. The Colonel John Hutchinson, the thirteenth name on the Death Warrant, obtained the favour of the Act of oblivion, and escaped a trial at this time, through the intercession of powerful friends: but he suffered imprisonment at a subsequent period in Sandown Castle. See his wife's History.

Wed. Jan.31.__ Mr. Nichols sent me down a copy of the Gentleman's Magazine for February containing my Dissertation on the Site of Moridunum.

See Next Vol. of Diary

Jan 25 1849-June 2 1850

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Sidmouth, Devon. Feb. 1849.

Thursday. Feb.1.1849.__Parliament meets to-day. I suspect there will be plenty of war during some weeks. A deficient revenue, with a high degree of taxation, constitute a comprehensive question – a question that cannot be disposed of without reference to a multitude of topics foreign as well as topics domestic.

In France, matters assume a very threatening aspect. The republican mania is merging into the monarchic.

In Rome, the state of affairs is wavering. The Pope is still at Gaeta, and the King and Queen of Naples have devoted their time so much to him that the Neapolitans have remonstrated.

Spain is in a most debased condition. It is hard to say which is the most abandoned in morals, Christina, or her fat daughter, the Queen. A recent discovery has revealed, that the latter has been in the habit of disguising herself after dark, and stealing out of the palace for improper purposes!

In the United States of America General Taylor has been elected the new President.

The rage for the gold regions still goes on. These regions however, are now described as being full of desperadoes and cut-throats. No man's life is worth an hour's purchase, who is thought to have collected any gold. In the midst of all this they are starving for want of bread. A hundred and fifty young men from the States, are about to proceed thither in a body, each armed with a rifle and six-barrel pistol!

Friday. Feb.2.1849.__I have been watching the progress of the cholera for some weeks, intending to make a memorandum as soon as the number of cases should attain 10.000, towards which it has been tending. By the Times newspaper of the 31st ultimo, the following return appears:-

Number of cases in Great Britain.....	10.195
Deaths	4.512
Recoveries	2.572
Under treatment, or result not known	3.054

On turning back the pages of my diary, I see that the cholera made its appearance in this country in the beginning of last October; so that we have had above 10.000 cases in four months. It is probable that on the approach of spring the disease may manifest itself even more strongly.

Saturday. Feb.3.__The papers mention that a few days ago a ship arrived at Liverpool from the Pacific Ocean bringing, as part of her freight, 14.000 dollars' worth of Californian gold. This is, I believe, the first gold from California, that has been brought to England. It is said that the most absurd prices are asked, and obtained, in California, for articles of clothing, and other common necessaries of life – as £4 for a shirt.

[page missing]

Lord's Prayer was printed in England, was by Wynkyn de Worde in 1483: and that the first edition of the Liturgy was in 1549.

Thursday. Feb.8. – 1848 – Read the Review on Gents. Mag. of Lord Braybrooke's new edition of Samuel Pepys' Diary, which is accompanied by several extracts. Methinks that Pepys convicts

himself out of his own mouth of being guilty of the most infamous acts of bribery in the way he receives money and presents for dispensing his patronage towards those who were seeking office or place at Court or with the government. No honourable man could have done as he did, however much some may try to excuse him on the score of such practices having been the custom of that corrupt period. The Gentleman's Magazine has several reviews this month.

In the evening read for a couple of hours in Blackstone's Commentaries. Blackstone's language and style are very smooth, easy, and agreeable to read. The phraseology is here and there somewhat obsolete, but this does not destroy the pleasantness of the style. By the bye, I have a great wish to see (and to possess, let me add) the new Commentaries on the Laws of England, and on Blackstone, bringing down the observations to the present time. A barrister by the name of Stephens published such a work some three years ago, which has been highly approved of; and I see that it has lately gone into a second edition.

Friday. Feb.9.1849.__Hemmed three kitchen cloths for my mother and marked them. After which piece of needle-work I walked for a quarter of an hour in the Blackmore Fields. I can't make out what my knee means; it seems to get no better, and yet I cannot say that it gets worse. I begin to think that change of air to a more bracing and invigorating atmosphere would be my best physician. The damp and mild climate of Sidmouth always pulls me down so much, that I cannot combat with my ailments here.

Sunday. Feb.11.__A frosty night, but a superb day; the sky being cloudless and the sun delightful. As I was taking a turn in the garden soon after noon, a variegated butterfly flew over my head.

Monday. Feb.12.__In Woolmer's Exeter Gazette of Saturday it mentions that pieces of solid gold have been found in California, some weighing 16 pounds, and one as much as 25 pounds weight! The gold district is found to extend 100 in width, by some 800 in length. It is supposed that it will yield £100.000.000 a year; and many persons in England are fearful that this influx of gold may have a serious effect on money and the funds.

We learn from France that the government has a deficiency of 700.000.000 of francs. So the world wags.

Tuesday. Feb.13.__This evening a sedate party celebrated their orgies under our roof, to wit, Miss Rose, of the discreet age of 85; Miss Cook, of a certain age; Miss Jouenne, of an uncertain age; Mrs. Theophilus Jenkins, a buxome widow.

Wednesday. Feb.14.__ Valentine's Day! Sent no valentine whatever. Goodness knows how many years it is since I omitted such a duty to the ladies.

Friday. Feb.16.__Sent the Second Fytte of Ye "Merrie Geste of Exancester" to the Editor of Woolmer's Gazette.

Saturday. Feb.17.

Monday. Feb.19.__Started to pay a visit to the Joneses of Uffculme. Left at half past 8 A.M. and got to Exeter soon after eleven. Went to the bank for some money, and was quite surprised (but not much chagrined) at being told that I had £6 more lying there than I was aware of. Drew out £5. . for present expenses.

Called at Woolmer's Gazette office and had a chat with the Editor. He told me that he intended to print the Second Fytte of "Ye Merrie Geste of Exancester" next Saturday, and a notice of my Article on Moridunum in the current number of the Gentleman's Magazine. He also said, in reference to my Essay on the present state of the Literature of the day, printed two or three months ago in Woolmer's Gazette, that the Editors of the Western Miscellany, a new periodical, wish to reprint it in that periodical - and would I have any objection? I said No; but on the contrary, felt complimented at the intention. This West of England Western Miscellany is a new publication, but which I have not seen.

Missed the 2¼ P.M. train, so I took the 5½ one. Got safe to Uffculme, having suffered little in my knee from the exertion.

Tuesday. Feb.20.__ Shrove Tuesday, and pancakes for dinner! What is the origin of pancakes on Shrove Tuesday? I am not aware.

Wednesday. Feb.21.__Ash Wednesday, and salt fish!

Made a new will; and the Revd. Francis Jones, M.A., and Mr. Caines, surgeon, witnessed my signature.

Friday. Feb.23.__ Finished skimming through Dr. Oliver's "History of Exeter," 1821; and his "Historic Collections relating to the Monasteries of Devon," 1821. Oliver abuses his predecessors. He speaks of the time-honoured old Izacke as "the careless Izacke." (Hist. 140.) At p.32 he says:- "But Izacke disgraced

Uffculme. Feb. 1849.

the name of an historian." "Godwin, who is rather an elegant writer than a faithful historian." (D: p.37.) "Jenkins, in what he is pleased to call his 'History of the City of Exeter.'" I question whether the "History" of Oliver is so supremely perfect as to warrant him using such language of his predecessors. Dr. Oliver is a Roman Catholic!

Wednesday. Feb.28.__ Received from home last Saturday's Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette. I perceive that the Second Fytte of "Ye Merrie Geste of Exancester" is therein printed. There is also a notice of my Article on Moridunum in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Read and made some extracts from Caesar's Commentaries, Liber V, sections 8. and 21.

Friday. March 2. 1849.__My brother sent me from Sidmouth, the following extracts from the Parish Register at Alford, Lincolnshire.

"1623. In matrimonia conjuncti Augustinus Storre et Susannah Hutchinson. Novemb. 21." (*See my visit to Lincolnshire.*)

"1630. Susanna, filia Guglielmi Hutchinson, sepult. Septemb. 8."

"1630. Elizabetha, filia Guglielmi Hutchinson, sep. eodem die, Oct.4."

“1610, or 6, or 8. Johannes Huchinson et Elizabeth Woodthorpe desponsat. Oct.1.”

“1633. Johannes, filius Johannis Huchinson, sepult. Feb.10.”

As we have been hitherto unable to carry back our pedigree

Uffculme. March. 1849.

beyond William Hutchinson, anno 1633, I have long had the desire of making a tour into Lincolnshire, to search Parish Registers, monuments, and histories, in order to try and gain some earlier information respecting the family. The above extracts seems to be all detached and disconnected, and not continuous. The name of Hutchinson is often spelt without the t; but this is immaterial. The Guglielmus Hutchinson there mentioned, under the date 1630, is likely to have been the William Hutchinson who, with his wife Ann, emigrated to Boston in North America, in 1633. The other Hutchinsons were probably his near relations.

Sunday. March 4.__ Read several of the Homilies, and several of the Letters of the Martyrs, as originally collected by Miles Coverdale.

Monday. Mar.6.__ By the “Spectator” newspaper of Saturday, it appears that our taxes of all sorts amount to £77.000.000. As thus:-

Imperial.....	£54.000.000
Cost of collection.....	7.000.000
Cost of our poor	8.000.000
County rates	1.000.000
Highway rates	1.000.000
Religion	<u>6.000.000</u>

£77.000.000

Some additions, which might be made, would raise the amount to £80.000.000. In France £72.000.000 covers everything.

Wednesday. March 7. 1849.__ Read in Latin the Life of Vespasian. Mr. & Mrs. Caines, the surgeon and his wife, spent the evening with us. Received the third number of “The Western Miscellany” in which there is a review of my article on Moridunum in the Gents. Mag. It is temperately written, and pays due respect to the arguments and the evidence I have brought forward.

Friday. March 9. 1849.__ To-day we were surprised by an adverse change of weather. It was fine during the morning, but the wind veered round to the north-east, and about three o’clock in the afternoon it came on to snow somewhat thickly. The ground was soon covered several inches deep. This is the first snow that we have had this winter in the south part of Devonshire that has at all remained on the ground.

Saturday. March 10.__ The weather still black and cold, but the snow slowly thawing.

Turned over Gibbon's Decline and Fall for an hour or two. Gibbon's language and style are smooth, easy, and good.

Monday. Mar.12.__The morning fine and the air quite balmy. Made my first out-of-door sketch this year. Walked down to the Mill, where I seated myself on a grass slope by the river under some poplar trees, and made a coloured drawing, looking down the Culme to the bridge. Came back with a sore throat. So much for sitting upon damp grass, after being having been shut up invalided all the winter.

Wednesday. March 14. 1849.__Received last Saturday's Woolmer's paper from Sidmouth. Amongst the reviews of new books, there is a notice of the March Nr. of "The Western Miscellany," and an allusion to my Moridunum. In another part of the paper there is the Report on the Lecture on the subject of the British and Roman Roads and Stations in the west of England, delivered by the Revd. S. Rowe, of Crediton, at the Athenaeum, Bedford Circus, Exeter, on the 6th Instant. Mr. Rowe takes occasion to deliberate upon my article on Moridunum in the "Gentleman's Magazine", and on the arguments I have brought forward. But he inclines to think that Hembury Fort has a better claim to be considered as the site of Moridunum than High Peak Hill. His reasons are not given in the report; and as I was not at the Lecture, I am ignorant of them. As his conclusion is opposed to tradition, to antiquarian writers, and to etymology, I am at a loss to imagine on what he bases his argument.

Thursday. March 15.__Received from Mr. Harvey, the Bookseller of Sidmouth, a letter in which was enclosed a proof sheet, beginning about page 64, of part of the new edition of the Road Book of Devon, being published by Besley, of South Street, Exeter. He wished me to insert a few words relative to High Peak Hill and Moridunum. This I did, and sent the proof sheet to Mr. Besley.

Friday. Mar.16.__Wombwell's itinerant collection of animals came to Uffculme – a kind of sight that had never before greeted this retired place. The Uffculmites were stricken with extreme wonderment when the elephant walked into the market-place with a lady riding on his back, seated in a houda. In the afternoon I went to see the collection with the Joneses and their children.

Monday. Mar.19.__Made a moletrap to catch a mole that ploughs up the grass, and dots it all over with almost mountains instead of mole-hills. Some say that moles do more good than harm on an estate – that they eat the worms and grubs, and loose the earth beneficially about the roots of the plants. Perhaps moles are amongst the innocent and useful, but much maligned of this earth.

Tuesday. Mar.20.__Read an hour in the Letter of Gildas, a little volume, the title-page of which runs:- "Gildae, cui cognomen est Sapientis, De Excidis et Conquestu Britanniae, &c., 1568. Londoni excudebat Joannes Dains." Some learned reader, but not of recent years, has gone through this volume, and made extensive erasures, notes, and alterations, as if the edition were faulty. Whether this is so or not, I cannot say, as I have had no opportunity of comparing it with any other.

Wednesday. Mar. 21.__Received Woolmer's paper from home. There is a paragraph on "Uffculme" by me, which has awoken the Uffculmeites. It reflects on their dirty roads, neglect of local duties, and public spirit. There is nothing like a paragraph in a newspaper to make people look about.

Finished reading the Godstow Chronicle, as published by Hearne, in a volume, together with a Life of William Roper, Sir T. Moore, Letters, &c., 1716. This Chronicon Godstoviarum is a curious performance. It begins with the creation (though the course of the first three days is lost) and

comes down to the reign of Henry 6. It relates many wonderful things about the earlier ages of the world, for which we might look in vain in the records of Moses.

Sunday. March 24. 1849.__Read some of the Homilies, and part of Bishop Pearson's "Exposition of the Creed" – the article devoted to the consideration of the words "The resurrection of the Body." He agrees on the three several heads, First, that the resurrection of the actual body is not impossible; Secondly, that it is, on general considerations, highly probable; and Thirdly, that, on Christian principles, it is infallibly certain. He observes that there is nothing preposterous in the idea that, if man was once but dust, he should return to dust again; and that if this dust was embodied into the breathing form of a living being, such as we all are, that it could be easily reformed into a similar being to meet the great event of the final resurrection. We are first dust – then living beings – then again dust – and lastly are to be a second time alive in our proper bodies as before. In a physiological point of view, he would have made all this even more clear, more simple, and more conclusive than perhaps he has done, if he had been so profound a chemist as Liebig. Liebig shews us of what we are made, and how little we differ in composition from a hayrick, a cart-load of earth, or a dung-hill. He explains by what simple laws a crust of bread, an apple, a pound of beef, or a turnip, may be converted into living flesh & blood; and gives us chemical reasons why a man should die at a certain period; and that when buried, how little his chemical constituents differ from the soil in which he is laid. If this is the case, I must confess that even those who might be sceptical on Christian principles, could find little difficulty on chemical considerations, in feeling assured that, the dust to which their bodies will be reduced after death can easily again be recompounded from that same dust into living bodies able to stand up before the Judgment Seat. The contemplation of the subject is an eminently satisfactory one. Is it not more consistent that they will be more spiritual, as the Angels are?

Wednesday. Mar. 28. 1849.__Finished reading Edmund Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. It strikes me strongly that this Essay was mainly suggested by reading Locke's Essay on the Understanding. There are traces of it throughout. Burke's definition of the Sublime I do not exactly coincide with. He makes it almost synonymous with Terror, and that it is a painful emotion. "Whatever," he says, Part I, Section VII., "is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime." My notion of the sublime rather embodies the ideas of grandeur combined with feelings of rapture and wonder and stupendousness and exaltation, and poetic admiration. I do not see that pain and terror and uneasiness constitute a part of sublimity. Perhaps, however, the word sublime, in Burke's day had a different signification somewhat different from what it has now, for words are continually changing their meaning, as a reference to all old books will shew.

Uffculme. Heightley. 1849.

Sunday. April 1.__Read one or two Homilies. I doubt whether these Homilies would do to read to a congregation assembled in a church in the present day. The doctrine may be faultless, and the advice excellent; but the style and language are such as to render some of them, at least, scarcely calculated to edify as they should do.

Thursday. April 5.__Left Uffculme, and travelled to Exeter from the Tiverton Junction by rail, - the Revd. Francis Jones with me. My cousin, Mary Roberton, met me in Exeter, and took me in the carriage to Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh. Besides my aunt, Mrs. Cocks, found my aunt, Mrs. Stairs, at Heightley, and her daughter, Ann.

Monday. Ap.9.__Walked to the Black Rock, where I sat down and for half an hour enjoyed the beautiful view. Then went on to the cliff, overlooking the Quarry. Had a hammer with me, and remained an hour knocking out geological specimens containing organic remains, being madrapores and mollusca of different species. These are nearly the earliest traces of animal life in a geological sense, occurring in the oldest rock, and nearest to the series of igneous origin, this limestone being designated the Transition Primitive.

Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh. April 1849.

Tuesday, Ap.10. 1849__Finished Justus Liebig's Chemical Letters. Read them when I was here last year.

Wednesday. Ap.11.__Walked down the Newton Road, and knocked out of the high bank, near the Weir, some specimens of that rock here called "Dunstone." It appears to belong to the upper members of the slate formation. It occurs in strata, from the fraction of an inch thick, to the thickness of a foot or two. It looks at an angle of about 45 degrees, and comes out in romboids. The colour is grey or brown, and its texture granular. – Carboniferous shale.

Thursday. April 12.__Went to Chudleigh Rock, and took shelter in the mouth of the cavern from a shower of rain. Whilst there, I found a mass of stalagmite out of which I knocked a bone resembling a rib. Some twenty years ago Dr. Buckland searched this cavern, and found many antediluvian and Pre-Adamite osseous remains.

Friday. April 13.__Went to the field in which Mrs. Hill's house stands, near the old Hennock road, and made a drawing of Chudleigh Rock, Heightley Cottage, &c.

Heightley, April. 1849.

Sunday. April 15.__In the afternoon took a walk through the trees below the Black Rock to the Quarry – then climbed up and returned over the top of the Black Rock.

Wednesday. April 18.__January did not produce more severe weather. All the month it has been unusually cold, but the succession of hail and snow storms to-day exceeded everything I ever remember.

Thursday. April 19.__To-day, if possible, is worse than yesterday!

Friday. April 20.__Finished reading Justus Liebig's "Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology, Edited by Lyon Playfair. 3rd Edition, 1843."

This work is much more scientific and abstruse than the "Letters" of Liebig - indeed, without the aid of a laboratory, it is scarcely possible to comprehend one half, or retain one quarter of what it contains. I made memorandums of a few of the facts which it states, and which I jot down here.

Page 3. – the woody fibre of plants contains carbon, and the elements of water.

P.4. – Nitrogen is an element of vegetable gluten and albumen, and it is the nourishing principle, which goes to make the muscular fibre, in those who eat it. Seeds are rich in nitrogen, as peas, beans, &c.

P.11. – Hay contains, per 100 parts, 45.87 carbon, 5.76 hydrogen, 41.55 oxygen, and 6.82 ashes.

P.12. – Beet root contains 89 parts water, and the 10 others contain 40 p.cent. of carbon.

P.13. – The carbon, which goes to make the stalks and woody fibre of plants and trees, is derived, by them, not from the soil by the roots, but from the atmosphere by the leaves.

P.15. – The atmosphere contains about $1/1000^{\text{th}}$ of its weight of carbonic acid. The amount was probably greater in the earlier ages of the world, as the fossil remains of a luxuriant vegetation in the polar regions leads us to conclude. Carbonic acid contains 72.35 carbon, and 27.65 oxygen. Plants appropriate the hydrogen of the water which they suck up through their roots, and set free the oxygen – thus returning to the atmosphere the oxygen which it had lost by the respiration of animals, combustion, putrefaction, &c.

P.17. – Plants inspire carbon, by day, and give out oxygen; but the reverse is in some degree the case at night. But animals inspire oxygen, and breathe out carbonic acid and water.

P.21. – Humus is decayed vegetable matter. It is the same as woody fibre, but richer in carbon.

P.25. – Damp wood absorbs oxygen, and emits carbonic acid. Hence the unhealthiness of wet, low, woody situations, damp floors, rotten rafters, and unventilated cellars.

P.25. – Oak wood contains about 49.432 carbon, 6.069 hydrogen, and 44.490 oxygen.

P.42. – All blue colour matters, capable of being rendered red by acids, and all red colouring substances, capable of being turned blue by alkalies, contain nitrogen.

P.43. – Plants derive their nitrogen from the ammonia of manures. Ammonia contains hydrogen andnitrogen, and makes the muscle of animals that eat it.

P.46. – The softness of rainwater is owing to the presence of carbonate of ammonia.

P.55 and 190. – Sulphate of lime, or gypsum, spread on land, recently manured, or mixed with the manure, destroys the offensive smell by preventing the ammonia from flying off. It is sometimes spread on the floors of stables. The ammonia combines with the sulphuric acid of the gypsum, and the carbonic acid with the lime, and the whole is retained profitably on the land. But 10 parts of sulphuric acid, with 80 or 100 of water, are equal to 174 of gypsum, on land.

P.61. – Albumen, fibrin, and casein contain sulphur. This is very apparent in the albumen of eggs.

P.86. – Glass made up of 70 parts of silica, and 30 of potash, is soluble in boiling water. If the proportion of silica is greater, it is not so.

P.134. – The spreading of lime on arable land, acts favourably by setting free the alkalies, silicates, &c. It is found that pipe-clay diffused in water, to which milk of lime is added, the mixture becomes thick: and that after it has stood some months, it gelatinises if an acid is added to it. Thus, the clay is broken up, and the alkalies are disengaged.

P.134. – The burning of clays acts advantageously by rendering them soluble in acids.

P.140. – Potatoe contains 75 per cent of water; 18 or 19 of starch, and 2 or 3 of fibre resembling starch. The two remaining parts are sulphur and nitrogen = albumen.

P.155 and 169. – The art of the rotation of crops consists in alternating the potash plants, the silica plants, and the lime plants. The former include the chenopodia, arrack, wormwood, beet, mangel-worzel, turnip, maize, potatoes, &c. The silica are wheat, oats, rye, and barley. And the lime plants are lichens, cactus, clover, beans, peas, and tobacco. All of them require a supply of the phosphates, and the alkalies, but the potash plants require most alkalies. In addition to the phosphates and alkalies, the wheat tribe cannot thrive without silica. The lime plants exhaust the phosphates from the soil.

P.185. – 60 pounds weight of bones on an acre, supply enough of the phosphates for three crops, e.g. mangel-worzel, wheat & rye.

P.316. – Wine, on draught, may be kept from turning sour, by adding a little sulphurous acid. This acid combines with the oxygen in the cask, or diffused in the wine, and prevents the formation of ascetic acid.

P.363. – Salts of oxide of copper act as poisons in the stomach. The best antidote is sugar or honey.

Monday. April 23.__ Went to Chudleigh Rock to try and find some organic remains which might be imbedded in any of the strata - but was not successful. As I had found several specimens of madrapores and molluscs in the quarry opposite, I inferred that similar remains might be met with in the Rock. From the appearance of the strata in the neighbourhood, I had concluded that the upper beds held out the best chances of success; but after chipping fragments high and low with a hammer during the whole afternoon over the Cavern, near the "Battlements," and on many parts of the face of the Rock, I was disappointed in detecting any decided fossil. The strata of the Rock are not the highest strata.

Heightley. April 1849.

Wednesday. April 25.__ Finished reading Bakewell's "Introduction to Geology." Mean to skim it again.

Took candles and went into the Cavern in Chudleigh Rock. By pacing, I found that the length of the passage to the interior chamber to be about 150 feet. The ramifications tending towards the left hand, extend about the same distance. When I went into this cavern as a boy, the passage inwards was scarcely eighteen inches high, so that I crawled on my hands and knees: a few years ago, however, the floor of this passage, which was a bed of stalagmite, the accumulation of centuries probably, was dug through and cleared away, so that one can now enter nearly upright. In this stalagmite, or "crust," a quantity of fossilized bones have been found. I remember years ago having procured some there, especially the crown of a bear's double tooth. To-day I found part of a large bone of stony texture, nearly half an inch thick from the surface to the cavity of the marrow. At the ends there are the marks of teeth, as if it had been gnawed by some wild beast, a former inhabitant of the cavern. To-day I was alone; and after a solitary half hour, my candles were getting low, so I returned once more to daylight.

Thursday. April 26. __The finest day we have had a long time. Went into the Cavern this afternoon with my cousin Ann Stairs. We made no particular discoveries. The spaniel dog that accompanied us got so frightened when we plunged into the obscurity, that no caresses which we paid him could stop his whining and trepidation. Neither could we persuade him to remain there. He made his escape and waited for us outside until we returned.

Saturday. April 28. __Read a copy of my grandmother Lady Parker's will – a thing I had never done before. A question had arisen as to whether the £10.000 which she bequeathed her children, independently of her husband, was equally tied up in the hands of the trustees. It is so.

Monday. April 30. __Went to measure the dimensions of the ancient Hill Fortress in Ugbrook Park. Found the gates shut – but I scaled the park palings. Some evil-disposed persons have recently fired at and killed several of the deer; and the public, in consequence, have been excluded. The camp is an ellipse, approaching to a circle. I made the north and south diameter 650 feet: and the east and west diameter 770 feet. Then sat down in the foss for an hour, and coloured a sketch.

Heightley. May 1849.

Tuesday. May 1. 1849. __Splendid day! The first genial day we have had.

Finished with Bakewell's Introduction to Geology. This work is entirely superceded by others of more recent date: but it is noted as being one of the first books in which geology was rationally and systematically treated.

Wednesday. May 2. __Went to the caverns at the west end of Chudleigh Rock with hammer and chisle, and was engaged for nearly two hours in getting off a mass of stalactite out of which I mean to turn a box.

Thursday. May 3. __Heard the Cookoo for the first time this year.

Friday. May 4. __Saw the first swallow this year. The weather is now fine; but the old Roman proverb says:—"Una hirundo non facit ver." Went with my Aunt Cocks and my cousin Mary Robertson to Newton Abbot to shop.

Saturday. May 5. __Una hirundo non facit ver - true enough. The weather to-day is chilly, and we have again resorted to fires.

Monday. May 7. __Went with my cousin Ann Stairs on the top of Chudleigh Rock to enjoy the view.

Tuesday. May 8. __Went with her to look at the quarry, where we witnessed an explosion of the rock.

Sidmouth. May 1849.

Saturday. May 19. 1849. __Went to Sidbury and called on old Mrs. Hunt, of Court Hall, and then on Dorset Fellowes, at his father's, the Vicarage. Owing to the blow I gave my knee last autumn, I was afraid to walk so far; so I hired a "Delly," or "Delhi", of Wellington Smith. This little chaise on four wheels, and drawn by hand, or by a donkey, has a name whereof I would gladly learn the meaning and derivation.

Sunday. May 20.__ Miserable weather again!

Monday. May 21.__ Beautiful weather! Called on Mr. Creighton, and on Captain Dolphin. In Creighton the ei is sounded like the ei in eight, weight, freight. The advocates of phonetic spelling would found an argument upon these doubtful words.

Called with Bingham on Mr. Lyde, solicitor to consult as to whether the £1000 can be raised for the Burnleys, without risk to ourselves.

Bad news from Canada. The loyal party have burnt the provincial house of Parliament, and pelted the Governor, Lord Elgin, with rotten eggs! When I was in America in 1837 and 1838, the rebellion, as it was called, broke out, fomented by the French party in Lower Canada. But the loyal party assisted in putting them down; and the rebels had many of their houses burnt in the row. Since then the two provinces have been thrown into one; and in the new House of Representatives the French party found themselves so strong, that they have introduced and carried through, a bill to indemnify those rebels for the loss of property they sustained in those years. The money for this indemnification is to come out of taxes raised upon the whole population – upon the just, as well as upon the unjust. At this the loyalists feel themselves much aggrieved. They think it hard that they, who have been faithful to the Mother Country, should now be called upon to reward those who tried to rebel against her. Certainly, here is now a premium held out to rebellion; and this principle is decidedly a bad one. But the bill passed and only waited the Governor's signature. It was thought that he would not sign it without sending for instructions from Great Britain. However, he did sign it; and the loyalists, having saved the Queen's picture from the building, set fire to the House, and gave their addled eggs to his Excellency.

Tuesday. May 22.__ At last, after much deliberation, and the endurance of much bullying from others, I have consented to assist, with Bingham, in raising £1000 for the Burnleys to emigrate to South Australia with. The security they offered was good, with the exception of one weak point. My sister, as a married woman, could in no way be bound, though her reversion is the main stay. Her husband is bound during his life; and in case of his death, my sister pledges herself then to lose no time in getting a document made, by which she would bind herself in the required sum to Bingham and me. In that case a second marriage could not invalidate such a bond. The £1000 is borrowed of a stranger – the Burnleys, Bingham and me assist in making his security good – and my sister insures her life against my mother's in the like amount. If these things are carried through, the Burnleys wish to sail in a couple of months. It is a pity that Bingham does not at once decide on raising some money and going out with them. Twelve years his land has been neglected.

Wednesday. May 23.__ Mr. George Radford, solicitor, lent me the great Map of the Town and Parish of Sidmouth, to copy on a reduced scale. On again considering the matter, I begin to see that it is likely to be a more arduous undertaking than I had at first imagined.

Mr. Heineken spent the evening with me. Shewed him an old tea-urn, which is a new one to us, my mother having got it out of Mr. Le Patourel, a gentleman of Guernsey extraction, but now of Sidbury Castle. On returning home on the 10th Instant, and looking at the new acquisition, I was much struck with the contrivance on the top to let the steam off. In its principle, it is precisely the same as that of my "piston valve," a description of which was printed in the "Mechanics Magazine" for November 1848. This piston-valve I invented, as something new, about seven years ago: how old the urn may be, I know not, but its shape is somewhat antique. Surely, there is nothing new under the sun.

Friday. May 25.__After some deliberation between the photograph and the squares, I decided on reducing the large map of Sidmouth by means of the latter. Set to work for 5 hours, and completed it in pencil.

Spent the evening with the Le Patourels at Sidbury Castle House.

Saturday. May 26.__Inked in the map of Sidmouth. This day last week, an Irishman of the name of John William Hamilton, a labouring mason, shot at or pretended to shoot at the Queen. It is doubted whether there was a ball in the pistol; and he has confessed that he only did it "to be talked about." He is in custody.

California is eclipsed! Quantities of gold have been found in Port Philip, Australia. The town is deserted to go to the "diggings." I am sorry to hear this.

Accounts just arrived from the East, state that the Punjaub has been annexed to the British possessions. It was the only way of keeping the country quiet. Duleep Singh, the Maharajah, has £40,000 a year granted to him for life, in lieu of his sovereignty. This was done by Proclamation dated March 29. 1849.

Monday. May 28.__ Coloured my map.

Sidmouth is like a garrison town in war-time this week. To-day the East Devon Yeomanry Cavalry came in. They usually muster about 500, but this year the number is not so great.

Tuesday. May 29.__Fine day. At ten this morning the soldiers went on Salcombe Hill to exercise; and in the evening they assembled, as foot soldiers in the Fort Field, for a short drill.

Finished my map of the town and parish of Sidmouth.

Worked for an hour or two in the garden digging, and in clearing where I raised the stones of the railings yesterday. Nine plants of Indian corn are up.

Wednesday. May 30.__This morning I was awoken by volleys of musketry, for our brave army turn out in the Fort Field at seven o'clock to drill and exercise. The weather is superb, and has been for a week or more. The spring was backward; but at last summer has arrived.

Sidmouth. May & June 1849.

Thursday. May 31.__Aroused again this morning by volleys on volleys in the Fort Field.

Spent the evening with the Le Patourels.

Sunday. June 3.__At the Old church in the afternoon: and at the New church in the evening, to hear Mr. Gibbs. The more I hear him the more I like his manner.

Monday. June 4.__Whilst I was working this evening in the garden, I was unfortunate enough to lose a small gold breast pin. It was not a valuable one, but my brother gave it me long ago, and it has travelled many thousand miles with me, and I was much vexed at the mishap. I hunted till quite dark, but in vain.

Tuesday. June 5.__After breakfast this morning I went out to have another look in the garden. I turned over the earth where I had been digging; “but,” thinks I, “I may as well look for a needle in a bundle of hay.” I examined the paths, which I had weeded and swept, but to no purpose. I walked carefully over the beds – “Hullo, there it is!” Sure enough. I espied it lying on the rough ground under some cabbage plants. I thought more of my pin at that moment than I ever had before.

Went with my brother to Lime Park, and had tea with the Walkers. Beautiful moon-light night to return.

Wednesday. June 6.__Finished making a copy of my pedigree for my 77th cousin Mr. John Massy Hutchinson, now sojourning at Sidmouth.

Put up the pulleys and weight to keep the side door on the Terrace shut.

Thursday. June 7.__Sent my Pedigree to Mr.J.M. Hutchinson, now of West Mount, Sidmouth.

Had an hour or more work in the garden. I wish it didn't make one's back ache.

Friday. June 8.__This evening, Bingham, Burnley, and myself went to a small party at our neighbour's Mrs. Creighton's at No. 1. Coburg Terrace. Besides her son and daughter, we met Miss Gibbs, daughter of Sir George Gibbs, M.D., an old physician who was knighted by George the Fourth Third, Miss Lester, and Mrs. and Miss Rookes.

Saturday. June 9.__ Made a pen-and-ink drawing of the summit of High Peak Hill.

Sunday. June 10.__At church with mother. A very cold day, and a strong north-east wind.

Monday. June 11.__The French have taken Rome . I am not aware that they can give a reason for the aggression.

Tuesday. June 12.__Called on Sir George Gibbs, an old physician of Bath, who was knighted by George the Third. He is now paralytic, and cannot go out; but he likes people to come in and chat with him. He lent me a clever paper by himself, on the subject of the Forms of Bodies, and of the curves by which they are bounded. As a branch of this subject, he shewed me a sketchbook containing a number of designs for vases, patera, cups, &c., the outlines of which were bounded by the forms of leaves of trees. The idea is ingenious.

Wednesday. June 13.__Engaged all the morning in making a pen-and-Indian-ink copy of the Centaur belonging to Mr. Heineken, which I borrowed from him yesterday. This bronze Centaur was found by a man called Barnes, at the mouth of the river Sid, in 1840. It is described in the Gentleman's Magazine, and other places.

Thursday. June 14.__Started at half past eleven this morning on an expedition with Mr. Heineken to take a plan of Blackbury Castle. We ascended Trow Hill by the eastern continuation of High Street, the old Roman Road; and at the distance of about three miles and a half turned northwards towards Black Broad Down. Attaining the Down we veered to the east; and after journeying about six miles from Sidmouth reached the object of our search. The road runs immediately on the north side of it – a line of road which is likely to be ancient. But we first went on a quarter of a mile, and took a sketch of an octagonal tower covered with ivy. Blackbury Castle is made on the ridge of a hill, and is approached on the east and west on the level; but the ground descends towards the north and

south. It is an oval; the conjugate, or east and west diameter measuring 634 feet; whilst the transverse diameter measures 324. The works are not of remarkable strength, and resemble those of Sidbury Castle. The earth of the foss outside is thrown up to form the agger. It measured 36 feet on the slope on the south-by-east side. But the most interesting part is the grand, and apparently only entrance, on the south side. A road, flanked by embankments runs south for 180 feet; and two angular embankments with ditches, are constructed outside this road. So that the last mentioned works form a large triangle, whose apex points south, and whose base is attached to the great oval. This great entrance points towards "Long Chimney," (from long chemini, from which word comes Monkish Latin for chemin) the principal British and Roman thoroughfare from the old maritime stations on the east. We were unable to trace the line of connection from Blackbury Castle, across the valley to the south, or up the opposite hill towards Long Chimney: and yet there was a light green line across a corn field near Long Chimney, and below this there were the traces of a raised cawsway: but still, these few indications were too indistinct to warrant any certain conclusion. It is past conjecture that none of the camps towards the west – as at Sidbury, High Peak, &c. – could be seen from Blackbury Castle; for Broad Down rises too high to admit of it. On the east, none of the camps are now visible in that direction, owing to the plantations of trees which obstruct the view; but doubtless, when the hill was bare, the stations at Hawkdowen, Musbury, Membury, and others were visible with ease. Blackbury Castle itself is a mass of thick plantation.

On returning home we diverged northward over Broad Down to look for the barrows, and see "Roncombe's Gurt." On the highest ground the road passes between two; and further north, one or two more on the east: and lastly we saw three opposite Roncombe's Gurt, in a cornfield recently inclosed.

"Roncombe's Gurt" is the reputed head and source of the river Sid, though not the most distant source from the sea. There are two or three deep and wild chasms here; in the southernmost of which is a little stone-built well, filled by the spring. We had a drink, and the water was clear and cold. The tradition runs, that an exciseman, by the name of Roncombe, was some years ago, murdered and thrown in here by some smugglers. The whole valley now is called Roncombe, from this spot to Sidbury. By this route we returned – and a rough route too – stopping a few minutes to look at the old house at Sand. When near Sidford our attention was arrested by the appearance of a parhelion round the sun, but only a portion on the south side was then visible. It was nearly as bright as a piece of a rainbow, the red colour being next the sun. When we got to Sidmouth, and the sun was lower, the entire semicircle, like a halo, was discernible, though not so bright in tint. By an observation with the sextant, the distance of the halo, or the angle subtended, was $22^{\circ} 8'$. The width of the halo was about that of the diameter of the sun. It was the first appearance of the kind I had witnessed.

Sidmouth. June 1849.

Friday. June 15.__ Finished making a pen-and-ink sketch of Mr. Heineken's bronze centaur – an engraving of which I should make, if I ever published my contemplated volume on Moridunum.

This evening I was at a party of intimates at Mrs. Walker's at Lime Park. Met the Elphinstones with Miss Wadsworth there: the FitzGerald: Creightons, &c.

Saturday. June 16.__ Went down to the beach, and made a coloured sketch of High Peak Hill from Sidmouth. This would be engraved, as well as the centaur, for the same work.

Practised an hour and a half on the piano forte.

Finished repairing, and giving a second coat of varnish to Mrs. Dolphin's bird organ.

Sunday. June 17.__At the old church, and at the New.

Monday. June 18.__ Waterloo Day! The bells ringing, and a flag flying on top of the tower.

Tuesday. June 19.__ Called on Mr. J.M. Hutchinson, and our conversation ran mostly on the subject of my ancestors in America.

Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken; the topic of our conversation being mostly antiquarian, and mostly concerning the Hill-Fortresses and Roman Roads in this neighbourhood. We are contemplating an exhibition this summer to Hembury Fort.

Wednesday. June 20.__ Called on Sir George Gibbes, and sat an hour with him. In the course of conversation on various scientific subjects, he told me that he believed that water was not a compound, but a simple element; and that there was no such thing as oxygen – that it was an effect, or principle, without any materiality; and that he had arrived at this conclusion, as the result of many often-repeated chemical experiments. I am not prepared to decide as to whether there is any truth on his side, or whether his advanced age (78) has impaired the vigor of his faculties. I learnt that a correspondent of the "Athenaeum," subscribing himself "Senex," is Sir George. I recollect a controversy on some chemical topics appearing in that publication some months ago. I forget exactly what "Senex" contended for; but in alluding to his antagonist, Sir George said to me to-day exultingly:- "I floored him."

Thursday. June 21. 1849.__ Sent Mrs. Dolphin her organ. At last we have warm weather – 66 in the shade. Went over Peak Hill with Mr. and Miss Heineken to sketch High Peak; but we started too late to do anything.

Friday. June 22.__ Splendid weather! Went to Mr. Lyde, one of our solicitors here, and who is raising the £1200 for the Burnleys to emigrate with, and put our names to the Insurance paper – Fanny insuring her life against our Mother's, for the security of Bingham and me.

Monday. June 25.__ The French are battering the walls of Rome. What an infernal shame! I should be as much justified if I were to go and break open the front door of my neighbour's house.

There has been another conspiracy by the Socialists to overturn the French government; but the prompt calling out of 80.000 soldiers in Paris, checked it.

The cholera in Paris is subsiding. A few weeks ago they were dying above 600 a day.

Tuesday. June 26.__ Painted the water butt in the garden. Went on with my rug for the bazaar of the New Church School to come off in August, which I began yesterday. The pattern is an inscription, puce-colour on a blue background, to wit, "**All Saints' Church School, August, 1849.**"

Went and made a coloured sketch of Lime Park from the river. Lunched there on pidgeon pie – no bad thing either.

Wednesday. June 27.__ Painted the wheelbarrow. Hip! Hip! Hurra! The Jew Bill was thrown out of the Lords last night, the numbers being 70 content, and 95 non-content – majority 25. It was thrown out last year by, I believe, the same majority.

Thursday. June 28.__ Painted some boxes.

Saturday. June 30.__ Painted the steps.

Monday. July 2.__ Had a swim in the sea. This is the first time I have bathed for several years.

Finished the grounding of my urn rug.

Sidmouth. July 1849.

Tuesday. July 3. 1849.__ The wretch, William Hamilton, who shot, or pretended to shoot at the Queen, has got seven years' transportation.

This evening I was at a party as Mrs. Rookes's.

Thursday. July 5.__ Read over the Draft for the security of the £1200 to be advanced to the Burnleys. Also the Affirmation, which my mother signed in presence of Mr. Lyde, to the effect that the copies of the registers of the births, marriages, and deaths of several members of the family were correct.

Bathed: second time.

Friday. July 6.__ Went with my mother paying visits:- on Mrs. Rookes, in; on the Elphinstones, in; on the Lukes, in; the FitzGeralds, in; the Walkers, in.

Saturday. July 7.__ With my mother again paying visits. On Mrs. White, ill; Mrs. Kennet Dawson (ainée), out; and on Mrs. Levien, in.

The accounts say that California is still rich in gold, and that labourers get from one to two ounces of the precious metal per day. But a strange state of things exists there. Carpenters obtain 15 dollars a day wages, and provisions are high. One dollar for an egg! There are 44 ships lying at San Francisco, half deserted by their crews.

Sunday. July 8.__ Had a pleasant bathe at my usual place beyond the Lime Kilns; the tide falling, and three feet deep on the sand. The sun was bright, and the pebbles so hot I could scarcely sit down on them. This is downright summer weather, and the thermometer above 70° in the shade. We have scarcely had a drop of rain for more than a month; and though the hay has been splendidly got in, the gardens begin to require some moisture.

July 10. Tuesday.__ Bathed third fourth time.

Thursday. July 12.__ Bathed:- fifth time. The stones scorchingly hot to sit upon. Finished my urn-rug for the bazaar, and sent it to Mrs. Gibbes.

Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Friday. July 13. __Started at 3.P.M. with Mr. and Miss Heineken, and Mrs. Smith for Budleigh Salterton. They put me down in Otterton, and drove on to see Bickton. I went into the church and took rubbings of the two brasses recording the deaths of Robert Duke, anno 1641, and of Sarah, wife of Richard Duke, who died the same year. We then proceeded to our destination, where Mr. Heineken transacted some business with his house agent. Took outlines of his houses. Made a coloured sketch of Otterton Head, which Miss Heineken also sketched. We got home at nine. The hedges near Otterton were studded with glowworms. We brought home one.

Saturday. July 14. __Made two coloured drawings of Mr. Heineken's houses, and sent them to him.

The weather is still fine, and very warm. The papers tell us that the thermometer was 86 in the shade at the Royal Humane Society's Receiving House, in Hyde Park, at noon on the ninth instant; and adds that this is the highest which it has attained for many years – I think it said "ever" in this country. On the first of July 1846, I saw it at 90 in the Druggists' shop, which stands at the corner of Jermyn Street, and the Haymarket.

Alas! Rome was entered by the French on the 3rd Instant.

So the Queen is going to pay a visit to Ireland at last. As the law has stopped the agitations in that ungrateful country of late, the Queen can now venture to go.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer allows that for the year ending April 5. 1849, the expenditure exceeded the income in the sum of £269.377..19..1. It is strange that whenever the Whigs are in office they always run the country into debt, but are always talking of economy.

Sunday. July 15. __ Bathed – 6th time. In the evening took a walk up Salcombe Hill along the edge of the cliff.

Monday. July 16. __Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken. Reduced with the camera lucida one of my rubbings of the Otterton brasses.

Tuesday. July 17. __Finished the brasswork of my two-lense Galilean telescope. Bathed – 7th time.

Wednesday. The papers observe that up to June 11, the number of cases of cholera in Great Britain since the commencement of this visitation is 18.493; and the deaths 8.091.

It is causing great alarm in America.

George Hudson, the "Railway King," a quondam haberdasher of York, who is supposed to have made upwards of a million sterling by railways, is now discovered to have done so by the most fraudulent transactions. This man has been lauded to the skies, courted by Dukes, made member of parliament, and I saw him elbow Lords in the crowd, with much pomposity, at the Marquis of Northampton's. As if he did not make money fast enough, his admirers subscribed and gave him £10.000. It comes out that by one dishonest transaction alone, he pocketed £140.000! He is likely to forfeit all his ill-gotten gains, and deservedly sink back to his former obscurity.

Thursday. July 19. __ Bathed – 8th time.

Saturday. July 21. __ Bathed – 9th time. Engaged all the afternoon bookbinding.

Sunday. July 22.__ Bathed – 10th time.

Monday. July 23.__ Mr. Thomas Lyde, the solicitor called, and we all put our signatures to the two documents relative to the £12.000 for the Burnleys, - that is, the two Burnleys, mother, Bingham, and myself. One document, of five skins of parchment, is Bingham's and my security for lending our names; and the other of six skins, is the Messrs. Russell's security for lending the money.

Tuesday, July 24.__ Bathed – 11th time. Sea roughish. A heavy shower came on as I was returning, but I got shelter in the cavern under the limekilns. These cliffs are much fallen away since my recollection, and are still continuing to do so. The rain is most welcome to the country, though inconvenient to oneself.

Began oil painting, after an interval of several years. Put in the sky of a view of Sidmouth, taken from near the Preventive House, and looking towards High Peak Hill.

Wed. July 25.__ Oil painted 5 hours. Then took a walk up Salcombe Hill.

Thursday. July 26.__ Bathed – 12th time this year.

Friday. July 27.__ Last Wednesday Prince Albert laid the first stone of the Harbour of Refuge at Portland. Coins belonging to the present year were enclosed in a bottle, which was then sunk into the block of stone and sealed down. The mass weighed 14 tons, and at a signal given, it was let loose, and down it fell with a tremendous splash into the sea. As this stone will become imbedded in the soil at the bottom of the sea, it will probably never be seen again, until some future geological period, when the strata now forming down there, may, by new changes, be raised above the surface. The breakwater will extend in a curved direction one mile and a half; and the estimated cost is only £560.000.

From Italy we learn that the French have established themselves in Rome; and that on the 15th the Pope's authority was declared to be re-established.

The cholera has increased during the hot weather. On the 26th the returns stood thus:-

Attacks	Deaths	
In London	415	120
In England and Wales	239	103
In Scotland	<u>19</u>	<u>11</u>

673 234

Saturday. July 28.__ Bathed – 13th time this year. Painted in oil five hours, and seven before = 12.

Sunday. July 29.__ Bathed – 14th time. Went this evening to All Saints Church.

Monday. July 30.__Painted 5 hours; and the 12 = 17. Oil painting is certainly much more satisfactory than water. Went to Sidbury in Smith's "della," and called on William Henry Fellowes, just come over from Canada: and on the Hunts.

Tuesday. July 31.__Bathed – 15th time. The tide was high and the sea calm. Made some experiments in diving. Painted 4 hours at my view of Sidmouth, looking west, & finished my painting. The 4 added to the 17 before, make 21 hours in all.

Poor "Mr. Tommy," the white drake, makes a very disconsolate widower. He, and his wife "Mrs. Tommy" were sitting as usual under the currant bushes, after being tired of walking about looking for slugs, when Mrs. T., who had not been very well for several days, very quietly leant her head forward and died. The drake was found sitting beside her perfectly contented, but was very loth to go to roost without her in the evening. All the next day, (Saturday) she was left in the same position; and it was amusing to see with what complaisancy he sat beside her. In the evening, however, it was decided that she must be buried; and in order to convince Mr. Tommy that his wife had not been stolen from him by the hand of man, but that she was really dead, he was present at the solemnity and he was even put into the grave on on his wife before she was covered, that he might know what had become of her. This seems to have had a salutary effect, for although he appears disconsolate, he does not wander about the premises to search for her. She was not above eight years old; but about a month ago we were obliged to kill an old duck "Mrs. Mooty," which must have been upwards of 20. Mrs. Mooty was roughly used by the Muscovy drake (not Mr. Tommy) otherwise she might have lived on. My sister had her 8 years: the Rev. Prebendary Dornford, of Plymtree, had her 11, and before that she had been brought from Italy, a full grown duck. I should think that twenty years is an advanced period for a duck.

Wednesday. August 1. 1849.__Parliament prorogued to-day. To-day, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Queen embarked on board the "Victoria and Albert," steam-yacht at Osborn, Isle of Wight, for her summer tour. Prince Albert and 4 of the eldest children went too. The other steamers accompanied them, and the weather was beautiful. They first visit Ireland, and then go on to Balmoral in Scotland. The fleet passed Sidmouth about midnight.

Thursday. Aug. 2.__ Bathed – 16th time.

Saturday. Aug. 4.__Bathed – 17th time.

Sunday. Aug. 5__ Bathed – 18th time; and it was an uncomfortable bathe. The wind was strong from the south-east, and I was obliged to keep my clothes from being blown away with great stones. The tide was so low that I was necessitated to run a great distance on the sand before I could get up to my knees in water; and then, by lying down, I only got smothered in surf. I stumbled on a sunken rock and cut my foot, and scratched my leg. I was surprised at the quantity it bled; and having no means of stopping it, and not choosing to sit in the wind half undressed until it chose to stop, I was fain to put on stocking and boot as it was. So I finished my toilet and walked home.

At the old church with my mother. Mr. Heineken (Unitarian) came in with the Hodges.

Monday. Aug. 6. 1849.__Began painting in oil a view of Sidmouth looking east, and was at it for six hours. This is a companion to the view done a week ago.

Tuesday. Aug. 7. 1849.__ Fanny went to Exeter, on her way to Heightley for a day or two, to say Good bye to aunt Cocks before she sails for Adelaide. Intended to have gone into Exeter, but it was a rainy morning.

Painted 4 hours; and the 6 = 10.

Wed. Aug. 8.__ Bathed – 19th time. Painted 5 hours; and the 10 before are equal to 15.

Thursday. Aug.9.__ Bathed 20th time, and the water felt quite warm. Painted 5 hours, and the 15 = 20.

The papers mention that the Queen has had a most enthusiastic reception in Ireland from all classes. “Repeal” and all other rankling topics seem to have been dropped; and one hearty expression of loyalty has met her on all sides. I am glad of this; and I trust that this visit will do much good. The royal squadron reached Cove (now changed to Queenstown) at 10.P.M. on Thursday the 2nd Instant; and she visited Cork the day after with Prince Albert. They left Cover (Queenstown) on Saturday morning for Dublin at 9 o’clock, and put into Tramore for the night. They got to Kingstown at 8 on Sunday Evening. On Monday the 5th they landed at Dublin; and the account given in the Times newspaper, represents it as most enthusiastic. On Tuesday they visited most of the public buildings. On Wednesday the Queen held a levée at Dublin Castle, at which 2000 attended. And on Thursday there was a review, and a Drawing-room in the evening.

Friday. Aug. 10.__ Painted 4 hours, and finished my view of Sidmouth, looking east. This 4, added to the 20 before, make 24.

Saturday. Aug. 11.__ Bathed – 21st time. By the returns given, the cholera has been steadily increasing for several weeks. The weekly mortality in London, for the week ending August the 4th was 1967 for all diseases; but the average for the season is but 1008. In the two previous weeks it was 1369, 1741, and 1931; and the last, just mentioned, 1967. The cholera for several weeks has numbered deaths as follows: - 49, 124, 152, 339, 678, 783, and 926.

Sunday. Aug. 12.__ Bathed – 22nd time. At the old church.

Monday. Aug. 13.__ Made a sketch of the unfortunate schooner that lies wrecked on the beach near the river. The French are likely to be wrecked if they don’t take care. The Exchequer is deficient £30.000.000.

Tuesday. Aug. 14.__ Went into Exeter with the Burnleys, and saw them, and John Lawrence, their servant, on the railway for Plymouth, to join the ship “Constance” which is to take them to Australia. I wonder if we shall ever meet again? – and if so, whether the meeting will take place out there, or in England, or indeed in a further off country than the antipodes?

The Queen’s progress in Ireland. On Friday, Her Majesty paid visits to Carton, the Duke of Leinster’s seat; and in the evening left for Belfast. The night and morning were boisterous and rainy; but the weather improved on Saturday afternoon, when the Queen visited Belfast and knighted the Mayor – Sir William Johnson. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Timothy O’Brien, M.P., is to be made a Baronet. On Sunday, after divine service on board the yacht, they proceeded to Loch Ryan, on the coast of Scotland, where they anchored for the night. And yesterday (Monday) they steered for the Clyde.

Wed. Aug. 15. 1849.__ Bathed – 23rd time this year.

Thursday. Aug. 16.__ Spent the evening at the Walkers’.

Friday. Aug. 17.__ Heard from the Burnleys at Plymouth. They are pleased with the arrangements on board, and are to sail to-day immediately after breakfast. At a ball and supper at Mrs. Elphinstone’s. Home at one in the morning.

Sat. Aug. 18.__ Bathed – 24th time. The Queen has got to her seat in Scotland at last, where she will enjoy a little repose after the turmoil of the last fortnight. Last Monday the Royal Squadron anchored for the night on the Clyde below Greenock; on Tuesday the Queen visited Glasgow, knighted the Lord Provost, and then went on to Perth, where the august visitors remained: and on Wednesday they left for Balmoral.

Sunday. Aug. 19.__ Twice at the old church. The schooner that was driven ashore here a week ago, was sold by auction yesterday. Mr. Lousada and Captain Matthews bought her hull and lower rigging for £44. This evening at high water, by means of casks she was floated off.

Monday. Aug. 20.__ The schooner was floated to Topsham.

Bathed – 25th time this year.

Last Saturday the deaths for the week were 2230, but the average is 1008. This excess is owing to the cholera, the amount of fatal cases being 1230; which, I believe is the highest yet. During the plague of 1666 it is recorded that 10.000 a week died in London; and that at Stepney there were 116 gravediggers that year.

Wednesday. Aug. 22.__ Bathed – 26th time.

Friday. Aug. 24.__ Bathed – 27th time this year.

Sunday. Aug. 26.__ At the old church. Took a walk on the beach to High Peak Hill. Bathed twice – being the 28th and 29th times: once going and once returning.

Monday. Aug. 27.__ Called on Sir George Gibbes.

Tuesday. Aug. 28.__ Bathed – 30th time this year.

Wednesday. Aug. 29.__ Took a walk up Salcombe Hill along the edge of the cliff. In the upper field I counted nearly 20 circles of fungi, the largest being 30 feet in diameter.

Thursday. Aug. 30.__ Bathed – 31st time.

Saturday. Sep. 1.__ Bathed – 32nd time.

In turning over the leaves of Polwhele’s History of the county, I saw, in a note, ch.II. sec. IV, p.183 a quotation from a work by General Simcoe, where the remains of a fortress are cursorily mentioned as existing on High Peak Hill, & that this spot is at the same distance from Exeter as Moridunum is described to have been. It is eight years since I discovered the remains of this fortress, and I was not aware till now that any writer had spoken of its existence. But my view, respecting Moridunum, thus receives confirmation.

Sunday. Sep.2.__ At church with my mother. Bathed – 33rd time.

Tuesday. Sep.4.__ Went with my mother to the Bazaar held in the New Church School Room. £74..10 was obtained, and this will pay off the remainder of the debt incurred in buildings.

Wednesday.__ Bathed – 34th time this year.

Thursday.__ Bathed – 35th time.

Saturday.__ Bathed – 36th time.

Sunday.__ At church with my mother. Bathed – 37th time.

Monday.__ Busy making extracts from Polwhele, and from Dr. Oliver's works on the Monasteries.

Tuesday.__ Went to Otterton and East Budleigh. Examined the parish register and made two extracts under the date 1656, attested by Ro. Duke. I paid two half crowns. At Otterton I copied John Green's effigies and ship on his tomb in the churchyard: and made a coloured sketch of the stocks, as an interesting feature amongst the romantic scenery. Coming home I made a coloured sketch of High Peak, as seen from Pinn, or more properly Pen, Farm. From the top of Peak Hill, Portland looked more distinct than I ever remember to have seen it.

Wednesday. Sep. 12._ - Bathed – 38th time this year. The water is not so warm as it was a month ago.

Called on Mr. J.M. Hutchinson, at West Mount. Had an hour's chat with him and Mrs. Hutchinson.

Friday. Sep.14.__ Bathed – 39th time. Rather cold at first. Engraved on wood the signatures of "Ro. Duke" copied from the Budleigh Parish Register last Tuesday. Walked up to Lime Park after dinner and had tea with the Walkers.

Sidmouth. September. 1849.

Saturday. Sep. 15.__ In Woolmer's paper there appears our advertisement for letting the house, No. 4 Coburg Terrace. Creighton called to ask me to go to his wedding next Tuesday at Sidbury Church.

Sunday. Sep. 16.__ At church. Bathed – 40th time.

Monday. Sep. 17.__ Bathed – 41st time this year. Engraved on wood several hours the Duke coat of arms at Otterton.

Tuesday. Sep. 18.__ Bingham and myself breakfasted with the Creightons' at 1 Coburg Terrace, and then went to Captain Creighton's wedding at Sidbury. His bride, Miss Ann FitzGerald, eldest daughter of Major FitzGerald of Mount Edgar, was more courageous than himself on the occasion. I have heard that the ladies are generally so on such occasions, though I don't know why. She answered "I will" to the clergyman's question, very firmly. We had a splendid breakfast afterwards at Major Fitzgerald's, where I had to make a speech and propose the healths of the Bridesmaids. It is said to have been long the custom for the gentlemen to help the bridesmaids at weddings: but whether the times are changed, or whether it is owing to the growth of real modesty, or mock modesty, I don't know, but it seems to be falling into disuse. However, in order that the ladies shd. know that I had not forgotten the custom, I filled my pockets with those bon-bons called "kisses,"

and these I distributed liberally. The practice of clapping hands and knocking the table after drinking toasts is being very properly discontinued in decent society. It is said that the Queen has expressed her dislike to so much noise as she has heard made, when her health has been drunk, at public dinners, and perhaps it is to this that we owe a better state of things. To sing a few bars of music is now the plan. To these, almost any simple words can be accommodated. The notes are: -

Line of music follows:

“Here’s to our noble host,” &c., or any other words suitable to the toast can be sung to these notes. One person leads off with the first two bars, and then the accompaniment is given by the rest of the company. The effect is very pleasing. Altogether, the party went off admirably. When the bride and bridegroom drove away, Major Fitz-Gerald threw a shoe after them “for good luck.” What is the origin of this custom?

Wednesday. Sep. 19.__To-day was kept as a day of fasting and humiliation, to endeavour to avert the divine anger which has come upon us in the form of the cholera.

At church with my mother. The congregation was numerous.

Bathed – 42nd time.

Friday. Sep. 21.__Bathed – 43rd time.

Saturday. Sep. 22.__Bathed – 44th time. Covered the seats of the drawing room chairs. Finished Sir George Gibbes’s coat of arms, coloured on a large sheet of paper, for Miss G.

Sunday. Sep. 23.__At church solus – mother being bilious and unwell. Bathed – 45th time. In the evening at the New church.

Monday. Sep. 24.__Worked in the garnering all day, and superintended putting up the new gate-posts in the yard.

Tuesday. Sep. 25.__Bathed – 46th time. A very pleasant bathe. The water was nearly high, moderately calm, and not too cold, though not so warm as a month ago. The sky was cloudless, the sun hotter than I have felt it for several weeks, and the stones warm to dress upon. Called at the Cunninghams’ and saw Mrs. C. and Mrs. Lewis. Prepared for some wood engraving. Began one of the inscriptions taken from the East Budleigh Register – namely, the second one, which is the shortest.

Wednesday. Sep. 26.__Engraved 4 hours on wood at the inscription beginning “Item,” &c. I am obliged to do it on beech, not being able to get boxwood in Sidmouth of sufficient size. During the evening I made use of one of my lenses or bullseyes to throw the concentrated light of a candle on the wood. I found it answer very well. I have seen the wood engravers in London use a globular bottle of water for this purpose.

Thursday. Sep. 27.__ A stormy, rainy day, with the wind from the north-east. Engraved 6 hours; and the 4 yesterday are equal to 10.

Friday. Sep. 28.__ A fine morning. Bathed – 47th time. A tolerably pleasant bathe after yesterday's storm. Engraved 3 hours by daylight, and half an hour by candle-light = 3½, which, + 10 = 13½.

Spent the evening at Mrs. Walker's, Lime Park, where I met the Radfords of Sidmount, and the Tyrrells of Sidcliff.

Saturday. Sep. 29.__ Michaelmas Day! Mild, rainy weather. Engraved 2 hours, and the 13½ = 15½, say 16, and finished the inscription. Took several impressions.

Gardened 2 hours. Planted cabbages – pruned raspberries, and trimmed the ivy on the wall.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1849.

Sunday. Sep. 30.__ At church with mother. Bathed – 48th time.

Monday. October 1.__ Began the other inscription, taken from the East Budleigh Parish Register, sub anno 1656. This is the first, in chronological order; but being the longest, I preferred doing the other first. It begins "Md. whereas John Thomas Heathman and Solomon Hayman," &c. I was all the morning preparing the wood (also beech) tracing the words, and transferring them to the block. Began in the evening with the graver, and was three hours at it.

Tuesday. Oct. 2.__ Bathed – 49th time this year. Rather cold. Gardened. Made a fire and burnt the weeds. Immolated nearly 100 copies of my first puerility "Branscombe Cliffs." Thus I advise all authors to devote their first works. Roasted some potatoes in the ashes – and eat them too. There is a very nice flavour in potatoes dressed in this way.

Engraved 4 hours, and the 3 yesterday make 7.

Wednesday. Oct. 3.__ Engraved 4 hours: and the 7 before are 11.

Thursday. Oct. 4.__ Bathed – 50th time. The waves were large, and my arms and legs ached before I got out of them. It is easy enough, in bathing, to get into a rough sea, but the difficulty is, to get out. The return of the wave drags one back so.

Friday. Oct. 5.__ Engraved an hour and finished the inscription. Although much longer than the other, I was only 12 hours about it instead of 16. So much for practice. Printed off several impressions. Sent some to the Rev. G.D. Adams, the curate of East Budleigh.

Saturday. Oct. 6.__ Bathed – 51st time this year. It was so cold and cheerless, that I don't think I shall bathe again.

A new theory respecting the cause of cholera is much talked of. It is called the "Fungoid Theory," and ascribes the disease to the growth of minute fungi in the system. This, however, is rather the revival of an old theory than the exhibition of a new one, inasmuch as it is mentioned by Linaeus and others. Their size is stated to be from the 50.000th to the 500th of an inch in diameter. Their germs are said to exist in the air and the water of infected places, - that they are thus carried into the system, and fix themselves mostly in the alimentary canal, causing intense irritation – and that the

developed parasites are there found, on desection, and in the "rice-water" dejections. It is added that in their developed condition their form is globular, and sometimes cup-shaped. I am not prepared to decide on the plausibility of this theory.

The Queen has returned to Osborne from her summer tour to Balmoral. She left Balmoral with Prince Albert, the children, and suite on Thursday the 27th of last month at half past 8 in the morning: - reached Edinburgh at 6½ P.M.: - Berwick at 8, less 10 minutes, and slept at Howick, the seat of Earl Grey. Here she planted an oak. They left on Friday morning at 11. Got to York at 20 minutes before 3, and at Derby at 11 minutes after 6, where she slept, at Cuffs' Midland Hotel. At 8 on Saturday they left. Got to Birmingham by 10. Gloucester at 12. Lunched at Swindon at 1. Arrived at Basingstoke at 3¼ P.M. At Gosport by 4¼, and finally arrived at Osborne at 6.

A great dispute has arisen between Russia and Turkey. The Hungarian war is over, and Kossuth, with his associates have fled to Turkey. Russia has required them to be delivered up to be hanged. Turkey has refused, and with the concurrence of our ambassador. Russia has recalled her minister, and things look serious. If anything comes of it, we are likely to be implicated.

Sunday. Oct. 7. __At church with mother, and received the sacrament.

Monday. Oct. 8. __Called at Lime Park, the Revd. S. Walker being here. Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Lewis and her pretty child came in: also Mrs. Johnson and her sister.

Engraved my autograph on wood. It took me about three hours.

Tuesday. Oct. 9. __My bathe on Saturday did me no good. I got chilled before I could dry myself and dress. I feel flushed in the face and chilly in the body, and the rheumatism has come on terribly in my left leg. Heaped on blankets and perspired all night.

Wednesday. Oct. 10. __No better. The warm bed increased the rheumatism.

Thursday. Oct. 11. __Little better. Went to a small party at Lime Park, because I would not confess I was unwell: but I was unable to conceal my aches and pains.

Friday. Oct. 12. __A trifle better. Hobbled to Mr. Heineken's and shewed him my recent labours on wood. The exercise seemed to do my rheumatism good.

Saturday. Oct. 13. __Worse again, and flew to galvanism.

Friday. Oct. 19. __Had a shocking week. The worst rheumatic attack I ever had. Took a warm bath. Called in Dr. Cullen. Amid all this I have had little inclination for reading. From London the cholera accounts are most satisfactory. Last week the deaths from the epidemic were 110: and receding during several weeks they were 288, 434, 839, 1682, 2026 (the highest amount, Sepr. 1.) 1682,.....1230, 926, 783, 678, 339, 152, 124, 49, &c. The total deaths in London last week were 1075; the average amount in this quarter, in healthy seasons, being 1162. So here is a cheering return. Our new form of prayer has not been offered up in vain.

Thursday. Nov. 1. 1849. __Oh such a time as I have had! Such miserable days! Such sleepless nights!

Tuesday. Nov. 6.__To-day mother and Bingham went to the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Webber (of Staunton on Wye) and the Agreement to let the house was signed by the two principals, and witnessed by Bingham. We are to leave on Friday.

Th. 8. Novr.__Placed the Agreement in the hands of Geo. Ratford, Attorney-at-Law.

Friday. Nov. 9.__Left Sidmouth for a few months, and took a lodging at 5. Bouverie Place, Mount Radford.

Monday. Nov. 12.__ Had a painful day: but hope a crisis has passed.

Thursday. Nov. 15.__ To-day was set apart as a day of solemn humiliation before Almighty God, in acknowledgement of his having so immediately removed the pestilence of the cholera, after our prayers for that purpose were put up, only a few months – I may say weeks – ago.

Sat. Nov. 17.__My brother walked down to Ide to-day, to try and find the monument to a Hutchinson who died there about 200 years ago. I was consulting Oliver's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities" lately at Sidmouth; and I think it was there that we saw it. The old church, however, was pulled down and cleared away about seventeen years ago; and now there is an ugly whitewashed affair to greet the antiquary. It is said to have been sold to a builder, & all the monuments destroyed. I think Oliver also mentions that in Kenn church there is a monument to a Hutchinson who died there also near two centuries ago. This will be a subject for future inquiry. He was one of the Greek translators of the Bible, and chaplain to Charles I.

[At this point, POH has inserted a copy of the prayer referred to above. It reads as follows:

By her Majesty's Special Command

O Almighty God and Father, whose power no creature is able to resist, and in whose hand are the issues of life and death: look down, we beseech Thee, from Heaven Thy dwelling-place, upon us Thine unworthy servants, who turn to Thee, their only refuge, in this season of sickness and great mortality. We confess, O Lord, that we have not deserved to be free from that visitation of Thy wrath, which has afflicted other nations of the earth. We acknowledge with shame and contrition that we have shown ourselves unthankful for many special mercies vouchsafed to us, and have not made that return for our national blessings which Thou mightiest justly require at our hands. We have departed from Thy commandments; we have followed too much the things of this present world; and in our prosperity we have not sufficiently honoured Thee, the Author and Giver of it all. If Thou wert to deal with us after our sins, or reward us according to our iniquities, we could not stand in Thy sight.

But Thou hast revealed Thyself unto us as a God of mercy and forgiveness, towards those who confess their unworthiness, and turn to Thee in repentance and prayer. When Israel had provoked Thee to wrath, and thousands fell by the destroying pestilence, Thou didst stay the sword of the avenging angel, when the purpose of Thy judgment was fulfilled. When the men of Nineveh

repented of their iniquity, Thou didst lay aside the fierceness of Thine anger, and sparedst the guilty city, when Thou sawest that they turned from their evil way.

And now, O Lord, we entreat Thee after Thy rich mercy to grant unto us Thine afflicted servants the like spirit of repentance, that Thou mayest withdraw Thy chastisements from our land, and stay the plague and grievous sickness which is abroad, making many desolate. May the judgments which Thou has sent, work in us a more lively faith, a more entire obedience, a more earnest endeavour to conform to Thy will, and to advance Thy glory. Make us duly sensible of Thy goodness, in maintaining the domestic tranquillity of our land, in preserving us from intestine commotions, and in granting a plentiful return to the labours of our husbandmen. Teach us to show our thankfulness for these mercies, by an increasing desire to relieve distress, to remove all occasions of discontent and murmurings, and to promote goodwill and concord amongst ourselves. And may the frequent instances of mortality which we have beheld, remind us all of the nearness of death, and dispose us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: that, whether living or dying, we may be found faithfully disciples of Him who has taken away the sting of death, and opened the gate of everlasting life to all believers.

Hear us, O Lord, for Thy goodness is great: and according to the multitude of Thy mercies receive these our petitions, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Printed and Sold by J. Harvey, Sidmouth. – Price One halfpenny each, or Three shillings per hundred.]

Mount Radford, near Exeter. Nov. 1849.

Monday. Nov. 19. 1849.__Bought “The Western Miscellany” for the current month. It contains the first half of my Essay on the Literature of the Day. [See Feb.19. 1849.] Though this is a country publication, printed in Exeter, it is creditable.

Woolmer’s Gazette of this week pays me a compliment on the same article. If they did not think more of the essay than I do, they would hold their tongues.

Friday. Nov. 23. 1849.__Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, and widow of William the Fourth, seems to be dying. She has been in bad health for some time; but if we may judge by the tenor of the bulletins, it appears that she is gradually sinking. By her death £100.000 p. annum will revert to the country. Six or seven years ago my friend Mrs. Oldham tried hard to procure me an appointment in her Household. The adverse letter which she received in reply to her application from Lord Howe (Adelaide’s Lord Chamberlain) she kept by her for three or four years, not liking to shew it to me: but I have it now somewhere or other. The late Mr. Oldham had been Deputy Judge Advocate General, and was acquainted with many persons of influence.

Tried to-day for the first time to resume my literary labours, though I am obliged to write with great difficulty on the sofa. Had out my rough draft on my proposed article on the “Dukes of Otterton,”

with the extracts, notes, &c. made some weeks ago at Sidmouth. Looked them over, and prepared to arrange them.

Saturday. Nov. 24.__By Woolmer's Gazette, I see that the bulletin issued last Wednesday, was the following: -

"The Priory. Nov. 21.

"The Queen Dowager has passed a tranquil night, but without much sleep.

"Her Majesty remains in the same state this morning.

"David Davies, M.D."

Monday. Nov. 26.__Dr. Cullen rode over from Sidmouth this morning to see me. He arrived at half past nine, and was in time for breakfast. Having 15 miles to come, he started early. He left again at noon.

Tuesday. Nov. 27.__Beautiful day! Took a turn out of doors for a quarter of an hour – the first time I have been out since I left Sidmouth.

Sat. 1. Dec.__ Jog on as usual: sofa all day.

Tues. Dec. 4. 1849.__So the Queen Dowager is dead at last; but I believe the respect of the nation is with her. She has left no money; for it is said that every farthing which she did not require for her support has been given away in charities. What killed her at last was a gentle cough, by which she broke a blood vessel in the lungs. The following is the last bulletin: -

"The Priory. Dec. 2. 1849. – Her Majesty the Queen Dowager expired at seven minutes before 2 o'clock on Sunday morning the 2nd of December, without any apparent suffering, and retaining her composure of mind to the last."

"David Davies, M.D."

"Richard Bright, M.D."

She was the daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Meiningen – married the Duke of Clarence (William IV) July 13. 1818 at Kew – had four miscarriages – her husband became king in 1830, and died in 1837, when she became a widow. Her health appears never to have been good, and she was constantly travelling or altering her place of residence for change of air. She will be buried by William IV at Windsor; and both embalming and lying in state are dispensed with. I never saw her: but I saw her husband once.

Saturday. Dec. 6.__ A Letter of mine, reflecting on the fact that there is no Museum in Exeter for the preservation of local antiquities appears in Woolmer to-day.

Thursday. Dec. 13. __The Queen Dowager was buried to-day in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The outer coffin bears the following inscription: -

"Depositum

Serenissimae Principessae

Adelaide,

Reginae Dotariae,

Obiit 11^{do} die Decembris,

Anno Domini MDCCCXLIX,

Aetatis suae LVIII."

The Queen left directions for a plain funeral, and requested that the coffin might be carried by sailors. Ten were had from the Royal Yacht, the "Victoria and Albert." Prince Albert was in the chapel, and some members of the Royal Family.

Dec.20. __ Mr. Heineken came into Exeter to play violoncello at the Oratorio, and gave us a call.

Dec. 25. __ Christmas Day! Passed it very quietly. This week a literary forgery of mine appears in Woolmer. It is entitled **Helas for Bennet**, and purports to be an old poem recording the death of Bennet, who was burnt at Liverydole in 1531; and that the said poem, written on vellum, was recently found in an old oak chest discovered in the remains of the alleged Sidmouth Priory – now Manstone Farm. (*added later*)Manston is in Sidbury Parish. There was no Priory at Sidmouth. It was at Otterton and Sidmouth was attached to it.

Monday. Dec. 31. 1849, __ Last Day of the Year! The ground is covered with ice and snow, and the weather has been cold for the last week; but the sky is cloudless, and the sun shines bright.

So the old year goes out. England is the most prosperous country in Europe. France is tottering on the eve of all sorts of convulsions – Spain is in debt – Italy in confusion, with the Pope still a fugitive – Turkey and Russia talking of war – Germany very unsettled – and so on all round the map.

POH Transcripts - 1850

Tuesday. Jan. 1. 1850.__New Year's Day! This morning my mother was going to make a custard. She turned it over to me to try my hand at something new to me, observing, however, "That it required experience to know the exact moment when to take it off the fire." She was right. I let it stay a few seconds too long, and turned it to a curd.

Mem. - it eats very nice, nevertheless.

Friday. Jan. 4.__The Joneses from Uffculme surprised us by an unexpected visit. They came into Exeter to dine with the Folletts – brother of the late Sir William.

Sat. Jan. 9. 1850.__At last an agreeable change in the weather. For the last fortnight we have had a cutting easterly wind, and the country has been bound up in ice. Fine weather for skaters and Esquimaux, perhaps, but I prefer something more genial. I have been keeping the fire warm, and reading. I have gone through the "Perambulation of Dartmoor," by the Revd. Mr. Rowe, of Crediton, which has made me long to be touring in that wild region. Also the "Transactions of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society," in which there are several very interesting papers. Also Cottle's Bristol Life of S.J. Coleridge, &c. &c.

A Letter of mine, respecting the "Farming Interest," and signed Jan Chawbacon, written in the Devonshire dialect, is printed in Woolmer's Gazette to-day.

Tuesday. Jan. 22.__Made out the pedigree of "Duke of Otterton," compressed into the size of the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine. Owing to my tedious illness my article on "The Dukes of Otterton," has been more than six months in hand.

Thursday. Jan. 24.__Made out the pedigree of "Yonge of Puslinch."

Sat. Jan. 26.__And the pedigree of "Upton of Upton."

Friday. February 1. 1850.__Got up for breakfast – the first time for the last three months.

Laid an etching ground to engrave the brasses in the Otterton church to the memory of the Dukes.

Sat. Feb. 2.__Traced the subject of one of the brasses (to Sarah) on the etching ground in white chalk.

"Moderation" is in Woolmer.

Monday. Feb. 4.__Used the etching needle on the plate, representing the brass in Otterton to the memory of "Sarah, praeclarissima uxor Roberti Duke." After my illness, however, I find my hand very shaky and unsteady. Worked at it for two hours.

Parliament opened last Thursday. The Queen was not in London, but the speech was read by commission.

Tuesday. Feb. 5.__Etched 2 hours, and the 2 yesterday = 4.

Wed. Feb. 6.__Etched 2½ hours, & the 4 before = 6½, and finished the plate.

Friday. Feb. 8.__Put nitric acid on the plate: - proposition, one part acid to two of water. It was only on half an hour, but bit very vigorously. Stopped out what was corroded enough, to wit, the crests, mantling, outer border, & figures.

Sat. Feb. 9.__Put on the acid again. On 20 minutes; and the former 30, together = 50. Cleared off the plate, and thickened the letters, &c., with the graver. Took two impressions.

Sunday. Feb. 10.__Finished reading the New Testament right through. I never read it regularly through before. Truly this is the Book of Books.

Monday. Feb. 11.__Laid the ground, and prepared to etch the fellow brass to the former, being to the memory of Richard Duke. Worked at it for 4 hours.

Tuesday. Feb. 12.__At it an hour and a half and completed it. This, with the 4 yesterday, = 5½. Put on the acid. It was on 3¾ hours, and this to produce only the same effect as was produced on the other plate in ½ an hour. Such is the uncertainty of "biting in." The acid was out of the same bottle, and the proportion of water the same. But this must probably be accounted for from the fact that the weather was much colder to-day than last Friday.

Thursday. Feb. 14.__Put the acid on the second time. The weather is milder, and 20 minutes produced the required intensity. Cleaned the plate, and printed some impressions.

Monday. Feb. 18.__Went over to the workshop of Mr. Parrot, carpenter, opposite Bouverie Place, and worked three hours, filing the two plates down to the margin of the work, soldering tacks by their heads to their backs, and mounting them on wooden blocks the height of the type.

Thursday. Feb. 21.__At last, after many delays owing to my illness, my article on "The Dukes of Otterton," which has been some six months in hand, is finally completed. Made it into a parcel, with the blocks and engravings, and sent it to Mr. J.G. Nichols, 25 Parliament Street, London. Perhaps he wont print it.

Friday. Feb. 22.__Heard of the Burnleys' safe arrival in S. Australia. They sailed from Plymouth on the 18th of last August, and arrived at Port Adelaide on the 4th of November, having made the voyage in 78 days. This is the shortest passage on record, the average run being from 100 to 120 days. *It is now done in 34 days – 1892.*

Sat. Feb. 23.__My quatrain on "Love" is in Woolmer.

Finished engraving my new card plate for visiting. It is done to imitate my hand writing. I have seen cards in this style which had a tolerably good effect. The acid as before – two to one. On the plate two hours and a half. Sent the plate to Mr. Owen Angel of Fore Street, Exeter, for some proofs.

Monday. Feb. 25.__The proofs won't do. The acid was on too long, and the letters are blotty. Never mind. Try again.

Tuesday. Feb. 26.__Laid a ground on another plate. Etched, and then finished with the graver, another autograph.

Wed. Feb. 27.__The papers mention that on last Valentine's Day in London 22.000 letters above the daily average were delivered; and the whole amount delivered that day was 102.800.

They also mention that Great Britain has 6.000.000 of square miles of colonial territory belonging to her. Also, that in New South Wales, in 1848, 286.322 sheep, and 33.642 head of horned cattle were boiled down for the tallow. Also, that the number of letters delivered last year in Great Britain & Ireland amounted to 337.500.000.

Thursday. Feb. 28.__Am not pleased with the impressions of my second attempt at engraving my cardplate. Don't care – I'll try a third.

Friday. March 1. 1850.__Laid the ground, traced, etched, cleaned off, and went over with the graver, another plate. The acid on 1½ hour: proportion, 1 nitric acid, to 2 parts water. The whole process took me 4 hours. Also, with the same acid, etched my name, and the year 1845 (when I bought it) on my steel "scraper," used in engraving. The same strength of acid bit much more vigorously on the steel, as compared with the copper.

Sunday. Mar. 3.__Read the first 40 chapters of Genesis.

Monday. Mar. 4.__In Woolmer of last Saturday is my notice of the arrival of the Burnleys in Australia, and my quatrain on "Hate."

It is mentioned that there were 564 "Trees of Liberty" in Paris, for there was a great planting of trees by the republicans when they turned out Louis Philippe. So many trees, however, were found to obstruct the public thoroughfares, and Louis Napoleon, the President, ventures to sanction the removal of some of them. In some instances the people resisted it. They have all now been cut down but 37; and amongst them was one planted in 1793.

Thursday. Mar. 7.__Resumed needlework. Bound my Workbag with a red and black silk cord.

Wed. Mar. 13.__Went out to Liverydole to see the new Almshouses. They form a fine row of buildings. The old chapel, or red Heavitree stone, still remains, but will probably come down soon. I enquired the spot where the stake was found to which Bennet was supposed to have been chained, when he was burnt here three hundred and eighteen years ago. The place pointed out is immediately within the doorstep of the small wing attached to the east end of the range of buildings. The man described the stake as being about the size of one's leg – that an iron ring was driven on to its top, to prevent its splitting – and into this top end, so fortified, an iron spike with a loop or eye at one extremity, was driven home, leaving only the eye out, and that this was secured by a pin going through it and the stake too. When the old Almshouses were cleared away last year, and this relic was turned up, there was much talk in the neighbourhood concerning the finding of "Bennet's Stake." In order to preserve it from destruction, Lady Rolle had it carried to Bicton.

Thursday. Mar. 14.__Went to Heavitree churchyard - where I have not been for three years. The new church is certainly handsome; and it is to be hoped they will soon raise the required funds to build the new tower. Had a look at the Hutchinson monuments in the northwest corner. They are much out of order. Uncle Tom's is leaning on one side, and almost out of the ground; and Uncle William's tombstone is cracked in half.

Sat. Mar. 16.__The long pending case of "Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter" has been terminated by the decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, which pronounced judgment last Friday. It reversed the decision of Sir H.J. Fust, in the Arches Court, which was in favour of the Bishop – the present being against him.

Engraved the Hutchinson crest on the tea-caddy silver tea spoon. Rather bungling, though a first attempt in this style.

The Bishop refused to institute the Rev. Mr. Gorham to the living of Brampford Speke, near Exeter, because he held opinions contrary to what the Bishop held to be orthodox. It was on the subject of Baptismal regeneration. "The doctrine held by Mr. Gorham," said Lord Longdale, the Master of the Rolls, when reading the Judgment, "appears to us to be this – that baptism is a sacrament generally necessary to salvation, but that the grace of regeneration does not so necessarily accompany the act of baptism that regeneration invariably takes place in baptism; that the grace may be granted before, in, or after baptism; that baptism is an effectual sign of grace, by which God works invisibly in us, but only in such as worthily receive it – in them alone it has a wholesome effect; and that, without reference to the qualification of the recipient, it is not in itself an effectual sign of grace. That infants baptised, and dying before actual sin, are certainly saved; but that in no case is regeneration in baptism unconditional."

Mr. Gorham, therefore, restricts the spiritual efficacy of baptism to those only who "worthily receive it," and that baptismal regeneration is not unconditional. This the Bishop thought to be contrary to the doctrine of the Church. But the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council which is not composed of ecclesiastics, and I believe may be composed of heretics and infidels, has thought otherwise. Let's see the end.

Exeter. Mar. 1850. London.

Thursday. Mar. 21. __Our tenant, the Revd. C. Webber, at Sidmouth, having died, his widow has determined to go, though they engaged the house till the 7th of next May. To-day she sent the halves of three £5-notes, the rent till the 7th of May now being £15; and intends to leave to-morrow.

Friday. Mar. 22. __Mrs. Webber left the house at Sidmouth this morning, and Bingham went down in the afternoon; mother and self remaining here for a few days.

Sunday. Mar. 24. __The splendid weather has changed to severe. During the greater part of March we have had a clear sky and a hot sun. The wind has been so gentle as scarcely to be felt. To-day a strong north-wester with a succession of snow storms.

Monday. Mar. 25. __Weather clearer and finer again; but cold.

Tuesday. Mar. 26. __Mother and self drove into Exeter, from Mount Radford, to shop.

Thursday. Mar. 28. __Started for Middlesex, and mother for Sidmouth. Was rather more than four hours and a half on the rail. There were traces of much snow on the ground all the way between Bridgwater and the Oxford junction: but none beyond that to London. As we passed Slough we saw Windsor Castle, and the royal standard flying in the turret of the Round Tower – the Queen being there at present. Took a cab at Paddington and drove to Hampstead – a high and dry, and I imagine, healthy place. Ensconced myself immediately in a lodging in Heath Street.

Hampstead, Middlesex. Mar. & Ap. 1850.

Friday. Mar. 27. __ Good Friday. The day being fine, though cold with an easterly wind, multitudes of Londoners came out to enjoy the fresh air on the Heath.

Sunday. Mar. 31.__Read the Bible an hour or two. Read the prayer book. Took a walk on Hampstead Heath. It is really a beautiful place. So many ups and downs, that it may be compared to human life, but with this important difference – that the “downs” are not reverses. There are so many hills and dales – so many trees – so much grass and broom and heather and furze, that the scenery has the romantic appearance of some wild part of a nobleman’s park. Perhaps the proximity of this Heath to such a place as London, may contribute to render the aspect of it more rural and striking – from the very contrast.

Monday. April 1. 1850.__Finished reading “Dunallan” by Grace Kennedy. It is a kind of religious novel, tolerably well written, but heavy in many parts, and meager in the dialogues. The best style occurs in Lord Dunallan’s letter to his wife, written when he was going abroad on his mission. In this the language is good, & the style above most of the other parts. This letter is only about 80 or 90 pages long!

Wednesday. Ap.3.__Began embroidering Coat of Arms in my workbag.

Thursday. Ap. 11.__Been at Hampstead a fortnight. All the days have passed alike, each day generally finding me at some hour or other enjoying the fresh air on the Heath. The summer is the “season” here. Plenty of visitors will arrive when the weather gets warmer. Now I am living alone, I find on calculation, that I consume one pound of bread a day, or there about. The understood allowance for an adult, is three half quarterns, or three two-pound loaves a week; so that I eat my quantum. But I don’t consume above a pound, or a pound and a half of meat a week, finding that a vegetable diet, or mostly so, agrees with me best. Thus, bread is my “staff of life.”

Tuesday. Ap. 16.__Such weather! Blowing hard from the south-west, cold and boisterous, and lots of rain. We must expect this until May.

Thursday. Ap. 18.__Such weather! A clear, bright, sun shiny day, as beautiful as may be imagined.

Finished reading “Kathleen: or the Secret Marriage.” This work was evidently written by a person who had had no education, and who apparently lived among the perlieus of the low London Theatres. The style is common-place, the language unclear, the tautology frequent, and the grammar bad. During the first half the writer harps over and over again upon the same topics and the same scenes, and I was getting so tired of it that I was going to throw the book away; but having nothing else at hand to amuse myself with, I went on. The scene is, however, transferred from Scotland to Ireland; and immediately the action is improved and variety introduced. Plots and counterplots thicken; and the incidents are interesting. Perhaps the incidents are even too many, for some confusion entangles the winding-up. The miserable illustrations are quite theatrical in their style.

Friday. Ap. 19.__Read Goldsmith’s “Traveller.” No poet could build his fame upon this. It is a plain, descriptive poem, but nothing more. Read also his “Deserted Village.” This is better; but it is full of too much false philosophy about rich people and great people being tyrants, &c. Because a rich man comes to the vicinity of a country village, and erects a mansion, and encloses a park, and lives sumptuously, the surrounding district becomes impoverished, the peasantry dwindle, and every thing becomes wretched. I should rather have thought that a rich man coming to such a place, and necessarily spending a great deal of money in the neighbourhood, would have improved the condition of the population around, and promoted comfort. But poetry is not prose; and perhaps it

sounds mighty fine in iambs to hurl denunciations at the great. I don't know how the little would get on if it were not for the great.

Sunday. Ap. 21.__Read 59 chapters in the Bible. Last Sunday I read 63. They were these:

The last 14 in Deuteronomy	14
Joshua	24
Judges	21
In the New Testament	<u>4</u>

63

To-day they were these:-

Ruth	4
First Book of Samuel	31
Second Ditto	<u>24</u>

59

Monday. Ap. 22.__Read several of the poems of Thomas Gray, who died 1771. His "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard" is certainly good, and is justly admired. The "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College" is passable enough; but I think better of "The Bard." There are some fine lines here, and forcible language.

There are a number of little phrases which run current in our language, and which we hear daily in conversation. These contain either wise saws or self-evident truths, or something of that sort; and from their general use we find them perpetually in everybody's mouth. They are for the most part culled out of the pages of our most approved writers. But from hearing them so often, and learning them

Hampstead, near London. 1850

from hearsay, and not by reading them in the works of those who wrote them, it is often difficult to say who are their real authors. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." This is one of those sentences which one is always hearing quoted. I have myself heard it scores of times, and perhaps used it as many; but if any person had asked me who wrote those words, most likely I should have said Shakspeare, for he has given more pithy statements to our language than anyone else. However, I see that they occur at the end of Gray's "Ode on a distance prospect of Eton College. "The short and simple annals of the poor," is a line frequently quoted: it occurs in the "Elegy." And "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault," which is found in the next stanza but one. Again: -

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

These lines are often quoted by persons who do not know where to find them. They occur in the “Elegy.” “The noiseless tenor of their way,” is in the same; but it is usually quoted “the even tenor of their way.” “Ruin sieze thee ruthless king” and “weave the warp and weave the woof” are found in “The Bard.” These lines are noted as examples of alliteration. Whilst on this subject I will go to the Latin. Here is a verse well known: -

“Incidit in Syllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.”

I was once asked (it was by Sir George Gibbes, at Sidmouth) where these words were to be found, and I confidently answered “in Virgil’s Aeneid” – not that I remembered them, as occurring there, but only because I thought it likely. But I was wrong: and the truth is I believe their author is not known. Sir George laughed, for I answered just as he had expected. He told me he had often been amused at the confidence with which they had been given to Virgil when he had put the question to others. He said he suspected their author was not to be assigned to the Augustan age, but that they were probably written in the middle ages, several centuries after Virgil’s time. Perhaps, indeed they are not above four or five hundred years old

Hampstead. April 1850

Thursday, Ap.25. __This morning about ten o’clock an open carriage and four, containing some of the Queen’s children, attended by two ladies (probably Lady Lyttleton and the nurse) went by my windows. They were going to take an airing on Hampstead Heath. On returning, they walked the horses down the street, and dragged the wheel at the steepest part. There were four children – the eldest, I presume the Princess Royal. They are rather fat, with round faces, and not striking for personal appearance. I had not seen them before. There was one outrider in a plain black coat, & black cockade in his hat. The postillions were in black coats too, quite plain. The two footmen, in the hind dickey, had on drab great coats, for the wind and cold, though the morning was fine. I am told they often drive this way.

Friday, Ap.26. __So the Pope has at last returned to Rome. He entered the city and repaired to the Vatican on the 12th Instant. I believe he brought his fall and his exile entirely upon himself; and if he has gained by his experience, he will govern with greater wisdom in time to come.

Wed. May 1, 1850. __The First of May, but as unlike a May Day morning, as anything I ever remember. The wind is northeasterly – as it has been for the last fortnight – cold, cutting and cheerless; the sky overcast with heavy, lead-colour clouds, and rain is falling.

Th. May 2. __I am told that there was a thick white frost on the ground this morning. So the Poet Laureat, William Wordsworth is gone. He died last Tuesday, and I believe he was 80 years old. He married a Miss Hutchinson. I query who will be the next Laureat? I should not be surprised if the office were to fall into disuetude. Perhaps there is not a fitter person living than Alfred Tennyson for such an appointment.

Yesterday morning the Queen had another child. This, I believe, is the seventh. It is a prince, and was born at 17 minutes past eight in the morning. The following bulletin was issued at ten o’clock.

“Buckingham Palace, Wednesday, May 1. Ten A.M. 1850

“The Queen was safely delivered of a prince at 17 minutes after eight o’clock this morning. Her Majesty and the infant prince are well.

“James Clark M.D.

“Charles Locock M.D.

“Robert Ferguson M.D.”

Report says that it will be christened Arthur, after the Duke of Wellington who is 81 years old yesterday.

Monday. May 6. __ Terrific weather. Wind north-east – miserably cold. Blowing and raining like fury.

Received a letter informing me that cousin the Rev. John Hutchinson of Hansford, Staffordshire, is made Canon and Precentor of Lichfield Cathedral.

Thursday. May 9. __ Some of the Queen’s children, in an open carriage and four, as on the 25th of April, have just passed again. The weather has cleared off this morning, but the air is very cold. There were three children, two girls and a boy, the eldest looking not much above six years old. The boy had on a cloth overcoat and a Scotch skull cap, with the strings behind – not the pancake-shaped “bonnet o’ blue”.

Friday. May 10. __ Again this morning the royal carriage has driven through Hampstead for the Heath, and returned again after being there half an hour. It is a nice place for an airing. There were two girls in it to-day, and one lady – probably Mrs. Lilly, the nurse.

Saw the first swallows of the season to-day, although it is very unsummerlike weather. There were several skimming about over the western slope of Hampstead Heath. Last year I saw the first on the fourth.

Hampstead. May 1850.

Sunday. May 12. __ The new moon of last night has made a favourable change in the weather. Walked this afternoon to the pretty village of Westend, a mile west of Hampstead church. It consists of a green, a pond of water, and a few houses. It is a rural and a picturesque spot. The fine weather brought a swarm of smokey Londoners up to the Heath to breathe a little fresh air.

Monday. May 13. __ This morning again, soon after ten o’clock, the Queen’s children were taken up to the Heath. There were three girls to-day in the carriage, and a lady with them.

The Bishop of London held a confirmation to-day at Hampstead, and the place was all in a bustle.

Tuesday. May 14. __ To-day a man committed suicide by jumping off the Duke of York’s Column at Carlton House Terrace. He was a French musician, earning a good salary in the orchestra of one of our theatres. This is the first time that such an act has been committed at this column. Some years ago there was a great rage for jumping off the Monument – so much so that they were obliged to

rail it in like a birdcage. If the Duke of York's Column becomes a favorite resort for self-destroyers, they will have to rail that in too. I was once up this column, I think in the autumn of 1836, just before I went to America. It was then quite new. It is curious that the shaft of this column looks larger in the middle than at the ends. This is especially striking when it is looked at from Regent Street. It is not so in reality – it is only an optical illusion. In fact, it looks fat in the middle. I was up on the Monument on Fish Street Hill about the same time: and I have also been up it since it was railed in. The fee for ascending each is sixpence. I have heard my father say that one day when he and his elder brother Thomas were up the Monument when they were young men, that they began pulling pieces of paper out of their pockets and letting them fly, just for the fun of watching their progress over the roofs of the houses. In doing this, Uncle Tom, without being aware of it, drew out a bank note with some old letters. The note fell down upon the platform of the column on which they were standing, and the wind was carrying it towards the edge. My father saw it and, jumping forward, put his foot on it just as it was going between the railings. They then stooped down and saved it. A moment later and it would have sailed over the houses.

Saturday. May 18. __ Finished my workbag, bearing the inscription "Peter Orlando Hutchinson" on one side, and "His Work-Bag 1849" on the other.

Sunday. May 19. __ Finished reading the Old Testament. This is the first time I ever read it regularly straight through without hiatus or interruption. But it is the right way in order to get a comprehensive view of the whole, historically and chronologically considered. But I regret that the history ends with the seventy years captivity. From the time of Cyrus, when the captivity ended, to the coming of Christ, a space of 500 years, we have a total blank. Do the Jews attempt to supply this deficiency by the Talmud, or by tradition? I never saw the Talmud. Now for the New Testament.

Monday. May 20. __ Whit Monday, or Whitsun Monday, as it is often called. A fine day, but a cool easterly wind. Went down the path-fields towards St. John's Wood. Whole streets of houses are everywhere springing up out of the ground like mushrooms. London will cover all Middlesex soon.

Tuesday. May 21. __ The most summer-like day we have had. Went to the western slope of the Heath, and sat down to enjoy the hot sun and the view. Discovered Windsor Castle with my two-lense telescope, though the horizon was hazy. I had heard that Windsor Castle was visible from Hampstead Heath. The smoke of several towns is discernible in this direction, and the spire of Harrow Church rises conspicuously in the middle distance from the top of the hill on which it stands.

Hampstead, Middlesex. May 1850.

Friday. May 24. __ The Queen's birthday. I think her Majesty is 31. Her birthday, however, was "kept" nearly a fortnight ago, on the 13th.

Went to the pretty village or hamlet of Northend. Then went to the west side of the Heath, where I sat down and commenced operations. I had come with heavy pockets charged with an ample luncheon. This I discussed, and enjoyed a rural meal.

Monday. May 27. __ Finished reading "Legends of the Isles, and other poems," by Charles Mackay, 1845. I like the Legends best, as I know something of the Western Isles of Scotland. The poetry, however, is mediocre, though much of it is pleasing. But there are no words or metaphors therein, such as will burn the pages of the volume to cinders. This is what I would meet with.

Tuesday. May 28. __ The Emperor of China, Tau Kwang, died on the 5th of February, in the 69th year of his age, and the 30th of his reign. He is succeeded by Sze-hing, his fourth, and only surviving son, aged only 19.

On the 22nd Instant, at Berlin, a man tried to kill the King of Prussia. He fired a pistol nearly within arm's length of the king's breast. The king, by a sudden impulse, stepped aside, and the ball took effect, by wounding him in the right arm. I believe the man's name is Lefeloge. He is taken.

June 1.1850. __ Splendid weather at last. For ten days the weather has been delightful, but up to that point it was a prolongation of winter.

Sunday. June 2. 1850. __ Finished reading the Bible straight through, both the Old and New Testaments, without interruption. I have never gone through it regularly before. It is, indeed, an extraordinary and most interesting volume, both as a history and as a revelation. The following epitome I jotted down as I went on:

Genesis, which contains **Li** chapters, comprises a narrative extending from the creation to the to the death of Joseph – a space of about 2280 years.

Exodus, of **Xli** chapters, commences at Joseph's death . It is here related how the Israelites left Egypt, crossed the Red Sea, pitched at the foot of Sinai, and made the tabernacle. Seventy-five persons arrived in Egypt, and in the space of about 400 years, they had increased to 3.000.000: - at least, I make them three millions according to the following calculation We are told that 600.000 men, besides women and children, departed out of Egypt. If, then, we take the 600.000 grown men, and add to them as many women for their wives, we shall have 1.200.000 men and women. If we say three children to each father and mother, this is surely a low average. By this estimate we have 1.800.000 children, and these added to 1.800.000, the number of their parents, the total is exactly 3.000.000 souls.

Leviticus has **XXVII** chapters, and is almost entirely made up of new laws, and ordinances, delivered from the mountain.

Numbers, **XXXVI** chapters. The people are numbered, and divided into different tribes and orders. The number of men, of 20 years old and upwards was 603.550 [I.46.] The tribe of Levi was numbered subsequently, and the males above a month old amounted to 7.500. [III.22.] The sons of Aaron are appointed to the priest's office, and the tribe of Levi to the service of the tabernacle. The people murmur for flesh; and quails are sent them, which lie two cubits deep on the ground. They leave Sinai.

Deuteronomy. In the **XXXIV** chapters various laws are enjoined. They approach the promised land. Moses sees it from Mount Nebo and dies. He finished writing these five Books only a short time before he died. The two kings Sihon and Og, whose territories lay on the east side of Jordan, are destroyed, and the tribes of Reuban and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, are located thereon. During the forty years that the children of Israel were in the wilderness, neither their clothes nor their shoes wore out. Only Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, were permitted to enter the promised land, of all who were numbered. See Num. XIV. 29 & sec.

The Book of Joshua contains **XXIV** chapters. Moses is succeeded by Joshua, who leads the people over Jordan. Manna ceased. The land is gradually subdued, and the original inhabitants, descended from Ham, are destroyed, except some Jew who become servants and bondmen to the conquerors. The names of the tribes subdued were the Amorites, the Perizzites, the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Girgashites, the Hivites and the Jebusites. The Jebusites inhabited the site of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, and were not entirely exterminated till David's time, when that king took their city and made it his residence. The bones of Joseph, brought out of Egypt, are buried. Joshua dies, aged 110.

Judges has **XXI** chapters. The Israelites continue to subdue the country. They are governed by Judges – Othniel, Deborah, the Prophetess, Tola, Jaer, Jephtha, &c. The deeds of Samson narrated.

Ruth occupies but **IV** chapters. The story of the Book is this: There was a famine in the land. Elimelech, with Naomi his wife, and his two sons, remove from Beth-lehem-Judah to the Land of Moab, where the famine did not rage. The father dies there, and the sons, having married Moabitish women, die there also. The mother, Naomi, then proposes to return to Judah, and Ruth, one of her daughters-in-law, all being widows, determines to leave her country, and go with her. She gleaned in the cornfields of Boaz, a lineal descendant of Abraham. Boaz finally marries her, and David is descended from them.

First Book of Samuel, XXXI chapters. Samuel is dedicated to God's service. The Israelites fight with the Philistines. The Israelites capture the Ark, which was made at the foot of Mount Sinai. Eli, hearing of it, falls back and breaks his neck. The Israelites desire to have a King to rule over them. Samuel anoints Saul. He subsequently anoints David. Saul kills himself.

Second Book of Samuel, XXIV chapters. David becomes King of Judah, and Ish-bosheth, a son of Saul, is made King of Israel. Ish-bosheth is slain, and David is elected King over both divisions of the kingdom. David drives the Jebusites out of Jerusalem, and builds his capital city on the site.

First Book of Kings, XXII chapters. David dies and Solomon succeeds. He builds the Temple, anno circa 1012 B.C. He is succeeded by his son Rehoboam, whose oppressions cause the tribes to revolt from him, and elect kings of their own, thus dividing the kingdom into two – those of Israel and Judah. Elijah and Elisha live at this time.

Second Book of Kings, XXIV chapters. Elijah is taken up into heaven, and leaves his mantle to Elisha. Here are related the acts and deeds of a series of kings, as well of Israel as of Judah. The shadow goes back 10 degrees on the dial of Ahaz. Hilkiah finds the Book of the Law (the Pentateuch) in the Temple. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, takes Jerusalem, and leads the Jews into captivity.

Chronicles, chapters **XXIV** and **XXXVI**. The two Books of the Chronicles contain the same historical events as the two Books of Kings. The first begins with numerous genealogies. David's death occurs at the end of the first Book, & Solomon's accession at the beginning of the second. Then we have the assault and capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, as before, and an account of the carrying away the Jew into captivity.

Ezra, X chapters. Cyrus, king of Persia, who lived 526 years B.C., in the first year of his reign issues a proclamation, in which it is ordered that the golden vessels and other spoils of the Temple, carried away by Nebuchadnezzar and his captains, shall be restored; and that the Temple shall be rebuilt,

together with the walls of Jerusalem. Ezra, the priest, one of the captive Jews in Assyria, is sent to Jerusalem on this occasion.

Nehemiah, XIII chapters. Artaxerxes, the king, sends Nehemiah, his cup bearer, one of the captive Jews, to Jerusalem, with authority to forward the work, and many of his countrymen return with him.

Esther has **X** chapters. Esther, and her uncle Mordecai, are among the Jewish captives in Assyria. On the occasion of a great feast, Ahasueras, the king of Persia, the worse for wine, sends for his wife Vashti, whose beauty was far-famed, that he might shew her to his assembled guests and nobles. Vashti declines to come. Ahasueras, angry at this refusal, puts her away, and selects Esther, whom he makes his queen in Vashti's stead. Mordecai is advanced; and Esther's influence gets the oppression suffered by her countrymen much lightened. [In the modern town of Hamadan, in Irak, there is a mosque, said to be built over the tombs of Esther & Mordecai.]

The Book of Job, XLII chapters. Of Job we know little, except that he was a rich and a pious man, dwelling in the Land of Uz. His faith is first tried by the loss of his children, his flocks, herds, and other possessions. Next, he is stricken with boils. Three of his friends come to condole with him, and most of the chapters are filled with the dialogues that pass between him and them. But Job's constancy finds favour. He is cured of his afflictions: and before he dies he is made twice as rich as he had been previously.

Psalms, CL. The psalms, being considered the work of David, perhaps might have been placed with advantage as near their author as possible. With the Book of Nehemiah ends the historical part of the Old Testament, and after this might have followed the psalms. Or they might have come after the Book of Esther, which is in some degree historical. From the time of Nehemiah to the coming of Christ, a period of 500 years, we have no account. The psalms, themselves, are not chronologically arranged – some that he had made before he was king being placed after some that he composed when he had been several years on the throne. Prefixed to most of them are the words "A Psalm of David:" but to some are prefixed "A Psalm of Asaph."

Proverbs, XXI chapters. The works of the son come well after the works of the father.

Ecclesiastes, XII chapters. This book, as well as the Proverbs, I believe was written by Solomon for the benefit of his son.

Song of Solomon, VIII chapters. I scarcely know whether to like the style of the similitudes here used by Solomon. They are too fleshly.

Isaiah has **LXVI** chapters. Isaiah prophesied in the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah.

Jeremiah, LII chapters. Jeremiah began to prophesy about 70 years after Isaiah, namely in the reign of Josiah, the great-grandson of Hezekiah. He lived till the time of Zedekiah, witnessing the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and the deportation into captivity of the latter kings of Judah.

Lamentations of Jeremiah, V chapters. These Lamentations were poured out by the prophet amid the ruins of his city, and on witnessing the afflictions borne by the people.

Ezekiel has **XLVIII** chapters. This prophet was contemporary with Jeremiah, but whereas Jeremiah dwelt in Jerusalem, Ezekiel was among the captives in Assyria. [His tomb is shewn in the modern town of Kefih, in Irak.]

Daniel, XII chapters. Daniel was among the prisoners taken by Nebuchadnezzar from Jerusalem to Babylon, where his name was changed to Beltashazzar. He lived in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar and his son Belshazzar, kings of Babylon, and unto the third year of Cyrus. He witnessed the capture of Babylon by Darius, king of Persia. The chapters in Daniel are not arranged in a chronological order, to agree with the events mentioned.

Hosea, XIV chapters, prophesied during the reigns of the same kings of Judah as did Isaiah. Hosea seems, also, to have dwelt in Jerusalem.

Joel, III chapters, apparently lived at Jerusalem. We are not informed as to the exact period in which he lived.

Amos has **IX** chapters. This prophet was cotemporary with Isaiah, and Hosea. He prophesied at Bethel, in Israel.

Obadiah consists of but **I** chapter. We are not told when he prophesied.

Jonah has **IV** chapters. Jonah was sent to prophesy against Nineveh; but not liking his mission, he thought to escape, by taking ship at Joppa to flee to Tarshish. During this voyage he is cast into the sea, and swallowed by a whale. But he subsequently obeys the command, and goes to Nineveh. It is not expressly said when he lived.

Micah, VII chapters. Micah lived in the reigns of Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, and was therefore cotemporary with Isaiah, Hosea, and Amos. Perhaps it would have been as well if the prophecies of all those who lived at the same time, had been put near each other in the arrangement of the Bible, instead of separate. Christ's coming is foretold in the **Vth** chapter.

Nahum, III chapters. Like Jonah, he prophesies against Nineveh.

Habakkuk, III chapters. He foretells the destruction of the Chaldeans.

Jephaniah, III chapters. He prophesies in the reign of Josiah, son of Amon, king of Judah. He foretells the desolation of the Jews, and of the neighbouring nations. He apparently lived at Jerusalem.

Haggai, II chapters. Haggai prophesied in the second year of Darius. He directed the people to the rebuilding of the Temple, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and lived about the time of Nehemiah.

Zechariah has **XIV** chapters. He began, like Haggai, to prophesy in the second year of Darius.

Malachi, IV chapters. His era is not mentioned. All these prophets corroborate each other in their prophecies. They agree in foretelling the destruction and dispersion of the Jewish people for their sins, and a restoration of a remnant of them at last. Christ's coming is frequently foretold. Many other noted prophets lived in these times; but their prophecies were either not committed to writing, or they have not come down to us. Sufficient, however, have been preserved for the purpose intended.

The New Testament

The Four Gospels are, in fact, four brief biographies of Christ, detailing both his acts and his doctrines. They corroborate each other very satisfactorily. The Gospels do not agree with each other in the chronological arrangement of the events narrated. The Pedigree of our Saviour given by St. Matthew traces his descent through a different line of ancestors from the Pedigree given by St. Luke: and the numbers of the generations differ. St. Matthew has 27 generations from David to Christ; and St. Luke has 42: and while St. Matthew gives 40 generations from Abraham to Christ, St. Luke gives 55, being 15 more. St. Matthew only traces back to Abraham, but St. Luke goes back to Adam, where the number of generations from Adam to Christ is 75.

The Acts of the Apostles occupy **XXVIII** chapters. They detail principally the labours and the wanderings of St. Paul.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, of **XVI** chapters, was addressed to them from Corinth. His style is argumentative, syllogistic, and logical.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, the First of **XVI**, and the Second of **XIII** chapters, were written from Philippi.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, of **VI** chapters, was written from Rome. He accuses the foolish Galatians of having fallen away from the true faith.

St. Paul's Ephesians, of **VI** chapters, was addressed to them from Rome.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, of **IV** chapters, was written at Rome.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, of **IV** chapters, was likewise written at Rome.

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians, comprising **V** chapters, was from Athens. In the IVth. chapter is a striking, though brief, account of the resurrection.

St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, of **III** chapters, is also from Athens.

St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, who was created the first Bishop of Ephesus, containing **VI** chapters, was from Laodicea.

St. Paul's Second Epistle to Timothy, of **IV** chapters, was from Rome, when he was brought before Nero the second time. St. Paul counsels him as a father advises his son.

St. Paul's Epistle to Titus, ordained the first Bishop of the Cretians, containing **III** chapters, was written from Nicopolis.

St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, of only **I** chapter, was written from Rome.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, of **XIII** chapters, is interesting, as being addressed by a former Jew to the once chosen people, so soon after they had crucified the Messiah. The style is logical and forcible. It was from Italy.

The General Epistle of James, to the **12** tribes scattered abroad, contains **V** chapters. In ch. V.v.16 occur the words, "Confess your faults one to another." It is said that on these words the Roman Catholics instituted the pernicious practice of auricular confession. Thus can good advice be corrupted.

The First Epistle General of Peter, contains **V** chapters. From his saying "The church that is at Babylon saluteth you," we might infer that it was addressed from that city.

The Second Epistle General of Peter contains **III** chapters.

The First, Second, and Third Epistles of John contain chapters **V., I., & I.** The style in these Epistles, and even many verbal expressions in the language, much resemble what we observe in the Gospel of St. John.

The General Epistle of Jude contains but **I** chapter.

The Revelation of St. John the Divine has **XXII** chapters. This Revelation was witnessed by St. John in the island of Patmos, one of the Cyclades. At one period this island was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for their culprits. The Revelation is a vision of things past, and to come – at once striking, mysterious, and sublime.

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(June 1850-Sept 1851)

Wednesday. June 5. 1850 __ Still splendid weather. Out on the Heath again, enjoying the view, and basking in the sun.

Tuesday June 11. __ Finished reading The History of Hampstead, Middlesex, written by J.J. Park, 8^{vo}, 1818. The first record of this place is in a charter of King Edgar, anno 978. But I believe that Edgar died in 975, and it is suspected that this document is spurious, and that it was forged by the Monks of Westminster. The manor belonged to the abbot of Westminster for many centuries, to the dissolution in Henry the Eighth's time. It then passed into lay hands. The present Lord of the Manor, Sir Thomas Wilson, Baronet, got it by his father (I think his father) marrying an heiress. The Watling Street passed, from London, over the Heath. Some antiquaries contend that it passed along the Edgware Road; but surely this is too far west of old London. That the present High Street of Hampstead occupies the line of an ancient road, I am convinced from appearances. Moreover, appearances lead me to the conclusion that the old line, in ascending the hill, did not follow Heath Street, which is now the principal thoroughfare, but that it ran straight on up Holly Hill. This last is

more difficult of ascent, but I am convinced it is the original line. They both again unite upon the summit, near the pond, and then the old road went on to Hendon and St. Albans. It is well known that the ancient Britons did not study to make their roads so straight and so direct, as their conquerors the Romans did: and it is also well known that they lost no opportunity of carrying their roads over every elevated ridge of ground, if it was possible, in order to get a view of the country. It is not likely that they would be insensible to the advantage of passing over a hill 400 feet high so near London, where the estuary of the Thames is visible, and where they could look over portions of eight counties. Perhaps the present Edgware Road occupies the line of a Roman way; but I am inclined to think that the British Watling Street ran over Hampstead Heath.

Sunday, June 23. __ Splendid weather! This afternoon went on the Heath to enjoy the view. Hundreds of Cockneys had come out to bask in the sun and take tea on the grass. There was a gentle air from the northeast which blew the smoke of London away, and I never before saw the city under such favourable circumstances. All the eastern part, and as far west as the Strand, can be seen from Hampstead Heath; but the intervening trees shut out Westminster. St. Paul's rose majestically over everything; and looked set amongst a forest of spikes – to wit, church steeples. The extreme distance was a little hazy, but the hills beyond Woolwich, and the houses dotted over them, were easily descried. Amongst the maze of buildings, and a tinge of smoke, I could not discover either the Tower of London or Greenwich Hospital. A good glass would probably do it; but I had only my two-lense telescope. However, the estuary of the Thames, studded with vessels, was very plain. Towards the west, I looked at Harrow, and the great Round Tower of Windsor Castle.

Friday, June 28. __ The weather has been broiling hot for a week or ten days. To-day somewhat cooler.

Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. There was a review in Hyde Park. I presume the Artillery were there; for the booming of great guns resounded over the Hampstead hills about one o'clock.

An infernal traitor, named Robert Pate, struck the Queen in her carriage yesterday evening. The Queen, with three of her children and Lady Jocelyn, had gone in an open carriage to Cambridge House, Piccadilly, to enquire after the Duke of Cambridge, her uncle, who was unwell. On coming out of the gate, about 20 minutes past six, a man stepped forward and struck the Queen on the hand with a cane or stick. It flattened Her Majesty's bonnet and made a mark on her face. The miscreant was siezed and rather roughly handled by the indignant by-standers and was then taken by the police. I wish I had been there; I would have made his pate ache for a month. He is a retired Lieutenant of the 10th Hussars.

To-day Colonel Mackeson arrived from India by steamer in charge of the great diamond, the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. This diamond, which, by conquest, has come into the possession of Great Britain, has been brought from Lahore. It was found in the mines of Golconda in 1850. It is the largest known diamond in the world, except, perhaps, the Brazil diamond of Portugal. It originally weighed 800 carats, but has been cut down to 279. The

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man who cut it, instead of getting paid for his work, was fined 10.000 marks. It is worth two millions sterling, and will be a good addition to the Queen's jewelry. The great Pitt diamond, sold to

the Regent Orleans for the sum of £25.000, only weighs 130 carats: and the diamond in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia weighs under 200.

Tuesday, July 2. 1850 __Sir Robert Peel died last night from injuries sustained by a fall from his horse. Last Saturday evening he was riding up Constitution Hill, when his horse stumbled and threw him to the ground. He was taken up insensible, and conveyed to his residence in Whitehall Gardens. I think he was born in 1788, which makes him now 62. This sad event has struck everyone with a great shock. I only have seen Sir Robert Peel three times - once in the House of Commons, once on horseback in Whitehall Gardens, and once in the Marquis of Northampton's drawing-room.

Sat. July 6. __The "strawberry feast" at Lord Mansfield's at Can Wood near Hampstead. A great number of noblemen's and gentlemen's carriages past through Hampstead during the afternoon to go there and return.

Tuesday, July 9.__ The Duke of Cambridge, son of George III, died last night, at his residence in Piccadilly. The following bulletin has been issued:-

"Cambridge House, July 8, 1850.

"18 o'clock, p.m.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, after passing a tranquil day, expired somewhat suddenly, and without suffering, at 20 minutes before 10 o'clock.

"Francis Hawkins, M.D.

"Thomas Watson, M.D.

"Richard Bright, M.D.

"Robert Keate, ch.

"Henry Stanhope Illingworth, ch.

"Edward H. Hills, ch."

The Duke was 76. I have seen him frequently; and my profile sketch of him in my sketch book, N^o. 7, is a good likeness. He was noted for talking loud, either in public, at a concert, for instance, or in a private room, and laughing to as to be heard above every other sound. I have remarked this both in public places, and in Lord Northampton's drawing-room, and thought that he was either crazy, or ought to have known better.

Wednesday, July 10.__ Last night I heard the bell of Hampstead Church, and I could hear some of the church bells in London, tolling for the Duke of Cambridge. They tolled from midnight till one in the morning.

Thursday, July 11. __The royal carriage drove by through Hampstead with the princess Royal, the princess Alice, and a lady in waiting. They were in black, on account of the death of their great-uncle. They had on broad brim straw hats with silk or black crape with long ends round them.

Friday, July 12. __The National, and other schools in London, often send their children up for a day's enjoyment on Hampstead Heath. To-day no less than nine omnibuses or vans full of children passed through the town on their way up there to have a day's amusement. They were in their holiday clothes, and were carrying a multitude of little flags of various colours and devices – royal standards, union jacks, and others, apparently stamped on handkerchiefs. In the evening, they returned; and a most vociferous cheering & noise they made as they went down the hill.

Yesterday, the scoundrel Robert Pate, who assaulted the Queen on the 27th ultimo, was sentenced to seven years transportation, in the Central Criminal Court, London. His father was formerly a corn factor of Wisbeach, and has a considerable fortune. The worn-out plea of unsound mind was attempted to be established by his friends in his excuse; but they could make nothing of it.

My mother is 72 to-day.

Hampstead, Middlesex. July. 1850

July 16, Tuesday. __The Duke of Cambridge was buried to-day, under Kew Church. His son, now Duke of Cambridge, is unmarried; and perhaps his marriage has not been encouraged, as the public marriage of a prince, must tax either his parents or the country to a considerable amount, but I have heard that he has several children by Miss Fairbrother, an actress.

The pregnancy of the young Queen of Spain has caused much solicitude amongst her people for some months – her friends and the supporters of her government, anxious for some reasons, while her enemies and the rival candidates for her throne, anxious for others. At last, on the 12th Instant, she gave birth to a prince – but it died soon after. If all accounts are true, it would be easier to say who was the mother of that infant, than who was the father of it.

The inhabitants of the western side of London have been much opposed to having the grand Exposition of Art next year in Hyde Park: but the government has nevertheless decided that it shall be so. In drawing up their Report, whilst discussing the subject of a site, the Commissioners mention the areas of the Parks round London. I copy them:-

Regent's Park.....	403 acres
Hyde Park	387 -
Kensington Gardens	290 -
Greenwich Park	174 -
Victoria Park	160 -
St. James's Park	83 -
Green Park	71 -

The long-talked-of Park in Battersea Fields is yet to be begun. I have heard that it is in contemplation to make a new one on the north side of the Regent's Park, taking in Primrose Hill. I should like to see this done, for all the other parks near London are too flat.

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Sunday, July 21. __After breakfast, read the Proverbs of Solomon. Went out and had lunch. Came back and read Ecclesiastes. Took a walk down to Child's Hill on the Heath. Returned and had tea, and read the Song of Solomon, and XXV chapters of Isaiah.

Tuesday, July 23. __Yesterday I read Goldsmith's "Traveller," and to-day his "Deserted Village." Goldsmith's philosophy, as expressed in his "Deserted Village" is most mistaken, but in his dedication of the poem to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he does not expect that everyone will coincide with him in his opinions. He is one of the old school, and thinks that there is nothing like the "good old times", scarcely remembering that those times were times of ignorance and superstition and violence and oppression. He thinks too, that the increase of civilization, refinement, and the growth of luxuries, productive of incalculable evils, even to the poor. He should remember two things:- first, that the procurement of these luxuries for the wealthy employs and supports many hands who would otherwise beg bread; and secondly, that no luxuries, properly used, are hurtful to the consumers, for everything on earth was given us for a good purpose, and it is for us not to abuse God's gifts. He also cries out upon the baneful influence of wealth; but methinks he ought to ask himself who feed the hungry in times of scarcity? who come down with the most ample subscriptions if a fire burns twenty families out of their houses? who is it that support all the shops of a town, by purchasing the goods they contain? who employ masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, labourers, and all known artificers whatsoever? Is it the rich do this or the poor? And who bought his own books, and saved him from nearly starving – the rich or the poor? I confess myself unable to comprehend the confined views of such reasoners. But I think I have commented on Goldsmith's philosophy before.

Hampstead, July & August. 1850.

Tuesday, July 30. _ Walked from Hampstead to Highgate through the fields in a line from the Well Walk to Highgate church – and a beautiful walk it is. Hampstead has decidedly the advantage over Highgate in respect to view and variety and cheerfulness. In the large field on the crown of the hill in this walk there is a large mound covered with old fir trees having much the appearance of a barrow or tumulus. Some boys, whom I found there, told me it went by the name of "The Clump." From this point, in the direction towards Charing Cross, or there about, on an intervening hill, there appears to be another. Perhaps some mighty warriors fell here within sight of London more than a thousand years ago, whilst repelling some invader who may have come up the Thames in his war galley.

Thursday, Aug.1. __Whenever I walk about Hampstead, the children greet me with "Please to remember the Grotto," at the same time holding out an oyster shell to receive any halfpence I may give them, and pointing to their "grotto" built of shells heaped up in the form of a bee-hive, and hollow. Of an evening these "grottos" are generally lit up with a candle. I have had my pockets emptied of copper lately. Formerly it used to be said that oysters were in season only when there was a letter r in the month – that is, beginning with September, and ending with April. But when I was in London four or five years ago, the oyster season was held to commence on the 4th of August, which was the great day for "grottos." Now, however, I learn that they are caught all the year through, and that they are in season whenever you can get them. I am not aware of the origin of this custom among the children in London and its vicinity.

Thursday, August 8. __ Sent down Woolmer's Gazette, as usual, to the Rev^d. Francis Jones, Master of Uffculme School, who married my cousin Marianne Robertson. Cut out the lines beginning "it has been said when ladies run away", &c., alluding to two elopements recently in Sidmouth, and inserted a quatrain referring to the opening of his school the other day for the winter half year. As thus:-

"Come little boys my feast is ready now,

All in the schoolroom spread with so much pains;

For beef and pie I'll give you books enow,

For sugar sticks I'll give you sugar canes."

Last Tuesday Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild made an attempt to take his seat in the House of Commons. Some two years ago or more the infidels of London elected him; but as the form of the oath prevented his swearing by it, Lord John Russell, also member for London, and his colleagues, undertook to bring in a bill to alter the oath or to substitute another, so as to admit Jews. This Lord John has done, but the bills have been either defeated in the Lords, or continually postponed in the Commons. The Jew bill of this year has recently been withdrawn, owing to the late period in the session; so the Baron, getting impatient, was resolved to take a bold step. He entered the House and went through the oaths until he came to the words "on the true faith of a Christian," which has been the stumbling block. On getting so far he stopped and said "I omit those words, as not binding on my conscience;" and then, putting on his hat he concluded by saying

Hampstead, August. 1850

"So help me God." Several members contended he had a right to take his seat, but the Speaker requested him to withdraw – a mandate which he obeyed. A warm discussion followed. The affair has so far ended in the House pledging itself to bring in a bill and seriously consider the matter early next session. People are now beginning to suspect that Lord John Russell has never been sincere after all, in his professions respecting this Jew, or his desire to bring him in.

Monday, Augt. 12. __ So the "Gorham Controversy" has terminated, and the Rev. G.C. Gorham preached for the first time at Bramford Speke, near Exeter, yesterday. He was inducted at the Court of Arches, I think last Tuesday, after the fiat of the Archbishop of Canterbury: so that he has fought his way into the diocese of Exeter, in spite of the opposition of the bishop of that diocese, and with nothing from him but opposition up to the last moment. The bishop has even written a letter to the church wardens of Bramford Speke, warning them of their new pastor, and telling them to note down any heretical sentiments he may utter in his pulpit. Mr. Gorham took possession of his living on Saturday. He arrived at the church door, where the keys were given to him by the officiating curate, the Rev. Bircham Houchen. Mr. Gorham entered the church, and tolled or rang one of the bells. So the account runs.

After all, it is satisfactory to reflect that our eternal salvation is not involved in the question. The bishop contends that in baptism regeneration is unconditional and certain; but Mr. Gorham insists that it is only conditional, and only efficacious in worthy recipients. Whichever way it is decided, this truth remains – "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Which is nearest to the kingdom of heaven? a baptised person, who is a horrible profligate, or an unbaptised person who keeps the commandments and has a perfect heart?

Hampstead and Paddington. August 1850.

Th.Aug.15.__The Queen prorogues parliament in person to-day.

Wed.Aug. 21.__The Queen and Prince Albert go to Ostend to pay a short visit to the King of the Belgians.

Th.Aug.22.__Left Hampstead, and went to Cambridge Place, near the Paddington Station. Oh, the bugs! I have encountered bugs in London before, and I have encountered them still more in America, but I never encountered so many as I have here. I was told in America that the bugs bred in the timber of the country, and it is vain to try and exterminate them from the houses, built as they mostly are of wood. I am not aware how much truth there is in this. All I know is, they swarm there. I never heard of a way of getting rid of them. Some drive them away by sprinkling the pillow with essential oil of lavender, or by putting some strong smelling herbs in the bed, the scent of which they do not like; but this is not destroying them. It is merely dismissing them to go and multiply still more. Instead of practising this principle of repulsion, the principle of attraction seems never to have been tried. To destroy wasps and flies we decoy them with a bottle of syrup, in which they drown themselves; and to get rid of cockroaches, we either used similar means, or give them beetle wafer, which they readily devour, but which contains poison. The question then arises – cannot we also attract bugs to their destruction? The plan seems never to have been tried, simply I suppose because no one has discovered what they like. If something could be discovered which would attract them more strongly than the victim lying in his bed could attract them, a grand discovery for the comfort and credit of London would be made.

Paddington, August,1850.

Monday, Aug.26.__Louis-Phillipe, ex-king of the French, died at 8 o'clock this morning, at Claremont, surrounded by his family, at the age of 76. Strange vicissitudes of fortune he has seen! An acknowledged Duke – then a disguised traveller in Norway – a Swiss schoolmaster – an American wanderer – a king – and lastly an exile! I never had an opportunity of seeing him. As one of his brothers, the late Duc de Montpensier, lies buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a white marble recumbent figure to his memory, it was thought that the ex-king would be buried there too. But it is said he is to be interred at Weybridge; and the following is the inscription on the coffin:-

“Louis Philippe,

Roi des Français,

Né à Paris, 6 Octobre 1773,

Mort à Claremont (Comté Surrey, Angleterre)

Le 26 Août, 1850.”

Tuesday.Aug.27.__The bugs were too strong for me. To-day I left Cambridge Place, and removed to N^o.1. Stanley Street, a new street scarcely finished.

Wednesday, Aug.28.__Finished the last volume of an Historical Novel called – anything you please – Joanna and De Breos – Forbidden Love and its Guerdon – The Aber Tragedy – or anything else. The

two first volumes I wrote four or five years ago in London, and then threw the work aside. Being alone during the past summer at Hampstead, I thought I might as well finish it, even if it is never published. Aside – There is a good deal of writing in these volumes. The manual labour is considerable, setting aside the head work. If you don't think so, just try. If you do it in six months, it will be a good six months' work.

To-day the electric telegraph wire was laid down across the Channel.

Hampstead, September. 1850.

Tuesday. Sep.24.__Went into London after breakfast to see a gentleman in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, though I did not feel much up for the excursion, for I was bilious and qualmish and out of order. I am afraid I take after my mother in this bodily frailty. I entered a café to have some dinner; but I had not been there five minutes before the closeness of the room and the smell of hot meat turned my stomach before I was helped. I found I could not stand it; so I put on my hat and hurried out for fear of worse consequences. I recovered a little on getting into the fresh air; but I was still so uncomfortable, that I got back to Hampstead again, and could touch nothing till tea time.

Thursday. Sep.26.__A desperately rainy morning. I had an appointment in London, otherwise I would have willingly shunned the journey: but appointments are pledges that cannot be receded from, - so I went. It held up a little in the afternoon. Mem: - I managed to discuss a good dinner to-day.

Sunday.Sep.29.__Finished reading to the end of Judges. Took my last walk on Hampstead Heath.

Monday.Sep.30.__Was in London all day.

Tuesday.Oct.1.__Left Hampstead for Sidmouth. Went down through Belsize Lane to the Paddington Station, and took the Express Train at 10 minutes before 10. Had a pleasant journey to Exeter, in four hours and a half, or there about. Picked up Henry and Sibella Jones at the Tiverton Road Station, they having been at Uffculme. They were on their way to Sidmouth, so we got on the coach together. Found Mother and Bingham well; and Sidmouth improved in buildings and shops since this time last year.

Sidmouth, Devon, Oct. 1850

Thursday. Oct. 10.__Spent the evening with Henry and Sibella Jones at N^o.7, York Terrace.

Friday.Oct.11.__Mr. H. Johnson took my portrait at Mr. Heineken's with his apparatus, the one that Mr. H. Took with his yesterday not being satisfactory.

Sunday. Oct.13.__ Got letters from Fanny, at Shipton House (as they have named it.) on their land near Salisbury, South Australia. This is their first letter to us dated from their young abode, she, Burnley, and John Lawrence, their man, being very busy getting it up, and in a habitable state. They send me home £6.14., being one year's rent of Section 18 at Alexandrina, Encounter Bay – and this is the first I have received.

Wednesday.Oct.16.__Mr. Kinnon and self planted several spruce firs at the end of The Terrace, and in the garden.

Monday.Oct.21.__Went up on Sidmouth church tower. Measured the height on the west side. From the door-stop to the top of the parapet it was 74 feet 6 inches, or there about. Also took the inscriptions on the six bells.

Tuesday.Oct.22.__Went into Exeter by the Mail. When we were within a mile and a half of Ottery, the horses ran away and we were turned over. John Hook, marker at the Billiard Room, jumped off, and broke one of his legs very badly just above the ankle. We then ran on nearly a quarter of a mile, and were all pitched into a garden on the left side. If we had been thrown against a house or a wall, our brains must have been dashed out on the spot. I lighted on the hedge upon my back, and unhurt. A woman, made a grasp at the luggage to save herself, but by mistake caught hold of the guard's key bugle, and then flew over me. Dr. Marsh's groom had his green livery coat torn from the skirts up to the collar, and presented the most ludicrous appearance. Every body was more or less hurt but myself. When we were all righted, and ready to proceed, one of the passengers, a lady, was so fearful, that no intreaties or arguments from the coachman or passengers could make her take her place. It is said that a joke will prevail where a sober argument will sometimes be urged in vain. I tried it. "Madam," said I, "you never heard of a coach being turned over twice in one day." The remark was convincing. Everybody burst out laughing, and the lady got in.

Friday.Oct.25.__Spent the evening with the Revd. Henry Fellowes, Vicar of Sidbury, and his family, now at Fort Cottage, since his vicarage was burned a few weeks ago. Talked over plans for a new house, and took with me a plan which he had asked me to draw for him. I recommended John Ebdon, as his builder, whom I have known for 25 years. The last house and furniture were ensured in the sum of £700.

Sunday.Oct.27.__Dr. Cullen called on me to offer his congratulations on my escape from the coach last Tuesday. My narrative is in Woolmer.

Tuesday. Oct.29.__Went up into the Tower again, especially to take a plaster cast of the Latin inscription on the fourth bell, which appears very ancient, and is difficult to decipher. It runs in the manner following:- **+Est mihi collatum ihc istud nomen amatum** At first I thought the word in the beginning was **Cst**, an abbreviation for Christ, but I now think it is merely **Est**. The second word, and the fourth, I have not yet been able to decipher. However, I will pour over the casts.

Passed the evening with Mr. Heineken, to have some music. Took the casts of the inscription to him.

Sidmouth. Oct.& Nov. 1850

Thursday. Oct.31.__Assisted in planting the privet hedge in the garden. Read Miss Mary Molesworth's 2 volume Novel of "Claude, or the Double Sacrifice." Also wrote a review on it for the Exeter Gazette. This work, though only a novel, is causing a great stir in Sidmouth. About two years ago the authoress was down here on a visit to Gen. Slessor's family; and she has now amused herself in her book by many severe personalities played off upon the inhabitants amongst whom she visited. Their wrath is much excited.

Friday.Nov.1.1850.__Finished the new urn-stand - the wood-work, the flowers, and nailing on the blue gymp-edging.

Tuesday.Nov.5.__Went from Sidmouth to Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh. Took the same conveyance off which I was pitched a fortnight ago. Left my plaster casts of the inscription on the

bell at Dr. Oliver's, for him to try and decipher. Great preparations for an anti-popery demonstration are being made in Exeter for to-night. The recent aggressions of Rome in the appointment of an archbishop of Westminster, and other popish dignitaries, seems to have aroused all England. Went by South Devon Rail to Newton where my aunt's carriage was waiting for me. Got to Heightley by five.

Tuesday. Nov.12.__Took a drive in the carriage through Chudleigh, and then by the old Teignmouth road up near Ugbrook Park, and round the picturesque and romantic hills.

Saturday.Nov.16__ I finished reading "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation." – 6th Edition. This work has been much talked of, but won very little approval by those who pay greater deference to the Mosaic account of the creation, and the peopling the world with aquatic and land animals, than to the new theories of philosophers, however learned in physiological and geological studies they may be. The

Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh. – Nov. 1850

work cannot be otherwise than hurtful, when it tends to materialism, and runs into speculations, not only independent, but in some cases opposed to the inspired account to the formation of all things. The theory is that of "development," or progression; a theory, however, which is not new, inasmuch as Lord Monboddo and Monsieur Lamarck have already propounded it to the world, though with less particularisation. That men originated from monkeys, and monkeys, by development, from the inferior animals, is not in accordance with what we read in the Bible; yet we here have another stickler for such a notion. Did God say – Let us make man after our own image – out of a monkey? The work is anonymous; but Sir Richard Vyvyan, Bart., M.P. for Helston in Cornwall, has been suspected of being the author. Sir Richard's younger brother Edward, I have known intimately for twenty years; and I one day asked him whether he was aware or not of the correctness or not of this suspicion? He told me he did not know. He said his brother had never confessed to the authorship in his hearing, nor had he (Edward) particularly asked him about it.

Sunday. Nov.17.1850.__ My birth-day.

Tuesday.Nov.19.__To-day there was a hedgehog walking about on the Lawn. I went close to it, but it showed no fear. When I put my hand on its back and stroked it, the only movement it made was, to withdraw its head between its fore feet, preparatory to closing; but on removing it, the little animal resumed its confidence and walked about as before. It would not eat bread which I offered it. After running on the lawn for half an hour, it went away towards Chudleigh Rock.

Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh,. Nov.1850.

Wednesday.Nov.20.__Finished the "Explanations" to the "Vestiges," and some reviews thereon: but I may say, with Byron – "I wish he would explain his Explanations." The theory of "development" is the more preposterous the more it is reflected on; and that slugs merged into fish, fish into reptiles, reptiles into land animals, and monkeys, the most human of the marsupials, into man, is a theory directly opposed to scripture. Sir Richard (if Sir Richard) is an advocate of the "nebular hypothesis" – an hypothesis not militant to the Bible, and one I have been hitherto disposed to adopt. But though its opponents have put before me one or two difficulties, it is not without hesitation that I reject it. The assertion that the human foetus, in embryo, passes through the state of all the lower animals progressively, is more amusing than convincing.

Sunday. Nov. 24. __A boisterous day. Half a gale of wind from the southwest and incessant rain.

Tuesday. Nov. 26. __Went to Newton in the carriage, and took the box for the Burnleys in Australia. Put it on the rail for Mr. Wilcox, at Plymouth, where it will be put on board Dec. 1.

Wednesday. Nov. 27. __Had an hour or so at Hebrew, a language which I am beginning to reconnoitre, to see whether I will decide on undertaking to study it in earnest.

Saturday. Nov. 30. __Took a drive in Ugbrook Park - a beautiful Park, for which nature has done a great deal, but which is falling into great neglect, owing to the absence and poverty of Lord Clifford. What a pity so many of our nobility live too fast. The day of retribution is sure to come.

Finished reading "Glimpses at the Dark Ages" and its sequel. The author jeers at the age of chivalry, and cries up the age of commerce.

Heightley and Teignmouth. Dec. 1850

Tuesday. Dec. 3. __Went to Teignmouth in the carriage. Called on the Rev. Mr. Cresswell, heretofore of Sidmouth; and on the Misses Cousins, whose house we formerly occupied. Took a turn round the Den, and then went to the Harbour to see what was going on among the shipping. Returned to Heightley by five to dinner.

Thursday. Dec. 5. __Drove to Torquay. Lunched with Aunt Stares and Ann. Took a ramble on the St. Marychurch road, and on the hill of the two ruined round towers. The country about here is beautiful. The weather was splendid for the time of year. Got back by five.

Monday. Dec. 9. __Accompanied Mary Robertson in the carriage to Exeter. Left her to return to Chudleigh, whilst I took the Sidmouth coach, after having had half an hour's chat with Dr. Oliver, and got home to dinner. I have made Dr. Oliver's acquaintance at a remarkable time. I first called on him on the 5th of November, when Exeter was making extraordinary preparations for burning "Old Pope," and also the Cardinal Archbishop and the twelve new Romish Bishops; and the country is everywhere in an uproar, roused by this act of "Popish aggression". Considering that Dr. Oliver is a Roman Catholic, the circumstance was a little amusing; but our topics of conversation were antiquarian.

Wednesday. Dec. 11. __Put my name to the Petition shortly to be presented to the Queen on the subject of the "papal aggression." The fact of the Queen's father having died at Sidmouth, and she having here some time ought to have been more dwelt on. Her residence here is only alluded to in a parenthesis.

Sidmouth. Dec. 1850.

Thursday. Dec. 12. __Mild beautiful weather. Gardened for a couple of hours. Spent the evening at Mr. Heineken's.

Friday. Dec. 13. __Tried my hand at setting up type. Some fourteen years ago or more I set up and printed a small book; but I thought I had nearly forgotten to find my letters in the case. At first I was puzzled; but after half an hour I began to feel more at home. My subject was my antiquarian "Notes on Sidmouth No. III," in Harvey's Directory. My review of "Claude," I shall leave for him to do. Worked for six hours. I am told that compositors are paid 7 pence per thousand letters; but this

includes corrections and making up the pages. The N quadrant is then taken as the average width of a letter, and from this the calculations are made. My lines to-day comprised about 55 letters or N quadrants. To earn 7 pence, therefore, I must set up 18 lines and somewhat more than a fifth. At the rate I proceeded, I fear that my day's wages would be but slender. The distributing the type back again into the cases is a most troublesome thing to do, though I believe it is also included in what is required of the compositor. I willingly shunned this task.

Sat. Dec.14.__Spent the evening with the Walkers at Lime Park.

Monday. Dec.16.__Finished reading "The Midnight Sun," a tale by Frederick Bremer, and translated by Mary Howitt. There is a paucity of incident in this tale, by which the interest fails to be kept up. It is about a visit to the mountain of Avatara, somewhere above Torneo, from the which the sun at midnight on the longest day may be seen – hence the name; and about the heir to an estate being long lost, and afterwards coming to light.

Sidmouth. Dec.1850.

Tuesday. Dec.17.__Spent the evening at the Felloweses, now at Fort Cottage until the Vicarage at Sidbury is built.

Friday. Dec.20.__Gardened for a couple of hours. Piano an hour. Hebrew an hour. Finished W. Hone's "Mysteries," and ancient customs.

Sat. Dec.21.__ Shortest Day! It is cheering to think this day is over.

Tuesday. Dec.24.__Christmas Eve. All day to-day the town was in a din with sundry noises: - The church bells were continually ringing, and the mummers were blowing their horn, first down one road, then up another. As usual, they composed a company of five or six boys, one being in a Turkish or some Eastern costume, and the rest for the most part in blue naval uniforms. This, however, is not constant, and of course the dresses will vary, so as to suit the drama enacted. The great naval hero personified is Lord Nelson, and when the piece is of a military character, the Duke of Wellington plays the chief part. I know not what dramas the ancient mummers played, but the wars of Napoleon Bonapart's time furnish incidents for almost all the performances of our modern mummers at Sidmouth. As soon as it was dark out came the carol singers, mostly little girls of ten or twelve years old. Now and then we have a set of young men and women who sing in part, which is certainly more euphonious to the ear, for the children generally sing all in unison, which is very grating. The ancient carols were, of course, always of a religious nature, but this evening I heard some that did not seem to be so, either in words or tune. Later in the evening, or rather throughout the night, the church singers went round. In times gone by we used to regale them with hot spiced drink when they came to our house in Coburg Terrace, but of late we have somehow omitted this. We did not omit this evening to burn the ashen faggot, but alas for its size! one might have put it into one's pocket.

Wed. Dec.25.__Christmas Day. A mild day, like October, and very fine with the exception of a shower or two. This evening I took a turn on the promenade on the beach. The quietness of the night was agreeably broken by the distant sounds of several parties of carol singers. One party up towards Witheby was very melodious, and seemed to have horns and ophicliodes with them: another party, near Denby Bow or Place, which afterwards came to Coburg Terrace, and which I enriched with two pence, sang very nicely in part, first, second, &c, though they were but young girls. The

tunes were of a hymn-like character, and the words appropriate to the season. But the old tune, which I can remember for twenty-five years nearly in Sidmouth, runs thus:-

(line of music)

The new tunes are mostly sung by the children who have had some instruction at the Sunday schools, but those who have not had this tutorage keep to the old one. I questioned a party of mummers as to whom they personated? One said "I am the Duke of Wellington:" another "I am Tipoo;" (I suppose of Saringapatam) and then said another "I am the Prince of Orange!" and then came "Old Father Xmas," a little smooth-faced boy. A strange medley.

Sidmouth, 1850 and 1851.

Monday. Dec.30__Spent the evening at M^r. Heineken's.

Tuesday. Dec.31.__Last day of the year. Wonderfully mild weather. Garden for an hour or two – coat and hat thrown aside, and quite in a perspiration. My **Ave Anne Nove!** appears this week in Woolmer, and my Notes on Sidmouth, No. IV. in Harvey's Directory.

POH Transcripts - 1851

Wednesday. January 1.1851.__New Year's Day! Mild and raining, and a very dark morning.

Monday. Jan.6.__Made a plantation of the currant and gooseberry bushes, to succeed the old ones. The weather, however, has been, and still is, so remarkably mild that everything is beginning bud out as if it were spring.

Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Tuesday. Jan.7.__Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken.

Thursday. Jan.9.__ Engraved the wood and the obverse side of the Roman coin recently found near Mill Cross, Sidmouth; and which now belongs to Mr. Heineken. The discovery of this coin is important, when coupled with that of the centaur, found in 1840, as going to establish the idea that the Romans at one time made use of the harbour formerly existing at the mouth of the Sid. As it is also likely they occupied the camps on High Peak and Sidbury Castle Hills, and had a station at Sidmouth, the discovery of the coin adds much to the notion of their permanent occupancy of the shores round the harbour. The coin was found by William Sweet, junior, rope-maker, whilst digging to repair a pump, about two feet below the surface. I went yesterday

Sidmouth. Jan.1851.

to enquire the exact spot where it was turned up. The man was not in, but I was shewn the place in the yard where the pavement had been taken up. The place where Mill Lane, that runs on the south side of All Saints' Church, abuts upon the top of High Street, is called Mill Cross. There was probably an ancient cross here – perhaps on the east side of High Street, opposite the Lane. Forty or fifty yards below this, also on the east side, stood the old mill that belonged 600 years ago to Adam de Radway. This mill is in the recollection of persons now living; but it was falling into disuse, as the present mill, down by the river, was erected about 55 years ago. I can remember the hollow in the ground where the water-wheel worked; and some paltry cottages stood there, which were burnt down one evening when I was dining with the Mortimores at Salcombe Lodge. We went out on the lawn to look at the blaze; and when I walked home at eleven o'clock, six or eight houses were all in flames. I forget the date, but I think I entered it in my diary at the time - some three years ago. At the east end of Mill Lane, by Sidlands, and between High Street and the turning into Blackmore Fields, and on the south side of the Lane, there are the entrance doors into two houses. I was led into the most westerly one. I passed through a passage about five or six yards long; and emerging into a small court yard, the pump stands against the wall of the house, immediately on the right hand, and close to the back door. I believe they were digging on the south-east side of the pump when Sweet found the coin. It is the size of the old Roman semi-libella, or about the bigness of a farthing. It appears to be a Claudius, and on the reverse there is a female figure, with what looks like the word "Felicitas" around it.

Friday. Jan.10.__ Engraved on wood the inscription on the 4th bell in Sidmouth Church tower, videlicet:- "**+Est michi collatum ihc istud nomen amatum,**" or "**Est mihi collatum Jesus istud nomen amatum,** or, Jesus, that beloved name, is given to me.

Saturday. Jan.11. __Touched up yesterday's work, and printed some impressions. Also engraved some small letters out of type metal, and soldered some type metal letters together, to be used when the articles on the bells is printed in Harvey's Directory.

Wed. Jan.15. __Same work again. To-day an unfortunate schooner was wrecked upon Chit Rocks, but the crew, consisting of six men and a boy, were saved. She was from Poole to the Severn with pipe clay. It blew tremendously from the south. Her bowsprit and foretopmast were carried away, so that she became unmanageable; and, running for the shore, she came stern on upon the rocks. The vessel was soon swamped, but the crew took refuge in the rigging, where they were kept many hours wet, and cold, and without food. After several unsuccessful attempts, a shot, with a rope attached to it, was fired over her. Towards night the wind moderated, and two boats put off and brought the crew ashore half dead. Warm baths and hot broath revived them.

Sidmouth. 1851

Thursday. Jan 16.__The wind has got up, and the gale blows stronger than before. The waves are flying over the vessel, and it is surprising that she holds together.

Spent the evening at Mr. Heineken's.

Friday. Jan.17. __ A fine morning; but about noon the elements began to get boisterous again.

(2 pages follow with a translation of part of the Lord's Prayer into ?Chinese)

Sidmouth and Uffculme. 1851.

Sidmouth. Saturday. Jan.18. __Went to Exeter by the Mail, via Ottery, without being turned over. Called at Dr. Oliver's, and left him some casts of the Roman coin, and some impressions of the 4th bell at Sidmouth. Went over from Northernhay, and took a look at "Danes' Castle." It is about 40 paces in diameter. Then went on to Uffculme, taking the rail as far as the Tiverton Junction. Arrived at the School House about four, and found the Joneses well.

Dined with the Clarkes at Bridwell House. They are now all grown up, but I remember them as children, some six and twenty years ago when Mr. Clark, the father, recently dead, lived in Bampton Street, Tiverton, and when my father lived at the top of Peter Street, next to the churchyard.

Thursday. Jan 23.__ The Joneses went over to Tiverton to see Uncle Robertson.

Friday. Jan.24.__ The Joneses started this morning for Leamington, Warwickshire, leaving me to look after 5 children and 4 maidservants for the next 10 days. After the children had had their tea, had a good romp, making noise enough to tear the house down, and gone to bed, I enjoyed a little peace, first having an hour at the piano, and then reading Layard's Nineveh.

Sunday. Jan.26.__Incessant rain all day.

School House. Uffculme. Jan.1851

Monday. Jan.27.__Had breakfast; fed the cat; fed the pigs; set the children to needlework; nursed the baby; carved for the whole lot of them at dinner; sent them out on the green to play; had them all at tea; then, after half an hour's riotous play, was somewhat relieved by the appearance of the nursemaid, who took them off to bed. Had a quiet evening alone, at music, Hebrew, and Layard's Nineveh.

Thursday. Jan.30.__The weather still very wet, but very mild. We have had no winter so far. Finished the first volume of Layard.

Sunday. Feb.2.__ At church twice with the children. Uffculme church is unusually handsome for a small country town. Read the modern reprint of Miles Coverdale's Bible all evening. This early translation (1535) is by no means so literal as that of the 60 in James the First's time. The words [*Hebrew text*] Gen.1.V., he renders "Then of the evenynge & mornynge was made the first daye;" which in the authorised version is - "And the evening and the morning were the first day:" but which, word for word, is - "And it was evening, and it was morning, day one." He says - "And so it came to pass;" for [*Hebrew text*] at the end of verses 7 and 9; but which the authorised version renders more properly and laconically - "And it was so." Coverdale's translation is less close than the one we employ, but even in this I think that the rendering might in many places be better.

Monday. Feb.3.__ Mr and Mrs Jones returned from their visit to Leamington and Worcester. Gladly returned the keys into their hands before the children had succeeded in dethroning me and setting up a republic.

Uffculme. Feb.1851

Tuesday. Feb.11.1851.__Took a walk on Uffculme Down.

Wed. Feb.12.__Walked down to the Factory, and returned through the meadows on the south-east side of the river Culm.

Friday. Feb.14.__Finished staining and polishing (to imitate rosewood) Marianne's small round table.

Sat. Feb.15.__This morning, as I was dressing, I observed a dense smoke rising from some buildings, near the "Three Elms." It turned out to be some cattle sheds and barns, which were quite consumed, together with five cows. After breakfast I took Marion and went down. Only the walls were standing, and the flames were still raging. The blackened carcasses of three cows were still lying in the ruins with their heads and legs burnt off. The fire is supposed to have originated in the carelessness of the boy and great girl who went into the place with a candle before daylight to milk the cows. Came back and wrote a short account for Woolmer's paper.

Made application to rummage over Uffculme church and tower. Frank Jones (father) and young Hodge went. After going over the church we went up into the tower. There are six bells, all considerably larger than the Sidmouth bells. I think I was told that the largest weighs 24 hundred weight; whereas the largest at Sidmouth is only 13 hundred weight, if I remember right. The four largest bells occupy the whole area of the bell-chamber, and the two smallest swing over the third and fourth. The stays are made of round iron bar, and are only six or eight inches long. We could look right up into the interior of the stone steeple. The thickness of the walls of the tower seems to be somewhat thin. This tower was built by Mr. Marker some four or five years ago.

Uffculme. Feb. 1851.

Monday. Feb.17.__Finished reading Layard's "Nineveh, and its Remains." I scarcely remember having read a work that has interested me so much. It has opened a new and extensive field in a hitherto and unknown region; and the observations respecting Assyria in the Old Testament are much elucidated by Dr. Layard's discoveries. His speculation on the cuneiform character are interesting; but I cannot help thinking that those who have attempted to decipher the inscriptions in this character, have trod upon very uncertain ground. We want a key to this writing – we want a Rosetta Stone. The wedge [*character*] seems to stand for the letter N: and [*character*] appears to have the same phonetic power. [*character*] is equal to A. [*character*] precedes a proper name. But [*character*] seems to mean "son of". [*character*] stands for "country; and [*character*] or [*character*] for city. [*character*] precedes the name of a divinity, apparently. [*character*] looks like the sign of the plural.

[*character*] means King; and seemingly [*character*] also. The name of the city of Nineveh is portayed in this manner [*character*] but of the pronunciation of the word so depicted, we are not informed. The name of the builder of the North-west Palace at Nimrond, recently exhumed, stands thus [*character*]

I should think that a very interesting work, after the style of the "Last Days of Pompeii," might be written, by taking ancient Assyria for the scene. These palaces should be restored: the manners, customs, religious ceremonies, sacrifices, banquets, and warlike appliances of their occupiers described; and the whole worked up with enough of stirring incident to make it absorbing. Would not this read well?

Uffculme. Feb. & March, 1851.

Sat. Feb.22.__My account of the fire is printed in Woolmer.

Thursday. Feb.27.__Walked to Smithincot (if it is so spelt) then up to Gadden Down; and returned to Uffculme, down the hill by the Three Elms.

Friday. Feb.28__Took a walk up the river to the "Five Fords" and returned through the meadows on the Craddock side of the river.

Sat. March 1. 1851.__Rubbed over the second round ash table that I finished last Thursday staining and polishing.

Took a ramble over Uffculme Down. In some of the county histories I have seen it observed that the continuation of a Roman road from Exmouth passed over this Down. Also, that there existed an old British work, known as the "Pixie Garden" somewhere on it. I have failed to discover any traces of intelligence of either of these remains, whether by examination or by inquiry. Many parts of the Down, however, have been inclosed and brought into cultivation during the last half century.

Sun. March 2. 1851.__Received the Sacrament in Uffculme church. On this occasion I did a thing that is quite unusual although it is enjoined by the Rubric. Last Friday I wrote a brief note to the Vicar (Mr. G. Smith) mentioning by intention of taking the Sacrament. Being a stranger in the parish, it might come more appropriately from me than from an old inhabitant. It was not without some hesitation that I did so, inasmuch as I by no means go with those who join in the present movement

in church innovations. It may be said that those who only follow the requirements of the rubric of the Church of England are safe from the extremes which tend to "Puseyism," which I look upon as one step towards popery; still, there are many practices enjoined by the rubric which have fallen into disuse, and which I have no wish to see revived. With respect to giving notice to the clergyman of this intention to receive the sacrament. I think that if it were the general custom, many persons who go thoughtlessly to the Table, would be taught to reflect more seriously what they were about. It would serve as a check upon their thoughtlessness. There are one or two notoriously profligate young men in Uffculme, but who, nevertheless, profane the Lord's Table by approaching it. This is done much to the offence of the congregation, and the pain of the vicar. The vicar has his remedy, certainly, but people are afraid to go to extremities. If it were required of these young men that they should go through the formal process of giving notice to the vicar of their purpose, possibly the requirement might be so far beneficial, that it would prevent their running the risk of going to eat and drink their own damnation, and creating a public scandal by their presence; or else, it might teach them to reflect more seriously on what they were doing, and perhaps caution them to mend their ways. Still, I say, I did not do it without hesitation, lest I might seem to be reviving popish customs. The movement that has been going on in the church for the last dozen years or more, I look upon with great apprehension. Sometimes individuals change their opinions: but upon looking round upon society, it appears to me that a whole nation is becoming revolutionized. The tainture is the more to be feared, since the example is being set by the clergy themselves. All this, I have no doubt, has given encouragement to the pope to name a Roman hierarch in this country. I doubt whether parliament has power to check the pope's designs. But as the ministry has just resigned, the bill recently introduced to oppose "the Romish Aggression," falls to the ground, and we must wait to see what new measure may be adopted. It seems to me that we live in extraordinary times. I question whether any earthly power can arrest the progress of revolution. Antichrist seems again to be in the ascendant. We must hope for the best; but I cannot look upon the signs of the times with the indifference that some of my neighbours do. I cannot help foretelling that this will be a Roman Catholic country in fifty years.

Thursday. Mar.6. __Received "Harvey's Sidmouth Directory." The March number contains my article on the Sidmouth Bells. There is a complimentary letter to me signed "J.D.S" addressed to me. Who is J.D.S? James Davidson of Secktor.

Friday. M.7. __Took a walk from Uffculme to the Sampford Peverel Railway Bridge, and saw four trains go by. Returned by 5 o'clock.

Monday. Mar.10. __Went to Uffculme Down with the boys and the children to fly Thomas Hodge's kite.

Tuesday. Mar.11. __Left Uffculme for Sidmouth. Called on Mr.J.Norris and C.J.Williams, in Exeter.

Wednesday. Mar.12. __Had the first look at my new Map of the Parish of Sidmouth. I reduced the large map, measuring some 7 or 8 feet high, and this had been lithographed from mine, by Spreat of Exeter, for Harvey, the bookseller of Sidmouth. It is very neatly executed. Spent the evening with the Fellowesses, now at Fort Cottage.

Th. Mar.13. __Called on Mrs. Creighton, and on Mr. Heineken. Spent the evening at the Le Patourels', Sidbury Castle. Played 3 games of chess with John Wolcott of Knowle. Saw his young wife for the first time. I remember some girls a dozen years ago when her father, the Archdeacon, Moore Stephens, lived at the vicarage at Otterton.

Sidmouth. March 1851

Sunday. Mar.16.__After church took a walk to the top of Peak Hill to enjoy the view – where I have not been for a year and a half.

Monday. Mar.17.__ This evening we had a small party.

Tuesday. Mar.18.__Called on Sir George Gibbes. Poor old fellow, I found him in bed, where he has been for several months. What between age and paralis, his days seem to be rapidly shortening. However, he was in good spirits, and he chatted on scientific and political topics for nearly an hour whilst I sat by his bed side.

Thursday. Mar.20.__Coloured some of my maps of Sidmouth, and mounted them in cases.

Friday. Mar.21.__Had tea at Lime Park with the Walkers, and mended the little tumble-head-over-heels toy by charging him with more quicksilver. It rained hard all evening, but about twelve o'clock, when I was coming away, it came down like fury. Mrs. Walker proposed that I should remain the night, but this I laughed at. Margaret and Fred, however, (Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Church) set off up stairs to get a bed ready, after all the servants had some time gone to their beds. This they readily did, and came down stairs to announce the fact. This being the case, at the hour being now one in the morning, I went to my new room, and turned in.

Sat. Mar.22.__At half past seven, I was awoke by one of the servants coming in, not knowing I was there. It was still raining hard. We all breakfasted together soon after nine, and at twelve I left them to return home to Coburg Terrace.

Sidmouth. March 1851.

Wed. Mar.26.__Helped and superintended the cutting and trimming of the branches of the elm tree on the Terrace in front of the house.

Sun. Mar.30.__Went this evening to All Saints Church, and heard a very good sermon from Mr. Gibbes.

Monday. Mar.31.__To-day the decennial census of the population is taken. According to the instructions on the paper, the entries concerning myself were, "P.O. Hutchinson – son [of head of family] – 40 [age] – Fund-holder." In 1841 the population of Sidmouth was 3309. Probably it is now above 4000. The plan now adopted was this: - Towards the 25th of March papers were left by the authorised persons at every house, which would be called for on the 31st. On the morning of the 31st it was required that there should be entered in the spaces or columns, the name, age, relation to head of family, and description of every person of each sex who had slept in the house the night before. This was done, and the paper called for during the day. By some silly persons much opposition was manifested to these requirements. An additional paper was sent to the clergy, for the sake of obtaining some educationary returns; but for some reason or other the clergy raised objections to this demand on the part of the government, and as the filling up of this paper was not enforced by law, as that of the other was, it has been considerably resisted. The population is 3421.

Sidmouth. April 1851.

Tues. Ap.1.__ Wood engraving all the morning. Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Wed. Ap.2.__ Finished engraving on box wood, Mr. Mortimer's shilling of Edward VI., to be published in Harvey's Directory for May. The Reverse side, which I did first, I was 8 hours about; and I was 5 hours at the Obverse side. A practised hand would have done them in half the time. Printed off 20 copies. Called on Mr. Heineken and shewed him the result of my work.

Thurs. Ap.3.__ Returned Mr. Mortimer his coin, and gave him a dozen impressions of the wood engraving.

From Coburg Terrace I watched some workmen burning the furze bushes on the top of Salcombe Hill. By virtue of an act of parliament they are proceeding to enclose the top and steepest part of the sides of the hill; so they are burning the furze, and dividing it by hedges. I am almost sorry to see this wild and romantic place enclosed, over which I have rambled so many scores of times; but as mouths increase, I suppose more land must be cultivated.

Tuesday. April.8.1851.__ Went over from Sidmouth to Ottery to see Mr. F.G. Coleridge about the Otterton Cartulary, from which I wish to make some extracts. Saw him, and received the book, on which he justly sets great value. Went into the Church, and made a coloured drawing of the monument of John Coke of Thorne in the North Aisle. The story goes, that this man was murdered by his brother, who coveted the estate. The story seems to be only a fiction. Returned to Sidmouth, also bringing with me the Coleridge Pedigree, done on vellum by a son of Archdeacon Froude, with the arms handsomely emblazoned. The Cartulary is a volume about an inch thick, containing forty-nine leaves, and a mutilated half leaf of vellum, several more having been cut away. It measures seven inches by nine; and is literally "bound in boards," to wit, beech boards, which are covered with skin, but the one at the end has been split longitudinally through the middle, and one half lost. The whole is now kept in a modern crimson embossed morocco case to protect it from injury. First we have three plain leaves, which have been much scribbled over, subsequently to the death of the last male heir of the Drake family, when the book seems to have fallen into the hands of the servants, and to have been taken little account of. Then we have six leaves devoted to a calendar or almanac, each month occupying a page. The days are not numbered as days of the month, according to the modern plan, but by ides, nones, dominical signs, by saints' days, and by certain notable events. Amongst these notable events, some few may be quoted. For example, on the 15th of February, we have "Recessit sathanas a domino." March 23, "Adam creatus est." April 12, "Rupti sunt fontes aquae." April 27, "Egressio Noe de archa." And it may be remarked that there are some uncanceled entries highly offensive to Henry the Eighth. That monarch preremptorily enjoined that St. Thomas and the popes should be struck out from such documents, yet we here still see, untouched and unobliterated, at January 16, Marcelli pp^e: May 25, vrbani pp^e: June 20, leonis pp^e: August 2, Stephi pp^e: October 7, Marci pp^e: October 14, Calysti pp^e: December 11, damasi pp^e: And December 29, Sti. thome. After the calendar, about folio 17, according to the modern paging, we come to the preamble to the principal matter of the book. I copy it verbatim:- *[NB it has not been possible to transcribe this section accurately as a number of characters indicating abbreviations cannot be reproduced on a computer.]* "Quoniam in oblivionem hūana cito labitur memoria idcirco ad et¹ nam rei gesta memoriam scriptura [qūz] ne[n]ia reputat^r. hinc est quod frat² Gaul' montis Sti mich moach⁶ qalcumq dum ad tempus in otton custodis officio³ fungetur? qr ples titulos min sufficientes put a prima facie apparebat. Inue⁴ nat s[uun]ce in mu articlis contrios. volens scire consuetudies et red-⁵ditus dti loc, ad informatoem psentiu et futuoz instructioem: studuit⁶ put sua pmisit infermitas omnia ad otton ptnientia in uno congregare, volumine. sicut ex rotuloz et fide dignoz fidelium

testamoniis potuit circius pscrittari. Et notandum quod dti redditus paucis exceptis ad quatuor anni terminos persolvuntur s ad f s mich ad ad pasch et ad equis p an C que bis aut semel in ann sol in alio loco istius voluminis describentur. Actum anno incarnationis dnice m^o cc^o lx^o. Et q^r otton est unu principale manerium in Anglia primo de ea et a libis describemus.”

I have numbered the lines as they stand in the Cartulary by a small figure placed at the end of every one. Thus et, for eter, being part of eternam, by the small figure ¹ is shewn to be at the end of the first line of folio 17: frat, the contracted form of frater, the last word of the second line: studuit, to stand at the end of the sixth, and congregare at the end of the seventh line, &c.

All this is fully given at the beginning of the Second Vol. of my Hist. of Sidmouth, bound in green vellum.

On commencing with the Otterton tenants, immediately after this preface, we first have **Tholomeus de Otterton**, and he appears to have been a large holder, from the plots recorded, and the extent of their superficies.

On the next page, being folio 18, we come to a Sidmouth name. The entry is:- “Adam de Radweie p ij ferli’ ap wolefelle de coqstu suo dim mr.” Adam de Radway for the ferlings of Wolefelle, of his own conquest, half a mark. The ferling was about ten acres: the mark 13s.4d. Wolefelle, or Volfelle, occurs in the deed found at folio 60 of the Cartulary, and which I have copied elsewhere. The next two extries are these:-

“Gaults de pene p.i.ugata tre ap pene q tz p crtam ... di.mr.”

“Item Idem p.i.ferli ap wolfelle de q n hi crtam n dr.ijs.iiijd”

Walter de Penne for one vergate of land at Penne, which he holds by deed..... half a mark.

Also the same, for one ferling at Wolfelle, concerning which he has no deed nor draft?2s. 4d.

Several members of the family De Penne are mentioned in the Cartulary. I cannot doubt that they took their name from that estate which lies immediately on the west side of Peak Hill, now called Pin. The wooded hill rising just above the farm house is known as Pen, or Pin Beacon Hill.

On folio 19 I see “Katerina de pek dim ug.”Katerina

Ar.ii.acs.fale.di.ij.cleias.v.[]....xxxij.”In the margin “[]t xx[] p op ad pad fest

de Pek, half a virgate, &c. The name of de Pek, which I take to be De Peek, or Peak, of Peak Hill, occurs in several places.

Edward [felont]

On folio 22 the following occurs:-“Et qu abbas mont ut por otton uenint, ut a’s de suis, debent hre candelam albam, sal, foragium, ad lectum. et ad eqs. et buscam, et scutellas albas. de consuetudie et puro redditu.”And when the Abbot of the Mount, or Prior of Otterton shall come, or any of his own people, they must have a white candle, salt, forage, to read, and for the horses; and wood, and white plates, according to custom, and as free gifts. Aside – it must have been very convenient to

have been an abbot or a prior in that day. This is more strongly shewn in the "Qualiter sit Agendum," which I have likewise extracted. Folio 24 is headed Yettmetone. This, I believe is a hamlet near Bicton, and now called Yattington. At the next we have Hederlonde, with its tenants. Hederland was attached to Ottery.

At folio 26 we come to the entries referring to Sidmouth. Six pages and five lines are devoted to this dependency of the Priory. These comprise a sort of Sidmouth Directory for the 13th century; and are both amusing and interesting. The whole of this I have copied out entire; for it forms the most ancient, the most copious, and the most complete record relating to this parish which is in existence. The names of many places in the parish are still familiar to us. Few of the names amongst the tenants have endured to the present day. Names die out as well as families. But no wonder, after a lapse of 600 years. That is a long time. At folio 29 is the name Gervasius Forboor. A family called Faber we have among us: but still, there is much difference between Forboor and Faber. Katerina de Pek again occurs on this page. The first name on the next is Roger de Bekewelle, or Bickwell. At folio 30 we have the autograph of Adam de Radway, Lord of the Manor. He seems to have made up the accounts and signed his name. Folio 33 is headed Boddeleg or Budleigh. At 36 Yerticombe, now Yacombe, and at 43, Mertok, in Somersetshire. With 45 commences a series of deeds, being in most cases, grants of land to various persons, mostly to themselves such persons and their heirs, and at a yearly rent. We look in vain for sales in perpetuum, free of all acknowledgement. All of them in which the name of Sidmouth occurs, or of anybody connected with Sidmouth, I have carefully transcribed. These continue to folio 62, where there is a series of many items, headed "Qualiter sit Agendum," written in two columns, whilst in the rest of the book, the lines mostly run all across the pages. The exactions here levied would rather startle the community if they were propounded to the inhabitants in the present day. The rest of the volume is also filled up with leases and grants:- Henry the Third's confirmation of Magna Carta, f.72;- some writs of Edward the Second, f.82;- and various other matters.

Sidmouth. April 1851.

Saturday, April 19.1851__All day and every day transcribing from the Cartulary. This evening at dusk, with something of a headache, went out for some fresh air, and took a walk towards Bickwell Farm. This name in the Cartulary is written Bekewelle: Asherton is Ascerton: Bulverton is Bolvorton: Cotmaton is spelt Cotteleton: but there are several places mentioned the Cartulary which I cannot now identify, and the names of which, as far as I know, are lost. Among others I may mention Bogmoor, Woureland, Dingerewe, or Wingrew, &c. The lane leading from Asherton to Jenny Pine's Corner, and so onwards, with Bickwell Farm on the left hand, is doubtless the ancient line. This lane runs along the side of the hill at first; and it struck me strange this evening that it is sunk like a ditch six or seven feet below the level of the fields on each side. It is not likely that any persons were ever at the trouble and expense of hollowing this line of way out as we now see it; and yet it is remarkable if the traffic of a great space of time, together with the rush of water that comes down here when copious showers of rain fall, should have been able to produce such an effect. The soil is certainly soft, and great changes may take place in the course of centuries. Still, it is hard to come to a conclusion. We have undoubted record of the existence of Asherton and Bickwell for at least 600 years; and that this line of road has occupied the same line, during that period, and probably much longer, we may venture to conclude as something more than likely; and however difficult of

assumption the inference may be, I know not how this lane could have been so hollowed, except by the agencies of time, traffic, and streams of water.

Monday, April 28. 1851. __Took a ramble up to Mutter's Moor, beyond Bickwell Farm, and then on the top of Bulverton Hill, where the view is splendid; and returned down the lanes by Jenny Pine's Corner. Mutter's Moor looks very different since they have enclosed several patches of the wild land during the past ten years, and brought it into cultivation. Is it not Mutter's Moor?

Thursday, May 1. __ May Day, but very unlike May. The Queen opens "The Crystal Palace" and the great exhibition to-day in London.

Thursday, May 8.1851. __Went over to Ottery, and returned the Otterton Cartulary to Mr. Coleridge. The following are amongst the principal abbreviations employed in it:- *[Again, it is not possible to reproduce the Latin abbreviation characters.]*

[p] for [p] pro

[b] as in Ro[b], for Robert: Robt[] Robertus

[d] or [d] for pence

[s] or [s] s, for shillings

[h] as in Jo[h]s Johannes

[ll] in Wi[ll]s Willielmus

[.] for us final, as Wi[ll]m[.] Willielmus

[pc] precaria, a day's work

[q] or [q] que or qua or quibus

[k] as in Dollebro[k], f.30, or Fi[k], 31. Vllebroc[k]

[z] final, as t[z] tenet; omnib[z], omnibus; q[z], quibus

[z] final, as rusticoz, rusticorum, ancessoz, antecessorum

ā ē ī ō ū, in most words to indicate contractions

[c] [t] [m] , for cer, ter, mer, &c. as [c]tū, centum.

[:] which Andrew Wright (Int.xiii) says stands for est in some Scotch Records, I observe in one place in the Cartulary, f.64. But some of the abbreviated words, are not immediately obvious, from their brevity, as in [p]^t petet, d[z] debit, ñ non, and so on. The mode of spelling is frequently diametrically opposite from what obtained in the Hebrew of old, or what is the principle of the modern short-hand system. In both these modes the vowels are rejected, and the consonants, which are the sounding letters, are retained. Thus o[i]a stands for omnia, o[i]es for omnes, c[o]is for communis; but the second would be better conveyed if an m or an n found a place in the contracted word. I think that o[m]a would spell omnia, in the shortened form, better than o[i]a: and I should prefer

o[m]s to o[i]es for omnes, and c[m]is to c[o]is for communis. But doubtless the ancient scribes knew better than I do. There are no stops in the Cartulary but the dot, which is used in other ways besides to close a sentence; and a stop like a semicolon turned upsidedown, which appears to occupy the place of a comma. It only occurs, however, in a few places. The general absence of stops, even at the end of sentences, and the employment of small letters instead of Capital letters, whether at the beginning of paragraphs, or for proper names, often render passages at first obscure, that otherwise would not be so. The use of the hyphen at the end of a line, when a word was divided, seems to have been but little used; yet a small scratch of the pen, indicating the hyphen, is seen at f. 17, l.5, to divide red-ditus, at f.62, l.11, to divide def-fend[e], and at other places. The i in the MS is never dotted; but a similar little stroke over letters i is frequently found. This is now and then a great assistance; for sometimes six or eight perpendicular strokes are met with in a word standing for some or any combination of m, n, u, v, i; and in the midst of these strokes, which are all formed alike, and look like a mass of confusion, the detection of what stands for the dot of an i will often form a clue to the solution of a doubtful word. Another obstruction to easy reading occurs in the great resemblance between the c and the t. Where these letters are found side by side, it sometimes happens that little or no difference can be detected between the shape of the one and the shape of the other. The same observations apply to the similar formation of R, B and k, as well as to f and long f. It appears to me, &c.

These are some of the most prominent of the peculiarities belonging to the Cartulary. Yet he who has mastered folio 17, so as to be able to read it with facility, would find himself wholly at a loss to decypher folio 80, or again, folio 82. The writing at all these is totally different in character, evidently traced by different hands, and probably at distant periods. The non use of the diphthong in the genitive cases of feminine nouns whose nominative cases end in a, causes but little difficulty when the fact is known. It is easy to see the muse means musae, geste, gestae; marie, Mariae; and so on. To the historian of this neighbourhood, the Otterton Cartulary is the most ample, the most connected, and the most valuable record to which he can have recourse.

Tuesday, May 13.__Took a ramble along the cliff through the fields to the top of Salcombe Hill, to see the progress of enclosing. Not been this way for a year and a half. Some men were grubbing up the roots of the furze bushes recently burnt. On the flat summit of the hill I see the plough has been at work for the first time.

Sidmouth. May, 1851

Wed. May 14.__At a party at our neighbour's Mrs. Creighton at No.1. Coburg Terrace.

Friday. May 16.__At a ball, music, and supper at the Le Patourels', Sidbury Castle House.

Sat. May 17.__Finished mounting my stag's head, which I procured last December the 7th. at Lord Clifford's, Ugbrook, near Chudleigh, and fixed it up in the hall.

Tuesday, May 20.__Cleaned my flute and polished the keys. Spent the evening with Mr Heineken.

Wed. May 21.__Received my lenses for a Galilean telescope from Chadburn, Sheffield – but they have not followed my instructions in grinding them. This won't do.

After breakfast took a walk to Mutter's Moor, Bulverton Hill; and from the ridge, enjoyed the view northwards and westwards, over and beyond Ottery towards the Blackdown Hills in one direction, and towards Dartmoor in the other.

Thursday, May 22.__ Etched the Hutchinson Arms on the mother-of-pearl of one side of my case of 3 lenses, received yesterday from Chadburn, Sheffield, and the crest on the other. I used nitric acid, which seemed to answer tolerably well; but diluted it with 4 or 5 times its bulk of water, finding this quite strong enough, - first having laid a common etching ground. On the arms the acid remained 10 minutes - on the crest 15, the thermometer standing at 64. After cleaning it off, I filled the lines with black paint, finding some difficulty in making it remain there.

Friday, May 23.__ After breakfast took a rambling walk to the top of the inland end of Peak Hill, on the west side of Mutter's Moor.

Saturday, May 24.__ Took a walk to Mutter's Moor - I believe it is Muttles NoMoor, and not Mutter's Moor, as many people pronounce it - and then to the summit of Bulverton Hill. This last hill must be higher than many in the neighbourhood. The cone of High Peak is seen rising over Peak Hill; and the horizon line of the sea, is much above the flagstaff on High Peak. This will make Bulverton Hill perhaps about 600 feet high; for High Peak is 511.

Mon. May 26.__ Finished the case and the mounting of my ordnance map of part of Devonshire, No XXII.

Tuesd. May 27.__ Went with mother in a carriage to pay some visits: - on the Walkers at Lime Park; the FitzGeralds at Mount Edgar; the Lukes at Primley Hill; the Hunts at Court Hall, Sidbury; and the Le Patourels, at Sidbury Castle House. Returned through Sidford, over the river, into Salcombe Parish. There is a tradition that Charles the Second, when he was a fugitive, in passing through this part of the country, stopped and slept the night in Sidford. I observed the dates on the three oldest houses in the place. In the street running north and south, leading from Sidmouth to Sidbury, there are two houses close together on the west side; one having the date 1640, cut in stone on the chimney, and the other 1633. Some have pointed to one of these as likely to be the house: but on the south side of the street leading to the bridge over the Sid, and about half way down, there is a house bearing the date 1574, occupied by a baker (from which we have our brown bread) and this is the most confidently believed to have been the one in question. - No! Read the "Boscobel Tracts."

Wed. May 28.__ Took a turn on Salcombe Hill to look at the alterations. The hedges are finished, and a number of men were engaged in burning the furze bushes, grubbing up roots, and in "subduing the land." The Race-course on the top of the hill is cut up into various enclosures; and hedges bound the road all the way to Salcombe. On making my way to the edge of the cliff, I passed the conical block of stone which I remember more than 20 years ago, lying in a line from the edge of Maynard's Hill towards Portland, and standing about four feet high. I have sometimes observed this stone look quite polished and shiny with oil, rubbed out of the sheep's wool; for the sheep are given to collecting round it, and rubbing against it. Close to the edge of the cliff there is an acre of ground recently belonging to the crown, on which, during Napoleon's time, a signal staff and telegraph were erected. The electric telegraph and the use of steam have rendered these things useless, and the spot of land has been sold. I was told that Charles Farrant, upholsterer of Sidmouth, gave £22 for it. It is now in potatoes. On the Sidmouth slope of the hill, near the cliff, some men were skimming off the turf and burning it: so I amused myself for some time feeding their fires.

Thurs. May 29.__ Restoration of King Charles. Had up the flag again.

Frid. May 30.__After breakfast went up to Lime Park. Made a coloured drawing of the house from the hedge near the road, taking the front at right angles, point blank, - the only place I could get a sight of it, the trees are grown so much. Lunched there, and gave my morning's work to Mrs. Walker.

Sat. May 31.__After breakfast walked over the Pin Beacon, or Pen Beacon Hill, being the south-western spur of Peak Hill. I think it must be nearly twenty years since I was over on this hill. At the extreme point, where the beacon fire was lighted, there is a mound, like a tumulus. Whether the faggots

Sidmouth, May & June, 1851.

of wood were heaped up and lighted, or whether the alarm was given by any other process of illumination, there is no evidence to show. I dug down a few inches with the point of my stick on this mound, to see if I could discover any traces of charcoal; but I failed to distinguish anything of the sort. I regretted I had no spade with me. There are no marks of any stone building here, as at the Beacon Hill rising over Harpford Wood. I doubt whether the trees on Pin Beacon can have been planted within 50 years – at least, the trunks of many of them are more than a foot or 15 inches in diameter, which bespeaks considerable age. This hill may be about 550 feet high. I merely judge so by remarking that the horizon line of the sea, appeared 30 or 40 feet above the top of High Peak, which is 513. Nearly 100 yards or so north from the beacon is another mound, having the appearance of a tumulus. Also 200 or 300 years east of this, on the small promontory, I observed a slight rising like a tumulus. I have laid these down in my copy of the Ordnance Map, number XXII.

Sidmouth, June 1851.

Tuesday, June 3.__Went down to the beach and made a coloured sketch of the Limekilns. I have long been intending to do this, as I expect that before long these limekilns will tumble into the sea. There has recently been another large fall of the cliff between them and Sidmouth.

Wed. June 4.__Had up the flag in compliment to Miss Levien's wedding to-day. Went to the ball and supper this evening at the Levens'. When the bride and bridegroom went away this morning, they left the keys of their trunks behind – concerning which there has been much laughing in Sidmouth.

Fri. June 6.__At a party at Mrs. Walker's, Lime Park. My! how hot the rooms were. Home between 12 and 1.

Sat. June 7.__Up between 7 and 8. Got on the coach and went to Exeter to turn over some books at the Institution. Mr. T. Norris introduced me there.

Sund. June 8__ At St. Sidwell's church. Walked to Heavitree and called on Sibella Jones, who is staying with the Lunn's, formerly of Tiverton.

Mond. June 9.__At the Institution all day.

Tues. June 10.__Margaret Jenkins and Sam. alias her brother the Rev. S. Walker, of St. Enoder, came in to fetch the girls from Crediton school. Sam. went to Oxford, and Margaret returned to Sidmouth, taking the girls with her. Had tea with the Lunn's and Miss Jones at Heavitree.

Exeter, June 1851.

Wed. June 11. __ Called on Mr. Norris and gave him two photographic facsimiles from folio 17 and folio 80 of the Otterton Cartulary; and gave some sugarplum to his charming little daughter.

Thurs. June 12. __ Ferretted out the site of King Athelstan's Palace. Turn out of Queen Street about 20 yards down Paul Street; and there is a court-yard called "Athelstan Court." Not a vestige of the Palace remains, I was told by Mr. Algar, who lives there. He is a bit of antiquarian, and has had a large sign-board painted and fixed up, bearing the words "Athelstan Court" by way of perpetuating the royal name. By the bye, I like his own name. The famous gigantic and athletic Earl of Devon, of Saxon times, was called Algar, or Olgar, or Orgar.

Frid. June 13. __ Had a good long spell in the Library of the Exeter Institution, transcribing from several works. Dr. Oliver, by mistake, has got William Uddewin, instead of Rad, or Radulphus, as one of the priors of Otterton, though he refers to folio 52 of the Otterton Cartulary, as his authority – which authority reveals his error. After the name Simon Guarin is the date 1474, evidently a misprint for 1374, see his Monasticon, p.248 & 249. In several other parts of his Monasticon, misprints occur where he has made extracts from the Cartulary. However, it is astonishing how easy it is to make errors in transcribing old deeds. My own small practice in that line assures me of this.

Exeter, June 1851.

Tuesday June 17. __ Went down to Heavitree, or rather Wonford, and called on Mr. Pitman Jones. Found him in, and had half an hour's chat with him on antiquarian and other subjects. Then went on to find the quarry where they dig the red Heavitree stone, once so much used in building, but now almost entirely superceded by the Babbicombe limestone. Witnessed a blast of the rock, which was very well performed. I was told in the quarry that the stone was sold in the rough on the spot at 2s.3d the cart-load of about a ton and a half.

Went back to Heavitree through the Wonford lanes, and had tea with the Lunn's and Sibella Jones. Got back again to Exeter early.

Wed. June 10. __ Waterloo Day. I hope Bingham has hoisted my flag at Sidmouth.

Thursday June 19. __ Whilst in the Library at the Institution to-day, I was introduced by Mr. Gray to Dr. Scott, of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, who asked me to come down and see his photographs. Went down after I had finished at the Library and had tea with him and Mrs. Scott. Also with Dr. Halle of Chudleigh, who is compiling a history of that place. He is a little man with spectacles and sandy hair, put back behind his ears. By his turn of mind, I should say he were rather a philosopher or a metaphisian than a historian. But we shall see.

Exeter, June 1851

Friday, June 20. __ This morning as I was going down High Street something occurred worth recording. The bells of the various churches were ringing, and a number of flags were displayed. The

cause of these manifestations did not at the moment occur to me, so I hailed a man and asked him what it meant. "Oh Sir," said he, "it is the anniversary of the Queen's ascension." He meant to say accession.

Going past the offices of Woolmer's Exeter Gazette I encountered Mr. Barnett Blake, one of the Editors, with whom I got into conversation, when up came Mr. Woolmer himself, with whom also I had a chat. Then went on to the Institution, and made some extracts from Domesday Book and the Saxon Chronicle.

At 2 o'clock I called on Mr. Norris. He was out, but I saw Mrs. Norris and their nice little girl, who says she is nine years and three quarters old, and is very anxious to be ten.

Saturday, June 21. __ Longest Day! Spent the evening with the Grays, and had a downright set to at music.

Sun. June 22. __At St. Sidwell's church in the morning. Charles Band, who was ordained last Sunday, assisted in the service.

In the afternoon at Heavitree church, where I heard an ultra "high church" sermon. The pith of what was insisted on throughout the sermon, was blind obedience to the clergy. Everything was "obey" the authority of "the church."

I enquired of old Tohill the pew opener if there were in the new church any monument to the name of Hutchinson. He told me yes; that the original slab recording the deaths of the Judge and his wife, my grandfather and grandmother, were at the east end of the north aisle, but that it was covered with the boarded flooring of the pews, so that I could not see it. He said that when the present new church was built, about five or six years ago, it was determined that there should be no burying within the walls in future. It was even determined to fill up all the old vaults. With a view to sanatory purposes, they collected all the bones found in them, and those of my ancestors among the rest, and buried them in a large and deep pit dug for the purpose in the south-west corner of the churchyard, so low down as that they are never likely to be disturbed. The tombstones against the west wall I find as I saw them last; but they have put a new covering to the wall, having removed the thatch.

Tuesday, June 24. __Obtained C.F. Williams's six lithographic views at Port Madoc in Wales, which I had before bespoken.

Wednesday, June 25. __To-day is the first day of the "Synod" in Exeter. It was a question whether the Bishop was not active in opposition to the law by proposing the course he has adopted; but the learned in the law have alleged that though he has a right thus to call his clergy about him, he would have no right to pas canons. Being in Exeter at this time, I would have got into the Chapter House and have heard the deliberations, but none but the delegated clergy of the Diocese have been admitted. I have been told that two reporters for some of the London papers have come down, and that they presented themselves for admittance this morning, but it was refused. Many persons have been very much opposed to the whole proceedings; some thinking this manifestation of church doctrine and discipline wholly unnecessary; and others conceiving it to be particularly inopportune at a time when much agitation has disturbed the minds of the community; whilst others, again, look upon it with dislike and suspicion, as it has been promoted by the high church, or Tractarian party. An attempt has been made to get up a procession of several dozen donkeys, on whose backs were to be seated persons dressed in clerical habits, one of them with a mitre on his head. The intention

was, to parade these through the streets and the cathedral yard; but it has failed, either because they could not collect donkeys enough, though agents had been sent for the purpose to some of the neighbouring towns or else, as some one told me, because people were afraid to ride them, for fear of getting taken into custody by the police. The project has caused a good deal of laughing round the city.

Exeter, June 1851

Friday 27th June.__Went to see the Horticultural Show on Northernhay; & remained there for a couple of hours. The weather splendid, and most immensely hot at present. There was a tolerable exhibition of flowers, many of them very fine and very pretty. However, I am not sure whether the prettiest flowers were not walking about. Amongst the crowd I met my cousin Peter Roberton, come over for the occasion, and much surprised to see me. He left his wife, two children, and father, at Tiverton.

Sat. June 28.__As they accept any donation for the Library of the Institution at Exeter, I gave them to-day my Geology of Sidmouth, Guide to the Landslip, 3rd Edit. and one of my maps of Sidmouth Parish, coloured and mounted.

Sunday. June 29.__Had an early dinner with the Rev. and Mrs. Warren, and boy and girl; and then we went to the afternoon service at Heavitree church. We had a semi-popish sermon again. I do not know what infatuation has siezed upon our young clergy; but they seem very fond of playing with edged tools. Called at the Lunns, and then went again to Mount Le Grand, and had tea with the Warrens.

Monday. June 30.__Went and had a look at Mr. Gard's lawn and grounds, at Rougemount Castle, I think his residence is called. As I had no friend at leisure to take me, I went and presented myself for admission; for I had heard that any "respectable person" on giving their name at the door would be admitted. On ringing the bell and giving the footman my card, he politely told me I might enter and walk about wherever I liked. The lawn comprises the only remaining part of the ancient ditch or foss, sweeping around under the south-west wall of the Castle. I was surprised at the depth and width of the foss. It is now dry, of course. It is dotted with venerable trees, and covered with fine grass, beautifully kept, and closely mown. The place is certainly very picturesque. After walking about in different directions to admire the undulations, I ascended the tower at the Northernhay side, and commanded a fine view towards St. Davids and the Exwick Hills.

Mr. Gard has been one of the fortunate ones in his passage through life. I have been told that his father was a clothier of Exeter, but by some mishap lost his earnings before he died. This son was first a clerk in the Bank of old Sparks the Quaker; thence he went to London, where he soon made a moderate fortune. He then paid a visit to Devonshire, and some chance took him down to Cornwall. Here he was persuaded to invest some money in a mining speculation. Unlike most mining speculations, it succeeded beyond expectation; so that the original £1 share rose to be worth £300 to £500 apiece. This soon made his riches flow in at a great pace; and how he is the owner of the best residence in Exeter. I believe he has two brothers now in trade in the city.

Exeter. June 1851.

Tu. July 1. 1851.__After spending the morning at the Institution, I went out and looked at the Pocomb Quarries, where I had not been before. There are two quarries close together, one

belonging to the Earl of Devon, and the other to the Revd. Mr. Somebody, who lives close by. I was told that the price of the stone on the spot is the same as the Heavitree stone, namely, two shillings and three pence the cart-load, carrying about a ton and a half. The men working there knew nothing of its geological position; and were incredulous when I talked of its having an igneous origin.

Th. July 3.__ Walked out to Heavitree, and paid a P.P.C. visit at Mrs. Lunn's, as I mean to get back to Sidmouth next Saturday. Called on Dr. Oliver, and had half an hour's talk with him. He showed me a copy of Mr. Cotton's "Graphic and Historical Sketch of Totnes," of which I had heard, whilst it was in preparation. I am rather disappointed, having expected something more. The list of the Vicars of Totnes, which Dr. Oliver, with some labour had made out for him, Mr. Cotton remarks in a private letter to Dr. Oliver, dated May 5. 1851, and which is now before me, "was inadvertently [sic] omitted, although the MS. was in the hands of the publisher. And," he continues, "I very stupidly did not detect the omission when the proof sheets were submitted for my inspection." I gave Dr. Oliver a facsimile of one of the folios of the Otterton Cartulary – that one headed "De Natiuis de Sydm[] Cottemeto[] et Bolvorto[]" - traced off, and then multiplied according to the photographic process, with sensitive paper. I explained that I had some thought of proposing it as a way of giving exact copies of ancient MSS, instead of having them lithographed; although, on reconsideration I began to think the process would be too tedious. I mentioned that I contemplated a history of Sidmouth; but that as I wished to do it thoroughly, and if possible properly, (if I did it at all,) I meant to take my time, and be in no hurry. I told him my wish to discover the original deed of William the Conqueror, by which Sidmouth was conveyed to St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy, but he doubted whether I should ever succeed in so doing: and I wished also to find out when Sidmouth Church was built and thought I might find some entry in the Registers of the Bishops of Exeter throwing some light on this point, but here he doubted again, not recollecting any mention of the sort in the Registers, though he has gone over them several times. However, he encouraged me to go on; and said he was glad I was fond of antiquarian pursuits. He also offered to assist me in any way in his power.

Fri. Jul.4.__ Gave a photographic facsimile of folio 17 of the Otterton Cartulary to Mr. Pitman Jones.

Sidmouth, 1851

Friday, July 11.__ Went into Sidmouth church, where I found Wheaton, the sexton. He told me that the Rev. W. Jenkins, father of the present vicar, built the north gallery, but not the north aisle. That, at that period there was an old stone pulpit, standing against the south columns of the archway going into the chancel; that this was removed, and a wooden pulpit on legs or supports was put up in the middle of the archway, so that people passed under it in going to the communion table: and that when this was taken down, the present pulpit, on the north side of the arch, was made. He said that he recollects a carved wooden screen across this part of the church, with the royal coat of arms over it, and an angel or cherub, with a trumpet, on each side, and the x commandments; and scrolls, one on each side, bearing respectively, the words "Fear God," and "Honour the King:" that this screen was taken down about 1803 or 1804. That the clock in the tower was put up, and the present clock face, in 1808. That there used to be a small south transept, with a gallery containing three or four seats, occupied by the Cornish family. That in 1822, a year after the present vicar came to the living, the south aisle and gallery were built. The lower part of the south wall of the church was taken away, the upper part being kept up by supports, and the present series of clustered columns was made by Kingwell, out of Beer stone. Between the second and third columns, and close to the third from the tower, stood the old south porch. He further told me that he remembers an open archway from the

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chancel to the north aisle. This was the usual place of the old confessional: but he spoke of it as a passage through. He likewise recollects an opening from the chancel, behind the south column, into the former south transept. His mistake. They were hagioscopes revealed in 1859. The church has so few architectural features, that it is difficult to judge of its age. The architecture of the tower is about the time of Henry the Seventh or Eighth. Dr. Oliver observed to me the other day, that probably the east end was much older than this. If so, the angular buttresses against the north-east and south-east corners are of subsequent addition. Indeed, the masonry of these two buttresses appears of a better description than that of the outside of the chancel.

Thursday, July 17.__Went with Mr Heineken over to Hemyock from Sidmouth to try and find Hemyock Castle, not having been aware till lately, that the remains of a Norman Castle existed in this neighbourhood. After passing through Honiton and Combe Rawley, and ascending the hill beyond, we had a fine view of Dumpdon Camp, on a high conical hill. On arriving at Hemyock, two round towers, overgrown with ivy, soon attracted attention. Mr. Heineken took photographic views of these, having brought his camera and some prepared paper with him, whilst I set to work with my sketch-book. The plan of the castle is a square, of about 60 yards on each side, with a round tower at each corner, and a round tower in the middle of each side between the corners. The whole was surrounded by a mote, still mostly remaining. The walls are from 3 to 4 feet thick, where they are in existence, and the round towers about 20 in diameter, from outside to outside. The principal gateway, which is in the middle of the east wall, is immediately opposite the west door of the parish church, and not above 40 or 50 yards from it, a small stream of water flowing between. The gateway has a pointed arch, flanked by two round towers; and the place remains where the portcullis descended. A modern farm house has been built just within this gateway; an old doorway, evidently taken from part of the ruins of the castle, has been built into the house. It is of rude design and execution; and it is remarkable that the sides and arched top are of granite. There is no granite to be had nearer than Dartmoor. I learn that this door moulding was brought from a distance. The area within the outer walls and the towers is now an orchard. The citadel, or principal part of the building, once probably occupied the centre. There are stony mounds, overgrown with grass, about the orchard; and these are seemingly the remains of former erections now ruined. It is strange that none of the county histories make any particular mention of this castle; and I heard of it only by chance. On returning we visited Dunkeswell Abbey. Little remains of this but ruined walls, and pointed gables overgrown with ivy.

Sidmouth. July 1851.

Monday, July 21.__ Spent the evening at Mrs. Walker's at Lime Park, where I met the Elphinstones of Livonia, and the FitzGerald of Mount Edgar.

Tuesday, July 22.__Spent the evening and Mr. Heineken's; and had a spell of music, cum eo et filia.

Thursday, July 24__Made a frame 12x8 for taking positives by the photographic process.

Tuesday, July 29.__Made my first photographic positives, being duplicates of a view of Sidmouth from the west end of the beach.

Thursday, July 31.__Took two rubbings from the small brass of Henry Parsonius in Sidbury church. Went on to Sand, and made three sketches of some of the old sculptures there.

Friday, August 1.__Walked over to Salcombe church, and made a coloured sketch of the interior. The stone altar-piece, put there, as I have heard, by, or through the influence of some ladies since turned Roman catholics (the Misses Morris, late of Sid-cliff) has just been removed, and a massive wooden table put there instead.

Monday, Aug. 4.__Started for Hemyock again, with Mr. Heineken, driven by Wellington Smith. We first made for Dunkeswell Abbey, after passing through Honiton, where we took two photographic views: then we proceeded to Hemyock Castle, where we took two or three more. Mr. Heineken returned to Sidmouth, but I stayed where I was. Slept at Hemyock: took a rough plan of the Castle and adjoining

Hemyock and Uffculme. Tuesday Augt. 5, 1851

land: went into the church, where there is nothing worthy of record, except the old font of Purbeck stone, about the recent exhumation of which, nearly under one of the columns on the north side of the nave, the village schoolmaster has much to say; and the stained glass in the head of the window at the east end of the south aisle, executed, as I was told, by the Misses Simcoe of Woolford Lodge; and the fact that there is no monument more than a hundred years old within its walls. Admired the great yew tree in the churchyard, and was told a story about the curate who planted the small one to the south of it some thirty years ago. If I had Hemyock Castle I would soon make a pretty place of it. I would clear away the ugly and dirty farm buildings, and the mass of apple trees, by which it is so choked up; and repair and restore the towers and battlements of the castle itself. I am surprised that the owner should neglect it so much.

Hired a vehicle, and went over to Uffculme, preferring the route over Hackpen Hill, for the sake of the view. Went to the Schoolhouse and found the Joneses well.

Thursday, Augt. 7.__Mr. Caines took me a drive in his gig.

First we went through Culmstock, and up the high hill to the Beacon. The Beacon is a stone building, about 12 feet diameter, with walls nearly two feet thick. There is a

Uffculme

doorway on the south side, and slits or loopholes on the east and west. In side there are several blocks of masonry like seats, built up from the ground. The perpendicular wall rises about eight feet high: then there is a slightly projecting string-course: and then the building is arched over, with a hole at the top about two feet in diameter. The arch is of rubble work, with the edges turned to the centre; and these are cased with mortar, and stones laid on flat. From this small edifice, in a northerly direction, over the wild and heath-covered summit of the hill, there runs a straight ridge, pointing to a tower on a hill some miles off, and having much the appearance of a British or Roman road: a similar also runs from the Beacon in an easterly direction; but they are soon lost where they dip down into the cultivated grounds. What the age of this building may be I am unable to learn.

From hence we went along the top of the hills till we came to the Wellington Monument – a triangular obelisk on a base, erected in honour of the “Iron Duke.” At a distance it looks round, and very ugly; but its appearance improves on a

and Exeter

nearer approach. It is built of chert rubble cased with well-dressed and squared blocks of sandstone. There is a staircase within that leads to the top. The eastern angle at the summit has been struck with lightning, and many of the stones knocked away. From this monument the views all around, but especially towards Wellington and Taunton, are fine and extensive.

Leaving this spot, we descended into the valley, and passing through Culm Davey, and Culmstock, we returned to Uffculme.

Friday, Augt. 8.__Left Uffculme for Exeter. The five little Joneses, from Marion to Agnes, accompanied me to the station, and saw me start.

Sat. Augt. 9.__Passed most of the day at Mr. Ralph Barnes's office at Palace Gate, looking over Bishop Bronescombe's Register, to see what I could find relating to Sidmouth.

Sunday 10.__At St. Lawrence's Church, on the High Street, Exeter. In the afternoon went down to Countess Weir Village and dined with the O'Briens, who have removed thither from Whipton. Returned through the fields by the river. Remembering that when I was with M^r. Putnam Jones last month, he told me that in the cottage garden, on the site of St. James's Priory, there used to be an old stone coffin lying on the ground. After some enquiry I came to it. But it is broken in two; and the two halves are turned bottom upwards; and are now used as two steps going up to a new iron pump. "To what base uses, &c."

Exeter. August. 1851.

Thursday. Augt. 14.__Went to Crediton to see some girls, daughters of Sidmouth friends, who are there at Miss Langworthy's school. Found them very comfortable and made them perfectly happy by giving them plenty of kisses and sugar plums. Where is the lady, child or woman, who would not be happy with kisses and sugar plums? Went into the church, which is large, old, and moderately plain. The painting at the east end, representing Moses and Aaron, supporting the two tables of stone, with a perspective view of the interior of a temple behind them, needs no words of commendation – take it in what sense you will. In a room over one of the south-east projections in the edifice I was shown some armour, jack-boots, and sword of Cromwell's time. There is also an ancient alms-box, the cover being made like a funnel, or rather semi-spherical cup, with a slit at the bottom. On the floor in the south aisle, near the east end, there is a slab with the date M[?]/LXXXII, in unusual characters, of which I regret I did not take a facsimile.

Friday, Augt.15.__Walked over Marypole Head, and found Stoke Hill camp; but which is nearly obliterated. Enjoyed the view, and made a coloured sketch of Exmouth and the river from this point.

Exeter. August 1851

Sat. Augt.16.__Called on the Grays. Went with Mr. Gray to look at some old houses - at Mr. Every's Office, the ceiling handsome – Mr. Pye's house, Gandy Street, the panelling good - and the old room, now used as a Free Mason's Lodge.

Sun. Aug.17.__ At St. Sidwell's.

Tu. Aug.19.__ Walked to the Quay – to St. James's Priory – to Heavitree, where I made a sketch of the church – to Mount Le Grand, and back to Exeter through St. Sidwell's.

Wed. Aug.20.__Took a walk upon the Exwick Hills. The view towards Exeter is fine.

Th. Augt. 21.__Met Mary Robertson and M^{rs}. Mackay (formerly of Sidmount, Sidmouth) who came into Exeter from Chudleigh for the day.

Fri. Aug.22.__Left Exeter for Sidmouth.

Mon. Aug.25.__All day making photographs-positives. Made 11.

Tues. Aug.26.__Same work. Mounted my Ordnance Map, N^o.21.

Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Wed. Aug.27.__Made six more photographs. Mounted my old Geological Map of England and Wales.

Friday, Aug.29.__Went to Exeter from Sidmouth by the mail – the fee-mail, as I jocosely called it some time ago in Woolmer’s paper, owing to the fees which the coachman and guard looked for from the passengers.

Saturday, August 30.1851.__Went from Exeter to London by one of the “Excursion Trains.” The cheapness of the fare – being only one third of the ordinary fare to London, whereas this comprised the return also –

London, August & September, 1851

Induced great numbers to go. We started at half past 8, instead of 8, for the crowd and confusion were immense, and laboured on very slowly, stopping at almost every station to take up more people. It was not until we had passed Bristol that we ceased taking up, and proceeded at a better pace. We were 10 minutes going through the Box Tunnel, as I proved by my watch, the usual time being about 5. At Swindon we were let out for refreshment – and a strange turn out it was. I tried to count the number of carriages, but found it very difficult, the train was so long. I made out above 30. We did not get to Paddington till 8, though we were led to believe that 4 would have been the hour. It was now getting dark, and the confusion was indescribable. The railway officials omitted the care and attention usually paid to passengers on other occasions. The luggage was thrown out anywhere, and people had to find it as they could. After a deal of searching with lanterns I found my carpet-bags lying in the mud; and even my cloths, inside, as I discovered afterwards, were wet through. There were lots of women there, who were strangers in London, and who had lost their friends, and unable to find their boxes, in extreme tribulation. Some of these I assisted out of their difficulties but I had much ado to get out of my own. Loud and vehement were the complaints which the passengers raised against the railway officials at being treated in such a way.

Sunday. Aug.31.__Went to All Saints church, Paddington, having ensconced myself in Stanley Street – a new street, scarcely finished.

London. September 1851.

Monday. Sep.1.__Good morning, Mr. Partridge. Went to Bow Street Police office to see Henry O’Brien, and to my surprise also fell in with his 3 brothers.

Tuesday. Sep.3.__Called on Mr. & Mrs. Richards at Bayswater. Then went to Hungerford Market, where I took steamer for the Tunnel. The River was crowded. Went into the Tunnel, and a strange place it certainly is. I was in it while it was making in 1836. They have got organs and shops and stalls, and sundry anomalous attractions down there. The fee is one penny! and cheap enough.

Then went to the Tower. Besides seeing the usual sights, my object to-day was, to enquire for the Record Office, and find out what are the conditions of searching the MSS. I was directed to a door in the south wall of a building, over which were painted the words "Record Office," surmounted by the Royal Coat of Arms. I ascended a winding staircase in a turret, and found one of the keepers in a room. He told me that any of the records could be searched, on payment of one shilling, as the usual fee. The same fee is demanded for each separate document. Ink is not allowed to be used, lest any accident should happen to the record to be copied. Pencil, or some similar means, is alone permitted. It is in contemplation, however, to throw the office open gratuitously; and the applicant will then be admitted by an order from some authorised person. The Gents. Mag. for this month mentions this.

London. Sep. 1851

Wednesday. Sep.3.__Went to the "Crystal Palace" for the first time. A wonderful place it is, certainly. There is no deception here. All the articles are genuine, and the very best of their sort that the ingenuity of man has produced. And worthy of much admiration indeed, are the works which the heads and the hands of frail mortals have been able to produce. It is vain to try and describe, or even to particularise, there is so much to dwell on that is either beautiful or excellent. I was there for seven hours, and wearied I was, though so much interested. It is possible to get tired of pleasure. I must go again. Then went to Gray's Inn Square, and spent the evening with the O'Briens.

Th. Sep.4.__Went to the Tower. Found M^r. Hardy at the Record Office, spent several hours at some writs of Edward the Third relating to Sidmouth. These are printed in Rymer's Foedera, but I was not content at having them at second hand – I chose to go to the fountain head.

Fri. Sep.5.__At the Tower for four hours. Took boat to Westminster Bridge. They have done a great deal to the tower of the new Houses of Parliament since I last looked at the building. Went into the Abbey; but only had time for a glance round. Took omnibus, or bus, as it is generally called, and returned to Paddington.

Sat. Sep.6.__Seven hours at the Exhibition. Took it more deliberately to-day, and perhaps enjoyed it more. So vast a collection requires repeated looking at, and some consideration.

Sun. Sep.7.__At the Lock Hospital church; and in the evening at the Bayswater Chapel. Dined with Mr, and Mrs. Richards in Chapel Place.

London. Sep.1851.

Mon. Sep.8.1851.__Finished my research for the present at the Record Office in the Tower. The government gives the clerk in attendance the discretionary power of compounding for payment with persons who go to the office. One shilling for each roll searched or copied is the established fee; but Mr. Duffus Hardy compounded with me; and for copying eleven writs of Edward the Third from different rolls, I paid the government five shillings. A receipt for the money was given me. These Rolls are literally rolls. They are skins of vellum sown together by a sort of large "herring-bone"

stitch. It is the ancient sowing. The pieces of vellum are about 10 or 12 inches broad, and upwards of two feet long on an average. They are sown together at the ends; and then this long piece or strip, like a great broad bibbon, is rolled up, labelled, and tied with a string. As some of the rolls contain perhaps 30 pieces of vellum, such ones are four or five inches in diameter. They are for the most part written on only one side; but in some instances on both.

Tuesday. Sep.9.__Having always understood that my great-grandfather, Governor Hutchinson, was buried at Croydon, to-day I had the curiosity to take the rail and go down to inquire. But I could get no intelligence of him. I could not learn that any monument existed to his memory; although, curious enough, the names of other Hutchinsons are preserved here. A Mrs. Hutchinson, wife of a Thomas Hutchinson, died there in 1797, aged 48. I think her tomb is in the churchyard on the south side of the church, but the clerk (in the absence of the

London & Croydon. Sep. 1851.

sexton) could not find it. The clerk referred to a History of Croydon, and found that a William Hutchinson ^{Eliakim's son?} (I think William) having suffered loss of property in the island of Antigua, during the American Revolution, died about the same time at Croydon, and has an inscription somewhere in the church – perhaps, as the clerk said, under the new pews. Also an Elizabeth Hutchinson, ^{Eliakim's widow} and some other. These, however, cannot be of our family, as the pedigree proves ^{see Oct.2. 1864}. On turning to the Croydon Directory, I see that there is one Roger Hutchinson, a merchant there at present.

Wed. Sep.10.1851.__Went down to Westminster Abbey to make an extract from Domesday Book. It is preserved in the Chapter House. I rang the bell at the last door on going up towards Poets' Corner; and on asking for the clerk in attendance (Mr. Francis Devon) was at once shown in to the Chapter House. This chamber is circular, or rather multiangular, supported in the centre by a column. On all sides it is covered with volumes of ancient MSS.; so that it is now no longer anything else than a library. It presents no other appearance; for it is covered with shelves, and the backs of books are seen everywhere. I went into an inner apartment, on the left hand after entering and the first volume of the original Domesday was brought me. I made an extract under the head Ottery, in which place Sidmouth occurs. The printed edition of Domesday is a facsimile of the other, as far as printing type can make it. Each page in the printed edition contains precisely the same matter as the original; so that every separate memorandum stands in the same page, and on the same part of every page, in the one as in the other. The memorandum referring to Ottery is found in both, at folio 104 ^{being the right hand page} and near the top of the second column. Otterton is a little lower down. The folios in the original are of vellum, written on both sides in two columns. This volume is about four inches thick, and measures near 12 inches by 18. It is in a modern binding. The printed edition is thinner and larger. Through the words ECCLIA S' MARIE and OTREJ, a red line is drawn; not to obliterate them but to lay a stress upon them. For the same purpose, in modern days we draw a line under the word. The fee which I paid was one shilling; and a receipt was given me, as at the Tower ^[In my History of Sidmouth]. The printed edition is very correct, except that the short s is used where the long f frequently occurs in the original; and the diphthong æ, in the genetives and plurals of nouns ending in a, is employed, where, in the MS. only the e is found, as in all the old MSS. of the middle ages. I look upon these as errors in close copying.

Friday, Sept.12.__Went into Kensington Gardens, and made a sketch of the bridge at the north end of the water, near Paddington.

Sat. Sep.13.__The weather being still so beautifully fine, I started off on a short tour. Took the rail at Euston Square, and was put down at the Cheddington Station. Walked across the country to Dunstable. Passed Aston; and then through the fields close to that strange looking church called Edgeborough, or Addlesborough, or something.

Dunstable, &c, Sep.1851.

thing like it, standing like St. Michael's Mount on the top of a mound. The range of chalk hills on the south-east is full of bold and rugged acclivities. On a high point at the east end are five barrows, known in the neighbourhood, as "The Graves of the Five Kings." North of the village of Tottenhoe, to the east of Dunstable, on the extreme point of another chalk hill, are some earth works as of some ancient station. Below them they have tunnelled far into the hill; and thence they procure the stone with which Dunstable Church is being repaired.

Straw plating is one chief occupation of the people about here. A young woman, employed in the trade, told me she could earn about six or seven shillings a week at it; but that those who sowed up the plat into bonnets made more. Even this, I believe, is more than the lace makers of Devonshire get. When walking across the country, I was amused at seeing the farmers' men engaged at this work in the fields – some whilst tending their sheep, and others as they walked along.

Sun. Sep. 14. – Went to Dunstable Priory Church. It is all in disorder and under extensive repair. This is deservedly a celebrated specimen of Norman architecture. But it is grievous [sic] to see how the sculpture of the fine west doorway, and the ornaments of the façade, have been broken and mutilated. The massiveness of the clustered columns of the interior is striking. There are several monuments against the north wall and columns of a most debased, offensive, and incongruous Italian style of architecture. At the east end is no window, but an immense square picture of the Last Supper, with the date 1722 near the left side. The roof is of wood, looking old and rickety. The remains of two doorways about 30 yards west of the entrance, I take to be some remains of the original Priory.

After dinner, took a quiet walk through Haughton Regis to Toddington. In a field, about 100 yards south-east of the church is a large barrow, or something of that sort, called, as a young woman in the field informed me, Conger Hill, but whether I spell it aright I do not know. It much resembles "Danes' Castle", behind the Jail, at Exeter: but whilst Danes' Castle was a circular entrenchment, Conger Hill may have been only a barrow with a deep ditch round it – at least, the small depressions on the top of Conger Hill, which I mounted and examined, are so indecisive, as to lead to the supposition that it was originally no more than a conical mound, with no hollow in the middle, in which men could post themselves, as in a fortress. Running nearly north and south is a straight ridge

across the same field, placed as a tangent on the eastern side of Conger Hill. Conger Hill may be 150 feet in diameter, and perhaps 25 feet high. Walked on through the fields, two miles and a half more, to Arlington.

Through Bedfordshire, Sep. 1851

Mon. Sep. 15. – From Harlington (not Arlington) to Barton, four miles, with some fine open chalk hills on the south. Thence to Silsoe, where I dined. Earl de Grey has a mansion and Park here, through the latter of which I walked; but neither is worthy of much remark. Steered for Mappershall (which they call Map'shall) where I had inferred from Lysons' Bedfordshire, that there existed the ruins of an old castle. By the way – Lysons has already deceived me by his false descriptions. I had understood from him that a castle existed at Tottenhoe, near Dunstable, but when I got there I could find nothing but the earthworks called "The Knole," [Knoll?] which have the appearance of an ancient British station: he next directed me to Toddington, where I only found Conger Hill, referred to yesterday; and now at Mappershall, wither I went at his suggestion, I discover merely some ridges in a field. There is a conical mound, like a tumulus, perhaps 80 or 90 feet in diameter at the base, at the west end on the field; and immediately east of this, running north and south across the field, are some high ridges. I could learn nothing in the village but that the place is called "The Hills," and that there is a tradition affirming that a battle was once fought there. From their appearance I should not conclude that these "Hills" cover the ruins of any former existing stone building, such as a castle. They have not that contour or character in the least.

At the east end of the field, near the church, there is a small house of the Elizabethan style. On its east front I observed a large thistle sculptured, surmounted by the Royal crown. Does this refer to the time of James the First?

The church of Mappershall is cruciform, with a square tower in the centre. On the north side of the nave there is a circular headed doorway, with the zig-zag moulding.

Thence I went down the hill to Stondon, where I sketched the little church, scarcely larger than a poor man's cottage; and proceeded to the Arlsey Station, on the Great Northern railway, having walked some fifteen miles to-day.

Tuesday. Sep. 16. – Took rail from Arsley to St Neots – which they are pleased to pronounce St. Notes. Thence went about 2 miles to Eaton Soken, where Lysons had led me to expect that I should find the ruins of a castle, but where I only found some mounds of earth. The very name of castle is forgotten, the place being now merely called the "Warren" and the "War Hills." Walked 4 miles to Bushmead, and then two or three to Thurleigh – which they call Thur-lie, accented on the last, - where a castle as Lysons says a castle once stood; but there are now only heaps and ridges. Three miles further, at Bletsoe, there are similar remains, belonging to Lord St. John, who resides in the village.

Wed. Sep. 17. – Walked six miles to Bedford – a mean-looking place. I believe there was a castle at one time near here; but the site, with little remaining, was pointed out to me under the

Name

Bedfordshire, Huntingdonshire & Cambridgeshire.

name of Newenham Walls. Rode from Bedford to Sandy, on the Great Northern Railway – and judging by the nature of the soil here, it should appear that Sandy is not an inappropriate name. Journeyed to Huntingdon, over a miserably flat country. Near the Ouse are some mounds, once a castle. In proceeding from this place, through St. Ives to Cambridge, the land is almost a dead flat all the way. I admire not such a country.

Th. Sep. 18. – Having slept at Cambridge, I sallied out after coffee and accompaniments to look at Catherine Hall, where my father was some 50 years ago or more, and to see what remains of the Castle now existed – together with sundry other matters of inquiry or curiosity. I remember an old coloured aquatint engraving of this college at home, as long as I can recollect anything; but it led me to expect a larger and finer building than the reality proved to be. The reality is smaller, and meaner and smokier, than I had pictured in my imagination. I think I have heard my father say that he occupied the second floor rooms in front, on the right hand side of the main entrance or centre of the building, as you look at it. These I particularly scrutinised, but did not go in.

The site of the Castle is occupied by the Jail and Law Courts; but the site of the Keep is a large conical mound of chalky earth,

Cambridge, Essex, Suffolk, Sep. 1851.

overgrown with grass, rising some 60 or 70 feet above the level of the town. Having looked at several other things, I took rail 10 miles south to Chesterford. From this point I turned east and walked east to Linton, a small town at the distance of 4 miles. Thence 3 to the village of Horseheath. Here I would have slept; for my feet for several days have been getting so terribly blistered and sore, that I scarcely knew how to get on. No where [sic], however, in Horseheath, could I get a bed; so, in spite of walking, like the Pilgrim, with the un-boiled peas in his shoes, I was necessitate to push on. I was encouraged by being told that I could doubtless get every accommodation at Westerfield, a village only 3 miles off – but the “only” three at such a time, was a serious matter. To add to the discomfort, it was now getting dark. Howbeit “necessitas non habet legem,” and I limped forward.

Oh horror! On making every enquiry at Westerfield, I was told that all the beds were occupied, and no place could be found for me. I thought I should have dropped.

Haverhill was a town only two miles off. I was urged to proceed “only” two miles.

What was to be done? It was quite dark: but that was nothing, except that I could not enjoy a view of

Haverhill, Suffolk. Sep. 1851.

the country. A light in a windmill on one of the hills I took for a

will-'o-the-wisp. It was too dark to see the mill, and nothing appeared but the light.

At last I dragged myself into Haverhill. I staggered into the best Inn in the place – I secured a bed – I ordered tea – what a luxury to pull off my boots! I rolled into bed, and how I did sleep for nine hours!

It is one of the inconveniences of walking tours, that a resting place cannot always be secured when it is desired. It is not difficult in a moderate sized town; but when the route lies across the country through villages, it is not always to be done, – as I sufficiently proved now, and as I have proved also on other occasions.

Friday. Sep. 19. – From Haverhill I walked on gingerly towards Clare. On the road at Stoke, I came to the estate of the Elwes family, called The College. Some of the materials of Clare Castle I was told, were employed in constructing it. The neighbourhood is rife with anecdotes of the Elwes the miser, some of which were given to me – as how he would play cards half the night, and early in the morning he would take his cattle to market, and drive hard bargains with the farmers with whom he might have any dealings, haggling even the merest trifle in the price: how he would carry his crust of bread in

Clare, Suffolk. Sep. 1851.

his pocket, and drink out of the gutter, in order to study economy: and how he once picked an old wig out of the ditch, and wore it for a fortnight, rather than be at the cost of buying a new one. This was strange enough for a man who is reported to have died worth half a million of money.

Clare is a small town, bearing the marks of antiquity about it. The Castle, now nearly demolished, was built at an early period by the Earls of Clare – the same who erected the Castle at Tunbridge. Nothing remains now but some ridges and ditches in a field by the river Stour, and a large conical mound, on which is part of the curved wall of a round tower [sic], (the ancient Keep I presume,) having three triangular buttresses, in three stages, against it. The wall is six feet thick, built of rubble of flint stones and large pebbles; and I observed several fragments of flat tiles, about half an inch thick or more, imbedded in the midst of old masonry. The few remains of the enclosing walls down in the field are four feet thick. This meadow, once the site of the great mass of the buildings and courts of the castle, is full of risings and depressions, in some places

maintaining

Clare, Suffolk. Sep. 1851.

maintaining great regularity in the way they are laid out, and evidently indicating the places occupied by former buildings. The place of St. John's church is pointed out; and the spot where a skeleton, a quantity of bones, and some sculptured stonework (used to make the entrance gate in the wall) together with other localities, are shown. An opinion prevails here, that the rubble walls of these old castles were built, not in the regular way by the hands of masons, but that two flat boards were fixed, distant from each other the proposed thickness of the wall, and then, that the stones and mortar were mixed together, in the manner of concrete, and thrown in between them. But to this I do not readily assent – first, because, on the external surfaces of these very walls, the stones are laid in regular courses, showing horizontal lines: and secondly, both in the fragment of the Keep, and in the walls in the meadow, there are square holes at certain distances, and at regular heights, apparently the places, in which the horizontal poles of the scaffolding rested, whilst the building was in progress. These two facts militate against the theory.

The property belongs to Mr. Barker in trust (he being a minor) his mother, for her second husband, having married

Castle Hedingham. Sep. 1851.

the Revd. Mr. Jenner, the vicar of Clapham, or Clapton.

On the west front of the church tower, over the door, are the Clare arms, e.g. – Or three chevronells, Gules, the same as occur on Magna Charta. At the south-west corner of the churchyard is an old house curiously ornamented with embossed flowers and scrolls, bearing the date 1672. On its north side, under a window, is an oak carving of two knights in armour, each kneeling on one knee, and serving as supporters to a shield, whereon, I observed Che Fretty, with a Canton in the dexter chief; but too much decayed to decipher the minutiae.

Sat. Sep. 20. – Took coach from Clare south to Castle Hedingham. My! Here now is a castle after my heart. On the road, near Yeldham (I think Yeldham) there is a splendid old oak tree, gnarled and picturesque. A little further the coachman pointed out two graves on the east side of the road in a curious place. They were in a small enclosure or yard, close to an out-house or cow-house, belonging to a private residence. I suppose unconsecrated ground.

The remains of the Castle of Castle Hedingham stand on a fine hill immediately on the east side of the town, within the private grounds of Mr Magendie's property. The modern house is an

Dunmow. Sussex. Sep. 1851.

ugly brick building. The old castle is a square mass, much like the Keep of the Tower of London, but the stone is a better colour. The turrets at the corners project only a few inches from the main building. The summits of those at the north-west and at the south-east angles are gone, but the other two rise high above the body of the great mass of the edifice, which may be eighty feet high.

In the basement story [sic] I measured the wall, and found it twelve feet thick. The entrance door, and the windows, have circular heads and Saxon or Norman mouldings. The interior of the walls is of rubble, but the exterior is a well-wrought [sic] facing of large blocks of good stone. The circular staircase is perfect to the top: and as each stair is six feet long, with a massive newel, some eighteen inches thick, it is the most comfortable winding staircase I ever mounted. There are passages and small chambers in the thickness of the walls. There are three floors; the great Hall occupying entirely one, and all round it, in the thickness of the wall, there is a gallery, opening into it by arches for spectators, placed about half way between the floor and the ceiling. Altogether it is a splendid piece of antiquity.

Now steered westward towards Dunmow – which they call Dunm [rest of word hidden in fold] accented on the first. On arriving at this place, my first question was – How are you off for bacon? I was told, however, that the place where the Fitches of Bacon may be claimed is Little Dunmow, distant about two miles. I observed that about three years ago, and also recently, during the past summer, I had, in the west of England, seen accounts in the papers, stating that on two several occasions the fletch had been claimed and obtained by certain loving couples; but my informants assured me that in another case alleged was it true. During the past summer it was proposed to get up a sort of fete, with the intention of celebrating a kind sort of sham celebra representation; and with this view it was advertised in the papers. Such an immense concourse of persons, however, prepared to flock into Dunmow, that the inhabitants were alarmed at the amount of their visitors, especially as the majority had accepted the idea that it was a real, and not a fictitious affair. It was feared that when they arrived and discovered the truth, they would smash the windows in the heat of their indignation. It was determined, therefore, to hold a meeting, when the whole project was abandoned. This seems to have been the origin of the paragraphs I had seen in the papers. But they told me that besides the bacon, the applicants could claim certain rates levied in the parish, and all the arrears of these rates back since the last Flitch was applied for; and as I was assured that the Flitch had not been claimed for upwards of a century, the accumulated amount would be enormous. For this reason the good people of Little Dunmow would contemplate with terror, the prospect of such an application.

These facts I jotted down this morning in a letter, and sent them to the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.

Essex. Sep. 1851

Mon. Sep. 22. – From Dunmow took my route to Thraxted; and at about three miles from the latter place, on the west side of the road in a field, there are two masses of stone wall, these being the only remains of an abbey. They are on the property of Lord Maynard.

At Saffron Waldron, on Lord Braybrooke's land, about a hundred and fifty yards east of the church, there are some shapeless pieces of rubble wall, once a castle.

From this place I directed my steps towards Barkway, through the villages of Wenden, Elmdon, Heydon, &c., and during the day walked fifteen miles, the weather being as clear and hot as midsummer.

Tu. Sep. 23. – Walked but seven miles to-day; for the weather was hotter than yesterday, as the wind had fallen, and my feet were not proof against the friction of this pedestrianising. Arrived at the village of Anstey, to which place I steered for the sake of seeing what sort of a castle they have there. On the north side of the Church I found a circular mound of earth, surrounded by a moat, still full of water. The mound at one period (I was told) used to be much higher and more conical, but that about 25 years ago it was partly lowered and leveled [sic]. The circular top, measuring about 100 feet in diameter, is now bearing a crop of potatoes – sufficiently blighted. The sides and also the immediate land in the neighbourhood is so thickly (too thickly) planted with

Hertford. Sep. 1851. and London.

trees, that nothing of the features of the place can be discovered without much trouble. On the north-west side of the mound are two white thorn trees. Under one is a stone hollow vessel, somewhat broken, resembling the font in a church, and which, as I was informed, the workmen turned up when the summit was leveled [sic]. The block of stone, (which measures about 18 inches on every side,) however is not a cube. The bottom is not a square: it is a diamond or trapezoid. The place still goes by the name of The Castle; and there are sundry stories in the village about long subterraneous passages, supposed dungeons, still unexplored, buried treasure, and the like – according to the general and approved custom in all such cases.

Wed. Sep. 24. – Walked from Anstey, through the villages of Brent Pelham, Furneux Pelham (Furnux, as they pronounce it) Aldbury, and Hadham, eleven miles, to Bishop's Stortford, feasting on nuts and blackberries by the road side. They call it Bishop's Stortford, dropping the T.

At this place there was once a castle; but nothing now remains, but a great heap of earth in a field. It is covered with trees, and surmounted by certain remains of stone walls. It bears the name of "The Mound."

Here I took rail for London, where I arrived late in the evening, having been away eleven days. The weather has been splendid.

London. Sep. 1851

Thursday, Sep. 25. – Curious enough! Only twelve hours after I arrived in London, it began to rain. Whilst on my tour I anxiously watched the skies, deprecating a change. It was splendid the whole time; and allowed me to get safe back.

Walked to Chelsea and back across Hyde Park – two miles each way. During a shower, sheltered for ten minutes under a tree. The crowds were beginning to pour forth out of The Exhibition

Fri. Sep. 26. – Walked from Stanley Street, Paddington, to Marlborough Street, to see Mr. Shoberl. Thence to Bayswater, and called on Mr Richards. Then to my abode. In all, about six miles.

Sat. Sep. 27. – Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Richards, at Bayswater, where I met my cousin Mary Roberton, who had come up from Chudleigh on business.

Mon. Sep. 29. 1851. – Michaelmas Day; and very temperate pleasant weather; but the hot suns and clear skies, of which we have had so much this summer and autumn, seem to have passed by for this year. Accompanied Mary Roberton to Messrs. Law, Tindell, & Hussey's, 10 Lincoln Inn New Square; and then we went to the British Museum, to see the new additions, but especially the Nineveh marbles, sent to England by Dr Layard. By the perspective, the drawing, and the general execution, these marbles reveal an early period of art. There is the same want of animation in the figures, such as we see in the sculptures of the Hindoos and Egyptians: whilst a glance at the Elgin

London. October, 1851.

collection, and other works of the Greeks and Romans, where a more advanced stage is perceptible, all is life, and the groups are full of motion and animation. The contrast is very striking. But the Nineveh marbles are particularly interesting from the corroboration which they afford to the sacred, and some of the profane writings. It would be impossible to survey with indifference, those very sculptures which we have reason to suppose were really looked at by the Prophet Daniel himself. Whilst standing by them, the vast space of time seemed to be annihilated; and I could fancy myself contemporary with him and Belshazzar. The engravings of these slabs, which Layard has given in his works, are very faithful to the originals; not only in drawing, but as having preserved their spirit, expression, and character.

Then went to the Reading Room of the Museum, where I had not been for four years.

Last Thursday, the 25th Instant, The Electric Telegraph was again laid down between Dover and Calais – after some bungling.

London, October, 1851.

Th. Oct. 2 1851. – Went again to the Exhibition, for the third time. It was very crowded, and I afterwards learnt that there were 64.298 people there. I looked at the great mass of gold ore from California, recently added to the collection, valued at £3.600. It is

London. Oct. 1851.

about half as big again as one's hat, and looks like a lump of whity-brown sugar, tolerably well crystallised [sic]. Also the great iron gun from Sweden, just arrived, that loads at the breech, and the

great vase of polished red granite. In once more passing through the avenues and galleries, I discovered an infinite number of things worthy of study that I had before overlooked, and if I were to go a dozen times more, I should doubtless continue to discover many more that have, even now, escaped my notice. This is not strange in a place so large and filled with such a vast and such a varied collection. Before I came out I took another look at the Koh-i-noor Diamond, worth between two and three millions of money: and I tried the gravity of the policeman on duty, by the side of the cage in which it is kept, and with all the simplicity I could assume, by asking – Whether the public were allowed to handle that article? Also took another glance at the Queen of Spain's jewels; at the spirited group of sculpture "The Amazon" by Kiss (The German with the ridiculous name); at most of the other objects of sculpture; at the machinery; the wood carving; the furniture; the carpets; the tapestry; the glass; the silver and gold plate; the naval models; the piano-fortes; and other musical instruments; the cutlery; the china; the watch and clock work – in short, I looked all around and admired everywhere, for everything is good in its way.

London. October. 1851.

Sun. Oct. 5. – Went to the church on the nor-west side of Paddington Station. This church with its crocheted spire, is a very good architectural composition outside. The inside is too plain. I was pleased to remark an absence of Puseyism, or semi Popery, in the performance of the service.

Walked out to Kensel [sic] Green Cemetary [sic], where I had made many resolutions to go before. As I went to the Lying-in-State of the Duke of Sussex, I was curious to see his resting place. The monument is nothing but some plain massive blocks of granite, enclosed with a double series of railing. It is at the western end of the ground, furthest from the entrance, and on the right-hand side of the path. Opposite on the left-hand is the tomb of the Princess Sophia – much more costly in design. This cemetary [sic] is not so diversified as some I have seen.

Mon. Oct. 6. – Today 107.815 people went to the exhibition. The greatest number hitherto has been somewhat above 70.000 but now we have arrived at the last week, people seem to be making every effort to flock there.

Had tea with Mrs Kennedy and her two sons, In Charles Street, Westbourn Terrace, who used to live in Sidmouth.

Tues. Oct. 7. – Bingham arrived in Town this evening, from Sidmouth.

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Wed. Oct. 8. – A beautiful day. Went eastward. Walked across Hyde Park from Paddington to Hungerford, where I took steamer for London Bridge. Was struck with the sight of the crowds of people who were hurrying towards the Exhibition. Walked from London Bridge to the Tower. Returned westward by the same route, all the way to Paddington.

Th. Oct. 9. – A miserably drizzly day. Called on Mrs Kennedy in Charles Street, Westbourn Terrace, and on Mr Richards at Bayswater; and found them both at home.

Sat. Oct. 11. – To-day the Great Exhibition closes to the public: Determined to go in order to see the finale. It was immensely crowded, especially in the principal avenues. I think I have enjoyed the examination and contemplation of this vast collection of ingenuity more, the more I have looked into it. To-day I particularly sought out the statue in white marble of a veiled female figure, in the Austrian department. She has a veil over her face, and her features are discernible through. The crowd around this work of art was very great. Also lookd [sic] at the great blue, and the great black diamonds, as well as the Koh-i-Noor: and the large opal, as big as a partridge egg, or bigger. In the Fine-art Court, - amongst the machinery, and even in most of the places where I thought I had sufficiently scrutinised before, I still found many things to admire, which had escaped my notice. The scene at the Refreshment stalls was amusing. It was very difficult to get served, such was the demand for cakes, coffee and ginger beer. The applications were vehement and ravenous; but after waiting awhile I got some buns; and retiring to a snug corner to discuss them, I surveyed the tumult. At five o'clock the organs, and other musical instruments, struck up God Save the Queen; and at least fifty thousand voices accompanied them. The effect was very striking. The National Anthem was succeeded by nine hearty Huzzas, amid the waving of hats by men, and of handkerchiefs by the women. This over, the signal for departure was given by the attendants; namely, beating all the numerous great bells, either for church towers or turret clocks, with which the building is well supplied, with mallets, or ringing them with ropes. Amid the most stunning din and jingling. I issued out with the multitude into the Park; and returned to my domicile much pleased.

Sun. Oct. 12. – In the afternoon I enjoyed the country air at Hampton Court.

Mon. Oct. 13. – Went again to the Record Office in The Tower, and copied some memorandums from the Fine Rolls and the Inquisitio post mortem.

Tu. Oct. 14. – I was struck with the first leading article in The Times to-day. The substance of that article has been virtually pilfered from me. On the first of this month – a fortnight ago – I wrote a letter to the Editor of The Times on the subject of Ireland. My letter was not printed, and no notice was taken of it; and as so great a (Image 160)

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length of time had elapsed, I concluded that my letter was not worth printing, and that it had been thrown aside. Judge my surprise, however, this morning on looking into the paper, to detect in that article, the substance of my own letter! It is not fair thus to steal a person's ideas. Such dishonourable conduct merits the most severe censure.

Went into Hyde Park, and made a coloured sketch of the north-west side or angle of the centre part of the Crystal Palace.

Then, unexpectedly, fell in with my old chum J.M. Berry Esqr.

Then walked to Westbourn Park Villas to call on Newgent [?] Tyrell.

Thu. Oct. 16. – Went to the Record Office at the East End of Carlton Ride, and made some extracts from the Testa de Neville, and the De Quo Waranto. I quoted from the first volume of the former, which is a book about 5 inches thick, and near 14 or 15 by 10. The writing is large and clear, in two columns, and the whole in good condition. The latter, from which I made my extract, was a bundle of skins about 9 inches wide, and a yard long, or there about (sic), tied together, or sewn together, at one end.

Fri. Oct. 17. – Went down to Lambeth Palace, to see Mr. Felix Knyvell, the Secretary, and to inquire whether, in the Archiepiscopal Library, there may be any documents or MSS. referring in any way to the ancient history of Sidmouth. I think I have a clue to something.

Then went again to the Chapter House at Westminster, and made some transcripts from the Hundred Rolls.

This is a curious looking Chapter House, covered as the walls on all sides are with plain deal bookcases and shelves, and

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every part filled with records. I was told that it had been thus fitted up and appropriated for the last 300 years. I presume that as soon as the new Record Offices near Chancery Lane are completed, and thoroughly dry, all these various archives, now scattered over London and Westminster, will be collected under one roof.

Sat. Oct. 18. – Once more at The Tower, where Mr. T.D. Hardy, as usual, was in attendance; and made several extracts from The Close, and the Fine Rolls.

Had tea with J.M. Berry, in Great Castle Street, Cavendish Square

Sun. Oct. 19. – Went to the church at the west end of Sussex Gardens Paddington.

Mon. Oct. 20. – Walked from Stanley Street, Paddington, to the Adelphi Pier, where I found a steamer that took me to London Bridge for one half-penny. Walked back through Newgate Street, Holborne, and Oxford Street, calling at several places along the way.

Tuesd. Oct. 21. – Walked down to Hungerford Pier, and took the steamer for two pence to Lambeth Palace. Through the courtesy of Mr. Felix Neville Knyvell, I made a copy of an entry relating to Sidmouth, of Cromwell's time, in vol. 5. p.342, of the Parliamentary Survey of 1646-50.

Thence took the steamer to Westminster, and called on the Msrs. Nicholls, in Parliament Street. Thence to Mr. Thursfield near Vauxhall Road. Then called on Mrs. Rees, near Chelsea Hospital. And then walked back to Paddington, through Hyde Park, taking a passing look at the Crystal Palace – which they are dismantling.

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Wedn. Oct. 22. – Went to the Library at the British Museum; and after that went to the Medal Room, to inquire what Roman coins they had bearing the Centaur. I wished for copies of them, with a view to having them engraved, in order, ultimately, to illustrate as fully as possible the subject of the Bronze Centaur found at Sidmouth. At least five coins of Gallienus bore the Centaur; two of Carausius and one or more of Antoninus Pius, Tetricus, and Trajan. The last is a contest between a Centaur and the Lapith[s?]. I believe, however, they have only those of Gallienus in the Museum.

Th. Oct. 23. – Went down to the marine store dealers to-day to see if I could get a good size second-hand flag to hoist in the tree before the house at Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth. By a little inquiry I soon found a wopper (sic). It is about 15 feet by 20, and a red ensign. The man told me that such a flag new, would cost three guineas and a half. After some little fighting, I got it for 15 shillings.

Fri. Oct. 24. – At the Record Office in Carlton Gardens I transcribed half of the original deed wherein Agnes, last Abbess of Sion, leases the manor of Sidmouth for 99 years to Richard Gosenell, for £517¹⁷ p. annum. It is on parchment, measuring about 18 inches high, by perhaps 24 wide. The skin has turned nearly as brown as the ink in some places: and the commencement of the last 4 or 5 lines on the left hand, are obliterated. It appears originally to have had a seal.

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Sat. Oct. 25. – Finished copying the aforesaid lease. Had a lesson in wood engraving from Miss Lucinda Kelly.

Sun. Oct. 26. – Went to church and then called and said good bye to the Richardses and Mrs. Kennedy.

Mon. Oct. 27. – At the Record Office in Carlton Ride I made some extracts from the accounts and rents of the manors formerly belonging to Sion House, that of Sidmouth being one. These MSS, which I have come upon quite unexpectedly, are apparently the very ones I wrote to the Duke of Northumberland about. But as I am going down to Sidmouth in a few days, I must leave them for a future opportunity, for they are too voluminous to copy now.

Tues. Oct. 28. – In the Medal Room of the British Museum, they gave me four sealing wax impressions of four coins of Gallienus bearing the Centaur. I have been enquiring for copies of all the Roman coins bearing the Centaur I could procure.

Th. Oct. 30. –To-day I got a look at Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian, who, at this moment, is the topic of conversation in London. He arrived in London a few days ago, and the English people are making great demonstrations in his favour. Whether he is really worthy of these demonstrations, or whether he is not, I confess to some difficulty in coming to a decision. On the one hand I have heard him extolled to the skies as a true friend to his country, who has only endeavoured to free Hungary from the unjust oppressions and tyrannies of Austria; and on the other hand, I have heard him denounced

as a rebel to his sovereign, who, by dishonest and unscrupulous means, has sought to overturn all established government, give licence

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to misrule, and be ready for any measures, however ultra or insurrectionary, in order to serve his own ends. Between these two pictures, I have found it somewhat difficult to decide. I refuse to be led by the newspapers, because I think they are too frequently ignorant of the real merits of a great or intricate question, and go rather by the popular voice. He has escaped from the hands of his enemies, and has paid a visit to England, on his way, it is said, to America. But it is hinted that these public demonstrations are not without their object. It is hinted that he is trying to interest the English people in his own and his country's cause, with a view to future operations. We shall see.

He went this morning from Westminster into the city to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor. I went down and saw him in The Strand, near the bottom of Agar Street. He was in an open carriage drawn by four grays, accompanied by several gentlemen. In his style he looked very German – very like one half of the foreigners one meets near Leicester Square. The engravings that have been published of him are not like, and too flattering. There is nothing particularly striking in his countenance. He wore a queer shaped hat, something like a lady's riding hat, with a black feather in it. He was much cheered as he passed, and he frequently rose up, and taking his hat off, acknowledged these greetings. He does not look much more than five-and-forty, though I have heard he is near fifty.

Left Paddington by the mail train, at 9 o'clock this evening for Devonshire.

London and Sidmouth, Oct. 1851

Fri. Oct. 31. –Travelled all night. Most of my fellow travellers slept; but this I never do. At half past four this morning we arrived safe at Exeter (so the expense of insuring my life for the journey was useless as it happened) and here I got out. Had a good warm at a nice fire at the New London Inn, and took a brisk walk in the dark up and down High Street, and a little before six, just as the dawn was beginning to appear, I got on the mail for Sidmouth. We proceeded on through Ottery, and I got home by eight.

Sun. Nov. 2. – Went to All Saints Church.

Tu. Nov. 4. – Hired Holmes, a young man who lives "up on land," who has been a sailor, and who is a good climber, to get into the tree, and assist me in getting up some new and stronger halyards for my great flag.

Wed. Nov. 5. – Old pope day! Had up my new flag for the first time. Amongst the admirers of my new display, is Wheaton, the sexton, who gazed at it from the churchyard. He wants to beg it of me to hoist on the top of the tower! I reminded him that I had given a considerable sum of money for it. That perhaps the Vicar would not mind two or three guineas for a flag for his own tower: or that, if the parishioners would subscribe for such a purpose, I would contribute.

Sidmouth Devon, Nov. 1851

Saturday. Nov. 8. – Walked out to Sidbury. Called at the Vicarage, recently rebuilt since the unfortunate fire. Then had tea with Mrs Church and her boy, who are sojourning at Sidbury, on his account, for change of air.

Sun. Nov. 9. – Prince of Wales's birthday. Had up my flag.

Wed. Nov. 12. – Our neighbour in Coburg Terrace, Miss Brotherton, had a snug tea with mother and self – Bingham dining with the Wolcotts.

Th. Nov. 13. – Went with Mr Heineken to the top of High Peak Hill, to examine the earthworks. We went in a vehicle over Peak Hill, past Pinn Farm, and then on perhaps half a mile before we found a lane towards the south; and after that we had to turn back again, having got (sic) too far. In this circuitous way we reached the upper cone of High Peak Hill. We examined the beds of charcoal, which I regret to say are fast wearing out. The flagstaff which the lightning (sic) shattered, we measured with a quadrant, and made it 48 feet 9 inches. The "apparent tumulus," as I have turned it in my plan in the Gentleman's Magazine, next took our attention. He had brought a spade wrapped [sic] up in brown paper, to escape notice, for we had no permission to dig; and I had fortified myself with the kitchen poker! With these tools I set to work. He took an opportunity, when he thought I was not looking, of dropping a Roman coin into the ground. We had a good deal of laughing when the coin was turned up; but I charged him with the fraud. My tools, I found, were not efficient enough to make much progress amongst the closely packed stones and earth. I still think it may have been a barrow. We were only able to make a slight examination of the spot.

On returning, we sent the carriage round. We walked to Peak Hill, where we joined it; and got in to descend to Sidmouth. The weather was beautiful.

Sun. Nov. 16. – Walked to Sidbury this morning. Before I came back, I took a turn on Sidbury Castle Hill. Walked all round: remarked the ancient flanked entrance at the western end: the various points of interest I had before dwelt upon: and descending through the wood on its south slope, walked back to Sidmouth.

Monday Nov. 17. 1851. – My birthday. Called on Mr Barrett, bootmaker, one of the churchwardens, to ask for permission to search the parish chest. Took a brisk walk to the top of Peak Hill and back, for the morning was clear and cold.

Finished reading a History of Kirkstall Abbey.

Sidmouth, Nov. 1851

Tuesd. Nov. 18. – Splendid day, but cold. After breakfast, started over Peak Hill, to the top of High Peak, to discover what has become of the flagstaff, which Mr Heineken and myself measured last Thursday. It vanished last Saturday. On arriving at the spot, I see that it has been dug up, and wholly removed. The north wind was rather sharp and the frost was on the grass in the shady places: so I went out over on the sea face of the cliff, sheltered from the wind, and warmed by the bright sun. Here I reclined for half an hour, spy-glass in hand, and enjoying the fine view. Walked back, and got to Coburg Terrace by one o' clock.

Wed. Nov. 19. – Laid an etching ground on a copper plate X inches, and traced thereon a bird's-eye view of Sidmouth – being the modern view, in contradistinction to the "Sidemew Brito-Romana Restaurata," which I mean to engrave.

Thurs. Nov. 20. – Sent off to Australia our joint letter to Fanny in answer to her last of April 30, which we received Novr. 16.

Engraved 4 hours.

In the evening, went with mother and Bingham next door, to a party at Miss Brotherton's.

Frid. Novr. 21. – Princess Royal's Birthday. Had up my great red ensign. It blew a stiff breeze from the north; and my, how the flag did pull!

Sat. Nov. 22. – Engraved 4 hours; and with the previous 8 = 12.

Sun. Nov. 23. – Walked to Sidbury. Returning, took a turn over Core Hill. Went up the field on the north side of the hedge dividing the parishes. It is as steep as the roof of a house. This

Sidmouth. November. 1851.

field was enclosed and cleared of furze last year. It now bears a crop of turnips. They are obliged to hold on tolerably tight with their roots, otherwise they would roll down the hill.

Mon. Nov. 24. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. $4\frac{1}{2} + 12 = 16\frac{1}{2}$. Spent the evening at Mrs Walker's, where I met the three Misses Elphinstone, Miss Wodsworth, Miss Emily Fitz-Gerald, and the family.

Tues. Nov. 25. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. $4\frac{1}{2} + 16\frac{1}{2} = 21$, hours.

Wed. Nov. 26. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This with the previous 21 makes $25\frac{1}{2}$.

Thur. Nov. 27. – Engraved $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours:- $2\frac{1}{2} + 25\frac{1}{2} = 28$ hours.

Went to Sidbury in a two-horse four-wheel with mother to pay some visits. We called at Lime Park and took up Mrs Walker. At Sidbury we called on Mrs Church (Mrs Walker's daughter) then at the Vicarage: then at Court Hall. When returning we called at Primley Hill, Mount Edgar, and at Livonia. The day was fine, but somewhat cold.

Friday. Nov. 28. – Engraved 3 hours. 2 [sic] + 28 = 31.

Sat. Nov. 29. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. $4\frac{1}{2} + 31 = 35\frac{1}{2}$.

Sun. Nov. 30. – At church at All Saints. In the afternoon took a walk via the Bickwell Fields, the steep green lane which I have heard called “The East Indies”: then up over the wild part of Peak Hill where the wortle berries grow (some of which I picked and eat [sic]) and so on westerly across the flat top of the hill till I looked down upon the valley of the Otter. When looking towards the sea, this part of the hill seems to be at least 100 higher than Peak Hill near the cliff. Returned home by the road near the cliff.

Sidmouth, December 1851.

Mon. Dec. 1. 1851. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. $4\frac{1}{2} + 35\frac{1}{2} = 40$ hours.

Tues. Dec. 2. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours. This with the former makes $44\frac{1}{2}$.

Wed. Dec. 3. – Engraved 4 hours. This 4 added to the $44\frac{1}{2}$ makes $48\frac{1}{2}$.

Th. Dec. 4. – Engraved $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours: $4\frac{1}{2} + 48\frac{1}{2} = 53$ hours.

Friday, Dec. 5. – Engraved 2 hours, and finished the work –The “BIRD’S EYE VIEW OF SIDMOUTH, DEVON.” This 2 hours added to the former 53, will make 55 hours. Next proceeded to put on the acid. The weather, however, during the time the thing has been in hand, has been cold and frosty, and the “ground” on the copper plate so brittle that it kept continually chipping off under the action of the etching needle. Sometimes I thought that the work would be entirely spoilt; but by every now and then warming the back of the plate at the fire, I managed to go on.

Made the “wall” round the edge, and put on the mixture of nitric acid and water –3 of the latter to 1 of the former: but the coldness of the weather so retarded its action, that I added some more acid. In order to find out when the acid has been on long enough, I now follow a different plan from my former one. I used to go by time; but this is altogether fallacious, as the action of the acid is very different in different temperatures of the air. I find the best way is, to note well those parts of the work where the lines of the etching needle are closest together, whether parallel lines or cross-hatching, whilst the acid is on. By then taking notice when those places begin to “break up” and come off, a fair criterion is afforded as to how far the progress of the corrosion has gone on. The closest parts will, of course, break up first; and these, therefore, are the localities where the required information is to be obtained. I bit in some of the parts rather dark, in order that the plate should yield the more impressions, for the the View of Sidmouth from the Sea, which I did some years ago, was bit in so faintly, that the lighter parts soon wore out in printing.

Sat. Dec. 6. – Finished the biting in, and cleaned off the plate.

Sun. Dec. 7. – After church walked to Sidbury. Had tea at Lime Park, on my way back.

Tu. Dec. 9. – Walked out to Sidford to look at the house where Charles the Second is said to have taken refuge, and to have slept for a night, at the time when he was endeavouring to escape from his enemies. It stands on the south side of the road, at about midway between the Bridge and High Street, and on the chimney bears the date 1574, with the letters N·I·E under the figures. At present it is tenanted by two families, Horn, a baker, occupying the western half, which is the most interesting position, from association. I am

Sidmouth, December, 1851.

told that it is called "Porch House." It is now the property of Hughes Ball Hughes Esqr. Lord of the Manor of Sidmouth. The room in which the king is reputed to have slept is on the first floor at the north-west corner of the building. I ascended to it by a ladder – a modern contrivance, for the ancient doorway, at the top of the stairs, is fastened up and not used. It is now only a lumber room, without any furniture. The lintel of the fireplace is of stone sculptured; and in the spandrels are the letters I and N; but the diagonal stroke of the N slopes the wrong way. There are several strange cupboards and recesses in the walls; and on the panels and doors of these, there are some remains of carvings. The tradition goes, that when the king left, he forgot one of his gloves, which he left behind him. **All stuff? He was not there. Read the "Boscobel Tracts."**

On my way I looked at an old house about three or four hundred yards beyond Sid Abbey, in Salcombe Parish. It is on the west side of the road, with the chimney of the gable flush as one passes by. It bears the date 1711 thus – 17SM11. Some persons have mistaken the letter S for a figure 5; and thought that it should be fifteen hundred and odd. But from examining the sculpture carefully with an opera-glass, I am satisfied that such a mistake is very palpable.

Sidmouth, Dec. 1851.

Th. Dec. 11. – Received eight proofs of my "BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SIDMOUTH". They are much too dark; but I shall hope that a larger press, and better printing than can be had in Sidmouth, will produce better impressions than these are.

Fr. Dec. 12. – Sent Wolcott and Lang's cheque for £296² to the Devon and Cornwall Bank, Exeter.

Gardened for a couple of hours.

Occupied all the morning now buffing the keys of the piano forte. Glued on all the pieces of felt on one side of the hammers, and will finish with the other side when these are dry.

Sat. Dec. 13. – Glued the other end of the felt to the hammers.

Sun. Dec. 14. – At church at all saints' [sic] with mother; having taken a sitting on the 6th Trustant, in addition to her own.

Mon. Dec. 15. – Finished buffing the piano; and have certainly much improved the touch and tone.

Tu. Dec. 16. – Walked to Sidbury Castle House to call on Mr. Le Patourel.

Wed. Dec. 17. – Gardened. Made a fire and burnt the weeds. Kept it in all day, and up to bed time.

Th. Dec. 18. – After breakfast went into the garden to spread the ashes of my fire of yesterday. On putting the spade into it, I found that the embers were still all alight.

Had a practise on my French horn, which has been laying by for the last two or three years. Must get a horn with valves.

Sidmouth. Dec. 1851.

Fri. Dec. 19. – Put a brass hook behind the front door to keep it open.

Sat. Dec. 20. – Started to call on Mr Harvey at Packham – our former neighbour at 3 Coburg Terrace. Got as far as Sidford, when it came on to rain so hard that I was obliged to turn back.

Sun. Dec. 21. – A tremendously rainy day – but being the shortest day, it was soon over.

Mon. Dec. 22. – Witnessed Mrs Walker's signature at Lime Park.

Tu. Dec. 23. – Walked to Sidbury Castle House and back. In the evening had some music at Mr Heineken's.

Wed. Dec. 24. – Beautiful day! Clear sky – bright sun! Made a geological expedition along the beach to Ladram Bay and back. Made drawings of the faults, dislocations, and principal features of the cliff all the way. From observation I find that the strata of Peak Hill rise $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees towards the west. From the face of the cliff in Sandy Cove, just behind Picket Rock, I knocked out some large specimens of the alcyonite.

In a letter from Bingham from London, received the triplicate of the order on the South Australian Banking company, which declares that Y.B. Hutchinson Esqr. had, on the 11th Instant paid to the credit of Charles Rumley Esqr. the sum of £1249¹¹/. Read it and sent it back.

Sidmouth. Dec. 1851.

Mon. Dec. 29. – Finished engraving a new card plate, my name executed in characters to imitate my hand writing. This was entirely done with the graver, and consequently a great achievement for me. The words in small letters I got a professional engraver to execute, namely "Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth."

In the evening went first to a party at Mrs Creighton's, in Coburg Terrace; and secondly to Mrs Walker's, Lime Park.

Tues. Dec. 30. – Walked to Paccombe and called on Mr. Harvey. It is a good many years now, since I was last at Paccombe.

POH Transcripts - 1852

Th. January 1, 1852. – Beautiful bright, fine day. Gardened all the morning. Dined with the Walkers at Lime Park.

Sat. Jan. 3. – Put up an oval piece of plate glass for the servants to look into the hall from the kitchen.

Mon. Jan. 5. – Gardened for a couple of hours. Had music at Mr Heineken's in the evening.

Tu. Jan 6. – Took a walk to Weston Mouth and back on the beach, to make some geological observations. A rough walk too. Brought back several specimens of gypsum, which a lad told me the common people call "spear."

Sidmouth, Jan. 1852.

Fri. Jan. 9. – Finished turning the brass setting of my achromatic object lens in Mr. Heineken's lathe.

Sat. Jan. 10. – Fine, clear, frosty morning, with the roads slippery with ice. Walked to Sidbury and called on several friends. Soon after I had returned home it changed; and a rainy thaw came on.

Mon. Jan. 12. – Music at Mr. Heineken's. Played Overture to Semiramide as a quartette [sic] – Miss Heineken piano; her father, double bass; Mr Jackson, of Barnstaple, flute; I horn.

Tu. Jan. 13. – Finished my engraving of the plan of Blackbury Castle.

Mon. Jan. 19. – A small party at home, this evening.

Tu. Jan. 20. – Had tea at Lime Park and played Loo.

Wed. Jan. 21. – Finished writing out the Overture to Semiramide.

Sun. Jan. 25. – Beautiful day. Walked over Salcombe Hill, and went to Salcombe Church. Mr Chrichlow, the curate, did the duty. Returned in company with Mrs. Cornish of Salcombe Hill, and Captain Lang.

Monday. Jan. 25. – Music at Mr. Heineken's. We had Overture to Semiramide with piano, horn, violin, and drum.

Tu. Feb. 3. – Walked to Sidbury. Spent the evening at the vicarage, and played four games of chess with the vicar. Mrs. Fellowes, the vicar's wife, (a Bourke) is descended from Harlotta, mother of William the Conqueror, as appears in the pedigree I brought home to look over. The Marquis of Clauricard represents the eldest branch of this family.

Th. Feb. 12. –Had a good practice, flute and piano, with Mrs. Jenkins at Lime Park. Spent the evening there. The Miss Elphinstones, of Livonia Cottage, came in.

Fri. Feb. 13. –Finished engraving the “Bird’s Eye View of Sidmouth, Devon, from the Sea.” The second attempt. By referring back to December the 5th. I see I was 55 hours about the last: this one I did in 37 hours – but there is not so much work in it.

Sat. Feb. 14. –Received four Valentines: but have no idea who any of them are from.

Sun. Feb. 23. –In the afternoon took a walk to Bulverton and Peak Hill, and the neighbourhood.

–Walked to Sidbury and back.

Sun. Mar. 7. – In the afternoon walked to Salcombe Mouth on the beach, and returned over Salcombe Hill.

Thur. Mar. 4. – At a party at the Tollers. Played the flute there.

Monday - Mar. 8. – A party of about 25 at home. Mostly music. Played the French horn to an audience in accompanying Mr. Heineken’s voice in the song “The Angel of Life.” The general notion was that so large a brass instrument would be deafening if played in a room. When they heard it, they were surprised how soft it was.

Sidmouth. Mar. 1852.

Tuesd. Mar. 18 9. – At a party at Mrs Walker’s, Lime Park – mostly music. Played the horn again (as well as the flute). When I brought it into the room, much doubt was manifested by those who had not heard it, as to whether so military and so large an instrument would not either stun them, or blow them all out of the windows. I assured them that the French Horn was the most mellow of all the brass instruments. I accompanied Mr. Heineken in two songs; and they were surprised to find that his voice was even stronger than that fierce looking instrument.

Sun. Mar. 14. – After church at All Saints’ took a walk to Manstone Farm, then up Manstone Lane to High Street, where I found, among some flints on the road, a good specimen of the Cetites or Eagle’s Stone: walked along High Street westward, and came down at Woolbrook: returned home by Bulverton. There were two large blazes of fire in the plantation on Bulverton Hill, and immense volumes of smoke rising. Some mischievous person is supposed to have done it. Yesterday evening all the furze on Beacon Hill, near Core hill was on fire.

Mon. Mar. 15. – Gardened as usual for an hour or two, and have nearly got all the seeds in.

Sidmouth. March, 1852.

Su. Mar. 21. – In the afternoon walked up to the top of Bulverton Hill, to see where the fire was last Sunday. On getting there the furze and underwood was destroyed for a great distance, and the trunks of the fir trees in the plantations so charred, that the trees probably will not survive. Their lower branches and foliage are also burnt off. The scene was a black expanse of desolation, wherever the dried grass, furze, or foliage had favoured its progress. I observe in the papers that similar fires have occurred on the hills in other parts of the county.

Tu. Mar. 23. – Called on Mr Birbeck (now of Greenbank) of Settle in Yorkshire, to return Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable places," which he has lent me to read.

Spent the evening at Mrs. Walker's Lime Park, where I met the three Miss Elphinstones. Came home and dreamt of Miss Amelia.

Wed. Mr. 24. – Bright sun and very warm – felt so especially after the long continued north-easters we have had. Walked to Sidbury Vicarage. Took the French horn, and played several things with harp and violin; also accompanied the Miss Felloweses in some songs. Stayed to tea; and had some chess with the Rev. H. Fellowes, the Vicar.

Sidmouth & Exeter. March, 1852.

Th. Mar. 25. – Lady Day. Called on Mr Lobach, Mrs. Elphinstone's brother. Out.

Fr. Mar. 26. – Went into Exeter to shop. Ordered down patterns of carpets and of papers. Bought a fender and a coal scuttle for the drawing-room: a letter weigher (white glass stem) a table cover for the diningroom [sic], &c. &c. Slept at my old lodgings, 63 St. Sidwells.

Sat. Mar. 27. – Went on with my shopping – returned home.

Sun. Mar. 28. – All Saints' church in the morning. Fine afternoon. Walked to the top of Core Hill, and enjoyed a beautiful view.

Sat. Ap. 3. – Engraved Mr. Heineken's coat of arms on a block of slate, with which he means to stamp his music. This was an experiment; but slate is not a good material for engraving on. It blunts the tool rapidly – is brittle – and the chips prevent one seeing one's work.

Su. Ap. 4. – It was a splendid day. Walked during the afternoon to the top of Sidbury Castle Hill, and back.

Mon. Ap. 5. – Engraved the small copper Carolus coin, recently found in the Fort Field, Sidmouth, on box wood.

Tu. Ap. 6. – Started in a phaeton with Mr. Heineken to make some examination of the top of Sidbury Castle Hill. The west end extremity of the camp has lately been cleared of the coppice, and, for the first time, I had an opportunity of examining the plan of the ancient entrance, and of laying it down. Here I dug a trench with a spade, in the vain hope of turning up some coin, spear head, or bronze weapon – but I dug to no purpose. I found two green sand nodules, as large as apples, which rattled like the cetites on shaking them; and these I pocketed.

In the centre of the camp, on the highest ground, near the ash tree, we planted our compass; and found that the mouth of the Sid lay due south of us. With a water level we took observations at all the surrounding hills.

Before we started in the morning, we sent a man on to the top of High Peak, with a long fishing rod and a flag on it. This he was to hold up at an appointed hour and wave for 20 minutes. We were anxious to find out whether signals could be made from the hill fortress on High Peak to Sidbury Castle. There seems little doubt that intelligence could at one period have been conveyed between these two stations; but as the plantations on Peak Hill now intervene, and have grown so high, we were unable to discover the little flag.

Having discussed our sandwiches and beer (into which we dived with considerable avidity) we proceeded to the plantation at the east end of the hill. We measured the slope of the agger, and found it 45 feet. We then examined “The Treasury,” or “Money Heap,” a tumulus of dry bleached flint. Some persons had been sinking a hole into the top of it, into which I descended, but no kist-van has been come to. On descending the hill we found a large globular stone wonderfully like a human skull; but it is a mass of chalcedony [sic]. I brought it home.

A boy near Castle House told us a legend about the “Money Heap.” He said there was one Joe Lugg, a day labourer, who lived at Sidbury, once conceived a strong desire to penetrate into that supposed depository of hidden treasure. He used to steal up into the plantation and dig; but strange to say, the hole that he made during the day, was all filled in again during the night following, so that he never progressed in his work. That some supernatural hand did this he had no doubt; especially as he was much troubled when on the hill, by certain airy figures flitting round him. The unaccountable filling in of the flints, as fast as he turned them out, and the dread forms by which he was haunted, were quite enough to scare him from the work. So much had he been frightened, that nothing could afterwards make him willingly go near the spot. However the boy described old Joe Lugg as being “a terrible feller for zider;” and a pic-nic or Gypsy party was made up to take place on the hill. Joe could not resist the hogshead of cider which was carried there. He joined the party: but “he valled away,” as the boy expressed it; by which I understand Joe fainted or fell away, probably at the sight of the airy figures which appeared to him, though they were unseen by his friends. The story ends by saying that they were obliged to carry him home.

Sidmouth, April. 1852

Wed. Ap. 7. – Walked to Sidbury, though somewhat stiff with yesterday’s flagging. Called at the Vicarage, and had tea afterwards with Mrs. Church and Mrs. Jenkins of Lime Park, who are sojourning in lodgings at Sidbury. Walked back at ten.

Th. Ap. 8. – Ground the glass for my camera.

Su. Ap. 11. – After church took a walk to Sandy Cove, on the beach.

Wed. Ap. 14. – Called at the Luke's, Elphinstone's and Walker's with mother.

Th. Ap. 15. – At a party at the Radford's, Sidmount. Played horn & flute.

Fri. Ap. 16. – Walked again to Sidbury Castle, having heard that there are two outworks, of which I was before ignorant. There is certainly a small platform against the outer and lower agger in the middle of the flank of the camp, both on the south and north sides – the latter, however, being scarcely perceptible. I know not what these could have been for, unless for heaping and burning wood on, to act as beacons. Possibly they avoided making their fire on the crown of the hill, within the entrenchments, as it might interfere with their habitations. The idea that such situations were used as beacons receives confirmation when we bear in mind that it was on the agger, similarly placed, that I discovered the charcoal on High Peak.

Sun. Ap. 18, 1852. – At All Saints' church in the morning.

In the afternoon, the weather still continuing dry and beautiful, walked to Beacon Hill overlooking Harpford Wood. The view is splendid. The former beacon seems to have been a building like Culmstock Beacon on the Blackdown Hills. (See Diary, August 7. 1851) It was about 12 feet in diameter outside. All that remains is part of the circular stone wall, which is two feet thick, standing about five feet out of the ground. But it is very ruinous.

Frid. May 7. – At last, after scarcely any rain for about three months, the dry weather seems to be breaking up.

And now the house is getting into order, after a fortnight's disorder. Several rooms have been papered – the dining room, breakfast room, three bed rooms, hall and staircase. The hall, staircase, & drawing room painted white. Hall canvas, and new carpets in the dining room, and two bedrooms.

My time lately has been filled up with engraving, examining the top of Sidbury Castle hill, music, gardening, &c.

Wed. May 12. – Tried some photographs on glass with collodion, but did not succeed to my satisfaction.

Sidmouth. May 1852.

Wed. May 19. – At a small party at Lime Park, where I met the Orchards, of Salcombe, the Mortimers, and the James Jenkinses of Radway.

Wed. May 26 – Called on Mrs. Cornish of Salcombe Hill, by appointment, and copied some parts of the map of Salcombe Parish, especially the Sidmouth Poor Lands, and the boundary line between that parish and Sidmouth, which in my published map is wrong.

We learn that cousin William Hutchinson, Perpetual Curate of Hanford, in Staffordshire, had a daughter, born May 9, at 10.20 P.M.

Fri. May 28. – At a small party at Sid Abbey. Music, prayers, supper.

Finished engraving “High Peak Hill from Peak Hill, near Sidmouth.”

Tuesday. May June 1, Duly bespoke my place last night to go away this morning, but somehow they forgot me, and I was left behind. It was of no consequence; nevertheless I was somewhat savage.

Wed. June. 2. Started from Sidmouth by the mail for an excursion to Avranches and St. Michael’s Mount, in Normandy, to search the cartulary and other old MSS. belonging to that Abbey, in which I hope to find some memorandums relating to Sidmouth.

Arrived in Exeter. Saw Bingham. He wired me not to be a week in France, as he wants me back to his wedding. Called on Dr. Oliver, and told him the object of my expedition – in which he takes much interest. Took the rail, and got to Plymouth by five.

Thursday. June. 3. Walked about Plymouth. Called on my aunt Lady Parker. Heard the band play on the Hoe. Went over the Citadel. Procured a passeport [sic] at Luscombe & Driscolls’, Vauxhall Street, for five shillings. Embarked in the steamer at half past

England and France

five in the afternoon, and steamed away for Jersey. The Queen, three decker, and two frigates were lying inside the Breakwater. I was sea-sick of course; but I had companions in my distress – even four French nuns, who were as sick as any heretics could well be. Slept on the sofa all night.

Friday. June. 4. Got up at four, just as the sun was rising. At five we stopped off St. Peter’s Port, Guernsey, to set down some passengers, and take in new. The island looks bare, for want of more trees. I was surprised at the imposing appearance of the town, built all up the side of the hill from the water.

We resumed our voyage at six, and finally reached Jersey by ten. St Heliers is a large and good town for so remote a place. As there was no packet to France till the next day, I was obliged to wait: so I amused myself with rambling about the place.

Saturday, June. 5 – Got up at five: had a hasty breakfast; and at six I embarked in the Rose steamer for Granville. The coast of France is discernible to the naked eye towards the east. After a very calm and pleasant voyage of four hours, we got to Granville; and as there was a brig lying across the entrance to the harbour we managed to run against the pier head, and stove in our bulwarks. It gave us a precious shaking, and frightened the ladies. Here my passeport [sic] was overhauled; but my one carpet bag, was allowed to pass without even being looked at. The first thing that strikes the eye is the

Avranches, June 1852

preposterous caps of the women. It was market day and the town was full of people. Whilst I was trying hard to maintain my gravity at such eccentricity, a shower of rain came on, and they reared aloft a number of crimson and scarlet umbrellas. These huge caps covered with such gaudy machines was a sight enough to make any one laugh.

I took the diligence at half past eleven for Avranchs [sic], and arrived at three, the distance being about six leagues and a half. The greater part of the way the road is as straight as a line. One can see along it for miles. The face of the country all the way is exactly like a Devonshire scene – the large hedges made of earth and covered with bushes – the smallness of the enclosures – the crops grown – the appearance of the tillage – and the most common trees, as oak, ash, and elm. I could quite fancy myself in Devonshire. I was told that agricultural labourers get about one franc a day. The diligence put me down at the Hotel de France, and there I established myself.

Sunday, June 6. – Went to the cathedral. It was well filled; but mostly with women – a general remark in Roman Catholic countries.

Monday, June 7. Went to the Library of the College, and found the charter of Edward the Confessor, which I went to Normandy to copy. This Library is open to all the world, without introduction, every day from 10 till 12, and Thursdays all day. The Conservateur is Mons. Chancé. Then rambled about and made some sketches.

Avranches, Normandie. June 1852.

Tues. June 8. Copied the charter of Edward the Confessor from The Cartulary of St. Michael's Mount. Monsieur Chancé also made me a copy – so I have two that were taken from the original MS. Mons. Chancé then produced a visitors' book, in which I wrote my name, and made a few pertinent remarks.

Wed. June 9. – [SEVERAL WORDS OVERWRITTEN AND ILLEGIBLE HERE], paid my bill, and left Avranches for St. Michael's Mount. N.B. She [?] very little [?], and this is the only [?] [?] had in France. Went to Pontorson in a cabriolet. Then started off to walk two leagues or more to the Mount. As it happened to be neap tides, I could approach over the sands without danger. There are many fearful stories going, of persons getting engulfed in the quick sands and lost. For a whole week, however, during the neap tides, the sea never covers the sand, nor surrounds the Mount at high water, spring tides, it covers it to the depth of two or three yards, as I understood; and strangers ought to have guides when they cross them it. I did not arrive until it was getting dusk. I proceeded as directed, to the hotel of Madame Pouvier[?], where I slept comfortably.

Thursday, June 10, 1852. – This morning a woman of upwards of sixty acted as my guide. She first took me all round the Mount on the sands – showed me the foot-print on the rock, which was all full of sand, washed into it by the tide, and made me put my

St. Michael's Mount, Normandy, June 1852.

own foot into it, to try the shape. She then pointed out Montgomeré's door and flight of steps; and further on, towards the east side, the projecting tower of the surrounding fortifications, which is built upon piles. Having made the circuit, we entered the gate again. I took a sketch of the two great wrought iron guns near the inner gate, which, as the histories mention, were captured from the English, who besieged the Mount in 1424. We ascended the street, entered the church, went over the ramparts; and at eleven o'clock, I was allowed to enter the upper buildings of the old abbey (after my passeport [sic] had been examined) which are now used as a prison for offenders against the state. I examined the whole of it up to the very top, accompanied by a soldier of the garrison. They are not allowed to take any gratuity. After this my guide again joined me. I gave her two francs, which, I believe was liberal pay. St. Michael's Mount is a little parish of itself. The inhabitants are very poor. The men live by fishing, and the women scrape the sands for cockles at low water. It is a charity to spend a little money on the Mount. Left it, and walked to Pontorson. Took the diligence and went twelve leagues to St. Malo, where I did not arrive till nine at night.

Friday, June 11. – Had breakfast before eight. Went out to look at the town. Walked all round the place on top of the ramparts. Looked with my spyglass, at the tomb of Chateaubriand (a native of

Jersey, June 1852.

St. Malo) which is reared on a rocky island, on the right-hand side of the harbour, looking outwards from the town: and at ten o'clock got on board the steamer "Rose" for Jersey.

After a pleasant passage of four hours I arrived, but found myself just one hour too late for the "Sir Francis Drake" to England: –so here I was obliged to remain until next Tuesday.

Sat. June 12. 1852. – Walked over from St. Helier's to Gorey, and took a colour sketch of Orgueil Castle. Then went up to the top of the hill, and called on some friends who formerly lived at Sidmouth. Stayed and had tea with them, and then walked back to St. Helier's.

Sun. June 13. 1852 – Went to St Mark's church, the "crack" church in Jersey. After that went over to St. Auben's, and the village a couple of miles beyond. The scenery is very wild and picturesque.

Mon. June 14. – Went over to Gorey again. They pronounce this word Go-ree, accented on the second syllable. Made a drawing of the Cromlech, or Druid's Temple, as it is locally called. The top stone is 13 feet long, and 11 wide. Spent all the rest of the day with my friends very agreeably, and walked back to St. Helier's.

Tues. June 15. – Got on board the “Brunswick” steamer at one, for Torquay. On leaving Jersey, I must say I have been very agreeably surprised in the island, and especially in St. Helier’s, the port town. I did not expect to see so numerous a population, nor so large a town, nor so much bustle and business, and such handsome shops. The coast of

Jersey, Torquay, Exeter. June 1852.

France, towards Coutances is easily seen with the naked eye from the hills above Gorey; even the strip of sandy beach is quite plain. The inhabitants of Jersey seem to be no friends to the French whatever; and they would apparently fight hard, if any danger of invasion from the Continent should present itself. The island is fortified all round with castles and Martello towers; and all the males are embodied as militia. The English style of living prevails at Jersey, but the prices are near those of France, in those things on which no duties are paid. I did not like the routine of the meals in France. I dined at the table d’hôte and purposely took things as the French did. With respect to the other meals, I certainly missed my tea very much. Soon after getting into the steamer, I got miserably ill, for the wind was contrary, and the sea was rough. We touched at Guernsey between five and six in the evening, and then made for Torquay.

Wednesday, June 16. – At half past four this morning, after a rainy and boisterous night, we got to Torquay. We landed in the rain. Our things were looked at at the Customs House. I then went to an inn and got some coffee, and at eight took the rail for Exeter. On arriving at my lodgings I found a note from Bingham saying he had got married the day before to Miss Augusta Kingdon at Heavitree – so I was just 24 hours too late to be present.

Exeter, June 1852.

Thursday, June 17. Called on the Dean of Exeter –saw him –got permission to see the Exeter Domesday and other MSS. belonging to the Dean and Chapter Library. Called also on Dr. Oliver, and gave him an account of my researches in France, in which he took much interest. Left him my sketch-book and the copies of the MSS. at Avranches for him to turn [look?] over for a few days.

Sat. June 19. Went to Mr Ralph Barnes’s office, by appointment, about the Exeter Domesday Book.

On coming away I fell in with the Revd. F. Jones, who is a Candidate for the Exeter Grammar School.

Sun. June 20. Went to the Cathedral. Then spent the day with the Grays.

Mon. June 21. – Had tea with Sibella Jones at Heavitree.

Wed. June 23. – Travelled on the mail from Exeter to Sidmouth without being turned over. The coach, however, was so disgracefully overloaded and we were consequently, in such danger of

accident so many times, that I mean to reprove the proprietors through the medium of Woolmers' paper. I have been away just three weeks.

Th. June 24. –At a party at Miss Lester's.

Th. July 1. – At a party at the Elphinstones' at Livonia.

Sun. July 4. – After church walked to nearly the top of Core Hill and saw the unfortunate man Coles, who is laid up with an abscess in his leg.

Sidmouth, July 1852.

Mon. July 5. – At a party at Mrs Creighton's. Accompanied the Miss Elphinstones with the horn in some songs.

Tu. July 6. – Walked again to Core Hill. A very hot day.

Wed. July 21. – There now! A long interval and no record. The interval has been filled with a few evening parties, as at Mrs Clarke's, No. 2, Coburg Terrace, at Mrs Walker's, Lime Park, &c. The horn and the flute have been plied –gardening attended to, the fruit and the vegetables now being abundant – and certain photographic experiments made. The weather has been beautiful, and remarkably fine. It has been hotter this summer at Sidmouth than I believe it has ever been known before. One Wednesday – I think it was July the 7th – it was 88 in the shade. I heard it said that it was once as high as 90; but perhaps this may have been in a situation where there may have been some radiation of heat.

To-day, after breakfast, I went down to the beach with Captain Lang, to survey and consult as to a new plan for drawing coals up an incline from the sea to a depôt in the Marsh field.

Mon. July 26. A cold day, and especially striking after the hot weather we have had. Went into Exeter in a four-wheel, with mother, taking in Mrs James Jenkins and her daughter Clare. They did some shopping and returned; whilst I went down to Heightley Cottage with Mary Robertson.

Heightley Cottage, Plymouth, Jersey – Augt. 1852

Th. July 29. – Left Heightley Cottage for Jersey. Embarked this evening at 6 from Plymouth on board the Sir Francis Drake steamer.

Fri. July 30. – At 5 this morning we arrived at Guernsey. We left at 6, and by 10 were at Jersey. The sea was as smooth as a lake all the way. Went over to Gorey by the omnibus, and took lodgings at Mrs Mackay's cottage, called Mont Orgueil Villa. It is very prettily situated, all alone in the midst of

its fields and gardens, and commanding a fine view of the harbour and Mont Orgueil Castle. Returned to St. Helier's, where I slept.

Sat. July 31. – Went over to Gorey with my portmanteau, and established myself at Mont Orgueil Villa. Went up the hill and called at Pilot view. Saw Annie and all the rest of them.

Sun. Augt. 1. – Went this morning to Gorey Chapel of Ease. Had an early tea with the ladies at six, and then went to the Chapel with them and had the service in French. Returned with them to Pilot View.

Mon. Augt. 2. – Up at 6. Took a walk on the Pier, and saw the "Dasher" steamer off. Went over Mont Orgueil Castle. Took a coloured sketch of the platform on the summit, with the four guns.

During the afternoon went to Bagot House, near St. Helier's, and called on Captain Mecham, to whom I had letters of introduction. Walked back to Gorey; and whilst so doing, turned aside, and mounted the hill near St. Clements to examine the alleged Druids' Temple. From the way the blocks of stone are placed, and from their having been buried under a large mound of earth (now

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Heightley Cottage & Sidmouth. Augt. 1852.

Tu. Augt. 17. – Walked over to Hennock from Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh. I was once over at this place when I was a child.

Wed. Augt. 18. – Cousin Mary Robertson drove me to Newton. Called on Martin the Engraver, and gave him an order for a seal. Took the rail to Exeter, and then the mail to Sidmouth.

Mon. Augt. 23. – Spent the evening at the Revd. Mr. Chrichlow's at the vicarage, Salcombe.

Wed. Augt. 25. – All the morning making collodion photographs. Made a photograph of myself, in which I have my face reflected in a looking-glass. I was anxious to know whether the reflected light would have sufficient power to produce a picture. It seems it has. Took a profile of Mr. Heineken, who happened to call. Also took a group of musical instruments.

Sep. 1. 1852. –Have had many failures in my photographic amusements, and some satisfactory results. My apparatus, however, is rather rude, and I doubt whether it is worth while to be at the expense of procuring a better camera, and a good compound acromatic [sic] lens –without which few really creditable things can be produced.

Tuesday, Sep. 7. –A pic-nic for Dunscombe was projected for to-day; but it turned out so wet that it was impossible to go; so in order that no body should be disappointed, Mrs Walker asked us all to celebrate our pic-nic under her roof –and I must say we all had a very pleasant evening.

Thursday, Sep. 9. – Walked out to Sidbury to the School Feast. There was tea and cake in the School Room, and afterwards dancing. Then games in the meadow. Finally the gentry adjourned to The Vicarage. Came back in a carriage with Mrs Jenkins of Lime Park, and two Miss Elphinstones of Livonia.

Friday, Sep. 10. – At a small party of intimates at Captain Elphinstone's at Livonia.

Wed. Sep. 15. – At a small party at Major Fitz-Gerald's, Mount Edgar. The London papers, just come down, contain an account of a short illness, and the almost sudden death of the Duke of Wellington. Poor old Duke! The last time I saw him was one day when he past [sic] me on the pavement opposite Canning's statue, walking down to the House of Lords. They are going to give him a national funeral on a splendid scale; but the preparations cannot be completed for a month. They will give him a place in St. Paul's, under the same dome with Nelson and Collingwood.

Mon. Sep. 27. – Walked out to Sidbury. Called at Court Hall. Sat half an hour with old Mrs Hunt in her room. She is a chatty old lady, of some 84. Went thence to the vicarage. Played several games of chess with Mr Fellowes, the vicar. Walked home between eleven and twelve. A moonlight night.

Sidmouth. Sep. 1852.

Wed. Sep. 29. – Goose Day! I don't say I did eat goose for dinner, but I only say didn't I?

In the evening went to Lime Park and had a practise with Margaret – flute and piano. Then sat down to loo and won 2. 6.

Sat. Oct. 9. – Thank goodness the masons go to-day! Wilmot and his men have been for two or three weeks patching up old No. 4 Coburg Terrace, until mother and self are wearied of their noise and mess. First putting a triangle of nine-inch brickwork at the top of the south corner of the house, then destroying the sky-light in the sham chimney on that side and putting in a ground glass window in the attic, making the north chimney to match the sham one in appearance, and plastering the south side of the house (between Nos. 4 & 3.) with blue lias lime. No [sic] we shall be able to clean the Terrace again, and get neat.

Thurs. Oct. 14. – The Terrace, within the boundary of our own railings is now having shrubs planted along, by way of enclosing it, and making it more private. I cannot go outside to garden, or look after the flowers, or take a turn up and down, without having the eyes of Amyat Place, opposite, and the rest of the neighbourhood on me. I am rather fearful, however, lest the salt winds which sometimes blow somewhat strong from the sea, may cut off the tops and prevent their growing. This has, before now, been an evil with us; but we have now selected such shrubs as are reputed best to stand the sea air, so, blow soft ye breezes, and grow away ye shrubs!

Sidmouth. October 1852.

Mon. Oct. 18. – Bingham, my brother, and his wife (née Augusta Kingdon, of Newacott, in Cornwall) came over to pay us a visit, before they sail for South Australia. This evening Mrs. Jenkins, of Lime Park, & Mr. Heineken, came to have a practise, in order to prepare for Mrs. Walker's musical party on Tuesday the 26th Instant.

Tuesday, Oct. 19. – Went with Mr. & Mrs. Heineken, and Mrs. Smith, over to Widworthy to pay the Rector and his new wife a wedding visit. We went through Sidbury, up Honiton Hill to Hunters' Lodge, and then turned eastward nearly as far as Roncombe Gate, and then north, but over a very devious road. A few hundred yards east from Hunters' Lodge, on the north, or left side of the road, there is a large barrow, having a few old fir trees on it. The heath is studded with barrows all over. A little further (but on the right) is the lodge to Mr Hewetson's ground and about opposite this, 2 or 3, or 3 or 4 hundred yards, towards the north, across the heath, I understand is the spot called "Ring in The Mire." It is described as a hollow on the hill, and I suppose muddy. The tradition goes, that Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon, to whom vast tracts in the county belonged, was made acquainted with a dispute between the four neighbouring parishes respecting their boundaries; and she, acting according to the plenary and summary forces, claimed of old by the potent. Lords and Ladies of the soil, settled the dispute in a very summary manner. Riding up to the top of the hill to the spot in question, she reined up her horse, and taking off her "ring" from her finger, threw it into the "mire," saying to the deputies of the parishes who attended her, that that exact place should henceforth be the boundary – and so I believe it continues to the present day. Four parishes meet here all in a point; and I believe the parishes are those of Farway, Gittesham [sic], Honiton and Sidbury. I think the story is told in "Hone's Every Day Book." I have a curiosity to make an expedition to examine the exact locality some day. Which I did.

At about half a mile from Hunters' Lodge, eastward, on the north or left side, there is a circular plantation of firs. This place is a regular agger with a ditch outside it. The man at Hunters' Lodge said it was known as "Farway Castle." Doubtless it is an ancient entrenched work. On measurement, it proved to be 210 feet in diameter, and 204 feet by taking it in the other direction. It may however be called a circle. The agger is 16 feet wide; but its width, height, and the width of the ditch, are so irregular, that no precise measurements can be assigned. This place is on the crown of the hill, and most of the old camps in the neighbourhood can be discerned from it. The top of High Peak Hill, with its earth-works, can be seen rising over Peak Hill. A small portion of Sidbury Castle could be detected; and numberless hill fortresses all round could be descried – as those by Musbury, Membury, and away into Dorsetshire; on the north at Dumpdon, Hembury Fort; and westward over to Cadbury; and (though hazy,) Woodbury Castle seemed to be apparent in the dip between Core Hill, and Ottery East Hill. On leaving this locality we proceeded to Bishop Coplestone's Tower at Offwell, of which Mr. Heineken took a photograph. At Widworthy he took two or three. Mr. Mathews, the recently appointed Rector, took me into the church. I was surprised at the number and beauty of the monuments. There is one by the elder Bacon. There is one of a rich farmer of the parish. The bust by Rouw, he had made during his lifetime, and kept it in his house. It now surmounts his monument. The ancient recumbent figure is a gem of antiquity. I then accompanied the Rector to the hill called Widworthy Castle. There is a sort of platform on the top of it; but no trace of stone work. This parish almost entirely belongs to Sir Edward Elton, of Widworthy Court,

Bart. We dined at the Rectory, and got back to Sidmouth before nine. Tired as I was, I dressed and went to a ball at Mrs Radford's, Sidmouth. I did not get there till half past ten, and came away before eleven – glad to get home to bed.

Wednesday, Oct. 20. – Bingham and his wife left us this morning; and in a few days they sail for Adelaide, South Australia.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1852

Tu. Oct. 26. – At a musical party at Mrs Walker's, Lime Park. Played the flute and the horn. There were sixty people there. How ill-judged it is, in those who form the audience, that they should so often crowd round the performers! People would hear the music much better if they would keep a few yards off. Instead of this, however, they thrust themselves up to the piano forte and other instruments, looking over the music, and watching every note that is produced. All this is an annoyance to those who play. It distracts their attention from what they are about, and thereby does much to make them commit errors, when they might otherwise go creditably through their parts. There is a want of delicacy and a want of reflection in those who do this. It was particularly the case to-night. Mr. Heineken, who played the violincello on one side of the piano, could scarcely work his bow; and I, on the other, had much difficulty in finding a place to stand, and even more in holding, in some pieces the flute, and in others the horn. All this was most disagreeable.

Wed. Oct. 27. – At Mrs. Walker's again! Went this evening to talk over the party, and play a game of Loo with them alone.

Th. 28. – At a musical party at the Rev. and Mrs Gibbes's, at Marine House. Played the flute only. Mr. Ellice (professional) was there with his violin.

Sat. Oct. 30. – Dined at Captain Elphinstone's at Livonia. Took Miss Milly (Amelia) in to dinner. The reunion consisted of the party from Lime Park, from Mount Edgar (the Fitz-Geralds) and myself – to have some music. This we had until eleven o'clock, and came away, having spent a very pleasant evening. Captain Elphinstone, who is descended from Lord Balmerino (beheaded at Tower Hill in 1745) has Lord Balmerino's claymore. He produced it tonight. I examined it with some interest.

Sidmouth. Novr. 1852.

Tuesd. Novr. 2. – Breakfasted with Dr. Cullen. Our party consisted of the Revds. S. Walker (St. Euodur [?]) the two curates of Sidmouth (Lower and Hamilton) Mr Loback [?], and Captn. Lang.

Wed. Nov. 3. – This morning the church clock was altered to Greenwich time. Here we have an inovation [sic] superinduced by the new requirements of railway travelling. The subject of altering all the clocks in the country to the time agreeing with the maridian [sic] of Greenwich Observatory has been much canvassed of late. The mayors and corporations of some of the cities and great towns

have adopted the plan; some still hesitate, and some have discountenanced it. Yesterday it was adopted in Exeter; and the example of the capital will probably influence most of the places in the county. If we were on a large continent like Europe, perhaps it would be impossible to attempt it, as the discrepancy would become so egregiously glaring at the extreme east and west limits. As Great Britain is so small the evil may be bearable; if limited to Great Britain: but they now talk of laying down an electric telegraph to America, as they already have to France. If the system is to be extended it will become absurd. Indeed although I have listened with some attention to the agreements adduced in favour of the plan, I confess I do not think them thoroughly satisfactory. The difference between Greenwich and the Sidmouth Meridian [sic] is about 12 minutes and 10 seconds, allowing 4 minutes of time to a degree of longitude. Sidmouth is about 310' west. 330'14".

Sidmouth. Nov. 1852.

Th. Nov. 4. – Another letter from Bingham, on board the Walvisch [?] in Plymouth Sound, unable to put to sea, owing to the violent winds from the south and sou'-west. As the wind moderated last night, and veered somewhat to the north of west, it is probable he has sailed. He and his wife ought to be at Adelaide early in February. I hope my 600 sovereigns will get out safe!

Friday, Nov. 5. – The postman brought me the following few words in pencil:-

"The Walvisch [?] is at sea. –G.? B. Hutchinson." The Plymouth postmark was on the envelope. So I suppose they put to sea. But the wind is again most stormy from the south, with quantities of rain. I don't know when we have had so boisterous a fortnight as the last has been.

Old Pope Day! and plenty of Guys about. The boys have adopted a new feature – they themselves have assumed masks on their faces.

Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Began to-day to write out a clear and fair copy of my History of the Town, Parish and

This was not the same as in the five green volumes. This came after

Manor of Sidmouth, from the notes and memorandum which I have been collecting for the last two or three years. It begins:- "Three Histories pertain to every place; &c."

Sunday, Nov. 7. – To-day a deputation waited on Louis Napoleon to offer him the Imperial Crown – that is to propose the re-establishment of the Empire. This is the way they are going on in France.

Sidmouth, Nov.1852

Thursday, Novr. 11. – Today the Queen opened the new parliament by reading her speech from the throne.

Friday, Novr. 12. – Finished laying the beams, joists, and planking of the floor of my summer-house up in the elm tree opposite No. 4 Coburgh Terrace. This will make a pleasant eyrie in the summer.

Tuesday, Novr. 16. – John Carslake, of Cotmaton, Esqr. asked me to get up to see some part of the old house where he is engaged in pulling down and repairing, “because I was fond of antiquities.” He told me that Old Cotmaton was the original building; and it probably occupies the site of “Cottemeton” of the Otterton Cartulary. In altering part of the house in 1835, a stone was taken down from the front of the chimney with 1530 cut on it. He said the stone was used with others to cover a drain! I cried horror! and told him it ought to be taken up and affixed to the façade of the house. He said he thought he would have it done. The next house to Old Cotmaton, or Cotmaton Hall, is Cotmaton House, and was built when this man was a boy, on the barns and attached buildings of the former, and more ancient edifice. Asherton, further on westward, was built by this Mr. Carslake. The name was taken from the original, Asherton Estate (spelt Ascerton in the Cartulary) which comprised about thirty four acres (within Mr. Carslake’s time) lying on the left hand side going out the Exeter road, and on the Sidmouth side of the Turnpike Gate, near at three quarters of a mile from the sea, or perhaps The estate spread away towards the west over the

By the railway station

conical hill, and extended as far as the Sidmouth and Bulverton Road. Sir William Pole, who wrote his “Collections” more than two hundred years ago, says of Asherton, p.150:- “It is a very pleasant and wholesome dwellinge, uppon a dry sandy soyle, seated on the open fields, uppon a small advanced ground in ye[?] open prospect of the sea.” This description agrees better with the present Asherton than the former one, as the present house, so called, stands on a rise, looking down to the sea over the Fort Field. However, as the present Mr. Carslake owns all the estates, and himself changed the name, he ought to know. He does not remember any mansion house on the old Asherton estate, nor could he tell where it had stood.

Thursday, Nov. 18. 1852. – To-day the Duke of Wellington, who died on the 13th or 14th of last September, is buried in the cript [sic] in St. Paul’s Cathedral. It turned out

a fine day, and everything went off well. No accidents happened except that two people were crushed to death at the lying in state at Chelsea Hospital, and a young man fell off the roof of Drummond’s Bank, Charing Cross, as the procession went by.

Sun. Nov. [FOUR LINES OF WRITING DELETED HERE BY BLACK INK, POSSIBLY APPLIED BY A PAINTBRUSH.]

Sidmouth. Novr. 1852

Tues. Novr. 23. – [TWO LINES OF WRITING DELETED AS PREVIOUSLY.]

Th. Novr. 25. – Finished etching and biting in the “Plan of Sidmouth and Neighbourhood,” for my History of Sidmouth. I wonder if this History will ever be printed ? I have no certain idea what it would cost to publish: but considering it would make a thick royal 8^{vo} volume, with a dozen plates I dare say not much under £200. It would be absurd to throw away a large sum of money, even on a rational and a useful whim, and it is scarcely likely I should secure 200 or 300 subscribers at some 15 shillings or a pound each. However I will issue prospectuses when I am ready.

Th. Dec. 2, 1852. – This morning Miss Emily Fitz-Gerald, daughter of Major

Fitz-Gerald, of Mount Edgar, was married to Lieut. I. [?] Darnell. I was at her sister’s wedding in September 1849. I was told I behaved very badly to-day. I borrowed a horn, and blew it out of the carriage window all the way to Sidbury (3 miles) and all the way back again. The ceremony went off very well in Sidbury Church, though the ring was a little too small. I asked Miss Emily whether she was not in an immense fright, to which she answered – “Only a little shaky.” We had a capital breakfast at Mount Edgar, and sat down about twenty. I was between Mrs. J. [?] Jenkins of Lime Park, and Miss Amelia Elphinstone. I have since made a coloured drawing of the scene in the church, and given it to the Major.

Wed. Dec. 8. –Finished engraving “Sidemew yn ye olden tyme” in imitation of an old print.

Th. Dec. 9. – At a small party at the Elphinstones, at Livonia.

Fri. Dec. 10. – Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Mon. Dec. 13. – At Lime Park – a small party.

Tu. Dec. 14. – At the Heinekens’, where I met the Rev. Mr Matthews, vicar of Widworthy and his newly married wife: and Miss Battiscombe from Tiverton.

Thurs. Dec. 16. – At the Heinekens’ again – music.

Tues. Dec. 21. – Shortest day – mild and pleasant as a morning in April. Was at a large party at the Elphinstones’, where I played, for the chief occupation is music.

Frid. Dec. 24. – Christmas Eve. Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Sat. Dec. 25. – Went to church in a thin summer coat, the weather was so mild.

Sun. Dec. 26. – Mild as yesterday.

Mon. Dec. 27. – Last night we had a gale of wind from the westward, and a violent storm of rain. I was kept awake nearly all night with the noise, and shaking of the house. The cook got up at four, fearing the roof was coming in. The sea was over the walk into the town. Much damage has been done – many large trees blown down, some walks laid flat, and chimney tops carried away.

Sidmouth, 1852 and 1853.

Fri. Decr. 31. 1852. – Spent the evening at Lime Park, and saw in the New Year 1853.

POH Transcripts - 1853

Sat. Jan. 1 1853. – Being a fine day, hoisted my flag. Had it rained, I would not thus have honoured New Year's Day, for the flag is so large (as big as the drawing-room carpet) that when it gets wet, I have not place to dry it under cover.

Wed. Jan. 5. – Received the "Tiverton Papers" from Law, Tindal & Hussey.[?]

Made and painted a three legged stool for my summerhouse in the tree.

Th. Jan. 23. – Walked out to Knowle with Mrs. Jenkins of Lime Park, and for two or three hours we had Harp, Piano and flute trios [?] in the new house. Mr John Wolcott plays the harp very well.

Returned, and in the evening was at a musical party at Mr Clarke's, Sid Abbey. I was immensely tired; for I have been at virtually [?] hard work in the garden during some weeks, and at carpentering in the coach-house to drive forward the woodwork of my summerhouse in the elm tree on the Terrace.

Another job too. For a long series of years the plumber has been accustomed to send in a Xmas bill for repairs at the pump. Suspecting that the pump got out of order oftener than it ought to, I took out the sucker about two years ago, and put a new leather to it. The cost about fourpence to do. From that day to the present time it has done admirably, and no plumber has been near it. As the leather was now beginning to wear, and the water to go, I resolved to try my hand again at a new line of occupation; so I have again renewed the leather of the sucker for about fourpence, and matters are likely to go on right and tight for another couple of years. So much for the honesty and good faith of tradesmen.

Feb. 2. – Finished reading Sir John Barrow's Life of Lord Howe. My mother's father is incidentally mentioned as captain of the "Audacious" one of the 1st of June fleet. The particulars and termination of the action between the "Audacious" and the "Revolutionaire" are not detailed – indeed, they could not find a place in Lord Howes [sic] log or despatches, for they were not known till the fleet returned to England, as the "Audacious" parted company to engage her opponent, and afterwards started for home in a fog.

Wed. Feb. 9. – A violent snow storm. Our winter is now beginning. For four months we have had little else but rain – mild rain. Now the rain is frozen. But I disregard the weather. Yesterday I was long in the elm tree trimming the branches; and I have plenty of hard work in the coach-house making my summer-house to go up in the tree.

Sidmouth, Feb, 1853.

Monday, Feb. 14. – Valentine's Day. Received five Valentines! Sent thirteen!! Bless the girls! Why don't they put their names to them?

Tuesday, Feb. 22. – After ten days dry hard frost, to-day comes a slight thaw. I have been every day busy making the roof of my summer-house. This I have done in the garden, as the most convenient place; and the occupation has kept me warm, though it has been freezing all day in the shade. Even in my bedroom my water jug has been frozen; and I have broken the ice every morning to wash.

Sat. Feb. 26. – Three more Valentines! The lady in one of them asks me to kiss her! Why did she omit to put her name in some sly corner! In times past it has not been the custom for gentlemen to receive Valentines, but only to send them. The times, however, are changed: and the change came in last year. Now (in Sidmouth at all events,) the gentlemen get as many as the ladies.

Monday, Feb. 28. – Myself, and three men, proceeded to hoist the roof of my summer-house up in the Tree. I borrowed a ships' block and plenty of good rope. I fixed the block to a branch sufficiently high in the tree; and whilst myself and one of the men hoisted the roof, the two others guided it to its place on the top of the upright posts. It was raised above these, and then let down upon them; and the iron bolts, which fixed it to them, made secure.

[THERE IS A GAP IN THE DIARY FROM FEBRUARY 28TH TO MARCH 22ND]

Sidmouth. March 1853.

Tu. Mar. 22. – Had a cart load of heath cut on the top of Bulverton Hill: but owing to the weather having been so unusually cold, thought certainly somewhat late, the stream of water coming down from Muttles Mutter's Moor, beyond Bickwell Farm, has become one sheet of ice all across the road, and it has been impossible to bring it down. To-day the men managed to bring a cart that way, though the sharp

north-easters still continue, and the ice is but little thawed, for it not only freezes hard at night, but it freezes all day in the shade. Set to work when it was brought down; and having cut away the grass at the foot of the tree in front of the house, to which my summer-house is fixed, covered the place with bog earth and heath. The heath I fixed firmly on the slope of the mound by pegs of wood.

Sat. Mar. 26. – To-day the cat was discovered playing with a snake on the Terrace. It probably came out of the heath under the tree. The women screamed and ran away. They imagined that it got back to the heath again, but I have not been able to find it. Afterwards I saw the cat playing with a lizard, doubtless from the same place.

Wed. Mar. 30. – Having converted the lower half of the garden into a lawn to-day, with the assistance of Frederick May, I began to lay it down in grass, procured from the back of Radway Place at the top of the town.

Sidmouth, April 1853.

April 1, 1853. – Received a sham cheque for £19¹⁹/₁₁ on Mssrs. Hookey Walker by post. Who made me the April Fool I guess not.

Tuesday, Ap. . – Drove into Exeter with Mamma. (Why do ladies usually spell this word with only two letters m, and men with three?) We had some shopping. Mother came back in the carriage with Miss Brotherton, and I got on the mail.

Friday, Ap. 15. – Signed my name to a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the Sidmouth Branch of the proposed Exeter and Dorset Railway may not be thrown out. Doubtless a rail to Sidmouth would much benefit the place: and as this conviction is general, of course the Petition is unreservedly signed.

Th. Ap. 21. – Heard the cookoo [sic] for the first time. The weather is cold, and this is ten days earlier than usual here.

Sat. Ap. 23. – Finished reading “Napoleon the Little,” by Victor Hugo. This is a strange book. The violence of the language used against Napoleon is marvelous [sic]. I fear that most of what he says is true, as, indeed, the newspapers have testified; only he tells it in unusually severe language.

Tu. Ap. 26. – Put my name to two Petitions (to the Lords and Commons) the objects of which are the same with that mentioned Ap. 15, only these are drawn up by different parties.

Ap. . At a small party at Livonia. Music, chatting, laughing.

Sidmouth, May 1853.

Sunday, May 1. – A cold dull day, and a sharp north-east wind! More like February or early March. Vegetation is very backward.

Mond. May 2. – At a small party at Lime Park.

Tues. May 3. – At Mr. Heineken’s – music. Took Mr. Ede’s Sax Horn, and tried it. The tone is by no means so mellow as my French horn:- to be sure, it (the Sax) is a 5th higher.

Wed. May 4. – Had a small party at home.

Fri. May 6. – At a small party at the Elphinstones’.

Mon. May 9. – Music at the Heinekens’.

Sat. May 14. – Walked out to the Wolcotts at Knowle (calling at Livonia for some music) to have some music. Had some Trios – Lady Claridge, piano; Mrs. J. Wolcott, harp; & self flute. Walked back with Sir John and Lady C.

[NO MORE ENTRIES FOR MAY]

Uffculme, June. 1853.

June 3. Went over to Uffculme to see the Joneses at the School whom I had not seen for two years. Went for ten days, and tarried near ten weeks! My time was fully occupied in mending toys, drawing pictures, and romping with six children. Made three attempts at taking the right hand of my little god-daughter Agnes in plaster of Paris. She did not like the operation at first; and being only four years and

three-quarters old, I had much difficulty in putting her hand into an easy position, and making her keep it quiet. However Mamma sat by, and due attention was purchased at the price of one halfpenny.

Pixie Garden, being the remains of some ancient work on Uffculm Down, mentioned by some of the historians, I had made an attempt to discover by enquiry, during my former visits – but in vain. From an old man working in the gravel pits at the present Uffculme Down, (for the greater part of the old Down has been enclosed and put under cultivation during the last 20 years) I learnt something, though not much. His impression was, that Pixie Garden was an enclosure, like an ancient Camp, about an acre big. To find it, the seeker must go from Uffculme up “Hill Head,” taking the left-hand road – pass Mr. Skinner’s Cottage, perhaps a quarter of a mile (so I understood) and examine what is now a copse on the right – but formerly the open Down. I regret I had had not time to make the search before I came away. – This is erroneous. See Sep. 8. 1854.

[THERE SEEMS TO BE A GAP IN THE DIARY NOW UNTIL SATURDAY AUGUST 13TH. THIS ROUGHLY MATCHES UP TO HUTCHINSON’S TEN WEEKS IN UFFCULM]

Sidmouth Aug. 1853

Sat. Aug. 13. – Returned to Sidmouth.

Sat. Aug. 27. – Saw the Comet! This comet appears at dark in the north-west, but sets so soon after the sun, as to be only a short time visible. A few days ago (when I had not seen it) it set later, and appeared to greater advantage; but it is daily approaching nearer the sun, and consequently cannot be seen for the sun’s light. However I saw it well this evening, both the nucleus, which is very bright, and the tail, which streams far up in the heavens, tending upwards and towards the left. I called out the servants to look at it; and they were much astonished, never having seen such a thing before.

Sun. Aug. 28. – Looked at the comet again, at half past seven. P.M.

Mon. Aug. 29. – To-day, just before midnight, my aunt Mrs. Cocks, (my mother’s eldest sister) died.

Wed. Sep. 1. – Went from Sidmouth over to Piermont House, Dawlish, on account of my aunt's death – she dying at Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh and will be buried in the family vault in the churchyard (some 50 yards south-east of the church.) The Joneses and Uncle Robertson were at Dawlish.

Sat. Sep. 4. – The funeral took place today at two o'clock or soon after. Besides the hearse there were four mourning coaches; and they came from Chudleigh, through King's Teignton, and Teignmouth. The outer coffin was covered with black cloth and black nails. The

Dawlish, Sep. 1853.

inscription on the plate was – "Jane Cocks, died Sep. 29, 1853, aged 83." The weather was very fine and hot.

Sun. Sep. 5. – We all went to the parish church in our crape hat-bands and scarfs, according to a very disagreeable custom.

Tuesday, Sep. 7. – Uncle, Marianne, and the children went over to Heightley to see Mary Robertson, who is still too unwell to leave her bed. Frank Jones and myself went to Teignmouth. We took a ramble on the Ness, and enjoyed the beautiful view. All the hills around Sidmouth were plain, even to the naked eye, though the town was hid by Exmouth Hill; but the glass made every object discernible. We dined with Mr. and Mrs. Lardner [?] at Shaldon. We got back to Dawlish soon after eight.

Wed. Sep. 8. – By permission of the Vicar and churchwardens I made a tracing from the parish map of the lands which belong to the poor of the parish of Sidmouth. I believe it is not known who was the donor of these lands, or when they were given. They comprise fourteen enclosures, being fields or orchards, and numbered on the parish maps as follows:- 1630, 1631, 1632, 1636, 1636½, 1650, 1651, 1653, 1654, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1641, 1649. The superficial extent is 54 acres and 4 poles; as I ascertained from the Warden's or rate-collector's book, containing a list of the enclosures, with the names of the occupiers. The rent-charge to the Vicar is £15^s4^d7; and that to the appropriators is £2^s14^d2.

Thurs. Sep. 8. – Took a walk to look at the Sidmouth lands. They lie two miles south-west at Higher Southwood. I went up the road above Holcombe Down; though the Down as given in the Ordnance map, is now enclosed and cultivated. From the top of this hill there is a fine view. The Sidmouth lands run down the valley at Southwood up to the road on the ridge. Looking over Dawlish and Exmouth, all the Sidmouth hills, and even every field on their sides, are clearly seen with the naked eye. From the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, therefore, these lands ought to be discernible. I made a coloured sketch of the view looking towards Sidmouth.

Friday. Sep. 9. – This morning after breakfast, with some sandwiches in my pocket, I started for Little Haldon, to look at the Camp. I had a warm walk till I got to the summit of the hill. The Camp is not remarkable for size, position or strength. It is circular, measuring 124 yards in diameter. There is a

hole about eight feet across near the centre which may be a modern pit to collect water for cattle; but if ancient it may have been of the nature of a well. The agger is only from 15 to 20 feet from the ditch to its summit. Openings, apparently modern, are found at the four cardinal points. The highest point of Haldon prevents Berry Head, and any camps in that direction from being seen: but the Ugbrook Park Camp was seemingly visible, and all those

Dawlish and Chudleigh. Sep. 1853.

towards the north, and away to Hembury, Dumpdon, Woodbury, High Peak, &c., which latter were very clear.

On leaving the camp I came down over the heath and fields to Smallacombe ran against a wasps' nest in the hedge; retreated from that; proceeded till I got opposite Higher Southwood and the Sidmouth Lands. Here I pulled up; eat (sic) my sandwiches; and made a coloured sketch of the said Sidmouth lands as they lay spread out before me. Returned home, and got back at five, having been out seven hours.

Sat. Sep. 17. – Being spring tides and low water at noon, took the opportunity and walked along the beach from Dawlish towards the Parson and Clerk Rocks. Got nearly as far as the foot of the Parson; but on no occasion is the tide ever low enough to permit of quite reaching it, and of course not of passing it. Made a sketch of his features and walked back.

Mon. Sep. 19. My article on the subject of the Little Haldon Camp, just completed, is to be printed next Thursday in the Dawlish Directory.

Tues. Sep. 20. – Started for Heightley, Left the Joneses at Piermont House, Dawlish, in the forenoon, and went by rail to Newton Abbot. From thence to Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh, five miles and a half, I walked. Found my cousin Mary Roberton, still very unwell, and, the house, since the death of her mother Mrs. Cocks, in a dismantled state, and preparations being made for removal and a sale.

Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh, Sep. 1853.

Thurs. Sep. 22. – Measured the Camp in Ugbrook Park. Made it 270 yards east and west; and 218 north and south. The agger is from 45 to 50 feet on the slope, from the middle of the ditch to the centre of the top of the agger, at its most perfect parts.

Sat. Sep. 24. – Went to the Park again, to examine the outworks. These outworks on the south side form a large curve, nearly concentric with the agger of the camp, and about 300 yards in advance of it. At the south point of this work, which is a ditch and agger, there is a zig-zag work running 100 yards towards the camp, by an opening in the work. The south-west part of this work is as bold in features as the ditch and agger of the camp. This advanced work runs irregularly eastward down the hill to the pond at the head of the Lake. It then turns back at a sharp angle towards the camp for

nearly 200 yards; at which point it turns northward flanking all the east side of the camp. There are also slight traces of the same kind of work, commencing from the north-east side of the camp, and running straight away towards the north-east boundary of the Park. It seems obvious that these works were intended as additional security on the south and east sides of the camp: but it is hard to say at what period they were constructed. They are not of a nature to be of equal age with the camp itself. Perhaps they were made by troops that may have occupied the camp during some of the civil wars of the middle ages.

[THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS INSERTED INTO THE DIARY BETWEEN SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 24TH 1853 AND SEPTEMBER 28TH 1853]

Heightley Cottage, Chudleigh. Sept. 29. 1853,

My dear Mr. H.

Here I am at Heightley, and here I have now been for 10 days. When I left Dawlish for this place, I did not know I should have been detained so long; but my cousin still keeps her bed, and is not able to do anything herself in her affairs here, and preparations are being made for a sale of many things on the premises that she does not want. How much longer I may be kept here, or oscillating between this and Dawlish, I do not exactly know.

I must refer you to Harris for information respecting my investigations on the subject of the Sidmouth Poor Lands in Dawlish parish. Besides a plan of these lands, taken from the parish map, I have in my sketchbook, got a view of them.

The article of mine on Little Haldon Camp was to appear a week ago (and I suppose did) in the Dawlish & Teignmouth Directory. I will either bring you, or send you the number. There are no remains of earthworks on the Ness Rock; but since the British & Saxon periods, much of it may have fallen in the sea. Since I have been here I have been making repeated measurements of the Camp and its remarkable advanced works in Ugbrook Park. Behold!

The foregoing plan will give you an idea of it. It is my wish to visit the Camps on Milber and Denbury Downs: so I may have more materials for the Dawlish & Teignmouth Directory. These things are too far off for the Sidmouth Directory.

Yesterday I took a walk to Bottor Rock near Hennock. It is the nearest "Tor" of the Dartmoor Tors. It is a great mass of rock, standing very high, and the view from it is splendid. I could see Berry Head and the batteries upon it, and the ships on the water. The country all round is very wild and picturesque, especially towards Dartmoor.

And without points too! What do you think of me? I have recently been comparing two or three Grammars with points; and to my surprise, I see that the authors, though all using points, do not all, or at all, agree in the way they should be sounded. They all differ in pronunciation. This was so

disheartening, as to disgust me with the additional trouble which they certainly impose on the learner. I began with them; but they are losing favour in my eyes. Are you not ashamed of me?

Just after I left Piermont House, Dawlish, Mrs. Jones (of Uffculme) had a boy there: but it has since died. So that births & deaths have been rife and my mind has been strangely occupied.

I shall be glad to hear from you what you are doing, &c.

And I remain yours faithfully

P.O.H.

F What do you think of my new seal.

[END OF INSERTED LETTER]

[PART OF WORD HIDDEN BY INSERTED LETTER TO HEINEKEN BUT THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN - We]d.
Sep. 28. – Took a walk to the Bottor Rock near Hennock. This Bot-tor is the first of the Dartmoor “Tors,” from this side. It is a mass of hard green rock associated with the granite, which begins here, cracked and heaped up in great fragments. The view from it is splendid. Bovey Heath, Stover Lodge, the woods of Ugbrook, all at one’s feet. I could see Berry Head, and vessels on the water near it.

Fri. Sep. 30. – Took a walk to Gapper – Gapper I think the hamlet is called – and into the gravel pits. These pits supply gravel for making walks in this neighbourhood; and the quality, by some is preferred to Haldon gravel.

Sun. Oct. 2. – Went to Chudleigh Church.

Mon. Oct. 3. – Walked from Heightley Cottage to Newton – a beautiful day, and very hot in the sun. Called at Martins’ in Newton Abbot, and paid for my new seal (16s) bearing the words **Peter Orlando Hutchinson, Sidmouth, Devon**, [in a Gothic style] on an engine-turned ground, within an Egyptian border. The seal is oval; and requires a magnifier to read it comfortably. Took the rail to Dawlish.

Tues. Oct. 4. – Incessant rain all day. Well I travelled yesterday.

Friday, Oct. 7. – Walked out from Dawlish past Luscombe, and partly up Haldon, and saw Mr. Saunders, agent to Mrs. Hoare, of the Luscombe property. The map of Sidmouth Poor Lands, and the parish map at Dawlish map [sic] do not agree. Mr Saunders’ map agreed with the Dawlish parish map.

Dawlish & Heightley, Oct. 1853.

Sat. Oct. 8. – We received intelligence from Chudleigh that Mary Roberton was worse. I started off, taking the rail to Newton Abbott, and then walked five miles and a half to Heightley Cottage, found her better.

Mon. Oct. 10. – Returned. Walked to Newton, and took the rail to Dawlish.

Tues. Oct. 11. – Went again to the Vestry and re-examined the parish map, and compared my tracing with it. Then walked out to the Pennywells estate, at Higher Southwood, and found William Wood, a former tenant of the Sidmouth Lands. From him I gained that the Dawlish parish map is wrong.

Th. Oct. 20. – My article on Ugbrook Park Camp is in the Dawlish and Teignmouth Directory to-day.

Sat. 22. – Took the rail from Dawlish to Newton, in order to examine Milber Down Camp. The interior area is squarish in form, measuring 134 by 154 yards, with the road from Newton running through it. There are three aggers and ditches. Outside these there are some extensive circumvallations, too irregular to describe; but I have a plan of them in sketchbook No. 9 Now vol. 4. After being 5 hours on the hill in a sharp wind, and examining and measuring the interior works, and the exterior ones, which are probably modern, returned to Newton, and then by rail to Dawlish. The outworks of this Camp (locally called the Castle) were probably thrown up by the Prince of Orange, - William the Third, at least Lysons says so. The land is Sir Walter Carew's. One of the game keepers told me that about seven years ago, at a spot a half mile north, or north by east of the camp (where the outworks extend) some "pence" were dug up: also a coin like a sixpence, and some knives and forks decayed with rust.

[LETTER LOOSELEY INSERTED HERE AFTER OCTOBER 22ND 1853]

Piermont House, Dawlish, Oct. 28. 1853,

Mon Cher Monsieur,

I begin to look forward to my return, and think I may be released from this place in a week or two. As I have not blown a note since I left (though I have my flute with me) it is likely, as you say, that I have by this time forgotten which end to blow into it, or into the horn. As for the horn I left it at home, and I can scarcely recollect what shape it was, or how it was twisted. If I recollect right, it was a brass tube, big at one end, and small at the other. I think I used to blow into the big end – but I am not quite sure. I have been three times to Heightley Cottage (I was there last Tuesday) and as my cousin is at last mending, and hopes to move in a week or two, I think I may not be required there again.

FI spent last Saturday in examining Milber Down Camp. I never sat down for six hours, except in the train home to Newton & back, but walked all the time on the hills in a pretty sharp wind; and omitting to lay in stores, I went all day upon blackberries, and in sucking some liquorice I happened to have in my pocket. What do you think of that! But I got through my toils capitally, for I assure you I never travelled lighter. This Camp surprised me, I can tell you. In your former letter you quote Lysons, where he says:- "Camp on hill above Newton Abbot, square; triple ditch about 112 paces by 90. Camp on Milberdown elliptical, triple ditch; contains about 6 acres. Prince of Orange stationed

his artillery here when he landed at Torbay.” Why these two camps are one and the same. This Milber Down Camp is a mile and a quarter or so from Newton. The interior area is nearly square. The outer aggers, from having the corners rounded off, become almost circles. There are three aggers: one, where most perfect, I make 10 yards, or 30 feet high. Between each agger there is a broad (40 yards broad) space all round. The out works are remarkable and most extensive. These may be the work of the Prince of Orange. I send you a plan on a small scale – lines only where the works run.

The land is Sir Walter Carew’s. One of Sir Walter’s Game-keepers told me that about 7 years ago, at the distance of half a mile north, or north-east of the Camp (where the works extend) some “pence” were dug up: also a coin like a silver sixpence; and likewise some rusty knives and forks. These are perhaps not older than 1688. The plantations are so dense I could not explore the outworks north of the camp. Two features attracted my attention. One is a ditch connecting the inner and second ditches round the camp at the north point. The other a hedge or agger and ditch connecting the inner and second agger of the camp at the south-east side, parallel and near the road. I have not room to make many other remarks, but I may embody them in an article when I come home.

It is my wish to visit Denbury Down before I leave: but the weather is so bad, and the country so wet, and the distance from Newton nearly four miles, that I am not sure I shall be able.

If you want to know what I have been doing in respect of the Poor Lands, ask Harris or Paul Hayman. I have not been idle there. A week ago we all of us had a pleasant day at Teignmouth & Shaldon; and at low water had a ramble all round the foot of the Ness.

I have no more news, and my paper is ended. So I remain Yours Faithfully

P Hutchinson

[DIARY CONTINUES TUESDAY OCTOBER 25TH 1853]

Dawlish & Heightley, Oct. 1853.

Tuesday, Oct. 25. – A beautiful day. Mrs Jones and myself went over to Heightley Cottage, taking the road all up the stream of Dawlish Water, through Ashcombe, and over Great Haldon. Though not the shortest way, the driver preferred it. Left Marianne at Heightley with Mary Robertson, and returned solus [sic]. On returning through Ashcombe, the Rev. Mr Palk’s manservant came out and told me his master had picked up the fur boa he held in his hand, and wished to know whether it belonged to the lady I had travelled with? I take so little notice of ladies’ costume that I was not able to say she had worn it. We had walked up the steep hill in Ashcombe, between the church and the Vicarage, and it is possible she may have dropped it then. After some consultation I consented to take it back to Dawlish (giving the man my card) and promised that enquiry should be made.

Fri. Oct. 28. – The boa did belong to my cousin; and she has written to Mr Palk to thank him for the trouble he took about it.

Sat. Oct. 29. – Went over to examine Denbury Down Camp. Took the rail to Newton; and from that place walked to the neat village of Denbury (where Archdeacon Froude has a house) distant three miles, or three and a half from the station. This camp occupies the crown of a conical hill, which rises by itself out of the plain, like a molehill in a field. A horizontal section of the hill, shows, not a circle, but an ellipse: and the form of the camp, naturally enough, assumes the elliptical shape, according to the shape of the hill. The sides of the hill are cultivated: but the summit, which was first planted about forty years ago, is not only covered with large trees over head, but is so matted and tangled below with fern, weeds, brambles, and coppice wood, that there is no getting through it, and no means of examining the earthworks satisfactorily. There is a kind of trackway from north-east to south-west, across it; and from an imperfect measurement through this, I am disposed to think the long diameter may be about 250 yards. Near the middle of the area there is a great mound like a tumulus; and towards the west end apparently another visible among the brambles and bushes. There is a ditch, with a small agger outside, and the high acclivity of a steep agger inside. The most perfect parts are at the west end and south side. The short diameter I could not measure for underwood. From the ditch to the top of the agger on the south (the only place I could get at it) the measurement was 18 yards, or 54 feet. It may be still bolder in other places. The views all round are very fine. All the Haldon range lies spread out, with nothing intervening. Milber Down Camp is visible, and many others. The sea and the cliffs towards Lyme are discernible. On the south Totnes and many other towns are at the spectator's feet as it were. There is a tradition at Denbury that this Camp was either attacked by the Danes, or occupied by that people. Query whether the word Denbury comes from the two words Dane and Bury? The town or fortress of the Danes.

Mon. Nov. 1. Oct. 31. – Having become a member of the Dawlish Literary Society, (by payment of ^s6/- and ^s1/- entrance fee, as one year's subscription) went to the rooms to night [sic] and heard a Lecture read by the Rev. Sloane-Sloane Evans on "A September in Switzerland." Last week I heard one on "Delusions" by a Mr. Cuming.

[THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS INSERTED INTO THE DIARY FACING MONDAY OCTOBER 31ST 1853]

Piermont House, Dawlish. Nov. 2/53

My Dear Mr. H,

But I have been to Denbury Down Camp; and here goes for a description. Let me, however, remove a false impression, if you are labouring under one. By your mentioning so many varied objects of interest for me to search out, you may possibly imagine that I am foraging any where after anything without plan. This is not so. I have had an object in view, and I have been confining myself to this plan, without turning to the right or left. I have been looking up the old Camps within reach of Dawlish & Teignmouth, merely to print accounts of them in the Dawlish & Teignmouth Directory.

My stay here is too uncertain to permit me to scour the country satisfactorily as you suggest: I have therefore laid down a system, and stuck to it. I return the printed [PAGE ENDS HERE]

[WRITTEN VERTICALLY ACROSS THIS PAGE IS 'I suppose you have seen what the Dasher has been about']

[NEXT PAGE IS BELOW BUT ARE THERE SOME PAGES NOT PHOTOGRAPHED?]

I managed to get a measurement of the agger, and made it 18 yards, or 54 feet on the slope. The works are like those at Sidbury Castle, to wit – a ditch, with an agger on each side, the inner slope being high and steep. In Denbury there is a tradition which reports that the Danes once either occupied or besieged the camp. By the bye – Query – Denbury, quasi Dane-bury – the Danes' town. The works are more perfect on the south side; hence the Ordnance Map is correct. The view on all sides is very fine. Nothing intervenes between it and Haldon. The sea and some white cliffs are visible towards Beer Head or Lyme. In the south Totnes and other places are looked down upon. You must be content with this brief sketch until we meet. I do not contemplate visiting any more camps. Last Saturday was fine, and that was the day I went. If I knew the exact sites of the Great Haldon Camps, I would search for them if I go to Chudleigh. You cannot tell me I suppose? But farewell

P.H.

Wed. Nov. 2. – Took a walk from Dawlish to the “Smugglers’ Path” on the Teignmouth road. How different this is now from what it was as I remember it when a child! It was then a narrow obscure path: now it is an open road, with a railway bridge at the bottom. Went also across the fields to the edge of the cliff and looked down upon the “Parson & Clerk” rocks.

Th. Nov. 3. – Frank Jones walked over to Heightley Cottage to join his wife. Myself, I took a walk to the Warren, and had a distant look at Exmouth. Went along the railway walk – except for the first half mile, which was washed away by the sea some three years ago, and omitted by the Company to be replaced. (Aside – On this grievance I have some remarks in the Dawlish Directory issued to-day.) Being low water I passed through the arches outside Langstone Point, and so to the Warren. In returning I went over the wooden bridge that the Company have made over the rail in the chasm where they cut through Langstone Point; and then ascending the steps, returned to Dawlish through the fields.

Sat. Nov. 5. – Sundry “Old Popes” or “Guys” were brought about this morning, by the boys, something after the Sidmouth fashion, only they were mounted on donkey back; and the verses the boys repeated were something like those I have heard at Sidmouth, but not exactly. In the evening tar-barrels predominated over fireworks. Took a walk on the eastern hill that bounds Dawlish, where the view is fine on all sides.

Dawlish, Nov. 1853.

Sun. Nov. 6. – Received the sacrament at the parish church, Dawlish:- The bread from The Vicar, Mr. Fursdon, and the wine from the Rev. Mr. Price.

Fri. Nov. 11. – On taking a walk on the high hill on the east side of Dawlish Water, I espied some sheep feeding on a mound in a grass field. Having an eye to antiquities, I at once conjured up a tumulus in imagination; and at once scrambled over the hedge to make a closer examination. Sure enough it was – a mound like a molehill about 14 yards in diameter. Some persons have been

endeavouring to sink a hole in the centre, doubtless to find the treasure – “the crock of gold” – which universal tradition affirms to be usually buried under such mounds.

Mon. Novr. 14. – Finished reading, or rather “skimming” through the eight volumes of Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.” The style and language are certainly very polished, lofty and eloquent. Gibbon is generally charged with having been an infidel; and, certainly, there are many passages which it would be difficult for any of Gibbon’s apologists to explain or defend.

This evening heard a lecture on “The Beauties of our Native Land” by Major Hall. It is a pity he rambled so much from his subject.

Open hostilities have at last commenced between the Turks and the Russians; and every lover of justice hopes the Russians will get well beaten, and driven out of the two principalities Wallachia and Moldavia, which she is trying to pilfer. Turkey, however, has got a sturdy foe in Russia.

Dawlish & Sidmouth

Th. Nov. 17. – Discovered a tumulus on the crown of a high hill north of Dawlish - about half a mile north-by-west of the church. Espied it from some distance when taking a walk (having an eye for antiquities) and suspecting the nature of the mound, made for it to examine. It is in a grass field, but almost as round as a mole-hill. It measures fourteen yards in diameter. Endeavours have been made to sink a hole on the summit, probably under the impression, according to the common notion, the treasure is buried within such heaps of earth. Made a drawing of it.

Sun. Nov. 20. – Went to the parish church in the morning, and to the chapel on the west side of the Lawn in the evening.

Tu. Nov. 22. – Made a coloured drawing of the Bishop’s Parlour.

Sat. Nov. 26. – Returned home. Took the express train at Dawlish for Exeter; where I did a little shopping, and a little gazing into shop windows, to see if there was anything new. Got on the mail at half past three – past [sic] through Ottery, and arrived in Sidmouth by six.

Th. Dec. 1. – People in Sidmouth are beginning to resist the payment of pew rents to the Vicar. For twenty years my late father paid four guineas a year for a pew in the parish church – a sum amounting to 80 guineas, knowing that the law did not require him to do so. Many persons have been quietly growling for some time past, but now several families have declared that as residents in the parish they have a right to seats in the church without such a demand, and they consequently decline paying any more. Such is the state of rebellion in which I find Sidmouth on my return. After being five days in the parish, I have openly joined the rebels

Sidmouth, Dec. 1853.

by the letter I have just written to the churchwardens. Pretending to understand that a general distribution of seats is about to be made to the parishioners, I have requested, on the part of my mother, that they will assign to her use, and the use of her household, four sittings. The Vicar need not charge me with wronging him. If he has asked and taken 80 guineas from my father illegally, on which side does the commission of wrong lie? I believe the living of Sidmouth is worth £350 or more per annum; to which may be added the Vicarage House and some thirty acres of glebe. Besides this, there are, the surplice fees, which are very high in this parish. It is not, therefore, on the score of poverty that the Rev. William Jenkins, the Vicar, has let out the pews in the church at a guinea a sitting. I await an answer to my letter.

Fr. Dec. 2. – Took a walk on the beach to Picket Rock, and made some sketches of the Alcyonites? and got some specimens.

Went to the Heinekens to meet Lady Claridge to have some music – which we had for a couple of hours.

Mon. Dec. 12. – Finished my leather-work picture frame having Ivy round it. Things which I have seen done by my friends in this pretty, and by no means useless art, are, as I think, usually too dark, I think a middle tint of brown is better than attempting to imitate oak that is down right black, or almost black, from supposed age.

Sidmouth, Dec. 1853.

Thursday, Dec. 15. 1853. – This morning, after breakfast, at low water, as I was walking over the Chit Rocks towards High Peak Hill, to look for some fossils in the red rock, something shining attracted my attention that I at first thought was an oyster shell. I passed it several paces; and thinking that the glitter was more like that of a silvery metal than mother-of-pearl, I turned back to look again. Nothing was visible but a piece about the size of a dollar; but on pulling it out of the sand and gravel, it proved to be a silver plated square dish. After having washed it in a pool of water, I discovered a crest, a Leopard's Head, or something of that nature, with the initials "T.L.F." underneath. Remembering that about six months ago a robbery of plate had been committed at Mr Fish's, at Knowle Cottage, and knowing these to be the initials of his name, it occurred to me that I had found part of the lost plate, the thief having secured to himself all that was of pure silver, and thrown away that which was only plated. A short time ago Harding the watch maker found a tray in the river, and Sweet the rope maker another, at a different place, also in the river. On these, the marks of the chisel are plain, where the solid silver edgings were ripped off. My portion of the treasure trove I took to the Reading Room and Billiard Room in order to make the circumstance known. The magistrates were afterwards told of it, and the piece of plate given into the custody of the policeman.

Sidmouth, 1853, and 1854

Sat. Dec. 24. Finished my water colour drawing of the destroyed weir in the Salcombe Fields, for my leather work frame of Ivy – and now it is done don't like it.

Sun. Dec. 25. – Christmas Day, very rainy and disagreeable. A quiet Christmas I have had this year.

Wed. Dec. 28. – Finished engraving on wood a coin of Faustina Augusta, as an illustration to an article in the Sidmouth Directory in January.

This evening went to a small party at Lime Park.

Thurs. Dec. 29. – This evening when I went to my room to go to bed, in taking up a toothbrush, two or three all came up together. They were frozen together. There was a coating on the water in my jug. The weather has been very cold during the last ten days, with the wind in the north-east. The thermometer I think has been down to 19° at night.

Fri. Dec. 30. – Etched Miss E. Y.[?] Heineken's name on the mother-of-pearl outside of her nest of three magnifying glasses.

POH Transcripts - 1854

Mon. January 2. 1854. – All the morning at leather work, making the oak leaves and acorns for the low candlesticks to stand on the brackets on the landing, outside the drawing room door.

Wed. Jan. 4. – Sent a communication to the Archaeological Institute, London, on the subject of a sculptured slab in Iona, having some characters cut on it resembling the Punic letters.

It thawed a little yesterday, and froze again last night, so the country is call covered with ice. I am sure any person with skates on, might have skated up and down the Promenade on the beach.

[LARGE GAP IN ENTRIES FROM THIS POINT TO MARCH 13TH)

Sidmouth, March 1854, & Dawlish.

Mon. Mar. 13. – For the second time accompanied Mr. Paul Hayman in surveying the premises and part of the Blackmore field I propose buying of [sic] Sir John Kennaway.

Wed. Mar. 22. – Mozart's 12 Mass came off to-night in the great room in Exeter by the Exeter Society. Mr Heineken and myself went in and took part in it. We did not get back until near 3 to-morrow morning.

Th. Mar. 30. – Having worked hard in the garden during the last month or two, whilst the weather has been unusually fine and dry, went over to Dawlish to-day to see my cousin Mary Roberton. Went into Exeter by coach through Ottery, and then took the rail to Dawlish.

Sat. April 1, 1854. – So war with Russia is declared at last. Much forbearance have we shown certainly, and tried every argument to try and turn the Emperor from his determination of unscrupulous aggression on Turkey. France and England now unite as friendly allies (unusual alliance) in defending Turkey against the attempts of Russia. The London Gazette of the 28th ultimo contains a Declaration that active hostilities must begin. What with the combined fleets of England and France in the Black Sea, the united armies just on the point of arriving in Bulgaria, to oppose the advance of the Russians towards Adrianople and Constantinople, and the fleets of the two nations just entered the Baltic, Russia will have something to oppose. Nevertheless the allies have a powerful foe to contend with; and everyone looks out anxiously for every morsel of intelligence that may come from the seat of war.

Dawlish, April 1854.

Wed. Ap. 5. – Still splendid weather. To-day the Exeter and South Devon Rifle Corps, assembled on the Lawn for exercise. All Dawlish turned out to see the amusing sight. There was plenty of noise, and plenty of gunpowder set fire to.

Th. Ap. 6. – Letters from Australia. Took a walk with my cousin Anne Stares to the tumulus, which lies on the hill a mile or so north of Dawlish.

Fr. Ap. 7. – Went from Dawlish to Exeter for the day. Saw Mr. G. Down on the subject of removing the trust, now with us, as settled by my brother's wife's marriage settlement, to persons in Australia. Called on several friends. Went to Southernhay and heard two military bands play – for the last time previous to their departure on foreign service. The weather was beautiful, and the place crammed with company. When mingling with a crowd in a public place, it is not difficult to discover the well bred from the ill bred. The well bred make way for each other: the ill bred push and elbow without ceremony and without consideration.

Fr. Ap. 14 – Good Friday. Went to the parish church and took the sacrament.

Mon. Ap. 17. – Easter Monday. Dawlish fair, held in the Strand, according to the ancient mode of booths and stalls.

Tu. Ap. 18. – Cousin Anne Stares and myself went to Torquay for the day: she to look after her house, with a view to letting it; and I to see Mrs. Oldham and Miss Watson, whom I have not seen since 1840. A thunder storm came on, and a fall of rain. For two whole months we have only had two or three showers. Such a dry spring has scarcely ever been remembered.

Dawlish & Sidmouth, 1854.

Fr. Ap. 21. – Made a coloured sketch on Dawlish beach.

Mon. Ap. 24. – Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth. On the mail from Exeter to Ottery, we faced a strong north-east wind; and I can scarcely remember it colder, in the depth of winter.

Tu. Ap. 25 – Princess Alice's birthday. Flag up in the tree.

Wed. Ap. 26. – To-day is the day of Prayer and Humiliation appointed to be kept, that the nation may humble itself, and beg for divine assistance in what we believe to be a just war against Russia. We had an excellent sermon on the subject: and as it was given out that a collection would be made in aid of the soldiers and sailors who had gone wives and children of the soldiers and sailors, (especially the former) who had gone to fight, allusion was pathetically made to the brave fellows just departed for the seat of war. The women of the congregation plied their handkerchiefs pretty freely; for as there are nearly twenty Sidmouth men, either in the ranks or on board the fleets now in the Black Sea and the Baltic, there were husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts to weep for.

Mon. May 1. – May Day – quite an April day. In three months we have scarcely had more than three showers of rain. To-day the gardens rejoiced in a welcome fall. I fear the seeds I sowed more than a month ago, before I went to Dawlish, have too many of them failed to germinate, for few only, as yet, have come up. But, setting gardens aside, it has been most enjoyable weather.

Sidmouth, April 1854, and May

Wed. May, 3. – Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Fri. May, 5. - - Ditto – Ditto.

Mon. May, 15. – Ditto – Ditto. A small party.

At Sid Abbey a few nights ago, where there was mostly music, & where Mrs. John Wolcott, of Knowle, sang several Italian songs, whom [which?] I accompanied on the flute.

Sat. 20. – Yesterday & to-day, poured nine large watering-pots of water on the rhubarb in the garden. Since the shower on the first we have had no rain scarcely, and only a sprinkle or two during the three preceding months. Gardening of late has made my back ache terribly. Weeding is stooping and tedious work – much digging is tiring – and mowing tires the back, shoulders, and limbs immensely.

Mon. May 22. – Made some blue lights:- The composition being 1 part of sulphuret of antimony, 2 of sulphur, and 6 of nitre: all powdered, well mixed, and driven into a case. Lit two of them successfully up in my summerhouse in the tree by way of experiment. They answered satisfactorily; and illuminated the tree and the objects near very brilliantly – much to the surprise of the neighbours.

Tues. May, 23. – Spent the evening at Mr. Heineken's. Was introduced to the two Miss Horsfalls, Mr. H's nieces, by Miss Heineken.

Wed. May, 24. – The Queen's Birthday. To-day the Yeomanry Cavalry assemble at Sidmouth for eight day's training. They came in about 500 strong at three in the afternoon, headed by a very creditable band. Two of the officers have their horses in our stable, e.g. Wolcott of Knowle, near at hand in Salcombe parish, and Hume, [?] at present of Sidbury Castle.

Fri. May 26. – Took a walk to the top of Salcombe Hill to see the Yeomanry exercise.

Sat. May 27. – Was awake at seven this morning by the firing in the Fort Field; but would not bestir myself to go and see the men.

Sun. May 28. – This morning there was a full early service at eight for the soldiers. The red-coats filled the body of the church: the black-coats occupied the galleries.

Tues. May 30. – Went on Salcombe Hill to see the review of the "Royal First Devon Yeomanry Cavalry." It would have been a pretty sight had not the day been showery. Made a hasty sketch of the scene by way of a memento in Sketchbook No. 10.

Sun. June 4. – At St. Nicholas's Church (or rather St. Giles's) in the morning: at Salcombe church in the afternoon (feeling disposed for a good walk): and at All Saints in the evening.

Mon. June 5. – Wrote to Lord Palmerston – see Letter Book. A man may serve his country sometimes without fighting:

Fri. June 9. – Found the heir of the late Sir Richard Dobson (wanting him for Bingham about some land in Australia) in the person of W.F. Dobson, Esquire, Mayor of Gravesend.

Mon. June 12. – Spent the evening, as usual on Mondays, at Mr. Heineken's.

Sidmouth, June 1854

Wed. June 14. – Walked to Mutters, or Muttles Moor, Bulverton Hill, by appointment; where I was soon followed by Mr. and Miss Heineken, and the two Miss Horsfalls, in a carriage. On the ridge of the hill they got out and admired the view, looking over the valley of the Otter, &c, &c. We then walked through "Lord Rolle's Plantation" on Bulverton Hill to examine the cairn of dry flints, which is fast vanishing to mend roads with. Having returned to the carriage, we went, some riding, some walking, away all along Peak Hill, out to the cliff. Enjoyed the view, and then returned down Peak Hill to Sidmouth. The distance by the Ordnance Map, taking all the turnings, was five miles and a fraction.

Passed the evening at Mr Heineken's, to give the ladies a lesson in leather work.

Tues. June 20. – Anniversary of the Queen's Accession to the throne. Fired a royal salute from the summer-house in the tree, with my flag flying above, and a "jolly row" it made.

Frid. June 23. – The Miss Horsfalls returned to Yorkshire. What a pity!

Mon. June 26. – Finished my leather-work picture-frame, having the circular opening for the picture, and the oak, thistle and shamrock round it. The design of the frame furnishes a picture as well as the portrait (as intended) for the centre. On the left

right-hand side I have a nest with three eggs, on which the hen bird was supposed to have been sitting: the snake twined round the trunk of the tree, about to attack the hen, frightens her, and she is concluded to have flown to the top of the tree, where she is seen, looking down. The cock bird is fighting with the snake, as he sits on the left side. So much for the frame.

Fri. June 30. – At a party at Lime Park – music. Accompanied the Miss Elphinstones of Livonia, in some music, and Mrs John Wolcot of Knowle.

Mon. July 3. – Spent the evening at the Heinekens – music as usual.

Tues. J. 4. – At a party at the Elphinstones, Livonia – music. Played the Horn and the flute.

Wed. J. 5. – At twelve this morning went to Livonia by appointment and tried over some new pieces of music. Lunched with them when it was over. Then went to Lime Park, next door, or next estate, and tried over some pieces with Miss Eleanor Walker.

Spent the evening at Mr. Heineken's, it being his birthday.

Th. July 6. – Signed the deeds concerning the purchase of the house, Number four, Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, of Sir John Kennaway, of Escot, Bart., together with the premises, Garden, and strip of the adjoining Lower Blackmoor Field – which strip of field, now being attached to the house, may now be designated Coburg Meadow From Leasehold to Freehold.

Fr. July 7. – Made a new Will. My last was of 1849.

Sidmouth, July 1854.

Hayman, Coles, and Lawrence came this morning by appointment to draw lots to see who should put up the iron fencing on two sides of "Coburg Meadow." On the long side to the north-east, the calculation was for a five wire fence, the great oak post at Coburg Terrace end, and some 42 feet of old fence, (now at the end) being given to me: and for an upright-bar railing at the end of 42 or more feet, with a gate. The estimates were – Lawrence £15: Coles £1510: and Hayman £16. I put three pieces of paper, of three different lengths, seven consecutive times into a book, and they drew. Coles got it. He drew five long pieces out of the seven. The others only one a piece. So he is going to set about the job without loss of time. Iron has now risen to £1610 a ton, & is likely to rise higher.

Th. July, 13. Walked out to Sidbury, and played chess with the Vicar of Sidbury. Went via Snogbrook and the lanes. Coming home at eleven I picked up some glowworms [sic] in the hedges, and carried them to Sidmouth. Wanting to speak to Mr. Heineken, called on him at this unseasonable hour. Did it in a novel way. As he has been much troubled with the caterwaling [sic] of tom cats of late, I resolved to play him a trick. Stealing under his window, I imitated the thrilling notes. Soon he stealthily opened the front door, and crept out. Then he shied a couple of coals (the first missiles he could lay hold of in his hurry, as he afterwards told me) in the direction of the sound. But when I could contain my laughter no longer, he discovered who and what the tomcat was. We then went in and chatted till nearly two in the morning.

Mon. July 24. – At a small party at Lime Park. Met the Wolcotts of Knowle: the Elphinstones of Livonia Cottage, and their cousins the Miss Holloways, of Plymouth.

Tues. July 25. – Went with Mr. Heineken at the top of Honiton Hill to open a barrow, lying close to the 15 mile stone from Exeter. My how hot it was! The thermometer at home stood at 75, but out here in the sun it was scorching. Nothing to drink but beer and spirits. The attempt to satisfy one's thirst with such drinks only endangered one's head. I would have given a great deal for water or tea. We had two men with us with spades and pickaxes. The barrow had been nearly all removed level with the ground. We commenced in the centre of the area, and dug trenches in various directions as

per plan annexed. We dug down till we came upon tough yellow clay, which appeared never to have been disturbed. We came upon this clay at depths varying from one to two feet. All our attempts, carried on for several hours, failed to discover any pits in this stratum of yellow clay, such as could lead us to conclude that a cist-vaen [sic] had been made. We either missed the right spot, or else the men who some two or three years ago levelled the mound unconsciously removed an urn or some other depository of bones, ashes, or similar exuvia.

About a hundred or hundred at [sic] fifty yards north-west from the milestone, close by, is a bog of oval form, some 60 yards or so long, known as Ring-in-the-Mire. The circumstances that led to imposing such a name to such a spot are related in most of the county histories. Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon at an early period, owned all the land in this neighbourhood. A dispute having arisen respecting the boundaries of several of the parishes adjacent, this lady settled matters both promptly and permanently. She rode up to this place on horseback, and throwing a gold ring into the mire, told the persons who attended her, that the spot where that ring fell should henceforth indicate the place where the parishes met. True enough, for many centuries, this locality has been known as "Ring-in-the-Mire;" and moreover, the parishes of Farway, Honiton, Gittesham, and I think Sidbury, all meet here. A man whom we found on the hill told us that about ten years ago the boundaries were being fixed, on which occasion a [PAGE INSERTED HERE]

pole was erected in the middle of this bog. So that the spot is still recognised by authority.

Some of the large barrows on the hill varied in construction. The large one close to the road, 170 paces from Hunters' Lodge, has had a ditch round it. The one about 700 paces from Hunters' Lodge, and at 150 on the left or north, has a hedge or vallum round it. Can this hedge though now smoothed down, and looking like an ancient vallum, have been only a hedge thrown up to protect the fir trees on it when they were young and first planted?

The barrow that lies on the highest part of the hill, and about 400 paces north west of Farway Castle, or indeed in a line between Farway

Castle and Hembury Fort, has perpendicular sides, with a ditch, and a vallum outside the ditch. It occurs to me that these outer works may be modern, unless similar features of known antiquity belong to other barrows elsewhere. Having finished our observations, we returned to Sidmouth by nine, having been away just twelve hours.

Sidmouth, July 1854.

Wed. July 26. – To-day the sultry weather exploded in thunder, lightening [sic], and rain. William Coles and his men made the pit at the northerly end of "Coburg Meadow" to sink the iron post that the two wire fences are to be strained to.

Th. July 27. – Went out to see the said post lowered into the pit. It is [BLANK HERE] in the ground, and 4 feet out, with two pieces of oak at the bottom, pointing towards the direction of the stretched wires, and with two struts, or diagonal stays, to each piece of oak.

Fri. Aug. 4. – Walked to Mr. Charles Cornish's farm at Salcombe, occupied by Trump. One apartment [sic] in this old house has a flat ceiling divided into squares by carved cross beams, with bosses in the middle of the pannels, [sic] and escutcheons in the corners. Some of them bear a sort of rude fleur-de-lis, in a position that would be upsidedown [sic], if the shield were upright. Perhaps this is rather a fanciful than an [sic]heraldic device.

Went with Mr Trump to a field westward on the hill, looking down upon Sid Abbey, to see a curious pit, about four feet across, like a well at the top, and the depth uncertain. Stones thrown down rattled a long time. It may be 30 or 40 feet deep. After many strange conjectures, Trump's idea that springs of water may have excavated a hollow and the top sunk in, may be the likely cause, rather than it should have been a smugglers' cave.

This man Trump is the nephew of the man whom the tradition of the neighbourhood declares to have found a "crock of gold," when ploughing in a field near Trow. Trump pointed me out the field at a distance; but to go and examine it will be the subject for another walk. He said, in answer to my questions, that his uncle's name was Sanders, and that he was still living. The circumstance occurred about 40 years ago. He thinks, however, there is no truth in the tradition. His uncle, he said, speculated in one or two ways, and was fortunate. The story goes, that Sanders was ploughing in the field, and that his horses suddenly sunk down, the ground giving way under them. Wishing to exam into this strange occurrence, he sent away the boy who was with him, on some errand. In this pit he found a large crock full of gold coins. That he became rather "well to do" not long after, set the tale a going; and his own taciturnity or denial, only seemed to spread and confirm the suspicion. But the nephew told me he believes there is no truth in the anecdote.

Sidmouth, August 1854.

Monday Aug. 7. – The box of clothes for Fanny goes to London to-day.

Called at the Elphinstones. Found the Captain all alone. We cut a segar [cigar] in two and each smoked half, neither of us being smokers: and even this made my nerves all of a shake. Then had a cup of coffee, which took away this effect. And then a glass of liquer with a German name, made of white brandy, syrup, and caraway seed. Gossiped for three hours.

Had a practise with Mr. & Miss Heineken, trying over Handel's "Mount of Olives," I taking the horn.

Tuesd. Aug. 15. – Heard of the death of my uncle Col. Robertson, St. Andrew's Street, Tiverton, and am requested to go over on Thursday. He was 86 on Sunday the 13th and he died on Monday, at 2 A.M.

Th. Aug. 17. – Went to Tiverton, - on the mail to Exeter, on the rail to Tiverton.

Fr. Aug. – 18. – The funeral took place this morning, at half past ten, his daughter, and her husband, the Revd. Francis Jones, being in Tiverton, but the former not attending. The latter, myself, Dr. Paterson, and the Revd. Mr. Spurway, being the only persons, except the servants, who went. My

uncle was buried, lying across the path, running south from the south door of St. George's Chapel, at about 20 or 30 yards from the [LETTER TO MR HEINEKEN INSERTED IN DIARY AT THIS POINT]

Tiverton, August 18. 1854

My Dear Mr. Heineken,

I have just stormed Cranmore Castle – and taken it. However I must proceed chronologically, and begin with the beginning. I forgot my flute, but thinking it not likely I should require it, would not take any trouble about recovering it; and not having the flute, I left out all my music. Though rainy at first, the day turned out fine. I took particular note of all the features of Ottery East Hill. These must keep till I return. I saw Rickard and Vinnicombe in Exeter. Besides the Mount of Olives, the latter told me the society had it in serious contemplation to get up Haydn's Third Mass; and for the same evening. If really so, I requested you might be informed of it, and your part sent you.

I have had no time yet to collect any Tiverton news, but shall look about me early next week. The funeral took place this morning.

This afternoon, feeling inclined for a quiet walk, I went down Collipriest, towards the encampment that lies on the high hill over Collipriest Cottage. (See Ordnance Map.) I stopped all the farmers' men, and women in the lanes, to enquire of them the name of the Camp on the hill; but none had ever heard a name for it, though they had heard of a great battle once fought there about. On referring to Col. Harding's history of Tiverton, this Camp turns out to be the veritable "Cranmore Castle," though the name is quite lost on the spot. Col. Harding's account is too brief, but he gives a plan. He says, Vol. II Book IV. p.129:-

"Cranmore Castle. – A Considerable point of attraction with many persons is Cranmore Castle, better perhaps known by the name of the Skrinkhills. It consists of an old British Fort of considerable extent, which is easily traced, although the banks are much worn down by continual cultivation. In the centre is a mound, circular in shape, which formed a Noverca, or Citadel, overlooking the Camp and acting as a defence to the station. It was probably intended for a Beacon fire, not an uncommon occurrence in ancient British works. This Camp is so situated as to form an admirable point of communication between Cadbury Castle and Hembury Fort, and corresponding also with the line of British works to the westward from Crediton to Molland, the supposed Termolum of Richard the Monk; and thence from Molland, by Berry Castle in Woolfardisworthy back to Isca, (Exeter) by Woodbury Castle and Hembury Fort. There are other works to the north of Tiverton, in Stoodley parish, Huntsham, and towards East and West Anstey, all, no doubt, once connected with the important [??] port at Molland." In a foot-note on "Cranmore" he says:- "Crân more, keltic, green moor, or stone moor." I will bring him to task on these words when I return.

The words "Collipriest Cott." In the Ordnance Map, lie over the site of Cranmore Castle. There is some probability of my going over to Uffculme for a day or two next week; and if I do I will not forget my duty [?] considering I had stormed Cranmore Castle before I had been 24 hours in Tiverton, and

had come over on very different business, I think it was not bad [?] "Though I say it as shouldn't say it." The highest part of this Camp is the east end, though it is a good tug to get up the Collipriest end. I had intended to survey it; but its immense size put that out of the question: and as it is divided into several fields of corn and other corps [sic], separated by high thick hedges, the eye cannot see one half of it at one time. I was glad therefore to find Col. Harding's History in the house. So much for this letter.

And I remain

Yours Sincerely

P. Hutchinson

F If you have anything to say to me you my [sic] direct at

Revd. F. Jones's

St. Andrews Street

Tiverton

of the path.

Tiverton, August 1854

lower end: the head turned towards the west. At this spot his eldest daughter Jane was buried some 16 or 17 years ago, and also my mother's sister Mary, his wife, in May 1848, whose funeral I attended. See back May 10, 1848 In the afternoon the Rev. F. Jones and myself went to look at Cranmore Castle, on the hill over Collipriest.

Sat. Aug. 19. – Went again to examine Cranmore Castle, after reading the remarks on it in Col. Harding's History of Tiverton.

Sun. Aug. 20. – Submitted to the disagreeable custom of going to church with my funeral mourning on.

Tu. Aug. 22. – Went into St. Peter's Church to see what progress had been made since last year on the rebuilding. With the exception of the tower, Greenways Chapel, and the south wall, it will be a new church. The ancient circular-headed zig-zag doorway in the north wall, I see they have preserved, and built in again.

Then went to look at the Castle. Sir Walter Carew has been recently having the battlements over the East Gateway repaired, or added, or altered; and the adjoining turret, known as the "Duke of Devonshire's Chair," repaired, and somewhat altered. Some persons were alarmed lest injudicious alterations were likely to be made in the venerable building; and I cannot say that the repairs are

satisfactory, inasmuch as they are not strict restorations. One day, when a boy, I climbed up in the Duke of Devonshire's Chair with Timothy Featherstonehaugh, whose mother was a Carew.

Tiverton, Augt. 1854.

Th. Augt. 24. – The curious brass gun given me by my cousin Marianne Jones, I conveyed this morning to the Station to go by the Luggage Train to Exeter; and thence by Carrier to Sidmouth. This gun was captured by my cousin (Marianne's brother) the late John Robertson, on the 29th of January, 1845, from a pirate prahu on the east coast of Borneo, in Latitude 4° 10' North. The circumstance is mentioned in mentioned in Captain Sir Edward Belcher's "Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. Samarang during the years 1843-46" in the eastern archipelago, Vol. I. pp. 250, 251. John Robertson was lieutenant on board the Samarang; and Sir Edward was so pleased at the gallant way in which he attacked and took the pirate, that he made him a present of the gun when he brought it on board. My cousin's health failed so much on the voyage home, that he was put on shore at the Cape, where he died. The gun was sent to Tiverton, where it remained till it was given to me. It is four feet long, small bore, about an inch and a quarter, and ornamented with arabesques and scrolls. I must have a carriage made for it. – Dec. 7. 1854 – Now in Exeter Museum.

Sun. Aug. 27. – Went to the eleven o'clock service at St. George's Chapel. There are five services here, now that St. Peter's is under repair, and the new church in Westexce not finished. Eating a pear after dinner, a wasp was attracted to my face by the smell of the fruit. He stung me on the left cheek. It swelled considerably. The pain, to me, very much resembled that of a scald or burn: but different persons are differently affected by stings. I applied ammonia, being a strong alkali; for the poison of stings is said to be an acid. The pain, however, did not entirely cease until the next day. Some years ago a small black insect flew into my left eye, and stung me in the lower part of the iris. I felt no particular pain; but the effect of the poison on the optic nerve and brain was such that I felt quite giddy and qualmish for ten minutes or more. Wasps are unusually abundant this year.

Wed. Aug. Sep. 7. Walked out to "Seven Crosses" near Tiverton. At this spot there is nothing now but the divergence of three or four roads; tho' formerly I believe there existed some monument commemorative of a curious circumstance which the historians of the neighbourhood relate – as how a certain Countess of Devon passing that way one day met a man carrying a basket, the contents of which he seemed anxious to conceal – how she asked him what he had got there? to which he hesitatingly answered, "seven puppies which he was going to drown in the river exe" – how she forced him to uncover and shew his "puppies," which turned out to be seven male children. When she drove him to an explanation he confessed that he had deserted his wife for seven years in dread of a large family, but having returned a twelvemonth ago, his wife had recently presented him with seven boys at a birth! The Countess having severely reprimanded him for the course he was pursuing, directed him to take the contents of his basket to her residence, Tiverton Castle, saying that she would in future take them under her own care. The story goes, that she brought them all up and put them into the church, where, through her influence, they all rose to be high dignitaries.

Thursday & Friday, Sep. 1. – Yesterday and to-day the sale of the furniture of the late Col. Robertson's house in St. Andrews Street Tiverton took place. All I bought was a Canadian Indian box made of bark, worked with varicoloured porcupine quills, with several circular ones inside, for six shillings; and a defective telescope for a shilling. The sale brought upwards of £150.

Sun. Sep. 3. – Went to the eleven o'clock service at St. George's Chapel. Whilst St. Peter's is now rebuilding there are five services here.

Tu. Sep. 5. – Splendid weather! Took a delightful walk.

Wed. Sep. 6. – Returned Major Hole's book on Artillery, which I borrowed to get some hints out of for the benefit of my gun.

Th. Sep. 7. – Left Tiverton with the Rev. and Mrs Jones for Uffculme.

Fr. Sep. 8. – Went out with a determination to find "Pixie Garden" on Uffculme Down, if possible, a thing I had many times resolved to do before. The description given of this place by Lysons and others is, that it is a rectangular enclosure, about 20 paces, square, with an opening at the corners, the enclosing hedge being about two feet high – that it is divided into four compartments by a hedge each way – and that there was a mound in each compartment. I proceeded from Uffculme to "Hill head," all the summit of which fifty years ago was open down. After rambling over hedge and ditch for an hour or two in various directions without discovering the sign of an earthwork, and after failing to obtain any information from persons I met on the hill or at Hillhead Farm, I espied an old fellow on a corn stack thatching. Him I hailed, and demanded whether he had ever heard of such a place as Pixie Garden? "Yes to be sure," was his reply; "and when I was a boy I have run over it scores of times." This was encouraging. After some parleying I bribed him to come down and lead me to the place. If I refer to the Ordnance Map, he led me to a spot about a tenth of an inch below the letter n of the word Down in the words Uffculm Down. This region is now enclosed and under cultivation. If I make a hap-hazard plan of the enclosures, as far as I now recollect, Pixie Garden stood on the corner of a field where I have placed it. The man whose name was Baker, so asserted. He took my walking-stick and drew a plan of what he can

remember to the earthworks;

and they were like the annexed. He said there was a "mump" in the middle, which may have been a tumulus; but Lysons speaks of a mound in each compartment. He agreed with Lysons in describing the ridges as about two feet high, over which he had run and jumped many times with his schoolfellows. It was destroyed some 40 or fifty years ago, when this part of the Down was enclosed. What this small but curious work could have been, it is hard to conjecture. That it is of considerable antiquity seems generally supposed. It was from 20 to 30 yards square.

Wed. Sep. 13. – Walked from Uffculme, via Ashill and Allhallows, (which they pronounce "Allers") to Blackborough hill and Puckey Down. A tolerably fagging walk I had. Put my sketchbook and colour-box in one pocket, and my lunch in the other, and was out all day. Witnessed the process of making whetstones (this range is called the Whetstone Hills;) went part way into one of the burrows in the side of the hill where they are dug (I was told it entered 300 yards;) walked to "Garnsey's Tower," (the correct word I have heard is Gainsworthy;) measured and sketched it. It is a circular tower three storeys high, though the floors are ruined and fallen down, with traces of fireplaces. The wall is two feet thick, but cracked from top to bottom. The windows have been blocked up to strengthen the

building: nevertheless it is so tottering that it threatens to fall. The tower is twelve feet in diameter. The conical hill near the church with the fir trees on it is called Beacon Hill. From it the view is splendid. I could see Aylesbear [sic] Hill, and the sea beyond: also some of the hills near Sidmouth, as Pinn Beacon, and some others. In other directions it was equally extensive[sic].

Sat. Sep. 16. – Went from Uffculme to Dawlish on a visit to my cousin Mary Roberton.

Sun. Sep. 17. – At the old church in the morning, and at St. Mark's in the evening.

Mon. Sep. 18. – The cholera is very bad in London. The accounts for several weeks recently passed, and ending on the 17th. Instant exhibit the following number of deaths severally in each week. For instance – 1, 5, 26, 133, 399, 644, 729, 849, 1287, 2050, and last 1542, which is less fortunately, than the week preceding. As 1542, the number of deaths in the last week, is less by 508 than the amount in the preceding week, we may hope that the numbers will gradually decrease.

Fri. Sep. 22. – After many enquiries, discovered where Lidwell Chapel was situated, and went there. Took a sketch of it, and made measurements. – See on, Sepr. 27.

Sun. Sep. 24. – As last Sunday.

Tu. Sep. 26. – Went to Teignmouth & Shaldon, and called on several friends.

Dawlish. Sep. 1854.

Wed. Sep. 27. – Went to Lidwell Chapel again. Mrs. Willis, the wife of the farmer who rents the estate of Lidwell Farm of [sic] the Revd. Mr. Whidborne, lent me a paper today, drawn up by the Revd. owner, in order that I might copy it. It contains some memorandums relating to the chapel, and the following is the copy:- “The ruined chapel which stands on this estate was dedicated to the V. Mary. At the west end there is a spring of water, with the remains of some artificial stonework, which I suppose once constituted a Well; so that the chapel was dedicated to Our-Lady-of-the-Well; and from which the name of the estate, anciently written ‘Lythewill’ or ‘Lyddewill’ was borrowed.

“The length is 35 (or 37?) feet within the walls, and the breadth 17 feet [within] and the west wall is 2⁶/₆ inches thick. The ruins consist only of the western gable, containing an arched doorway, composed of four large stones, 4 feet broad, and

6⁴/₄ in. high; over which is a square or oblong window. The line of the walls may be traced round the other side by the stones which still remain.

“The following are the only notices which I have found of it.

“ ‘At Ludwell, or Lythewyll, an estate of Mr. Richard Whidborne, near Haldon, in a field called Chapel Park, is the ruined chapel of St. Mary, of which the proprietor can give no other account than that he has heard his father say, it is prayed for in Roman Catholic countries, by the name of the Holy Chapel of Ludwell. He added that his father, when he gave him the estate, exacted a promise from him, that he would never remove any of the stones, or any part of the building. There are no

monuments remaining of any person buried there. This chapel is called in the Liber Regis, Lythewyll.”
*

“* Note. Lithewyll (St. Mary) olim cap. to Dawlish, demolished. – Lib. Regis.”

“Polwhele, V. 2. p.150. Fol. edit. 1797.

“Of the other chapel (he had spoken before of Coketon chapel) ‘de Lydewill, in honore sce. [?] Marie infra parochiam de Dawlish constructa [?] et situata’ I find no mention before 11 August 1411. It lies near Haldon; ’tis a complete ruin.

“Bishop Stafford ‘further licenced him (Thomas Fayrforde) on 11 August 1411 to celebrate mass in St. Mary’s chapel at Lidwell, on the 15th August, the feast of the Assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary.’

“ ‘ N.B. On 25 May 1426 Bishop Lacy licenced this Vicar (Walter Chiterwell) to officiate ‘in capellis beate Marie de Coketon et Lydewill infra parochiam de Dowlysh.’

“See Fol. 131. 133 Vol. I. Stafford’s Register.

“Oliver’s Ecc. Antiq. in Devon V. 2. pp.143 144

“N.B. Lysons speaks of the Hamlet of Lithwell, perhaps misled by the chapel.”

So

So much for the mems.[? memories?] of the owner of the place. In “White’s History, Gazetteer, and Directory of Devonshire” for 1850, one of the legendary notices of the chapel is alluded to. At page 416 it says:- “About 3½ miles N.W. of the town [of Teignmouth] are the venerable ruins of Lithwell, or Lidwell Chapel, where a villainous priest, popularly called St. Simon, is said, in a legendary tale of the 16th century, to have committed many murders on the surrounding heath, for the sake of hoarding up gold in a secret chest under the altar, at the foot of which was a deep well, in which he is said to have buried his victims. This chapel was in Dawlish parish, and the well may still be seen in the middle of the ruined walls, covered with a large granite slab.”

Nothing, however, seems to be known of such a well in the present day. Examination might decide. A more amplified version of the above tale I have read somewhere; but where I cannot think, unless it were in Woolmer’s Gazette about the year 1850. I was told at Lidwell Farm that the monk above alluded to died at last in prosecuting his nefarious practices. The legend says he one night attacked a traveller on Haldon, to rob him, but the traveller drew some weapon and so wounded the monk that he drew off. He was just able to get back to his chapel, where he died. His ghost is said still to haunt the spot. See my later accounts –

I have another legend of two children, Jon and Janthe who died and were buried there. It is entitled “The Little Chapel, or The Children of Consolation.” The writing (on a sheet of note paper) is all lithographed, and a lithographed view of the building is given at the head.

No author’s or publisher’s name is given, and no date.

This evening signed my name five times, as witness (with Dr. Baker) to Mary Robertson's signature, on some papers connected with the transfer of her late mother's property to herself.

Th. Sep. 28. – Witnessed Mary Robertson's and Ann Catherine Stare's signatures on a parchment deed of Release of 5 or 6 skins [?] by which their two mothers' funded property is released from the Trustees under my grandfather Sir William Parker's will and transferred to them:- this being a joint deed to save expense.

Fri. Sep. 29. – Michaelmas Day! more like midsummer. We have a most unusually fine autumn and it is still oppressively warm, and the sky cloudless. Before leaving Dawlish to return home, made a trip to Torquay to see some friends. Took a return ticket on the rail. On arriving, walked from the station to Hesketh Crescent. Found them at home – had bridecake and wine – and then got into their carriage with them to take a drive. They took me to see some of the beauties of the neighbourhood, and then set me down at the station. I got back to Dawlish to dinner.

In the "Illustrated London News" of the 23rd. Instant I see the following paragraph at page 274:- The Committee of Ordnance have had their attention drawn to a new projectile: it is a shell charged with a liquid which, when released by the concussion of the ball, becomes a sheet of liquid fire, consuming all within its influence, the smoke emitted also destroying human life." Now, I have reason to suspect that this is my shell, it is so exactly like what I communicated to the government in my letter to Lord Palmerston of last [SPACE HERE]

Sun. Oct. 1. 1854. – To-day was set apart as a day of thanksgiving for the most abundant harvest – and splendid it has been, and the weather beautiful. The services at the churches, however, were the same as usual, only with the addition of the new prayer, which I stick in my diary.

For the last several months, that is since the commencement of hostilities with Russia, the prayer "In the time of War and Tumults" has been read, - a novelty which at first I could not comprehend. And more recently, since the appearance of the cholera in London, we have had the prayer headed "In the time of any common Plague or Sickness."

Mon. Oct. 2. – Mother and myself returned home from Dawlish to Sidmouth – first taking the rail to Exeter, and then a carriage to Sidmouth. Yesterday there was a rumour that the allies, to wit, the English, French, and Turks, had taken Sebastopol, in the Crimea, and to-day it is alleged to be confirmed. True or no, people are beginning to rejoice, in all directions. In Exeter the church bells were jingling on all sides, and the roofs of the houses were decorated with flags. On arriving in Sidmouth we found the bells ringing, and a band of music parading the streets.

Before I left Dawlish Mary Robertson gave me her late mother's Guard Ring – a gold hoop embossed outside.

[PRAYER MENTIONED ON OCTOBER 1ST INSERTED HERE]

Sidmouth, Oct. 1854.

Oct. 3. –The news of the alleged fall of Sebastopol has set Sidmouth rejoicing – I fear prematurely. This evening the Sidmouth band paraded the parish. When the players came near our house into Coburg Terrace, by way of a lark I took my French horn, and went out and mingled with them. I had a good blow with them for half an hour.

Oct. 6. – So Sebastopol has not fallen! No, it was too good to be true so soon. There has been a great battle however, on the River Alma, between Kalamita Bay, [?] in the Crimea, and the city, where the allies attacked a Russian camp. The loss of the English in killed and wounded was 1895 rank and file, 90 officers, 114 sergeants, and 23 drummers: and of the French 1400 men, and 60 officers. The Russians were driven from their camp. The victory has been celebrated in London.

Sat. Oct. 7. – Letter from Bingham, with £20¹⁷/₂ for me, and £30¹²/₆ for mother. Also an improved plan of Goolwa.

Painted the new water-but [sic] to be put up on Monday.

Mon. Oct. 9. – Music this evening at the Heinekens, as usual.

Wed. Oct. 11. – Called on Sir John and Lady Claridge, and afterwards on Sir George and Lady Pocock. Found them all at home.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1854.

Fri. Oct. 13. – Had a capital musical meeting this morning at the Heinekens. Played

Reifseger's Trio in F., the first movement being in 12/8 time. Took the violin part on the flute – Sir George Pocock the violincello, and Miss Heineken the piano forte. Mr. Heineken put in a few deep notes with his double bass. After that we went through Hummel's 6th trio. Our audience consisted of Lady and Miss Pocock, Lady Knowles, and Sir John and Lady Claridge. Lady Claridge and Miss Heineken then played some things from Mozart's 12th Mass. Before we broke up, appointments were made for tomorrow.

Sat. Oct. 14. – As by appointment, had an hour's practice with Lady Claridge at Don Juan; and subsequently with Sir George Pocock and the Heinekens.

Mon. Oct. 16. – Had a "grand crash" at the Heinekens, in concert with Lady Claridge, Sir G. Pocock, Miss and Mr. Heineken.

Fri. Oct. 20. – At the Heinekens this morning, where I met Sir George Pocock and Lady Claridge. We had a turn at Weber's 1st Trio, in two flats, and then the greater part of Don Giovanni. After that Miss Heineken and Lady Claridge went to the organ, Mr. Heineken took his double bass, and I exchanged the flute for the horn, when we played part of Mozart's 12 Mass. Sir John Claridge and Mrs. Brine [?] came in; and Mr. Waterhouse has recently come down from Yorkshire.

Sidmouth, October, 1854.

Sat. Oct. 21. – Went with Mr. Heineken and Mr. Waterhouse on Ottery East Hill, to enjoy the view, and show the latter a piece of Devonshire. Took the route in our vehicle by way of Sidford, and then to the left up the old Roman road [?] High Street. From that we turned into the lane which took us all along the north side of Core Hill, and so on, till we reached the top of Ottery East Hill. Here we halted, and taking out our spyglasses, searched the country for half an hour on all sides, - naming the Tors of Dartmoor, the camps on the principal eminences, and examining the houses of Exeter, Ottery, and some other places just discernible. Thence we steered northward until we came to three barrows the situations of which we noted, in order to lay them down on the Ordnance Map, where they are not.

These barrows are cut into peculiar forms by the ditches which have been made round them. The most southern one is in the shape of a star with six points, like a fort or battery: the second is like a square, but bounded by curved lines bowing inwards: and the most northern, toward Chineway Head, is merely circular. These ditches are not likely to be ancient. Perhaps they were made at the time the barrows were planted with fir trees, some of which still remain growing on them.

From these we went along Chineway Head to Honiton Hill – the scene of our operations on the 25th of last July. Having taken our station on the great barrow, some 170 paces east of “Hunter’s-Lodge” inn, we looked about and pointed out the most remarkable sites within view to our Yorkshire friend, especially “Ring-in-the-Mire.” Again entering the carriage, we descended Honiton Hill homewards, and turned out of our way to give him a look at Sand, he being connected with the Huyshes, the owners. We entered the house, and the garden; and having satisfied our curiosity, drove through Sidbury, and so on by Sidford to Sidmouth.

Mon. Oct. 23. – Had a trio with Sir George Pocock and Miss Heineken.

Fri. Oct. 27. – And to-day had a regular spell at music with him and her and Mr Heineken and Lady Claridge. In came Lady P., Miss P., Lady Knowles (Sir G’s sister) and Sir J. Claridge to listen. Sir G.P. gave me the flute parts of Reisseger’s 8th, and 10th, trios.

Sat. Oct. 28. – Great anxiety exists at the present moment by everybody for news from Sebastopol. The allied forces are said to amount to 120,000 men, though all are not in the Crimea. The siege operations commenced on the 9th and it was thought that on the 17th 200 guns of large calibre would be ready to open fire upon the devoted city. It seems scarcely possible that the Russians can withstand this; and yet, the nation naturally feels anxious. By this time we ought to have had ample intelligence up to a period long after that of the purposed attack; and some persons are loudly complaining that news should be so long coming. The exact amount of English killed and wounded at the battle of the Alma was 2106, as now stated. A Sidmouth woman named Hill stopped me the other day to enquire if I knew the results of the battle, as one of her dear boys enlisted last June in Sidmouth unknown to her, and was out there. I did not know her before, but I am frequently asked questions about the war; for those sort of people fancy the gentry, by going to reading rooms and reading the papers, have superior advantages to themselves in picking up information. I have not seen the name of Edwd. Hill of the 95th amongst the killed or wounded, so I hope he is safe. She had heard that another Sidmouth man got through the battle quite safe. It would not be easy to describe the look of surprise and horror she gave me when I laughed at her fears, and said I was sorry I was

not out there myself in the midst of the fun. Howard Elphinstone, son of Captain Elphinstone of Livonia, near this place is now before Sebastopol in the Engineers. These are the only Sidmouth people out there that I know of. There are, however, about twenty Sidmouth men in the Black Sea and Baltic fleets. There are, however, one or two more men in the Crimea, now besieging Sebastopol, whose families happen to be here, although they are not strictly residents.

Sidmouth – Oct. & Dec. 1854.

Tuesd. Oct. 31. – At a small party at the Elphinstones', at Livonia, where we had plenty of music and chatting.

Wed. Nov. 1. – The news from the besieging armies before Sebastopol is not good to-day. It is said that Menschikoff, having rallied his troops since his dressing at Alma, has attacked the allies with 30000 men, dreadfully cut up the cavalry, and put Lord Cardigan, who commands it, in considerable peril. We are also told that among other casualties, a son of the Marquis of Clanricarde has been taken. What would his ancestor in Shakspeare's [sic] "King John," to wit, Hubert de Burgh, say to this?

If we can only take Sebastopol at last, we must not mind a few reverses in the interim. However, the account has come, not from the official despatches published by our government, which alone can be depended on, but through the Vienna electric telegraph, which had told many fibs of late. Let us hope this is a fib also.

Sat. Nov. 4. – This turns out to be, not quite a fib, but much exaggerated.

Had lunch with the Elphinstones: and then had a private confab with the Captain on the subject of my gunboat, some further particulars about which I am soon about to send to the government.

Sun. Nov. 5. – Gunpowder Plot. Hoisted my flag, though the noisy demonstrations are reserved for tomorrow.

Sidmouth. Nov. 1854

Mon. Nov. 6. – And a noise I made, as well as other folks.

Th. Nov. 9. – Prince of Wales's birthday – up flag. – Hole made through the wall from the Terrace to the field.

Fri. Nov. 10. – To-day a meeting was held in the Market House, on the subject of the "Patriotic Fund," for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who fall in the Russian war. Sent down

my flag, which was fastened up against the wall at the end of the room, where it made a very good background. The speeches made were very appropriate, and the room well filled with company.

It is expected, on sufficient grounds, that about or nearly, £300 will be collected in this parish and neighbourhood. I was applied to, to know whether I would assist in collecting from the inhabitants? I said I would rather be excused if they could do without me, though I would not shirk from a disagreeable duty if requisite. They did excuse me. Some people are fond of running about from house to house gossiping – I am not. To thrust myself into half the houses in the parish and ask for money, even for a good purpose, is most repugnant to my feelings. But I was let off.

Th. Nov. 17. – Ebdon and his assistant finished putting up the wooden palings along the path by the hedge in the field adjoining No. 4 Coburg Terrace.

Sidmouth, Nov. 1854.

Sat. Nov. 18. – The accounts from the seat of war are most trying. The Siege of Sebastopol is going on slowly, - we hope surely: but the task is a most arduous one, and the frequent encounters with the enemy are harassing and diminishing the troops of the allies. News are sought after with the greatest anxiety. Two curious circumstances are related to have occurred in the siege batteries before Sebastopol. One was that a cannon ball, fired by the Russians, entered the mouth of an empty gun on the English lines, and stuck fast about one third down the bore. This strange event caused much amusement amongst the soldiers. The other was somewhat similar, but more remarkable if possible. The besiegers were on the point of firing a shell; when another shell, fired by the Russians, entered the mouth of the piece, thus charged and on the point of going off. The two shells exploded together inside the howitzer (or whatever it was) and burst it, killing and wounding most of those who were standing near. Strange chances were these.

Th. Nov. 23. – At a party at Lime Park – music, dancing, supper: 65 there.

Th. Dec. 1. – Read two interesting letters from the seat of war, written by Seymour Blane to his parents Sir Seymour and Lady Blane. They give descriptions of the battles of Balaklava of Oct. 25 & 26, and Inkerman of Nov. 5. – These letters corroborate Lord Raglan's account, that 15000 English, French and Turks, withstood, and finally routed 60000 Russians, including, along with the Russian army, those who made a sortie from Sebastopol, and the garrison who directed their fire from the walls. The Russian loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to about the whole number of the allies engaged. The progress of the siege is slow and most arduous. Whether it is sure, even now seems a question. Considering the advanced state of the season, and the approach of winter, the position of the allied armies is most critical. Speaking of the prevailing opinion out there, Seymour Blane says – that they do not clearly see their way into Sebastopol, nor out of the Crimea. He further says that the guns of the fleet can do very little against the batteries. This answers one of the great questions which has been mooted since the commencement of the war – Whether the guns of a man-of-war can successfully attack stone walls? – Aye – try 110 ton guns.

I learn that the subscriptions to the Patriotic Fund, in aid of the widows and orphans of those who fall in battle, is now closed in this neighbourhood; and that the sums raised are as follows:- For Sidmouth £200⁰/₁₀; for the adjoining parish of Sidbury £36¹⁷/₆; and for the adjoining parish of Salcombe £28¹⁹/₆; making a total of

£285¹⁷/₁₀.

Mon. Dec. 4. – Spent the evening at the Heinekens'. Coloured a Coat of Arms (the Heineken arms) during tea. Then music for a couple of hours. Supper and gossip till two.

Sidmouth, Dec. 1854.

Th. Dec. 7. – The carriage of my gun (see back Augt. 24) is at last so far completed as to have it home. Richards made the wheels and woodwork; Coles the elevating screw; Burgoyne the rest of the iron work; and Hayman bouched the touchhole. The browning of the elevating screw box, and giving the carriage its last coat of paint, I mean to do myself. A brief history of it is contained in the following inscription, which I have recently engraved on a brass plate, and which I mean to screw on the trail piece, namely – “This gun was captured from a pirate on the East coast of Borneo, Lat. 4°¹⁰' N., Jan 29 1845; by Lieut. J. Robertson, H.M.S. Samarang (Capt. Sir Ed. Belcher, Bart.) on whose death it went to his father, Col. Robertson; on the death of the latter it passed to his Nephew P.O. Hutchinson, 1854.” Besides the printed account of the encounter with the pirate prahu, as given by Sir Edward Belcher, in his Narrative of the voyage of the Samarang in the years 1843-1846, Vol. I. p.250, I have a letter of John Robertson's, given me with the gun, giving his own details of the affair, and dated the day one [sic] which it took place. It is a rough draft of a letter intended for the captain; and though his signature is not appended, I recognise the hand writing to be his, as does his sister Mrs Francis Jones. It runs as follows:- “Her Majesty's Ship Samarang, Legretan,

29 January 1845.

“Sir – I have the honour to inform you that, in compliance with your orders, I proceeded in the first cutter to speak the prahu, and succeeded in coming up with her at the entrance of a small river. On closing I hoisted the ensign, and a white flag, which was taken no notice of. On a nearer approach I observed a long gun turned on the cutter; and on arriving within hail, I directed the Interpreter to say we were friends, and wished him to send a man, or come himself in the Prahau to find out a place to water the ship. He said he would go himself: if we would go out in the cutter, he would follow us. Instead of which he commenced pulling his boat into shoal water, evidently endeavouring to escape up the river. On seeing this, I pulled between him and the shore; and said I would come along side [sic] him, which he positively refused, accompanied with the usual attitudes of defiance. Seeing further parley was useless, I directed musquetry to be opened on her, which was briskly returned from their gun with grape. In a few minutes the crew deserted the Prahau, escaping to the jungle. On boarding,

boarding, I found her to be a large Prahau with provisions and water for a number of men, and a large quantity of powder, armed with a long brass swivel gun. Her crew consisted of about 30 men, three

of whom were shot in escaping to the shore, and I should think as many wounded in the boat, from the quantity of blood in different parts. After taking the gun into the Cutter, and destroying the powder, she was set on fire, and burnt to the water's edge.

Curious enough, after I had the gun at Sidmouth, on sounding it, an iron ball was found jammed at the entrance to the chamber. The blacksmith and myself, at different times, tried various ways to extract it; but it was jammed so tight we were unable. He bored it out with a drill. Now on consideration it appears that the last charge of powder, instead of driving out the ball, all exploded at the vent, which had become very large from use; so that, this being the case, the pirates were immediately deprived of the use of their gun. Perhaps this fact will account for the precipitate retreat which they made to the shore, on abandoning their vessel so suddenly.

Sidmouth, Dec. 1854

Sat. Dec. 9. – Painted the carriage of the gun; and proceeded to brown the elevating screw box and handles.

Mon. Dec. 10. – [LINE OF CROSSING OUT HERE]

This afternoon went into Exeter with Mr. Heineken and Mr. H. Johnson. Played the horn at the Oratorio – The Mount of Olives, and part of the Creation. Mr Heineken played double bass. Mr Johnson was among the audience. Did not get in till nearly dark, for we stopped on the top of Aylesbear [sic] Hill to examine two barrows planted with firs that lie about 100 yards on the north side of the road. However, before the Concert, I found time to go and see the works at Bodley's Iron Foundry. We had a moonlight night returning; but did not get home till three hours after midnight.

Tu. Dec. 12. – Picked out the iron work of the gun carriage with black.

The accounts from the Crimea are tedious on the one hand, and painful on the other:- tedious, because the siege of Sebastopol, partly for want of reinforcements, (which are now happily arriving) and partly owing to the advanced state of the season, drags itself on most wearisomely; and painful because, in addition to the accustomed accounts of the toils and privations endured by soldiers and sailors of all ranks, news have just arrived of a most terrible hurricane, which swept over the Black Sea and the Crimea on the 14th of last month. Such a storm is not remembered by any living there. Once is [sic] about 30 or 40 years the Empire is liable to such visitations. Violent wind, which overturned the tents and scattered the clothing of the troops on the hills – torrents of rain, sleet and snow – no fires – no food to be dressed, and scarcely any to be got. Many men and horses died of the miseries of that pitiless storm. So suddenly did it arise, that the shipping of France [sic], English and Turks was take [sic] by surprise. Some 30 or 40 transports and men-of-war were either driven on a hostile shore, or were sent to the bottom with their crews on board, together with the stores, munitions, food, and winter clothing for the troops. Every effort is being [sic] both in England and in the Crimea, to repair this great disaster.

Sat. Dec. 16. – So the Pope, his Cardinals and sundry Roman Catholic Bishops, have ventured to declare on the long mooted dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Are such

questions necessary? And are they not repugnant? They have decided amongst themselves that the conception and birth of the Virgin Mary herself, was immaculate and without sin. Those who pray to her and through her perhaps found it necessary to settle the question this way: and yet former Popes, though they have ventured to discuss this question; have always shrunk from pronouncing on it. The number of “votes” was 576. Of these, 540 pronounced for the dogma: 32 questioned the appropriateness of the discussion just now: 4 protested against it. So the Virgin Mary, at their hands, has been promoted in the celestial peerage.

Sidmouth. Dec. 1854.

Th. Dec. 21. – All England – especially the ladies of England – now having merely finished the making of flannel shirts, “mitts,” and sundry other articles of warm clothing for our brave soldiers shivering there in the Crimea, outside the walls of Sebastopol, it struck me, that as they had prepared to send out so many things of which the army was in need, I myself I, would send something which it so well deserved. The victors of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, thought I, merited a wreath of laurel: so a crown of laurel I made, and enclosing it in a light box, together with some verses, of which the following is a copy, sent the whole by post to London, to the Agents there.

Palmas qui meruit ferat.

To the Army in the Crimea

I wish I were a wounded soldier lying
Hard by Sebastopol, upon the ground;
Or else in Scutaris Hospital a dying
Where “ministering angels” now are found
To abound.
So here in England, we must get our clothes
As best we may, after the ancient plan;
Whilst all the ladies now are making hose,
And woollen shirts, and “mitts,” for every man,
Fast as they can.
You lucky dogs! You favourites of the women –
You’ve won their hearts by winning many fights.

You have done wonders – you, and those brave seamen,

All in the valleys, and upon the heights,

Both days and nights.

What you have suffered since the summer ended,

We are not ignorant. Without a roof,

In hail, sleet, snow, with rain and drizzle blended,

And clothes against the elements scarce proof

In warp and woof.

Hold on brave lads! We'll send you something yet.

You've braved the foe, can you brave bleak December?

We've not forgot the glorious Fifth, so wet,

And that same miserable Fourteenth of November,

We remember.

Hold on brave lads! We're busily intent

Collecting thousands here for yours and you.

Take these as but a small acknowledgement

From us, for shooting, and being shot at through

And through.

All England, Europe, all the world looks on

In admiration what you've done, and do.

Can we believe the glory partly gone

Of Badajos, Sobraon, Waterloo?

That can't be true.

Yet Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann,

These glittering words have dazzled every eye.

They're in the mouths of every woman and man

Who swears that those who fought them cannot die –

Your fame knows why.

You dirty dogs! Pray how're you off for soap?

Not very well I fear, or water either.

You are the true unwashed! Yet where's the scope

For washing, shaving, when you see there

Neither?

Your brilliant uniforms are seedy grown,

Not bearing now the gloss that they have borne,

Besmear'd with blood and mud; rent, patched, and sewn,

Threadbare and faded, rubbed and sadly worn,

And torn.

You lousy fellows! (So the papers say)

Well, never mind, you're splendid fellows too;

Your country is enraptur'd with you – ay,

She quite adores her lousy heroes, who

Fight as you do.

All England sends you what you greatly need;

Sidmouth now sends you what you well deserve –

A wreath of Laurel. This the victors' meed [sic].

Go on as you have gone. Men of your nerve

Will never swerve.

Go henceforth costumed by the ladies too,

Ornatisque cornis virgine lauro: why,

You unwashed, dirty, lousy, fellows, you

Are England's pride and glory. You stand high

In her approving eye.

Adieu, brave lads! You're not forgotten here.

We're growing proud – not of ourselves, but you.

You're not forgotten, though you are not near.

Forgive our pride, though rather fragrant too –

Pray do.

Sidmouth.

P.O.H.

Sat. Dec. 30. 1854. – My brass gun, which I took into Exeter a few days ago to Bodley's Iron Foundry, to be more perfectly bored, was sent back to-day. Where this gun was originally cast, it is hard to say, though many of my friends have offered their opinions on this point. Some think in Malacca, some in China and some at Manilla. The Illaño pirates who last had it are not likely to have been able to cast such a thing as a piece of ordnance. The gun had been cast with a block or core, which had afterwards been removed, leaving the bore very irregular. The drill however will remove the irregularities and make it true.

END OF 1854.

POH Transcripts - 1855

SIDMOUTH, JANUARY 1855

Mon January 1 1855

New Year's Day. I wonder what this year will bring; and this is suggested by the events of the year past, which to me, has been the most eventful year within memory. For England to be at war, is a thing quite new to me. No doubt we have made the most egregious blunders. Never have troops suffered as ours have before Sebastopol, for want of sufficient food, clothing and shelter. All the papers are full of this subject. As we have been at peace ever since the Battle of Waterloo, we are novices in the art of fighting. Great efforts are now being made to retrieve past mistakes.

Wed Jan 3 1855

Went out with the brass gun for the first time, to buy its new carriage and capabilities. Pushed it up to Cotmaton and showed it to Captain Carslake, who was much amused at my new toy.

Th Jan 4

My cousin Anne Stares (daughter of one of my mother's sisters) came to Sidmouth on a visit.

Wed Jan 10

The siege of Sebastopol drags its weary length along. In reality, however, some decisive step has been taken before this, though we have not heard of it. The reinforcements have been pouring in vigorously of late, and the French and English now number 90,900 or there about. We hope also that 35,000 Turks have joined by this time. Some say that even this is not enough to invest the city, and keep the Belgian army at bay outside. We shall see.

Sat Jan 13

Went with Mr Heineken to East Budleigh – he wishing to see Mr Coldridge, on a matter of business connected with his property at Budleigh Salterton. Was present at the interview with Mr Coldridge. We then went into the church, where a new organ was in course of erection. Whilst Mr Heineken went up and tried the organ, I made a copy of the tablet erected to the memory of Mrs Frances Elizabeth Yeates (his late wife's mother) – then made a rubbing of the slab in the middle of the nave, over the vault of Johanna Raleigh, I believe the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, or Rawleigh. The inscription on it is curious, in as much as some of the letters are upside down, the rest being the right way. Copied the date 1537 (like this [illustration]) on the woodwork of the pew close by on the north – and lastly went round and admired the old carving of the ends of the open seats, and copied Roger Vowles' slab in the south aisle. Mr Heineken and myself then walked to Hayes Barton, where Sir Walter Rawleigh was born taking the way through Hayes Wood (where we lost ourselves) and returning by the road. We got back to Sidmouth by seven. Passed the evening at his house.

Tu Jan 16

Had a trial with my gun on the promenade. Fired iron shot out to sea. Made "ducks and drakes" along the water, which was calm, much to the amusement of a number of people who were looking on.

Wed Jan 17

Walked to Mutter's Moor with my cousin Anne Stares, and from the ridge of the hill showed her the view looking over the valley of the Otter.

Th Jan 18

Gun and self went to call on the Rev. Kestell Cornish, of Salcolme Hill. He fired two shots in front of the house.

Fri Jan 19

Coldest weather we have had. Finished laying down the gravel of the long walk in the field.

Mon Jan 22

Walked up Salcolme Hill with Anne Stares along the edge of the cliff. We went over to the Salcolme side inland, and returned by the road. It was sunny and sheltered and pleasant.

Tu Jan 23

Today we went to the top of High Peak. It was well enough going, with the northeaster behind us, but facing it, coming back over Peak Hill, it was "enough to cut a snipe in two".

Fri Jan 26

Being a fine calm day, went out with the gun, taking Edward Slessor and Brine (cadets in the Artillery, who are off again for Woolwich next Wednesday) and we made "a jolly row" in the Fort Field and on the beach.

Wed Jan 31

Winter has come in earnest. For the last fortnight we have had a northeaster, but so gentle, and with a sky generally so fine, that it has been agreeable enough for the season. Last night and today the wind has risen, and the snow has been falling thick and fast, so now it looks (and is) dreary and cold.

SIDMOUTH, FEBRUARY 1855

Fri Feb 3

Walked along the beach to Picket Rock, under High Peak Hill, to see the wreck. Last Wednesday morning in the snow storm, and before daylight, a bark of 800 tons ran upon the rocks about 100 yards on the Sidmouth side of Picket Rock. The crew, about 24 men, reached the shore in safety, but they must have suffered much from the cold. It is not clear how she met with this fate. Even allowing that she could not see where she was going, on account of thick weather and snow, still, one might have supposed that the lead or the sound of the breakers, would have warned her of her danger, if a good look-out had been kept. However, in merchant ships, great carelessness and neglect of duty too often exist, as I myself have seen. The rocks presented a strange scene, strewn as they were with spars, broken pieces of cabin furniture, cushions, ropes, sails, iron bolts, and splinters of all sizes and shapes, of planks and timbers. The crew were doing what they could to find and carry away their clothes or other property, and several score sailors and other persons from Sidmouth were there assisting in collecting and removing what they could, then at low water. One person told me that the crew of the vessel mistook High Peak Hill with the snow on it for a cloud, and thus ran upon destruction. The general impression, however, is that blame attaches somewhere. She was insured. I heard she was laden with guano from Callao to London. Cold as it was, I managed to get a sketch, which I coloured when I came home.

Monday Feb 12 1855

Made a respirator of a new design of tin and zinc. The plan is to carry it in the mouth instead of outside the mouth, by which contrivance the unsightly appearance is got rid of. The breath is drawn through a wire grating, several times reduplicated, as a segar flusher draws in the air.

A pretty to-do there has been in Parliament during the last fortnight. The old ministry with the Earl of Aberdeen at its head, gone out, and after attempts, but failures, made by the Earl of Derby and by Lord John Russell to form others, Lord Palmerston has succeeded, himself being Prime Minister. The Country has been disgusted and highly indignant at the gross want of management in the conduct of the war, and deeply sympathises with the unheard of sufferings which our brave soldiers have endured in the Crimea in consequence. A motion in Parliament (by Mr Robuck) caused Lord John to resign before it came on, and this threw everything into confusion. However, this motion, expressive of want of confidence in our rulers, and having for its object an enquiry into the causes of our disasters, came on at last, and the great majority by which it was carried, caused all the ministers to turn out at once. Neither will the country be satisfied until the Commander in Chief, Lord Raglan, be recalled from the Crimea. Admiral Dundas is already home, and Sir Edmund Lyon has the command of the Black Sea fleet.

Th Feb 15

Today there was a sale on the beach of the remains of the unfortunate vessel that was wrecked last week under High Peak.

Fri Feb 16

Our winter has been the coldest that ever I remember. For weeks it has frozen in my bedroom, but last night it was worse than ever. The frozen water in my jug, more intense than before, split it, and

my water bottle cracked into a dozen pieces. Since the cold set in so severe, I have been accustomed to know my toothbrushes before using them, in order to crush the ice and make the hair soft, having hitherto used cold water to wash and shave, but it is time to take to warm. Last night even the chamber utensil was frozen – a most unusual thing.

Sat Feb 24

A welcome thaw has come on. Aged people say that a winter so severe as the one through which we have just past, has not occurred since 1814.

SIDMOUTH, MARCH 1855

Th March 1

The sudden change in the weather has caused a great deal of sickness. Mamma, who has had one or two bilious attacks in past years, has been losing her appetite the last day or two, and remained in bed today.

Fri Mar 2

Mamma still more unwell, though nothing serious apprehended. Towards evening distressing pains in the liver troubled her a good deal, but the housemaid, Eliza Lake, who sleeps in the dressing room adjoining her bedroom, had instructions to be ready to give any attention that might be necessary. I went to bed about midnight in the room over, and fell asleep.

Sat

However, about two in the morning I was awake by hearing her cry out with pain. I bounced out of bed, dressed by the light of the moon, and went down. I found her suffering from spasms and shooting pains through the liver and right side. By five o'clock they were at their height, and I thought I must go and call up Dr Miller. Eliza and myself stroked her in her bed every now and then, and managed to get her a little temporary relief. However, at 8 o'clock I went and fetched Dr Miller – the successor to Dr Cullen in this place. He applied leeches, mustard poultice and blister, besides giving internal medicine. After breakfast I went out for an hour, but on returning, was greatly alarmed at the change for the worse. The haggard and anxious expression on her countenance, caused by the pain, and the flushed, feverish, and worn out look, owing to so much sleeplessness, together with the delirious and broken sentences, which so many hours' trial had produced, were truly piteous to witness. They would have been so in anyone, but in so good a mother, they were to me especially and overpoweringly so. I hurried off for Dr Miller again. His assiduity in the course of an hour or two somewhat lessened the pain, and she got half an hour's sleep. This was the turning point. As it was before, she must soon have sunk. Even a person in the rigor of health and youth would have been severely tried by what she went through, but in one of 76, the wonder is she reached the turning point.

Eliza and myself took it in turn to sit up. Though the spasms were very acute at intervals, she nevertheless got a most beneficial amount of sleep.

Sun Mar 4

This morning the flush and fever had subsided, and the mind collected and rational. Such an improvement has taken place, as no one foresaw, or could have hoped for, and I venture to hope there is a chance of recovery yet.

Mon Mar 5 1855

Alas for hopes! A change for the worse came on during the night, and it became manifest that she was sinking. The disease had been overcome and conquered, but there was not strength enough of constitution to rally and bear up against the shock the system had received. About 10 in the morning I had a most comforting, but to me most trying few minutes conversation with her, for though growing weaker, she was quite collected. She said, "Tell me candidly what you think of my state." To the best of my recollection these were the very words. I replied, as well as I could, that there was no doubt she was very ill, and that I was in great alarm about her. I could have spoken plainer, for I saw there was no hope, but it was enough. She said "We must part." She reminded me that she was 77, though she should have said 76, for she would not be 77 till next July. She told me she felt that her time was come – that she was free from pain, and at peace in her mind, and perfectly ready to go as soon as it should please God to take her. After this she did not say much, though she was able to say "Yes" when I asked her if she was comfortable and free from pain. She gradually sunk into a kind of deep slumber, and she quietly breathed her last at a quarter past five on the Monday afternoon. The clocks were at half past five, but they are so much too fast, having been put on to "railway time". About an hour, or an hour and a half after this, and after her attendants had washed her face, and put her on a clean cap, and clothed her in neat garments, according to the usual custom, I went back into the room to see her. She looked wonderfully like herself, only slightly thinner, her skin fair and delicate as alabaster, and a pleasing smile upon the expression of her countenance. I pressed my lips upon hers, and they were scarcely quite cold.

Friday Mar 9

Mr George Radford, our Sidmouth lawyer called, and brought me my mother's will.

Saturday Mar 10

The funeral took place this morning. It was raining all the time. "Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains on" saith the proverb. The proverb occurred to me, though I felt that my pious and excellent mother's eternal salvation rested on a surer foundation than a shower of rain. The Rev. R K Cornish, of Salcombe Hill, the curate who performed the duty, came to breakfast, also Mr Gibbes, incumbent of All Saints Church, and Dr Miller. My cousin Anne Stares, made tea, and Mrs Brotherton the coffee. The vicar, the Rev William Jenkins, read the service in the church. She was laid about five or six yards north-east from my father's grave, about fifteen yards from the north-west entrance of the new, or northern portion of the churchyard. So considerate and so unselfish was she, that she said to me one day before her illness – "Put me into the plain ground, Peter, and have no ostentatious display at my funeral, because the less there is spent upon me after I am gone, the more there will be left for you." The coffin was covered with black cloth and studded with black nails, with black handles round the sides. On the top a white metal escutcheon, a foot or more in height, bearing the words: - "Anne Hutchinson, died March 5th 1855, aged 76 years."

Mon Mar 12

The Emperor of Russia is dead! This piece of news, coming upon Europe at so momentous a crisis has caused extreme sensation everywhere. The war had arrived at a critical point – the eyes of the world are upon the fate of Sebastopol – England, France, and Turkey are in open war against Russia – Sardinia has just declared – Austria has joined the hostile coalition – Prussia is shilly-shallying – Norway and Sweden are half a mind to declare openly, and have an opportunity of paying off old scores against the robber of Finland – Poland is arousing herself, and her exiled people are asking whether the time of her re-establishment as an independent kingdom is not at hand – and so on, all round Europe, the nations are arming, and entering into compacts for curbing the enormous power of the Empire of Russia. The Emperor Nicholas died at St Petersburg about noon on the 2nd inst. The general belief at first was, that he had been either poisoned or strangled, but there is no doubt now that he died, after only a few days illness, from natural causes – influenza, and finally congestion of the lungs. That his mind has of late become much tried and excited by the progress of the war, but more especially by some defeats which have befallen his troops – Silistria, Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Eupatoria, and that there existed an hereditary tendency to cerebral disorganisation is allowed: and that all these things have had their fatal effects on his health is admitted; but the repulse which the Turks, (the despised Turks!) gave his 40,000 troops, in beating them off in their attack on Eupatoria on the 17th of February – this last event is stated to have been the proximate cause of his death.

His eldest son Alexander II has been proclaimed. He is said to be more peaceably disposed than his father. This event may cause great changes in the affairs of Europe. May it bring peace!

Mon Mar 19

Worked in the garden. Fastened up the ivy with iron hoop over the opening in the wall. The Registrar from Ottery called to take down the particulars of Mamma's death – age, nature of illness and so on. He told me the vicar had sent him notice, and that he was obliged, under a penalty of £10, to forward notices of deaths, and I believe also of marriages and births, within ten days of the occurrence. Dr Miller had also sent a certificate of cause of death. His words were – "hepatitis (inflammation of the liver) and natural decay."

Sat Mar 24

This week have sowed parsnips, carrots, onions, and broad beans in the garden. Also put in 20 poplar shoots for rearing. Pruned and fastened up the fruit trees.

Carved a medallion Hutchinson coat of arms in plaster of Paris, as a model, six inches in diameter.

Tu Mar 27

Engraved on wood Mr Heineken's Bactrian coin for an article in the Sidmouth Directory.

Fri Mar 30

Pruned the fruit trees, and gardened for three hours.

SIDMOUTH & LONDON, APRIL 1855

Mon Ap 2

“The Sidmouth Miscellany”, a local publication to come out monthly, has made its appearance. The first number is well enough, but it is impossible that Sidmouth can long sustain such a publication. See June 1.

Fri Ap 6

Good Friday, and Hot-cross bunn. Some persons look with dislike at hot-cross bunn, as popish.

Mon Ap 9

Sent Sidmouth Directories, containing a notice of the Bactrian Coin found here, to Mr Albert Way, and to Dr Oliver.

Tu Ap 10

In the process of clearing away the leaves that had collected at the foot of north-east wall of the garden, I discovered two dead starlings, and three dead thrushes. It should seem that, during the intensely cold weather in February, they had crept close in among the ivy at the base of the wall, and had there died, either of cold or starvation, or both.

Thursday April 12

Made a new will.

Fri Ap 13

At last the house is getting into a little better order. The drawing room has been painted, and the carpet up to be beaten – the carpet up in the dining room – also in the back parlour – the kitchen white washed, and the passages and hall, up to the first landing. And as I wish to let the house for a few months, I have been getting it in order. But oh, the trouble of turning out all the holes and corners! And who would have imagined the quantities of odds and ends, and rubbish of all sorts that had accumulated, and had to be stowed away, or rather, out of the way. One half of it does not promise ever to be of any use again, and yet I am loth to destroy it. So it is routed out of one corner, and put away in another – the grand difficulty being to know where it is all to go.

Cut the following paragraph out of an old newspaper.

[Newspaper clip

We are informed, that Mr Peter Orlando Hutchinson, resident at Walton, in Stone, in this county, has received a letter of thanks from the Horticultural Society, of London, for a lately invented instrument to be employed in the culture of strawberries, which he presented to the society a short time ago.]

The instrument resembled a large punch, such as is used for making gun cards. By pressing on the cross handles at top, all the runners are cut off the same length, and with great rapidity. Where

strawberries are much cultivated, such a simple instrument ought to be of use. Whether it is known beyond the garden of the Horticultural Society or not, I don't know.

Tuesday Ap 17

Spent the evening at the Heinekens'. Came home half an hour or more after midnight. Before I went to bed, went over to the northern position of the burying-ground of the old church – climbed over the north-west iron gate, though the extreme darkness made it difficult to see what I was about, and sprinkled an ounce of mignonette (sic) seed over mother's grave. Got out the same way. It struck one whilst I was sowing the seed.

Th Ap 19

Took a walk to Sidford with my cousin Anne Stares, going by way of the Salcombe Fields, and so on up the river, and all through the park fields near the "Byes". We saw some boys in the river catching lampreys, or lamprey eels, as they called them. I had never seen these fish before. There is a popular notion that they have got nine eyes; but probably the breathing holes, on each side of the head and neck, in the place of gills, have been mistaken, by the vulgar, for eyes. They were about 5 or 6 inches long, and have "suckers" instead of mouths – that is mouths like those of the sturgeon. The boys, who were fishermen's sons, said they used them for bait at sea. In Sidford, we went to look at "Porch House", the house where King Charles the Second is said to have slept one night, when looking for a ship at Lyme and elsewhere along the coast, to effect his escape. We went upstairs into the room (where, however, I had been before) but it is in a sad state. A number of cocks and hens are kept there now. The date 1574 is on the outside of the building. The whole place seems to be getting very rickety.

In returning home, we made for Manstone Farm, the date on the front being 1369 – more probably 1569.

M April 23

Left Sidmouth for London, to prove mamma's will, and do other matters of business. Remained in Exeter all day, and took the night train to London. This train started from Exeter a little before 8, and arrived Paddington a little before 5 in the morning.

Tu Ap 24

Since I was last here, two years and a half ago, the new hotel and station have been built, and splendid erections they are. In spite of having no sleep last night, I had a busy and an active time of it today. Besides many hours walking about, I got through several matters of business – the chief were, having a long talk with Mr Hussey (Law, Tindal, & Hussey) and going to Doctors Commons where I took the oaths and went through the first process in proving the will.

Got back to my abode wearied, and went to bed early.

Wed Ap 25

Amongst several things of minor importance, I went to the Heralds' College, taking with me the old coat of arms on vellum, which has been so long in the family, to ask whether it was issued by the College, and at what period. These questions involved a general search, the fee for which is two guineas. After some discussion, I arranged to leave the arms with them, and call again next Friday or Saturday.

Fri Ap 27

Started for the Tower after breakfast. Went to Hungerford Market, and there took steamer for London Bridge. Found Mr Duffus Hardy, as heretofore, in the Record Office. All the clerks are beginning to growl dreadfully at the prospect of removal for the new Record Offices in Fetter Lane are nearly ready to receive the MSS, and the clerks "would rather bear the ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of". Made a copy of the Charter Roll, 2.Ed.III.No. 52, and paid my shilling. This charter gave to Sidmouth, with other possessions of St Michaels Mount, Normandy, the privilege of free warren.

Called at the Heralds College on my way back, but being late in the day, made a new appointment for 11 next Monday morning.

Sat Ap 28

Clinton gave me a lesson on the flute.

Took a stroll down Regent Street, Piccadilly, Bond Street, and so on. The thoroughfares were crowded with carriages.

Sun Ap 29

Although we are not far from May, the north-east wind continues, and it is as cold as January. Went this morning to church near Hyde Park Square. In the afternoon went to the Temple Church, where I had not been for some eight or ten years. At that time it had been recently renovated, but the colours were fresh – too fresh, gaudy, glaring, and disagreeable. They are now smoked, sobered, and harmonised: and all this has produced a decided improvement. The music was quite a treat. The clustered columns that support the groined roof are beautifully polished. But I remarked that on each side of the nave they lean outwards, as if the ridge or centre of the roof were too heavy for them, and giving them the lateral thrust. It is to be hoped they will not go further. In looking at the recumbent figures of the Knights Templars on the floor, I remarked that for the most part they were close shaven and without moustaches, and that their frames were by no means muscular. The calves of their legs would not get them places as London footmen.

Mon Ap 30

Had a long confab at the Heralds' College with "Rougecroix". The opinion of the heralds is, that the old Hutchinson Coat of Arms on vellum, was not emblazoned at the College, though they are not quite sure, but think it may have been copied from one that was. We "Hutchinsons of Lincolnshire", believe we have had that identical coat some eight generations in the family, and that it was done

before 1634, the year in which William and Ann Hutchinson left Alford, and went to America. From them to me is eight generations. Or it may have been done in 1688, in which year Captain Elisha Hutchinson paid a visit to England. The family finally returned to England in 1776, and it is older than that. From its style and appearance, it might be as old as the reign of Elizabeth. But "Rougecroix" gave me a memorandum saying that a coat precisely like this, was granted in 1581 to Edward Hutchinson of Wickham, in Yorkshire: and further, he gave me a few notes of a pedigree of William Hutchinson of Lincoln, who left three sons, Christopher, Thomas, & William, of the date of 1634: and he leaves it for me to find out whether the William, the third son, may or may not have been my ancestor. No he was not. This was in a folio volume, dated at the back 1634. I told him I had long had the intention of going into Lincolnshire to make enquiries at Alford and elsewhere – at Lincoln, Boston, Louth, Saltfleet, Gainsborough (for Coddington) and other places: as also at Wickham, and Middleham, in Yorkshire. I paid two guineas for a "general search". Rougecroix further told me that the registering of pedigrees was charged according to the number of generations, but that no pedigree would be accepted and entered, unless the most undoubted proofs of its authenticity could be given, such as certified copies from parish registers, wills, and the like. He suggested that to effect all this, if I really thought of having the pedigree recorded, it would be necessary to procure attested copies of wills, and so on from the record office, and registers at Boston, or other places in America. As I have no acquaintance in Boston, it would give great trouble to do all this.

I asked him whether there was not a law in existence by which a person was liable to forfeit any article on which he painted a coat of arms to which he had not a right? He said No. Such a law, or such a custom, if it really existed, was only a privilege amongst heralds in a former age, when they had great influence, but it was not the law of the land. It could not be enforced now: if it were attempted, it would amount to a trespass, or an assault. He told me that the last time the heralds enforced this old right, was about 70 years ago. It occurred in Fleet Street. A gentleman, or city merchant, had a carriage, on which was emblazoned a coat of arms, to which they knew he had no right. One day the heralds had the carriage stopped, and painted out the coat of arms before they would let it go on again. That could not be done now. An action could be brought against the heralds for the trespass. Hence any person may bear what he pleases, and there is no restriction against seal engravers palming off upon their customers just what they please.

LONDON & SIDMOUTH, MAY 1855

Tuesd May 1

May Day! a north-easter, and as keen as early March. Jack-in-the-Green danced himself warm.

Spent three hours transcribing part of the *Comptus de Sydemouth temp. 3 and 4 Henry VI, J.E.G., 5445*, at the Carlton Ride Record Office. As at the Tower, so they are here preparing to remove to the new building near Lincolns Inn. Took a lesson on the flute of Clinton.

Wed May 2

Went to look at Sydenham. Though things are not yet finished, really the building and the grounds are very beautiful. Architecture and statuary are more developed than other arts, and consequently they now preponderate too much. But when the building is more fitted with other things, as I hope it will be, perhaps this objection will be removed. I was much amused at going down to the lower part of the grounds, and looking at the progress towards completion of the geological animals. One great fellow, as big as an elephant, had just had a coat of bright sky blue, preparatory to bringing him to his true colour: and a painter was giving a megalosaurus a coat of red lead. Many people had a good laugh when they looked at them. The teeth of most of the animals, and the legs and tails of the more slender ones, I observed were made of lead, or some similar metal. I conclude this was because they should not crack or break.

Th May 3

Again at the Record Office, Carlton Ride. Discover that there is an immense quantity more MSS here relating to Sidmouth than I had a notion of. Labour increases as I go on. These I hope to look at on some future occasion: for I must try to leave for Sidmouth next Tuesday.

Fri May 4

Went down to Woolwich by rail. My! what a north-easter blew over the Common. The weather is as unlike May as can be imagined. Went to the Academy and saw Slessor and Brine whose parents live at Sidmouth. Went into the Hall, which is the mess room of these boy soldiers, and a handsome apartment it is, with its painted glass windows, and its decorations of weapons. The tables were all laid out for dinner. Before I came away made some mems and sketches of a limber, intending some day to make one for my gun.

Sat May 5

Lesson on the flute of Clinton.

Sun May 6

Went to St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Took a turn in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. The day being fine, there was a considerable crowd of people and carriages.

Tu May 8

Returned from London to Sidmouth. Met with an adventure at the outset. Having called a cab and got my baggage into it to go to the Paddington Station, scarcely had the man driven me a dozen paces, when the horse fell all sprawl on the side-walk flag pavement. He either put his foot on the smooth stone and slipped, or else he had been over worked, like most London horses, and fell from exhaustion. Several people came to render assistance, and try to get the horse up again, and very soon a crowd collected. After much ineffectual labour, he was unharnessed on the ground, and the shafts of the cab withdrawn. I sat still quiet enough. But at last I was grieved to find that the horse was to be pitied, since his refusal to rise was owing to his inability to exert himself, from want of strength. The driver seeing it was a desperate case, came to the window and told me I might as well

have another cab. On this I alighted and sent for one; into which I transferred my luggage and myself. After more than a quarter of an hour's delay, I got out of the crowd in my new vehicle, leaving the unfortunate animal on the ground, apparently at the point of death. London horses are too often driven till they drop.

Selected the night train at 10 minutes past eight in the evening. Two agreeable ladies, who were very chatty, kept me awake all night. One got out at midnight at Bath: the other was going on to Totnes, so I left her at Exeter. At this latter place we arrived at 20 minutes past 3, when the dawn was just appearing. Fell in with a Sidmouth friend on the platform, who was going to Sidmouth: so after getting some refreshment at the London Inn, we started in a carriage together, and arrived there at half past six. When I reconnoitred the house, found no one up or stirring; and not wishing to make a to-do, I went into the garden, and worked there for an hour. Eliza, the housemaid, then came down and I got in.

Fri May 18

My cousin, Miss Anne Stares returned to Torquay, having been here since January 4.

Sat May 26

Yesterday and today were quite sultry, after uniformly cold weather. Towards evening it went back as cold as ever. As the news from Italy give accounts of an active eruption of Vesuvius, some people here try to account for the sudden heat of yesterday and today by ascribing it to the mountain. They forgot that there is neither a railroad nor an electric telegraph yet laid down between Naples and Sidmouth. The papers say that on the 7th Instant there were two shocks of an earthquake felt at Perth, in Scotland. Some others declare that the equilibrium of the atmosphere has been deranged by firing away so much gunpowder at Sebastopol. There should be more reason in this, for the electric telegraph between the Crimea and England is just completed.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1855

June 1 1855

Really the weather is like Winter. A bottle of sweet oil in my bedroom, near the window, congeals every night. The news from the Crimea are more cheering. The force of the allies now amounts to [] men. This is quite enough to engage the Russians in the open field, and to invest Sebastopol on all sides. Kertch has fallen, and we have become masters of the sea of Azoff. Four Russian war steamers and 240 merchant vessels in that sea have been destroyed, together with immense quantities of stores, food, and ammunition, intended for the Russian army in the Crimea. Arabat has been bombarded and Perekop threatened, so that should the allies succeed in hemming in the Russians, Sebastopol must fall of necessity.

So the "Sidmouth Miscellany" has died of neglect after third number. I thought it might have lasted six months.

Th June 7

Went to Budleigh Salterton with Mr Heineken; he having business there connected with his houses. On our way we went a little out of our way to find the veritable spring of Tidwell, or Tide-Well, a spring that is spoken of by most of the ancient historians of this county. It is opposite Tidwell Farm House, and nearly opposite Tidwell House. The spring, a copious rill, issues from the ground, and a rough stone arch has been built over it. The water, from neglect, now stands as a marshy swamp, though once it formed fish ponds. In the orchard, on the east side of the swamp, there are traces of raised terraces running along the margin of the water. I made a coloured sketch of the scene. Risdon, p.52, mentions it: Sir W. Pole, p.152, gives a genealogy of the owners of the estate, from Jordan de Todwill (mentioned in the Otterton Cartulary, as see my Collections for a History of Sidmouth) and Westcote, p.240 records that the spring is sufficiently warm, never to freeze in the coldest weather, and that it is an ebbing and flowing spring. I may add, that a belief in these alleged facts still exists in the neighbourhood, as I was told in East Budleigh and at Tidwell. In the farm house there are some pieces of curious old oak carving – a coat of arms having a shield of pretence on it (Arscot and St Clair?) [illustration], the figure of a man some 18 inches high, in the apartment on the left side of the entrance, coloured, is used as a corbel etc etc. Also there is a curious jug, having the date 1793 (I think) on it, by which the unwary drinker pours the liquor into his bosom, if he is not informed, that there are some small holes round the brim, which the wary drinker stops with his fingers. I tried to buy this of the farmer's wife, but she would not sell it. In Budleigh Salterton, I left Mr H. with his workmen and agent, and took two or three rambles. We did not get back to Sidmouth till ten at night.

Mon June 11

Went into Exeter by the mail. Exhibited the Probate of mother's will at the Devon & Cornwall Bank, Exeter, and the money standing in mamma's name was transferred to me. Took away about £60 to settle with the tradesmen in Sidmouth. Called on Mrs Oldham and Miss Watson, who are just now staying at the Clarence Hotel. Returned to Sidmouth by the mail. Spent the evening at Mr Heineken's.

Friday June 22

Started with Mr Heineken on exploring expedition over Salcombe Hill. For the first time made use of my new leather bag with the brass clasp, just made in Sidmouth, according to my own design. Never remember seeing the atmosphere clearer to the westward. The Babbicombe quarries, and the whole coast towards Torbay were easily seen with the naked eye; and a glass showed the houses of the cliffs, and every tree quite plainly. In the village of Salcombe, we examined the church: particularly remarking the band of carving outside and under the east window, as also the cross over the window, both evidently very old; and the tablet outside the south wall of the chancel, on which one of the Garters, Kings-at-Arms, is referred to. Inside, since the restoration and repair of the church some five years ago, what most strikes the eye is the pointed arch between the nave and the chancel, the Norman columns in the nave, now divested of their whitewash, the tower arch, and the Norman font. The transition from the Norman period into the pointed, is here discernible. There are several monuments to the Mitchells of Thorn, close by. The east window, (given by Miss Elizabeth Wolcott, of Knowle, now Mrs Goddard – her initials are on it) and the window at the east end of the south aisle, erected as a memorial window to the Cornishs, are handsome.

We then took a look at Thorn farm, the ceiling of the entrance Hall of which is divided into square compartments by carved oak joists, and in the panels are bosses and shields, each bearing a fleur de lis, but these do not appear to be armorial bearings. Some parts of the building bear marks of age, and a chapel was once attached to it, traces of which still exist. Some of the Mitchells of Thorn were buried in front of the west entrance to the tower, an altar tomb still remaining, the dates beginning in 1611. On the north side of this altar tomb, and close to it, is an altar tomb of the Cornishs of Salcombe House: and, inserted into the south side of it, is a piece of stone with part of an old inscription (older than most others in the churchyard) said to have belonged to a Mitchell tomb. The person referred to on this fragment seems to have attained the age of 104 years. Leaving Salcombe we pushed on to Dunscombe, where tradition says there was once a Priory: but persons who profess to be better informed, declare that this tradition has no foundation in truth. The oldest part of the farm house, some years since burnt down, shows the remains of windows with stout stone mullions, somewhat in the ecclesiastical style; but these are said to have been only parts of a substantial private residence. After making a circuit to pass Slade, we proceeded through Weston, and then made an attempt to find a stone coffin lying buried in one of the fields by the road side, to which we had been directed. Having taken an iron rod, about two feet and a half long (used for boring holes through walls for bell wires) we thrust this into the ground in many places to feel for the coffin; but not knowing the exact spot, or even the field, we gave up the search in despair. We, therefore, resolved to go on to Branscombe and see John Parrot, the Sexton, who knew all about it, as we had been informed.

Before entering Branscombe we stopped to look at Berry farm, said to be haunted by the lady who lies in the said stone coffin. The first cluster of houses on entering Branscombe from the west is locally called "The Dean"; some supposing that the Deans of Exeter had a residence here; but Lysons calls it "the village of Dean". Branscombe Church and tower are of great antiquity (at Salcombe the church is older than the tower). The tower bears the distinguishing Norman features – square, without buttresses, or battlements, and the surrounding corbel table. A similar corbel table is seen under the eaves of the south side of the church. The staircase turret, on the north side of the tower, is circular. Its octagonal summit is evidently a subsequent addition. The oldest inscription in the church is on a slab about 4 feet long in the floor of the south transept. Under a cross on its pedestal are the words *Orate pro anima Joh.....* .

Near this, and under the window, was formerly an upright slab, sculptured: but as it kept out the light it was removed to the north transept, against the left-hand part of the wall.

This bears two male kneeling figures, said to be father and son; but the coats of arms over their heads are not the same. The first here annexed is over the left-hand, or oldest figure (the reputed father) behind whose back, are portrayed children [illustration]. The wife's arms are not here copied. The second escutcheon which I here give is over the head of the right hand or younger male figure (whose wife's quarterings I did not copy) and he seems to have been a Wadham, - the Wadham arms (according to Lysons) having been a chevron between three roses. On the other side of the end of the north transept there is another tablet sculptured with armorial bearings, but suffering much from damp, as the whole church is. The husband's bearing is a chevron between three blackamoor heads, for Holcombe, of Hole: the wife's are three lambs? .

In the churchyard, near the south-west end, is an ancient stone coffin, lying on its face; but I put my hand under it to feel that it was hollowed. This is said to have been brought, some three or four

generations ago, by a person named Payton, from Budleigh Salterton (more probably East Budleigh) who alleged that it had belonged to his ancestors. Descendants of this person live in this neighbourhood; and some of them are lace makers at Sidmouth. The coffin measures seven feet long; two feet two inches wide in the middle; and about a foot high. A few yards south of it, almost buried in the grass, lies a block of stone about 6 feet long, and 15 inches square, brought, as the sexton phrased it, "from our ebb"; meaning, from our Branscombe beach, from the space between ebb and flow of the tide, or high and low water. He could not say why it was brought. Some 5 yards north-west from this, and near the west end hedge of the church yard is a massive altar tomb, almost buried in the ground, except the top slab. Around the edge is cut, (on the east-end, north side, and west end) the following inscription: 1586 JOHN TAYLER BURIED THE X APRILL.

There is a slab, now leaning against the outside south wall of the church, but which once belonged to a tomb, the verses on which have often attracted attention. The lines annexed, which I copied from it, are somewhat like the utterance of a professed wrestler. The stone is inscribed to one Joseph Braddick, who died June 27 1673.

Strong and in labour

Suddenly he reels

Death came behind him

And struck up his heels

Such sudden strokes

Surviving mortals Bid ye

Stand on your watch

And to be allso ready.

Leaving the churchyard, we went to look at an old house called "The Clergy". It lies about 50 yards north east of the church, across the road. There is a tradition, or a supposition, that some of the priests or other clergy connected with the church before the period of the Reformation, occupied this building. Mrs Somers, the chatty landlady, showed us all over it. Immediately inside the entrance a large trap door can be pushed up. The space above has no communication at present with the rest of the house. The said space above is lighted by a loop hole through the wall over the door. In one of the bedrooms are two bas-reliefs (there was once a third, larger, on the ceiling) of the coat of arms annexed. The walls in some places, especially in the lower appartments, are three feet thick. A belief exists that there is another house under this one: and in support of this opinion, Mrs Somers stamped on the stone floor in several places to let us hear how hollow the sound was. She also added that her husband had dreamt "a hundred times" that the entrance to this underground house is by a flight of steps still existing beneath the soil immediately outside the dairy window. Perhaps there may be some cellars still undiscovered.

We now left Branscombe, returning back to the field, taking the Sexton, John Parrott with us. It is necessary to enter from the road by the gate A, and then pass through the hedge at B, to

reach the coffin at the east end of the field called "Littlecombe Three Acres". The site of the coffin, as indicated by Parrott, is at 43 feet from the east hedge of the field, and immediately within the hedge bounding the road. At about 200 yards from the entrance at A, above the road towards Sidmouth, there is a pond of water under the hedge; and this would serve as a guide to find the locality. We probed the ground at the place pointed out, and were much deceived if we did not come down upon the object sought. If so, the upper edges of the sides were not more than 3 or 4 inches from the surface. I longed to cut up the turf at once, but John Parrott warned me to desist, as it was a grass field, and the man who rented it was "a queer customer". His story was thus:- That about sixty five or six years ago, when there was a way through, by which the farmers used to convey their produce, a man was taking a cart: that, on passing over this spot, one of the cart wheels sunk in and made an opening: that the man who drove the car, being attracted by this circumstance, having examined the hole, thought he had discovered the hiding place of "a crock of gold": that he thrust his arm therein to secure his treasure, but was much surprised when he pulled out a skull: that this skull was taken to the Vicarage at Branscombe: that some years afterwards, when John Parrott was himself a boy, (he told us he was now 63, on the 17th) he took out of this coffin some finger bones, a collar bone, and two or three ribs: that he put them back again: that a Mrs Chick (ancestress of the Chicks of Sidmouth) who then rented the field, wanted to have the coffin destroyed, and offered to give it to him; but he would have nothing to do in the matter: and that the coffin and its contents have not been disturbed since. He further told us, that the common belief in the neighbourhood is, that some woman was murdered at Berry Farm, and buried here; and that her ghost still haunts a certain apartment or apartments in the farm house, appearing in the form of a woman, having on the antiquated hat, fastened on her head by a long pin passing through its sides and through her hair over the crown of her head. But Mr Heineken justly asked – whether it is likely that any person thus murdered, would have been so carefully interred in a stone coffin? and secondly, that if a body was buried here in the regular way, whether it is not likely that other coffins might not be found if searched for? It is a matter of surprise that any evidence of interment should be discovered in so remote a locality, so far from any habitation. Three fields off, towards the south west, there is a barn; but we have no evidence to prove that this was ever an inhabited building, or that any burial ground existed here. Berry farm is the nearest house, and that may be half a mile. – see Tuesday, July 3 – No entry!

June 29

Served Richard Stone, one of the Overseers, with a notice in which I claim to be put amongst the list of voters for the Southern Division of the County of Devon; stating my qualification to be "freehold house and land".

For the last week we have had beautifully hot dry weather; the first this year, except the 25th and 26 May.

Sat June 30

Made an exchange with Mrs Barret, the Gardener's wife who lives in Mill Lane. For the last twelvemonth I have had my eye upon an old pitcher in her possession, when I have been to the house to order seeds and plants for the garden, or pay for them. She used to produce it when she wanted change, generally using as a rough sort of purse. I had once or twice offered to buy it, but in vain. Today I asked her in joke whether she had put her old pitcher on the top of a gate post yet, to

let her boys pelt at it. She laughed and said No; and then went and fetched it. I told her I would give her a brand new jug for it, if she liked; and after a little consideration, she said she would. I finally ended the conference by taking it away with me. I gave a couple of shillings for a new jug; and she thought she had the best of the bargain. The pitcher is of a sort of stone ware; stand 10¾ inches high; is 2 feet in circumference; in colour a dirty white, with blue ornamental pattern; and on a disc on one side (the lower part chipped off) there are the letters AR, surmounted by the royal crown. Unfortunately the handle is gone. These initials, with the royal crown, have been considered as indicative of the age of the pitcher – that is, of the reign of Queen Anne – Anna Regina.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1855

Wed 4

Received an “Adelaide Observer” newspaper from my brother, in which the death of Rumley, my brother-in-law is announced. Poor fellow! He suffered

[Newspaper clipping

“On the 4th instant, at his residence, near Salisbury,

Clarke Rumley Esq J.P., aged 57”].

much for more than three years from rheumatic gout, caught from getting a chill: having got out of bed, and gone only in light clothing, to render assistance, his dray and bullocks, and driver having been overturned. The unusually dry season in South Australia, has been a £200 loss to him and Fanny almost in corn alone. The annexed paragraphs I cut from newspapers.

[Newspaper clippings

NOTICE – A Meeting will be held at the New-road Inn, Salisbury, on Thursday, 4th May 1854, at 6 o'clock p.m. to take into consideration the necessity of repairing the Hill near the Bridge at Salisbury; also, a bad place opposite Captain Rumley's, and to devise plans to carry out the same.”

“SOUTH AUSTRALIA.- Agricultural affairs are in a very depressed state, owing to an unusual drought. The potatoe crop is a total failure; the yield of grain is estimated at some fifty per cent. below the average, and the prevalent scarcity of water will cause a larger quantity than usual of the wool to be sent home “in grease” i.e. unwashed.

The demand for labour is still unsatisfied. Building mechanics and bona fide domestic women servants are in great request, but a large number of late arrivals of single women have not been engaged by reason of their inefficiency. The average wage of mechanics is 14s. a-day; men and women servants get £60 and £20 a-year respectively, with board and lodging; good farm servants, if married, £65, if single, £50, with board and lodging; and a labourer can make 9s. a-day, or as much as he can earn in Dorsetshire in a week. Of all the Australian provinces this is the best.”]

Friday July 6 1855

Went out on an exploring expedition with Mr Heineken, chiefly to try and find Belbury Castle. The Devonshire writers mention this as “Commanding the vale of the Otter”, and some I think say on “Ottery East Hill”. This last we took. We drove out to Sidford – went up High Street, and mounted the hill above Buscombe. Then we went north, all along the ridge, enjoying a most splendid view, till we got to the point of Gittesham Hill, opposite Hembury Fort. This we thought the most likely place. But first, we selected a beautiful spot on the slope of the hill, where we could look down upon half the county, and here we took our lunch. This ended, we plunged into the plantations, leaving the man with the carriage. In these plantations there are many deep trenches and high banks; and several times we fancied we had come to the object of our search: but a few paces more showed us that they were all too irregular for such earthworks, and that they were apparently only gravel pits. All round this Gittesham point, on both sides of the road, we prosecuted our hot, thirsty, wearisome, and entangled search, finding plenty of irregularities, certainly no symmetrical earthwork. We met a lad in the wood, who told us that there was a heap not far from where we had been, into which persons had once dug for treasure. I suppose this was a barrow, believed to contain, as usual, a crock of gold. Wortleberries and wild raspberries abounded in some places. Going up this hill in despair, we drove to “Putts’ Corner”, or “Hunters Lodge”, and then turned back northward along the Honiton Road, and made an equally laborious search about the point of the hill over Combe House. Here, however, we were equally unsuccessful; and much to our surprise, as well as to our disappointment; for we felt certain that it must be somewhere in this neighbourhood. None of the writers who mention it seem to know where it is, or was. By them, Belbury Castle is described as having one enclosing trench of an oval figure, measuring, I think, 400 feet long, by 200 broad. The first syllable Bel, or Belus, may indicate great antiquity. We returned to Putts Corner and halted. I sketched the large stone that lies at the crossing of the roads. There are some traditions connected with this stone, which I cannot now recall. One person told us today that formerly there was somebody who used to bury his money under this stone “by a hundred pounds at a time”: at which an old woman added, “and I once seed a half-crown and a shilling pulled out from under thick stone”. How these coins should have got to the base of the stone it is hard to say; unless, perhaps, some traveller, sitting upon it, may have dropped them. But this fact is quite enough to raise the belief, that treasure lies concealed here. – From this point we went eastward towards Roncombe Gate, passing the scene of our operations on the 25th of last July. Passing over Broad Down, we examined all the barrows we could see, and laid down the positions of two or three not on the Ordnance Map. – We reached Sidmouth before nine; and I supped at Mr Heineken’s.

Tuesday July 10

Signed the agreement letting the house, No. 4. Coburg Terrace, with the garden, but without the Field, to Captain and Mrs Hamilton, for [3.6.9.] or 12 months. Rent £70 per annum.

Wed Jul 11

Walked out to Knowle with Mr Jenkins of Lime Park, and had harp, piano, and flute trios, with Mr John Wolcott. Tea'd and supped with the family and some friends, and came back.

Fri July 13

Holmes bricked the sides of the opening in the stone wall into the field, and fixed the gate.

Sat Jul 14

Mr H. H. Johnson, of Woodlands, breakfasted with me, and then we went to the burying ground. He here took two successive views of papa's and mamma's tombstones – being photographs with albumen on glass. We then adjourned to his abode, where he developed them. The appeared to come out satisfactorily.

Mon

Spent the evening at the Heinekens as usual; where I met Dr Ridgeway, of Exeter. We went through several quartets.

Tu July 17

Walked out to Sidbury and paid P.P.C. visits at Court Hall and the Vicarage.

SIDMOUTH & DAWLISH, JULY 1855

Thursday, July 19 1855

Having let the house in Coburg Terrace for a year, I left to-day. Passed several hours in Exeter. It so happened that the Judges came in to-day, and I had an opportunity of seeing the arrival, and of being much disappointed. From what I had heard of coaches, javelin men, and cavalcades, I expected something striking. So it was: only it was striking for its meanness. First, there were two men on horseback, looking like grooms, carrying trumpets: then a double file of awkward men, carrying sticks, tipped with a bit of metal – these were the imposing javelin men: then a private carriage: then a coach and four with two big wigs: and lastly, a string of farmers on horseback, in two rows, having on different costumes, and being on horses of all colours and sizes, taken rough from their ploughs. This was all. Went on to Dawlish. Found my cousin Miss Robertson in Belmont Villa, one of the new villas on the east cliff.

Fri July 20

Walked out to the Warren, near Exmouth, to see the gun practice. The men are exercised for six weeks, and the period is now nearly over. They are taken from the preventive stations; and I recognised three Sidmouth men there. First, there was practising with a six-pound brass field-piece, at a target, pitched on the sand banks at 300 yards. These targets were hit to pieces, and most of the shot buried in the sand. These they generally dig out and use again. After the firing was over, I walked to the spot, and picked up one of the balls, asking leave to take it away as a memento. This was granted; so I shall send it to Sidmouth.

The men then exercised a 32-pound ship gun, in the "battery", as they call the wooden house, the back and sides of which are removed when exercising. They fired at a target pitched on the bar at

the mouth of the river, about half a mile off. First, I stood behind the breech of the gun; but the smoke so concealed the target, that I could not see the effect of the shot. So I then went out on the sandbank nearest the sea, about 70 yards in advance of the battery, and at an angle of 40 or 50 degrees to the right of it. The concussion here was rather strong; and the sound which the ball made in rushing by, struck me as particularly vicious in its tone. I scarcely know what to compare it to. It was something like the hiss of a sky rocket. But there is a sound still more like, which we sometimes hear precede a clap of thunder when it is very close. It is a sound as if the electric fluid were vehemently cutting its way through the atmosphere. The shot seemed to cut its way onward in the same manner – impetuous, wrathful, and fierce. After this I had the curiosity to try what the effect would be if I let the ball pass over my head. I therefore, whilst they were loading, and unknown to them, got down beyond the sandbank, and placed myself in a line between the gun and the target, crouching down low enough to be safe from accidents. As soon as I heard the report, there was a violent noise, between a hiss and a scream, close over my head – it was some three or four yards, but it seemed quite close – as the mass of iron passed: and on looking towards the target, I distinctly saw the ball for half a second or so. It then went through the target; and this was the only shot that hit it all the afternoon. As I was placed in the axis of the gun, and not far under the line through which it passed, the ball to me was necessarily nearly a stationary object. It looked like a black speck, which instantly descended into the target; and then made several bounds along the water beyond, throwing up the foam, in columns into the air. Doubtless, the man who fires would be always able to see the ball as I did, only that the smoke immediately obscures his view. His business is to take a good aim and fire: he knows, then, that the rest will follow. Lastly, I stood at about three or four yards abreast of the muzzle of the gun, and here the concussion was the strongest: and the noise made my head ring all day.

The six-pound shot made my arm ache before I got back to Dawlish.

Sun July 22

Went twice to St Mark's. In the evening we had an extempory sermon from the Rev. Mr. Martin, almost advocating the doctrine of transubstantiation.

Thursday July 26

Left Dawlish for France. Wish to go over to Avranches again to search among the MSS. formerly belonging to St Michael's Mount, Normandy. Took the rail at 20 minutes past eleven, and got to Plymouth. Obtained a pass-port, and paid five shillings for it. Took the steamer at six for Jersey, after having walked about Plymouth, in and about the Citadel, and other places.

Fri July 27

This morning at 6 we stopped off Guernsey harbour to take in and put out passengers. Then we proceeded to Jersey, where we arrived at 10. The passage was not a rough one, nevertheless I was sea sick – as I always am. Jersey is a thriving little island. No boat to France to-day.

JERSEY & FRANCE, 1855

Sat July 28

At noon left Jersey by the "Rose" steamer, and after a fine passage of three hours, without being sick (though some were) and amusing myself with my telescope, we arrived at Granville. This place, like Avranches, is situated on a high rock, some two or three hundred feet high; at least, the old town: but the new town is below. Half a dozen douaniers, or custom house officers, in fierce uniforms came on board, examined our pass-ports, and took possession of our luggage. At the Douane or Custom House, we were kept a long time; but there was a good deal of fun nevertheless. Women only, offered themselves to carry our luggage to the hotels. My portmanteau was carried by a girl of fourteen. She told me her name was Carolaine Laborre. What pretty names some of the names of the French women are. I gave her a franc, and some sugar plums, which I had in my pocket, - much to her delight. Too late for the Diligence to-day.

Sun July 29

Pour me divertir un peu, en attendant le départ de la Diligence, j'allai voir les baigneurs. C'était une scène assez amusante. A onze heure et demie je pris la Diligence; et nous arrivâmes à Avranches environ deux heures et demie de l'après-midi. Me voilà dans mon ancienne demeure à l'Hôtel de France, après une absence de trois ans.

[To amuse myself a little while waiting for the stage coach to leave, I went to see the bathers. It was quite amusing. At half past eleven, I took the coach; and we arrived at Avranches at about half past two in the afternoon. Here I am again in my old dwelling at the Hotel de France, after a three year absence.]

AVRANCHES, NORMANDY, 1855

Mon July 30

Find, on enquiry, that the library of books and MSS. formerly belonging to St Michael's Mount, heretofore kept at the College, have recently been removed to new quarters at the Hôtel de Ville – that the bookshelves are not yet made – that the books are not only not yet arranged, but that the greater part of them still remain in bundles and packages – and that I have reason to fear I may not be able to get access to them.

AVRANCHES, 1855

Wed August 1

In spite of the difficulties, M Chance, the principal librarian, offered us what facilities he could. I again copied the Charter of Edward the Confessor, about "de venesire", from folio xxviii, dorsum, of the Cartulary, not being sure of the minute correctness of the last. As to the charter by which William the Conqueror gave Sidmouth to the Mount, I doubt whether it is ever to be found; but I will try and look if possible.

Fri Aug 3

Had a rummage again. About one o'clock one of the heaviest showers of rain I ever saw came down. The streets were soon like rivers; and it was fine fun to see the perplexed people wading through the rushing streams, as the torrents ran down the streets.

Sun Aug 5

Went for an hour into the cathedral, and witnessed an excess of Puseyism. The eastern end has a new appearance; and white Roman Doric columns are far from harmonising with the nave. I saw an old woman squatted down on the pavement in the aisle, saying her Aves and Credos all the time I was there, passing on from bead to bead with her rosary very assiduously. So much for the next world. She had a peck of green peas in her lap, held in her apron. So much for this world. The two worlds were strongly blended.

Mon Aug 6

Took an agreeable walk to the village of St. Jean Baptiste a mile north of Avranches, partly through the fields and by the river Sée. The church is old and without ornament. Then walked a mile east, through the fields and along the banks of the river, to the village of Pont; passing a farm, one end of which has the appearance of originally having been a fortified mansion with two round towers pierced with loopholes. In the churchyard of Pont are a cross and some slabs (at the west doorway,) with old inscriptions. Returned the same way, in preference to the road.

Tu Aug 7

Today I explored down the estuary of the river Sée, towards St Michael's Mount. Walked down about a mile nearly, the latter part of the distance on the sand; crossed over in a ferry boat, and went on a mile or two on the sand towards the sea. The sand in this estuary, and the grève round the Mount, is very fine, and of a gray colour. Brought away some to take home.

Su 12

Having finished my researches at Avranches, I resolved on leaving for St. Lo. Amongst the chief points of interest, at Avranches, may be mentioned the remains of the old walls with the round towers. In the wall facing the Place, going from the Hotel de Ville to the Plate-forme, I observed an arch made, apparently, of thin Roman brick, and some herring-bone work. Also the slab near the west end of the Plate-forme, on which Henry II. received absolution for the murder of à Beckett. The old Norman arch in the Jardin des Plantes, brought from elsewhere. The old Cross in the road called the Croix Verte, dated 1670. And so on. Avranches has about 10,000 inhabitants. In passing along beyond Granville to Coutances, I remembered that the geology of the country tallied with that of the coast of Devonshire, to wit, granite, limestone, and Red sandstone. The Diligence only gave me an hour at Coutances. Had just time to admire the Cathedral; beautifully sculptured, and covered with spires and pinnacles. St Lo is about the size of Avranches.

ST. LO, NORMANDY

M. Aug 20

During the week that I passed at St. Lo, I pursued my researches amongst the MSS. once belonging to the Mount, deposited in the building of the Archives of the town, and found several things of interest. The cathedral here is a handsome building, built, like that at Coutances, of Bath stone. I mean Caen stone, that is, the Great Oolite. It has two towers with spires at the west end, very close together – the space between them less than the width of either tower. In the interior, the columns at the east end are peculiar as having no capitals – the ribs of the roof spring out of the round shaft. There is a peculiar feature outside this building. At the north-east end it has an exterior stone pulpit, entered from the inside. It has been long out of use. It made me think of the preaching at Paul's Cross.

The 15th of August was the first Napoleon's Fête Day. I went and heard high Mass. Then the troops marched into the cathedral, blowing trumpets and beating drums. Another service was performed; and the military band played lively airs, which were interlarded with the chanting of the priests.

I went one day, a league and a half in the country, to the Mauffe, to see some horse races. They were only trotting matches. There was no such thing as a gallop. Went and returned in the boat on the river. This river has been locked and rendered navigable with the last three or four years. We were drawn by four horses and a low line, at a good trotting pace.

The Norman bonnets in this neighbourhood are different from those worn by the women near Avranches. Perhaps they are still more striking in appearance.

M. Aug 20

Took the malle-poste and went 18 miles to Bayeux. The papers announce that the Queen of England came over to France, on a visit to the Emperor and Empress on Saturday the 18th. The first thing I did on arriving here was to see the Bayeux Tapestry. This work is made like a long ribbon. It is many yards long and about two feet broad – I may say high, for it is placed on edge, in a glass case running round a large room in the Library. The figures are from 10 to 12 inches high, or nearly. The subject, the Conquest of England by William of Normandy, reads from left to right. It is a highly interesting work. The cathedral here is a beautiful building but quite choked up with houses on the north and east sides. Slept at the Hotel du Luxembourg, and then, to-morrow morning

Tu Aug 21

Took the Diligence for Caen, famous for its building stone. Caen stone was formerly in high repute in England; and, indeed, it is said to be used by our architects still, especially in the coins, mouldings, and window dressings of churches. But when we have precisely the same stone dug at Bath, or rather at the Box Hill Quarries, near Bath, namely the Great Oolite of geologists, it should seem that there is no necessity to come to Caen for stone. Perhaps the Normans sung the praises of Caen stone, and introduced it into England, before the Box or Bath stone had been developed.

At six I took the Diligence for Rouen, en route for Paris. East of Caen the country changes its aspect. From having been full of orchards, green fields, small enclosures, and plenty of trees, exactly as it is in south Devon, it becomes more open, and almost entirely devoted to the culture of grain.

Wed Aug 22

Having travelled all night, at a pace somewhat less than that of the mail, arrived at Rouen about 6 in the morning, the distance having been 64 miles.

I am told this place contains 98,000 inhabitants. I missed the large Norman caps after Bayeux. From this last place eastward, the peasant women wore men's white nightcaps, with a tassel at top! The large caps prevail from Avranches to St. Lo.

ROUEN, NORMANDY, AUG. 1855

Th Aug 23

Read the French newspapers for an hour. The Queen, Prince Albert and some of the children now being at Paris, the papers divide their columns between them and the war. Took a fagging and hot walk to the top of St. Catherine's hill, a chalk hill rising some three or four hundred feet at the east of Rouen. At the first platform, half way up this hill, are the ruins of a little chapel (if such it be) and 30 or 40 yards from it, the octagonal base, and part of the shaft of a cross. The appearance of the summit of this hill gives one the idea that it was at some remote time, as remote perhaps as the invasion of Caesar, occupied by a camp enclosed with earthworks, the entrance having been at the west end. But in later times there was a medieval castle there, nothing of which now remains but a mass of flint stone and mortar, some 15 or 20 feet high, some other masses scattered near it, and the traces of foundations all over the hill. The summit is all over mounds and earthworks and deep fosses. The enclosure was of many acres in extent. In examining the walls, I found bricks, or pieces of bricks, thrown in along with the rubble, and all secured in one conglomerate by the mortar. Some pieces I extracted. When whole, the bricks were 2 inches thick, 4 broad, and about 8 long. They were well burnt, hard, and good. I could not find any stamp on them. The Chateau Henri Quatre is said to have stood here; and these are said to be the ruins of it. The view from the hill is beautiful. On one side of the Seine is Rouen, and on the other an extensive plain.

Fri Aug 24

Went to look at the statue of Joan of Arc, in the Place de la Pucelle, where she was burnt. Was disappointed. Then looked at the building behind it, said to have been her prison. It is covered with beautiful sculpture, but of a date posterior. A frieze represents the meeting of Henry the Eighth of England, and Francis of France. The sculptures on the turret above the steps, which represent subjects in fishing and agriculture, have a metallic (sic) look, as if the stone were rubbed over with brass dust. In the street running west from the Cathedral, the Rue de la Grosse Horloge, there is an ancient Gateway, under the arch of which is the figure of a man, full size, in the costume of a shepherd, tending sheep, and two other rural subjects, sculptured at the sides. I was told that this man gave name to the city of Rouen, and that in some remote period, he was the founder of it. On the gateway is a great clock.

Sat Aug 25

Walked a league to Bonsecours, to see an American reaping machine. Many persons were there. It was very ingenious, but did not properly succeed.

Sun Aug 26

Went to the cathedral to hear and see high mass, and got a dash of holy water. The west front of this cathedral is beautiful, particularly the doorways. The interior is marred by some modern additions in Roman architecture, abominations which ought to be removed. The rood screen of Roman Ionic (I think) is the most glaring absurdity. The steeple on the centre tower is of cast iron ribs, with a staircase within. The finial at top has not yet been put up. Two or three of the other churches of Rouen may boast of the beauty of their architecture, as St. Ouen, St. Maclou, etc.

ROUEN, NORMANDIE, AOÛT 1855

Mon Aug 27

Went again to the top of St Catherine's Hill, to grub about among the ruins. Took my lunch in my pocket, and discussed it pleasantly, lying on the dry grass, with the breeze almost as hot as if it came from an oven, and enjoying a beautiful view of Rouen and the surrounding country. My object to-day was, to examine as many bricks as possible, to see if I could discover any mark, figure, or cypher, such as might lead me to assign a date to their manufacture, or to the execution of the buildings. Several I saw embedded in the rubble of the walls, but was unable to extract them. But amongst the debris of the fallen walls I found many, though it was only in one or two instances that I could find a whole brick quite perfect. I examined dozens of specimens. They were as good as if only made yesterday. The streaks on one side where the workman had rubbed off the suppefluous (sic) clay, before he turned them out of the mould were fresh and sharp. I could not in any case discover any mark, stamp, or figure upon any of them. Flints make up the principal portion of the walls. Bricks were only used partially. They measured 2 x 4 x 8 inches. I also found great quantities of broken tiles, which, in their perfect state, had doubtless been used for roofing. They were from half an inch to 5 eighths thick. Several little French boys who were flying kites on the hill, assisted me in my researches. It is mentioned in the Bayeux Tapestry that William the Conqueror had a castle at Rouen. Possibly it was on this hill.

Tu Aug 28

Took a stroll in Rouen, to see what was to be seen. There is a considerable amount of amusement, when in a new place, in doing nothing else than looking into the shop windows. Best, when in a new country, one is able in this manner, to gain a great deal of information respecting the resources, produce, and manufactures of that country. I spent between three and four hours in this way to-day. In the middle of the stone bridge over the river there is a bronze statue of Corneille, who was born at Rouen. I was shown the site of the house where he was born, on the north side of the Rue de la Pie. The house itself was pulled down only a year ago to widen the street, and another built. Went and looked at the Palais de Justice, which is a very beautiful building of its kind. Under the trees at the north end of the suspension bridge there is a bronze statue of Boildieu, a celebrated musical composer. I believe he was a native of Rouen. There is a monument to him in the cemetery. The suspension bridge is made of iron wire, not twisted into a rope, but parallel wires bound together at intervals. There are six of these, each one as thick as the wrist. The descending rods, that is, bundles similarly made, are about an inch in diameter. This bridge is probably stronger than if it were made of iron rods of equal thickness. It is called the "Pont Suspendu", or the "Pont Fil-de-fer". The charge for going over is one centime, the fifth part of a halfpenny. The tide flows up and down here with some rapidity.

Wed Aug 29

Took a two or three mile walk down the left or south bank of the Seine, below Rouen. This river is here thickly studded with islands – long thin islands stretching up and down the stream. Most of them are inhabited; and very pretty and snug little estates they appear to be. But the atmosphere must be damp and foggy. It was a lively scene to witness the vessels, some of them of great size, coming up or going down the stream. There is no bridge below Rouen. The Pont fil-de-fer is the first that stops rigged vessels.

ROUEN & PARIS, AUGUST 1855

Th Aug 30

Left Rouen for Paris. Being beautiful weather, resolved on taking the steamer, in order that I might enjoy a view of the river and the country at leisure. The passage is 20 hours. By rail it is only five. But then, I was not pressed for time. Got up at four in the morning, the boat starting at five. When I got to the wharf, I found, to my dismay, that the boat, which ought to have arrived last night from Paris, had not yet come. A thick fog covered the river, and this had retarded it. After deliberating an hour, rather vexed at the disappointment, I determined to take the rail at six. I had my portmanteau taken to the station; and there I found that I was ten minutes too late, the clock at the office being wrong, and having deceived me. The next train would not start until half past nine. Rather savage at this second disappointment, I left my luggage at the Station and wandered about. The fog was so thick I could have cut it with a knife, like a piece of cheese: the air was damp and chilly. Attracted by a noise of drums, I wandered away into an avenue: and there I found a number of young drummers learning the different beats. I counted eighteen of them. As they were all doing different beats, the discordant and stunning noise may be imagined – or perhaps it may not be imagined. Then I went and witnessed the drilling of a number of young recruits, looking like spectres through the fog. At eight o'clock I went back to my hotel to get some hot coffee; and rather surprised mine hoste, who thought I was half way to Paris.

At nine and a half I succeeded in leaving Rouen. The sun was now hot; and the weather fine. The Seine or the Eure are in sight occasionally all the way. Chalk hills bound the rivers in most places. We went through two or three long tunnels. The rest of the country is flat, with a gravelly soil. The distance was rather more than 30 leagues. Arrived in Paris at half past two, for the first time.

Fri Aug 31

Walked about Paris, and almost felt I was in London. As the Paris fashions prevail so much in London, and as one meets so many French beards, especially in Regent Street, either Paris is somewhat like London, or else London is much like Paris. The Queen's recent visit has left a favourable impression, and the English were never in better odour.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1855

Sat Sep 1

Went to the Exposition de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysees. Though this is not on so large a scale as the London Exhibition of 1851, the effect to the eye is perhaps more pleasing. The building, being permanent, is substantially built of stone. The other looked too much like a bird-cage or a greenhouse (as indeed the one at Sydenham does now) and the objects looked very diminutive owing to the immense space. This one looks more solid, more completely furnished, and less glassy. The glass roof of this one has been covered with calico or Holland in striped colours. This subdues the glare and improves the effect. The objects exhibited are extremely interesting, as were those in London.

Sun Sep 2

Went to Nôtre Dame. This Cathedral is not so large or so handsome as that at Rouen. Took a walk to the Palais of the Luxembourg. Returned through the Louvre. Disappointed at the size of the Seine. Expected another Thames. It is scarcely larger than the Ex at Exeter.

Mon Sep 3

Walked to the Hotel Royal des Invalides. This building is a sort of French Chelsea Hospital; and in its neighbourhood one meets scores of old worn out veterans who have lost their arms and legs in the service of their country. The church belonging to this Institution is the place where the body of the first Napoleon lies. It is the most gorgeous thing of its kind that can well be imagined. The public are admitted freely to see the Emperor's tomb. I went in company with crowds of people. The style is not Gothic, but Roman, like St Paul's, London. The inside of the dome of the cupola is decorated with paintings. It is under this the sarcophagus is. There is a large circular opening in the floor, surrounded with a balustrade, and one looks down upon the floor beneath, where the sarcophagus, of red Egyptian marble, is placed. Round this Sarcophagus in the floor, is a wreath of leaves, bound by fillets of purple, all in vari-coloured marble. In the floor above are crowns, fleur-de-lis, and other devices inlaid in differently tinted marble. But the altar, and the canopy over it, are the most gorgeous portions. Columns and panels of black marble chequered with white, and the capitals and cornices of nothing but gold and silver, lighted up by the firey (sic) rays that come through the yellow glass windows, produce an effect hard to describe. Some of Napoleon's clothes, crosses, and hat are also shown. The Queen of England may well have been affected at surveying this place ten days ago.

Went afterwards to the Champ de Mars and saw some troops exercising. A splendid spectacle was here shown to the Queen, one day during her visit.

Tu Sep 4

Still fine hot weather. Went into the garden of the Tuileries, and sat on a chair (for which a woman charged me two sous) to watch the lively scene. The place was crowded. Did the same in the garden of the Palais Royal.

Wed Sep 5

When at Avranches, I became acquainted with a gentleman who was entirely blind. He talked to me one day on the subject of the books which have been printed in raised characters for the use of the blind, which they read by passing the ends of the fingers across the pages. I had happened to have

seen such books in London, and seen blind people read out of them. He expressed a great wish to be able to read such books; and as I was going to Paris, I promised to enquire. After making some enquiries at the Exposition de l'Industrie, now open, and at several shops, I succeeded better at the Institution for the Blind, south of the Invalides. As a specimen of the printing in relief (?) they gave me three copies of the leaf which I insert, one of which I send to Avranches. Hitherto it has been the practice to print them in ordinary letters, but a system of points or dots has recently been introduced. They told me that the blind learn to read by the raised dots with greater facility than by the letters. I went over the Institution, and was much amused at seeing some working, some playing the piano, and some playing a game of cards. As I went to enquire about books, I was taken to the library, and I was surprised to see a room well fitted with large volumes on various subjects, as Geography, Grammar, Lessons in Reading, Travels, Music, etc.

Th Sep 6

After going to the Ministère de la Marine where I had to deliver a letter, went to look at the Madeleine. This church is built in the form of a Roman temple of great size. It is of the Corinthian order. It is a very beautiful specimen of architecture; but no style of architecture equals the Gothic in its power to inspire awe. The bronze doors depict subjects from the Commandments. The interior is mostly gold and white; the ceiling and domes, picked out with colours or displaying paintings. The effect excites much admiration.

Fri Sep 7

Spent the afternoon in the Louvre, looking at the sculpture and paintings. An attendant at the door took charge of my stick, and charged me two sous. The parts of the building devoted to these works, are the western side of the quadrangle, and the river front running up towards the Place du Carrousel. The sculptures are on the ground floor; the paintings above. There is a fine colossal statue of Father Tyber. There are two statues of Hermaphroditus, duplicates. The antiquities from Egypt and Tarsus are interesting. The collection of paintings is large, and justly celebrated. It is not only rich in old and the well known masters, but there are works of great merit by modern artists. Many persons were engaged in copying the paintings, regardless of the crowd; and most of them were women. We were chassé'd at five.

Sat Sep 8

Got a letter from England. Such are always welcome when one is away. Took a walk due south – first to the Luxembourg Palace; then to the Observatory, a stone building covered with domes that revolve and open for the use of the astronomers; and then away further south, in order that I might have a look at the fortifications, for I have just read a pamphlet by General Pélet, on this subject, written at the time the question of fortifying the city was in agitation, in 1840. This is not a thoroughly elaborate system of fortification; - such, (as the General said), would cost too much, and would require too many regular troops to defend: it is a high wall, and a broad dry ditch, enough to keep an invading enemy in check, till the main body of the army, perhaps at a distance, could come up to save the city. Some of the detached forts, I could see, though far off.

Turned aside, in returning, to examine a place where stone is dug. It was a large descending shaft, at the bottom of which galleries are made laterally. The great blocks of stone, belonging apparently either to the Chalk, or Green sand formations, are raised by means of an immense windlass. Some

of them were absolute masses of fossil shells. Brought away a piece. The day was clear, and the sun excessively hot.

Sun Sep 9

Went to the church of St. Germain, east of the Louvre. A woman charged me two sous for the use of a chair, there being no pews. In this church there are some architectural abominations, Roman architecture mixed with Gothic, being additions made by ignorant masons. The painted glass is rich in colour. Both inside and outside this edifice there is a good deal of what I believe is termed the "pre-Raffaelite" school of painting, - cold, stiff, lifeless figures, with gilt backgrounds, and bright colours ill blended. The porches are the richest specimens. There is a statue of St. Denis with his head in his hands.

In the afternoon committed the impiety of going to the Exposition de l'Industrie. The entrance to-day was only four sous = two pence. The place was crammed with thousands. It was immensely hot, and the crowd made it scarcely possible to move in some places. I saw a Roman catholic priest there in his clerical costume. The great object of attraction was the Imperial crown and jewels. They are very beautiful certainly. Some parts of the machinery at work, excited considerable interest.

The Gardens of the Tuileries, and other places of public resort, resembled a fair. The French seem to live upon pleasures and amusements.

Mon Sep 10

Kept quiet and read the Arabian Nights in French, lent me by my landlord. Never read them in English.

Tu Sep 11

Letters from Australia – from Fanny and Bingham. Bingham has a daughter. He sends me £19..14..3.

The French papers publish accounts of further and more decisive successes at Sebastopol. At first I was told that the place was entirely taken and destroyed, but this was too good. However, it seems that the great struggles which place (sic) on the 8th and 9th ended in the Russians blowing up all their magazines on the south side of the harbour, and of retiring to the northern side, leaving the allies in possession of the Karabelnaïa, and the southwestern position also, it is asserted. This is looked upon as going far to settle the fate of the Crimea in our favour. This evening 101 guns were fired in Paris on the joyful occasion.

Wed Sep 12

Walked today to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. Heard guns again. Conclude they are firing on account of the news from the Black Sea. Went eastward along the Rue St. Antoine. In the place de la Bastille stopped to look at the bronze column, erected to commemorate the revolution of July 1830, which put Louis Philippe on the throne. The column is of bronze, raised on a stone base, and has the names of those who distinguished themselves during the struggle engraved on it in gilt letters. There must be several hundred names. On the summit there is a gilt figure of Mercury, or somebody much like the representations one sees of him. Père la Chaise is an immense cemetery, certainly. Some of the monuments are in good taste, but some are not. As it stands on a hill, there is a beautiful view of Paris from one part of it. The northern portion is devoted to the poor. The

scene is more singular and striking than that apportioned to the rich. The multitude of wooden crosses hung with crowns has a peculiar effect. Among English names, I was surprised to see the monument of Sir Sidney Smith. The weather was fine, and it was as hot as midsummer.

Th Sep 13

To-day the Emperor went in state to Notre Dame, when a Te Deum was chanted, as a thank offering for the successes at Sebastopol. Went out at ten o'clock, when all Paris was already in the streets, though the state procession was not expected till noon. It was marvellous where all the soldiers came from, considering how many have gone to the war. They swarmed out in dense lines like ants out of an anthill, or bees from a hive; and there was no seeing down the streets for bayonettes. They were as thick as needles in a needle-case. The houses were profusely hung with banners; there being, along with the tricolor, a sprinkling of English Red Ensigns, Turkish, and Sardinian flags. The variety and beauty of the uniforms was very striking. Went to the north side of the Louvre, in the Rue Rivoli. The approach of the procession was announced by the beating of drums and the blowing of trumpets, (and a great noise they made.) Cavalry passed, and many carriages passed, having therein very brilliant uniforms, and then came the state carriage with glass panels, having the Emperor Napoleon therein, and one gentleman. He occupied the place Queen Victoria always occupies on state occasions – the right hand side of the back seat. The people cheered much – much more than the English cheer. We English are a dull heavy people. He is very like his portraits – or rather, his portraits are very like him. He was paler than I expected; but otherwise just what I might have expected. He kept up a continued series of small bows, or inclinations of the body, in recognition of the greetings he received. I have seen the Queen and Prince Albert do the same. After he had passed, soldiers and people dispersed for an hour; glad to seek the shade, and something to drink, for the sun was broiling. We then assembled again; and I had an equally good and steady view of him. I thought his eyes looked red as if he was getting tired of all the parade, and fatigue. At two in the afternoon the theatres were thrown open gratis; and Paris was illuminated in the evening. Chinese lanthorns and coloured paper lamps prevailed. Walked about looking at all these novelties till I was downright wearied.

Friday Sep 14

Put on my best coat and took an idle stroll. Went to look at the Bourse, a fine large building in the Composite Order with columns not fluted. Then went to the Place Vendôme to examine the bronze column, with the figure of Napoleon on the top. This is a beautiful column. It is made, as an inscription says, from the guns taken by Napoleon. Like the column of Trajan at Rome, it is surrounded, from the bottom to the top, with an ascending spiral line of bas-reliefs. These represent Napoleon's battles and victories. Four large bronze bas-reliefs cover the pedestal. Then looked at the Luxor Obelisk in the Place Louis XV. It was given to France for Napoleon's services in the Egyptian campaign, when Abercrombie was killed. It is of red granite. Instead of looking old, it is as clean, and the hieroglyphics as sharp, as if it had only recently been finished by the sculptor. The pedestal on which it stands (which is modern) has representations of the shipment and removal of the obelisk from Egypt to France, cut in intaglio and gilt. Then took a stroll through the Tuileries Gardens, and by accident over the Pont Royal. Here I bought a second-hand copy of a pamphlet I have long wished to see and for which I had hitherto asked in vain. It is the "Note sur l'Etat des Forces Navales de la France. 1844". Though no name is attached to it, the Prince de Joinville is known to have been the author. It exhorts France to augment her steam navy – remarks on the superior steam navy of England – and offers plans how England might be successfully invaded. It

gave great offence to his father – Louis Philippe, who was on excellent terms of friendship with the English and their Queen. The English were not a little offended either, for the pamphlet appeared not long after Louis Philippe with his family (including the Prince de Joinville) had been over to England on a visit to the Queen. During this visit the Prince, it appeared, had been considering how the country of his entertainers might be best destroyed by fire and sword.

As I was returning back to my abode, my attention was attracted by seeing all the people turning their noses up into the air. On following their example, behold there was a balloon, quietly sailing over the city from west to east.

PARIS & VERSAILLES, SEPTEMBER 1855

Sun Sep 16

Went to St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré. This church is white and gold, - very neat. The sounding board over the pulpit is an angel flying and supporting a large drapery, all carved. The effect is not bad. There are some good paintings in the church, especially on the right-hand side on entering. – It was advertised that the “Grandes Eaux” were going to play to-day at Versailles; and in spite of the day I went. Whatever I thought of it, the excursion and the amusements of the afternoon were sanctioned by several Roman Catholic priests, for they went down in the train with me. This is a sort of Windsor, attached to the capital. I went from the station north of the Church of the Madeleine. About half way down from Paris, on this line, there is a beautiful view of Paris and neighbourhood. The approach to the chateau from the town is much better than Park side. It is varied, and broken, and picturesque. The chapel is a picturesque building, and mostly white and gold inside, with a finely inlaid marble floor. There is some good statuary in the corridors in the chateau; but its richness consists in its paintings. These are very numerous and very beautiful. The apartments too, in which they are placed, are beautiful for their richness. The arched ceilings are especially remarkable; exceeding anything I have happened to see either in Paris or London. I was between an hour and two hours on the move with hundreds of others, walking through the numerous rooms, saloons, galleries, and corridors, until quite tired, though much interested. People may say what they like in their admiration of old paintings. Old paintings are very good and very laudable as old paintings. They are curious and interesting antiques, and are valuable in that light. But every unprejudiced connoisseur must allow, that the modern artists, keeping clear of the errors which they have seen in their predecessors, have put in their paintings more correct drawing, better grouping, attitudes more natural, more truthful colouring, and last, though not least, more correct perspective, than the lauded old masters can lay claim to. I could point out two or three errors in the cartoons of Raffael. The women of Rubens are fat, gross, vulgar creatures: and among the collection in the National Gallery in London, there are many paintings by names of good account, which may be condemned for unnatural or distorted attitudes in the figures. With respect to the deadness or heaviness or blackness of colouring, perhaps the colours have darkened by age. If so, that excuse must be accepted. But the other defects enumerated cannot receive a like palliation.

With respect to sculpture, the case is different. I am not quite sure whether modern sculpture can compete with the ancient. Chantrey, Bacon, Wyatt, Westmacott, and so on – these are great names in England. All Europe has produced its great names too. Nevertheless, none of them have ever exceeded by a hair's breadth, the beauty, the refinement of design or conception, the life, the animation, the anatomical correctness, and the natural flowing of the drapery, which characterise the works of ancient Greece. There are some good bronze statues at Versailles, dispersed near the fountains out of doors, as well as marble figures. The gardens are very beautiful: but art has done

everything. A plain slope from the chateau has been turned into terraces, parterres, flower-beds, groves, walks, and plantations of trees. It would take a week to see this place. There is one bad painting in the building. Though done by a Frenchman, the subject is not french. It represents Washington giving the order for the assault on York-town in America. The figure of Washington is lifeless, awkward, and inexpressive: and as to the face, it is not one bit like the dozens of paintings of him that I have seen in America. If Washington's figure were painted over again, and well done, the painting, which is of large size, would do.

Tu Sep 18

Took a fagging walk up to the top of the hill of Montmartre, north of Paris. Though now all absorbed in Paris, it was anciently a separate town. Where the hill has been cut away on the south side of the top, the foundations of old walls are exposed. There is a telegraph erected on an old ecclesiastical building on the summit. As in England, the old telegraphs are not destroyed, in spite of electric wires. The view over Paris is beautiful. Every large building stands out, and towers over the houses. It is also beautiful over the country. How hot the sun was!

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1855

Wed Sep 19

Took a walk to the Jardin des Plantes – the Botanical and Zoological Gardens of Paris. On my way, went into the Pantheon, a well-built church after the pattern of St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Paul's in London. It is in the Corinthian order: but the columns of the portico are unusual from having the flutes cabled all the way up, instead of only one third. The Jardin des Plantes is a very pretty place for a lounge. The plants and flowers seem numerous, and well looked after. The animals seem well looked after too. The Giraffes were so tame as to allow their noses to be rubbed. But the chimpanzé was the centre of attraction. His athletic feats upon his slack ropes and his perches, his amusing vagaries, and his droll use of a looking glass, which had been given him, kept me (and scores of others) for more than an hour before his cage alone.

Th Sep 20

What continued hot, fine weather! Too hot to go far; and my jaunt yesterday was long and tiring. Went into the Church of St. Eustache, near the 'Halle aux Blés, by chance on St. Eustace's Day, which the Almanac says this is. This church is a blunder in architecture. The style of the details is Roman, but the great form of the edifice is Gothic. I thought it must probably be a comparatively modern abomination: but in the north transept inside I saw the date 1640. To be sure, the glorious period of Gothic architecture was two or three centuries before that date. In England, by this time it had become debased; and perhaps it had in France. The little chapels all round are richly coloured. Came back to my abode.

Passed an hour mending kid gloves. What are bachelors to do?

Su Sep 23

Walked to Long champ, through the Bois de Boulogne, and back; - a long, warm walk, three or four leagues. Took the route westward through the Champs Elysées, and so on to the Triumphal Arch. What a magnificent arch this is. Its immense size – the white marble of which it is composed –

and the beauty of the sculpture with which it is covered. It was a little way beyond this that the Comte d'Eu, eldest son of Louis Philippe, was thrown out of his cab and killed. A chapel has been built near the spot. Walked on a mile or nearly, and then turned in on the left to the Bois de Boulogne. This wood is extensive and very pretty. The timber is not old, nor the ground hilly; but it is a pretty rural place – a thick wood and copse, intersected with roads and paths. Walked across it out to Longchamp – made a detour – sat down in the wood and discussed some lunch – found many others doing the same thing, for the French are a great pic-nic-ing and out-of-door loving people, sitting on the grass, and hanging their hats, bonnets and shawls on the branches of the trees – hot and thirsty, stopped ten minutes at a café on the Paris side of the wood returning, and had a tumbler of beer, sitting under the verandah and watching the lively throng – then issued into the road and came back to Paris. What a multitude of pleasure seekers! All the way from the Arch to the Tuileries, more than a mile, the throng was so dense, it was difficult to get along. I was obliged to move with the throng.

Mon Sept 24

Finished reading another four volume novel of Paul de Kock, having read one at Avranches. This one, entitled, "Le Mari, et L'Aimant", is as bad as the other in its morals and its pictures of profligacy. Such works would not be allowed in England, and ought not to be in France. They must do much mischief in society: and the talent with which they are written, the ability with which the author has drawn his characters and sustained the interest throughout, only renders them the more dangerous. I think I will read something of De Balzac.

Tu Sep 25

Took a stroll in the Tuileries Gardens. The weather still beautiful, but the air to-day not so hot as it has been. The newspapers, in commenting on the fall of Sebastopol – or, rather, on the southern half, for the position on the northern side of the creek still remains to be taken – say, that during the last 40 days alone, the allied armies have thrown into the place, in the form of balls and shells, no less than thirty million (30,000,000) pounds of iron. Months ago we heard that the ground was paved with cannon balls. They also say that the Russians, when they abandoned the place, left 2200 guns behind them – that, at different periods during the last twelve month, they have sunk or otherwise destroyed, all their Black Sea fleet sheltered in that harbour, consisting of the following list: - 14 ships of the line, 4 frigates, 5 corvettes and brigs, 64 gunboats, 12 steamers, 7 smaller vessels, and 11 transports. What a list! They further say that the allies had about 800 guns in position, directed against the place; and that the Russians had about the same number opposed to them.

Fri Sep 28

Went to the Palais Des Beaux Arts, Rue Bonapart, south of the river. This is a sort of School of Art, and therefore the productions are by young artists. On a sort of architectural screen, running across the entrance court, there is an inscription that that façade was built in 1500 as part of the palace of the Cardinal.

Sat Sep 29

At last the weather changes to rain. For seven weeks I recollect only one shower (on the 13th) and that was after dark. It has been beautiful.

PARIS, OCTOBER 1855

Wed Oct 3

Went to the Bibliotheque Impériale, in the Rue de Richelieu, to search for the Sidmouth Manuscripts, as I call them: I mean MSS. once belonging to St. Michael's Mount, Normandy. I arrived in Paris just as the holidays began, and I have been five weeks here unable to prosecute my search. However, the holidays are over, and now I can go to work.

Fri Oct 5

Beautiful weather again! Friday is the two-franc day at the Exposition de l'Industrie. The prices are – 1 franc every day except Sunday, when the entrance is 4 sous, and Friday, when it is 2 francs. There are sixty or seventy thousand in the building on the 4 sous day, when it is too crowded to move. I went to-day to see what sort of company there might be there. There were evidently a good many well-bred and aristocratic people; but also a good many whose pretensions were based on their purses. I heard English spoken every now and then, as the different groups passed me. But about half past four we were all surprised by the unexpected arrival of the two persons of highest rank in France. The Emperor I had seen before, (Sep. 13.) but not the Empress. The hopes of the Emperor and the country are upon her now; and both will be much disappointed if she does not give them an heir to the Imperial Crown soon.

I was standing near the middle of the building, where there was a moderate assemblage of people, some seated and some sauntering about, looking at each other as well as looking at the pretty things. All at once I saw several running towards the north entrance of the building. Thinks I to myself – “Some fellow has been detected pilfering, and now they are all running to help take him into custody, or else, to look at the criminal; as if he were more interesting than an honest man.” But then seeing a number of women run to the spot, I thought it more likely perhaps that some lady had fainted; and so these sympathisers of her own sex were hastening to render her assistance. In either case, thought I, - criminal or fainting lady – I am not wanted; and I am not going to compromise my dignity by running. So I stood still, but kept my eyes forward. In a few minutes some of the gens-d'armes and other officials approached, crying out – “Retirez! Retirez! L'Empereur et l'Empereur sont arrivés. Faites place!” So we withdrew, leaving the alleys open. The Empress was not on foot. She was in a three-wheel chair, drawn by an attendant; the Emperor, en habit de ville, or merely dressed as a private gentleman, walking by her side. They passed within a yard or two of me. They were much cheered, and they smiled and bowed their acknowledgements. As I raised my hat, the Empress bowed towards where I was standing, with some others, and our eyes met. She was paler than I expected to see her, and did not look in health. She is older than her portraits – indeed she looks older than her real age, just now. Her cheeks not so full as those of her portraits, nor her nose, I think, quite so prominent. To be sure, these portraits were made some time ago, when she was just married. At all events, she is a nice, lady like looking woman. When she was at school at Clifton near Bristol, Miss Tozer, daughter of Mr Tozer, solicitor of Teignmouth, was at the same school, as I have heard some of my (Devonshire) cousins, who know Miss Tozer, say. The Emperor did not look so pale today, as he did the last time I saw him. He is rather a small man when on foot. When we issued from the building, we lingered a short time to see them come

out and get into their carriage. I remarked that she sat on the right hand side of the Emperor. This is the place of honour; and she now sits there in right of the heir to the throne expected!

Sunday Oct 7

Went this morning to the chapel of the English Ambassador. Hitherto, from curiosity, I have been going the round of the Roman catholic churches; but there was something refreshing, plain, simple, and intelligible, in this service, after what I have been witnessing during the last two months. A large long square room, at the back of the left hand wing of the Ambassador's residence has been turned into a sort of chapel. It has three windows on one side, and one at the end, under which last, a communion table, railed in has been placed. The floor is covered with matting; and comfortable benches, with cushions and backs, are placed along the room longitudinally (sic). At the end furthest from the Table, a portion is railed off, and hung with curtains: this appeared to belong to the Ambassador, now Lord Cowley. The room was quite filled. I counted nearly 200 persons, mostly ladies. We all looked at each other a great deal: all were trying to discover some English friend amongst the faces of our own country folks.

Wed Oct 10

The papers say that the allies have found 4000 cannons of different sizes in Sebastopol: that in the successful assault on the 8th and 9th of September, the Belgians lost 18000 men: and that about this vast number of small arms, and arms of all sizes, have been collected by the victors. An immense quantity of powder, besides stores and materials of all sorts have been found. Every day a Committee sits, to decide on a partition of the spoils. A despatch, however, of Prince Gortchacoff to the Russian government, sets down the Russian loss at 11990. The French I believe has amounted to 362 officers, and 11328, men from all casualties. The English lost 2000 in their attack on the Redan before they retired. The Times newspaper has a most severe attack on General Simpson, Commander-in-Chief since Lord Raglan's death. It says the General is too old for active command: and that, instead of looking after his men, and showing them the way to assault the place (as General Pélissier was doing with the French) he sat in a trench enveloped in a cloak. The Times attributed the English non-success to the General's supineness. These are grave charges.

Mon Oct 15

At Sebastopol things remain moderately quiet, except that the Russians, now holding their ground on the north side of the harbour, are firing upon the allies, now in possession of the south side. The Russians, however, have just received a defeat in a battle in the open field, a few miles north-east of Eupatoria; and the general impression is that they will give up the Crimea as untenable, and retire upon Perecop. At Kars, in Asia Minor, they have been routed. They had long besieged that place, and the garrison were reduced to horseflesh. It was supposed that the place must surrender. However, on the 29th of September, a general assault took place. The Turks, commanded by a General Williams (an officer doubtless of Welsh descent) beat them off: took one gun, above 100 prisoners, and killed 4000. Their own loss was about 750. After all, it seems the Russians are not infallible. Hitherto, owing to the vastness of their empire, and the secrecy with which all their internal affairs are managed, we have been in the habit of looking upon them as inexhaustible in resources, and invincible in strength: but the present war now, is beginning to show that they are neither one or the other. The present war, too, has proved the Turks to be better men than the world gave them credit for. Turkey is not "the sick man" in his dotage, as the late Emperor called his neighbour, in his notable conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour. Turkey is rising in physical

strength, and in moral power. The present Emperor has done much to break through and abolish the prejudices, the exclusiveness, and the debasing customs, with which he found the empire blinded, when he ascended the throne.

Oct 18 Thursday

Went to look at the Morgue. Surely this place is a barbarism. To-day was the fourth time my curiosity had led me to look in; but there was no unfortunates there until to-day. The Morgue is a square stone building, standing at the north end of the Pont St. Michel – to the east of the north end; on the great island in the Seine. On entering the building by a large arch or doorway, an inner chamber to the left is seen, divided off by an iron grating, and lighted by a skylight. In this inner chamber there are ten couches, if I may so term them, made of planks. The feet end is placed near the grating where the spectator looks through, the head end somewhat raised. A body, therefore, placed upon one of these, is in such a position that the face is opposite the spectator. I don't know whether this is one of the sights of Paris: but it is a very revolting one, and a very unnecessary one. Suicide unfortunately is very prevalent here. There must be sadly defective religious teaching, or things would be different. The man I saw there to-day, I believe had drowned himself in the river. The body was stripped, and laid upon one of these couches: a large piece of leather was placed on him, and the whole kept firm by a strap. This strap is of brass; and the inclined plane under the head is a sheet of brass. The intention in exposing persons in the Morgue, is to give their friends the opportunity of coming and claiming them, when it is not known who the dead person is. But it appears to me totally unnecessary that it should be open to the idle public, who throng there only to satisfy a morbid curiosity. If the door were closed, and if only those were admitted who had missed their friends, and came to seek for them by a proper application, every useful end would be gained. The place to-day was crowded with men, women, and children – even young women with infants in their arms.

Sun Oct 21

At the Chapel of the Ambassade for the third time.

Tues Oct 23

Looked into the Morgue to-day. There were three men stretched out for the idle to look at, and all these different from the one I saw there the other day. The features of one of the men were much distorted, and the face and chest almost black. He appeared to have hanged himself. There was a jet of water playing over him. The countenances of the others were quiet. They had probably been drowned. The building was crowded with men, women, and children.

Tues Oct 30

So General Simpson retires from the Chief-in-Command in the Crimea. After the thoughts that occurred to me on the 10th from what the papers said of him, one need not be surprised. But he retires on the score of failing health. General Codrington succeeds, a young man for an English General; but that is what we want. Fifty is young enough for bodily vigour, and old enough for matured mental faculties.

The papers announce that Sir John Dean Paul, Strahan, and Bates, the London bankers, who fraudulently failed a few months ago, and who have brought scores, if not hundreds of individuals to

distress, have just been transported for fourteen years. A pity this will not bring back the money for the sufferers.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 1855

Th. Nov. 15. 1855

The war progresses. Kinburn, at the mouth of the Dniéper, has been taken; and the Russians immediately afterwards blew up the Russian town on the opposite side of the River. Nicolai, higher up the river, where the Russians are building some steamers, now they have lost the whole of their fleet at Sebastopol, has been reconnoitred; but not yet attacked. The machinery of the English frigate, the Tiger, which got aground and was taken, has been adapted to one of these steamers, - so the papers say.

Though the allied troops are preparing winter quarters (better than they had last year I hope) yet, they are manoeuvring with the enemy, as if some decisive blow were to be struck before the Campaign will close. As for the Baltic, the winter is setting in, and the fleets are gradually returning from the Gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, and coming home.

To-day, the 15th was a gay day in Paris, and fortunately the weather was fine, though cold. To-day the Exhibition closed, and the Emperor and Empress went in state. The Duke of Cambridge was also over here from England. The Empress had on a tiara of pearls, something like what I have seen Queen Victoria wear when she was going to open parliament. How many times I have been to the Exhibition, I don't know; but, as at the London one, I always found something new, and something to instruct. All the arrangements to-day were well carried out.

Sun Nov 25

Went again this morning to the church of the Madelaine, in the Rue Royale. The colouring of the interior of this church, although so varied with paint, marble, stone, and gilding (sic), harmonises like a beautiful picture. The altar, with the statues on it, is the only part approaching to white; and here, like a well designed painting, the eye naturally rests, or is made to rest. Even the rich vestures of the priests and the other officers of the church, harmonise with what surrounds them. The painting of the vault over the altar, is a sort of apotheosis of the first Napoleon, which I had not before remarked.

This afternoon there was an immense concert at the building of the defunct Exposition of Music sacred and profane. Went – although English and protestant feelings cannot find it otherwise than grating, to go elsewhere than to church on a Sunday. The Emperor and our ally the King of Sardinia, now at Paris, came. The pieces were executed by four orchestras and Military Bands, and a union of 4,500 voices. There were noisy Fanfares Militaires; then Vive l'Empereur, La Saint Hubert, O Salutaris, La Retraite, Aux Armes, God Save the Queen, and so on.

Tu Nov 27

Went to look at the Chamber of Deputies, over the Pont Louis XV. Being the time of the recess it was empty; but a person is ready to admit visitors; and a small present for his trouble is not refused. This room is a half circle, the tribune, now occupied by the President, or Speaker, being in the focus. Formerly, when a member wished to speak, he went and mounted the tribune: now, every member speaks from this place. The panels and pillars are of Italian marble. It may be remembered that at the time of the Revolution which lost Louis Phillippe his Crown, the Duchess of Orleans entered this chamber with her son the Count de Paris, as described by the journals of the day; but was advised to retire, her life not being considered safe. The large painting of Louis Philippe swearing to maintain the Charter, which was against the wall, over the tribune, was cruelly wounded with bullets at this time. The painting is now at Versailles, and its place occupied by a green curtain. I saw it at Versailles, (Sep. 16.) but forgetting these circumstances, did not examine it since its reparation as closely as I wish I had.

This afternoon there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars – or rather an inspection of troops, for there was no firing away of gunpowder. The Emperor with the King of Sardinia, was there, accompanied by a brilliant staff. The Empress was there in an open carriage. The weather was cold, but fine.

Th Nov 29

Went to-day to see the Palais of the Luxembourg and the Chamber of Peers, now called the Senate Chamber. This chamber is exactly like the Chamber of Deputies in plan, which I saw the day before yesterday, that is a half circle, with the president's chair in the focus. Both chambers I believe, were built in the early times of Louis Philippe. The attendant afterwards took me, and half dozen others (an Englishman and some French soldiers) who happened to be there ready to go the rounds, to the state apartments in the Luxembourg. There was a bed-room, some sitting rooms, and the Throne Room, or Salle du Trone. This Salle du Trone is a long apartment, formerly in three, but the partitions have recently been removed, so as to throw it all into one. The alterations are not quite finished: the artist is still occupied in painting the domes. The Throne – a gilt chair with seat of crimson velvet, on a dais of three steps – is in this room: - hence the name. This chamber is about the richest and most splendid apartment I ever saw anywhere. I have seen too few of the royal palaces in England: but I cannot imagine that England or any other country can produce anything to surpass or perhaps equal this. The walls and ceiling are one blaze of carving, painting, and gilding. The effect of the gilding is heightened and varied by the employment of different colour gold when treating fruit, flowers, or leaves. In all these apartments I was much struck with the beauty of the domed ceilings, so much labour has been bestowed on them.

Afterwards I went into the gallery of paintings; where there are several of merit. There is a large painting of the death of Queen Elizabeth, of England there, very good.

PARIS, DECEMBER 1855

Sun Dec 2

Went this morning to the chapel of the English ambassador. It was quite full, as usual.

Mon Dec 3

Took a walk along the Rue Rivoli to the Hotel de Ville. Work-people were busily occupied in taking down the decorations put up a week or two ago for the fête given to the King of Sardinia – now gone on to England, to pay a visit to the Queen and Prince Albert. The quadrangle on the Hotel de Ville is of very tasty design.

From there, made a long walk of a couple of miles to Grenelle to look at the Artisian spring. Passed the Morgue in going. The Morgue to-day, still more strongly confirmed me in my opinion that it ought to be closed against the indecent curiosity of the idle public. On approaching it, I saw a great crowd collected at the entrance of the building: and on pushing through this crowd, I found it still more dense withinside. I concluded there must be something unusual to have excited all this; and my own desire to know what it could be, made me resolve to push my way through to look beyond the iron railings. It was not without considerable difficulty that I managed it. By looking over people's shoulders and between heads, I caught a glimpse of a man stretched on one of the couches; but as I had before seen three at a time, there must be some other reason. On approaching nearer, I saw a woman on another couch. A woman there, should appear to be unusual: at all events, much interest was manifested towards her to-day – but it was not interest of the right kind. Of sympathy or pity amongst the crowd, there was not much; but there were manifestations of low jokes and vulgar mirth. She did not appear to be five-and-twenty years old. Her features were not very prepossessing – indeed, in a place like the Morgue, we must not expect to see those whose cast of countenance might bespeak much intellectual elevation or mental culture; but rather those who had been degraded by poverty, ignorance, or misery. She had something the look of the lower order of Irish – long black hair, wet, hanging down her shoulders; contracted eyebrows, small nose, and large mouth. She was without clothing, like the men; and was covered from the waist to the knees with a sheet of leather. Her bosom bespoke that she had been a mother. What an exhibition for the idle public!

Somewhat shocked and depressed, I pursued my walk to Grenelle. I think I recollect an engraving and an account of the Artisian spring in the Penny or Saturday Magazine, some years ago. This spring is at nearly half a mile south of the church of the Invalides, on the right hand side of the avenue, walking south. There is a high scaffolding of woodwork, with stairs to mount to the top. There is a large pipe from the ground to the summit, through which the water rises. One person told me it was 130 feet high; another said 60 metres – the former is more likely to be nearer the truth. I was also told that the water is not cold. The water is received in a reservoir, and supplies part of Paris. On returning to my abode, I observed that the puddles of water on the Boulevards were freezing.

Tu Dec 4

Freezing to-day, and the first snow is falling. Towards evening it got mild and began to rain.

Th Dec 6

To-day I witnessed a feat I never saw or heard of before. I saw a man break some flint stones with his fist instead of an iron hammer. I was walking along the Quai de Voltaire, on the south side of the Seine, opposite the Tuileries, and seeing a crowd collected on the river side of the road, I went to look. A man about thirty had placed a large cubic paving stone on the ground, which I found was to be used as an anvil. Calling out to the spectators that ten sous would greatly assist the success of

the operation, people threw their sous on the ground before him – I threw one. He then took a large pebble, about the size of his fist or larger, which had apparently been taken from the bed of the river, and holding it in his left hand, he placed it upon the anvil, or block of granite. He clenched his right hand, and kneeling on the ground in order to be nearer his work, he gave a few preliminary flourishes with his arm, in order to heighten the effect, he brought his fist down on the pebble like a sledge hammer. The pebble flew into splinters with the blow. I saw him repeat the operation with a handkerchief wound round his hand. Thinking it rather curious, for it was new to me, I pushed my way through the crowd, and asked the man for one of the splinters, which I brought away. I suspected that perhaps the man must have dexterously concealed a lump of iron in his right hand when he struck the blow, for it seemed impossible that the human fist could break flint stones: but, on talking to persons in Paris, on this subject, they assure me that the man is believed to strike with his hand alone. Persons have tried to explain it by saying that, the moment before the man strikes the blow, he raises the pebble an inch or so from his anvil, and that when he strikes it down upon the anvil, it is the anvil that breaks the pebble: that it is rather the “contre coup”, or blow from beneath, that does it. I don’t know whether this is satisfactory; but at all events he must use immense force with his fist, even if he succeeds in his attempt by employing knack or address.

Friday Dec 7

I have seen the same man again, performing the same operation. – To-day I watched him narrowly. I am satisfied that he had nothing in his right hand when he struck the blow, but that he broke the stones with his fist alone. With respect to the “contre-coup”, or blow from beneath, I could not see that he used the means or stratagem that had been offered to me. In swinging the right arm round, in order to bring it down upon the pebble, his left hand was moved a little by the action; but if he lifted the pebble at all from the anvil, or block of granite, it was only in an imperceptible degree, and apparently, not done designedly. I say apparently: for if it was done purposely, and if the success of the operation depends on this, it was very imperceptibly done. At all events, he used his fist upon the stones with greater force than I should like to use mine. I still think it an ingenious and a curious feat.

To-day I went to see the Hotel Cluny, a curious old house, full of antique furniture, adjoining something still more curious – the remains of a Roman Bath House. The Roman remains are highly interesting. The Hotel was built more than 400 years ago by a member of the royal family of France, and was his residence. As a model of an ancient abode, complete also in its furniture, and also as a museum of ancient art, it is one of the places in Paris which no one should omit to see. It stands on the south side of the river, about a quarter of a mile south of the Pont St. Michael, and adjoining the Rue de la Harpe. I entered by writing my name and residence in a book.

Tu Dec 11

To-day Admiral Bruat was buried. Being the late Commander in chief of the French fleet in the Black Sea, his funeral was ordained at the expense of the state. He died, not of bullets, but of cholera, on board his ship. All Paris flocked towards the Invalides. There was a great show of soldiers. The north entrance was hung with black cloth, fringed with gold lace, and having a large letter “B” on a blue scroll, and other devices on it. The funeral car was rather tawdry in style. It was hung with black, and the horses too, and spangled with silver stars. There were also banners, and emblems of his profession. The day was cold, though no wind. The roads were frozen hard.

Fri Dec 14

Made an expedition to St. Denis, an old town two leagues north of Paris, to see the “caveaux” under the cathedral. The morning was fine, though cold, but it turned out miserable. Before I got to St. Denis it began to snow – then it sleet-ed – and then it rained. I was driven to the station and back to Paris sooner than I intended. However, I went into the cathedral. This venerable building is extremely dark inside. It is planted thick with massive columns, and the abundance of stained glass in the windows, so deeply tinted, makes the “dim religious light” excessively dim and religious. There are many paintings, and much mural colouring. But this building is celebrated as having been one of the favourite burial places of the ancient kings of France. Under the choir is a sort of crypt: this place is what is now called the vaults or “caveaux”. Here there are statues in stone of nearly the whole series of the French kings – also some queens, and also many nobles, with their wives or children. Some of these figures are of ancient and rude execution, in vulgar stone: others are of Italian marble, beautifully executed. Among the most recent and beautiful in white marble, are statues of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Altogether, it is very interesting and deserves a visit.

Sat Dec 15

To-day the new equestrian statue of Francis the First, in the Court of the Louvre, was uncovered. I thought it was in bronze; but I am told it is only in plaster, put there on the pedestal, in order to judge of the effect. Observing a stout bar, from the ground into the belly of the horse, serving as a support, I conclude that it must be only plaster. The groupe (sic) is of colossal dimensions, and the well known eyes and nose of Francis (not very prepossessing) are well preserved. Perhaps the extended right arm, and fingers of the hand, are rather stiff: and perhaps the right hind leg of the horse is not quite pleasing.

Mon Dec 17

So Kars, in Asia Minor, has at last fallen. (See Oct. 15.) But it has not fallen by the valour of the Russians in the field (for in no case during the war have the Russians been otherwise than beaten in open fight) but it has been starved into surrender. Since the taking of Sebastopol on the 9th of September, the allies have ceased to push their conquests in the Crimea. The English paper the Times, has found great fault with the generals in consequence.

Kars surrendered on the 28th of October. The Russian accounts say they have taken 15000 prisoners. They had been living on horse flesh for some time: and that at last failed.

Amongst the curious fruits of this war, has arisen in France, (I could almost hope not in England also) a drive to ascertain the real merits of horseflesh as food. Large public dinners have been given at Toulouse, Périgueux, Alfort, and other towns in France, where horse soup, horse stew, horse cutletts, horse steaks, and so on, have been served up to the guests of curious taste. If we may judge by the encomiums awarded, it should seem that neither beef, mutton, veal, - no, nor venison and game either, can compare in tenderness or flavour with horse flesh – hitherto food for carrion crows. The papers say that the passion for this novelty is increasing, and that other dinners are in contemplation. And, yet, perhaps those who can relish snails and frogs, need not turn qualmish at horse flesh.

Fri Dec 21

Shortest day. After a week or two hard frost comes a thaw. The thermometer (Centigrade) has been down to about 10 degrees below freezing at night, or about 18 degrees of Fahrenheit; and even

several degrees below all through the day. The Seine is full of "glasons" or masses of ice, floating down, except at the narrow part by the islands, where it is frozen across. The papers say that a woman the other day jumped over one of the bridges, with the intention of drowning herself; but, by a curious chance, instead of falling into the water, she lighted on a "glaçon". There she lay, stunned by the blow, and floating down the river. Some men, who had witnessed the circumstance, put off in a boat, and rescued her. She has been taken to the Hospital of the Hotel Dieu. The cause of her rash act was not known.

In having some money over from England, the Bankers, I find, charge me half per cent, and the postage.

Sat Dec 29

To-day Paris was enlivened by an interesting sight. The French troops which have been through all the great battles in the Crimea – much tried by fatigue, and much diminished by sickness and death – have been recalled, to be replaced by new; and to-day they made their triumphal entry into Paris. Nothing can describe the enthusiasm which awaited them; - the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the hearty cheers. They assembled first in the Place de la Bastille, where the Emperor went and harangued them. The Emperor then returned westward, all along the line of the Boulevards, to the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme, where the Empress was. The different regiments followed the Emperor, preceded by their bands. The sun-burnt faces of the soldiers contrasted strongly with those of the Parisian troops present. It was a curious sight to see the number of wreaths of laurel, which were carried on the tops of the bayonettes. One officer had his arm in a sling: he was much cheered. The wounded soldiers came immediately behind their respective bands: they were objects of much interest. I was on the Boulevard des Italiens. The crowd was dense. An hour or two was occupied by the troops marching past. The Emperor looked pale and unwell: but as he always looks so, I should say that his appearance does not give one the idea of a healthy man. The reception must have been very gratifying to the troops. The French are certainly a more enthusiastic people than the English in everything they do. The different regiments defiled before the Emperor and Empress in the Place Vendôme, and then dispersed to their quarters.

Sun Dec 30

Went this morning to the church of the Invalides. The nave, where the service is performed, is plain and rather bare; and contrasts strongly with the richness near the Emperor's tomb. The banners in the nave seem to be fancy flags.

Mon Dec 31 1855

So goes out the old year, with the usual reflections at such times

POH Transcripts - 1856

PARIS, JANUARY 1856

Tuesday Jan 1 1856

And so comes in the new one, ditto ditto.

Ice and snow in the Baltic and in the Crimea, having put a period to the campaign of last year, our imaginations are now amused with perpetual discussions on the subject of a possible re-establishment of peace. All the nations of Europe are interchanging messengers, couriers, letters, despatches, offers, propositions, professions, negotiations, and so on. Some persons have even been sanguine on the probability of an approaching accommodation. Stuff! Russia has been disposed to make concessions, it is said, in order to promote this end. Stuff again! We know Russia too well! We have only to refer to the political will of Peter the Great. (I had seen the English version of this in England, but I have just procured the French version here). There her policy, past, present, and to come, is clearly laid down. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." With all these negotiations for peace, all Europe, as well as England and France, is arming for whatever contingency may arrive.

Fri Jan 11

The nine-days' feast of St. Geneviève ends to-day. Went this evening to witness the closing celebration at the church of the Panthéon. This building is on the plan of St. Paul's at London, but more ornamented in its details. The cross on the summit was lighted up with gas, producing a peculiar effect, as nothing could be seen of the building, owing to the darkness. The scene in the interior was very brilliant, when all the hundreds of lamps and candles were lighted; and before the clouds of incense obscured the view. The music and singing were especially good; and two organs, with their singers, one at the east end, beyond the altar, the other at the west end over the entrance (very badly placed) answered each other. The choir and transepts were hung with blue cloth, bordered with gold; and rich canopies, of similar materials, were suspended over the pulpit and altars. The columns were covered with the same, for two-thirds of their height. High Mass was performed with more than usual acting and genuflection. The bishop gave his benediction, as he accompanied a long procession through the church, of monks, nuns in white veils, clergy, and sinners carrying candles, in the old attitude as it may be seen sculptured on medieval tombs, seals, and the like – to wit, with the two forefingers of his right hand. [Illustration]. Some Puseyite parsons tried to introduce this into England a few years ago, until reprimanded. A relic of some saint (I believe of St. Geneviève) was also carried through the church. It looked to me, from the glimpse I got, like a bone, or part of a bone, enclosed in a glass case; which case was in a shrine of gold or brass, in the form of a house with a sloping roof, a door in the side opened to see the relic – which relic no doubt was genuine. Altogether, the scene of the evening was very gorgeous; but really, there was very little religious feeling manifested. Curiosity and excitement made people stand up on their chairs, as if they had been at a theatre, or some such spectacle.

Sun Jan 13 1856

Went to the curious old Byzantine church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, near the Panthéon. The architecture is certainly peculiar. There are good specimens of old coloured glass. The celebrated tomb of St. Geneviève who died in 511 is here. It is an "altar tomb" of antique-looking stone. Paid a visit to Notre Dame returning. Paris deserves a handsomer Cathedral for a metropolitan.

Wed Jan 16

Went with two French lady friends (My! how they did chatter!) to see the Imperial establishment of the Gobelin tapistry (sic). The productions are beautiful and wonderful – like oil paintings, but almost more soft and pleasing to look at. The admittance is by ticket, on the Wednesdays and Saturdays from one to three. We saw the process of the work, as well as the works finished. What struck me most curious was, the workman sitting at the back of his work, with the light of the window in his eyes. The arrangement is strange. First, there is the window: then the fabric, stretched from the floor to the ceiling: then, behind it, the workman, working at the back, or wrong side, with the light in his eyes: then, behind him, an oil painting, from which he copies. For two francs, I got a catalogue and historic account of the Gobelin tapistry (sic) in France.

Th Jan 17

To-day Paris was electrified by the prospect of a sudden termination of the war. The "four points" offered by Austria, have been unconditionally accepted by Russia, to wit,

1. The relinquishment of the protectorate over Moldavia, Walachia, and Serbia.
2. The free navigation of the Danube to all nations.
3. Neutralization of the Black Sea, (too long, a "Russian Lake").
4. Relinquishment of protection over the Christian population in the Ottoman Empire.

The difficulties of the third point were one cause of the present war. The assentment of Russia now, may give rise to suspicion. A grand conference of plenipotentiaries will soon deliberate on the new aspect of affairs. But these four points are by no means all. My notion is, that it will all end in smoke – and cannon balls.

Tu Jan 22

For the last few days Europe has been occupied with a busy interchange of despatches and negotiations. Where the congress is to be held, which is to take the present state of affairs into consideration is not decided. Some say Paris, some say one of the neutral states of Germany. An armistice however, is to be immediately proclaimed. Myself, I am still skeptical (sic). I cannot foresee that Russia will consent to the other points to be brought forward; among which several suggest themselves, as that, she must consent never to rebuild the fortifications of Bomarsund, nor those of Sebastopol: that she must allow consuls to be sent to her several ports in the Black Sea: that she must pay to all the allies the expenses of the war, into which she has forced them, etc etc. This last will be the most difficult of all. In two months the spring campagne (sic) ought to begin. These grave questions must be decided on, for or against, before that time. It will be the policy of Russia to prolong the discussions; but if the plenipotentiaries are men of acuteness and of firmness, they will force Russia to an immediate decision, without any shilly-shallying.

I am sorry to hear that a serious misunderstanding has just taken place between the English Envoy to Persia, and the Persian government. He has even quitted Persia in consequence. A war with that Country seems inevitable. Russian influence is said to have been the cause.

What a change in the temperature of the air! A fortnight ago we were bound up in ice and snow: now, Fahrenheit's thermometer marks "Temperate", or 56 out of doors.

Mon Jan 28

Wrote to Fanny, in Australia.

Wed Jan 30

A letter from Bingham, from Australia, No. 22.

Th Jan 31

Answered it. Got £20 through the Banks from England. The exchange is at 25.30 the sovereign, equal to 506 francs for the £20. Deduct 2.50 f. commission, and 50c. postage, leaving 503 francs net.

The sculptor Clésinger has just made a bronze equestrian statue of Francis the First. A full-size plaster model of this, done over to imitate bronze, has for some weeks been in the centre of the Court of the Louvre, where it was put for the purpose of judging of the effect. The horse is rearing up. The hind feet are too far forward under the body, so that he appears as if likely to fall backwards. Minor faults might be overlooked; but the group has been severely criticised. Report now goes, that the government has refused the bronze statue, and that Clésinger, in a state of vexation, contemplates retiring to England. If the work is not perfect, it does not merit so severe a sentence.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 1856

Tu Feb 5

"Mardi Gras", the end of the Carnival. The day before yesterday, yesterday, and to-day, the "Boeuf Gras", or fat ox, paraded through Paris. The Parisians could not very clearly tell me the origin or history of this custom – some said it was of ancient Egyptian descent, the Egyptians holding the bovine race in high respect, and worshipping the cow; and others that it comes of more recent date, having been made famous by the company of butchers during the middle ages, when they had large establishments in the neighbourhood of the old town of Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie. Formerly it was the custom to have but one ox, which was led through the streets on foot. But Paris now has either more mouths, or else, each mouth can dispose of more than heretofore. Be that as it may, this year there were six oxen. Three of them, named Alma, Tractir, and Sebastopol, great fat fellows, with their horns gilt, were mounted on cars; for it was feared that three days walking, and making a course of several miles each day, would injure the beef – destined soon to be eaten. The third day, however, the other three walked. The procession was formed, first of all by a squadron of cavalry; then a number of drummers in sky-blue uniforms; then a band of music; then a number of

horsemen, two & two, all the costumes resembling those of the time of Charles the Second of England, or Louis the Fourteenth of France; then the cars carrying the oxen, all decorated and duely (sic) attended; and after some horsemen, a large car carrying "Old Time" and a lot of "Goddesses" – rummy looking goddesses at a close view. The whole was closed by cavalry. The procession was warmly greeted everywhere.

Th Feb 14

Valentine's Day. The custom of sending "Valentines" or love letters, so universal in England, does not seem in vogue here. I have asked two or three young ladies, (who ought to be best informed on the subject) and they cannot give me any information on it.

Moved in my abode from No. 5 to No. 11.

The equestrian statue of Francis the First in the Court of the Louvre, (see Jan. 31.) is being boarded round to protect it from the weather during the process of making a mould of it, for the purpose of taking casts, as I am informed. The bronze statue (this being only a model in plaster) at first proposed for this spot, then rejected by the government, as the current report disclosed, is now said to be destined for the new Court of Napoleon III, nearly completed.

Mon Feb 25

The Conferences, for the settlement of the affairs of Europe and the war with Russia, open to-day at Paris. Lord Clarendon, the plenipotentiary sent by England is lodged at the great Hotel du Louvre opposite me. I have still little confidence in the prospect of an amicable arrangement, unless, indeed, Russia is by poverty, exhaustion, or other cause, sincere in her desire for peace, - or intends to collect her forces for another war in a few years.

Tu Feb 26

A letter to Bingham, Beaudesart, Hindmarsh Valley.

PARIS, MARCH 1856

Mon March 3

The French Chambers, or session of Parliament, open to-day. The Emperor does not (as the King of France, I believe, used to do, and as the Queen of England does now) go to the Chambers in state to open them: the ceremony of opening the session takes place at the Tuileries.

Th March 13 1856

After nearly eight months residence in France, I left to-day for England. I could willingly have taken over many pretty things, either for my own use, or as presents to my friends. I only selected a few – a half dozen of the thick and heavy coffee cups and saucers, such as are used in the restaurants, so

different from our own – a plateau or tray of glass gilt, with two flacons, or decanters, and a dozen glasses – two dozen iron four-prong forks for the kitchen, etc. etc.

I took the rail at 8 this morning, and passed Amiens, Abbeville, Etaple, and so on to Boulogne, where the train arrived at half past one. After Abbeville, the rail follows the Somme and the coast; and between the high hills of sand, we got glimpses of the sea. Where these hills of sand are not naturally overgrown with grass or rushes, they are purposely planted in this way, as we saw.

The passage across to Folkestone was very disagreeable. Cold, for it blew hard against us from the north-east, and rough, and wet, that is, wet with sea water, for the waves drenched us. Everybody was ill. It lasted two hours and a half. At Folkestone I got some hot coffee. About half past five we took the rail, and arrived at London Bridge by half past nine. I took a carriage and proceeded to my former quarters on the other side of the city, near the Great Western Rail. By some mistake my luggage was left behind in Paris.

LONDON, MARCH 1856

Fri Mar 14

Went to Lincolns Inn and reported myself to my lawyer. Authorised him to sell out £1000 Consuls, if he could get 92. Owing to the prospects of peace, the funds have been rising ever since the Emperor of Russia accepted the "Five Points", as offered by Austria. Am anxious to settle all the family affairs for self, Bingham, and Fanny. Received letters from them, Bingham's being No. 22. Fanny wants me to send her two side saddles.

Th Mar 20

Went to Hanburys & Co. 60 Lombard Street, and asked them for £8. Went on to the eastern extremity of Leadenhall Street, to examine some iron pavement, recently laid down as an experiment. One would suppose that it is hard enough to be durable. Walked all the way back through Cheapside, Holborn, and Oxford Street.

London is certainly dirtier and smokier than Paris. The smoke from coal is blacker and heavier. Paris, even in winter, has an infinitely clearer atmosphere than London, for the smoke from wood is lighter and more transparent. I have seen some thick fogs in Paris; but the London fogs are worse, because, when they get well mixed up with the coal smoke, they beat everything Paris can produce, and, in fact, you may almost cut them like a piece of cheese.

No sooner had I turned my back than the Empress Eugénie presents Napoléon with a son. This event took place at the Tuileries at a quarter past three last Sunday morning the 16th Instant.

I now begin to think that treaties of peace will really be signed, in spite of my tenacious mistrust. But my mistrust of Russia does not diminish. The ready acquiescence with which she submits to a very humiliating termination of the war, makes it plain there is a motive in reserve. It is said that the allies would have been overwhelmed and beaten out of the Crimea if she had possessed railroads. It now appears that she is patching up a peace, only for the sake of developing some internal resources, wherein she found herself deficient, and that, as soon as these are put in a state of efficiency, a new cause for quarrel will be discovered. Perhaps it is strange if the

plenipotentiaries consent to a peace on such insecure grounds, after their declamations about no peace but an honourable, secure, and permanent one.

The following is said to be the strength in ships and guns of England, etc.

	Ships	Guns
England	591	17291
France	407	11773
Austria	72	2130
Denmark	109	889

The fleet now assembling at Spithead, with its 250 new gunboats, and which the Queen will review on the 16th of April (report says) is the largest the world ever saw.

Wed Mar 26

Went to see the contents of Marlborough House, Piccadilly. Several of the paintings which I see here, I think I remarked in the exhibition of the Palais des Beaux Arts at Paris. Many of our best artists sent over their paintings last summer, when the Palais de l'Industrie drew so many visitors to Paris. Several also are there, that I recollect ten years ago in the National Gallery (sic). The "Vernon" Collection is likewise here – late the property of Mr. Vernon. In a shed in the court is the late Duke of Wellington's funeral car. This is a massive, bold, and really handsome car. It is solid, genuine, and devoid of all tawdry display. Some I saw on the Continent possessed too much this last defect.

Mrs Lemprière Collingwood (daughter of Capt. Ed. Collingwood, who was brother of my grandmother, the first Lady Parker (of Harburn)) died January 10. My aunt, Mrs Bingham, widow of Admiral Bingham, and my late mother's last surviving sister, died the 17th Instant.

Sun Mar 30

The cold easterly wind still continues. The gutters in the streets are frozen hard every morning.

Went to church and forgot my prayer book. I was pleased with the ingenuous frankness of a young servant girl, who was next me, by her offering me half her book to share it along with her – which I did.

This evening at ten o'clock all London was put in commotion by the booming of guns. I could not count them, though I believe there were 101. Whence did this favourite, but strange number, originate. The interval was about five seconds, although the regularity was broken. They went on nine or ten minutes. This was the announcement that the treaty of peace had really been signed at Paris. Well I am surprised. It is the most curious business that ever I witnessed. Russia is either dead-beat, and is obliged to give in, or else she is only smothering her pride, or her shame, or her wrath, till the next opportunity. No one seems to think this peace can be very permanent. The war has lasted two years and two days. England is only now getting her blood up – only beginning to

warm herself for the fight in good earnest, and only beginning to develop (sic) her real strength. The firing took place at the Horse Guards, where guns had been brought for the purpose, and at the Tower. The treaty was signed at one o'clock to-day, and the electric telegraph has made it known this afternoon.

LONDON, APRIL 1856

Tu April 1

The wind has at last changed to the south, and the air has become genial. Called on Mrs Oldham and Mrs Watson, whom I knew at Sidmouth. Took a drive with them in Hyde Park. There were a great number of carriages in the Park, the weather was so fine.

Wed April 2

Received from Fanny, her Powers of Attorney from Australia. Hope now, to push on and settle the affairs. Bingham's have not arrived. Sent off a letter for her to-day.

Took a walk down the Strand, and back by Holborne (sic) and Oxford Street. A moderate number of flags were displayed from the fronts of the houses – English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish. England however, has not received the news with very good grace. Peace has come too soon, and Russia is not sufficiently subdued. The war has necessarily augmented our revenue. Instead of about 52 millions sterling, as it was before it commenced, accounts show that it has now increased to £88,428,345: The expenses of the war for the last twelvemonth only come to £34,000,000: and we are assured that the war from the beginning, only little more than two years, will cost £100,000,000, taking all things into account.

Mon Ap 7

Went to the Record office in Carlton Ride to continue my researches on the subject of Sidmouth.

Fri Ap 11

Went down to Chelsea Hospital. Entered the Court where the Crimean investigation is going on. Lord Lucan was there rebutting imputations which have been brought against him, for neglecting his cavalry horses, when in command before Sebastopol, and for other things. The public are manifesting great interest in these investigations.

Sat Ap 12

Bingham's powers of attorney are at last come, so I hope to go on now, and soon finish everything.

Sat Ap 19

Made up a packet for Bingham, containing a First of Exchange for £39.15.4 (in his wife's name) a deed of Release, on unstamped paper, according to this request, for transferring the trust of his

wife's money from Mr. Down and me to other trustees in Australia, and a letter of Down's, besides one from me. Posted it April 20.

Mon Ap 21

A new Pretender to the Throne of England has started up! A person in America, calling himself an "American gentleman", who styles himself in a recent address "William the Third", and who, I presume, bears the name of William Stuart, makes out that he is the legitimate descendant of James II. He will not allow that any acts of parliament passed since the time of James II are valid, because they have not been ratified by monarchs of the legitimate race. As for William III the Prince of Orange, he ignores him of course. He wishes to collect 480,000 warriors who will assist him in his enterprise, and when he has conquered England, he promises to abolish the National Debt, and have triennial parliaments! The joke is, he withholds till he has conquered England, a full explanation of his claims. When he has accomplished that victory, he will generously put the Crown to arbitration. I really had understood from history and elsewhere, that there existed no descendants of James II. Some of the papers style this new Pretender "Silly Billy". So much for him.

To-day a great hoax was played upon London. As I was walking through Oxford Street, the immense crowds of people congregated in different parts, especially in the Regent Circus and at the Marble Arch, Hyde Park, made me enquire the cause. I was told that a Herald in his full costume, was going to ride through the streets, and read a proclamation of peace; and certain placards were pointed out to me, as the authority for the assertion. It was not easy to get near the placards for the crowd; but they nevertheless stated that such was the fact. It was strange, however, that these papers were without a printer's name, and without any signature. Though this created a suspicion that it was nothing but a ruse of the swell (?) mob, who desired to collect large crowds of people, in order that they might pick pockets, still, people would not disperse. However, during the afternoon a man dressed in a gay Herald's tabard, and a plumed cap, rode on horseback through the streets. But it was soon seen that he was only a sham herald. The mob first joked him, then abused him, then jostled (sic) him. This led to a shuffle. The police interfered, and the Herald was led before a magistrate. It then came out that a tradesman in Oxford Street, had adopted this novel plan of advertising his wares. He had dressed up this man, and sent him about to distribute certain papers puffing his commodities. The magistrate scolded the sham herald, but did not punish him. He told him to take off his absurd dress, and then he let him go. People say that such an extensive hoax has not been practised in London for 50 years past.

Wed Ap 23

To-day the great naval review of the whole fleet recently destined for Russia, took place at Spit Head. I did not go down, though I was three-quarters inclined to. Had I had a friend at Portsmouth, to whose house I could have gone, it would have been different. Many stories are current about the difficulties and disasters suffered by Lords, Ministers, and bishops, owing to the crowding, crushing, stoppage of trains, and all sorts of impossibilities of procuring accommodation. Foreseeing this, I thought I should have no chance – so I did not go. There were above 240 vessels of all sizes – ships, frigates, corvettes, floating batteries, mortar vessels, gun-boats, etc. The weather was fine; The Queen passed amongst them all in her yacht: the yards were manned, and salutes were fired. The world never saw such a naval review before. Well may England be called the Mistress of the Seas.

Tu Ap 29

So peace is really established. The ratifications have been exchanged at Paris, and the Treaty, together with some protocols, is printed to-day in the London papers.

Proclamation of peace was made to-day, not by the false herald of yesterday week, but by the legitimate Heralds from the Heralds' College, in full costume, and duely (sic) attended. As the ceremony had not been generally made known (for fear perhaps of collecting too many people) I was not aware of what was going to take place, and consequently did not witness the ceremony.

LONDON, MAY 1856

Su May 4

To-day a prayer of thanksgiving (made for the occasion) was read in all the churches, on the happy termination of the war.

This afternoon, I went into Kensington Gardens to hear the band play. The wind was north-east, and the weather continues as cold as March. Much opposition has been made by some persons to the band playing on Sundays. Hitherto it has played during the summer on the Wednesdays and Fridays. I don't know whether the French alliance has brought about the change. Last Sunday it rained; but the Sunday before the papers tell us that there were upwards of 70,000 persons in the Gardens. The crowd was immense to-day.

Mon May 5

Went to the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, to look at several pictures there, some recently bought, which are said to be spurious. These cost large sums of money, under the idea that they were genuine; and Sir Charles Eastlake, the Keeper, and some others, who had the choosing of them, have been spoken of somewhat severely by the papers. Persons, however, who take Sir Charles's part, declare that no one can swear (sic) they are not genuine. Who shall decide? The principal of these disputed pictures are, a portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, which cost £430..10. This is, however, a beautiful work of art. The expression is pleasing, and the colouring rich. Susannah and the Elders, ascribed to Guido, cost £1260. This is always a disagreeable subject. The old sinners are disgustingly old – old enough to know better. The adoration of the Magi, given to Paul Veronese, cost £1977. The adoration of the Shepherds, declared to be by Velasquez. It cost £2050. Decidedly not worth the money, even if it was done by Velasquez. Madonna and Child, ascribed to Pacchiarotto, cost £92..8. She is squeezing the milk out of her left breast, with the fingers of her right hand: - a very matronly, or nursery-like scene. The tribute-money, given to Titian. It cost £2604. (I would sooner have the money.) Bust portrait of a Senator, said by Albert Durer, and cost £174. The youthful Saviour embracing St. John, declared to be by Guido, and £410..10. Portrait ascribed to Holbein, but now is confessed by the government to be decidedly spurious. It cost £630. All this is anything but satisfactory. There is now a serious talk of removing these paintings to a building of nobler design, and of erecting a large hotel on this spot. The present National Gallery was always abused.

Sat May 10

Went to look again at the Sydenham Crystal Palace. The whole affair is better than it was last year when I last went, but, nevertheless, will be still better next year. The Queen went yesterday, to look at the Baron Marochetti's model of his great statue of "Peace", designed to be erected at Scutari, in commemoration of the termination of the Russian war. It is a colossal female figure, holding a wreath of laurel. The flesh is gilt: the robe is silver: and an upper robe or scarf, is also one mass of gilt. I infer that the statue will be the same. It stands on a high pedestal (sic). I walked through the Alhambra, and other Courts, with unabated delight. A profusion of flowers, and all the other decorations left since yesterday, set of (sic) the building to-day. Some good bands of music were there also. At three the "waters played" in the grounds; but I was rather disappointed. The French beat us in fountains. It is unmeaning to have the jets of water rising merely out of pipes, whose ends are just above the surface of the ponds. What is wanted, are great bronze figures of mermaids, dolphins, and tritons with conch shells. The grounds are certainly very beautiful. Since last year there has (sic) been several additions to the pre-adamite animals; also a limestone cavern – very well imitated.

Sun May 11

Went this morning to Hanover District Chapel, Regent Street, and received the sacrament.

This afternoon the crowd of persons in Kensington Gardens, in the Regent's Park, and in Victoria Park to hear the bands was more numerous than last Sunday. There were above 25,000 in the three Parks.

Wed May 14

Walked over from the Great Western Hotel to Cumberland Terrace, to pass the afternoon with some friends. Heard the lions roaring in the Zoological Gardens, as I crossed the Regent's Park.

Th May 15

Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, has forbidden the bands to play in the Parks. People are surprised, as he had acquiesced in the arrangement. It is said that the Scotch Members of Parliament threatened to withdraw their support from him in the House of Commons if he continued to permit this desecration of the sabbath.

Sun May 18

A disturbance was expected in the Parks to-day; but the weather was so boisterous and rainy, that it prevented the mob assembling. Some hundreds collected, however, and amused themselves by hooting, blowing tin trumpets, and dancing. Many of the trees in Hyde Park are mutilated and blown down by the high winds of the last few days. It is not like May.

Mon May 19

Went to Doctors Commons for the Tyacke's to read Mr Richard Tyacke's will. He died in 1826.

Went to Messrs Law, Hussey, & Hulbert to arrange some family affairs. Sent Bingham a First of Exchange for £1110..2..10, through the South Australian Banking Company; a letter; and his wife a Second of Exchange for £39..15..4. (See April 19.) all under one envelope, by post. Sent Fanny a First ditto for £1160..3..11; and a letter; in one envelope, and posted it.

Sun May 25

After church at the Hanover District Chapel, Regent Street, took a turn in Hyde Park. There was a large concourse of people, and a disturbance was expected. As the government had withdrawn the military band, another band had been hired by some persons, hostile to the government decision, to play there instead. These musicians did play there: and between the pieces of music (not so well performed as by the other band) the Concourse of persons made a great noise.

The preparations for the fireworks on the 29th seem nearly completed. There is a large square enclosure of several acres, just eastward of the square area encircled with trees, boarded up six feet high. Inside this, at its west side, is a large wooden shed where the fireworks are being deposited. On looking through the crevices of the boarding, I saw large quantities of immense Catherine wheels, of from 6 to 12 feet in diameter, bejewelled with squibs and rockets, besides bundles of rockets on sticks, and heaps of combustibles for which I have no name. In the area are two pagoda-like towers of open wooden framework for letting them off on, and many other works I could not comprehend. The inhabitants of Park Lane and of other places near, are erecting stages with seats on the roofs of many of their houses. I hope it won't rain on that evening.

Th May 29

The Queen's birthday kept to-day, though the 24th was really the day. The illuminations and the fireworks in the Parks, to celebrate the establishment of peace (and in honour of the Queen's birthday) have been eagerly looked forward to. I have seen illuminations often in London before; but never on so brilliant a scale as to-day. As to the fireworks too, they beat anything I had ever witnessed any where before. I was in Hyde Park, nearly opposite the middle of Park Lane. The wind was north-east, and the weather cold; but fortunately there was no rain. The wheels of a number of different sorts, sizes, and varieties, erected on posts and frames, were beautiful and most brilliant in their effects: but the aerial fireworks were perhaps the most striking. Many of these, to me, were more or less new; but what struck me the most forcibly (sic) was, the abundance, the profusion, with which the air was filled at one and the same time. Rockets were sent up by hundreds at a time, ay, by thousands at a time, for the last grand display, was of ten thousand rockets. They were not all sent up at once together; but a constant and thick succession was kept up for some ten minutes or more; so that the whole firmament was filled with brilliant stars of different colours: and whilst these were descending, the sky was scored with long lines of fire of succeeding rockets ascending, thus prolonging the effect in the most profuse manner. After a short cessation, something equally brilliant, but varied, succeeded. The display began as soon as it was dark enough (soon after nine) and ended between eleven and twelve. Similar displays, were exhibited in the Green Park, Victoria Park, and on Primrose Hill. I may say similar, for the programme was precisely and simultaneously alike in all. The only difference was, that on Primrose Hill, from its elevated and favourable situation, many "parachute shells" were set off. I could see them, as well as the other fireworks, from Hyde Park; and over the houses, the shells, stars, and rockets in the Green Park. The concourse of persons was immense. But a London mob is always a blackguard mob. I have seen large crowds of people in France, but I never saw the same acts of violence and misrule as in London. Before it was dark, and whilst we were all waiting for our evening's amusement, a lot of "roughs", as they are termed, began pelting respectable people with turfs and clods of earth. Some persons got their clothes much damaged. One muddy turf hit me in the hat, and was about to be followed by others: but I immediately turned ends with a stout walking stick I held in my hand, and going up to the scoundrel who had thrown it, I said to him, "Did you throw that turf at me?" "No Sir," he faltered

out, directly: and it was well for him, for as my blood was up, I believe I should have felled him like an ox. I kept my eye upon about twenty others who had turfs in their hands, and retired backwards (sic), until I was able again to mingle with the crowd and hide myself. If I had turned my back, I felt that all the missiles would be launched at me.

Fri May 30 1856

Went to Messrs Law, Hussey, & Hulbert's offices, 10 Lincoln's Inn New Square, and signed some documents, as well for Bingham and Fanny, as for myself. I signed the deed of Release, a deed of three or four skins of parchment, by which the trustees (latterly Mr. George Law, Mr. McAdam, and Admiral Sir William Carroll) appointed under the will of my maternal grandfather Sir William Parker, are discharged from the trust. I signed it for myself: then I signed for my brother Young Bingham Hutchinson, "as his attorney duly authorised," (authorised by his power of attorney): and thirdly, I signed for my sister, Frances Harriet Rumley, "as her attorney duly authorised," – by her power of attorney. Messrs Law & Co. have the custody of this deed. They have also the custody of the two powers of attorney. And also of the parchment deed referring to the loan (now paid off) between Bingham and the Messrs Russell: and further, of the similar deed referring to the loan (now paid off) between the Rumleys and the Russells.

LONDON, JUNE 1856

Mon June 2

Posted a long letter to Bingham, detailing all the details of the settlement of our affairs. Enclosed a second of Exchange for £1110..2..10. Also a letter to Fanny, detailing similar particulars; in which I enclosed a second of Exchange for £1160..3..11, and some engravings of the details of a pump, on a sheet of paper – she contemplating ordering such an article from England.

Spent the afternoon in the British Museum, where I have not been for some time. This collection is more extensive than any one collection I have seen in France. I think the French exceed us in picture galleries, and amount of modern sculpture.

Wed June 4

Renewed my card at the Library of the British Museum. Going through Bloomsbury Square, called at 31. on the Messrs Henderson, the lawyers who are winding up Mrs Lempriere Collingwood's affairs. I had corresponded with them on the subject from Paris. They want to find all the next of kin; but only Mrs Bingham, of all Sir William Parker's children, survived her, and can share in what is to be distributed. The M.S. book of Pedigrees, handsomely emblazoned, executed under the directions of Mrs Lempriere Collingwood, and of which I have frequently heard mentioned, was shown to me to-day. I was told that Larkins will have it.

Sun June 8

At church morning at Hanover Square District chapel: in the afternoon at All Saints Chapel, Paddington, adjoining Norfolk Square, not yet built. Weather very warm all at once, and many people sleepy.

Mon June 9

Took the rail and went down to Gravesend to see Mr. Dobson, (son of the late Sir R. Dobson) who has a section of land on the Hindmarsh River, adjoining Bingham's, and of whom Bingham would buy a portion. Saw Mrs D. who told me her husband was in London! Pleasant! She thinks, however, that he will be in town again to-morrow, when I can see him there. By mistake I got out at Erith on the way down, misled by a fellow passenger, and had to wait two hours, until the next train took me on. However, this gave me an opportunity of seeing a new place. The chief trade in this miserable place seems to be to supply ballast to empty vessels leaving the Thames. It is marvellous to see the excavations that have been made, in digging sand and gravel hills for this purpose. A large level field, where cricket matches are held, and the members of a Rifle club hold their meetings and practise, is the bottom of the great excavation, the sides all round being a cliff, 80 high in the highest part. Here the excavations are still going on, a double line of tram-way having been made from them to the river side. I was told that a man who had worked here 45 years, recollects the commencement of this excavation. This system of sending away ships only "in ballast" is a very unprofitable proceeding. There ought always to be "back carriage" if possible. I have heard that the coal vessels returning to Shields and Sunderland have cast out such immense hills of earth and stones, which they had brought back only as ballast, that the evil in those neighbourhoods is becoming one of serious consideration. These increasing hills are encumbering the land.

Gravesend I found to be reeking in pitch, tar, and stinking fish. Up towards Windmill Hill it is better.

Th June 12

Busy copying papers and lawyers' bills to send to Bingham and Fanny in Australia.

Fr June 13

Spent most of the day transcribing lawyers' bills. My late mother's affairs I am happy to say, are now nearly all settled for Bingham, Fanny, and myself.

Sat June 14

Went to Lincolns Inn New Square. Received of Messrs Law, Hussey, & Hulbert, the Balance £263..10..9 of my money remaining in their hands. Besides this they have £27 of Fanny's. Deposited £250 with the London and Westminster Bank, their rate of interest on sums below £500 now being £3 per cent.; and retained the £13..10..9 for present uses. Then went to Thompson & Downings, 25 Birch Lane, to see about the case containing two saddles, some shovels, flails, and bridles, just come up from Sidmouth, for Australia. Opened it, and put in some writing paper, envelopes, and sealing wax for Fanny; also two woollen waistcoats, half a dozen pair of socks, and there ought to have been put in at Sidmouth, two hair gloves, and a strap, for giving friction to the skin; but I could not take everything out, to see if they were there. Fastened the case down, and had a new rope put around it. It will start for Port Adelaide by the "Orion" in a few days. Walked back to Paddington, via Newgate Street, Oxford Street, and Edgware Road.

Tu June 17

Went to the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. The grand attraction there at present consisted in the Rhododendrons.

Spent the evening at Mrs Green's. Accompanied Eleanor in some songs.

Wed June 18

Went to Law, Hussey, and Hulbert's. Received the £27. and 5. Deducted 15 guineas, paid for Fanny. Sent £15 to my Banker in Exeter, through Hanburys & Co. Procured a bill of Exchange, in triplicate for £10..7 on the South Australian Banking Company, 54 Old Broad Street, to Fanny's credit.

Th June 19

Wrote to my brother, Bingham, telling him I had now completed settling all out (sic) late mother's affairs. Enclosed a Third of Exchange for £1110..2..10, and an old promissory note for £50 from him to my mother, long useless. Wrote also by the Australian mail of to-morrow to Fanny, enclosing a Third of Exchange for £1160..3..11, and a First for £10..7. Went to Westminster. Called on Mr. J G. Nichols, the publisher. Afterwards on Mr. Gravatt, who had had Mr. Charles Babbage, and Dr. Scheutz with him all the morning, talking over calculating machines. He gave me a pamphlet on this subject of Mr. Babbage's. We made an arrangement to go soon to Wandsworth Common, to look at the "Craig Telescope", Mr Gravatt having erected it. Then took a look at the new Houses of Parliament. Walked back to Paddington.

Sat June 21

Went to see my cousins the Olivers, at Chapmore End, whom I have not met for nearly 20 years. Took a ticket at the Shoreditch station for Ware in Hertfordshire, which county everybody calls Harfordshire. The scenery along the Eastern Counties line is flat and unpicturesque. There are, however, two or three points of interest – as Tottenham, Waltham, the Rye House, and so on. The New River head is near Hertford – which I must pronounce Harford. The Rev. Wm. Oliver met me at the Ware station with his carriage, and drove me two miles to his residence. Found Rachel, and their daughter Elizabeth, whom however, by a similar species of fancy, I must call Bessy.

Sun June 22

Went to church twice, William taking the duty.

CHAPMORE END, HERTFORDSHIRE, 1856

Mon June 23

Took a walk with William to Sacombe Park (Mr. Abel Smith's) and then to Sacombe church. Called at the Vicar's for the keys. Went in and saw Mr. & Mrs Hill. The church has recently been restored. The outside work is black flint, with Bath stone coins. In the chancel there is a wooden altar, instead of a communion table. As we were returning, we saw, crawling across the road, a snail

which attracted my attention. I brought from France the shell of a snail, of the species eaten by the French: indeed, I begged it of a waiter at a restaurant in Paris. The snail in the road to-day struck me as similar in size and appearance – the size, larger than our common English snail, and the colour of the shell a light brown, or buff colour. My cousin, who has now lived in this neighbourhood several years, told me something of which I was not aware, in reference to this foreign species of snail. He said they were common enough in the county of Hertford, and explained to me how they are said to have come there. It is said that Queen Elizabeth imported large quantities of these snails from the Continent for culinary purposes; and that at a place called Queen Hoo, many of them were carried and preserved. Queen Hoo lies some miles west of Hertford. It is further said, that owing to want of propret (sic) attention on the part of their keepers, or from the fact of the Queen changing her place of residence, the snails escaped, and by degrees have spread themselves over the whole county, and surrounding district. This is the story in the neighbourhood.

Tu June 24

Left Chapmore End and returned to London. William and myself first walked three miles to Hertford – looked at the church; and I admired the avenues of horse chestnut trees on each side of the walks in the churchyard; and then we went to the station, where I took my ticket and wished him good-bye.

Wed June 25

The weather has suddenly become very hot. To-night at 10 o'clock, the thermometer (Far.) was above 70° outside my bedroom window.

Th June 26

The thermometer at 5 this afternoon, outside my window in the shade, with a north-west aspect, was 88°. In the same place at 10 this evening, it was 77°.

Fri June 27

At 2 this afternoon the thermometer in the same place, reached 90°. But although this was outside the window in the shade, there was probably a considerable amount of radiation of heat from the neighbouring buildings. Most likely the thermometer would not have been so high in the middle of Hyde Park. I remember some years ago seeing the thermometer in London up to 90°.

Mon June 30

Went to the Library of the British Museum. In the MS. Department saw Edward Levien (who used to live at Sidmouth) and made arrangements for a search to-morrow.

LONDON, JULY 1856

Tu July 1

Traced off and copied part of a map of the coast of Devon made in 1588, including Sidmouth, on to Torbay. The map exhibits a plan for fortifying the Coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, at the time Queen Elizabeth apprehended attack from foreign enemies. Having done this, went to Messrs Henderson, at 31 Bloomsbury Square (who are settling the late Mrs L Collingwood's affairs) and made an affidavit (before Ford & Lloyd) to the effect that I had known most of the children of my grandfather, the first Sir William Parker, that "to the best of my knowledge and belief" they had married the persons imputed to them: that only Mrs Bingham outlived Mrs Collingwood: and several other things. In default of obtaining full legal proof of these points, my affidavit was taken as sufficient. I only did it to assist them in the settlement of the affairs, having no interest in the business, not coming under the denomination "next of kin", my mother having died before Mrs Collingwood.

Wed July 2

Spent the evening at Mrs. Oldham's, 10 Cumberland Terrace. Miss Watson was there as usual. Was introduced to Mrs. William Oldham, widow of the unfortunate Captain Oldham who, a few years ago, was killed by the Kaffers (sic).

Sat July 5

Spent the evening again at Mrs. Oldham's. Made a small drawing of the Oldham crest (an owl in an ivy bush) on the fly leaf of Mrs. W. Oldham's bible.

Sun July 6

At church in the morning in Regent Street. Walked home with Eleanor Green. In the afternoon I went to the fashionable church at the southern part of Westborne Terrace. The neighbourhood here is rich: but though the ladies' dresses were very smart, it appeared to me that the wearers were not thorough bred. There was a great deal of gawdy vulgarity. Most of the residents here, are more connected with the city than the court.

Wed July 9

To-day the Guards, just returned from the Crimea, entered London, and were received very warmly. Indeed, I am happy to say that, though the English are commonly branded as a cold people, they gave these troops as hearty a reception as the lively French gave their soldiers who returned from the war, and entered Paris on the 29th of last December. The soldiers came up by rail from Aldershot camp to the Nine Elms Station; and then marched, preceded by their various bands, through Parliament Street, Charing Cross, Pall Mall, into St. James's Park by the Palace, to Buckingham Palace, where the Queen greeted them from the balcony: thence up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park, where the Queen, Prince Albert, and many of the children, in several carriages followed them. A review then took place; but without firing away any gunpowder. The whole body of troops, I understood, amounted to 5500. Though everything went off very well, and the reception was very enthusiastic, still, the spectacle, in its accessories, was not so picturesquely got up as it was in France, on the similar occasion.

Th July 10

Called on Mrs. Green in Upper Wimpole Street, and tried over some songs with Eleanor, for voice, piano, and flute.

Fri July 11

Several hours in the Library of the British Museum, in the Manuscript department.

Sat July 12

Again at the Museum.

Tu July 15

Went to the Bank of England and received the dividend on Consols. Being in London, I thought I would go to the Bank myself, never having done so. Having passed the rotunda, and found the right department, and having placed myself under letter H in this department, I said I had come for my dividend. They required no other identification, or proof that I was the person I represented myself to be, except to say correctly the amount of the stock and of the dividend, and to sign my name once or twice. I then went to the Rotunda, where I received the money.

In the evening, dropped in to a debating society, where I have sometimes been before. The subject for the evening was – “Will the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill be an infringement of the Queen’s prerogative?”. Spoke on it for 15 or 20 minutes, though I have not been in the habit of addressing the House, as they say in another place.

Wed July 16

Hearing that my tenant at Sidmouth intends to leave the house on the 20th (the year’s end) I go home. But I have also received a summons to appear at the Castle of Exeter at 10 o’clock on Wednesday the 23rd on a special jury case at the assizes – the first time I have been summoned. Here are two reasons for going down. Went and said good by (sic) to the Gravatts. Then to Thursfield; of whom I bought two curious Burmese figures – Household dieties.

LONDON & EXETER

Th July 17

Paid some P.P.C. visits.

Mon July 21

Took five packages to the parcels office of the Great Western Rail, Paddington, to be sent to Sidmouth; whilst I left for the same destination, via Southampton (where I wished to see a friend) and along the south coast.

Had a pleasant journey from the Waterloo Station to Southampton; but was disappointed at not finding my friend – he was in Wales. Determined to push on that night for Dorchester; but first took a look at the paintings (they are only paintings) of Sir Bevois, and his companion at the old gate of

the town: as also, the Debtors' Ward, formerly a castle at one angle of the walls, near the water. Took the rail, and arrived at Dorchester between 9 and 10.

Tues July 22

After breakfast went out and examined the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre. It stands on a tract of land belonging, I was told, to the Prince of Wales. The interior, and the field in which it stands, now bear a crop of wheat. Walked round on the top of the ridge: it was about 340 paces. The principal entrance is at the north. It is a highly interesting work.

Saw and passed Poundbury, but regretted I had not time to examine it. It is a rectangular work, of Roman origin. Is it not likely to have been the ancient Durnovaria, of the Itinerary of Antoninus?

From the Amphitheatre I spied at Maiden Castle, distant about two miles, but had not time to go to it. This is a wonderful work of ancient British origin.

Got on the mail for Exeter; a most hilly, but delightful drive.

Wed July 23

After breakfast went to the Castle. In due time my name was called, and I went into the jury box with the other special jurymen. The case was one of Breach of promise of marriage – a curious beginning for me. The plaintiff was a young woman of Plymouth: the Defendant, a Commander of a merchant vessel. He had been playing a double game, and making love to two ladies at the same time. One he had long known, and to whom he had become regularly engaged: the other he had more recently become acquainted with, and she was richer. Love on one side, and money on the other, kept him for some time wavering. At last he turned off his first love in a very heartless and insulting way. In the end we jury men could not agree to a verdict, so we were locked up for about an hour and a half. One thought the £60 (already paid into Court) enough; others said he deserved £500 damages: but at last all parties agreed to £200. Before we left the Court we were paid one guinea each.

Left for Sidmouth, and got home to Coburg Terrace to tea. My cat "Louis" knew me after a year's absence. We had tea together and he held out his right paw to have it buttered – an accomplishment I taught him before I left, and which he had not forgotten.

SIDMOUTH, AUGUST 1856

Aug 1 1856

The tenants just gone out were very good tenants. They paid their rent, and took care of the furniture. I have now got masons, gardeners, blacksmiths, carpenters and painters on the premises, and am going to put myself in order.

Sun Aug 31

During the month I have been settling down – seeing my friends – been out to Sidbury, and perceive that old Court Hall has been half pulled down and rebuilt during my absence: and on going in and seeing the Hunts, I was told that it had become so rickety, that it was necessary to rebuild the southern part. Spent the evening at the vicarage, with Mr Fellows's family.

I have just been elected one of the Committee of the Choral Society – a Society embodied a few months ago by some musical people here; the intention being, to cultivate music generally, and for singing glees, madrigals, and the performance of more difficult pieces. As many of the town's people who have joined, and who sing very well, but who were in a great degree ignorant of the theory and practical part of music, I have volunteered to teach any who choose to come to the room, their notes; the rests; the counting of time; the knowledge of the common chord, and chord of the seventh; flats, sharps, and the different keys; - and so on: just enough, in fact, to enable them to sing from note, and have a general idea of what music is.

SIDMOUTH, SEPTEMBER 1856

Sep 1 1856

Cavete, o perdices! [Illustration].

Mon Sep 8

This day last year the allies took Sebastopol. Hoisted my flag for the first time on the new staff. Hitherto I have made use of the elm tree for a flag staff; but the foliage generally prevented it blowing out well.

Wed Sep 10

Gave 10 or 12 of the members of the Choral Society an hour at their notes and time this evening, before the singing began. Then we had our practise.

Th Sep 11

Dined at 7 at Peak House with Mr. and Mrs. Lousada, and a party of twelve. Sat between Miss Lousada, and Miss Floyd, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Floyd, of Powys, Bart.

Mon Sep 15

Walked to Ladram Bay along the beach, to make a new geological examination of the cliffs. Noted only infiltrations under High Peak Hill, some of which I must go and dig out. Remarked that the cliffs are somewhat changed by falling away, since I was there last. Being now full moon and spring tides, and so calculating the time as to get to Ladram Bay by noon, I had no difficulty in getting through the natural arch. Two other new arches, nearer Sidmouth, have been excavated in the cliff since my recollection. Whilst I was near the arch, Mr Cornish, of Salcombe Hill, and some of his relations, came walking that way. He was as much surprised to see me, as I to see him. I returned over High Peak, and examined the earthworks again. In the hedges I feasted upon blackberries, and I found so many sloes, that I filled my pockets, and brought them home, to see what sort of a pie they would make.

Ran the gun down to the Preventive House on the beach (the limber not being yet finished) and had some firing at a target. The distance was about 100 yards, and I put two balls within a few inches of the bull's eye. The balls are lead, and weigh heavier than iron ones of the same size. I found the gun though uniformly a little to the right hand.

Tu Sep 23

At a party at Dr. and Mrs. Miller's.

Wed Sep 24

Went to Robert Tyacke's funeral. In the evening dined at Miss Kensington's, at Sea View. We were 14 or 16 at dinner – Lord and Lady Hobart, the Earl of Buckingham's son and daughter-in-law, the Lady Louisa Hobart, one of his daughters, Sir John and Lady Claridge, Vyvyan and his wife, some Cornishes, etc.

Sat Sep 27

Strong gale of wind last night from the south, and much damage done. Feared for my new flag staff, put up a short time ago, and not finally secured yet. Went out after dark two or three times to examine it, and lash it firmer. Being 44 feet high, I found that the violent gusts of wind had considerable effect on it. However, it stood out the storm.

Lunched today at Lime Park, and walked to Sidbury with the Rev. Frederick Tyacke, and back.

Sun Sep 28

Had to conform to that disagreeable Devonshire custom, which requires that, the first Sunday after a funeral, one should appear at church in one's hatband and scarf. Sat in the same pew with Frederick Tyacke and the medical man Dr. Miller, who were similarly attired.

Mon Sep 29

Michaelmas Day. Fine warm sun, but showery weather. Attended a meeting to-day, at the Market House, to listen to statements brought forward by a Captain Moorsom, with a view to consider whether or not a rail could be made from the trunk line from Exeter, Honiton, Yeovil etc, now in course of preparation, by means of a branch from Fair-Mile or Fenny Bridges to Sidmouth. Captain Moorsom's arguments were not quite satisfactory to me, and therefore, not altogether encouraging. A committee, however, was appointed (of which I am one) and this committee will examine the case and report accordingly.

SIDMOUTH, OCTOBER 1856

Wed Oct 1

The Prince of Wales is reported to be in Sidmouth. A young man, passing under the name and title of some Lord Cavendish, and accompanied by two gentlemen and a valet, is staying at the York Hotel, on the beach. The Prince has been visiting some of the manufacturing districts without disguise of late; and he seems to have extended his tour down here, in order, probably, to feed his curiosity, or satisfy it, by taking a look at the place where his grandfather died, and where his mother, as an infant, was nursed. But he now travels incog. He has come from Lyme, where, it is said, he was recognised, but hurried away quickly. He went to look at Woolbrook Glen; and after some little hesitation on the part of the occupant (who did not know who it was that wished to see the house) the prince and his attendants were admitted. As the suspicion that it was really the Prince of Wales, had been awakened, and the hour of departure known, a number of persons collected at the Hotel; but he baffled their curiosity by walking partly up Peak Hill, (on his road to Sidmouth) & there joining the carriage. Had I really been certain that it was him (though even now we have no positive proof) I would have run my gun down on the Promenade, opposite the Hotel, and have given him a Royal Salute.

Sat Oct 4

Attended, at 2 this afternoon, the first meeting of the Committee for the proposed Railway, at the Market House. It sat two hours; and a working Committee was appointed, to go round and canvass for shares. I excused myself from this, not liking the office of going round to beg at peoples' houses. However, as a preliminary, several members of the Committee present, put their names down as share holders, the shares being £10 each. Mr Lousada, of Peak, [named] 200 for himself, which amounts to £2000 in value: Sir Henry Floyd, I think 100 = £1000: Sir John Claridge 50 = £500: Major Brine, myself, and the bulk of the gentry 20 shares, representing £200.

Mon Oct 6

There is no doubt now that it really was the Prince of Wales who was here the other day. This tour through the County is now in all the papers.

Wed Oct 8

Went to the Choral Society this evening; and before commencing the regular practise, gave a lesson in time and tune to about a score of the members.

Sat 11

Attended another Railway meeting at the Town Hall. The shares are taken up very slowly. Up to this time only 890 shares have been taken, which at £10 per share, represent only £8,900: whereas £24,000 are wanted.

Su Oct 12

At Church twice at the New, and once at the Old church.

Mon Oct 13

Attended another, and the final meeting on the subject of the Sidmouth railway, at the Town Hall. The whole amount of shares taken reaches only 969, representing £9690. The Chairman, (J. B. Lousada, Esquire, of Peak House) observed that as there appeared to be an undercurrent of

opposition in the town, and as the inhabitants were not unanimous in their support, he considered it hopeless to proceed. He therefore moved that the Committee do adjourn sine die. As an amendment, I moved that the Committee be adjourned for a fortnight, in order to give time for getting further information from the Lord of the Manor, the South Western Company, to see what assistance they would yield, and to see what more shares would be taken by the town or neighbourhood. My amendment was carried. The chairman, however, remarked that the unfavourable communications already received from those sources, convinced him that the postponement was useless – so much so, that he expressed his determination to resign his chairmanship from that day. Sir John Claridge, also, said he should now withdraw from the Working Committee, for the same reason. Owing to these resignations, it at once became of no avail for me to persist with my motion for the adjournment – I, therefore, withdrew it, and the original one stood. So there ended the Sidmouth Rail for the present, at all events. During the proceedings to-day, as a last effort, I declared my readiness to double my amount of shares (raising the figure from 20 to 40) if all the other shareholders would do the same. The Chairman laughed and shook his head. With respect to himself he said that that would raise him from £2000 to £4000. I replied that, perhaps £4000 were not more to him than £400 to me. My proposition was not seconded by any body in the room.

Th Oct 16

The Revd Arthur Pardoe, who married the eldest of the late Vicar's two daughters, was to-day inducted into the living of Sidmouth, and went through the usual ceremony of shutting himself into the church and tolling the bell.

Sun Oct 19

To-day I heard the new Vicar read the 39 Articles, this being his first Sunday. They were read after the service, and before the psalm and sermon. At the end he said – I, Arthur Pardoe, Clerk, believe all these articles of the Christian faith, and so on, making a declaration of his adherence to the tenets of his church.

Mon Oct 20

The box for Bingham, containing clothes and plate, leaves for London and Australia.

Th Oct 23

The new Limber for the gun, just sent home, I gave a first coat of paint.

Sat Oct 25

Gave the Limber and the gun carriage, each a coat of paint.

Tu Oct 28

At a party at Mrs Gibbes's – the wife of the Incumbent of All Saints'. Played a solo on the flute – a thing I never did in company before: - that is, a solo entirely unsupported by some instrument.

SIDMOUTH, NOVEMBER 1856

Mon Nov 3

Attended a Railway meeting at the Town Hall. New arrangements were entered into. Excused myself from being on the new Committee.

Tu Nov 4

Walked to Knowle, and called on the Wolcotts. What a pretty place Knowle is! but how much prettier it might be, if the stream of water were stopped back and a lake made: and a few other things done.

Wed Nov 5

Had up my flag, and got all the other people who have flagstuffs and flags to hoist them on all the great days, as I do. Wrote out several copies of the list of the days on which they should be hoisted. The fireworks this evening were very meagre.

Tu Nov 18

Went to Budleigh Salterton with Mr Heineken. On the way we alighted and went into Otterton Church. At Budleigh Salterton Mr Heineken had portions of a wall thrown down where Wesley, his neighbour, had encroached upon his boundary. Whilst this was doing, Mrs Wesley, in a considerable passion, came into her grass plat, (her husband being out of town) and demanded by what authority the wall was knocked down? And added, that we had as much right to pull down her house. To which I said – No: that the house was within her boundary; but that the wall was within Mr Heineken's boundary. "I baint so sure of that ", was her reply. Barnes, the man who knocked down the wall, stood on Mr Heineken's hedge, against and into which the wall had been built; and Mr Heineken told him not to throw into Wesley's ground more stones or rubbish than the necessity of the case required. Supped with Mr Heineken when we got back to Sidmouth.

SIDMOUTH, DECEMBER 1856

Mon Dec 1

Latterly I have been busy making some large coloured drawings to illustrate my Lecture on "Normandy and the Normans", to be delivered about the middle of January in the great room of the London Inn. Also, latterly, making several Norman caps, hats, or headdresses, which I must get some girls to wear at my lecture, to illustrate the costume of Normandy.

Th Dec 4

Attended a Lecture on "Church Architecture", given this evening by a Mr Ashworth. His drawings were numerous and good.

After a week's sharp frost, and the thermometer down to [blank] now comes a thaw with rain.

POH Transcripts - 1857

January 1857

Jan. 1. 1857. December went out quietly enough:- a few parties and Christmas games, but not many; and January of the new year has come in without much ado.

Th. Jan. 8. This evening came off my Lecture on "Normandy and the Normans." The room was well filled, for I believe that the rumour of four girls wearing Norman caps, excited the curiosity of the community, and served as an irresistible attraction. Though the Lecture was written, I spoke the greater part of it; as the subject was well in my head. It lasted about an hour and 20 minutes. I took my hearers across the Channel, and amused them for some 20 minutes with descriptions, and then came to the costumes. The appearance of the girls caused great fun; and such was the curiosity, that the back rows stood up on the benches to get a first glimpse of them. Considering it was my first Lecture, I acquitted myself as well as I had expected. A map and four drawings, were hung up, further to illustrate the subject.

Mon. Jan 12. Went from Sidmouth over to Dawlish to pay a visit to my cousin Mary Roberton, at Belmont Villa.

February 1857

Mon. Feb. 2. 1857. Repeated my Lecture on "Normandy and the Normans," at the Rooms near the Railway Station. The weather was bad, and disappointed me in several friends; and my Norman princesses were shy and awkward.

During my stay I have taken several walks, some to enjoy views on the hills, and some to make geological examinations of the cliff. Went once to Teignmouth, once to the top of the cliff over the "Parson and Clerk;" twice along the beach to the "Parson and Clerk;" several times to the Warren and Langstone Point; once on Little Haldon, to the circular camp, returning by Lidwell Chapel and Upper Southwood, a farm belonging to Sidmouth; again on Haldon, taking the Holcombe Down Road, which commands so fine a view of Teignmouth - and so on.

Tu. Feb. 24. Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth. Took the rail at Dawlish at

10 A.M. Stayed several hours in Exeter, and proceeded to Sidmouth by the mail.

Got home at seven.

Wed. Feb. 25. After six weeks absence, there are many things to do to set oneself to rights. Hung up pictures - put nicnacsin there places - and did some gardening. Had tea with Miss Brotherton, where I met Mrs Wright, to whom I was introduced yesterday evening.

Fri. Feb. 27. Witnessed Mrs Wright's signature to her will, in conjunction with Miss Brotherton.

March 1857

Th. Mar. 5. Went to Budleigh Salterton with Mr. Heineken. On our way we stopped at Otterton to ascend the hill on the northern side of the village, on which grows the clump of firs. These trees are called "Ankern Firs," but I am unable to guess what the word comes from. They are planted apparently on an old tumulus, and hedged round. In the face of the low cliff east of Salterton, towards the river I observed organic remains, much resembling those at Picket Rock and Sandy Cove in High Peak Hill, two miles west of Sidmouth. We got back to Sidmouth before nine.

Yesterday (Wednesday) morning, soon after midnight, say the papers, the government received a defeat on the subject of the recent outbreak with China, by a majority of 16 - the numbers being 263 over 247. The ministry will resign, and a general election is to follow. The Parliament is five years old. The opposition members argue that the Chinese authorities were justified in boarding the lorch "Arrow," and trampling on the British flag. What next?

Tu. Mar. 10. Lindsay Brine, son of Major Brine of Claremont, breakfasted with me this morning, preparatory to a geological walk. At breakfast and after, we turned over some geological books; and then about eleven we started for Ladram Bay, carrying geological hammers and our luncheons. The tide being low, we walked along the beach examining the features of the cliffs all the way (which however I had done fifty times before, though the walk was new to him) - as for instance, the faults and dislocations in the first sandstone cliff west of Sidmouth (the strata here having been raised up some 30 or 40 above the red marl further on) the fossil-like appearances at the Chit Rocks - The rise of the strata along Peak Hill to High Peak (I think I made it about 3 or 4 degrees some years ago) - the fossils again, at Picket Rock and in High Peak, apparently having been an animal plant, like the encrinite - then further on, through three several arches, two of which I remember the formation of, the last being the celebrated one of Ladram Bay - then to the further end of Ladram Bay, where there is another arch in the cliff, which I think has been formed since my recollection, the rock being of a very soft nature. From this point we turned back, and resolved to mount High Peak Hill. We first went on the Ladram Bay arch, where we sat down to enjoy the view, the weather being beautifully fine, with a hot sun, though a cold March air. Here we discussed, some biscuits and chatted to one of the men of the Preventive station, at this place. We then had a good climb to the top of the hill, estimated at 513 feet. We again sat down to enjoy the view: and before we left we looked at the earth works of the old camp, the stratum of charcoal, &c. [See Gents May, Feb 1849.] On attaining Peak Hill we went into the flint gravel pits to look for fossils, the most abundant being the echini. We found two or three bad specimens. Got home about five, after a six hours ramble.

Mr. Lousada, of Peak House showed me a petition, or rather an address, to Lord Palmerston, the Prime Minister, regretting the result of the debate on the China question, and expressing every confidence in him as a statesman, - which is for signature. As I am disposed to think that the opposition have defeated the government from party considerations and faction, rather than from sincere Conviction that we have done wrong in the Chinese question, I readily put My name to it.

Sat. Mar. 14. Had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Mardon, at Sidlands. He is the unitarian minister at Sidmouth. He tells me that he remembers my uncle the Rev. W. Hutchinson, when he lived at Heavitree Parsonage; and also my grandfather the Judge. In the course of the evening he showed me a sword declared to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. It was in the possession of George IV., but how it came to him we are not informed. Its history from George IV., however is known. He gave it to Col. Hanger, who I believe was afterwards Lord Coleraine. From Lord Coleraine it passed to a gentleman of the name of Jones; and by him was given to his relative Mrs. of Honiton, who has lent

it to Mr. Mardon. It is a light two-edged, fencing or dress sword, in leather scabbard. The hilt is black horn; the guard (broken) of silver, and a silver shell, as an ornament, spreading down the blade.

He made me a present of a little book, a translation from the Greek, of his own, of the Epistle of St. John the Apostle. It is without the seventh verse of the fifth Chapter, which some persons declare is an interpolation not found in the early Greek manuscripts.

Tu. Mar. 24. Went to hear the Reverend Mr. Clements' Lecture on Galilee. It was a very good Lecture and very well illustrated, (by Mr. & Mrs. Johnson, of Woodlands) but, as he himself said, perhaps a little too sermon-like.

Th. Mar. 26. Dined with the Radfords at Sidmouth.

April 1857

Tu. April 7. The yellow buntin of the crosslets of my Hutchinson flag, or my "Standard," as my friends call it, has nearly faded out. To-day I painted them yellow.

Th. Ap. 9. Mr. Perry, one of the booksellers here, having asked me to write him a new Guide Book for Sidmouth and its neighbourhood, which he is anxious to bring out, I have set to work about such an undertaking. As I have been nearly ten years collecting materials for a large history of this place (and which is partly written), and as I have lived here so many years, and ferreted so much about its neighbourhood, the task to me is an easy one. I can write it out at a great pace, and with little or no further research. The first Guide Book to Sidmouth, I believe was the Rev. Edm Butcher's, published in 1810, and which subsequently reached its fourth edition: then came Marsh's: Then came Dr. Mogridge's "Descriptive Sketch, &c." in 1836; and then "The Tourists and Visitor's Handbook," 1845; no name, but by the Rev. Richard Creswell.

Tu. Ap. 14. Went to the wedding of Henry Jenkins (of Radway) and Miss Lucy Miller, second daughter of Dr. Miller. The church was nearly as full of people as if it was a Sunday morning. The ceremony passed through without anything very unusual. We went back to a splendid breakfast; and that went off very well. We then went home, and came back again at 9 in the evening to a ball and supper - and that went off very well. The Queen had a princess to-day - her ninth child.

Th. Ap. 23. Went over to "Coxe's," a farm house near the village of Branscombe, to meet Mr. Langdon, of Parrocks Lodge, beyond Axminster, by appointment, on the subject of the Stone Coffin in "Littlecome Three Acres," (See Diary, July 1855) I am, however, informed that the Coffin is not a single block of stone hollowed out, but a cavity made of pieces of stone set on edge. Did not go to the spot to-day, for it rained incessantly; but leave was given me to dig there at any future time if I liked. Went by way of Trow, and came back by Tueston House and Salcombe.

Tu. Ap. 28. To-day the Oratoris of the "Messiah" was performed by the Honiton Choral Society, and about 15 of us went over to hear them. Next week our own concert comes off, and the same number of them will come over to assist us. We rehearsed in the morning, and the concert commenced at 8 in the evening. We had two clergymen in the choruses, but the novel and notable feature was, Mrs Machaney a daughter of Judge Coleridge, and wife of the Rector, volunteered to sing some of the solos, and she did so. This raises the tone and character of the Choral Society very much. She had only practised with them a short time; but she went very nicely through two songs, to a crowded room. After the concert, we supped with Mr. Creak, and did not start for home till past

twelve; and did not get to Sidmouth till haft past two; and I did not get to bed till haft past three, when "daylight did appear."

Th. Ap. 30. The Duchess of Gloucester, the fourth daughter, and last surviving child of George III died.

May 1857

Wed. May 6. Our own concert came off to-day, Miss Annie Cox, a rising singer, from London, now on a visit to a friend of hers, invited down for the occasion, to the principal soprano songs. I had to lead her into the room to her place. All things considered, the music was tolerably well preformed. Our Sidmouth solo singers had never sung to an audience before; and it was a great undertaking for them. The Choral Society has not yet been a year in existence; and several of our performers knew little or nothing of music when it was embodied. We entertained the Honiton people as they entertained us. Three or four of them dined, tea'd, and supped with me. There were 300 people in the room - the ball room at the London Inn; 50 in the orchestra, 50 in the gallery, and 200 in the body. I played flute and horn.

Th. May 21. Finished my new Sidmouth Guide. It will fill about 120 or 130 pages - indeed, the bookseller did not wish it much to exceed 100; for a large book cannot be sold for a small price - which is his desire. And I myself do not wish to say too much in this Guide, for fear of damaging my large History of Sidmouth, for which I have been so long collecting materials, but have been so slow in writing out fair. There are always so many things in hand, and so many interruptions, that there is no getting on. I have also finished engraving on wood some slight outline diagrams of the old Camps in the neighbourhood, so as to give my readers an idea of their shape. I have corrected the first proof sheet; but I do not think the book will be printed for two or three months.

Sat. May 23. Left Sidmouth this morning for a trip to Sussex. Took the Exeter mail soon after nine, and went to the Halfway House, near "Streetway Head," where I waited ten minutes for the Dorchester mail. We then went eastward through Honiton, Charmouth, Bridport, and so on. The day turned out miserably wet, so that I could not examine the country. Took a passing glimpse at the Druidie circle in some gentleman's grounds, close by the road side - at the tumuli on the downs - and at the various old camps. At Dorchester took the rail almost immediately. Had a glimpse at Poundbury Camp (under which I see a railway tunnel has been carried since I was at Dorchester last July) and at the Amphitheatre, and then was off. Had a view of the shallow estuary of Pool Harbour: - indeed the rail crosses the upper part of the higher end of it. Hence to the New Forest there is a great deal of open uncultivated heath. The land is evidently poor and barren; nevertheless one would suppose that much of it might be turned to account. I got to-night as far as Portsmouth by half past eight; and as there was no train any further, I slept there.

Sun. May 24. The Queen's birthday. Anxious to get on, I took the early train at half past six for Chichester, where I arrived in an hour; and having had breakfast at the Dolphin, went to the Cathedral. This building exhibits specimens of the Norman and Early English so much intermixed, that one would suppose it were erected when both were in vogue. If so, it is an example of the transition from one style into the other. The organ is all to pieces. It is under repair; and the floor of the north transcript is covered with pipes. Spent the afternoon very agreeably with Dr. Tyacke and his family (brother of the Vicar of Padstow.) Went with Mr. Freeland to look at his new house, near Chichester; and all of us went up to the lead roof, where the view is beautiful. At his town house he showed me some curious Roman water pipes, and other interesting antiques, found near Chichester.

Mon. May 25. Left at nine for Midhurst - 12 miles. The country has fine undulating hills, like south Devon. From Midhurst I walked out during the afternoon to Woolbeton - nearly two miles, and called at the Rev. F. Bourdillon, where I saw his sister, Mrs. Wright, who was at Sidmouth last spring.

Tu. May 26. Took a walk to look at the country.

Wed. May 27. Walked out to Woolbeton. Took a walk with Mr. and Mrs. Bourdillon and Mrs. Wright in that wild and beautiful plantation a mile west of the town.

Th. May 28. Dined at Woolbeton with Mr. and Mrs. Bourdillon and Mrs. Wright. Took my flute, and had some music, flute and piano pieces - Mrs. Wright taking the piano. Walked back to Midhurst by moonlight.

Sat. May 30. Took a look at the "Close Walk." It is a walk bounded by yew trees in a thick wood, belonging to Lord Egmont, (Percival.) The yew trees are very fine; and one is called "Queen Elizabeth's," situated near the "Roundle," a small circular plantation. The great walk encompasses the four sides of a square. Went on St. Ann's Hill. There is said to have been once a camp or castle on this hill; and the irregular earthworks on its summit, and traces of masonry on the east slope in the steep path, by the turn in the river, give credit to the belief. Then went and looked at the ruins of Cowdray House, the property of Lord Egmont. This mansion, about the year 1793, (then the property of Mr. Poyntz) was accidentally burnt down. There was a brewing of beer going on; and the fire in some way caught the building. It is a castellated edifice; and must have been a handsome residence. It is too much overgrown with ivy; but under the idea that it holds the ruins together, the owner will not have it trimmed. The old kitchen has suffered least. It is six sided; and three or four of its sides shew the arches of so many great chimneys. The groined ceiling just inside the entrance door is beautifully carved in white stone. Outside it are the Royal arms, much decayed. There is a splendid oriel window in the great hall. There is no Guide Book to Midhurst published; and I could learn no facts relating to its early history.

P.S. - I have since picked up a few particulars relative to Cowdray House.

The property I think belonged to the Earl of Southampton; and then to Sir Anthony Browne, the first Lord Montague, who, about the time of Queen Mary, obtained leave to enclose a park of 600 acres, and erected the building about 1553. In 1591 Queen Elizabeth spent five days here; and the royal coat of arms over the door perhaps owes its existence there to that circumstance. The "Roundle" in the Close Walk is said to have been the spot where the Queen rested & had some refreshment served to her; but I cannot find any tree that may with certainty be called Queen Elizabeth's. The last Lord Montague, in the prime of youth, made an over bold attempt to descend the falls of Shaffhausen in a boat; but was drowned. This was in September 1793. Within a day or two, or a few days, of this event, Cowdray House was burnt down.

Lord Montague's only sister married Mr. Poyntz, and he came into the whole property in right of his wife. But a repetition of misfortunes again cut off the male line; for the two sons of Mr. Poyntz were drowned off Bognor by the upsetting of a boat. Their three daughters, co-heiresses, were married to three noble families - the Marquis of Exeter, and two others that I now forget. They sold the property to Perceval, a nephew of the minister who was shot in the Lobby of the House of Commons, who is now Lord Egmont. These changes and reverses have probably prevented the rebuilding of the house - which might be called the Castle; so that it is now a hopeless ruin. When Lord Egmont is here, he resides in a house called The Lodge; for it was formally one of the Lodges in

the Park. The trees and the undulations of the park, however, are very beautiful; and the dell, full of rhododendrons, is superb - and just now it is coming into full bloom. There are monuments in Easebourne Church, a mile from Midhurst, to various members of the Browne and Poyntz families.

In speaking of Midhurst, I may mention that the Curfew Bell is rung here every night at eight. It is not tolled, as at Exeter; it is rung. They raise the bell, and ring it for five or ten minutes, and then lower it.

Sun. May 31. Went this morning to Midhurst church. In the afternoon to Woolbeton church, where the service was performed by the Rev. F. Bourdillon.

June 1857

Mon. Ju. 1. Walked out to Woolbedon, and called at Mr. Bourdillon.

Tues. June 2. Took a rambling walk on Midhurst common which is very wild and beautiful.

Wed. June 3. Took a rambling walk in Cowdray Park. The deer are very tame here. Remarked the long avenue of chestnuts, near Easebourne Church, close to the Park gate. The chestnuts that these bear, I believe are given to the poor, and sell for scores of pounds sterling.

Th. June 4. Walked out to Woolbedon to bid adieu, but there nobody at home

Fri. June 5. Went from Midhurst to London. The public road passes through Lord Egmont's park, the route taken, being to Petworth, instead of more direct to Haselmere. After Petworth the road skirted Colonel Wyndham's Park, Col. W. is the oldest son of the late Lord Egremont; but being born out of wedlock, though the vast estates were left him by his father, he could not take the title, and it has become extinct. Lord Egremont subsequently married the mother of his children; but too late to be of any benefit to them. We had a pleasant drive of 29 miles to Godelming, but intensely hot and dusty. At Godelming we got on the rail. From this point an extension, direct to Portsmouth, is in progress. We arrived safe in London early in the afternoon, without accident, stopping at the south end of Waterloo Bridge, when I took a cab and drove to Paddington - the fare being two shilling, but the man grumbled till he got half a crown.

Sat. June 6. Went into the city shopping. The heat is more oppressive here than in the country. Observed several thermometers above 80', and 85'.

Tu. June 9. Called on Captain Bourdillon, and went with him to call on his sister Mrs. Wright, now in London.

Wed. June 10. Took a drive in Hyde Park with Mrs. Oldham and Miss. Watson, of 10 Cumberland Terrace, Hyde Park, and then had tea with them.

Th. June 11. Went with Captain Bourdillon and Mrs. Wright to Oxford Street; where they assisted me with their opinions in choosing a new paper for my drawing room at Sidmouth, which I hope to take home with me soon.

Fri. June 12. Went shopping. Ordered some painted glass borders for the landing window at Sidmouth; a seal for the fanny &c. On my way back, had tea with Mrs. Wright and Captain Bourdillon.

Sat. June 13. According to the prediction of some wise astronomer, the world was to be destroyed to-day by a comet. He is some foreigner, whose name I forget just now; but being a person of some note, his prediction has been much talked of, and many persons placed faith in his word. In spite of the impending collision from this erratic meteor, I took the omnibus from Paddington to Hungerford Market - then steamer to Nine Elms, and called on some old friends now in South Lambeth; and returned the same way. The river front looks very well from the river. Old Westminster bridge is very tottering in appearance, and preparations are being made for a new one. Took a drive in Hyde Park with some friends. It was crowded with carriages. Amongst the foreigners, was the son of the Queen of Oude, now in England, in a gilt carriage with glass panels. He is a young man, not above five and twenty - if that. He was alone, and looked about him on all sides, with much curiosity. He wore a headdress somewhat the shape of a royal crown, with a bunch of bird of paradise feathers in the front. The whole affair, however, was gaudy and semi-barbaric.

Had tea with my friends in Cumberland Terrace.

Tu. June 16. Took the Shoreditch rail, and went down to Chapmore End, near Ware to see the Olivers. The country along the line of the rail was flat. Looked at the "Rye House," some 20 miles from London, as I passed it. This place, famous in history, as the scene of the "Rye House Plot," is now turned into a Tea Garden for Londoners, on high days and holidays. The Rye House is a square brick house with a sort of tower or turret bearing a flagstaff, a few score yards on the east of the rail. The Plot contemplated the seizure of the King (Charles II.) as he returned from Newmarket, and a revolution in the country, brought about for the purpose of resisting several arbitrary acts of the government. Some of the conspirators revealed the plot. Most of them were executed. - amongst them Lord Russell, a representation of whole trial, in which his wife takes a prominent part, as secretary and assistant to her husband, is a well know picture. These events occurred in 1683. Arrived at Ware, William Oliver drove me to his residence. The town of Ware contains some 5000 or 6000 inhabitants. The making of malt is the principal occupation here.

Wed. June 17. William drove me after breakfast to the village of Wademill. The new church stands on a high hill. The old one is removed. The tower alone remains, standing solitary in the churchyard. There is a pretty avenue of elms leading to it from the village. Dinner and coffee over, he drives me two miles to the Ware station. Took the rail, and got back to London by seven P. M.

Fri. June 19. Made up a package for Bingham, of a child's Cot &c., for Australia: also a box for Fanny, containing plated teapot, coffee pot, and cream jug, also a seal with the Robertson crest on it; and had the things sent to the shipping agent. Called on Captain Bourdillon. At 8.10 this evening, took the train for Devonshire. The weather was immensely warm. A thunderstorm came on, and the rain came down in torrents. I remained wide awake all night; but several of my fellow travellers, the ladies especially, nodded and bowed to me very frequently. On these trying occasions, people lay aside the cold rules of etiquette, and give way very freely, as a matter of necessity, to the demands of their wearied nature. Daylight broke about 2. The rain in the west seemed to have been heavier than in the neighbourhood of London.

Sat. June 20. After waiting an hour or so in Exeter, I got into the Mail, and arrived in Sidmouth by eight.

Mon. June 22. Corrected the second sheet of my New Guide Book of Sidmouth.

Th. June 25. Got the mule and went out with the gun. Drove down to the beach, unlimbered, and fired several shots out to sea. Limbered up, and drove to the Archery ground at Cotmaton, where I found a dozen ladies and gentlemen. I fired one shot with powder only, just to make "a jolly row," and amused the girls, or frighten them out of their wits; but they would not let me have a try at their target with ball. No wonder perhaps.

Mon. June 29. Undertook to engrave a map of the neighbourhood of Sidmouth for my New Guide. Began to-day. Prince Albert has just been dubbed "Prince Consort;" and is now preyed for in church under that designation. He held no rank in this country but Field Marshall. Some years ago a feeler was put out by the report that it was in contemplation to make him "King Consort;" but the idea was received by the nation with so much dislike, that no more was said about it. No jealousy or discontent has been manifested at the father of the Queen's children being styled "Prince Consort."

July 1857

Wed. July 1. News have arrived of an extensive and serious insurrection of the native population in the East Indies against the Europeans. They have massacred the whites - men, women, and children - at Meerut, Delhi, and other places. Great anxiety exists for the next news.

Fri. 10. Finished engraving on copper a map of "Sidmouth, Devon, and the Neighbourhood," for my New Guide to Sidmouth.

Tuesday, July 14. Mr. Heineken and myself went over to Musbury to a sale at the Rev. W. Tucker's, the Vicar's. I there bought a piece of Roman tessellated pavement, (for ones about the size of an octavo volume, containing 34 squares tessera of apparently white lias stone; some fragments of black Roman pottery; and about a peck of loose tessera of the same kind. They came I believe from Up-Lyme, where the remains of a Roman Villa were discovered in 1851. The whole cost me 2s. 6d.

Note added later "I have given them to the Exeter Museum, except some of the tessera. 1880."

We then went to the church where the monuments of the Drake family, heretofore of Ash, attract most attention. There are three couple of figures. Male and female, in a kneeling posture in the south-east part of the building. In the organ loft we saw a double bass made by W. Tucker.

Then we climbed the hill to Musbury Castle. A pretty fag it was, considering the heat. We lunched on the summit; and then, with Davidson's "Axminster". in hand, we examined the camp, and verified his description of it. But during the last 25 years, (since he wrote) several parts have been altered or obliterated.

After descending the hill, and taking another look at the sale, where two little oval reputed Rembrandts were knocked down for £20, we went to Ash, now belonging to John Wolcott, of Knowle, Esquire. I made one sketch of the house from the garden, and another of the Chapel. The buildings must at one time have been very extensive. We also went a quarter of a mile on towards Axminster, where a brook crosses the road. This place is called "Warlake" or "War Lake." Tradition says that a great battle between The Saxons, and Danes took place here - that the brook ran blood - and that the battle was continued till the combatants reached Colyton. *Note added later.* "See Aug. 9. 1872."

We then started for home; where we arrived about nine.

In the Archaeological Journal for March 1854, p. 49, there is some account of the above mentioned tessellated pavement. Mr. Tucker, whose house we had been to, made the discovery of some pavement in a field called "Church Ground," part of Holcombe farm, in the parish of Uplyme. There was a heap of ruins, and a popular notion prevailed, that an ancient church had stood there. But on making a search, a tessellated pavement was found. The apartment was about 18 feet square, and more than half the pavement was perfect. A broad border of two bands of ornament ran along the side of the room. Within was inscribed a circle about ten feet diameter, with foliated ornaments in the spandrils, and enclosing a figure of four circles intersecting, with a hexagon in the centre. The circles were ornamented with the guilloche pattern, the colours being red, blue, white and dove coloured. At first the colours were bright. Fragments of pottery, bones which soon crumbled, charred substances, and a piece of metal (which I also have) which had been subjected to very strong heat, were found on the face of the floor. Also some roofing tiles, in form somewhat pentangular. An adjoining room was floored with lime and sand; and a third with square red tiles. Also, the remains of a bath were met with, in shape octagonal; depth 3 ½ feet; width, from side to side 11 ½ feet; but where there were benches, 10 feet. The benches were two feet high. The floor of tessera, was nearly perfect, and of a fawn colour - as mine are. The pavement has become soft, and lost much of its colour. The discovery was made in August 1850 - 52.

Sun. July 19. The new Vicar, Rev H. F. Hamilton, "read himself in."

Mon. July 27. At last I had a dig at the stone coffin, (See April 23.) Mr. Heineken and myself, with a man went over to "Littlecombe Three Acres." Provided with spades, pickaxes, rakes and probing iron, we at once went to work. On taking up the turf, we found the coffin at the spot before pointed out to us. It lay nearly north and south; or to be exact, the north end, (apparently the head) lay 14 degrees west of north. That end was five feet from the hedge, and the coffin is 43 feet from the eastern hedge of the field. There is a slight depression in the ground at the spot. The top edge of the coffin was only six inches under the surface. It was made of chalk stone from the Beer quarries, and soft in texture. It was rudely hollowed out of one great block, the marks of the tool being visible. It was in great fragments, except a portion of the end near the hedge, being 2/10 feet long. The bottom of this piece was, or is, entire, with the head and east side; but the west side of it is broken away. The thickness of the stone is from three to four inches. The coffin is 11 ½ inches deep. The width cannot be ascertained. We carefully examined all the earth as we took it out. In filling in again, we first laid down, all the fragments of stone; then put in the earth, again raking it and carefully examining it, and lastly laid down the turf. We found about 30 pieces of bone, all small fragments except 3 or 4. These were 2 finger bones (apparently) a metacarpal bone, a toe bone, and a tooth. Also we found an iron something like a nail or rivet, and part of a bronze fibula. These we brought away; as well as two or three pieces of the coffin which had tool marks on them. From all these we hope to ascertain to what nation or people the corpse had belonged, and at what period the internment may have taken place. It is worthy of remark, that many of the bones had belonged to some small animal, not a human being.

Fri. July 31. Attended a meeting of the Sidmouth Choral Society. Was made chairman; and after introducing the general business of the evening, the proceedings became perplexing and almost stormy. How is it that, in associations and societies got together for the purpose of amusing people and giving them pleasure, little and despicable jealousies so frequently arise, which cause discord? It is almost always the case. Our Society, after a year's existence, is threatened with dissolution. It is impossible apparently to please every. Where everybody wants to play first fiddle, what is to be done?

August 1857

Note. The following is the letter inserted into the diary by P.O.H to Mr. Heineken.

Belmont Villa, Dawlish. Aug. 1857.

My Dear Mr Heineken.

One whole hour and more

I have been perched upon the barrow,

and I have come to the conclusion

that it is not a Toot-hill, but a

tumulus, or barrow sepulchral. I

sat upon it and stood upon it for

an hour, turning in different directions,

scrutinising all the glens and valleys

ridges and hills, spyglass in hand,

but failed to detect, any object visible

from it that I could not see when

off it, or any advantage derivable

from an elevation of 8 or 10 feet.

The hill on which it stands is

considerably lower than Little Haldon,

(Reverse side of letter)

I leave this on Thursday morning.

From Perry I have had a proof

sheet, and have retained it. If

you see him, I wish you would

tell him (if he has anything to send)
he can direct to me here up to 8
o'clock on Wednesday morning. After
that at the Parsonage, Morton Pinkney,
near Daventry.

so adieu; and hoping the Choral
society has resolved itself
into the annexed old
harmony

I remain in haste

Yours Very Sincerely

P. Hutchinson

Tu. Aug. 15. (*The No.15 has been crossed out*). Went over to Dawlish for a week, prior to going to Northamptonshire. Dawlish looks much as it did when I was last at it.

Mon. Aug. 19. (*The No.19 has been crossed out*). Yesterday and to-day the thermometer has been above 80 in the house, with the windows open. Nevertheless I have made a walk to the tumulus on the hill over Dawlish water, and another to the Warren. As I was returning from the Warren, a covey of young partridges flew over the cliff, and pitched on the sand all around me. I nearly put my hand on the back of one of them. A young woman who was near, stooped down and picked up two of them - one in each hand. She was disposed to carry them home, but I reminded her they were game. She therefore threw them over the railway wall, and they flew back to the cliff. The rest we could not catch.

Mon. Aug. 19. (*The No.19 has been crossed out*). Finished reading Hugh Miller's posthuman geological work "The Testimony of the Rocks."

Th. Aug. 20. Left Dawlish to visit the Joneses at Moreton Pinkney, in Northamptonshire. Travelled by rail to Didcot, (having been 8 minutes in going through the Box Tunnel) and then took the line through Oxford to Banbury. Hence by vehicle 10 miles to Moreton.

Fri. Aug. 21. Examined Moreton Pinkney Church. There are traces of the Norman and Early English Styles occurring in different parts of the building. The columns and arches of the nave have the heavy massiveness of the first, and the east window, and columns of the chancel shew the features of the second. The chancel, having become rickety, was rebuilt in 1848; but the same stone and moulding were used. The tower, externally, has (three-quarter fully engaged) columns at its corners in the upper stages. There are five bells, all dated 1629. The inscriptions on them are these:-

1. GOD SAVE THE KING

2. IHS [sic] NAZARENVS REX IVDEORVM FILI DEI MISERERE MEI
3. Same as No.2.
4. CELORVM CHRISTE PLATIAT (for plateat) TIBI REX SONUSISTE
5. CVM SONO SI NON VIS VENIRE NVNQVAM AD PRECES CVPIES IRE

The forth and fifth bells are hung over the three others.

Sun. Aug 23. At Moreton Pinkney Church. Whilst we were at dinner at the Parsonage, Sir Henry Dryden, of Canons Ashby, Bart., the adjoining parish, came in and asked us to come and dine with him to-morrow. His mother was a Hutchinson.

Mon. Aug. 24. Dined at Canons Ashby. Met some people there, who were staying at the house - Mr. and Lady Sempil, Mr. Parker, the publisher of Oxford, and Robert Hullah, son of Hullah, the musician. Sir Henry asked me to come again on Wednesday morning to see the place.

Wed. Aug. 26. Went to Canons Ashby after breakfast. The house is a venerable and extensive specimen of domestic architecture; the grounds quaint, but in good keeping. Look at the museum, coins, and other curiosities. Had a long talk with Sir Henry on Hutchinson pedigrees, and other family matters. He then took me, and showed me the church. This is a portion of a much larger building, once a monastery.

Th. Aug. 27. My cousin Marion Jones and myself went out and made an out-of-door water colour drawing. The weather still continues beautifully fine.

September 1857

Wednesday. Sep. 9. 1857. Went to Lichfield to see my cousin John and Martha Hutchinson, whom I had not seen for twenty years. He is now "in residence" in the Close, he being Precentor and Canon. Found them and there two children (Edith and John) well.

During my stay here, I almost lived in the Cathedral, which is partly under repair. Looked at the monument of the two children by Chantry, at the east end of the south aisle of the Chancel. It is now like yellow wax, and discoloured, instead of like white sugar, as it used to be. In this aisle there is a tablet to a Hutchinson; and the new monument to Archdeacon Hodson, just erected, very beautiful, is also here. This time last year, the apparatus for warming the building was entered upon, and an examination of the vaults underneath the floor was made. Many ancient stone coffins were discovered with few or no remains in them, except one, having the body or bones of some bishop; and him they boiled! I suppose for sanitary considerations. Fancy, boiling a bishop! Went one day up in the centre tower, to the battlements, and over the nave between the roofs. Also into the Chapter House, and the Library over it. They have there the oldest MS. that I have met with in my travels. It is St. Chad's Gospels; date about 720, and by some supposed to have been written by Gildas. Also a folio of vellum in clear writing of Chaucer; and many other interesting things. Went to several places in the neighbourhood. To Stow, for instance, and made a coloured sketch of St. Chad's Well. (Sketch Book, No.11.) St. Chad, about the year 6... used to baptise the early Christians here. The walk to Stow, a mile east of the city, borders the muddy works now in the progress for making an immense reservoir. Went to Greenhill Church. The churchyard is seven acres big! Went to Barrowcop Hill. The view is beautiful. The legend says that three kings were once buried here. There

was, to all appearance, a large barrow on the crown of this hill. Saw Dr. Johnson's house in the Market-place.

Went one day to Blurton, near Trentham; and to Hanford, to see another cousin, William Hutchinson, (son of my father's younger brother William; John being son of my grandfather's younger brother) and found him in a very comfortable place, with a wife, whom I had not seen, and three children. Spent a pleasant day, and back to Lichfield.

For several days I amused myself turning over and reading the MS. Diary left by my Great-grandfather, Governor Hutchinson. This Diary, comprised in several volumes, is full of interesting matter referring to the stirring events of the time of the American revolution of 1774-82. Indeed, when I was one day in the Library of Harvard University, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the Librarian told me the Americans were aware that there were some manuscripts which would be valuable to them, still in the hands of some of my family in England. When my Cousin John edited the last volume of the Governor's History of Massachusetts Bay, from papers put into his hands, I believe by Thomas Hutchinson, the barrister (buried at Heavitree) the Americans took 500 copies; and these remaining MSS, would furnish valuable materials for a concluding volume. Since the family returned to England, some 80 years ago, more of its members, as far as I know, have been to Alford in Lincolnshire, from which place they emigrated about 1634. I have often thought of doing so, and now I am so near I have a great mind to do it before I return home to Sidmouth.

Fri. Sep. 18. Returned from Lichfield to the Parsonage, Moreton Pinkney. Went by rail to Weedon. Admired the wild hills of Cannock Chase, near Colwich. From Weedon I walked 9 or 10 miles across the country through several villages, and got back towards evening.

Tu. Sep. 22. Mr. & Mrs. Jones and myself dined at Canons Ashby with Sir Henry Dryden, and met Mr. & Mrs Alfred Dryden.

Th. Sep. 24. Lent Sir H. Dryden my MS. book of "Memorials of the Hutchinson Family." Then went into his church and made rubbings of four small brasses he has there. Whilst I was at work he came in and gossiped on Sunday subjects.

Sun. Sep. 27. Sir H. D. called and brought back my MS. Book, and I returned him his

4, to Life of the Regicide Col. Hutchinson, he lent me the other day.

Tu. Sep. 29. The Rev. F. Mrs. Jones and their second daughter Fanny left for a change of air to the Isle of Wight.

Wed. Sep. 30. I left Moreton Pinkney for Lincolnshire. I have long intended to visit Alford, and other parts of Lincolnshire, where my ancestors lived in the time of Charles the First. An opportunity now occurs, as I find myself nearer to Lincolnshire than I have been for some time, and free to roam where I will. Passing through Peterborough, where I found time to examine the cathedral, (Norman, massive, plain, unadorned.) I arrived at Boston, where John Cotton, the friend of my ancestors lived. A Chapel at the south-west part of Boston church, has been recently restored, partly by Americans of Boston, Massachusetts, and a brass erected to Cotton, sometime Minister there.

October 1857

Th. Oct. 1. 1857. Slept at the Peacock Hotel. After breakfast went to the church. Saw Mr. Lamb, one of the Curates, (who told me his Mother was a Miss. Hutchinson) but found that I could not obtain the information I wanted about a Hutchinson monument, as the verger was out of town. Looked round the church which was once very rich in Brasses, as many, either perfect or mutilated remain, and the traces of many more are seen on the flag pavement. Went into the Cotton Chapel, newly restored, and then glanced at the old oak chest right there. Mounted the tower to enjoy the view - a hard climb. The first gallery looks down the inside of the tower on the pavement of the church; the second surrounds the outside, where I got the first view of the country; the third surrounds the base of the octagonal lantern, and from this elevated walk, a very extensive prospect is enjoyed. The horizon, however, was hazy. The Lantern is hollow and without roof. It is a mere ornamental shell; but its beauty and lightness have long been celebrated - and justly so too. Whilst up on this elevated perch, I discovered that I had somewhere, during my ascent through the dark winding series of steps, lost a large roll of papers out of my coat pockets. The roll consisted of some sheets of paper for taking rubbings; three rubbings of brasses made in Canons Ashby church; (see Sep. 24) and two duplicates of the Hutchinson Pedigree, not quite finished. My sketchbook, No.11, in the other pocket, was safe. Having gone as high as steps could carry me, and having walked once or twice round the narrow platform, inside the battlements, to enjoy the view on all sides, I proceeded to descend, and to find my papers, if possible. I was somewhat perplexed as to being sure of taking the same steps in going down, as those by which I had mounted; for there appeared to be a turret containing a winding staircase in two, if not all the corners of the tower; and as I had changed from one turret to another, on leaving the different platforms, I was at a loss to know how I should retrace my steps all the way down; and being alone, I had no friend to send one was whilst I took another. However it is astonishing how easily difficulties are overcome; for as I was groping my way down in a dark turn, I kicked something before me, which, when it came to a lighter part, where the rays entered through a loophole, I saw to be the lost roll. Having once more pocketed it, I descended to the church, somewhat dusty, where the old woman was waiting for me.

Returned to my hotel, and had lunch. Turned over Pishey Thompson's History of Boston. At p,61, he mentions a John Hutchinson, spelt Hochynson, as cessed at Subsidy in Boston in the sum of £5, in 1523; and reference is made to the Statutes of the Realm, 14 & 15, Hen. VIII., and to the Subsidy Rolls, 1523, 1524. A Samuel Hutchinson is Mayor in 1680, and 1695; and a Stephen Hutchinson in 1699; p.431.

The wife of William Hutchinson who went to America, was Ann, daughter of the Rev. W. Marbury. I think Governor Hutchinson spells the name Marberly. From analogy and etymology, I think that Marbury ought to be right. Bury is the same with Burgh, Byrig, and Borough; like Hubert de Burgh in Shakspeare's King John. Thompson calls Samuel (younger brother of the first William the fourth son; but Governor Hutchinson in his notices of the family at the end of his MS. Diary of 1777, 1778, the second. Here the Governor is likely to be right.

Went to call on Mr. Thompson - not that I had anything to tell him, or anything to ask him; but I thought I would chat about his book, and gather some scraps of information from him about this place and neighbourhood. Found his residence, a brick house, down the river, nearly as far as Hussey's Tower; but he was not in town. Saw his sister, an old lady, who politely asked me in. Told her I was a Hutchinson of Lincolnshire, and had been reading her brother's book. She said she had Hutchinson blood in her veins, one of her ancestors having borne that name. She regretted her brother was not at home as I did also. Chatted with her for ten minutes, and then went and made a sketch of Hussey's Tower. This is part of a map of buildings formally belonging to the Lords Hussey.

After this, took a walk down the left bank of the river Witham, on the high embankment, as far as Scirbeck church - and back. The flat country and the high dykes reminded me of Flanders. This river, I was told, rises and falls 15 feet at spring tides.

Friday. Oct. 2. 1857. Went into the church after breakfast, and the Register was brought to me in the Cotton's Chapel. Before inspecting it I enquired for the monument of Samuel Hutchinson mentioned by Governor H. in his Diary, as being in the church. It used to be against the south wall inside, and on the east side of the south door; but some years ago it became ruinous and loose. Since the renovation of the church, it has been left in the library, over the South Porch. I went up and saw it. It is a slab of white marble about two or three inches thick; some three feet long, and perhaps two feet broad. It is in several fragments. It refers to Samuel Hutchinson, twice Mayor, and to several of his children; but this slab is of no interest to the decedents of Governor Hutchinson, as it refers to persons whose connexion with him is not known. He may have been descended from William Hutchinson who first went to America, but the descent is not traced with certainty. For these reasons I did not think the monument or the inscription of any use to copy. The Verger did not think that any descendant of that Samuel now lived in Boston. The Governor says that some of his relations went to Ireland - do the Hely Hutchinson's come from him?* This is a mere surmise.

** Note inserted at the bottom of the page reads. No, they came from William's younger brother Richard, who bought Knocklofty.*

I then went to the Register, and poured over it for five hours, until I became wearied and sick of the very name of Hutchinson. The book (falling to pieces) is about 10 inches high, and six broad. The entries begin in 1565, and I searched down to 1636, at which time they had all gone to America. The name of William Coddington occurs, though I cannot say that this was the same who was with us in America. It is however, very probable. The name of Hutchinson is variously spelt, as indeed most names were in that day, when the orthography was unsettled. Thus, we meet with Hutchynson, Hutchynson, Hochinson, and Hotchkynson. I will not say positively that this last is false orthography for Hutchinson; but I chose to copy out every word at all like Hutchinson, so as to be sure that I had not omitted any possible member of the family. I copied out the following in the order in which they stand, very properly arranged under the heads of Marriages, Births, and Deaths, in the order in which they should stand, and not as the modern newspapers put them.

Marriages.

Oct.28. 1566. Richard Hutchinson & Margary Budder(?) nupt.

Jan.26. 1567. Thomas Hutchinson & Agnes Nupt.

Nov.5. 1576. Thomas Tonard(?) & Alyce Hutchenson nupt.

Oct.3. 1580. Augustyne Atkynson & Helene Hutchenson nupt.

June 29. 1584. Phillip Hutchinson & Isabell Hutchinson nupt.

June 20. 1585. Thomas Hutchinson & Anne ffetherston nupt.

Oct.18. 1585. Edward Hutchinson & Dorothee Ashewicke(?)nupt.

July 3. 1589. Richard Hotchinson & Johan Tresby (?) nupt.

Aug.20. 1590. John Hotchinson & Rose Millar (?) nupt.

Dec.29. 1592. Richard Sibsey (?) & Johan Hochinson nupt.

Nov.12. 1597. Thomas Hochinson & Margaret Allinson(?) nupt.

Baptisms.

May 18. 1558. Johanna Hutchenson filia Thome baptizata est.

Mar.5. 1565 Robtus Hutchenson bapt.

Nov.29. 1587. ffrances Hutchenson

May 31. 1569. Simon Hutchenson bapt.

Oct.23. 1570. Antonius Hotchkynson bapt.

Aug.7. 1580. Margareta filia Thome Hutchinson.

Oct.5. 1585. ffrance Filia Thome Huchinson baptizet.

Oct.23. 1586. Edwardus Filus Edwardi Hutchinson.

Mar.2. 1588. filius Hutchinson.

June 29. 1590 Agnes filia Thome Hutchinson.

Aug.16. 1590. Nichs filius Johis Hochinson.

May 3. 1592. Anna filia Johis Hutchinson.

Mar.13. 1595. Prudence filia Robti Hutchinson.

Mar.24. 1596. Anna filia Johis Hochinson.

June 24. 1596. Elizabeth filia Robti Hutchinson.

June 13. 1597. Xpoferus filius Xpoferi Hutchinson.

Dec.28. 1598. Robtus filis Robti Hutchinson.

Mar.19. 1599. Ricus (?) filius Johis Hutchinson.

Oct.5. 1623. John the sonne of John Hutchinson. [See last Burial.]

Burials.

May 12. 1561. Anne Hutchenson

Sep.15. 1563. Arthur Hutchinson.

Sep.22. 1563. John Hutchinson.

Dec.4. 1566. Margett Hutchenson.

Jan.2. 1567. Thone Hutchenson.

Dec.27. 1567 ffrances Hutchenson.

Oct.21. 1570. Richard Hotchkynson.

Nov.2. 1570. Simon Hotchkynson.

Mar.4. 1573. Margaret Hutchenson.

Apil.30. 1573. Joune Hutchinson.

Mar.12. 1576. Elizabeth Hutchenson.

Jan.30. 1579. Wolsrey (?) Hotchinson.

Nov.14. 1584. George Hutchinson.

April 8. 1586. Francis (?) Hutckinson.

Sep.28. 1587. Edward Hutchinson. *see foot note.

Mar.17. 1591. Mawde Hutckinson.

Aug.5. 1594. Dorothe Hutchinson.

Oct.8. 1623. John the sonne of John Hutchinson [Three days old.]

* Twenty one persons are registered as having been buried on this day. Perhaps the plague raged at Boston.

The following I extracted, but put them together on account of the names being similar.

March 22. 1626. Mirkak (?) ye sonne of William Coddington. [Buried.]

April 17. 1620. Samuell ye sonne of Willm Coddington. [Baptised.]

Augt. 21. 1629. Samuell ye sonne of Willm Coddington. [Buried. Sixteen months old.]

June 30. 1629. Clarke ffortree(?) & Katheren Coddington. [Married.]

The names which have a note of interrogation after them, are obscure, and of doubtful reading.

Such is the long list taken from the Boston Register. When Governor Hutchinson visited Boston, he inspected the Register; and in his Diary he remarks that he saw the marriage for John Cotton Clark to Sarah Storey. I could not comprehend the draft of this, and took Clarke to be a surname. On examining the Register myself, I see that the word is Cleark and not Clarke, and that it means Minister, Parson, or person in holy orders. John Cotton was vicar of Boston, and married Sarah

Storey, a widow, on the 25th. of September, 1632, as his second wife; and they and the Hutchinsons were in America together. But the secret of the Governor's interest is this - that, when in America, a Cotton married a Mather, and subsequently a Cotton Mather married the Governor's sister. Thompson, p.416 says - "Mr. Cotton was married to his second wife Mrs. Sarah Storey (a widow) at Boston, 25 April, 1632. (*Note the words "April or September ?" have been added under the proceeding date.*) Hutchinson says she was very dear to his former wife. When he writes "Hutchinson says," I know not what source of information he refers to; but most of Thompson's knowledge of America and the Hutchinsons seems to be derived from , Allen's Biographical Dictionary, New England Historical and General Register, 1.298, and Drake's History of Boston, Massachusetts. At p,427 he says - "William Coddington, probably of Alford or the neighbourhood;" and supports his supposition, by referring to the New England Historical Register, v.1.p,297, which says the Hutchinsons "were there intimately acquainted with Mr. Coddington." For myself, I think that William Coddington, at this period, belonged rather to Boston than to Alford; for his name occurs in the Register in the years 1626, 1628, and 1629; and we shall see further on, that he is not found at all in the Alford Register.

I now felt that I had no more to do in Boston. No other sources of information presented themselves to my mind; and this being the state of the case, I resolved to push on at once for Alford, 25 miles. I took the rail at 6 P.M. The train, however, was late in, and late out; the sun had set, and a moon nearly full, was rising. What I saw of the country appeared flat. Arrived at the terminus, I allowed them to drive me at what hotel they chose at their discretion; and I ordered tea. Behold Hutchinson once more in Alford, after an absence of 220 years!

Saturday, Oct.3. 1857. After breakfast went out to look at the place and neighbourhood. The parish is a small one, containing little more than 2500 inhabitants. They are chiefly employed in agricultural pursuits. The soil is gravelly and sandy; but chalk is arrived at by boring 60 feet. There is a range of chalk hills a mile west of the town, and hills of the Greensand formation, beyond that. The church was built from the Greensand range, but the stone is much decayed.

Sunday, Oct.4. 1857. Went to church. The building has a dilapidated appearance. Outside, it has been repaired with brick, where the stone has decayed, which gives it a patched appearance: and the whole of the west front of the tower is now faced with brick from bottom to top. The interior has north and south aisles separated from the nave by plain octagonal columns with foliated capitals. There is no monument to the name Hutchinson, either in the church or in the churchyard. Of this I was assured, both by the Sexton, and by the Vicar, the Rev. George Jeans. I was also assured by them, and by other persons whom I asked in the town, that the name of Hutchinson is not known to exist in the parish. They all look upon me as a stranger and a new comer: but I rather protest to them that it is they who are the new comers - that I am in my native place - that I have only been playing truant a little while - 150 years in America, and some 70 in Devonshire - and that I am now come back to see how they have been getting on in my absence. In the Chancel there is a splendid monument with two recumbent figures, to Sir Robert Christopher, Knight, and his wife, date 1668. I sat in the church and looked upon the same walls and the same columns, on which the eyes of my ancestors, eight or nine generations ago, had rested; and so much does the contemplation of the same objects seem to annihilate time, that I could almost fancy I were cotemporary with them.

In the afternoon took a walk westwards over the hill by the chalk quarry, and went nearly three miles out.

Monday, Oct.5. 1857. After breakfast called on the Vicar at the new vicarage recently built at a quarter of a mile north-east of the church. When I introduced myself to him. I said I had returned at Alford after an absence of 220 years. He bowed and replied that I wore my age well. He produced the Register. It is about the same size and shape as that at Boston. I devoted two hours to it, and arranged to take the rest tomorrow.

Walked out, this afternoon northwards to the village of Selby, some two miles off, and called on Mr. Lister, a magistrate here, whose sister was staying at Sidmouth in Devonshire some few years ago, where I know her. Walked back by another path, all the way through fields.

Tuesday. Oct.6. 1857. Three more hours at the Parish Register, and completed the work. I followed the same plan that I did at Boston. I began with the beginning, being the 19th. of April 1561, and searched down to the year 1636 inclusive. I see that William Hutchinson's father was called Edward - a fact here confirmed, for which the Governor, in his Diary, merely conjectures, or ingeniously argues for. I see also, that William was Churchwarden in the years 1620 and 1621. I had not been aware of this before. The name of Sanford or Sanforde, with which we became so intimately acquainted and connected in America, occurs in this Register. We may reasonably suppose that the Sanfords here, are the same as those with whom we intermarried in America, even as it is likely that the Coddingtons of the Boston Register, are the same as those with whom we also intermarried on the other side of the Atlantic. Edward Hutchinson senior, that is the father of William, according to the Alford Register, is entered as buried February 14. 1631. Edward's wife the Governor believes, was buried at York, in America. It is somewhat strange that when Governor Hutchinson was making a tour through the country, after his return from America, and came so far as Boston, he did not come on to Alford. He had Alford on his mind; for he expresses his intention of writing to the Vicar of that place, to make some enquiry about family memorials; but it does not appear he ever wrote. Well, the list of the entries which I extracted from the Alford Register is the following:-

Baptisms.

Aug. 1586. William filius Eddi Hutchinson. Bap, erat, 14 die, [Aug] *

Nov. 1589. Samuel filius Eddi Hutchinson. Bap, 1. die. [Nov.]

July. 1593. Exeter+ filia Eduardi Hutchinson, bap. 22.die.

May. 1598. Jokes filius Eddi Hutchinson, bap. eod die. [i.e. May 18.]

Nov. 1599. Susanna filia Eddi Hutchinson, bap. eod die. [i.e. Nov. 25.]

May. 1613. Edwardus filius Willi Hutchinson, bap. 28. die.

Sep. 1614. Susanna filia Willi Hutchinson, bap. 4. die.

Oct. 1615. Anna filia Xpoferi Hutchinson, bap. Fuit 22 die

Dec. 1615. Richus filius Williami Hutchinson, bap. 8. die

Jan. 1618. Bridgella filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bap. Jan. 15.

1619. Gulielmi filius Joannis Hutchinson, bap. October. 17.

1620. Franciscus filius Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Deceb. 24.

1621. Elizabetha filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Febr. 17.

1623. Gulielmus filius Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. June 22.

1624. Samuel filius Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Deceb. 17.

1626. Anna filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Maij, 5.

* This entry bears the earliest date of any that I saw in the Register. It is at the bottom of a right-hand page.

+ I had some doubts about this unusual woman's name. The Vicar however, confirmed me it deciding that it was certainly Easter. I copied it thus

1627. Gulielmus filius Joannis Hutchinson, bapt. Febr. 1.

1627. Maria filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Fed. 22.

1629. Edwardus filius Johannis Hutchinson, bapt. Aug. 16.

1629. Katherena filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Febr. 7.

1631. Elizabetha filia Johannis Hutchinson, bapt. Jul. 8.

1631. Gulielmus filius Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Septeb. 28.

1633. Susanna filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, bapt. Noveb. 15.

1633. Johannes filius Johannis Hutchinson, bapt. Febr. 6.

1634. Johannes filius Johannis Hutchinson, bapt. Jan. 29.

1636. Susanna filia Johannis Hutchinson, et Bridgetce uxaris, bapt. Nov. 25.

1641. Emme Hutchinson filia Johnnis Hutchinson et Bridgetce ux: b: Febr. 4.

Marriages.

Oct.7. 1613. Thomas Rushworth thrno et c * Easter + Hutchinson, nupti. 7. Die.

1618. Joannes Hutchinson et Elizabetha Woodthorpe desponsat. Octob. 1.

1623. Augustinus Storre et Susanna Hutchinson. Novemb. 21.

Burials.

1601. Susanna filia Eddi Hutchinson, sep. 5. Augusti.

1629. Ellena uxor Samuelis Sanforde, sepult. Jan. 20.

1629. Samuel Sanforde, sepult. Feb. 20

1630. Susanna filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, sepult, Septeb. 8.

1630. Elizabetha filia Gulielmi Hutchinson, sep. eodem die. [i.e. Oct. 4.]

1631. Edvardus Hutchinson Sen. Sepult. Feb. 14.

* Query - Whether these words are chius et c - for chirurgus et c. ?.

+ Easter. Here we have the same name as before. Miss Easter was now twenty years old when she changed her state. I took a facsimile which is thus:-

1633. Joannes filius Johannis Hutchinson, sepult. Febr. 10.

Such is the Alford list. A few remarks may be made upon it.-

That three families of Hutchinsons were having children all at the same time in Alford, namely, of William, of John, and of Christopher. We are not told whether Christopher was a son of Edward, like the others.

That the wife of Edward is not noticed; but Governor Hutcuinson, in his Diary, says that William's mother died or is belived to have died at York in America.

That John Hutchinson remained behind, after William had gone to America, for he had a daughter christened Emme, (for so it appears to be written) so late as 1641.

And that, in the two places where the name Sanford or Sanforde occurs, it is not written, Sandford, but Sanford. It will be seen that William Hutchinson loses two children in 1630. It is said that the plague was at Alford in that year.

At the foot of two of the pages of the Register, William Hutchinson's name appears as Churchwarden (with Robert Dixon) namely in the years 1620 and 1621. Presuming these signatures to be his own, I took facsimiles of them

(Note. At this point in the diary there is a blank space between the text that may have contained the facsimiles, if so there is on trace now.)

It would be hard to believe otherwise that the William Coddington of the Boston Register was the same as the William Coddington who, with William Hutchinson and others, purchased Rhode Island of the Indians, and with whose family we intermarried in America.

With respect to Edward Hutchinson, the earliest member of the family which we have yet discovered, it will be seen that he is first mentioned August 14, 1586, when he baptises his son William. Now his wife's name is not given, though we should be glad to find it. *Note added later.* It was Susanna. If we turn to the marriages of the Boston list, we see, under date, October 18. 1585, that one Edward Hutchinson marries Dorothee Ashwicke. As this marriage took place ten months before the baptism alluded to, they may have been the parents of our William; and the case would

have been simply this - that the father and mother were married at Boston, and that the first child was born at Alford. This reasoning seems plausible enough; but there is one reason only. Edward baptises William August 14, 1586, and Edward, in the Boston list, baptises a son, also Edward, October 23. 1586. The question then arises - Could a man with one wife have two consecutive sons, the one born in August and the other in October of the same year? What say you to that, my relations? Then the conclusion is this - that the Edward at Alford, and the Edward at Boston, though contemporary, were not the same person.

Having completed my extracts from the Register on Tuesday the sixth, I went that afternoon again to the church. I took a rubbing of a small brass on the pavement near the middle of the church, bearing the name of Key. Then I mounted the Tower. There are five bells, not of great date. There is however, besides these, an old original bell of small size. This is supposed to be "as ancient as the Roman Catholic Times," as the Clark phrased it, who accompanied me. A crack is visible in one part of it: never the less this did not seem to injure the sound much when I struck it. It has however injured its character; for the man said it was not ring because it was cracked. It goes by the name of "Ting-Tang;" but why he could not explain. After a time it occurred to me that perhaps it was a metonymy, expressive of the tinkling sound; and when I broached the idea, he allowed that it appeared valid. From the lead roof I enjoyed a good view. The sea, six miles distant, can be seen over the flat country.

The weathercock is an antique worth copying. It bears date 1660. It is made of copper. The bow of the first six has been knocked out. A young man in Alford wishing to try a rifle, fired at the weathercock, and knocked out that piece. He said also that the letters M.L. stand for Martin Lister, an ancestor of his mother, - I presume Churchwarden at that period. There is some talk in Alford of trying to raise subscriptions to put the church in thorough repair. I left word therefore, with the Vicar, and other's that if any cleaning of the old walls should take place, or any examination of vaults, or secluded corners, that a sharp look out be kept after Hutchinson memorials such as inscriptions, coats of arms, and the like. I indeed, I added, that if I were informed of a search being instituted, I would endeavour to come over during the time.

I did not see now, that there was anything more to be done in Alford in the way of research; but I delayed a few days longer, in order to take a few walks in the neighbourhood. I went one day to Saleby (north) another to Bilsly (north-east) another north-west, where I found a barrow in a field about a mile and a half off; another out west over the hill past the chalk pits - or cauk pits, as they say; another to Well, and through the beautiful ravine, &c., &c.

Monday, Oct. 12. Having, therefore, brought my enquires at Alford to a termination (at all events for the present) and having bid adieu to the courteous Vicar, and one or two other friends, who manifested a considerable amount of interest in my researches, and who promised to bear my wishes respecting any examination of the church in mind, I took the rain at, eight this morning and left - promising I would not stay away as long again as I did the last time. There still remained one more place in Lincolshire which I wished to visit - and that was Gainsborough. The reason was simply this:- Some years ago in the British Museum, when turning over some books on Heraldry, I came upon a coat of Arms assigned to Coddington of Gainsborough. It was this - Paly of six, argent and azure: on a chief Gules, a Lion passant guardant, or No crest recorded. If this coat of arms were an ancient grant, it occurred to me that perhaps the family of Coddington had been originally seated at Gainsborough, and that it would be well to examine the Register there, to see whether our William Coddington, of the Boston Register, could be traced to that place. I, therefore, steered for

Gainsborough. I had to go round by Great Grimsby, over a very flat country parallel with the coast. Had I gone to York, I should have followed this route to the Humber. My reasons for postponing my visit to Yorkshire were these. In the first place, the autumn is advancing, and it is time for my to think of returning to Sidmouth, to settle down for the winter; Secondly, the search for interment of Edward's wife in that place (to say nothing of other members of the family) would involve a lengthened stay, as I might have to turn over a dozen Registers, not knowing what church to go to; and I could scarcely take more than one Register a day, and perhaps not always that for unforeseen delays and interruptions then arise: Thirdly, I wish to extend my investigations far beyond the city of York.* There are several localities in that large county, interesting to every Hutchinson. It is said that the Danish Chieftain Uitonensis, who came to England with Harold Harfager, King of Norway, in the summer of 1066, remarried in England, and was the founder or common parent of the Hutchinson family. Harold, King of England fought the Norwegians at Stanford Bridge, a few miles east of York; but being himself killed at the Battle of Hastings soon after, many of the Norwegians settled in England. Uitonensis is supposed to have seated himself at Middleham. These places it was my wish to visit. In subsequent times the head of the family, as he may be called, had an estate at Cowlam as may be seen by referring to the Pediegree in Mrs Hutchinson's Life of her husband, Governor of Nottingham Castle. Still later, one principal member was seated at Wyckham Abbey. I intended to see these places. I have little doubt that our branch came from the Cowlam stock. Perhaps some perseverance might discover the link; All this however would furnish work enough exclusively for a Yorkshire tour. Making the circuit, therefore, by Grimsby and Ulceby, I soon arrived at Gainsborough. I called on the Vicar, The Rev. C. S. Bird, and got access to the Register. I was amused at finding his wife and daughter pouring over it. I followed the same plan as before - namely, beginning at the beginning, and coming down to 1636:- only I took it in the reverse order, for I found it more convenient. I spent nearly three hours over it, but I failed to discover any entry refering to a Coddington. Neither did I see the name of Hutchinson. This last of course, I did not expect to meet with. I was rather hurried, as I had taken the book from Mrs. Bird; but I still feel that I went through it carefully. The name of Coddington, I was told, is known in the parish at present. The result of this search is - that William Coddington of the Boston Register, did not come from Gainsborough; and that I cannot yet fix the said coat of arms upon him.

I again pushed on, proposing to sleep to-night at Lincoln. Though I continued to travel through a flat country, I was pleased to find the Capital of the County on a hill. There are many interesting antiquities here. First, the Roman Arch, said to have been built by Claudius, that spans one of the streets, and is known as the Newport Gate. The piece of Roman wall that this arch carries, is three feet six or seven inches thick, and of course the arch the same thickness (I measured it) and the blocks of stone that form the arch go all through - they are single stones. Then, there is the Fosdyke, a navigable canal conecting this city with the sea, via Boston. This still a useful work, for it is always covered with barges bearing merchandise. Very little remains of the Castle. Soon after the death of King John, this place sustained a memorable sige, when Louis of France had possession of it. When the English Captured the City, so large amount of French gewgaws did the soldiers take amongst the spoil, that the

* An error. It was York in America, as before noted.

large amount of French gewgaws did the soldiers take amongst the spoil, that the event was afterwards known in history as "Lincoln Fair." The Cathiedral is handsome; but the interior struck me as very bare of monuments especially the Nave.

Tuesday Oct. 13. 1857. Having finished my Lincolnshire tour, I resolved to go to my cousin John Hutchinson (Canon and Precentor of Lichfield) and show him what I have done, for he has taken some interest in my undertaking. Went by rail to Newark. Delayed two or three hours here to look at the place. Went over the ruins of the Castle. They are massive and imposing on the river side. They have recently received from the government a large iron Russian gun. But they had to pay the government for the carriage it is on, which was £10. I measured the bore: it is six inches and a half, or rather more. It stands in the Castle enclosure. Went to the Church. It is large, and very handsome. It is rich in brasses, particularly an ancient one 6 or 7 feet high, and now upright against the wall. Took a rubbing of a small brass of a figure and coat of arms (3 crowns of glory) in the north Transept. Left Newark and arrived at Nottingham, where I slept.

Wed. Oct. 14, 1857. Was agreeably surprised at the size and animation of this place. Had a curiosity to see Nottingham, where Colonel Hutchinson held the Castle for the Parliament. After breakfast went and looked at the Castle. The lower portion of two round towers, with the gate between them, is all that is seen at the entrance. Within the walls there are still less remains. There is the shell of an immense mansion in the Italian style of architecture, built in the time of Charles the Second, when the old Castle was removed. In 1832 or 1833, when, Lord John Russell's Reform Bill was agitated, a mob from the town burnt this building because its noble owner, the Duke of Newcastle, voted against the measure. Several of the floors were of cedar wood; and they sented the air with their perfume, (I was told,) at the time of the conflagration. Barring the iniquity of the deed (for which, if it had been me, I would have had up several great guns and mortars, and bombarded the town for a week) I think it is a good thing that it is destroyed. A modern mansion has no business in the midst of the ruins of a venerable Gothic Castle. It was no proof of good taste to build it there. I went down a curious subterranean passage, called Mortimer's hole, cut in the rock. It has openings here and there; and this strange place reminded me of the stoties I have heard of the passages cut in the rock of Gibraltar.

The objects of the greatest antiquity here near Nottingham, are the "Druid's Cave's" as they are called. There is a cliff some 30 or 40 feet high, about a quarter of a mile south-west of the town, near the river, in the face of this cliff have been excavated in the sandstone rock a number of chambers of various sizes. These are supposed to have been made and inhabited by the ancient Britons. Several antiquaries have published accounts of these habitations. The marks of the pointed tool are every where visible. The place is now enclosed and admittance is gained by paying sixpence; but I am afraid that bad taste will lay it out in modern flower beds. The fronts of these chambers must have been originally closed with earth, rock, or bushes, for there are the remains of round holes in the roof, by which, as the guide remarked, the ancient inhabitants descended by rope ladders.

Th. Oct. 15. 1857. Left Nottingham, for Lichfield. Traveled three hours in Derby, in order to look at the place, after an absence of 21 years. I cannot say much for Derby. Got to Lichfield at dusk, and went to my cousins in the Close.

Sun. Oct. 1857. To-day the service in the Cathedral was performed for the first time in the Nave. The great arch is boarded up, and the choir shut off for repairs.

Mon. Oct. 19. 1857. Went and poked about the choir, which is all in confusion. They are ripping down the stucco, with which the arches were some 70 years ago, repaired, to renew it with good stone; - the oak pews are all being cleared away; - the organ is being taken down; and every thing is at 6's and 7's. The Precentor and "Fabric Keeper," (literally, Churchwarden) jokingly offered me all the old pewing for £10.

Tu. Oct.20. 1857. Went to poke about the Cathedral. Looked at the oak pews, down and up, made a calculation, as to whether there was enough to panel my dining room. There is enough and to spare, to cover the whole house. Unfortunately, my dining room has been recently nicely papered, and, in sober reason, I should be acting absurdly to pull everything to pieces, to put up this oak. I wish I had another room to spare, but I have not. The house is small and badly planned.

Witnessed the laying of the foundation stone of the new Museum. They sealed down a bottle into the stone, said to contain coins, papers, parchments, and so on. The bottle much resembled what we see sugar plums in, in the small confectioner's window. Aside - I wonder what was in that bottle?

Fri. Oct.23. 1857. Drove to the village of Shenstone. Went into the new church, The coloured windows of which are so deep in tint, that they let in a very "dim," whether they let in a very "religious" light or no. The tower of the old church, with the bells in it, stands at some little distance; and the foundations of the old church are left, and can be traced.

Sat. Oct.24. 1857. A beautiful day. John (the Precentor) drove me to Maplehayes, a brick mansion standing in a handsome park, formerly the residence, and I believe the property of Dr. Darwin, author of the Zoonomia (a Copy of which I have at Sidmouth,) Poked about the Cathedral again. In the chamber next to the Library, amongst a heap of old encaustic tiles, found four stuck together with mortar. Took them away. *Note added later.* (Now in old Chancel floor on north side.)

This evening finished a tabular Pedigree of our family for John, made out from our new (as well as the old) sources of information. Those parts taken from the Alford Register, I have underlined Green; those taken from the Governor's MSS. I have underlined Red; and the rest, taken from various sources, are not underlined.

Sun. Oct.25. Twice at the Cathedral.

Mon. Oct. 26. Turned over the Governor's MSS. in the possession of John.

There is a Diary in several volumes, beginning June 1. 1774, and ending with his death in 1780; two folio Letter Books, of Copies of Letters, beginning in 1774; there is an MS. Small book of Abigail Kellond (nee' Hutchinson); a sheet of MS., beling Eligha's account of the Governor's death, and remarks on his being buried in the Apthorpe vault at Croydon, and there are also some Oliver and Sabatier Diaries and meens. *Note added later.* " I published "The Diary and Letter's of Governor H. in 2 vols in 1883 and 1886 - and sold the MSS. To the Brit, Mus, for £100."

Tu. Oct.27. 1857. Left Lichfield for Moreton Pinkney again. All Lichfield is alive and rejoicing with the news that Delhi has been taken. I hope it is true; and I hope that a just retribution may fall upon the wretches inside. If I were out there at the head of a troop of British soldiers, my war cry , to arouse my men, should be - "Avenge our Women!" No man who reads of the atrocities committed by the sepous on the English women, can feel otherwise than the most intense indignation and vengeance. There is one, however, who will avenge, all in good time.

Took the rail to Weedon, and then a vehicle to the Jones's - which I walked last time. Got there in time for the fun and festivities of Marion's birthday.

Fri. Oct.30. Turned over the Moreton Pinkney Parish Register. It does not commence till late; the first Baptism being April 18, 1641; and the first Burial April 8. 1641. There are no marriages recorded

till June 14, 1653; and only one that year. In 1655 there is a memorandum running thus "Noe marriages this year." There are several curious entries. As "Old Harrod was buried, January the 19th. 1643," "Old widdowe furner was buried December the 15th. 1644." " a childe of Nicholas ffocks was buried Novem. 24th. 1648," The name not remembered, if known.

When the church was restored here some years ago, a tablet recording a list of the bequests to the poor was obliterated, and has not been re-erected. The curate has so far interested me in the matter, by showing me the copy of the inscriptions, and consulting me in the church as to be the best place for displaying the tablet, that I have almost undertaken to paint it. A month ago I drew out a design. The point for determination now was (and we summons the churchwarden [one is lately dead] to our assistance) whether the tablet should be of board hung up, or whether it should be painted on the wall itself. A long discussion in the church took place, right in front of a full-size paper design (four feet square) nailed up against the south wall, and at last we resolved on a fresco.

November 1857

Note. Between the entries for October and November POH has inserted this newspaper article about the Revolt at Meerut.

THE TREE WEEKS ANTECEDENT TO THE

REVOLT AT MEERUT.

(BY AN EYE-WITNESS.)

MEERUT, April 30.

This time I have a regimental narrative to relate, strange and unexpected. It has given us painful anxiety, and the matter has not ended. Do you ever see the Indian newspapers ? Do you follow events out there ? If so, you will have heard how a prejudice has arisen in the native army against using a new kind of cartridge.

In no other country could any difficulty be started so absurd and childish as this. But native troops have taken the idea that the greased cartridge introduced for the rifle is greased with hog's lard, - the abomination of the Mussulman - and contains a portion of the bladder of the cow - sacred animal of the Hindoo, and they whisper among themselves that it is presented to the army to destroy their caste and make them Christians. Yes, they degrade that glorious name to a mere swallower of beef and pork. So, believing themselves lost were they to bite these luckless cartridges, sundry regiments in Bengal have refused to receive them, and the 19th N.I. has in consequence been disbanded, and a Jemadar of the 34th has been hung for implication and bad conduct. There have been riots in Umballah, too, from the same cause, but we heard little of these events, and all here was going on as usual until the afternoon of the 23rd instant.

We have many high-caste men in the 3rd. Caste is a calamity fettering man's birthright of equality in the sight of God; but, seeing how strongly the men cling to their caste, there is no profit in outraging their feelings on the point. This Colonel ----- has lamentably done. Well, Colonel ----- unfortunately took the idea of teaching the regiment a new mode of handling cartridges, in anticipation of the new kind coming out. Having his orderly at his bungalow, he showed him how he

wished the cartridge handled, and made him fire off there; and an order that day appeared in the regimental books for a parade of all the skirmishers of the regiment to take place next morning. The sword being the weapon of the cavalry, these skirmishers, 15 in each troop, are the only men in the corps who ever use fire-arms.

As we sat that evening after tea, the Havildar of my husband's troop on duty asked to see him, and, on being admitted, made a respectful request in the name of the troop that the skirmishers should be excused from the parade next morning, giving the reason that the name of the regiment would suffer in the eyes of other corps if they were to use cartridges during the present agitation on the subject. The men were quite aware that the cartridges now in our magazines are the same as what have been hitherto used, and they did not say they would not fire them. They only sued for delay, saying other regiments might fancy they had fired the new greased ones. The forced handling of which has been imagined to be a trick to make Christians of them. The Havildar who brought the message, old Herah Sing, is one of the mildest old Hindoos in the 3rd. My husband felt the importance of the position. Of course he spoke to the Havildar of the utter absurdity of the rumour to which the request referred; but giving it its due weight as a question of caste, he instantly wrote to Mr. -----, as Adjutant, adding his own earnest solicitation to that of his men that their wishes should be attended to, and expressing a fear that, if disregarded, the regiment might immediately be in a state of mutiny. Mr. ----- hurried with this note to the Colonel. Other officers had sent verbal reports of the matter, as connected with their troops, but Henry's note spoke plainest and most urgently. At first Colonel ----- seemed inclined to do as Henry urged, namely, put off the parade, but unluckily, Mr. ----- suggested that if he did so the men would say that he was afraid of them. And on this idea the Colonel resolved to let the order stand uncanceled. The Adjutant came galloping down to Henry to tell him the Colonel's resolve, but as they talked, the bearer ran in to announce that our cavalry lines were on fire. On looking out we saw it was so. A long line of flame was blazing a few hundred yards from our compound. Henry and Mr. ----- hurried into uniforms and drove off to the fire, saying little, and not knowing what to expect; and leaving me thinking, with thoughts of mutiny and the fear of possible harm to my husband. We soon saw from our verandah that the burning building was an empty hospital. On reaching it Henry found it ominously deserted. A fire under common circumstances collected a crowd, but it was evident that the men were keeping aloof from this wilfully-ignited pile, whereon they were proving their excitement and disaffection. Another fire simultaneously broke out in another part of the lines. It was the house of the Orderly, the hated favourite. Henry soon returned home, the fires being extinguished and the lines quiet.

Next morning at daybreak the skirmishers, according to order, appeared on parade-ground, the Rot Duffodars carrying the fated cartridges in bundles. Colonel ----- presented himself before the men, harangued them in bad Hindostanee, telling them he would report them and make them famous if they fired these cartridges, and that he would show them how to open them with their hands instead of biting them with their teeth; but the poor man's eloquence was lost on them. There was no confidence towards him in their hearts, and his words only mystified them. He bade the Havildar-Major take a cartridge and fire it. He obeyed. They were next offered to the Havildar-Naicks and troopers comprising the skirmishers, but eight-five of the ninety refused them. Among the five who ventured to take them was our old Havildar Herah Sing. Others among the men may have been inclined to take them, but feared deserting their party. Strange to say, two of Colonel -----'s pets were of those who refused. As nothing could be done with the men, Colonel ----- dismissed the parade, giving orders that the eighty-five who had disobeyed him should remain in the lines, but do no duty till further orders. Oh, that this crisis could have been averted !

Of course ordering the parade at all under the present excitement was a lamentable piece of indiscretion; but even when that had been done the colonel might have extricated himself without humiliation. Henry feels convinced that he could have got the men to fire, or the parade might have been turned into an explanation of the new cartridge, without any firing being proposed. Henry, as a troop Captain, had nothing to do beyond his own troop; but thither he rode at daybreak on that fatal morning, and remained for hours among his men, enjoining them to keep steady and withstand any impulse to join others in excitement; bidding them do nothing without consulting him, and assuring them that, though differing from them in faith, he was one of them, their friend and protector, as long as they were true to their duty; and the men felt that he spoke truth. They would have fired for him: they told him they would, though unwillingly.

Since that day there has been a lull in the regiment, but every heart full of expectation. The refusal of the men to obey their Colonel has been reported to the Commander-in-Chief, whose directions have not yet been received. General -----, commanding here, was extremely angry on learning the crisis which Colonel ----- had brought on, bitterly blaming his having ordered that parade. People seem to anticipate that the Commander-in-Chief will order the dismissal of the 85 skirmishers from the service; and I fear he knows not the circumstances, or how the blame rests with the -----'s indiscretion. We cannot deny that they disobeyed orders; but let the prejudices of their creed be considered, and the conditions on which they serve us (which are that their faith shall never be interfered with), and that the treatment they uniformly meet with leads them to expect attention to such an appeal as they had tendered. The men have a strong case in their defence if they be allowed to defend themselves. If they are to be dismissed without defence, there are whispers that the whole will mutiny, and be joined by the other native troops in the station. We are strongly garrisoned by European troops here, but what a horrible idea that they should be required to defend us: I am most thankful that my dear husband is looked on by the men as their friend. No one so well understands them as he - no one can so fluently and vigorously talk with them. I trust no injury may happen to any one. I trust no rash, angry hand may be lifted against poor Colonel -----; but I wish he could be removed to another regiment, where he could do less harm. There is a simple vote of no confidence here - a regimental cry for another leader.

The books announce a foot parade to-morrow morning, so probably the Commander-in-Chief's orders have arrived. You shall learn (D.V.) from me to-morrow.

May 3. -No reply yet from Headquarters. You will be happy to learn that we begin to be less apprehensive of any demonstration taking place in the regiment if the skirmishers should be dismissed. Other corps are in no apparent likelihood of joining them, for in other corps better discipline and greater confidence prevail. How lamentable that so much has occurred already - the name of a brave, steady, leading regiment suffering, and the loss to it of 85 well-conducted men, who might have been judiciously checked and set right.

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Mon. Nov. 2. 1857. The Rev. Mr. Jones and myself went into the church to experimentalise about the tablet on the south wall. We measured out a space four feet square, but finding that the lime-wash was a bad foundation for painting on, we rubbed it all off with a hard brush until we came to the plaster. I then laid on a coat of "Patent Knotting," as a priming. It looks like dissolved shell-lac, and smells like naphtha. The brushing covered both ourselves and the church with dust.

Tu. Nov. 3. 1857. Gave the tablet a coat of white paint.

Wed. Nov. 4. 1857. Mr. Jones went to London for a few days, taking his eldest daughter Marion with him - he for medical advice, and she to see a place she had never seen before.

Th. Nov. 5. 1857, Heard from London - Marion is enchanted. Gave the tablet a second coat of white. Dined with Sir Henry Dryden at Canons Ashby. Walked there. The roads very bad. As I was passing his church, I heard the organ. I had not walked twenty yards further, when the music ceased, and two people came out of the church with a lantern, for it was quite dark. Recognising one of the voices, I exclaimed -

“Hullo, Sir Henry, I think that was your voice !”

“Hullo isn’t that Peter ?” was the reply,

“Yes - Peter Hutchinson,”

“Come, Peter them, and we will show you the way !”

He had been showing a friend, a clergyman, the church. So we went to the house together, where (in the Library) I found another gentleman in black. Had a pleasant evening. During my absence the children had enjoyed their fireworks. I annex a quiz on the new Divorce Bill, which I bought the other day in the street.

Note: On the following page POH has annexed the song sheet he had purchased.

Sat. Nov. 7. Gave the tablet a third coat.

Mon. Nov. 9. Transferred the design to the tablet, by first rubbing the back of the former with black lead, fastening the design over the tablet, and tracing the whole over with a blunt point.

Tu. Nov. 10. Five hours at the tablet - part of the time painting the scarlet border, and part at the lettering of the inscriptions.

Wed. Nov. 11. This morning after breakfast, as I was turning over Col. Harding’s History of Tiverton by the fire, warming myself before going to my labour, Sir H. D. walked in bellowing out “Where’s the Governor ? Where’s the Missis ?” meaning Mr. and Mrs. Jones. I called him into the room; and as they were in another part of the premises, I asked him to go up to the church and see what I was about. After having surveyed the progress of the work, he left me to my labours.

Went up unto the tower among the bells to hear the clock strike twelve. Stood close to the bell, and worried the hammer by handling it whilst it was striking. When it had done its 12, I made it go on 3 more - much to the perplexity of the villagers..

Fr. Nov. 13. Finished the tablet in the church, completing the lettering in black, and the arabesque or border in red.

Sun. Nov. 15. Between church walked to Ashby and said good bye to Sir Henry Dryden - for now the tablet is done, I am anxious to get home.

Mon. Nov. 16. 1857. Left to-day. The Joneses and myself went to Banbury. Instead of going straight home, I went round by London, where I want to see two or three people. Took the rail at 2.30 P. M., and got to Euston Square by 6.

Tuesday Nov. 17. 1857. Executed two or three commissions. Went to Manchester Street - to Lincolns Inn Fields - to the Rectory at Rotherhithe to see the Blicks. &c. Rode to Hungerford Market in a bus; took a steamer down the river to the Tunnel pier, intending to cross the river by the Tunnel, but seeing a ferry boat, got in, and was rowed across for a penny. Saw the Blicks (Mrs. B. my cousin, Louisa Hutchinson) and then looked at the church. Saw Cousin Thomas Hutchinson's tombstone, some six or eight yards west of the tower, and copied the inscription. Looked at Prince Lee Boo's tomb; about 10 or 12 yards west-by-north of the tower - or rather the Wilson's tomb, in which they interred Prince Lee Boo. The inscription sets forth that Capt. Wilson was wrecked on the coast of Prince Lee Boo's Island - that is, the island where his father reigned; that the King was very kind to him and his crew; that when Prince Lee Boo subsequently died in England (of small pox in 1784) The Wilson's had him interred in their tomb. Amongst the graves I was shown a large tomb, where the death of a Mrs. Moore is recorded. It is on the south side of the church. The popular belief in the neighbourhood is, that this lady had a pig's face. Perhaps this belief arose out of the coat of arms, for her armorial bearing are, three pig's faces. Near it is another high tomb, where a Mr. Blake was buried. Mrs. Blake's ghost is reported to haunt the upper front rooms of the tall house immediately on the west of the Rectory.

Ferry'd back to the north side of the river. Walked from the Tunnel to the Bank, through Wapping, the Tower &c., &c. Took an omnibus, via the New Road to Euston Square; had tea; Collected my luggage, and drove in a cab to the Paddington Station. On leaving the cab in the dark, I forget my overcoat, (one which I bought in Paris) and did not immediately discover it. Communicated my loss to the authorities. Left London at 8.10 P. M. to travel all night, somewhat tired with the toils of two busy days already.

Wed. Nov. 18. Arrived at Exeter at half past three, wide awake all the way down, for I never sleep in a carriage. Had breakfast at the New London. Got in the Mail at 5 a.m. The day broke at Streetway Head, before reaching Ottery. Arrived at home by eight, and my housekeeper got me a second breakfast. Amused myself all day in unpacking and setting myself to rights - for I never can sleep in the day time, though I may have been up a night or so. Hoisted the flag - trimmed the elm tree - gathered my citrouilles in the garden. I begged the seeds of a woman in Paris in a greengrocer's shop, and raised them last spring. My largest is 58 inches round, or nearly two yards. Wrote several letters', and was not in bed till nearly eleven.

Th. Nov. 19. I slept nine hours (from 11 to 8) without once waking, or even moving. Indeed, I rarely wake in the night; but usually make but one sleep of it. I account it a bad night if I have woke once.

Paid several visits. Perry, the Bookseller, tells me he has sold 100 copies of my "New Guide to Sidmouth," published during my absence. This is better than I expected in the time.

Fri. Nov. 20. This evening I sat down and wrote a review of my own book for Woolmer's Exeter and Plymouth Gazette. Perry the publisher thought it was the best plan to adopt; and I thought he was right.

The £10 note here annexed my housekeeper picked up in the street the other day, highly delighted at her good fortune. .

Tu. Nov. 24. Now that Delhi has been taken, the accounts from India are more cheering, though much remains for us to do. With respect to the death of my Cousin Sir George Parker, at Cawnpore, at first it was thought that he was among those so brutally murdered and thrown down the well. The papers then said that he had been shot by his own policeman, he having been a magistrate there; but it is now said he died of sun-stroke. My other cousin our there, Captain Peter Robertson, got off to the hills with his wife, but his house was burnt, and everything was destroyed. The indignation raised in this country, and everywhere else, at the wanton insults and cruelly offered to the women and children by the Sepoys, cannot be told. In looking back at the History of India, it must be allowed that we have, in our government of it, been guilty of numerous acts of extortion, injustice, and tyranny. I do not know whether this can account for the sudden rising of the native population against our rule. If they had been content to have murdered our men as a punishment for any acts of operation, of which our officials may have been guilty in their administration, we could have understood it; but the atrocious deeds committed on the officers' wives, daughters, and other ladies, who have fallen into the hands of the natives, make us forget that we have ever been in the wrong, and we feel their crimes are now so great, that we shall be warranted and justified in pursuing them to the very utmost that the sword and rifle can compass. After all the white men had been killed in Delhi, the women were kept for a week for the commonest purposes by the chiefs; they were then stripped naked and forced to walk through the public streets; and after that were shot, or cut to pieces with sabres. Children's limbs were found scattered about; and shoes and socks, with the feet still inside them, cut off with swords, were picked up. The story of Miss Wheeler, and of the daughter's of Sir Henry Wheeler, who was killed defending Cawnpore, is one of the most affecting several different accounts have been in the papers, for it is difficult to get correct news, where the country is in a state of confusion. The ladies fell into the hands of the Sepoys under that wretch Nana Sahib, when Cawnpore was captured by them. At first it was said that she defended herself with a revolver; and killed five or six men before they overpowered her. Afterwards a more circumstantial account appeared; to the effect that she was taken by one of the Sepoys, who forced her to his bed; that in the night when he was asleep, she got up, and in a fit of mad desperation, ran him through with his own sword, then killed some of his relations, and clearing her way out of the house, threw herself into a well. Be the real truth what it may, her mutilated remains have been found now that Cawnpore is again in our hands. The soldiers who found her, are reported to have collected what they could of the hair of her head; to have sent some of it home to her relations in England; and to have divided the rest between them, taking solemn oaths to avenge her death, and not to rest until each one had slaughtered as many of the enemy, as he had hairs of her head to his share. Can we wonder at their thirst for retribution? If the men of our government in India have governed ill, and merit punishment, what have the unoffending women and children done? We may well feel indignation at the insults and the barbarous acts committed on them, who have done no wrong. I hope those wretches will meet with their deserts.

Accounts have just come that Captain Hodson, (son of the Archdeacon, whose new tomb in Lichfield Cathedral I was admiring the other day, and whose sister I got acquainted with at John's house in Lichfield) has taken and shot two sons and a grandson of the King of Delhi.

December 1857.

Th. Dec. 3. The Queen opens parliament to-day - at this most unusual period of the year - for the accustomed time is the 3rd. or 4th. of February. But the mounting crisis in the commercial world, and the mutiny in India, are two sudden and unexpected events, so momentous in their nature, that it was found necessary to call the states of the realm together at once.

Fr. Dec. 4. Beautiful day! Clear sky - mild air - and not a breath of wind. Walked, via Bickwell, to the Cain on Bulverton Hill. It does not seem to have been disturbed since I was last there, though a great quantity of the flints have from time to time been taken away to mend the roads with. There are 8 or 10 masses of stone lying about, which are apparently parts of a Kist-vaen or some other works. I am however, inclined to think, that the Kist-vaen itself, has not yet been disturbed.

Su. Dec. 6. At the new Church in the morning (stayed to the Sacrament) and at the old church in the afternoon.

Thursd. Dec. 10 Fine dry day. The weather is wonderfully fine for the time of the year just now. In Woolmer's Exeter Gazette this week, there are some remarks of mine, mentioning I had seen two swallows skimming about over the river on the 2nd. I hear now, that one was seen there only last Wednesday being yesterday the 9th. of December.

Fri. Dec. 11. After breakfast walked over Salcombe Hill to Dunscombe, to see the place where a skeleton was found, about six years ago, some of the bones of which I have. Turned in at Dunscombe House, some of the ruins of which remain. Went through the farm yard, and down the road a hundred or 200 yards to the kiln. Poked about the quarry and returned. The men who found the bones were called Gosling and Bond. I found Gosling in Salcombe. He told me that they were digging out the place for making the kiln when they came upon the bones. They were close up against a sort of cliff, and covered over with earth and stones. The body was not lying flat, but rather in an inclined position. Whether the person had really been buried there, or whether a quantity of undermined cliff may have fallen down and buried a man who may have been working there, it is impossible to say. The latter supposition is within reason, as the hills here, seem to have been quarried for stone at some remote period. Gosling further said that no traces of clothing or ornaments were found; indeed, many of the bones were so decayed as to fall to pieces.

I then asked him whether they ever turned up very old coins about that neighbourhood, or querns, or other relics of antiquity ? But he said that if he ever did, or if he ever heard of such things coming to light to be sure to secure them for me.

Mon. Dec. 21. Superintended some of the arrangements for having my recent tour in Lincolnshire printed by Harvey the Bookseller here. For some little time I have been busy writing out the narrative from my Diary (with some alterations and engraving the little illustrations and facsimiles of names on wood. If I have 25 copies printed, for private distribution among the name of Hutchinson, that will be enough. I believe I must also undertake to furnish a tabular Pedigree for it, though that will involve some trouble.

Tues. Dec. 22. There has been a Frenchman in Sidmouth breaking stones with his fist, just as I saw done in Paris Dec. 6. 1855. It was not the same man.

Th. Dec. 24. Spent Christmas Eve at Lime Park.

Fri. Dec. 25. Christmas Day. Mild for the time of year.

Mon. Dec. 28. Began to draw the Hutchinson Pedigree on transfer paper, to be laid down on the lithographic stone for printing from. It is rather tedious and careful work, on account of the number of dates - and it is so easily to make a mistake in figures, without much care.

Tu. Dec. 29. Heard a very good Lecture on "Egypt" from Mr. Cave - son of the Lord of the Manor of Sidbury. I am afraid I am in for a lecture this winter myself.

Th. Dec. 31. 1857. Last day of the year. Mild, beautiful day, Spent the evening at Lime Park. Saw the new year in, of course. The bells were ringing. The custom is, to ring occasional peals during the latter part of the day, up to midnight, and again, beginning early in the morning of the new year's day, and through the great part of the day, This is "ringing the old year out and the new year in."

POH Transcripts - 1858

January 1858.

Fr. Jan. 1. 1858. Was awake by the church bells at some unknown hour this morning, but fell asleep again. To-day I hoisted the large flag; but there was not a breath of wind to display it. This evening our old Christmas friends the Mummers came round. Also last night.

Wed. Jan. 6. Spent the evening with the Leys at Powys. Mr. Ley was at school in Exeter with my cousin Frederick Hutchinson, now at the Cape of Good Hope.

Th. Jan. 7. To-day my attention was attracted by some fishermen in the town Carrying in baskets some lumps of stuff that looked like yellow clay. I stopped one of them and asked him what he had got. He said that the south wind was blowing and the heavy sea, had washed some cans on shore, of which they had found fragments; that they had been lost overboard, or some vessel had been wrecked; and that many people had been picking up these lumps of stuff on the beach. One sailor said it was sperm oil in a frozen or thickened state, the weather having been somewhat Cold lately; another said it was palm oil. Some lumps were yellow, like yellow clay; others were whitish, like soap or fat. They said they could sell it for two pence a pound. As I am known to be a collector of Curiosities and all sorts of odds and ends in Sidmouth, they offered me some; but as I had just left home to pay some visits, and had on kid gloves, I could not take the gift.

Mon. Jan. 11. This evening at 8 o'clock there was a meeting of the Musical Committee of the Choral Society at my house, to see what could be done to go on. There are two or three rebellious and mischievous members, who have long given a great deal of trouble, and have much discord where (among musical people) everything ought to be harmony. It is a curious thing, that most musical societies are troubled in the same way. There is a stock of music in hand, and £11.0.0 in money. The opposition want to divide and scramble for all this. That wont do.

Tues. Jan. 12. Received the twenty five copies of my Tour in Lincolnshire, from John Harvey the printer, with the Pedigree at the end, which I have received from Featherstones the Lithographic printer in Exeter. [See Dec. 21. 1857; and Dec. 28.] Sent off four copies by post:- to Rev. Canon Hutchinson, Blurton; Rev. William Hutchinson, Hanford; Rachel, daughter of T. Hutchinson, of Heavtree, and married to the Rev. William Oliver; and to Sarah Hutchinson. As soon as the opportunity occurs, I mean to send one to each of the following:- To my brother G. B. H, Beaudesert, Flindmark Valley, Port Elliot, South Australia; to my sister Frances Harriet, wife of Mr. Robertson, Strowan Grove, near Salisbury, Adelaide Co. South Australia; to my cousin Frederick Hutchinson, Cape of Good Hope, whose exact address I do not know; and to Henry Hutchinson, in Van Dieman's Land. And when I can find out what and where the remnants of the Foster Hutchinson's are, who went to Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia, I will send to them.

Next Monday week the Princess Royal is to be married in London to the Prince of Prussia. A committee has been formed in Sidmouth for the purpose of celebrating the event. The children of the various schools, amounting to 600 or more, are to have tea and cake at the Town Hall. Attended the first Committee Meeting: and was elected Chairman. After arranging preliminaries, a Sub-Committee was formed, which should act as a Working Committee.

Sat. Jan. 16. Attended a meeting of the Sub-Committee.

Sat. Jan. 23. All the week has been taken up in making arrangements for Monday. It has given all the members of the Committee a great deal of trouble.

Sun. Jan. 24. At all Saints in the morning, and St. Giles's in the afternoon.

Monday, Jan. 25. 1858. Sidmouth is all alive for their amusements to-day, and resolved to celebrate the Princess's marriage with good will. The wind blew hard from a point a little to the east of south, and on trying to hoist my large flag (the size of a drawing room carpet) I found it was in danger of reaching one of the Lombardy poplar trees; so I had a few of the south-east branches taken off, and then it flew clear. Having seen all the arrangements completed at the Town Hall, I returned home soon after four when the church bells chimed as a signal for all the schools to leave their schoolrooms and converge towards Coburg Terrace, as a general place of meeting. This was very well carried out, and the sight was a very pretty one, as the children carried plenty of banners. Having assembled front of my house, and all over the Terrace, they proceeded through my field to the top of the town at Mill Cross. They then marched down the town, headed by a band of music, to the beach; hence westward along the beach; hence inland round Denby place to the Old Church; and hence down Church Street to the Town Hall. It was a lovely sight, and all eyes were upon us. The room was cram-full, The dimensions are 66 feet long by 26 feet wide. At each end portions were divided off - one for tables for tea and cake, and the other for the admission of visitors, where there were two fir trees suspended all over oranges. I annex a printed Programme of the proceedings. So fearful was I last week of the difficulty and ever danger of putting so many persons into the room, that I tried to dissuade the Committee from it, but allow the children to have their feast in their own separate school rooms (to which the heads of the schools had agreed) we sending them their quantum of tea and cake. I was very much afraid, in the crowding, lest any of the children should slip and fall on the steps, which are very steep and bad, (and two grown people have broken their bones on them); and I was somewhat apprehensive of the safety of the floor. However, I have not heard of any accident. A Magic Lantern, and the band of music, kept the children occupied. There was no room for romping games; it was no easy matter to find elbow room to have tea. I here could be no tables. The children sat on the benches; had mugs given to them: and we all helped to give them cake & tea. They were all bribed to go with an orange each. After they had left the Committee and teachers, numbering 60 or 70 or more, sat down to a quiet tea, This was the best part of the evening. We had songs of various sorts, and Ended by "God save the Queen." I found that whenever there was anything disagreeable to say, the Chairman was requested to say it. Thus when people did not behave well, I was requested to admonish them: when any of the visitors intruded upon the children, I was made to direct them to go behind the barrier; and when we were going to sit down to our tea, I had to turn out a number of people who had come in from curiosity. If there was a compliment in being made Chairman, there were several disagreeables tacked on to it. I may as well make a memorandum of the quantity of articles used, the number of people being at least 700. There were 6lbs of tea, made into about 750 pints; but there were several gallons too much. The tea was made in a furnace at the Anchor Inn, holding about a hogshead and a half, and all heated at once. The tea itself was served up in six or eight large bags of muslin. When hot, 28lbs of brown sugar was put in, and about 10 gallons of milk. It was drawn out in large milk cans, and six messengers, specially appointed, ran with it to the town Hall. There were 100 quartern currant cakes, in all weighing 404lbs., at 6 the lb. and costing £10..2..0. The cutting up of all this during the morning, was a serious affair. There were about 780 oranges, which we got for £1..2..6. There were 2 ½ gallons of milk for the teacher's tea, making in all 12 ½ used; and 4lbs. of lump sugar. Neither all the cake or all the tea was used. The whole expenses of Cake, tea, sugar, milk, messengers,

carpenter, crockery (hire of) attendants, and Band of Music, amounted to nearly £24; and this was subscribed for in the place.

At a party at Dr. Miller's, High Street. Some agreeable music, and some agreeable ladies

Note; At this point in the Diary POH has attached the following program:-

PROGRAMME.

1. The children to assemble at their own Schoolrooms at 4 o'clock on Monday.

2. The church bells to chime at a quarter past 4 as a signal, when all will start for Coburg Terrace, as a rendezvous.

3. Procession will form two and two in this order - St. Giles', All Saints', Independents, Wesleyans; and walk in the following route - Coburg Terrace, through the fields to Mill Cross; thence down the town to the beach by the York Hotel: thence along the Promenade to Bedford Hotel: up by Denby Place: the Old Church: and down Church Street to the Town Hall.

4. Any flags the children may carry will be given up at the bottom of the stairs.

5. Children must take care of their own caps and hats.

6. Children will ascend the stairs and seat themselves without confusion, under direction of teachers.

7. The first and last verses of the Old Hundredth to be sung as Grace.

8. Cups will be supplied by the Committee.

9. Jugs of tea, and plates of cake, cut up, will be brought to the teachers, who will feed their own classes only.

10. Children's tea over, the Doxology - "Praise God" &c., will be sung.

11. Magic Lantern, if possible; during which, tea at table for the Teachers.
12. If any of the younger children wish to leave after the teachers' tea, they can, and an Orange will be given to each at the bottom of the stairs.
13. After Magic Lantern, remove seats
14. Songs and Music to amuse them.
15. Parents may fetch their children about half-past eight.
16. National Anthem.
17. An Orange will be given to each child when it goes away.

February 1858.

Mon. Feb.1. 1858. At a party at the Vicarage. Present - the Vicar, the Rev. H. F. Hamilton, his Mother, two sisters, his brother, Col. H. and wife, his cousin Capt. H., and some 20 or 30 visitors. Music and supper, Two of the Ladies Hobart, daughters of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, played a duet. I did nothing, for it was my first party there.

Tu. Feb.2. At a party at the Lousada's at Peak House. Music, dancing, and supper. Two of the Earl's daughters were there. I played a flute solo ("Home, sweet Home, " varied) without other instrument. It is a nice large room to play in. Had a pleasant evening.

At the Vicarage again. A pleasant evening, very like the last part I was at there. Played a flute and piano duet, with Mrs Jenkins of Lime Park

Fri. Feb.12. The news from India are more cheering. Our arms are steadily prevailing. The death of Sir. Henry Havelock is a great loss, and regretted by the whole civilised world. The Directors of the East India Company are shaking in their shoes. There is a proposition to dissolve the Company, and bring the management of India under her Majesty's government.

The Indian Mutiny has kept our Chinese war in abeyance; but now we are again beginning to move ahead. The English and French forces combined have bombarded and assaulted Canton.

Orsini's attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon is engaging much attention. Young Tom Hodge, whom I remember in petticoats here in Sidmouth, has got into a hobble. He is the son of the late Tom Hodge a surgeon here, and nephew to Ben, the surgeon now here, and his mother a Miss Blake - who came of a precious rattling family, where I have had many a riotous evening. He inherited some money from his mother's side, and Count Orsini got hold of him; and he, like a young fool, appears to have been flattered by the Count's intimacy. He seems to have been in France with the Count, but on the day of the attempted assassination (Jan. 14.) we hear he was in Genoa. He was

doubtless ignorant of Orsini's plots; but if any of his letters have been found among Orsini's papers or if any of Orsini's letters should be among his, or if Orsini has borrowed any money of him (not unlikely) and it should appear that Hodge's money should be used for Infernal machines, it may put the inexperienced young fellow in a awkward predicament. If he gets out of this scrape it will be a lesson to him not to take up with people of whom he knows nothing. We are rather curious in Sidmouth to see how he will get through it, especially as the papers say, that the French police are searching for a person of his name.

Tuesday. Feb.16. Gave my Lecture on "The Antiquities of Sidmouth and the Neighbourhood," in the Ball room of the London Inn. The room was well filled. I had four illustrations - The "Two Women grinding at the Mill;" a large drawing of the Roman brooch found in the stone Coffin; The Roman Standards; and the Skeleton found at Dunscombe. The coins and different antiques I produced were all found at Sidmouth or in the Neighbourhood. The time occupied in delivering it was an hour and a half.

Feb. 18. Witnessed the signatures of the Rev. H. Gibbes, M.D. and Mrs. Gibbes, in my drawing room, to a parchment deed, concerning (as they told me) some property devolved on Mrs. Gibbes from her late mother.

This evening was at Mr. Heineken's for an hour: then at Mrs J. Jenkins's for two hours, where I met Miss Alice Miller and her sister Mrs. H. Jenkins, &c.; and after that went to Lime Park for two hours.

The town was in an uproar this evening as a report was about that a warrant was out from the French government, for the apprehension of John Hodge. I was told at Mrs James Jenkins's that he had been taken in Glasgow.

Mon. feb.22. Taken at Glasgow! How wide of the mark are reports, to be sure. The London papers now say he has been taken in a hotel at Genoa.

The country is electrified to hear that Lord Palmerston, the Premier, and his Ministry have gone out. They have been defected on the reading of the "Conspiracy to Murder" Bill. This Bill originated out of the recent attempt on the life of the Emperor, was introduced to put greater restraint on refugees in England, and to present their abusing the hospitality of England: but as it was supposed to be introduced, partly at the instigation of the French, and to please that Nation, British jealousy took fire, in spite of the alliance, and the opposition have thrown it out by a majority of 19; The numbers being against . The Earl of Derby, The Opposition leader, has formed a new ministry.

I have recently made a new acquaintance in a curious way, and called on her to-day. Three or four years ago, a Mrs. Lonsdale, an elderly person, Came to Sidmouth with two daughters. She subsequently lost one, who was interned in the Burying Ground. One day, after her daughter had been some time buried she was walking in the Grounds, when her attention was attracted to my mothers tombstone, by the name of Anne, a daughter of Vice Admiral Sir William Parker. From Miss Pudsey Dawson of Audly, she made enquiry, and was told that a son of the said Anne, (who had Married Dr. Hutchinson,) was living at 4 Coburg Terrace. Miss Dawson sent her footman to me to inform me of this, with a request that I would make myself known to Mrs. Lonsdale. This I at once did. Mrs. Lonsdale was a Miss Walter, whose uncle, 55 years ago or more, was a proprietor of the Times paper. My grandfather Parker then lived at Ham, near Richmond in Surrey, and Mr.

Walter's house was across the river. The Parkers, as I have heard my mother say, could see the candles carried into Mr. Walker's drawing room of an evening, though it was some three or four miles to go round by the bridge. Mr. Walter was very Corpulent - so much so, that he could not conveniently approach the dinner table for his "Corporation." One day when he was dining at the Parker's, he placed his plate of soup on his stomach, according to custom, because it was too far off on the table, and the footman drew a napkin under his chin; but just as he was conveying a spoonful of soup to his mouth, the dog "Whim," Came & gave his elbow a sudden jerk, because he wanted some dinner, and thereby threw Mr. Walter's spoonful of soap all over the room, - much to the amusement of the younger members of the family, of whom my mother was one. Mrs. Lonsdale, a niece of this fat man, was a few years younger than my mother, but remembers her well, and also most of the members of the Parker family. I had a long chat to-day with her, and Miss. Lonsdale.

On the 5th. Of January, six days after the assault on Canton, Commissioner Yeh (the author of all our trouble in China) was taken disguised as a Coolie, and sent on board a man-of-war; also the Tartar General and.

Sat. Feb.27. The Manorial to Prince Albert, which I drew up some weeks ago, has got into the Western Times, an Exeter Paper. Dr. Croker, of Bovey Tracy, to whom I sent it for signature in his neighbourhood, informs me that he made several copies and sent them round Dartmoor, to collect signatures elsewhere. One copy was sent to Exeter; and I suppose Latimer, the Editor got hold of it. I cut the annexed out of his paper.

Note:- The following is the annexed article.

DARTMOOR RELICS.

A memorial is now traversing Devon and Cornwall, addressed to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and signed by the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood of Dartmoor, calling his Highness' attention to the destruction to which the Relics of Dartmoor are exposed. The state of those relics had been made the subject of an independent investigation by an engineer of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and the destruction has been observed with regret. The coincidence of the Engineer's visit with the preparation of the memorial which we subjoin, shows the interest which is happily taken in this matter so important in an antiquarian sense. The memorial lies for signature at the Institution in this city, at Torquay, Plymouth, and other places:-

To His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.

We the undersigned, dwelling within the Forest of Dartmoor, or living in its neighbourhood, beg to approach your Royal Highness with every sentiment of respect. Our love for antiquarian studies in general, and more particularly the interest we feel in the preservation of all objects of antiquity in our neighbourhood, urge us to make this appeal. We have viewed with concern, or heard with regret of the many acts of destruction that have from time to time taken place among the relics of a bygone age on Dartmoor. Rock idols, cairns, ancient British dwellings, Druidic circles, and other remains, mostly formed of granite, have been broken up, or are being occasionally broken up, either for making fences, or for mending the roads. To corroborate these remarks, allusion need only be made

to the mutilation of the Old Stannary Court at Crockern Tor - the removal of Druidic circles at Manaton, Bottor, and other places - the destruction of the Sacred Avenue on Shuffle Down, &c. The tenants of the Duchy are probably not fully conscious of the amount of injury they are doing, nor do they remember in what estimation these relics are held by cultivated minds. We venture to mention the circumstance to your Royal Highness, leaving it in your Royal Highness's hands to adopt such measures as shall check the continuance of the evil, and secure the preservation of these monuments of past to future ages. And we have the honour to remain, &c.

March 1858.

Th. Mar. 4. Winter has come in earnest. For the last few days it has been blowing hard from the north-east; the wind, sometimes in violent gusts, and accompanied by snow storms. Many people have remarked, and it is also within my memory, how much the seasons have changed of late years. They have advanced by several months. Formerly our winter was over by the middle of February; but latterly it has commonly lasted till May.

Wed. Mar. 10. Despite the severe weather and the occasional snow storms, I have lately had a good deal of work in the garden and the field; and now-and-then found it pleasant enough. Several of us in Sidmouth however, are now very busy making preparations for the Eclipse of the Sun, to come off next Monday the 15th. We hope to observe it with some care.

Fri. Mar. 12. Called at the Vicarage. Gave the Vicar, the Rev. H. F. Hamilton, £11..0..0, being the money in hand, belonging to the late Sidmouth Choral Society, to be placed in the Exeter Savings Bank, (for the use of some future Choral Society) in the names of three trustees i.e. Rev. N.S. Heineken, P.O. Hutchinson, and Thomas Perry. *Note added in later.* "Finally given up to the new Choral Society."

Sat. Mar. 13. This may be the first spring day. The wind has suddenly changed to the mild south-west with rain and the severe frost all gone. There is a peculiar feeling in walking across the paved yard, which I have before experienced at a sudden thaw, and which I felt this morning - the stones give way under one's feet. The frost by expanding had lifted them up, so that, on a thaw, they sink a little at every step one takes.

Sun. Mar. 14. Boisterous weather. Went to church in the rain. Fine afternoon. Hope it will be clear for the Eclipse tomorrow.

Mon. Mar. 15. I was restless last night, and had a Confused dream of the Eclipse, - and I dreamt exactly what came to pass, despite the common notion, that dreams go by contraries. But the morning was beautiful; and about nine I got an observation of the Sun, and took down the large group of spots (as I have done for several days of late) and which are passing rapidly across the disc. At 10 I took my glass, diagrams, memorandums, colour box and water, &c, &c, and started. Called on Mr. Heineken, and found him making his preparations. Left for Salcombe Mount, a more elevated locality, where half a dozen of us had appointed to meet. We mustered several good glasses, thermometers, sympiesometer, Quadrant, and other appliances. After that, we wanted nothing but a clear sky; but as the heavenly bodies neared each other, the vapours collected. It was a miserable affair. In fact my dream came quite true. A leaden sky obscured everything. At one period it drizzled hard. The only thing I did was, to register the thermometer every 10 minutes, from 11.24 AM. About which the Eclipse began (Sidmouth, mean time) to 2..1 P.M., when it ended. I have stitched my diagrams and memorandums together in a brown paper cover, and they can be referred to. About

12.44, when it was at its middle, the obscurity was considerable for some minutes; but a newspaper could be read without difficulty. It had a marked effect on the birds. Some fowls went in as if to roost, and some rooks flew to their rookery, also apparently for the same purpose. The increase of light, which was at first wonderfully sudden, and then slower, was like the grey early morning. The disappointment felt by all of us was very great; for such an eclipse as this will not occur again during the life time of any of us. We, however, bore it very philosophically; and many were the jokes about nightcaps, and crying out for candles, which were bandied from one to the other. Hudibras says the moon is made of green cheese. Some asked his neighbour if he had remembered to bring a cheese scoop, in order to have a taste, and test the truth of the assertion. So much for the Eclipse.

Th. Mar. 18. A vestry meeting was held on the subject of the piece of ground between the two burying grounds. It was decided it must be had for burying in. £200 are wanted to cover all expenses. A sixpenny rate was carried; and that will produce nearly the sum.

Sat. Mar. 20. Beautiful weather at last. Superintended the planting of six spruce firs 6 or 8 feet high, outside the north wall of the garden. They are large for transplanting, but spruce will sometimes stand it.

Mon. Mar. 22. Had a fire in the field, and burnt up a quantity of rubbish. Drew out the gun, and fired several shots. Have the masons and the painters here, who are putting the whole of the exterior of the house and premises in neat order.

Wed. Mar. 24. Painted the mushroom seats under the elm tree in front of the house.

Th. Mar. 25. Went from Sidmouth to Dawlish, on a visit to my Cousin Mary Roberton. Had several hours in Exeter. Went and examined two Russian guns on Northernhay. They are placed behind the Courts of Law. They are of iron - nine feet long - bore about 6 or 7 inches - and mounted on wrought iron English Carriages. They are like those I saw last autumn at Boston and Newark. One has a piece near the muzzle knocked out by a shot - an English shot I presume.

Sun. Mar. 28. Went to the parish church. From the distance that the church stands from the sea, one might infer that the old town of Dawlish once stood higher up the valley than now; and that "The Lawn" and course of the river were formerly occupied by a swamp or arm of the sea. In the churchyard I observed a tombstone, erected since I was here last, referring to a Mather Byles. I wonder if he was any relation to the Miss Byles whom I saw in Boston, in America, in 1836, or to the Mather who Married Governor Hutchinson's sister? *Note added latter.* stone since removed

Tu. Mar. 30. Walked at low water (spring tide yesterday) to the "Parson and Clerk." In the cliff here, these are large hollow nodules filled with star. Procured one, and carried it back. Being a rough walk, over gravel and rocks, and being pressed by the rising tide, the mass of stone made my arms and legs ache Considerable. I thought it was heavy, and guessed it might weigh about ten pounds. The servants weighed it; and to my surprise it amounted to nineteen.

Wed. Mar. 31. A thoroughly wet day. We must not complain of wet. The last twelve months have been drier than any twelve months within the memory of man. I am told that in Dawlish, as I was told in Sidmouth, the inhabitants have been complaining all through the winter, of want of water in their wells; - a circumstance never known before.

Finished reading Smiles' Life of George Stephenson the Engineer. Stephenson was truly a wonderful man. The difficulties in overcoming prejudice and hostile feeling, against which he had to contend, in constructing the Liverpool and Manchester rail were enormous. It should seem that he somewhat preceded Sir Humphrey Davy in the invention of the safety Lamp for mines, although the fact is scarcely known. The railway statistics at the end are striking. By the end of 1854 £286.000.000 had been raised for making and maintaining railways. 80.000.000 miles are annually travelled on our railways. In 1854, 111.206.000 passengers were conveyed by rail. The receipts from railways were -

In 1845. . . . £ 6.209.000.

1850. . . . 13.204.000.

1854. . . . 20.215.000.

There are 3.000.000 tons of iron used in the railways of the United Kingdom. There was only 1 person in 7.195.343 killed on railways during the first half of 1854. The original or Narrow Gauge is 4 feet 8 ½ ; the Broad 7 feet; and the gauge in Ireland 5 feet 3.

April 1858.

Tu. Ap. 6. Spent the evening next door at Mr. and Mrs. Ermen's. (Aside, and don't tell any body.) Miss Matilda and Miss Emma Ermen, two nice girls.

Fri. Ap. 9. Walked to the hill over the Parson and Clerk, and looked at the new villas being built there in the fields. Two are nearly finished. On the top of the cliff a little on the Teignmouth side of the Parson and Clerk, they have erected a stage and windless; and they are quarrying stone on a shelf half way down the face of the cliff over the sea, and are hauling it up to build the new houses with. I walked back to Belmont Villa in the rain.

Sat. ap. 10. Went into Mr. Ermen's to see his engravings. In the afternoon went to the churchyard and copied a tombstone to a Mather Byles and his wife. Curious enough, she died April 19, 1851, and he, April 20. 1851. The name on this stone attracted me, as the Hutchinson's in America intermarried with Mather, or *Nather*, *This stone has been removed. It was near the South Lodge.*

Su. Ap.11. At Dawlish Parish Church.

Note:- After this entry there is written. Oliver married Byles.

Mon. Ap. 12. Wombwell's Wild beast show arrived. Went at feeding time with Elizabeth Hands. I was surprised at the small quantity of animal food they gave the beasts, and was told they only fed them once in twenty four hours. The performance of one of the elephants was the most striking part of the exhibition; that of standing upon half a tub, with all the four feet together; then stretching out two feet, and standing on only two: and lastly, standing upon its head on the ground. These animals are not only sagacious, but they are tractable.

Tu. Ap. 13. Walked along the beach towards the Parson and Clerk, and with a hammer and chisel dug out a large hollow nodule filled with spar. As the tide was rising, I was obliged to leave it till tomorrow.

Wed. Ap. 14. Took over Elizabeth Hands, and we brought back the nodule, slung in the middle of a stick.

Th. Ap. 15. Made a coloured sketch of part of the cliff (a fault) near the Preventive House.

Took a walk up nearly to Dawlish Water. Called on Miss Tucker, who lives at the top of the town, who know papa and mamma, here at Dawlish, about 1816 and 1817. She had heard their son was here, and wished to see me.

Finished reading Lord St. Leonard's "Handy. Book of Property Law." It will not make me a lawyer; nevertheless, it contains many valuable points of information, worthy of being kept in remembrance.

Sat. Ap.17. Went next door to Mr, Ermen's to see remainder of his engravings. He has a large and beautiful collection. He has also a house full of good paintings, some of them valuable ones collected on the Continent.

At two o'clock took the rail and went to Teignmouth. Called and saw Miss Cousins, who was our landlady in 1818. Took a turn round the Den, and then to the Harbour, as I always do when I come here to see what is going on in the docklands among the shipping. Then went to see the Cresswells, Sidmouth friends, and Mary Roberton's tenants, had an early tea with them, and returned to Dawlish.

Tu. Ap. 20. Had luncheon, by invitation with Miss. Tucker. Met another lady there, and we had a pleasant chat; she telling me that had become of all the different people I can remember when I was a child; and I asking her all the news I could remember of persons and things.

Wed. Ap. 21. Left Dawlish for home. Was in Exeter several hours en route. Got to Sidmouth before 7 P.M. The weather fine and warm.

Th. Ap. 22. Unpacked my heavy hollow nodule. See Ap. 14. Bother ! I have forgotten my Sketchbook and left it at Dawlish. Went to the Photographic Exhibition.

Fr. Ap 23. Spent the evening at Lime Park; after having again been some time at the Photographic Exhibition at the Town Hall. It closes to-day. There are 500 specimens here, some are of great beauty. Dr. Radford, (whose father was one of my god-father's) has taken a great deal of pains to cater so much for the Sidmouth public. They have not however, patronised it so much as they ought.

Tu. Ap. 27. Assisted at Mr. Heineken's Lecture on "Electricity." Worked the machine for him. The experiments succeeded pretty well, and the room was well filled.

Wed. Ap. 29. Wrote a short article for Perry's Journal, on the Photographic Exhibition.

May 1858.

Sat. May. 1. and a Royal birthday, so I put up the Large flag. The weather is fine, but with a Cold northeaster. Fine weather, in fact for March.

Fr. May. 7. Mr. Heineken and myself made an expedition to examine Bury Camp. On the maps the word Bury is usually spelt Berry; but according to analogy, Bury ought to be Night. Bury Farm stands at the western end of Branscombe. We mounted Salcombe Hill - passed through the village of Salcombe - by old Dunscombe House - Slade - Weston - the field where we examined the stone Coffin (July 27. 1857) - and stopped at Bury Farm. Here we turned off along a lane towards the cliff.

The above is a rough plan; but there is a more correct one in the private quarto copy of my Sidmouth Guide. There is no known name to this Camp; but it was anciently, and par excellence called Byrig, Burgh, or Bury, in all probability; and the farm which is close to it, called Bury Farm after it. The side along the edge of the cliff measures 952 feet; and the width in the middle 350 feet. It has a vallum inside the ditch (19 feet high at the north end, from the bottom of the ditch) and a small vallum outside, the ground is level all round. Whether any of it is lost by the falling away of the cliff, it is impossible to say: and therefore it is impossible to say whether there was ever an outer vallum or hedge on the side of the cliff. At the present there is none. There are traces of a hedge near the opposite or inland side. We are told a man had a garden there some years ago. From this camp are visible High Peak Hill, the town of Sidmouth, Blackbury Castle, and apparently Musbury and Musbury Castles, beyond the Axe. The camp is a sort of irregular parallelogram; but not sufficiently regular to warrant its being considered Roman. It is sufficiently rude to make us assign it to the Britons. We had never heard of its existence until recently. Walking out at the end in the Sidmouth direction came to three large masses of stone almost buried in the grass; the first is of sandstone (of the greensand formation) and then two others of chert. Tradition (as usual) declares that there is treasure buried under them. Pursuing our route for nearly half a mile (measuring with the Pedometer) we examined and took down a number of barrows or tumuli. I believe they have never been opened; but Mr. Ford of Branscombe, has given leave. Some of these do not bear the semblance of genuine barrows, but only heaps of dry flints thrown up after clearing the land for cultivation. All along here there is a beautiful under cliff - a sort of stage or platform half way down to the sea, - well cultivated with corn, potatoes, &c. The mule that drew us, we turned adrift in the camp for several hours to graze; and the lad who drove us, whom we have reared up in these sort of expeditions during the last ten years, who bears the immortal name of Smith, lay down and went to sleep, after half emptying a quart bottle of beer which we gave him. We lunched on the hill, and returned home somewhat tired after so much measuring and walking about.

Tu. May 10. This day last year the Indian Mutiny broke out at Merrut. See back, Oct. 27, last year.

After breakfast went up Salcombe Hill with a hoe to grub about where an apparent barrow had been recently levelled. The spot is on the crown of the hill, 25 yards in the field, on the right, or south side, going to Salcombe. We walked up the hill last Friday with Mr. Charles Cornish, of Salcombe House, (whose land it is), and he said that a good many stones, large and small, had been removed, but no antiquities were found. I scraped about for an hour on the spot, and then went to another place, some 100 yards south-west in the same field, where a similar apparent tumulus had been - but all my hoeing was in vain.

Packed up and sent off a box for Bingham.

Wed. May 11. When I came back from Dawlish, I discovered a hedge-sparrowi nest in the ivy of the wall close to the flagstaff, for I inadvertently frightened out the hen bird as I was hoisting the flag. I

put my hand in and found four eggs. The bird however, returned. Since then I have hoisted it carefully; and she sits looking at me when I hoist it every morning, and take it down every evening. The young birds are now hatched; and if I touch the nest, or only even the ivy, they all lift up there heads, with their mouths wide open, fancying the old bird has returned with food.

Fri. May 21. Went with Mr. Heineken to Budleigh Salterton. He went down to see after his houses. We completed our measurements and took the angles of the premises, in order that I might make a more complete plan than the last. Mr. Wesley has not yet come to any understanding with Mr. Heineken about the encroachment he has made by cutting away into Mr. Heineken's hedge, and building a pebble stone wall against it; so Mr. Heineken had some more of it knocked down. I endeavoured to intercede as a peacemaker, and draw Mr. Wesley over; but he would not consent to Mr. Heineken's terms, and save the wall.

Took a walk half a mile eastward to the mouth of the river. There was a small cutter yacht and some boats lying in smooth water inside. The inhabitants of Budleigh Salterton have recently been loudly complaining of the injury done to the harbour by the Rolle family for 20 or 30 years past, by enclosing some of the flats, and there by curtailing the size of the basin. A public meeting was held a week or two ago about it. I was told that about 30 acres of land had been enclosed. Before this large shallow basin was thus curtailed, the inhabitants assert that the rising tide powered in so large a body of water, as effectually to keep the mouth well open, and secure a deep channel, when it rushed out on the falling of the tide; but that since these encroachments have been made the channel and the mouth have been filling up. When the tide was only two hours up, from low water, boats, I was told could enter; whereas now, they can only enter when the water is nearly high. It was decided at the meeting to memorialise the government, with a view to having the embankments thrown down; but an amendment was subsequently adopted, by which it was decided first to make an amicable application to the Rolle family.

Sat. May 22. My young birds left their nest.

Man. May 24. This evening Mr. Drew came to me, and with a mysterious and significant air drew from his pocket what he declared to be a petrified orange filled with diamonds! He found a round pebble on the beach some time ago, and has recently cut a slice off one side, and polished the exposed surface. On examining the thing, it proved to be nothing more than an Echinus, or Sea-egg, infiltrated with chalcedony, and a cavity in the centre, sparkling with crystals. I showed him an Echinus, which I had got out of a flint on Peak Hill; but as some of the prominent features had been rubbed off his specimen on the beach, and mine as rough and fresh, he could not distinguish the resemblance. Nothing that I could say in delicate language, shook his confidence in being the happy possessor of an orange full of diamonds.

Wed. May 26. Spent the evening at Lime Park, where I meet Mrs. Halcombe, and Miss. Lister - the later of Saleby, near Alford, Lincolnshire.

Th. May 27. Started with Mr. Heineken to examine Woodbury Castle. Drove over Peak Hill - through dirty Otterton - past Bicton Cross and the great Lodge. A little beyond this we turned out of our way, by passing Hayes Mill, to go to Hayes Farm, of which we took two photographs. There was a great meeting of farmers there, it being rent day. We then pushed on westward, out upon the open heath, towards Black Hill; but before we reached it, we turned north along a mere track, so rough that we were nearly over more than once, the better the fun. Nearly two miles across this wild and romantic country, brought us to the camp. The views are splendid and most extensive on all sides. High as the

hill is, the cone of High Peak rose considerably above the horizon line of the sea. The camps visible were - High Peak, Sidbury Castle, Dumpdon, Hembury Fort, Mary Pole Head, and various camps towards Cadbury, Tiverton, &c., also Haldon, and towards Milber Down. Woodbury Castle is thickly planted with trees - a practice I should discourage if I owned these places. It prevents any satisfactory examination of their interior, and it conceals their features from a distance. We examined as well as we could, and measured as well as we could. The camp is irregular (as mentioned in my Guide) having been originally an oval, but subsequently (apparently) added to on the south. There are two ramparts on the north-west position. The foss was 45 feet deep, and very steep; and from the top of the inner agger, across the foss to the top of the outer agger, 62 feet. There is a little ditch and agger outside all at A in the section attached. The interior is like a basin, as the agger rises all round. All the rest of the camp has but one agger. The outworks, supposed to have been added in 1549 are not quite accurate in Shortt's Collection Curiosia, but I have corrected them in the little plan annexed. B double agger; C single agger;

D straight outworks to defend north entrance, being a bold hedge and ditch; E traces of a low hedge; F partly obliterated, running down the hill, where there is a spring;

G doubtful , or obliterated; H ditto; I Earthwork to defend south entrance; J similar work; K another running back to camp. L woodman's cottage inside - woodman called Gordon. We walked round the agger, and made it 920 yards, or more than half a mile. Of the outworks, the piece G measured 68 yards; the short piece a 23; from that to the road 34; across the road, and down to the slope of the hill 84; where the traces are broken and Confused. The piece I about 30 yards; J 66; and K 30. There are one or two fields cultivated, just outside the south-east side of the camp; but the crops are usually destroyed by the Rabbits that abound on the heath.

I told the Gordons that I had heard some shot or cannon balls had been dug up in the Camp; but they had never heard of this. The only antiquities they had ever heard of as having been found there, were "three old ha'pence," as Mrs. G. called them. She gave them to a Miss Swan of Woodbury Salterton, about 1847; but Miss Swan left the neighbourhood about 1849. I should like to know what they were. They told me a story still well known all about here, in reference to the battle fought on this hill in August 1549 between Lord Russell's forces, just come down from London, and a detachment of the Cornish rebels who were besieging Exeter. There is a brook almost dry, except after rain, nearly half a mile down towards Woodbury Salterton. The place is called Red Slew . The battle at one period is said to have raged here; and the combatants fought "up to their knees in blood." Mrs. Gordon added, very mysteriously, that when she had passed that way, after a shower of rain, she had seen the brook quite red still. I could have told the good Mrs. Gordon, that there is an abundance of oxide of iron down there; and that the redness is more likely to be oxide of iron than human blood.

Outside the outworks marked a and b, and against them, some hollows, as if the bank had been cut down, are seen. Could the soldiers of Col. Simon's time have made huts here?

As a mem. of this neighbourhood, I may mention, that when some old cottages near Woodbury were some short time ago, pulled down, it was found that they had been originally thatched with rye straw; for the lowest stratum of thatch was of rye, though the higher, and more recent ones were of wheat. Rye has not been cultivated in this neighbourhood within the memory of man.

We left the Camp not till half past six in the evening, and descended to Yattington, a neat and clean village - the ancient Yette-metone of the Otterton Cartulary, 1260. At Yattington we enquired about

manganese, for it used to be dug on the hill north-west of this place, and all about it. The diggings are now however given up, as they did not pay.

We got home soon after eight somewhat tired.

Sat. May 29. Put up the large flag. After breakfast took a walk to the top of Salcombe Hill to look for some fossils in the Greensand. Crossed the wood bridge - ycleped the "Alma Bridge" - at the mouth of the river, and followed the cliff. Went out over near the top of the hill by the path to the gardens on the slope of the undercliff. At 200 paces on this descending and rugged path, the promontory of white Greensand, or Foxmould, is reached, where many fossils may be picked out, as the Foxmould is soft; and 25 paces further, 10 feet up a step bank, the hard stratum of fossils is seen. I got up, and with my geological hammer and chisel, got off a mass the size of two fists. Not having been this way some time, I went on. Remarked that the first gardens are destroyed, and these are several acres of steep patches in potatoes, and a plot of corn. Proceeded on, up and down, and came out at the other end, by a new exit, over Salcombe Mouth. Returned back over the top of the hill, and then down to Sidmouth.

June 1858.

Tu. June 1. Mr. Mayson walked over from Lyme, 16 miles, and hired lodgings for his mother in Marlborough Place. He dined with Miss Brotherton, and took coffee, a' la Françoise with me, and then started to walk back. I went with him over Salcombe Hill.

Thu. J. 3. After breakfast walked to High Peak Hill. Went out over on the undercliff to grub about for greensand fossils, and antiquities. Got a few imperfect specimens. As for antiquities, it is possible, though not likely, that something from the camp might be met with here. A thunder storm, with lightning and rain, made me hurry away for shelter. The storm was very solemn and grand approaching from the sea. On returning I managed when it held up, to go into the gravel pits on Peak Hill, and found a couple of sea eggs petrified.

Sat. June 5. Mrs. And Mr. Mayson came to Sidmouth for a fortnight. Called on them at Marlborough Place.

Mon. June 7. Walked with Mr. Mayson to the top of High Peak Hill and back to show him the view.

Tu. J. 8. Had an early dinner with the Walkers at Lime Park to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gurney from Sidbury.

Wed. J. 9. Had a small party at home - the Millers, Lime Park party, Miss Lister from Lincolnshire, Mrs. Halcombe, Mr. Mayson.

Th. J 10. Witnessed the signature of Mr. Ley of Barnstaple, now at Sir H. Floyd's house = Powys.

Sat. June 12. Walk to Ladram. Moon changed yesterday - new. Took Mr. Mayson, to show him a rough walk. We started soon after ten along the beach - took the Geological hammer, and looked for pebbles. Under High Peak I found two or three pieces of the branch like petrification; but they being heavy, I hid them under a rock for future removal. Found a number of ball's, which I have been before looking for, which came out of the cliff, and which Mr. Mayson took for iron bullets. They are pyrites or sulphured of iron, varying in size from that of a pistol bullet to that of a six-pound shot. Brought home a pocket full. We went on, going through the first arch, the second, and then the

third, or great one into Ladram Bay. We returned home over High Peak. A sea fog hid much of the view from us. It was extremely warm all the way.

Sun. June 13. After Church Dr. Miller came into ask me to witness his signature to a paper connected with the recent death of Mrs. Fellowes, wife of the Vicar of Sidbury; - which I did. Took the opportunity to make him (and Mr. Mayson, who was present) witness my signature to my new will, which has been lying about on the table for a week, waiting some such opportunity of execution.

Tu. June 15. Took a walk with Mr. Mayson, where I went along on May the 29th. - up Salcombe Hill, and the undercliff, among the potatoe grounds, emerging at the further side, and returning over the top of the hill. I don't know when I have felt it so warm. The sun was bright, and falling full upon the sloping surface of the undercliff; the white foxmould banks, against which we were obliged to cling, reflected the heat; and to this we added the exertion of scrambling up and down difficult places. A man who was hoeing potatoes, told me he paid Mr. Cornish £1 an acre for some land he rented there; and he thought it was high, considering the difficulty of access, the necessity of spade labour, and the trouble of carrying the seaweed on his back, with which he manured his plots of ground, all the way from the sea beach up to that elevated position. We hurried on, and got down the hill to Sidmouth, just before the bursting of a thunder storm. Had a quiet tea with Mrs. Mayson.

Wed. J. 16. We were to have had a pic-nic to-day in Harpford Wood; but there was still thunder in the air, and it rained all the morning.

Fr. J.18. Waterloo Day. The Sidmouth Club walked, and the bells made a great deal of noise.

Took Mr. Mayson to Mutters Moor, and Salter's Cross, to enjoy the view. Then through the plantation to the Cairn; and then across Bulverton Hill towards Sidmouth, and home thirsty to tea.

Sun. June 20. At church three times, (at two churches) with Mr. Mayson. Went to see his mother, and said good-bye to them, as they leave tomorrow on their return to Hilton, near Huntingdon.

Mon. June 21. The three last Vicars have given me leave to turn over the Contents of the parish chest, to assist me in my historical researches. To-day I availed myself of the permission for the first time. I got one key of the chest of Webber, one churchwarden, and went to the Vicarage for the other. Mr. Hamilton was up in a field haymaking, Mrs H. took me to him. He showed me a spot on the high ground, of the glebe where a new Vicarage would stand with advantage - an idea that probably will never be carried out. Went to the church, and examined some of the old deeds. By means of a ladder I mounted, and copied the piece of painted glass in the east window; and copied also the arms on Harlelwin's monument, recently cleaned and the colours brought out.

Came home and made a coloured drawing of the painted glass.

Tu. J.22. In the Vestry examining old deeds for three hours. Took those in a round box. There are several very interesting and valuable. One I saw of the 3rd. of Richard III. Made short menus of each.

Thermometer 72' this afternoon in my drawing room with the windows open.

Th. June 24. Took Mr. Lawrence, my neighbour, up on Salcombe Hill and out over the cliff to the fossil bed, and indeed, the same walk I took Mr. Mayson on the 15th.

Fri. June 25. After breakfast, the low tide suiting, started for the purpose of finding and bringing home my petrifications hid away on the 12th. Under High Peak. Hunted, but could not find them. However found some better specimens amongst the rubbish where the cliff had fallen down. Collected 8 or 10, and hid them in a hollow above high water mark, in case of wanting more, and brought away, two masses pretty heavy. Two young Kennet Dawsons came over with a rifle to shoot gulls. Watched them for some time. Some of the balls, having struck the cliff more than 100 yards off, and some 200 feet high, recoiled back with a whiz, and fell near us. We picked up one of them. These were voted dangerous, as we had only light summer hats on. Left them bombarding the cliffs. My arms ached immensely before I got home; and it was extremely hot.

Mon. June 28. Coronation Day. In the Vestry. Came upon a deed dated 9th. of Richard II. being 1386. This is a gift of house and garden "*in ville de Sydd*" in the Manor of **Opton**. I know no such place in Otterton parish, though there is a hamlet called **Sid**, pronounced **Seed**, in the parish of Salcombe, opposite Lime Park, across the river.

Tu. June 29. My drawing of the painted glass, (which I gave to the vicar) has got me a new acquaintance. This sister-in-law's father, Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Bart, (over on a visit from Ireland) saw it, and being an antiquarian, expressed his willingness to know the maker Himself. I called yesterday, but he was out. He came to me to-day, and we chatted for three hours.

July 1858.

Sat. July 3. In Exeter for the day. Mr. Ley, now at Sir Henry Floyd's, drove me in. Walked about Exeter; did some shopping; went and looked at the railway works under Northernhay; got back about seven; dined with Mr. Ley and family; and home by nine. Sent Westcote's View of Devon, and Pedigrees, lent me by Mr. Ley, to Sir Erasmus Borrowes.

Mon. JI. 5. Picnic in Harpford Wood, where I have not been for several years. We dined under the trees near the Cottage. Soper, the Woodkeeper, told us he had been there 42 years. We rambled through the Wood; sat down and sang songs, which I accompanied on the flute. The different vehicles started for home; but the horse destined to draw two ladies and me, got out of the wood, where it had been grazing, and ran half way to Sidmouth. Whilst the men were running after it, and brought it back, we sat chatting under the trees. We all spent the evening at Lime Park.

Th. 8. July. At a party at the Rev. H. Gibbes's, Incumbent of All Saint's. Music: played: Miss Gibbes sang and played very well.

Sat. July 10. All morning at the Parish Chest. During the afternoon Called on the Elphinstones at Livonia (Just returned from Bath.) and Mr. Oufton Fitzgerald, of No.2. New Town Villas. Several times I have had a long gossip with the Rev. Sir Erasmus Dixon Borrowes, on antiquities, and such subjects, of which he is found, and have been able to give him some menus, referring to **Farringdon of Farringdon**, from a member of which family he is descended.

Mon. July 12. Six hours at the old deeds in the Parish Chest.

Tu. July 13. Three hours at them. Have now deciphered and made memorandums of all the oldest on parchment. Also I have copied several of the seals, by pressing wax on them. These I mean to electrotype in copper.

Wed. July 14. Walked to Sidbury. Called in at Furzehill on my way to look again at the old cast iron fireback. Sounded Mr. and Mrs. Hook as to whether they would part with it; but it belongs to the house. A man there, who lives at Ebdon, close by, told me that an iron ball, as large as his fist, was recently dug up on the side of Sidbury Castle Hill, and that it is at his house. I promised to come out and look at it soon.

Had tea with the Rev. and the Miss Felloweses at the Vicarage at Sidbury (the first time I had seen them since Mrs Fellowes's death); played a game of chess with Mr. Fellow's, and walked home in the cool of the evening

Thurs. July 15. In the Vestry all the morning. I was speaking to the Sexton's son about the iron ball I heard of yesterday at Furzehill, when he said that he had one lying in the back yard at home - which he fetched and gave me. He said that about 1820, when some of the buildings connected with the Fort were cleared away, some rubbish was carted away from the place, and thrown in a part of the churchyard; and that in 183- when Admiral White's tomb was made (I well remember the little Admiral) he and his father dug into this rubbish, and turned up the ball.

They threw it into their yard; and there it has remained ever since. It was a 6 pounder; but has lost ounces by rust.

Fri. July 16. After breakfast walked out to Ebdon or Ebdon, the farm lying on the East flank of Sidbury Castle Hill. (See last Wednesday). Saw and handled the iron ball; but which, however, is not above two inches in diameter, and much rusted. It was dug up in the road, or side of the road, in front of the old farm house. The farmer promised to bring it to me, the next time he came to Sidmouth. But never did.

Went to the Archery Ground at Cotmaton: called on the Kennet Dawsons; spent the evening at Lime Park.

Sat. July 17. All the morning in the Vestry. The oldest deed I find there is the 2 or 3 of Edward III.:- date 1328. Spent the evening at Mrs. Hamilton's (mother of the Vicar) at No.4 Clifton Place.

Sun. July 18. This evening, after church time, I listened to a psalm, a prayer, and a sermon delivered in the open air on the beach from Mr. Lucas, the Minister of the Independents.

Sat. July 24. My summons into Exeter is for the assizes on Monday; but as I am summoned for 10 in the morning and the Sidmouth coach does not get in till 12, I go to-day to my cousins at Dawlish, from which place I can get in conveniently at the required hour. Went to Exeter by mail - stayed a few hours in Exeter - and then went on to Dawlish.

Sun. July 25. At St. Mark's chapel.

Mon. July 26. Took the nine o'clock train to St. Thomas's, and was in Court at the Castle by ten. My name was called but I was not required all day. In the afternoon I was told I might absent myself till Wednesday morning, as the Special Jury cases would not come on till then. Returned to Dawlish.

Tu. July 27. It rained all day. Called next door, on the two Misses Ermen. Went to Exeter this evening.

Wed. July 28. In Court at 9a.m. The first case was "Bragg v. Brock," a dispute about a water course, which was stopped in the middle and submitted to arbitration. The second was "Jewins versus Lethbridge," a case of slander. We gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with £100 damages. Returned to Dawlish to sleep.

Th. July 29. Came up and was in court by ten. Twelve of us were impanelled and the case of "Barons versus The British Equitable Assurance Company." It was an action brought by the widow to recover £200 on a policy effected by her late husband; but we were obliged to give it against her, as some of his statements to the Company were not true. We grieved to do this because she did not know this, and probably came into court strong in the supposed justice of her case.

Fri. July 30. The trial ended about one o'clock on Friday but we were shut up an hour, as we could not agree. The Judge had told us that he was going to empower another Jury, and that we were to be released. But when we came back into Court and gave our verdict, we learnt that he could only get five jurymen, and that he had fined seven absent ones. He therefore took seven of us immediately, without allowing us to go out to get anything to eat, though we had nothing since half past eight in the morning. It was then two o'clock, and had been complaining of hunger for an hour. Finding ourselves shut up again, I observed to some of my fellow sufferers, that we seemed doomed to starvation, to which I was not at all resigned. I beckoned to one of the officers of the court, and gave him a shilling to go out and fetch me half a dozen penny buns - which he did. I eat one and distributed the rest; and this is all we had till we got out at 6 o'clock. The trial was "Lord Clinton and others v. Beavis and another." It was in fact, to determine in what Manor, or to what person the bed of the river Ex belonged. It was plain throughout that it had, from ancient times, pertained to the Manor of Kenton, in which stands Starcross and Powderham Castle. This was the last case, and we were glad to be released. We had a guinea each for the three first. And two guineas for this last. Returned to Dawlish tired and with a headache.

Note. POH has attached to the diary at this point a copy of proceedings of the trial relating to the ownership of the bed of the river Ex.

LORD CLINTON AND OTHERS V. BEAVIS AND

ANOTHER.

SPECIAL JURY CASE.

Mr. M. Smith, Q.C., Mr. Coleridge. and Youge, were counsel for the plaintiffs; attornies, Messrs. Frere and Co., London. Mr. Slade, Q.C., Mr. Karslake, and Mr. Bere, were counsel for the defendants; attorney, Mr. Adams, Exmouth.

Mr. Yonge having opened the proceedings.

Mr. Smith stated the case. He said that the action was brought by Lord Clinton, Sir J. B. Y. Buller, (if he were Sir J. B. Y. Buller,) and Colonel Buck against Mr. Beavis and his son the defendant. The plaintiffs were trustees under the will of the late Lord Rolle, and this was an action for trespassing on property of the plaintiffs. The land in question was Bull Hill, in the river Exe, and the trespass was the taking of sand and ballast by the defendants. The owner and master of the ship *Boyne*. The plaintiffs are lords of the manor of Littleham and Exmouth, on the eastern side of the river Exe, and near the mouth of the river. The Earl of Devon is the lord of the manor of Kenton, which is on the side of the

river opposite to the manor of Littleham and Exmouth. Kenton was a manor of some importance; it had long been in the family of the Earl of Devon; and included Starcross and part of Teignmouth. The land in which the trespass was committed was between High and low water mark in the river between Starcross on one side and Exmouth. Both manors had had the right of soil between high and low water mark, and it seemed to have been a question as to which manor the bank in question really belonged; and to settle these disputes Lord Rolle commenced an action against the trustees of the Earl of Devon, but the action was stayed by Lord Rolle purchasing Bull Hill for £750, from the trustees of the Earl of Devon's manor. This property was conveyed to Lord Rolle in 1840, and the deed of conveyance would be put in evidence. He (Mr. Smith) would next call the attention of the jury to a map, from which they would understand the general features of the cause, and which would arise in the cause. He should have very strong evidence to lay before them that Bull Hill was a part of the manor of Kenton; and they would no doubt think it was not likely that Lord Rolle would have bought the bank if it had belonged to his manor, The conveyance to Lord Rolle comprised the land, sand and soil of Bull Hill. From that time, all the right over the piece of land had been exercised by Lord Rolle, and since his death, by his trustees. The manor of Kenton was a manor before the Norman conquest, and was once the property of Editha. After the conquest it was granted by charter of King John to Queen Isabella; and he (Mr. Smith) should put in the charter to show that Kenton was a manor at that time. Subsequently, the manor was granted in a similar manner by Henry III. To Richard, Earl of Cornwall. He (Mr. Smith) should also put in two inquisitions, one of the third, and one of the fourth of Edward I., which recited that the Manor of Kenton had originally belonged to the predecessors of the King; and mentioned that South Teign was in the Manor of Kenton; and the jury would find that South Teignmouth was now in the Manor of Kenton. The inquisitions showed that they had in the manor wreck of the sea, if it happened on the land of the manor, as well as assizes of bread and gallows. But the material part of the inquisition was, that relating to wreck of the sea. This was in the time of Edward I., and they would find that wreck had been taken in all time as far as the plaintiffs had evidence of it, down to the present day; and this was evidence of right of the soil of the manor. He should show by various old documents, that Bull Hill was in the Manor of Kenton, the boundary of which was Darling Rock, (Lympstone,) and Checkstone Rock. (Exmouth and Starcross,) and as far out at sea as a Humber-barrel could be seen. Anciently courts were held before twelve customers, water courts were held, water bailiffs were appointed, and presentments made of wreck taken, sand and oysters taken, and encroachments made between high and low water. He (Mr. Smith) should show that they took wreck, dredged for oysters, took toll from persons who dredged for oysters, and did not allow any persons to dredge for oysters who were not inhabitants of Kenton, although they allowed others to take mussels, &c., on paying for them. They took anchorage, which was an evidence of right of soil; and what was stronger, they permitted persons to take ballast for ballasting ships, for a considerable period of time, and payment was made for what had been taken at the rate of 4d. per ton. They had not only been paid within living memory but far beyond it, for he was enabled to put in leases which referred to that point; and one of these was very important. It was a lease of the anchorage, keelage, and bushelage, and they would find that payments had been made under this lease. He should not multiply evidence more than he thought was necessary in this case, but he should also put in a lease of 1769, and which was a lease of the harbour dues belonging to the manor of Kenton, and the object of the lease was to show them that the place Bull Hill was described as being within the manor. In 1746 the lease of anchorage, keelage, and bushelage included a part of the Den in Teignmouth, which is part of the manor of Kenton, which was a very large manor, including a great deal of land, but it was only with one particular part of the manor that they had now to deal. The Duke of Albemarle was once lord of the manor, and he executed a lease to which was appended his autograph. He (Mr. Smith) would now come to the lease which was made in 1769, a lease to a

person called William Fryer and they would find it a very important lease, by which Lord Courtenay, in consideration of a fine of £295 leased to William Fryer, all the ballastage, ancient customs, harbour dues, &c. They would find the exercises of right under that lease; Fryer collected the dues and saw them paid. The son of William Fryer to whom this above lease had been transferred in 1785, took the lease from Lord Rolle of similar privileges on the other side of the river. The latter lease gave to Fryer the liberty to fetch, take and carry away soil, sands, stones, and gravel fit to ballast ships. Fryer paid 20s. a-year under the Kenton lease, and he exercised the right under it to a considerable extent, four pence per ton being taken from all vessels using the ballast, except those ships belonging to the lord of the manor of Kenton. They often found that there was an evasion of a right, and no doubt some ships escaped without the payment of the dues. But they would find that these rights were kept up with considerable care, and that all the ships which ballasted from this place paid this four pence per ton. Since 1829 bailiffs of the manor had been appointed and collected these dues. He believed that the only question would be whether the soil was vested in the Lords of the Manor, or whether the crown had a right to it. The land between high and low water mark, and no doubt the crown was entitled to land of that description if there was no evidence to the contrary, and it so happened that the lords of the manors throughout England, and which manors adjoined land of that description, were found to have the soil, and though the grant might not have been made to them as lords of the manor, yet from the length of time they had been in possession of them, they were presumed to be entitled to them. The pleas which the defendants had put upon the record were numerous, but in substance they came to two or three. They denied the taking, but the plaintiffs would prove that point. They said the plaintiffs were not possessed, and depended on the general evidence; and plaintiffs said they were possessed. They pleaded an immemorial custom for the public to take sand for ballast in favour of navigation; and that they were entitled to take it without payment. These pleas were not only bad law, but in fact. They could not be proved in fact, because whenever the ballast has been taken, a payment had been made for it. Defendants pleaded that they were ready and willing to pay for sand, but the plaintiffs would show the defendants had refused to pay. If defendants had paid them 4d. per ton, this case would not have been tried.

John Toby, who was 71 years of age, stated that he was born at Starcross, and with the exception of about five years, had lived there all his lifetime. In 1815 he was appointed water bailiff; his father was a water bailiff before him. Witness had been told by his father and Mr. Fryer, the then lessees of the ballast, the boundaries of the manor and understood them to be from Daring Rock to a little eastward of Check-Stone Rock. Shilley and Bull Hill were within the boundary. Week is on the Kenton side of the river. Witness was water bailiff till 1838. Witness knew of ships taking ballast from the sand banks in the manor and paying 4d. per ton for it. When my dispute took place about the payment for ballast, witness was called upon to procure payment, and on going to the ship with his silver oar, the money was generally paid. After the lapse of Mr. Fryer's lease, the ballastage fell to the lord of the manor. Witness had taken possession of wreck in the manor. The owners of the wreck were always found. All the inhabitants were permitted to dredge for oysters; it was a custom. If Exmouth people came to dredge for oysters they were taken before the magistrates and punished. There were no oysters on Shilley and Bull Hill. There was a large number of mussels there. But no notice was taken of these. There was very little anchorage, but if a foreigner came he was charged.

Cross-examined.- Never summoned any persons but Exmouth people for dredging for oysters. Never took any wreck upon Bull Hill.

The court rose at 6 o'clock.

(Note. End of Newspaper Cutting.)

Sat. July 31. Resolved how to get home. Saw my cousin in her room for half an hour; then took the train for Exeter, where I remained some short time. Got on the mail, and was home by seven.

August 1858.

Sun. Augt. 1. At both churches.

Mon. Augt. 2. Though not recovered from my weary week in Exeter I went to a picnic on Dunscombe Cliffs - a very pretty place, where I have not been for some years. We built a fire place with stones, collected wood, and boiled our kettle out of doors. We did more, we boiled our potatoes for dinner beautifully. We dined on the hill; we sang songs and I accompanied them on the flute; and then I gave them some lively tunes, and set them dancing on the grass. We rambled about; down to the beach at Weston, and up again; boiled the water, and had tea. During this time, the lads who drove us had wandered away; so that when we wanted pack up, and go home, there was no one to assist. We therefore had to do everything ourselves. There was some difficulty in catching the mules. Some of the party drove them into a corner, whilst I and others were engaged in collecting the tea things and packing them away. Whilst I was so engaged, and had a tea-pot and cream jug in my left hand, I saw that one of the mules was going to make a bolt and run away; so I went before him to stop him; but he turned and let out his heels at me, and very dexterously kicked the tea-pot out of my hands, and sent it flying. It was a most absurd event. It might have been a serious one; but as it happened it was a very laughable one. As the lads had not come back, I drove home one carriage, and Frederick Walker (of Lime Park) another. They overtook us, running at a great pace, just as we were near Sidmouth.

Tu. Aug. 3. The Exeter cricket club came down; and a match, (which they lost) was played in the Fort field. Took the brass gun down, and fired them a few shots.

Wed. Aug. 4. Finished my researches and my memorandums taken from the documents in the parish Chest kept in the vestry. From these notes and memorandums I now proceed to make my catalogue; and shall number the deeds and books, and arrange them chronologically.

Th. Aug. 5. At a party at Mr. and Miss Digby's, Fort Field Villa.

Fri. Aug. 6. The Budleigh Salterton Cricket Club over and played the Sidmouth in the Fort Field.

Sun. Aug. 8. At All Saints Church in the morning. During the afternoon took a turn over the wooden bridge over the mouth of the river (the "Alma Bridge") and partly up Salcombe Hill. Afterwards in the Fort Field. A noise like thunder or great guns was more or less audible for several hours, and continually attracted my attention. The sky was without a cloud, so I could scarcely make it out to be thunder; and there being no fleet in Tor Bay, and the day being Sunday, I could not make it out to be guns. Others had heard it, and declared it to come from Cherbourg. The Queen paid her visit there on the 4th. and following days; and has safely returned; and according to the programme in the papers, The Emperor was to leave to-day in the line-of-battle ship Bretagne for Brest. If it be possible that the sound of guns could come so far, they may have been winding up the fetes by saluting the Emperor on his quitting the port. I have some difficulty in believing it. The distance to the nearest part of the English Coast is about 80 miles; but from Cherbourg to Sidmouth, is about 100. The wind was favourable - a gentle breeze from the southeast.

Tu. Aug.10. Gave a brooch, being a "moss-gate" Sidmouth pebble set in silver, to be shot for by the Sidmouth Archery Club. The match came off to-day, on their ground at Cotmaton; and Miss Radford, eldest daughter of George Radford, Solicitor of Sidmouth, got it.

Th. Aug.12. The Vicar and Mrs. Hamilton had their annual school treat in a field behind the Vicarage. Most of the gentry were invited. The scene was very lively. The weather splendid. The games most energetic. I left at seven; and spent the evening at a party at Lime Park.

Sat. Aug.14. This afternoon we had one of the heaviest showers of rain, accompanied by thunder, I ever recollect. The yard behind the house was full of water, so that it ran into the back kitchen.

So the Atlantic Telegraph is laid, after two unsuccessful attempts. The two ships, each carrying half the cable, met in the middle of the Atlantic, spliced the ends and sailed different ways; one to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and the other to Valentia, Galway, Ireland. The feat was accomplished, and messages transmitted, in the forenoon of August the 6th., being yesterday, or Friday week. Captain Mathews, of Sidmouth Lodge, bet Mr. Lousada, of Peak House, £50 to £5 that the undertaking would not succeed. The Captain now looks rather rueful.

Tu. Aug.17. Had tea at Mrs. Halcombe's, Radway Place.

Th. Aug.19. This morning I was vaccinated. What a whim! The small pox has been flying around the place of late, and several old maids, old bachelors, and old fidgets have had themselves re-vaccinated. Though I was vaccinated in my infancy, and though I go everywhere, and come in contact with all sorts of people, and never trouble my head about danger, or think about infection of any sort, I have amongst my acquaintances, several of these fidgets; and they have been bullying me about vaccination. So, to please them, and satisfy a whim, Dr. Miller did it this morning; and laughed at the whim too.

Fri. Aug.20. Cricket, and cold collation in the Fort Field. We sat down 70 to diner. Undress promanade ball at the London Hotel. I went. Have not been to a public ball these dozen years. Went through three quadrills.

Mon. Aug.23. Dr. Miller called, and looked at my arm. There were three punctures. One is irritating, as if it would rise. Called on the Everetts at 6 York Terrace - a family recently here; amongst whom I hear some follow Botany, some Geology, and so on.

Th. Aug.26. We had a fete on the Archery Ground at Cotmaton to-day. First there was shooting for prizes; then some 60 partook of a Collation with tea and coffee; and then more shooting. It all went off very well.

Sat. Aug. 28. Finished writing out my chronological catalogue of the contents of the Parish Chest, from my rough notes. I must prefix a preface, and Number the documents in the chest, and then my work will be done.

Tu. Aug.31. The Everetts left this morning for Greenhill. Called on young Prout, son of Prout the artist. The widow and three daughters of the artist have lived here (in the Bridge Cottage) for several years. Prout looks about thirty. I suppose he will not equal his father; and I am told he builds too much upon his father's fame, forgetting the saying that "every man must be the architect of his own

fortune." I saw in the house some good interiors of Norman and French churches by the father. The colouring is rich, mellow, and true.

September 1858.

Thu. Sep. 2. Sidmouth Regatta. The weather has suddenly become unfavourable. It blew strong on shore, with a heavy sea running; nevertheless three yacht's from Exmouth started. I gave the signals with my brass gun. It then came on to rain; so that the remainder of the shorts were postponed till finer weather.

Mon. Sep. 6. Went to Branscombe and opened a barrow near Bury Camp. Nothing in it. See May 7.

Sat. Sep. 10. After breakfast I started for the Dunscombe Cliffs. Walked over the hill and through Salcombe; and then took the fifth gate beyond the lane on the right, beyond the school in Salcombe. This gate takes one by a track across a field into the lane which leads to the cliffs, and is shorter than going to Dunscombe farm. First examined Lincombe Shoot, as I believe the stream is called in the coombe. It is reputed to be a petrifying spring. I found stones and pieces of wood covered with a coating of stoney matter, deposited from the lithic quality of the water. Brought home several specimens. Then went to the undercliff, all along the base of the cliff, and at the top of the cultivated patches in mid air above the sea. This cliff scrambling is rather tiring. This is the spot for the geologist. Lay down and eat some bread and cheese and apples. N.B. Apples are a good substitute for drink. Then threw off my coat; and with my chisel and geological hammer, examined the cliff, and passed several hours in digging out fossils. I found Aspleuium marinum on the fissures of the cliff. Returned home somewhat tired, having been eight hours out. Had tea: the most refreshing of meals when wearied.

Sun. Sep. 12. To-day some new organists, candidates for the situation of Organist here, played at the services. Trial next Wednesday.

Wed. Sep. 15. At 3 this afternoon the church was thrown open and nearly half the congregation went in. The three candidates were Mr. Leiman, of Chagford, Mr. Snelling, from London, and Mr. Lawrence, from Weymouth. The Vicar came to the pew where I was sitting, and asked me and Dr. Miller, being musical men, to go up into the Organ Gallery, and direct their play to certain psalms and chants best known to the congregation. This we did, and the trials of the three continued nearly a couple of hours. The Vicar then requested us to adjourn to the Vestry, and discuss the matter. I came in late, for I did not much care who was most approved of. The Earl of Buckinghamshire asked my opinion? And I gave it that Mr. Leiman best managed the organ. This was the general notion; but Mrs. Hamilton, the Vicar's wife, herself a good musician, and Mrs. Lousada, of Peak House, reminded us that if an organist could be secured who was a good pianist, and could teach the rising generation, in a place where masters are scarce, a great boon would be obtained. The Vicar then proposed to go to the Vicarage, and have a piano trial. Some 30 or 40 of us adjourned there: and Mr. Lawrence managed to turn all opinions in his favour; and the whole company gave him their votes.

Th. Sep. 16. Much dissatisfaction in the town, because Mr. Leiman, who best acquitted himself in the church was not elected. What a pity it is one cannot please everyone!

This evening at half past eight I saw a very compleat lunar rainbow. There was a half moon in the south, with a clear sky: to the north dark thunder clouds, with a shower coming on, and the wind north-east. Colours in the bow were not distinguishable: the bow consisted of a band of pale white

light. The weather for the last few days has been as hot as midsummer. Thermometer 68' this evening in my drawing-room, with two windows open.

Sat. Sep. 18. Walked over Salcombe Hill to examine the quarry near the church. Several churches in the neighbourhood have been built from this quarry; and tradition asserts that part of Exeter Cathedral came from here. The quarry consist of beds of sandstone, covered by the usual stratum of flints and clay. It was a geological walk. Found specimens of oysters, and other bivalves - but I looked long before I found a perfect one. They are mostly broken.

Tu. Sep. 21. Sidmouth fair - second day. The remainder of the Regatta sports (see Sep. 2) took place to-day. There were two rowing matches, the signals for which I gave with the gun. After the races were over I amused myself with throwing balls out to sea. They pitch about a mile out, and considerably farther than two collier schooners that were lying off, - much to the amusement of the by standers. Indeed, the gun seems to be taken much interest in by all Sidmouth, for I am generally cheered wherever I appear with it. "Three cheers for Mr. Hutchinson," were given when I came on the beach. To-day I dispensed with the mule to draw the gun, and used the drag-ropes; having two boys at each rope, and one to hold up the shafts of the limber, myself mounted as usual. They enjoyed the exploit amazingly. They ran with all their might, and rather incautiously round corners, nearly capsizing sundry people. They also took me a run up through the town and back to the beach, just for the fun of it. The sports ended by running matches, jumping in sacks, racing wheelbarrows, grinning through horse collars, and other sports in the Fort Field.

Fri. Sep. 24. Had coffee with Miss. Lister, and spent the evening at Lime Park.

Sat. Sep. 25. Spent the evening with the Leys at Powys.

Sun. Sep. 26. At All Saints church.

Mon. Sep. 27. Left Sidmouth for an excursion. Got on the mail at half past nine in the morning, and arrived in Exeter before twelve. Made for Warminster - by a zig-zag course. Went by rail to Durston, and then across the country to Yeovil. Passed Athelney - a place which calls up remembrances of the romantic story of King Alfred lurking in disguise, at the time the Danes were ravaging his kingdom and murdering his people, when the farmers wife scolded him for letting the cakes burn. This place historians describe as having been a thicket and a swamp. It is a still a dreary flat, intersected by ditches and drains, A great part of it is meadow land; but a large portion is moist, and converted into osier beds.

I had to delay in Yeovil for three hours, so I walked about incessantly to look at the place and neighbourhood. I was here once some years ago for a short time. Went onto Westbury, and then back to Warminster by rail. Did not arrive till nine *P.M.* Went to the "Bath Arms:" had tea, and to-bed.

Tu. Sep. 28. After breakfast examined the parish church. Took a rubbing of a brass, to the name of Todd. There are several other brasses in the church. Went up the tower to enjoy the view: also examined the bells of which there are five. The metal loops of the two oldest have been broken off. They have bored holes through the tops of the bells, and have fastened them to the beams with iron bars. They ring just as well suspended in this way.

Drove out to Greenhill - two miles and a half - and called on Mr. and Mrs. Everett, recently at Sidmouth. - See August 31.

Returned: took a rambling walk to the top of the Downs, and other hills. Examined the chalk quarries. There is a stratum of flints. The men told me they never found fossils there. I observed the entrenchments of several old camps on the different hills in the neighbourhood.

This evening I took the rail for Bristol. Got there in two hours. Tea and to-bed.

Wed. Sep. 29. Michaelmas Day - beautifully fine. Left Bristol at 8.20 A.M. for Birmingham. Arrived in three hours or so, via Glo'ster, and Droitwich - famous for salt. Visited some of the factories in Birmingham. Got a lodging for a week.

Th. Sep. 30. Left my lodging on account of the bugs. Went to Tipton to see a foundry of great guns this afternoon. Also, made my trip geological, for I collected specimens of iron stone, and met with some specimens of brimstone, highly fossiliferous.

October 1858.

Fri. Oct. 1. Went to look at Aston, near Birmingham. First went into the church. There are some splendid monuments with recumbent figures on them, in the choir. Then went to Aston Hall, an old brick mansion, standing in the park, recently bought by Birmingham people, to turn into museum and place of entertainment. The Queen recently went down to open it. I went into a small display room she occupied. There is the wash-hand jug and basin she used when she washed her hands, and the towel on the horse, somewhat crumpled. The towel amused me more than anything.

Sat. Oct. 2. Went to Tipton near Dudley again. This was to collect some fossils from some heaps of stone raised from the pits, and belonging to the coal measures. I omitted to do this the other day.

This afternoon I took the rail for Lichfield, and found John at his old quarters in the Close, being again, as last year, in residence.

Sun. Oct. 3. Twice at the Cathedral.

Mon. Oct. 4. Examined the Cathedral. The repairs in the choir progress; but it is necessarily slow work. John, as Precentor and Canon, in the absence of the Dean, superintends everything.

Went with John this evening by rail to Blurton near Trentham.

Tu. Oct. 5. Walked over to see Redbank, and Normacott churches, built since I was last here.

Called on Mr. John Harvey, who lives near Blurton parsonage. I had not seen him for more than 20 years - actually more than 20 years. Miss Harvey, whom I remember a little thing a year or two old, is now an eligible young woman. Her father has an anxiety. He spent the early part of his life in making a fortune - a large one; and he has an only child. His anxiety is - into whose hands the child and the fortune will fall. She has many suitors, of course. I told him to look for a steady man, and one who has a profession. He shook his head and said it was difficult to find.

This evening the comet was splendid - marvellous. To-day, or to-morrow, it is at it's nearest, to the earth. The tail is as long as the constellation Great Bear. It was something like the annexed sketch. I shall never see the like again.

Wed. Oct. 6. Left Blurton. Took a walk in Trentham Park. Took the rail for Stone. Walked about Stone. There is in the churchyard, at the west end, an alter tomb, with two fine recumbent figures in stone lying on it. The name on a brass plate is Crompton. The mans feet are broken all broken off. it's a pity it is exposed to the weather. Missed the train, and had to wait three hours for the next: and then, could get no further then Stafford.

Th. Oct. 7. Having slept at Stafford, went out to look at the place, after an absence of 20 years. I supposed it has much improved. There is a Russian gun in the squire, like those at Exeter, Newark, Boston, &c. Took the rail, and got to Lichfield.

F. Oct. 8. Went to see some Horsemanship, &c, &c., with the Misses. Hadson, daughters of the late Archdeacon, and sisters of the Captain Hodson, who so distinguished himself in quelling the Indian Mutiny.

Sat. Oct. 9. Made a coloured drawing of a monument in Lichfield Cathedral.

Sun. Service twice in the Cathedral.

Mon. Oct. 11. Collected some specimens of the "American weed," as it is sometimes called. This troublesome weed has become formidable during the last ten or twelve years in this country, or at least, throughout the Midland Counties. It is filling up canals, ponds, lakes, and all stagnant or slowly running waters. Some people say that the seeds of the plant were imported along with timber from America, and grew when accidentally dropped in the water: but a higher account says that the first specimen was brought from America by a Mr. Babington, who placed it as a curiosity in the Botanical garden at Cambridge. If a portion is dipped in the water, and touches the bottom, it throws out roots and grows. The lake in Trentham Park is seriously spoilt by it, much to the Duke's chagrin. I have not yet learnt the true Botanical name; but the learned call it *Pesta Bahingtoma*. The lower orders at Lichfield and other parts of Staffordshire, term it "the Derbyshire Weed" alleging that the bows of the canal boats, having torn up some portions of it, transported it along the canals, and dropped it where it has grown. I have not heard of it in the south of England: and I mean to dry my specimens before I take them there.

Wed. Oct. 13. Spent the morning at Archdeacon Moor's. Mrs. Moor, who has a great talent for drawing, showed me a number of her coloured sketches, taken in many places and countries. She has now a great work in hand. She has undertaken to make coloured drawings of every church in the district - one exterior and one interior. She has already done about one third.

Th. Oct. 14. Left Lichfield for London.

Fr. Oct. 15. Got into a lodging at 24 Great Russell Street, to be near the British Museum.

Sat. Oct. 16. Saw Mr. Panizzi the head Librarian, at the Museum, and had a talk with him about a volume of MS, letters, once at Buckingham Palace, but now thought to be in the Museum. Mr. Panizzi instituted a search, but could not find it. He suggested my writing to Mr. Glover, to see whether it could be found at the Palace - which I have done. These were private letters written by

Governor Hutchinson and Lieut. Governor Oliver, from America, to members of the government in England, but in some unaccountable way they were purloined - copies taken by Benjamin Franklin or his agents, - sent out, and printed in Boston. Of late we have had a suspicion that Governor Pownall was a part concerned, though neither Lord Makon (Earl Stanhope) nor any other historian, alludes to him in the enquiry. Pownall had been Governor of part of North America, but was subsequently M.P. in England; and not well affected to the Royalist side. If another volume of the Governor's History is brought out, an examination of these letters is desirable. My Cousin, the Precentor of Lichfield, tells me that Thompson, Count Rumford, having got possessed of them, or acting for others, offered them to Governor Hutchinson, but that the Governor kicked him out of the house, or something of that sort; and that they were afterwards offered to the King, and were then deposited in the Library of Buckingham Palace, where John Hutchinson (the Proctor) once saw them. * Spent several hours in the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street.

* See Diary and Letters of Governor Hutchinson, 2 vols, lately published by us. It is all explained there.

Sun. Oct. 17. At the Temple Church in the morning. Went down the river in a steamer to Rotherhithe. Went to church. Had tea at the Rectory, with the Rev. Ed. Blick and my cousin, his wife.

Mon. Oct. 18. Again at the Geological Museum. Obtained the names of several of my Sidmouth fossils belonging to the Greensand. Showed some of the authorities some specimens of the stalk-like fossil from High Peak Hill. They were puzzled. Will send them Some.

Tu. Oct. 19. Wet day. Spent several hours in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

Wed. Oct. 20. Finer. Walked to Wapping - four miles. Went to examine some iron guns. Want a three-pounder, which I think I could mount on the same carriage that I had made for the Bornes brass gun. Messrs. Tyzack and Co. had two-pounders. They charge 18/-s per hundred weight, the two-pounder weighing 2cwt. They cast their guns with hollow cores, and sell them without proving - which I find is common practice. Baily and Co. had 2 and 4 pounders, and larger guns, up to 56-pounders, but no 3-s. They make for the government, charge higher, but I think their guns better. They Cast solid, and drill out the bore. They charge £1..4 the cwt. For 3-pounders; and their 2-pounders weigh 3cwt. Their length is 3 feet 3 inches. The 4-pounders are too heavy for my carriage, I think. They are 3 .. 6' long, and weigh 5cwt. They Cost £1..3 the cwt: but I suspect that in either case I could get them to strike off the shillings. For iron shot they charge 12/-s the cwt.; and for quill percussion fuses 12/-s a 100.

Returned westward. Took steamer at the Tunnel Pier for Hungerford Bridge. The river was covered with shipping in motion, and very lively. Walked to Great Russell Street.

Fri. Oct. 21. Mr. Glover, in his reply from Windsor Castle, (See Oct. 16.) says the volume of letters is not in the Royal Collection. What am I to do now. It must be somewhere. I will to-morrow show Mr. Panizzi his letter, and see what he says; for both the Librarians say it is not in either of their respective libraries. They must look again.

Note added later. They were Mr. Pownall's Letters. I have now two printed copies of Governor H.s Letters. See (??)

Fri. Oct. 22. Went down to see Woolwich, after an interval of several years. Went down by the river, and the same was very lively. The monster ship, the Great Eastern, lies unfinished off Deptford. Some say she is too large ever to go to sea. I don't think so. On Woolwich common I witnessed some shell practice. The shells, flying through the air, looked just like great footballs, kicked higher and further than we generally see. Indeed, what struck me most was, the great height they seemed to attain, and how they made a great curve, creeping along apparently close under the clouds. Returned also by the river.

DEVIZES, BRISTOL, EXETER, SIDMOUTH, NOV.1858

Having walked back to Devizes, I took the rail to Bristol. 1
Had an hour in Bristol to walk about. Then started for Exeter, where I arrived at half past eight, too late for the Sidmouth coach. Had tea at the Hotel and to bed.

Thu. Nov.4- Procured a porous clay cylindrical cell for electrotyping. Took a walk from the railway works under Northernhay, now forming, towards St.Sidwells, to examine the cutting geologically. Remarkd a great number of igneous boulders, or rather fragments, which the navvies turned out, and a great mass of igneous rock, apparently outliers of the igneous rock of Rougemont Castle. Further east one may see the junction of the red sandstone with the slate. Got on the mail at 4p.m. and was home by half past six.

Fri. Nov.5- Was greeted this morning, as usual, by sundry old popes. Gave a shilling as a contribution for getting wood to make a fire. Had tea at Mrs. Walkers, Lime Park.

Mon. Nov.8- Took a walk on the beach to the foot of High Peak Hill, to look for the apparent organic remains I mentioned in the Geological Museum, Oct. 18. There was not a breath of wind under the cliffs and as the sky was cloudless, the sun came down brightly. This combined with the exercise made it feel as hot as midsummer. Collected a quantity of specimens of short lengths. These I piled in a heap and marked the spot. One was like a piece of the trunk of a tree, some two feet long and about one foot diameter. As these are so heavy, I think I must go over in a boat and collect them. Collected also a quantity of nodules as round as musket balls, from the size of a pea, up to the size of a 4-pound shot. Found 29 in a hollow among the rocks at low water, not more than a yard across. Brought home half a pocket full, when broken they exhibit a lustrous, yellow appearance, like pyrite [See June 12 and 25]

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1858 2

Wen. Nov.10- Sent to the Museum of Geology in Jermyn Street, London, some specimens of the branch like fossils from the new red sandstone of High Peak Hill, and a mass of shells from the Greensands of Salcombe Hill.

Fri. Nov.12- Went again to the foot of High Peak. My heap of specimens, picked up last Monday till I can take them away in a boat are safe. I was afraid the waves might have reached them and done them harm. I cannot move them yet, as the sea is so rough. Took the cast of a shell in a large flint lying at the foot of Peak Hill, too heavy to bring home, with Plaster of Paris which I carried there on purpose. Wetted the Plaster from a spring issuing from the cliff.

Thu. Nov.18- The great bell at Westminster was first sounded with the hammer and clapper today, having recently been hoisted into the Clock Tower, and fixed in its place.

It weighs 13tons 10cwts 3q's 15lbs: measures 7f 10in high and 9f 6in in diameter at the mouth. Its note is 'E'. It took 8 men 32 hours to raise it. Of the 4 quarter bells, the largest weighs 4½ tons and is 6f in diameter at the mouth: note 'B'. The second 2 tons: 4f 7in diameter: note 'E'. The third 1½ tons: 3f 11in diameter: note 'G'. All have hammers and the great bell a clapper weighing six hundredweight. The clapper, which brings out the fullest sound, will only be used in times of national mourning.

Fri. Nov. 19-Called at the Vicarage. Gave Mr. Hamilton £5 towards the restoration of the parish Church, soon to be begun, with an intimation that more would be forthcoming before the work is completed.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1858 3

Sat. Nov.20-At last a quiet morning, though cold, with the sea as calm as a lake. Hired a boat and went to Picket Rock Cove for my fossils. (See Nov.12) It was milder on the water than on the land. Took two sailors. We had a pleasant row down. Put into the cove, collected the fossils and carried them to the boat and again put off. Told them to go through the narrow channel inside Little Picket Rock. Returned and had the cargo taken to Coburg Terrace in a hand cart.

Mon. Nov.22-Went to Guttheres's sale of the furniture at Belmont.

Tue. Nov.23-After breakfast went to the top of Peak Hill with my geological hammer. Searched the gravel pits. Got only a small petrified sponge (apparently) out of a flint. Intended to have explored the Undercliff, but there was a cold and strong east wind sweeping along, " Enough to cut a ship in two," so I desisted.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1858 1

Thu. Dec. 9- A party at home – members of the Archery Club. Whilst Miss. Alice Stephenson was seated on the music stool, one of the legs broke and sent her all along on the floor. I was at the other end of the room talking to her mother, when the room was electrified, first by a tumble down, then by a scream and then by a burst of laughter among the girls.

Thu. Dec. 16- Discovered a piece of stone built into the south wall of the chancel, outside, having a Norman zig-zag moulding on it. This is a remnant of an older church at Sidmouth.

Fri. Dec. 17- At a vestry meeting called to consider the plans for rebuilding the chancel and other works connected with the church, it was found necessary to adjourn to the Town Hall. Mr. Hamilton, the vicar, presided. There was some contention respecting the re-seating the body of the church and a committee was formed of which I was one. [see my book headed "*Restoration of Sidmouth Parish Church*" in which I enter all particulars.]

Mon. Dec. 20- First meeting of the new committee, at the vicarage.

Fri. Dec. 24- Second meeting, at the same place. This morning at daylight Henry Conant, a fisherman, with his companions, in a boat, having gone out to catch herrings, entangled a large fish in their net which at last they brought to the shore. It measured eleven feet four inches long. If I may judge by the description given in books, It is the "Delphinus Tursio" [See my account of the capture, written for Harvey's

Sidmouth Directory for next month.] The sailors knew nothing about it. It is surprising how ignorant the fishermen here are about the differences between even the common large fish on this coast, such as the shark or dogfish and the porpoise tribe. At a party at Dr. and Mrs. Millers.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1858 2

Sat. Dec. 25- Christmas day:- Mild with incessant rain. We have had more rain during the last two months than we had had for two years before. (See March 31etc.,etc.) At All Saints church. Dined this evening at the Luke's at Primley Hill, Sidbury Parish. I don't approve of the practice of dining out on Xmas Day. The remembrance of the church service is too closely mingled with wine and flirtation.

Sun. Dec. 26- At both churches.

Tue. Dec. 28- Dined at Mrs. Walbrige's

Wed. Dec. 29- A Party at Mrs. Ley's, at Powys. Home at 12.

Thu. Dec. 30- Finished a drawing of the great fish.

Fri. Dec. 31- This morning the fish was taken beyond the mouth of the Sid on the beach, to have the oil boiled out. It was entirely covered with a coat of blubber or hard fat, about an inch thick on the sides, but three or four inches thick on the back. The dorsal fin was merely a prolongation of this fat, without any bone or muscle in it. Strange to say, four bullets and a stone marble (such as boys play with) were found embedded in the fat and the skin was entirely healed over. They were of different sizes and had apparently been fired into the fish at different times. I saw them cut out and I have preserved them. Spent the evening at Lime Park.

POH Transcripts - 1859

SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1859

Sat. Jan. 1- Went down to the fish again. Several gallons of oil were procured. The carcass was opened. The anatomy was like that of a land animal. The flesh looked like coarse red beef. Assisted in cutting off the head, the skull of which I had set my heart on getting, but Heneage Gibbes, son of the incumbent of All Saints, also wanted it; and as he took the trouble to dissect off the greater part of the flesh (a disagreeable job) I let him have it without dispute. The blow-hole was double, that is, like two nostrils close together. For sanitary reasons, the carcass was towed out to sea and set adrift. In the afternoon, took a botanical walk to Salcombe to look for a particular fern, which I procured--- the *Asplenium Ruta Muraria*--- To point it out to a young man who is here on a botanical visit. Found it afterwards in Sidmouth churchyard. Mon. Jan. 3- Went with him up Sweetcombe valley to look for the *Osmunda Regalis* but failed in the search. First we went to Snodbrook, where they have just made a stone bridge and spoiled the picturesqueness of the spot, then to Harcombe, then the greater part of a mile on the eastern flank of Bucker Hill, where the mud was miserable, then up the hill in a field for the fern; then having looked in vain, we mounted on the crown of the hill, to avoid the mud we had encountered in the valley, cut across it on the heath and descended towards Snodbrook and home. Fri. Jan. 7- I dined at the Lousada's at Peak House. We sat down fifteen to dinner at a round table. The days of King Arthur are come back, or at all events one of the fashions thereof. Many ladies came in the evening. We had chatting and music, and I was scolded for not having put my flute in my pocket.

(My flute doesn't dine out)

Sun. Jan. 9- Beautiful day. After some two months rain, the weather seems to have again settled. After church, walked over Salcombe hill to see the new quarry which they have opened at a spot on the slope of the hill on the Sidmouth side of Salcombe Brook and at about half way between Salcombe church and the sea, or nearer the sea and nearly over the farm house. The stone for the rebuilding of some parts of the parish church, now in contemplation, is to be brought from here, indeed some has been brought. Some of the blocks which I had seen appeared to me to be so soft and so friable that I was not satisfied with it. On examining the quarry, I see that the upper stratum is the best. Found one or two fossil shells.

Mon. Jan. 10- Committee meeting at the vicarage about the church. Sold my horse chestnut tree at the further end of the field and today it was loosened all round the root and felled. I condemned it for two reasons:- first, nothing would grow under it, second , I never could keep the place neat after the blossoms and nuts came, for the boys were perpetually throwing stones and breaking my hedge down to get them. I mean to plant a young sycamore or lime tree in the place of it. I have selected a lime

Tue. Jan. 11- At an evening party at the vicarage. Had music, chatting and supper.

Tue. Jan. 18- My lecture was announced for tonight. Inadvertently, the committee of the institution forgot that there was to be a tradesman's ball this evening at the London Inn, so that after the bills were printed and out, they had to be called in and others printed for next Thursday the 20th. but after that was done Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire issued cards for a ball for Thursday and I found that I should lose many of my gentry. In this predicament a sudden thought struck me, that I would pretend that my cousin Miss. Robertson at Dawlish was taken dangerously ill and that I must go over.

Notices were printed and sent to all the principal inhabitants regretting my 'unavoidable absence', and appointing my lecture for Tuesday next. The crier was also sent round the town. But instead of going over, I shut myself up in my house for 4 days and drew the blinds down. Not a soul in the place new the trick except Mrs. Webber my housekeeper.

Sat. Jan. 22- Today I was supposed to return from Dawlish.

Sun. Jan. 23- Went to both churches to show that I had really come home and when my friends hoped that my cousin was better, I nearly burst out laughing.

Mon. Jan. 24- At a party at Mr. and Mrs. Clements (Mr. Clements one of the curates). Mr. Hamilton, the vicar told me there was a report about, that my cousin was dead and that she had left me a fortune. I laughed and said that she was neither dead, nor had she left me a fortune, and as she had poorer cousins than myself, I did not expect she would ever leave me one halfpenny.

Tue. Jan. 25- And my lecture did come off and I had a very good audience. My subject, 'On the restoration of churches in general and on that of Sidmouth church in particular', and in spite of its apparent gravity, managed to make my hearers laugh a good deal.

Thu. Jan. 27- Dined with the King's at Blossom house, on the beach. We sat down twelve. I took Miss. Lockwood, (sister of Mrs. North, Salcombe Hill) to the dining room. In the evening we had some music.

Fri. Jan. 28- Spent the evening with the Ley's, at Powys, where I met Mr. Latimer (of the 'Western Times') and his two daughters, very agreeable young ladies.

Sat. Jan. 29- Mr. Ley and Mr. Latimer came to me after breakfast. We chatted for half an hour and then took a walk to the top of Peak Hill. Dined at Powys with them and a small party.

Mon. Jan. 31- Beautiful day, for a wonder. Repaired the fixings of my flagstaff. Attended a committee meeting at the vicarage, about the church. See my book about it.

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1859

Thu. Feb. 3- At a party at the Luke's, Primley Hill. We had music, dancing, tableaux, acting charades and supper.

Fri. Feb. 4- Lunched at Lime Park and started for Sidbury, It began to rain, but I went on. Went into Sidbury church and looked round it. The south wall of the chancel leans out and is dangerous, they talk of restoring it. Spent the evening at the vicarage with the Fellowes's. Gave them a sovereign for their chancel. Walked home. Very dark, still raining and roads very muddy.

Sun. Feb. 6- At a party at Dr. & Mrs. Miller's. Music, dancing.

Sat. Feb. 12- At a party at the Ley's at Powys. Music, acting charades, etc.

Mon. Feb. 14- Valentines. This evening I repeated my lecture at the London Inn, as given on the 25th of last month. I gave it tonight for the benefit of the 'Mechanics Institute', the time before for that of the 'Institution'.

Tue. Feb. 15- All the morning in the field, mending the railings. - Went over to 'Hook Ebb', being the foot of Maynard's Hill, walked along the beach, examined the cliff (all red marl at the base) and looked out for specimens of celestine or sulphate of strontium. One specimen, and only one that I ever heard of, was found near Salcombe Mouth, It is crystalised, heavy and blue or slightly green, when wet. Looked in vain. The immense quantities of rock, fallen down from the greensand formation above and resting on the beach at the point of the hill furnish a great supply of fossils. Procured a few new ones. Examined the gypsum beds. Looked in vain for a specimen of 'Mountain leather', or gypsum having the appearance of asbestos. Returned home after a 5 hours walk.

Thu. Feb. 24- Spent the evening at Powys.

Sat. Feb. 26- Went again to Hook Ebb for fossils. The tunnel made from the mouth of the Sid, some three quarters of a mile through the cliff in 1837, to fetch stone from Hook Ebb to construct the proposed harbour, still remains as a monument of foolishness. Beyond it, over to Hook Ebb, in places are seen the piles on which the rail was made. Procured two or three more new fossils and found others for which I must again come.

Mon. Feb. 28, and last- Spent the evening at Mrs Vaughan's, at piano and flute duets, at 1, Denby Place, and wound up with a game of 'Tivoli' or Chinese Billiards (a new game to me) with the children.

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1859

Tue. Mar. 1- A small party at home, ten ladies and four gentlemen, besides myself. I generally elect the oldest married lady as the lady of the house for the evening. I was disappointed of two or three of my singers so we danced all the evening, instead of having music. We had supper at eleven and broke up at twelve.

Wed. Mar. 2- Church committee meeting, held in the vestry. We went into the church and made a number of measurements and calculations about pews & seats.

Thu. Mar. 3- Walked out to Sidford immediately after breakfast to see John Pound, one of the last remaining followers of Joanna Southcott, who has several sons in Australia living near my sister, concerning whom I had news for the parents. Found old Mrs. Pound home, told her my news and received some messages from her to send out. Something led to speak of her husband and his religious views, for she is a church woman. She told me husband was turned to this way of thinking by a man called Bailey, who died at Sidford or there about, some years ago. There was also another called Johnson (whom I remember) who was found dead in his room a few months ago. Pound is the last in Sidford. She told me that his conversion, or perversion, had been a source of much misery to her. He believes he shall never die, but be translated to heaven. Those who die, were not 'true israelites'. They never shave, perform their religious duties in secret and practise circumcision. She told me the queer bit of news, that her husband was circumcised about a dozen years ago.

Fri. Mar. 4- Walked to Hook Ebb, dug out fossils and made a plaster cast of a large one I marked the other day.

Wen. Mar. 9- First day of lent. Service at church in the morning.

Fri. Mar. 10- Again at Hook Ebb. Every time I go I find two or three new specimens. I should be glad to bring out a new edition of my geology, for the first was a childish production and is wrong in two or three places. I started this morning at 9.30 and got back at 6.30, 9 hours and I only sat down whilst I discussed my sandwiches and sucked an orange. I would have given a trifle for something to drink. Towards the latter part of the day, I drew from a spring that issued from the cliff and used the water also to make a plaster cast of a shell from the matrix in a great stone, having come provided with iron hammer and chisels and every pocket full of fossils, it was a weary walk home over the loose shingle of the beach. Had tea (I forget how many cups I drank). There is nothing like tea after a fagging walk.

Fri. Mar. 11- Felt very stiff this morning. Repaired some of my cracked fossils. I once tried glue, but I found that the moisture contained in the stone prevented its drying. I have some specimens which I glued several months ago and the glue is still quite wet and useless. I now use 'Robinson's liquid glue', which is shellac and it seems to answer.

Tue. Mar. 15- At an evening party of young folks at Mrs. Walker's at Lime Park, given for her granddaughter Eleanor. Music, supper and dancing, how we did dance! I went through quadrilles and lancers, with Eleanor Walker, Miss. Boltons, one or two, Miss. Creighton, Miss. Josephine Stephenson, Mrs. H. Jenkins and some others. For the more active dances I played a flute accompaniment to the piano.

Fri. Mar. 18- Spent the evening at Mrs. Bolton's, Sidlands.

Tu. Mar. 22- Dined at Lime Park, where there was a friendly party of young folks.

Wen. Mar. 23- Took a walk to the Dunscombe Cliffs with Mrs. Jenkins of Lime Park and her niece Eleanor Walker, and three Miss. Boltons. Two donkeys assisted the ladies. The distance is about three miles out. After we had discussed our sandwiches on the hill, I took two of the girls a scramble along the undercliff, where I go for fossils. [See Sept. 10. 1858.] We all returned home tired.

Thu. Mar. 24- An evening party at Dr. & Mrs. Miller's. We were some of us rather stiff in the limbs from yesterday's walk.

Sat. Mar. 26- Mr. Latimer of the Exeter 'Western Times' called and had a chat. Spent the evening at Mrs. Vaughan's and had flute and piano duets.

Tue. Mar. 29- Walked to Sidbury. Had tea at the vicarage.

Thu. Mar. 31- Walked to the Dunscombe Cliffs again. Went along the beach: entered at Salcombe Mouth: mounted Maylands Hill: saw two swallows, the first this year: placed three short tobacco pipes in the brook at Lincombe Shoot, to see if they will get coated with stone: (see Sept. 10. 1858) Went to the cliffs and passed several hours hunting for fossils and extracting them. I believe, however, that I have now pretty well exhausted this locality. Eat my sandwiches and two oranges, having no other drink. On returning, I struck inland and passed through Salcombe, having been out eight hours. Drank at the public pump in Salcombe village, I was so thirsty.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1859

Sun. Apr. 3- At church twice at All Saints and once at St. Giles.

Mon. Apr. 4- All the morning painting wire flower supports and flower stands for the garden.

Tue. Apr. 5- Dined at Mrs. Stephenson's at Myrtle Cottage, Salcombe parish.

Wen. Apr. 6- At an evening party at Mrs. Digby's. Vestry meeting to consider a proposed meeting at the Town Hall tomorrow.

Thu. Apr. 7- Meeting at the town hall about the church restorations, the vicar in the chair. All we members of the committee were of course present. The meeting was better attended than I had expected. The only actual fact brought forward was that the faculty for rebuilding the chancel and doing the other proposed works will be granted as soon as the money is subscribed. We want £1,500 before we pull down a single stone. We have about £1,100. I spoke for a quarter of an hour.

Tue. Apr. 12- Saw in a London paper, an account of some bush fires, which swept through the Hindmarsh Valley, in Australia, with extracts from the accounts sent to the Adelaide papers by Mr. Y.B.Hutchinson, whom I of course recognize as being my brother. The heat and dryness of the weather had rendered the vegetation very combustible. It had been seen on fire on the hills, but at last the wind drove it into the valley. It came sweeping along, irresistibly burning up corn and other crops, ricks and even houses. Many persons are ruined. My brother seems to have suffered in some degree, I shall anxiously wait for a letter from him. This evening at Mr. Clements 'Lecture on Poetry'.

Wed. Apr. 13- Spent the evening at Lime Park. Five of us put down a shilling each, the price of a lady's worked collar and played cards for it. I won it and gave it to Elsie Church, one of Mrs. Walker's granddaughters.

Thu. Apr. 14- Had tea and music at Mrs. Vaughan's.

Sat. Apr. 16- Amused myself nearly all day trimming trees, lombardy poplars and the elm. Made my arms and shoulders ache not a little.

Mon. Apr. 18- Took a walk along the beach under High Peak Hill. I intended to have gone at the time of the equinox nearly a month ago, as the lowest tides in the year occur at such periods. It was full moon yesterday and though some weeks after the equinox, the tide descended low enough to allow me to get upon Little Picket Rock. I recollect once getting upon it years ago.

Tue. Apr. 19- Walked to the summit of Peak Hill, to see the ground destined for the yeomanry cavalry about the end of May. Returned by Mutters Moor.

Thu. Apr. 21- Went where I never went before, out over the sea face of Peak Hill on the undercliff, to see if I could find any traces of the old road to Otterton, said to have passed that way till about 80 or 90 years ago. They seem to be nearly all obliterated. *Query ! Did it ? Old men say so.*

Thu. Apr. 28- Meeting at vestry, adjourned for more room to the Town Hall. The vicar has lost his wife's father and being absent, J.B.Lousada, churchwarden, in the chair. The Earl of Buckinghamshire

was there and took part, the first time I ever saw him at a parish meeting. The business was, the election of the same churchwardens as last year, the passing of a rate of 3d in the pound (after much opposition from the absentees) for the organists' salary, the sextons Do., the clerks Do. A rate of the same amount, e.g. 3d in the pound (which produces in this parish about £106) was proposed for enclosing and walling the new piece of burying ground bought last year, but refused. The Chairman demanded a pole and the vestry is to be open next Monday & Tuesday for people to record their votes. The organist's election was also confirmed at this meeting.

Fri. Apr. 29- Made William May, the gardener's will, leaving his wife all his personal property. Witnessed his mark 'X' together with Thomas Newman. *He destroyed it before he died.* Spent nearly the whole day in making experiments in electro engraving on zinc, according to Devincenzi's plan. The first trial was of a fossil shell, the *EXOZYRA DIGITATA*.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1859

Mon. May 2- At a party at Mrs. Hamilton's (the vicar's mother) at Myrtle Hall.

Tue. May 3- All day at Honiton, at the concert etc. Home at 3 in the morning.

Fri. May 6- Had tea at Mrs. Walker's, Lime Park, one of her granddaughter's "Elsie" Church, being there and her friend Miss. Ward. Won at cards, a pair of bead ornaments for candlesticks.

Sat. May 7- After breakfast went again to High Peak Hill. Went out over and explored the sea face of the cone. Searched it carefully, both for geological specimens and for any stray antiques from the camp above. Pulled out a tooth, like of a young horse from the eastern end where the charcoal is. Near the western end found a piece of pottery and some bones, but as yet I will not venture to give an opinion on them. All the greensand fossils in this hill are broken to pieces. Today arrived from the Smethwick foundry, near Birmingham my new 3-pound iron gun. If any of our enemies try to invade us at Sidmouth, I shall be able to give them a warm reception. It is 4f [long] about 8in. In diameter at the breech and weighs 3wt. 2qrs. 20lbs. It cost £3-3-0 At another place I was asked £5. Carriage from Birmingham, 13s.

Mon. May 9- Went up on Peak Hill to see part of the Sidmouth troop of yeomanry exercise, preparatory to the general meeting on the 19th. Some of the men, as well as some of the horses, decidedly want practice.

Sat. May 14- Busy all the week getting alterations made in the old gun carriage in order to adapt it to the new gun. Work people in Sidmouth are generally complaining that business is very dull, that they have not got enough to do and that they wish times were better: and yet curiously enough, when one finds them a job, there is no getting them to work. If one turns one's back, they either stand idle, or else they take up some other work or occupation. As I am anxious to get the gun mounted before the yeomanry cavalry come in on the 19th I find it necessary to stand over them and even work with them. In this way I can make them move and this is the only way.

Thu. May 19- This morning the town was all alive. Flags were flying and triumphal arches of laurel spanning the streets. The soldiers were to meet on Peak Hill at 2 P.M. The gun and limber being all ready, I determined to go up and meet them. The gun is of iron, but nevertheless by rubbing it over

yesterday with some drying oil and then dusting over it a little bronze powder and here and there a little green paint which looked like verdigris, it was taken for a brass gun. I ascended by way of Cotmaton, Jenny Pine's Corner and Mutters Moor, because the ascent is more gradual. On reaching the summit (rather a hard pull) I found a full array of cavalry, I believe nearly 500. My appearance soon attracted their attention: and the more so when I unlimbered loaded and fired. I made a circuit of the hill and fired four times. I was surprised to find that I was heard down in Sidmouth, though I only put in half charges. I descended along with the regiment, by way of the cliff, Peak House, Cotmanton, Mill Lane and down the town to the beach.

Sat. May 21- Drove the gun to the esplanade. Fired one charge there this evening at parade on the beach and another in the Fort Field.

Sun. May 22- There was an early service at nine for the soldiers. Went to see them march in, headed by their band playing anything but psalm tunes.

Mon. May 23- This evening at parade I drove the gun round the Fort field and then took up a station near Fort Cottage and fired six ½ pound charges, the last 10 ozs.

Wen. May 25- The review took place today. The weather was beautiful. I walked up solus via Five fields and right up the side of the hill. The place on the summit was like a fair and the area surrounded by people and vehicles of all sorts. Met several friends sauntering about. Selected a good station and a comfortable seat, with the wind and the sun at my back. The evolutions were very well performed, the skirmishing and the firing being the most amusing. During the melee of one charge, I saw a gray horse roll over in the dust and throw his rider. The rider was Lord Courtenay. In the evening I dined at the mess. We sat from 7 till 10. Came home instead of going to the ball, as most did. But Lieut. John Wolcott, of Knowle, who has my stable and a spare room, came home, when I lent a hand to set him up in full dress to go. Sat up writing letters and reading till---

Thu. May 26- Till four o'clock in the morning of another day. Put out the candles, drew up the blinds and let in the daylight. Wolcott returned. To bed soon after. Breakfast at 10. The soldiers left during the day. Not sorry this campaign is over. Fri. May 27- At a small party at Lime Park.

Mon. May 30- At six p.m. There was a public meeting at the Town Hall, to consider a circular from the Lord Lieutenant of the county (Earl Fortescue) on the subject of forming a Rifle Corps. Considering the uncertain position of political affairs on the continent, the government has expressed a wish that Volunteer Rifle Corps should be embodied all over the country. Gustavus Smith Esq. J.P. Was in the chair. As people are required to find their own rifles and equipment, everybody pleaded poverty and little was done. Mr. Lousada read a letter from the Earl of Buckinghamshire, in which the Earl expressed his willingness to subscribe £20 if money was wanted. A committee was formed and matters will stand over till parliament meets in a few days, when it is expected that the subject of Volunteer Rifle Corps will be brought before the house.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1859

Wed. June 1- After breakfast I was sent for to come down to the Preventive House to witness practice with the mortar. The men are now and then exercised at throwing a ball to which a rope is attached. This is employed when it is desired to effect a communication with a wreck. At night, they

use a ball into which a fuse or portfire or blue light, is inserted, like the fuse of a shell, by which the course of the ball through the air is seen in the dark. Both kinds were tried today and succeeded well. I showed the commanding officer some of my friction tubes with which I fire the gun and used in the Royal Artillery, but not in the Navy. They were new to him and he was much taken with them. I told him I would fire his mortar with one if he liked. He readily assented. I fired the third shot and I gave him one as a specimen. One of the men, who was on board one of our ships in the Baltic during the Russian war three years ago, saved part of the Russian Infernal Machine which exploded and put [out]one of Admiral Seymour's eyes: and he showed it to me today. It was a block, with some ingenious contrivances, for retaining the machine under water and then freeing it. Another sailor described to me the wrought iron Monster Mortar, now at Woolwich, made a few years ago. It is made in three pieces, clamped together. It has no vent or touch hole. The fire is communicated down the bore. The man who fires, lights a fuse and retires to some distance, to escape the concussion. The shell is put into the mortar by means of shear-legs and pullers. It buries itself fourteen feet deep in the ground when it pitches.

Sat. June 4- Walked to Salcombe and had some conversation with Gale, a man who has been in the Royal Artillery, about my gun.

Sun. June 5- Gale came over this morning before church:had breakfast with me,looked at the gun,approved of the mounting, said that if an enemy tried to land a boat full of armed men, he would swamp them with that gun, he then left to go home.

Mon. June 6- Mr. Heineken and myself resolved to visit Hembury Fort, distant nearly twelve miles. We started at nine, passing through Sidbury. We pulled up at Hunter's Lodge and took some observations with the sympiesometer, to ascertain the height of the hill,which however has been levelled from Sidmouth and found to be 800 feet. Made steep descent and crossing the Honiton road, passed Weston or Waringstone to Awliscombe. Here we got out to see the church. The village was full of flags and holiday people and as they were now all in the church, we altered our plans. We explored Bushy Knap and Buckerell Knap. The former is an immense mound or tumulus at the southern point of the hill, which we climbed, in spite of the heat, on which some trees grow and from which a fine extent of country is seen. (*see May 8. 1871*) T he latter is the northern and higher end of the hill, rising like a mound about 200 feet in diameter, surrounded by an earthwork and having other earthworks south of it across the hill, to dispute the approach. These places look strongly as if they had been outposts connected with Hembury Fort. We came down and entered Awliscombe church. It is curious that the stone floor rises by a slope from the west door to the chancel. It is a handsome building in the perpendicular style. The stone screen good. There appears to be no monument to Mrs. Amelia Elphinstone in this church, as mentioned by Lysons and which I copied into my guide book. The tower, however, is square, without buttresses. We then made for Hembury Fort, discussing our sandwiches and drinking our beer by the way, to save time. This is a wonderful camp. It is a long square with the corners rounded off and the southern end more pointed and having a circular place as if a beacon had been there. The length from north to south is 1085ft., width across the middle 285ft. And nearer the north end 330ft., from the tops of the aggers. We measured from the top of the inner agger at the north end, to the bottom of the fosse and made it 57 feet. On the west side, from the top of the inner agger to the top of the second, 85 feet. Sidmouth tower is only 75. The camp is surrounded by three aggers with their ditches. Across the middle of the interior area there run two hedges or earthworks, the purpose of which is disputed. There is a mound in the middle of the south one. The entrance was on the west, perhaps another at the northeast. An iron figure of Mercury is said to have been found here. I should like to know what

has become of it. We varied the route home by taking the lane on the southwest, which is straight and perhaps occupies the line of a Roman road. We passed Lower Cheriton, Feniton, climbed up Ottery east hill, passed Hunter's Lodge, Sidbury etc. and got back by nine, having been out twelve hours. See also August 24.

Wed. June 8- Meeting of committee at the vestry about the church restorations. Resolved to call a public meeting at the Town Hall on Tuesday week.

Tue. June 21- Excused myself from attending the meeting at the Town Hall, not being well.

Thu. June 23- So the French and Sardinians are going ahead against the Austrians at a great pace. This fierce war had been predestined, though a good reason for it has never been alleged. On New Years Day, at the Tuileries, the Emperor Napoleon said to M. Hubner, the Austrian envoy, that whilst he felt every regard personally for the Emperor of Austria, he regretted that their two governments were not on so good a footing as formerly, M. Hubner looked perplexed, knowing that something significant was meant: and all who heard the remark looked confounded. The funds felt ? and alarm soon spread itself over more countries than one. Soon afterwards, a marriage was hurried up between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde daughter of the King of Sardinia. France and Sardinia thought it is suspected that they are hungering for more territory, pretend to sympathize with the Italian States, which were put under Austrian protection in 1815 by treaty, but which are much oppressed by Austrian rule. So they undertake, without a quarrel, to drive Austria out of Italy. Austria, goaded by threats or supposed insults, take the initiative, by invading Sardinia. Doubtless Austria here committed a great mistake, she should have waited till she was attacked, but she had called out an immense army and could not afford to keep it idle. Napoleon sends 150000 men to Sardinia and follows them. Sardinia unites her forces and with about 200000 men at their command, the allies attack the Austrians. They beat them at Montebello, at Palestro, at Magenta and at Malegnano. Napoleon and the King of Sardinia entered Milan in triumph and were welcomed by the inhabitants. The first act of the drama is over and the French are full of glory. The Austrians are retreating on their fortresses. The French and Sardinians are following them and another great battle is expected.

Mon. June 27- Another great battle, the greatest battle of modern times. The front of the armies extended 12 miles. The Austrian right wing lay near Peschiera and its left reached to Castel Goffredo, the French being opposite, with the Sardinians bearing on the southwest end of the Lago di Garda. The attack began at 4 o'clock on Friday the 24th. And the contest was not over till eight in the evening. The wings of the Austrian army at first drove the French back, but a combined attack of the French centre, threw the Austrian centre into confusion and forced the Austrians to retreat. The French and Sardinians numbered 150000 men, the Austrians more. The French took 3 flags, 30 guns and 8000 prisoners. There were about 10000 French and Sardinians and 18000 Austrians killed and wounded. The new French rifled cannon did much execution, at a great distance. This affair has been called the Battle of Solferino.

Th. July 7. 1859 – Finished reading Charles Dickens “Barnaby Rudge”. The first half is the best, I mean there is more literary talent displayed, especially in the delineation of character.

Fri. July 8. 1859 – Very fine and very warm. Hoisted my new heraldic flag (Hutchinson coat of arms) just made; the old one quite worn out. Hayman drilled the holes in the vent-patch of the gun, to fix a lock, if I wish it: and the hole for the screw to hold the sight.

Wed. July 13. 1859 – An armistice – and then a peace! Austria is beaten. Austria is eating humble pie. She is the first to send a flag of truce. The armistice proposed on the 8th of July, and the peace on the 11th, when the Empress had a private interview at Villafranca. I think that Napoleon treated his ally the king of Sardinia rather cavalierly in that consulting him in these matters, or when admitting him to the interview.

Th. July 14. 1859 – Went to Dawlish, by way of Exeter. Besides my cousin Mary Roberton, at Belmont Villa, I found my cousin Mrs Johns and her children (Fanny and Agnes) also Miss Gordon, from Dumfries, and her niece and nephew, Mary and Alexander Roberton.

Sat. July 16. 1859 – In the cool of the evening (the weather being very fine and warm) several took the rail for Teignmouth. We enjoyed our hour's worth or more, and returned.

Sun. July 17. 1859 – Twice at St Mark's chapel.

Mon. July 18. 1859 – Took little Alexander (or Alec, or Lally as they call him) over to Teignmouth, to look at the harbour and shipping, he having a strong desire to be a sailor. We also crossed to Shaldon by the ferry boat, and took a walk round the Ness. We then returned to Dawlish.

Tu. July 19. 1859 – Miss Gordon and Mary and Lally left for Dumfries.

Wed. July 20. 1859 – At 4 this morning I was awake by a violent thunder storm. Got out of bed and looked at it. Had tea at my cousins the Blighs.

Tu. July 26. 1859 – Went to Exmouth. Walked from Dawlish to Langstone Point, and then across the warren to the Exe. It was rather a tedious and warm walk over the sandy warren. Crossed the river for two pence by the ferry boat. The man told me the ferry has been purchased by the South Devon Railway company, but it does not pay. Called on the Miss Cutlers in Exmouth who formerly lived in Sidmouth, for the purpose of looking over their fossils formerly got out of the Sidmouth cliffs. Unfortunately most of them had been unpacked; so I am able to come again if possible. Looked at Exmouth, where I had not been for some years. Recrossed the ferry, and walked back.

Fri. July 29. 1859 – Exeter assizes. Went by rail. When I got into court, I learnt that the special jurymen would not be required till Monday morning. Kicked my heels for a few hours about Exeter, and returned.

Sun. July 31. 1859 - Obligated to go into Exeter this morning to sleep, in order to be in court sufficiently early tomorrow morning. Annoyed by the bugs! This hot weather they abound everywhere – even in the best hotels, - and one is enough to keep me from sleeping. Their attack is just like that of a sting nettle on my skin. Some say that to touch the edges of the nightcap and waistband and collar with essential oil of lavender, or any strong scent, will keep them off. Others recommend sponging the face, neck, hands or other exposed parts with vinegar before going to bed, letting it dry in. They say they will not touch the skin where the vinegar has been.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1859

Mon. Aug. 1- Went into the "*Nisi prius*" court at nine. My name was called and I went into the jury box. The case was 'Owen versus Holman', a trumpery quarrel about a party wall between two properties at Topsham. Tue. Aug. 2- The trial lasted till the afternoon today and then only ended by an arrangement: The defendant bought the plaintiffs property and threw into his own. He bought it

for £250, although some thousands had been wasted on this dispute in another trial in London. I was on another case, a disagreement between a miller and a farmer about the right to a mill-pond. We gave it to the miller. I got a guinea for each trial. Returned to Dawlish.

Wed. Aug. 3- Went to Teignmouth. The "Blenheim", a two-decker, was anchored some two miles off. The coast guard, men and boys are being exercised on board her. The great guns made the land shake. It was amusing to see the shot make "ducks-and-drakes" on the water. Called on Sir Warwick Tonkin, whom I had not seen for many years. Had a long talk with him about Rifle Corps and coast defences. Had tea with Mr. & Mrs. Lardner and returned.

Thu. Aug. 4- Went to Exmouth, as last Tuesday week.

Mon. Aug. 8- Returned home to Sidmouth via Exeter.

Tue. Aug. 9- Examined the works at the church, now begun. Attended a meeting at Peak House, it being the intention to extend the sphere of the Archery Club and remove their ground from Cotmanton to a field at the bottom of Mr. Lousada's lawn at Peak House.

Wed. Aug. 10- Spent the evening at Lime Park.

Thu. Aug. 11- Was present at a meeting of the Artillery Corps committee at the house of Gustavus Smith Esq. It is decided that the best way to annoy or harass an enemy that might attempt to land here (the idea of a French invasion being again rife) would be 9- pound field pieces, in preference to guns in battery or riflemen. Fifty volunteers are required. As yet only 33 have offered. In spite of my lameness my offer is accepted. If I can go out with my field piece and fire for my amusement at a target why may I not go out in earnest and fire at an enemy. Examined the works in the churchyard. See my book on the Church Restoration.

Sun. Aug. 14- Today there were six vessels lying off Sidmouth. They were mostly brigs and schooners ready to unload tomorrow. The water looked quite lively.

Mon. Aug. 15- Meeting of volunteers for the Artillery Corps at the Town Hall.

Tue. Aug. 16- The Archery Club met for the first time in the new ground at the foot of the grounds of Peak House.

Wed. Aug. 17- Went with Mr. Chick and Mr. Heineken to Bury Camp on the cliff. Examined it and the flint heap which we opened last September. Drove inland to Blackbury Castle. This we examined and surveyed years ago. Mr. Heineken killed a viper and took home the head for preservation. Some persons have spoken of traces of earthworks, as existing on the west of this camp, but we were unable to discover any. About half a mile west of the camp there are the remains of a barrow in a field on the south side of the road, in one part of which was found a coin 50 years ago. Mr. Higgins, miller of Colyton, has the coin. We must enquire what it is. Approaching Broad Down, we stopped at a cottage, saw an old man aged 89. In answer to our questions, he said that when the road over the Down was made, now about 100 years ago, his grandfather was one of the men employed. They cut right through a barrow near Roncombe's Girt and found one or two urns of pottery with bones in them. Parts of weapons (he appeared to mean arrow or spear heads) were also met with. This testimony shows the mode of burial here. Some men further on, near Ring-in-

the-Mire, corroborated the same story and said the vessel or vessels they believed were taken to Netherton Hall. We returned home via Hunter's Lodge, Sidbury and so on.

Fri. Aug. 19- Drove the gun down on the beach at low water to have some practise. Drove on the sand and shingle to High Peak Hill. Erected a target, fired six shots. I think I will send the particulars to one of the journals. On returning, I found the mule quite unable to draw the gun up the steep banks of shingle. I was obliged to send for a horse. This place is so very inconvenient that I doubt whether I will go there again, though I know of no other.

Sat. Aug. 20- Attended a meeting of the Volunteer Artillery Corps at the Town Hall. Was proposed as Second Lieutenant. Excused myself, as I wished first to know what were the duties and responsibilities of taking command. I also said that I had some misgivings as to whether my lameness might prove to be an impediment. I had another reason which I did not reveal, I wanted to know what the expenses of an officer's uniform were likely to be. Some discussion about swords etc. Broke up with three cheers.

Wed. Aug. 24- Mr. Heineken and myself went again to Hembury Fort. When we had mounted Honiton Hill we turned half a mile out of our way to examine the remains of the barrow near the 15th milestone from Exeter (see July 26, 1854) We scraped about it, but found nothing. I went 100 yards to the bog called 'Ring-in-the-Mire'. I found it dried up, that is, sufficiently so to walk over. We then turned back to our previous route and pursued our way through Awliscombe to Hembury. As soon as we had attained the summit of the hill we sat down to enjoy the view and discuss our sandwiches. That done we dug about in various places, but dug in vain. We then went down to Payhembury to see Mr. Venn, the owner of the camp. We examined Payhembury Church. It was put into a state of repair some four years ago. The Tower is square and Norman in appearance. The present windows of the church are perpendicular. Imbedded in the walls, are many fragments of the Devonshire igneous rock. Inside, there is, down the nave, the original oak low seats, handsomely carved. There is a good old screen of fan-tracery, of wood, painted white and blue. There are a few ancient square tiles in the floor at the north-east part. In the churchyard, at the north-east part, there is a remarkable yew tree of great size. I thought it was four yew trees growing close together with just space enough to walk between the four trunks, but the sexton's wife who- accompanied us, said that it was one tree which many years ago had been struck by lightning and split open into four portions down to the ground. We had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Venn and Miss Bathe, they showed us a quantity of handsome old furniture in different parts of the house. A bed, very handsome, also cabinets, chests, etc. and many other antiques. We did not get back to Sidmouth till near ten. On my arrival, I learnt with regret that Mr. Alcander Hutchinson, had come down from London on purpose to see me, but was obliged to leave this evening without seeing me, on his return to France, where he has been living for five years. He had been making a tour in England, had visited Alford and York, from which places I had heard from him. His father Hiram Hutchinson is now at Aix-La-Chapelle. He had an uncle Elisha Putnam Hutchinson at South Danvers, Massachusetts. I have given Hiram and Alcander each a Lincolnshire pamphlet. From the tradition in his family I suspect they are descended from Richard Hutchineson, "treasurer of the Indian Corporation." But I have no proof. See Aug. 24, 1874.

Fri. Aug. 26- The so-called 'foundation stone' was laid at the Church today. The particulars are in the book I devote to the subject.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1859

Tue. Sept. 6- Mr. Noah Miller, builder and myself, have entered into a contract which we signed today. For £45-0-0 he is to erect for me, on my grounds at Coburg Terrace the old chancel of Sidmouth Church in miniature. I thought it a pity that the old windows (especially the great east window) the buttresses and other parts should be lost or broken up, so I mean to rescue them and re-erect them on my premises.

Fri. Sept. 9- Dined at Knowle with the Wolcotts and a large party. We sat down twenty to dinner.

Sat. Sept. 10- The "Great Eastern" steamship, having left her moorings at Deptford last Wednesday, arrived today on her first trial at Portland. This afternoon an accident occurred on board her. One of the steam funnels burst, causing the death of three men and hurting ten others. With a spyglass the monster ship is visible from Peak and Salcombe Hills.

Mon. Sept. 12- This morning the men felled a tree and began digging the foundations in my premises for "The Old Chancel"

Tue. Sept. 13- Attended a meeting of the Artillery Corps at Mr. Gustavus Smith's (Belgrave House) and took with me several new shot of my own pattern, which I have just had cast in Exeter. The intention is that they should revolve and go point first, though fired out of a smooth bore. Wed.

Sept. 14- Went along the beach to the base of High Peak and fired five shots at a target against the cliff. Firing very unsatisfactory. No.1. Distance 200yards, charge 6oz powder, elevation $\frac{1}{2}$ a degree, shot 3lb-12oz. like the first sketch. It struck ground at 150 yards and rose. No.2. Same size shot and charge, point blank, grazed ground, point flattened, flukes broken. No.3. Charge 5oz, shot like second sketch, weight 4lb-3oz. Plug at back broken, elevation $\frac{1}{4}$ degree, grazed and mounted. No.4. Same size shot and charge and elevation. Struck at No.4, I believe without ricocheting. No.5. 3lb round shot, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb powder, wad, grazed at 180 yards, with $\frac{1}{4}$ degree elevation and hit near bull's-eye.

Sat. Sept. 17- At a meeting at Mr. Gustavus Smith's, about artillery etc, patterns of uniforms were shown us. A Royal Artilleryman and some of the Exeter Riflemen were there from Exeter.

Mon. Sept. 19- Went with some friends to examine a tumulus near Lovehayne Farm. Drove to "Stephen's Cross", ascended Trow Hill, followed the Lyme road, made for Broad Down, on reaching "Rakeway Head" bridge, we turned short round to the east, went about a quarter of a mile, turned into the fields to the tumulus. The farmer Mr. Power of Elverway, was already there with two labourers. Half the tumulus was dug down a few years ago. Its construction is thus: first the earth was lowered two feet below the natural surface, a mound of dry flints was made four feet six inches high and this was covered with earth to the depth of five feet. On digging, the men in time came to some pieces of bone, which we picked out. For an hour we continued to pick out pieces of bone, then some pieces of rude, black, unbaked pottery, and I found what appeared to be two or three arrow and spear heads of flint. From appearances in the section of this barrow, it is plain that it had been opened before by sinking a hole from the top. It had been clumsily done, for the vase had been broken and parts left and mixed with the soil as well as the bones and flint heads. The bones had been calcined. We found what appeared some slight traces of charcoal, but these were doubtful. The barrow had been 70 feet in diameter. It is in a field called "Stone Burrow Plot" belonging to the feoffees of the Poor Lands of Colyton. Report says that 50 or 60 years ago some bronze spear heads or similar weapons, were found in the south side of this heap. The discoveries we made seem to point to an earlier age. Report further says that the said feoffees have one of these weapons at Colyton. We must enquire. (*Later note: They have not and Mr. Snook has one, now in Exeter*)

museum) I am disposed to think that there are the bones of a child and the bones of a grown person among these remains. There is the left of the lower jaw, very minute. Perhaps, however, the bones have shrunk in burning. (*Later note:* See "Pamphlets" Second Report of Barrow Committee.) We then went on to Blackbury Castle with one of the men. At A, on the east side of the entrance, about 1825, the man (James Mutter) told us that he took away some 70 cartloads of what was believed to have been burnt or calcined flints. Amongst these were many pieces of charcoal, as much as would have filled a cart. There has always been a tradition about calcined flint at Blackbury Castle. Some have ascribed it to the burning of the woods, but this is vague and the burnt flints would be equally scattered everywhere. Others ascribe them to the action of a fire beacon, but no fire beacon would ever be made down in such a low situation. Query – did they burn their dead there? But the man told us a fact hitherto unknown. He said that after his fellow workmen of that day had left the spot, he (James Mutter) saw a round hole where these flints had been dug. The hole was about 15 inches in diameter and 18 deep. Query – whether there had not been an urn burial here? And whether the men had not removed the vase? The flints were sifted and used in the mortar for building the house at Wiscombe Park. But there is also a bed of burnt flints at B, on the agger of the camp. This is higher and a more likely place for beacon signals. At C, there are traces of a half moon entrenchment. (*Later note:* Gross Dyke) At A, there is a large, low mound. Tradition says the slain after a battle were buried there.

Fri. Sept. 23- Went into S.Cawley's vault. See other book. Witnessed some mortar practice on the beach. The mortar was placed on the shingle opposite High Street. The windows of two or three of the neighbouring houses were broken by the concussion. Afterwards, some ropes were fastened to the flagstaff of the Preventive House and a contrivance tried by which people may be rescued from a wreck. I then went on board Captain Andrews new steamer, lying on the stocks at the east of York Terrace, which is to be launched next Tuesday.

Sat. Sept. 24- After some chilly weather and fires of an evening, today was like summer, with the thermometer at 69 in the dining room with the windows open. Walked out to Knowle to pay a visit. Found Mrs. Wolcott at home. The hedges are profusely covered with blackberries. I never recollect so many.

Mon. Sept. 26- Another antiquarian expedition. Mr. H. and self went to examine the point C, opposite Blackbury Castle [See Sept. 19]. We drove up Salcombe Hill and came out at Trow. Stopped at the Three Horseshoes, rented by William Webber, one of my housekeeper's sons. The earthwork is in his field and he took us out to see it. The vallum begins almost imperceptibly not far from the turnpike road behind the Inn and runs in a northerly direction in a straight line (not a curve or half moon) for, I should think, 200 or 300 yards and then turns towards the east nearly at right angles. The angle is rounded off. It runs into the hedge but I am inclined to think that it originally ran on and occupied the line of the present hedge at the top of the copse B. This makes two sides of a square like a Roman camp. Report says that the ditch of this entrenchment was the inside (along the sides A & B) though I scarcely know whether to believe it or not, but suppose the farmers must be mistaken. (*added* No). With respect to the east and south sides of the square (if square it were) we could not trace them, or learn whether they ever existed. Supposing this should ever have been a Roman camp, one may imagine that it had been made there to watch Blackbury Castle, occupied by the Britons. This idea is supported by the tradition that a battle was fought between the two and that the slain were buried in the mound at A. (see July 3, 1861) It set in a rainy day, nevertheless we went on, passed Bovey House, approached Beer and drew up the vehicle in the road and eat our sandwiches, for it rained so hard that we scarcely knew what to do. We heard of the finding of a

vase with bones in it near Watercombe. The spot was at D. As it occurred 6 or 7 years ago, we fear that we shall not recover any of the remains. We visited the Beer stone Quarries. The largest is the most curious, the passages extend under eight acres of ground. At some places the roof is not more than 18 or 20 feet thick, at others 120. A man called Cawley, who rents the quarry, or works in it, was our guide. Each person carries a candle. The beginning of the excavations is very ancient. There are no traces of the use of gunpowder in blasting. The roof is supported by immense square columns of chalk. In the ancient workings these columns have a sort of rude capital. We saw two stone troughs for water, one triangular (full of water) & the other square, leaky. We went through many turnings round about, besides which there is a horse road part of the way, where the stone is drawn out. The largest chamber, at the end, where stone is now procured, is some 60 feet long, the roof is 12 or 15 feet high. Several blocks of stone from two to three tons weight had been detached. They are sold at one shilling the cubic foot. Cracks or fissures are met with in the excavations. As a test, to find out whether these are dangerous or disposed to go further, clay is rubbed into them and the clay watched. If it does not crack, the fissure is not increasing. The fine stone for architectural purposes lies about 6 or 8 feet- thick and separates into beds of 2 to 3 feet thick. Above this the stone is coarser and is used for lime. Lime kilns and an open quarry are near. On emerging the light has a peculiar effect on the eye.

Wen. Sept. 28- A small steamer, built at the eastern end of the town, was drawn over the esplanade and launched.

Thu. Sept. 29- Michaelmas Day. The masons began the stonework of "The Old Chancel" in my grounds. At noon there was an artillery meeting, where some 29 or 30 of us were enrolled as volunteers by taking the oath of allegiance etc. Last day of the season of the Archery Club, when the prizes were shot for. The field was very gay. The list of the shooters and prizes shot for will be in Harvey's Directory. For any notes respecting the progress of affairs at the church, see 'RESTORATION of SIDMOUTH PARISH CHURCH

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1859

Thu. Oct. 13- Laid the foundation stone of my "Old Chancel". See my Mh. Book on that subject

Tue. Oct. 18- Another meeting at Mr.(or Captain) Smith's on the subject of artillery. I was again offered a commission (for the third time) but refused, as before and for two reasons, i.e. fearing my lameness may be an impediment, or a disadvantage and a dislike to incur the expense. Subscriptions have been paid in to the amount of £160. 18s. 0d.

Wen. Oct. 19- A man called Barrett, a fisherman of Budleigh Salterton, called on me with oysters. Both his hands are deformed in a very peculiar manner. He has only a misshapen thumb and forefinger, not unlike the claw of a crab. The tarsus is carried back, not flat like the back of the hand, but irregularly round to the wrist bone which projects a good deal. His neighbours, in order to account for the circumstance, say that his mother was frightened by a crab before he was born. It did not occur to me to ask him what he knew about this part of the affair.

Fri. Oct. 21- Collected £6-1-0 in subscriptions for the Artillery Corps. Officers uniforms will cost from £40 to £50. The mens £3-1-0, being for tunic, trousers and cap. The cloth is £1-3-0. Five tailors have tendered for the making only, Cowd 16/4 each, Abery 19/-, J.Wood 19/6, Holwell and Barratt £1-3-0.

To the three lowest were given eight uniforms each, to begin with. As I shall pay for my own, I shall choose my tailor- Barratt.

Mon. Oct. 24- Decidedly there is no trust in man. I have just done what I have all along resolved not to do. I have accepted a commission after refusing three, or I think four, times. Captain Smith sent Lieutenant Ede to me, (who found me busy with the masons at the "Old Chancel") and requested I would go to Belgrave House. Capt. Compton R.N. First Lieutenant of our Volunteer Artillery Corps, has retired and vacancy occurs. Mr. Ede wished to put me over his head as First Lieutenant in Captain Compton's place, he remaining as Second Lieutenant, but this of course would not hear of. After a long discussion I was persuaded and my name is to be sent to the Lord Lieutenant.

Tue. Oct. 25- After several days frost, we have today a most boisterous, windy and rainy day. I scarcely remember the like. Went down to the beach to see a small vessel that had been driven on shore. The hail and rain were incessant, and the wind hard to stand against. The driving hail was quite painful against the face. After remaining there half an hour I got drenched, and feeling the rain running down my legs inside my clothes, I came back and changed.

Wen. Oct. 26- "After a storm comes a calm", saith the proverb, and today it is calm and quiet. But what a scene of desolation on the beach. At six yesterday evening the sea broke over the esplanade and ran into the town carrying shingle and gravel along with it. The Market Place and all the lower part of the town was flooded. The lower rooms of the houses were filled with water, mud and gravel. The esplanade and all the roads and walks near it are now covered with sea beach. The little vessel lies high and dry. A man on board told me he had sent word about his disaster to Jersey (where she belongs) and that endeavours to launch her will be made as soon as an answer is received. Such a storm as this has not occurred here since the memorable one of November 1824.

Thu. Oct. 27- A beautiful day. Took another look at the beach. Walls and railings of the houses and gardens are knocked down and carried away. How forlorn the place looks. Went to Captain Smiths to see his undress uniform. It is very neat I must say. There were received 50 belts and frogs for the men and 31 caps, with black oil silk covers, in case of bad weather. Captain Smith paid Mr. Bishop, the tailor £25 on account. Spent the evening at Dr. & Mrs. Miller's.

Sat. Oct. 29- Spent the evening with the Leys at Powys, They leave next Tuesday.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1859

Wed. Nov. 2- Went to the sale at St. Kilda Lodge, Salcombe Hill. The 99 years lease, with the houses, built and partly built, building materials, etc., sold for £1,100.

Thu. Nov. 3- Spent the evening at Miss. Listers.

Fri. Nov. 4- Mr. White, the architect of the church came down from London. Committee meeting at my house. See other book. Went to Captain Smiths, saw his uniforms etc., had discussions on the subject of the Artillery Corps, etc. Captain Smith paid him (Mr. Bishop) £25-13-0, for goods and work done.

Tue. Nov. 8- Wood, Cowd and Avery, tailors, brought some of the men's uniforms to Captain Smith's.

Thu. Nov. 10- Went to Budleigh Salterton with Mr. Heineken. Heard him read over two leases to two of his tenants (one a piece) which they signed. Took a walk on the beach. The gale of wind of the 25th ult, has done a considerable amount of damage to the walks near the limekilns. Searched for a specimen of tertiary wood, said to exist in a fossil state on this beach – in vain. If so, it must come from beyond Portland. We got back by seven P.M.

Fri. Nov. 11- Went to Exeter with Col. Fitzgerald, Mr. I. ? and their eldest daughter Mrs. Creighton, recently become a widow, at whose wedding I was. She is about to take out Letters of Administration, he having died (at Cawnpore, Aug.22) without a will, and with her father I was asked to be one of the bondsmen – to which I consented. Had breakfast with them at ½ past 8, and had tea with them at 7 when we returned.

Sat. Nov. 12- Wrote to Alcander Hutchinson, Langlee ? And enclosed him one of my portraits (photograph, profile) and a coloured drawing of Alford church, Lincolnshire. Church committee meeting – see other book.

Mon. Nov. 14- After much rain, the weather for the last week has been dry. Walked with Captain Greatheed to the petrifying spring, Lincombe Shoot, Dunscombe, to look for my tobacco pipes deposited there months ago. Alas I could not find them.

Wed. Nov. 16- We of the Artillery Corps met this evening in the ballroom at the London Inn. Waiting for the guns, Captain Smith thought it a good plan to have the men twice a week of an evening, after their work, to be taught the facings, how to turn and march and so on. Only half of them are as yet in uniform.

Fri. Nov. 18- Drill again this evening, Captain Smith taking the men.

Sun. Nov. 20- Alcander Hutchinson arrived somewhat unexpectedly from London and found me at home this time. He is over in England making preparations for his departure to Batavia and wished to have a talk about family pedigrees, etc. I have no doubt we are descended from the same ancestor, but we cannot find the exact link. He believes he comes from the Richard Hutchinson born in 1615, I had imagined that he was murdered at the time his mother Ann was murdered, but as he was at that time 28 years old, Alcander thinks he was more likely away from his mother's roof. Alcander left me this evening for London and France.

Thu. Nov. 24- The guns – two 24 pounders – have arrived in Exeter. Captain Smith, Lieut. Ede and myself joined in a carriage to Exeter about them. From Sidmouth to the station (16 or 17 miles), we were two hours and a quarter. We found the sergeant in charge, who showed us the guns, and having made arrangements about their removal, we did some shopping and got back soon after three P.M. On returning, I found that my masons had finished the eastern gable of my "Old Chancel," put on the cross and taken down the scaffolding. This end now looks very well.

Fri. Nov. 25- The guns are to be sent in waggons today. At noon the Corps mustered at the London Hotel. We first had an hour's drill by our Drill Sergeant, Mr. George Gosling and by one o'clock, when we heard the guns were in the Market Place, we all went down, formed in two divisions, one marching before the waggons and the other in the rear. In this way we went along the beach, up by Denby Place and in front of the houses of Fort Field Terrace, into the field, over towards its west side, then south, till we came near the sea wall. The guns were to be placed on the grass, 50 feet from each other, pointing to the sea and one on each side of the flag staff. The flag (Union Jack) was

hoisted. The two guns were on a timber waggon and the two carriages on a common waggon. We were disappointed at the form of the carriages. Each gun, without its carriage weighed 50 cwt. The removing these from the waggon on to their carriages and placing them in position, took till half past four. In order, then, to give the Sidmouth men some idea how the guns were to be worked, the sergeant and six gunners, who had come with them *from* Plymouth, went through the action several times of loading and firing, our men being drawn up round the gun, forming three sides of a square.

Sat. Nov. 26- Today I received my sword. It has a steel scabbard and the blade bears the words Sidmouth Artillery. Unfortunately, steel scabbards blunt the edge of a sharp sword. Tonight we had a drill that made our arms ache. It is good exercise for the muscles of the shoulders, back, chest and arms and others for the legs.

Fri. Dec. 2. 1859 – Received my commission as 2nd Lieutenant, which is dated November 15, and for which I paid five shillings.

Sat. Dec. 3. 1859 – The gables and gable crosses of my old chancel were up a few days ago: today the masons completed the chimney, and crowned it with a spare gable cross. I then gave the man half a gallon of hot cyder with sugar, ginger and nutmeg in it, which they relished amazingly, for the day, though fine, was cold. It froze in the shade all day.

Mon. Dec. 5. 1859 – This evening at eight, the artillery corps met for the first time at the town hall. The room is longer than the room at the London Inn. It is, however, a very bad room to hear what is said in, the echo is so great.

Th. Dec. 8. 1859 – Today the masons completed the exterior of my 'Old Chancel'. The walls are all up – the steps placed at the door – the garden wall brought up against the buttresses, where it had been pulled down to put in the north wall of the building – and the rubbish cleared away. Another payment of £13.00 is now due. This evening we began our drill at 7 and at 8 went to the London Inn to hear a lecture on 'China' from Sir John Bowring. Sir John's expression is not thoroughly pre-possessing in his favour. His nose points downwards; his mouth is large; he is bald except some lank hair at the back of his head; he is pale, and 68. We all went in uniform. A few nights ago, as I was going to drill, I saw a very curiously refined cloud. The annexed is a representation. It was like five gigantic fingers springing upwards, with the young moon between two of them.

Th. Dec. 15. 1859 – The weather much colder, with a strong north wind. The carpenters were engaged putting up the rafters of the 'Old Chancel' roof; but it was so cold, they were obliged to leave off and go away. They complained they could not feel the nails and hammer in their hands. I gave them a 2 quart jug of hot cider with ginger and nutmeg. They first hugged the jar to warm themselves, and then drank the contents.

Tu. Dec. 20. 1859 – Since last Thursday, the weather has been intensely cold. Pump frozen, water in my bedroom frozen, everything frozen. On Sunday night the thermometer in my room went down to 23 degrees farenheit. All out-door work has been stopped. This morning the wind changed to the south. It blew, and rained, and thawed.

Wed. Dec. 21. 1859 – Witnessed the signature of Mr J.B. Lousada, of Peak House, to his will. We met accidentally at the Revd. Mr. Deacon's at Portland House. It was in five or six sheets, to each of which we put our initial letters, besides our names in full at the end. Shortest day.

Sun. Dec. 25. 1859 – Christmas Day. The artillery corps went to the parish church in uniform, and seats were assigned to us in the south aisle. It began to drizzle when we came out. We marched four deep round Denby Place, to the beach, along the back to the York hotel, where we were dismissed.

Fri. Dec. 30. 1859 – My Old Chancel is now roofed in, and the continued rain kept out. Raked the earth of the floor smooth preparatory to the flag stones. Swept a quantity of carpenters' shavings and chips to the hearth, and had a fire there for three hours, - the first fire.

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SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1860 1

Sun. Jan. 1- Very mild. Several window flies have shown themselves. The Corps again went to church in uniform, being New Years Day. It rained miserably when we came out. The Captain dismissed us at once, the wisest thing he could do.

Thu. Jan. 5- Drill as usual this evening at 8. Afterwards I went to the Countess of Buckinghamshire's ball at Richmond Lodge, Elysian Fields. Captain Smith and myself went in uniform. A good ball and supper. The Earl and Countess very friendly. Not home till three in the morning.

Sat. Jan. 7- Spent the evening at Miss. Lister's, music. Began to try and set my tessellated pavement in a slab of Portland stone. Perplexing job.

Thu. Jan. 12-Drill at 8 in uniform at the Town Hall. At 10, in plain cloths, at Mrs. Radford's ball, given at the London Hotel. There were 150 people there. Not home till near 4.

Mon. Jan. 16- For good conduct, George Robins, one of our men, was called out of the ranks at drill tonight, by Captain Smith and told he should be made a corporal. Spent the evening at Mrs. Creighton's in uniform, taking tea there before I went to drill and supper afterwards.

Tue. Jan. 17- Alas, there is no selecting one man for promotion, without offending all the rest. This morning fourteen men sent in their resignations. George Robins happens to be young and in an inferior position in life, and the older and better to do, did not like the idea of his advancement.

Thu. Jan. 19- There is a jolly row in the town about "The Mutiny," as it is called. Robins, having been much annoyed by the taunts of his companions and wishing to compose the present agitated spirit, seeing that the safety of the Corps was at stake, wrote a very proper letter to the Captain, thanking him for his kindness, but begging to remain in the ranks where he was before. At our drill tonight, there was a very full attendance and an immense number of spectators, drawn together to see what would come next.

SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1860 2

The resignation of Robins, of the honour offered him, had served to compose matters. Captain Smith read some comments on recent affairs from a paper and things passed off peaceably. By way of keeping my hand in at swordplay, I went down to my butcher's and decapitated a sheep at a single blow of my sword. I did not succeed every time I tried, but I am inclined to think that, as there is as much knack in it as actual force, a little practice would make one tolerably sure of doing it without much risk of failure.

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1860 1

Wed. Feb. 15- Took my 3lb gun down to the beach for some practice. The drill sergeant and half a dozen of the men of our Artillery Corps took it down with the drag ropes. We halted it on the shingles near the Preventive House and fired against the cliff near the mouth of the river. Our target was a piece of board a foot square painted white. Range 200 yards. The first was a round shot with half a pound of powder. It struck to the right. I therefore readjusted the sight by shifting it a little to

the left. The second shot struck the board right in the centre and shivered it all to pieces. Nothing could have been more accurate. The practice with my conical shot was satisfactory in one case, but not in the other. The shot, feathered behind like this sketch, were found imbedded in the cliff, point first, but the shells did not answer so well. One of the round shot we fired away, having been bruised. We elevated the gun a good deal and pointed it eastwards towards Salcombe mouth. When fired, the shot made a sweep round to the left hand and pitched on the beach about a mile off, instead of in the water. This made us throw away another shot. We now took a perfect one that had not been bruised. It went as straight as an arrow and either struck or dashed the water over a small rock in the sea, lying off Salcombe Hill, a mile from Sidmouth.

Thu. Feb. 16- A new Great Seal has been made, the old one, made at the beginning of the Queen's reign, being worn out. *See Illustrated London News for Feb. 11.*

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1860 2

Sat. Feb. 18- A wedding took place today in the church, although nothing is there, during the alterations, but bare walls. A space in the north chancel aisle was carpeted and enclosed with flags. The parties were Captain Wake and Miss. St. Aubyn.

Mon. Feb. 27- A most windy day. Much damage done. Houses un-slatted, cottages and ricks un-thatched and trees blown down. My hive of bees was turned over. It was full of a beautiful comb full of honey. The bees being somewhat torpid, did not fly about much. I put the stand to rights and got the hive up again. The comb was not broken by the tumble and no injury seems to have been done.

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1860 1

Fri. Mar. 9- Full moon last Wednesday. Some weeks ago a French astronomer asserted in the public prints, that the tides at this change of the moon would be higher and lower than they have been for the last 100 years. Besides the fact that the tides are always higher and lower at this season of the year, (the equinox) the moon is now nearer to the earth than usual and this fact was to have its influence. Today and yesterday the tides were certainly much affected. I never saw them so low as today. Opposite the mouth of the river there was a reef of rocks, also another beyond and from hence to the Chit rocks a broad expanse of sand. I was told that about opposite Marlborough Place, on the sand, there lay five large stones which looked as if they had been artificially shaped out. These I did not see.

Fri. Mar. 23- Attended a vestry meeting of a very stormy kind. From the church (or rather the tower, for the church is not finished) we adjourned to the Town Hall. An address, recently issued by the Rev. the Earl of Buckinghamshire, discouraging the putting up of certain Tractarian symbols in the church and advising the parishioners to attend and vote against them. This brought a large attendance. Although one of the Building Committee, I have felt lately that I could not pull with the other members. I felt I sided more with the Earl's views rather than with those of the Committee. It was a most unpleasant thing for me today, to make a speech condemnatory of the course now proposed to be taken by those gentlemen with whom I have worked for fifteen months. When the votes were taken, the parish (including the Earl's views and mine) had a majority of four to one over the Tractarians.

Sat. Mar. 24- This morning I got a very friendly letter from the Earl, approving of the part which I had taken.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1860 1

Thu. Apr. 5- Finished my piece of tessellated pavement, begun on the 7th. Of January and carried on at sundry intervals. The tessera came from the remains of a Roman villa, discovered some years ago in a field near Uplyme. I bought a peck of them at a sale at the vicarage, Musbury, in August 1858. The colours are blue (blue lias) fawn colour (white lias) white (chalk) and red (brick). My pattern is a sort of Greek fret surrounded by a border of the guilloche pattern. The whole is set with Portland cement in a basin an inch deep cut in a slab of Portland stone. I design this piece of work for the centre of the floor of the "Old Chancel", at Coburg Terrace.

Fri. Apr. 6- Good Friday.

Sat. Apr. 7- Beautiful day, like spring. Took the cornopean and went to the top of Bulverton Hill. My gardener was up there with a cart and got a load of heath to lay down on the south side of my Old Chancel.

Sun. Apr. 8- Easter Sunday. Miserable day.

Mon. Apr. 9- Easter Monday. Fine, but cold wind. At five p.m. The Artillery Company assembled in the Market Place and marched along the beach to the Fort Field for the first time. Now the days are getting longer, we shall be able to turn out by daylight more frequently. The men were very inattentive and did everything very badly.

Thu. Apr. 12- Vestry meeting adjourned to the Town Hall, the business being the election of church wardens. Mr. Lousada, one of the late wardens declined the office again. Mr. Webber, the other, was chosen by the Vicar. Mr. Searle was chosen by the parish. The votes were 39 to 34, or there about, for some doubt occurred. Two ladies came and voted, Mrs. Slessor, of Broadway and Miss. Dawson, of Cotlands.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1860 2

Tue. Apr. 17- Fine March day, a north-east wind and bright sun. Gardened for several hours. In the "Old Chancel" were Arch. Cawsey and Butter, two of our Artillery men, employed in glazing the great East Window. At the church the men are engaged in slating the roof of the nave, laying on four courses of green, or Cornish slate and three of purple, or Welsh slate. I went aloft and got upon the ridge of the roof, which has rather a sharp pitch and enjoyed the fine view over the town and country, and sea on all sides I took a shilling out of my pocket and stuck it, unperceived by anybody, into a crevice of the timbers, and after I had come down, I told the men I had "paid my footing" and that there was a shilling amongst the timbers, somewhere up aloft. In an instant up they scrambled to the ridge and examined every place where I had been. At last a man called Iaver, a carpenter, and one of our Artillery men, cried out with exultation that he had found it.

Sat. Apr. 21- In Woolmer's Exeter and Phymouth Gazette of today, there is a long letter of mine on the subject of the late parish quarrels and a defence of the Rev. the Earl of Buckinghamshire in the steps which he has taken. This evening I received a kind letter from his Lordship, thanking me for what I had done.

Mon. Apr. 23- At 5 this afternoon there was a Committee meeting of the members of the Church Improvement Committee at Mr. Churchwarden Webber's. Present, the Rev. H.J. Hamilton, the vicar,

J.B.Lousada Esq., Rev. G.Deacon, Mr.Webber and Mr. Prettejohn, besides myself. The Chairman, the vicar, read a reply to my letter in Woolmer of Saturday, to certain parts of which I objected. It was then sent to the post. The vicar was then called away to a funeral, when Mr. Lousada took the chair. Mr. Plaice, the Clerk-of-the-Works, came upstairs and said he had some complaints to make about me. I understood his ill-humour. A month or two ago I offended him by

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1860 3

2Mon. Apr. 23contd.- conveying to him a censure from the Committee, especially Mr. Deacon and Mr. Lousada, respecting the shameful and unworkmanlike way in which some large and jagged holes had been cut in the tower, to insert some ends of timbers. Though he was saucy to me at the time, he subsequently apologised for what he had said. He appears to have thought that the present would be a favourable moment for a little revenge. He first complained that I had said he had made disrespectful remarks of Mr. Deacon, when Mr. Deacon was looking after the church works, as in duty bound, I cross questioned him a little and brought back to his memory what he had said. He was obliged to confess it was true. He then said that last Autumn I had gone down into the churchyard early one morning and tried to bribe or induce some men to open a vault and show me the remains of a Bible which had been examined and reburied. My counter statement was that the Bible had been found on the 9th of August, that towards the afternoon of that day I had talked to him about it, that I expressed my regret that I had not seen it and asked whether he could show it to me?, that he replied, it was only under a few stones, but as there were a good many people about then, he had rather not remove them then, but if I would come down tomorrow morning early, he would give me a sight of the book. I went down, but he failed to keep his promise then, but when I saw him a little later, he made excuses and I did not see it. My sketch of the book in my ms. Memoranda on the Restoration of Sidmouth Church was taken from a drawing of his. He also said I had dealt unfairly in some points connected with the building of my "Old Chancel" at Coburg Terrace, he, quite forgetting that I had a regularly written contact, which had been my guide throughout.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1860 4

Wen. Apr. 25- Wrote to the vicar to request he would call an early meeting, to give me an opportunity of refuting the calumnies spoken against me last Monday, before the same gentlemen who had heard them. He excused himself. See Harvey's "Sidmouth Directory" for May.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1860 1

Fri. May 4- The officers and non- commissioned officers of our Artillery Company, assembled half an hour before the men this evening in the Fort Field and had some gun drill.

Wed. May 9- We had a pleasant drill. First worked the guns in the field, marched 4 deep to the Town Hall, where more men joined us, marched back to the field via church street, had half an hours company drill there, then marched via the beach (whistling a tune) up through the town and were dismissed in Upper High Street.

Tue. May 15- Though the barometer is rising, we had several violent showers today. Went to the archery ground, voted for the admission of several new members. The evening was finer. Had an hours gun drill.

Fri. May 18- So wet we had no drill. All this week a glazier has been occupied putting in the odds and ends of stained glass in the head of the window in my Old Chancel. I have put up some coats of arms (Hutchinson and Parker) but as they are only done in water colours and varnished, I do not suppose they will last long.

Sat. May 19- A friend of mine, a gentleman of property here, bought some chains and other jewellery off a travelling Jew, giving him, besides some money, a quantity of furniture, under the idea that they were good gold. He, being in Exeter today pawned one of the chains. The man took the chain and gave four sovereigns on it, a proof that he thought it was gold. He allowed the other to go and then found out that it was not gold. He ought to have tested the article whilst the other was in the shop. He then sent a policeman after him and had him taken into custody. As there was no one in Exeter who could speak for him he was locked up. His wife, on her return to Sidmouth, sent and told me. At half past nine I started off for Exeter in a gig, hoping to get there in time to bail him out. I did not arrive till near twelve, the distance being little short of sixteen miles. I saw his lawyer, by calling him out of bed.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1860 2

Sat. May 19 cont.- I also went to the Guild Hall, but it was too late to do anything. I determined to get back to Sidmouth as soon as I could. I went to bed at one, on the morning of :-

Sun. May 20- Woke at three A.M. Got up at four, or a little after, not much refreshed. At five I got into the Mail and arrived in Sidmouth at 7½. Had breakfast at eight, for I had eaten nothing since my tea at home the evening before.

Mon. May 21- Started again. His wife took a carriage and Mr. Harris and myself went with her. We went to the Guild Hall, the case was adjourned till Saturday, for want of further evidence. We bailed him out- £50 each and returned. Had tea, dressed in uniform and went to the Fort Field.

Tue. May 22- Assisted to make up thirty cartridges for the great guns. At our drill in the Fort Field today we fired four small charges of one pound each out of our two 24 pounders. This is the first powder our men have fired.

Wed. May 23- Today we intended to fire four more, but one gun misfired. On searching it, a piece of old flannel cartridge was found.

Thu. May 24- The Queen's birthday. At 11 A.M. I attended a vestry meeting. A committee was appointed for the purpose of advertising for an organist and making a selection. I at first refused to be one of the committee, saying I was sick of committees and of parish quarrels. However, I am one. We had a gay afternoon. At 1 the officers and men of our Artillery Corps dined together at the York Hotel, at 2 our trumpeters sounded the "Fall in", we marched to the Fort Field, had a little drill and then began a Royal salute of 21 guns on two. As the men had never attempted anything of this sort before and as we had only two guns, the interval between each shot was one minute. However, everything went admirably. Not an accident happened, nor did any misfire or hang fire occur. The charge was 2lbs and it made noise enough as many houses were near us.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1860 3

Thu. May 24 cont.- The guns were washed. We then marched through the town, half a mile out to the Elysian Fields, headed by a band hired for the occasion, to pay a mark of respect to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, who has always been a good friend to the Corps and gave us £5 for our expenses today. We marched into his grounds and gave him three cheers. He came out, thanked us and shook hands with me and the other officers. We then marched back through the town to the York Hotel again. The weather was fine, the sun hot and the roads dusty. We sat down, quenched our thirst and some speeches made and songs sung. The Captain left. We afterwards again marched up the town, took Mill Lane, turned to the left, gave the Captain three cheers and were dismissed. The names and places of the men who served the guns, are shown below.

DAWLISH, MAY 1860 4

Wed. May 30- Went to Dawlish via Exeter, to stay a week or two with my cousin Mary Robertson at Belmont Villa, on the north-east cliff. Found my cousin Marion Jones there.

Thu. May 31- Rain. We spent the evening next door at Ermenville, the residence of the Evens.

DAWLISH, JUNE 1860 1

Mon. June 4- Put on my undress uniform and went over to Teignmouth on Artillery business with the officers of the Teignmouth Artillery Volunteers.

Tue. June 5- Went over again today, not having done all I wished to do yesterday.

Fri. June 8- Went to Exmouth for the same purpose. Walked along the beach and over the Warren, a tedious walk across the soft sand. When I was near the gun house, passing over the great hillocks of sand, I surprised a large picnic party. They were sitting at tea in a hollow and when I appeared on the hillock just above them, they all stopped their eating and drinking, at the unexpected apparition in uniform above them. I stopped short, equally astonished too. I then descended the hillock to where they were and told them I was glad to see them enjoying themselves so much. They had a large tablecloth spread on the sand, round which they were seated. There were cups and saucers, plates, bread and butter, cake, cream and sundry other good things. At a little distance was a fire made of waifs and strays, picked up on the sand, with a kettle boiling supported on sticks. One of them asked me to take a cup of tea, which (after a little modest hesitation) I accepted. I stayed ten minutes with them, sipping hot tea and talking on various subjects. I saw the girls laughing and tittering, much amused at the unexpected visit of the stranger. They told me they were a party from Limpstone. I then bid them good bye and went on to the ferry, crossed over for 2d, called on the first Lieutenant, transacted business, called on the Cutters, where I left some fossils from Sidmouth, went and looked at the guns (two 24- pounders like ours), returned to the ferry, recrossed and walked back.

Tue. June 12- Returned to Sidmouth. Marion, Miss Alderman, of Tiverton and Miss Harvey (staying at Starcross) I accompanied as far as Exeter and then came on.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1860 2

Thu. June 14- Today the churchyard enquiry took place. The reporters of two of the Exeter papers dined with me. See my M.S. Book on the Restoration of Sidmouth Church, Vol.II.

Fri. June 22- Today Captain Henry, from Plymouth, inspected the Volunteer Artillery Corps for the first time. We fired 18 or 19 rounds, the arrangements being pretty much the same as on the Queen's birthday.

Wed. June 27- Gilt and painted the armorial bearings on Harlewyn's monument. The shield bears Harlewyn impaling Parker (Earl of Morley's family).

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1860 1

Mon. July 2- Pages case came on today. (see May 21). Started at 7½ A.M. And drove into Exeter. He was acquitted. Got back by 9 P.M. Fine weather has come in with this month. Hitherto, with some interval towards the latter part of May, it has been cold and wet.

Tue. July 10- The Prince of Wales left Plymouth sound for Canada.

Thu. July 12- Today the parish church was formally opened to the public, although much remains to be done in the way of finishing. Fourteen clergymen in surplices made their appearance! At the end of the morning service a collection was made. I could not resist a practical joke having reference to the quarrels, contentions and party animosities that have been so much mixed up with the rebuilding of the church. In all these quarrels, I regret to say, I have seen as much spit, ill will and ungentlemanly conduct in the clergy as ever I have seen in any other persons whatever. Before I went to church this morning, I selected a piece of paper as near in size and appearance to that of a £5 or £10 note as I could find and wrote the following sentences upon it. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." Ps. 127.1 "It is an honour for a man to cease from strife." Prov. XX.3. " And a house divided against itself shall not stand." Matt. 12.25. When I put the paper in the plate, it certainly looked very like a bank note. I would have given a trifle to have seen the countenances of those fourteen clergymen when they opened and read it.

Sun. July 22- At the urgent request of a friend whom I have not seen for some years and who is now staying at Beer, some eight miles off, I went over and stayed the day with him. We dined together and talked over our boyish pastimes and adventures, and then took a walk on the Beer Head, or South

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1860 2

Sun. July 22 cont.- Down. We returned to tea and then walked over White Cliff towards Seaton, returning by the beach. The scenery and the colouring of the cliffs are beautiful. Did not get into my carriage till half past eight, nor arrive at home till ten.

Wed. July 25- An eclipse of the Sun, but the weather was so unfortunately cloudy here that not a glimpse could be got of it. It became extremely dark about a quarter before three this afternoon and that is all the indication we had of it.

Tue. July 31-This morning the officers and some of the non-commissioned officers of the Artillery Volunteers met Colonel Bent, of the Engineers, at Captain Smiths. Colonel Bent had been sent by the government to look out a good place for a magazine for our powder and to advise on a fit locality for practising our 24-pounders with full charges and shot. He thought their present position in the Fort Field too near the neighbouring houses. We then walked with him to the east end of the beach and over the river and up on the cliff. The cliff would possess inconveniences as being too high and all things considered, it was decided that platforms might be laid down and a magazine made between the Preventive House and the river Sid. The land is Mrs. Cornish's. The Captain is to apply to her on the subject. The government will not pay for any works unless we can get a seven year's lease certain.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1860 1

Wed. Aug. 1- Having recently done the six subjects for illustrating my little book on the Restoration of Sidmouth church, on stone, (or rather, on transfer paper) I am now busy about the interior views of the new parish church, on copper.

Fri. Aug. 3- At a meeting at Captain Smith's about the formation of a band for our Artillery corps. The inhabitants have subscribed some £70, which is much than I expected we should ever have got.

Sun. Aug. 5- At the pusey-ite Parish church. In the afternoon took a walk with young Creswell to the top of High Peak Hill and back. Returning home, I found a woman's pocket lying in the steep field at the beginning of the descent on the Sidmouth side of Peak Hill, near the top. There was a pair of gloves in it, a shilling, three pence, the key of her house door, a white handkerchief and some blue paper etc. I gave this collection of treasures to a cottagers wife close by, with full directions to look out for the owner returning over the hill.

Fri. Aug. 10- The Captain and myself attended at the Town Hall this evening at seven, to receive the candidates as Bandsmen. Also to examine the drums, fifes, etc. Brass fifes have been recommended by Mr. Pinney, of Exeter, now organist at Sidmouth, whom we have got for £20 per annum, as our band master. The candidates handled the drums and fifes and a pretty noise they made.

Sat. Aug. 11- Attended at the Captain's when the Bandsmen were sworn in.

Tue. Aug. 14- The papers contain the account of an accident among the Volunteer Artillerymen at Dover. Their gun burst, when two men (one being a Lieutenant) were killed and several hurt.

Thu. Aug. 16- A sudden gale of wind came on last night. Yesterday two schooners and a brig were anchored off Sidmouth, discharging coals. Two vessels rode out the storm, but the chain cable of the "Enterprise" schooner of Brixham,

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1860 2

Thu. Aug. 16 cont.- parted between 4 and 5 this morning and she was driven on shore opposite Fore Street. There she lies high and dry.

Fri. Aug. 17- As the schooner was leaning outwards towards the sea, ropes were fastened to her mainmast and when the tide rose, they tried to drag her over. The strain, however, broke the mast clean off.

Sat. Aug. 18- The schooner is abandoned to her fate. The weather is so boisterous and she has become so leaky, that little hopes now remain of doing anything to save her.

Mon. Aug. 20- Finished engraving on copper the plate representing the east and west interior views of the parish church, destined for my little book on the restorations.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1860 1

Sat. Sept. 1- Finished engraving, all but a few touches, the plate representing the west end of the church, with the organ.

Mon. Sept. 3- At our drill drill this evening, we fired ten rounds out of the great guns, and six out of the carbines. Also marched past in slow and quick time.

Wed. Sept. 5- Attended at the Captain's, to investigate a case of assault, in which our Drill Sergeant's name was implicated - he being near the woman who was struck and did not interfere to protect her. Afterwards, we drove to Sidmouth to see the woman and then to Cotford and saw Mr. Bailey the magistrate.

Fri. Sept. 7- Fine warm weather at last. The wrecked schooner was sold today. Went down to the beach to see. Her hull fetched £60. The sails, rigging and stores were afterwards disposed of in various lots. I suppose it will be impossible ever to float her off, for there are great holes in her bottom through which the boys are creeping in and out all day long. This evening the Captain of our Artillery Corps called on me to say that Mr. Ede, the First Lieutenant was desirous of retiring from the Corps - and that Mr. J.G.Radford was desirous of joining.

Mon. Sept. 10- I have allowed Mr. Radford to step over my head and be made First Lieutenant, I continuing Second. We announced to the men at drill this evening.

Wed. Sept. 12- Some new difficulties have arisen about our church works, especially concerning the Queen's window and the Earl of Buckingham's organ, detailed in my book about the church. I called on the Earl on the subject. He was twice at my house afterwards during the day about it.

Fri. Sept.14- The Earl was twice at my house about it today.

Sat. Sept. 15- I had a long interview with the Earl at Richmond Lodge about the same subject.

Mon. Sept. 17- Having received a letter from the E. I was an hour with him this afternoon. Also an hour with Dr. Newman.

SIDMOUTH,HONITON,SALISBURY,SOUTHAMPTON, COWES. SEPT. 1860 2

Tue. Sept. 18- The E. was with me an hour this morning in the Old Chancel.

Wed. Sept. 19- Left Sidmouth for Osborne House, Isle of Wight, where the Queen is staying for a few days, having with me a memorandum referring to some curious proceedings about our church, from the E., which Her Majesty ought to know. Up at half past five – breakfast at six – and on the coach at half past six for Honiton. Took the new line of rail recently opened, from Honiton, via Sherborne, to Salisbury and Southamton. Got immediately into a steamer and arrived at Cowes about 3 P.M. At the Hotel I immediately changed my dress to my uniform and found the use of it. Sentries presented arms and the Queen's gate keeper threw the portal open wide as he saw me approach. As I walked through the Park, a pony carriage with a girl of six or eight years old in it, led by a groom in the Royal livery, crossed the road about 100 yards ahead of me. It was one of the little princesses. Osborne House is in a plain Italian style. When the Queen bought the property of Lady.....some years ago, the old house was pulled down and the present one built. The Park is nearly the same as before, with some improvements, but several farms have been bought near to it, so that the estate now amounts, as I was told, to nearly 7000 acres. My uniform had the same effect at the house. The footman did not wait till I had knocked. I had a long talk with Major Elphinstone, tutor to Prince Arthur, and I am to call again tomorrow. Returned to West Cowes and got something to eat and drink, for I now had a right to feel hungry, having had nothing for exactly twelve hours and travelled a few miles into the bargain.

COWES, SEPT. 1860 3

Thu. Sept. 20- Fine morning. At eleven girt on my sword and walked out again. Was nearly an hour with Major Elphinstone (whose father and family reside near Sidmouth) and pen, ink and paper, having been brought to me by one of the footmen, I wrote a note to Col. The Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, Her Majesty's Secretary, enclosing the petition to the Queen, which I had brought with me. The prayer of the petition asks for enquiry into some of our church matters and I was informed that it would be acted upon. Having therefore performed the objects of my mission, I prepared to return. Awaiting the steamboat, I took a walk about Cowes and admired the many pretty yachts on the water. Left Cowes at six, steamed past Calshot Castle and arrived at Southampton about half past seven.

Fri. Sept. 21- Having slept at Southampton, I took the rail at 9 A.M. I recognized Sir John Bowring at the station. He had been giving some lectures at Southampton. I returned by the same route, via Salisbury and yeovil, to honiton. On the Sidmouth coach I rode over the hill, but got down short of Sidmouth and quietly reported myself to the Earl of Buckinghamshire, as having returned. I then walked home.

Sat. Sept. 22- The Earl surprised me at 10 this morning, to talk over my resent mission and arrange future plans. The Rev. H. Gibbs, incumbent of All Saints, likewise was with me, the Earl having admitted him into his confidence. My other book, on the Restoration of Sidmouth Church, contains some other particulars about this business.

Thu. Sept. 27- The Earl has just given me two or three things to put in my Old Chancel – a great mass of petrified moss, two stuffed birds, Ruffs and some coins, piece of magnetic iron etc.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1860 1

Tue. Oct. 9- Went in full dress uniform with Mr. Pullin, Hon. Surgeon to the Artillery Corps, and Sergeant Searle, in a carriage to Exeter. The Captain being in another carriage close to us and there took the rail at 9-40 A.M. To go down to Newton to witness the Rifle Match. When Earl Fortescue,

the the Lord Lieutenant arrived, bringing with him many nobles and gentles, we all proceeded to "The Decoy", where the shooting took place. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, brother of the Emperor (now staying at Torquay) was there. Proceeded to Dawlish, where I slept- at Belmont Villa.

Wed. Oct. 10- Miserably rainy day.

Thu. Oct. 11- Not much better. Would not go to Newton.

Fri. Oct. 12- Weather so uninviting, I resolved not to go to Newton to see the termination of the shooting today. Took a trip to Teignmouth. Met the Cresswells and we had a geological walk between Teignmouth and Newton, to examine the igneous rock that here develops.

Sat. Oct. 13- Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth. Daniels transferred my bees from their old straw hive to a new wooden hive or box. Went to Budleigh Salterton with Captain Smith and the Drill Sergeant to see some shot and shell practice with a detachment of the Woodbury Corps, with their 18 pounders. The practice was very good. SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1860 1

Fri. Nov. 9- Prince of Wales's Birthday. We Artillery men had a gay day- marched to the field- fired 21 guns- marched away, headed by our band- dined together at the London Hotel. We sat down, nearly 100 in number and had a very agreeable evening.

Wed. Nov. 14- Today the Drill Sergeant was giving me my lesson in sword exercise and we were cutting away pretty hard, when my sword snapped in two in the middle.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1860 1

Tue. Dec. 11- Walked with the Captain and Drill Sergeant to the proposed (inconvenient) site for a practicing Battery, along the beach to the dip between Peak and High Hills. Met Mr. Coleridge, Agent for the Hon. Mark Rolle there.

Sun. Dec. 23- Went to the funeral of J. Rounceval, one of our men, whom we buried at Sidbury with military honours. [See Harvey's Directory for January and Perry's]

Tue. Dec. 25- Christmas Day. A strong north-east wind and very cold. The Artillery Battery went to the Parish Church in uniform. The church was miserably cold.

Fri. Dec. 28- I had a small party at home.

HERE ENDS 1860

POH Transcripts - 1861

SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1861 1

Tue. Jan. 1- Accounts reach us of the unusual severity of the weather all over the country. On Christmas Day the thermometer seems to have fallen lower than on any other day this winter, so far. At Sidmouth it was 23° : in Hertfordshire 0, or zero : at Cheadle, in Staffordshire, 10 below zero, or 42° below freezing. It was 26° in my bedroom and everything frozen hard – jug, water-bottle and toothbrushes. I broke the

ice I my jug and sponged myself with water and then dressed. This is nothing to do, if one does it quickly, the moment one jumps out of bed, glowing hot and immediately rubs oneself dry. I sleep under fifteen blankets ! Some of the blankets are are doubled, but it is fifteen thicknesses of blanket, at all events. This may be added a sheet and counterpane.

Mon. Jan. 7- Last night was the coldest here yet, it being only 19°

Wed. Jan. 10- Four casks of ball cartridge, for the rifled carbines, were sent to me today for safe custody till wanted. Mr. Denison, the Drill Sergeant and myself, stowed them away in the stable.

Thu. Jan. 11- Amused myself all the morning felling, uprooting and cutting up the old laburnum tree, standing about six feet in front of the south side of the Old Chancel. It had the canker in the root. Some 8 or 10 years ago I cut my initials P.H. in the bark. I have preserved a chunk of the tree bearing these letters. It is in the Old Chancel. When Capt. Hamilton had my house in 1855, he cut AH on the bark. I cut off the slice with these letters and have sent it to him.

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1861 1

Sat. Feb. 9- This morning Colonel Hamilton, brother to the vicar called on me in a very excited state, on the subject of our parish affairs (of which he knows nothing) and on the subject of a letter I have written to his mother, regretting that circumstances over which I had no control, should have placed me in opposition to her son the vicar. The vicar has just exchanged parishes with the vicar of Combe St. Nicholas and he has so done because Sidmouth has become too hot for him.

In my letter I remarked that he had been driven from his parish by bad advice and the Col. Took exception to the expression. He said "he would make me pay for it" if I did not mind what I was about etc.,etc. I told him he was a comparative stranger here and knew nothing of our parish affairs, that he had better let them alone – that I knew what I was about, etc.

Tue. Feb. 19- Put my name to a petition to the Lords and also to another to the Commons, against the unconditional abolition of church rates. This question of church rates has been much aggravated of late years. I think there is something to be said on both sides.

Thu. Feb. 21- The weather very boisterous. This afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a violent gust of wind blew off the head of the elm tree in front of the house and carried it fifty feet away clear of everything. This same afternoon the north wing of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, near London, was blown down and the spire and central tower of Chichester Cathedral. Much damage has been done everywhere, both by sea and land. The wind was south-west during the afternoon. I mean to have some photographs of the tree made. (they were failures)

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1861 1

Sat. Mar. 16- The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother died this morning. She had been suffering from cancer.

Sat. Mar. 23- News arrived at Sidmouth, that Mr. Fish, of Knowle Cottage, had been found dead in his bed at his residence, in London. He will be missed by the tradesmen here, as he spent a good deal of money among them. His cottage was shewn to the public during forty years.

Sun. Mar. 24- The Rev. H.J.Hamilton, the vicar, who has exchanged his living with the vicar of Chard, preached his farewell sermon this afternoon at the parish church.

Mon. Mar. 25- This being the day appointed for the funeral of the Queen's mother, we Artillery men turned out in the Fort Field and fired twenty one minute guns from our 24-pounders. One of the guns missed fire, "the tube was blown", as they say. Unknown to anybody, however I had a spare tube in my hand and the moment the gun missed, I rushed in between the the men, put the tube in the vent and fired. Everybody was struck with astonishment, fancying some accident had happened. I was anxious the time should be well kept, because people sometimes time us with their watches. And curiously enough, Mr. Heineken (who was at home at the time) afterwards meeting the Captain said "you kept your time very well I had my watch in my hand and every gun went off almost to a second".

Tue. Mar. 26- A public meeting at the Town Hall, at which an Address of Condolence to the Queen was produced, read and approved, on the occasion of the death of her Majesty's mother, the Duchess of Kent.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1861 1

Mon. Apr. 1- Easter Monday. The Artillery corps turned out in the Fort Field this afternoon, worked the great guns, fired the rifled carbines, went through some company drill and then marched back.

Tue. Apr. 2- Went over to Honiton to witness some rifle shooting as 4 or 5 companies meet there today. About 24 of us took a four horse coach and drove over. Rather noisy fellows we were. The coach was covered with flags and one of the men carried a trumpet. We astonished the natives all along the road. The day turned out fine, but the ground was wet. The shooting I believe was good, but I know nothing for certain, till I see the score. On returning, the coach broke down when descending

Honiton Hill some four miles from Sidmouth. The weight of the men was too much. The woodwork of the "Boot" under the coachman's seat gave way and was crushed. The fore part came down upon the front wheels, but there was no turn over. Mr. Pullin, our Hon. Surgeon, overtook us in his gig and brought me home.

Mon. Apr. 8- Today the census was taken. My tailor Barratt was the person appointed to distribute and to collect the papers in my division of the parish. I had only to fill in for myself and for my housekeeper Mrs. Webber. The result shews that there are 70 people less in the parish now than there were ten years ago and that there are 575 more females than males. All this is unfavourable.

Tue. Apr. 9- Rev. H. Clements, formerly curate here, but now at a district in Torquay, gave a lecture at the ball room at the London Hotel on Oliver Goldsmith.

Mon. Apr. 15- Witnessed the signature of Mrs. Smith, wife of the Captain of my Artillery Corps, also the signature of his brother Mr. Charles Smith.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1861 2

Sun. Apr. 28- Today, after afternoon service at the parish church, the Artillery Corps attended the funeral of an old Waterloo soldier called Freeman and fired three volleys with their carbines over his grave. The band headed the procession playing the Dead March in Saul, as in the case of the funeral at Sidbury on the 23rd of December. These military funerals, however, being a novelty here attract such a concourse of people, that the solemnity of the thing is quite banished. I doubt whether I should care to be so buried.

Mon. Apr. 29- Sergeant W. Denison left for Plymouth.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1861 1

Wed. May 8- The Colyton Rifles paid a visit to Sidmouth. The weather was cold and rainy all the morning. By the time they arrived it was fortunately improving. They lunched at the York Hotel. The Artillery men then fell in at the Captain's, when we marched with our band to the Hotel to meet them. They came out, when we led them to the field. We marched past in slow and quick time and then went to the 24-pounders, which they wanted to hear – and they did hear them. They were drawn up rather close and got a terrible shaking when they went off. We escorted them out of the town and bid them a friendly farewell.

Mon. May 13- The Earl of Buckinghamshire called on me and chatted an hour on various matters. He then took a look at the the Old Chancel, which he had not seen since it had been in its present state, with my fossils, antiquities, and various odds and ends in it.

Tue. May 14- Today the Yeomanry Cavalry came in. They assemble this year for ten days. They number about 400. I gave up my stable and spare rooms to Captain Woolcott of Knowle.

Sun. May 19- The Yeomanry Cavalry had a special service at church this morning, commencing at a quarter before nine. The Artillery Corps went also. We filled nearly all the body of the church.

Wed. May 22- Today the Review on Peak Hill took place. The weather was fine, as it has been all through and the evolutions gone through very creditably.

Thu. May 23- They left today. Each man gets £2 – 16 for the week. It is calculated that upwards of £2,000 has been spent in Sidmouth since they have been here. Some of the officers bring their families and there is much feasting, visiting and

giving of suppers.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1861 2

Fri. May 31- Started with Mr. Heineken for an antiquarian expedition on Aylesbeare Hill, etc., and to look for Belbury Castle, for which we have been inquiring for a dozen years. We drove to Newton Poppleford, where we got out. We examined the government mark left by the officers of the Ordinance Survey, in the north west corner of the pretty little tower and took observations with a 'sympiesometer' we had with us. The mark is the broad arrow beside a copper bolt driven into a

large stone, with a horizontal slit, being at 132.8 feet above the level of mean tide. The service was going on. I looked into the church, There was nobody there but the

parson and clerk. On the top of Aylesbeare Hill we again made 'sympiesometer' observations. We also pitched the Water Level, a useful instrument for rough purposes.

It is merely two bottles connected together by a tin tube and placed on a pole. The fluid is water, with some ink or indigo in it. By looking along the edges of the bottles at distant objects, their relative levels can be seen. High Peak seemed the same height as ourselves, or a little higher : Woodbury Castle much higher : also much higher the hills towards Sidmouth, as Bulverton, Beacon, Core and Salcombe Hills. We picked up several pebbles peculiar to this locality. We then examined a number of very curious pits on the open heath, of which we had before heard, but never seen. They lie some 300 or 400 yards north of the two clumps of fir trees. They are called "Soldier's Pits". Tradition says they were made by

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1861 3

Fri. May 31cont.- soldiers once encamped on this hill. We mean to come another day expressly to examine them.(See June 14.) We then steered north and on Venn Ottery Hill measured a ridge or earthwork in the form of 'S' for 300 paces. Thence we proceeded to look for Belbury Castle. After some trouble, we found its site near ' Brick House', between two and three miles south – west of Ottery, or near the schools. On the flank of the hill, in the plantation, there is a very remarkable sunk road. From Belbury Castle it can be traced all the way north to Sreetway Head. Before the land was enclosed it was perfect, but even now is visible.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1861 4

Fri. May 31cont.- All our doubts were set at rest by falling in with an old man of 79 called Samuel White, who lives at Castle Farm. He told us that 70 years ago, when he was a boy, the land was wild heath, that he and his father assisted in leveling the earthworks round the camp, that they raised the earth in the middle of the camp from what they got at the banks around it, that there was a great ditch all round outside the bank, that the present road round the south and east sides occupies the bottom of the former ditch, that he never heard of any coins or weapons or other relics, ever having been found in the camp, that the camp was called Belbury, or Belsbury and that the field now occupying its site is known as Castle Field. He also told us he had traced the road all the way to Streetway Head and could point out many portions of it even now. (see June 2, 1874)

DAWLISH, JUNE. 1861 1

Tue. June 4- Went over to Dawlish to make the acquaintance of the Rev. J.M.Roberton, vicar of Aldgate London. Took the route to Honiton and thence by rail to Exeter, not having till now, traveled on that piece of road. Passed through Exeter down to Teignmouth, where I had some business connected with the Volunteer Artillery to transact. Called on our Lieut. Col. Sir Warwick. He first offered me a glass of wine and then sat down to the piano, when he played to me for nearly an hour and sang several songs. Pretty well for some distance on the wrong side of seventy. Having overshot Dawlish, I came back and arrived at my cousins Mrs. Robertons to tea. Wed. June 5- Took Mr. Roberton to the top Little Haldon, to shew him the circular camp and Lidwell Chapel. I found these objects much as I last saw them. It is a pity Lidwell Chapel is not drained. It is a swamp inside. Thu.

June 6- Mr. Robertson returned to London. Fri. June 7- Incessant rain. Sat. June 8- Returned to Sidmouth. Mon. June 10- Arrived today.....Penman, our new Drill Sergeant.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1861 2

Fri. June 14- Started with Mr. Heineken to examine the 'Soldiers Pits' on Aylesbeare Hill. They lie some 300 or 400 yards north and north-east of the two tumulus planted with fir trees, on the top of the hill, between Newton Poppleford and the Halfway House. They consist mostly of pits dug in the ground and the earth used to make walls. The pits were evidently residences. A gap or door appears in each. They are 6 feet by 8, 6 by 12 and some larger. They mostly extend like a street in two parallel rows for more than half a mile. There are also several circular trenches. Perhaps these were gutters cut round tents to prevent the wet getting into them. We also found two ridges in the form of circles. One we measured was 60 feet across. The other was larger. Between one of these and a long square pit, we found some pavement made of the pebbles found on the hill. We had been told that many patches of pavement existed in different places. Some had been destroyed by the men cutting turf. Round a bottom, on the north, there are many curious earthworks. There is also a tumulus in the bottom. That all these were pits where soldiers made their camp fires, as tradition says must be incorrect. If they are not the remains of an ancient village, some suppose they may have been made about 1799 when a French invasion was expected, or in 1803, when Lieut. Gen. Simcoe had his forces on Woodbury Hill and perhaps a portion of them here. The following fancy sketch may give some idea of their position.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1861 3

Tue. June 25- Went with Mr. Williams (Radford & William) at low water under High Peak Hill to shoot gulls. Took my artillery rifled carbine. The young gulls were not out of their nests yet, but I saw a curious thing. Two hawks kept soaring about the face of the cliff, as if watching for prey and the old gulls sometimes flew at them to drive them away. All at once one of the hawks darted into the cliff and one came out bearing something in its talons like a young rabbit. The object was so heavy, that after flying some distance, it was obliged to let it drop. As the hawk seemed disposed to dart down and repossess itself of its theft, I first thought of firing the rifle, for I wanted to see what it was. I however, shouted and clapped my hands and made for the spot, some 200 yards off. On getting there I found a young gull covered with down and hence looking like a rabbit. The bones of both its legs were broken at the thigh, but whether done by the fall, or by the hawk to disable it, I know not. The bird was scarcely dead. Mr. W. brought it back to Sidmouth. Sun. June 30- This evening, as soon as it got moderately dark, everybody was astonished at the appearance of a splendid Comet. The skies have been cloudy of late, and its approach does not seem to have been exactly calculated, for neither the Almanacs nor the papers have said anything about it.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1861 1

Mon. July 1- At drill this evening, we fired ten rounds of blank cartridge from our 24's in the Fort Field. Tue. July 2- This evening the Comet was beautiful, unlike the Comet of 1858, whose tail was curved, the tail of this one is straight and encompasses the nucleus with mist, which the other one did not. It stretches from the head, which looks like a little Venus star, some 20 degrees above the horizon, right away to the zenith. I urged my housekeeper to bring up the salt-box, suggesting that if she could put some salt on its tail, she might catch this strange bird and see what sort of feathers it had. Wed. July 3- Mr. Heineken and myself went over to examine the earthworks behind the Three Horseshoes, on the Lyme road. See my larger plan. The bank looks very like the west side of a square

Roman camp, with the N.W. Corner rounded. What I have got to say about this place I shall embody in my paper to be read before the Archeological association in Exeter next August. Mr. Chick, in another carriage, assisting us, took over

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1861 2

Wed. July 3cont.- a man with tools. Him he set to work to examine the large mound in a field some 300 yards south-east of Blackbury Castle, where tradition says the dead were buried after some desperate battle in the valley. A hole was sunk ten feet perpendicular in the crown of the hill, but it was nothing but fine yellow sand, all the way down which, from the water marks, had evidently never been disturbed since nature deposited it there. This is therefore, a natural hill and not a tumulus. By chance we heard of some trenches on a hill in the parish of Branscombe. We must go soon. Tue. July 9- We carried out our determination. We passed the Three Horseshoes and took the first road to the right, which brought us to the top of one of the Branscombe valleys, where the view is beautiful. We were directed to the chalk quarry. From Mr. Daw, who rents the land, we learned that in excavating this quarry they opened the ends of two trenches in the face of the cliff, and from time to time in them, they came upon bones and crockery – crockery either black or stone colour. This happened some fifteen year ago.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1861 3

Tue. July 9cont.- None has been saved. In the plan below, the white is the part excavated; 'a' all that remains of the trench, but full of loose flints: It turns at an angle 'b': 'cc' direction of trenches over the quarry, before dug away: 'd' tumulus within the trench, dug away. In or near this tumulus was found a slab of stone, about 3feet by 2 by 9 inches thick. Under it were bones in a cavity. The stone now forms the floor of the 'eye' of the lower kiln, close by. The spot was called 'Castle Close' and possibly these trenches may have formed two sides of a Roman camp. Bury Camp is visible on the cliff about a mile south-west by south. Fri. July 26- Sold my 3lb gun, limber and side arms, to Mr. B. Sampson, of Great Wood near Penryn near Falmouth. I advertised it once in Woolmers Exeter Gazette a fortnight ago and it got me a purchaser. I asked £20 and he gave me my price The limber and gun were yoked to the carrier's wagon. I went in by coach. I met it at the station and saw it safe. Returned by coach.

SIDMOUTH. JULY 1861 4

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1861 1

Wed. Aug. 7- All Saint's Church School feast, held in the field opposite Coburg Terrace. I also threw open my premises, but afterwards regretted that I did, for the children trampled over everything. Their curiosity also, to see the 'Old Chancel', was was intense. A few entered – I followed to see that my curiosities were not hurt – the others crowded in, till at last we were as tight as-as-as-anchovies in a bottle. Thu. Aug. 15- Was at the wedding of Miss. Fanny Muspratt (Woodlands) and Lieut. Douglas Bolton. The ceremony went off well at church and we had a very pleasant breakfast. In the evening we had an agreeable ball. Mon. Aug. 19- Meeting of the Archeological Association in Exeter. Went in to join them, taking my paper on the 'Hill Fortresses, Tumuli and some other Antiquities of Eastern Devon' and some of my illustrations. The papers will be read and a temporary museum is formed in the ballroom close to the New London Inn. Went there and saw all my objects of antiquity and drawings safe. Took rail down to Dawlish, after visiting some parts of Exeter with

the Associates, witnessing their reception by the Mayor at the Guildhall and listening to Sir Stafford Northcote's introductory speech.

Tue. Aug. 20- Went to Teignmouth and visited some friends.

Wed. Aug. 21- Visited some in Dawlish.

Thu. Aug. 22- This evening I read my paper, Mr. Pettigrew, the Vice President, in the chair. Fri. Aug. 23- Mr. Till, of Sidmouth, came over and we drove together to Aller and then to Higher Southwood, an estate of 51 acres, belonging to the Feoffees of the Sidmouth Poor Lands. We examined the estate, saw the tenant, and came back. Sat. Aug. 24- Returned to Sidmouth. Went to the rooms in Exeter, packed-up and removed my antiques and illustrations, and removed them to the coach office. Returned by coach. The Exeter papers of today contain full reports of the proceedings. The fruit trees in my garden have borne very well this year.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1861 2

Sat. Aug. 24contd- On the south side of the garden, which is on the north side of the garden wall, there is a greengage, a morello cherry and a magnum bonum plum. As these trees were too close together and wanted room to spread. I trained the branches over the wall and down the other side. These branches consequently grow downwards, like cows tails and in some places have reached the ground. Some of my friends said they would not bear fruit in this position: but this is a mistake. It is on the sunny side of the wall and the blossoms and fruit are not only much more abundant, but the fruit is ripe a fortnight earlier on the cows tail side. The cherry tree was one mass of red, the fruit was so thick. The magnum bonum has 19 plums on the north side and 111 on the south or cows tail side. And the greengage has 35 on the north side and 151 on the south.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1861 1

Wed. Sept. 11- Today Colonel Maberley came and inspected our Volunteer Artillery Corps. We assembled at 2 P.M. in the Fort Field. We had intended to fire twenty rounds of blank cartridge, but owing to the dangerous illness of a gentleman residing in the immediate neighbourhood, the order was countermanded. We first fell-in two deep as a company – took open order – and were inspected. We marched past in slow and quick time, the band playing. The men then went to the great gun drill without firing. The officers, after it was all over, repaired to the Captains, where we had a very nice cold lunch. Mon. Sept. 16- Rifle match for our own Artillery Corps. The target (iron, 6feet by 2) was removed from the beach to a field near Boomer. We used the short carbine. It passed off tolerably well. Fri. Sept. 27- All the morning engaged in taking the paint off some old oak panelling, which I destine for the old chancel, used fresh lime, slacked with water, to which I added potash. Made it about as thick as milk or cream and applied it boiling hot. Let it be an hour on the panelling. But the paint was old and thick and I had much trouble to remove it. After washed off and the wood dry, I was directed to wash the wood with vinegar – I suppose to neutralize the alkali.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1861 1

Wed. Oct. 2- Walked to Packham, or as some say, Packcombe, to look for the *Osmunda Regalis* fern. Found plenty in a swamp about 200 yards up under the hill above the house, inclining towards Harcombe Hill.

Sat. Oct. 12- Gilt with leaf gold, the pedestal on which I am mounting the three humming birds given me by the Earl of Buckinghamshire. By the bye, the Earl sent me this morning the head of a ram carved in white marble, brought from Cyrene (where excavations are going on) by his son, Captain the Hon. Augustus Hobart R.N. Unfortunately the face is injured. Called this afternoon at Richmond Lodge, Elysian Fields, to thank him. He read me a letter about his son's sojourn at Cyrene and some account of the discoveries, many things being sent to the British Museum, and then kept me talking on various subjects for an hour and a half. The head is in the Old Chancel.

Fri. Oct. 17- At 8 o'clock in the evening of the 17th of October 1861, I took to spectacles, being 50 years old, and eleven months to a day. For the last two or three years I have not seen small print so clearly as heretofore; but before then no one ever had better eyes, either for the closest or longest distances. But even now, I can see through some of my neighbours without spectacles.

Tue. Oct. 21- The members of the Sidmouth Institution, founded by Captain Brine R.E., dined together at the Royal York Hotel. Captain Brine in the chair. We had a very jolly meeting. See Harvey's Sidmouth Directory for next month.

Thu. Oct. 24- Mr. Heineken and myself went over to the barrow on Lovehayne Farm, as we had been informed by the present tenant (Mr. J. Dawe of Branscombe) that it was being removed for the sake of the stone. (see September 19, 1859) As it turned out a wet day, no workmen were there but a man with a cart, who came to take away stones. We arranged to come again next Tuesday.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1861 2

Tue. Oct. 29- And we went. They had cruelly destroyed the barrow and were carrying away the stones to build a barn or other outhouse at Lovehayne Farm. We now discovered that at some former period a trench had been cut from the south into the centre of the barrow, for the purpose of examination; and we inferred that the urn, of which we had found pieces had been broken at this time. The trench had been filled in with earth and stones, a good section of which remained. We paid the workmen to dig. The following articles were found, which I have. Two pieces of bone, one about the size of a bean, a part of some joint, the other a piece of a left side lower human jaw bone with holes for three teeth. 2nd A piece of a coarse, rude urn of clay, apparently not kiln baked, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, about two inches long and one and a half wide, but of very irregular shape. 3rd A portion of another urn apparently of the form annexed when perfect. The clay is finer and there is some glaze on it. The thickness is nearly half an inch. It seems to have had a flat top, either for the purpose of covering with a tile or of inverting it on one.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1861 3

Tue. Oct. 29- A flat stone with some charcoal on it was found, but unfortunately carted away before we arrived. Perhaps this urn had been inverted over it. 4th A good deal of charcoal in small pieces, scattered among the earth. If all these fragments are genuine, this makes three different urns, which were buried here. The fragments of the first, we found in the centre, that of 2nd above, I think about 3 or four feet south of the centre, and that of no.3 above, some 8 or 9 feet south of the centre and the flat stone near it. The bronze instruments said to have been found in the barrow may have been met with by those who cut the trench. One is said to have been sold for old metal at Colyton (the land at Lovehayne belonging to the feoffees), the other, if in existence, we are trying to trace----- found it!

See Friday Nov. 22.

Wed. Oct. 30- I stood godfather today to the second child of Mrs. Henry Luke (nee Fanny Larkins) it being a boy and christened Edmund William. I never took this responsibility on myself but once before and that was in the case of Agnes Jones, since dead, and would not now if I could have helped it. Fanny Larkins's father's sister, Mrs. Luke of Primley Hill, near Sidmouth, (who was at the christening) had my grandfather Sir Wm. Parker for her godfather. The other godfather today was her husband Mr. Luke of Primley Hill and the godmother his daughter Miss. Julia Luke, of that ilk. N.B. The baby did not cry.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1861 1

Sat. Nov. 9- Prince of Wales's birthday. We turned out in the Fort Field and fired a Royal Salute from our 24 pounders.

Tue. Nov. 12- Finished a large map of The Crimea on glazed calico for Captain Brine R.E., recently left for Hong Kong. Forwarded it to Mrs. Brine, to send after him.

Wed. Nov. 13- Sent the large map of The Crimea (from which I took Brine's map) to the secretary of The Royal Geographical Society. Sent my paper on The Hill Fortresses etc. of South - East Devon to Mr. Pettigrew, treasurer of the Archeological Association and fifteen plans of camps, etc. They propose publishing portions in their journal next year. Also send £1-1-0 for subscription.

Fri. Nov.15- Began making the illustrations for a book on the Ferns of Sidmouth. My plan is a novel one and not hitherto tried that I am aware of. I take a fern leaf and ink it with printers ink. I then press it upon a piece of lithographic transfer paper, which I send to the printers to be transferred to the lithographic stone. The process however, requires much care and each leaf must be first pressed once or twice upon spare pieces of common paper, to take off the superfluous ink. To ink the leaf, the best way is to first dab the ink over the surface of a sheet of hard paper and press the fern upon it. I propose having from 12 to 20 plates.

Fri. Nov. 22- Made a plaster cast of a bronze celt, found about 60 years ago in the barrow in 'Stone Barrow Plot' (see Oct.29) It now belongs to Mr. Snook of Colyton, grandson of the first possessor. It is 5¼ inches long and 1¾ wide at the cutting edge.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1861 1

Mon. Dec. 2- An accident occurred when firing the guns today. We were firing 3lb. Blank cartridges in the Fort Field. The gun I commanded was fired and the moment afterwards the other gun, which was behind me. I turned quickly round; but to my surprise, in the cloud of smoke, saw the man who had rammed home the charge (No.2) stagger, let fall the rammer and something flew over the wall towards the beach. I saw something had gone wrong and I believed the man's head had been blown off. It proved, however, to have been his cap, but the leather peak, torn off, was picked up near the gun. He had rammed home the charge, withdrawn the rammer and was apparently turning to deliver it to No.6, when the gun went off, the charge passing close in front of his face. He was dreadfully burnt and blackened, and the eyelid of one eye hurt. He was led home in a grievous state. The error was this—No.7 fired before the word 'Fire' was given.

Tue. Dec. 3- The Captain and myself accepted the tender of G.Gosling, to make the place for our battery beyond the old Limekilns for £50.

Sat. Dec. 14- Today, at Windsor Price Albert died. The whole nation has been struck with surprise and regret. He has been ailing only about ten days. I believe his illness terminated in fever. He is truly a national loss.

Mon. Dec. 23- Prince Albert's funeral took place today. A special service took place at the churches. The Volunteer Artillery attended in uniform. Went to the Fort Field, the band playing the dead march in 'Saul' and fired 21 minute guns.

Wed. Dec. 25- Christmas Day. Had my Christmas dinner with Mr. Larkins, at 2. Denby Place. He is the son of the late John Larkins of Blackheath--one of twins.

DAWLISH, DEC. 1861 2

Thu. Dec. 26- Went to Dawlish for a week and stayed as usual at Belmont Villa. During the time I was there I walked one day eastwards across the Warren to the river Exe, crossed by the ferry for two pence and then walked to examine the three-gun battery, now in course of building. Another, went over to Teignmouth by walking and again by railway, etc.

Adieu 1861: Good morning 1862

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SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1862 1

Sat. Jan. 4- Returned home. Took the rail to Starcross. Hailed a boat and had a pleasant sail to Exmouth, for the tide was high and the wind fair and the weather fine and mild. Arrived in Exmouth just ten minutes too late for the omnibus to Budleigh Salterton. Walked and found it very warm. Arrived at one. Dined with a friend there. Started again. Walked to the Limekilns, across the meadows, over the wooden bridge, along that beautiful walk over the river to Otterton, through what was once a park, then by the lanes over Peak Hill, and so to Sidmouth.

Mon. Jan.20- Very busy for some days putting up old oak mantel piece in the Old Chancel and oak panelling over it, made of old oak chests which I have bought in the cottages and villages near Sidmouth

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1862 1

Thu. Feb. 13- At a party at Mrs. Walker's, Sid House, she having recently sold Lyme Park to Mr. Wyndham.

Tue. Feb. 25- At a party at the Moysey's at the Vicarage and had music. Left and went to the ball at the London Hotel, where I arrived soon after midnight. We broke up at four.

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1862 1

Tue. Mar. ? - Today nine of the Colyton Rifle Volunteers, with their officers, came over and contended against nine of our Artillery Volunteers. They had the long enfield, and we the short carbine. The ranges were 100, 200 and 300 yards. Our gross total, firing five rounds at each station, amounted to 120 points, in 75 hits. These added together make 195. Theirs amounted to 141 points in 82, which added together makes 223. Then-195 from 223 leaves 28, by which number they beat us. The score kept by the drill sergeant differed, by that they beat us by 24. We agreed to split the difference. The day was fine and sunshiny as long as the match lasted. As we were afterwards marching about the town, headed by our band, a violent snow and hail storm came on, which we of course disregarded. We then dined together at the York Hotel.

Thu. Mar. 27- The sergeant superintended the bringing to my premises some of the Artillery stores. With the 174 24lb. Shot we made a triangular pile of nine in the base line and containing 165, we placed it some three feet from the east wall of the Old Chancel.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1862 1

Tue. Apr. 8- Went into Exeter to consult the Bishop's secretary about our Sidmouth Church Restoration Committee, not yet dissolved. The weather was dry but very cold.

Thu. Apr. 10- The vestry meeting which was granted me for today came off. The statement which I made in respect of the condition of the church was afterwards printed in the Exeter papers. Cuttings from those papers are pasted in the second book of my Ms. Memorandums on the restoration of the church.

Wed. Apr. 23- A vocal and instrumental concert, given by Mr. J.W. Pinney sub.organist of Exeter Cathedral and organist of Sidmouth church, took place this evening at the London Hotel. Several amateur gentlemen assisted. I played french horn, Rev. Mr. Heineken the violoncello, Rev. Mr. Bell of Exeter, the violin, etc.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1862 1

Thu. May 1- I have some notion of burning my diary. It gives some trouble and I do not see that it is of any use.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1862 1

Sat. June 7- Lieut. Col. Crofton came and inspected our Artillery Corps in the Fort Field today. We acquitted ourselves only so-so.

Thu. June 12- Review on Little Haldon, to which we went. Never was anything more miserable, the weather was so wet. I had my breakfast at six, went to the Town Hall at half past and we got off by seven. It was already raining and has been more or less for several days. The Captain put it to the men whether they would go! They decided they would. They went in six open carriages, the officers in two close ones. Many of the men who had no cloaks, got wet through before they got to Exeter. Immense numbers of volunteers assembled at the station. Our company numbering 52, officers, non-commissioned officers and gunners, went to the Den,? Headed by our drum and fife band, 16 nioq.? Here we joined other companies. It was a steady misty rain without prospect of improvement. It would have been very easy by electric telegraph, to have postponed the arrangements. Even the Colonel and Major did not wish to go, but they had received no orders from the General. We therefore marched to the top of the hill, some three miles to our ground, but the arrangements do not seem to have been matured, for we were marched about in unnecessary directions before we took up any position. When we did nothing could be done. The wind blew hard, the rain beat against us, every road was like a water course, every hollow a pool of water and the whole hill a slough of mud. We floundered on, sometimes through red mud, sometimes through black mud, and then washed our boots or legs by plunging through water. The food we took in our haversacks was soaked, but we snatched a scrap now and then. Several battalions of artillery and several of rifles were on the hill, but little or nothing could be done. Not a rifle or a carbine was loaded and few or no movements were gone through. An order was therefore given for the troops to

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1862 2

Thu. June 12cont.- disperse. Our battalion marched down to Teignmouth and we were the leading company. We got back to Exeter, where I got some hot tea to warm me. I waited till nine o'clock for one of the officers, when, feeling chilly with sitting in my wet clothes, I had some hot coffee with him. The men now began to congregate, when their six carriages and ours started together. We got home about midnight. I had been twelve hours in my wet clothes and was glad to throw them off and turn into bed.

Fri. June 13- I feel very stiff this morning, but have not taken cold

Sat. June 14- Slept nine hours without waking or moving.

Sun. June 15- Ditto

Mon. June 16- Ditto

Tue. June 17- Mr. Chick drove Mr. Heineken and myself over to a place near the Three Horseshoes to see some excavations in a field. It seems that in ploughing the field immediately south, or opposite the Inn, quantities of stones obstructed the plough. These were today partly cleared. They exposed apparently a wall running away north and east, the corner being as if at the south-west angle of a building. As it was three feet thick, perhaps it was part of some chapel or cell once attached to some religious house. We also traced a low ridge running south through the field and also the next. It looks like a continuation of the great work on the north of the Inn. See July 3, 1861

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1862 3

Thu. June 19- Mr. Heineken and myself drove over to measure Dumpdon Camp, a plan of which appears never to have been published. Started at 10.20 A.M. Went over Honiton Hill, through Honiton, passed over Langford Bridge and then made for the high ground via Shaugh Farm. Arrived in two hours and a half, left the carriage at the base of the cone, mounted and first discussed our dinner. In the accompanying plan, the measurements are given in feet. The plantation at the south end is composed of beech trees. The mound in the middle was thrown up some years ago by the ordnance surveyors, as a point to take angles from and is not a tumulus. This camp is very like Hembury Fort in shape. The hill is said to rise 879 feet above the level of the sea.

DAWLISH, JUNE 1862 4

Tue. June 24- Went to Dawlish to see some relations. Walked from Sidmouth to Budleigh Salterton, via Otterton Park, over the Otter river near Slough Farm, by the wooden bridge half a mile from the sea and then on the embankments across the meadows to the Limekilns and so on into the town. Formerly these meadows formed a large open estuary, into which the tide flowed, so that the whole expanse was under water at high tide, but about fifty years ago the late Lord Rolle had these embankments made to confine the river to its channel and all this land taken in. Some people in Budleigh Salterton maintain that the navigation of the river has been spoilt by the measure. Two or three years ago Mr. Holmes, a magistrate residing there presided at a public meeting when the work was strongly denounced. From Budleigh Salterton I took the omnibus to Exmouth, then had a pleasant row to Starcross and there took the rail to Dawlish, where I found Lieut. Col. Robertson, with his wife and daughter Mary and also Fanny Jones, there on a visit to Mary Robertson, the elder.

Thu. June 26- Drove with some of the party through the grounds and plantations of Luscombe, the estate belonging to Mr. Hoare. The late Mr. Hoare (uncle to the present one) who purchased and made this place, was brother, I believe, of Sir R.C. Hoare, Bart. the antiquary.

Fri. June 27- Went to a picnic at Chudleigh Rock. We drove over Little Haldon, then to Great Haldon, by beggars' Bush and so to Chudleigh. We had our dinner at the Battery on the Rock. After that we went into the Cavern, where I have been many times in past years. Then we went to look at the ruins of Heighley Cottage, which was burnt down a few years ago. How many pleasant weeks and months I have spent in that house. We had tea on the rock and then drove back, taking the road through Ashcombe.

Sat. June 28- Returned to Sidmouth, precisely as I came, only reversing the order of things. _____

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1862 1

Tue. July 22- Went with Mr. Heineken to examine two camps on Stockland Hill. We drove over Honiton Hill, through Honiton, (where we saw the Town Clerk proclaiming the opening of the Fair with a large glove tied on the top of a pole) then over Cotleigh Hill, where we saw some gipsies, intensely foreign in look, with black hair and eyes and olive or brown complexions. On ascending Stockland Hill, we stopped at a public house to enquire about the camps, kept by a man called Lane. Here we were shewn a gold coin found with many others years ago, at a farm called Lower Cleave, a mile and a half S. by W. The coin was of fine gold, about the size of half a sovereign, but only half as thick. I easily made out the word '*EDWARD*'. A man went with us to shew us the camps. We ascended the hill, passed the chief road and went down some lanes and down the lane represented at the top of the annexed plan. We discussed our sandwiches and then took the dimensions of the 'Little Castle', as it is called. It is nearly circular, measuring 371 feet one way and 331 the other. A small portion of the vallum on the north side, is all that is perfect. The agger is 8 to 10 feet high and made of earth and stones mixed, but on the inside the agger is made of dry stones piled up, in some places with tolerable regularity. Whether this dry wall all round is ancient work, or more recently made when the land was first cleared and cultivated some 30 years ago, is a question for consideration. This camp is not laid down in the maps. We now proceeded to the 'Great castle' half a mile south or south-west. We sent the carriage round, as the man took us a short cut across the fields. This camp is nearly obliterated. The public road runs through the middle of it, east and west. Both halves are now in wheat and we could not measure them, but we took the road through the camp from one side to the other and it was 810 feet. All round the south side the vallum has been destroyed, only a hedge remaining, but all round the north it is perfect.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1862 2

Tue. July 22cont.- It is 38 feet on the slope. Late in the autumn the measurements might be taken. This camp is laid down on the Ordnance map. Tradition says that the Saxons were posted here when the Danes entered the Axe, and were so severely beaten at the Battle of Brunenburg.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1862 3

Tue. July 22cont.- In returning home, we varied the route by going south, then through the village of Wilmington, then by Copleston's Tower and along Farway Hill to Roncombe Gate. We descended the steep hill of Roncombe and so on to Sand. On this hill the iron tire of the off fore wheel came off and we expected the wheel to go to pieces. The driver led the carriage quietly to Sidbury, where we got it fixed on, when we drove home at a slapping pace.

Mon. July 28- Having been summoned in on special jury cases at the assizes in Exeter, I went this morning. The weather being fine I resolved to go by a new route. I got up at 5 A.M. And had breakfast and as Mr. J. Pinney, our Sidmouth organist and assistant organist at Exeter Cathedral, together with Miss Pinney his sister, were going part of the way this morning, I asked them to take breakfast with me. We walked to Budleigh Salterton, where I left them. I took the omnibus to Exmouth and the rail to Exeter and got into court by 10, the appointed hour. Here learnt that the special jurymen would not be wanted till tomorrow, so I went and examined some of the interesting parts of Exeter, walked out and looked at Heavitree Church and churchyard, where I remarked that

the Hutchinson tombs in the north-west corner are not well looked after, paid a visit or two, admired the decorated east window of Liverydole Chapel and went back to mine Inn, where I supped and went to bed tired.

Tue. July 29- In *nisi prius* Court by 9 A.M. Answered to my name and went into the jury box. About 2 P.M. The judge released us for a quarter of an hour to get some grub. The court closed a little before six. Took a walk up St. Sidwell's. Looked at what I believe is Sids' Well.

Wed. July 30- In court all day. Trial about the loss of a ship at the Ferry Point, Teignmouth harbour. Walked out to Alphington Cross, of which I made a sketch. Went over Exeter Cathedral. Told curfew.

EXETER, JULY 1862 4

Thu. July 31- In court all day. Trial about the charges of a medical man. No. It was this evening I sketched Alphington Cross.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1862 1

Fri. Aug. 1- At all day, and the business ended. Took a walk down the canal.

Sat. Aug. 2- After breakfast I went by rail to Exmouth. There were two young men in uniform of unusual style in the carriage. After some little conversation, I asked them what service they were in? they said American. We then talked of the civil war going on out there so fiercely, when I said-" they wanted their assistance out there just now." One of them shook his head. At Exmouth I got the bus to Budleigh Salterton. From thence I walked home by a new route. I passed over the river by the wooden bridge, went by Slough Farm and then through lanes and fields, till I came out in the lane a mile east of Otterton. Got home about 3 P.M.

Mon. Aug. 11- This evening the Artillery Corps marched to the new Battery under Peak Hill for the first time. It is 300 yards beyond the Limekilns at a very inconvenient place. The two 24s. were placed here whilst I was in Exeter. The Magazine and side arm shed are built of brick tunneled into the cliff. The Captain was absent, so I was in command. The guns were on the new platforms, but not loaded. We returned, came up the wooden steps by the Limekilns and the band awaited us in the road.

Wed. Aug. 13- A combination of circumstances have for some time weighed upon the Artillery Corps. It has never been properly supported by the inhabitants. A meeting of the Officers and non-commissioned officers took place at Salcombe Mount, the Captain's residence, this afternoon. The Captain reviewed the past and the present position of the Corps and then told us he would write to Lieut. Col. Sir Warwick H. Tonkin, our Lieut. Col. At Teignmouth tomorrow and tender his resignation.

Thu. Aug. 14- The Captain resigned.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1862 2

Sat. Aug. 16- In the present state of the Corps, in the present state of the funds and in the present state of two or three considerations, it is not likely that I would take the responsibility of the Corps upon my own shoulders. I therefore sent him today, for transmission to the proper authorities. A note tendering my resignation.

Tue. Aug. 19- For the last few weeks I have been busy working up old oak panelling for the north side of the Old Chancel.

Sun. Aug. 24- Dined between Church with Col. Fitzgerald at Mount Edgar. He asked me also for Michaelmas Day.

Wed. Aug. 27- School feast at the Vicarage. The children of the National school had their tea on the lawn and afterwards had their games in the field on the east side of the road near the river. Subsequently they returned to the lawn, where the Vicar gave out prizes for good conduct.

SIDMOUTH, DAWLISH, SEP. 1862 1

Mon. Sept. 1- Shooting match got up by the members of the Sidmouth Artillery Corps. As I sent in my resignation on Saturday the 16th of August, and as my 14 days, after doing so, expired last Saturday, the 30th ultimo, I am legally out of the Corps. However, the men insisted I should shoot with them, so I went as a friend and not as an officer of the corps. We afterwards assembled at the Town Hall, where the Captain and myself took leave of the men and Mr. J.B. Lousada, of Peak House, was nominated as the next Captain.

Fri. Sept. 12- Paid a short visit to Dawlish, to see some of the Joneses from Moreton Pinkney, in Northamptonshire.

Tue. Sept. 16- Took the rail to Teignmouth and called on the Cresswells. Took "Taffy" Jones with me.

Wed. Sept. 17- Went over again and some shot and shell practice by the Volunteers from their two 24s, near the Lighthouse.

Thu. Sept. 18- Took a drive with my cousins up by Dawlish Water.

Sat. Sept. 20- Returned home. The weather is now beautiful. The summers come in the autumn. Twenty years ago they used to come earlier in the year. My route and mode of travelling was the same as on the 4th of January, except that I joined with two gentlemen, who crossed the river with me, in a carriage from Exmouth to Budleigh Salterton.

Tue. Sept. 23- Spent the evening at Mr. & Mrs. Pullins.

Mon. Sept. 29- Michaelmas Day-- beautiful hot weather. Dined with Col. Fitzgerald and his family at Mount Edgar. Splendid goose. In the evening, went to a concert at the London Hotel given by the Madrigal Society. They all acquitted themselves with great credit.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1862 1

Fri. Oct. 3- Went to a picnic in Harpford Wood and afterwards went to Harpford and dined with Mr. & Mrs. Gardiner and their family and all our party. Towards the end of this month a wedding.

Mon. Oct. 6- Review and sham fight on Woodbury Hill. Mr. Lousada, as the new Captain of our Corps, got his commission only yesterday. But he took the men and so now I may consider myself free. I had intended to have gone over as a spectator, but it rained so hard I sent the carriage away after it was at the door.

Tue. Oct. 7- Beautiful day. Took a ramble in Harpford Wood to look for ferns, but found nothing new. In the afternoon, after I had returned, four of the Miss Gardiners and two Miss Reeds (nieces of Mrs. Walker) called to see the Old Chancel. I had a wood fire on the hearth lighted there and we all had coffee, much to their amusement in so unusual a place.

Wed. Oct. 8- Beautiful day. The Miss Gardiners came up from Harpford and the Miss Reeds, Mr. Theophilus Jenkins and myself from Sidmouth and we met at "Salter's Cross" above Mutter's Moor. We rambled through the plantation, looked at the cairn, came back, discussed our picnic dinner on the hill and separating up there were we met, each returning to the two

different homes.

Fri. Oct. 10-

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1862 2

Fri. Oct. 10 CONT.- About the beginning of October a friend and myself determined to try and find "the Iron pits" as they are called, on the Blackdown Hills. Tradition says that the ancients, at some unknown era, used to dig iron ore there. I confess my doubts to this, scarcely comprehending how iron ore could be found in so unlikely a place, or if found at all, how in sufficient quantities. Another opinion supposes they may have been the remains of a British village. I scarcely know what to say to this notion, but where there is mystery, speculation and conjecture will always be alive. However, we determined to find some of them if possible. We had inferred we must look on Blackdown near Hembercomb, Downlands and above Sainthill near Punchy Down. (See Ordnance Map, No.21.) When we were within the area of Hembury Fort with our gig, we met Mr. Venn, the owner of all the land there about, whom I had known before. He said he had passed them 50 or 60 years ago, when he was a young man and directed us to go by the road at the north of Woolford Lodge and at the four cross ways, turn towards Dunkeswell. When near the place we were directed to an enclosure nearly a quarter of a mile north of the 4 cross way, a mile N of Woolford Lodge and 4½ miles from Honiton. The spot is still furze, heath and fern. I got over the gate and had a search, for owing to the state of the ground, nothing was visible from the road. About 100 yards in I found them. We then opened the gate and got in the gig. The excavations have not been made continuously, like one great gravel pit, but the pits or hollows seem to have been made separately, at all events for the most part and this is why some have thought they may once have been the foundations of ancient dwellings. To me however, we have not got the regularity of dwellings either when compared with the undoubted remains of villages on Dartmoor. If they were really iron pits, in or near which smelting may have taken place, we thought it would be well to dig at the bottom of one

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1862 3

Fri. Oct. 10CONT.- or two. Our tools however, were not sufficiently strong. In one, we dug down nearly two feet, but found nothing but fine mould, which the rains of many years had washed down from the sides. Perhaps it would be necessary to descend three or four feet before finding the original bottom of the pits. Possibly cinders or scoria may be found there. About half a mile or a mile eastwards, near Moorland, we were told that another group of pits existed, but we had not time to go. We returned fourteen miles to Sidmouth, resolving to come again.

Thu. Oct. 16- Walked out to Harpford and gave Miss Gardiner some information on wood engraving and etching on copper, which she is anxious to try. Carried out some specimens for her to examine. Got back as night was closing in.

Tue. Oct. 28- Wedding at Harpford. The Rev. Samuel Walker, Vicar of St. Enober, in Cornwall, married (to his second wife) the eldest unmarried Miss. Gardiner, the family at present living there. Went out with him and his sister, Mrs. Jenkins. The day turned out wet. The wedding went off very well, I acting as groomsman. I received some official information this morning which was new to me, though I had often acted this part before: but then, the bridegroom was a clergyman, who knew the official performance well. Before the ceremony began, he put his hat on a seat and said to me-"Now, I mustn't be married with my gloves on. I shall take them off and give them to you. Let me have them when the ceremony is over and I will give you the licence, which you hand to the Vicar, just before he begins." All this was done and then he began the service. On returning to the house we had a handsome wedding breakfast. I got back to Sidmouth about 4P.M. But went out again at seven to the ball and supper. We had a very agreeable evening and I was not home till an hour after midnight.

SIDMOUTH, OCT. 1862 4

Fri. Oct. 31- This afternoon, walked in the field, I put up a solitary partridge about five yards north of the north-west buttress of the Old Chancel. It was probably the last of a covey. Strange it should have been so near the town. It flew away over the gardens towards Peak Hill.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1862 1

Sat. Nov. 1- Swallows not gone yet. Saw several today.

Wed. Nov. 5- After a great deal of boisterous and rainy weather, today was beautiful. It was calm, bright and cloudless. All the morning engaged in working up old oak for the Old Chancel. In the afternoon, with the help of the steps, was enabled to gather a quantity of pears from the tree on the north side of the house, without bruising them. Laid them on the attic floor for keeping.

Thu. Nov. 6- Today a pile of 165 shot and 9 odd ones, which have been on my premisses (east of the Old Chancel) for many months, were removed to the Battery under Peak Hill. The members of the Institution dined together at the London Hotel.

Fri. Nov. 7- Walked up Peak Hill to Peak Cottage about 2 P.M. Called on Captain Hooper and had an hour at trios, 2 flutes and piano, Mrs. H, himself and me.

Sat. Nov. 8- Amongst the pears from the tree at the north corner of the house in the garden, a *lusus naturae* has manifested itself. The lower half of the fruit is like the ordinary type, but the pear stops short in the middle and the upper half consists of something between a pear and a branch, growing out of the lower portion and covered with small leaves. I have two of them and both exactly alike.

Mon. Nov. 17- My birthday. Walked to Harpford and gave Miss. Grace Gardiner a few more hints about etching on copper. The subject was bitten in with the acid today and the plate cleaned off.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1862 2

Wen. Nov. 26- Finished and put up over the mantel piece in the Old Chancel, the rack for the swords.
This pattern:-

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 1

Mon. Dec. 8- Walked out to Harpford to call on Captain Gardiner R.N.

Wed. Dec. 17- Finished reading Thomas Bateman's "Ten Years Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave Hills." The localities of which he speaks are Derbyshire, Staffordshire and Yorkshire, but mostly of the first, and consequently apply to the Celtic or other early tribes occupying those districts. Nearly the same kind of discoveries, however, are made in barrows all over the country. Perhaps the earliest internments are those where the bodies were burnt; to which succeeded a period when the bodies were buried without cremation, laid mostly on the left side with the legs drawn up, or sometimes on the right side, with a vase supposed to have contained some offering of food, as also weapons; and with the presence of the Romans, burning appears again. It has been supposed that cairns, or heaps of stones, are older than earth mounds: but stone heaps covered with earth, are very early. An instance occurs where the body was denuded of the flesh and then the bones buried in a cist. The earliest cinerary urns have large mouths. They are formed by hand-

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 2

Wed. Dec. 17CONT.- without the wheel: are thick and large and ornamental with an impressed twisted cord in patterns, or incised zig-zags. The urn containing the calcined bones was sometimes turned with the mouth down. It frequently contained a small vase, from two to four inches high, use not known, but now usually called an incense cup. Sometimes the food vases are large at the top and small below, but this is not always so. With the earliest internments, in which the bodies have been burnt and supposed to be of Celtic or Keltic origin of the stone age, there are found such articles as flint arrow and spear heads; flakes of flint, probably knives; jet; pieces of flint chipped circular, use unknown; blocks of sandstone with hollows on the tops or sides, uses also unknown; bone pins and points for weapons; stag's horns, heads and bones of the ox, horse, deer, hog, hawk. Sometimes calcined remains are not put in an urn, but left in a heap. An instance occurs where a body was burnt whole and the calcined skeleton found entire. We next come to the period when the body was buried without cremation laid commonly in a cist or chamber, mostly on its left side, with the knees drawn up towards the chin and the hands near the face. It may be remarked however, that the flints or pieces of pottery found with these bodies, are commonly burnt, though the body is-

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 3

Wed. Dec. 17CONT.- not; and ashes and charcoal abound. It is supposed that some superstitious rites attended by fire, were performed at the grave before the body was placed in it; and some indications go to prove, that eating and drinking orgies were enacted over the fire in the grave, that flint weapons, food vases and drinking cups were then thrown in, (as the broken pieces shew the effects of the fire after fracture) and that finally the body was sometimes laid on the embers still hot and glowing. When the grave was not thus filled with fire, frequently the body was enveloped in its skin dress with his hair on, or laid on fern, grass or hazel twigs. The flints were often placed under the head or near it and the food vase near the head or shoulders. Small trinkets of bronze are sometimes found with these unburnt contracted bodies, shewing that this metal had been discovered, but was too rare to be in common use. Small bronze daggers or knives, from four to six inches long, are the largest objects of metal met with at this time. As the handles have been

destroyed by the fire, the remaining two or three rivets shew how the blade was fastened. A brass or bronze sword, double-edged and two feet six inches long, was found in a peat moss in Lancashire. At this period the metal must have been more abundant. The tooth of a horse, ox, or boar is often found in Celtic graves.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 4

Wed. Dec. 17CONT.- What is strange, multitudes of the bones of the water-vole or rat abound with the skeletons and almost envelope them. From the book we may infer that they were not buried with the deceased, but that they burrowed in to the bodies and lived and died with them. Quantities of old snail shells are also found. The leg bone or femur is a good indication of the stature of the individual. They range in length from about 16 inches in women and young persons, to 18, 19 or even 20 in men. The skulls are taken as typical of ancient tribes or races. The boat-shaped, being remarkably flat at the sides and long from front to back is commonly met with in Celtic barrows of the stone age. It is distinguished from the *Platy-Kephalic*, Necklaces of jet or

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 5

Wed. Dec. 17CONT.- Kimmeridge coal beads occur with female remains of this age. The forms of the beads are commonly three-the stud, bored with two slanting holes at the back, meeting in the middle:the cone or bugle, bored through longitudinally and the plate, more or less flat and drilled with two or three holes. The flat pieces, in the example in the book, p.47 are ornamented by punctured dots. It is very strange that headless skeletons are sometimes found, one instance in a woman. Among the implements bronze aurls occur. As female and children's remains have been detected in the same tumulus with the male skeleton, it is conjectured that the family was sacrificed when the head died. The whole or part of the head of the ox, is now and then seen in the grave. Ruddle, red ocker, or war paint found in one cist with the body. Down to the iron age bodies are met with on the side with the legs drawn up. But after that they are mostly laid at length with the limbs stretched out and on the back. Though many iron utensils occur, iron arrow heads are rare. In coming to the Roman and Saxon period, articles of glass appear: also glass beads, porcelain and silver. Saxon vases, made on the wheel, are commonly with globular bodies and smaller necks than those of earlier type. Bone combs and draughts met with. The Saxon swords have often rather short hilts. Brass and iron implements corroding in contact with different substances, retain the impressions of them with great clearness. Thus with a magnifier, the marks of woven fabrics, skins, hair, leather, or wood, may be detected. Most of the spoils of the tumuli mentioned, were sent to the museum at Lomberdale.

Thu. Dec.18- Miss. Moysey, eldest daughter of the Vicar, married to Mr. Frank Bernard today.

Fri. Dec. 19- Went to the Christmas Ball at half past nine this evening at the London Inn Sidmouth. Gentleman's tickets 7/6. Tea, refreshments and supper, difficult to get at, and uncomfortable to take. What is most remarkable in the present-

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 6

Fri. Dec. 19CONT.- day and equally absurd, is the size of the ladies dresses. Their crinoline petticoats extended with steel hoops have attained dimensions quite ridiculous. Because it is the fashion it is tolerated but even the ladies admit the absurdity and wish the Empress of the French (who makes and maintains fashion for the whole world) would be so good as to reduce the size. I remarked one

young lady seated on a row of chairs and she and her dress covered three chairs and a half. And as they are as unnecessarily long as they are wide, sweeping the ground as they go, it is most difficult to walk near them or after them without stepping on their skirts or flounces. Very laughable were the jams and collisions that often took place in the rapid, too rapid, twirling of the waltzes. Sometimes one was suddenly enveloped in sundry huge clouds of muslin or silk by the meeting together of several of these spinning couples inadvertently converging and then off they were again in an instant to the four corners of the room. Towards the latter part of the evening it was amusing to see strips of blue, red or white muslin or shreds of silk which had been torn off by collisions lying on the floor or driven about by the whirlwind of these fleet revolvers. Quadrilles, Lancers and Polkas were the other dances. I got home at a quarter to four.

Mon. Dec. 22- Read some interesting articles on ancient human skulls in the 1861 volume of the Natural History Review, suggested by my recent reading of Bateman's book. It is here shewn that there is strong evidence to prove that the earliest of the human race coexisted with hyena, rhinoceros, elephant and bear, the bones of which are found in caverns among the diluvium of the late geological period, being animals among the extinct genera. Drawings are given in the illustrative plates by which we see that the skulls differ very little from those of the gorilla and the chimpanzee. There is no fixing a date to the ancient races to which these belonged and their evidence-

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1862 7

Mon. Dec. 22CONT.- seems to throw us entirely out in respect of our chronology of the duration of the human race on the earth, or the era to be assigned to Adam. But the most humiliating point is, that it is hard to say where the monkey ends and man begins. These ancient races must have been as brutal, debased and as savage as the brute beasts themselves.

Thu. Dec. 25- Christmas Day. Mild and damp. Some broad beans which I sowed in the garden a month ago, are all up and looking very well. If they survive the cold winds of the winter and spring, they will make an early crop. This plan is generally followed by the gardeners here, but it only succeeds sometimes.

Dined with Mrs. Walker, late of Lime Park (who sold it to Mr. Wyndham) and now of Sid House in Salcombe Parish.

Sun. Dec. 28- Early dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Vane.

Wed. Dec. 31- Spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Melhuish of Greenmount. They gave me two antique clay bottles from Guayaquil in Peru.

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SIDMOUTH, JAN. 1863 1

Thu. Jan. 1- New Years Day. Mild and drizzly weather. Dined with Mrs. Walker and her family again.

Mon. Jan. 19- Walked to Harpford and called at the Vicarage, on Mr. Gattey and on Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Gattey tells me his name was originally Italian but I do not know the original form. Gatto is a cat and Gatti, cats: but I suppose that would not do.

Tue. Jan. 20- Walked to Core Hill and called on Mr. Arnold. He bought this place off the Cockburns-off Lady Cockburn, the late Dean's widow. Mrs. Arnold bore the same name before before she was married, being a relative of her husband. They tell me that Mr. Arnold, her father, has an estate in the north of Devon called Nethercot, which his ancestors and himself have had from father to son, for 800 years. I think the family of Purkiss, in the New Forest, have had the same estate since the time of William Rufus, one of the Purkiss family having been the person who took care of the dead body of the King. If these cases are well authenticated, they are rare.

Wed. Jan. 21- At a party at Mrs. Muspratt's, Woodlands.

Fri. Jan. 23- Mr. Arnold returned my visit. He examined everything in the Old Chancel and sat and chatted with me for a couple of hours in the house.

Sun. Jan. 25- After evening church, had tea with the Vanes.

Mon. Jan. 26- A small party at house. A small party at the Lees's, at Mount Pleasant.

Fri. Jan. 30- Ball and supper at the Vanes', at Camden. At the present time the weather is as soft and mild as April. Our cold north- easters will probably set in soon.

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1863 1

Mon. Feb. 9- Started after breakfast at half past nine and walked along the beach eastwards for the purpose of finding fossils pebbles. At "Hook Ebb", a mile and a half east, where the masses of rock lie at the foot of the cliff, I saw and climbed over the trunk of a large elm tree which had probably been lost from some raft and cast in upon the reef by some recent storm. Quantities of sulphate of lime or gypsum, looking like slices of red cheese, lay exposed as usual, at the foot of the cliff in the cracks. I went on to Weston Mouth and to the reef beyond. Now being hungry, I looked out for a spring of water coming down from the cliff of which there are many. Lay down on the pebbles near it, eat my sandwiches, and drank. After examining this locality, where I have not been for a long time, I turned back. I saw very few fossils but what I had procured before. I put one or two echini in my pockets, as they were good specimens, a serpula, etc. and amongst the beach pebble, a conglomerate, a spherical mass of agate in flint as large as two fists, some pieces of mammelated, or bubbly-looking calcedony, a red jasper etc. Got home at five somewhat tired, for it is rather trying to walk all day on loose shingle with a considerable weight of fossils in one's pockets, indeed, the mass of agate I was afraid would go through my pockets, so I carried that in my hands.

Fri. Feb.13- At a party at the Ede's at Lansdown Villa, Elysian Fields.

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1863 1

Tue. Mar. 10- Today Edward Albert, Prince of Wales, was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Great preparations to celebrate this event loyally have taken place all over the country. At Sidmouth, the Volunteer Artillery began by firing a royal salute of 21 guns at the Battery, or platform, under Peak Hill. When they came back a procession was formed at the top of Fort Field, headed by the Artillery Corps with their drum and fife band. Gentlemen and tradesmen then fell in and walked two and two, and finally the schoolchildren numbering several hundreds. The immense number of these juveniles excited the astonishment of everybody. They carried plenty of flags, and the long string was very amusing to look at. Dinners, tea-drinkings and balls took place afterwards. A general wish had been expressed throughout the country, that every person should wear a rosette or favour of Coventry ribbon, in order to do some good to the trade of that town, which has lately been depressed. The wish seems to have been complied with. Mine cost me a shilling. It is of white silk ribbon with the Prince of Wales's badge in crimson silk.

Wed. Mar. 18- Put my name to a petition to the Board of Trade, asking for a barometer to be placed at Sidmouth and the variations registered by competent people.

Wed. Mar. 25- I hear that the Board of Trade is scarcely disposed to grant the barometer, not thinking Sidmouth of sufficient importance.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1863 1

Tue. Apr. 14- Went with Mr. Heineken to examine Stockland Great Castle, which we were unable to do on the 22nd of July (which see) because the corn was on the ground. We took the same route, via Sidbury, Honiton and Cotleigh Hill. We had measured the camp before through its east and west diameter along the road and made it 810 feet. We now examined the north and south halves, being two large fields, and took the dimensions according to the plan. The vallum is perfect all round the northern half. I made the slope of the agger at the east side to be 43 feet. Writers say that a quantity of sling stones have at different times been found within the area, and that a vase or earthen pot was once dug up full of them. The ground was being ploughed, so we had every facility for examining it. We entered at the east corner and had not walked far before we picked up what we had no doubt were the objects in question, at the places where I have put-

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1863 2

Tue. Apr. 14contd.- crosses x x. These stones are so totally different in their form and nature from anything to be found among the natural soil of the hill, which is of the Greensand formation with angular stones, as to be easily detected the moment they are seen. The sling stones are flint or chert pebbles, more or less oviform, about the bigness of a bantam's egg and not unlike the sketch above. They have been picked up on some beach, possibly at Seaton, for they have all been rounded by the action of the sea. We brought away a few as specimens, but left many that we saw lying on the ground. They are most abundant in the northern half of the camp and towards its eastern or lower side. We saw some in the southern half, but not so many. Davidson says the camp contains twelve acres of ground, and that it shows indications of having been enlarged subsequently to its original formation. The northern half is of very irregular form. We did not see any elevated spot on the north side which may have been the place of the commander's tent, as mentioned by Davidson (Notes of the Antiquities of Devonshire In voce "Stockland") The vallum on the southern side has been totally destroyed. There is nothing but a common hedge. There is a small narrow plot at the eastern end

where the old vallum ran. The length of the camp east and west along the road is 810 feet, and north and south $340 + 42 + 513 = 895$ feet. We left to return home at five o'clock, taking the route by-

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1863 3

Tue. Apr. 14cont.- Wilmington, Coplestone's Tower, Farway Castle, Putt's Corner and Sidbury. We had not gone far however, before our horse began to give in, so that at last he was scarcely able to put one foot before the other. He was not well and ought not to have been sent out. He dragged us as far as Sidbury, but as he was five hours taking us little more than ten miles, it was ten o'clock at night by the time we arrived there. Seeing no hope of improvement, but rather the contrary, we got out and leaving the driver to bring the horse and carriage on the best way he could, we walked the last three miles to Sidmouth, not much pleased with such a termination to our day's labours.

Wed. Apr. 15- Mrs. Marson's party at Knowle Cottage. After taking tea and coffee, we were entertained by a vocal and instrumental concert, by 14 musicians, of which the annexed is the programme. A sort of orchestra had been erected at the west end of the suite of rooms, close to the painted window and from this point, benches all down the rooms were placed for the visitors. When the concert was over, supper was announced. After supper dancing and this was kept up with great vigour until "the small hours". I was home at three.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1863 4

Sun. Apr. 19- Coming home from church this morning, I put up a fine cock pheasant in my little field, about twenty yards north of the Old Chancel. It flew out of the hedge next the Blackmore Field and went away in the same direction as the partridge, on the 31st of last October.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1863 1

Sat. May 9- Took a walk to Littlecombe Hill and back. Started after breakfast at 9 a.m. Went over Salcombe Hill. On the left hand side, on the crown of the hill, men were cutting and burning turf, as I have seen on Salisbury Plain, that part, though enclosed a few years ago, has not yet been cultivated. Passed through Salcombe, and so on to Dunscombe Farm. Went through the farm yard and again admired the ruins of the old house. Proceeded two or three hundred yards down the road towards the cliffs (the favourite place for picnics) and then took the divergence to the left, which carried me down through a wild scene to the brook, which I crossed at about a quarter of a mile from Weston Mouth, and then climbed to the summit of the opposite hill. I then walked along its summit to Littlecombe valley, towards Branscombe. I had come to look for a reputed or supposed camp, but no such work exists. There are the remains of some old hedges, but they are only hedges. Returned. Descended the side of the hill into Weston valley and looked out for a brook. Found a spring issuing from the side of the hill. Sat down, discussed my sandwiches and drank. The weather was fine and warm, and so much climbing up and down over hills 500 feet high, made it rather fagging work. Descended lower, and passed a stream which possessed the petrifying quality, as some other springs amongst these hills do. At least they hold lime or stony matter in suspension, which is deposited on objects lying in the water. I found some pieces of stick and a snail shell coated with stone, to the thickness of a sixpence. I brought them home and put them in the Old Chancel, amongst my geological collections. Crossed the large stream in the bottom of the valley and climbed up the steep side of the next hill to the Dunscombe Cliffs, where I have had many a pleasant picnic.

Proceeded homeward, spring exists, turned inland towards Salcombe and passed through the field where the *Ophioglossum Vulgatum* grows.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1863 2

Sat. May 9cont- The plants, however, are not yet sufficiently advanced. I must come over in a months time. Going through through Salcombe I took a drink at the pump. The weather for some weeks has been unusually dry, fine, clear and hot during the day, though the nights are cool. Passed over Salcombe Hill and descending into the valley of Sidmouth, I got home at 4 o'clock, having been seven hours on the move, except when I sat down to eat my sandwiches.

Mon. May 11- At last rain. This will be welcome to the fields and gardens. For several years we have had wet,cold and late springs. This year we have had about a month of dry weather in April and May.

Fri. May 15- Went to a party at the Arnolds' at Core Hill. They are quite farmers in style, but I am told are a very old family of Norman extraction. Captain Arnold was there. He is Mrs. Arnolds' brother. I understand he is the nineteenth in descent, or in succession who has had the family estate in the north of Devon, and that they have been seated there for nearly 800 years. If this is true, it is unusual.

Sun. May 17- At the service this evening (the Vicar of Sidmouth performing the service) at All Saints Church, a tall old gentleman with curly flaxen hair,came into the pew where I was sitting, accompanied by two ladies, apparently his daughters. I was told afterwards it was the Bishop of Paphlagonia.

Thu. May 28- Small party of a dozen this evening at home.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1863 1

Mon. June 1- This evening there was a total eclipse of the moon It began at 46 minutes past nine and lasted nearly four hours. The moon, however, was slightly visible through the shadow. I did not observe anything peculiar in the colour of the shadow, as some will have it-as copper, or other tints. I went to bed before it was over.

Fri. June 19- Sir. Henry Dryden of Canons Ashby, Co. Northampton, Bart., came to see me. I used to be much at his house in the autumn of 1857.

Sat. June 20- Sir Henry and myself went to take a walk on the beach. He made two coloured sketches there. Mr. Vane joined us at dinner. After dinner we went to the Elysian Fields, and spent the evening at Mr. & Mrs. Vane's.

Sun. June 21- We went to All Saints in the morning and to the parish church in the afternoon.

Mon. June 22- We walked to Salcombe to examine the church. We noted the well-built tower- the cast lead pipes- the Norman column in the wall on the south of the chancel outside- the chequer work under the east window and the cross over, the window being decorated style- the perpendicular work elsewhere. Inside the church looks clean, it was restored some fifteen years ago. The Norman columns down the nave remain. The building at the west of the north aisle is used as a Vestry and one portion for the sextons tools. We mounted a ladder to look at the roof. Every third or fourth timber groin is moulded.

Tue. June 23- Drove to Ottery to examine the church, which of course was not new to me. Sir Henry began a coloured drawing from the south-west, after having first looked at the inside and out. I made a sketch of the recumbent male figure inside, said to be Bishop Grandisson's father or brother. There are no flying buttresses, through the roof is of stone arched. The side aisles are narrow and massive, and may answer the purpose below, but the clerestory has no support outside.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE. 1863 2

Tue. June 23cont.- Returned bu half past six.

Wed. June 24- To Ottery again. Sir Henry finished his drawing, whilst I made a sketch of the recumbent female figure. Afterwards I took one or two windows for him. We then went up on the north tower, which carries a steeple of beams covered with lead. We examined the construction of the building between the roofs, and other parts. Having finished here we drove a mile out to look at Cadhay house, where Captain Collins received us. The points most noticeable were the newel staircase on the left of the entrance, the quadrangle with its statues and inscriptions, the great stone trough, just the same shape stone as the base of Alphington Cross, the cast lead pipes, etc. The fish ponds are ancient, I believe. Sir Henry took a sketch in a shower of rain. We got back to Sidmouth soon after six.

Thu. June 25- Sir Henry Drydon left me this morning to return home. We breakfasted together at six and he took the coach for Feniton, to join the rail for Exeter and the north. About twenty of us had a very agreeable picnic in Harpford Wood: the Vanes, Gardiners, Dillons, etc. The weather was beautiful. We have, so far, had a finer, drier and warmer summer this year than any year since 1859. We drove in carriages to the wood, which mostly consists of beech trees, and contains, according to the country people, as many acres of land, as there are days in the year-365. After we had enjoyed a very good dinner, spread on the ground, we dispersed and rambled about. I went with some friends down to Harpford village and called on the elder Gardiners. Again in the wood, we had tea, and chatted till it was time to return home.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1863 1

Fri. Aug. 14- At last some showers of rain. For mouths we have scarcely had a drop and the heat has been great. We have not had such a splendid summer for many years. Both the hay and the corn harvest are most abundant. I have been to more picnics and outdoor amusements this summer than for several years before. Two or three to Harpford Wood, one to the Woodman's Cottage beyond Springfield, beyond Sidbury and one to Sand. We took long rambles over the neighbouring hills on these occasions. At Sand we wound up with a dance in the hall.

Sun. Aug. 16- Alcander Hutchinson came to pay me a flying visit. (see back, Nov. 20 1859) He has been in China and half over the Indian Archipelago since I saw him hear four years ago. We talked 'sixteen to the dozen' whilst he was with me.

Mon. Aug. 17- He left this morning to return to his wife and three small offshoots in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Aug.- Party at the Vanes at Camden.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1863 1

Thu. Sept. 3- Ball at 5, York Terrace. The invitations were in the name of Mrs King, a very old lady, who did not appear, but her grand daughters, the two Miss Dillons, the eldest only twenty, did the honours, and very well too.

Fri. Sept. 4- Small party at the Vanes.

Sat. Sept. 19- Party at Mrs Brines at Claremont.

Sat. Sept. 26- Walked to Harpford via Mutter's Moor and dined with Mrs Gardiner. Returned same way.

Mon. Sept. 28- Walked up to Peak Cottage and played trios with Capt. And Mrs Hooper for a couple of hours, two flutes & piano.

Tue. Sept. 29- Michaelmas Day. Took goose with Mrs Walker at Sid House. Witnessed Mrs Dunn's signature to a deed of gift, being £ 200 to one or two parishes in Worcestershire.

Wed. Sept. 30- Went to the ploughing match got up for the parishes of Sidbury, Sidmouth and Salcombe. It was held near Cotford. It is the first thing of the kind held in this neighbourhood and is a step in the right direction.

DAWLISH, OCT. 1863 1

Mon. Oct. 5- Went over to stay with Miss Roberton, where I met Marion and Fanny Jones. Took the coach to Feniton Station. Before getting to Exeter by the rail, one obtains a hasty glance of the remains of Polsloe Priory, close to the line. Having been in Exeter a few hours, went on by rail.

Tue. Oct. 6- Beautiful day. Took the opportunity and went to Teignmouth. Walked from thence to Bishops Teignton to call on Col. Mercer and his family. The church here exhibits several Norman features, as circular headed doors with zig-zag mouldings, etc. Took an early dinner with them, walked back to Teignmouth, spent the afternoon with the Rev. R.Cresswell and his family (all Sidmouth friends) and returned to Dawlish by rail.

Wed. Oct. 7- And the weather changed to rain.

Mon. Oct. 12- Spring tide very high, with the wind hard on shore. At high water this evening the waves were rolling up the brook as high as the iron bridge.

Wed. Oct. 14- Took a long walk over Little Haldon. Went up by Oakland and Holcombe Down, though there is no Down now. On the top of the hill, on the right-hand side of the road, on a waste strip, by a gate, there are two large water-worn boulders of red, or brown igneous quartziferous porphyry. They lie on the green sand and flints, though they belong to the red sandstone beneath, as they appear in the cliffs near the Parson & Clerk rocks, but how they got up there so high, is a question that has not been satisfactorily answered by geologists. Got a splinter of one for the Old Chancel. There are others on Haldon. Went on over the hill northwards, where I had not been since the memorable June 12. 1862. Dipped down and looked at Lidwell Chapel, which is much as I left it, the interior being a swamp for want of draining. Found the tops of five similar boulders in the field south of the chapel, nearly buried. Up on the hill again and made for the head of Small-a-combe Gail, as it is called. Then went into the Camp and walked all round

DAWLISH, OCT. 1863 2

Wed. Oct. 14cont.- it. Then turned homeward and passed down the road by Luscombe Park.

Thu. Oct. 15- At low water went along the beach westward nearly as far as the Parson & Clerk.

Fri. Oct. 16- Took a drive with my cousins to Starcross, Cofton Chapel, etc. Near Starcross we passed an apparatus for preserving timber for piles, posts, etc. There is a stage some 30 or 40 feet high on poles. On this floor there are two or three large tubs full of the solution, (I think sulphate of copper) which descends to the ground by tubes. The lower extremity of each tube is fixed against the end of the fir pole or other piece of timber to be operated upon. At the other end of the pole a cross or other mark of paint or some colouring matter. Things being ready and the work begun, it is found that the pressure of the fluid descending from the tubs, is enough to force out the sap of the tree from one end to the other in the space of a few hours, the solution of course taking its place. The operator knows when the solution has gone all through and reached the further end, by observing the cross or mark of paint, as it changes colour when the solution reaches it. The apparatus is here used by the Railway Company, for the poles of the Electric Telegraph wires.

Sat. Oct. 17- Went to Teignmouth and took a rubbing of the inscription on the third bell at West Teignmouth. The 1st and 4th bells are comparatively modern, the 2nd and 3rd are old. The fourth bell, dated 1738(?) has a large piece, about 8 inches by 5, knocked out of its edge, said to have been done by a drunken blacksmith.

Wed. Oct. 21- Went in a boat with my cousins Marion and Fanny Jones to the Parson & Clerk Rocks, the sea being as calm as a pond. The girls and myself rowed the boat. We passed between the Parson Rock and the cliff. The space was only six or seven feet. The water rather deep, I could not reach the bottom with the oar. The cove just beyond was full of fish,

DAWLISH, OCT. 1863 3

Wed. Oct. 21cont.- quantities of mackerel, and still greater quantities of little fish called 'brits' The mackerel were darting after them and devouring them. We saw them carry them away in their mouths, the water was so transparent.

Thu. Oct. 22- Walked to the Holcombe new villas and then out to the top of the cliff over the Parson Rock. Sat down to enjoy the view. The flagstaff that the railway people planted on the Parson's head some years ago, still remains, but it is decaying, and the storms are doing their best to break it off.

Tue. Oct. 27- Made a long expedition. Took the rail to Exeter to shop. Took the rail four miles to Topsham. Got out and walked a mile and a half to Ebford, and called on General Lee, some of whose family I had seen at Sidmouth. The house is large and built of brick. The iron gates came from the Duke of Chandos's many years ago, and I believe the tall mantelpiece inside. There are some good old books in the library. Went and looked at the summerhouse in the wood and examined the old chairs. One bears the name 'Shillebeer', with a coat of arms and the date 1685. Walked back to Topsham and visited the museum of the late Mr. Ross. This is a capital museum, especially for objects of natural history. The stuffed birds are admirably done. There is a sword fish caught in the Ex. The sword is flat horizontally, not up and down, and not toothed, but smooth. I saw Mr. Ross's drawing books, in which he has beautifully done drawings of birds, fish, zoophytes, seaweeds, etc. This museum ought to be preserved. The river was between me and Dawlish. Crossed the ferry

for Exminster. I was deposited on the marshes as night was coming on, and had to find my way as I could. I should certainly have been benighted and lost had I not called to a man who was fetching some sheet at a distance. These flat meadows are traversed by ditches, which are crossed by planks wholly invisible, except to those who know where to find them. By his directions, scarcely audible at the distance, I got

DAWLISH, OCT. 1863 4

Tue. Oct. 27cont- across and reached the station in the dark. Waited for the train and then got to Dawlish.

Thu. Oct. 29- Had another go at the Parson & Clerk, this time geological. I have been collecting specimens of all the different kinds of rock in the red conglomerate, which is here very coarse. Visited new ground today by going to the Teignmouth side of the said Parson. Being low water spring tide, found I could get as near as the cove in which we saw the fish. The rocks are very bold here, and the Clerk, standing off at sea, very picturesque.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1863 1

Mon. Nov. 2- Returned home to Sidmouth.

Tue. Nov. 24- A small party at home, fourteen of us, ladies and gentlemen. We had music and dancing, then supper at 11.30, then the same till two.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1863 1

Tue. Dec. 1- The weather, through occasionally rainy and boisterous, has been remarkably mild. Sidmouth has been rather gay for this usually dull season of the year and I have been out a good deal since I returned from Dawlish.

Tue. Dec. 15- Went over to Awliscombe to look after an old church window. Ever since I erected the 'Old Chancel' I have contemplated adding to it in the same antique style and thereby converting the whole affair into a residence. Took coach to Honiton, nine miles, and then walked out two further to the village. The large window of the south transept has been taken out and replaced by a new one. The floor of this church rises from the west door towards the east. I think the same peculiarity may be seen at Payhembury. The stone screen across the interior of this church is very good. The windows are perpendicular. The glass in the east one, I believe by O'connor, that in the new south transept, I think by Wales. The south porch good, with arched stone roof. Small north door four centred. Tower has square stair turret in stages at south east corner of tower. The pieces of the window taken out were lying in the south east corner of the churchyard. In the churchyard, outside the south transept, there were two young ladies painting a tomb. I heard afterwards that their name was Jackson and that it was the tomb of their mother recently dead. Wanting to see the churchwarden, Mr. Banfield, about the window, I walked a mile further to Wadhay. Over the door is cut the name of Pearce 1621. Banfield's father desired to be buried in a field close to the house, and there is his grave sure enough, and enclosed within an iron railing. Mr. Banfield told me he understood the old window was worth £6, but that I might have it for £5. Did not then conclude any bargain. Walked back to Honiton and took the coach to Sidmouth, where I arrived before seven.

Wed. Dec. 23- Party at the Vane's at Camden.

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1863 2

Thu. Dec. 24- Went with Mr. Horace Marryat to the vestry to look over some of the old deeds, especially Randolph Mainwaring's will, and the inventory of Minshull's effects. Mr. Marryat, who is a brother of the late Captain Marryat the novelist, is assisting a sister of his, in collecting materials for a history of Lace, ancient and modern. There was no mention of lace in the Parish Chest. We have also here a son of the late Mrs. Hemans, the poetess, with his wife and family, and back in the summer there were several Miss Trimmers.

Fri. Dec. 25- Christmas day and as mild as spring. Had an early dinner of goose with Vanes and a late dinner of Turkey at Mrs. Walker's, late of Lime Park, now Sidbrook. This was pretty well for one day.

Mon. Dec. 28- Mr. Wm. Banfield, churchwarden of Awliscombe, came over on business and called on me at 9 A.M. He had breakfast with me. We concluded our bargain about our church window. I gave him £4, and conditionally one more if worth it. A shark was brought me this morning to look at. It ran ashore near the Chit Rocks yesterday and was caught. I found it 7f -3in long on measuring it. From its colour and shape, I suspect it is the Blue Shark, or *SQUALUS GLAUCUS*.

Tue. Dec. 29- John White the carrier, with his waggon and two horses, went over to Awliscombe and brought over about half of the great stone window. S. Churchill, stone-cutter, accompanied him.

Wed. Dec. 30- The waggon was unloaded in the back yard.

Thu. Dec. 31- Evening party at Mr. & Mrs. Alexander's, Woolbrook Glen. Mr. Alexander again related to me the particulars of the unexpected visit of the Prince of Wales, to the house where his grandfather died and where his mother was nursed. The Prince and the gentlemen by whom he was attended came into the grounds and walked about. One of the called at the house and informed Mr. Alexander that the Prince of Wales would be glad to see the interior if not inconvenient,

SIDMOUTH, DEC. 1863 3

Thu Dec. 31cont.- or something to that effect. Mr. Alexander, not aware that the Prince was so near, enquired when it would suit his Royal Highness to come, on which the attendant said that the Prince was now in the grounds. At this unexpected announcement, Mr. A. ran to tell his wife (his first wife) and when he came back into the drawing room, he found the Prince seated in an armchair, in which I was then sitting. After a little conversation on various subjects, the Royal visitor was shewn into the room in which the Duke of Kent died, and into the room over, which was then the nursery. It became suspected who the visitor was and a considerable crowd had assembled at the gate. As the Prince was traveling incognito, he wished to avoid public demonstrations and he emerged from the grounds in another direction, and gave the crowd the slip

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SIDMOUTH and LONDON, JAN. 1864 1

Fri. Jan. 8- After a week of harder frost than we have had in Devonshire for several years, today it began to thaw. Down to the end of December the weather was so mild that fine bouquets of flowers were daily gathered in the gardens. A change came in with the new year. For several nights the thermometer in my bedroom was down to 26° fahrenheit. I have two warmer unoccupied rooms in the house, but I prefer the room I have occupied since I was a child. The water in my jug was frozen of course, (and even the pot-de-chambre) but I rubbed myself all over with the water and a flannel every morning as usual in spite, on jumping out of bed. So the Prince and Princess of Wales have got a little boy! And he has come a couple of mouths too soon and quite unexpectedly, but all parties are quite well nevertheless.

Mon. Jan. 25- Went to London to see the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore and talk about pedigrees and sundry family matters. Put up at the Great Western Hotel.

Tue. Jan. 26- Called on the Earl at 52, South Audley Street and had a long chat with him. He is suffering from a sudden attack of gout. He asked me to dine with him and the Countess at eight. Went, and there were three footmen to wait on three people. The French alliance has made a great revolution in dinners. It is all in the French style now. There is little or nothing on the table, perhaps some of the desert and some flowers, but the food is carved by the attendants at a side table and handed round.

Wed. Jan. 27- In the city shopping. The underground railway from Paddington to Farringdon Street is now open, and others are projected. It is like perpetual travelling through tunnels.

STAPLEFORD, JAN. 1864 2

Thu. Jan. 28- Took the Great Eastern rail for Stapleford. The country is very flat. The train passes close to the Rye House, noted in history. It is now turned into a place of resort for the amusement of the Londoners. The Rectory of Stapleford was given to my cousin the Rev. W. Oliver about a year and a half ago. It is a comfortable country village, about three miles from Hertford.

Fri. Jan. 29- He drove me, with his wife Rachel, and his daughter Bessie, to an old brick House called Queen Hoo, a house said to have been once occupied by Queen Elizabeth. It is from this place says tradition, that the eatable snails escaped, which had been brought over from France for the use of the court. Certain it is, as I have seen, that the large yellow *escargot*, such as I have seen at the restaurants of Paris, is to be found crawling all about this neighbourhood.

Sat. Jan. 31- Made a sketch of the north door of Stapleford church which is Norman. Several other days were agreeably passed in visiting other places, as Bramfield, where the church has been stuccoed over, Sacombe Park and Sacombe church, which has been restored since I last saw it, being of black flints with stone coins, and having a curious relic now in the vestry, even the iron frame in which the hour glass was put to regulate the preacher and which ought to be again fixed to the pulpit as before, Bengoe, where there is a new church built and the old one is going to decay, and which has a Norman chancel arch and a circular apse, Hertford, where some of the old castle walls remain, but of bricks and flints intermixed- and so on.

LONDON & SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1864 1

Fri. Feb. 5- Left Stapleford. Took the Great Northern rail to London. Found the Earl of Donoughmore still suffering from gout. Had an hour's chat with him up in his room. Walked to Westminster, took steamer to Hungerford, took steamer thence for Rotherhithe to call on the Blicks at the Rectory, overshot my mark and was put ashore at the Commercial Docks, a mile or more below, walked back, found Mr. and Mrs. Blick and Sarah Hutchinson, returned to Charing Cross by rail, passing over the river by the new bridge, just opened, where the Hungerford suspension Bridge used to be. Walked from thence to the Great Western Hotel, Paddington, and ordered tea.

Sat. Feb. 6- Walked across Kensington Gardens to look at the great building of the Exhibition of 1862. They are pulling it down, the eastern dome being nearly removed. Then went into the South Kensington Museum, where I passed a couple of hours very pleasantly. Walked back to Paddington.

Sun. Feb. 7- Went to church in South Audley Street, in the Earl's pew. He was not well enough to come, but the Countess of Donoughmore was there. Said adieu to her after church, as I leave tomorrow. In returning to Paddington I fell in with Mr. Bligh, who married my first cousin Fanny Parker. He took me home with him, and surprised them all at dinner. Went by omnibus to Pimlico, went to Westminster Abbey and then walked back to my hotel.

Mon. Feb. 8- After breakfast took a cab from the Great Western Hotel and drove to the Waterloo station, over Waterloo bridge. Started at 10-50 A.M. In passing Basingstoke, I remarked the ruins of an old church in a burial ground (*The Chapel of the Holy Ghost*), on the north side of the line. There were parts of walls, heads of windows and portions of an octagonal tower. The stone appeared to be freestone of the chalk formation like the Beer stone. Near Porton, Sherborne and Yeovil, the buildings are of the oolite. Arrived at Honiton about 3 P.M., and took coach for Sidmouth

SIDMOUTH, FEB. 1864 2

Sat. Feb. 20- Miss. Church, daughter of Col. Church and granddaughter of Mrs. Walker, formerly of Lyme Park, and now of Sid House, was married to Mr. Wright this morning at Salcombe church. Went to the wedding breakfast at Sid House.

SIDMOUTH, MAR. 1864 1

Mon. Mar. 28- Went to examine Sidbury Castle, as men are now working on its slopes preparatory to bringing the land into cultivation. Found men there and asked them whether they had met with any old coins or other antiquities ?. They replied no, but that they had found a cave or hole full of round pebbles. They had dug down the ground and dispersed the pebbles, but on going to the spot, at the west end of the inner agger, on the south side of the camp, I found a considerable space strewn with them. They were beach pebbles, totally different from the angular flints of the hill, and resembling the sling-stones of stockland Great Camp, as mentioned on the 14th of April 1863. They varied in size from that of a pigeon's egg to that of a small hen's egg. I put half a dozen in my pocket. They had provably come from Sidmouth beach and there is no doubt what they are. Wrote a fuller account when I got home and sent it to the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette, and which may appear next Saturday, week. On returning to Sidmouth I made a circuit to Sidford, and down fields to Seed. Here a man whom I had known before (Park House) told me he had some antiquities which he would sell me. He produced an old jar with a round base and some green glaze about the mouth, made of clay. The children had unfortunately cracked it. He said it was brought from Yarcombe, but

he knew nothing of its history. He also produced a Roman coin of *Antoninus Pius*, which he had dug up at Seed some time ago. These I bought, and have put in the Old Chancel. Not Yarcombe- See in my history.

SIDMOUTH, BRANSCOMBE, BEER, SEATON, APR. 1864 1

Fri. Apr. 1- Finished soldering pieces of coloured glass round the old arms, etc. from the Awliscombe window (see back Dec. 15.29) and put the whole up in the Old Chancel.

Thu. Apr. 7 to 14- The Rev. H.T. Ellacombe and myself went to examine some churches. We started about half past nine A.M. And drove to Stephen's Cross and up Trow Hill, passed Slade and entered Branscombe by the Dean. We stopped at the church. Noticed the Norman features outside, the square tower, corbel table and round turret. Some of the windows are decorated, and some perpendicular. Outside south front is an old dial over a former doorway, without the gnomon. Inside is early English arch and tops of three clustered columns in north transept. Made a rubbing of the slate slab or blue lias slab in south transept. There is a good oak chair of the 17th century near altar. Ascended the tower. The newel staircase is arched over. The mortar overhead shows that a number of small pieces of wood were used to turn the arch on, and continually shifted. The marks of the tool still remain on the newel. The bells were all set. They were rung for a wedding yesterday and have not been lowered. We therefore moved between them carefully. The tenor or large bell measured 41

inches in diameter and by that size ought to weigh 13 cwts 3 qrs It bore the letters TP EXON 1671. The 4th bell is said to have been re-cast in the churchyard, or on the ground adjoining. Bell founders used to re-cast bells on the spot, to save heavy carriage. It bears the words, T. WROTH FECTT 1747. We then went on to Beer, walking up the steep hill. There is a chapel here but nothing to detain us. So we proceeded to Seaton. On the road I learnt that the tradition of a former plague is remembered (I believe in 1646) and that the dead were buried on Chapel Hill and several other places. Seaton church has traces of decorated work, as the annexed scroll moulding of label over south door.

SEATON & SIDMOUTH, APR. 1864 2

Thu. Apr. 7 to 14 contd.- Inside there is a large squint on north side of chancel arch and a small one on south side in corner of chancel aisle. Piscina with basin and small hole in bottom. Traces of another piscina in south aisle of chancel, hid under boards. There are two pieces of old glass in head of north window of the chancel, one piece a yellow bird with wings expanded. The steps of tower turret are much worn. There are five bells. The clappers of the bells are hung in the old fashioned plan with the 'baldrick' or rawhide hinge. In some old church- - wardens accounts may be found- *Soluta pro baldrickis (or baulderiks) pro tympanis*, etc. The 3rd bell bears IP EXON 1663. The tenor measures 41½ inches in diameter. We took rubbings of the inscriptions, which Mr. Ellacombe has. Two or three of the bells are old. Some of the inscriptions are faulty. We got back to Sidmouth by six P.M.

Tue. Apr. 19- Mr. Piper and his men laid the first stone of the first addition to the Old Chancel, being a small room on the north side. This will use up some of the materials of Awliscombe church, bought last January. When I can procure more old church materials perhaps I may go on with further design of the house.

Wed. Apr. 20- Went with Arthur Church over to Budleigh to see Hays Farm, where Sir Walter Raleigh was born. The house is being renovated and I am sorry to see, in some degree modernised with lime wash and partly red brick chimneys. And the old outbuildings are soon to be pulled down, to give place to new. We went up to Sir Walters room, which is on the first floor in the left wing on entering. There are no remains of antiquities here. We took our sandwiches and walked out to the wild moors of Woodbury Hill, where we discussed them. Lady Rolle of Bicton, with her coach and four and outrider, drove by whilst we were there. Returned to Hayes, got out our carriage, drove to Budleigh and through Colyton Raleigh to Harpford to see some friends and then home.

SIDMOUTH, APR. 1864 3

Thu. Apr. 21- Drove with Mr. Heineken, Mr. Chick accompanying us on his horse, to Sidbury Castle, they being desirous of seeing the sling-stones on the spot, as first seen by on the 28th of March. We traversed the camp in various directions, which we had often done before. The quantity of sling-stones at the indicated spot near the west end much surprised them. Leaving this we went on Ottery East Hill and found one of the plantations on fire, the furze and heath being very dry and the wind very strong. It was not without some difficulty that we plunged through the smoke and close to the flames. We went down to Cold Harbour, an ancient name of disputed derivation, hoping to find something. There was nothing but a miserable little cottage and no traditions. Something led the wife of the man living there to mention metheglin, that ancient British drink made of honey, when I said something that made her bring me out a glass of it. It is sweet in taste with a flavour of spirit and in colour it is yellow, like cider, only not so clear or transparent. We returned over the hill, but the fire had nearly burnt out, and then came down the lane on the north side of Core Hill, and then near Manstone Farm towards Sidmouth.

SIDMOUTH, MAY 1864 1

Thu. May 19- Mr. Pile of Woolbrook drove me over to his brother's at Talaton, with whose family I spent the day. Examined Talaton church, which was restored about five years ago. The old oak roofs and screen are solid and handsome. A new north aisle, not running the whole length westward, was added, with a lean-to deal roof. A handsome seventeenth century monument was removed from the church and fixed on the north side of the tower, inside.

SIDMOUTH, JUNE 1864 1

Wed. June 1- Let my house, No. 4, Coburg Terrace, to Mrs. Maitland, a widow lady. Her term, for one year, begins today.

Sat. June 4- Masons finished for the present and all the scaffolding removed.

Mon. June 6- Two of Mrs. Maitland's servants came tonight and I procured a bed at No. 2, Coburg Terrace, but pass the day in the Old Chancel.

Thu. June 9- Mrs. Maitland and her two nieces, arrived this evening.

Tue. June 14- Daniells put up roof of lobby to Old Chancel and Godfrey covered it with lead, weighing 4 lb to the square foot

Sat. June 25- Gosling has finished the woodwork of the ceiling and roof of my new room, and Godfrey covered it with zinc. This is only temporary, if I go on with the building.

Wed. June 29- Oak joists of the floor laid.

Thu. June 30- Joined in a boat with Mr. Williams, and went gull shooting along the coast beyond Ladram Bay, nearly to Otterton Head.

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1864 1

Sun. July 10- This afternoon took a walk to the top of High Peak Hill.

Thu. July 14- Started after breakfast for a warm walk to Weston. Went over Salcombe Hill and drank at the pump in Salcombe as I went by. Here I found a man washing the fore legs of his horse, which had come down on the loose flinty roads and cut both its knees very badly. Went on to the Dunscombe Cliffs. It was dangerous to walk near the edge, where the ground was sloping, for the grass, owing to the continued dry weather, was so slippery, and in descending the steep hill to Weston Mouth, I sat down and slid most of the way. Drank out of brook at the bottom near the Preventive station. I observed that the water of this brook has the same petrifying quality as most of the other streams in this neighbourhood, for I saw that sticks and stones and other objects lying in the water were coated with stoney matter. Went about a mile beyond Weston Mouth along the beach to look for a bed of fossil shells, I observed at my last visit. Dug some of them out but doubt whether they are better than what I have in the Old Cancel. Returned. Climbed up the cliffs among the potato plots at the Dunscombe Cliffs and returned through Salcombe (pump again) and down Salcombe Hill.

Thu. July 21- A shower of rain! For nearly four months, we have had dry, hot weather, with scarcely a fall at all. Although so enjoyable for outdoor amusements, vegetation has suffered greatly. There were three young ladies with me in the Old Chancel looking at my curiosities, when one of them, looking out of the great east window, asked 'whether it was real rain!'. The sight of rain was so novel.

Fri. July 22- With the said three young ladies and two gentlemen, went to a pic-nic to Branscombe. We drove all through Branscombe, the scenery round which they admired amazingly, to Sea-Side Farm beyond. Here we got out, took a walk while tea was getting ready, came back to the farm house,

SIDMOUTH, JULY 1864 2

Fri. July 22cont.- where we enjoyed our meal, and then started again. We sent the carriage round to the village of Beer and started for the cliffs, we walked over these, the strangers being much struck with their wildness and picturesque beauty, of course they are not new to me. Arrived at Beer, we stayed a short time to look round and then mounted the carriage. During the long hill from Beer to Bovey House, we discussed cake and drank claret. We did not get home till near ten. I finished the evening by going to a party at the Vane's at Camden, to which I had been expected at an earlier hour.

Sun. July 24- This morning at All Saints Church the Rev. H. Gibbes read the prayer for rain. I do not like tempting God too soon, it is like crying out before we are hurt. Though we have had a wonderfully dry summer, such as we have not had for many years, and though vegetation is very much burnt up, still, we have not yet got a famine, nor are we threatened with it. Besides, we had a

hard shower on Thursday and appearances indicate that there is moisture in the air. I therefore felt that we might have endured a little longer.

Sun. July 31- Mr. Gibbes read the same prayer.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1864 1

Mon. Aug. 1- He called on me at the Old Chancel, to ask me to his School Feast on Wednesday next. I alluded to the prayer. He said he had read it at his own discretion and justified himself by declaring that the poorer people were suffering greatly.

Tue. Aug. 2- Went in a boat with some friends to Seaton. There was a good off-shore breeze. We all admired the splendid and varied colours of the cliffs as we went along and the patches of cultivation, whether of potatoes or corn, now almost ready for the gathering. We landed at Seaton, took a ramble and had our lunch under an awning made of boat sails on the beach. We put to sea again, steered close under Beer Head and landed on the Sidmouth side of it. Some mounted the cliff. I landed further west, rambled through the undercliff to Branscombe Mouth and joined the boat there. We got home by half past eight.

Sun. Aug. 14- My brother's birthday, if he were in England instead of at the antipodes.

Mon. Aug. 15- Went over to the Dunscombe Cliffs, via Salcombe village, to look for fossils, or rather, to look for a certain chalcedonic form of petrification, somewhat resembling the Beekite, as found in the Paignton Cliffs, Torbay. Petrified shells of different sorts I have in past times found there, but have not preserved them, but I see that geologists now speak of them as not common. Instead of being converted into carbonate of lime, I believe they silicified in the chalcedonised form and are covered with little knobs surrounded by concentric rings or waved ridges. I was only able to procure fragment today, but enough perhaps to show others what the peculiarity is. When returning I fell in with some Sidbury friends who were pic-nic-ing. I tarried a couple of hours and had tea with them. The weather was extremely hot and cloudless and we are still without rain.

SIDMOUTH, AUG. 1864 2

Fri. Aug. 19-Walked over to Harpford and called at the Gardiners. Saw Dr. Muller (nephew of Max Muller) who is soon to marry Miss. Florence. The Vanes arrived soon after. The Vanes drove me home.

Mon. Aug. 29- Went over to Dawlish to see my cousin Mary Robertson at Belmont Villa. Walked to Budleigh Salterton, six miles, took the omnibus to Exmouth, four, hired a boat to Starcross and then took the rail. This is a varied and pleasant trip in fine weather, and the weather was charming.

Tue. Aug. 30- Rain, rain, rain, nearly all day. This will be most welcome to the country.

Wed. Aug. 31- Rev. Robertson and his wife arrived from London.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1864 1

Sun. Sept. 4- Went to the parish church with Mr.&Mrs. Robertson. Mr. Rashdall, the new Vicar preached. At St. Marks in the evening.

Mon. Sept. 5- Returned home by the same route as I went.

Tue. Sept. 6- Had croquet and tea at the Vane's, where I met some of the Shaws, now of Woodlands.

Wed. Sept. 7- Mr. and the Misses Shaw, Mrs. Fullerton, Mr.&Mrs. Vane and Miss. Forbes, came to look at the Old Chancel.

Tue. Sept. 13- At a small party at Mrs. Walkers, Sid House, late of Lime Park.

Wed. Sept. 14- The same again.

Thu. Sept. 15- At a party at the Vane's.

Fri. Sept. 16- At a small party at Mrs.Maitland's (my house)

Sat. Sept. 17- Went to see Ottery church with Mrs. Maitland, Lady Dowling (who is staying with her) and the two girls, Lady D's granddaughters and Mrs. M's nieces. After we had returned and had tea, Lady D. , who is fond of natural history, amused us by dissecting a cuttle fish, which had been brought from the sea shore.

Wed. Sept. 21- Examined the bells in four church towers today with the Rev. H.T. Ellacombe of St. George's Clist. On looking up under the bells of Sidmouth church tower, I saw that all had baldrics to the clappers, except the last or smallest of 1824, by which I mean that the clappers are hung with a leather strap instead of a metal hinge as is the custom now. In the church wardens' accounts of some parishes, I am told that such entries as the following occur, *Soluta pro baldrickis 2s*. It has been supposed that this must refer to the piece of leather for the hinge. We then drove to Branscombe. At our last trip, last April, the bells were all set. Today they were not. The Norman features in the tower of this church are very interesting, also a decorated window on south side of church. After copying the I inscription on all the bells and measuring their sizes, etc., we drove on to Beer, to look at the bell there.

SIDMOUTH, SEPT. 1864 2

Wed. Sept. 21cont.- This chapel of ease to Seaton exhibits decorated features at the east end, but the building has been sadly marred by 'Churchwardens' Gothic' at various times. We took off our coats and managed to get up to the bell turret. The bell is ancient. It bears the words A ve MARIA in old letters, divided or distributed on several cartouches round the bell. Just on emerging from Beer, and ascending the hill that leads towards Bovey House, there is an old building on the left or west side, just like the remains of a cruciform church. It is now converted into barns and farm buildings. There is the nave and chancel crossed by the transepts, and corners strengthened by buttresses. I must some day enquire what this is. We made for Sidbury and examined the six bells there. The plan of the bell chamber is here annexed. On the 4th bell, besides the inscription and the date 1712, there is a Louis XIV shield with the words *Bailey & Smith*. On the 5th bell there is a stamp of the Huyshe arms.3 fish on a bend. The tenor or largest bell weighs from 19 to 20 hundredweight. Mr. Ellacombe and self had tea in the Old Chancel, before he joined his party to return to Clyst St. George.

Fri. Sept. 23- Had the gas brought into my house No. 4 Coburg Terrace and lighted a first time.

Tue. Sept. 27- Went to London to see Alcander Hutchinson, his wife and family. Mrs. Alcander, the daughter of a French Count, had (and has) an English mother. In this house, there was quite a

medley of languages, a Chinese footman, pig tail and all, who spoke several Eastern languages and snatches of European, a French coachman, who knew nothing of English and whose great desire was to get back to his own country, and a German governess for the three young children.

Wed. Sept. 28- Went into the City with Alcander.

LONDON, OCT. 1864 1

Sat. Oct. 1- Went over the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. I am disappointed in the water-glass frescoes, about which so much has been said in praise, especially the great one of the scene at Waterloo in the Royal Gallery. (The one of Nelson, on the opposite wall, is not yet finished). To my eye they are hard, or harsh, or raw, or crude, and therefore not so pleasing as an oil painting. Made sketches of panels of the ceiling here and in the House of Lords and other places, to do which the Earl of Buckinghamshire in Sidmouth had given me letters to the Lord Chamberlain. I wish to pick up a few ideas for the decoration of the ceiling of the library or new room now building on the north side of the Old Chancel.

Sun. Oct. 2- In the afternoon Mrs. Alcander drove me in the pony carriage to Croydon, whilst Alcander drove the governess and children in the two horse phaeton. We went down to see Governor Hutchinson's burial place in the north transept. He lies I believe in the vault of the Apthorpes. Frances Hutchinson just outside. We inspected the register and extracted these memorandums.

Mon. Oct. 3- In London all day. Went over the South Kensington Museum. Got Ah-heen, the Chinese footman to write me something in Chinese. I append it annexed. I think it reads from top to bottom. The words 'Orlando' and 'Hutchinson' occur, (I presume only from sound). They generally write with a small brush and Indian ink, but he here used a pencil.

Tue. Oct. 4- Left for Sidmouth. Went to Windsor to see the Castle. Copied an old fashioned knocker in the cloisters. When I was a child my late father and mother lived for a time in the cloisters. The 100 steps I am informed, are not now as they were, steep and straight. They have been made more easy to mount, more in number and zig-zag. Went over the state apartments. Mounted to the top of the keep or round tower. Disappointed at finding the upper half of the Round Tower hollow. Counted 220 steps from the top to the bottom.

SIDMOUTH & LICHFIELD, OCT. 1864 2

Tue. Oct. 4cont.- Went over St. George's Chapel. Went on to Reading, where I slept.

Wed. Oct. 5- Examined the ruins of Reading Abbey. Glad to see they are being taken care of. Went on to Basingstoke. Got time to go into the pretty cemetery and make a sketch in the ruins of the Holy Ghost Chapel. Arrived at Sidmouth, where I remained only a fortnight.

Tue. Oct. 18- Went to Lichfield to see my cousin the Rev. John Hutchinson, Canon of the Cathedral, and now in residence. Not being in his own house, that is, the one belonging to his Canonry, on the south side of the Close, (now occupied by Mr. Babbington) he is in Canon Lonsdale's at the north-west corner. Since I was in Lichfield some six or seven years ago, the restoration of the Cathedral has progressed very far. Made many sketches in the Cathedral during my stay. Made many walks in the neighbourhood and was surprised to observe what a multitude of picturesque paths there are,

either through fields, or between hedges in almost every direction. Rambled all over the Cathedral, high and low. Discovered one day that the joints between the stonework of the great column in the middle of the Chapter House, are filled with lead instead of mortar. During my stay I made rubbings of all the medallions in the floor of the Presbytery, 4 large and 16 small, either my cousin will keep them, or he talked of depositing them in the Chapter Library. Made rubbings of a number of ancient Masons' marks on the stonework of the Cathedral. This is a field for antiquarian investigation.

SIDMOUTH, NOV. 1864 1

Mon. Nov. 21- Left Lichfield for home. Slept in Bristol.

Tue. Nov. 22- Took a run about Bristol, saw the Cathedral. Examined St. Mary, Redcliffe. Curious Moorish arch of north porch. Took rail to Exeter, and then coach to Sidmouth.

Peter Orlando Hutchinson

POH Transcripts - 1865

January 1865.

Sunday. January 1. 1865. _ New Years Day.

Fri. Jan. 27. Went from Sidmouth to Dawlish. The cold severe, and more snow than has been seen for many years. On Aylesbere Hill, the trees and bushes hung with snow, were beautiful. The travelling very difficult. Remained at Belmont Villa till March 11. Took many pleasant walks when the weather would allow. The winter has been very severe.

Note:- No more entries in diary until March 11.

March 1865.

Sat. Mar. 11. 1865. - Returned to Sidmouth

Th. Mar. 23. Meeting at National School, the Vicar in the chair, to try the possibility of founding a new Choral Society. When the former one was wound up seven years ago, the £11 in hand was given me to take care of, as one of the Trustees appointed.

April 1865.

Sat. Ap. 15. Men engaged polishing border, inlaid zig-zag in oak and walnut, in Library on north side of Old Chancel.

Sat. Ap. 22. Accompanied Mr. Heineken, and his nephew Mr. Thomas Horsfall from Hornby Grange, Yorkshire, to Offwell and Widworthy. Sketched holy water stoup in south porch of Offwell church. Old oak carving of Last Supper on Reading desk. Oak carving at west end of North aisle, formerly brought from London. Observed that the floor descends from west door to east end. There is, near the schools, a large square granite pillar on a pedestal, covered with Runic patterns. On the pedestal are the words - "Crocker, Crwys, and Coplestone, when the Conqueror came, were found at home." This was erected by Bishop Coplestone.

On Widworthy Hill, south of the church, in a plantation, we found a circular enclosure. 90 paces north and south and 92 the other way. It may be called a circle, 225 feet in diameter, allowing 2 feet 6 inches to a step.

We then went down and measured Castle Wood at Widworthy: also the girth of one of the Spanish Chestnuts on the east side: and made it 20 feet and 6 inches: then to the church, where there is a fine yew tree at the west door. Over the lower door there is a shield bearing three locks. Over the south door there is an old dial without style. Inside, there are monuments to the Tuckers, Marwoods, &c, and a recumbent figure in the north transept. Returning home I made sketches of "Gray Stone" on the north side of the road about half a mile west of Wilmington, (supposed an ancient landmark), and of "Drummer Stone" 50 yards up Drummer Stone Lane, (on north side) and

on the left side going up. Some say a Drummer of a regiment passing that way died there - and hence the name, but this may be conjecture.

TH, April 27, 1865: - Went as before to Hawksdown Hill Camp. Proceeded via Trow Hill and along the level till we descended to Colyford. Crossed Ax Bridge, and turned south to the foot of the hill. Eat our sandwiches and then mounted – and a rather stiff pull on a warm sunny day. The chasm on the north side of the upper part is natural, but it serves the purpose of an immense foss. The camp appears to have been surrounded by two aggers with a foss between them. The work is most perfect at the east, where the slope of the agger is 50 feet. The interior area is 852 feet long, 466 wide at the east end, and 420 two thirds towards the west. About 200 feet east of the east end a hedge runs across the ridge of the hill. It may be a question whether this was an outwork. I think not however, as there is no foss. The west point of the camp rises above the river Ax, and commands an extensive view. We found many Sling stones in the interior, being beach pebbles, like those at Stockland and Sidbury Castle.

We descended and visited Axmouth church, which wants restoring. There is a hagioscope or squint, but is stopped up.

We did not get home till after nine.

May 1865.

Sidmouth, May 1865.

Note :- The following are newspaper articles P.O.H. has attached to his diary.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCILN.

On receiving the melancholy intelligence of the lamentable occurrences in the United States, the members of Parliament assembled in the House of Commons, comprising of gentlemen of all parties, and immediately signed the following address of sympathy to the resident American Minister, to whom it was presented at six o'clock on Wednesday evening:-

“We the undersigned, members of the House of Commons, have learned with the deepest horror and regret that the President of the United States of America has been deprived of life by an act of violence; and we desire to express our sympathy on the sad event with the American Minister now in London, as well as to declare our hope and confidence in the future of that great country, which, we trust will continue to be associated with enlightened freedoms and peaceful relations with this and every other country.

“London, April 26.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln has fallen by the assassin's hand; fallen as Julius Caesar fell on those fatal “Ides of March,” but by the hand of a baser Brutus; fallen as, to our human eyes and fallible judgment, he little deserved to fall, shot through the head with a pistol by a wretched conspirator. Like most of his countrymen who have risen into the foremost rank as a statesman, he was a self-made man. He was the son of a working man, and began life as a working man himself. He was born in Kentucky on the 12th of February, 1809, and when he was quite a child his father removed with his family to Spencer

County, Indiana, where he assisted his parents by working on the farm. Lincoln did not pick up at home more than the rudiments of education, the supply of which is so good and plentiful in America. For his remarkable, and, on the whole most successful career, he was mainly indebted to his own untutored genius, and to a large experience of men and things gained in an active and energetic life – practically the only schooling to which he could lay claim. In March, 1830, when about 20 years of age, he removed with his father into Illinois, where he was employed building a log cabin afterwards occupied by the family. In the next year we find engaging himself to build a flat boat, which he afterwards took to New Orleans. At this time he received as his wages the sum of 12 dollars a month. It is said that the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln came from Virginia, and he lost his life at the hands of Indian tribes. This much, however, is certain, that the father of the future President died young, leaving a widow and several children, of whom, Abraham was one, being at the time six years old. A writer who knew him personally as a boy thus describes the condition of the household :-

Poor and struggling, his mother could afford only eight months' schooling, and in the clearing of that new, unsettled country, the healthy stripling went to work to hew hickory and gum trees, to grapple with remonstrating bears, and to look out for the too frequent rattle-snake. Tall, strong, lithe, and smiling, Ade toiled as a farm labourer, mule-driver, sheep-feeder, wood-cutter, and deer-killer, and, lastly as a boatman on the banks of the Wabash and the Mississippi.

It was when he arrived at early manhood that Abraham Lincoln, or "Abe," for so he was familiarly called - broke away from this wild kind of life, and went off to Illinois, first as a field labourer, afterwards as a shopman, and lastly, by a natural American transition, as a voluntary in the New Salem Company, bound for the war in Florida, against either Black Hawk or Billy Bowlegs, or some other disparate Indian chief determined to defend his cedar-trees, sand-plains, and marshes. This was the making of the man: he had pluck, principles, energy, adroitness, self-confidence, and other qualities which mark the "rough and ready" American. Daylight began to show, and he soon found himself raised to the rank of captain.

When the war was over, Abe returned to Springfield, the captain of Illinois, and in the following year – just about the time of our own Reform Bill being passed – he became a candidate for a seat in the Legislature on Whig principles, but was unsuccessful. He turned his attention in another direction, and became a store-keeper, with which he subsequently combined the postmastership of Salem. He now resolved to try his hand at law, but he studied it under great disadvantages, owing to his state of "chronic impecuniosity," which rendered it impossible for him to procure the necessary supply of books for the purpose.

In 1834 he succeeded in what had been the ambition of his maturer years, and obtained a seat in the Legislature, which he had the good fortune to hold for some four or five years, securing his re-election on three or four separate occasions between that date and the year 1840. During this time he had been admitted as an advocate, and practised with some success at Springfield. He had now become an ardent politician, and when Henry Clay was a candidate for the Presidency Mr. Lincoln was one of his most enthusiastic supporters. In 1846 he was returned to Congress, where he sat three years, and became conspicuous in the House of Representatives as an Abolitionist. With that party he voted for the Wilmot Proviso, and against territorial aggrandizement; he resisted Douglas, and opposed the Mexican war as unconstitutional. In 1849, and again in 1854, Mr. Lincoln retired from politics, and devoted his time to his profession. In the latter year he was an unsuccessful candidate for Illinois. In 1856 he took an active part in supporting Fremont against Buchanan in the

contest for the Presidency. In 1858 he was the Republican candidate for Illinois for the United States Senate, but was defeated by Douglas. Two years later he was put forward by his party as the Republican and Abolitionist candidate for the Presidentship; and, partly in consequence of divisions in the Democratic camp, and partly owing to the vote of the Democratic State of Pennsylvania, secured by a prospective high tariff, he was elected in November, 1860, against such formidable rivals as Douglas, Breckenridge, and Bell. Mr. Lincoln polled a majority of votes in every Northern State except New Jersey; but he did not receive a majority of the popular votes throughout the entire Union. He was thus elected President under the forms of the Constitution, with a majority of nearly a million votes against him. The most intense excitement was caused in the Slave States by the election of so uncompromising an Abolitionist; and no time was lost by the Southerners in making active preparations during Mr. Buchanan's term of office for that dire struggle of which the advent had been foreseen for several years. On the 20th of December, 1860, the South Carolina Convention passed an ordinance in favour of secession by a unanimous vote. The news of this decided step was hailed with enthusiasm by the inhabitants of other Southern States. Four days later, Governor Pickens issued a proclamation, declaring South Carolina to be a separate sovereign State, with the right to levy war, conclude peace, negotiate treaties, and to do all acts rightly appertaining to a free and independent State. On the 31st of December the South Carolina troops took possession of the arsenal at Charleston, which contained several thousand stand of arms and a large quantity of military stores. On the 3rd of January, 1861, Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, despatched troops to seize Fort Macon, the forts at Wilmington, and the arsenal at Fayetteville. Meanwhile the most alarming rumours were circulating regarding the intention of the disappointed Democrats in the North to resist any attempt to go to war for the maintenance of the Union. In the event of the firing of a single gun in opposition to Secession, the sympathisers with the South declared that Mr. Lincoln's life would not be worth a week's purchase. Even the Abolitionists were not unfavourable to the scheme of separation from the slave-holding States. On the 21st of January, Wendell Phillips, one of their most eloquent orators, addressed a meeting at Preston in favour of separation. On the 13th of February, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, were declared to be duly elected President and Vice-President of the United States for the term of four years from March 4, 1861. Mr. Lincoln arrived at Washington on the 23rd of February, having made part of the journey secretly, on account of the alleged intention of the Democrats to assassinate him on his way; and his formal installation took place on the 4th of March. His inaugural Message, which was strongly in favour of Union, leaving slavery as it was, and pledging the Government to defend the "domestic institution" if the South against the anti-slavery agitators, pleased neither the Secessionists nor the Abolitionists of the North. At this critical juncture it seemed for a short time that the bitter feud between North and South, which, after smouldering for so many years, was at last on the point of bursting into open conflagration, might possibly be smothered by a new compromise. But the Southern leaders had made up their minds for separation, and the Republican party in the North, although in favour of letting the "wayward sisters depart in peace," had not influence enough with the Government to procure the adoption of its views. At that period Mr. Lincoln was completely under the guidance of Mr. Secretary Seward, whose uppermost thought was how to preserve the Union unbroken at any cost. Fortunately for his policy, the capture of Fort Sumter by General Beauregard roused a strong war feeling throughout the Northern States. Which gave the Government enormous strength by uniting all parties, at the time, in angry resistance to the rebellious South, and in a firm determination to bring back to the Union the States which had revolted. The rest of the President's life if we were to write it, would really be little less than the history of the fearful and fatal war which has laid waste America for the last four years. "Old Abe," wrote one who knew him well, "is a gaunt giant, more than six feet high, strong and long-limbed. He walks slowly, and like many thoughtful men – Napoleon and Wordsworth, for example – he keeps

his head inclined forward and downwards. His hair is black and wiry; his eyes are dark grey; his smile is frank, sincere, and winning. Like most American gentlemen, he is loose and careless in dress, turns down his flapping white collars, and wears habitually what we should call evening dress. His head is massive, his brow full and wide, his nose large and fleshy, his mouth coarse and full; his eyes are sunken, his face bronzed and thin, and drawn down into strong corded lines, which disclose the machinery that moves his broad and formidable jaw.”

President Johnson.

Andrew Johnson. A United States senator from Tennessee, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. When he was four years of age he lost his father, who died from the effect of exertions to save a friend from drowning. At the age of 10 he was apprenticed to a tailor in his native city, with whom he served seven years. His mother was unable to afford him any educational advantages, and he never attended school a day in his life. While learning his trade, however, he resolved to make an effort to educate himself. Having completed his apprenticeship in the autumn of 1824, he went to Laurens Courthouse, South Carolina, where he worked as a journeyman for nearly two years. In May, 1826, he returned to Raleigh, where he procured journey-work, and remained until September. He then set out to seek his fortune in the West, carrying with him his mother, who was dependent upon him for support. He stopped at Greenville, Tennessee, and commenced work as a journeyman. He remained there about 12 months, married, and soon afterwards went still further westward, but, failing to find a suitable place to settle, he returned to Greenville and commenced business. Up to this time his education was limited to reading, as he never had an opportunity of learning to write or cipher, but under the direction of his wife he learned these and other branches. The only time, however, he could devote to them was in the dead of night. The first office which he ever held was that of Alderman to the village, to which he was elected in 1828. He was re-elected to the same position in 1829, and again in 1830. In that year he was chosen Mayor, which position he held for three years. In 1825 he was elected to the Legislature. In the session of that year he took decided ground against a scheme of internal improvements, which he contended would not only prove a failure, but entail upon the State a burdensome debt. The measure was popular, however, and at the next election (1837) he was defeated. He became a candidate again in 1839. By this time, however, the evils which he had predicted were fully demonstrated, and he was elected by a large majority. In 1840 he served as Presidential elector for the State at large on the Democratic ticket. He canvassed a large portion of this State, meeting upon the stump several of the leading Whig orators. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1843 he was elected to Congress, where, by successive elections. He served until 1853. During this period of service he was conspicuous and active in advocating the bill for refunding the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson at New Orleans in 1815, the annexation of Texas, the tariff of 1846, the war measures of Mr. Polk's administration, and a homestead bill. In 1853 he was elected Governor of Tennessee after an exciting canvas. He was re-elected in 1855, after another active contest. At the expiration of his second period as Governor, in 1857, he was elected United States Senator for the full term, ending March 3. 1863.

WILKES BOOTH.

Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, is said to be the son of an English tragedian, whom some of our theatrical readers may, perhaps, recollect. He (the father) is thus described in the American Encyclopaedia :-

“ Booth, Junius Brutus, an English tragedian, born in London, May, 1796, died on the passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, December, 1852. After fulfilling engagements at Deptford, near London, and other places, and even performing at Brussels, in 1814 he made his *debut* at Covent-Garden Theatre, in London, as *Richard III*. His personal resemblance to the crooked-backed tyrant conformed exactly to the traditions of the stage, and his personification of the character was in other respects so striking that he competed successfully with Edmund Kean, then just rising into fame. The managers of Drury-lane induced him to act there in the same plays with Kean; but when, after a few nights, he was again announced at Covent-garden, his appearance was the signal for a serious theatrical riot, which resulted in driving him for a time from the London stage. In 1821 he made his first appearance in the United States—at Petersburg, Virginia, and in New York, at the Park Theatre, in the succeeding year, on both of which occasions he assumed his favourite character of *Richard III*. From that time until the close of his life he acted repeatedly in every theatre in the United States, and, in spite of certain irregular habits, which sometimes interfered with the performance of his engagements, enjoyed a popularity which a less gifted actor would have forfeited. During the latter part of his life he resided with his family at Baltimore, making occasional professional excursions to other cities. He had just returned from a lucrative tour to California when he died. The range of characters which Booth assumed was limited, and was confined almost exclusively to those which he had studied in the beginning his career. He is most closely identified with that of *Richard*, in which, after Edmund Kean’s death, he had no rival. Among his other most familiar personations were *Iago*, *Shylock*, *Hamlet*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, and *Sir Edmund Mortimer*. In his peculiar sphere – this sudden and nervous expression of concentrated passion—as also in the more quiet and subtle passages of his delineations, he exercised a wonderful sway over his audience, and his appearance upon the stage has been known to awe a crowded and tumultuous house into instant silence. His presence and action, notwithstanding his short stature, were imposing, and his face, originally moulded after the antique type, was capable of wonderful expression under the influence of excitement. Several of his children have inherited a portion of his dramatic talent, and are now prominent actors on the American stage.”

Wilkes Booth is also said to have been on the stage, and to have been an especial favourite at Mobile. It was probably by means of his familiarity with the arrangements behind the scenes that he contrived to effect his escape from the theatre.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

The funeral ceremony at Washington took place on the 19th, and was of a very imposing character. Those present represented all the great bodies in the country, and General Grant and Admiral Farragut walked arm-in-arm.

The Rev. Dr. Hall, Episcopal minister, opened the services by reading the Episcopal burial service for the dead. Then was read the lesson, from the 15th chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, beginning with the 20th verse.

The Right Rev. Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then delivered a most eloquent and affecting prayer, after which the Rev. Dr. Gurley, of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, in which the deceased President had worshipped, delivered the funeral sermon.

In the procession, a detachment of coloured troops took the lead, and amongst the rest were a battalion of scarred and maimed veterans, with bandaged limbs and heads, with an arm or a leg gone, and some hobbling along on crutches.

The body is to be buried in Illinois, Mr. Lincoln's native state.

The body of the President left Washington on the 21st inst., and arrived in Baltimore at ten o'clock. From the railway station in the latter city an immense civic and military procession attended its conveyance to the Exchange, where it remain until two o'clock in the afternoon. Thence it was conveyed to Harrisburg, reaching there in the evening. Next day the body would arrive at Philadelphia, and remain there till 24th ult, whence it would be brought on to New York, arriving on the morning of the 24th. The remains will lie in state until the hour for the grand procession to move on the following day.

In an account of the reception of the news of the assassination in New York, the correspondent of the *Daily News* says, describing the Sunday after the murder:-

"In all the churches the pulpits were draped in mourning. In most of the private houses there was, in addition to the mourning outside, some tribute to the great railsplitter's memory in the window—his portrait wreathed with white flowers, garlands of immortelles, or mourning borders to the curtains. Few sermons, I believe, were delivered which were not wholly about the murder; some in which most of the preacher's remarks were not coloured or inspired by it. Even in the Episcopal churches it was allowed to throw a dark shadow over the celebration of Easter. * * There is hardly a little huckster or cobbler in New York who has not his door wreathed with black and white muslin. One hardly meets a workman in the street who does not wear a piece of crape on his arm or a mourning rosette on his collar."

Friday. Ap. 28. Heard of the death of cousin John Hutchinson, and asked to attend the funeral.

Sat. Ap. 29. Started, and got to Lichfield.

Sun. Ap. 30. In Lichfield.

Mon. May 1. Went on.

Tu. May 2. The funeral at Blurton.

Note :- P.O.H. has attached two newspaper article's relating to the Rev. John Hutchinson the first dated May 6, 1865 and the second describing the funeral.

THE LATE REV. JOHN HUTCHINSON, M.A.

The late John Hutchinson, Precentor and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield Cathedral, and Perpetual Curate of Blurton, in the parish of Trentham, was the son of Elisha Hutchinson, and grandson of Thomas Hutchinson, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, whose devoted loyalty to his sovereign, George III. (a trait transmitted to his grandson), exposed him to the enmity of the Republican party at the outbreak of the American war. One of the first acts of open violence which preceded it was the burning of the Government House at Boston, U.S, by the mob in 1771. Governor Hutchinson came to England in 1774, and settled in London, where he died, Elisha, his second son, taking up his residence in Birmingham.

John Hutchinson was ordained and licensed to the curacy of Trentham during the incumbency of the late Thomas Butt, on St. Barnabas Day, 1817; and from that date till his decease on Thursday in the last week—a period of forty-eight years—the parish of Trentham continued to be the scene of his various and unremitting labours in behalf of the people under his pastoral charge. It is not possible in a few words to give such an outline of his parochial work as shall show the laborious character of it to those unconnected with the parish itself. As a man is only thoroughly known in his own home, so a clergyman and his work can only be measured by his parishioners. The following, however, is a brief enumeration of the churches which were erected in the parish mainly through his exertions aided by those who appreciated them, or who had the means to give effect to the plans which he submitted to them, and such works illustrate—and no more—the zeal and perseverance of John Hutchinson as the minister of Hanford or of Blurton, or of Normacot, or of Dresden; but they tell nothing of the steady discharge of pastoral duties in the congregation, the school, or from house to house in each hamlet, for nearly half a century, under five successive bishops of this diocese. When he entered upon his duties as curate of Trentham, the only churches of the parish were the mother church of Trentham and the chapel of ease at Blurton. Hanford Church was built in 1827, and this afforded, it is believed, the first and only instance of the consecration of a Church in North Staffordshire for 35 years. The church of the Holy Evangelists, provided for the inhabitants of the district of Normacot (a district assigned to Blurton), and built at the sole cost of the late Duke of Sutherland, was consecrated in 1847. In 1853, the church at Red Bank was consecrated, to meet the spiritual needs of a population, now amounting to nearly 3,000 at Dresden.

The circumstances under which this church was built are, we believe, without precedent in the annals of modern church building, and aptly exhibit the forethought and energy of a clergyman already in the decline of life, who, in the face of every discouragement from circumstances of the new town, by help of funds received from friends around, but wholly unconnected with the place itself, not only secured a church and school for the population of Dresden, but at such an early stage of its growth that the inhabitants could never be said to have been without them. To this church an aisle was annexed in the autumn of 1863, and plans have been since prepared, under the dying instructions, it may be said, of Canon Hutchinson, for the enlargement of the school. The school-church at Rough Close, in a remote angle of Blurton township, was built in 1856. It would hardly be saying too much of the share that John Hutchinson had in these works, to remark that he found all but the architect's drawings and site and cost of erection.* For who would refuse it to a fellow-workman with one so sparing of all but himself, or with such a church builder, whether in the highest or the more material sense of the term? The circumstances under which these churches in the parish of Trentham were successively built and endowed are given in a note attached to a sermon in this volume of "Parish Recollections"—a volume of sermons which gives a very correct idea of the practical side of his addresses to his people, though they contain few of those passages of real eloquence which seemed to come from the innermost heart of the preacher, and left their own deep impression on the congregation, deepened, as that impression was, by his powerful voice and by his earnest though peculiar manner of delivery. Having touched, but only touched, on some of the most prominent works of his parochial life, we may now make some reference to his church-work in the diocese. He recognised from its commencement the importance of the educational movement 25 years ago; but, at the same time, felt the dangerous tendencies of State influences to secularize or weaken the authoritative lay teaching of the schools of the Church; and the annual reports of the Archidiaconal Board of Education with the tabulated results of rural dean inspection annexed, exemplify the practical manner in which he discharged the duties of secretary in close co-operation with the National Society, from the formation of the board in 1840 till the time of his death.

It was, we may perhaps assume, as a special recognition of his efforts in the cause of Church education that John Hutchinson was appointed in 1850, by the Bishop of the Diocese, to a residentiary stall in Lichfield Cathedral. The devoted manner in which he entered at once into the spirit and order of every part of the Cathedral services is best known to residents in Lichfield; but it was only in accordance with the unflagging care of his parish at home. The great work of Cathedral restoration, and scarcely less important, the revision of the statutes, occurred during his fifteen years' tenure of the precentor's stall, and served to bring into view, on a larger scale, those varied powers of an acute and busy mind which had been familiar to friends in his own parish for thirty years previously. To those who are masters of the difficult subject of Church music, it must be left to define how far the precentor in a Cathedral should be himself a musician; and in one of his last letters to a friend he himself alluded to his own imperfect qualifications on the subject of music. But all have hearts and ears to appreciate those gatherings of choirs from the parishes of the diocese under the roof of the mother church and Cathedral - which, it may be truly said, have given a more lively sense of the strength of Church unity (however imperfect that unity may still be) than any other of the solemn assemblies of the Church in our times; and whatever be the merit of originating or organizing these gatherings, that merit certainly belongs to the late precentor of Lichfield Cathedral, aided, indeed, by such an adviser as Sir F. Gore Ouseley, and other promoters of the Lichfield Diocesan Choral Association.

In the character as in the countenance of those whom we love and reverence one feature strikes us more than others; and thus, in the present instance, one friend will single out the labours of the Canon, and, "feel his indomitable energy a reproof to his own inertness;" and another will recur "to his modesty, and patience, and charity," however earnestly he might be urging the Church work under discussion; a third will recall the suggestive character of his conversation and letters, whether playful or grave—and, not seldom, so redundant with thought and resource as to become involved and even difficult (though the stream of thought never failed to run clear at last)- and all these together reflected a mind imaginative, yet cautious and practical: liberal and expansive, yet most discriminating in its view of persons and things; yes the mind and opinions of a vigilant and stubborn Churchman from a sheer love of truth or what he for one believed to be the truth—but such a Churchman as all men had long learnt to respect, whatever might be their own love or indifference to the Church and her ministrations. And others will dwell—as we must not—on the devoted tenderness of the husband, and the sorrows that two years ago bowed to the dust the heart of the widower, yet scarcely interrupted his stern application to parochial or other duties, whilst continued the journey of life comparatively alone. That in his last illness—not very painful nor tedious—he should wrap himself up in his American chair rather than lie down in bed, and thence dictate his parting instructions to relatives, and hand over his papers on educational matters to one friend, and on the Choral Association to another: - or, again, that his parting words, the day but one before his death, to the writer of this unworthy notice, should relate to the provision of his duty for the following Sunday;- such a passing away from labour to rest *at last*, seemed in full accordance with his former life. He permitted none to see him during the last 24 hours of his existence but his son and daughter, and expired on the morning of the episcopal visitation at Stoke Church, bequeathing to those two children the glory of their father's name and memory, and leaving to us all the example of a faithful minister of Christ, who from first to last lived for his Church, wrought for his Church, and died in the faith of that Church, to live again for ever, we trust, in the Church of the Resurrection, - *Communicated.*

* No mention is here made of the progress made towards providing sites for five churches in the parish of Stoke, according to a plan sketched by Canon Hutchinson. The five churches, subsequently built, were Hartshill, Penkhill, Trent Vale, Northwood, and Edensor.

FUNERAL OF THE REV. CANON HUTCHINSON.—On Tuesday last the mortal remains of the Rev. John Hutchinson, M.A., precentor and canon residentiary of Lichfield Cathedral, and perpetual curate of Blurton, were consigned to their last resting place in Blurton churchyard. The body was preceded by the Rev. E. J. Edwards, Trentham; the Rev. W. Hombersley, Normacot; the Rev. S. Salt, curate of Blurton; Dr. Broomhall and Dr. Hayes. The pall-bearers were C. Gresley, Esq., the Rev. W. H. Jackson, the Rev. F. C. Twemlow, the Rev. T. A. Bangham, and the Rev. H. Oliver; and the chief mourners Mr. John Hutchinson and Miss Edith Hutchinson (the late canon's two surviving children). The chief mourners were accompanied by a numerous circle of relatives and friends, amongst whom were the Rev. W. Hutchinson, of Handford, and Peter Hutchinson, Esq., of Sidmouth, Devon. There was also a large attendance of the late canon's parishioners, all in mourning apparel. The Rev. W. Hombersley read the Psalms and Lessons in the church, and the Rev. E. J. Edwards the Prayers at the grave. The Holy Communion was administered immediately after the funeral, and was received by about one hundred communicants.

Wed. may 3. 1865.—Nearly all day helping to look over, preserve, or cancel old letters, papers, &c. The acumination of more than forty years is something enormous. The American papers, I am sorry to say, all given to me. I look upon them as belonging to all the descendants of Governor Hutchinson, and that whoever has the custody of them, is keeping them for others as well as for himself.

Th. May 4.—Walked to Stoke, and went over Minton's tile factory and showrooms. Bought tiles for the hearth of the library or the new room north of the Old Chancel. They certainly have arrived at great perfection in the art of making these tiles.

Note :- The following is a printed article describing Encaustic tile manufacture.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

ENCAUSTIC TILES BY MACHINERY.

The *Engineer* of Saturday last has an article on this subject.

After giving a description of the manual process, it says:-

“It will be evident that the manufacture of the tiles in this manner cannot be a rapid process. The labour alone for each dozen tiles costs from 1s. 9d. to 6s. according to the intricacy of the pattern, or from 5s. 3d. to 18s. per square yard. It is from their cost, under so slow a process of manufacture, that encaustic tiles are not in greater use. It has for years been an object to produce them if possible with the aid of machinery, and it now appears that this is likely to be done with every prospect of a most extensive introduction of machine-made tiles into use. Mr. Samuel B. Wright, the son of the gentleman by whom the hand process was first brought into use in modern times, and Mr. H. T. Green have for the last eight years been engaged in perfecting machinery, now in experimental use in Hanley, in the Potteries, and which appears to produce perfect tiles at a very moderate cost. Three pug mills are employed, one in the centre to work the coarser or body clay, and one at each

side to pug the finer or veneering clay. The three clays are delivered in streams, between a pair of polished rollers, which press them firmly together in one. The continuous slab thus formed, of slightly more than the intended width, carries it under an impression roller, having the plaster dies giving the intended pattern. As soon as the moving slab of clay has been impressed or stamped. It is cut by a guillotine wire cutter into 6-inch lengths, or whatever length corresponds with the size of the tile. Thence the tile passes under a trough, from which the "slip" is churned into the impressions by means of agitators worked mechanically. Thence passing out, the tiles are removed from the travelling table, and taken to the drying room, to remain, say 48 hours. The rate of motion of the travelling table is about 12 feet per minute, corresponding to 14,400 tiles 6-inch square per day of ten hours, supposing the machinery to work without interruption. It is at once apparent that the advantage at this rate, over hand labour is enormous. After the drying, the superfluous slip is removed by a rapidly revolving cutter, which brings out the pattern perfectly, and leaves the surface of the tile smooth and flat. The edges of the tiles are then turned upon the side of a revolving stone, although a better mode of bringing them to a square might, no doubt, be adopted. The cost of labour for attending such a system of machinery amounts to an exceedingly small sum upon each dozen tiles made, and it is probable that the finished tile may be sold at a price no greater than the cost of labour alone by the hand process. It will be understood that the machinery the most complicated patterns can be made as readily as the simplest, so that, as compared with hand labour upon highly ornamented tiles the saving by the machine process will be still greater than even it would at first appear.

"And the important manufacture to which the machinery is equally applicable is that of ceramic ornamentation and indeed richly impressed blocks of terra cotta have already been made at a rate of 5,000 square feet per day, and except in the original cost of the moulds, the most elaborate designs are produced as cheaply as the simplest. Terra cotta ornamentation has long been used, but at comparatively great cost, and it is found that when made by hand only a quality of clay can be used which will not stand the weather. When made by machinery a much more open clay can be used, and of a quality which is known to bear frost and rain. Large slabs, too, may be made, and it is believed that the price at which they may be produced will not much exceed that of stone at the quarry without labour.

"The ornamentation which may be cheaply given to the most durable quality of terra cotta is such as could not be had in stone except at an enormous expense, and if, from injury by weather or by soot, or mechanical means, it were found necessary to renew the terra cotta at any time, the cost of doing so would be very moderate.

"The entire elevation of a plain brick building could thus be covered with richly-moulded terra cotta, at a cost probably not greater than 1s. 6d. per square foot of surface thus treated. Bricks with dove-tail ends now easily made by machinery, would be built into the wall, and so as to project two inches or two inches and a half from the face. When the brickwork had been carried up to the height of a block of the ornamental facing a course of this would be affixed, and the joints run in with cement grout. Another height of brickwork and ornamental blocks would then be carried up in the same manner, and so on to completion. It is probable that a building of ornamental character could thus be erected in less time and at less cost than a plain, unsightly edifice of the style of which so much of our so-called 'street architecture' now consists."

The same day, May 4. I walked with Sarah H. Edith and John R. H. to Hanford, across the fields, went into the church with my cousin William H. the incumbent. He has recently managed to have the Chancel rebuilt in a better style, and it has been well done, at some £800. This summer he is going to build a new Vestry. Some day he hopes to add a new Nave, extending as far west as to take in the Tower. After tea with his wife and part of his family, we walked back by moonlight.

Sat. May 6. – Walked to Caverswell Castle. It is an interesting fortified house, surrounded by a moat, recently drained. Was allowed to go all over it inside and out, and upon the leads. Furniture and everything in the old fashioned style, and plenty of old oak. A castle was once built here temp. Ed. II., destroyed temp. Charles I. and the present edifice built by Inigo Jones.

Th. May 11. 1865.—The Americans used to laugh at me about our debt.

Note :- The following is a small article P.O.H. has attached to the diary.

The American Debt. -- On the 31st. ult. The United States debt was £473,000,000 of which £220,000,000 bears interest payable in coin, and £105,000,000 consists of currency. Of this total £70,000,000 has been created during the proceeding five months, and there are immense arrears due to the army and in other quarters, and the existing rate of expenditure cannot be immediately stopped, it may be assumed as a moderate estimate that, even supposing everything now to progress quietly towards a general adjustment, the aggregate must on the winding up be raised to at least £550,000,000. At present the portion of a debt consisting of currency bears no interest, but it is admitted that a large part of this must be funded, and even if we allow %0,000,000 to be kept out, we have a total of £509,000,000 left, on which, under the most favourable circumstances, it is impossible to calculate that an interest less than 6 per cent, will have to be paid. The annual burden, therefore, will be equal to that of a 3 per cent. Debt of a thousand millions sterling, of about one- fourth more than that of Great Britain.—*Times*.

They are going ahead in a strange way :- Also assassinating the President – shooting Wilks Booth, the assassin – proclaiming vengeance on the now apparently conquered South, &c., &c. Great miseries are in store for that misgoverned and only half civilised country.

Fri. 12. – Rainy and cold. Walked to Normacot to sketch for the Rev. W. Hombersley. It rained so much I could do nothing. Dined there.

Su. May 14. 1865.—Church at Blurton in the morning. In the afternoon Walked to Hanford, and went to the church there, my cousin the Rev. Wm. Hutchinson performing the service. Had tea with him and his family and walked back.

Mon. May 15. – Left Blurton for home, but decided on going round by London, as I had received a letter from the Earl of Donoughmore, in which he expressed a wish to see me, if I came to town. Travelled by train via Colwich, Rugby, Weedon &c. to Euston Square, (Drove to the great hotel at Charring Cross. It happened to be the very first day it was opening. Went shopping till dark.

Tu. May 16.—Called on the Earl of D. We had chat about American affairs, the Hutchinson pedigree, &c., Lady D. came into the room, and we had more chat, which, however, was cut short by the announcement of Lord Mayo. Left London for Fareham.

Wed. May 17.—Rail to Gosport. Walked to Brown Down. On Brown Down and, the neighbourhood several flint arrow heads, and other works of the ancient Britons. I have turned out, of my way in order to look at the spot. It turns out to be a vast expanse of sand and gravel, the ancient sea beach along the eastern shore, of Southampton water, but now covered in patches by coarse grass and gorse bushes. One may do well attempt to look for “a needle in a bundle of hay,” as an arrow head here, unless one has received some hint as to ‘the locality Where they have been met with. I dare say a diligent search might discover heaps of “Kitchen Middens”. I turned northward from, the Fort – saw some rifle practice by some soldiers – and made my way onwards three or four miles towards Hill Head, where there are banks of gravel and an estuary, and where they have also been found. Thence made for Tichfield and lastly Fareham. Left Fareham for Salisbury, to examine the Cathedral.

Th. May 18.—Roused myself soon after six, and by seven I was looking at the Cathedral. Found it open as they were preparing for the early service. There are several fine alter tombs and recumbent figures in the nave, and other parts. The centre is miserably blocked up by oak walling. Every Cathedral looks out of repair to me after the perfect state of the interior of Lichfield. At eight went back to breakfast, and then went to examine it again. Then I took the rail to Honiton and the bus to Sidmouth.

Mon. May 22. – Went with Mr. Heineken to explore Honey Ditches, or Hennaditches, and earthworks only recently known to us on Seaton Down. We were guided by Mr. Cawley of Seaton Hill Farm. On Seaton Down the works consist of a foss and vallum drawn across the hill from east to west, with foss on the south, indicating that the enemy was expected on that side. The foss is 19 feet on the slope: the two together 33 feet. This work is 770 feet long, and dips some distance down the slope of the hill on each side. At 466 feet north of this, there is a short piece of similar construction., but only 130 feet long, running about WNW and ESE. This looks unfinished. Perhaps the enemy removed, and it was not necessary to complete it, or its constructors may have been driven out. These works in construction somewhat resemble those that remain across the hill behind and before the Three Horseshoes. From the foss being on the south side, in the short piece, as well as the long, it may be inferred that they were intended to defend the road coming up from Colyford, as if the enemy were in the valley of Seaton. They may have been thrown up either in the British or Saxon times: if the former, they were a defence against the Romans whose galleys may have entered the mouth of the Ax river; and if the latter the Saxons were preparing to resist an invasion of the Danes. The great battle of Brunenburg, said to have been fought in the valley of the Ax, and which Athelstan overcame the Danes, was fought in the year 937.—See Trans. Dev. Assoc. for 1885, article “Honeyditches.”

Next, we went about five furlongs down the road on the top of the hill towards Seaton and went into a long field only thirty feet wide on the left. This is conjectured to have once been the road leading to the buildings, the foundations of which were turned up in 1860, and by some called Hennaditches. The foundations at the upper excavations seemed to run nearly east and west down the slope of the field. At this spot there were three walls traced, beginning at the top near the hedge (if they did not go up through the hedge), and ran downwards, being crossed by others at right angles as if to form rooms. Some of these walls were upwards of three feet thick. The walls were built of flint, chert, and other stone of the neighbourhood. A great quantity of red tiles was turned up, some having patterns on them. Mr. Cawley gave us a piece of one; but Sir Walter Trevelyan

saved some of the best, The land belonging to him. Axmouth church bore about east from this spot, and the mouth of the river SE half E. On grubbing about we turned up pieces of brick, tile, and slate, and also some beach pebbles like sling stones: but from the apparent nature of this place, perhaps the fact of their being sling stones may be questionable. The piece of tile from this place, given to us by Mr. Cawley has letters on it medieval in character.

About 200 feet lower down the field, and apparently connected with it by a stout wall and ditch or gutter outside, other foundations, with much rubbish, were found. The area over which these were met with, we found to be about 48 feet by 56. Tiles rather more than an inch thick, eleven inches one way, but uncertain dimensions the other, as those we saw were broken, were dug up here. They had been bevelled off all round the edge underneath, by the workman chipping them, to a sharp edge when he laid them. Fragments of pounded brick had been mixed with the mortar—an indication of Roman work. From the presence of the charcoal, and from the fact that these tiles appeared to lie at the bottom of what seemed to have been a cavity measuring about two feet by three, it was inferred that this may have been the remains of a fireplace, oven, or furnace, attached to a bath or a subatorium. We were allowed to take away some of the pieces that lay on the surface.

Returning home, we went into the field in front of the Three Horseshoes, to see whether we could trace the earthworks further south than the second field: but though we went over into the field on the south-west, towards which they pointed, we could not be sure of anything.

Wed. May 24, - The Queen's Birthday. Put up the great flag. Received the following referring to cousin J. H. late Canon of Lichfield.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER, SATURDAY, MAY 20 1865

LICHFIELD DIOCESAN BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Venerable Archdeacon MOORE next rose and said: - I have a melancholy duty to perform. This has been to me a melancholy day, not on account of the loss we have to deplore, but because I have to-day seen not only one but two stalls vacant in your lordship's cathedral, which would never be seen vacant on such an occasion as this from any cause except sickness or death. The first stall vacant is that of one who is the head under your lordship of that cathedral, and those who knew—and who did not?—I, at least, well know—the graceful urbanity and the kindness of his manner; the variety and exceeding accuracy of his acquirements; the munificence with which he had acted, with the pressure of a large family upon him, in this diocese and in this city, whenever he has been called upon; the indomitable courtesy and smiling cheerfulness with which he has done his duty amidst sickness and pain of no common kind;- there is no one who knew that who did not feel, as I did, a deep melancholy at seeing that stall vacant to-day. May his health be restored and invigorated, and may he be long spared to adorn as he does the high station in which God has placed him. He is respected in some degree from his connection with his princely home, but still more from his excellence and goodness. Those who know him cannot help seeing that his manners and feelings are not merely the hereditary conventional attributes of his rank, but the natural expression of a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of Christianity. The other stall vacant to-day is vacant as to this world for ever as to him who filled it. He was a man known to me from the earliest time that I entered this

diocese. He had been here some few years before me, but for the last three or four and forty years I knew him well; I acted with him upon many, many occasions. We were bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and I little thought when we last parted that we were to see each other no more, or that if that were to be that it would be his and not my death that would have occasioned the separation. It is melancholy, very melancholy, to part with those we love. My feelings are aptly expressed by one of our most pathetic poets, who says:-

“It is not that my lot is low

That causes my hot tears to flow;

It is not grief that bids me moan;

It is that I am left alone.”

But I should be ungrateful if I allowed such feelings to overcome my mind when I see around me so many to whom I owe such great kindness, and when I see such enduring results of the work he accomplished. Of him it may be most truly said, that wherever he planted his step “*Si monumentum quaris circumspice.*” In the cathedral he was not the least amongst those who promoted its extensive and beautiful restoration, and it may be said of him that in the parish churches of the diocese where his influence extended, that by improving the church music, where God’s praises are sung in a better manner and I have no doubt with a higher and holier feeling, it is in a large degree due to him; and this was still more the case in his own parish and in his own neighbourhood. He was there in close contact with one of the greatest noblest houses of the land. And how did he employ his influence? Was it to aggrandise himself? Was it to gain the good-will of that family for any worldly ends? No, it was for the good of the Church of England, and of the souls committed to his charge, and his whole influence was used to stir them up to good deeds. He was a fine example of an English priest, who knew that he was the great link between all orders of people—binding together the highest of those around him with, the simplest peasant in his cottage. It is pleasant to me to think of that great man who has just gone, the head of that family who seconded him so heartily, and whose large-hearted kindness beamed through every feature of his countenance, and bespoke the deep interest he took in the good of all around him. I cannot speak of the many excellencies of our late friend – of the parish schools so diligently attended, of that rising youth he so earnestly strove to raise in excellence, in righteousness, and in soberness of life - of his labours for those with whom he was most closely connected, and whose sick beds he attended, whose sorrows he soothed, and whose wants to the utmost of his power he relieved. There was hardly a church built in the neighbourhood of his parish with which he had not something to do in aiding its erection. I remember some years ago when I returned from a visit to the great French capital, speaking in connection with one of our societies, I said that the late King (Louis Philippe) was building forts around Paris, but we were building far better forts by the erection of places of worship in which the people might learn their duty to God and man, that I was informed that the lamented Canon had uttered the same sentiment long ago, and had not only uttered it but acted upon it, and of him it could be well said that he not only was spent, but that he did spend no small part of his means in the great public purposes in which he engaged. I do hope there will be something done which may give fitting expression to what all feel in this archdeaconry and in this diocese. (Applause.) Looking at his great merits and his great works, in which he spent himself until he went to his rest, I feel not only the melancholy of resignation, but the melancholy of hope, when I think of that place where he is gone and that great day when we shall meet. With the fullest confidence and the surest hope I expect to see him endued with no common crown, and received with no common love into that

Saviour's arms whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. I have to move- "That this meeting, deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in the death of the Rev. Canon Hutchinson, who for twenty five years was the zealous, active, and efficient secretary of the Stafford Archidiaconal Board of Education, desire to record on the minutes of this Diocesan Board the expression of their high estimation of his character, and of their unfeigned sorrow at his removal from among them. And that a copy of this resolution be presented to the relatives of the late Canon Hutchinson." The venerable archdeacon spoke under the influence of deep emotion, and was listened to with profound sympathy.

The Rev. T. A. BANGHAM, in seconding the resolution, said that in every capacity- as a friend, as a parish priest, as a member of that diocese, the late Canon Hutchinson had very few equals. It had been his duty to be in his late parish on one or two occasions recently since his death, and the stamp he had left there was most striking and most marked. Whatever his more public labours had been, his work in his own parish was far deeper, and perhaps the one point in which above all others he was strongest was in the sick chamber. He believed that his struggles there with the doubtful and the impenitent mind were almost beyond description.

The resolution was very cordially agreed to.

June 1865.

Th. June 15. - Went Bass fishing this evening with Mr Williams. It is many a year since I did the like. We caught 16 – I, 9 and he 7. We anchored the boat off the Clit Rocks.

Fri. June 16. - Some fishermen brought to the door a large fish, such as they had never caught before, and of which they knew nothing. It had ejected six or seven young ones; and we could see others moving about inside the parent. Although they had been out of the water some hours, they were all alive. I took one of the young ones to preserve, if possible. The fish was flat, something like a skate. It was covered with brownish skin: no scales: small eyes: peculiar mouth, which protruded from the lips when open.

Tu. June 20.- On the 27th of last month I received letter from the Society of Antiquaries of London, asking me to become a Local Secretary for Devonshire. Not knowing what it might involve, I replied rather indecisively, implying (after rendering my thanks for the honour.) A desire for further information. Today, however without another word I received a "Diploma", signed by Earl Stanhope, President, and C. Knight Watson, Secretary, conferring the appointment.

July 1865.

Wed. July 5. - Read in the times of June 20, an account of the opening of the great Tumulus on Langton Wold, near Malton, Yorkshire, by the Rev. W. Greenwell. The tumulus much reduced in size, was about 70 feet in diameter, and 7 high. This is the size of that at Lovehayne Farm, some five miles N. E. of Sidmouth, out of which Mr Heineken and myself got the calcined bones. Some innocent Persons, at some unknown former period, dug on the top of the mound, and broke eight or nine Saxon urns, the fragments of which were found. This was not far from the surface, for as a rule, the Saxons did not bury deep. The Saxon pottery was ornamented with quatrefoil, lozenge, circles, diamonds, zig-zag. and waved lines. One fragment of British pottery was also found. The ancient

British burials beneath, were attained by making a drift right through, at a level with the ground. Pieces of bones were met with, which seemed to have been carried into burrows by mice, exhibiting marks of their teeth; quantities of mice bones were also met with, Charcoal appeared on the natural surface of the ground. A hole 4 feet across and two feet deep was found, filled with oolitic sand or pounded limestone. Nothing was found in it. On getting near the centre and removing a rough wall or part of a cist, a skeleton was exposed, the head boat-shaped, the thigh bone 19 ½ inches long. As usual in early British burials, the body lay on its left side, with the hands over or close to the face, and the knees drawn up. The long shaped or boat-shaped heads, are generally met with in long Barrows, and the round heads in round barrows. This was a round barrow, but may, before having been meddled with have been a long one. Two of the teeth had partly decayed during life. A flint knife was turned up. Another hole in the ground appeared; but oval instead of round, and filled like the other. The body had been placed between these holes. On proceeding, a lesser tumulus revealed itself buried in the great one, made up of charcoal, ashes, burnt stone, &c., and covered with a dome of yellow clay. It contained a red-deer bone and a tusk. Afterwards the skeleton of a woman was discovered, but on the right side, and with the hands over the face, and knees drawn up. This was an old person: the joints of the bones showed traces of disease, as of rheumatic gout. The head was boat-shaped. A bed of stones about a foot high had been prepared, and the body placed on it. The whole was walled round and then covered over. With the body were found some cowrie shells; other sea shells; many small red-striped snail shells; jet beads; three bronze bodkins, part of a belemnite, ground and polished like a roller; bone ornament pierced; and a semicircular bone pin. nine inches long, sharp at one end, and like a chisel at the other, made from boars tusk. They had been put on the knees. Some vertebra of fish were met with. The thigh bone was 16 ½ inches long. A third burial was encountered, being that of a very aged woman. The body was on the left side, and the limbs as before. The jaw was very small, and without teeth, and quite smooth, as if more had been there for some years before death. The skull unlike the two others was round, indicating another race. The body had been laid on a pavement of small stones, but no covering or cist. It had projecting eyebrows. Two land shells were found with it. An empty urn was met with near the knees. It was hand made, and had cord marks and waved lines below the rim, and vertical cuts above. Another pit was discovered with ashes at the bottom. The west side of tumuli are generally not buried in.

The indications are - that nearly a dozen burials of different ages, took place in this tumulus, e.g. the long and the round headed Britons, and subsequently the Saxons; and that from the first to the last perhaps 2000 years had passed.

From other memorandums I note that iron was sparingly known to the ancient Britons, who made small trinkets of that metal, and used iron ring money. The Romans employed it on a large scale. Iron scoria has been found near Uffculm,

(I have some) and other places. The "iron pits," so called, on Punchy Down, near Woodford Lodge, &c., all said to have yielded it. The miners seem to have dug holes, not trenches. There is also, a large heap of scoria on Bowerhayes Farm, Dunkeswell.

Wed. July 10. – Pic-nic at Branscombe: 40 people there. Sea-side farm house was our head quarters.

Th. July 20. - All Saints Church school feast.

Sat. July 22.—The papers say that the foundation stone of the new Blackfriars Bridge was laid on Thursday the 20th.

They also say that the Last native man of Van Dieman's Land or Tasmania, has shipped as a sailor.

Mon. July 24.-Went with Mr. Heineken to Castle Hill, over Hemyock, to look for a camp. Left at 9.5 A.M.. Passed over Honiton Hill, through Honiton and Combe Rawleigh towards Woodford Lodge. Owing to an alteration in the road, I did not recognise the proper turning and advised the wrong. We went, too much to the east, and then were obliged to go by the Abbey Mill to Hemyock, 19 miles from Sidmouth, which we had not intended to do. This however, gave us an opportunity of again examining the ruins of the Castle. We thought that the remains did not look nr so good a condition as at our last visit, some 13 or 14 years ago. Turned back towards Honiton, up to the top of Castle Hill. We examined some part of the summit, but not all. We could get no tidings of any old camp whatever; and we are inclined now, to think that the hill may bear its name from Hemyock Castle, to the south of which it rises, though a mile off. We then pushed on for Dunkeswell, and then to the "iron pits" which I had visited before, but which Mr. H. had not - in October 1862. Several had been examined by the Rev. Mr. Simcoe, the owner, at my instigation after my visit. We saw where the bottom of three or four had been tried. The remains of fires had been found in some. On grubbing about I found a few pieces of iron stone in one of them. From making enquires along the road, we learnt the following - e.g. that similar pits occur at Moorland, a mile east, and on many parts of the Black Down Hills; that there is a large patch of cinders in a field near Tudborough, between Hemyock and Culmstock, in which the plough always turns up scoria: and at Bowerhayes or Boughayes Farm, between Dunkeswell and Dunkeswell Abbey, there is an immense heap, and great quantities scattered about, as if the smelting works had been there. A blacksmith to whom we were talking, took up a "clinker" from his forge, and said they were exactly like that, only that some of them were as large as his head.

We then turned home, stopping only in Combe Rawley to take a hasty look at the outside of the church, and in Honiton, to give the horse a bottle of ale. We did not reach Sidmouth till half past ten.

Wed. July 26. To-day a bazaar was held in aid of the funds for the Artillery Volunteer Corps. I finished up my little model of a field piece, with limber complete, and, with two artillery men in uniform. The whole stood on a plank covered with green velvet, to represent grass, and covered with a glass shade. It was raffled for, and won by Mr. Barrow, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lousada. The bazaar was held in the grounds of Peak House.

Fri. July 28. - Read an interesting account of the levelling of the Dead Sea in the Daily Telegraph of the 26th. Inst. It is found that the surface is 1292 feet below the Mediterranean; but that this surface varies six to eight feet according as the season is wet or dry – so great is the evaporation in a dry summer. On careful sounding the Lake, they found a depth of 1308 feet. This added to the 1292 makes 2600 – The depth of the bottom of the Dead Sea below the shore at Jaffa.

It is recorded as another piece of news that the Great Eastern began to lay down the Atlantic Cable, last Sunday the 23rd. and is now on her voyage.

August 1865.

Sat. Aug 5. 1865. - From some cause, yet unknown, the Atlantic Cable has ceased to send messages.- The Great Eastern had played out 1250 miles of cable by noon on July 26, when the communication suddenly ceased. This is the third cable. We hope it will not follow the fate of the others. I have about six inches of the first cable. Some pieces were brought home, from what was recovered by some of our Sidmouth sailors, from whom I got this portion.

Note :- The following is another newspaper article attached to the diary.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION.

Crookhaven, Thursday Morning.

The *Great Eastern* arrived off here this morning, and furnishes the following particulars of the operation for laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable, which it will be seen, have failed:- “The *Great Eastern* sailed from Valentia, after making the splice with the shore end, on the 3rd July and continued on her voyage to lat 51.25, long 39.6, being 1,063 miles from Valentia, and 600 from Heart’s Content, Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. She had then paid out 1,212 miles of cable, when it parted on the 2nd of August, at 12.35p.m, in soundings of 3,900 yards, under the following circumstances:- A partial loss of insulation having been discovered, the *Great Eastern* was stopped to recover that portion of the cable in which the fault lay, electrical tests placing it probably within six miles. The cable was passed from the stern to the bow of the ship for this purpose, and after getting in two miles of cable, the fault being still over board, the cable broke about ten yards in board of the wheel at the bow, having been chafing on the stern of the ship. Two previous faults had been discovered; the first in soundings of about 1,000 yards, and the second in about 4,100 yards, and had been successfully recovered and made good; in the first case 10 miles, and in the second two and a half miles of cable were hauled in. After the cable parted a grapnel with two and a half nautical miles of rope was lowered down, the ship being placed as to drift over the line of cable. The cable was hooked on the 3rd, and when 2,200 yards of rope had been hauled in, a swivel in the latter gave way, and 2,800 yards of rope was lost, the cable having been lifted 1,200 yards from the bottom.

On the 4th a buoy with a flag and ball, was moored, with 500 yards of rope, to mark the place. It is in lat. 51.35, long. 38.42.30. From the 4th fogs and adverse winds prevented a further attempt until 7th, which was then made nearer the end of the cable, and was unsuccessful from the same cause, when the cable had been lifted 1,000 yards. Another buoy was here placed, in lat. 51.28,30. long. 38.56.9.

A third attempt was made on the 10th, which failed on account of the grapnel chain having fouled the flukes of the grapnel, the grapnel and the last 800 yards of rope came up covered with ooze. A fourth attempt was made on the 11th, at three p.m., which also failed through the breaking of the grapnel rope when the cable had been raised 600 yards from the bottom. The stock of rope having now become exhausted, it became absolutely necessary to proceed to England for more and stronger tackle. The practical conclusions unanimously arrived at by those engaged in the various capacities in the expedition are as follows :- 1st, - That the steamship *Great Eastern*, from her size and consequent steadiness, together with the better control obtained over her by having both the paddles and screw, render it possible and safe to lay an Atlantic Telegraph cable in any weather. 2nd, - That the paying-out machinery constructed for the purpose by Messrs. S. Canning and Clifford worked perfectly, and can be confidently relied on. 3rd, - That the insulation of the gutta percha covered conductor improved when submerged to more than double what it had been before starting, and has proved itself to be the best insular cable ever manufactured, and many times higher than the standard required by the contract. The cause of the two faults, which were recovered, was in each case a perforation of the gutta percha through to the proper conductor by a piece of iron wire found sticking in the cable. Electrically the third fault was analogous to the first. The difficulty may be provided against in future. 4th, - That nothing has occurred to create the least doubt in the minds of those engaged in the expedition of the practicability of a successful laying and

working of an Atlantic Cable; but, on the contrary, their confidence has been largely increased by the confidence obtained on this voyage. 5th, - That if the *Great Eastern* steam-ship is supplied with sufficiently strong tackle and hauling-in machinery for depths of 4,000 or 5,000 yards, there is little or no doubt of the possibility of recovering the lost end of the cable and completing the line already two thirds laid."

A telegraphic dispatch in the *Times* says: - "All well on board. The ship behaved admirably, but the picking-up machinery was defective, and may be said to have caused the final failure."

September, 1865.

Mr. Heineken and myself went again to explore Honeyditches, and try to verify some of the statements made by the old writers about this place. Stukley speaks of a square camp – others of an oblong square – others that the camp was circular, and not quite finished, but which would have enclosed an area of about three acres, had it been completed. These conflicting statements lead to the conclusion that there is a jumble of more places than one, mixed up together. Some speak of wrought stone, as having been dug up. This does not imply either a British, Saxon, or Danish camp. The place now called Honeyditches, to which we went on the 22nd. of last May, does not look, from its situation, as if it could have been a camp thrown up by either of those tribes. From the stout stone walls found there, and the tiles of various type, this should seem to have been a Roman villa, as originally constructed, but occupied in subsequent times – the times of the Edwards and Henrys – the medieval times – possibly as an Ecclesiastical establishment. Perhaps the field on the NNE, called Hermitage Close, and the other on the E named The Vinyard, may lead to the notice that some chapel, with buildings used by the monks, existed here. And in the fields, some 100 yards or more on the west or higher side of the remains, we came upon what we had not seen before, namely two pits in one field, on the north, and another, full of water on the south-east, in another. These look very much as if they had been fish ponds. We dug for an hour at Honeyditches, but our tools were too small. We turned up only several lumps of mortar full of pounded brick, which we brought away. Some supposed Roman tiles, lying in the field, we buried, to preserve them from the frost, marking the spot.

Not thinking that any camp could have been placed here, we mounted to the top of Coochill, or Little Coochill, where there are traces of earthworks. A man called Robins, of Seaton, told us he had been employed here about two years ago digging stone, at the top or south end of Field A, that the stone lay in the ground in lines, as if they had been thrown into trenches and covered over; and that they took away scores of cartloads. From the position of this hill, commanding, as it does the estuary of Ax, and the whole valley up to Axminster, this looks if it had been a station, - and perhaps one seized by the Danes on their landing in 937, and previous to the battle of Brunenburg. The trenches on Seaton Down look as if the Saxons had been posted

there watching them.

Monday, Sep. 4. - Mrs. Maitland, my tenant at No. 4. Coburg Terrace, went to London for a week or two.

Wed. Sep.6. – Played the French horn part in the overture of La Dame Blanch and Tancredi, at a concert given at The London Hotel by Mr. Pinney, the organist, Mr. Heineken played double bass there, and Captain Hooper flute.

Th. Sep. 7. - Went over to Honiton with party and played the same again – the concert being repeated.

Sat. Sep. 9. - Walked up to the Cairn on Bulverton Hill, with the two Miss Ritchie's, Mrs. Maitland's nieces, and the governess. Some of the large stones have been removed.

Tu. Sep. 12. - Painted the back of the oak panelling of the window end of the new room next the old Chancel, preparatory to its being finally put up. This may preserve it from damp and the attacks of insects.

Wed. Sep. 13. – Sized the fronts of the panelling, preparatory to vanishing.

Th. Sep. 14. –Took Kate and Nellie Ritchie and the Governess to Sidbury Castle to examine the old camp. This and the cairns we have been looking at will give them a chapter in early British history. Leaving the carriage below, we scrambled, up the steep fields and approached by the west entrance – looked at the sling stones – made our way all through – visited “The Treasury,” or cairn on the East flank – and spent several hours on the hill, the weather being beautiful.

Mon. Sep. 18. –Mrs. Maitland returned from London. She brought me an Indian hooka to put among my curiosities.

Tu. Sep. 26. –There is a comet in the sky just now. It is without a tail, and appears just before sunrise in the morning.

Wed. Sep. 27. –I have now begun to decorate the panels of the ceiling of my new room on the north side of the Old Chancel. By means of a stage, upon which I lie on my back, with my head and shoulders supported with hassocks and pillows I can get on pretty well, though it is rather slow work. The chief parts of my patterns (all taken from ancient examples) are done by means of stencil plates; the minor parts or finishing touches, by hand.

October 1865.

Sun. Oct. 1. 1865:- The weather continues beautiful. With the exception of a fortnights rain in August, which damaged some of the corn, we have had very little since last spring. Last summer was the driest known for many many years, and this is nearly as dry. Though the nights we getting somewhat Cool, the days are hot, brilliant, and dusty. The thermometer in the Old Chancel, with the doors and windows open, is generally about 70'. The Humming bird Moth, the *Macroglossa stellatarum*, has been very plentiful this summer, as also the Deaths head Moth, of great size.

Sun. Oct. 8. –Rain at last. A great full early this morning. Summer is most likely now at the end.

Sun. Oct. 15. –Yes, summer is now at an end. The weather has become boisterous, rainy, and cold.

Wed. Oct. 18. –Walked, with Mr. & Mrs. Vanes, and their little boy, (and two donkeys to assist occasionally) to Knowle, to call on Mr. & Mrs. Alexander, who have recently left Woolbrook Glen, and gone there. [This entrée has been crossed out in the diary, see Fri. Oct. 20]

Th. Oct. 19. 1865. –Went to the dinner of the Agricultural Association for the parishes of Sidbury, Sidmouth, Salcombe, and Branscombe. This, the third year, it was the turn of Salcombe, but the

dinner was held at The London Hotel, Sidmouth. About 160 sat down, Charles Cornish, of Salcombe House, J.P., and Dep. Lieut., in the chair.

Fri. Oct. 20. –Walked to Knowle to-day with the Vanes. In the evening went to see the conjure Her Dobler at The London Hotel. Very good. The arrival of the news of Lord Palmerston's death, which took place last Wednesday morning at a quarter past eleven, has struck every one forcibly. This is indeed, a great national loss.

November 1865.

Fr. Nov. 3. –The trunk of my flagstaff, standing about 20 feet from the east window of the Old Chancel, having decayed, broke in half, and down came fragments flag and all. The stump to which the staff (44 feet high) is fixed is so much decayed, that I had the flagstaff lowered.

Mon. Nov. 6. –Sidmouth is in a little uproar. Mr. Lathaby, the publisher of the Sidmouth Journal, has incautiously quizzed the races held lately, and spoken too plainly (though perhaps not too truthfully) of one or two other things: so this evening, instead of burning Guy Faukes or the Pope, they burnt him in effigy. Another case pending here just now is a question between the Local Board, and Dr. Pullin. The printed article following, taken from the Tiverton Gazette, is by me.

THE TIVERTON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY. NOVEMBER 7. 1865

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS. IMPARTIAL IN REPORTS

POWERS OF LOCAL BOARDS

THE WORKING OF THE ACT AT SIDMOUTH

A case of some moment is pending just now in Sidmouth. About three years ago the inhabitants adopted the Local Government Act, and embodied a Local Board for the management of their own internal affairs. This Board may be said to have worked well, and certainly to have done a great deal of good. Taken as a whole, perhaps it may be declared that their administration has given what may be pronounced as general satisfaction, The Board possess very plenary powers, and any appeal against their decisions would be accompanied by extreme difficulty. A few months ago, Mr. Govier desired to place bow windows against the front of his house, at the top of the High street; but as the Local Board rejected the application, new windows flush with the front wall were put in instead. Lower down the street, and on the same side, stands Dr. Pullin's house. There is an iron railing extending along the width of his house, from two to three feet in advance of the front wall, enclosing a long strip of ground, in which shrubs or flowers have grown. This space before the house may have been so enclosed as long back as the memory of living man may go, or perhaps longer; but certainly longer than twenty years; and he doubtless considers that his right and title to the strip of ground is as good as his title to the house itself. Some years ago several columns rising over the boundary of these railings supported a balcony, which he had enclosed with glass, so as to form a conservatory on a level with the drawing room floor. Not very long ago this glass conservatory was removed, and Dr. Pullin applied to the Local Board for leave to throw out bow windows. This the Board refused. The windows would not have projected so far as the conservatory which had been cleared away, nor so far out as the iron railings in front of the house. To say that the Board for

consistency's sake, refused Dr. Pullin because they had refused Mr. Govier a short time before, would not be a sound argument, inasmuch as the two cases are different. In the first place, Mr. Govier's house stands higher up; where the road soon begins to contract; and above this it suddenly gets very narrow indeed. But in the second place, and which is the soundest reason, there is no fence, railing, or enclosure in front of Mr. Govier's house; so that the projection of a bow window would at once be an encroachment upon the public footpath, which is the property of other people. The Board, therefore, would not have been acting inconsistently, if they had granted the second application, though they may have refused the first. The board has nothing to do with individual favour. They act for the good for the public at large. They watch the operations of the community, and forbid any man doing on his own premises or anywhere else, that may be an injury or an annoyance to his neighbours. All this is of course well; and we may look upon the Board as our friends, who will see that no one shall commit a trespass unnecessarily. Supporting a jury of twelve Sidmouth men, or any other twelve men, were called upon to consider and decide whether Dr. Pullin's bow windows are either an injury or a nuisance to the neighbours residing near. In the first place, as to unsightliness.

Would they say that the windows are ugly or badly made, and that they are very unpleasant to look at, and therefore ought to be taken away? Secondly, would they say they are an encroachment upon the public highway, seeing that they are within the railings? And thirdly, would they say they are injurious to the public, as tending to impede ventilation, and the free circulation of the air? It so happens that they are in a street which is twice as wide, or about twice as wide, as any other street in the town. It may therefore be fairly asked, on what plea did the Board refuse the application? It is not likely they refused it without having taken these several points into consideration. The laws which guide them are not *compulsory*. They are not obliged to do this or that, as if the stern letter of the law compelled them. They were as free to grant the application as to refuse it - a proof that there was nothing compulsory in the course they took. In all, or nearly every case, the written law gives what is termed "a discretionary power," to do a thing or let it alone, according to their discretion or judgment. Where people are thrown upon their discretion, it is of course necessary that they should be very careful what they are about, and refrain from deciding on any step until they have given it their fullest and maturest consideration. Whenever they have reason on their side, the public will lend them their confidence. Supposing in this or in any other case, the Board proceed to extremities, and advance into a lawsuit, thereby possibly involving themselves in heavy expenses - who is to pay? Do they pay their expenses out of their own pockets, or do they levy a rate on the inhabitants, and make the ratepayers smart for their proceedings? If the ratepayers are to find money for the expenses of the Board, it needs no argument to shew how desirable it would be for the Board in all cases, by the exercise of their discretion or their forbearance, first to secure the unanimous approval of the inhabitants. But, (considering the wideness of the street, the comeliness of the windows lying back within the railings and not encroaching upon the public highway,) if the Board may reasonably have granted the application, and if they were rather hard upon their neighbour in refusing it, certain it is, on the other hand, that Dr. Pullin is not without blame. If the Board was wrong in rejecting a reasonable request, Dr. Pullin has done wrong in setting the Board at defiance. The Board is possessed of great local power,. It is necessary therefore that the Board should exercise great judgment and caution before they issue any mandate; but then, it must also be said with equal emphasis, that whatever orders they issue, must be implicitly obeyed by the Public. If it were otherwise, what good are they? They would become a laughing-stock, and might be as well dissolved at once. As the case now stands, it is pretty certain that Dr. Pullin is entirely in their power. There is nothing to hinder them from sending their own men to pull his new windows down, and

then making him pay them the expenses of having so done. The XXXIII Section of the Bye-Laws seems to make this clear:-

“XXXIII.-The Local Board shall by their order approve or disapprove of proposed new works or buildings within the times severally specified herein for the deposit of notices thereof; but if any owner or person intending to construct any new street or erect any new building fail to give the notices herein required, or proceed to the execution of any of the works before the expiration of such notices without the approval of the Local Board, or if the owner or person shall construct or cause to be constructed any works, or do any act, or omit to do any act, or comply with any requirement of the Local Board, contrary to the provisions herein contained, he shall be liable for such offence to a penalty not exceeding five pounds; and shall pay a further sum, not exceeding forty shillings, for each and every day which such works shall continue or remain contrary to the said provisions; and the Local Board may, *if they shall think fit*, cause such work to be removed, altered, pulled down, or otherwise dealt with, as the case may require; and the expenses incurred by them in so doing shall be repaid by the offender, and be recoverable from him in a summery manner, as provided by the Public Health Act, 1818.”

We should be sorry to see things proceed to such an extremity, for the peace of the town, and for every other consideration; and yet, both parties have gone so far, as to render it difficult to turn back. Perhaps, if Dr. Pullin were to admit to the Board that he had acted too independently of their authority; the Board would allow the matter to drop. It should always be borne on mind, that each case should be judged of separately and by itself, It is not logic to say, - Because we refused so-and-so to make a bow window, therefore we must refuse every body else. And it would be absurd for the public to dictate to the Board and say - Because you allowed so-and-so to build a window, or a porch, or a veranda, therefore you must allow us to do the same. No two houses are situated exactly alike, and consequently the argument that applies in one instance, may be highly inappropriate in the other.”

I also subjoin an account of the last illness of Lord Palmerston. The particulars of the last moments of the greatest statesman of the age, are not without interest.

THE LAST ILLNESS OF

LORD PALMERSTON

(From the Lancet).

After a severe attack of goat last year, Lord Palmerston continued gradually to decline in strength, without any distinct complaint till April, when, after riding a rough horse, he suffered from haematuria. it was followed by catarrh of the bladder, with its ordinary accompanying symptoms, which occasioned great distress; and this aided by his official duties, reduced his strength considerably, though his remarkably good digestive organs remained unimpaired. For the first three months he was attended by the late Dr. Ferguson, in conjunction occasionally with Mr. Paget, who ascertained that there was neither calculus nor any other mechanical cause for the symptoms. After the death of Dr. Ferguson, Dr. Watson was consulted, and at the end of July, Dr. Protheroe Smith.

The treatment they adopted consisted chiefly of tonics and astringents with generous diet and rest, under which Lord Palmerston slowly improved. This improvement was more marked after the conclusion of the session of Parliament, when he retired to Brockett Hall under the immediate care of Dr. Protheroe Smith and Dr. Drage, of Hatfield, Lord Palmerston's family attendant. From this time till the 9th ult. There was a gradual amendment in Lord Palmerston's condition.

On Monday, the 9th ult., The weather having suddenly changed, with a considerable fall of the temperature, Lord Palmerston, during a drive in an open carriage, took cold. Active inflammatory symptoms were observed on the following day by Dr. Drage, notwithstanding every effort to relieve which Dr. Protheroe Smith found, on his return from a distant professional journey on the following Thursday, a great change in the state of his patient. He complained of abdominal and dorsal pains; the pulse was 120, irregular and intermittent; the tongue furred; and there was thirst and loss of appetite. In the course of the day severe rigors occurred, followed by symptoms of collapse, namely, cold extremities, colliquative perspirations, and imperceptible radial pulse. From this condition he rallied in about four hours, when Mr. Paget, for whom Dr. Smith had telegraphed, arrived, and together with Dr. Drage, remained the night, leaving their patient much relieved next morning. Rigors and threatened collapse recurred, however, on Friday and Saturday, on the evening of which day Dr. Burrows was summoned from London, and, he remained at Brockett Hall that night. On Sunday morning Lord Palmerston's symptoms were less urgent, and from this time he appeared to rally, though the pulse continued at about 100, the tongue was still furred and dry, and there was abdominal uneasiness. When Dr. Watson arrived from Cornwall on Monday morning, he found the Premier better. Up to Tuesday afternoon he continued to improve, the pulse falling to 80, and the tongue becoming moist; but at that time symptoms of great prostration again set in, the pulse being thready, and a mucuous rate marking each respiration; the gradual extinction of the radial pulse proceeding in inverse ratio with the frequency of breathing, which became shorter, and at last reached 54 in the minute. The intellect remained unimpaired to the last. Death took place without a struggle at a quarter to eleven a.m., resulting from catarrh of the bladder and abscess of the kidney.

Th. Nov. 16. 1865.-Attended a Vestry meeting convened by our new Vicar But old friend Mr. Clements.

Note :- The following is a newspaper article that was attached to the diary regarding the above meeting.

PROPOSED REMOVAL of the ORGAN.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE VESTRY.

A special meeting of the vestry of this parish was held on Thursday at the Vestry, to consider the position of the organ in the Parish Church. When the Church was re-built five years ago the Earl of Buckinghamshire generously paid for the new organ gallery. Since it has been up the effect produced has not pleased his lordship, though, owing to one or two unfortunate circumstances, now happily passed and gone, the Earl has not any favourable opportunity of expressing his feelings on the subject. His lordship has recently, however, made known his disappointment in the appearance expected to have been produced, and has expressed his willingness to promote the rearrangement of the organ on the ground in the Tower, if it should meet with the approval of the parishioners. In deference to these views the new vicar, the Rev H. G. J. Clements convened the present meeting. The vicar occupied the chair, and there were also present, Major Hicks, H. Ede, Esq., P. O. Hutchinson, Esq., Dr. Miller, W. Till, Esq., J. G. G. Radford, Esq., Dr. Mackenzie, W. Floyd, Esq.,

Messrs. Avery (Churchwarden), Harris, Mortimer, Webber, R. Stone, Spear, Hart, Newman, Butter, Mitchell, John Holmes, and two or three other rate-payers.

The Rev. Chairman commenced proceedings by reading the minutes of the last Vestry meeting, he then said they were there to consider a public notice convening a meeting to be held at eleven o'clock on that day for obtaining the sanction of the parish (under altered circumstances) to the removal of the present gallery, and the lowering of the organ to the floor of the Tower with a view to increasing the convenience and beauty of the parish church. No rate would be asked for. He trusted that as this was the first meeting at which he had the honour of occupying the chair, the gentlemen present would grant him their indulgence whilst he laid before them the details of the subject which caused the present meeting. In allusion to the unhappy dissensions which had taken place in the parish he said he need not recapitulate all that had previously taken place, no doubt all on that occasion took the part they thought was right, but whatever might be their individual opinions with regard to that, now he trusted they would let bye-gones be bye-gones. Ever since the organ had occupied its present position the effect it had produced in the Church had not been satisfactory to many, but he thought that they had all united in feeling that it was not a matter of taste, but a matter of honour, to allow the present position of the organ to remain unchanged. Delicacy of feeling had prevented any one from saying anything about it, and it was thought that until the Earl of Buckinghamshire had expressed himself upon the subject it would be best for no one else to do so. The Earl had not had a favourable opportunity till now, and now he expressed himself on the subject, and very nobly disinterestedly indeed, as he always did. His lordship had been disappointed in the appearance of the organ in its present position, and had so expressed himself in a communication which he had received which he ventured to state was to the effect, that he (the Earl) had never been satisfied with the effect produced by the organ in its present position. His lordship observed that it had greatly disappointed him, but under all circumstances he had hitherto kept his disappointment to himself, waiting for a more suitable opportunity, which he considered now to have arrived, and so far as the question of its removal to a more suitable position rested with him, he was anxious to see it carried out, but provided the vicar and parishioners approved. He (Mr. Clements) said it was with a view to this that he ventured to bring the subject before the parish. Before doing so, however, he had ascertained the views of the Earl, and he thought as a matter of delicacy the parish would think that he had acted right in ascertaining from the Earl of Buckinghamshire what would be thought the best future position for the organ. He (Mr. Clements) had since asked Mr. Hayward, Architect, of Exeter, to come and see the church, which he had done, and proposed as the best position for the organ that it should be placed on the ground at the west entrance to the church. No rate would be asked for as he was happy to say he had funds placed at his disposal to make the alteration, and he proposed that Mr. Dicker, the original builder, of the organ should be engaged to remove it when its position should be decided on. In placing the organ in the position proposed at the west door of the church, it might be divided into two parts, but he thought the best plan would be to sacrifice the western door altogether, for it was only during five or six months in the year that it was used. In looking at the advantages and disadvantages of this proposal, there was another objection, and that was losing fifty or sixty sittings for school-children, but to meet that objection he might state, that those who at present sat under the gallery, could not hear a word of the service. He thought nobody could doubt that the beauty of the church, would be greatly increased by the removal of the tower and the gallery; finally if things passed off smoothly and quietly, the Queen's window might yet grace the parish church. Of course he could not say it really would, but he thought every one in the parish would rejoice to see it there. The Earl of Buckinghamshire, would after making this concession no doubt, be very glad, and he was quite sure

his honourable and gallant friend (alluding to Mr. Hutchinson) would like to see it there under altered circumstances.

Mr. Hutchinson replied that he should be very glad, under fair and honourable circumstances, but before they talked about the Queen's window let them stick to the organ, and see about the window afterwards.

The Chairman resumed, he would be very glad to see the Queen's window there, but he would wish for something far more than any Queen's window, and that was peace and unity in the parish, which no one loved more than himself. (Hear, hear.)

After some desultory discussion as to the removal of the Tower door, &c.,

Major Hicks observed that he had known of two instances where an organ had been removed to the ground floor as proposed in this case, and it had suffered so much from damp that it had to be raised again, and in one instance at a cost of no less than £300. He suggested that before they decided upon the removal a competent organist should be consulted.

Mr. James Newman said that difficulty could be removed by the insertion of ventilators into the floor underneath the organ.

The Chairman replied that it was proposed to consult Mr. Dicker as he had remarked, and that Mr. Hayward had already consulted Mr. Dicker, so that his opinion was really on authority.

Mr. Radford, said he considered this very satisfactory, and moved that the sanction of the parish be given the removal of the organ gallery and the lowering of the organ to the floor of the tower, with a view to opening the tower arch and western window, and adding to the beauty and convenience of the Church.

Mr. Webber seconded the motion.

The Chairman, in asking if any gentleman had any further remarks to make, read, to show the unanimity of feeling amongst the parishioners, a letter which he had received from Captain Matthews as follows: - "The Lodge, Nov. 14, 1865.-Rev. and Dear Sir,:- My slight experience of vestry meetings induces me rather to adopt: the present mode of congratulating Sidmouth on the important topic which it is convened to discuss next Thursday. In consenting to any translation of the organ from its present position in our beautiful restored Parish Church, the noble earl has made all classes his debtors, because virtually it must prove such generous concession and boon, as the youngest among us may not live to reap the whole benefit of. My individual impulse on the occasion is, publicly, to express sincere regret that anything should have intercepted for a moment that deference which is so justly due to rank and station. Hopeful, reverend sir, that all stages of your ministry here may be so signally blessed as its auspicious commencement. I am, very respectfully, your obliged and faithful, Alfred Matthews."

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

The Chairman next asked that the thanks of the meeting might be conveyed to the Earl of Buckinghamshire as he thought all would agree with him, that he come forward in a very handsome manner, with the olive branch of peace as it were in his hand, to make the change and to pay for it. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Webber had much pleasure in seconding the resolution, which was unanimously carried, and after the disposal of some routine businesses, the meeting dispersed.

Fri. Nov. 23. 1865.- Violent gale of wind from the south. The weather recently has been extremely stormy. After breakfast went down to the beach to look at the sea. The sight was so fine that I came back to persuade Mrs. Maitland and her nieces, who are now in my house at no. 4 Coburg Terrace, to come too. It was with difficulty we could stem the violence of the wind. We got to the Bedford Hotel, near the south-east corner of the Fort Field. We could not proceed eastwards along the road before the houses, as every now and then the immense waves rushed over the esplanade, and ran down into the town.

Fri. Nov. 24.- Calm weather - wind north-west.

Sat. Nov. 25.- Another gale from the south, as violent as before. About three this afternoon a barque, said to be partly laden with grain, and with an Italian crew, drove into Ladram Bay, and soon became a wreck. She struck against the isolated rock just west of the Arch, when the crew got into a boat and came ashore. The front door of the Old Chancel is made of her outside timbers.

Sun. Nov. 26.- Again calm and fine, the wind having shifted to the north-west. In the afternoon walked over Peak Hill to Ladram Bay, some two miles west. There were a great many people there from Sidmouth, Otterton and all the neighbourhood. The vessel was a complete smash, lying just inside the isolated rock near the embouchure of the road leading down to the Bay. One half or one side of her, lay just inside the rock; the bow, with the windlass and anchors, and a mass of ropes and spars, all tangled together, and half buried in gravel, was driven higher up nearer the cliff. All the beach eastward to the Natural Arch, and along in the direction of Sidmouth, was covered with planks and fragments.

December 1865.

Th. Dec. 21.-The Shortest day, but mild. I saw three Swallows in company, flying about the greater part of the afternoon.

Fri. Dec. 22.-Went with some friends to see the American dwarf Tom Thumb, whose real name is Stratton. I saw him some twenty years ago in London. He is now very fat, but active and healthy. He now brought a wife with him, smaller than himself, and an infant daughter, two years old. Also his wife's sister, Miss Minnie Warren, a very little thing, and delicate looking. And also another dwarf, called Commodore Nutt. There were some physical peculiarities. None of them had the noses of grown people. Their noses had mostly the childish small, round, & snub, infantile shape, and yet some of them at least were not young. I think Tom Thumb was called 17 twenty years ago, which would make him 37 now. His wife owns to 27: her sister to 22 or 23: and Commodore Nutt to 25. Most of them had round projecting foreheads, and a considerable length of skull from front to back, like the outline annexed.

Tom thumb's wife had quite a matronly development of bosom, and matronly figure, but still, all in proportion. By their acting, and singing they appeared possessed of a good share of intelligence.

End of 1865.

POH Transcripts - 1866

January 1866.

Thursday. January 4. 1866.-Amateur Theatricals for the first time here in public - at all events since my education. It was all got up by the Volunteer Artillery Corps. The pieces were "Whitebait at Greenwich," and "Box and Cox," Most creditably gone through by all parties.

Th. Jan. 11.- A heavy fall of snow. This is the first really winter day we have had, for the weather has been wonderfully mild. 1st. Penny Reading.

Sat. Jan. 13.-A sudden thaw and plenty of Rain. The recent storm, bringing the snow from the north-east, did much damage. The wind was so violent as to prostrate a large number of trees, and several chimneys were blown down. The rain and the melting snow ran down the streets in torrents.

Note :- The following is a printed article dated Jan. 16. 1866, taken from the Tiverton Gazette, and inserted into the diary.

SIDMOUTH.

PENNY READINGS.

On Thursday evening, despite the inclemency of the weather, the first of these readings was inaugurated at the Assembly Rooms, London Hotel, in the presence of a large audience of all classes, under the presidency of the Rev. H. G. J. Clements, the vicar. Miss. Hayward kindly presided at the pianoforte, and the Messrs. Warner, Knowles, Charles and William Farrant, and the Rev. J. B. Lloyd were the vocalists for the occasion;

The Chairman opened the proceedings with the following introductory address:-Ladies and Gentlemen, - In commencing our proceedings this evening. I have been requested to state to you generally what is the object of these Penny Readings. We are met together here to try an experiment which has been attended with great success in other places, and which we are induced to hope may be successful in this, although, unfortunately, this evening the elements appear to have conspired against us. The object which is aimed at by these who here and elsewhere endeavour to set on foot these penny readings, is to afford an evening for rational amusement and recreation to all classes, but especially to that class which has otherwise little or no opportunity of obtaining it, to place as far as possible within the reach of all some of those social and intellectual advantages which have hitherto been available to comparatively few. With this object in view, conscious how few opportunities of rational and humanising recreation many in this place possess, it has occurred to several of us that we could not better employ a few of our winter evening than by coming forward to inaugurate a form of entertainments I which trust may supply this want, by reading to you (as well as we can) some of the more amusing portions of our English literature. And in order to put this within the reach of all and make it as general as possible, it has been made as *cheap* as possible: and I cannot suppose that the mere penny which is asked for admittance will be sufficient to exclude any who may otherwise be disposed to avail themselves of the entertainment offered. To add to the attractions of the evening the musical members of our community have offered the aid of their talents in playing and singing during the intervals of reading, so that the enterprise (whatever else it

may prove) cannot fail to be harmonious. Harmonious, I trust, it may prove in more senses than one. I trust it may tend to bring all classes of our little community together, and enable us to feel that here in Sidmouth we are able rationally to amuse ourselves, and desirous of promoting rational amusement as far as we may one for another. And whilst I mention amusement, I must not forget another very desirable object, viz., "improvement," I trust that in the selection of subjects this later may not be entirely lost sight of, although in our programme of this evening we seem to have. I fear devoted ourselves rather exclusively to the former, but that whilst we seek to entertain we may combine with our entertainment some form of instruction. Perhaps indirectly rather than directly we should, seek to do this, and whether there be any direct lessons or moral conveyed in what you are invited to hear or not, there is a certain insensible influence inseparable from good literature and good music which cannot fail of itself to exert a humanising, a civilizing, and, therefore, an improving influence upon the mind. Simply to afford you the opportunity of enjoying these in the best manner we can is our object, and to ascertain whether you are disposed to avail yourselves of such opportunity, is our experiment, but I must beg you to remember that it is an experiment, and that we readers are ourselves, I believe, for the most part novices at the work, and must claim some share of allowance on account of that consideration. We are desirous, however, of setting an example which others who may be qualified for the task, I trust, may be induced to follow; so that when the scheme is fairly developed you may be able in this manner, in a great measure, to amuse yourselves. Having thus far explained to you our object and intention, I will not longer detain you with any remarks of my own, but simply conclude by wishing good success and good results (of general improvement and general entertainment) to these our Penny Readings.

Mr. Rippon, of the *Tiverton Gazette*, then read an original piece entitled "Prologue to Sidmouth Penny Readings" which was followed by that well-known humorous legend from Ingoldsby - "the Knight and the Lady," read with splendid effect by Mr. Warner, and a glee by the amateurs. The Chairman then read exceedingly well "A Christmas Tree" one of Dickens' stories, which was succeeded by the duet "Alls Well" beautifully sung by Mr. Aloof and The Rev. J. B. Lloyd, and cleverly accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Hayward. Mr. Warner read another of the Ingoldsby legends "Misadventures at Margate," with as much effect as before and gained great applause. Mr. Rippon followed with "Lover's Leap," a legend of the Dart by Ursa Major. At the special request of the Rev. J. B. Lloyd, who wished that his reading might be deferred to another evening, Mr. Warner for the third time delighted the audience with his readings. The national anthem concluded the evening's entertainment which appeared to pass off with the greatest success.

The second reading will take place on Thursday next.

Th. Jan. 18. - Second theatrical performance by the same company.

Th. Jan. 25. - Second "Penny Reading." Room extremely full.

Fri. Jan. 26. - Finished reading Dr. Thurnani's Book on the two principal forms of ancient British and Gaulish skulls. In excavating tumuli in England, he remarks that the long barrows, in which there are generally cists or chambers formed of large stones, contain unburnt skeletons, the skulls of which are mostly of a long form from front to back; to which the term dolichocephalous has been given.

These are the same with the Kumbe-Rephalic mentioned ante, Dec. 17. 1862. Measuring from the glabella, or point between the eyebrows to the occiput, and calling that 100, the long-heads or

dolichocephali would run from 75 or less, from side to side, as the width of the skull. From the usual fact that the skeletons with these heads concisely occupying the lowest position in the tumulus, and being associated only with flint or bone implements, it is inferred that they belong to the aboriginal race of England. Some investigations, as the examination of tumuli on the continent, lead to the supposition that this ancient race may be traced to the Basque provinces, to Iberia, and to the north of Africa. The most barbarous rites seen to have attended the internments; for numerous remains of men, women, and children, all packed close to the principal body, are met with, having their skulls left open or beaten in, as if whole families had been slaughtered at the grave. In the dolichocephali the sutures of the skull get sooner obliterated than in other skulls found in the tumuli; that is at an earlier age. In modern times the Hindoos, Australians, and the Negroes are inclined to dolichocephalism. The brachicephalic or round headed race seem to have succeeded the others in England. They appear to have had more savage countenances, larger teeth, and bony eyebrows. This is the race known to Casar. They were of the late bronze age. Their skulls had a proportion of 80 and upwards to the 100. Their remains are usually met with in the round barrows. The length of the femur of the leg varies in length from 16 inches to 22, reaching from short women to the extreme of tall men. Dr. Humphrey gives a table of proportions of the femur to the whole height of the figure, which, taking the figure at 100, the femur would be 27.5. Maintaining this proportion, a femur of 17 inches would represent a person 5 feet 3 inches high. One of 16 inches, eight tenths, one of 5,1 high: $19.5 = 5, 11$ high: $20.5 = 6,, 2$ high, &c.. The dolichocephalic heads from the long barrows have an average capacity of 99 cubic inches, whilst the brachicephalic from the round barrows have a capacity of 98. It is strange that this is a larger average than the average of modern heads, despite the progress of Civilization. The proportion of the capacity of the male head to the female is as 10 to 9. The average weight of a modern brain in men is 49 ounces, though many brains occasionally exceed this very much. The average in women is 44oz. The heaviest brain on record is Cuvier's, which was $64 \frac{1}{2}$ ounces.

February 1866.

February 1. 1866. Thursday. - Left Sidmouth for a few weeks, and went down to Belmont Villa, Dawlish, on a visit to my cousin Mary Robertson, Mrs. Kersteman (formally Frances Bingham) was there.

Fri. Feb. 9. - Made a geological view of the cliffs each side of Dawlish, from the Bishop's Parlour on the south west to Langstone Point on the NE. Walked to Teignmouth and back. Went first to the new Villas at Holcombe, which are now all occupied, and then down what used to be a romantic gully or chasm, called "The Smuggler's Path," to the beach. Mounted the Railway Wall, and so to Teignmouth. Returned over Teignmouth hill by the road all the way I find great changes since I was this way last. Not the least of which is the great nunnery on the high ground, recently. Report says that the priests and the young ladies amuse themselves during the fine weather by playing croquet on the lawn.

Mon. Feb. 12. - Walked to the top of Little Haldon and back, for the purpose of again examining the Camp. Every part was so wet with the recent rains that I could do little. I hunted about for any chance arrow head, but hunted in vain.

Tu. Feb. 13.-My cousin Mrs. Kersteman left for London.

Mon. Feb. 19. - Went to Teignmouth and back by rail. Called on the Cresswells. Had a long talk with the Rev. R. C. on the seaweeds of Sidmouth. He gave me a specimen of the Schyzothix Cresswellii, which he discovered there. He also told me where I could find the Gracillaria erecta. Called and saw Miss Cousins, from whom and her late mother, my late father rented the house in East Teignmouth just below the Independent Chapel and the lane, when I was eight years old, and confined to my bed with lameness in my left leg.

Tu. Feb. 20. -Went and looked at the tumulus on the hill about half a mile or more north of Dawlish, on the road to Mainhead. The field in which it stands is now ploughed. It used to be pasture.

Wed. Feb. 21.-So the Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended in Ireland, on account of the rebellious projects of the "Fenians" as they are called. This movement has been much promoted of late by the return of many disbanded Irish from the armies in America, since the close of the rebellion there. The Bill to suspend the Act, as promptitude was needed, passed the Commons, the Lords, and received royal assent last Saturday Night.

Sat. Feb. 24.-Walked to Lidwell chapel, via Aller and Higher Southwood. The ground about the ruin is still very swampy. As far as I could feel the foundations, I make the length of the building 36 feet outside. But nothing short of a regular draining and proper examination would decide this point correctly.

Mon. Feb. 26.-The recent dreadful wrecks in Torbay have given rise to some absurd rumours. It is said that the authorities (Whoever they are) have forbidden the sale of fish, because so many drowned persons have not yet been found. Again – that the divers who have been employed in Torbay to examine the wrecks, when examining the ship underwater saw some ladies sitting in the cabin reading. And again – that a woman who recently bought a hake found three gold rings inside it...

March 1866.

Wed. March 7. 1866. - Today was set apart in Dawlish as a day of prayer and humiliation, mainly on account of the Cattle Plague now raging in many parts of the country, and attacking then by hundreds, I got back to go to the private chapel attached to the house at Luscombe Park. The little building is a beautiful specimen of architecture, and on expense has been spared. The walls inside are buff colour sandstone well put together, the arched roof of the same, and groined. A good effect is produced in the roof by the insertion of bands of darker colour stone. There is a small north aisle with an organ in it. The east end of the nave is a sort of circular apse. It is not railed off. There are five single light windows in it. The style of architecture, I need scarcely say, is Late Early English, or early decorated, for nine architects out of ten now-a-days, build nothing else. The Columns of various sizes, are of finely polished vari-coloured Devonshire Marble, as well as a band of the same let in flush with the surface of the wall all around about four feet from the floor. Minton's tiles cover the floor. The seats are very good – some being of oak, some apparently birch, and some deal – all unpolished. At the north-west corner, there is a space measuring about six feet by eight, railed in by high filigree work, coloured and gilt, and made of iron. I am told that when Mr. Hoare is at home, he sits there. The present chaplain is the Rev. Kingdon.

Tu. Mar. 13. 1866. - Left Dawlish for Sidmouth, via. Exeter. Whilst in Exeter made a sketch of the block of granite at the corner of the High Street and Gandy Street, which is supposed to be part of the shaft of an old cross. See my sketch, book No. 12, and at this date.

March 27. 1866.

SIDMOUTH.

PENNY READINGS

The sixth and last of the series of readings for this season came off according to announcement at the Assembly Rooms, London Hotel, on Thursday evening. The room was densely crowded in every part, and large numbers of persons were unable to obtain admission. Amongst those present were,- Mr. Lonsada, Col. Andros, Mrs. and Misses Eyre, the Misses Cornish (2), Dr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss. Selwyn, Mrs. Leather, Miss. Dillon, Miss C. Jenkins, Mrs. Maitland, the Misses Ritchie (2), the Misses Copeland (2), Mr. and Mrs. Aloof, Mr. A. Aloof, &c.

The evening's entertainment opened with the Glee "Under Briar, rock or mountain," effectively sung by the Rev. J. B. Lloyd and Messrs. Week's and C. and W. Farrant, the Rev. J. B. Lloyd then read "Blanche Raymond," which was followed by Braham's popular song "The Death of Nelson," given by Mr. Aloof. The Rev. H. G. J. Clements read "The Battle of the League," by Macaulay with excellent taste and fine effect, and was loudly applauded, Mr. Aloof the "Red Fisherman" by Praed. The Rev. J. B. Lloyd's Welsh song "Codiad yr Ehedydd" or "the Rising of the Lark" was something of a novelty and well sung and received. A song from Mr. Farrant stood next on the programme. He accordingly gave "Under the Greenwood Tree" with his usual ability and success, and received an enthusiastic and well-merited encore, to which he responded by singing the last part over again. Dr. Mackenzie then read "Mrs. Grimsby's Private Theatricals," by Albert Smith, amidst roars of laughter, as he expressed the comic element in most happy manner. Mr. C. Farrant's song, "O Gentle Maid," was very well rendered, and followed by an encore to which he did not respond. The Rev. H. G. J. Clements then gave the address of the evening as follows:-

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, - As this is the last Penny Reading of the season, I have been requested to address a few words to you before the conclusion of our proceedings to-night. And I think I may venture to assert that the experiment which we made in setting these Penny Readings on foot last Christmas, has been fully justified by the result, and that if their success is to be measured either by the numbers who have attended or by the amount of interest that has been manifested in them, they have been decidedly very successful. They have commanded, on every occasion, audiences large and, I may venture to say, sometimes overflowing-for on most of the evenings, I understand, not a few would-be auditors have been turned back from the door, not by our unhospitality or unwillingness to entertain, but through sheer want of space to accommodate them:- and although once or twice some slight disorder and noise has prevailed in the back part of the room, still, on the whole, we have so little to complain of on that score, that we have not found it necessary to complain at all and may trust that we may congratulate ourselves on having entertained and in some degree instructed you, and that a Sidmouth audience of whatever class it is composed, can without constant appeals or coercive restraints behave itself creditably and intelligently and well. I do not know how far it is becoming in me, having been so often one of the performers here myself, to speak of the quality of the performances and the efforts and success of the performers. But as a

closing address like this would be manifestly incomplete without something of the sort, perhaps I may be regarded as addressing you for the time being in the character, not of a performer, but of an indifferent spectator - something like the chorus of a Greek play - whilst I pass a few running comments on our past entertainments. These I really believe without any wish to flatter or exaggerate, to have been on the whole of more than ordinary excellence. If you will compare any one of our performances of the past season with those of the penny readings in other places, I think I may be bold to say you will find that ours presents a better, a more amusing, and a more varied selection. The musical performances I need scarcely remind you (for you have yourselves constantly testified your appreciation of them) have been remarkably good of their kind and such as have been a credit to Sidmouth, and I think (speaking still in my character of chorus) our thanks are due to that lady and those gentlemen who have so kindly come forward and bestowed so freely not a little time and trouble, and such an amount of musical talent for the gratification and amusement of the public. With regard to the reading in general, I may say, that if it has not been of its kind altogether of an excellence equal to that of the musical performance, (owing, partly to the fact that reading in public has been a novelty to many of the readers, and what they have been unaccustomed to; and partly perhaps, to its not affording scope for the exhibition of so much excellence). Yet I do believe (still if you please, speaking in my character of chorus) that it has been on the whole, very good; and that, for that very reason of its being what they were little accustomed to hitherto, the thanks of the audience are all the more due to those gentlemen who have come forward in this way to further this effort for the public amusement. I am sure it has been in general very amusing, and I trust and believe it has amused you all. In speaking of our readings, however I feel bound to say that in spite of these causes of congratulation, I do see some room in one particular for improvement, and that these entertainments of ours have been in one respect fairly open to criticism. Without being myself at all squeamish on the subject, or desirous of detracting from the amusement derived from them, I must confess I do, to some extent, agree with those critics who have found some fault with us for the undue preponderance of the light and comic element in our readings, and have taken us to task for not betraying more anxiety in the selection of our subjects for the information and improvement of the audience. I believe that this has arisen from excessive shortness of the time allowed for each several readings (which I think is a mistake) and the difficulty of finding pieces of literature sufficiently brief to suit the time possessing any interest without the pungent stimulus of a comic flavour. I have experienced this difficulty myself, I know, in endeavouring usually to adhere to serious selections. I believe moreover, that this predominance of the comic is characteristic of the penny readings in other places: but I would not plead this as an apology, inasmuch as I believe and hope that our Penny Readings are, and may still become, superior to Penny Readings in other places - maintaining a higher tone and establishing a higher character, - and do not think for a moment that I would be so hard-hearted and cynical as to desire to banish altogether from our meetings the beloved figure of the great Mr. Pickwick, the spectacles of Mr. Ledbury, the inimitable fun of Sam Weller, or the merry and magical strains of Thomas Hood and Thomas Ingoldsby. A hearty honest laugh is as wholesome and welcome *in its place* as the saddest of sighs or the severest of frowns. Our lives in this world are so full of melancholy realities that a few light-hearted and merry fancies (as long as they be harmless and innocent) afford the, I believe, a grateful and not unhealthy alleviation, and act *Like a change of air*. Still there is a certain amount of danger with regard to these, lest we should have too much even of a good thing, and I am inclined to believe, if I may say so without offence (in the privileged position I have assumed) that a slight change, only a slight one is requisite, in this respect would, without detracting at all from the general interest of the entertainment, prove to be a change for the better. However, as I said before, these Penny Readings have hitherto been an experiment, and must only if you please be criticised as such. They are an experiment for which I venture to repeat that in my opinion, (the opinion please to remember of a

chorus or indifferent spectator of proceedings with which he is supposed to be quite unconnected), the public are greatly indebted to all those who have come forward, whether as readers or as musical performers to assist in the general amusement; an experiment which, I trust, if it please God to spare us till then in life and health, may be repeated next winter with equal if not with increased success: an experiment which I trust there may then be found many more (especially in the reading line) ready and willing to come forward and assist; an experiment which I trust moreover will tend to promote kindly feeling amongst us here in Sidmouth among all classes of our little community, bringing us together for mutual entertainment and improvement and manifesting our mutual desire freely to exert ourselves to amuse and improve one another; an experiment which, however secular its character, I hope may thus not be without God's blessing; may be always carried on honestly, wholesomely, and without offence; and may therefore prove in the best and highest senses of the word successful.

The rev. gentlemen was listened to with great attention throughout, and continually applauded. The glee-singers gave the chorus "Lutzow's Wild Chase" with much spirit, Mr. Knowles' song was judiciously reserved to the last. He was greeted on his appearance with deafening cheers, and after singing three songs in the most obliging and effective manner. The calls for an encore were still tremendous, to which Mr. Knowles responded by appearing on the platform with the rest of the performers to take part in the National Anthem, with which the entertainment concluded. Thus ended one of the most successful efforts of local talent to provide rational amusement for the inhabitants of Sidmouth amongst themselves, with the unanimous hopes of the audience that the effort may be repeated next season with similar success, in which hope we cordially join. Miss Hayward kindly accompanied the vocalists on the piano; Mr. Aloof playing his own accompaniment.

Note: - There are no further entries in the diary until the 1st. May.

May 1866.

Tu. May 1. 1866. - Such a May morning, as I never saw before. We had a splendid summer last year, and the year proceeding. The fine weather of last summer ended on the fourth of October, when a shower of rain fell. All the winter there was no snow except on the 11th. Of January 1866; but the storms of wind and rain have been violent and almost incessant for months together. These have continued far into April, but towards the later part of the month intervals of spring weather began to show themselves. Last week there were several days so warm that I put on light clothing and flattered myself that summer was come. Yesterday it was rather cold again, as the wind had got to the north-east; but judge my surprise this May day morning, when I awoke and looked out of the window, to see the broad flakes of snow flying by thick and fast! At breakfast time I put out the thermometer, when it went down to 38'; only six degrees above freezing. I was very cold all day.

Tu. May 8. - Mrs. Maitland with her nieces, left my home No. 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, after having been in it nearly two years as my tenant.

Mon. May 21. - The First Yeomanry Cavalry, numbering about 420 sabres, assembled at Sidmouth for eight days drill, under the command of Col. Sir John Duckworth. At half past six in the morning they turn out in the Fort Field on foot to learn sword and carbine exercise; at ten, as cavalry, they go to the top of Peek Hill and remain until two in the afternoon; and at half past five they parade as infantry in the Fort Field. It is five years since they were last here.

Th. May 24. - The Queen's birthday. In honour of the day, the men this evening, fired three rounds, file firing, in the Fort Field.

Fri. May 25. - At 11 this morning a fire broke out in Western town. The alarm was sounded and the Yeomanry turned out. They exerted themselves well, and did good service. Four houses burnt.

Sat. May 26. - Rain all day. The Yeomanry not out.

Sun. May 27. - Fine day.

Mon. May 28. - The Review on Peak Hill, to which I went with a party of friends.

June 1866.

Fri. June 1. 1866. - The weather very unlike summer in feel. We have had the coldest spring I ever remember.

Th. June 7. -Went into Exeter to attend a Quarterly meeting of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society. I have belonged to this Society for five or six years, but owing to the distance, and the inconveniency of getting to and from Exeter, I have never been till now. The meetings are held in the Collage Hall, a large room on the east side of South Street. Some 50 to 100 yards from the Carfoix. This is a good specimen of a Gothic chamber. It is panelled in the "napkin pattern" about 6 or 7 feet high, and 3 or 4 feet above that in Jacobean or later scroll patterns in raised work, the rest of the arched ceiling being the wall. There is a fine carved oak table in the middle of the room. The Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Rector of Clyst St. George, read a paper on all the church bells of Devon - very interesting . I think he said he had mounted 420 church towers during the course of his researches. In one or two of his expeditions I accompanied him.

Tu. June 19. 1866. - Hearing that some of the Christophers were at Budleigh (whom I know in 1838 in London) took a carriage and went over. By mistake went to Budleigh Salterton instead of East Budleigh. Looked round Budleigh Salterton, and made a sketch of the pebble bed cropping out of the cliff, west of the town. Started back for East Budleigh. Found William settled as a surgeon there, and Joseph, with wife, and daughter and son, on a visit from London. Mrs. J. Christophers is a grand-daughter of a brother of Gilbert White, author of the "Natural History of Selborn." They have got has oak chest and chair, both of which I saw. Took a hasty look at the church. They are re-seating it, using the beautiful old ends again. I am sorry they are using deal, instead of oak. They have misplaced the carried end of the Rawley seat, with the date 153(4)? on it. I miss the tomb of Radulphus Node (who broke his neck trying to fly from the tower) near the south gate of the churchyard. Had tea with the Christophers, and returned. Supped with Mr. Heineken.

Sat. June 30. - The last week in June has been extremely hot; and we have felt it so much the more, as the season hitherto has been cold, showery, and unpleasant. It is said the thermometer has ranged higher than has ever been known in Sidmouth.

July 1866.

Man. July 16. - Went to Dawlish via Exeter - first taking the coach and then the rail. Stayed at Belmont Villa, Mrs. Jones and her eldest son John, being there with my cousin Miss Robertson.

At the latter part of the week went over to Teignmouth with my cousins. Walked about to see what there was new, and remarked that the iron pier approaches completion. There was the hull of a brig high and dry in the harbour, the stern of which had been entirely knocked away, apparently in a storm - perhaps last February in Torbay.

During my stay a Flower Show was held in Dawlish. Mrs Long, residing at the Manor House, threw open her grounds for the occasion.

Mon. July 23. - Mrs Gardiner, recently residing at Harpford, gave a croquet party on the sandy expanse between the Mount Pleasant Inn and the Railway, on the Warren. I had time first to witness some very good swimming matches held at the Bishop's Parlour, Dawlish, and then my cousin J. Jones and myself walked out along the Railway wall by Langstone Point to the place of meeting, where we arrived at four in the afternoon. Here, about three dozen ladies and gentlemen had assembled. We played until seven, when we had tea and coffee on the ground, tables and chairs having been spread for the occasion. We then played again; nor did we stop until the moon was shining bright. Some returned to Dawlish by the road in carriages; but the greater number of us enjoyed a moonlight walk by the wall and the sands. We were home by ten.

Wed. July 25. 1866. - Had breakfast at Mrs. Gardiner's, and then, took the up train just before nine in company with Mrs. Walker, (nee' Gardiner) going to Sidmouth, as far as Exeter. Took other tickets on to Ottery Road. Here we took the coach to Sidmouth. On passing through Ottery, so much of which was recently burnt down, I was forcibly reminded of the pictures one sees of Pompeii. Arrived in Sidmouth soon after noon day.

August 1866.

Tu. August 7. 1866. - Pic-nic at Otterton. After dinner we most of us rambled down towards the sea through Otterton Park, so called.

Wed. Aug 8. - Dined with Captain Compton and a few friends at the York Hotel, at 7.P.M.

Fri. Aug 10. - Croquet part and tea at the Acraman's.

Sat. Aug 11. - Pic-nic party at Sand farm, Sidbury parish.

Fri. Aug 24. 1866. - Went with Mr. Heineken to examine Broadcliff Heath, where the old Camp used to be. We proceeded through Newton Poppleford (pebble-ford) to the top of Aylesbear Hill, and to the Halfway House. Here we turned off to Aylesbear, steering in a north-westerly direction. WE stopped at Aylesbear to examine the church. It is all Third Pointed. The east window is one of five lights, and square headed. The west gallery carved oak (if oak it be) of 17th. Century style. Fine arch into east end of north aisle (span E. and W.) with panelling under broad soffit. Diagonally through the square support of the west end of this arch, a squint or hagioscope has been somewhat roughly cut, subsequently to the completion of the erection of the church. Five bells in the tower. Outside the east entrance of the churchyard, against a house, lies half the base of an old granite cross. Same pattern as that at Alphington and at Dawlish. It is three feet long; 12 inches wide and 16 high. The Sexton's wife could not give us any account of the other portions.

We also stopped at Rockbere to see the church. The chancel was under repair. The new chancel arch is a miserable affair. The east window was entirely out, a new one being in preparation. The north aisle has a waggon cover ceiling, divided into squares by ribs, the intersections being set off with rude wooden bosses painted yellow and red, like the sketch.

The windows are Third Pointed. The west doorway (blocked up) is the gem of the building. Mr. Heineken took two photographs of it. It is a good arch with square headed mouldings over. The *Gable* over the square head descends on each side to the springing of the arch. There are no bosses at the lower ends, but the mouldings make a turn and run into the wall.

On leaving this and getting into the Honiton and Exeter road, we proceeded westward, and turned north over the rail at the Broadclist station. On Broadclist Heath we hunted in vain for a small camp which Mr. Heineken remembers to have looked at more than thirty years ago. But the land about here has been enclosed and cultivated, and we could not identify localities. We then mounted the hill where the remains of the Windmill stand. A well known ancient camp once crowned this hill, as is recorded in County history; but the camp is entirely obliterated, and the whole district is now cultivated fields. The windmill tower stands near the middle of a large field. The tower stands at the north-west corner of a garden, of about from 50 to 60 yards square, sloping towards the south-east, in full view of Woodbury Castle, Henbury Fort, &c. After due examination, we felt persuaded, (in default of other evidence) that this garden occupies the area of the camp itself; and that the enclosing hedge is no other than the old agger. A small farm house stands at the lower corner of the garden. On proceeding home we altered our course. We went along the great road, then by Streetway Head to Ottery, where we observed that the Ottery people are beginning to clear away the ruins of the fire, and to rebuild, and so to Sidmouth, where we arrived by nine.

P.S.-I may add that the east window of the north aisle in Aylesbear(?) church, is peculiar as being a fragmentary portion of a Decorated or Flamboyant window.

And we stopped at Knightstone. The house is good Elizabethan. Splendid hall. Entrance door studded with nails, strengthened at the back with diagonal bars.

Mon. Aug. 27. 1866.-Mr. Heineken and myself made an expedition to Farway and Northleigh - commonly pronounced Nor'leigh by the country people. In Sidford we saw a bent sixpence of William III. Dug up where they are erecting the new church at the lower end of the village, and heard of some copper coins which we could not see. Passed Sidbury and Sand farm, and stopped a few minutes at Roncombe Farm house, and admired the splendid view down the valley looking towards Sidmouth. The Road is very steep here. We got out of the carriage and walked. Patches of Lady Fern, *Athyrium filix fomina*, on the left, and *Asplenium trichomanes* on the right - neither found very near Sidmouth. Collected horsetail for polishing. On reaching the top of the hill, we drove northward, and turned down to Farway by a place called "Money-acre-corner." Visited Farway church. The columns down the nave are Norman, surmounted by pointed arches, the soffit of the arch consists of a plain chamfer of two orders. Tradition says that this church was built by a maiden lady of a certain age called Mallock, who had a great dislike to the male sex, and desired that she might be buried on the left of the porch, where the men did not go. Perhaps this was on the left of the west entrance, which would place her on the north side of the church; and possibly the sexes may have been separated in this church, during divine service. [see **White's Gazetteer.**]* And we were told in the village that her coffin was to be placed upright, so that no man should walk over it.

* Harrison and Harrods Directory. - "Northleigh."

Another tradition says that at "Money-acre-corner," (so called from the circumstances,) a crock of gold was found, on the top of which was written the words, "Do good with this," and that the finder therewith built the north aisle of the church. It may however be observed, that the north aisle should be as old as the Nave of the church itself, as is shown by the arcade of Norman columns. And it may be further remarked, that on the north wall of this north aisle, there is a tablet, bearing the effigies of one Humphry Hutchins, bearing the date 1628, who "New built" this part of the church. Perhaps he rebuilt the north aisle. [See drawing in sketchbook, under this date,] On the north side of the chancel is a slab, recording in black letter the death of George Haydon, 1558. The name is obliterated, but it is preserved in Lysons' Devon, II, 239. At the north-east corner of the north aisle are two recumbent figures. The upper one represents the first Sir Edmund Prideaux in his lawyer's robes; The other is in armour, with his head on a helmet decorated with a Plume. - Sir Peter. The windows are Perpendicular, except the east window, which is Decorated, with some old glass in the top light. Many of the supports, under the seats, have remains of carving. South door Decorated. In the churchyard, a few yards south of the church, There is an alter tombe, on the north side of which is the tablet of Thomas Hendo, just given The Yew tree close by measures 14 feet, 2 inches in girth near the ground; The other, at the east end of the churchyard 19,,8. The great elm tree 30 or 40 yards south of the churchyard measures 17ft. 7in.

We proceeded to Netherton Hale, the seat of Sir Edmund Prideaux, Bart., the external appearance of which disappointed us for the building has been much repaired and modernized during the time of the present Baronet. I have been told by Farway people that, after the present's Baronet's mother had been more than forty years in her coffin, she was removed to a new one, as the old coffin was much decayed; that the body was very perfect and the flesh but little decayed: and that the only accident that occurred during the operation, was the loosening of a nail of one of the great toes, which caused it to come off. She was a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood. Mr. Heineken took a photograph of Netherton Hall.

We then pushed on to Northleigh, and went into the church. There are remains of a good deal of oak carving here: as the screen in the nave, being columns supporting half-round fan groining, which possibly supported a roodloft, the panels in the groining being carved in low relief. There is a good open border above. The pulpit is of oak, carved in late or 17th. Century work. There are a number of good bench ends of carved oak.

At the east end of the north aisle there is an open screen. Two bands of leaf work along the top, carved and painted, and much undercut are especially noteworthy, (in the margin) and some other parts.

The font is Norman. It is a square block of stone, with engaged columns at the corners.

The south door, covered by the porch, was once flanked by Norman columns, the capitals still remaining.

The sketch represents that on the east side. Whilst we were in the village of Northleigh, we made every enquiry for Beacon Hill and Northleigh Beacon, mentioned by Davidson, and other writers.

We could get no certain information, but enough to encourage us to come again. On reaching the top of Farway Hill, we cut across the common towards Putt's corner, and descended Honiton Hill.

September 1866.

Tu. Sep. 26 1866. - Went to Sherborne on a visit to the Vicar, the Rev. Edward Harston, whom I know, and with whose younger brothers I was at school, when I was a boy at Tiverton. Missed the train at Honiton, so I went and looked at the parish church, which, curiously enough, is half a mile out of the town, up a hill. To account for this the Honiton people have a tradition, that the church was built before the town existed, and that there was once another and an older town, though small it may have been, clustered near this church, but which fell to decay when this new town was built. There is an avenue of yew trees leading across the churchyard to the north door. The present church is in the Perpendicular style. The tower has a square stair turret at the S.E. corner and 5 bells. Battlements paneled. Good oak screen inside, but miserably painted to resemble grey marble.

Also looked at the new church in the town. It is built to resemble Norman. Foundation stone laid in Oct. 1835, and the church consecrated in April 1838. Two coloured windows to Mules on south side of chancel, and one on north side to someone else. There are six bells.

Took the next train, and passing by Axminster, Crewkern, and Yeovil Junction, got to Sherborne. Went to the Vicarage.

Sherborne church is really beautiful. As a work of art, it must command our highest admiration. In the Saxon times it was a cathedral; in the Norman times an Abbey church, and now the parish church. There are portions of all the Gothic styles, from the Normans downwards. It is built of Ham or Ham-hill stone, an inferior oolite, from Montecute some 8 or 10 miles west of Yeovil. The whole roof is fan-tracery. The restorations have been going on during the last 15 years. The late Lord Digby, and the present Mr. Digby, have contributed about £32,000. Formerly another church (All Hallows) was joined on to the west wall of this one, traces of it remaining. The oak carving in the choir is very good. I took copies of many portions, by pressing wet white paper against them with a handkerchief, as I had done in Lichfield cathedral, a couple of years ago. I went all over the roof and the tower. There are eight bells in Bb, (*B flat*) and two others, the "Fire bell," and the little Saints Bell. The great bell is 5, 11 in diameter. It is Wolsey's bell, but was recast in 1670, and again recently. It was cast (by Warker) of too high a pitch, but was turned out to bring it down to Bb. (*B flat*) The Vicar has a piece of the 1670 bell, with the date on it. I had it in my hands. As far as I remember it was in shape, like the sketch annexed. The colour of this old mass of metal struck me as resembling iron in colour more than bronze.

The ruins of the old Norman castle are in Sherborne Park, the property of the Digby family. About 100 years ago the then owner ruthlessly took off a great deal of the best of the squared stone, being the outer casing of the keep and other parts, to build the extensive range of stabling. I am afraid the present owner does not value the ruin much. The only remains are part of the outer gateway, with the moat, in some degree filled up, right and left: portions of the Keep, there being a circular Norman column supporting arches, and some zig-zag mouldings in other parts of the ruins: and there are still standing most of the walls of the chapel. It is to be lamented that a man, reputed to have £50,000 a year, does not do something to restore or preserve this ruin.

The house, built by Sir Walter Rawley, but since added to, and occupied by the family, lies across the lake, and at some distance from the old castle. It is something in the form of an H. The original part was the centre, as shown in the annexed plan, shaded darkest. The other parts have been added.

The two leaves subjoined, on which are memorandums in pencil, I took from My Note book. The Roman pavement, described on the last page in pencil, is in the Dairy of this house. I think the Dairy window looks out at A, as far as I remember.

A review and sham fight, by twelve companies of Volunteers, took place one day in the park.

The Digby Mausoleum in the cemetery, out of the town, is well worth examining. It is like a chapel, and roofed with stone. The carving of the west doorway is remarkably beautiful. It is too good to be outside, exposed to the weather. The building is scarcely finished yet. The west door I think is bronze.

Sat. Sep. 29. 1866.-Returned from Sherborne to Sidmouth.

October 1866.

Oct. 31. 1866.- Mrs. Oxley and her family left my house, No. 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, having been five months in it, I, with my old servant Mrs. Webber, living in the Old Chance.

November 1866.

Mon. Nov. 5. 1866.- The weather is mild and agreeable, and has been mostly so for some time.

A disposition manifested itself in Sidmouth, to keep the usual Fifth of November celebrations with unabated vigour. The following account I sent to the Tiverton Gazette, much read here.

5TH. OF NOVEMBER-MONSTER BONFIRE

It is a long time since the 5th. of November was celebrated with so much vigour, as what we have recently witnessed at Sidmouth. Once or twice in past times some unfortunate collisions have taken place between the authorities and the townspeople, but on this occasion, we believe that no accident and no quarrel occurred. License indeed there was; for squibs and crackers were freely let off in the town, and the troops of disguised persons paraded, swinging those brilliant but dangerous meteors, called fireballs, round their heads. The practice for troops of boys and men to disguise themselves, by putting on masks, and covering themselves with fantastic costume, and even of dressing themselves in the gowns and petticoats of women, is comparatively speaking, only of recent introduction in Sidmouth. It would be hard to say whence it was derived; but it has been denounced as un-English, since it is said that no honest Englishman ought to be ashamed to uncover his face. These mountebanks however, do not seem to have committed any assault. It is well of course for the general public to give them a wide berth; for a blow on the back with one of these balls, will go far to destroy a coat, either with flames or hot pitch. They are made by winding tarred cord and pitch into a ball as big as a boys head, binding the whole together with wire and fixing to it a chain about a yard long. When this is lighted, it burns with a large and bright flame, and the person holding the chain, swings it about in order to keep it free of his clothes. Those who were disguised in women's clothes set fire to there petticoats more than once, but contrived to put themselves out. These fire balls are also of recent introduction, comparatively speaking. They are in a great degree superseding the time-honoured tar-barrel. On this recent 5th, there was a great falling off of those stuffed figures, usually carried about in the morning, and commonly called "Old Popes," most erroneously of course, as they are meant to represent Guy Fawkes, with a lantern in one hand and a bunch of old-fashioned brimstone matches in the other, with which, as history says, he was going to set fire to the gun-powder and blow up the Houses of Parliament, and everybody in them. The

verses that the boys now repeat when they carry these figures about is corrupted, and some portions have been forgotten. - Formerly they used to run thus:-

Remember, remember,

The Fifth of November,

The Gunpowder Treason and Plot,

I see no reason

Why Gunpowder treason

Should ever be forgot.

Holla boys, holla boys, God save the King, (Queen)

Holla boys, holla boys, make the bells ring,

Up with the ladder and down with the rope,

Please to give me something to burn the old Pope.

Hurra!

Some gentlemen promoted a subscription for firewood, which was liberally met. A quantity of rough timber and roots of trees were purchased, and 150 faggots. These were deposited on the shingles outside the Esplanade, and set fire to about eight o'clock in the evening. Such a bonfire is probably without its parallel here. It was still burning the next morning.

Tu. 13. and Wed. 14. 1866. – Astronomers had foretold an unusually numerous display of the Periodical Meteors at this period, as the cycle of rather more than 33 years was now completed. Mr. Samuel Chick having some time ago erected a small observatory at the back of his house, Mr Heineken and Myself, together with Mr. Chick's eldest son and Mr. Bray, proceeded there before eleven o'clock P.M. of Tuesday the 13th. Occasional shooting stars showed themselves, but it was not until after midnight that we began to keep regular count, nor was it until after one A.M. of Wednesday morning that they appeared in their greatest numbers.

From midnight to 10 minutes before one (when it became cloudy) we counted 457. From 1 to 1. 10, namely the space of ten minutes, we noted 130. About this period they became too numerous to count. By two o'clock they had very much lessened in numbers. From 3. 10 to 3. 20 A.M. namely another space of ten minutes, we only registered 31. Perhaps one of the largest of the night was the one represented on the opposite page. (*Shown above*) It appeared at 1.8'..10" A.M. of Wednesday. After it had burnt out, it left a train on the sky where it had passed, looking like bright vapour or smoke. This we saw for upwards of six minutes. Other people, out of doors, declare they saw it much longer. This train gradually collapsed together, or folded up, and slowly drifted away to the south-east. It is shown in the collapsing cloud under the meteor opposite. (*See above picture*)

After midnight, when the constellation Leo had risen, nearly all the meteors seemed to emanate from that point, as is shown in the sketch here annexed.

Another large meteor, perhaps large from its nearness, shewed itself at 1. 27'.20", the light, or vapour, or smoke of which was visible for three or four minutes afterwards. In colour some variety appeared. The burning heads of some were ruddy, in some yellow, and some almost a white light. The tails were green or blueish green. None exploded. One seemed to scintillate, almost as if an explosion of its brilliant head were imminent.

Tu. Nov, 27. – Read the account of Casar's attack on Britain in an old book of my late father's entitled – **Commentaries if Julius Casar, with Observations Thereupon, &c., by Clement Edmonds, London, 1655.** The notices of his movements and operations occur in different chapters of the IIIrd. And IVth. Books.

My reason for turning to these again was, to see what is said about the Cowey Stakes, and the ford somewhere above London, where Casar and his army passed the Thames in the face of the whole army of Cassivilaunus, and despite all opposition. All the searches and researches of modern times have failed to discover the place of the ford; and without finding the ford, of course it is vain to hope to find the Cowey Stakes. When I was in New York in 1837, I went one day to see Peel's Museum, as it was then called, though I believe it has been called by different names since that time, for this Museum was one of the sights, nominally, (supposing all the curiosities genuine) worth visiting. In a case in one of the upstairs rooms I saw a bit of old wood about as long as one's fore finger and nearly as thick, labelled "Piece of one of the Cowey Stakes, found in the river Thames near London," or words to that effect. Having just come over from London, and knowing something of the controversy respecting the disputed site of the ford, I confess I was somewhat staggered. On coming down stairs I told one of the attendants what I had seen, and then added, that the Cowey Stakes had never yet been discovered – at which he looked very foolish. I mention this as one instance of American veracity.

December 1866.

Dec. 31. 1866. - The month of December, like most months this year, has been characterised by very boisterous and variable weather. It has, however, been wonderfully mild, nothing like cold weather having made its appearance. Christmas was unusually warm.

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January 1867.

January 1. 1867. - To-day the wind got round to the northward; the thermometer rapidly fell, and the first snow fell.

Friday, Jan. 4. - Since the coming in of the new year we have had a steady hard frost, with the ground covered with snow. The thermometer has been down to 19.7/10 most unusual for Sidmouth.

Sat. Jan. 5. - The wind veered from the north to the east, south-east and south, with violent rain. The temperature quickly rose, and before the day was over, the snow was all gone. I may remark, that as soon as frost sets in here, and snow covers the ground, numbers of fieldfares, and gray birds here called "Whindles," continue all day and every day to pass over the valley, flying towards the west. Probably they are proceeding towards Cornwall, in the hope of finding more genial skies – A vain hope I believe just now. The whindle is very like a thrush in size and colour, only that it has red on the breast. The fieldfare is about the size of the thrush, or larger, and might be taken for it, at the first glance, though the breast is not speckled like the thrush. These birds do not so much fly in dense flocks, with long intervals between each flock, or by sixes and sevens, sometimes succeeding each other almost continually. There are several generally visible at a time at any moment of the day, the stream constantly tending westwards. Many years ago I recalled being struck with the same thing, and that the stream continued for weeks. In those days we used to have severer winters than we have had of late.

Sat. Jan. 12. - After a week of mild weather, the snow and frost have returned with some severity. In every bedroom where there was not a fire, the water in the jugs froze hard.

Tu. Jan. 15. 1867. - Last night the coldest we have had. Mr Heineken's thermometer in High Street in the town, went down to 22', Dr. Radford's at Sidmount about the same. Dr. MacKenzie's at Belgrave House, uniformly registers lower, and stood at 16.6. And Mr. Sanders', at Salcombe Hill (House) about half a degree above Dr. MacKenzie.

M. Jan. 21. - My old servant Mrs. Webber succumbed to the cold. She gave me my dinner yesterday, but complained of being feeble and short-breathed. She kept to her bed to-day, and I went and fetched her sister Mrs. Mitchel. For some time there had been symptoms of dropsy about her; and she died quietly soon after four this afternoon, by a flow of water on her lungs and brain, owing to benumbed circulation in the lower extremities, Mrs. Mitchel being with her.

Th. Jan. 24. – Thaw.

Fr. Jan.25.- Mrs. Webber was buried at Sidmouth, close to the north or north-east wall of the ground.

February 1867.

Tu. Feb. 5. 1867. - When I was a child at Tiverton, before my late father sold his house at the top of Peter's Street, with the garden below the churchyard, to Mr. Heathcote and bought the house No. 4, at Sidmouth, there used to be a noted character there, who was the terror of the children and school boys. This was John Kibby, an old soldier, who sometimes wandered in his mind, and would

chase the boys if they teased him. The alarm which I had always felt for him, he one day removed by coming to my assistance and picking me up when I fell and hurt Myself. I remember being in St. Peter's church, when a party of visitors came in to look at the monuments. Kibby was in the church also. As we were walking about, and as I was looking upwards, I walked out over a step without noticing it, and fell on the pavement, and hurt myself considerably. Old Kibby immediately ran over, took me up in his arms, and putting me on my feet, said some kind words expressive of his regret at the accident. My astonishment at his kindness was intense. I never felt the fear of him afterwards that I always had before. When Mr. Harston, now Vicar of Sherborne, formerly a Tiverton boy, who remembers Kibby as well as myself, found the MS. account of Kibby's life amongst his papers, and sent it to me, I forwarded it with his permission, to the Tiverton Gazette. I have cut it from the paper, and it will be found out over.

JANUARY 29, 1867.

Old Kibby.

There are scores of fathers and mothers in Tiverton who well recollect "Old Kibby," as he was always called; and there are doubtless scores of the rising generation who have heard their parents mention him. John Kibby was an old soldier, who seems to have retired on a pension and lived in Frog-street. During the later years of his life his mind at times wandered, when he used to harangue the public in the streets. In front of an old-fashioned house in Bampton-street, he would sometimes stop, and address himself to some quaint carved figures, sculptured on the front. That house was then occupied by the late Col. Robertson, who died at his own residence in St. Andrews Street in 1854. St. Peter's churchyard was also a usual place for him to take his stand and hold forth. He was the terror of the schoolboys, who used to tease him. The boys had a story, that he had been shot at with a silver bullet, and that the bullet was still in his head – which fully accounted for his eccentricities. Yet Kibby was not without his good qualities, and many instances are known of his kindliness of heart. He was much noticed by Mr. and Mrs. Harston, formerly of Bampton-street, when Kibby would go out for one of his long rambles, sometimes extending over a week or more, he was lent a basket and knife or trowel, and on his return he would bring back wild flowers, and splendid specimens of cup-moss and lichen from the woods. Recently turning over his late father's papers, the Rev. Edward Harston, now Vicar of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, came upon a manuscript written by Kibby. The fineness and beauty of the writing are most remarkable; and Kibby must have had more care paid to his education than was generally suspected. This was the more remarkable, as he lived in an age when education amongst his class was not so common as it is now.

There is an interesting account of his own life; but it may be remarked, in reference to the story of the silver bullet, that Kibby only mentions his only been wounded once in battle, and that was in his leg. There are also some beautifully written copies of verses, and extracts from the sacred writers.

Mr. Harston recently sent the M.S. to Mr. Hutchinson, of Sidmouth, son of the late Andrew Hutchinson, M.D., F.R.S., who sold his house at the top of Peter's Street to the late Mr. Heathcoat, (who converted it into two) when he left Tiverton and removed to Sidmouth. Surely there are many people in Tiverton who would be much amused in reading an autobiography of Old Kibby.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Those Warlike Recollections or the Beauties of a Soldier is most humbly Dedicated To the Worshipful George Barne &c “By His most humble, and Devoted

Servant

“JOHN KIBBY.

Sir, RECOLLECTIONS.

I became a Solder in His Majesty’s 40th. Regiment of Foot (commanded by General Sir George Osbourn) in Taunton. On the 18th of July 1799. Immediately we received the Rout to March to Canterbury, in order to encamp on Barham Down with the Grand Army. On the Ground, we was Reviewed by the Royal Dukes and Princes &c. And we entertained them with, a sham fight. Instantly, we received orders to embark at the Downs, on board of Men of War, and to sail for Holland. We were commanded by the Duke of York, (the Solders Dearling*) the Prince William of Gloucester, and General Abercrombie. Admiral Mitchel had command of the Fleet. We set sail and Landed at the Helder. We had four Actions there: two of them were General engagements, and indeed the fourth and last that we fought there on a Sunday, was almost a general one. I don’t mean to say any thing about killing one an other, (but?) I saw some very droll customs, and very, very comical manners amongst the fair ones. The more that we did kill of the French, the stronger they ware, for they did not cease to through across the Rhine, such mighty reinforcements ; that we could not withstand them no longer. The enemy’s Fleet struck to the British Flag, and we embarked at the Texel, and set sail for England. We landed at North -Yarmouth, and marched for the city of Canterbury, and took up our winter quarters at Margate, Broad Stairs, and Ramsgate. Early in the spring of 1800, we embarked for the Mediterranean, and landed in the Island of Minorca. Then we were under the command of General’s Fox and Doyle. Minorca is a sweet pretty Island, but I have seen many a droll night there and one very beautiful one, it was two of the greatest Beauties in all the Island, the two young Ladies were about 16, or 17, years of age. And they were dressed in the form of two Angels, they had on them Eagles wings, there faces were uncovered but there Legs and feet was bare. From thence we sailed to Leghorne, and the Queen of Naples came on board of Lord Nelson’s Ship, and Dined with the two Lords, Nelson, and Keith, and we gave Her Majesty a Royal Salute. From thence we sailed to the Rock of Gibraltar, and to Cadiz, then back to the Rock, took in Provisions, and steered our course to the Island of Malta. Here we was under the command of Generals Hutchinson, Pigott, Vellatti, &c. This is a most Beautiful Island. I have been at the place where Saint Paul was ship wrecked, and have often swim’d in the harbour where He went on board of the Castor, and Pollux. St. John’s Church, in the city of La Vallette, is very beautiful, the approach to the Church, is most Grand. I could like to describe it a little. The flooring is pure white, and Black Porphyry, and those marble stones, are cut in diamonds, and such beautiful figures, and devices, are engraven on them, in pure gold. All the ceiling, and the walls, are covered with bright crimson silk cloath, embroidered with gold. There is the alter gates, of massey silver. But the approach to the grand oracle is too beautiful for me to describe. In a little cell, is Saint John’s head, crowned with most precious Gems. Indeed there is no person, that can tell its intrinsic value. I do believe with the Auther of the General Gazetter, that it is one of the richest Churches in all the world. I must not forgate the fair Ones. The Ladies does dress very rich, but I have seen them with silk shoes on, bespangled with gold, and at the same time, there shoes was down at the heel, and no stockings on. They are very fond of the English. But they are very bold. It is a beautiful Island altogether, for it is always spring, and summer. In 1801. We embarked again for the Island of Minorca, and in our passage we sailed by Mount Estna , the light of it was most dreadfull, I have seen the light of its fire, when I have been

more than 60 miles from it, and have heard its Thunders, and seen the Lightnings proceed from its Bosom in a most awful manner. We landed in Minorca, and marched into Port Mahome Barracks. In 1802. We put things in order, under the command of General Clapham, and gave up the Island to the Spaniards, and set sail for England, on board the Dread Nought, 98. guns. Landed at Portsmouth, 1803. a new war, marched into the County of Sussex, built Towers, and thrown up breast-works, and batteries along the coast, was reviewed three times by His Royal Highness the Duke of York, once by the Earl of Chatham, once by Sir David Dundas. But the French was afraid to come over. Then we marched to Hillsea Barracks. Passed in grand review before H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. On the 16th of September 1806. we embarked at Portsmouth, bound to Rio De La Plate in the South America. Through the Needles we did go with our ships all in a row, we was commanded by General Sir Samuel Auchmotry. But when we were sailing through the great Atlantic Ocean. We had a very strong gale of wind for a day, and a Night, and we thought that we had lost two of our ships, but found them safe at anchor. When we came to our destination. I was entertained with many beautiful sights on the passage, such as the Peak of Tenerif, the Sword Fish, the Grampuses, the flying fish, the Dolphins, the White Squalls &c. But under, and near the equinoctial line, there was such dreadfull Thunderings, Lightnings, and Rains, but it soon passed away, much like a Soldiers troubles. Then we was obliged to but into Riogenario the capital of the Braziels, in order to get our rigger mended, and to water the Fleet. I think this is the finest Harbour that I ever saw, but it is dreadfull hot here, and very unhealthfull. Then we sail'd for Monte Video in the River Plate. We made our landing good on the 16th of January 1807. After we had our great Guns on Shore we advans'd, and drove the enemy into the city in the action, we took two, or three Indians, and they were very conducive in getting Horses for our Light Dragoons, for the voyage was so far, that we could not take any Horses there. On the morning of the 20th the enemy sallied out, and gave us Battle. But we give them a sweet brushing, and drove them into the Town again. We thrown up Batteries against them, both for great Guns, and Morters to throw Bombshells with. On a Sunday, about two o'clock in the afternoon, just as the people were going to Mass, our shiping was drawn up so nigh to the Town as possible. We opened a most tremendous fire on them, and the sun did shine on us most gloriously. We Bombarded them both Day and Night, until the morning of the third of February. Them we stormed them, and took their city from them, and made them all Prisoners of War. But when it was light enough, to see one thing from another, the Ladies came out to look for their Sweethearts, their Husbands, their Fathers, and their Brothers: it was very Indeed, the sun was up a long time before the enemy would give up the Castle. At last they let down their Flag. And one of their Peace officers, brought some Bread, and Wine on a white Plate, and presented it to their Governor, and to our Commander: and they eat, and drank, in each others presence. Then all hands a hoy, to bury our dead, to liberate the slaves, and to march the prisoners on board. We had strict orders not to drink to much. But we could not help disobeying the orders, because the Ladies, even on the Day that we took the city did give to us to eat, and to drink. And indeed, for all the time that we was thare, there was not one Murder committed, neither by them, nor us. Indeed they are a people I dearly love. The Ladies do dress very neat, very so in the morning, they are all in black silk, they have no caps, nor hats, nor bonnets, but their hair is dressed in a most delightfull manner, they have no parasols, only a fan. And the combs on their lovely heads, is very rich, being embossed with precious gems. I saw something very singular in this city, that was a very black Woman, with bright red hair,"

* "Dearling is proper, but Dearling is not. For take the letter, l, it is Daring"

Old Kibby.

(Concluded from last week.)

“So quick as possible we put every thing in order, and sailed farther up the River. And landed at a place called, De La Sacramenta. It is a little city, situated on a tongue of land, on the right hand side going up the River. We fortified ourselves so soon as we could, and the enemy paid us a visit, but could not make no hand of us, and in return: we thought proper to go and see them. We commenced our march on a Sunday morning, and just as the sun was rising, we hove in sight of their camp, in open column of Companies, Right in Front. The enemy commenced a heavy cannonading on us, we had to cross a bog, we soon got over, and form’d Line on our centre, advanc’d, gave them a volley: and charged them at once. We was into their camp in quick time. Indeed, the Soldiers Wives, and Officers Ladies: they had not time to dress themselves, oh! We took all their Artillery, their Stools, Baggage, indeed all that they had, even their Royal Standard. We had a good blow out, and then returned triumphant to our garrison, fired a Royal salute, gave three cheers, served out the grog, and laid down to rest. Then we embarked our Troops, and sailed across the River, and landed at a place called Alsenada, on a Sunday in the afternoon, the Monday morning, we had the Rout for Buenos Ayres, and a dreadfull march it was. Indeed our commanding Officer said unto us, even to me, that all the Soldiers that did live; they may consider themselves to be Gentlemen. At Montevideo General Sir Samuel Auchmutty had the command. Then General Sir John Whitelock landed, and took the command of all the Army. The proceedings at Buenos Ayres, is a great mystery to some people; But was it my province to interfere, I could throw a brightness over that dark cloud. Let us for a moment refer to the Days of Queen Anne, and there behold a Marlborough, and a Rooke. The former received the thanks of the three Estates, whilst the latter received their disapprobation, and the malediction of the people, and even “displaced from his command, for having so essentially served his country!” Too often is the soldier’s valour depreciated whilst them that do nought but drain the Kingdom of its Drops so Gold, is applauded. We went on board in a most shocking manner. Our flags were cap’d, Swords, and Bayonets returned to there scabbards, and the French and Spaniards, d----n them, and the Indians, and our own infernal deserters: did call us such dreadfull Names, when we were going on Board, and our officers was afraid to let us fire on them, because we had but so long a time to go on board. Then we sailed down the River, and landed at Monte Video, in this city there was great murmurings against the Commander in Chief. But there was a stop put to it by an order that, should any Officer, Non-commissioned Officer, or Soldier, speak any word, tending to the hurt or dishonour, of the Commander in Chief of His Britanic Majesty’s Forces in the South America; should be tried by a General Court Marshal. So quick as possible, we put all things in order, and set sail for Old England, but when we was nigh the chops of the British Channel, a strong wind set against us, and was obliged to put into the Cove of Cork in Ireland, on the 27th day of December 1807. We landed at Monks town, marched to Bandon and took up our Winter quarters. Early in the spring of 1808, we marched to the City of Cork, and from thence to the City of Limerick. Then we received orders to embark at the cove of Cork for the Continent. In the Month of July 1808, we disembark’d or rather landed our Army at Fegira Bay. We advanced on the enemy, they were commanded by General Junot, we were under the command of General Wellesley, and Spencer, General Ferguson commanded our Brigade. We came up with the enemy on the 17th of August, and brought them to action, and brush’d them off the ground. On the Sunday morning August the 21st at Vinniero, we had a General engagement. But General Dalrymple landed, took the command, and clouded the glory of the action. After this General Sir John Moore had the command, and then commenced the Corunna Races. But I was in good quarters in the City of Seville. Lord Holland the Ambassador was with us. This Place was put in a good state of defence. Then we marched to the City of Sherry. The Nobility, and gentry, did kindly entertain us, both the officers and men. The ladies solicited the favour of

seeing the English exercise. We fell in, in the afternoon to Parade, and the Gentry was highly pleased with us. We could not stop long in this dear City. Then our Rout was for Fort St. Mary. Here I had the pleasure to see the Holy Virgins, or what we call the Nuns. They walked through the streets of the city on a Sunday in the afternoon, the oldest of the sweet ladies went before, bearing a Flag, and the youngest behind. But we was shockingly disappointed for when we was even very nigh them, we could not see there beauty, for their Faces was covered with a black veil. But was our English Women to see the Manners of the women in general, in Spain, and Portugal, We them embark'd at Cadiz and set sail for Lisbon, landed and marched for the City of Placentia, and at Talavera we got up with the enemy, that was commanded by General Massena, on the line of march we formed junction with General Cuesta, that commanded the Spanish Army. On the 27th of July 1809, at it we went hammer and tongs, but we had the honour to be their Masters. It was the pleasure, and the goodly wisdom of our commander in Chief to call a council of war. Then we took a fresh rout, and came to Badajos. Here we lay in cantoonments some time, Sir Arthur Wellesley went home to England, leaving the command of the army to General Sherbrook. And both Wellesley's and Sherbrook's valor, met King George the Third's approbation. But General Cuesta the commander in chief of the Spaniards: was put to death. Our bold commander joined us again in this city, and our dear old King George the Third planted a star on our commander's Breast, and called him Lord Wellington. Then we march'd through Portugal, and took up our winter quarters in a city called Guardo, and here was a place, and a very large place too, full of those holy virgins. Whilst we lay at this place, the French advans'd, and took the city of Almeida. We was obliged to set at liberty all those sweet Ladies, or else the French would have had them. Then we march'd as fast as we could, in order to gain the hights of Busaco, before the enemy came down. We had some beautiful engagements on these mountains. But Master Massena was obliged to wheel off. We then retreated into our grand works nigh Lisbon, early next spring we advans'd on them, and did not leve them, until we drove them out of the Kingdom of Portugal. Then Lord Wellington divided the army. He hammered away on Massena and we thumped away on Soult, by laying siege at Babajos, and the Battle of Albuera. Those Battles was fought in the month of May. 1811. We then march'd through Portugal, and arrived at Fontgualda. Nigh this place we had a partial action. Then we retreated a little, and at Apontes, we had another action. But the enemy know that we was reinforced by a very strong Park of Artillery, they thought proper to retreat in quick time. At this time they were in possession of Cuidad Redrigo, and we sharply watched their motions thare. On the eight of January, we tore up the ground against them, and hammered away on them day and night, until the evening of the 19th being the Sunday, and a moonlight night about 9 o'clock we stormed and took the City from them, in quick time. We put all things in good order, and again march'd through Portugal. And about the middle of the month of March we tore up the ground against the City of Badajos. We laid a close siege to them until the 6th of April, 1812, then we storm'd and took that place. In this storm, I became vulnerable: for a Frenchman on the Battery wall, fier'd at me, and the shot went through my right Leg. Then I was ordered to England, in order to get my wounds cured, and they were healed under the superintendence of Doctor Denmark, the gentleman that amputated Lord Nelson's arm. Then I had the Rout to march, to join our Depot at Taunton, the very place from whence I first started. After this I was ordered to march to Southampton. There I embarked, and sail'd to the Island of Guernsey. There I join'd the 5th or the Royal Veteran Battalion. We were commanded by General Sir John Doyle, from this I was sent to London, and there I passed the Board. And General Sir David Dundas, said to me, "Kibby, you are wanted no more." I then went to Lynns Office, had my Instructions, and off I started for Tiverton. And here I am at present.

"Sir, your most gratefull

Servant

“JOHN KIBBY.

“Frog Street.

“Tiverton.”

“N.B. This is not the Hundredth part of the recollections of what I experienced in the different expeditions in the last wars.

“I wish that I had not wrote in such haste, and so very briefly. But, should it be your good pleasure, I will write the Recollections beautifully, and more at large.”

Th. Feb. 28. 1867. – February has been mild and pleasant, the wind prevailing mostly from the westward, with occasional rain.

March. 1867.

Fri. Mar. 1. - The wind got round to the north-east: the weather freezing.

Tu. Mar, 5. - Shrove Tuesday. A cold north-easter blowing.

Wed. Mar, 6. - Ash Wednesday. This forenoon there was an eclipse of the sun. Unfortunately there were many passing clouds, so that I only got some occasional glimpses. I observed it from the Library or Oak Room of the Old Chancel, where I breakfasted; the sun being directly opposite the window.

Sat. Mar. 9. - The Vicar of Sidmouth, Mr. Clements, called on me at the old chancel, and brought me a very pretty present - a photograph in a gilt frame of the Queen's Window in Sidmouth parish church. It measures 10 ½ inches by 15: I have hung it up in the Oak Room opposite the fire. This is an acceptable present. I have suffered enough for this window, first and last. When on the Church Building Committee, six years ago, I could not sanction the dishonest mode of trying to get a window from the Queen, not to honour Her Majesty, but for the purpose of promoting a party quarrel, and of defeating an existing agreement between the Earl of Buckinghamshire and the parishioners, relating to the proposed position of the organ. With the Earl's sanction, I took a Petition to Osborne House, praying Her Majesty for an enquiry. The gift of the window was withheld for a time, but has recently been given; and now we have got it honestly and openly, we may be proud of it.

Mon. Mar. 24. - Lady Day. Attended a Vestry Meeting, the inducement being that the subject of the boundaries between Sidmouth and the neighbouring parishes was to be discussed. Produced and read to the meeting the heads of an old deed of 1322, referring to the boundaries. The original is with Canon Rogers; a copy was sent me by the late Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Exeter. It states that owing to a flood in the river, the boundaries had been washed away, and that a Jury of twelve men from each of the parishes of Sidmouth and Salcombe, met and proceeded to lay them down again. The result of the discussion was that a committee was formed to communicate with Salcombe, Sidbury, Harpford, and Otterton, and then, with their co-operation, to proceed to the revision of our boundaries.

April 1867.

Mon. Ap. 1. 1867. - March, now expired, has been almost as severe a month as January. After the mild weather of February, the wind veered to the north-east on the first, and continued there till the 21st. these whole weeks. There was scarcely a bright day. The sky was like lead, and the driving wind brought rain or hail, sleet or snow, or all together. The latter ten days were better, though very cold, but a great improvement came in with the first of April, and I got all the flower seeds into the garden and flower beds.

Speaking of the Cattle plague, murrein or rinderpest, which raged so fearfully last year, I see it stated in the papers from an official return, that 253.891 beasts had all been attacked from its commencement, and that 52.657 had been slaughtered healthy to prevent its spread. Some stray cases seem to have broken out again.

Fri. Ap. 4. 1867. - The annexed cutting I have taken from a newspaper. It is interesting, as shewing the great difference in the rainfall in the west of England, supposing, that the instruments are good, that they are properly placed, and that they are well and regularly looked after.

RAINFALL IN THE WESTERN COUNTIES.

The following extract from Professor Symons's tables of total depth of rain in 1866 in our Islands will be interesting to our readers. As a rule, the rainfall increases with the elevation. The greatest fall in the three western counties is 94.6 inches at Dartmoor Prison Reservoir, (400 feet above the sea) and the least is 30.91 inches, at Burnham 30 feet above it.

DEVON.- Kingsbridge (Buryon) Authority W. Balkwill, Esq., depth of rain 41.58; Plymouth (Old Town Street), A.P. Balkwill, Esq., 45.38; Plymouth (Saltram Gardens), Mr. J. Snow, 52.95; Plymouth (Ham) Rev. C. Trelawny, 47.61; Ivybridge (Torrhill), J. Widdicombe, Esq., 60.68; Plympton St. Mary (Ridgeway) Miss B.T. Phillips, 54.33; Plympton St. Mary (Goodamoor), H.H. Treby Esq., 65.46; Dartmoor (Le Moor), W. Martin, Esq., 76.05; Torquay (Lamorna), W. Pengelly, Esq., 40.69; Newton Bushel (Highwick), Dr. Barham, 41.40; Dartmoor (Prison Reservoir), Mr. H. Watts, 94.66; Dartmoor (N. Hessary Tor.), Mr. H. Watts, 94.18; Teignmouth (Landscore), Mrs. Clark, 44.06; Teignmouth (Bishopsteignton), Rev. S. M. Scroggs, 38.17; Tavistock (Public Library), Mr. W. Merrifield, 50.04; Tavistock (Mount Tavy), H. Clark, Esq., 55.07; Millton Abbot (Endsleigh), Mr. Cornelius, 54.06; Dawlish (Charlton Villa) P.J. Margary, Esq., 39.18; Bovey Tracey, J. Divett, Esq., 46.87; Exmouth (Budleigh Salterton), R. Walker, Esq., 37.30; Hexworthy (Launceston), H.M. Harvey, Esq., 52.37; Chagford, R.L. Berry, Esq., 61.15; Sidmouth (Black Moor), W. Steaham, Esq., 38.71; Sidmouth (Belgrave), Dr. Mackenzie, 37.63; Sidmouth (Salcombe Hill House), E.T. Sanders, Esq., 38.78; Sidmouth, S. Chick, 31.67; Topsham (Clyst St. George), Rev. H.T. Ellacombe, 34.68; Exeter (High Street), W.H. Ellis, Esq., 36.48; Exeter (High Street), W.H. Ellis, Esq., 36.78; Exeter (Devon and Exeter Institution), Mr. E. Parfitt, 36.94; Exeter (Hoopern House), G. Kennaway, Esq., 35.62; Exeter (Bramford Speke), W.H. Gamlen, Esq., 38.59; Collumpton (Clysthydon), Rev. J. Huyshe, 37.70; Collumpton (Strath Culm House), C.R. Collins, Esq., 39.99; Honiton (Broadhembury), Rev. W. Heberden, 38.36; Tiverton (Cove), W.N. Row, Esq., 49.56; Tiverton (Springfield), H. Stokes, Esq., 46.58; Great Torrington, Rev. S. Buckland, 43.68; S. Molton (Meshaw), Rev. W.H. Karlake, 50.11; Bideford (Buckish) Rev. J.H. Kirwan, 55.70; Bideford (Northam), Rev. I.H. Gosset, 41.25; S. Molton (Castle Hill), Mr. A. Saul, 54.62; Barnstaple, T. Mackrell, Esq., 43.02; Barbstaple (Barton Fleming), Rev. H.S. Pinder, 62.06.

CORNWALL.- Lans's End (St. Sennen) Authority Rev, G.L. Woolcombe, depth of rain 40.42; Helstone, M.P. Moyle, Esq., 42.95; Penzance, W.H. Richards, Esq., 48.50; Redruth (Tehidy Park), Mr. H.

Beddard, 50.32; Truro (Royal Institution), Dr. Barham, 50.77; Truro (Penarth), Nicholas Whitley, Esq., 49.43; St. Agnes, Dr. Barham, 47.45; St. Austell (Trevarns), W. Coode, Esq., 53.77; St. Germain's (Port Eliot), Mr. Lynch, 49.94; Newquay, Mr. W.H. Tregidgo, 43.90; Liskeard, S.W. Jenkin, Esq., 57.25; Callington (Pentillie Castle), Mr. C. Edwards, 55.50; Callington (Hingston Down), Captin Richards, 67,61; Callington (Harewood), H.R. Trelawney, Esq., 51.64; Bodmin (Fore Street), A. Hambly, Esq., 55.25; Bodmin (Fore Street), Capt. Liddell, R.N., 55.17; Bodmin (Warleggan), Rev. D. Clements, 58.74; Bodmin (Pencarrow), Mr. H. Jones, 51.24; Wadebridge (Treharrow House), F.B. Hambly, Esq., 46.45; Port Isaac (Roscarrock), Mark Guy, Esq., 45.26; Launceston (Altarnum), C.U. Tripp, Esq., 72,54; Camelford (Lanteglos), Rev. J.I. Wilkinson, 54.17.

Fri. Ap. 5. 1867. - Took a walk up Peak Hill to make examinations. We went up Stintway Lane, the lane from Bickwell Farm westward up Peak Hill. The land towards the left on the upper slope, part of Peak House estate, belonging to Mr. Lousada, is called Stintway Hill. I recollect that in the Otterton Cartulary, compiled in the thirteenth century, a place in this (Sidmouth) parish is spoken of under the name Stintrwore. Perhaps it is the same place. The 20-acre field immediately at the top of Stintway Lane has always been wild land, producing furze and wortle-berries. It belonged to Lousada, who sold it about 1864 to Shapway for £ who recently sold it to Balfour, the new Lord of the Manor for I believe £ . He has just had the upper slope and flat top cleaned and planted. The walk was taken to see what had been done. The lower slope is still wild, afterwards in turnips. The trees are little more than a yard apart. From the top of the field, made for Salter's Cross northward and eastward along the ridge of the hill. The plantation at Salter's Crops, in the other parish, has always looked to me, like some old encroachment into Sidmouth Manor.

Mon. Ap. 8. 1867. - Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken. Mr. Chick came in, and we amused ourselves with experiments in spectrum analysis. We laboured under some difficulties in respect to the apparatus and other resources at our command; but the results altogether, tallied pretty well with what we were led to expect. At first we used a candle, by which the prismatic spectrum was strongly exhibited; afterwards a spirit lamp, which showed it faintly, so that the metallic lines perpendicularly across the spectrum, came out stronger.

The above are some of the spectra, The sodium line appears on all occasions. It is almost impossible indeed to get rid of it, so universal is sodium in everything, and even floating in the atmosphere. In producing these effects, we merely burnt chloride of sodium, magnesium wire, chloride of calcium in the side of the flame, in a platinum spoon or on a wire. As an experiment, saliva produced the sodium line strong, burnt on a wire. So did perspiration rubbed from the forehead.

Sat. Ap. 20. - Saw the first Swallows last Tuesday the 16th. and heard the Cuckoo this morning. I believe however that others have seen and heard them before, especially further from the town than I live, here at Coburg Terrace or the Old Chancel.

Th. Ap. 26. - It is a pity that a man should be employed the latter half of his life in correcting or undoing or destroying the works of the earlier half. Or rather, it is a pity that he should have so much misdirected his talents or his time, as to think he had better undo what he had had the labour of doing. In turning out the contents of a closet this morning, I came upon the M.S. of a small book entitled "Busts and Burial in Poets Corner." It was written in 1845, and originated in a discussion in the House of Lords, on the propriety of admitting Thorvaldsen's statue of Lord Byron into Westminster Abbey. After skimming parts of it, I put it into the fire. And then I sent "Terence Croshie" into the flames after it. This last was a five Act play, written about the same time.

May 1867.

Fri. May 3. - The weather has suddenly become sultry and complete summer.

Tu. May 7. - Being on Peak Hill with Mr. Heineken, we made several observations respecting the elevation of the hill and the neighbouring hills, High Peak is 513.9 by the Ordnance survey, and we made Peak Hill about 12 feet more, that is $513.9+12=525.9$. Salcombe Hill, Bucken Hill, Sidbury Castle, Core Hill, all within sight, are higher by many feet. The thermometer was at 71'. In London it has reached 80'. This is most unusual so early in the summer.

Wed. May 8. 1867. - Drove with some ladies to Branscombe, which place some of them had not seen. We passed all through the long village to Sea-side Farm, where we alighted. We ate our sandwiches near the cliff. We then proceeded to the undercliff. One of them and myself went all along to the great towers of chalk towards Beer Head. Since I first rambled through this romantic place, more than thirty years ago, numerous parts of the ledges and slopes have been cleaned and brought into cultivation, ether for potatoes or corn. And how forward the potatoes are at this early season of the year! The place is so sheltered and so warm. To-day it was boiling hot. I do not know that I ever admired the wild and fantastic shape of the rocks, and the varied and beautiful colouring of the cliffs more than to-day. Returning we stopped in Branscombe to look at the church, and I showed my friends the fortified entrance of the house just above called "The Clergy," with its loophole over the door, and the trap-door just inside overhead. We were in Sidmouth again by 6.30 P.M.

Sun. May 12. - Thunder storms and rain, with the air getting cooler. All this morning the most violent rain.

Tu. May 30. - "Beating the Bounds" or Perambulation of the Parish of Sidmouth gone through to-day. Owing to the unsatisfactory state of the affairs of the Manor, this has not been properly done for about 40 years. I walked the entire round, and a good fag it was. I furnished the report for the papers, which I shall cut out and put among My Sidmouth historical memorandums. - In my M.S. Hist. of Sidmouth.

June 1867

Mon. June 24. 1867. - Got on the Exeter coach, but stopped short of Exeter. Got down at Liverydole, in Heavitree, and called on Mr. Charles Tucker, who has the custody of some bronze weapons, recently found by digging trenches for draining purposes at Larkbere, on the line of ancient road from Streetway or Straightway head to Henbury Fort. As they all to be engraved and described in the Journal of the Archaeological Association I did not take careful drawing of them.

But I subjoin sketches of them from memory.

They are six in number, the length of the longest about two feet, or perhaps a little more. The smallest, which has a detached rivet, is broken. They are broad and thin towards where the handle was, and the holes of the rivets are decayed out. Their make, or mode of use, or shape of the handle has not yet been ascertained. I think he said that none or only one had hitherto been found in England, but several in Ireland. He showed me an Irish one, with the rivet holes and rivets perfect,

but no haft. Some have hazarded the conjecture that the handles may have been of horn. He told me of a lady now in London, (Whose name he could not remember) whose late father found, or became possessed of the mould in which such weapons were cast. I think he said this mould was found at Salcombe or Kingsbridge, or near there about in this County. Before his death, her father had made the remark that that would make her fortune if she sold it. From this observation she has taken up the idea that it is worth some fabulous sum. She has offered to sell it to the British Museum, but has demanded £500 as the price. This has been rejected, so she still retains the article. I believe it is the only mould of the kind that has ever been met with.

July 1867.

Th. July 25. 1867. - The recent visit of the Sultan of Turkey to this country is something noteworthy, as such an event never occurred before in the history of the World. The Exhibition in the Champ de Mars at Paris has attracted many of the European Crowned heads, who have been well feted by the Emperor and Empress of the French. The Sultan having been there came over on a visit to Queen Victoria, bringing his son, a boy of ten years old with him. When he introduced his son to the Queen at Windsor Castle, the Queen kissed the little fellow.

Fri. July 26. 1867. - As there are several points in the following account which interest me, I preserve it entire.

THE WESTERN TIMES;

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1867.

DEVONSHIRE ASSOCIATION

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE,

LITERATURE, AND ART.

This Association whose President is the eminent geologist, W. Pengelly, Esq., F.R.S., opened on Tuesday at Barnstaple under favourable circumstances its sixth annual meeting. The Association arrived at the station by the 12.10 down train, and met with a most cordial welcome. The following were the members present:- The President-elect, W. Pengelly, Esq., F.R.S.; E. Appleton, F.I.B.A., Torquay; C. Spence Bate, Esq., F.R.S., Plymouth; Sir John Bowing, LL.D, Exeter; W. Cann, Esq., Exeter; H.S. Gill, Esq., Tiverton; Rev. R. Kirwan, Gittisham Rectory; G.W. Ormered, Esq., F.G.S., Chagford; E. Parfitt, Esq., Exeter; Rev. J.E. Risk, Plymouth; W.B. Scott, Esq., Chudleigh; Dr. Scott, Exeter; W. Vicary, Esq., Exeter; James Jerwood, Esq., M.A., Exeter; E. Vivian, Esq., M.A., Torquay; R. Farleigh, Esq., Barnstaple; J.R. Chanter, Esq., Barnstaple; W.F. Roak, Esq., Barnstaple; Dr. Thomson, Bideford; W. Cotton, Esq., also Rev. W. Harpley, M.A., of Clayhanger Rectory, and H.S. Ellis, Esq., of Exeter (hon. Secretaries); R.W. Cotton, Esq., (hon. Local secretary); E. Vivian, Esq., M.A., Torquay (hon. Treasurer); and T.W.M. Guppy, Esq., (hon. local treasurer).

Amongst other gentlemen on the platform were:- the Mayor (R. Farleigh, Esq.), the Town Clerk (L. Bencraft, Esq.), Aldermen Thorne and Norrington, Councillors May, Geibble, Kaill, Dandle, Cartis, Willshire, Cooke, Bromham, and Rottenbury, and Rev. G.I. Wallis.

THE MAYOR'S LUNCHEON.

A procession was formed on the platform, and the party, preceded by the Mayor and Corporation, proceeded to the Literary and Scientific Institution – the place of meeting – the entrance to which was gaily decorated with plants and flowers, After viewing the Institution, the party separated, meeting next in the new and handsome Music Hall, where they were invited by the Mayor to luncheon, which was provided by Mr. W. Rowe, of Banbury House. The Mayor presided, supported on the right by W. Pengelly, Esq., J.R. Chanter, Esq., Dr. Scott, Rev. R. Kirvan, J. Jerwood, Esq., Spence Bate, Esq., T.W. Guppy, Esq., H.S. Ellis, Esq., - and on the left by W.F. Rock, Esq., (London), Sir John Bowring, E. Vivian, Esq., W. Jones, Esq., Rev. G.I. Wallis, - Griffiths, Esq., G.W. Ormerod, Esq., R.W. Cotton, Esq., and Rev W. Harpley. There were also present:- the Mayor of Bideford, R.I. Bancraft, Esq., Rev. J. Harding, Rev. J.R. Wood, M. Cooke, Esq., H.I. Gribble, Esq., J.G. Hiern, Esq., T. Hall, Esq., Captain Pinkett, Alderman Thorne, Esq., H.J. Gill, Esq., (Tiverton), Rev. J.E. Risk, (Plymouth), C. Williams, Esq., N. Whitley, Esq., (Truro), W. Cann, Esq., (Exeter), Rev. Mr. Cox, Alderman Norrington, J.M. Miller, Esq., M. Marshall, Esq., G.P. White, Esq., L. Bancraft, Esq., R. Shute, Esq., (Exeter), J.R. Fox, Esq., H. Vivian, Esq., Rev. J.T. Pigot, C. Willshire, Esq., C. Johnson, Esq., E. Parfitt, (Exeter), R. White, Esq., (Instow), J.H. Thompson, Esq., W. Cotton, Esq., (Exeter), Alderman Palmer, J. Harper, Esq., E. Appleton, Esq., Dr. Thompson (Bideford), Dr. Harris, J. Hearier, Esq., Messrs. Harding, Bromham, C.H. Dow, R.L. Barry, E. Caedie, Ley (Bideford), Parry, G.H. Britton, Danstone, Rawell, J. Farleigh, T. May, Prowse, Rittenbury, Curtis, Colmer, Hill, C. Northcote, Dendie, Harland, MeLeowman, and Pratt.

After luncheon the loyal toasts were drunk. The loving cup was passed around from the chair and the Mayor received general applause. Mr. VIVIAN who is a member of the Devon Temperance League, amused the party by his celerity in passing on the loving cup. Mr. LEY, of Bideford, took wine with Mr. Rock, and gave as a sentiment "Love is the rock upon which all societies should be founded." Much cheering and general harmony followed. The MAYOR then proposed "Prosperity to the Association," expressing the pleasure which its visit had given the inhabitants, who hoped to be similarly favoured on another occasion. He coupled with the toast the health of Earl Russell, the president for the past year. Sir JOHN BOWRING, who was much cheered, said he exceedingly regretted the absence of the noble lord. As the earliest president of the association, he (Sir John) had been called upon to respond, and he hoped that he should not be considered intrusive – (cheers). Sir John dwelt on the progress made in science, and then returned cordial thanks for the honour done the association, which, he said, travelled from town to town in the county, desirous of imparting information to, and receiving it from, those with whom it associated. There was no man who was not able to contribute something in the way of knowledge – from every man, however humble, something could be learned – (hear, Hear). Mr. PENGELLY made a humorous speech, commencing "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." He should be sorry for the party to separate with the idea that the Association was ungrateful. The manner in which it had been received at Barnstable surpassed, he might say, anything which it had hitherto experienced. It became a serious question how towns should invite it in future – (laughter). On behalf of the association, he heartily thanked the men of North Devon for their kind, cordial, handsome reception, and proposed "Prosperity to the town of Barnstaple" – (applause). Mr. W.F. Rock replied. Barnstaple was dear to him, and he heartily supported any society which had for its object the intellectual and moral improvement of its inhabitants – (hear, hear). This concluded the toast list, and the party separated. Mr. Walrond's brass band played at intervals during the luncheon.

THE GENERAL MEETING.

At four o'clock the members met at the Literary Institution to perform some routine business. Sir John Bowring was voted to the chair. After the conformation of the minutes, read by , Mr. HARPLEY, the hon. Treasurer (Mr. VIVIAN) presented the cash account, which showed a balance of £68 5s 10d to the credit of the Association – (applause). A discussion arose on the publication of the *Society's Transactions* – several suggestions being offered – the first that the size of the volumes should be increased, but this was considered undesirable. On the motion of Mr. PENGELLY, it was agreed that the drawings for the illustration of papers to appear in the *Transactions*, should be prepared for the engraver at the expense of the authors – an amendment to all such burden being borne by the Association, being lost. It was also decided that the *Transactions* up to the present time, should form the first volume, the next volume to commence with the proceedings of this year's meeting. Mr. PENGELLY considered it undesirable that the earlier parts of the *Transactions* should be sold to the public, as the number on hand is limited. In future, the hon. Secretaries are to report at the annual meetings on the subject. Mr. VICARY engaged to supply the Association with a geological map of the county. Mr. PENGELLY moved that brief notices of deceased members of the Association would appear in the *Transactions*. This was seconded by Dr. SCOTT, and carried. The *Transactions* in future are to make their appearance three months, instead of six months, after the meeting, on the understanding that the secretaries receive copies of the papers in reasonable time for publication. On the motion of Mr. Pengelly, C. Babbage, Esq., of London, was elected honorary member of the Association. On the recommendation of the Council (who had met at one o'clock), it was agreed that the next annual meeting of the Association should take place at Honiton, Viscount Sidmouth the president, and the following the vice-presidents – A.B. Cochrane, Esq., Sir John Coleridge, Sir E.S. Prideaux, Sir John Kennaway, Rev. R. Kirwan, Julian Goldsmid, Esq., M.P., J.D. Coleridge, Esq., M.P., C. Gordon, Esq., W.R. Bayley, Esq., R. Thornton, Esq., W. Porter, Esq., Rev. Preb. Mackarness, the Mayor of Honiton, and W.W. Buller, Esq., Rev. R. Kirwan, of Gittisham, and E. Withey, Esq., of Honiton, were appointed local secretaries for the Honiton meeting. The following were elected the Council of the Association for the year ensuing – the ex-presidents, the authors of papers published in *The Transactions of the Association*, the officers, the officers-elect, Rev. Dr. Tancock, R. Champernowne, Esq. (Dartington), DR. Thompson (Bideford). Mr. Cann, (Exeter), Mr. Gamlin (Brampford Speke), A.H.A. Hamilton, Esq. (Exeter), Dr. Pycroft (Kenton), W.B. Scott, Esq. (Chudleigh), and Mr. Daw (Tavistock). A letter was received from Mr. H.S. Ellis, intimating his intention to resign the office of secretary, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Harpley were re-appointed the general secretaries for the next year. Other business was done, the members separating with a vote of thanks to Sir John Bowring for his conduct in the chair.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

At eight o'clock a numerous party, including Lady Bowring and other ladies, met in the Lecture Hall of the Literary Society to hear Mr. Pengelly's address. The vestibule of the hall was lighted with Chinese lamps, which had a very pretty effect. Professor Daubeny, who arrived in the town by the late train, took the chair. He said that two years ago it was his privilege to be the president of the association, when he delivered an address at Tiverton. He had now the pleasure of introducing Mr. Pengelly, a gentleman who had greatly distinguished himself amongst the learned men of the country.

The PRESIDENT (W. Pengelly, Esq., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c.) in rising to deliver his address, was received with cordial applause. The address was a most able and interesting account of the present position of opinion respecting the geology of Devonshire. The learned president in a few introductory remarks referred to the laying of the Atlantic Cable as the great scientific event of the past year, and

also adverted to another distinguishing event – the memorable meteoric shower of '66. Proceeding next to the subject of his address, Mr. Pengelly said –

“It cannot be needful to inform those interested in the Natural History of Devonshire, that our county is rich in geological phenomena. It includes numerous varieties of Aqueous, Volcanic, Metamorphic, and Plutonic rocks; Siliceous, Argillaceous, Calcareous, and Carbonaceous rocks; Chemical, Mechanical, and Organic rocks; and Palaeozoic, Mesozoic, and Caenozoic rocks. Some of its aqueous deposits, like the lime-stones of South Devon, are little more than aggregates of animal remains; while others, like the red sandstones and associated strata, covering several hundreds of square miles, contain no remnant of contemporary existence. Nowhere probably, can the phenomena of contortions, jointage, cleavage, and mineral veins be studied with greater advantage; the numerous ossiferous caverns in our limestone’s are celebrated throughout the world; our cliffs abound in raised beaches, and other evidences of a general upheaval; and the retreating tide lays bare submerged forests on our strands. In the explication of phenomena so varied, the interpreters, as might have been expected, have in several instances differed so widely that Devonshire has been the field of many a hard-fought geological battle; and unless the omens have been misunderstood, future severe contests may be expected. In determining the relative ages of rocks the geologist relies on certain trustworthy tests. Thus, he is confident that, where he has a clear case of superposed strata, every bed is older than those overlaying, and more modern than those underlying it; that a conglomerate is more recent than the rocks which furnished the pebbles of which it is made up; that the rocks which, in the forms of dykes and veins, invade other rocks, are more modern than those invaded; and that strata lithologically similar, found in localities not widely separated, and charged with the same species of fossils, are geological contemporaries. With the aid of these tests the rocks of Devonshire are, with few exceptions, easily arranged as a chronological series. The exceptions are some of the Traps, the Metamorphic schists forming the southern angle of the county, and some of the superficial gravels. Omitting these, and taking the order of history, the following is their succession; - 1st. - The Slates, Grits, and Limestones lying between the Bristol Channel on the north, and a line drawn through Barnstaple and Clayhanger on the south; as well as those which occupy the greater part of South Devon, between the parallel of Newton Bushel and Tavistock on the north, and that of Start Bay and Hope on the south. Some of the Greenstones belong chronologically to this group; and, unless they are of higher antiquity, the Schists of the Start and Bolt district, previously mentioned, must be placed here also. With this possible exception, the rocks in the series here defined are the oldest of the county. 2nd. – The Culmiferous or Carbonaceous rocks which, with few exceptions, occupy the whole of central and west Devonshire. 3rd. – The Dartmoor Granites. 4th. – The Red Sandstones, Conglomerates, and Marls which occupy the greater part of the county east of a line from Torbay to Loxbere, and which in one marked instance penetrate as a long narrow tongue, westward of this line, by Crediton to Jacobstow. These rocks occur also, as small outlying or detached portions, in various parts of the county. To this age must be referred, at least, most of the feldspathic Traps, which occur chiefly near the western verge of the area of the red rocks. 5th. – The Lias, found at the base of the cliff and on the tidal strand eastward from Axmouth. 6th. – The Greensands and Chalks, well seen at Beer Head and in other parts of south-eastern Devonshire, and of which ‘outliers’ exist on the Haldons and elsewhere. 7th. – The Lignites, Clays, and Sands occupying the Bovey basin, and known as the Bovey deposit. 8th. – The Gravels which overlie the Bovey beds, the summits of the Haldons, and numerous other parts of the county. 9th. – The Ossiferous Caverns, especially those of Torquay, Brixham, Yealmpton and Oreston. 10th. – The Raised Beaches which, at about thirty feet above mean tide, occur at various parts of the coast on both the English and Bristol Channels. The evidence respecting the relative ages of the Caverns and Beaches is

meagre and insufficient. 11th. – The Submerged Forests which at low water are frequently seen on the strand, and which extend to considerable distances both seaward and landward.”

Having classified the fossiliferous rocks according to the geological system, Mr. Pengelly entered into the question of the proper places of the primary formations of Devonshire in the chronological scale of the geologist, and set forth the various opinions obtaining amongst geologists on this subject, particularly referring to the views recently brought forward by Mr. Bete Jukes, and the reply to them by Mr. Etheridge. The President referred next to the second group – the Culmiferous beds – remarking that probably in none of the Devonshire formations are there to be seen contortions so numerous and on so grand a scale as in our equivalents of the Coal-Measures. They are strikingly displayed in the limestone quarries just mentioned, but perhaps their grandest development occurs in the cliff sections near Hartland quay. “No words,” say Sedgwick and Murchison,” can exaggerate the number and violence of these contortions - sometimes in regular undulating curves – sometimes in curves broken at their points of contrary flexure, and exhibiting a succession of cusps, like regular-pointed arches – sometimes, though more rarely, thrown into salient and re-entering angles, generally of local extent and only affecting particular beds.” The grits of this group are traversed by numerous well-defined joints,

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.....of; indeed, almost into cubes. On the sea-beach these blocks are soon converted by the waves into the spheroidal boulders and pebbles which everywhere line the cliffs from which they fell, and reach their most striking, though by no means an unusual, phase in the Pebble ridge at Northam Burrows. With respect to the ages of the granites, he observed that “the question of the exposure of the granite before the commencement of the Red-rock era was finally disposed of in 1861, when Mr. Vicary detected pebbles of each of the three kinds of granite in the Red Conglomerate at the base of Haldon, and thereby enabled us to state that the *oldest* Granite of Dartmoor – the Schorlaceous variety – is post-Carboniferous; that the *most modern* – the Elvan – was exposed to the wear and tear of waves and atmosphere prior to the formation of the Red rocks; and that the interval of time separating the Sandstones and Conglomerates from the Culmiferous formation – between which there are no stratified formations in our county – must have been of immense duration.” The learned President treated at length on the various other formations, particularly dwelling on the testimony to man’s antiquity discovered in the bone caverns of South Devon. In conclusion the President said –

“This sketch of the structure of our county suggests a few topics to which I will now briefly turn. 1st. – Though the geology of Devonshire is very varied, there are many systems of rocks of which no examples is found within its borders. Thus we have no Lower Devonian, or Permian, or Oolitic, or Lower Cretaceous, or Eocene, or Upper Miocene, or Pliocene deposits. The destruction of old rocks is a pre-requisite of the formation of new ones. The latter are formed of the *debris* of the former. An universal stratified formation is impossible. Deposition as certainly pre-supposes denudation as

masonry pre-supposes quarrying. To furnish material for the Devonshire strata, rocks were destroyed elsewhere; and in its turn Devonshire, instead of an area of construction, has been one of waste. It is conceivable that the earth's surface may be capable of a threefold division – areas of denudation, areas of disposition, and areas of quiescence. The first may be sub-arial or sub-aqueous, the second must be sub-aqueous, and if the third exist, they must be at the bottoms of profound seas only. The absence of a formation in a district implies that it was never deposited there, or that it has been completely destroyed. The former indicates that the Area was above the sea level, or, what is much less probable, that it was covered by a profound sea; whilst the latter shows that it was sub-aqueous during the period in question, and that the deposits, then laid down but now missing, were destroyed before the era of the next more modern formation existing in the locality. Thus, for example, if Permian rocks ever existed in what is now Devonshire, this county must during that era have been sub-aqueous, and those rocks must have been so completely broken up and removed before the Triassic period as not only to leave no portion of a bed *in situ*, but not even any fragment to be included in the red conglomerates: and so on in other cases. 2nd. – The voluminous and varied systems of strata which exist within this county, denote that the material was supplied by denudation on a very large scale. In some instances it is easy, in others difficult or impossible, to say whence the materials were derived. Thus it is easy and safe to conclude that the clays and sands of the Bovey Lignite formation were derived from the Dartmoor granite; that by far the greater part of the rock fragments found in the Triassic conglomerates were obtained from rocks very near at hand; and, in like manner, there is no difficulty in tracking to their by no means distant homes the pebbles composing the superficial gravels of the county; but it is not easy to determine whence came that remarkable assemblage of pebbles forming the famous Budleigh Salterton “pebble bed,” and extending thence inland for several miles. Perhaps all that can with certainty be stated is, that Devonshire contains no rocks which could have yielded them, and that there are such rocks in France and in Cornwall. There is a similar difficulty in accounting for the flints which are thrown up on almost every beach in Devon and Cornwall, and which in some instances, as at Slapton, in South Devon, form the larger portion of the beach material. No one thinks, of course, of attempting to determine the source of the calcareous matter forming our limestones and chalks. These formations are mainly, if not exclusively, of organic origin – results of the labours of countless molluscs, and myriads of polyps and other lowly forms of life, which extracted from the ocean water the carbonate of lime which it held in solution. Nor is it the case of our slates and fine grained grits much more hopeful. The extremely slow rate at which fine mud sinks in water, the depth of the ocean, and the persistency and velocity of many ocean currents, are sufficient to show that the area of construction may often be far removed from that of denudation. But the deposits of our county are not the only evidences of denudation which it contains. It is as emphatically shown by the great vacant spaces between detached portions of what was originally one continuous formation. For example, we have no greensand between Peake Hill, near Sidmouth, and the Haldons; and thence again to Milber Down, near Newton Abbot. That these great interspaces are natural quarries we may be sure, but where the excavated materials were carried it is by no means easy to determine. So again, there are in Devonshire several small ‘Outliers’ of Trias, as on the shores of Barnstaple, Start, and Bigbury Bays, many miles from one another as well as from the continuous formation. Within the last few weeks I have had the opportunity of studying a still more distant patch of the same rock, between the villages of Cawsand and Redding Point, in Plymouth Sound. The denudation was obviously on a very large scale; but had it been still larger, had it destroyed the outliers too, there would have been no evidence that it had ever taken place. 3rd. – When we find that on such a question as the age of the oldest group of rocks in Devonshire, the opinion of Messrs. Sedgwick and Murchison – Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge, and the Director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain – is pronounced to be an error by the pupil of the former and the colleague of the latter – Mr. Jukes,

Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland – it is perhaps not surprising that we occasionally hear it disparagingly stated that ‘geology is in its infancy;’ that ‘its most ardent cultivators are by no means agreed among themselves;’ and that ‘what is orthodox to-day may be heterodox to-morrow;’ On looking closely, however, it is found, as in others, that this case does not affect the great principles of the science, is mainly a matter of classification, and in a great degree arises from an attempt to discover a line where nature never drew one. In hastily generalizing from somewhat local facts, our fathers were too prone to suppose that from time to time convulsions had universally and synchronously depopulated the globe, and brought back chaos. On the restoration of order, it was supposed that by a new act of creation the world was re-peopled with organisms, which in their turn would be ejected by the same rude process. Had this been the real life-history of the earth, the divisions of geological time would be well defined and easily determined; but discovery has shown that it is anything but a true representation of actual facts; that there is reason to believe that from the advent of the first organism up to the present hour the world has never ceased to be the theatre of life; and that breaks in organic continuity arise entirely from the imperfection of the geological record. It is obvious, that in proportion as the science approximates perfection, the chasms will be filled in, and hard lines of demarcation will disappear. “We may be eventually compelled to resort to sections of time as arbitrary, and as purely conventional, as those which divide the history of human events into centuries.” There will always be different systems of classification, and debatable zones at the junction of formations. 4th. – Amongst the besetment of the cultivators as well as the discouragers of science, is that of trusting to negative evidence, even when unsupported by any confirmatory positive fact; of practically forgetting that ignorance of the existence of a fact is far from being the same thing as knowledge of its non-existence. The Kent’s Hole explorations supply an instructive example of this. For years Mr. M’Emery sedulously explored the Cavern, and he recorded the fact that he found human flint tools. To precisely the same effect were the subsequent researches of Mr. Godwin-Austen, and, still later, of the Torquay Natural History Society. The British Association Committee laboured some months without advancing further – the flint implements were still the only indication of the presence of man. Before the end of six months, however, they met with a new class of evidence, and in their first report, in 1865, were able to announce that ‘several small pieces of burnt bone had been met with in the red loam.’ Before the end of another year, they observed an additional fact, and, in 1866, reported that ‘very many of the long bones had been split longitudinally, and that ‘it was difficult to suppose, ether a *priori*, from an examination of them, that less than human agency could have divided them.’ Later still, at the end of twenty months from the beginning, the first bone implement was found; and at the next meeting of the association, the committee will have the pleasure of reporting the discovery of, at least, four of this new class of objects. On taking a dispassionate view of all the facts, it does not appear to be necessary to relinquish the hope of finding the bones of the implement makers, or to abandon the belief in the high antiquity of man, even though Kent’s Cavern may never yield any part of this osseous system. Lastly. – It must be unnecessary to remark that the time has by no means arrived when the Devonshire geologists can suspend their labours. There remain many unsolved problems within our borders. We still ask. What is the age of the Crystalline Schists at the southern angle of our county? What is the precise chronology of our limestone and associated rocks? Is there, east of Exmouth, a break in the Red rocks? Whence came the Budleigh Salterton pebbles? Whence (*came?*) the porphyritic Trap nodules so abundant in the Trias? Are our greensands really of the age of the Gault? Whence the flints so numerous on our existing beaches? What is the history of our Superficial Gravels? Are there any indications of Glaciation in Devonshire? To what race did our Cave Men belong? The solution of, at least, many of these questions must be reserved for another generation of enquirers; and to the young men of the present day I earnestly command them.

The learned gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

On the motion of the Mayor of Barnstaple, seconded by W.F. Rock, Esq., a vote of thanks to the president for his excellent address was carried with acclamation.

The general meeting of members was resumed on Wednesday morning, Mr. Pengelly in the chair. Rev. W. Harpley (secretary) read the fifth annual report, which stated that the year just expired had been marked by signal success to the association, the accession of new members having been unusually large, and the number of resignations comparatively small. Sir John Bowring spoke of the desirableness of the association publishing brief biographical notices of distinguished scientific men of the county – “worthies of Devon” – especially of those who had been members of the association. Sir John gave notice of a motion on the subject. The suggestion met with general approval. The treasurer having in hand £68, it was considered desirable that it should be invested on interest. On the motion of Dr. Scott, seconded by Mr. Ormerod, it was resolved all life compensations should be funded. It was also agreed that £50 of the available balance be invested in the names of the secretary and the treasurer. This concluded the business of the meeting, and the reading of the papers commenced in the Lecture Hall.

FOLK LORE.

Sir J. BOWRING read an interesting and amusing essay on “Devonshire Folklore.” Sir John, dwelt upon rustic idioms and the belief in ghosts, pixies, and superstitions, giving many striking instances thereof. He was afraid that the credulity and ignorance of our peasantry would not be deemed very creditable to the Devonshire reputation, though they afforded materials for instructive and amusing Incubrations. Everybody, he said, had been struck with outbreaks of sagacity and the sharp and original sayings even of our Two Arabs and rural “boors,” which were well worth preserving. Amongst the illustrations given of rustic wit the following;- Sir John was walking near a street-crossing where a dirty ragged boy was vigorously using a broom. Another boy somewhat better clad – he could scarcely be worse – was passing.” Guimee a hapney” said the sweeper, “A hapney!” replied the other” I han’t got nort vive pun notes in my pocket” – (laughter). Dr. Scott expressed an opinion that the superstitions which Sir John had referred to were not confined to the peasantry.

LOCAL SUPERSTITION.

Mr. J.R. CHANTER followed with a paper “On some popular local superstitions.” The most noticeable fact connected with North Devon was, he thought, not so much the variety or socially local character of its superstitions and vulgar customs as of their being still generally interwoven with the daily life of the population. While in most parts of the country it is necessary in order to gather up local customs or legends, to seek out ancient customs or legend tellers, no one can live in North Devon without finding a general belief in witchcraft still existing and old customs and superstitions in full swing. Many of these were once common to all England; while now, although they have died out in the busy parts of the country, they continue in North Devon. Mr. Chanter concluded, most probably from the isolated nature of the district and the stagnant character of the agricultural population. Rev. J.M. Cox, Rev. R. Kirwan, and others, gave several instances of superstition in the county and there was an interesting discussion.

NORTH DEVON COLONISTS.

Mr. R.W. Cotton contributed a paper "On the part taken by North Devon in the earliest English enterprises for the purpose of colonising America." To our county, he said, belonged the credit of having sent out the first expedition which left the shores of Great Britain for the purpose of founding a colony in the New World. Mr. Cotton showed the part taken by North Devon in that enterprise, throwing some new light upon an incident which led to the miscarriage, and retarded for about twenty years the actual settlement of the English in North America. Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition sailed from Plymouth in 1585. The vessels were fitted out in the estuary of the Taw and Torridge, in the port of Barnstaple, which Sir R. Grenville, general of the fleet, overlooked from his house at Tapeley. The fleet returned to England, and preparations were made for reinforcing the infant colony which had been established. The reason given for the non-sailing of the expedition was stated by Philip Wyot, Town Clerk of Barnstaple, to be the want of sufficient water at the bar, in consequence of which Sir R. Grenville left his ship. This was the direct cause of the breaking up of the first English settlement in America. Other expeditions were fitted out and came to a disastrous issue. One of them – in 1588 – was fitted out in Barnstaple for the relief of Virginia colony, but was stayed by order of the Privy Council in the pressing national emergency of that year. It eventually sailed over Barnstaple bar, but to do good service against the Spanish Armada. This was the bare but sufficiently striking incident which had been invested with all the charms of romance by the graphic pen of the author of "Westward Ho!" The last Virginian colony of Sir W. Raleigh was left to its fate. The diary of Wyot was published last year, and is important as throwing light on what has hitherto been a difficult point in English History.

ANCIENT FORTIFICATIONS.

Mr. J.A. PARRY brought up a well-written paper "On the remains of Ancient Fortifications in the neighbourhood of Bideford." He described the ancient British fortifications, referring first to the earthworks known as Clovelly Dikes, situated on the turnpike road to Stratton, about ten miles from Bideford. They consist of three distinct and almost concentric entrenchments, each having its "agger," or embankment, and vallum, or ditch, the embankment varying from 15 to 25 feet in height; the bottom being nearly level, and from 20 to 30 feet in width. The inner of these entrenchments is oblong, 130 paces in length, 100 feet in width at the northern end, but tapering to 75 feet at the southern end; the outer circum-vallation embracing the other two encloses above 20 acres of land. This camp or town taken together is a work of much greater magnitude than any other in the vicinity, and from the magnitude of the outworks and covered approaches was no doubt a military camp of the first order. At Hartland, eastward of the Clovelly Dikes, are vestiges of another but less important embankment. In Buckland Brewer are two ancient fortifications, known as "Darphy Castle." In Roborough is a camp called the "Ten Oakes," circular in form, and situate in the midst of a wood. It may be interesting to know that the outrenchments thrown up by Lord Hopton for the defence of Torrington are still in existence at Stevenstone Park.

Papers were also read by Mr. C. Johnson "On an ancient chapel at Barnstaple;" Mr. J.R. Chanter, "On the ancient history and aborigines of North Devon, and the site of the lost Cimbric Town, Artavia;" C. Danbeny, M.D., on "The Temperature of the Ancient World;" W. Pengelly, Esq., on "The raised beaches in Barnstaple Bay;" and "Antiquity of Man in the South West of England;" Mr. H. Fowler, on "The results of the opening of a British barrow at Huntshaw;" Rev. J. May, on "The results of the opening of a barrow at Putford;" and C. Spence Bates, Esq., F.R.S., on "The Evidence of pre-historic Man, found in Constantine Bay, Cornwall,"

The members of the association were entertained to luncheon by W.F. Rock, Esq., the president of the Literary and Scientific Institution.

The Association Dinner took place at the Golden Lion Hotel.

The meeting was resumed yesterday, when the following papers were read – “Notes on the carboniferous beds adjoining the northern edge of the granite of Dartmoor,” by W. Ormered; “The Raised Beaches in Barnstaple Bay,” by W. Pengelly, Esq., “Some Remarks on Combmartin Silver Lead Mines,” by A.S. Kingdon; “On Prison Discipline,” by E. Vivian, Esq., “The Distribution of the Devonian Brachiopoda of Devonshire and Cornwall,” by W. Pengelly, Esq., “On the Annelids of Devon, with a resume’ of the Natural History of the County, past and present,” by E. Parfitt, Esq.; “On the Parasitism of Orobanche Major,” by E. Parfitt, Esq.; “Notes on the meteoric shower of November, 1866,” by W. Pengelly, Esq.; “On Murchisonite pebbles, and boulders in the Trias,” by W. Vicary, Esq.; “On the Floatation of Clouds and the Fall of Rain,” by W. Pengelly, Esq.; “On St. John’s Church, Torquay, struck by Lightning,” by E. Vivian, Esq.; “On the Longitude of places and the application of the Electric Telegraph to determine it,” by J. Jerwood, Esq.; “On the Deposits occupying the Valley between the Braddon and Wald on Hills, Torquay,” by W. Pengelly, Esq.; “On some Mammalian Bones and Teeth recently found in the submerged forest at Northam,” by H.S. Ellis.

Before the old year went out I finished the ceiling of the Oak room, on the north side of the Old Chancel. The last operation has been the carving (in oak) painting, gilding, and screwing up, the twenty five coats of arms of the Lords of the Manor of Sidmouth, one in each of the panels.

Note :- There are no entries for the month of August 1867.

September 1867.

Note :- Attached to this next page of the diary is the following letter.

Note: - Attached to the back of the letter is this printed article.

PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON, Esq, of the “OLD CHANCEL,” Sidmouth, has recently received a legacy of £100, bequeathed to him by the late Miss Dawson, of Audley, as a testament of her “admiration of his unflinching adherence to truth, through good and evil report,” throughout the church disturbances in Sidmouth. We congratulate this gentleman on his disinterested and gratifying proof of appreciation on the part of the deceased lady, who in 1861, &c, was an impartial looker-on during a contest involving those liberal and orthodox church principles which she so much valued, and for which in critical times Mr. Hutchinson so firmly and conscientiously contended, especially as a member of the Church Restoration Committee, and in whom, with some others, the parish stands indebted to this day for the unexceptionable manner in which the services of the parish church are

conducted, although, singularly enough, the present vicar was then curate of Sidmouth, and an ally of the cause espoused by Mr. Hutchinson. At the same time we regard Miss Dawson's act of honest approval as the severest reproach ever administered to those who sought to introduce innovations and changes in the reconstruction of the sacred edifice itself, as well as in the ritual, which had for years been most carefully pursued according to the real spirit and meaning of the Prayer Book, and in the prevention of which Mr. Hutchinson bore a most prominent and successful part. We have no desire to revert to by-gones when church matters in Sidmouth savour so strongly of peace and unity, but we could not overlook a fact of such significant import in these days of impending doubts and dangers to our Protestant National Establishment, as well as of flattering encouragement to all lovers of truth who may hereafter receive a similar proof of individual approbation when least expected.

Note :- Attached to the next page is another letter. This time from the vicar of Sidmouth, the Rev. Clements, thanking P.O.H. for a drawing and also congratulating him on his legacy.

Note :- There are no more entries in the diary until January 1868.

POH Transcripts - 1868 (Jan - Jun, Nov)

January 1868.

Monday, January 27. 1868. - Went from Old Chancel, Sidmouth, to Belmont Villa, Dawlish. Took the omnibus to Ottery Road Station and the railroad to Exeter. Went and looked at St Mary Major's New Church in the cathedral yard, which is now approaching completion. Some people in Exeter think the old church need never have been pulled down, and certainly, I much regretted its destruction. I have heard it said that there was some ancient Roman work about it, but I do not know whether this was really true. A curious and interesting feature was a sort of round turret at the north-east corner, covered I think by a cone. There was also, near it, as in the sketch, a figure of St. Laurence, who I think is said to have suffered martyrdom by being burnt on a gridiron. I do not know whether this piece of ancient sculpture has been preserved.

February 1868.

Tu. Feb. 4. 1868. - Went to see the annual coursing in Powderham Park. Took the rail to Starcross, and walked to the Castle through the park. The weather was beautiful, and an immense number of people were there. Then walked to Powderham church. The only monument in it is a white stone recumbent female figure in the south transept, which I copied. There is a good carved oak screen, I was told old. The north transept is divided off by an open carved oak screen, new, by Gush, of Exeter. The Earl of Devon's family sit there. The south transept is also divided off. The organ is at the SW. corner of the church. A new organ is in contemplation. The west window is by Beer of Exeter; the other coloured glass windows by makers from a distance.

Th. Feb. 6.- Went to see Powderham Castle. I suppose it must be near 25 years since I was here last. I came from Heightley Cottage, near Chudleigh Rock, where one of my aunts then lived (cottage since burnt down) with two Miss Clacks, connexions of the old branch of the Courtney family, and Mr. Holland, I think their nephew. Mr. Holland was afterwards implicated in a duel between Sir John Jeffcote and Dr. Henness of Exeter – fatal to the latter. Sir John, afterwards went out to the new colony of South Australia, and was drowned by the upsetting of a boat near the mouth of the river Murray. When his body was found, some days afterwards it was buried near the shore. A Mr. Wilkinson, who had been out there, told me he thought he must have been buried on or near My bit of land Section 18 inside Granite Island. If so his body must have drifted several miles westward

Since I was last at the Castle some additions have been made – as the wall enclosing the Terrace, on the river side, the walls, gates, and turrets, and approach on the land side. But they have been judiciously done, and harmonise with the rest of the building. On entering the castle, on this side, the first apartment shown is the new State dining hall. It is all in Gothic style, panelled all round, panelled ceiling, coloured and decorated, and handsome stone chimney piece, carved, painted, and gilt. The whole is much enriched with armorial bearings. The servant who showed me around, told me that the ornamental panels about five feet above the floor, were done by Lady Agnes Courtenay, the present Earl's daughter. I have known several ladies who do oak carving in the small way, but I never saw such work as this by a lady. In the Music Room I was shown some silk embroidery, old and faded, on white or yellow satin, done long ago by some of the former members of the Courtenay family. The mantel piece in white marble is handsomely carved. Large painting over, of one of the Earls of Devon. Beautiful painting opposite the fire of Louis XII., I think by David. There are two pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds – one of three ladies, the other, of a Countess of Devon, or Lady

Courtenay , (Miss Clack) surrounded by her children – 8 or 10 of them. I was shown the state bedroom upstairs in which there is a handsome old fashioned bedstead, and tapestry round the walls. The walls of the staircase, and under the stairs, is a green ground, with a raised pattern of leaves and flowers in white. I was shown the chapel, formerly the old granary. Altogether it is a very interesting building.

Tu. Feb. 25. 1868.- Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth, via Ex & Ottery.

March 1868.

Th. Mar. 19. - Human bones found behind the site of St. Peter's chapel, near the market Place. See my account

April 1868.

Tu. Ap. 7. - Mr. Heineken and myself took a trip to Colaton Rawley and neighbourhood. We proceeded via Bulverton and Newton Poppleford Hill. Turned to the left or south in Newton Poppleford, and stopped to look at Dotton or Datton, spelt Donitine in Domesday Book. Under a wineash floor, at the Mill towards the latter half of the last century, a gold or silver gilt cup was found, which was given to Mr. Duke of Otterton, who there owned the property. It may have been a sacramental cup, as a chapel is said to have existed here. Somewhere about 1855 William Cornish found some old copper coins near the bank in the bed of the river, one day when he was fishing. Neither he nor his father, C. Cornish Esq. of Salcombe House near Sidmouth, could tell me any more of them. A few that he brought home had been mislaid or lost. It was near the ford and the wooden bridge over the Otter. They were said to have been Roman.

Proceeding to Colaton Rawley and examined the church. The windows are Perpendicular, except the east window of the nave, which has traces of late Decorated. The stonework however seems to have been renewed. Small window on the south side, the lower ends of the dripstone of which end without bosses, knees, or returns. The same sort of Gable ends to the windows on the north side of the old house, mentioned presently.

Over the south porch is a sundial with three faces. The gnomon of the west face is the only one remaining. From the pattern and character of the stonework, this dial is not very ancient. There is something in it rather Jacobean.

The east door of the tower is good. A man's and woman's head terminate the hoodmoulding. They may represent benefactor's of the church. The horned head-dress adorns the woman. A similar one occurs at the west door of Clyst St. George. The deep hollow in the middle of the moulding round the door, produces a fine effect.

The annexed is a sketch of the font in the church. Perhaps I have made it a trifle too high for its width, though I am not sure I have. The church is a nave and north aisle, contemporary, and at the north-east corner an addition apparently of the third pointed period, partly against the north aisle, and projecting several feet eastward of it. Its floor is about eighteen inches above the church. The connection is by a large arch. A square hole, nearly two feet square, has been cut at right angles through the north wall of the nave, near the communion table, as if to make a sort of squint to those

who occupied this addition during the service. The columns down the nave are massive circular Norman; the arches pointed; the mouldings a plain chamfer of two orders. Waggon roof of nave, divided by wood ribs in squares. Timber bosses at the intersections good; once coloured. Along the cornice moulding flowers and coats of arms whitewashed. I saw one of three torteaux and a label of three points, for Courtenay, occurring twice. Also three cinquefoils or stars, 2 and 1, on another shield. Both the two great east windows all too close to each other, and consequently not under the points of the gables. The easternmost column of the series, though of the same pattern, is less massive than the others, and is plainly not so old.

The bosses in the north aisle are finer and better cut. Perpendicular work along the cornice, and top moulding battlemented. Piscina quite plain. Tower has three bells, but they are out of order. Turret at south-east corner. No buttresses.

A hundred or two hundred yards, west of the church is an old house called "Place."

Query – A contraction of Palace, as the Abbots of Dunkeswell once had a residence here. The rural Palace of the Bishops of Exeter, just below Chudleigh, is called "Place." The Dean of Exeter had a Rectory in this parish. Or could this house have been the Dean's Rectory? Tradition says that Sir Walter Rawley lived here, at the time the property belonged to his family. The gardener pointed out a spot on the north side of the house, in the large garden, where Sir Walter is said to have first grown potatoes. The house is built with red stone of the neighbourhood, except where patched with brick in more recent times. Over the entrance porch on the east, is a little chapel.

There is a piscina on the south side; and a two light window blocked up. Entrance to it from a bedroom on the north side, and also a single light window on this side blocked up. At its east end is a two light window, with a quatrefoil in head, of a Decorated character. There are two holes in the piscina. At its west end is a splayed hole, blocked up, about two feet square, and about 18 inches from the floor. It is on a level with the floor of the room on the other side of the wall, at the top of the stairs. Use, a mystery. Mr. Cutler of Sidmouth owns this house.

Mon. Ap. 1868. - Went to Dawlish. Coach to Ottery Road Station, and then the rail.

Tu. Ap. – Frederick Hutchinson, son of my first cousin of the same name, who married and went to Albany, Garharn's Town, Uitenhagh, &c. on the East of Cape Colony, being sent to England by his father for a short visit, came to Dawlish. Never in England before. All new to him.

May 1868.

Friday May 1. 1868. - May Day. At Sidmouth on May Day the children carry about boughs of trees decorated with ribbons, flowers, &c., and call at the house for pence. At Dawlish the girls bring about what they call a May Doll, which I had never seen before. The one I saw was a doll about fourteen inches long laid in a basket, and surrounded with flowers. Sometimes a little cradle is used instead of a basket.

Sat. May 2. - F.H. went to London to prepare for his return voyage.

Mon. May 4. - Walked out to Langstone Point and finished a coloured drawing of "The Elephant Rock." The face of the cliff, on the eastern or Exmouth side of the Point, and near the Railway wall,

has been shaped out by the action of the waves at high water, into the form of an immense Elephant. It certainly very like. The legs have been disengaged by caverns which run into the cliff. As the rock is not very hard, perhaps it will not endure many years. I have often been through the caverns and passages, in one side and out the other, but I think I can remember before they were formed.

Wed. May 6. - Left Dawlish for Sidmouth. By mistake in Exeter I got into the wrong train, and was carried to Tiverton Junction. Got out. Took the first train back to Exeter, and then first to Ottery Road. On arriving there I was too late for the coaches to Sidmouth. Slept at Ottery.

Th. May 7. 1868. - After breakfast went into the church. After that I called on Sir John Coleridge about the Otterton Cartulary, which had been lent to me for historical purposes some years ago by some of his relatives now dead. He did not know where it was now kept, or who had it. I told him it ought to be in the British Museum. Got to Sidmouth about noon.

June 1868.

Tu. June 23. 1868. - Summoned into Exeter. Formaly they used to put me on the special Juries at the Assizes, when I got a guinea a trial, but was kept in Exeter the whole week; but a few years ago the County Magistrates made some alterations, so that now I am on the Grand Jury at the General Sessions when I get nothing, but are only required one day. The Sessions begin to-day, but I am not required till to-morrow: so I went on to Dawlish.

W. J. 24. 1868. - Took the first train to Exeter, and got into court before ten. There were about thirty Grand Jurymen present, and near 24 were selected, but as my name was not called, I was not required. The surplus were dismissed, and I was free. Strolled about. Went and looked at the houses of Dinhaw's charity, and then his statue on Northernhay. Looked at the new church near Dinhaw's cottages. The stone carving is first class work. Went round Exeter Cathedral with the Verger. Two or three things have been done since I last went round.

Went down to Dawlish to sleep.

Th. June 25. - Came in to-day to attend one of the quarterly meetings of the Exeter Architectural Society, held at the College Hall in South Street. Some good papers were read. Went down to St. Thomas's. Visited the church for the purpose of seeing the monument to the memory of Mrs. Medley, formerly one of the Miss. Bacons, of Sid Cliff near Sidmouth. Her father, the Sculptor (the Younger Bacon) executed the recumbent figure of his daughter. The monument is on the north side of the chancel, within the Communion rails. It is a fuller face and fatter hands than most of the Miss. Bacons had. The countenance is extremely pleasing. Most of them died young. They were as fair and delicate as wax dolls to look at.

Returned to Dawlish.

Fr. June 26. 1868. - Spent to-day in Dawlish.

Sat. June 27. - Returned to Sidmouth. Took a very pleasant route for summer, e.g., The rail to Starcross: a boat for two or three miles down the river to Exmouth, where the new docks are making great progress: then the omnibus four miles to Budleigh Salterton: and lastly, a walk of six miles over the hills to Sidmouth, where I arrived at 7 P.M.

November 1868.

Nov. 9 1868. - Looking out at the back of the Old Chancel at about half past seven this evening, I saw a meteor passing over the zenith. It went from N.N.E. to S.S.W. rather slowly. It had a short tail, which waived like the tail of a fish swimming. When it got behind the chimneys of my house No. 4 Coburg Terrace, I rushed from the back to the front, out upon the green where I caught sight of it again.

I sent an account of it, with a coloured sketch, to the Astronomer Royal, and received the answer annexed.

Sat. Nov. 14. 1868. - A long, long interval and no entry in my diary. And it was likely to have been longer, for I have often thought of dropping it altogether and of throwing the whole into the fire.

Cui bons? What is the good of jotting down memorandums which I may never require to refer to as long as I live, and which nobody may care to look at after I am dead? If I had a wife and children, I might wish to leave something after me for their amusement or instruction, because men "live in their children." When the ladies sometimes joke me or reproach me for continuing single so long, I generally tell them not to hurry me, and that I mean to look out as soon as I come to the marrying age.

Before I burn this book I may as well note down, in reference to the Devonshire Association, that I made several expeditions in August and September to the top of Honiton Hill to assist at excavations of some of the tumuli near Roncombe Gurt or Broad Down. I found two flint arrow heads one day, flint flake, pieces of ruddle or red ochre, with which the ancient Britons (like modern savages) coloured their faces to look terrible in war, and other things, which I handed over to Mr. Kirwan the secretary for the Exeter or British Museum.

It is a notable fact that the new Reform Bill has divided the county into three parts, instead of two, as before, - that Sidmouth is in the Eastern Division, - that this town has become a Poling place, - and that the Sidmouth poling district comprises the parishes of Salcombe Regis, Branscombe, Sidbury, Harford, and Sidmouth. I am sorry politics have come so near to our doors. We shall derive no benefit, and a bone of Contention has been thrown into the place. Voted for Lord Courtenay. First time I ever took the trouble to vote for anybody.

Shortly before cousin John Hutchinson died at Blurton, he requested that the Hutchinson Papers might be handed over to me. After his funeral, May 3, 1865, I brought them with me to Sidmouth, but have only recently found time to look them over. For two or three months, at odd times, I have been examining them, reading them, arranging them, making indexes, notes, mems, and catalogue.

Sat up last night till two this morning, most of the time walking up and down on the gravel, to look for the November Meteors. Turn back to my account of November 1866. They were only few and far between, so at two I went to bed.

Monday, Nov, 16. 1868. - The Rev. Mr. Eyre and his family have been living in the Elysian Fields. He recently died, and has been carried for internment to his parish in Buckinghamshire. Mrs Eyre, his widow, has just told me an anecdote which she heard over there. Mr. Disraeli (or D'Israeli, as it used to be written) the prime minister, recently gave a dinner party at Hugenden, and amongst the guests were the newly made Lord Napier of Magdala, who so triumphantly managed the Abyssinian Campaign to rescue the captives detained by King Theodore, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the new Minister from the United States of America. The story goes, that when Mr. Johnson was introduced to Lord Napier, he said – "Ha! If King Theodore had not killed himself, you never would have taken Magdala." It seems impossible to believe this story. In the first place, it is not at all like Mr. Johnson, who seems to be making many friends in England; and in the second it is obviously untrue, inasmuch as King Theodore killed himself because he saw that his city was taken.

And this reminds me that Frederick May, who enlisted in the 33rd Regiment a dozen years ago, and used to be my gardener (as his old father is still) has just returned from Abyssinia, and has come to Sidmouth for a week. He was at the storming of Magdala, and got in and saw Theodore before he was quite dead. He told me that as he was getting through the fence, a swarthy looking warrior with flowing black hair made a cut at him with his sword – that he threw himself back to escape the blow – reloaded his rifle (one of the new Snyder breech loaders) shot his opponent, and then got in. He said that he could not be positive that the King had shot himself, as is generally asserted – That his fine clothes were much spattered with blood – that he was wounded in several places, probably by stray shots – that he helped to lift up his body – that he had long black hair and beard, though represented beardless in the Illustrated London News – that many of the soldiers, and himself among them, cut off locks of his hair as mementos – that what he cut off he gave to the Captain of his Company – but that he will get me some of it the first opportunity.

Note: - There are no more entries in the diary until 13th. February 1869.

POH Transcripts - 1869

February 1869.

Wed. Feb. 13. 1869. - I have just read a book in which I am much interested. It was intitled Pre-Glacial Man. It is by J. Scott Moore, whose uncle, now resides at Sidmouth, lent to me. The antiquity of the human race on the earth – the glacial periods – the periodical changes of climate – the causes of those great changes – and the endeavours to convert geological periods into ascertained time – these are among the great questions now occupying the attention of learned men. Most of these are touched upon in Mr. Moore's book.

I jotted down the following mems :-

Mr. Gresswell shews that the mean noctidiurnal and annual times, trace back from the present day, under their Julian style (i.e. the noctidiurnal from a given feria prima)

The annual tropical from a given mean vernal equinox -

The annual anomalistic from a given conjunction of the mean sun with the apogee of the solar orbit -

The annual sidereal from a given conjunction of the sun with Beta and Zeta Tauri -

All calculated from the Meridian of Ancient Jerusalem – are found to meet together in one year of the era before Christ 4004, and on the 25th of April at midnight.

Further – If the same conjunction of circumstances took place before then, it must have been at 516000 years previous to it.

Sir Wm. Thompson calculated the probable age of the crust of the earth at about 98.000.000 years

Note :- P.O.H. has at this point in the diary inserted a page containing a Table showing variations in the Earths orbit.

Tu. Feb. 23. 1869. - Had a well dug in the corner of the field behind the Old Chancel. The soil in this part of the valley of Sidmouth is a deposit of alluvium consisting of glacial sand, and clay, lying on the red rock of the new Red Sandstone. They sank a shaft four feet in diameter. For the first five feet down they had fine mould hardening to a clay, then about five feet of gravel with some clay, and stones of various sizes up to the bigness of two fists, with the corners rounded off; then a bed of finer gravel some eight or ten inches thick; then courser gravel as before, with very little clay for about two feet; then a thin bed of peat, or mould, like old dead leaves (as the men said); and lastly gravel and stones partly water worn as before, down to fifteen feet, below which they could not go, as the water came in so fast. As the season has been excessively wet for some time, water was probably found sooner than it otherwise would have been. The well was bricked up, somewhat contracted like a dome at the top, with a hole left nearly two feet in diameter, and this sealed down with a flag stone. The charge for digging is a shilling a feet the first ten feet: eighteen pence the second ten: two shillings the third ten – and so on. The bricking up (not including the cost of the bricks) is the same, the lowest work being the dearest.

March 1869.

Fri. Mar. 12. – Hitherto there has been little or no winter. I have a pear tree and a peach tree in full bloom. The wind, as might be expected at this season of the year, has gone to the north-east, and it has become very cold. When I got up this morning and looked out of the window (from the room next the drawing room at No. 4 Coburg Terrace) snow was falling and Bulverton Hill quite white.

Mon. Mar. 14. – Men came and began to dig trenches for foundations for some additions I wish to make to the Old Chancel. I hope now to build entrance hall, two rooms, and bedroom over the hall.

Tu. Mar. 15. – Wind veered to the S W. with rain.

Fri. Mar. 19. – A Sidmouth sailor brought me a fossil Elephants tooth. First tooth found. They often bring me curiosities or coins for sale, which they find on the beach. He told me he found it at low water, spring tides, at the latter part of the month, (it was full moon on the 26th. February) amongst the rocks far out, at about a mile and a quarter west of Sidmouth. This is at the commencement of the reef approaching High Peck Hill, and opposite “Wind-gate” as they call the gap between Peak and High Peak Hills. Though a little sceptical at first, I examined it, and gave him five shillings for it. It occurred to me that in the Torquay Museum there is the tooth of an extinct mammal, and it therefore occurred to me that this would be worth securing. If this turns out valuable on enquiry, it will do, either for the new Exeter Museum, or for the British Museum. In the Torquay Museum there is the last lower left side molar of a Mammoth. It was dredged up from the bottom of Torbay, at no great distance from the shore, and probably belonged to some one of the Elephant tribe that once roamed through the submerged forest along that coast. It had not lain long at the bottom of the sea, being devoid of any incrustation of marine Polyzoa. Mine, however, has some slight incrustation. – See June 2. 1869.

April 1869.

Mon. April 5. 1869. – At last Mr. Hooper of Woodbury has come over to re-hang the church bells. He commenced to-day clearing away the old timbers and lowering all the six bells to the belfry floor below. £70 have been subscribed to do it.

Tu. Ap. 27. 1869. - Mr. Heineken and Myself went out for a day's excursion, according to the plan we have followed for the last twenty years, by which we have amused ourselves in looking up the antiquities of the neighbourhood of Sidmouth. Getting into a carriage after breakfast, together with sandwiches, beer, bread and cheese, cakes &c., maps, books, sketchbooks, memorandum books, photographic camera, pickaxe, spade, measuring rod, tape, probing-iron, and sometimes other things if we were likely to require them, we started and went up Salcombe Hill. Left Salcombe on our right, stopped at Thorn Farm; went in and looked at the Hall Ceiling, paneled with moulded oak beams. Since we were last here the hall is divided into a parlour and a passage. The lower round moulding of the cross beams is carved in a pattern like the annexed. There used to be a picturesque old well, arched over with stone, in the orchard on the north side above. It seems to have been removed. We could not find it. It was like this. We observed the Ordnance Mark on the Pound and went on to Trow. There used to be (and still is) a tradition that a man called Trump found a crock of gold many years ago, when ploughing in a field between the Pound and Trow: but his nephew, some deicme or dodecime of years ago, laughed at the story when I told him that I had heard so, and he

assured me his uncle made his money in other ways. From the Lyme road we turned north, and passed the farm called Long Chimney, after the road called Longue Cheminee, I suppose by the Normans. We crossed Rakeway or Rakeway Head Bridge, and turned east at the foot of Broad Down. Stopped and looked again at the Lovehayne Farm tumulus. (See Oct. 29. 1861.) Rakeway may possible come from the Celtic Rhac, the ridge or top of the hill and way or road, and hayne or hayes, very common between this and Axminster, I believe is hedges or enclosures. Nearly one half the tumulus still remains – about five feet high and 60 broad. Walking over it, we picked up a flint flake and a pease of ruddle, or red oxide of iron, used as war paint. Coming back to the road we found some flakes and apparently a core of flint in the intervening field. We went on to Blackbury Castle, where we had often been before. This time we wished to examine for sling-stones and calcined flints. On digging in several places round the ramparts, we met with them on the south side at A, more at BB, some at C, but most at D. It was from about D that 70 cartloads were taken away, some 50 years ago, to make mortar for the new Wishcombe House, as a man called Mutter, who did it, once told us in the camp.

The ramparts seen to have been heightened and repaired with these calcined flints. Whence came they? For some time a feeling has been growing upon me, that perhaps there was a Beacon in this camp, built of stones like the one on Culmstock Hill, still perfect, which I examined and sketched August 7. 1851.

I believe there was a similar one on Shute Hill, and the same over Harpford, near Sidmouth. Such a Beacon consists of a circular wall about ten or twelve feet in diameter, and six or seven high, covered with a dome roof, leaving a large hole in the top. If wood were put in at the doorway and lighted, the drought would send out a great flame at the top. If such a beacon were built of flints, the great heat of the flames against the sides of the interior must necessarily calcine and split them, and these splinters would accumulate in a heap on the floor. It would be requisite from time to time to clear them out, and they would be thrown on the ramparts. I cannot imagine that partial or ephemeral or accidental burning of the woods could have produced such quantities of flint splinters, as some writers have supposed; nor could burning on the level ground have done it, for fire has little effect downwards. It must have been the result of long continued action, under favourable circumstances

We then traversed the field on the south in front of the entrance, in various directions, Mr. Heineken found nine egg shaped beach pebbles scattered over a space 30 or 40 yards in front of the entrance at D, whist I wandered away towards the sides of the field and into the field below. But I discovered none until I came back and crossed the region where he had been successful. When I picked up two. It is rather strange that they should have abounded only at that spot, unless we imagine that they had been used in a fight which took place before the entrance. He afterwards found one at F in the camp, but as the ground in the interior is not tilled we could not make any special examination. There are two low mounds at E near the east end of the interior, like tumuli, which, owing to bushes and brambles, we had not noticed in our former visits. We sat on the north agger and eat our dinner.

Like giants refreshed we arose and proceeded to Southleigh. At the Belvidere, a quarter of a mile from the camp, we stopped. This hexagonal tower was inhabited when we were here before, but it is now shut up and is falling to ruin. We got a view of Wishcombe House in the valley – a very ugly house indeed. It is the seat of Charles Gordon Esq., J.P. His late father, whom I well remember, was a stout athletic man, of whose surpassing strength many anecdotes are current in the neighbourhood. One of his feats was to take a bull by the horns, and by giving him a jirk, he would fling the animal

upon his side on the ground. He was the first of Wishcombe, and owed his existence, as common report say's, to the error of some Scotch Lord.

We could not learn that there were any antiquities in the neighbourhood of Southleigh. We walked round the church. There is a string course of good effect, (annexed) but nearly all gone, round the tower. The same is at Sidmouth. New windows of Beer stone, at the expense of Miss Gordon of Wiscombe, were being put in. They are of the Decorated style. The tower is square with angular buttresses. No turret, but the staircase built out over on the north side, and in again. Four bells, but one of them is "crased," I suppose cracked. Three Early English lancet windows at the east end, but not older than about 1855.

The font formerly stood in the Tower, with a small stone bracket over it in the north wall. The bracket remains, but the font is now in the church. Unfortunately it has been recently tooled all over. When will modern improvers be modest enough to learn discretion? When Sidmouth church was pulled down in 1859 some fragments of a Norman font of similar pattern were dug out of the walls and sent to my premises when I bought the old materials of the old chancel, and had them re-erected. The fragments of the font I have just had built into the buttresses of the Hall, on each side of the door.

The church inside was partly rebuilt about 1855, that is, the chancel. On the north side of the latter there is a Jacobean monument to Robert Drake. It has the following in Roman Capitals:-

Armiger auratus Robertus nomine Dracus,

Hic jacet; ille pius pauperibus que bonus,

Septe gmatos Frvgiet gnatasque venustas,

Parturiit conjux Elizabetha sibi. 1600.

Obiit 30 Mar.

The five coats of arms given above are sculptured on the tomb. The first and the last look more modern than the others. The Royal arms are on the north wall of the church. There is an old copy of Josephus. Over the south door is a large oil painting of the Adoration of the Magi, once at the east end. There is a large old lock on the south door in good order, enclosed in a piece of oak fixed across the doors, thick at the lock end and thin at the hinge end. Mr Heineken took a photograph of the outside of the tower and church. The window over the tower door is perpendicular. Photograph failed. We returned home by the same route we had come.

May 1869.

Th. May 13. 1869. – To-day some expert ringers came up from Plymouth to inaugurate the bells, the work of re-hanging them being completed. The Rev. H.T. Ellacombe, Rector of Clyst St. George, came over and rang some of the peals with them, though he is close upon entering his 80th year. I was up in the bell-chamber whilst two or three of the peals were rung. It is curious sight the first time, and the noise is tremendous. When I was a child however I have been up among the bells in Tiverton Church Tower when they were ringing. The nerves of some people cannot bear it. Lunched at the Vicarage at 1 P.M. Besides the Rev. H.G.J. Clements, the Vicar, and Mrs. C., there were the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Bicton; Rev. Mr. Robinson from Lancashire; Rev. and Mrs. Hildebrand, Curate here,

but Vicar of a parish in Lincolnshire; Mr. Ellacombe and myself. The Plymouth men brought hand bells with them, which they played on the Esplanade. It was very pretty indeed. Dined at the Vicarage at 7. Only Mr. Ellacombe there.

Fr. May 14. 1869. – Went to the funeral of an old lady, and wore a hat-band and scarf of black silk, and black kid gloves, which are given to persons invited. Mr. Buttemer (pronounced Bidter-meer) of The Elms was walking before me. It was very windy. We had not walked far when the pin which should have held his scarf better on the shoulder gave way, and his scarf slipped down unconsciously to himself. It had descended by the wind and the motion of walking as far as his waist, and was beginning to look very ridiculous on a solemn occasion, when I thought it better to step forward and give him a friendly hint. However, before I did this it slid down about his ankles, and he was not aware of what was going on until it nearly tripped him up. Then hastily making an effort to replace it, he pulled the tails of his coat behind up to his head, which was still more absurd. Not long after these things had been set right, the wind loosened the pins, and blew round our hatbands, The tail of mine was twisted round until it hung over my right shoulder, but Mr. Buttemer's was turned round in front, and hung over his face.

June 1869.

Wed. June 2. – Professor Owen, in a letter dated yesterday at the British Museum, informs me, (judging from a coloured rubbing I sent him) that the fossil tooth found at low water last February near Sidmouth, appears to be that of the *Elephas Indicus*. – see back March 19. 1869. And his letter opposite.

Th. June 3. 1869. – Such cold and boisterous month of May I never remember. A few days ago I went up into the ch. tower and found a dead Martin on the steps, which I threw out of the belfrey window. I am told that several others have been found there, and many down in the ham near the river. The weather has been too much for them. I went into the bell-chamber to correct an error in my name cut (with the Vicars & ch-wardens') on the new oak framing near the west side. They had put a G into my name, which I cut out. It is rather strange that though it is more than forty four years since my late father and mother brought me to Sidmouth, (we came from Tiverton, I think at the latter end of January 1825) the tradespeople do not yet know how to spell the word **Hutchinson**.

Had an evening party at 4 Coburg Terrace – the Buttemers, Lords, Granthams, and Miss Langley.

Wed. June 16. – Miss Geraldine Hooper that was, and Mrs. Denning that is, came over with her husband and gave a religious address at the London Hotel. They live at an estate called Pitt, near Ottery, where he has some 500 acres of his own. As Miss Geraldine Hooper I have heard of her wonderful powers of extempore speaking and zeal for religion. I was not disappointed. Her rapidity and channels of enunciation were very striking; and as she is a gentlewoman of good birth and education, she is perfectly ladylike even her most vehement sentences. As Mr. Denning has a similar turn, they are well matched.

Wed. June 23. – Finished carving the Capital of the column in the middle of the arch between the vestry and the church, or rather, the side next to the church, for there is a wood panelling next the

vestry. I hope to do the vestry side some day. Also carved the flowers and leaves of the arches above. I have however, not been so much accustomed to carve stone as to carve oak. The stonework of this archway has been recently put in; but the well-meant attempt of the mason at the ornamental work was so displeasing that the Vicar and Churchwardens, that they allowed me to cut it all out and do it over again. The glass is expected soon.

Th. June 24. Took a rubbing of and partly coloured, the piece of old glass in the vestry, formerly in the east window of the church. If I had not been very vigilant nine years ago, when the church was rebuilt, the piece of glass would have been stolen by a dishonest workman. I wish to send a copy to the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society, of which I have for some years been a member.

Wed. June 30. – So Mr. Lyde has been killed on the railroad at the Clapham Junction, and in a very dreadful way. I know him well some twenty-five years ago when he was practising the law in Sidmouth. And I can just remember his father, an old Captain in the Navy, being drawn about in a three-wheeled chair. They own a good deal of scattered property in this neighbourhood, with Sid House and the adjoining land in “Salcombe parish.” The Salcombe people tell a curious story about the grandfather being conjured or “spirited” away in some mysterious manner by a congregation of the neighbouring clergy, but how done or for what reason I do not know. After the Sidmouth parish church was built in 1860, most of the Lyde tombstones were put along the east end of the church, outside. It seems that Mr Lyde was standing on the platform reading the paper, when he was seen to reel and lose his balance just as a train was coming in. He fell off down upon the rails, and the train went over him. His body was picked up, but dreadfully mutilated, and I think one arm and one leg cut off. He was not dead, and even survived an hour or two in that state. He revived a little once, and said “What’s the matter.” From this it is supposed he had fallen in a fit, and was ignorant of what had happened to him. I think he married a Baronet’s daughter, and has left a family.

The Great Eastern Steam Ship is now engaged or just completed, the laying of the French Atlantic Cable. It begins at Fort Minou, ten miles from Brest, and goes to St. Pierre in Newfoundland, and thence to the continent of America. This is the third, England having two.

July 1869.

Wed. July 8. 1869. – Velocipedes are all the fashion again at the present time. I am not sure they have not been revived in France, but the youth of England, are warm in the pursuit. But instead of “Pedestrian Hobbyhorses,” “Dandy Horses,” or “Velocipedes,” such names as Bicycle and Tricycle, according as they have two or three wheels, have found general acceptance. The annexed coloured engraving is dated Fed. 1. 1819, and at that time they were much in vogue in England. As a child, I can remember them before they went out. I remember seeing two gentlemen coming swiftly down Teignmouth Hill, when father lived near East Teignmouth church, when the first ran over a dog and was overturned, the other immediately ran over them and was capsized too, so that velocipedes, men and dog were all in the road together. This circumstance made an impression on a young mind. The annexed engraving was bought in Teignmouth by my father, and has been in a portfolio ever since. It will be seen that the rider forced himself forward by touching the ground with his feet. It was said that this strained the loins and caused rupture, which was partly the cause of their going out. By the modern contrivance the knees are gathered up, and the feet are placed on the arms of a crank affixed to the axle of the front wheel, which they turn. This plan however, is rather laborious.

Tu. July 13. 1869. – They are at present engaged in rebuilding the chancel of the Parish church of Salcombe Regis. Mr. Heineken and myself went over (about a mile and a half) to see what they were doing. They have taken off the roof, (which, by the way, was pushing the north & south walls outwards) and they offered me the old oak timbers if I would buy them; but I do not see that I could in any way work them up for the Old Chancel. The north wall is still standing, but they had knocked a hole through the middle, where there are traces apparently of an old doorway. The east end, with the window is to remain untouched, and the Norman patterns under the east window and the cross above, are not to be meddled with. The south wall is down, except one piece about six or eight feet in which appears the capital, sustaining part of an arch, and the shaft below, of a Norman door. It is intended to push this mass of masonry upright without disturbing it.

In the angle on the south side, the pulling down has revealed an old squint which has been walled up from the side of the church. I do not know whether all these walls are of the original work. I did not think much of the mortar, nor of the putting together.

Chalk lime and the sand of the district are not calculated to make good mortar. What I am now using for my entrance hall and other additions to the Old Chancel is Babbicombe limestone burnt at Budleigh Salterton (there having been no limekilns at Sidmouth since the kilns over the Chit Rocks fell into the sea, about 1855, and the sloping road from there to the beach was washed away) and coarse sea sand with the salt washed out. This makes strong mortar.

At Salcombe however I believe they are going to use blue lias lime from Yacombe, which is very good. I give a section of the south jamb of west door, taken only by eye; also of the bold moulding forming squire head over pointed west doorway; and also section of tower arch by eye only. There is an old massive lock behind the west door. The soffit of the tower arch is about 17.10" feet above the floor. On the south side of the tower arch there is a quatrefoil opening from the tower stares into the church. On the west side of the pier which is on the south of the nave, there is a small shallow niche about a foot high. In the floor there is an old slab to the memory of Henry Grig. In the south aisle there is a slab recording the death of George Drake, 1645, with the arms similar to those at Southleigh, as mentioned April 27 last.

At the north-east end of the nave there is a mural tablet to the Mitchels, with the Mitchel arms impaling The oldest tomb in the churchyard is an alter tomb to this same family nearly in front of the west door, of 1611. At the south-east corner of the north aisle there is a niche or piscina. The eastern most window on the north side of this aisle is peculiar. The escoinson arch is circular, over a pointed window head, and the jambs have columns with circular capitals and octagonal bases, very rude, and the bases perhaps not original. The window is new. The stonework made by a Sidmouth tradesman, who evidently know nothing of architecture. The painted glass is to the memory of Colonel Grey, who I think died at Sidmouth. At the west end of the north aisle is the vestry, and beyond it, further west, is a dead house or place where the sexton keeps his tools &c. This dead-house or whatever it be, is entered from the churchyard at the west end by an arched doorway: and when a man told us it was generally called "The Old Chapel." Mr. Heineken started the idea that this adjunct to the church was perhaps the chapel of St. Clement and St. Mary Magdalen, mentioned by Lysons, and it may be by other writers as being, or having been in the parish of Salcombe, though without any indication as to where. The idea is new to me, but I think it is worthy of consideration. The timbers of the roof are moulded like the annexed section.

From an examination of the whole north wall, it looks as if the whole north aisle formed the chapel, though a portion of the church; and the peculiarity of the window mentioned above, and apparently a piscina in the proper place for a chapel, though unusual in the aisle of a church, altogether tend in the same direction. It must however, be observed, that there is a break in the wall, and that the roofs are not the same level. I have been informed that these were formerly the ruins of a building, supposed to have been a chapel, somewhere in the fields to the north of Trow Turnpike Gate. What could they have been? Could the chapel in question have been situated there? I suspect the ruins of Chelson Chapel were alluded to. They were removed about 1850. They were at the head of the Packham valley, about 2 ½ miles NE from Salcombe. See May 1. 1874.

Note Mar.3.1890. - I read in the "Newbery House Magazine," Vol.II.p. 281, that commissioners visited Salcombe Regis in 1301, to examine the state of the church, and reported that "The Chapel of the Blessed Mary Magdalene, at the west end of the church was in ruins, having been crushed by a falling of an ash Tree." This identifies the chapel, and says nothing about St. Clement.

Tues. July 20. 1860. – The weather being beautiful, we went to explore Harpford Beacon, where nether of us had been for many years. To-day I ought to have started for Dartmouth, to attend the meeting of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, and be there all week, but I could not leave the workmen at the Old Chancel so long. I intended to have produced the fossil tooth found here last February, but failing in this. I sent a coloured rubbing with a description to Mr. Edward Vivian of Torquay, and he kindly undertook to communicate the facts to the members. We drove to Sidford, then up High Street, the old Roman road, and then up the long Lane all along the north flank of Core Hill. From this lane we had a fine view of Sidbury Castle. The last pinch of the hill rises 1 in 5 as we found by levelling. Going up Roncombe Girt, Sidbury, two or three summers ago, we found the gradient 1 in 3 for a short distance. Beacon Hill is about 764 feet high. Bulverton Hill, across "The Sidmouth Gap" on the south-west, near the Cairn in the plantation, is about 677. The remains of the Beacon consists of a circular wall, the diameter outside being fourteen feet; the thickness of the wall two; and the height of the wall outside, five feet. The whole is in a state of decay, and it is nearly concealed by the hedges converging upon it. I could not find any decidedly calcined flint within it as at Blackbury Castle, though one peace looked like it; but it would take a great deal of digging to examine thoroughly. From this point Sid Abbey (house so called) bore SE by S. ½.S., not allowing for variation. For the purpose of experimenting with the micrometer, Mr. Heineken requested me to measure a Notice board on the hill. The horizontal length of the board is 2 f, 8 7/8 in. Measured a fir tree, 38 feet high, with Mr. Heineken's Apomecometer, a little instrument recently invented by him, though pirated by others, see **Student**, Ap. 1869.

We then drove away northward along the ridge of the Ottery East Hill, enjoying the splendid view over the valley of the Otter, until we came to a tumulus at the four-cross-way, cut into a star with four points, [October 21. 1854.] Measured a tree 52 feet high. Here we turned back again. In so doing we observed something very like a tumulus or barrow over the hedge in the plantation on the left, and wishing to ascertain its position, we determined to measure from it to the Lane leading down to Sidbury Castle, where we were going. We made a chalk mark on the box of the hind wheel, and I counted the number of revolutions as we drive on, and made them 244. The circumference of the wheel was 9 feet 6 inches. Then $244 \times 9 = 2226 + 122$ (half 244 for the six inches) $= 2348 - 3 = 782.2$ yards or nearly half a mile. We had often measured in this manner before. The steepest part of the lane going down by Sidbury Castle was 1 in 5. – See forward Oct 10. 1871.

Th. July 22. 1869. – Two jackdaws have been in the habit of coming to be fed for the last six or seven years. They live with the wild birds in the sea face of Salcombe Hill, a mile eastward. One of them Wⁿ. I take to be the male bird, will come and eat bread close to me, but the other is more timid. They always bring some young ones during the summer, but the young ones do not adopt the take habits of the parents. I believe it is generally supposed that birds separate after the pairing season, and choose new mates in the following spring: - in fact, that they merely cohabit for the summer. I am however inclined to think that there is a species of marriage amongst them, and a sort of conjugal fidelity. I cannot help feeling that these two, from their ways, are the same two, which have apparently been constant to each other so long. When I was a thoughtless boy I used to shoot birds; but now I look upon it as a great cruelty. If a bird is shot, who can say that the same grief is not given to the survivors, as if the father or mother of a family amongst human beings were murdered? It is bad enough if they must be sacrificed for human food, but to destroy animals wantonly admits of no excuse. There is also a young rook, a last year's bird. Last year the beak was black: this year it is getting white, but it is not so white as in the older birds. It is even tamer than the jackdaw. It will come inside the window after food. About a month ago an old mother rook brought three young ones, and used to feed them before the windows. She had now left, but the three young ones are very regular at breakfast and dinner time. I remark that the rooks are disposed to be carnivores, but the jackdaws herbivores; and if I throw out a piece of meat and a piece of bread together, the rooks will take the meat first, but the jackdaws the bread. They will however eat almost anything.

Th. July 29. 1869. – Mr. Heineken and myself drove to Pin Beacon where we had not been since 1855. We took the road by the cliff up Peak Hill. The gradient just above the cottage on the left, where it is steepest, is 1 in 5. On the top of the hill, we turned to the right over the open heath, and making a circuit round the head of a valley, made for the SW point, covered with fir trees. We found men at work felling timber. They told us that the mound at the south point of the ridge or promontory was called "The Old Beacon," the trees around which are about 60 years old, and the mound at 100 paces north, "The New Beacon," where they are of from 40 to 45 year's growth. Taking one of the trees east of the Old Beacon, we made it 54f..6' high, and 4f.,3' in circumference. Were it not for the trees the view would be splendid and most extensive, commanding all the county towards the south, west and north. Towards the east is shut in by the Honiton and Sidmouth ranges. At about 60 paces north of the Old Beacon and 40 south of the other, a hedge, with a ditch on each side has been drawn across the ridge of the hill, and running down on each side of till it meets modern hedges. On reconsidering this I started the idea, which was adopted by my companion, that this has not got the appearance of a modern hedge at all, but years more the appearance of an ancient work constructed to protect the Old Beacon from being interfered with by an enemy. North of the New Beacon there is a field, through which we passed, which forms a third and newer plantation, having been planted only two seasons with little trees which at first I did not discover amongst the grass. There, clear of the trees, we could see Blackstone, or Blackistone Rock near Moreton Hampstead, under which in a line towards us, the Holdon Belvidere, and a little to the North of the line nearer us, Woodbury Castle. We then proceeded NE over the heath, towards Salter's Cross, so called, and were surprised to see, how much Mr. Balfour, our recent Lord of the Manor, has enclosed and is bringing into cultivation the greater part of Bulverton Hill and the flank of Peak Hill near Mutter's Moor. We descended Mutter's Moor, Moor Lane, Jenny Pine's Corner (where one Jane Pine who committed suicide in 1811 was buried) and so by Broadway to the town, passing the New Lodge of Mr. Thornton's place at Knowle. Some people think it is not much consequence who your father and Mother were, or whether you call yourself by your Mother's name one half of your life and your father's the other, if your father leaves you £400.000.

Fr. July 30. 1869. – So the new Lord of the Manor is dead. He died July 20.

August 1869

Fr. Aug. 13. The papers say that Billy Lanny, or King Billy, the last native of Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, is dead.

Mon. Aug. 16. Went to the top of Gittisham Hill to watch the opening of two tumuli for the Secretary. They lie near 300 yards eastward from the six mile stone from Sidmouth, and three from Honiton. Some members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, now assembling in Exeter, are coming out on Saturday. A thunder shower drenched me and the men. I held a bundle of fern on my shoulder, between me and the storm.

Th. Aug. 19. Up on the hill again. Only met with a few flint flakes, a sling stone like those at Sidbury Castle. [] a large beach pebble, nearly as big as the fist, spherical but flattish, probably a hammer, and some scattered pieces of red ochre.

Sat. Aug. 21. There again. Some tents were pitched in the field on the west of the milestone, where we had a splendid collation. I sat with the Bayleys of Cotford. We then went out on the open heath. The Rector of Gittisham stood on the nearest barrow, No.1 first opened, and gave all address on barrows and other antiquities connected with some of the subjects of a like nature. The afternoon was quiet, warm, and delightful, and some 200 or more people sat in groups on the heath. They have also opened two others. No. 1, consisted of dark peat earth laid in strata, which I am inclined to think had not been disturbed, though some thought otherwise. This was capped with a layer of loose flints about a foot thick, which extended only over the top and south-west side. Above this was a thin stratum of soil. No. 2, about 100 yards S.E., consisted of a circle of large rough flints, from 12 to 18 inches long, inside which was apparently a heap of earth covered by a layer of flints, again covered with earth. No. 3 was a circular patch of fern (*pteris aquilina*) in the midst of the open heath and furze. Perhaps a barrow had once been there, but removed. No. 4, near the great tumulus covered with trees, was of dark peat earth. It was opened by a tunnel or trench from the south to the centre, where a heap of large stones was uncovered, as if a kist-vaen were there, but there was not time on this day of Meeting to proceed further.

September 1869

Mon. Sep. 13. 1869. My recent visit to Torquay has been very agreeable. Croquet is now becoming one of the institutions of the country - almost as much so as the constitution of parliament or the circuits of the Judges. Went to the Croquet Tournament, open to all England. The game is played very differently from what it used to be. The best players proceed with all the caution of a player at chess. I soon discovered that my mallet was too light. A heavy mallet is a great advantage. The play began on Monday the 6th. And continued till Thursday the 9th. inclusive. The last day I won a sweepstakes of sixteen shillings.

On Friday I went to look at Paignton and call on some friends. It is a dreary looking place. The peculiar petrifications called Beckites are found in this neighbourhood. I had not time to search in the

cliffs. There is a harbour, enclosed by a pier, on the north side of Roundham head. Near the church there is a square tower covered with ivy, standing by itself, very pretty and picturesque. I believe it is the remains of a former Bishops Palace.

On Saturday the 11th. I left for Sidmouth. Got to Exeter by rail. Went to the 3P.M. service at Exeter cathedral, where I fell in with Mr. Heineken. Took my ticket for Ottery Road, but by some error I got into the wrong train, and was carried back to Dawlish, through which I had come up in the morning. Slept at the Royal Albert Hotel, near the station. Next morning, being Sunday, I got to Exeter. Went to the cathedral. Took the train to Ottery Road, where my luggage was waiting for me. No coach to Sidmouth, but I got a lift to Ottery. From Ottery I walked six miles to Sidmouth, picking blackberries by the road side.

I annex a printed report of the Croquet. I am sorry now that I did not find out who the Miss Hutchinson was who was playing. She had decidedly Hutchinson features.

Daughter I believe of General Hutchinson, of --- near Bideford.

Fri. Sep. 24. 1869. So Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, has gone the way of all Bishops at last. He died at his residence, Bishopstowe, Torquay, last Saturday the 18th aged 91. By talent and pugnacity he raised himself from a low origin to the mitre. His father was a wholesale brick maker of Bridgewater, who afterwards kept the Bell Inn at Gloucester. Amongst his many controversies, his refusal to install the Rev. G. C. Gorham to the Vicarage at Bramford Speke near Exeter (but which the Archbishop of Canterbury compelled him to do) on the grounds that his belief in the efficacy of Baptismal regeneration was defective, was not one of the least. As it must be now, some 16 or 18 years ago I forget the particulars, but I recollect sympathising with Mr. Gorham at the time and thinking he was an ill-used man. His daughter, Miss Gorham, has several times been staying with friends of mine here in Sidmouth, and I have had opportunities of talking to her about these things. When she was here last year, the myrtle trees (for which this place is noted) were very full of berries, and of which she made myrtle jam, and to which she gave me a jar. I do not know whether the idea was her own.

Sat. Sep. 25. To-day the electric telegraph line is to be laid from Lands End to St. Mary's one of the Scilly Isles.

Sat. Sep. 25. 1869. A Mrs. Remington has given a Lifeboat which is to be stationed at Sidmouth. Amid great demonstrations it was to-day drawn into the town and launched. It has a crew of 12 men, 10 being at the oars. The new crew in the new boat were exercised in rowing, then sailing, and afterwards in capsizing the boat. They all stood on the starboard gunwale, and by repeated efforts at rocking, they at last compelled her to make a summersault. She rolled quite round, down one side and then up the other. Of course the men were all thrown into the water, the distance being about a quarter of a mile from the shore; but one or two, not able to extricate themselves, were shut in under the boat, and went round with her. One or two boats were near her in case of accident, and the men had their cork jackets on. It was a novel and an amusing sight, and Sidmouth beach was crowded with people.

October 1869

Mon. Oct. 4. 1869. To-day I hid away the following genealogical and absurd inscription in the masonry of the Old Chancel.

1869.

PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON NAT.WINTON. NOV.17.1810. BAP.

HEAVITREE 1811. FIL.ANDREA ET ANNE (PARKER) FIL.

THOMAE ET SARAH (OLIVER) FIL.THOMAE ET. MARGARETAE(SANFORD)

FIL.THOMAE ET SARAH (FOSTER) FIL.ELISHAE ET HANNAH(HAWKINS)

FIL.EDWARDI ET CATHERINE (HANBY) FIL.GULIELMI ET

ANNE (MARBURY) FIL.EDWARDI HUTCHINSON ET SUSANNA

DEALFORD IN COM.LINC....FIERI FECIT. 1869.

SIDMOUTH IN COM. DEV. 1869

In 1859 and 1860 the Old Chancel proper was erected on my ground out of the materials of the Old Chancel of the Parish Church, when the church was rebuilt: in 1864 I built the Oak Room on the north side of it with connecting walls, the window being part of the South Transept window of Awliscombe church near Honiton, soon after carving the mantel shelf and brackets in oak, the bookcase behind the door, the cornice over the window, the painting, carving and gilding the Gothic Heraldic ceiling, containing the coats of arms of the Lords and Lasses of the Manor of Sidmouth; and now I am going to make the place habitable by adding an Entrance Hall, with some lower and upper rooms, though not to complete the whole design. The above whimsical inscription I punched with steel letters on a piece of sheet lead, measuring about six inches by four, and put it behind the top stone of the left hand buttress going into the entrance hall.

I am also now engaged in carving the corbels in the four corners of the Hall, from which the vaulted ceiling springs, and the four corbels of the small vaulted ceiling of the short passage inside the hall. It has occupied me a great deal.

Tu. Oct. 5. 1869. As an event in the history of the Country, I may record that on Saturday September 18, Woolwich Dockyard was Closed. This has been a National Dockyard since the time of Henry VII, and VIII, and hence the circumstances is worth noting down.

Wed. Oct. 6. 1869. Owing to the astronomical fact, that at new moon yesterday afternoon, the sun, moon, and earth were nearly in line, and at a period closely following the equinox, it had been generally foretold that the tides would be of unusual height. Many persons have been greatly alarmed, fearing a dreadful inundation was to follow. So great was the apprehension, that Mr. Airy the Astronomer Royal wrote a letter to the public papers a short time ago, in which he revealed that a great deal would depend on the direction of the wind, and that past experience showed that the force and direction of the winds affected the rise of the tides more than any conjunction of the heavenly bodies. I went down to the beach this evening between six and seven o'clock, just before it

got dark, to see how high the water was. The wind has been S.E., rather strong for 30 hours, with a moderately rough sea, but nothing like what it is with a south-west gale. Had it been the latter, I dare say the waves would have been backing over the Esplanade and running into the town, as I have often seen, but now they were only reaching the base of the wall, and returning again.

Sat. Oct. 9. The newspapers state that though much apprehension existed in various places, little or no damage has been done by the tides. In certain situations however, they rose sufficiently high to verify the predictions.

Tu. Oct. 19. 1869. Mr. A. Burnell, at present with his parents at Claremont, (house so called, near Broadway) who has been much in India, gave me the annexed impressions of Sanskrit writing engraved on copper plates. He has impressions from many copper plates found hung up, or strung on strings, and jealously preserved in the temples. They mostly contain grants of land. He has also brought home quantities of manuscripts written on palm leaves, the leaves being long strips, pierced near each end with holes, and strung on cord, each outside being a piece of wood, to form a cover. Such a package constitutes a book

The writing on palm leaves is done with a steel pen or style, like this, but twice as long, or longer.

The writing is from left to right like English, and not like Hebrew. The style is held as the annexed sketch, and its point is steadied by being pressed against the left thumb. The writing is indented or scratched in the leaf, & then the charcoal is rubbed in. In modern days naphtha is sometimes applied, to prevent insects attacking the leaves.

Wed. Oct. 20. Had a game of croquet with Mr. W. Floyd, the Misses Floyd, their Mother Lady Floyd being in Sidmouth just now, Lady Maria Hobart, and Mrs and the Misses Jeferee.

Wed. Oct. 27. The weather is fine, but a very cold north wind; never the less Mr. W. Floyd, Miss Florence, and the Miss Lords with myself, played croquet for several hours. One or two light falls of snow occurred, the atmosphere above doubtless being very cold. There will not be much more playing this year.

Fr. Oct. 29. To-day the Earl of Derby, also died on the , is to be buried at Knowsley. He was one of the great statesmen and scholars of the day. His recent translation of the Iliad of Homer is alone enough to place his name high amongst classical scholars.

November 1869

Fri. Nov. 5. "Old Pope Day", as it used to be called. The Tractarians, Pewseyites, High Church party, or those who have Romanising tendencies, are trying to discourage this annual demonstration; and I suppose they have in some degree succeeded, for, for the first time since my earliest recollection, there were no stified figures of Guy Fawkes, with his lantern and matches, carried about by the children this morning. After dark in the evening however, there were plenty of fireworks, and a large bonfire down on the beach. The fire was made on the shingle at the end of the Fore Street. It lit up the waves beautifully! And the waves nearly reached it.

Mon. Nov. 8. To-day the Queen opened the new Blackfriars Bridge and the Hoborn Viaduct, in London.

Wed. Nov. 17. 1869. To-day I am 59, and I feel as strong and as well and as active as I did at 29. I was born at Winchester Nov. 17. 1810, and believe I was baptised at Heavitree the year after, and about the time my father's sister married Captain Oliver there, and my grandfather Thomas Hutchinson, the American Judge of Probate, eldest son of the Governor of Massachusetts, (to whom George III, twice offered a Baronetcy, Aug. 15 and Nov. 5. 1774) died at Wonford House, & was buried in Heavitree church - but I have never taken the trouble to examine the Register. I think the old fashioned house on the left hand at the bottom of Heavitree Hill is called Wonford or East Wonford House. During the Revolution the Americans confiscated and sold the property of the Royalists, and the Governor's estate at Milton fetched

£38 000, as is recorded in his Diary. I have not discovered what his other estates fetched, but his losses prevented his accepting the Title. His son the Judge, however, left £20.000 behind him, of which my father had four.

To-day the Isthmus of Suez Canal is to be opened in great state. Several crowned heads are there to witness the proceedings.

Th. Nov. 25. The papers have recently told us that an 83 carat diamond, found at the Cape of Good Hope, has been sent to England, insured in the sum of £30000.

They also remind us that the American war of the year 1868 cost £8.773.000. It was admirably conducted.

And they tell us a fact worth noting on the National Debt. On Mar. 31. 1858 it was £832.833.000; and ten years after, in 1868, it had been reduced to £795.024.000. This is a reduction of £37.809.000 in ten years, or at the rate of £3.790.00 a year. Considering that the government funds constitute the safest investment for our money, it may be a question whether the national debt is such an evil as some represent.

December 1869

Mon. Dec. 20. 1869. The Council of Trent was opened at Christmas 1545, and held occasional sittings till Christmas 1563. On the 8th. instant a new council, commonly designated the Ecumenical council was opened with great ceremony at Rome. It is called together to discuss some of the great religious and political questions of the day, which are pressing themselves on the attention of Roman Catholics; and as the Tractarian parts in England are doing all they can to Romanise this country, and as it is said that upwards of 300 of the clergy of the church of England have gone over to Rome since this movement began, the Pope is looking with great intent towards Great Britain. The great Scotch divine who preaches to a large congregation in London, applied for permission to discuss Protestant doctrines at the council; but the Pope replied to Dr. Cumming, of whom I speak, to the effect that. They could not permit a discussion on points which they have condemned already.

[For many years all my entries in this Diary have been made with Walkden's ink; but Robert Morrells ink, now used in the government offices as superior to all other, I have changed to to-day. Only time can prove which endures best.]

Sun. Dec. 26. Yesterday evening I dined at the Burnells at Claremont, between Knowle and Sidmouth, being Christmas Day. When I walked home at 10 P.M. it was clear and freezing, with the roads clear & hard. This morning I was surprised to see everything covered with four inches thick of snow. At the parish church this morning were disturbed by a window blind threatening to fall down. The great window blind in the south transcript, with its long stick and an iron spike at each end, had broken away at its western end, and was hanging all of a slope by the other. People were eyeing it and afraid to sit under it, though they did so. I sit across the passage, north of this point. After the service had begun, seeing the uneasiness that prevailed, I went to Mrs. and Miss. Jones (wife and daughter of Col. Jones, who has recently taken Mr. Vane's house at Camden) and offered them seats with me, for there were not many people at church this morning, owing to the severity of the weather. They however, did not like to make a disturbance in the church, and preferred keeping quiet. Soon after, Mr. Clements, the Vicar, seeing how matters stood, sent over Mr. Barratt, the Clark (my tailor) to request they would all seek other places. At this there was a general turn out. I moved up nearer the reading desk, and my seat and several others, where not occupied, were taken possession of. Before the afternoon service, the blind had been put right.

Mon. Dec. 27. At a concert in the great room at the London Hotel, given by Mr. Pinney, the Organist. Sat between Mrs. Clements and the Rev. G. Gordon, the new Curate.

Tu. Dec. 28. Cold very severe for this early period of the winter. Several people went skating on a pond below Sid Abbey. Called on the Misses Clements (sisters of the Vicars wife) at their recently bought house 1 Sidlands. Miss Lousada of Peak House was there. Thence went up Mill Lane (they are trying to call it "All Saints Church Road," in defiance of what it has been called for centuries, for the Monks of Otterton came down it to their Mill which stood nearly opposite the end of it, or about 50 yards below the end, in the town) and called at 1 Eaglehurst, near Cotmaton, to see how Mr. Wm Floyd (second son of the late Sir Henry, and brother of Sir J. F. of Powys [see the new window in the parish church]) was getting on, for he has been laid up for a month with a cold and short breathing. Found him better, but not able to go out. Returned home. Took down the flag flying at the Old Chancel, it being a cruelty to leave it up there in the snow and the piercing wind. Locked up the doors, the interior of the building not yet being finished, and went into No. 4 Coburg Terrace for the night.

Wed. Dec. 29. The wind veered to S.W, and a thaw. *See Jan. 3.*

Th. Dec. 30. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Alexander at Knowle in Salcombe parish,

2 ½ m. N.E., from Sidmouth. Went out with Mr. Vane and the Rev. Mr. Robinson. Fourteen at dinner = Major and Mrs. Hicks, Marins; Mrs. Wyndham, Sidbrooke, heretofore Lime Park: Mrs. Coney (her sister) Sidcliff: Miss Lester, 6 Fort Field T.;

Mr. & Mrs. Cowan, 2 St. Kilda's, Salcombe; Rev. J. A. Morshead, and one of his sons, Salcombe Vicarage. The Alexanders used to live at Woolbrook Glen when the Prince of Wales came here in . John Wolcot, whom I can remember a boy, was former owner of Knowle, a place which has beautiful capabilities of improvement. Many is the pleasant evening I spent in the house when John's mother was alive, a careful woman who put everything straight and, left John a good property. He married the eldest daughter of Archdeacon Moore-Stevens, Vicar of Otterton, and then the old house was pulled down, and the present one built, on the same foundations. He had no family, but his sisters Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Lang left children. Mrs. J Wolcot was a good pianoforte and harp player. Mrs. Pheophisus Jenkins (d. of Gen. Walker, of Line Park) and myself used to walk out, Mrs. J. W, taking

harp, Mrs. J, piano, and I the flute, when we would play trios all the morning, have dinner and walk back. Poor John Wolcot, he was a foolish fellow. He involved a fine estate by the fatal passion for "play" as it was said; died young, and then Mr. Cave, of Bristol, bought the property, as he had before bought the Manor of Sidbury and Witheby from a ruined man - Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham, a West India merchant, lived in great style for some years at Witheby, when all at once a great change took place. It got whispered about that he had been wronging the rightful heir. Certain it is, that a boy with a black woman, who had been his nurse, came from the West Indies and claimed everything, for Mrs. James Jenkins of Radway, told me she saw them at Witheby. It was said that Mr. C. died of vexation or starvation. The last time I saw him he looked almost like a skeleton. The family went away and lived in comparative poverty.

Mrs. C. lived some time at Lewes in Sussex. I think she died there. - *May 25.1875.*

Fri. Dec. 31. 1869. Spent the evening at Radway - the house at the west end of the road leading to the stone bridge to Salcombe, - all that remains of the ancient Radway Manor. In the Cartulary of Otterton Priory, there is a deed, dated 1257 (if I remember right) in which Adam De Radeweie, or Radway has a dispute with the Prior of Otterton about a Mill. Radway Manor extended eastwards I believe, taking in Powys, &., and eastwards I think to the river, and south I suspect to the Wesleyan Chapel.

POH Transcripts - 1870

Sidmouth January 1 1870

Saturday, Jan. 1. 1870.- So the years go, one after another - never to stop. Mr F H Vane of Camden, just north of the vicarage, shewed me the draft of a long letter he is going to send to Mr Beauclerk, the brother of Lady Vane (widow of his elder brother) of Hutton Hall and Armathwait, Co. Cumberland. It contains a condensed statement of some family events of great importance. That there has been some mystery in the family, has been whispered about for sixty years, a mystery known not only to the relations, but suspected by the inhabitants generally about Hutton. The late Lady Vane, who died three or four years ago (at 95) revealed the secret which lay on her conscience. She told Mr Vane, her youngest son, and also his wife, that her eldest son, who for many years enjoyed the title, married Miss Beauclerk, and left children, was in reality born a few weeks before marriage. Since his mother's death Mr Vane has never ceased making enquiries, and he has found much to corroborate the statement. She told him he in fact was the Baronet and the rightful owner of the estates. His elder brother's only surviving son (about 35) now has the title, but he knows his unstable position. As Mr Vane has a child of his own, a boy about seven, he is doing all he can to collect evidence to reverse these things. My ancestors William and Ann H when in Boston, Massachusetts, knew the younger Sir Harry Vane, who was Governor there.- See Nov. 12 1872

Th. Jan 6.- Mr Ellis, of the Gas Works, up on Land, is at the Old Chancel putting in the gas pipes, whilst carpenters and masons are battening and plastering rooms.

Attended a vestry meeting about new rating the parish, and according to the provisions of a new Act, for enabling the owners of small tenements to compound for their Poor Rates. The Poor Rates of this parish exceed £1400 p an.

Sidmouth Jan 1870

Mon. Jan. 3. 1870— The papers describe the enthronisation of Dr Temple the new Bishop of the diocese, which took place in Exeter Cathedral last Wednesday. He is the author of a paper called "The Education of the World", bound up with others in a book known as "Essays and reviews". Most of these have been strongly condemned for their materialistic views and their tendencies towards infidelity. I have recently read the volume. If Dr Temple's contribution to the book is not the worst of the essays it is certainly found in very bad company. Great opposition, both by clergy and laity, has been made to his appointment; but when the nomination has once taken place, no power can apparently arrest the course of events.

Wed. Jan. 5 - To.day the new church at Croydon is opened. The old one was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and the new one has cost £28,000. My great Grandfather, Governor H., 3 of his children, and two cousins, lie buried under the north transept.

Mon. Jan. 10 – Wind veered yesterday to the N.W. Sharp frost last night. Early this morning three sharks were caught in some herring nets, and brought on shore. The largest was about six feet long. It is not often they are caught on this coast, though I have seen them before. It is still more unusual at this cold season of the year.

Th. Jan 20 - Started to walk to Knowle, but met the Alexanders driving towards Sidmouth. Being near Stephen's Cross (the carfax near the bottom of Trow Hill) turned down to Sidford, and went to look at the new church, the interior of which I had not seen since it was finished. The church is very large for such a village, but I am told it has been built prospectively, to suit a larger congregation at some future day. It is of red brick, with Bath stone cornices and dressings. The brick is visible inside, which looks rather cold. The style is plain decorated. The columns, corbels(?) & mouldings are massive, bold, and good; and altogether, I like the church very much. The vestry is built, but the chancel is not- only the foundations. The east end is temporarily closed in with felt & boards, with two windows, and looks neat inside. The Rev. Mr Marsland is the Curate, under Mr Coming, Vicar of Sidbury.

Sun. Jan. 23 – Clear north east-wind and cold. After afternoon service, when the Rev. R D Kestall Cornish (of Salcombe) but Vicar of Lankey, preached, I went to the top of Salcombe Hill and back, by the edge of the cliff, before dark.

Th. Jan. 27 - Wind NE. Clear and cold. Freezing everywhere. Though I sleep under seven blankets, I woke two or three times last night feeling chilly. Walked to Knowle near Harcombe this afternoon and found the Alexanders in. Returning, went to Sidford, took the lane opposite the south-west corner of the new church, and came back through the fields.

Fri. Jan 28 – On Monday, Jan. 10, Prince Pierre Bonaparte shot Victor Noir (properly Solomon, a Jew) in the Prince's drawing room at 59 Rue d'Auteuil, at Auteuil, near Paris. The Prince I believe is 3rd son of Lucien, elder brother of the first Napoleon. He has been a mauvais sujet, not noticed at court, of violent temper, and has shot one or two people before. This affair arose out of some political disputes in the papers. V. Noir and another called with a challenge. Paris much excited, and disturbances feared.

Sidmouth Feb. 1870

Sun. Feb. 6. 1870- Wind south. Incessant rain all day and all night. Got to the parish church and back in the morning.

Mon. Feb. 7.- Engaged all the morning carving the stone boss to go up in the arched ceiling between the hall and the staircase in the Old Chancel. The papers record the death of Belzoni's widow aged 88. She had a pension of £200 a year from government. Belzoni's travels in Egypt were my delight as a child.

Wed. Feb. 9 - At a small party at Florence Cottage – Mr, Mrs & Miss Martin, Mr G. Gordon, the Curate was there, Mr Baring-Gould, the Incumbent of All Saints, Mr and the Misses Parker, of the Hermitage, and the Misses Acraman of the Grove. When I went the weather was mild and damp, but when I returned the roads were frozen.

Fri. Feb. 11 - Attended the funeral of Mrs Creighton of 1 Coburg Terrace. I was at the wedding of her son near twenty years ago. He married the eldest daughter of Col. FitzGerald of Mount Edgar, just in Sidbury parish, and we went out to Sidbury Church. He was a Lieutenant in the army, and went in full uniform, but he forgot his hat. He afterwards died of cholera in India. His two boys were at the funeral. Also Col. Darnell, who married the other Miss FitzGerald. I was at their wedding too. Mr Radford, Attorney-at-law, of Sidmouth, was there. Dr Hodge. Also the Rev. R.H. Cresswell, son of Mrs Creighton's eldest daughter, a young clergyman, just ordained, and Mr Clements, the Vicar, who

performed the service. There was a strong north-east wind blowing, and the ground frozen. The coffin was of polished oak, and the mountings of brass, or gilt brass. It was lowered into what is called a brick grave. She put up the painted glass window at the NW end of Sidmouth parish church, to the memory of her relative Mrs Pennant.- My MS Hist. of Sidm. Vol IV. P.91.

Sat. Feb. 12. 1870 - A very strong north-east wind. Water and toothbrushes frozen in my bedroom. Nevertheless, as usual, I rubbed myself all over the moment I jumped out of bed, with a piece of flannel folded up and dipped in cold water, dried myself quickly, and put on my clothes. This operation freshens the skin and produces a nice glow. I am told the thermometer was down to 22° last night.

Mon. Feb. 14 - "Please sir, the beer barrel is frozen, and I can't draw any beer for dinner." So I had a glass of hot brandy & water.

Tu. Feb. 15 - "Please sir, the pump is frozen." What next? But it was thawed with a kettle of hot water.

Wed. Feb. 16.- The smallest indication of a thaw. Dined at seven at the Vicarage. Besides Mr & Mrs Clements, Mr J Clements the Vicar's brother, two Mrs Clementses, Mrs C.'s sisters, Mrs..... Dr Radford.

Th. Feb. 17 - Black, cold, cloudy day; wind still NE. No thaw.

Sat. Feb. 19 - Walked out to Core Hill (2¼m.) and called on Mr & Mrs Arnold. They have a story that Captain Arnold (Mrs A's brother) is the twentieth owner in succession on the old family estate at, I think called Nethercot, near Iddesleigh, or Dolton.

Tu. Feb. 22 - Attended a sale at the York Hotel. Edwin Hook, who has made money in London as a baker, and recently returned to his native place, bought Barton House near Coburg Terrace, and the cottage adjoining it called Axbridge House, for £800 – namely, a mortgage on them for £450 and he bid £350. For the 46 years remainder of a lease under the Manor, of No. 7 York Terrace, at the east end of the beach, there was not a bid.

Fri. Feb. 25 - At a Lecture on Poetry, for the benefit of the Needle Womens Society, by the Rev. H.G.J. Clements, the Vicar, at his Girls' School Room, in the Marsh, or eastern Town. Very good.

Sidmouth Mar. 1870

Tu. Mar. 15. 1870 - Mrs Willey, a fisherman's widow brought an old cracked jug for me to buy. I said it was not worth sixpence, it was so injured – for which sum she gave it up. Its probable age, and whether Dutch or English, I may find out some day.

As I once sat on the Scone stone – or rather in the Queen's chair in Westminster Abbey which holds it (without asking the Verger's leave.) I thought the annexed paragraph worth a place in this my Diary.

This evening I read a very interesting paper by Dr W.B. Carpenter on the sea dredgings carried on by some of H.M. ships lent for the purpose in 1868 and 1869. These examinations were carried on from the Bay of Biscay, northward to the Faroe Islands, and the bottom of the sea at nearly a depth of three miles, under enormous pressure, and in the dark, is abundant in animal life. Until recently,

naturalists thought there was no animal life at the bottom of the sea, at much less depths than 2345 fathoms, to which they have gone. Plenty of animal life down there with a temperature of only 29½ of farenheit.

Facing page has letter attached from Albert Memorial Museum regarding catalogues of coins.

Wed. Mar. 16. 1870 - I hope no harm has come to the tame rook. (July 22. 1869) He has been tame enough to take food out of my hand at the window; and when satisfied and happy, he will sit in the elm tree opposite the house, and chatter to himself by the half hour together. He suddenly ceased coming last week. I hope he has not been maimed or injured by cruel boys, or caught and confined in a cage. I would rather have him dead than suffer that misery. From what I have seen of boys, I am sorry to say I can believe any evil of them.

Th. Mar. 17. 1870 - Picked up a silver 3-penny piece in the middle of the High Street, Sidmouth, near Mill Street.

Sun. Mar. 20 - At the parish church. In the afternoon, being fine, took a walk via Five Fields, Bickwell, to Mutters Moor. Bickwell, written Bekewell, is mentioned in the Otterton Cartulary, circa 1260. Great alterations have been made beyond Bickwell Farm of late years. The last Lord of the Manor, who died recently, had narrowed and fenced the lane, and I am surprised to observe the quantities of large blocks of stone used in the right-hand hedge going up. I suppose they grubbed them up in their operations. All the hollow of Mutters Moor, the slope of Peak Hill, and the slope of Bulverton Hill used to be all open heath, picturesque and beautiful. Gradually it has been encroached upon, but in 1868 the finishing strokes of enclosure and ploughing up, were pretty well completed. This may be very useful, but I grieve to witness the destruction of the wild beauty of this once romantic spot.

Sidmouth March 1870

Tu. Mar. 22 - Finished reading A. Deminiris (sp???) "Weapons of War" from the German by C.C. Black. Very interesting, and full of curious points of antiquity. Speaking of the remote age of flint weapons, mention is made of their being found in the drift, and the picture of a mastodon or mammoth scratched or engraved on a piece of deer antler, found in Perigord. It is curious that the ancient Mexicans only employed flint or obsidian for their weapons, and yet they well knew the use of metal, for they made their armour and ornaments of iron, steel, brass, and even gold. As regards the spur, the Romans seem to have invented it. For centuries it was a single point, but the rowel did not come in till about 1300.

I have an elegant weapon, steel blade, chased and ornamented in gold, long handle, hollow, with a knife or dagger screwed in at the end, given me by Mr Shaw who brought it from India. He told me it came from Nepaul, but he did not know its name or its use. In this book, so profusely illustrated, I do not see any weapon like it. A useful note at the end says that steel weapons may be protected from rust by a light coat of colourless copal varnish, diluted in essential oil. Iron is easily cleansed from rust by rubbing with emery powder or paper, dipped in a composition of petroleum or benzine, essential oil, and spirits of wine. Such articles as rubbing would injure, should be laid from 8 to 30 days in a bath of benzine, and polished with woollen rags.

A short sword 2^f 2^l long has just been given me – silver mounted with shagreen hilt. Scabbard of leather, silver mounted.

Sat. Ap. 2. 1870 - So Prince Pierre Bonaparte is acquitted, and much to the astonishment of everybody. The trial took place at Tours, and ended last Sunday. Thirty-six jurymen, and they were exactly balanced in their opinion of guilty or not guilty – 18 on each side. In such a case the French law gives the verdict in favour of the prisoner, or gives the prisoner the benefit of the casting vote, not requiring unanimity as with us. – See back Jan. 28

Th. Ap. 7 – Walked this afternoon to Harpford to call at the Vicarage. Took the lanes via Cotmaton to Jenny Pines Corner, along Bulverton lane, so called, having Bulverton Hill on my left, to the Fir Trees, and then down Newton Poppleford Hill. Only saw Mr Gattey, Mrs Gattey being unwell, and Annie preparing for her wedding very shortly. Took a walk round the churchyard. Octagonal stair turret at NE corner of the tower. Vestry half way between the south porch and the south gate into the churchyard. The farm house just below the churchyard towards the river, I believe occupies the site of the old building which some silly writers in old books said was the county jail. They then transferred the jail to Bicton. In my MS History of Sidmouth I have shewn that it was always at Exeter.

Walked home over Bulverton Hill via Salter's Cross and Mutter's Moor. Weather clear and dry, and sun very hot.

After being nine times beaten, Cambridge University has won the boat race from Putney to Mortlake.

Sidmouth April 1870

Fr. Ap. 8 – The Great Eastern steamship has completed the task of laying the Indian cable. From Bombay to Aden was completed on March 2 and it was carried to Suez by the 8th.

The papers say that Lord Courtenay's debts and liabilities amounted to £230,000, and secured debts of £300,000. The assets consist in the Powderham and other estates.

Somewhere else there is an entry describing another revelation of the state of his affairs, in which his liabilities are spoken of as being three quarters of a million. And see 18 years further on, where they again crop up,- Sat. Feb. 4 1888.

Sidmouth April 1870

Wed. Ap 13 - The stack of four large Gothic chimney tops were put up on the Old Chancel. They were made (of terra cotta) at Stamford in Lincolnshire. Whilst I was on the lead roof with the workmen, I saw the first swallow this year. I have been told however, that several were seen last week.

Fri. Ap 15 – Good Friday. At the parish church. Mr G.W. Ormerod, now of Teignmouth, but for 17 years of Chagford, came over and dined with me. He is son of the historian of Cheshire, and himself a geologist and scientific man. He came to examine the cliffs all the way along, gave him several geological sections and drawings which I have recently made for him.

Sun. Ap. 17 – Easter Sunday. At All Saints and the parish church.

Wed. Ap. 20 – Went to Beer with Mr Heineken. Drove over Salcombe Hill, passed the Pound and observed the Ordnance mark got on the Lyme road at Trow: observed the same marks cut on the mile stones: stopped at the Three Horseshoes, and took another look at the Earthworks or Cross

Dyke on the north side, and noted especially the sunk road or remains of an entrenchment in the field next the road, and parallel to the road. Drove on: passed Hangman's Stone and Bovey House. Stopped at Court Barton, a farm house, descending the hill into Beer. Passing this way on former occasions, our attention had been attracted by the remains of a building in the farm yard, having somewhat the appearance of a church. I think I can remember the nave and chancel, dilapidated and altered, and a gable in the middle, like the gable of a transept, with the tracery of a pointed window knocked out, and the hollow filled in with boards. To our dismay, we found everything bright and new. Two or three years ago the old place was all pulled down and rebuilt. With respect to the old building, we could learn nothing definite. They told me that the pulling down revealed many little chambers, passages, and loopholes, but they never knew what the building had been. Much disappointed, we drove down to the end of the street near the sea and saw A new boathouse, covered with corrugated metal. We mounted the high chalk hill on the east side, lay down on the grass, and eat our sandwiches, and enjoyed the view. Our driver, who carried up the hamper, slipped and broke a bottle of ale, and the liquor escaped. Soon after, the bright sun being very hot, the cork of another bottle flew out with the report of a pistol, and we lost half the contents. But as we had a jar of sweet cider, we did very well. Took a lengthened view towards Seaton, and remarked the undulations in the strata of the red marl in the distant cliff. Saw the cemetery and the new cemetery chapel (built about three years ago) from where we stood, but did not go there. Descended the hill and visited the old church or chapel. The remains of the architecture are of the Decorated period. One bell in a small turret. A tablet at the east End records the existence of the plague (spelt plague) in 1646. I have heard that Beer was nearly depopulated, and that the dead weremostly buried on the left hand side of the road leading from Beer to Seaton, at a spot on the crown of the hill. Another tablet, on the east side of the chancel arch, records that Edward Wood, late a fisherman, left £20 in trust for the use of the poor. He died Nov. 7. 1804. The chancel arch is the best feature. Outside, it looks as if the church had three transepts. It is merely that the north and south aisles are covered by three gables. The west door is plain. The two small doors of the aisles, at the west end, are of the annexed pattern. A fine spring of water rushes down through the street, and over it are built two conduits of stone, and an iron fountain, but they are supplied with water from a reservoir. I once saw a son of Jack Rattenburg the great smuggler here, but I forgot to ask for him today. The evenings being rather cold, we got home soon after six to a good tea – which is always very refreshing.

Th. Ap. 21 - The cuckoo has now arrived among us.

Sat. Ap. 23 - And now Mrs Carew of Ashford has died. Her son Dudley died only last Thursday week. He went up to London and saw the university boat race, caught an inflammation on the lungs, came home and died. His aged mother received a great shock. At first it was thought to be merely at the sudden loss of her only surviving child, of whom she had the highest opinion; now it is said that immediately after his death she came to the knowledge of certain debts and irregularities which so astonished and grieved her, as very soon took to terminate her life. As I cannot prove the truth of the rumours now in everybody's mouth, the less said the better. Mrs Carew was a Miss Rogers. Her father and mother lived here before my recollection of the place. I have heard that the late Captain Carslake built Cotlands for them, but that owing to some dispute when the house was finished, they never occupied it. Upon this Mr Rogers either built or bought Ashford or Ayshford. He died about 1823 as

William Newman the stone mason who is doing the marble skirting for the hall of the Old Chancel, tells me that as a child he recollects seeing his funeral leave Ayshford for Bath. Mrs Rogers died next. My earliest recollection only carries me back to Mr and Mrs Carew living there, with their son and

daughter. Captain Robert Floyd, son of Sir Henry of Powys, ran away with Miss Carew. She was spending the day with the Elphinstones at Livonia, a house a mile out of Sidmouth on the Sidbury Road and now belonging to Col. Curry, and he came in at the drawing room window, opening down to the ground, and she went out with him. Mrs Elphinstone and her three daughters (who have often told me the story) were in the drawing room, Captain Elphinstone and his brother in law Mr Lobach, chatting over their wine in the dining room. The ladies were so astounded at the unexpected occurrence, that a few minutes passed before they could recover themselves. When they did they ran and told the gentlemen who were equally astounded. They felt much distressed at the great responsibility resting on them and the blame they might incur. Mrs Elphinstone hastily wrote a note, saying what had occurred, and Mr Lobach ran with it. Soon afterwards Mrs Carew arrived in a carriage with a policeman, and used no small abuse in language seldom heard this side of Billingsgate. Robert Floyd and his wife did not live together above a year or two. She died in childbed but no child was born alive. I have heard her mother went and saw her before her death. About this time (15 – 20 years ago) Mr Carew died. Things have since gone on quietly till now, Robert Floyd married a Mrs Montgomery with one child, a daughter. He comes into something handsome I hear, in right of his first wife. His boy, by his second wife, 14 years old, (my, how the time goes!) he put into the Royal Navy last year.

Mon. April 25. 1870 A woman from Sidbury brought me a dagger which she begged I would buy for half a crown, as she wanted to pay coach fare to go and see a sick relative:- so I bought it. She said that her son and a man were working in an old house in Sidbury nearly opposite the church. They were engaged pulling down the roof, and they found a sword and a dagger of antique pattern amongst the thatch. They had perhaps been hid there by some former owner, who died, and the circumstance died with him. The man took the sword, and the boy the dagger. I must enquire what the second is like. The dagger I give in the corner. It is 15 inches and five eighths long, blade and hilt together. The blade is thick, with a lozenge section

thus -

Tu. Ap. 26 - The papers say that on Friday last the 22nd Inst. The Exeter Museum in Queen Street was formally transferred to the custody of the Mayor and Town Council of Exeter, to hold as their property as trustees for the public. The Museum was also declared to be open free. Hitherto we have paid a penny. I believe it will be supported by a rate

Wed. Ap. 27 - Report says that Mrs Slessor, widow of General Slessor, has just sold the Broadway estate to the trustees of the late Lord of the Manor (Mr Balfour) for £7500. It consists of the residence, a farmhouse, and I am told about thirty five acres of land. When my late father came to Sidmouth, in

January 1825 it was a new place. I recollect walking out there with my mother and sister and seeing the grounds unfinished. Report also says that Mr Luke has sold Primley Hill, on the Sidbury road. Also that Mr G. Radford the lawyer of Sidmouth has bought Amyatt Place, (opposite Coburg Terrace) of Mrs Farrant, upholsterer. He had two of the houses before, those nearest the Fort Field.

Fri. May 6. 1870 – The stone arched ceiling of the hall of the Old Chancel begun to be put up from my designs. – (June 6).

Sat. May 7 - Cleaned off and put the finishing touches to the four corbels of the small stone ceiling beyond the hall.

Tu. May 10 - Went from Sidmouth to Dawlish. In Exeter my notice was called to an old oak door nearly opposite St Sidwell's Church. The date 1654 is on it. It would not do for the Chancel. Examined St Ann's Chapel at the bifurcation at the head of the street. The nave is converted into two dwelling houses and only the chancel is used. Visited the Museum in Queen Street. Did not see my mammoth tooth there. Went to the Cathedral. Took the railroad to Dawlish.

Wed. 11.- Welcome rain all day. It has been unusually dry: only a shower or two for 7 or 8 weeks. Read Mr Ellis's book, the Martyr church in Madagascar; and very interesting.

Th. 12 - Walked to the Warren and called on some friends near Mount Pleasant. Preserved the following.

Dawlish – May 1870

Fri. May 13 1870 - Went to Teignmouth by rail. Called on Rev. R. Cresswell (see Feb 11) and G.W. Ormerod. Walked back along the railway wall &c.

Sat. May 14 - Walked up to see 15 new houses now building between the church and running eastward. Near the south side I saw the grave of Miss Jane Pritchard where a sentence has caused some talk. On a cross I think the words are - "To the affectionate remembrance of our Jenny"

Sun. May 15 – At St Marks Chapel. Went there again in the afternoon to hear the school children catechised by the Vicar, Mr. Orlando Manley.

Mon. May 16 – Walked to the Holcombe Villas and out to the top of the Parson and Clerk rocks. Returned part way near the cliff. There is a very pretty schooner yacht anchored off, called the "Florence". She belongs to the Duke of Leeds (Osborne) and the noble owner comes on shore and stays with a family called Holt, sometimes for weeks at a time. Mr Holt generally goes away. It causes a great scandal in the place. There are three daughters and one son. Young Mr Cann married one of the daughters a year or two ago. They were married by the Duke's chaplain, which caused some talk.

Wed May 18 – Returned to Sidmouth. The morning I left home, I saw two bears with their keepers near the Market Place. They are rarely brought about now-a-days. There is a story going that they have since eaten a boy and have been killed. I have not seen the story in the papers.

Mon. May 23 – Accompanied some friends to the Horsemanship. Some of the performances were good, but others inferior.

Sidmouth May 1870

Tu. May 24 1870 – The Emperor of the French has appealed to the voters of the French nation. Out of 8,900,000 votes, 7,308,535 have given in favour of his throne and policy.

Wed. June 1 – The first of June in English history is generally remembered as Lord Howe's victory. I have often heard my mother mention it, as her father was made an Admiral for it. I think he commanded the Audacious and engaged the Revolutionaire, a larger ship, which he dismasted. This preceded the great battle, for I believe he fell in with one of the advanced ships a short time before, Jan 4 1759. He was afterwards made a Baronet for his share in the decisive battle of St Vincent. He was known as Sir William Parker of Harburn, co. Warwick, Bart. Vice Admiral of the Blue. He was

seized with paralysis - I suppose in the right side, for he was picking a fowl bone at dinner and, (as was then the custom) he held the bone with his fingers, but his hand suddenly gave way. He, however, substituted the other, and went on. But from that time he gradually sunk. He had a ten days illness, and died in the night between the last day of 1802, and the first of January 1803. My mother was in his room up to eleven o'clock at night, and left him alive, and believed he must have died during the early hours of the first. They heard of his death in the morning, and this would make him sixty, for I think his birthday was on New Years Day, yet my mother understood that 59 was put on the coffin plate. He died at Ham near Richmond, Surrey where he had a house and was buried in a vault in Greenwich Church. My mother told me the funeral cost £500, for the undertaker did as he liked, and the panels of the hearse were painted with subjects referring to his naval career. His widow (Jane Collingwood, a near relative of Admiral Lord Collingwood) survived I think till 1815. Their only son William succeeded. He was a Captain in the navy, and might have risen high, but he married young, and would not go to sea afterwards. I knew him and his wife (nee Still) and children when they lived at Plymouth somewhere about 1831. He had a large family, and afterwards went out to Canada, where he settled some of his children. He died I think at Plymouth. I knew his eldest son Sir George. He was in the army in India and was killed at Cawnpore in 1857 or 8. He left a son Sir George, who succeeded. He came home an invalid, went to Madeira and died aged about 24 and unmarried. The title then devolved on the next son, Henry, whom his father had settled near Toronto. He is married, but has no family; but one of his younger brothers has children, but no sons.

Mon. June 6 1870 – Whit Monday. The stone arched ceiling of the Old Chancel hall being now keyed in, the wedges of the centering were partly struck out, and the wooden support lowered about half an inch.

Sidmouth 1870 June

Tu. June 7 1870 – Well here's an apparition! After an absence of just three months, the lost and lamented rook surprised me by alighting on the window sill, and taking a piece of bread from the inside, which I had placed there to throw to another bird (I suspect his mother) which I have been encouraging of late. From his manner and confidence I have no doubt it is the same, but he is a little altered - his beak is rather whiter. (Perhaps he thinks my whiskers are.) [March 16]

Mon. June 13 - The hall ceiling having settled a week, the centering was entirely removed. The amount of stone in the ceiling is estimated at eight tons; and this, together with the thrust, exerts very great force. I so designed it as to throw the thrust into the corners, where the walls have the greatest powers of resistance. They have yielded enough to shew that the mortar in the joints is compressed hard, but no alteration took place after the first 24 hours. By guaging from the under side of the centre to the floor occasionally during the week, I cannot discover that it has descended so much as the thickness of a penny piece. I hope it is now all firm. I have been rather anxious as this has been an adventurous experiment for an amateur. The finishing and cleaning down of the under side will yet require some time.

Tu. June 14 – Went into Exeter today. Ordered one or two things for the Old Chancel. Attended a meeting of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society at the College Hall. Much discussion on the proposed restoration of Exeter Cathedral. They want to remove the screen, which the Dean and Chapter wish to preserve.

Th. Jun 16 – Thunder storm. It began at sea, but after two hours reached us. It has been remarked that thunder storms are of rare occurrence at Sidmouth. I once heard it said that this is because we

have no railroads, and that the iron rails of the neighbouring lines (Exmouth, Exeter, Honiton, Axminster, Seaton) attract the electricity away from us. The idea struck me. Can it be true? It rained hard for a couple of hours. Most welcome to vegetation. We have had very little rain since February. Great uneasiness about the crops.

Fri Jun 24 – The poles to carry the electric telegraph wires connecting Sidmouth with the great system overspreading the rest of the country are now being put up. They run from the Post Office in the Market Place across Back Fort Field, and are to be carried over Peak hill to Woodbury and Exeter. From Sidmouth to Honiton would have been the nearest route to London.

Mon. June 27 – Began doing some diaper work in the parish church, as an experiment, similar to what I have been doing in the Old Chancel. About six feet high and three wide on the two flat piers near the transept. Today it was only preparation.

Tu. 28 – The plaster being ready, I impressed the stamps, came home. Painted the garden door of the Old Chancel. Watered the plants. Clear light evening. Swallows flying about after the clock had struck nine.

W. 29 – Finished the two piers, but the work will require a coat of thin lime wash when dry, to fill up cracks. The pattern is in diamonds.

Sidmouth July 1870

Mon. July 4 1870 – The Blackmoor Fields, near the Old Chancel are generally most abundant in grass; but this year the field on the north of the Old Chancel, owing to the drought which still continues, after having been laid up since May the first, is found to be not worth cutting, so they have turned some cattle into it.

The Volunteers Camp out on Woodbury Hill this week. The Sidmouth Corps has marched over.

Wed. July 6 – Review on Woodbury Hill. I had arranged with some friends to go over, but there was not a carriage or a horse to be got.

Th. July 7 – To-day the electric telegraph wire and poles from Sidmouth to Exmouth Junction are arranged to be completed.

Tu. July 12 – A total eclipse of the Moon now going on. 9.P.M. It began 8.45: middle 10.34: end 12.24A.M. Eleven P.M. beginning to go off, and I am going off to bed.

Sat. Jul 16 – So France has declared war with Prussia and all Europe is surprised. The success of Prussia in its war with Austria four or five years ago, and soon after in its war with Denmark, seems to have excited the envy and jealousy of France, as much as it raised the consequence of Prussia and placed her amongst the first-rate nations of Europe. Since those events the two states have been looking at each other like two unfriendly bulldogs, only waiting for an excuse. The state of Spain has furnished it. Since the revolution in the latter country, and the expulsion of the Bourbons a couple of years ago, the provisional government has been looking for a king. The crown has been offered to several princes, but without success. At last it is offered to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern – Sigmaringen, an offshoot of the Prussian royal family. With the feelings of France towards Prussia on her eastern frontier, she thought she saw a second Prussia about to be established over the Pyrenees, - so she protested, and the Prince was withdrawn. Peace seemed secured. But the French

ambassador said and did things that offended the King of Prussia so much that he refused to see him. Prince Leopold was again put forward and France immediately declared war. The Vicar of Sidmouth and Mrs Clements have just left to make a tour on the continent, but they stayed in London to see what turn events would take. Of course they will not go now. But the Misses Lord of Rose Cottage, with Col. Mrs and Miss Jones (recently tenants of Mr Vane at Camden) are now on their way up the Rhine to Switzerland. It is to be hoped they will hurry home at once, for no-one can say what countries may get entangled in the quarrel.

Wed. Aug. 3 – After a few skirmishes, a battle was fought yesterday when the French captured Saarbruck in Rhenish Bavaria. But the Prussians have gained a victory. They have taken Weissenburg, killed the French General and taken 500 prisoners. A new and destructive engine of war is now first used by the French, mitrailleuse. It appears to be number of barrels on a carriage, discharged together.

Mon. Aug 8 – Went to London and chiefly to verify some dates and look up some further historical facts for my History of Sidmouth, which has stood over too long, having been busy about other matters. To make a fair copy of the whole will occupy the winter evenings. Put up at the Charing Cross Hotel.

London, August 1870 – Stapleford

Tu. Aug 9 1870 – Went to witness a match of croquet for the championship on the Victoria Rifle Drill ground, Marlborough Rd, St Johns Wood.

W. Aug. 10 – Had a long chat with Lady Donoughmore at her house 52 South Audley St. I had not seen her since her husband's death and she gave me particulars of his illnesses.

Again at St John's Wood. Dined with Col. French and Mr Vane at the East India Club, St James's Square.

Th. Aug. 11 – Went from London to Ware, and then to Stapleford to see my cousin, the Rev. Wm Oliver at the Rectory. Caught sight of the Rye House on the right hand side of the railroad going. I think this is the place where the plot was concocted, which cost Lord Russell his head.

Sat 13 – Drove three miles to Hertford. Went inside the Castle walls to examine the place. The old moat is now a garden. Returned. Read "Hertford and its Castle" by R. Dimsdale. William drove me and his daughter Betsy (sic) through Hatfield Park, the property of Abel Smith M.P.

Su. 14 – At Stapleford church twice. The wooden turret has two bells. The yew trees in the churchyard, the Rector told me, were planted by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, when he was a boy working as a gardener at Hatfield.

M. 15 – Returned to London. The news from the Continent are startling. The Prussians are beating the French – are passing over their own frontier, and have now got above 600,000 men and 1500 guns on French territory.

Tu 16. – From 10 till 6 in the Library of the British Museum. At one I eat a bun I had in my pocket.

London, Aug. 1870

Wed. 17 Aug – Again all day in the Library.

Th. 18 – At the Record Office on the east side of Chancery Lane. Since I was last occupied making historical searches, the Records, then kept in various offices, are now concentrated here.

The French are very unfortunate, the Prussians have successfully gained three great victories – at Weissenborg, Forbach and Wörth, and are now approaching Metz. Great excitement and discontent in Paris. The Emperor has resigned the chief command of the army to Marshall Bazaine.

Fr. 19 – At the British Museum again.

S. 20 – Visited the South Kensington Museum, examined the new mosaics on the walls: interesting plaster casts of gateways, doorways: antiques: bronzes: paintings &c.

Went over Westminster Abbey. Examined mostly the new pulpit; the reredos: Henry VIII's Chapel; the ceiling, (from which I got some hints for the hall ceiling of the Old Chancel) the monuments, &c.

Then went into Westminster Hall, and thence down steps into the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, which has been recently restored. It is not underground for there are windows on each side; but they may be half buried, and they are full of coloured glass, and as it was nearly dark, there were one or two lamps burning. The whole surface is elaborately covered with colour and gilding (sic). And profusely decorated with Gothic patterns, quaint, peculiar but still beautiful. The great bell in the clock tower struck five. The tone of that bell is beautiful. Came to my lodging bewildered with what I had seen.

London and Southampton

Sun. Aug. 21 1870 – Went to the Chapel Royal in the Savoy. It is on the right hand side going down Savoy Street out of the Strand. It was burnt down a few years ago, and has been rebuilt. It is handsomely decorated in colour and gilding. In the afternoon went to the service at St Paul's, The Roman style of architecture (of Pagan origin) to me is quite unsuited to a place of worship. It always reminds me of a theatre or a museum. In short, I do not think St. Paul's can compete with Westminster Abbey in solemn grandeur or religious solemnity. They have recently entered upon the resolution to decorate the interior, as they say Sir Christopher Wren intended. The bare white walls certainly look very cold. They have done some portions with colour and gilding. The triangular spandrills under the dome are being done in mosaic with gold ground. It appears to me that the colours of the paintings inside the dome are much faded since I first remember them.

Mon. Aug 22 – Left London for Sidmouth but made a detour to see Mr & Mrs Lloyd (Miss Heineken) at Wareham. Went by rail to Basingstoke and Southampton: then through the New Forest, and afterwards through a great expanse of wild heath. It is said the Crown has 63,000 acres there, and the public have right of common over 67,000 more. Some of it is being planted. It is mostly sandy poor land. Scores and scores of acres I saw black and charred, that had been burnt by accidental fires during the dry weather

Wareham, Dorchester & Sidmouth

I saw several coveys of partridges feeding within a few yards, but they neither flew nor took much notice of the train as it passed.

At Poole harbour we passed a great expanse of water over a timber bridge or viaduct.

Wareham is a quadrangular town, surrounded by a bold foss and agger, with two principal streets crossing each other in the middle. Like Exeter, it has much the plan of a Roman camp, though Mr Charles Warne a Dorsetshire antiquary of repute, ascribed it to the Saxons. I went nearly all round on the top of the agger. In some places I should think it were 50 feet high. Most perfect on the north and west sides.

Thence to Dorchester, which is another quadrangular town. Had a glimpse at the Roman amphitheatre. After leaving, a tunnel takes the train for Yeovil right under a large camp.

Near Yeovil I got the train to Devonshire. Home at 7.P.M.

Th. Aug. 25 – The Prussians are still carrying everything before them. They are gradually pushing their way westward towards Paris. There have been some great battles near Metz, which they have passed in their onward march. At Gravelotte and Resonville there have been drawn battles. Strange to say, the French have more than once been taken by surprise, and seem to have been ignorant of the number & proximity of their enemy, whilst the Prussians have been well informed on most points. The Parisians are almost frantic. They are putting the city in a posture of defence, and have now got 1000 guns in positions. But Paris could never stand a siege, they would be starved out.

Sidmouth, Aug. Sep. 1870

Tu. Aug 30 – Cottage Garden exhibition, held this year in the field on the north side of the Vicarage.

Sat. Sep. 3 – Astounding news from France! A telegram has just arrived, saying that the Emperor Napoleon and all his army have surrendered to the King of Prussia.

Tu. Sep. 6 – Astounding indeed! The Emperor is sent into Prussia and is assigned Wilhelmshöhe Castle, near Cassel. The Empress, who was left in Paris as Regent, has been obliged to leave and will join her husband. Their boy is to come to England. A Republic is established in Paris, and the Parisians declare they will stand a siege. Marshall MacMahon has not died of his wounds, asserted, and his troops to the amount of 80000, have laid down their arms. Was there ever such a surrender in this world!

Fri. Sep 9 – The battle of Sedan settled the matter on Thursday the first of this month. Report says the French had 110,000 men, and the Prussians 170,000 before the battle. The French got surrounded and were unable to cut their way through. The Emperor is said to have written the following letter to the King of Prussia – “Mon Frere, - N’agant pu mourir a la tête de mon armée, je depose mon épée au pied de vôtre Majesty”. They had an interview soon after.

But the war is not ended. General Trochu is President of the new Republic. The advanced corp of the Prussian army are now within 40 miles of Paris, and the Parisians declare they will not surrender. I think they had better.

Tu. Sep. 13 1870 – A curious thing has just happened in Sidmouth. Mr Pile the carrier had taken his waggon with one horse on it over to Belmont at the west end of the beach to deliver a package. Whilst his back was turned for a few minutes, the horse turned right outwards towards the sea, and walked out over the Esplanade wall, dragging the waggon partly or entirely down upon him. They fell

over a height of six or eight feet. The horse was nearly blind. The strange part of the story is, that when they were extricated and got up, they appeared to have sustained no injury.

Fri. Sep. 16 – The march goes on. The Prussian troops are concentrating on Paris, unopposed. Only two short months ago, the French soldiers, as they marched out of the city for the seat of war, madly cried “A Berlin, A Berlin!” Who would have supposed that just the reverse would have taken place? The death of Marshall MacMahon is contradicted.

Sat. 17 – All day engaged laying the tiles of the Hall floor at the Old Chancel.

Fri. Sep. 23 – We learn that the Prussians have taken up their positions all round Paris and that the city is closely invested. There have been one or two fights in the neighbourhood, but they did not arrest the Prussian advance. The self elected Republican government, which the King of Prussia will not recognise, is endeavouring to get the neutral nations of Europe to intercede. The papers say that the ex-Emperor Napoleon entered France in 1848 a poor man, and that he has left it a poor man, having laid by little or nothing: that he has only a small cottage left him by his mother: that the Empress had some property in Spain, and her jewels: and that Louis, the Prince Imperial has a house near Trieste. We had understood that they had money in the English funds.

Sidmouth Sep – Oct 1870

Fr. Sep. 30 – Called on Mr Haycock at Bellmont. He bought a lease last year, and has much improved the house and grounds.

Sat. Oct. 1 1870 – The new half-penny post cards, and the new half-penny postage heads for newspapers, came into use today.

Mon. Oct. 3 – Paris is closely shut up on all sides. An aeronaut got out the other day in a balloon, above the reach of bullets, and took important information to the ministers, now met at Tours, the fortified town of Toul, in Lorraine, surrendered after a sharp siege on Friday 16th inst. Strasburg has now fallen. It hoisted the white flag on the cathedral on Tuesday 27th inst. Metz still holds out, but I suppose it must go before long. Orleans was occupied without resistance. The Prussians seem to be overrunning all France. We are told that they now have 650,000 men in the country. The King of Prussia and his son are comfortably ensconced in the Palace of Versailles. Who could have believed such things a few months ago?

Th. Oct. 13 – Went to London to see Miss Lucy Hamilton. I knew her father and mother in Staffordshire in 1835, (can it be 35 years ago?) when she was three or four years old, and I used to nurse her in my lap, and carry her about in my arms. Her father and mother emigrated to Adelaide in South Australia more than 20 years ago. She has come back for a few months to see old friends. Took rooms at 27 Conduit Street.

London, Oct. 1870

Fr. Oct. 14 1870 – walked nearly four miles out north-west to Ladbrook Grove to see friends. Came back to Portland road by rail.

Sat. Oct 15 – Went to look at the Houses of Parliament. The frescoes in the Royal Gallery &c are improved. They are softer and more mellow than when I saw them last. The Crypt (sic) of St Stephan' s is worth visiting (see Aug. 20th). Went to the National Gallery

Miss Hamilton reminds me of her mother: but it is hard to fill up the gap, and hard to realise what I am obliged to believe is true, i.e. that she is the little round face girl I remember.

Su. Oct. 16 – Rain all day. Went to St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Went in the afternoon and evening to St. James's, Piccadilly. The oak carving, light and freely executed, over the communion table, caught my eye. I believe it is by Grinling Gibbons.

Mon. 17 – Went with Miss Hamilton and Dr & Mrs Taylor of Adelaide, to see the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The grounds are much improved, and the shrubs grown larger since my last visit. We dined in the building. We were amused at the tameness of the sparrows, we threw crumbs on the floor, and they came close to our chairs to eat them. I like making my visits studies, but it is impossible when one is with friends.

Tu. Oct 18 – Having recently heard of the death of my brother in Australia, I wished to see my cousin, the Rev. Wm Oliver, Rector of Stapleford, Herts, who is my executor in England. Took the rail from Kings Cross. Changed trains at Hatfield, where I got a glimpse of the Marquis of Salisbury's mansion. Got to Hertford, walked between three and four miles to Stapleford. My brother died of apoplexy on 3rd of August, at his seat, Beaudesert, Hindmarsh Valley, near Port Elliot, South Australia. He was my father's and mother's eldest child (I was the fourth). His first name, Young, he had from an intimate friend of my father's: his second, Bingham, from Admiral Bingham, who married one of my mother's sisters - daughter of Vice Admiral Sir Wm Parker of Harburn co. Warwick, Bt. He was educated at Tiverton School: went some years into the Royal Navy: left it: accompanied the first governor Sir John Hindmarsh, in 1836, to found the Colony of South Australia: he bought about 1000 acres of land, mostly near Port Elliot and Goolwa: returned to England: married Miss Augusta Kingdon at Heavitree in 1851: and returned that year to Australia. His wife and four children survive him.

Made a coloured sketch (in one of my sketchbooks) of an old silver cup or tankard just rescued from America. It was given to the Second Church, in Boston, Massachusetts, by Thomas Hutchinson, my great-great-grandfather (father of the Governor) for the communion wine. The plate has been sold. This fetched 63.70 dollars. It holds near three pints and a half. The Hutchinson arms are on it.

Wed. Oct. 19 – Returned to London.

Thu. Oct. 30 - Returned to Devonshire.

Sidmouth Oct

Sat. Oct. 29 – The continental war goes on in the same course. Metz has now surrendered to the Prussians, with 150,000 prisoners including 20,000 sick and wounded. These things are astonishing. In every battle of any pretensions the French have been uniformly beaten. What has become of their ancient martial skill, of which we used to hear so much? Metz surrendered from want of provisions, and I suppose that Paris, before Christmas, must follow. The city continues closely invested. Many sorties have been made on the besiegers, but the French cannot beat off the Prussians. The King of Prussia is ensconced at Versailles. The French, by means of shells thrown from the fort of Mount Valerien, have set fire to the Palace of St. Cloud – perhaps not intentionally. Balloons ascend almost daily from Paris, carrying people, letters and carrier pigeons. This is how we get news from the interior, and the pigeons carry news back.

Tu. Nov. 1 1870 – Began transcribing my History of Sidmouth into two quarto volumes, bound in green vellum, which I have had made on purpose. This is the third time of transcribing. The first draft consisted of mere notes, with copies of old charters, deed &c; the second was pretty fairly written; the third, if I live to complete it, will be an improvement on the second.

Sidmouth November 1870

Wed. Nov. 2 1870 – More particulars about the fall of Metz. This capitulation beats Sedan, which astonished the world. At Metz there were 3 Field Marshals, 50 generals, 6000 officers, and 173,000 soldiers! The Prussians outside did not exceed 200,000. The number of French prisoners now in Prussia is enormous. The blockade of Paris continues. The provisions are already getting short.

Sat. Nov. 5 – I was up on top of the church tower during the greater part of the day superintending the putting up a sham pinnacle on the north-west corner of the tower. It is proposed to put up four stone pinnacles (as there probably once were) to give the tower height and lightness. This is the moor needed since the roof of the church has been raised, when it was rebuilt. The scheme has always been mine since the rebuilding ten years ago. This experimental pinnacle is merely a framework of wood covered with canvas.

This evening there was great rioting in the town. Under the idea of celebrating the 5th of November, a low mob of idle and dissolute fellows, disguised in masks, and some in women's clothes, placed a tar barrel all on fire against the shop of a sadler called Bennet, living about the middle of the south side of New Street, east of the market place. They also forced in the shutters and broke the glass, and then threw fire into the house. It was with great difficulty the house was saved from being burnt. He had had a dispute with his apprentice boy, and this was a piece of revenge. Several other persons had been threatened.

Wed. Nov. 9 1870 – Meeting at the Town Hall, called to take into consideration the disgraceful outrage committed on Mr Bennet's house on 5th and other disturbances on several previous occasions. Mr Lousada of Peak House was in the chair. He is the only magistrate in this parish. There was a great deal of excited talk. Some people blamed Mr Lousada severely to his face for not having taken precautions, to which he replied. Mr Clements, the Vicar, was present; Mr Thornton, of Knowle Cottage, Captain Joliffe of Woodlands, Mr Ede of Lansdowne, Mr Till of Seafield, Mr Gordon the Curate, Mr Warner of Cotmaton, myself and some others, with most of the shopkeepers in trepidation. The meeting was finally adjourned to October 20 1871.

Th. Nov.10 – Some more particulars of Lord Courtenay's bankruptcy have recently appeared. He owes £215,292 to unsecured creditors and £502,362 to creditors secured on the Devonshire estates. This seems to imply utter ruin to himself, to his relations, and to all those who may come after him. How could any man, not in madhouse, have been such a intense ass to have got into such a gigantic predicament!

Th. Nov. 17 - My birthday. I am sixty, but I feel as young and active as thirty. I was born at Winchester Nov. 17. 1810. My father then being Physician to Winchester Hospital. I believe he had previously been Physician to Exeter Hospital. I was baptised at Heavitree in 1811, at the time, I have heard, that my father's only sister Mary married Captain Oliver R.N.; - but I never examined the register.

Sidmouth Nov. 1870

Fri. Nov. 18 - Finished some more diaper work in the church. This time in rectangular or square pattern, being on the north and south aisle sides of the flat piers before treated. – June 27

Th. Nov. 24 – So the Spaniards have found a king at last. They have elected the Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, and he has accepted the difficult post.

Sat. Dec. 3 – Another week gone and Paris is still in the grasp of her enemies. A short time ago the French beat the Prussians in a battle near Orleans, and if they could have followed up their success and have marched northward to the relief of Paris, they might have done some good, but the Prussians brought up re-enforcements and stopped them. More recently, the army in Paris marched out and attacked their besiegers on a large scale, and temporarily broke their line; but they were eventually obliged to retire within their own lines. The circuit of the Prussian army round Paris, measures about 26 miles. I think they have 400,000 men there. The force in Paris of all sorts, new levies, volunteers &c., I believe is about half that amount. The forts round the city are mostly manned by sailors. Meanwhile provisions are growing short.

Mon. Dec. 4 – Dined at the vicarage. Besides the Vicar and his wife, there were two Misses Clementses, Captain Lindsay Brine, R.N., Rev. George Gordon, the curate, and Miss Cave, sister of Stephan Cave, M.P.

Th. Dec. 8 – Spent the evening with Mr Heineken – a scientific evening.

Fr. Dec. 9 – Spent the evening with the Vanes – a gossiping evening.

Sat. Dec 10 – Walked to Ladram Bay and back on the beach. I wanted to look at old scenes, for the use of the geological chapter in my History of Sidmouth, not having been there for several years. I was surprised to see how many falls of the cliff there had been in many places, and how much the features of some points in the coast have been thereby altered. Took sketchbooks, and revised some of my old sketches of the "Tortoiseshell Rock" (so called) and some others. The point of rock between Sandy Cove and Hern Rock Cove, has been entirely detached from the main land since my last visit, by the falling away of the soft cliff at the neck of the promontory (as I may call it) so that the end has now become a complete island or separate mass of rock. Went through the Ladram Bay arch. This beautiful arch must go like the rest some day. The tide was not low enough to let me get into Ladram Bay, so I turned about and walked back the same way. It is rather a fagging walk; - slipping and sliding over seaweed, springing over pools of water, short steps, long steps, high steps, low steps, over a great block of stone, then carefully across some stepping stones, then over some other great blocks. The sun was bright but the air very cold, and though the "conkerbells", as they are pleased to term icicles in Devonshire, fringed the cliffs, I was frequently in a good perspiration. Started at 11A.M. and got back at 3P.M.

Sidmouth Dec. 1870

Sun. Dec. 11 1870 – Dr Temple, Bishop of Exeter, held a confirmation in the parish church (I was confirmed there by the late bishop). There were about 80 candidates. They sat together in the middle of the transept, the girls on the south side of the centre aisle, the boys on the north. The morning service went on to the end of the Litany. Then, after a short piece of music on the organ, the bishop came to the chancel steps, close to the candidates, and asked them the prescribed questions, to which they responded. That done, he went inside the communion rails, and the young folks, the girls first, went up and each one successfully knelt down, when he put his hands upon his

or her head and said a short prayer. They went up mostly on the south side of the chancel middle passage, and came back on the north. "Amen" was said at the end of each, accompanied by the organ.

In the afternoon service he preached in the parish church, extempore mostly. He wore a black gown with white lawn sleeves. He looks about 40 to 45. The candles were lit in the pulpit in the afternoon and many persons were apprehensive, (myself amongst the number) that he would have set his lawn sleeves on fire, for he put them too near the candles several times.

Mon. Dec. 19 – Called at the Vicarage. Gave the Vicar a copy of my History of the Restoration of Sidmouth Church, brought down to the present time by a supplementary chapter. Also one for the parish chest, at his request.

Then went on to Richmond Lodge and saw the Earl of Buckinghamshire. Gave him one, he having done so much for the church. He had one of the early ones nearly ten years ago. Had half an hour's chat with him on things in general. I have three copies remaining – one for myself, one for the British Museum, and one either for the Institution in the Cathedral Yard, Exeter, or the Albert Museum in Queen Street.

Th. Dec 22 – An eclipse of the sun, and now going on. Though the light is considerably lessened, it is not so dark as I expected. The moon came on on the right or west side of the sun's disc, passed below the centre, and went off at the east. At the greatest obscuration about one fifth of the upper part of the sun was uncovered. There was (not yet over) a peculiar and beautiful bluish subdued light over the landscape, like looking through tinted gray glass.

Fr. Dec. 23 – Spent the evening at Mr Heineken's, and four of us went through Correlli's sonatas for a couple of hours:- viola, flute, violincello and organ. I was obliged to take second fiddle part on the flute.

Weather again set in cold. Thermometer last night 18°, wind NE.

Sat. Dec. 24 – Walked to Core Hill, near 2½ miles, and called on the Arnolds. On my way, about 3PM and opposite the sun, saw a white rainbow, as it appeared to be. Could it have been caused by the particles of water being in a frozen state? It looked like a faint white cloud occupying the form of a rainbow. It lasted about 15 minutes. Saw a large heap of apples in an orchard at Lower Woolbrook, still lying on the ground not yet made into cider. This is unusually late.

Sun. Dec. 25 – Christmas Day. Choral service at the parish church. I have heard choral service there before. It was very absurdly done.

Tu. Dec. 27 – Taking advantage of the dry cold weather, I walked to Harpford. Went via Broadway, Bulverton, Bowde and down through Harpford Wood. Called at the Vicarage and saw the Gattis: on Capt. Lang, who married one of the Miss Wolcots of Knowle: on the Rev. S. Walker. Returned over Peak Hill, via Salters Cross, Lower Bickwell, Cotmaton.

Sidmouth Dec. 1870

Th. Dec. 29 1870. Walked out to the pond in the meadow below Sid Abbey on the Sidmouth side of the river. It has been frozen hard all the week. It was quite a gay scene, there were so many people sliding and skating, ladies as well as gentlemen.

Sat. Dec. 31 1870. The siege of Paris still goes on and it is now between three and four months since it has been closely invested by a 30 mile circuit of Germans. The King of Prussia (there is a proposal to create him Emperor of Germany) has hitherto refrained from assaulting or bombarding the city, out of regard it is said to its numerous works of art, but his troops are becoming impatient, and so are their friends in Germany, at this long delay. A new fort, eastward of the city, called Fort Mont Avron, has just been assaulted and some of the missiles reached the enceinte, but whether this means a positive ?? on that side, subsequent movements must show. It has generally been said that the S or SW was the weakest; and forts Issy, Yanvres, Arcueil and Bicetres would be the first attacked.

Amongst notable events, Prince Amadeus, second son of the King of Italy, the newly elected King of Spain, left Florence for his new kingdom last Tuesday the 27th.

Now that Rome has fallen into the Italian kingdom, the king means soon to make that city his capital. Meanwhile the Pope protests and whines and pines, and excommunicates all members of the Italian government, but their appetites still continue very good.

And so ends 1870.

POH Transcripts - 1871

SIDMOUTH JANUARY 1871

Sun. Jan. 1 1871. The new year comes with all its hopes, like others before.

Fri. Jan 6. Eclipses are as plenty as blackberries, indeed much more so, at this season of the year. Only a fortnight ago an eclipse of the sun, and now an eclipse of the moon. I was struck with the similarity in appearance, owing to nearly the same amount of obscuration, but making due allowance for the different arrangement of the three great heavenly bodies engaged in the performance.

Mon. Jan. 16. Paris, week by week, becomes closer and closer enchained by the surrounding grip of her enemies. There are upwards of 200,000 troops inside, who have made several vigorous sorties; and there are two or three vast armies now in the provinces. These last have attempted to march to the relief of Paris, but the Prussians have so far prevented. Meanwhile the city is suffering beyond description. Even cats, rats and dogs are beginning to fail. Two elephants have recently been killed for food. One was killed by means of an explosive shell. Impatient of the delay, the Prussians have begun to bombard the city.

I would have sold No. 4 if I could have got a good price for it: but the railroad was not started and no one was disposed to buy, so I retain it.

Sidmouth Jan. 1871

Sat. 21. - A trifle of mine, annexed, appeared in the paper. I hope the old stone will be better preserved.

Mon. Jan. 30. Paris has fallen! The siege has lasted Upwards of four months 4 months & 11 days. The bombardment has at last had its effect. The amount of misery suffered from starvation and cold is indescribable. When they had consumed the cattle and sheep, they fell upon the horses. Then they took to the dogs and cats and rats and mice. Still later they took to the menageries and wild beast shows. Lions, tigers and elephants have recently been slaughtered. The progress of this war has surprised all Europe. The French have failed in everything: and in every battle of any account, they have always been beaten. An armistice of three weeks is agreed upon. The forts around Paris are occupied by the Prussians, and the city for the present is held in check. No one thinks that the fighting will be renewed.

Fri. Feb. 10 1871. It is reported that the Germans, as a war indemnity, demand of the French Alsace and Loraine, with Belfort and Metz: also Pondyerry in the East Indies: 20 first class iron-clad ships of war: and £400.000.000 in money. If these terms are persisted in, it is thought the French will renew the war out of desperation.

Sat. Feb. 11. The death of my brother in Australia, Aug. 3 1870, and my sister's husband Oct. 11, have altered my plans. Made a new will, leaving my houses in Sidmouth to my sister, also stock and money, and also my land Sec. 18 at Port Victor.

Sat. Feb. 25. The three weeks armistice terminated at noon on Sunday the 19th, but as there had not been time to complete the elections for the National Assembly to meet at Bordeaux, and for the

members to deliberate on the great questions before them, it was extended to yesterday the 24th. The conquerors have demanded the sum of £8,000,000 from the inhabitants of the city, and made them pay it. Messages used to be sent from Tours to Paris by carrier pidgeon 1 f. p. word. From England they were sent in the Times. The paper was reduced by photography to 1 inch by 1½ the page containing messages. One of these little photos was sent by pidgeon. It was there enlarged and the messages forwarded to the persons concerned. Great quantities of food have been sent from England to the starving Parisians.

Sun. Feb. 26. The armistice is extended to 12 to-night. After morning service I walked to the cairns on Bulverton Hill. I walked back in the rain.

Sidmouth Mar 1871

W. Mar 1 1871 – For months past the Franco-German war has absorbed everything. The French nation has with much reluctance, but by a vote of 546 to 107, accepted the German terms of peace. They give up all Alsace, and one third of Loraine, including the important city of Metz: and five milliards of francs in money, about £200,000,000. One milliard is to be paid this year; two more in 1872; and the remainder in 1873. The Prussian troops will withdraw gradually out of France, as the money is paid. All prisoners to be set free. With an ingratitude not to be admired, the people are denouncing their late Emperor Napoleon, and laying all the blame of their misfortunes upon him; when it is well known that France has never prospered more than during his reign of the last twenty years, and that six months ago they were all mad for the war, if they did not even force him into it.

Tu. Mar 7. – Destroyed my Diary from Feb. 1849, back to 1840, I had previously destroyed it back to 1832. I may yet have another spell at destroying and lop off another decime or two. The early part I thought contained a great deal of childish nonsense. Some few entries would have been worth retaining, had they stood alone; but as they did not outweigh the trash I condemned the whole together. I observed under date Mon. Aug. 2 1847, Mr Heineken and myself went over to Branscombe and examined the interesting old house at Edge Farm. Wed. Sep. 8 1847 I dined at Salcombe Lodge, when the company were alarmed after dinner at seeing a great blaze over the town of Sidmouth. About a dozen houses were burnt down at Mill Cross, opposite the Unitarian Chapel and Mill Lane now foolishly altered to the sentence “ All Saints Church Road”. The remains of the monks’ and Adam de Radway’s old mill with the adjoining houses were destroyed. The fire was caused by a man going into a stable with a candle, and setting the hay and straw alight through carelessness – Wed. Jan 12 1848, H. Ponsford on the cliff of Salcombe Hill, fell over and was killed. He was ferreting rabbits, and a dead ferret was found in his pocket. My late mother and myself, walking on the Esplanade, saw his body brought home in a boat. From different parts of my Diary of 1845 and 1846, I took out the following notices of the late Marquis of Northampton’s soirees, to which he invited me.

Sidmouth Mar 1871

Fri Mar. 24 1871 – Beautiful day. Wind NE, fresh & pleasant. Brilliant sun. Mr Heineken and myself drove over to Branscombe. Went up Trow Hill, past Slade, drove to Higher and Lower Bulstone to enquire more about the coffin made of slabs of stone with bones in it, said to have been found many years ago by a labouring man near a hedge. Could get no information whatever, from either there or of old men elsewhere. Drove into Branscombe. Went again into the old house called “The Clergy”, near the church, with the loophole and trap door over the entrance. Went to Castle Close, on the hill over Culverhole or Trafalgar Cottage (Jul 9 1861). The lintel of the hole where the lime is withdrawn

from the upper kiln (now in ruins) is a sandstone block 3 feet long and 9 inches thick. Query, the stone taken from the destroyed tumulus? The corresponding hole of the lower kiln is buried in rubbish. We eat our sandwiches and bread and cheese and drank our beer and cider as we sat on the grass, and enjoyed it all amazingly. We entered the chalk quarry which is now worked out and abandoned. We then scrambled up to where the filled – in trenches of the supposed camp were. I dug at the end of the southern one. It had been 9 feet deep, and about the same width at top. The portion remaining of the trench (agger or vas??) is 65 feet long, then turns at a right angle, and goes 15 to the edge of the quarry. Having been filled in, and all on the level, nothing is seen but the ends of the trenches in the face of the cliff. Bones, pottery etc having been met with by the quarry men suggested my digging at the end: but I had neither time nor tools to do much. We found beach pebbles like sling stones in the fields above, which may or may not be genuine. Near the kilns we saw many flint flakes, evidently modern. Perhaps gun flints used to be made there.

Then went into Branscombe Church. There was no proper font. John Parrat, who is 79, and has been sexton between 50 and 55 years, told us that the old font had been used as a pump trough within his memory, and taking us to the garden at the east end of the churchyard, he showed us a fragment of it about 18 inches long, being the curved segment of the outside. On the altar tomb of Joan, wife of Ellis Carter of Weston, 1699, opposite the south porch, is a rhyming stanza of four lines, which stands as I copy it here.

About half a mile out of Branscombe, as we were returning home, we met a man with a donkey cart, and as the lane was very narrow, we stopped to let him pass. I stood up to put on an overcoat. The cart was loaded with faggots of sticks, on which was perched a boy of 10 or 12. Willing to have a joke, I cried out with a Devonshire accent "I zay! What'll e zell the lot vor – sticks and boy and all?" "I should be very glad to zell the boy," said the man, "but I can't pairt wi' the sticks". This caused a great laugh all round, and in which the boy joined.

Sidmouth March 1871

Sat. Mar. 25 1871. Lady Day. News have arrived that the Emperor-King of Germany, having just returned home, has released the ex-Emperor Napoleon from his palace-prison at Wilhemshoe, who arrived in England on Monday, and has joined his wife and son at Chiselhurst. Some twelve years ago there were two Miss Vaughans at Sidmouth, whom I knew. They told me they had been at school with the Empress at Clifton.

Last Tuesday the 21st the Princess Louise was married to the Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll. This marriage has caused a great deal of talk, it being a princess married to a subject, but no objection has been raised. The handkerchief for the wedding was made here. I went and examined it before it was sent off. It was about 18 inches square. A square of 6 inches was plain in the middle, and a border of Honiton lace surrounded it of the same width. The four corners had a royal crown in each: midway between which were "true lovers' knots:" the rest of the wide border was made up of flowers like orange blossoms, birds like doves and other pretty devices.

Mon. Mar. 27 – The accounts from France teach us that that unhappy and misguided country was better off when it was in the iron grasp of her enemies the Prussians. It is now in the hands of the Red Republicans, who are walking in the steps of Robespierre and Marat.

Fri. Mar. 31 – The frost and rain of the winter loosened the cliff in Peak Hill, and recently there has been a large "rusement" or fall-down of the sea face nearly in line with Peak Cottage. I have seen

many such occurrences, but never on so large a scale. So much fell down, as to make a little promontory in the sea. Of course this will not last long, as the soil is soft. Such a fall down is locally termed a rusement, rhyming with amusement. Unde derivatur?

Sun Ap. 2 – Called at Helens with Mr Wm Floyd after church, to enquire after Mr Haughton James. Last Friday he and Mrs James were out walking, and were returning up the lane near the Marino, when Mrs James, who was enfeebled from a slight attack or two of parallaxis, suddenly fell and appeared dead. The shock overcame him so much, that he fainted and fell too. They were taken home, but she died in the evening. He is better. Monument in church.

Tu. Ap. 4 1871. Wishing to have a thorough examination of Broad Down, Mr Heineken and myself spent the day there. We drove to Sidbury, been passed the Vicarage, where I have passed may a pleasant evening, in the time of Mr Fellowes the former vicar. Some 25 years ago (I hazard a rough guess) the Vicarage was burnt down, and the two old volumes in vellum of the parish Register were virtually destroyed. They looked like two lumps of charred wood. About an inch of the outside was burnt, the centre being untouched; but the skin was so dried, twisted, and contracted that I could not open them. I had several articles in Notes and Queries on singed vellum about a dozen years ago. It is strange to me that the old Registers are not collected and preserved in the government Record Offices. There is not one clergyman in ten who can be trusted with the custody of them. We ascended the lane up to Sweetcombe Common (now cultivated) and got out near Roncombe's Gort. We first traversed Seven Barrow Field, as I call it, where the cup and the little cylindrical vase full of calcined bones were found in 1868.

On the surface, which had recently been ploughed, I found a core from which flint flakes had been struck; but as the flint, which is not black, did not seem to have split kindly, perhaps for that reason it had been thrown away. It is roughly cylindrical: 3ⁱⁿ high; 2¼ across.

We plotted down all the barrows on the north, some of which were new to us. We then skirted the eastern side of the Down. We looked onto and admired the deep chasm at the head of one of the streams running down to Wishcombe. Near this we discovered three barrows. We pushed on westward till we came out into the road – a rough track for the carriage. We walked north and again visited the two large ones. The eastern one is a bowl barrow - flat or rather dished, or slightly hollow on the top. We made the top or platform 70 feet in diameter, the slope of the sides 30, whole diameter thus, 30 + 70 + 30 = 130 feet. We were indeed inclined to think that, instead of a barrow, this may have been a speculum or minature fortress of a circular form in advance of Farway Castle. It is to be lamented that Mr Kirwan has obtained unlimited permission to dig over as many barrows as zeal may invite. One barrow at a time, opened and examined carefully and deliberately, would give far more satisfactory results than tumbling over a great many, and leaving the workmen too much to themselves. The annexed plan may assist.

Coming home we saw, just after sunset, a peculiar yellow light over the sun. It was the same width as the diameter of the sun, and rose to the height of nearly 15 degrees. It continued steadily for 20 minutes. I reported it to professor Airy, and I annex his reply.

Sidmouth and Wareham, April 1871

Mon. Ap. Easter Monday. – From Sidmouth to Wareham. Coach to Honiton. Rail to Templecombe. Thence to Wimborne, passing between Hanbury Camp, and Hamel Dun and Hod Hill. Examined Wimborne Minster, being late Norman and early English. Crypt under east end. Some of the columns

without capitals. Organ 42 stops. Old clock in south transept something like clock in north transept of Exeter Cathedral. Variety of coloured glass windows. Glass in E. window mostly old glass from Belgium. Thence to Wareham through a bare and barren district lying low round the shores of Poole Harbour. Abode with Mr and Mrs Lloyd – née Heineken. Saw the first swallows.

Tu. Ap. 11. To-day was buried, outside the east end of Sandringham Church, the little prince Alexander John Charles Albert, son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, born the 6th and died the 7th. He came into the world too soon. The Lloyds and myself went to Lulworth, 8 miles. Passed over a deal of barren heath. Passed near Lulworth Castle, the seat of the Roman Catholic family of Weld, for the last 200 years. It is a modern antique, being a square building with round towers at the corners. Went to Stair Cove, an extraordinary and beautiful place. The formation seems to be the greensand below the chalk. The contortions in the strata are most striking. Went to the preventive lookout station perched on the cliff. In the village there is a splendid spring of water issuing from under the chalk hill, worth looking at.

Wed. Ap. 12. – By Rail 5 miles west to Wool, and visited the ruins of Bindon Abbey. This, with the cloisters, gardens &c, was very extensive. But it is in a low, swampy, and unhealthy place by the river Frome Froom, full of fever, ague, and rheumatism. A plan is given in Hutchins's History of Dorset; also of the scraps of sculpture which we saw.

Went into Trinity church in Wareham. It is the church served by Mr Hutchins a century ago. It is now the National school. Went up into the tower by a ladder. There are places for 5 bells, but only one remaining.

Th. Ap. 13. – Walked out N.W. passed the Poor House to see the ancient British track way. It goes along at the foot of the hill through the uncultivated land. It is sunk, with a hedge or earth bank on each side, so that probably persons passing along it could not be seen outside. This track seems to have gone from Wareham to Dorchester.

Mrs Pike, with Miss Pike, drove me to Corfe, some 5 miles. We rambled all over the castle. This is a most extensive and splendid ruin. The thickness of the walls is very great, and the great broken masses look like masses of rock in the cliffs. The destruction has been ruthless and complete. I was much struck with the beauty of the outside masonry, all of well squared stone. In the Second Ward (to the west) and in the outer jail court, there is a great deal of herring-bone work in the walls. There is the beam of stone to which prisoners were hung.

There was an amateur concert at the Townhall in the evening, to which we went.

Fri. Ap. 14. – Examined several places of interest in Wareham. There are the traces of the old British track way from the W. or N.W. of the town towards Dorchester. It begins a little beyond the Union Poor House, and skirts the foot of the hill over the open heath westward. The road is lower than the ground outside, and perhaps when perfect, was deep enough to conceal persons from an enemy outside. I add this to give the section above. I did not measure it, but I do not think it is more than six feet wide. We went into the Mint, so called. It is between the south Gate (or Bridge) and the Priory. At present the spot is used as a large depository for coals. We called at the Priory, now a private residence. It is on the south side of St. Mary's Church, with a grass plat down to the river Frome, pronounced Frome. There are but few remains of the old buildings. We inspected the site of the castle. There is a large mound of earth in a field outside a garden. Also a deep foss with hillocks beyond. This is all. They are at the south-west point of the town.

Wareham, Dorsetshire, Ap. 1871

The nave of St. Mary's church was rebuilt about 1855, I was told. I doubt if the architect was a first rate one. The east window is decorated. The head is all quartrefoils, like Holyrood Chapel; but there is a transome, which is a Perpendicular feature. I do not know whether it is the original window. In a crypt or chapel on the south side of the chancel, I saw several sepulchral slabs and stone coffins. In the arms of the town of Wareham, I remarked that the three fleures-de-lis, which surround a crescent and star, (that, the fleures-de-lis) are upsidedown. Doubtless there is some old legend connected with this.

Sat. Ap. 15. – We drove three miles to the clay pits south of Wareham. All the land here about belongs to the Rev. Prebendary Bond, of the Grange. Some of the pits are open, but some are burrowed underground like a coal mine. They are of great extent. The clay is as soft as hard butter, and looks like white soap. The clay is from 7 to 30 feet thick. It is cut with tools like spades or great chisels, perpendicularly downwards, and in steps about 18 inches high, on which the men stand to work. The tools are wetted to make them cut easier. In the underground galleries the clay is dug with the pickaxe, and raised at a shaft. Geologically speaking these beds lie on the chalk. The subterranean field of clay is 80 feet below the surface, and is covered with beds of sand and gravel. The clay must have been slowly deposited; and curiously enough, they have discovered that it is divided by a broad band of dirty sand and decayed vegetable matter, as if a brook had run through it. This must have been when the land was 80 feet higher than it is now. The clay contains about 46 p. cent. of alumina. Mr Pike, of North Street, works the pits. He sends away to the potteries, or to foreign countries, nearly 80,000 tons every year, from Poole Harbour. A Roman pottery once existed in this neighbourhood. They have dug up quantities of black ware in fragments, also fine red Samian ware. Also vases of black ware, and large cups with handles. Also a Roman column of the Tuscan order, about 7 inches in diameter and 4 feet high. These things are at Mr. Pike's house, where I saw them. The column is in the conservatory.

We then drove on and passed The Grange. The mansion is placed miserably low in the bottom of a pit. We mounted the high chalk hill, and turning to the left, returned by Knowle and Corfe Castle.

Sun. Ap. 16. Went and heard the service at the Unitarian chapel: the first time I ever heard a service of this denomination. First, there was a hymn: then a chapter in the new Testament: several prayers from the prayer book of the Church of England, slightly altered in the wording in some parts: an anthem: a sermon about 25 or 30 minutes long: and another hymn. I think this was the order, though I am not quite sure. The Unitarians are very good people, but I wish they were not Unitarians. In the evening we supped with Mr & Mrs Pike and their family.

Mon. Ap. 17. – Wareham fair day. Left for Sidmouth. Took the rail soon after one P.M. Retraced my steps, as the arrangements via Dorchester are imperfect. Went to Wimborne, Blandford, Templecombe, Yeovil, Axminster, Honiton. Here I mounted the coach, and got home by 7 P.M.

Sidmouth, April 1871

Tu. Ap. 18. – Wind south. Incessant rain all day. A very beneficial rain for the seeds just sown, and for the young vegetation, after the day and cold north-east winds.

Wed. Ap. 19. – Dined at the Floyds' at Powys. Took Lady Floyd to the dining- room, placed her at the head of the table, sat on her right hand, and carved for her – according to established custom. There

were Miss Ellen Kennet Dawson and her brother Mr Benjamin Dawson, our Curate the Rev. G. Gordon, two Misses Clements, Sir John, Lady Floyd's eldest son, Mr William Floyd, and self.

Fri. Ap. 21. – Heard the cookoo the first time to-day.

Sat. Ap. 22. – My cousin, Anne Giffard, née Stares, died at Winchester.

Th. May 4. – Put the finishing touches to the diaper in diamond pattern which I have recently done at each end of the communion rails in the parish church.

Mon. May 8. – Mr Heineken and myself wished once more to examine Bushy Knap and Buckerell Knap, which still has all the appearance of being an outwork like a promontory in advance of Hembury Fort, overlooking the Icknild between Honiton and Exeter. We drove through Sidbury to the top of Honiton Hill. We got out at the six mile stone and walked a few score yards eastward over the heath to revisit the three barrows opened in 1869. We went on and made a short cut to Awliscombe, by crossing the great road a mile or two west of Honiton. We discussed our sandwiches in a shady place near the mill at Mardles, and then mounted the flank of the hill. This peculiar hill is a long narrow ridge, and seems to have been regularly fortified by an earthwork all round. I took several measurements, and in my History of Sidmouth I have made a more correct plan than my former one of June 6, 1859, which in 1862 appeared in the Journal of the Archaeological Association. Some old writers say there was a sacrificial stone on this hill. We renewed our enquiries, but no one ever heard of it. The defences at the north end are certainly very peculiar and interesting. If this place became untenable, the garrison would retire upon Hembury Fort along the ridge discernible nearly all the way. In my History I have stated why I now believe Hembury to have been Moridunum.

After this we made a divergence to Buckerell. The Rifle Volunteers were being drilled in the village. The volunteers of this place made themselves quite famous as marksmen a few years ago. Went into the church. The wall behind the communion table is covered with odds and ends of old oak paneling, as of the carved fronts of old oak chests &c, &c. The late vicar had it done, we were told, and the effect is not bad. There is a black oak open screen, I presume original. Thence to Feniton. In the churchyard, on the south side of the tower there is an altar tombe, recording John Pierce 1620. The screen in this church has been cut in two: one half has been pushed back and fixed against the east wall behind the communion table, and unfortunately painted white and blue; whilst the other half runs at right angles to it between the chancel and south aisle. There is also a small bit across the south aisle.

We returned home through Fenny Bridges, Ottery, Bowd, and Bulverton. Out from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Sidmouth, May 1871

Wed. May 10. – This morning I was in the Blue Room over the Hall in the Old Chancel, when I heard a great outcry. On looking out of window, I saw a boy caught on the spikes of the iron railings under the elm tree in front of No. 4 Coburg Terrace. By the time I had got down he had extricated himself, but he had badly pierced the palms of both his hands, and also one of his arms. I asked him why he tried to climb the railings? He said he was running away from his master, who, for some offence, was going to give him "a good walloping." He was bleeding, and in great pain, so I took him into the kitchen of No. 4, made the cook get some warm water, and after he had washed his hands, I bound them up with rag, and gave him some diacolon plaister.

Wed. May 17. – Walked out to Knowle and called on the Alexanders. After I had returned a Salcombe man called Gay brought a badger which he carried in a sack, and let it out for me to see. He held it by a cord tied to one of the hind legs. He had set a trap on Salcombe Hill to catch a fox, but caught this badger instead. It is rather a pretty animal. The head is sharp and graceful in form, with some beautiful light and dark stripes running backwards from the nose. He said he had sold it to Mr Lousada, of Peak House.

Th. May 18. – Sir John Floyd, of Powys, brought Mr and Lady Katherine Buchanan to see me and the Old Chancel this morning. Not expecting them, I was not at home. She is a sister of the late Earl of Donoughmore. They were “birds in passage.”

Sat. May 20. – Were there ever such Goths and Vandals as the Red Republicans who still hold Paris? On Tuesday last they undermined and overthrew the splendid bronze column in the Place Vendôme!

Th. May 25. – Last Sunday the troops of the French government entered Paris, after a two months siege. This is the second siege within six months – first, by the Prussians, and then by the troops faithful to the government. The Prussian soldiers still hold all the northern and eastern sides of the city outside, and will do so until a stipulated part of the war indemnity is paid.

On Monday and Tuesday there was much fighting in the streets; the government troops however continued to advance. The insurgents, finding that they were losing ground, determined to destroy the city and all the most beautiful works of art in it; and to effect this they went to work with a species of reckless barbarism which no low or ignorant savages on the earth could have exceeded. On harmless and inoffensive persons they have been using the rifle with the same freedom with which the guillotine was used in 1793. They saturated bundles of hay with petroleum, and conveyed them into the Tuilleries, and opening casks of it on the floors, they set it all on fire. The palace was irrevocably reduced to ashes. They set fire to the Louvre, Palais de Justice, Palais Royal, Hotel de Ville, and to houses in most of the streets. They have also blown up the Luxemburg with a terrible explosion. The beautiful Saint Chapelle, the Pantheon, the Hotel Dieu, Notre Dame, and other public buildings, appear through the smoke to be burning. These wanton acts of destruction have much enraged the government troops, so that but little mercy is shewn. We shall soon have further intelligence.

Sidmouth, May, 1871

Mon. May 29. 1871. – The last advices from Paris inform us that the rebels are at last put down, but the slaughter has been terrible, and the vengeance awful. It was discovered that these wretches were pouring petroleum out of a fire engine instead of water into the burning palaces, and the government troops coming upon them, shot them down by dozens. The women then, who seem to have been complete Furies, tried to throw the petroleum on the fire, when they too, were shot in the same way. Even children endeavoured to follow the mad acts of their parents, and then they were shot. A week or more ago the rebels shot the Archbishop of Paris and 64 hostages and 10 nuns. During the week that the fighting was going on in Paris, about 3000 government troops were killed, and 10,000 insurgents. From 20 to 30,000 have been taken prisoners, now the insurrection has been crushed, and it is hard to know what to do with them. Some tried to escape through the Prussian lines, but they were immediately shot down, 372,000 rifles have been taken. There are 50,000 dead bodies in the houses, cellars, and streets, some imperfectly buried weeks ago, but the greater number recently killed. The hot weather is coming on, and the atmosphere of the city is becoming so tainted and poisoned, that a fearful pestilence is apprehended. Truly, the events of the

last twelvemonth have shewn to all Europe, that Frenchmen are not capable of governing themselves.

Tu. May 30. – The census returns of April 3 shew that the population of London was 3,251,904. The increase in the last ten years is 447,815. The population of Sidmouth parish is 3,370, which stands thus:- Inhabited houses, 699, Uninhabited, 61. Males, 1415. Females 1955. Total, 3370. Increase since 1861 = 19. But from 1851 to 1861 we lost 70.

Th. June 1. 1871. – Mr Heineken and myself drove again to Broad Down, our chief object being, to explore the western position, to see if there are any tumuli in that quarter. We ascended Salcombe Hill, and turned into a field on the left, at the turn-off of the lane. The land was first enclosed some 12 or 15 years ago, when the labourers found a quantity of beach pebbles, like the sling-stones of Sidbury Castle. I went up at the time, but Mr H. had not seen the spot. We observed from 40 to 50 lying about within a radius of perhaps 30 yards of the great stone, as if some ancient fight had taken place there. Mr H. took 2 or 3, but I left them. Jan. 7. 1873.

We passed Thorn Farm, then the Pound, and glanced at the ordnance mark on its east side. We got out at Trow hamlet, and looked into some of the cottages to see if they had any old oak furniture, but they had not. On the Lyme road we observed the marks on the mile stones. The elevations I have. We turned off north, and descended at Rakeway Bridge, the southern point of the Down. Mr Heineken explored the S.E. corner, whilst I went away N. on the E. of the centre road. I observed traces of an old trackway, perhaps used before the road was made. This portion was enclosed about 1820. I noted down two tumuli; one doubtful. Came out by the two great barrows, and returned by the road. Joined Mr H. and we

then proceeded to take another look at the Lovehayne tumulus, or rather, of the eastern portion, which is all that remains. Standing on it, Mr H. turned up a fine thumb-flint with his stick. Returning through the field to the road, I found another, and then another, the last not being well made. He then picked up a core. We think there must have been a manufactory of flint weapons here, for we have always seen numerous indications in this field. We then proceeded to the great western triangle. We went north from Rakeway Bridge a few score yards, and then turned in to the left westward, and over the hedge. There is a large expanse of heath beyond. I went further west, leaving him to explore in a northerly direction; but on surmounting the next hedge, there was still another expanse of wild heath. No wonder this Down got the name "Broad". Finding no tumuli I veered away northward; then into some plantations; then out over the hedge owards Seven Barrow Field; then back till I met Mr Heineken, when we proceeded to the great barrow in the middle of the Down, on which some years ago he met with a thumb-flint, now in the Exeter Museum. With his stick to-day he turned up a flake, apparently intended for a thumb-flint, but not completed. I measured the N. and S. diameter of the barrow, and made it 140 feet. There is no foss round it.

It was now time to return home. We drove north: stopped and walked round Farway Castle; proceeded to Hunters Lodge, Sidbury, Sidford, and home before nine. A hard day. Much rough walking in the heat. The flints we found repaid us.

[F On this subject see printed letter further on, June 14.

Tu. June 13. 1871. -The iniquities of this world are monstrous, and they take every variety of form. The annexed are rubbings of false antiques made of brass, very ingeniously corroded with vinegar and acid, and all over dirt, mortar and verdigris, to make them look old, and very old they look. They

have been forwarded to me for examination by the Rev. H.J. Ellacombe, Rector of Clyst St. George. They are said to have been found near Budleigh. He warns me to be on my guard lest any designing person bring the like to me. I have shewn both sides of the three preceding. The two last are hollow, being apparently of two stamped plaques soldered together. The Bishop is 4 inches high: the heart $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Wed. June 14. 1871. - The following letter on Broad Down I sent to the Exeter Daily Telegram, since my last visit there of June 1.

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TELEGRAM. JUNE 12, 1871

THE TUMULI ON BROAD DOWN.

To the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.

Sir, - To those who like antiquarian pic-nic-ing, repeated visits to Broad Down furnish repeated opportunities for out-door enjoyment. Since the termination of last winter Mr. Heineken and myself have already made several visits to that spot, the object for such visits being twofold: firstly, to explore every portion of the Down, not only according to the present limits, but according to its ancient limits as laid down in some of the old county maps, and jot down all the tumuli wherever they may be discovered; and secondly, to revisit those tumuli which have already been opened, and recall to memory the pleasant scenes of their first opening. I have known the hill for twenty or thirty years, but every visit, owing to its great extent, reveals something new, or something overlooked before. Donn's inch-scale map of the county, published in 1765, shews a trackway in dotted lines north and south over the moor, but does not shew any enclosing hedges or limits to the Down whatever. The Ordnance survey of Colonel Mudge, dated 1809, exhibit's the boundaries, and also one long hedge, nearly parallel with the road, at a few hundred yards to the west of it, and running from the northern or Farway end of the Down, to the southern point at Rakeway Bridge. The great barrow or tumulus by the road side is laid down on the Ordnance map. At this period the large triangle to the west of this line was all open moor. The map of Greenwood and Co. published in 1827, shews that many encroachments had been made in the interval; notably, two plantations at the southern end, and a large one towards the north-west, over Roncombe Gurt, or Girt. [Query. - What is the derivation of the word Gurt, and how ought it be spelt?] Since 1827 many more enclosures have been carried over the ground, the largest being on the south-east, indicated by a long hedge by the road side, planted with beach, behind the milestone 17 from Exeter, 13 to Lyme. To the casual observer the long hedge above mentioned, running from the northern or Farway end of the Down, to the southern point at Rakeway Bridge, appears to mark its western limits all through; but if he gets on the bridge and looks towards the setting sun, he will see another expanse of heath and furze, with a line of young fir trees in the distance, and that he will say is the end; but let him tear his rough way through to the line of young fir trees, and look over the hedge on which they grow, and he will still see more heath and furze. No wonder this Down was originally called "Broad." From repeated observations made at various times on this extended range, I have jotted

down 20 barrows as being on the Gittisham and Farway hills, and 31 on Broad Down, the sum of the two numbers being 51. It may be remarked that these barrows are strewn the most thickly on each side of Roncombe Gurt, - some on the side of Farway Castle, and some on that of Broad Down. Between these groups there is a narrow ridge, formed by the Farway valley on the north, and Roncombe Gurt on the south, the Turnpike Gate occupying nearly the narrowest part. If it be a sufficiently ascertained fact that the ancient tribes buried their warrior chiefs where they fell in battle, it is easy to see where the fight was the most fierce and the most fatal. The tumuli are pretty thick along the road near Farway Castle; but just beyond the Toll-gate there is a triangular field all mounds. I call this "Seven-barrow-field" for want of a better name. Three of its barrows are conspicuous and striking, (they were opened in 1868), two others are easily discernible, and two more have been nearly obliterated. Within my memory they were all very plain, but the plough is every year endeavouring to make them less so. From this spot along the northern verge of the Down, and out over the hedge, they are numerous, but they become sparse as we remove further away. It may be inferred that hostile tribes contended with each other to get across this ridge: or it may otherwise be conjectured that invaders or other enemies, coming up from the south or east, found themselves, by the conformation and contour of the hills, in their progress westward necessarily converging towards this same narrow ridge, where they would be opposed by the natives who held the position. As this place again the fatal struggle would ensue. The great variation in the construction of these tumuli, and the variety of objects they contain, all go on to shew that they were either made by different tribes, or at widely different periods, when habits and customs had had time to change. I hope I shall not offend anyone if I express my regret at seeing so many of these tumuli opened at the same time. If I owned land on which such objects abounded, and if application were made to me to have them examined, I would say - "My dear Sir, - I will grant you permission to open one barrow this year and no more, and that must be on condition that you either open it with your own hands, or that you never leave the workmen whom you may employ." A stipulation of this sort would ensure a more careful examination, and would be in the interest of science. The results moreover, would be more fruitful and more satisfactory. At the meeting on the hill in 1868, one of the servants having heard that the three large tumuli, in Seven-barrow-field, had been opened by labourers during the preceding day or two, said to me, "You ought to stand by the workmen all day, and have your eye upon every spadeful of earth they throw out; and you ought to sleep on the barrows all night, or rather, you ought to sit up wide awake, to see that nobody tampers with them before the day of the meeting." I have reason to think that on most places where barrows have been opened, and in other places besides Devonshire, these mounds still contain many objects of interest which a too hurried examination has caused to be overlooked. We know where to find the primary interment; we drive a trench into the centre; find the kist-vaen; take out the contents, and think we have got everything. But experience has shewn that secondary and subsequent interments have taken place on the sides of these mounds. Further, there are grounds for believing that the ancient inhabitants living only in frail huts made of boughs or the like, and having no place of security in times of danger, for things they prized, or for keeping duplicates of weapons until they should require them, resorted to these burial heaps and deposited them in their sides for present safety. I look upon the finding of about 100 bronze palstaves in the side of the Lovehayne tumulus, in 1763, on the southern skirts of Broad Down, as an instance in point. The primary interment consisted of calcined bones (from two pieces of jaw, apparently of an adult and a child) enclosed in a very rude urn, and seemingly to the stone age. These remains I still have, which, together with some others found in this county, I hope the Trustees of the Exeter Museum will accept some day. Hence it may be inferred that any spadeful of earth taken from any part of the tumulus may contain objects of interest, for all we can tell to the contrary. I cannot just now say how many times we have visited the Lovehayne tumulus during the last dozen years, whether on the occasions when the farmer

repeatedly disturbed it for the sake of the stone, or at cursory visits since, just to take another look at an old acquaintance. And yet, after all these disturbances and turnings over, standing upon the remains of it on the first of this present month of June, Mr. Heineken turned up a fine thumb-flint or scraper (?) with the point of his walking stick. Scarcely ten minutes after I found another in a neighbouring field, where we have so often on previous occasions observed flint flakes lying about as to lead us to suppose that an ancient manufactory of flint implements had once existed here. In a few minutes I met with another, but this last is badly formed, as if some novice had been trying his hand. He then picked up a flint core, from which flakes had been struck. It is not a good one, but it has a flat top, and is evidently a core. Whenever we cross a ploughed field we separate from each other, and walk parallel, with our eyes scrutinising the ground. In this way we have met with many objects of interest. The best time is during the months of spring and early summer, when the ground has been recently worked, and the crops not high enough to conceal it. Some few years ago he met with a well-formed thumb-flint, or scraper, or artificially wrought sling-stone, as the case may be, for it dose not yet appear satisfactory decided what these discs, about the size of half pence or penny pieces, really were on the disturbed top of the great tumulus in the middle of the Down. It is now in the Exeter Museum; and in the same place the other day, again with that wonderful walking-stick, he turned up a flake, which was evidently intended for a thumb-flint, but is not completed. On a previous visit this spring (April 4) I found a fine core, as large as a boy's fist, with a flat top, in Severn Barrow Field. It has the glassy surface of great age, I mention these things just to show that quiet and unobserved work is by no means barren of results; further, that tumuli which have been trenched and examined, and supposed to be exhausted, are by no means exhausted, but again and again yield their treasures to those who inspect them cautiously and deliberately.

I trust that no one will feel aggrieved at these remarks, made on my experiences of a wild and beautiful Down with which I have been more or less familiar ever since the hey-day of my unripe youth.

Sidmouth, June 6, 1871. P. O. HUTCHINSON.

Tu. June 20. 1871. To-day Mr. James M. Robbins, with Miss. Robbins, his niece, having come over from Boston in Massachusetts to visit England, and having heard my name over there, came to pay me a visit. They found me at No. 4 Coburg Terrace. I had two bedrooms prepared and begged they would make my house their home. They claim to be relatives, for his ancestor; for Mr. N. Robbins, (not Robins), married Elizabeth daughter of Edward Hutchinson, in 1737, at Boston, Mass.

Whilst he was with me he made several allusions to the manuscripts known to have been left by my great-grandfather, Governor H., and observed that in the Preface to the third vol. of his History of Massachusetts Bay, there is an intention expressed of drawing up a book from these materials. I said that it has always been the intention, but want of leisure has alone prevented it. He urged me to do it myself. I observed that my cousins and myself meant to do it jointly. I had devoted much time to unfolding and ironing out and arranging chronologically, many old letters, and in reading and making indexes to Diaries and other papers. The building of the Old Chancel, together with the amount of work I had done there with my own hands, and the compilation of my History of Sidmouth, had been impediments in the way since the manuscripts had been in my custody; but if I continue to be blessed with the same health I had for many years enjoyed, and be spared a few years longer, I hoped to undertake something in earnest. I shewed him the account of the Governor's death in Elisha's Diary, which took place as he was walking from the door of his house. At Brompton Park to his carriage, when he reeled and fell, and was caught by his servant Riley, and carried back into the

hall, where he breathed his last, June 3. 1780. This he read with much interest. I did not shew him the Governor's Diary, nor the great mass of letters and papers, for at that time they were not under my roof.

Walking round my kitchen garden, Mr. Robbins stopped before the broad beans, one of the commonest vegetables in England.

"What are those?" said he to me.

"Broad beans."

"Broad beans? I don't recollect seeing anything like them in America. Do you eat the pods too?"

I answered No. I said the beans were rather young yet. When they had grown a little larger, they were taken out of the pods and boiled. They were an extremely nice vegetable.

Perhaps he had lived much in the City of Boston, and had not seen them growing; but I should think they were well known in the United States.

I published the Governor's Diary & Letters in 2Vols. In 1883 & 1886.

Tu. June 27. 1871. The choirs of the Choral Association, numbering about 400, met here, and there were two choral services in the parish church. If people wish to assimilate the services to those of the church of Rome, as I have seen them on the continent this is not a bad contrivance for accomplishing it.

Wed. J. 28. Went from Sidmouth to Dawlish. Drove to Budliegh. Walked to Budliegh Salterton. Omnibus to Exmouth. Crossed the river Exe by the Ferry boat, and was landed on the sand bank. Walked along the Warren. The oyster beds, or nursery for young oysters, established about five years ago in the inlet between the two great banks of sand, have been quite destroyed by an irruption of the sea two or three winters ago. I used to go along the southern bank next the sea, but the breach that was made lets in the water, so that pedestrians are obliged to take the northern bank. Got on the Railway wall. Advanced the "Elephant Rock" on the east side of Langstone Point. The waves and the elements have combined to form the cliffs into something very much the shape of a great elephant. The spot to see it best, is nearly opposite the 204 miles from London. Got to Belmont Villa before six.

Fr. June 30. Walked out three miles to the top of Haldon. On reaching the keeper's house on the right hand side, just on the border of the moor, I perceive that two new hedges have been made, one each side of the road. They all carried on over the moor from this spot towards the camp to the four cross way. Other hedges diverge to the right or north. From there hedges of earth extend wire fences both west and south. A wire fence cuts the comp in two, from SW. to NE. I could not find either flint arrow heads or sling stones. I shall give no more details here, as I have dealt fully on them in a communication sent to the Exeter Gazette. (See out over.) Went and visited the remains of Lidwell Chapel. I shall send an account of this too to the Gazette.

July 1871

Sat. July 1. 1871. Went by rail to Teignmouth. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Hildebrand. He was curate at Sidmouth, and now Vicar of East Teignmouth. Also on one or two other friends.

Sun. July 2. Very rainy. At St. Mark's chapel.

Mon. 3. Returned to Sidmouth. Walked across the Warren, and got across the ferry to Exmouth. I had barely got shelter in Exmouth, when a thunder storm broke over the place. The rain came down violently for half an hour. Took the omnibus to Budleigh Salterton. Walked two miles further to East Budleigh, where I had some tea at a Friend's house, being thirsty after my walk, and found a carriage from Sidmouth waiting for me. Drove over Peak Hill home.

CAMP ON LITTLE HALDON.

To the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.

Sir, - A few weeks ago there appeared in one of the *Daily Telegrams of the Exeter Gazette* a communication on the subject of Little Haldon Camp. The public were warned that its destruction seemed imminent from the process of enclosure which was being promoted on the top of the hill. So long ago as September 22. 1853, a description of it by me was printed in "Westcote's Dawlish Directory." This camp is a circle, if not mathematically true, struck at all events with a creditable amount of accuracy, considering the rudeness of the age in which it must have been formed. It measures about 124 yards in diameter. I need scarcely remark that the old-fashioned idea tending to the belief that works of this nature, of a circular figure, owe their origin to the Danes, has been abandoned as wanting in proof. The notion in the first instance seems to have been only hazarded, and as nothing has turned up to lend it consistency, it has died out and become exploded. To find its constructors we must go back far beyond the Danish period. This hill-fortress is not to be noticed so much for its strength, which, comparatively speaking, is not great, as for the selection of the spot where it is placed. It is encompassed by a ditch and an agger or hedge, the slope of the agger being from fifteen to eighteen feet. In rainy weather there is water in the ditch. It is not found on the crest of the hill, as would have been the case if an extensive view on all sides had been the only consideration. But it is a quarter of a mile on the east or Dawlish side of the crest of the hill, so that the occupiers of the place could have had no view of the country to the west, nor could they have perceived an enemy approaching from the valley of Ideford. Some other considerations, therefore, must have suggested the selection of the site. Manifestly, it is placed near the centre where all the roads converge which come up from Teighmouth, Kingsteignton, Great Haldon, Mamhead, and Dawlish; and especially is it placed on a narrow ridge of the hill, between the deep descent on the north, occupied by one of the plantations belonging to the Mamhead Estates, and the precipitous gorge of Smallacombe Goyie on the south. Though not on the highest point of the hill, from which a view to the west, as well as on other sides could have been obtained, it is strategically so placed as that no enemy, passenger, or traveller could have crossed the moor without being observed by the holders of the position.

After more visits to this spot than I can now enumerate, I walked on from Dawlish on Friday, the 30th. of June this year, the instigation so to do having been the communication in the *Telegram* above alluded to. On reaching the Keeper's house, on the right hand side on the top of the hill, and close to the beginning of the open moor, I observed that two hedges had been recently made, one on each side of the road. They run on over what was unenclosed ground down to the

present time, out to a four-crossway a little short of the camp. On the right or northern side, some new hedges, emerging from the one that flanks the road, have been carried over the level in the direction of Mr. Hoare's Belvedere, only not so far, thus dividing the land into several enclosures. Beyond the four-cross way the enclosures are made by wire fences, consisting of high, stout stakes with five wires fixed to the sides of them with staples. These run beyond the camp towards the Great Haldon road in a westerly direction, and in a southerly direction from the four-cross way towards Teignmouth to a considerable distance. The field for volunteer reviews is considerably diminished. The dividing line between the two parishes of Dawlish on the south and Mamhead on the north unfortunately runs through the middle of the camp. It tends in a direction from south-west to north-east. Modern landed proprietors are not responsible for these ancient landmarks. Some will have it that the Saxon King Alfred of renowned memory divided the country into hundreds and parishes. But that as it may, and ancient as the landmarks are, they are not so old as the camp. We must now take the divisions as we find them, and we may enjoy our opinions of those careless people who could cut so interesting a work in two. It is to Mr. Hoare's credit that he should have offered to purchase the other half or sell his own, so the camp should belong to one proprietor. The inhabitants of the neighbouring towns are giving vent to many complaints and lamentations on the subject of these enclosures. This is natural enough, and they are such as we generally hear in other places on similar occasions. Wealth to the wealthy. Riches to riches. To those who already have land in the neighbourhood, slices of the hill are given gratis. The poor man's rights of common, whether he exercises them or not, are taken away, and he feels aggrieved. The prospect of his being employed all his life as a labourer at fair wages to cultivate this land, does not appear to him to be an equivalent. Why should he not have had a square acre, or a square rood, or a square yard as his own all to himself, according to the number of claimants to be satisfied? These are questions social and political, and are not archaeological, with which I have nothing to do here. I went up to take another look at an old acquaintance, and to report to those who may feel an interest in the preservation of antiquities. I entered into conversation with a man of middle age who was engaged at the wire fences near the four-cross way. He did not know what the proprietors had decided on in the future disposition of the land. There was not much alluvial soil over the thick bed of flints; the turf cutters had taken away some, and probably few farmers would say it was worth ploughing up. He added that possibly it would be planted with young fir-trees. He concluded by observing that it was not of much consequence to him, as he should not live to see the trees grown up, let alone 50 feet high. I paid him the compliment of saying that he was talking of dying too soon, - a compliment to which hard-hands and guttural-voice was not altogether insensible. The wire fence is carried over the ditch and agger, cutting the circle in two, with a slight flexure in the centre, the northern half having the appearance of being somewhat the larger, though it may not be so. As on former occasions, I hunted the interior across and around, under the hope that some stray arrow-head or other worked flint might meet the eye lying on the ground. Why not as well as sling-stones and thumb-flints (*Gazette*, April 9, 1864, and June 12, 1871), so often met with nearer my own neighbourhood in the camps and on the tumuli? In every skirmish the flint-tipped arrows were distributed amongst the enemies as well as the sling-stones, and there is no reason that they should not be met with either inside or within an easy distance of these hill fortresses. It would be needless to look for sling-stones here. They could not be recognised as such, because, though the great mass of the flints of this hill are angular, still, there are many spherical and egg-shaped nodules, or pebbles of white quartz, admirably suited to the purpose, and which could be had for the trouble of picking up. Nothing short of the discovery of a hoard or deposit, like that in a cave excavated in the side of the agger at Sidbury Castle, and which I was fortunate enough to be one of the first to see and report on (*Gazette*, April 9, 1864, as above), could settle the question as to whether such and

such stones were genuine sling-stones or not. Everything depends on the circumstances under which they are found.

After completing my observations here, I steered southward for nearly half a mile, and then cut across the heath down to the ruins of Lidwell Chapel. I have known this place for nearly twenty years, and have got a few antiquarian notes upon it. They would be too long for this communication. The camp and the chapel are two different subjects, and there is a great break between the period of the one and the date of the other, and so, if the editor will find room for my trash, I will send again in a few day's time.

I am, sir, your faithfully,

P. O. HUTCHINSON.

Sidmouth, July 7, 1871.

[Our correspondent sadly underrates the value of his communications. We are always happy to receive them, and to find space for them. - *Ed. E. and P. G.*]

LIDWELL CHAPEL, DAWLISH.

To the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.

Sir,- Though the ruins of Lidwell Chapel stand near a populous district, there are very few persons who have seen them. They are placed in a secluded nook, enveloped in trees, and rather difficult of access; and people living in the neighbourhood console themselves by saying- "I can go any time," and so never go. If it is a secluded and almost a desolate spot now, it must have been much more so some four or five hundred years ago when the building was erected. It is hard to realise the motives that could have induced anyone to select such a remote place, close up to the open moor, as it is now, but in a former day surrounded by wild land. It stands at the head of the stream that rises in Little Haldon, and runs down through the valley of Aller and Southwood, and the ruins are three fields above Lidwell Farm. During the first ten years of my acquaintance with the ruins, the spring of water, that issues from the bank opposite the west doorway, just at the junction of the greensand formation on the red sandstone (as all the springs round Haldon do), entered the chapel through this doorway, and the interior was a complete swamp. I took the liberty some years ago of representing this to Mr. Whidborne, the owner, who resided at a distance, expressing a fear lest this continued wet should injure the foundations, and threaten the stability of the west wall and gable, which alone remain erect. He took the intimation kindly, and ordered a trench to be cut from the spring in a direction so as to convey the water past the north-west corner of the chapel and into the brook that conveys it down through the valley to Dawlish. The following memorandum, drawn up by Mr. Whidborne, which I have for some time had in my possession, is worthy of being brought before your readers:-

The ruined chapel which stands on this estate was dedicated to the V. Mary. At the west end there is a spring of water, with the remains of some artificial stonework, which I suppose once constituted a well, so that the chapel was dedicated to *Our-Lady-of-the-Well*; and from which the name of the estate, anciently written *Lythewell* or *Lyddewill*, was borrowed.

The length is 35 feet within the walls, and the breadth 17 feet, and the west wall is 2ft. 6in. Thick. The ruins consist only of the western gable, containing an arched doorway, composed of four large stones, 4ft. Broad and 6ft. 4in. High, over which is a square oblong window. The line of the walls may be traced round the other side by the stones which still remain.

The following (continues Mr. Whidborne) are the only notices which I have found of it.

At Ludwell, or Lythewyll, an estate of Mr. Richard Whidborne, near Haldon, in a field called Chapel Park, is the ruined chapel of St. Mary, of which the proprietor can give no other account than that he has heard his father say, it is prayed for in Roman Catholic countries by the name of the Holy Chapel of Ludwell. He added, that his father, when he gave him the estate, exacted a promise from him, that he would never remove any of the stones, or any part of the building. There are no monuments remaining of any person buried there. This chapel is called in the Liber Regis Lithewyll. So much from Polwhele. A foot note adds the notice in the Liber Regis thus - Lithewyll (St. Mary) olim cap. To Dawlish demolished. - Lib. Regis. - Polwhele, v. II. P. 150, 1797.

Of the other chapel (he had spoken before of Coketon Chapel) de Lydewill, in honore S'ce Marie, infra parochial de Doulyssh constructa et situata, - I find no mention before 11th August, 1411. It lies near Haldon; 'tis a complete ruin.

Bishop Stafford further licenced him (Thomas Fayrforde) on 11th. August, 1411, to celebrate mass in St. Mary's Chapel at Lidwell, on the 15th. August, the feast of the Assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary.

N.B. - On the 25th. May, 1426, Bishop Lacy licenced this Vicar (Walter Chitewell) to officiate - in capellis beate Marie de Coketon et Lydewill infra parochiam de Dowlyssh.

See Fol. 131, 133, v. 1. Stafford's Register.

Oliver's Ecc. Antiq. ii., 143-4.

N.B. - Lysons speaks of the hamlet of Lithwell, perhaps misled by the chapel.

Such is the information for which we are indebted to Mr. Whidborne. In White's History, Gazetteer, and Directory of Devonshire for 1850, one of the legends connected with the chapel is alluded to. At page 416 the following passage occurs:-

About 3 ½ miles N.W. of the town (of Teighmouth) are the venerable ruins of Lithwell or Lidwell Chapel, where a villainous priest, popularly called St. Simon, is said, in a legendary tale of the 16th century, to have committed many murders on the surrounding heath, for the sake of hoarding up gold in a secret chest under the altar, at the foot of which was a deep well, in which he is said to have buried his victims. This chapel was in Dawlish parish, and the well may still be seen in the middle of the ruined walls, covered with a large granite slab.

This story wants consistency, inasmuch as the never failing spring of water before the west door would render the sinking of a well unnecessary. This well covered with the granite slab seems to be an amplification. The sequel of the tradition I picked up from some of the country people in the neighbourhood of Dawlish, so long ago as in 1854. It runs to the effect that when the monk one night went upon Haldon, and attacked a traveller for the purpose of robbing him, he met with his match. The traveller turned on him and wounded him severely, that he was only able to crawl back

to the chapel, where he died. His ghost is said to haunt the spot still, which shews that St. Simon had the bump of Locality.

I am persuaded that some interesting excavations could be made here, but they should be made cautiously and deliberately, or not at all. Owing to the accumulation of mud within the walls, and the falling away of the steep bank outside the west and south sides, the soil seems to have become considerably raised. It would be doing the walls good service if this encumbrance were cleared away. Perhaps it would be necessary to remove this to the depth of at least a foot before the original floor would be reached. Any examinations afterwards made inside might reveal tablets or fragments of sculpture, which might serve to afford some interesting information. Any earth, stones, or rubbish taken out, ought not be scattered or thrown away, but carefully deposited in a heap in some safe spot for re-examination if necessary. There is a waste spot outside the east end. I lay stress upon re-examination of the rubbish if necessary, for when a place is cleared out many small objects might be easily overlooked.

I have another legend by me connected with this chapel. There is something in it about Ion and Ianthe, the Castle, the Roman encampment on the heath (the British circular camp before described), and some old sailors. The story bears the stamp of modernness; and, compared with the facts above given, I look upon the tale as flummery. If anybody wants the flummery they can have it, but perhaps they will be content with the fact.

P. O. HUTCHINSON.

Sidmouth, July 14, 1871.

Mon. July 10. 1871. After a month of chilly and showery weather, during which time a great deal of hay has been injured, a change has now taken place for the better, and people are hoping for summer.

Th. July 13. Finished two more patches of diaper work in the parish church. Thy are the squire pattern, and on the entrance N. & S. walls.

Fri. July 14. Mr. DuCann, a ventriloquist and conjuror exhibited his powers this evening at the London Hotel, at the corner of New Street and Fore Street. Some parts were amusing.

Sat. July 15. Went on the top of the tower to look for an Ordnance mark. We are told by the Ordnance department that the battlements are 90 feet above mean tide. (They are 75 feet from the ground.) I thought I might find the broad arrow, but though I looked all round both inside and outside, I could not discover anything of the sort.

Tu. July 18. Whilst I was at Dawlish Mr. Heineken paid a visit to Farway Hill, and informed me he had hit upon five more barrows which we had not before noted down. To verify this we went up again to-day. We drove through Sidbury and having mounted the hill, we turned into the plantation and the fields on the right a half mile short of Hunter's Lodge Inn. We walked all up through the plantation to search for barrows. We then got out upon the moor and proceeded eastward - visited most of the barrows we had known before, also Ring-in-the-Mire, now an oval pond full of water, found a small egg-shaped beach pebble, possibly a sling-stone, between this and the 14 mile stone from Lyme, and then made for Farway Castle. We sat on the agger and eat our sandwiches. Before we left, we measured the height of one of the fir trees growing within the circular area, and made it

56 feet. This camp is very like that on little Haldon, only smaller. The diameter of that is about 124 yards. This is 210 feet; the slope of the agger of that is 15 or more feet, whereas in this it is not half so much.

We then proceeded further eastward, almost as far as the road that branches of north to Offwell, to measure and jot down the new barrows we had come to examine. There are three in this region, a small one with the furze burnt off, (or it would not have been seen,) measuring 28 feet in diameter, and 3 high; a large one 100 feet from it eastward, 7 feet high and 98 in diameter, with a bound stone on the top of it; and east of this a smaller one, 20 feet from it, 3 feet high and 30 in diameter. On this I accidentally disturbed a partridge's nest, scared away the old birds, and scattered the little ones. The young ones were scarcely larger than sparrows, and very pretty. I left them to recover themselves. There may be many more barrows about the hill, but the furze bushes are so high that it is impossible to say. The other two we visited are close to the lane leading down to Roncombe. The one close on the west side of the road has had most of the middle carved out, but the circumference remains. It is 30 feet in diameter, and about 3 high. The other, close on the west side of it, is 23 feet in dia, and 2 ½ high. These two last may perhaps be looked upon as rather doubtful. When near the one crowned with the boundary stone, we went into a field on the south, where there is a beautiful view down the valley towards Sidmouth, and hunted about the recently ploughed land. Mr. Heineken found a small beach pebble, and I found a large one. It is hard to imagine how they got here. On this recently enclosed land, unless they had been sling-stones use by ancient tribes on the hill.

We returned home via Sweetcombe Common (from Swetcombe) and Sidbury. Out from 11 A.M. till 9 P.M.

July 20? Ayshford, with rather more than four acres of land, was put up to auction this afternoon at the York Hotel. £2250 was the highest bid, but it was bought on at £2500. - See Fed 26, 1872.

Mon. July 24. Mr. Bates, an American giant, exhibiting in London, has recently married an American giantess - Miss Swann. They are both of them nearly eight feet high, She being the tallest. Exhibiting with them, is a pair of negro girls, aged nineteen, united together like Siamese twins, only much more closely united, and therefore the union is even more wonderful. The Siamese twins I saw in New York, walking one evening on the pavement near Astor House, in Broadway, in 1837. They are still alive. They are only connected by muscular ligaments about as thick as the hand, in the side. They have more than once proposed to be separated, but as there is a decided circulation passing between them, the attempt is looked upon as dangerous to their lives. Strange to say, they are both married, I think it was two sisters, and have both got large families, - some seven or nine children apiece. The two negro girls are short for their age, (as friends tell me who have seen them) and are moderately intelligent. They were born nearly back to back; but by continual straining, so as to stand and to move in a more convenient position, They are now half way side to side. They walk awkwardly, but they dance rather gracefully. The most extraordinary part of their anatomy is, that the lower part of the alimentary canal is common to both. Another extraordinary circumstance is, that, when one is touched the other feels it. The illness or death of one would doubtless be fatal to the other.

August 1871

Th. Aug. 3. To-day an order was received from the war office, disbanding the Sidmouth Artillery Corps. The reason alleged is, that there are one Commissioned Officers attached to it, and have not been for a long time. Gentlemen do not like to undertake the trouble and the expense: besides which, it is very difficult, in a small place like Sidmouth, to find gentlemen among the permanent residents free to accept Commissions. The order came quite unexpectedly, and has caused general regret.

Mon. Aug. 7. Mr. Heineken and myself went to explore Chineway Head, and search for tumuli in that direction. We got on the Honiton Coach. Mr G. Gordon, Curate of Sidmouth was there, on his way to London for a month. Saw corn cutting for the first time this year. Owing to the continued cold and showery weather since the beginning of June, the harvest is very backward. In Sidbury Mr. Parker the Curate there joined us. We mounted Honiton hill, and admired the beautiful view down over the valley on the left going up. At "Putts Corner," some times called "Hare and Hounds," or "Hunters Lodge," we got down. Here we turned west.

Mr. H. took the road, and kept his eyes over the southern hedge, the ground being more open, whilst I turned into the plantations on the other or north side. I observed traces of an old track way. It was from six to eight feet wide, and from one to two feet below the general surface. There are several portions of old hedges in this plantation running more or less parallel with the road. In the north west corner, near a cottage and a cottage garden, I came upon what appeared to be a large tumulus. I hailed Mr. H. and got him over the hedge to examine it with me. He agreed that it had all the appearances; but it had been disturbed, - perhaps for the sake of the flints to build the cottage. It measured 29 paces in diameter. We returned to the road. I got into the next plantation near the milestone. The walking was very rough, difficult, and tiring, owing to the thick undergrowth of weeds, fern, and brambles, as well as the tangled branches of the trees. I nearly stepped on a viper, with a V on his head. He was about 18 or 20 inches long and as thick as my finger. I was struck with the grace, rapidity, and easy gliding motion with which he passed over the ground and the grass, making for a rabbit's hole, into which he vanished. I made my way all through the plantation and came out at the western road. I think there are no tumuli there, though it would not be difficult to overlook them in so dense a foliage.

Tired and hot and thirsty, we sat on the slope of the hill to eat our sandwiches, and admired the splendid view over the valley of the Otter and the country beyond. I never saw the colouring finer, or the distance clearer. Every stranger ought to get to the top of Ottery East Hill, especially in the forenoon, to enjoy this view. With the telescope we could see Exeter Cathedral and the houses at Heavitree easily. On Dartmoor we clearly saw the cairn on Cawsand Beacon, Blakiston Rock, Heytor and the road down to the quarries, with other peaks and mountains.

We then walked half a mile south. I got over the east hedge and found a small tumulus apparently. Then we proceeded to return along the Chineway Head road to Hunter's Lodge, making observations all the way. Sat on "The Wiches Stone," at the carfoix in front of the inn. We went eastward, as the coach had not arrived, and re-examined the nearest tumuli.

The coach arrived. We got up; and soon got to Sidmouth.

Tu. Aug. 15. 1871. Weather fine and hot. Thermometer 79.

Drove with some friends to a pic-nic at Branscombe. We assembled at Seaside Farm, where we dined and had our tea. I think this was the house occupied by the Mitchells in the time of James II,

when the followers of the Duke of Monmouth were condemned and executed by Judge Jefferies. Mr. Mitchell is said to have for several weeks concealed and secretly fed in caves in the cliff, some of the simple people of the neighbourhood, who had been induced to follow the Duke. The present undercliff between Branscombe Mouth and Beer Head. I believe was formed by a great Landslip which occurred here about the end of the last century, 1788, when the subsidence took place. In Monmouth's time therefore, the face of the cliff must have been very different in features from what it is now. I think that the Mitchells of Thorn in Salcombe parish, as recorded on the altar tombe in the yard, west of the church, in 1611, were the same family.

Th. Aug. 17. Went into Exeter for the day, by the coach. No Sidmouth railroad yet. Will it ever be made?

Wed. Aug. 23. Walked to Sidbury to call on several friends. Going through Sidford, I found a pair of spectacles in the case lying in the middle of the road. Apparently a horse had stepped on one end of the case and broken one of the glasses. I took the whole into the little Inn, and giving it up, remarked that perhaps the owner might call and enquire, and his property be returned.

Fri. Aug. 25. Went into Exeter to see my Banker. Brought back 175 sovereigns in a bag. Drove to Ottery Road and took the rail. Returned by coach over Aylesbear Hill. Spent an hour in the Exeter Museum. Wished to examine some of the flints, cups, bones, and bronzes found on the Honiton and Farway Hills, and other neighbouring places. Took a turn on Northernhay. Looked at the Acland and Dinham statues. I observe that within a few months, the two Russian guns, taken at Sebastopol in 1855, which used to stand on the platform close to the back of the court house, have been transferred to a platform in Queen Street, close to the Railway Station. - *Since put in the Bonhay Meadow, close to the river.*

Sat. Aug. 26. Going on the Esplanade about noon to-day, I saw, nice large ships in the offing. They had passed Portland and were steering down channel. These are our protectors in case of war.

Went to the funeral of the late Mrs. Lord, who, with her husband and family, have lived for four years at Rose Cottage, across Blackmore Field, and near All Saints Church.

Tu. Aug. 29. The Cottage Garden Society's Exhibition, held in the field north of the Vicarage, called Culver Park. I got a first prize for Kohl rabi, which I grew in the garden, - a plant not yet introduced into this neighbourhood.

September 1871

Fri. Sep. 1. 1871. For the past month or more there has been a plague of earwigs at Sidmouth. About five or six summers ago I collect a great many, but not so many as this year. They have found their way all over the houses. Everything must be examined, food, clothes, beds, for they have been met with everywhere. Some people have a great horror of them, and are afraid of their running into their ears, which they think they have a tendency to do. I imagine they are no more likely to enter a person's ear than any other hole where they would seek concealment. Should such an accident

occur, the best thing is to drop a little sweet oil into the ear, when it could be drawn out with tweezers, or even with scissors.

Sat. Sep. 2. Not being able to go to the meeting at Bideford of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Pengelly was good enough to read a short paper of mine for me. It was a notice of the finding a second fossil tooth here.

“ On a second fossil elephant’s tooth found at Sidmouth,” by Mr. P.O. HUTCHINSON. - The tooth, from the right side of the upper jaw of the mammoth, *elephas primigenius*, had been found on the beach at Sidmouth by a lady named Walker, from Manchester. The paper was read, in the absence of the author, by Mr. PENGELLY, who stated that he had no doubt it came from a submerged forest not far from the Sidmouth coast. Mr. Pengelly called attention to the cosmopolitan character of the mammoth, and to an engraving of the mammoth on a mammoth tusk by some old Palaeolithic man of France. Mr. HALL thought the evidence of the derivation of the tooth from the submerged forest should be clear; and the Rev. Mr. KIRWAN suggested the bed of drift gravel near Sidmouth as a possible source. Mr. PENGELLY remarked that the colour of the tooth was that of the forest; and questioned whether the gravel spoken of was really drift.

To-day the Naturalists Club came from Exeter. The printed account follows.

THE EXETER NATURALISTS AT SIDMOUTH.

Last Sunday at noon, under the auspices of the Exeter Naturalist’s Club, twenty-two ladies and gentlemen, including Sir. John and Lady Bowring, journeyed to Sidmouth from Exeter, for the purposes of holding there the Club’s third field meeting of the season. They were conveyed in two wagonettes supplied by Mr. Pedrick, and had a very pleasant drive through a pleasant country, noticing as they went along the completeness with which the harvest had been gathered in - no corn was seen standing, and in only a few fields crops remained for carrying. At Sidmouth the party was joined by Mr. A. H. A. Hamilton, the president of the Club, the Rev. R. Kirwan, the Rev. H. G. Clements, Mr. P. O. Hutchinson, Mr. Heineken, Mr. Strachan, Mr. Bailey, several other gentlemen, and some ladies. Without delay the Naturalists, or, to be precise, as many of them as cared to adventure the walk, started on their way to High Peak Hill, more than two miles distant, the Rev. Mr. Kirwan acting the part of *cicerone*. There was not even the faintest breeze to fan the cheeks of the climbers as they made the ascent, and as the air was hot and oppressive the upward march was somewhat toilsome. But splendid scenery greeted the view as every stretch of rising ground was reached, and the visitors expressed their admiration in no measured eulogy. When the topmost height was reached, 500 feet above the level of the sea, known as High Peak - pronounce for beauty of shape and colour the most noted cliff on the coast of Devon - grand indeed was the panorama beneath. To the south was the greatly-rippled sea, glistening with that delicate grey colour which charms artists even more than the blue and glare of a golden sunlight, towards the east the coast-line of cliffs, white in the extreme distance, and changing to red, crowned with the yellowish-green sand, as it approached the Peak; northwards could be seen the succeeding hills, most of them the sites of ancient camps, with lovely valleys interspersed; and to the west a fine expanse of picturesque country, with the vale of the Otter midway, Budleigh Salterton lying low down at the water’s-edge, and Haldon range distinguishable. Mr. Kirwan briefly explained the principal topographical features of the landscape, and then proceeded to describe the ancient encampment on which the Naturalists were congregated. The description appears at length in the paper

subsequently read by the rev. gentleman. He directed attention to the layer of bones and charcoal discovered in the side of the hill, not far below the surface, and in company with Mr. W. S. M. D'Urban, curator of the Exeter Museum, dug out bones, pottery, and charcoal. Mr. Kirwan was fortunate enough to find a pair of horns belonging to an extinct species of ox. The journey back to Sidmouth was not much less fatiguing than the ascent, for the sun, which had hitherto been screened by a dull grey sky, shone out in all his strength and lustre, lighting up gloriously the fine valley of the Sid.

Between five and six o'clock the party - thirty strong - partook of a well-served meat tea at the London Hotel, and then adjourned to the spacious ball-room, where the meeting for reading papers was held, Mr. Hamilton, the President, in the chair.

THE ABORIGINAL FORT AT HIGH PEAK HILL.

The Rev. R. Kirwan, M.A., F.G.S., Rector of Gittisham, read the first paper, entitled, "An Aboriginal Fort at Peak Hill, near Sidmouth, with some remarks on the relative antiquity of the 'Forts' and 'Castles' of East Devon." He exhibited quite an extensive collection of bones, pottery, charcoal, and flint flakes, which he had dug out of the hill. The reverend gentleman said;- The raising of sepulchral mounds of earth or stone to mark the last resting-place of the loved or honoured dead is a custom that has obtained in all ages and in all lands. It is to those that the Archaeologist will turn with the greatest chance of success when he would follow out the traces of primitive art, and a definite progress of civilization on the part of those whose history he seeks to recover. For, however true be the words of the preacher in the sense in which he spoke then, there is both "device and knowledge and instruction in the grave." for those who seek there the records of the past. The greater portion of the contents of our Archaeological Museums come from tombs where they were deposited by an affectionate reverence to the dead, upon whose interment also great labour was expended. Next to sepulchral mounds fortifications frequently furnish the most durable and characteristic evidence of the skill and civilization of the age to which they belong. The fabrication of offensive and defensive weapons, with which in general terms may be classed the aboriginal strongholds of our island, is one of the earliest illustrations afforded by man in a savage state of that intelligence and design which distinguishes him from the brutes. It will be remembered that the locality that the locality in which we are now met is peculiarly rich in the number of the 'hill-forts' or 'castles' as they are locally called. This circular 'hill-fort' is the expression of a simple idea, which would naturally command itself to a people who felt the want of defence against sudden attacks; and the modification of a second or third concentric agger or rampart is but the progressive development of the original idea to provide security against an active and aggressive enemy. Taking Broad Down as the centre, and describing a circle of a few miles' radius, there would be included within its compass the following forts or strongholds:- *Farway Castle*, situate on the summit of Farway Hill, a circular entrenchment, 70 feet in diameter, and enclosed by a single line of circumvallation of low elevation. *Blackbury Castle*. Oval in form, enclosed by a single agger and fosse, 36 feet deep on the south-east, measuring about 108 paces from east to west, and about 100 paces from north to south. The gateway is flanked by a ditch and rampart on either side which extends diagonally to a distance of 50 paces from the principal vallum - the device of some Vauban of those early days. *Hocksdun Castle*, formed by a triple vallum with a fosse, enclosing an area about 280 paces in length from east to west, and 140 paces in average breadth from north to south, Davidson mentions a tradition that great treasure was found here by a sailor named Courd. *Musbury Castle*, of a long and irregular

form, enclosing an area of about six acres, and surrounded by a single agger and fosse; here, again the gateways are defended by outworks. *Axminster Castle* now entirely destroyed. *Menbury Castle*, about three acres in extent, enclosed by a single vallum. *Dum dun Castle*, of a subovate form, 300 paces in length, and 60 paces in breadth, enclosed by a double agger of bold elevation. *Stockland Great Castle*, twelve acres in extent, about 300 paces in length, and as many in breadth, irregular in form, and enclosed by an agger in some cases more than 40 feet in perpendicular height, *Stockland Little Castle*, of nearly circular form, about 120 paces in diameter, with a single vallum of great strength, and of about two acres in extent. *Widworthy Castle*, a small circular camp or fort, about 80 paces in diameter, almost destroyed. *Hembury Fort*, enclosed by a triple circumvallation, about 40 feet in perpendicular height, and divided unequally by a double agger of low elevation, extending across its area from east to west. *Woodbury Castle*, of an irregularly oval form, about 300 paces in length, and about 120 paces in width, surrounded by a single vallum, except on the north-west where the defence has been doubled. *Belbury Castle*, on the right bank of the river Otter, oval in shape, formed by a single intrenchment, about 130 paces in length, and 70 paces in breadth. *Sidbury Castle*, about 500 paces in length, and 150 paces in breadth at the widest part, surrounded by a double rampart 40 feet in height, and with an intervening fosse. These fortifications approximate more or less closely to a circular form, generally occupy an area of from three hundred to eight hundred feet in diameter, are inclosed within one or more trenches or ramparts of earth, and are monuments of the energy and industry, no less than of the military skill and strategy of early British workmanship. It will be noted that they are not simply circular hill-forts, wherein we trace the more rudimentary efforts of a people in the infancy of the art of defensive warfare; they display superior engineering skill both in the choice of site, and in the elaborate adaptation of the earth-works to the natural features of the ground. Though, undoubtedly, of native workmanship (as I have said), many of them having been possible strong-holds and places of retreat thrown up by the native Briton to withstand the encroachments of the Roman invader, in the course of time they have passed into the hands of the Conquerors, and have been probably occupied successively by Briton and Roman, by Saxon and Dane. But the subject has already been treated of with ample details, by Mr. Hutchinson, who super-added plans to his descriptions, by which a very perfect idea can be formed of their original design; his careful researches can therefore be supplemented by little worth recording. Mr. Strahan has lately called my attention to the remains of one of these strong holds situate on Peak-hill, about a mile and a half west of the town of Sidmouth. Its lofty site at an elevation of 500 feet above the sea-level has secured it against the inroads of the aggressive plough-share of the agriculturist; but the eroding action of the sea, ever exerted in undermining the base of the cliff, the summit of which is crowned by the fort, has secured for its fate no less inexorable. By this agency the destruction of the entire strong-hold has been effected with the exception of a small portion of the north agger, which is about 90 paces in length, 20 feet in perpendicular height on its northern escarpment, and averages 35 feet in breadth at the base. The remains of an outwork can be traced at the eastern extremity, which perhaps formed a redoubt to defend the gateway on that side. Beyond the rampart there is a plateau on the slope of the hill, about forty feet wide, formed by the removal of the earth used in filling up the vallum. So complete has been the demolition of the fort, that we have not sufficient material left to afford a conjecture of its probable size; we can only point to the skill, which in this instance also appears to have been shown in turning to the best account the natural aptitude for defensive purposes that the headland presents; the embankment or rampart which formed the wall of the fort on its northern side, and which stands on the crest of the hill, is sloped away so as almost exactly to coincide with the angle at which the latter rises from the valley, thereby securing a commanding defensive position with a relatively small expenditure of labour. I have said that the action of the sea, by wearing away the cliff beneath, the surviving portion of the vallum has been laid bare, whereby a deposit of charcoal, extending to a length of about fifty

feet, and several inches in thickness has been exposed of view; this occurs at the eastern extremity of the rampart; it may be referred both to the remains of beacon-fires kindled as the signals of war and invasion, when perhaps the natives had already learnt to watch the horizon for the dreaded fleets of the Gaul or the rude Norse Viking. At such a period they would retreat within their stronghold as soon as the enemy was espied in the offing, and would lie there secure until the spoilers set sail again in quest of some less watchful prey. It is equally possible that the charcoal marks the remains of the bonfires which formed part of the festive or religious rejoicings of the tribe or clan by whom the stronghold was occupied. Following the line of charcoal towards the west, at a few paces distant from it, and at about the same horizontal level below the crest of the rampart there occurs a layer of bones interspersed with charcoal in dust and in small fragments, extending to a length of about thirty feet; in some places this bone-bed is nearly a foot in thickness, and is of unknown width. The bones which are thus numerous are generally well preserved, are more or less discoloured, and have lost a portion of their weight. They consist of the remains of hog (probably wild, from the size of the tusks), deer, and ox (possibly *bos longifrons*). Many of the bones are split longitudinally as if to facilitate the extraction of the marrow, Mr. Pengelly suggests that the object of fracturing the bones longitudinally was for the purpose of fabricating the fragment into awls, needles, harpoons and other implements. There is a peculiarity worth noticing here. This is the complete absence of the back bones of the Mammalia whose remains we are investigating. We may therefore infer that the animals, after being slaughtered by the aboriginal hunter, were cut up on the spot, and that only the extremities with their fleshy parts and marrow bones were carried away. The head appears also to have been brought home, probably for the sake of the brain, for the skulls are all broken and their fragments only have been met with. The presence of industrial products also was indicated by several rounded pebbles of various sizes, extraneous to the local formation, and doubtless collected from the neighbouring beach; some appeared to be sling-stones, Others bore marks of abrasion on their edges, and had probably been used as hammers or pounders, without a handle, for the purpose of cracking the bones. We also found nodules of flint, such as occur in abundance on the tops of the neighbouring hills; with them were cores of dark-coloured flint from which flakes had been struck, and also fragments or chips detached in the first dressing of these cores. Of these implements some show so little trace of design that, had they not been found intermixed with the bones of animals that mark the remains of feasts, they would certainly have been thrown aside as lacking sufficient proof of having been manufactured by man; others are more carefully clipped into shape, have a keen edge considering the nature of the material, and might well have been used in scraping hides or in cutting flesh, or even fresh bone. Of the bone implements many are of the rudest form, consisting of mere chips or fragments of bone, worked roughly to a point at one end. One, however, shows more careful construction; it is an incisor-tooth ingeniously shaped into the form of a pin or awl, and marks the progress which had been made from the first rude implements. We searched carefully among the *debris* and ashes for any grain or vegetable substance, but could find nothing but small pieces of wood-charcoal, which occurred in abundance. The presence of various pieces of red hematite covered with scratches, indicated the mode in which these primitive hunters scraped off a red powder - the favourite aboriginal colour - which, mixed with grease, would furnish as good means of personal ornament as are employed by many savages of the present day. Numerous fragments of pottery occurred also in the *debris*; some of it is of a pale buff or burnt amber colour, while occasionally it is of a darker tint, varying from a dull red to a yellowish brown. The whole of it is rude, coarse, unglazed, and of the simplest description; some of it is home-made, whilst other portions bear marks of having been turned on a wheel. The paste of which it was compacted consists of clay tempered with sharp sand or small fragments of stone; owing to the circumstance the outer surface is generally rough. The decorations present considerable diversity; some of the fragments are plain, others are ornamented, by incised lines

made with a toothed instrument. other by circular indented lines and bands impressed upon the soft clay; and others by raised hoop-like marks or ridges formed either by hand or the wheel. From the diversity of patterns presented by these specimens, it may be presumed that they represent a considerable number of specimens. The great abundance of charcoal that characterizes this Kjukkenmodding, as well as the very small proportion of bones which show the action of fire would lead to a doubt whether the flesh taken from the large mass of fractured bones that occurred, if indeed it has been cocked, has been cocked by roasting. In favour of the meat having been cocked is the abundant evidence of fire, more than in that rude condition of life could be supposed to be required merely for the purposes of warmth. If the meat were cocked by roasting it is not likely that so many of the bones would have escape traces of fire. He presence of the pottery would imply that these camp-dwellers cocked their food by boiling; but it is difficult to understand how they could effect this with vessels formed of ware too ill-compacted, and too imperfectly baked to stand the action of fire unless we suppose them to have employed means still in use among the Esquimaux, who boil their food without putting the vessel in which it is cocked on the fire. This is effected by means of stones heated in the fire, and then thrown into the vessels filled with water which is thus boiled from within. In order to recover some clue to the character and history of this primitive community, and a knowledge of the arts and rites which they practised, let us institute a comparison between the contents of the barrows at Broad Down and the accumulated refuse obtained from the remains of their feasts at Peak Hill, when we are struck with the general similarity that distinguished them. In both cases we observe an absence of relics that are distinctive of Roman art and civilisation; in both cases we have the evidence of a people living in primitive rudeness, and employing only the products of native art; the sepulchral pottery of the one corresponds also in material, character, and ornamentation with the simple domestic cocking vessels of the other; whilst also the conclusion naturally suggests itself that the strong-hold or 'Castle' originated in the same laborious contrivance and skill as that which gave birth to the colossal proportions of the tumulus, by which the honours of the dead were rendered in the olden time to which they pertain. And without endeavouring to deduce from the evidence before us more than it seems fairly to warrant, we may gather also from the glimpses that are afforded by this comparative examination that the strongholds of the South of England were native British erections, which imply the existence of a numerous population, which are the work of a patient and ingenious race whose motto was defence rather than aggression, whose arts were still in their infancy, who subsisted by hunting and fishing, and by such natural products as man without agriculture can obtain, and who lived contemporaneously with, or under similar conditions of civilisation with the people to whom the sepulchral honours of the barrow and the cairn were raised. The connection that we are thus enabled to trace between the barrow-builder and the fort-builder is the important feature of the present discovery, for it enables us to add another link to the chain of evidence which is gradually uniting into one harmonious whole the scattered fragments relating to the early history of our forefathers. Thus also are we enabled to determine a relative if not a positive chronology. When treating of primitive antiquities the Archaeologist does not attempt to fix dates with precision; his object is rather to trace out events which are landmarks of relative progress; relying on the proofs furnished by the similarity which characterises the rude products of primitive handicraft, he is led to infer an identity of race and period. Applying this test to the instance before us, he will probably not err if he attribute the era of the barrow-builder and the fort-builder to a period anterior to the time of the Roman Invasion, when the use of the working of iron was unknown, and when the armourer fashioned his weapons from the rare and costly copper and bronze, still supplying numerous deficiencies with implements of bone and flint.

THE HILL FORTRESSES OF EAST DEVON.

Mr. P. O. HUTCHINSON delivered an interesting address on this subject. He began his remarks by stating that the limited space of time at their disposal would not permit that they should go very far into the subject of the camps and hill fortresses scattered over the south-eastern part of the county. To treat of fully, the subject was a large one; and would be necessary on the present occasion to touch only on the most prominent points. He exhibited a series of plans of hill fortresses, done with lampblack of Indian ink on white glazed calico, and recommended this material as very good to work upon. If the Indian ink were put on rather dry with a brush, very rapid and clear effects could be produced. The first exhibited shewed the remains of the camp on High Peak Hill, which the members had that day visited. So long ago as 1849 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and in 1861 in the Public Rooms in Exeter, at the visit of the Archaeological Association, he had described that spot, and, therefore, he would now only speak of the find of bones which had been brought before their notice that day. They were pointed out to Mr. Kirwan by Mr. A. Strahan, who lost no time in prosecuting the search. The discovery, however, was not new; for Mr. Hutchinson produced a box containing both charcoal and similar bones, which he had extracted from the bank many years ago. They were labelled 1848, and they had been in his custody ever since, now 23 years. In those days he was young and foolish, and did not pay much attention to old bones. He was young still, but he was now wiser grown. He gave great credit to Mr. Kirwan for the trouble he had taken, and he blamed himself for having neglected to follow up the first discovery. Of Woodbury Castle he would merely say that originally it appeared to have consisted of a small oval camp, but that, at some subsequent period, the southern portion was added. The detached earthworks outside are supposed to have been thrown up by the first Lord Russell in 1549, when he came down to raze the siege of Exeter, which was then invested by the Cornish rebels. Belbury Castle, two miles south-west from Ottery, is believed to have received its name from the great Pagan deity Bel, or Belus. This place was destroyed about the commencement of the present century, as an old man named Samuel White, residing at Castle Farm, close by, fully testified. He stated that when he was a boy he and his late father were employed to destroy the earthworks, and bring the land into cultivation. Sidbury Castle was a very interesting camp. At the west end there was a peculiar entrance, from which an avenue or sunk road led to the body of the work itself. It was here that a remarkable find of sling stones, stacked in a cavern, took place in March 1864. He would recur to this again. There was a great resemblance both in the size and the shape of Hembury Fort and of Dumpdon. They were both triangular in form, the long point being towards the south. The entrance to Hembury was of the most simple kind, being merely a gap in the aggers; whereas at Dumpdon the aggers at the entrance were inflected or led back into the camp, so as to form a road. From this more advanced form of construction, it might be argued that this was a later work, though he had himself formed no opinion on this point. The most striking form of entrance, however, occurred at Blackbury Castle, an oval camp five miles north-east of Sidmouth. Here there was a road jutting out 180 feet from the south side of the camp. From the end of this road a ditch, with aggers, is carried back diagonally against the surrounding works, so as to flank the road with two large triangles, a species of fortification quite unique in its character. Another circumstance has given rise to much speculation. This is the existence of large quantities of calcined flints lying on the tops of the aggers in different places. After mature consideration, he had come to the conclusion that there had once been a stone beacon in this camp constructed of flints, and similar to the still perfect one on the Blackdown Hills, above Cradock. The fire, acting on the stone wall of the beacon, would soon split and chip off the surface, and these chips would continually falling to the ground, and accumulate in heaps. He believed that the chips would now and then be cleared out, and thrown upon the agger to get rid of them. He had made red marks on the plan, to shew where they could be found. A man on the spot told him that

many years ago he had assisted in carrying away seventy cartloads of them, some of the splinters being as small as sand, which were mixed with mortar when Wiscombe House was built. He wished to draw their attention to Stockland Great Castle, for it was here he first saw a sling stone. A short distance to the north of this was Stockland Little Castle. This was remarkable for having the inside of the agger encompassing it built up of dry flints like a wall. Within the area of Hawksdown Hill Camp. Above Axmouth, he had also picked up egg-shaped beach pebbles, identical in size and shape to those met with in other camps. The late Mr. Davidson, under the head Stockland, writes:- "Quantities of sling-stones have been found at various points just within the valium, and at one spot a number of these missiles were discovered in a rude earthenware pot, which soon fell to pieces." This passage had induced him many years ago to re-visit the camp for the purpose of seeking them. He had had no difficulty in picking them up in various parts of the area. He was anxious to warn his neighbours to be on their guard. In places near the coast it was customary to manure the land with sea-weed, and beech pebbles might frequently be carried up along with it, but there was less danger of this in districts further from the sea. In March, 1864, a part of the south flank of Sidbury Castle was brought into cultivation. He went at once to the spot and found two labouring men. On questioning them as to whether they had met with any old coins or other antiquities, they replied in the negative, but one of them added that they had found a cave packed full of round stones. Going with them to the place, he observed that the cave had been in the outside slope of the inner agger, that it had been rudely arched over with stone, that they had dug it down, and that the stones lay scattered about. There might have been several wheelbarrows full, and they covered a spot from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. Whatever misgivings there might be in people's minds as to whether similar pebbles found on barrows or in camps were really sling stones, at all events there could be no doubt as to the reality and genuineness of these in the cave at Sidbury Castle. He therefore, confidently produced a box containing half a dozen, which he procured there at the time. On this subject he read a remark in a letter, written by the Rev. J. Kenrick, Curator of the York Museum, to Mr. Heineken, of Sidmouth. It was this:- "No one ancient author mentions the sling as used by the Britons." As this statement is made by a gentleman of much archaeological information, it is worthy of all respect. To prove that the Britons employed the sling, we must find pebbles similar to these actually in the kist-van, along with the bones and flint weapons of the primary interments. To find them in the body of the tumulus is not close enough, for they may have got there by later interments.

On the motion of the President, seconded by Sir John Bowring, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Kirwan and Mr. Hutchinson, both of whom, it was remarked, had done much towards making known the antiquities of Devon, and would no doubt do much more. The discussion turned principally upon the sources from which the ancient occupiers of these encampments drew their supplies of water. It was mentioned by the two lecturers that pools which never dried up existed on some of the hills, and Mr. Kirwan said he had in two instances detected traces of covered ways to the waters in the valleys below. A vote of thanks to the President terminated the proceedings.

The drive home was very enjoyable, and Exeter was reached at half-past nine o'clock, all agreeing that a pleasant and profitable day had been spent.

Mon. Sep. 4. 1871. Last Thursday Robert Webber, son of Webber the baker, was charged with poisoning. The following is the account.

CHARGE AGAINST A CHEMIST OF POISONING

COMMITAL OF THE ACCUSED

Yesterday at the Sidmouth Town Hall *Robert Webber*, chemist, of Sidmouth, was charged with feloniously killing and slaying Wm Ellis Wall, Esquire, at Salcombe Regis, on 22nd. July last. There was a large number of persons in attendance at the court. An inquest was held on the deceased when a verdict was returned that he died from a overdose of morphia, but that there was not sufficient culpable neglect to justify the jury in returning a verdict of manslaughter. Since the inquest, communication had been made with the Secretary of State, and the result was that the magistrates ordered Mr. Supt. Dore to take proceedings against the defendant, and hence the present enquiry. Mr. Radford (Sidmouth) appeared on behalf of the widow of the deceased, and stated that the family did not prosecute; Mr. Tweed, of Honiton, defended. The defendant pleaded not guilty.

The widow of the deceased said - On Saturday, 22nd. Of July, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Wall wrote the prescription now produced, and later sent it by Jane Sheppard to Mr. Webber, chemist. Almost half-past nine in the evening Susan Osler gave me something in a paper, The bottle produced with this label on it (containing a reddish mixture) was the one she gave me. As the label directed, I gave my husband half the contents of the bottle. I had just done so when someone came and said the wrong medicine had been given; the party also left a message that if there was anything serious the boy would return. Directly afterwards I saw that Mr. Wall's symptoms were unnatural, and I called the servants and sent for Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Atkins, who both arrived within a few minutes. My husband, however, died between two and three o'clock the next morning. Dr. Mackenzie was our regular medical attendant, but as my husband had for four years studied for the medical profession, he used to proscribe for himself. The bottle now produced marked with the letter "B" (contained a light liquid) is the second bottle that was given me on the 22nd. This was the first time he ever had a prescription of this sort made up.

Mr. Tweed said he did not wish to put any painful questions, and he would avoid them as far as possible. Mrs. Wall, examined by the advocate, said Mr. Wall had not been ailing just before his death more than usual. He had been taking opiates before, during the few weeks previous to his death, but not to any great extent; he might have taken opiates three times in six months. He had not taken any solid food on the 21st and 22nd. He had been taking intoxicating liquors on several previous days.

Some discussion took place here as to the need of Mr. Tweed putting such question to Mrs. Wall, the Bench saying they would not allow her to be questioned on things that did not bear immediately on the case, though they did not wish to interfere with the ends of justice.

Mr. TWEED said he only wished to ask questions he felt to be essential to his client's defence. His contention would be that the effect of this dose on a healthy man, not in the state Mr. Wall was, would not have been fatal. Was not Mr. Wall much excited on the Saturday and the previous day from taking intoxicating liquors? A. No he was not excited; he was very nervous. Q.- Immediately after the medicine had been taken a message came from the chemist that the wrong medicine had been sent? A. - Yes, almost immediately. I sent for Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Atkins, but they were met on the road. Q. - Have you not dealt at Mr. Webber's shop since Mr. Wall died? A. - That is a lie; its an untruth. I have not been any party to this prosecution. The accused came before my husband died. I asked him if he had given my husband the wrong medicine. He said "No, Mr. Wall, I sent Mr. Wall's own prescription." I did not see whether or not he assisted in attending on Mr. Wall. As far as I know he rendered every assistance.

Jane Sheppard said she was a kitchen-maid at Mr. Wall's. On 22nd. July she took a paper like the one produced to Mr. Webber's, about half-past two. She saw the defendant and gave him the paper and

left the shop. About nine o'clock the same evening she went there again and saw defendant, asking him if the medicine was ready. He said it was not and asked her to wait a minute. She did so, and saw him wrap a bottle in paper, and this he gave to her. She took it home and gave the bottle to Susan Osler in the same state as she received it from the defendant. Osler left the kitchen with the bottle and paper. A few minutes afterwards Walter Pinn, an apprentice to the defendant's father, came to Mr. Wall's house with another bottle and said Mr. Webber had sent the wrong medicine. Sarah Ann Tothill and Susan Osler were present, and the latter directly took the bottle Pinn brought. She came back to the kitchen a moment afterwards and Osler and witness went for Dr. Mackenzie; they met him in the drive with Dr. Atkins coming in the direction of the house, and all immediately returned there.

Cross-examined by Mr. TWEED - She did not know whether the defendant prepared the medicine whilst she was waiting at nine o'clock. She, however, saw him take a bottle and fill it from other bottles. Two persons came into the shop whilst she was there, but Webber continued to make up the medicine she was waiting for. She could not swear that the paper produced was the one she gave to the defendant. She had been home a little more than five minutes when Pinn arrived with the second bottle, and five minutes after that she went for the doctors.

In answer to Mr. Bayley, witness said she first saw defendant pour something into a measuring glass, and from that glass into the bottle given to her. She did not remember ever having taken any other prescription.

By Capt. Coleridge - Did not see defendant refer to a paper whilst he was filling the bottle.

Susan Osler said she was housemaid at Mr. Wall's, and between nine and half-past on the evening of the 22nd July Jane Sheppard gave her a bottle wrapped in paper, which she took to Mrs. Wall without opening the paper. She corroborated the last witness's evidence as to the arrival of Pinn, and she took the bottle he brought to Mrs. Wall, who gave witness another bottle half-full of some mixture, which she returned to Pinn, telling him that if there was anything wrong he was to come back again. Directly after Mrs. Wall sent for witness to come upstairs, as Mr. Wall was making such a noise. She did so, and directly afterwards was sent for Dr. Mackenzie. Deceased was making a moaning noise. Later in the evening witness saw defendant at the deceased's.

Cross-examined by Mr. TWEED - She could not swear that the bottle produced was the one Mrs. Wall returned to her; it appeared to be the same. She read the small label at the bottom, "Shake the bottle."

Walter Pinn, defendant's father's apprentice, said - On the evening of the 22nd of July, about five-and-twenty minutes to ten, defendant came to me and asked me to run as quick as I could to Mr. Wall's, and say he had sent the wrong medicine. At the same time he gave me a bottle wrapped in paper and told me to take it to Mr. Wall's. and if the other medicine had not been taken to bring it back to him again, and if any had been taken I was to bring back what was left. I went to Mr. Wall's and saw Susan Osler. I gave her the bottle and the message. Within a minute after she came to me and gave me a bottle wrapped in paper saying "Go to Mr. Webber's as fast as you can and send back a message if there is anything wrong." I did return to defendant, gave him the bottle I had received from Osler, and he took it out of the paper. I think the bottle produced is the same one. As soon as defendant saw the bottle he told me to go to Dr. Mackenzie and tell him to come to him directly. Nothing further passed between defendant and myself.

Cross-examined - Dr. Mackenzie came to Mr. Webber. Dr. Mackenzie, practising in Sidmouth, said - Previous to 22nd of July I had not attended deceased since 21st of June. Shortly before ten on the evening of July 22nd I received a message that defendant wanted me directly. I went there, and met Dr. Atkins in the shop. Defendant told me he had made a mistake, I asked what it was, and he showed me the prescription produced. He said he had put in a scruple of morphia instead of the quantity ordered. I asked for materials for an emetic, and Dr. Atkins and myself agreed to go up to the house with the emetic. When we got to the drive leading to deceased's house we met two servants coming to fetch me. I went to the house immediately, and found Mr. Wall lying in bed, breathing sterturous, pulse small and weak, and skin in cold perspiration. We made an attempt to arouse him, but unsuccessfully. We administered the emetic, put warm bottles to the extremities, applied ammonia to the nostrils, rubbed over the region of the heart with brandy and sent off for a stomach pump, which was used immediately on its arrival. I endeavoured to give him a small quantity of brandy at intervals. Later I sent for a galvanic battery, which was used for two hours, but all our efforts were without any effect of consequence. Between one and two o'clock the defendant came there, and sent to ask Dr. Hodge for his opinion. He came and repeated the same proceedings as before. Mr. Wall died at half-past two. The first line of the prescription reads as follows:- "Solution of the muriate of morphia, half a drachm." The solution of the muriate of morphia is a liquid, but it is not a preparation according to the present pharmacopaea; the term now is "liquor," and it is the same medicine, with a fractional difference. The muriate of morphia is a powder, and the defendant used the powder instead of the liquid. If the prescription had been followed, the label, "Shake the bottle," need not have been affixed. After a person had taken ten grains of morphia I think there would be but little chance of his recovery. The symptoms of the deceased and his death arose, in my opinion, from an overdose of opium. Q.- Would it be very great carelessness to put in a solid instead of a liquid? A. - I cannot account for it in any other way, unless he was making a stock-bottle - that is, a bottle for future use.

Cross-examined - I examined Mr. Wall's body after death. He was not suffering from a variety of diseases; his kidneys were diseased. The mucous membranes of the stomach were slightly congested - very possibly by the sulphate of zinc which we administered as an emetic. There was no solid food in the stomach. Q. - If there had been, would it probably have delayed the action of the morphia? A. - It would. Q. - Applying the remedies you did so rapidly, so soon after the morphia was taken, if there had been solid food in the stomach, is it probable that you might have saved his life? A. - Not with such a dose as he took. Q. - Why did you apply these remedies, then? A. - Because one is always bound to do something - to do all you can.

The CHAIRMAN - On a strong man would it probably have produced the same effect? A. - Yes, in my opinion.

In answer to Mr. HUYSHE, witness said - There are cases on record of men taking ten grains and recovering.

Cross-examination resumed - The defendant did all he could while at Mr. Wall's house on the 22nd. There was an inquest and I was present. The verdict was, I believe, that the deceased died from taking an overdose of morphia prepared in error by Robert Webber, but such error did not amount to gross negligence and did not constitute manslaughter.

Dr. Atkins. Now out of practice, said he was in defendant's shop at half-past nine on the evening of July 22nd, when he said, "I have made a mistake in this mixture. I have put a scruple of morphia into the mixture I have sent to Mr. Wall's." Witness told him to send for Mr. Wall's medical attendant,

and he did so. Defendant showed him the prescription produced. With Dr. Mackenzie witness went to Mr. Wall's and assisted in the using all the remedial agencies, but without success. The defendant was indefatigable in his exertions throughout the night; Dr. Mackenzie's treatment was equally energetic.

Dr. Mackenzie was re-called by Rev. J. Hayshe. Q. - Was deceased's life likely to be a very short one under any circumstances? A. - He might have lived some years, I should say from the *post mortem* examination.

Mr. TWEED - Did you before the coroner's jury say "in all probability his life would have been very brief? A. - Not to my recollection. He had habits which might have accelerated his end. He had, however, no organic disease.

P. C. Bickford said between twelve and one o'clock in the morning of 23rd. Of July he saw the defendant in the streets, and after asking witness if he had seen Dr. Mackenzie, he told him he had made a mistake in some medicine he had sent to Mr. Wall. At four o'clock defendant told him that Mr. Wall was dead, and eventually witness communicated with the coroner. About nine o'clock the next day went to defendant's shop and asked him for the bottle of medicine he had sent to Mr. Wall, and also for the prescription. He replied "Yes here it is; I have been persuaded to make it away, but here it is for you."

Dr. Hodge, of Sidmouth, corroborated Dr. Mackenzie's evidence as to the remedies used &c. He also attributed death to an overdose of morphia. On the same day he saw the prescription produced and - he continued - it is written so badly and so carelessly that I should not be surprised at a mistake being made. I don't say that I should have made the mistake, but it was quite possible that any one reading the first line of the prescription hastily, been read "sal." A person following the prescription with the word "sal" would have given a dose of the "salt muriate of morphia" half a drachm, which would have been enough to kill any one; he would have given thirty grains of morphia and according to the directions on the bottle would have ordered one half to be taken at a dose. A chemist ought to know better than make up such a mixture as that which witness had now described and ordered half to be taken at once.. Defendant was very attentive to Mr. Wall and did all he could after the dose had been taken.

This concluded the evidence for the prosecution.

In answer to the question if he had anything to say, and the caution that if he did it might be used against him at his trial at another court, the defendant replied, "I am not guilty."

Mr. TWEED briefly addressed the Bench, contending that there was not a sufficient *prima facie* case to justify then in sending defendant for trial. The deceased met with his death through an accident. How was that accident the result of any criminal negligence on the part of the defendant? Was this a case of manslaughter or misadventure? He quoted the law on the point, and argued that if a chemist gave a man a poison in mistake for something else, it would only be a case of homicide by misadventure, even if there was some degree of culpable negligence or recklessness. Would a jury convict if they sent the case for trial? One jury had already come to the conclusion that the defendant was not guilty of manslaughter, and a similar conclusion would, he contended, be arrived at by a jury at Sessions or Assizes. No one pretended to say that there was any malice on the part of the defendant, but it was evidently an accident to which any young man in a similar position was liable. He commented on the fact of defendant doing all he could to avert the fatal consequences

as soon as he discovered the mistake, and also referred to the fact that the family of deceased was not proceeding against defendant. The object of sending defendant to trial would be to punish him, but he had done nothing deserving punishment. He had been guilty of an indiscretion no doubt, and he regretted it as much as any one possible could. If they send him for trial it would only be letting a terrible charge hang over his head for six months; there had been no public wrong done, the public did not require him to be punished, and no public good would result from his committal. As the relatives did not feel justified in taking any proceedings, there was no case for anyone else to do so. The public journals had taken up this case, and no doubt that was the reason why these proceedings had been instituted; there was really no case of gross culpable neglect proven against defendant. [Some applause followed the conclusion of the learned advocate's address].

After a brief deliberation the Chairman said the Bench had unanimously come to the conclusion that there had been great neglect and dereliction of duty, and they therefore committed prisoner for trial. They accepted bail - himself in £100 and two sureties of £50 each. We are requested to state that the defendant is not the owner of the chemist's business, but was merely acting on the 22nd for his brother, who was away in London.

(The proceedings were conducted in such a quiet and confidential manner, that many answers of several of the witnesses could not be heard by persons beyond the magistrates and their clerk].

Sat. Sep. 9. 1871. Walked to High Peak and deliberately examined the spot where the bones were found. There was too much hurry-scurry last Saturday. Grieved to see that the excavations have been concluded in too hurried a manner. Made a careful drawing of the section of the deposit, to shew the order in which the objects lay. Found the lower leg bone of a fowl or other bird, with the bone core of the spur attached to it complete. [*My MS. Hist. of Sidmouth. 1.32.*]

Mon. Sep. 11. 1871. Went again to high Peak. Dug as little as possible, for the deposit is more valuable here than if removed. By picking my way carefully, I got another section of the vociferous bed about a foot thick, made up of bones, charcoal, broken pottery, and earth all mixed together. Made another careful drawing. Important deductions may be drawn from this.

Wed. Sep. 13. Again at High Peak. *See Sep. 29. 1871.*

Fri. Sep. 15. Mr. Heineken and myself revisited Bury Camp, after a long interval. Mr. Chick drove over in another carriage, and took two labourers. Our object was to dig in the bottom of the fosse, remembering that when the quarrymen were digging away the fosse of what appeared to have been a camp at Castle Close, they came upon bones, pottery, and old metal. [July 9. 1861.] We sunk four different holes in the bottom of the fosse, at the figures 1. 2. 3. 4. At the depth of nearly three feet the tough yellow clay was reached. In 1. 2. 3 some beach pebbles like sling stones, one here, another there, at depth's in one or two instances, nearly down to the maiden soil, or original bottom, were met with. Four of them, from different places, had been broken as if by the force with which they had struck something hard - perhaps a large flint in the agger of the camp. It may be inferred that they had been hurled at the camp, and having hit some obstacle, had fallen into the ditch. They are likely to be genuine. Some 50 or more yards on the Sidmouth side of the camp, running from the cliff inwards to the three great stones, there are traces of a double bank, 35 feet wide, and about the same as the in and outside aggers of the camp. They may have been an advanced work for protection or defence. The number of stone heaps along this part of the hill are remarkably like genuine tumuli. The one we examined on the 8th. Of September 1858 produced nothing conclusive, but perhaps the examination was not complete. [*my MS.Hist. of Sidm, 1. 58.*]

Mon. Sep. 18. Again on High Peak Hill. I scrambled down the face of the cliff below the bone bed, as I heard that some bones had been found there, which had fallen down. Picked up the femur of a small animal like a hare, and also the core of the hoof of an animal about the size of a red deer.

Sat. Sep. 23. Railway meeting at the Town Hall, Mr. Kennaway, M.P. in the chair. The trustees of the manor, who are mainly promoting it, were present. The terms seem fair and liberal, and I trust that the project may be carried out. The authorised Capital is £66,000 in 6600 shares if £10 each. The greater part of the money is already secured. The line will leave the London and south-western near Feniton, and come down by Ottery, Tipton, Harpford Wood, Bowd, and Bulverton, to near Broadway.

Mon. Sep. 25. Last Wednesday week 113,000,000 francs received in Berlin from France, as part of the war indemnity. 98 ½ millions were in gold. And the Prussian troops are withdrawing from around Paris.

Tu. Sep. 26. Last Sunday week the Mont Cenis tunnel was opened. It is seven miles and a half long.

Fri. Sep. 29. 1871. The subjoined letter of mine, on the subject of the deposit on High Peak Hill, appeared in the Exeter Gazette this morning.

THE BONE BED ON HIGH PEAK

HILL.

Since the pleasant visit of the Exeter Naturalist's Club to Sidmouth, on the 2nd instant. I have mentally recurring to the subjects that occupied the attention of the members and their friends on that occasion. Although I had extracted both charcoal and bones from the agger of High Peak Hill camp twenty-three years ago, and exhibited specimens of both to the meeting, which I had kept by me, the re-discovery of the deposit by Mr. Strahan, and the prosecution of the search by Mr. Kirwan, awakened a new interest to a well-known spot. It is a well-remembered circumstance in Sidmouth, that about the commencement of the present century, on the occasion of some peace rejoicing or of some great victory, the late Lord Rolle gave two bullocks and four sheep to be roasted and given away to all comers on the summit of that hill. There are still old people surviving who recollect the event. The story has been related to me by the Messrs. Heffer, of Clifton Place, who went up and witnessed the proceedings as boys. They are both above eighty now. They say that a sort of rude fireplace, with supports for the spit, was built of rough stone found close at hand; and that when the carcasses were dressed, they were cut up and distributed. The pieces were eaten in rather primitive fashion, and the bones thrown about the hill. There is a mass of stones nearly overgrown with turf towards the Ladram Bay end of the platform, on the land-side of the great agger - the platform, which in fact occupies the place of the old foss - and on a former occasion (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1849) I pointed this out as an apparent tumulus. I now, however, incline to think that this is merely the site of this fireplace. When it was recently announced in Sidmouth that bones had been found on High Peak Hill, people naturally recurred to the circumstances related in the above story. But as soon as I had an opportunity of examining the bones which had been dug out of the bank the story was put aside, for there could be no doubt as to their antiquity. The next thing was, to learn

the lesson which these ancient tokens could teach. At the period of the meeting there had scarcely been time for a deliberate consideration of the whole bearings of the case, or for the arrival at conclusions from the appearances exhibited. There had been a digging out of materials - bones, pottery, flint flakes - necessarily hurried of course; but what order of succession had these objects occupied, and what historical facts did their relative positions demonstrate? To examine them in a room after they had been removed from their original place was not enough. Only half the lesson could be learnt from this. If the inhabitants of the camp had thrown the various objects on top of the agger, and had thereby formed a sort of rubbish heap, it is certain that objects thrown first would lie lowest. It appeared therefore, from such a consideration, that on close examination a lesson in their chronology might be got at. With this view I begged that Mr. Heineken, with whom I had worked in kindred subjects, would accompany me to the top of the hill - not to dig, for I would not be the destroyer who would thoughtlessly scatter and obliterate valuable evidence which might serve to interest and instruct future enquirers. What has once been heedlessly disturbed can never be put back again by the ancient Britons, as the ancient Britons left it. What is required, in examining such places, is a careful and even a reluctant hand. The weather turned out boisterous and unsettled, and I was obliged to go alone. The first thing was to get a perpendicular section of the deposit, like a geological section of a cliff. I took a small light tool and cautiously picked away at the surface, so as to dig round the bones or pottery without disturbing them. Having got a tolerably clear view of a certain portion, I made a careful sketch of the picture thus presented to view. Not having obtained so far all the evidence I required, I picked away at another part, and then made a drawing of that also. I was particularly anxious to meet with a flint flake in situ, but in this I was disappointed. I bore the disappointment rather than proceed to displace any more; and every bit of bone which came down that I did not need, I carefully buried at the foot of the section, that they may not be lost to others who may wish to examine them. I had taken note of the positions of various kinds of bones; some of bones of a bird, about the size of a pheasant, I found in the debris made by former diggers, but which they had overlooked, among which the lower right leg bone with the osseous core of the spur attached, very interesting; one or two pieces of pottery; a small spherical white quartz pebble, part of a sling stone, like those of Sidbury Castle, discoloured and split as if it had been in the fire; and a portion of a hammer or pounder of stone, blackened by smoke and also split by heat. It is certain that the flint flakes, if made by the Danmonii in the stone age, were long anterior in date to the period of the pottery. In this view Mr. Heineken and myself are agreed. The two were never produced by the same people in the same age. The pottery seems to be either Roman or Saxon, but apparently the latter. I had wished to ascertain whether the flakes lay lowest, as being the oldest; but Mr. Kirwan kindly informs me that there was no order in their disposition in respect of the other objects; and as I remarked that the other objects were mixed promiscuously together, I am driven to adopt a different theory from the one with which I at first started, and which I will mention presently. Besides fragments of plain pottery, Mr. Kirwan produced at the meeting a variety of specimens exhibiting no less than fourteen different patterns, to which I can add two more. These sixteen patterns, though dissimilar in themselves, all resemble each other in style. They were evidently made by the same tribe at about the same period. There are none of the zig-zags, or the impressed twisted cords, or the cuts, or the dots, or such like devices so common on British pottery. The whole of the ornamentation consists uniformly in rings, which have been produced by holding a tool or the end of a stick against the outside of the vessel whilst it was revolving on the wheel. Some of these rings lap over another like the planks of a boat; others consist of narrow bands or half rounds, with undulating irregular, ogee like, or broad flat bands between them; and others of several square indented or ploughed-out small channels placed close together. In all the cases the patterns have been obtained in the same way, the only difference being in the size and shape of the point of the tool. Some of the fragments are so flat, or are, in other words, segments of such large circles, as

to appear to have belonged rather to dishes than to vases. I need scarcely say that they never formed parts of sepulchral urns, nor could human bones be expected among them. They belonged to utensils made use of by their owners for culinary or other domestic purposes. In some of the specimens the clay is red, and in others of a light ochre or buff colour, and made, very likely, at no great distance from the spot. Perhaps the traces of an ancient pottery may some day be discovered between this hill and Otterton. [See *Intellectual Observer*, Sept. 1864. P. 119, on Saxon Pottery, by T. Wright.]

It is, of course, evident at a glance that, at some unknown period, the old agger of the camp had been repaired and heightened, and that when this heightening was effected by throwing up new earth, the bones and other things found with them were buried. At that time we may assume that the camp was in its perfect state; but such has been the encroachment of the waves and the removal of the soil, that nothing now remains but the great earthworks on the land side. The work must originally have been of a very bold character, for even now it measures 50 feet in one place from the crown of the agger to the middle of the foss below, and the agger opposite the bones is from four to five yards thick. The hill is 513 feet and nine-tenths high, reduced to mean tide at St. George's Dock, Liverpool. For geological reasons, which I need not detail here, I do not think that the hill was ever very much higher than it is now - perhaps not above 20 feet. It was the wearing away of the cliff that exposed the bones to view, and led to the examination. But I wish to draw the reader's attention to the materials with which the old agger was heightened. Upon the Foxmould (a stratum of yellow sand of loose coherence) of the Greensand formation, there lies a bed of sandy earth stained black with charcoal, and containing numerous pieces of charcoal of various sizes, in which the grain of the oak and the fir are discernible. It is this bed, which in some places is nearly a foot thick, that contains the bones, flints, pottery, and other things. It was from the Ladram Bay end of this bed that I draw some bones many years ago, but neglected to follow up the search. Incumbent upon it there is a layer of yellow Foxmould mixed with red earth, red sandstone, and apparently burnt earth, about two inches thick. On top of this there lies, to the thickness of 18 to 20 inches, a quantity of brown surface earth. The sling-stone (for such it appears to be) was found near the middle of this, about a foot below the top surface. My first idea was, that the flint flakes, being the oldest, would lie the lowest in the black bed, and the more recent objects would successively be found upon them: but Mr. Kirwan affirms that there was no regular order of chronological succession upwards, and this agrees with my own observations made on the spot, where all the various objects appear to have been thrown promiscuously together. From this I infer that the deposit consists of an old rubbish heap, which had been removed from somewhere else. Remembering that some years ago, at the examination of a place called Castle Close near Branscombe, quantities of bones, pottery, and old metal were found at the bottom of the ditch, as if thrown over the agger as refuse, it seemed reasonable to suppose that at High Peak, too, the rubbish heap had originally been in the ditch outside the agger, and that it had been brought from that place. But, subsequently remarking that the deposit seemed to be rather on the inside (or sea side) slope of the agger, I infer that it had come from the inside of the camp. I should say there had been a fire of long standing used for culinary purposes inside the camp, near which the maker of the flint flakes had sat and performed his work - where the different animals (I have detected vertebrae of animals of three or four various sizes) were cooked, and the large bones broken across to get out the marrow, and then thrown away - where the hammer and sling-stone fell among the embers and got split by the heat - and where the vessels, which had been used when the occupiers took their food, having got broken, were cast down with the rest. The whole of this, together with a quantity of earth which had been stained black with charcoal, was removal to the agger. Collected from other places were - first the thin layer of Foxmould and lumps of red earth, and lastly a great mass of brown soil, all together,

originally, to the thickness of from three to four feet. The several small quartz pebbles that were met with may have been used as counters to play some game with. In the *Int. Ob.* Jan. 1868, p. 470, there is an account of the finding of 28 pieces of bone of a like size and shape, which appear to have been so employed. No fish-bones or sea-shells have yet been detected. Some of the bones are scarred with cuts and bruises, not of recent date. I have not noticed any burnt or calcined bones.

I will not particularize further, for I hope that Mr. Kirwan, and perhaps some others, may some day favour us with their experiences. I merely wish to learn a lesson and form a theory on the facts revealed. Perhaps they may be good enough to confirm or refute it.

From the circumstances above related I deduce the following points:-

1. That there is nothing sepulchral in the deposit.
2. That the materials of the deposit were not originally thrown by little and little where we now see them, but were brought at once from some other place.
3. That they were brought from some spot within the area of the camp, and not from the ditch without.
4. That the flint flakes (if made in the stone age) and the pottery are not contemporary.
5. That the pottery much resembles pottery of known Saxon manufacture.

P. O. HUTCHINSON.

Sidmouth, Sep. 22, 1871.

Sat. Sep. 30. Dined at Cotford House beyond Sidbury, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bayley. Eighteen people at Dinner.

October 1871

Mon. Oct. 2. 1871. Attended another railway meeting at the Town Hall, the Vicar in the chair. The chief business was to appoint a committee to canvass the inhabitants for shares. I was asked if I would join the committee, I excused myself, first because I have come to the conclusion that the less people have to do with parish affairs, the better for their peace and comfort, and secondly, my studies and other occupations at home keep me fully employed, and suit me better.

Wed. Oct. 4. Dined at Fortfield House, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rashleigh and their family. Mr. Rashleigh has bought Feniton Court, and is getting it in order to go there soon. There were eighteen at dinner:- Mr. and Miss. Bayley, of Cotford; Miss. Rastrick and her nephew of Seaview; two Misses Jefferys, of Roseneath Cottage; Mr. and Mrs. Clements, and Miss Quin, the Vicarage, Radfords; Mr. and Mrs. Baring Baring-Gould, (Incumbent of All Saints) High Bank; Rev. G. Gordon, the Curate; and myself with the family made up the remainder. Conversation and music filled up the time after we returned to the drawing room, and Mr. Rashleigh amused us with some very good conjuring amongst other things, taking a dozen and a half of eggs from an empty bag.

Mon. Oct. 9. Walked to Cotford, beyond Sidbury, and called on Mr. and Mrs. Bayley. Fell in with the Rev. G. Gordon, and we went together.

Tu. Oct. 10. Though there was a cold NE. wind blowing Mr. Heineken and myself drove to the top of Ottery east hill, first to see if we could discover any outwork to Sidbury Castle, as a protection against surprise on the Ottery side; and secondly, to search the top of the hill for more tumuli. We went to Sidford, then west along High Street, then north along the lane behind Core Hill, till we attained the ridge at **A**. We discovered three small barrows where the heath and furze had been burnt off a portion of the hill at **B**, the nearest at 73 paces from the road, is five yards in diameter, the next, touching it, is eight in diameter, and the furthest, twenty-three paces further, only three yards in diameter. They are low and small and made of the soil of the spot. They have the appearance of being tumuli, though this could not be proved without examination. At **C**, down on the slope of the hill, we were told of a cairn of dry flints, or "stone-borough," as they are commonly called, and some others in the neighbourhood are said to have been destroyed. Going down the lane below **A**, we were shewn the remains of the cairn **D**, on the steep side of the hill, but above the cultivated land, among the heath and furze. From **A** proceeding northward along the high ridge, from which a splendid view towards the west is obtained, and which every body ought to go and look at, we looked for some outwork, where the lane from Sidbury Castle comes up, but in vain. Further north, a large grass field called "The Plain" was pointed out to us, on which the soldiers at one period used to exercise. We walked over this, and remarked seven low mounds rather oval in figure. At first we thought they might be tumuli; but from their form, and from the order in which they are placed, being three on the south side of the field, and four on the north, we gave up the idea. The cairn **E**, we had discovered before. [July 20. 1869.] It is apparently of dry flints, and a little on the side west the road has been dug down. The next **F**, on the open heath, was a new discovery. It's also of flints, and on the west side, unfortunately some of it has been dug down and taken away. The Iron pits over Lincombe Farm, I had visited before, but I was anxious to take Mr. Heineken to them. I think these cannot be less than from 80 to 100 in two or three groups. They are however, much smaller pits than those which we examined near Wolford Lodge - October 1862 and July 24, 1965. We then passed the two tumuli **G** and **H**, and turned eastward down the steep lane, passing Lincombe Farm. A mile further, at a fork in the roads, we stopped to examine "Grey Stone" as it is called. I made a sketch of this somewhere about 1863, but I see that some Goth with a heavy hammer has struck off the north-east corner. It is a block of sandstone, five feet by four, and of unascertained thickness, of the greenstone Formation. The country people look at these great stones with a superstitious feeling, and they tell you that at midnight they go down into the valleys to drink. It may be remarked that a similar tradition exists in Britany in respect of the blocks of stone about Carnac and other places. We drove through Sidbury and Sidford home, much pleased at having added five tumuli to our list.

Th. Oct. 19. Went to the Agricultural Dinner at Sidbury. Mr. S. Carn, M.P., and Mr. Kennaway, M. P. were there, and several of the gentry of the neighbourhood, besides more than 100 farmers. I was selected to return thanks for the toast of the Army, Navy, and Volunteers.

Tu. Oct. 24, 1871. The Rev. Mr. Parker, Curate of Sidbury, came to me with part of the burnt Parish Register, and began to tell me a long story about its destruction 20 years ago. I told him I know all about it - that I lamented over it at the time - that I urged the late Vicar to try and get it repaired - that I had written one or two articles in Notes & Queries in 1854 explaining how singed vellum could be restored - and that I had corresponded with the late Dean of Exeter on the subject. If the Sidbury people would undertake the work, I said I would write to Mr. Haydon of the Record office (son of

Haydon, the Painter) and enquire for a competent person, who would smooth out the injured leaves and rebind the two volumes.

Th. Oct. 26. 1871. Some new question relative to the antiquities of this neighbourhood, is perpetually starting up, and although Mr. Heineken and myself had visited Sidbury Castle times out of number, we resolved to go again. Sidbury Castle occupies the crown of a hill semi-detached from a spur of Ottery East Hill, to which it is attached, called I believe The Clump, or The Mump, **A.** or more commonly The Bunch. We thought that if Sidbury Castle had ever been besieged, an enemy might have posted himself on **A** opposite the entrance to watch the occupiers of the camp. We found **A** an admissible position. At **B** there is a long hollow like a foss, partly natural but perhaps utilised as a protection. All along at **C** there is a steep bank perhaps 50 feet deep, with swampy ground at the bottom. This is natural, but may have been improved by artificial means. It is easy to imagine that this place had been fortified. We found two beach pebbles in the lane near **C**, exactly like the sling-stones of the camp, and probable the same thing. In field **D**, in front of entrance, we picked up seven sling-stones, one split and broken by the violence with which it had been hurled, and two, were large, one a Budleigh pebble, much larger than the usual size. At **E**, on the outside of the outer agger, I measured the steep bank, and made it 42 feet. **F** is the spot where the cavern full of sling-stones was found in March 1864, and where many still lie about. It is 52 feet from the hedge. In the steep field **G**, only partly cultivated, we picked up eight sling-stones, one starred and fractured. I also met with two flint flakes, each shewing "The bulb of percussion.."

We then went on Ottery East Hill; drove northward and once more examined the iron pits. I dug in the bottom of one, and came to yellow clay and flints. By some mistake the man drove the carriage away out of sight, and we walked nearly a mile, and full of uncertainty, before we found him. We got in and went further north to examine the hill, though it was getting dusk. We passed along Chineway Head to Hunters Lodge or Hare and Hounds, and then returned via Sidbury and Sidford.

Such an abundant catch of sprats occurred to-day, as is rarely equalled. I am told £200 worth has been taken.

Sat. Oct. 28, 1871. Received £302..19..0, from Adelaide, S.A., being money of mine which my late brother took out with him in 1851.

November 1871

Wed. Nov. 1. Miss. Crighton, of No. 1 Coburn Terrace, took me into Exeter in her phaeton. We went to see Col. and Mrs. Church and Arthur, and Mr. and Mrs. Grey, of Heavitree. Mrs Church was youngest daughter of General Walker, formerly of Lime Park, (now Sidbrook) and Mrs. Grey was daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, late of Somerton, Elysian Fields, Sidmouth. We got back by 9.30 P.M.

Mon. Nov. 6. For several years past the rioting of the lower orders on the evening of the 5th has been a disgrace to the place. They have taken the occasion as an excuse for carrying about tar barrels and fire balls, and have used these dangerous things to alarm, and even threaten any persona against whom they had any supposed cause of offence. The fire ball is made of tarred cord or old rope, dipped in pitch, and bound together with wire. It is about as large as a man's head. A chain about a yard long is attached to it, by which it is held. When this is lighted and swung about, it

becomes a formidable weapon; and when a dozen rough fellows in masks parade the streets with then, striking at doors and shutters and destroying the paint with hot pitch, and striking at people if they interfere with them, they make rather a striking show. Fifty policemen were had down from Exeter, and 100 special constables were sworn in. This force over-awed them. They however, burnt a linhay in a field a short distance from the town.

Fri. Nov. 10. Had luncheon with Mr. Wm. Floyd at Powys, where the alterations and repairs are now nearly completed. He then returned with me to the Old Chancel, where we played a game of croquet on the grass, and then adjoined to the Oak Room and had some hot coffee, for it was rather cold.

This evening, from nine to eleven there was a finer aurora borealis than I ever saw in England. All the north-west horizon was a beautiful light green, and from this there shot up streams of white light varying in length, nearly to the zenith. Whilst I was looking at it, a crimson patch appeared, and this soon spread over a large extent of the display, continually changing its locality and its shape.

Sat. Nov. 10.(?). On the 4th during a SW. gale of wind, the *Margaret, of Goole*, a Dutch-built cutter, was driven on shore a mile east of Sidmouth. Crew, two men and a boy, who took to the rigging when she struck. The men got to land, but a heavy sea shook the boy out of the rigging on the beach, much hurt by the fall. She lay there high and dry. On the 12th I walked over and looked at her. She was laden with wheat, which was saved. Subsequently she was sold at auction. Mess. Ellice and Maer bought her for £50. To-day they launched her. The steam tug came and towed her to Teignmouth. The tug came three times - £5 a time. This and her launching I am told, cost £30. Report says that £120 was offered for her at Teignmouth, but refused.

Tu. Nov. 28. Finished reading Nilsson's "Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia," edited in English by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. Very interesting. There are a few points which I wish to bear in mind, and I may as well jot them down here. From the Introduction - The Stone Age divided into the Palaeolithic and Neolithic. The antiquities found in the first, usually occur in the beds of gravel or loam (loess) extending along our valleys, and reaching sometimes to the height of 200 above the present water level.

About the time this alluvium was deposited, the fauna of Europe comprised the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the wrus, the musk ox, &c., as well as most of the existing animals.

The climate then was much colder than at present.

Man then inhabited western Europe.

He used rude stone implements, which were never polished.

He was ignorant of pottery and of metals.

The period of the St. Acheul gravels was probably still more ancient than the "Reindeer period," and that of the cave men in southern Europe.

The Neolithic period.

The flint implements are ground and polished.

These objects are not found in the river gravels or alluvium.

Nor with the mammoth and other extinct mammalia.

The Danish shell mounds belong to this period.

And the Swiss Lake dwellings in this, and later.

And also the tumuli or burial mounds.

Hand-made pottery was in use, but not made on the wheel.

In central Europe the ox, sheep, goat, pig, and dog were already domesticated.

Agriculture had commenced

Flax was cultivated and woven into tissues.

At least two distinct races occupied western Europe.

No Palaeolithic implements have been met with in Denmark and Sweden, but only the Neolithic.

In the stone age the bodies of the dead were either buried in a sitting posture, or burnt, or in England, on the left side.

The barn-door fowl and the cat were unknown in the stone age. There is some doubt about the horse.

The Bronze age.

Flint implements of some kinds, specially for arrow heads and flakes for cutting, were used after the discovery of bronze.

Gold, amber, and glass became known.

Silver, lead, and zinc, appear not to have been known.

Coins were not in use.

The ornamentation of this consisted in geometrical markings.

The handles of implements indicate a small race.

Writing seems to have been unknown; perhaps one exception.

Some of the pottery seems to bear traces of the potter's wheel.

Cornwall, and the island of Banca, were most productive of tin, of which bronze is made. It occurs also in Spain, Saxony and Brittany. With respect to **iron**, it appears to have been generally known and used in northern Europe before the Christian era.

As regards cairns (p.215; and Note 10) these heaps were not made all at once; but it appears to have been held as a sacred duty to cast a stone upon the heap made over a deceased person. The custom lingered in Scandinavia down to Nilsson's time, as he often saw the country people do it if they passed that way. They thought that some mischance would befall them if they neglected this duty. Sir John, in Note 10 quotes the Gaelic proverb - *Curri mi clach er do cuirn*, - a proof that in Scotland the expression, "I will add a stone to your cairn," denoted a mark of honour to the dead.

December 1871

Mon. Dec. 4. 1871. Went down to the beach, west of Sidmouth, and made a drawing of the old Limekilns, most of which has fallen into the sea, together with much cliff and the steep road, up which the limestone from Babbicombe used to be drawn in carts, and burnt into lime. We have had no lime burnt at Sidmouth since 1855. All the lime I used in building the Old Chancel, I was obliged to get from kilns at Budleigh Salterton.

Sat. Dec. 9. For the last three weeks the Prince of Wales has been so ill with typhoid fever, that his life has once or twice been despaired of. The last accounts are of a very serious kind.

Th. Dec. 14. 1871. Lord Courtenay's affairs are again *sub judice*. It is stated that the unsecured debts amount to £215,293, and that the secured debts amount to £502,368. Secured on what? - on the Powderham estates? Is Powderham Castle to go? Is the great Courtenay family to go to the dogs?

Sat. Dec. 23. 1871. Cut the following from the Exeter Gazette. On this I made the remarks in a letter dated the 21st which I subjoin.

THE SALMON FISHERY ACTS.

The special commissioners for English Fisheries - James Paterson, Esq. (chairman), Captain Spratt, R.N., and Major Scott - sat at the Honiton Assembly Room yesterday, to enquire into the legality of fishing weirs, fishing milldams, and fixed engines in the Otter and Exe Fishery districts. The Secretary of the Commission, T. F. Brady, Esq., was also in attendance. The first matter was one in which the fishery at Otterton Mill, forming part of the Rolle estate, came in question. Mr. Dawson appeared in support of the claim to the fishery, which includes a weir, hutch, &c. He said they had to prove their title to the fishing weir under the provisions of the Act of 1861. He should have no difficulty in showing that it was lawfully in use by grant or charter and by immemorial usage. Secondly he would show that the fishing weir was further lawfully in use by having in it a free gap as required by the Act he had mentioned. The fishery of the river Otter throughout its entire course in the county of Devon belong to the manor of Otterton, under grants from the Crown. The first mention of Otterton was in *Doomsday*, where, however, there was no specific statement as to the fisheries. At the time of the conquest, the property was granted to the religious order of St. Michael's Mount. The river flowed entirely through the manor. A fishery existed and was part of the grant. - In answer to the Chairman, Mr. Dawson said the river, which was not now navigable, ran for about twenty-five miles in Devonshire, and for part of that distance through the Rolle estate. At Budleigh Salterton, it got into the sea with great difficulty, being almost entirely barred by a large stone bank. Leland, the historian of Devonshire, writing in the time of Henry VIII., mentioned that 100 years before his time, vessels of

some burden used to lie in the mouth of the Otter, and go up some distance, but it was then clean barred and had been almost entirely closed. A great silting-up of stone and sand had taken place, and the obstruction still remained, a very small boat with difficulty getting over the bar. The river was nothing more than a trout stream. Mr. Dawson then proceeded with his argument as to the title possessed by immemorial usage. He said it was almost, if not quite, unique of its kind, and he went on, with great lucidness, to explain, by quotations and production of documents, his various points. In later years the order of St. Michael's Mount was deprived of the grant made to it at the Conquest, and the record of the transaction showed that the original grant had included the fishery, which, as various entries made in ancient documents showed, was let by the order. That grant included the fishery of the river throughout the whole of its course in the county, though, as a matter of fact, within late years they had only enjoyed it over six miles from Topton. They had, however, undivided portions in the land higher up. Continuing his argument, Mr. Dawson said the manor continued in the possession of Mount St. Michael for many years, till a time when the property of alien religious houses in England were confiscated, and was in a subsequent reign conferred as an endowment on the convent of Syon. The fishing rights as of old continued to be enjoyed. In after years the property was granted to Richard Duke, a lineal ancestor of the present Attorney-General, the deed of gift containing mention of the fishery rights in the river appertaining thereto as formerly, which rights he (Mr. Dawson) contended extended to the whole of the Otter in Devonshire. The manor of Otterton remained in the possession of the Duke family till 1786, when it was conveyed to Mr. Denis Rolle, the father of the late Lord Rolle. Thus the title had been proved for a period of 800 years, and there would not be much difficulty in saying that the first provision of the Act of 1861, named by him, had been complied with. To satisfy the requirements of immemorial usage and the other provisions of the Act, he had witnesses present whom he would call. In passing, he might mention that, in the admirable Bill to be introduced next Session, it would be well to insert a proviso exempting cases which had been already investigated from further inquiry. - The Chairman: Nothing that we have enquired into will be enquired into again. - Stephen Westcott, aged 76 years, was then examined, He had known the river 70 years, and could say that during that time there had been no substantial alteration in the weir and hutch. He had seen salmon go over the weir as cleanly as possible. - Isaac Halse, 66 years old, gave similar evidence. The tide came up to within a quarter of a mile of the spot. - Thomas Joslin, aged 84, gamekeeper to Lady Rolle, said he had had to do with the fishery of the Otter for 43 years. He had known no change made in the lower weir except "the Queen's gap." The salmon were not caught in the hutch: trout and white bait were principally taken. None of the fish caught was sold. It was supplied to the table of Lady Rolle or sent away as presents. Early last year a fish 24lbs. was found near the Newton Poppleford Bridge. Fish mostly went up the Otter to breed at the latter end of October and the beginning of November. - Mr. Tedbury, the occupier of the hill, also gave evidence stating that there was some water always running over the weir. - Mr. Lipscomb (steward of the Rolle estates) proved the correctness of his measurements in the plans produced. - The chairman expressed the satisfaction of himself and his brother Commissioners with Mr. Dawson's case, and agreed that it was a very unique one; it was certainly unsurpassed. - On the recommendation of the Chairman, it was arranged that a pass should be erected if possible near the mill wheel.

As to a weir on the River Exe, to close which a notice had been given, Messrs. Tremlett, who used to have a fixed net close to the weir and in connection with it, had written to say that they desired to abandon the net. The consequence was, said the Chairman, that the Commissioners would make a formal order declaring the net illegal, which would prevent any similar net being employed in future.

There were three applications with reference to the River Otter, and evidence was given thereon. - Mr. Stamp appeared for Mr. Manley, miller, and asked for permission to use a box for the purpose of taking eels, with which a few trout sometimes become mixed. There were also applications from Mr. Coombe, of Feniton, in respect to a fish box; and from Mr. William Smith, with regard to a contrivance on his premises, both such contrivances being used for the taking of eels. It appeared that the contrivances were not employed to take salmon or sea trout, and the Chairman said that accordingly the matter did not come within the province of the Commission. The boxes, &c., could be used in the future as hitherto.

Original Correspondence.

THE RIVER OTTER AND THE FISHERY

COMMISSION.

To the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Gazette.

Sir,- In your impression of the 15th instant, page 7, caput Honiton, a report is given of a meeting held at Honiton on the subject of the Salmon Fishery Acts, before the Special Commissioners, James Paterson, Esq., (Chairman), Captain Spratt, (a very fishy name), and Major Scott. It was apparently not the business of the Commissioners to ascertain the historical accuracy of every statement that was placed before them, but only to look after the interests of the salmon - as if it had, they would not have accepted everything so complacently as they did. Mr. Dawson will have no difficulty, from old documents and from long usage, to prove the right of the owners of Otterton and Budleigh to the fishery of the Otter as far as those manors extend; but he is reported to have said:- "The fishery of the river Otter throughout its entire course in the county of Devon belonged to the manor of Otterton, under grants from the crown." And further on, in alluding to the original grant by which William the Conqueror conveyed Otterton to the monks of St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, and a recapitulation of it by the Act of Henry V., in 1415, when that King seized the possessions of the Alien Priors in England, and included the fishery of the river throughout the whole of its course in the county, though, as a matter of fact, within late years they had only enjoyed it over six miles from Tipton." I must beg to deny the accuracy of these accretions - first, because they are not borne out by any ancient charter whatever; and secondly, because they would amount to a trespass upon the estates of neighbouring owners, and a usurpation of their own peculiar rights. They are about as true as the foolish and absurd story, which tells us that the county jail was once at Harpford and afterwards at Bicton; a story which has somehow crept into the pages of some of our historical writers, and which has been swallowed by some who "open their mouths and shut their eyes."

The grant, which he so familiarly expounds, I will give him five guineas if he can produce. I will do more - I will defy him to produce it; for some men, who are not to be bought, are not to be defied. For more than twenty years I have meself been looking for that grant, in connexion with certain historical researches bearing on the manor of Sidmouth; and having made two visits to France (in 1852 and 1855) for the purpose of finding it, after having more than once consulted the late Dr. Oliver as to the best course to pursue to ensure success, and having failed to find it or to get any intelligence of it either at the Mount (where I slept upon it, to ponder the matter more maturely), or in the archives of two or three towns on Normandy where the old documents of the monks lie scattered, or lastly in Paris, I have come to the conclusion that it is no longer in existence, and I am

sure it is not in the Rolle Deed Box. There is no mention of the fishery in Domesday Book. No. The records there, though of infinite importance, are very concise, and might be taken as a style worthy of adoption by lawyers of the present day. It will be remembered that the date of this book is *after* that of the Conqueror's grant, touching which infurcation has been made. In Exeter Domesday the entry, on ff. 194 and 195, and p. 177 of the printed edition, runs thus:-

Abbas sei michaelis de monte ht' l. mansione' q: vocat' Otritona. &c.

In the Exchequer Domesday, f. 104. Which I extracted from the original; then in the Chapter House, Westminster, Sept. 10. 1851, it is thus:-

Eccia' s' Michaelis de Monte ten' de rege Oritone, &c.

The Monks' Copy in the Otterton Cartulary, circa 1260 f. 18, is the following:-

Eccia' sti' michis' de monte tenz de Rege Ot ton, &c., with so mant pigs and villains. The land had belonged to the Countess Ghyda or Gutda, the mother of the hapless Harold, who fell at the battle of Hastings. Further on we have:-

Ipsa eccla' tenz Donitone, - noe Datton, Also-

Ipsa eccla' ten' Herticome - Now Yarcombe.

As entry in the Testa de Neville, f. 836, of the time of Henry III. And Edw. I., which I took from the original in London, twenty years ago, corroborates the foregoing, as thus:-

Rex Willus p'mus dedit in puram elemosinam manerium de Ot'iton cum p'tineneis Abbacie de p'iculo maris in Norm Montis sti michis. Again

Rex Henr p'mus dedit in puram elemosinam man iu' de Buddelegh cum p'tin predte abbie in escambiam ecclie Chausie'quam ide Rex dedit abbie de Radinges quodo cam fundavit.

Nothing is said of the fisheries in the charter of Free Warren by Edward III. The heads of the grant are these:-

Rex....saltm, sciatis nos....concessisse....Abbit conventui de monte sti michis in p'icule maris qd....h'eant libam Garennam in omibz dictis t'ris suis sc. Oteryton Sydemue Buddelegh Yardecombe t herdelond in Com Deuon, &c. Charter Rolls, 2 Ed. III. No. 52 Copied from the original in the Tower of London, April 27th, 1855.

Although the rights of the sea-fishery were not under investigation by the Commissioners, perhaps I may be allowed to linger a moment just to allude to them, as they are so closely connected with those of the river.

In the Close Rolls, 6 Edw. III. m. 19, there is a Praeceptum touching the detention of two ferlings of land with the fishery at Otterymouth, with a view to a settlement of the transaction. Dr. Oliver has a draft of this document at page 249 of his Monasticon; but the most careful books are liable to misprints, and I am never content without going to the originals. I made my copy in the Tower, October 18, 1851. The heads are:-

Rex dil'to sibi Henr le Gulden Esc' suo in com' Somerst Dors' Deuon t Cornub' saltm cum nos nup c'cior volentes sup modo et causa captois t detentois duar ferlingor ter'prioris de Ot'tyon cump tin in Buddele, necnon portus de Ot'ymuth eiusdem Prioris vna cu' piscaria ipius Prioris in aqua ibidem, &c,...Will'...esc' nost' .. liberavit....duos ferlingos t're in Buddele et porthu' de Ot'ymuth cum piscaria, assens unum ferlingum...necnon pdtm portum cum piscaria esse in manu nra occasione transgressionis quam Abbas....p' priorem suum, de Ot'yton fecit, &c.

The above is enough to shew the allusion to the fishery at the mouth of the Otter. The next, from the Otterton Cartulary, f. 63, names the species of fish.

Preterea, p'or dz h're [debet habere] porpesium a quocumq captu ad portu'.....reddendo inde xii denar p'qlz et culz Naute Unum pane' albu magro a' [autem] duos.....Et dz hre medietatem dalfini.

P.' debemus hre congeros, &c. [Conger eels?]

Henry II granted a tenth of the fish caught in the Diocese of Exeter to the Bishop; and Edward I confirmed it in 1280. Thomas, Bishop of Exeter, acknowledged it in 1376. The grant is of the "decimam omnium craspesiorum." The craspesium or craspeis, was the same with crassus, or grossus piscis.

The taking of the sixth part of the tithe of fish from Sidmouth to Otterton is mentioned in a compotus (not a drinking together, mind) which I copied twenty years ago at the old Record Office at Carlton Ride. It is labelled J. E. G. 5445. The sale of these tenths for one year, from St. Stephen's Day 1425 to the same the year after, amounted to £12.4s. 11 ½ d. The passage is:-

Et de xij. iiij. xj. ob. de xs pisc' tenent' ibm in die sti stephi apud Ott'ton. Again - alloc' est scdm quant sume xme pisc xls.' Et solut p expn div's Paroch'ibm venient' usq' Ott'ton in die sti stephi p'demrs' de suis xs pisc.'

In coming to the fresh water of the river, I wish to point to the Otterton Cartulary, f.51, where there is a grant made to the Prior by one Britellus Jowas of some land, together with certain fishing privileges on certain parts of the Otter. The date is about 1220. This is proof enough that at that period, at all events, the King had not made the Lord of Otterton Manor supreme over the whole of the river, as more recently alleged. If he had so been supreme he would not have sought to share the fishing with Jowas, and have paid him four silver marks and a half for the favour. Thus, the deed says, that Britellus quite claims his rights in - "t'ra que vocat' bisakenlone (wherever that may have been) jux' aqua' de otri." Also he says - "Concessi eciam quod t're de brighem sit communis t'seuntibus." And again - "Volo ecia qued aqua de oteri sit divisa int' pdcos monichos t me t hideos meos a bgeha' (Brighem) t sic inferius vers bukenton." (Bicton.) Further - "Concessi simir ut piscaria sit communis," &c. So that he dose not relinquish his right, but only permits that the fishing shall be common to the monks and himself.

The different manors lying about the middle and upper waters of the river, to its sources at Otterford under the Blackdown Hills, as Gittisham, Feniton, Honiton, Monkton, Up-Ottery, &c. were bestowed by the crown on various influential vassals in feodal tenure. Was the fishery of the Otter, which ran through their lands, withheld from them in order to reserve it for Otterton alone? I should like to know where that is recorded. The Conqueror gave Bicton to William Janitor, Gittisham to Goscelm, Honiton to the Earl of Moreton, Up-Ottery to Ralph de Pomeroy; and Malherbe had Feniton in the time of Henry II., and Marcey had Monkton under Henry III. Lysons says- "The Lord of Feniton

had formerly the singular privilege of beheading criminals." Did the Otterton people venture to go and fish up there? Those great barons were little kings on their own territories; proud of their power, jealous of their privileges, and unrelenting upon those who interfered with them. The pillory and the gallows would have made short work with the monk who might have been caught poaching on their manors. And I should like to have seen the adventurous fisherman, who, at a somewhat later period, would have pulled a trout or a salmon out of the stream washing the broad acres of that strong-minded woman Isabella de Fortibus. She is not forgotten in Exeter yet. He had better have fallen into the hands of the barons. And still later, - what if Mr. Duke, of Otterton and Budleigh, had walked up to Colaton Rawley and tried his skill in the stream, whilst Sir. Walter was planting his first potatoes in the garden on the north side of the old house at Place, as they tell you he did? And what if Sir Walter had espied him? Would he not have forgotten his courtly manners? As well might an Ottery man in our day, without a card, go and throw a line into the river, anywhere between Tipton and Otterton weir, and see how short a time it would take to bring my Lady Rolle down upon him; and yet, she is meek. Mild, and forbearing, compared with Isabella, if history speaks true. In short, let us know what individual, and at what period since the Conquest, ever enjoyed the right of fishing the Otter from its sources to the sea, and also at what date such assumed right was relinquished.

The visit of Captain Waddington is not forgotten in Budleigh Salterton, nor the meeting presided over by the late G. K. Holmes, Esq., J.P. The enclosures of the marshes or estuary, which was effected about sixty years ago, caused some dissatisfaction. Before then, the water rushed in and rushed out with great force as the tide rose and fell, and at high water there was an immense lake extending north and south from near Otterton bridge, where Mr. Duke had his mills, as Sir William Pole tells us, to the sea, and east and west from the present river across the meadows to Kersbrook and the limekilns. The silting up of the estuary, so much complained of, no doubt would have gone on even if the embankment had not been made, for the mouths of all the small rivers on this coast have gone the same way, as witness [those of the Sid and the Axe, but the enclosure probably hastened it. Even the Exe cannot keep itself clear. I was on the special jury in Exeter in 1858, in the case "Lord Clinton and others v. Beavis and others," when the evidence relating to some part of the bed of the river, went to prove that the filling up or accumulation of slime and sand round the mud-banks was progressive and constant, so that, with the exception perhaps of the channel, the depth of water every year was becoming less.

Doubtless as alleged, the Solicitor, or Attorney General had the last Mr. Duke for an ancestor; but he comes of Mr. Duke's youngest representative. Captain Coleridge, of Salston, comes before him; but first and oldest representative of the Duke family now living, is the Rev. J. Yonge, of Puslinch, near Plymouth. He represents several of the oldest families of this county, as Le Poer, Duke, and Upton of Upton.

P. O. HUTCHINSON.

Old Chancel, Sidmouth, Dec. 21, 1871.

Th. Dec. 28. Dined at Powys - The first dinner after the extensive alterations. Present - Lady Floyd, who, though rather advanced in years, was able to take the head of the table; her son Walter at the other end; The Vicar and Mrs. Clements; Richard Kennet Dawson; his brother Benjamin; his sister Miss Ellen; Dr. Radford; Miss Quin; Miss Wolrige, Miss Florence Floyd, the only daughter now.

POH Transcripts - 1872

1872

Sidmouth, Jan 1, 1872 – Finished reading the “Recovery of Jerusalem”. Very Interesting. The cyclopean massiveness of the old walls, and the amount of subterranean excavations in the rock, are matters of wonder. One course of the masonry of the wall at the south-east angle is from 5 feet 10 inches, to 6 „1 thick. The corner stone weighs over 100 tons. Both Greek and Phoenician characters have been freely met with, some incised and some red paint.

The seal of Haggai was found deep in the ground, outside the south-west angle of the Haram area at Jerusalem, in 1867.

Many of the wrought stones shew that they had been tooled with an eight-toothed chisel.

Sidmouth, January 1872

Tu. Jan 2 – If it were worthwhile, on the 28th of last November to jot down a few antiquarian notes on the Stone, Bronze and Iron ages, I may as well put on this page a few remarks by Mr Boyd Dawkins, on the origin of our breeds of cattle in England. He says –

1. The hornless cattle have lost their horns, or the horns of their ancestors, merely through the selection of the breeder. This is altogether an artificial form, and may be developed in any breed.
2. Bos Longifrons, a small black or dark brown Welsh or Scotch cattle, having short horns, still surviving in those countries. It appears to have been introduced into Britain as early as the Polished Stone Age; for its remains are found with the implements of that period, and that of the bronze, Iron etc, and so downwards. It is of a stock foreign to Europe, and is supposed to have been brought by the Neolithic herdsmen from an area to the south and east of Europe.
3. Red and white variegated cattle descended from the Urus. It had large horns. It is now represented by the Chillingham wild oxen. It was introduced by the successors of the Romans, and is found in those districts in Britain that were conquered by the Angles, Jutes, Saxons and Danes; whereas the small black cattle occupy the same parts as have been held by the Celtic tribes to this day. Like the Bos Longifrons, it is believed to have come from the east.

Wed, Jan 3 – The weather was like a spring morning. Had the grass on the north of the chancel rolled and invited over the Lords from Rose Cottage, and had two games of croquet.

Mon, Jan 8 – Mary Gale drowned in the river, 60 yards below the stone bridge.

Sat, Jan 13, 1872 – Attended the funeral of the late Mr Joseph Carslake, who died last Monday, aged 63, who had lived many years at spring gardens, adjoining Woodlands and opposite Powys. He was a younger brother of the late Captain Carslake of Cobbaton (?). He had an only child, a daughter, who

married Captain Toller, but no family resulted from the marriage. The pall-bearers were Mr Haughton James of Helens; Captain Joliffe, R.N., Woodlands; Mr C Cornish, J.P., Salcombe House; Dr Radford, M.D., Sidmouth; Mr Heineken, High Street, and Budleigh Salterton; and myself. There were Captain Toller, son-in-law; Mr H Carslake, nephew; and two Messrs Yules, nephews. Also Dr Hodge; also the vicar and the incumbent of All Saints. Funerals are unpleasant occasions at best, but when it is incessant rain, as it was today, everybody was rather out of humour. We went in carriages, but used our umbrellas in the churchyard. The vault was towards the north-west end. The Carslakes are Unitarians. The coffin was solid oak with brass mountings. A small cross about 15 inches long, and an amulet or immortal of leaves and white flowers, plaited together, were placed on the coffin. If it is weather like this when my friends carry me to my narrow house, perhaps they will wish me at Jericho for taking them outside in the rain. Besides, their wives will be vexed that the black silk is spoilt.

Mon, Jan 15. Entertained a party of friends at the Old Chancel this evening, though my building is very incomplete.

Wed, Jan 24. – Last night the river Sid was so swollen with rain that a violent torrent came down, carrying trees and wooden bridges before it. The bridge opposite the mill, 160 yards below the stone bridge was washed away: also a new plank bridge near the bottom of Gas House Lane, up on land: and also a bridge in the grounds of Sid Cliff.

Wed. Feb 7 1872 – Entertained some old friends this evening at the Old Chancel

Th. 8 – Spent the evening with Mr Heineken

Fr. 9 – Dined with Mrs and Mr Warner at Cotmaton House

Su. 11 – Had a quiet tea with the Vanes at Camden, and supper with Mr Heineken.

M. 12 – Spent the evening with the Buttemers at the Elms

Tu. 13 – Spent the evening with the Jenkinses at Radway

W 14 – Ash Wednesday and salt fish. Some people seem to think they will go to the Devil if they omit to eat salt fish today

Fr. 16 – Went into Exeter to attend a council meeting of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science. They meet at Exeter next July and at Sidmouth the year after

News have arrived stating that Lord Mayo, Governor General of India, has been assassinated by some fanatic.

Sat Feb 17 – The Buttemers at the Elms, amongst a number of other curiosities which they have, shewed me a fragment of one of the Temples on the Acropolis at Athens. It is about nine inches long and four deep. It appears to have come from the moulding under the feet of the caryatides in the Temple of the Erechthaeum. Captain Henry Harston, Mrs Buttemers' brother (with whom I was at school in Tiverton. circa 1824) visited the Piraeus on the Britannia in 1831, and went to the Acropolis at Athens. A Turk broke off this piece of marble and gave it to him. If it were mine I should take it to the British Museum. There is no doubt about the beauty of the work – Nov 8 1876.

Letter inserted between pages:

Richmond Lodge

Feb 26th /72

My dear Sir,

I have had a letter from the vicar saying he has arranged with you to let me see the design for the new pinnacles – may I ask you when you can make it convenient to let you call here be between ½ past 10 and ½ past 12 in the morning - any morning. I say this because I am at that time almost sure to be able to see you and I am always sorry to find you have called in the afternoon and I have not had the pleasure of seeing you – be assured I consider it most kind in you to come and ask after me. It is more than I deserve. I shall be very glad indeed to see you at your convenience.

Ever yours faithfully,

Buckinghamshire.

M Feb 26. Called on the Earl of Buckinghamshire and shewed him the model of the pinnacles proposed to be put on the church tower, of which the Earl proposes to give one. Then went to Knowle Cottage to shew it to Mr Thornton, who will give another, but he had just left for London to be at the celebration at St Paul's tomorrow, when the Queen returns thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The Ayshford estate of nearly five acres, that he has recently bought, I believe for £2,400, and thrown into the lower part of his own grounds, is now in the course of conversion. The house is nearly pulled down and cleared away, and the grounds are being altered. There has been for some time a large fragment of carved stone preserved at the house, of which I made the annexed rough sketch.

It has been offered to me, but it is of no use, for it is much mutilated. It is part of the canopy, or half an arch over a tomb, said to have been rescued from the alterations in some church, by the late Mr Carew. There are the three lions of the Carews, impaled with the wife's achievement which I do not recognise. It appears to stand thus: - quarterly, 1 & 4, three crescents, 2 and 1, apparently per fess countercharged, 2 & 3, six mullets, 3,2,1. Tinctures obliterated.

Tu. Feb 27, 1872 – This morning a boy named Thomas Salter brought me a second brass considerably rubbed, but with a fat face on the obverse somewhat resembling Vespasian. He told me he had found on the sand about 300 yards west of the old limekilns. I gave him six pence for it.

Today the Queen and the Royal family go in state to St Paul's to return thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

In Sidmouth there was a dinner given to the poor people in the schoolroom of All Saints Church, with many of the gentry, Charles Cornish of Salcombe House, J.P. in the chair. I carved a joint of meat at one of the tables. Also an entertainment for the children at the Infant school. Also, Mr Thornton gave a dinner at the London Hotel to his workmen and their families.

Tu. Mar 5. – Dined at Powys. Besides Captain Robert and Mr Wm Floyd, there were Sir Simeon Stuart, Bart., Mr R Kennet Dawson, of Bedford House, Mr Radford of Sidmount.

Sidmouth and Dawlish, 1872

Wed. Mar 6, 1872 – Went over to Belmont Villa, Dawlish, for a few days. Took coach to Exeter. Went into the Museum in Queen Street. Enquired what are the regulations with respect to readers in the Library and whether there is a good supervision over the readers, so that readers, either by carelessness or through design, could not have the opportunity of injuring books or MSS which they might consult. For nearly forty years I have had the entrée into the British Museum reading room, and in spite of the number of attendants, and the care taken for the safety of the books, much mischief has occasionally been done. Books have been purloined, and the thieves punished before the magistrates; and I remember a case where a reader was detected cutting passages out of a book, in order to save himself the trouble of copying. According to my present will my MS History of Sidmouth is left to the British Museum; but if due care is taken for safety, and if there are good guarantees for the permanence of the Exeter Museum, I should prefer leaving it to the latter.

At the St Thomas Station I fell in with Mr W.G. Ormerod, now at Teignmouth, but formerly of Chagford, who promoted the restoration of the Shilstone Cromlech.

Dawlish and Sidmouth, 1872.

Sat, Mar 9 – Returned to Sidmouth by a very pleasant route in fine weather. Went by rail to Starcross. Men are now employed in making a double line, instead of a single one as hitherto. Took a boat for a shilling and had a pleasant sail down to Exmouth. The sailors told me that there is about twenty feet of water in the channel near Exmouth at low water spring tides, and that they do not think the channel is filling up; but they think that the rest of the river is getting shallower. The sand banks seem to be accumulating.

As the conveyance to Budleigh Salterton would not start for an hour and a half, I started and walked all the way to Sidmouth.

M. Mar 11 – So the extraordinary trial of Tichborne v Lushington has come to an end after 103 days. A man, supposed to be Arthur Orton, son of a butcher of Wapping, and who at one time passed under the name of Castro, laid claim to the Tichborne title and estates. The eldest son of the late baronet was drowned at sea near twenty years ago; but this man, having picked up a few scraps of the family history, came forward, after a long absence in Australia, and declared that he was the lost heir, who was not drowned, but saved in another ship. He succeeded in deceiving an immense number of people; but his case has broken down. He has been apprehended on a charge of perjury, and case into Newgate to take his trial. He is very fat man and weighs 26 stone.

Su. Mar 17 – During the afternoon I took a walk in the Salcombe Fields along the banks of the river. I was surprised at seeing eight swallows flying about as if it were summer. They were probably not new arrivals, but have perhaps remained in England. I have before, seen swallows here during the winter months.

Mo, Mar 18, 1872 – To the astonishment of most people in Sidmouth, Webber has been acquitted. The Exeter Gazette of Saturday, and other papers, contains full reports.

Th. Mar. 21 – The weather has been drier latterly, and Mr Heineken and myself have been looking out for a day suitable to make the first antiquarian excursion of the season. This morning there was a north-east wind, and somewhat cool, but the sky was cloudless and the sun hot. Reasoning, from

analogy, and probability, he has been disposed to think that, first, as Woodbury Castle is too far from the sea to observe the approach of an enemy from that hill fortress; and secondly, that it would be necessary in common prudence, that the occupiers of that station should keep watch on the coast, and mouth of the river Exe, he thought it likely, that if we examined the southern end of the Woodbury range well, where the ridge of the hill runs out to the cliff between Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth, we might hope to find the traces of some camp or outpost on the edge of the cliff in connection with Woodbury Castle, from which intelligence could have been transmitted. In these views I have coincided.

We drove over Peak Hill, passed Otterton, Budleigh, and stopped for a few minutes at Tidwell to see the alterations recently made, and which I noticed when I returned home on the 9th (see back June 7, 1855). The farm house, the old dwelling of the Arscotts I presume, and two new cottages, dated 1868, occupy the place. The great brick house just beyond, has become the farm house. The fishponds across the road have been mostly drained, and many sad changes made. The terraces in the orchard may still be traced.

Passed Knowle, and looked north up the road towards the Daledich of the Otterton Cartulary, now mis-spelt Daylidgh. Attained the ridge of the hill, where there is a fine view of the valley of the Exe. Stopped to examine the Budleigh pebble bed in the gravel pit at this point, then went towards the cliff. At about a quarter of a mile from the gravel pit there is a very conspicuous tumulus, visible on both the Sidmouth and on the Exmouth sides of the hill to great distances. In modern times a ditch has been cut around it.

It seems to be composed of peat earth and pebbles – the soil of the hill; but the interior does not appear to have been examined. The diameter, measuring outside the trench, from where the mound begins to rise (between the two figures) was sixty feet. The height about five. It would be very interesting to find a thumb flint, or arrow head, or flint flake here, because this is not on the flint district, like Broad down; but the wind was so strong and so cold that we could not delay to look. It is useless to search for spherical sling stones here, because all the pebbles of the hill (unlike Broad Down) are round. We then went out to the last field near the cliff, and eat our sandwiches in a warm corner in the sun, enjoying the splendid view towards Dawlish, Teignmouth, Babbacombe, the Ore Stone and Bury Head at Tor Bay, all which were before us, and watched the manoeuvres of several vessels making for the mouth of the river Exe. How can many people fritter away their days in wearisome idleness, when so much enjoyment awaits them on the wild hills? We then examined the crown of the hill, which rises all the way from the gravel pit to the cliff, so that a most extensive prospect is obtained on all sides, both in the land and towards the sea. Such an advantageous point could never have been overlooked or neglected either by the holders of Woodbury Castle, or by the Count of the Saxon shore. Mr Heineken remembers that forty years ago this place was called “West Down Beacon” so that there was probably an ancient beacon here, as well as at the mouth of the river, there Beacon Place, Exmouth, stands; but we hoped to find the remains of earthworks, as of a small camp or outpost. There are some hedges enclosing a piece of ground where there was a look-out station at the commencement of the present century, when a French invasion was apprehended; but these hedges do not appear to occupy the place of any ancient earthworks. We crossed and recrossed all the ground for some distance, but could not discern any inequalities or undulations as if aggers or fosses had been levelled or filled in. It seems scarcely likely that the cliff should have fallen away so much, as to have carried any former works into the sea? This has well-nigh happened at High Peak Hill certainly but there is no evidence to go by here.

The sky became overcast, and one of two smart snow storms fell, so that we were fain to desist.

We went on and looked at Littleham church. The oldest part is the chancel, where there are two arches, the mouldings plain chamfer of two orders, carried forth from the floor to the top without capitals. The rest is perpendicular, with barrels roofs. There are some fragments of good old coloured glass in the north aisle, amongst which a portrait with a cap on like those in the representations of Henry VII., - the old painting for instance in Kensington Palace.

There is a carved oak screen all across with colouring and gilding on it, In the south aisle of the chancel, there are monuments to Lord Nelson's widow, &c. East end of the north aisle, called Spratsshayes aisle, are Drake monuments.

On the south side a coloured window to Captain Agassis and wife. Five bells in the tower.

Returning home it snowed furiously and was very cold. We could scarcely have chosen a worse day, and yet we enjoyed it.

Sidmouth, Ap. 1872

Th. Ap. 4 – Attended a vestry meeting. Produced the model of the proposed new pinnacles for the corners of the church tower. [Feb 26] This subject has been talked of so long, that I am becoming tired of it, and care little whether it is carried out or not. I suggested it last year, and made the model, but it was then received indifferently. It was even sharply criticised and condemned by some wiseacres, who did not know a pinnacle from a handspike.

W, Ap, 10 – Mr Heineken and myself, wishing to look up some of our old haunts on Broad down, started at eleven. We went over the stone bridge as Holway Foot near the Salcombe Fields to Stephen's Cross, (Carfoix, near the bottom of Trow Hill) up Trow Hill. And after proceeding some two miles turned northward towards Long Chimney. There the horse cast a shoe; so we turned back a mile out of our way, and drove to the Three Horse Shoes Inn, near which there is a smith's forge. This however gave us an opportunity of again walking over the Cross Dyke running through the fields on the north of the Inn. The plough is doing its best to level the agger, once from twelve to fourteen feet high, as some old men told us some years ago.

We hunted about for sling-stones and flint flakes in the fields and we found many, one or two of which we brought away as specimens. I am always loath to take away these things, as I think they lose their value by removal. I cannot doubt that these are genuine sling-stones, first, because they are all uniformly so exactly the size, shape, and character of those found in the cave in the agger of Sidbury Castle, about which there could be no doubt; and secondly, because I have no way of accounting for the presence of these oviform beach pebbles lying on the ground so high above the sea, and in some caves so far inland, except by supposing that they had been carefully collected by the ancient inhabitants and then distributed either at their enemies or at wild beasts. Dr Kenrick of the York Museum asserts that we have no evidence to prove that the ancient Britons used the sling, that the Romans and the subsequent possessors of the soil did, we have abundant proof. This point can only be fully ascertained by constant observation on the interiors of undoubted British tumuli. We now turned our attention to what I have before called a sunk road.

It runs east and west through the grass field on the west of the Three Horseshoes, at about 50 yards north of the public road and parallel with it. Whether this was ever a wide ditch, or any other work

of defence connected with the Cross dyke, I cannot with any degree of confidence say. I have not detected any ditch or sunk road of similar character in the field on the south side of the public road.

This done, we turned back, and veered away NW, a mile or two to Rakeway Bridge; then eastward, and had our luncheon on the southern verge of Broad Down. Like giants refreshed we searched over the field A, where I found the two thumb flints on the first of last June. We saw several sling-stones and flakes of black flint, easily discerned among the white chert of the hill. Then to the tumulus B.

On this Mr Heineken turned up the thumb flint last June the first. Having taken light tools, I set to work on the crown of what remains, and raked the loosened earth well. I found nothing but a sling-stone, which was partly washed down by the winter's rain; but it was a sling-stone that surprised us both. It is an Aylesbeare Hill pebble from beyond the river Otter. The sling-stones are commonly the flint or chert pebbles, such as abound on the beach from Sidmouth eastward. One of the missiles that we met with on the 26th of last October at Sidbury Castle was an Aylesbeare Hill stone, perhaps hurled at the camp by some enemy from Woodbury Castle, and the circumstance astonished us a good deal at the time: and the finding of another today, which is a dark red stone from the Silurian or Devonian deposit of the Budleigh Pebble bed, still further removed from its original place, furnished us with more food for reflection. It is true, such pebbles are to be met with on the beach; but they are so scarce and so few, that I can scarcely take the circumstance into account.

Leaving this we proceeded towards Blackbury Castle, for some labouring men told us they had seen many round pebbles in the fields in that direction when ploughing. We hunted over the large field C; but only saw a few, all precisely like the others in character, and scarcely a single flake. I found however, a stone hammer, rudely chipped out of a flint the size of an orange. The bruises on one side are very plain where it had been used. I have little doubt that it is a genuine hammer, but as I did not find it in a tumulus, perhaps it is not worth of the Exeter museum. The vitreous glaze of antiquity is strong upon it. I also found a fragment of a Budleigh pebble, which had been as large as the hammer before it had been broken, and concluded it had been a heavy missile.

Then we turned back and steered northward all along the eastern side of the down, looking into those wonderfully deep chasms as we passed them; but the road, or rather track, was so rough and so full of ruts and holes. That the carriage could not proceed with us, so we were obliged to walk, and the carriage jossled on the best way it could.

Last year I remarked some springs of water on this side of the Down, and I thought that possible the ancient inhabitants might have built their wigwams near them, and if so possibly heaps of kitchen middens might be found under the turf. I dug in one or two places, but had not time to proceed far enough.

After this we went out beyond the northern edge of the Down to look again at the tumuli: I was grieved at the rough and unscientific way in which some of them had been opened, and the way in which they had been left. Since I was last here last year, I was sorry to see that the circle of detached stones round the most northerly tumulus but one has been carried away, perhaps to build some wall or mend some road. We got over the hedge, and looked at others, but could not espy a flake or a sling-stone upon them.

We drove home by having Roncombe Gurt on our right. Down to Sidbury, and were in Sidmouth by eight.

Sidmouth, April, 1872

Tu. Ap. 16 1872 – The weather being fine, we determined on going again to Knowle Hill. Whilst mounting Peak Hill, we stopped at the two cottages where the road is steepest, at B, and enquired for a man named Pyle, who some years ago had found two coins in the field at A.

He only had one. It was apparently of James I and of silver. On the reverse side is a harp. He was glad to sell it to Mr Heineken for a shilling. We then went on, and stopped at the bottom of Otterton. There is an ancient looking garden near the river, on the north side of the road. We entered it at an old doorway of Salcombe sandstone, formerly much used, and the old quarries may still be seen on the east and south of Salcombe Regis church. Exeter cathedral is said to have been built from there.

Outside the west wall, near the river, there are initials of Richard Duke, 1611, as sketched in the margin

We stopped again at Tidwell, and saw Mr Bastin, the tenant, a gentlemanly and intelligent young man. He took us across the road to the spot where the swamp had been drained. There is the old culvert that I copied, and a little further the well itself, as here in the margin.

It is now merely a spring rising in hole in the ground. It is roughly walled round, and is from 15 to 18 inches in depth. The water now escapes over a small weir or ledge. Whether it still ebbs and flows as of old, Mr Bastin did not know. We went to the great brick house, and in the hall he shewed us some scraps of old oak removed from the other, when it was pulled down in 1868. I annex the coat of arms, being the second branch of Arscott of Annery, with the St Cleere shield of pretence. The majority of the coats I do not recognise, they may not be Devonshire families. The whole affair had been fresh painted, and mostly in the wrong colours.

We then made for the tumulus on Knowle Hill. There was a bright sun, but a cold north wind. We sat on the south side of it, enjoying the splendid view, and eating our dinner. We searched the surface of the mound well, and dug slightly in places, but were not so fortunate as to find a flint flake. I was the more anxious, because this is not on the flint district, It is useless to look for sling-stones, for all the pebbles of the district would answer that purpose. We then proceeded to the point of the cliff, searching the ground, but to no purpose. This commanding site never would have been forgotten by the holders of Woodbury Castle, as a look-out station. It not only commands all the sea, but it commands nearly all the land. We measured the flagpole there, by an angle of 45 degrees, and made it 40 feet high. The circumference near the ground is 2' 11".

This done, we directed our course inland, to examine some inequalities which attracted our notice many years ago on the open moor, but which we could not then pursue, as we were going to Woodbury Castle. We got on the heath and then came down to the Mill above Dayligh, or anciently Dalditch or Daleditch. I presume this is the place mentioned in the Otterton Cartulary circa 1260. There is however, another Daleditch near Luppit. Continuing north, we came to a pond or reservoir, where the water had been stopped back, and a short distance above his there are three barrows close together in a line nearly north and south. They have been tampered with, but not properly examined. I should like to try the ground in this neighbourhood, and see whether the traces of hut circles or other ancient habitation could not be discovered – and possibly kitchen middens, or rubbish heaps. From the east side of those barrows, we proceeded north up an old trackway which pointed towards Woodbury Castle; and then veering away towards Yettington, we came upon the ridges over the moor of which we were in search.

As we looked westward, we could see them running over the hill, like an agger and ditches. We noticed them May 1858, when we were going to measure Woodbury Castle, and have often talked of examining them. When I looked at this work today, I first thought of "The Duke of York's Ditch" running along the ridge of the Malvern Hills, which I traced many years ago; and then of Offa's Dyke, which the Saxon King made on the western marches of Mercia to keep the Welsh in check, somewhere about 790. I have a sketch of part of Offa's Dyke which I made so long ago as May 16 1840, when I was making a walking tour through the Midland counties. Being late, we were obliged to turn homewards; but as this earthwork looks important, we resolved to devote a day to it soon.

Work, instead of diminishing, only seems to increase.

Sidmouth, Ap. 1872

Mon. Ap. 22. 1872 – Gave four shillings to William Ware, a lad of about sixteen, for an immense fossil tooth, which he procured from the bottom of the river Sid last Tuesday. He told me he was wading in the water for lamprey eels when he found it. At this season of the year it is usual for the fishermen to seek lampreys (which look something like eels) in the river. They put them alive into a bottle of water, and reserve them as a good bate for whiting Pollock. I then saw the father and he also corroborated the story about the finding of the tooth. I can have no reason to doubt it. Unfortunately the tooth has been very much abraded by the gravel of the river, though there can be no question as to what it is. This is interesting in a geological point of view, for I imagine it must have come from the bed of alluvium that lies at the bottom of this valley. This alluvium is some 15 to 20 feet thick, and is composed of sub-angular piece of flint and chert, gravel, sand, and earth. The tooth must have been immense, and the mammoth or other animal to which it had belonged, of huge proportions. What remains of it weighs 12 lbs 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz, say 12 ,, 5.

I shall give it to the Exeter museum. This is the fourth from this neighbourhood. No 1 was dredged up from the "Tortoiseshell Reef", a mile or more west of Sidmouth, in February 1869. It weighed four pounds. No 2, found by a Mrs Walker on Sidmouth beach in January 1871. She took it to Liverpool. No 3, a round piece about the size of an orange, being all that remains of a tooth, and found on the beach near the same reef Feb 1872. Mr Aubrey Strahan, of Blackmore Hall, bought it for 2s/6. No 4 is the great one.

Sidmouth, May 1872

Fri. May 3 – Acting upon the resolution made on the 16th of last month Mr Heineken and myself went to Woodbury Hill to-day. We drove over Peak Hill, through Otterton, and reached Yettington without delay. At the west end of the village we took the left hand road, which leads over the wild hill direct to Lympstone.

On emerging upon the open heath, the commencement of the earthworks is soon seen on the left hand or south side of the road. The actual commencement is obliterated by enclosures and disturbances of the ground. There is the hedge and ditch A, of the section above, and the two ditches with the hedge between them B. these run westward nearly parallel with each other for about 1000 feet, when a branch of the road takes a turn to the south. Here there are three small circular plantations, and the earthwork B abuts against one of them, and is lost.

On the other side, where it ought to re-appear, it seems to have been obliterated by the road, and the road, in short, seems to occupy the place of it. The southern earthwork A however, continues all

along over the hill for a mile or more, until it reaches the point C (in the plan) where the land on the south is enclosed and cultivated. Here the agger A (in the sections) seems to have been made use of to form the hedge on the southern side of the road, and so continues onward. As the hedge H proceeds in the same direction across the field, one is almost invited to imagine that even this hedge may be a continuation of the same agger. This earthwork certainly has all the appearance of antiquity whatever it really may have been. It is hard to resist the conviction that it was a great Cross Dyke, drawn all over the ridge of the hill, from the Yettington valley on the East, to that of Lymptone on the west. And as to its purpose, it looks as if it had been an advanced work, made by the occupiers of Woodbury Castle, as a check against the advance of any marauders that might land at exmouth: and as the Danes are known to have frequently entered the river Exe, and to have committed great devastation along its banks, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it had been made by the Saxons at a time when those pirates were infesting the coast. This work is worth examination. Towards its western end, on its north side, there are a number of oval, square and circular pits and platforms. I believe these are the "soldiers' Pits" and that they were made at the same time, and for the same purpose by General Simcoe, as those on Aylesbeare Hill.

Having plenty of time, we drove northward to Woodbury Castle. In places there were patches of furze in full bloom, acres and acres of it, all one splendid mass of yellow. I never saw it finer. In some places also there were large gravel pits in the side of the hill, where good sections of the Budleigh Pebble Bed could be obtained.

We had not been in Woodbury Castle for fourteen years. We found that the Keeper's Cottage had been recently "done up" as they say, and looked new. The Keeper's wife and children were there, of the name of Woodleigh. They had not heard of any antiquities found there. We walked round the ramparts, over our old ground. I measured the slope of the agger on the south side and made it 40 feet. On the east side it is more. On the slope of the hill to the north-west is a spring of water, with a bank or covert way running down to it, called Red Slew, where tradition says a battle took place, and where the blood of the slain tinged the water. On looking at it in the present day, I should say that the water is strongly impregnated with oxide of iron, and is very red in consequence. We proceeded northwards to the greater tumulus, which is 114 feet in diameter and about 15 feet high. It appears never to have been disturbed. Perhaps it was a Teut hill, speculum, or look-out station, and not a burial place. The view from its summit is most commanding. Thence north-east to another tumulus not so large. It measured 78 feet in diameter. We espied several ancient trackways across the moor, and we decided that we ought to walk down them and trace them out. They might lead to important points, or to hut circles, refuse heaps or the like. Work never ends.

But it was now time to return home. We descended the Hockland valley, and through the little hamlet of that name, to Newton Poppleford, then up the long hill, and so to Sidmouth.

P.O Hutchinson

His Diary

Sidmouth, May 1872

Wed. May 15 1872 – Owing to the finding of the great fossil tooth in the bed of the river Sid (Ap 22), I walked up the river to day in order to examine the banks. The winter floods were unusually high and have washed out great portions of the banks on both sides, In this valley there is a bed of alluvium lying to the depth of from 15 to 20 feet on the red rock

It is composed of sand, gravel, and sub-angular stones, in some places cemented together by earth or clay. I examined the banks all the way up nearly as far as Sidbury. I got over the parapet on the north side of Sidford Bridge, and on looking under the bridge, I observed that at some period since its first erection, which was probably a long time ago, it had been widened several feet on the north side. I observed also that they are engaged in building the chancel of Sidford church, the nave having been erected for or five years ago. Following the river through the fields, I searched over the banks of gravel and stones that the floods had scattered about, but was not fortunate enough to discover any indication of a tooth or fossil bone or worked flint, I was surprised to see the numbers of logs of timber, and trunks of trees lying about, that had been uncovered and washed out, and portions of others partly exposed. They looked very old, but I presume not so old as the drift. One of them however, struck me more than the rest. It was a log of oak about 8 or 10 feet long, and 18 inches through. It was as black as ink, all charcoal. The district below Ebdon Farm has always been called "Burnt Oak". Was an oak tree ever struck here by lightening and burnt? I have now been told that the Manor Mill below Sidbury was burnt about 1800.

Sidmouth. May 1872

Fri. May 17 – To day there is printed in the Exeter & Plymouth Gazette some account on the sling-stones of this neighbourhood. I subjoin the cutting, which I have taken from the paper.

Sidmouth 1872

Wed. May 22 – Went into Exeter to examine two or three things in the Museum. Procured two of the new catalogues of the library, one for Mr Heineken and one for myself. Then went to the Institution in the Cathedral yard to examine the Woollcombe MS.,. Being a work in two vols. quarto. There is a great deal in one vol about Cromlechs, with sketches and plans; and in the other about many of the Hill fortresses. I was not so satisfied with the inspection as I had hoped.

Just before eleven, when I was thinking of going to bed, I looked out of the window, I was startled to observe that the full moon had lost a portion of her disc. I had forgotten that there was an eclipse to night. About one ninth of the lower portion was dark.

Sat June 8 – It was so cold I had a fire.

Th. 13 – The weather having improved, the Vicar drove me to Ottery. He too the road by Bowd (heretofore Boughwood), Tipton, and by Salston (anciently, I believe, Salviston) a red brick house, built by the late Bishop Coleridge of Jamaica, and now the property of his son. I have heard that this son, when he was at College, was called "Billy Barbadoes", in allusion to his father's see. We examined Ottery church, where they are renewing the battlements of the south tower, and some of the pinnacles. We returned the same way.

Fri. June 14 – Having heard of some antiques eastward Mr Heineken and myself started off to make enquiry. We stopped at the Three Horseshoes where we were on the 10th of last April, for we had heard of a bronze celt.

Mr Carter, the tenant, was weeding corn in the middle of the field at the north end of the Cross Dyke. I went to him and heard all the story. He said that last year, he was digging earth in the ditch outside the hedge in the lane, on the north side of the gate going into the field, and at about sixty

paces north from the old barn (now being removed) and throwing the earth with his spade up on the hedge.

He threw the celt up with the earth, but did not see it at the time, but the rain afterwards washed it clean, when one of his men was a piece of old brass but paid not regard to it, and left it there. As we had charged him to preserve any pieces of old metal he might find, (the proximity of the Cross Dyke and of Blackbury Castle being likely places) he went out and brought it into the house. After negotiating for a short time, I bought it from him for two shillings, intending it for Exeter Museum: but as Mr Heineken had a fancy for it, I transferred it to him for the same sum, and he will send it to the same place. There is no reason to doubt his story, or the genuineness of the celt. It is a flat piece of bronze about $\frac{5}{16}$ ths of an inch thick: it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and $2\frac{3}{8}$ ths wide at the widest end: and it weighs $7\frac{1}{4}$ ounces. Its chief peculiarity is that it is marked on both sides with a number of longitudinal cuts or lines, as if it had been chopped with another celt. Perhaps this was intended as ornament. (see Intellectual Observer, V275; for a paper on Celts)

We then went into the fields at the south end of the Dyke across the road, to see if any sling-stones could be found, as we had found there at the northern part before. We observed many; and as the flints of the hill are angular, they are apparent at first glance. I brought away two, one very large, and two broken by force. Having satisfied our curiosity on this point, we proceed to the hills overlooking the Axe. We went through a field to Seaton Down, and looked at the earthworks, returning by the field, where we saw only two or three sling-stones, one very large. Thence we journeyed south towards Seaton, but we turned into a field to have out luncheon, for we were hungry and thirsty, and it was very warm.

When we were on the beach, we saw the cone of Membury castle, distant, as they said, nearly 12 miles, crowned with trees, rising towards the north, - as per rude sketch.

We examined the great mound, on which a fort was built, when the Spanish Armada was expected in [inserted later - No: to keep off pirates in - see Roberts]. I made it 150 paces in diameter, and Mr Heineken made it about 25 feet high. They say it was once 20 feet higher. It is a heap of red earth. The esplanade is now carried over it.

From this place we went to the river and crossed by the ferry. At the ferry house, we found an intelligent man called Stark, or Start. For some years we have tried to learn something definite concerning the great stone laid down between twenty and thirty years ago by some savans, to mark the level of the spot, levels are being placed at intervals all across the country northward to the neighbourhood of Bridgwater [inserted later - Portishead]. It has been suspected that the land was slowly undergoing some changes of level; and by repeating the levels from time to time along these fixed points, any change of level will be ascertained. We found the stone inside the warehouse.

We entered the western large door (shaded black) and found it at the right-hand further corner. It is a block of granite measuring 5 ft 6 in long. 2,, 4' wide, and apparently 1,, 6' deep, lying on the ground, or perhaps there is a bed of concrete under it. In the middle of its western or outer end, there is inserted a brass or copper bolt, green with verdigris, about two inches in diameter and from the centre of this I presume the level was taken. We were both of us however, rather surprised at not finding a horizontal cut across the head of this bolt, as usual in the Ordnance Bench Marks, to mark the exact level. On scratching the bolt with my nail, I fancied I could feel an indentation, but I believe it was nothing but an accidental scratch or mark. Perhaps, as afterwards suggested by Mr Heineken, there may be a cap soldered on the head of the bolt. To preserve such a cut from injury, if

it should be there. To protect this stone from being meddled with, a massive arch of masonry has been turned over it. In the Athenaeum, No 566, p 610, some account of these levels is given. The stone was placed here in 1838. We could not learn where the next stone northward was placed. There is a copper bolt in the front of Axmouth church (or tower) put there I believe by the Ordnance surveyors, like those at Salcombe, Newton Poppleford, and other places, to mark elevations above the sea; but whether this has been used in connexion with the great stone, we could not learn. We enquired for the "Bone Bed" mentioned in geological books. The man believed it was nearly a mile to the east, where the lias crops out, and where the undercliff comes down to the beach. The masonry and harbour works, promoted at a great expense by the late Mr Hallet, are being allowed to fall into disuse, as the mouth of the river is too narrow for ships to enter.

We were told that "Dungeon" of which we had heard, was an old, pack-horse road between Seaton and Beer now destroyed; and that "Eye Well" was near it. We were also told that sometimes in the winter, the trades may be observed of the square salt pits or pans on the banks of marshes by the river. They have been pointed out to me at Starcross. Many years ago there was an old anchor, with a very long shank, and of peculiar pattern, dredged up off Seaton of which Mr Heineken sent an account, Lon & Ed, Ph, Mag X, 10. We were told that a similar one has been recently fished up off Beer. We enquired where "Scale Wall" or Castellum Stead" might be, and whether it was the same with Hawkesdown Hill Camp? But we could not learn. Steadcombe is just below the camp. We then drove to Colyford and Colyton, but did not find the persons at home whom we sought, so we returned to Sidmouth. We did not get home till nine, having been out eleven hours.

Fri. June 28 1872 – Mr Kirwan informs me that Mr Drewe told him they had been pulling down an old house near the Grange, and had found a wooden bowl containing twenty-seven Henry VII guineas.

Mon. July 1. 1872 – Who can read the piece of Chinese printing annexed? It was brought to England by some sailor, who gave it to me.

Tu. July 2. – At the Three Horse-Shoes inn, near the ten-mile stone from Lyme to Exeter, there is an old shovel board, now very rarely seen. The game seems also to have been called Slide-shrift and Shove-grote. There is a board or table about five feet long and eighteen inches wide. Upon this are cut a number of lines, marked from one to twelve, as in the scheme below

The game seems to consist in putting a penny or other coin, half on the table at the right-hand end A, and striking it with the hand up the range of figures. If the coin rests on a line it does not count. He who first counts 100, or any other amount agreed on, gets the game – See Aug 9 for further particulars.

Sidmouth. July 1872

Fri. July 5 – Not having quite run out of course, and finding from twenty years' experience and more, that our antiquarian expeditions constitute a very pleasureable part of our existence, Mr H and myself started again to-day. We first proceeded to Bunch, in front of the entrance to Sidbury Castle. [see Oct. 26. 1871] We wanted to re-examine the deep escarpment with the swamp at the bottom; thinking that if this place had ever been held by an enemy attacking the camp, probably the escarpment had been artificially made, We were soon convinced, however, when we had picked our way all along the base and scrambled up into the lane above, that this precipitous bank of foxmould, is due to the springs of water that come out between it and the red marl, and merely produce

effects such as we see on the flanks of most of the hills in this neighbourhood. Thus satisfied, we came away. We then searched over some plots of arable land below the road on the south side of the Bunch, to see if we could detect a chance beach pebble sling-stone, not however with much confidence, as being rather far from the camp. We could not find any; but Mr Heineken picked up a spherical white quartz pebble about three quarters of an inch in diameter, from Aylesbeare Hill; and possible it may have been devoted to such a purpose. We then pushed on to have another examination of the iron pits over Lincombe Farm. We flattered ourselves with the hope that we might find the place of a forge or bloomer in the bottom of one of them – but No. Perhaps the smelting place was in the valley, where wood and charcoal would be more abundant. We must enquire if any pieces of scoria or cinders have been met with.

We counted about 100 pits. Digging at the bottom of several, we only met with pieces of bog iron or haematite. When smelted with charcoal this yields malleable iron at once, [Oct. 10. 1871] Owing to the heat and the motion of the carriage, the cork flew out of the beer jar, but the loss was not great. I had a wine bottle full of water with me. The exercise on the hills of a warm day in July, causes a great waste of moisture in the system. To supply this with beer would make me heavy and sleepy, and unfit for work. We had our dinner in a field, enjoying a fine view towards Sidbury; and we could see the horizon of the sea over all the hills between Sidmouth and Beer Head. When this was over, we descried a tumulus about a quarter of a mile to the south of the iron pits, and we proceeded thither. It was a cairn of dry white flints, which we had not noted down before, It measured 57 feet in diameter. All the centre portion had been removed, and what appeared to have been the large stones of the kist-vaen, we found built into the base of the hedge close by.

We were told that this hedge was made, and the land reduced to cultivation, about 1830. We then proceeded north to Chineway Head. We met two children with baskets full of blackberries wortleberries. The vaccinium however, is not so plenty as it used to be, as much of the wild land has been reclaimed. We went north to look for a place called Belle Vue, and a tumulus of which we had heard, but did not find either. The holes in the plantation at the north-west point of the hill, are much like iron pits. Returned home by Hare-and-Hounds and Sidbury. Never saw the foxglove so abundant and so fine. It made some places quite crimson.

Mon July 15. 1872 – Went to a large Garden party at Powys, given by Lady Floyd, and her son Sir John. There were about 50 people there.

A railway meeting was held to-day at the Town Hall, for the construction of the line from near Feniton to Sidmouth. Many people are dissatisfied that the proposed new road from the Fort Field to Colmaton, Fenny Pines Corner, and then sweeping behind Broadway towards the selected site for a station, should be paid for out of the money invested in railway shares. Perhaps it is rather late to raise these objections, as the Act of parliament is passed which authorises it. We must bear in mind that the Trustees of the Manor, who are promoting the construction of the line for the good of the Manor, and who have laid out this road on the map for that purpose, look at it as a part of the project for the general good; and we must also bear in mind that they undertake to find two thirds or three quarters of the money, and the public only the remainder. We cannot have everything our own way in this world; and as the Sidmouth people only take the second place, they ought perhaps to be not too difficult to please.

Attended the funeral of Mr Butcher, who died, aged 81 at No 9 Fort Field Terrace. He was son of the Rev. Edmond Butcher, sometime minister of the Unitarian congregation here, and the author of the first Sidmouth guide, published, I believe about the beginning of the present century. The deceased

was formerly in business in Bristol. He has left two sons, clergymen of the church of England, one of whom, with his son, a boy about fourteen, was at the funeral.

Sidmouth & Taunton 1872

Tu. July 16 – Went to Taunton to see my ancient friend G.E. Hamilton, formerly an engineer and architect in Staffordshire, where he built a church or two near Burton for the Duke of Sutherland, and for my late cousin J.H. the canon of Lichfield, who has been twenty-three years in Australia, and who has recently returned. Took the opportunity of carrying into Exeter several objects of antiquity for the Museum, as calcined bones from Lovehayne tumulus, thumb-flints or scrapers, bones from High Peak Hill, Dunscombe Skeleton, and contents of the stone coffin at Bury. Also six quartzite weapon points from Africa. Got to Taunton by rail before 5 P.M. I had not been to Taunton for many years, and was gratified to see a neat, bustling, and thriving town; but sorry to see that thirty years had made a great difference in my old friend.

Wed. July 17 – Took some walks about Taunton. Examined some of the remains of the Castle, It is a pity that they have been converted into a hotel. The entrance from the street is under massive archways A. Another archway B, has over it two armorial achievements – one being France and England quarterly, and the other a cross charged apparently with four of five roses, and under it the date.

Spent a long time at the Museum wh[ich] is a very good one, It is a pity that it rests only upon voluntary support. The body of a young gorilla attracted my attention. Also several bronze celts, palstaves and spear heads. One celt something like the one found near the Three Horseshoes, (June 14) and very coppery, as the one we there procured seems to be. And this suggest to me a new idea, namely, that if these objects of this early type turn out to be of copper, when further investigation has been made, I shall then venture to declare that there was a Copper Age, which preceded the Age of Bronze. The idea is my own and quite new, but more examples must be found before the point can be established. They have a number of old coins: a good collection of architectural and antique casts; mineralogical specimens: and a rich collection of bones from extinct mammalia from the Banwell and other caves. They also have a number of quarto volumes of indian ink drawings of churches.

I went and had a careful look at St Mary's church, both inside and out, and admired its architectural features amazingly. Within a few years the tower has been rebuilt but strictly I believe, after the former one, for the former one was badly built, and very shakey.

Th. July 18. – Mr Hamilton gave me two Australian skulls, male and female, which he brought to England on purpose for me. They were procured from a native burial ground about 300 miles below the junction of the Darling river with the Murray, by Mr Moulden. Overseer of the district, in 1852. Mr Hamilton was then Inspector in Chief of the Main roads in south Australia. The male skull is very thick and heavy, and weighs 1lb 8 ½ oz., the female 13 oz. The annexed is a hasty sketch of the male skull.

Returned to Sidmouth

I have given them to the Exeter Museum

Sidmouth & Exeter 1872

Tu. July 30.- Meeting of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art. Went in to attend it. Was at the meeting of the Council at 12 in the top room of the Guildhall. When we came down stairs, the mayor waylaid us with a splendid champagne luncheon. We were then showed the great two-handed sword and the hat, used on solemn occasions. They were covered with gold embroidery on crimson velvet. The rough sketches in the margin are only from memory.

After an official reception by the Mayor (Mr. Harding) and a General meeting at four in the Guildhall, I went to Dawlish.

Wed July 31. – Came from Dawlish to Exeter after breakfast. Went to the Atheneum to hear the papers read. The Bishop, the president for the year, presided. Fourteen papers, out of thirty-one, were read to-day. At half past five we sat down to a handsome dinner at the entertainment at the Bishop's palace. It was very full. Did not get to Dawlish till eleven.

Th. Aug 1. – Went again after breakfast. During the day I read three papers – one on the celt procured June 14. The second on the iron pits; and the third on the fossil teeth, especially the great one mentioned April 22. After the readings were over, I deposited in the Museum the celt and the teeth. The Mayor had invited me to a Garden party at Millbrooke, and I had accepted the invitation, but when the time arrived, a thunder storm with violent rain came on, so that I did not go.

Took the train to Dawlish.

Exeter, Dawlish & Sidmouth, 1872

Fri. Aug. 2. 1872 – The work in Exeter being over, I did not leave Dawlish till the afternoon, and then set out to return to Sidmouth. As I passed Starcross, I could not help smiling at that strange piece of naval architecture called the Swan, with its boat in the same form. It is large enough to contain many people. It is generally anchored off Starcross, where the owner, Mr, or Captain Peacock lives. Some say it ought to be painted like a peacock, instead of dead white. There are two sails for it resembling wings, but it is a poor sailor.

Fri. Aug 9 – When Mr Heineken and myself went to Seaton on the 14th of June, we observed, by means of a telescope, that some men were ploughing part of the side and interior of Musbury Castle. We resolved soon to go and search over the newly turned up ground, and see whether we could not find sling-stones or flint flakes, or something better if possible. We went today. We ascended Trow Hill, and stopped at the Three Horseshoes to enquire whether any more celts had been turned up. Took the opportunity of making a better examination of the shuffle or Shovel board, my former plan, of July 2, having only been drawn from memory. To-day I took all the dimensions.

Of course the exact dimensions are not of great consequence, and they might be variable. I had numbered the former wrong. No I is beyond IX, and X nearest. The game may amount to any number agreed on by the players. Each player has two pence or other coins, and they play alternately with the same coins. If the first coin stops on a line, it does not count, but the second throw may knock it off the line, when it does. I was also told of another way of playing. After your first throw you make a chalk mark on the space or spaces to mark them, when the other party goes on, and does the same. When making the second and subsequent throws, you must avoid stopping on the same spaces, as, if you do, you give the number marked on them to your adversary.

We proceeded to Hangman's Stone, dismounted, and examined it, to reconsider whether it may have ever been one leg of a Cromlech or "Hanging Stone". I never remarked till to-day, that on the south side of it there is an Ordnance bench mark but much overgrown with lichen. In a field on the opposite side of the road, or rather to the north-west, we observed a ridge like another Cross Dyke, but there was not time to examine to-day.

We then drove on to Colyford, passed Axe Bridge, and on reaching Musbury, we passed close on the south side of the church, and took the carriage to the top of the first field. There is a farm road all the way, and if it had not been so steep, we could have taken the carriage right up into the camp. Having first had our open-air dinner under the hedge, we ascended into field A on foot. The sketch shows the west flank of Musbury Castle.

I found a black flint core and a sling-stone going up. As all the stones of the hill are angular, and of white chert, they are easily seen. Reaching the summit, we searched it over well from end to end. Of cores, flakes, and sling-stones we saw many, and only brought away a few. The last time we were here was on Tuesday July 14, 1857 – 15 years! At that time I bought the tessera and other remains of the Roman villa at Holcombe near Uplyme, which were sold at the auction at the vicarage of Musbury. I have not yet given these things to the Exeter Museum, but perhaps they are worth sending. [see back] All things considered, and allowing for hedges and a great growth of bushes, the plan of the camp given in Mr Davidson's British and Roman Remains in the vicinity of Axminster, is substantially correct. The square platform however, near the southern end (the most northerly work there) seems to have been obliterated. The brambles and fern were so abundant at the entrances at the north-west corner, that no examination could be made. The land was stated to belong to Mr Wills of Borough House.

Mr Heineken had his water level with him [see May 31, 1861] and amused himself looking at the surrounding hills. Shute Hill seemed to be on the same level as ourselves. Danes Hill somewhat higher; Membury Castle higher. Baaly Down considerably higher, what appeared to be Neroche, much higher. Stockland Hill higher. Dumpdon higher, rising like an island above the intermediate hills. Farway Castle much higher. Turning to the south, the horizon of the sea was seen from 50 to 100 feet over Hawksdown Hill camp. Judging from these observations, Musbury Castle probably has an elevation of about 600 feet above the level of the sea.

Having descended the hill, we proceeded to Newenham Abbey. We passed Ash, [July 14 1857] where the great Duke of Marlborough was born, and the brook called War Lake, and going on within a mile of Axminster, turned down to the left. We reached two farm houses, the higher and the lower, close to the Milway, both of which are on the Abbey grounds, the latter among the ruins. But the ruins are gradually vanishing. The gable with the three-light window of the ancient chapel, fell down about 1867. A lithograph of this forms the frontispiece to Davidson's History of Newenham abbey. By the side of the farm house door in the yard, an old stone fragment has been built in. It is a sort of corbel, that had apparently occupied the corner of some chamber. It represents the head of a monk with the tonsure; or rather two heads moulded into one, those being the three eyes, the middle eye being common to both faces.

The farmer's wife shewed us a fragment of a rib with a very beautiful carved piece of foliage of early English character. It was not unlike a portion of the boss given in the same history, at page 146. A great piece of work six feet thick and twenty or thirty long, I suspect it is a piece of the cloister wall spoken of at page 150, but the three sunk arches cannot now be seen, if they are there, as shed has been built up against it. We went up round the orchard, which is full of mounds and hillocks. In one

place we found pieces of floor tiles with glaze on them. These we were allowed to take away. We were told that the heavy rain in the brook that comes down by the further side of the orchard, last winter, washed away one of the banks, and uncovered a quantity of human bones from the site of the ancient burial ground. These bones were placed in a box and re-buried. I should like to go and dig about there.

We did not leave for home until nearly seven. We heard that a boy had picked up a cannon ball on Musbury Castle, and that it was at the toll-gate near Axe Bridge. We halted and enquired for it, The woman brought it out. It was a four-pound shot, The boy (son of this woman) had been working on the hill – perhaps weeding turnips in the very fields we ascended – and found this all, which he brought back. I examined it, but though much rusted, was tolerably sound. This must date about the period of the commonwealth. From Mr Davidson's little book on the siege of Axminster, and from other sources, we learn that the Parliamentary troops once bombarded old Stedcombe House; and there is a field near Honeyditches called "Bombshot" where they say, the guns were planted. At another time some soldiers were posted on Musbury Castle and it is possible that some of the opposite party in the valley below, had fired this four-pound shot at them. Mount House was also attacked. Query whether this was the house now called Mount Field House in Musbury?

When we were in Colyford it began to rain, and continued all the way. We did not reach Sidmouth till half past nine. It was clod as autumn, and we warmed our fingers at the kitchen fire.

Th. Aug 22 1872. – This year the Cottage Garden exhibition was held in the grounds of the Knowle in Sidmouth parish. A really beautiful place the owner has now made of it, and many many thousands he has laid out there, Fruit has failed very much this year, but the show of vegetables and flowers was extremely good. The grounds are laid out most tastefully, and the flower beds are just now one blaze of brilliant colour. If money and a splendid residence and anything else that money can but could bring happiness, the owner ought to be happy. Here he should have a choice library, full of the handsomest and the best of books, scientific instruments, a workshop, an observatory – in short, everything in the world but---

Fri. Aug. 23 – The ridge like another Cross Dyke which Mr Heineken first espied and pointed out to me, lying in a field to the NW of Hangman's Stone, we went to-day to examine. But we at once perceived that it was not a cross dyke like that at the Three Horseshoes, because it does not run at right angles to the road, nor does it cross the road, It runs nearly parallel with the road, and along its north side, and its eastern end curves away slightly to the north. At Hangman's stone, several roads coming from Beer, Colyford, and Colyton, all converge to a focus; and there is reason to think that this earthwork was thrown up, from which to watch the approaches, and hold any enemy in check, who was coming from the east. The people who would do this are not unlikely to have made the cross dyke, namely who occupied Blackbury Castle; and this earthwork stands between the convergence of these eastern roads and Blackbury Castle, and on the same side of the road as Blackbury Castle. A glance at the preceding map may make these points clearer. The yellow clay lying along upon the top of the ridge through the recently ploughed field, contrasting as it did with the dark mould, marked the work as having been artificially made. I paced the ridge, and made it 180 paces long from west to east; but my paces must not be reckoned quite so much as yards, especially over rough ground.

Its western end is about 57 paces north of the road; and at about one third of its length from this end, a gap has been made. This gap is not likely to have been original, for in its perfect state the whole agger is likely to have been continuous. The width of the ridge is 24 paces, and is of small

elevation. Whilst the western end, as remarked, is 57 paces north of the road, the eastern end is from 80 to 100, because that end curves or trends away somewhat to the north-east. But there is a depression, like the traces of a former foss, all along on the northern side of the agger, which is not the side I had expected to have found it. As a rule, I have generally held that the foss of an earthwork or camp or fortified place, is on the side of the enemy; so that if an invading enemy was expected from the valley of the Axe, the foss ought to have been next the road, which it certainly is not. Of late years however, some savage tribes have been noticed in America and other countries, who, in their barriers against their enemies, put the ditch on the inside, or on their own side, and jump into it to hide themselves when they discharge their arrows or other missiles. Perhaps it is too soon yet to offer any decided theory respecting this work. I found a flint core and several beach pebble sling-stones close to it. Between its eastern end and the road there are two flattened and partly obliterated tumuli, but they are evidently tumuli. These, in connection with the Crossway Close won, indicate a deadly struggle in the neighbourhood. [Sep, 26, 1859] We walked to the north end of this large field, overlooking the valley there, but made no discovery. A man called Day, whom we questioned at the cottage just after passing the brook on the north, told us that this twelve-acre field was first taken in hand and partly tilled, about 1840, but that it was neglected and allowed to go back again into its wild state. It remained so ever since, until about two years ago, when it was taken in hand again. Of the two tumuli, the eastern one is the largest, but its crown seems to have been flattened or removed.

We eat our sandwiches, Mr Heineken sitting upon Hangman's Stone, and I lying on the grass beside it, under the shade of the hedge. The sun was intensely hot in the field – See also Oct 8, for this earthwork.

Then we descended the lane northward – crossed the brook – talked to Day at the cottage – mounted the next hill – saw something like a cairn of white flints in the plantation up on the left – pushed on over the hill to Southleigh, or Souley, as they call it. Then proceeded on to a farm called Hooperhayne. The termination hayne is very common in this district, Hayes or hayne is said to signify hedges or enclosures, and it was applied to Mr So-and-so's bit of cultivated ground or farm.

It had been reported that quantities of ancient pottery had been turned up in some parts of the ground, so that if this were the case, it was worth while to institute a search. We were directed into a field where there is a great pit, out of which the clay for the pottery was dug, and then to the next field below the cottage. Here we found plenty of fragments of roofing tiles &c., but they were evidently of modern make. On enquiry, it seemed that a pottery had been established here about forty years before, but that it had failed, and the promoters had been ruined. If ancient pottery is really to be met with on this farm, it must be in some other field.

Somewhat disappointed, we started for home, where we did not arrive till half past nine, having been out since ten in the morning.

Sidmouth, Aug. 1972

Sat. Aug. 24 – Went into Dr Radford at Sidmouth to see some microscopic slides belonging to the Rev the Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, who has recently taken Cottington. Mr Heineken followed me there. These slides contain specimens of wonderfully minute writing on glass. It is executed I believe with a diamond point, worked by a series of levers, so as to produce extreme smallness. The merest speck on the slide, only to be seen with a magnifying glass, when placed under the microscope, came out like a clearly written sheet of paper. I will only describe the smallest

specimen. We could clearly read the Lord's Prayer written in the 166th /1000th of an inch. In the same scale, the whole bible could be written ten times in a square inch. If this is true, it is almost too minute for the mind to conceive – just as space and eternity are too great for the imagination to grasp. When viewed under a power of about 300, the writing looked as large and as clear as this that am here tracing.

Sat. Aug. 31 – Went to witness a croquet match at Captain Joliffe's at Woodlands, olim Old hayes. It was between two Miss Lords of Rose Cottage, on one side, with Miss of Blossom House on the beach and the youngest Miss Strahan of Blackmore Hall, on the other. The latter won. Afterwards, Miss Adeline Lord played Miss King. The former won. There were a great many ladies and gentlemen invited to witness it. Ices and wafers were handed round, for it was a warm day.

Finished the first volume of my History of Sidmouth.

Sidmouth. September 1872

Mon. Sep 2. 1872 – This afternoon a little before two, whilst I was in the oak room of the Old Chancel, a gentleman, a stranger to me, was announced. It proved afterwards to be a Mr Andrews, a magistrate of Berkshire, residing at Reading. He apologised for intruding, but said he had understood I was on friendly terms with the Rev. R Kirwan. I said I was. He asked whether he had called on me that morning? I replied N: that I had not seen him since we were together in Exeter, at the meeting of the Devonshire Association a few weeks ago. He then said –

"I am sorry to inform you that he has met with a lamentable accident, and I am afraid he is drowned"

"Drowned!" I exclaimed, "How do mean drowned?" I felt choked, but begged he would proceed.

He then told me that he was a visitor at Sidmouth – that he and some of his family had been taking a walk on the sea shore to the west of the town – that at nearly half a mile from the esplanade they observed a gentleman's clothes lying the beach, but on looking at the water did not observe any person in sight. He made one of his boys stay by the clothes whilst he took a turn towards High Peak Hill, keeping his eye upon the waves; but on his return, still failing to discover any person in the water, he feared that something serious had happened, and therefore examined the things, and found R. Kirwan upon the towel. He sent his son back to Sidmouth to find the police whilst he tied the things up in the towel. Some sailors with a net proceeded at once to the spot, and commenced dragging the bottom of the sea. When he left me I hurried to the Vicarage, as I had to deliver a book to the Vicar, I related the narrative to him, much to his astonishment, and then directed my steps to the same place. There was a boat with six men in it over there, and a crowd of people on the shore. They were dragging a long mackerel net, which had been cast out in a semicircle from the shore. This they did several times, but they were not rewarded with success. I sketched the scene as it appeared when I arrived. The sea was rough.

I remained till five, when they proposed to desist will the tide turned and the current set in another direction. About seven I heard that the body had been recovered. It was found by Ware, of which I bought the great fossil tooth. I was asked to be one of the Jury at the Inquest. I consented, as I wished to know all the circumstances of the case.

Wed, Sep. 4. 1872 – Painful as it was, I attended, and with the others, looked at the body. It had received many scratches and bruises from the gravel whilst it was in the wash of the sea, for it had been thrown on the shore by the waves.

I have been told a curious tradition as existing at Gittisham. They say that if the clergyman, when on the pulpit in Gittisham church, should happen to give out the text of his sermon when the clock strikes twelve at noon – or, in other words, if the clock should happen to strike twelve when he is giving out his text – some person belonging to the parish will die before the week is out. In most parishes in this neighbourhood the morning service begins at a quarter before eleven, and it is a very rare thing for the sermon to begin so late as twelve. If, however, the reader should be slow, or if the service should be lengthened by any other way, the circumstance may occur. I am further told that this happened during the hay harvest at the early part of this summer; and that when the Gittisham people heard it, they pointed by a sort of common consent to one of the oldest men in the parish, and feared that he was the person who was destined to be called away before the week was run out. Strange to say however, a son of this old man, strong and hearty, was taken with sunstroke in a hay field and died. Report also declares that it occurred again last Sunday; and that when Mr Kirwan returned to the Rectory, he jokingly said to some of his family. “I wonder who is to go this time” – little thinking it would be himself. Such is the gossip circulating around Sidmouth.

Sidmouth Sep. 1872

Tu. Sep. 10 – All the morning engaged gilding the diaper work on the wall in the doorway, going into the Oak room of the Old Chancel.

Th. Sep. 12 – All this morning I was in the stone mason’s yard cutting out the crookets of the new pinnacles for the church tower. After making one or two, to feel my way, I found I could advance quicker. I mean however that Mr Churchill himself (who did my hall ceiling) should go on with them.

Sun. Sep. 15 – In the afternoon took a quiet solitary walk over Peak hill to the top of the High Peak. Sat down on the summit, 513 feet high, and enjoyed the beautiful view on all sides. The air was very clear. Several of the tors of Dartmoor distinct against the sky, especially Hey Tor and Rippon Tor. I could see Start Point beyond Torbay, being 40 miles distant: Brixham very clear, with sun shining on the roofs of some of the houses. In an easterly direction, Portland being 36, or rather, where I was, 37 miles.

Tu. Sep. 17 – Walked to Colford, beyond Sidbury, and called on the Bayleys. Amongst other things, Mr Bayley told me that Mr Marker of Coombe had just bought the manor of Honiton for £60,000.

Th. Sep. 26 – Drove over with some friends to Ebford Barton, a mile or two beyond Woodbury. It is several years since I was there. General Lee, the owner, was then alive. His sister, Miss Lee, now lives there. There is also her niece, Miss Pennell, sister of Dr Pennell of Exeter, and Mr Pennell of Dawlish and Holcombe; and likewise her relative Colonel Jackson. The Rev. J.B. and Mrs Lloyd, and their little boy are there at present for a short time. She was Miss Heineken.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1872

Fri. Oct. 4 – Some of General Balmain’s family came to look at the Old Chancel. Amongst other things, I shewed them the scotch claymore of Lord Balmerino, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for the affair of 1745, and which I am taking care of for the Elphinstones, his descendants. I believe

General Balmain is connected with the same family, and Mrs Balmain took a ring from her finger, declaring that it was worn by the Scotch Lord the day of his execution, and had been taken off his hand after his death. It bears a garnet, or similar stone, of heart shape, or oval form, surmounted by a sort of coronet of diamonds. It much resembles the Douglas device of a heart crowned.

And Mrs Balmain had on a handsome brooch of a peculiar design, and in the form of a half moon. It was made of two tiger's nails or claws, set in gold; and this reminds me, that when I was at Ebford, Col. Jackson shewed me sixteen claws of a tiger he shot in India. The first joint of the finger (so to speak) was still attached to them.

Tu. Oct. 8. 1872 – My old friend C.J. Williams, now a painter in watercolours, being for a short time at Beer sketching, I went over to see him. I started at 9 and soon after 19 got as far as the THREE HORSESHOES. Ever since Mr Heineken and myself measured the earthwork in the 12 acre field, across the road near Hangman's Stone on the 23rd of last August, we have been desirous of giving the ground a thorough examination all along the ridge of the hill, feeling that there was still something more to be discovered. Mr H. is just now in Yorkshire, on a visit to his sister Mrs Horsfall, at Hornby Grange, near North Allerton, but I resolved to have a search alone. I decided on traversing all the field the north side of the road. I dismounted at the Horseshoes, and told the driver to go quietly on and wait for me near Hangman's Stone. I turned over the hedge and zig-zag-ed about all the fields, but could not perceive any traces of a cross dyke, agger or any old earthwork. The first and second fields on the west side of Burcombe Lane had recently been ploughed. Many flint flakes and two or three cores, as if the ancient tribes had been at work there, I saw, and put one or two in my pocket as vouchers to shew to Mr Heineken. Then crossed Burcombe Lane and proceeded eastward. I had soon the pleasure of discovering a long extension of our earthwork, a field and half further west than we had seen before, I had a pencil and memorandum book in my hands as I went along, and the red line in the map at Aug. 22 and 23, is the course I took. This doubles the length of what we had before discovered. Altogether it cannot be much less than 1000 feet. It appears to me to have been a breastwork, thrown up to watch the road; and Blackbury Castle seems to have been the base of operations in all these works on this hill, the enemy apparently expected from the east or south, or both. I will not say that the fields of my map are quite the proper size or proper shape on the north side of the road: but those on the south side I took from a large map of Branscombe, of which I took a tracing many years ago, and still have. Joined the carriage just beyond Hangman's Stone, and proceeded to the Dolphin Inn, where I was delighted to find everything very comfortable.

We dined together, and then took a walk first on the cliff, and then to the beach. There we sat down and talked over some of the pranks of our green boyhood – how many bells we had pulled and run away, how many gates we had unhung, how many cats we had scared, how many old women we had frightened – and so on, and much we had repented since. I alluded to his late father, whom I remember well; and now I was older, was curious to know something of his residence at Powderham Castle. To this appeal he told me a curious history. His father was the only son of a Mr Williams, who farmed a piece of land of his own near the estate of a Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, in North Wales. There were also some girls who married into different families. He was intended for the same pursuit, but he early shewed a strong passion for music. From Sir Watkins' Harper, and from the harper of another Baronet then living in the neighbourhood, he was able to follow his bent. This last Baronet had a daughter, whom he taught, or whom he often had opportunities of meeting. Some of the neighbours began to suspect that an intimacy was springing up between the young folks, and informed the father. He summoned Williams to his room one morning, and questioned him on the subject, when the latter admitted he had a preference for her. Upon this the Baronet, (whose name I

forget, but I think it began with an H) offered him £500 if he would immediately leave the neighbourhood. This he accepted and started for London. There he lived rather freely for a time, thinking his £500 would be inexhaustible. However, at last it came to an end; and he found himself in the midst of a large city, without a friend to help him. Matters became worse. He wandered down to London Bridge one day, not knowing which way to turn for a bit of bread. Whilst standing here, he heard someone call him by name. He turned round, and it proved to be an old acquaintance from North Wales, who had been several years in London, and who was in good business as an upholsterer, and he was then on top of a furniture van. He made Williams get up – took him home – and gave him something to eat. Finding that he was doing nothing but starving, and that music was his only chance, he told him he would try and introduce him to Mrs Salmon, one of the popular singers of the day: that he was going the next morning to take some furniture to her house, and that he should go too. This they did. When they got there Mrs Salmon was not ready to receive them, but she sent to say she hoped he would amuse himself with the harp till she came. He therefore did so: and he played several pieces after she was in the room. She expressed herself so pleased, that she requested he would take part at a concert she was shortly going to give, at which she expected the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George IV.,) and a number of the nobility. He took subordinate parts at this concert; but before it was over she desired that he would give the company one of the Welsh airs on his national instrument entirely unaccompanied. He gave the that beautiful air – “The Rising of the Lark”,- and this sealed his good fortune. When the concert was over Lord Courtenay came up to him, and offered him £100 a year to be his Harper, and to reside at Powderham Castle. This he gratefully accepted; and he enjoyed this post en every comfort and luxury for twenty-one years. Whilst he was here he formed an attachment to some young lady, and married her twice – the first marriage when she was under age. One of the marriages took place at Heavitree, Who this lady was he never would say. It has been suspected that she was above him in birth but some mystery hung over her. She died young, leaving one child, a boy – the same who was telling me the story. After the death of Lord Courtenay the establishment at Powderham Castle was for a time broken up, and Mr Williams came to Sidmouth, and took a cottage near my father’s residence at No 4 Coburg Terrace. Here I got acquainted with his son, who was about my own age. He was fond of drawing, and was brought up as an artist. Most of my early attempts at sketching were done with him. He afterwards established himself in Exeter, to which place his father removed. He married a Miss Harvey, but this did not turn out well, and they have not lived together there twenty years. He had two children, a girl and a boy: the former is married, and now lives in Russia; the boy married and has since died, leaving no male heir. My friend has for some years lived near Southampton.#

Our long gossip passed the time away. We returned to the inn, had tea, and I left. A young moon, about a quarter old, lighted me back to Sidmouth.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1872

Mon. Oct. 14 – I was a great part of the day in the parish church, whilst the white marble tablet to the memory of the late Mrs Haughton-James of Helens, was being erected by Signor Monte, the sculptor, of 5 Langham Chambers. As Mr Haughton-James was going away (hush – he has gone to be married again, and he is only 77) he requested that I would explain to Signor Monte his wishes as to where he would wish it placed. It is against the east wall of the north transept. The work is certainly exceedingly good when examined closely. The medallion profile of our saviour, placed in the centre, is well done. The price seems very high – but all good work must cost money. Mr H.J. has already paid £124, and the remainder being £19,,5, he left with me. This I gave to the little Italian when the

work was done, and got his receipt. He came and had a look at the Old Chancel, and was much amused at my operations.

Sun. Oct. 20 – For the second lesson we had Ch. VI. St. Luke the first verse of which begins, - “And it came to pass on the second Sabbath after the first, that he went through the cornfields,” the word occurs here: and on a brass plate on the south wall of the chancel of Sidbury church, erected in 1650 to the memory of Robert Parsons, occur the two words

, when he died – but from these words, no-one seems to know when that was.

Aug 22, 1857 I had a note on this in Notes and Queries. It elicited two answers. One writer thought he was 63, but the other 81.

Sidmouth, Oct. 1872

Mon. Oct. 21 – There is a dispute going on just now between the Feoffees of the Sidmouth Poor Lands, on the one side, and Mr Charles Cornish of Salcombe House on the other, about a spring of water that issues from the side of Salcombe Hill, at the junction of the red marl with the yellow sand above. It is the spring at the top of the Poor Lands on the north or left hand side going up. Both sides claim it. The Feoffees propose that Mr Cornish should have a trough or drinking-place for his cattle at the top of his field, but that the stream should be used by the Feoffees. It flows for some distance down on the north side of the road; then crosses the road by the covered gutter; and then lower down, goes through the hedge into the fields on the south. Mr Cornish wants to divert it down his own fields on the north, and this they resist. The other spring, on the south side, there is no dispute about. I remember the swampy place where the disputed one comes out of the bank, as I used to walk along there when I was a boy. I went up this morning to look at the spot. The place is much altered since the top of the hill was enclosed about 1851.

Mon, Oct. 28 – I was honoured this morning by a visit from the two Misses Osborne of Cottington, and one of the Miss Balmains of Camden, who wanted to look at the Old Chancel. I showed them my building, my antiques, and my curiosities.

Tu. Oct. 29 – I called on the Rev. the Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne at Cottington. Found him at home, Lady S.G. Osborne, and the two Misses Osborne. They appear to be a clever family. Miss Osborne carves oak capitally. She showed me her tools and her work, with which I was much pleased. Lord Sidney Osborne’s room is full of such things as a scientific man delights in. I was with him more than an hour.

Fri, Nov. 8. 1872 – I was told an amusing story by a fisherman this morning. Some of our Sidmouth boats have recently been out fishing for whiting. They have to go ten or a dozen miles out, where the sea is 50 or 60 fathoms deep, and let down their long lines. They tell me that the hill which they can best discern at that distance, is the top of High Peak, the second to the westward of Sidmouth. About a week ago three or four boat were out, in a group, and nearly within speaking distance of each other, when a rushing noise was heard, and something black was for a short distance seen to pass along, and then vanish. It was between them and the land, and so far off as to appear nearer the land than it really was.

“What was that?” cried one of them looking up.

"I don't know" said another, in the nearest boat, "but perhaps it was the train going down near Dawlish, and it vanished in a tunnel."

In a few minutes they were better informed, for an immense black fish, "very like a whale," came up much nearer to them. They did not quite like his proximity; but they were next put into a state of great terror, by his again coming up, lashing the ocean white and spouting water, and making the sea so turbulent as to rock the boats. A boy in one of the boats, they say, had not ceased trembling when they brought him on shore. This fish has been seen once or twice since. They suppose it is after whiting and pilchards.

More recently it has been seen from the esplanade, distant about two miles.

Sidmouth, Nov, 1872

Mon. Nov. 11 – Today the Bishop of Exeter, (Temple) held a confirmation in Sidmouth parish church. I went to see it.

Tu. Nov. 12 – So the case, Vane v Vane is drifting into a lawsuit. I am sorry for it; for, although I have no doubt in my own mind that he is right, and he has been the Baronet since his father's death, I do not see that he has got the proof that one can eject his nephew from the estates. See back, Jan 1 1870. He eventually lost the case in 1876

Fri. Nov 15 1872 – One or two persons, sent here by the government, have been looking about for a place to build some new houses for the accommodation of men employed in the coast guard or Preventive service. They have been examining the ground on the Sidmouth side of the river, but come to no conclusion. At present the men mostly reside in cottages in the low ground near the station. They have also been on the point of the cliff on the eastern side of the river. Mr Grundy, who has a lease of Beetlands, built a little further inland, tells me they came to him, but he warned them that he had a clause in his lease, which would forbid their obstructing the view from his windows, either by planting or by building. The matter stands over.

Sun. Nov. 24 – Anniversary of the great storm of 1824, when half the town was under water. And truly, the gales of wind of late have been so violent and the weather so stormy, that we should probably have had the water in the town again, had it not fortunately been neap tides just now. I never recollect a twelvemonth so unsettled, with so much electricity in the air, accompanied by an unusual amount of thunder and lightening, as we have now had. We have had more rain, more gales of wind, and more storms than I ever remember in the same space of time.

Th. Nov. 28 – Went to Gen. Balmain's at Camden and tried over some songs and pieces of music with the young ladies. After having laid aside my music for some time, having been busy in other ways, I have again taken up the flute. In the afternoon I went to a musical party at Captain and Mrs Joliffe's at Woodlands. Those who played and sang were Mrs and Miss Joliffe, Misses Balmain, Misses Strahan, of Blackmore Hall &c.

Sidmouth 1872

Sat. Nov. 30 – I am told that the fields shaded in this plan, belonging to Lady Cockburn widow of the late Dean of York (now married to a Rev. Mr Wale or Whale) have been purchased by the trustees of the manor for £1250. They comprise about five acres. A month or two ago they bought back No. 9 in

Fort Field Terrace, which had been alienated from the manor, I believe in Jenkins' time. Also a year or two ago, I think for £650, No. 4, which had been alienated in the same way.

Mon. Dec. 2 – Lady Sidney Osborne sent me down a fine hare.

Wed. 4 – After storms people go down on the beach and look for treasure. They have recently picked up four gold rings, half a sovereign, a "spade guinea" of Geo. III, some silver, and many copper pieces. None of the money is ancient. Some think the rings may have been lost by the ladies bathing.

Th. Dec. 5 – The Joliffes at Woodlands had a music party from three till five this afternoon. Played two flute and piano pieces, but I am woefully out of practise.

Th. Dec. 12 – I have recently been reading Mr John Evans's book on Flint implements, and remembering the few objects of that sort I have picked up on the hills, with indications of more. I am persuaded that many things are to be met with if we only search diligently for them. I took a walk this morning on Peak Hill with the resolution of having a regular good hunt, and I was rewarded.

The day was calm, clear, and after the storms, very pleasant. From the cliff I steered inland, zig-zagging about. I searched two hours. I only saw one flake of black flint, which probably came from Beer Head, a square worked flint of light colour, a leaf-shape flint, but of doubtful character, and lastly, I was delighted to pounce upon the hatchet or wedge of chert or light flint, of which I give a sketch, one half of the original size. I shall keep this for the Exeter Museum. Some parts shew the polish or glassy look of great age, very different from the dull surface of recent fracture. The core from Seven Barrow Field, and the chert hammer from near Blackbury Castle, have it still stronger.

Fri. Dec 13 – The gales of wind have blown down a great mass of ivy that ran up the NE buttress of the Old Chancel. Unfortunately it had twined around a small stone cross on the front of the gable, and the weight broke this off, and the whole came down together. The cross is not an ancient one: it was put on the church about fifty years ago. I have told the vicar he can have the ivy if he wants it to decorate the church with.

Mon. Dec. 16 – The following printed article entitled NAMES, OLD AND NEW, I have taken from Lethaby's Sidmouth Journal. I save it because it contains a few facts about Sidmouth – and facts are always worth preserving. Very little of fiction is.

Sidmouth. Dec 1872

Tu. Dec. 17 – The large standard lamp that the admiring tradesmen of the town formerly presented to Mr Fish, the then owner of the Knowle, and which was placed before the entrance gate, the present owner, Mr Thornton gave to the town, and it now stands in the middle of the Esplanade, as a light for the sailors. It has a red bullseye on the outside. It has recently been lighted for the first time. [discontinued]

Mon. Dec. 23 – Counted sixty-seven boats on the beach

Wed. Dec. 25 – Christmas Day, Mild and drizzling.

Friday. Dec 27 – Took a walk to the top of High Peak Hill. The weather dark and threatening, and the ground muddy from the quantities of rain. Hunted about all such fields as were fallow or any way

bare for flint flakes or implements. Since my find on the 12th, I am persuaded that diligent searching is likely to meet with something worth having some day. Only found a core and two or three flakes, but this much is an encouragement to look again. Observed several beach pebbles like sling-stones. If not used in actual warfare, it is possible that they had been slung by some of the ancient tribes at the rabbits. This is a very likely supposition. The soft soil of the summit of High Peak has been much washed down by the rain. All these cliffs are wearing away fast. The wind was south, and so strong that I could scarcely approach the edge of the cliff.

From this lofty station I could see pieces of timber scattered about the beach. For the last two or three days quantities of balks of deal and fragments of some vessel have been coming onshore. They are strewn all along from Teignmouth to Beer. Men were engaged in securing them as they were thrown on the shore. It is supposed that some timber vessel has gone to pieces, but as yet no particulars have been ascertained.

Mon. Dec. 30 1872 – Called on Lord Sidney G Osborne, who has taken Cottington for three years, to wish him “the compliments of the season. “ He is a man of art and science, as I wish more of our noble families were. Found him engaged making experiments with the magnetic needle and the electric telegraph, models of which of his own making, he had on the table. He has an idea that it may be possible to get rid of the electric wire, and make the earth the only channel of communication between station and station. But in making the circuit the returning spark might clash with the out-going spark. If the out-going spark could be made to travel a little faster than the returning spark, (or vice-versa) then the currents wd be separated. I advised him to make experiments out of doors in the grounds near the house.

Tu. Dec. 31 1872 – And out goes the old year, never to come back. What a wonderful thing time is. On – on – on.

POH Transcripts - 1873

Wednesday, Jan. 1 1873 – A beautiful morning: but they say – “A fine morning never lasts all day.” This rule has no exception.

Our Lifeboat returned from Beer, where the men had slept last night. Yesterday a bark was seen in the offing in distress, and our boat went off and took the crew into Beer. It was a French vessel. The wind had moderated, and veered from the southward to the westward, and the vessel is saved from a lee shore.

Th. Jan. 2 – There has been some dissatisfaction lately about the church choir. A motion was proposed, and seconded, and I believe would have been carried, for dismissing the organist, had I not stepped in and begged them to refrain from so summary a proceeding. My moderation was approved of, and the meeting was adjourned to this day week. I undertook to call on him as a friend, and advise him to send in his resignation. This I did.

At the adjourned meeting a letter from the organist was received, tendering his resignation, Dr Robert Staines-Wood is the son of a D.D. and I believe his father's brother was late Dean of Ely Cathedral. He was born to £600 a year, but a dishonest trustee defrauded him. He is very sensitive if he is not treated with the respect due to a gentleman. But alas! People never remember what you were: they only know what you are: and if he has gone down in life, he will be treated accordingly by the unsympathising world. But owing to a natural impatience of temperament, he has had the misfortune of offending most of his choir, and several of the gentry – and there lies the whole secret.

Fri. Jan. 3 1872 – Spent the evening at Dr. and Mrs. Mackenzie's at Belgrave House. The sea has knocked a hole in the Esplanade wall, just opposite the entrance gate of Belmont, and the boiling waves russing [*sic*] in and back again, have carried away a quantity of the esplanade, and excavated an immense hollow. They are putting in faggots and stones to stop it temporarily. About eleven years ago a similar hole was made a few yards west of this.

Sat. Jan. 4 – The following, from Lethaby's Sidmouth Journal of this month, is a sequel to my former article on Names, Old and New. I think I am wrong in saying they got the Asherton Estates by marriage. I now think the Carslakes bought the Asherton property, but got the Colmaton Estates through Miss Bamfield.

Sidmouth. 1873

Tu. Jan. 7 – Took a walk on Salcombe Hill to look for worked flints. Observed the scattered-sling stones round the great stones. [June 1. 1871]

Noticed also several, (at least three) pieces of broken sling-stones. These had not been broken by the frost, but by a violent blow, as the strike at the point of impact shew'd. I think that these strengthen the idea that a contention occurred here. Brought back on to shew to Mr Heineken, Out over on the open heath to the north-west of this field, I found a large flake, having he “bulb of percussion” very strong. This gives hope for finding something more.

This evening I went to a ball at Mr. and Mrs. Bayley's at Cotford. It was a cram. Some said there were 180n people there. The supper was splendid: the ladies still more so. Not home till quarter past three tomorrow morning.

Fri. Jan. 10. So the Ex-Emperor Napoleon is dead. He died quite unexpectedly to his medical men, If we take a broad view of his career, it must be allowed that France prospered under his rule.

Sidmouth. Jan. 1873

Sat. Jan. 18 – A lad called Selley brought me a fossil tooth, which had been found a little way outside the Esplanade wall, opposite Belmont, near the west end of the beach. By some carelessness they broke it in three pieces, but I can cement them together with shellac dissolved in some naphtha. It is stained of a dark gray colour; probably from having lain in a bed of dark clay, which lied under the shingle, all along the opposite the Fort Field, This bed of clay had never been uncovered, and never seen by the oldest inhabitant, till this winter, I gave him two shillings for it.

Fri. Jan. 24 – Another tooth! A boy called Frederick Bartlett brought me a much worn tooth, also stained dark gray. He said he found it lying on the bed of clay. I gave him a shilling for it. Apposite the eastern verge of the Fort Field and Fort Cottage, the appearance of several stumps of trees, rising out of the sand or this stratum of gray or blue or variegated clay, has attracted considerable attention. I have noted their places down, and I have remarked that there seem to be lines of stratification in the clay. The trees appear to have been firs [added later: alder]. Must we suppose that there was a forest here, in which mammoths roamed, but which has gone down by the sinking of the land? The stumps are uncovered at half tide, and the furthest are from 55 to 60 feet outside the wall – [see March 18 1873]

Wed. Jan. 29. 1873 – Took a walk to High Peak Hill. The wind was from the east “and sharp enough to cut a snipe in two, “ but exercise soon made me warm. Hunted about some ploughed fields near the cliff, and found many flint flakes and cores. On the slope, near the top of High Peak, I found a jin tethered to a peg driven into the ground. The jin had gone off, and in its iron jaws it held half of the hind leg of some unfortunate rabbit. The cruelty of such an act cannot be expressed in words. I look upon jins as remnants of the barbarism of the dark ages and a disgrace to the period in which we live. If wild animals are wanted to be caught – catch them; or if they should be destroyed – destroy them: but don't lacerate or mutilate them. On a piece of note paper I had in pocket, I wrote the words – “Think of the cruelty of setting jins” and fixed it to the jin. These words from an unknown hand, and the bleeding evidence, I hope may have their effect on the farmer or his labourer. When he comes to see what he has caught. In another place I found a looped wire set in a rabbit run; but I undid the loop, and went on.

Sun. Feb. 2 – A violent gale of wind last night from the north-east. It kept me awake for some time. About one I heard a loud noise. The Oak room chimney was blown down. It fell on the roof, but went no further, Never do I remember such a continuance of boisterous weather

Tu. 4 – Early this morning, about half past three, there was great fall of cliff opposite the Chit Rocks. Frost and rain are bringing them down. The owner of Sea View has got what I call a diminishing estate.

Wed. 5 – Went in a carriage with the Edes and called on the Bayleys at Cotford, beyond Sidbury; and then we drove along High Street to Harpford, and called on the Gattys at the Vicarage. The country is very much covered with snow, there being scarcely any at Sidmouth.

Tu. Feb. 11 – Attended the funeral of Miss Ridout at Powys. I think her mother was a Miss Floyd, an aunt of the late Sir Henry. There were at the funeral, Wm Floyd, Captn Robert, and Captn Henry, brothers of Sir John; Richard Kennet Dawson, whose younger brother married Miss Florence Floyd last year, and self. Miss Ridout was born Feb. 23 1780. I think it was so on the coffin plate. Polished oak coffin with brass handles, and a carved oak cross patée screwed on the top. I have heard she was at school in Paris at the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1789.

Sa. Feb. 18 – Attended at the office of Messrs Radford & Williams with the will and other papers of my late cousin William Oliver, Rector of Stapleford, near Hertford, who died January 25. His mother was my father's sister. His widow and daughter sent them. His daughter Elizabeth Mary, and only child, is executrix, and I executor. Signed the papers, and made the necessary declaration. Estate estimated at £6971., 4.,10.

Mon. Feb. 24 – After a fortnight of steady north-east wind, which dried up the country most beneficially for the farmer, and even made the roads dusty, and during which I have taken several long country walks to look for flint implements, as at Sidbury Castle, Peak Hill, Salcombe Hill, but found nothing but a few flakes, a core or two, and such like, we have today a violent snow-storm. It did not cease all day. Went by appointment to Cottington, and Lord Sidney Osborne shewed me many new objects through his microscope – some from this neighbourhood. He also shewed me the photograph of a most powerful magnet, just contributed by his friend Lord Lindsay, in London. It is almost dangerous for incautious people to meddle with it.

Tu. Feb. 25 – So Spain is again in a state of anarchy. When Amadeus was elected king, two or three years ago, it was hoped that a better state of things was in store for that miserable country: but the minds of some men are so debased, that all his mild and constitutional measures were unappreciated by them. He quietly resigned on the 11th and has withdrawn to Portugal.

Sat. Mar 1 1873 – Sir John Kennaway of Escot, Bart, has just died. My late father bought the lease of my house No 4 Coburg Terrace of him in 1825, wh I turned afterwards into a freehold. I think he gave £600 by way of fine, and 3 or 4 guineas a year as ground rent, the lease was for 99 years, or three lives. House property now is not worth one half it was then in Sidmouth. In short, if I were to try and sell it now, I should probably have some difficulty in getting £400 for it, even as a freehold.

Fri. Mar. 14 – Took a walk on Peak Hill and on the slope of Pin Beacon beyond to hunt over some ploughed fields for worked flints. Passed over several fields and found nothing and began to despair. At last I got to a field on the further side of the dip between Peak and Pin Beacon. Near the top I found a space, over which I observed many flakes and other pieces, evidently fashioned, though rudely, by the hand of man. In short, I here and in some other places, picked up a core, five scrapers of the thumb-flint type, more or less discoidal or oval; four scrapers of longer form, used at the rounded ends and some at the sides; two hollow scrapers; a half circle scraper; and some others, and flakes – in all twenty. I must go there again.

Tu. Mar. 18 - Cut the annexed out of the Exeter Gazette Telegram

Th. Mar. 20 – Went again to the inland slope of Pin Beacon Hill, where I was on the 14th. Brought away nothing but a rough and jagged lump of flint, about two inches in diameter, which had evidently been knocked out on purpose. It is of black flint, whereas the flints of the hill are light coloured: and therefore it has probably been brought from the chalk at Beer Head. Such lumps of flint are likely to have been made for sling-stones or other missiles. I have now found nine of them in different places, in this neighbourhood.

Returned by striking across the hill to Mutter's Moor. I remember the hollow of Mutter's Moor when it was a picturesque dell all heath and furze, with a spring of water at the bottom. It is now in two fields of about seven acres each. It struck me that the old Britons of the Stone Age might possibly have resorted to the brook, and have chipped flints by the side of it. So I took a hasty turn up and down the lower field, which was in turnips and bare, for I had no time to go today to the upper. I saw several flakes in different places, and a beach pebble or two – very likely to have been slung at some wild animal, and I was gratified at finding a pick or perhaps gouge, nearly four inches long, and one and three quarters in diameter at the butt end. I must go there again.

Fr. Mar. 21 1873 – Went to Cottington at eleven A.M. and made a drawing of the jaws of one of the Rotifers, as seen through the microscope, for Lord Sidney Osborne. Had an early dinner with him and the Misses Osborne, and then made another.

Th. Mar. 27 – Could not get away on our first archaeological expedition until to-day. Last year we managed it on the 21st – Mr Heineken and myself went to examine the long earthwork opposite Hangman's Stone. (see back Augt. 9. – 23, Oct. 8. 1872) We ascended by Trow Hill. There is a large triangular field on the right, towards the upper part, belonging to the Lord of the Manor of Sidmouth. I got over the hedge, and met the carriage at the top. Saw two or three beach pebbles like sling-stones. I do not see how beach pebbles could get there, unless they were really sling-stones, sling perhaps at some wild animal, for they were exactly the pattern of the undoubted sling-stones found in the cave at Sidbury Castle. [Mar. 28. 1864] We then went on to the Three Horseshoes, where we alighted. We wanted further to examine the southern half of the Cross Dyke, so we walked down the red line A, and returned by B, as shown in the plan at Aug. 23 1872. We observed many sling-stones and flint flakes, and secured one or two scrapers. At C there is something like a return or angle of the Dyke, but it is too faint to be quite certain about. We then proceeded to explore all along the north side of the road, nearly following the red line D, which I had traced last August by myself. The west point E of the earthwork is very faint, as it is in a field long under the plough, but the eastern end is plainer, as the land has only recently been taken in. The N end E almost looks as if it curved round towards the road. If it did, it may have proceeded across the road, in the direction of the hedge F, but it is impossible to say with certainty. This earthwork furnishes food for consideration. After taking all the points of the case into account, it appears to me (and to Mr Heineken) that the Cross Dyke, 2000 feet long, drawn across the ridge of the hill, and with its ditch on the east side, was constructed by the inhabitants of the country, and probably by those who occupied Blackbury Castle, to keep back an enemy, expected from the east, and possible some invader entering the mouth of the Axe. The earthwork, on the other hand, flanks the road, and perhaps the west end crossed the road and followed the hedge F, its ditch was on the north side, which was not without its meaning; and hence it seems that this work, which we can still trace for nearly 1000 feet, was thrown up by the invader, who was pushing his way westward – who had made the ditch on the north side, pointing to Blackbury Castle, and who, in case of need, could secure a retreat to the coast, under its protection, The two tumuli near its east end, the British sepulchral won in Crossway Close [Sep. 26. 1859] and the number of sling-stones and flint flakes

which we found all about from the Cross-Dyke to Hangman's Stone, shew plainly that this spot was much occupied with the early tribes, and is likely to have been a field of some contention.

We took our refreshment in the open carriage, on the down across the road opposite Hangman's Stone, looking northward, up the valley towards Northleigh, for a good view enhances the relish, and in order to be consistent, we cut up our sandwiches with flint flakes.

We went and looked at Hangman's Stone, which Mr Heineken thinks may have been one leg of a cromlech – quasi Hanging Stone – and close beside it I picked up a large beach pebble of gray flint about five or six inches long. On examining it, I observed that both ends shew abrasion, as if it had been used as a hammer or pounder. Mr H. has it.

We then decided on returning. My fellow labourer is not the man he was a few years ago, and he has passed his three score and ten, so we kept to the road with the carriage, now and then going into a field to look about, whilst I, who am still a boy, turned in at Hangman's Stone, and followed the red line back over hedge and ditch, and joined him near the . I made this rough walk to examine the fields, to see if I could discover any earthworks on the south side of the road, but could not see any. I found him filling a bottle out of a pond, providing diatoms and rotifers for Lord S. G. Osborne's microscope. We got home by seven P.M.

The Countess of Buckinghamshire was buried today. As I went down to Mr Heineken's. I passed through the churchyard and looked in the new vault just made. It was about five feet wide, and seven feet long, and seven or eight deep, outside the south door of the chancel.

Tu. Ap. 1 1873 – Went to Cottington at 11 A.M. and made two coloured sketches of the jaws of rotifers. Had an early dinner with Lord and Lady Sidney, and the Misses Osborne.

Wed, Ap. 2 - Accompanied Miss G Osborne to Mutter's Moor to search for flint implements. We found a few but nothing very valuable.

Wed Ap. 9 – Took a drive with Mr, Mrs and Miss Ede, of Lansdowne, and Mr W. Till, of 2, Seafield, to look at the railway, now making. The station, between Broadway and Bulverton, is to be made on a field called Worland, the same spot, I presume, with the Wourlonde mentioned in the Cartulary of Otterton, and quoted in the second volume of my History of Sidmouth, under the head RADWAY. Wingerewe or Dingerewe, another place mentioned, I have not yet identified. They have diverted the public road through the field, so as apparently to skirt the station, (when it is built) round its eastern side. We drove on past Bulverton to Bowd, where nothing is yet done: then a mile further on the Ottery road, and turned down towards the Otter, a mile above Harpford. Here, Mr and Miss Ede and myself alighted, to walk back along the line where made. They are diverting the course of the river, by cutting across the elbow under a high bank. We walked up the line into Harpford Wood; and a rough walk it was, for the cuttings and embankments are only half formed, and in some places they are very high and deep. We came out at Bowd, and walked home by the road.

Fri. Ap. 11 – Good Friday. At the parish church. Received the sacrament

Sat. Ap. 12 – Went to the Ottery Road Station with two of Mrs Maitland's nieces, B. and Lilly Ritchie, she not being very well. Saw them safely in the train for London.

The carriage back to Sidmouth was not to start for two hours, so I would not wait, Got into an omnibus that was going three miles to Ottery; the remaining six I walked.

Sun. Ap. 13 – I saw the first swallows of the season to-day. In about a week we can expect to hear the cuckoo.

Tu. Ap. 15 – Walked along the banks of the Sid, as far up as Burnt Oak and back, to look for mammoth teeth and paleolithic flint implements. Found a piece of chert about six inches long in the bed of the river, one end of which seems to have been chipped round. If this should prove to be the case, and if it had have been washed out of the bed of alluvium through which the river as cut its way, it would be a paleolith. But the best proof would be, to see it dug out of a gravel pit.

Sidmouth. Ap. 1873

Tu. Ap. 22 – Meeting of the committee at the London Hotel, to discuss arrangements for the Devonshire Association, next July, as it is arranged, to meet at Sidmouth. Most people look upon this as a mistake. In this small place, there are neither resources nor accommodation nor public spirit for such a meeting.

Th. Ap. 24 – Mr Heineken and myself made our second antiquarian excursion this year, by going to Harcombe and Blackbury Castle. We drove to Stephen's Cross, Snogbrook, Harcombe, and then up Harcombe Hill, where we hoped to find tumuli, but we were disappointed. On the open heath I picked up a smooth beach pebble, perhaps slung at some wild animal. Further on, in the ploughed fields, I found two or three of those jagged lumps of flint, met with on the Sussex Downs, and on the Yorkshire Wolds, and supposed to be manufactured sling-stones or hand missiles. A blow from one of these would give a very serious wound. In another field I met with a scraper of the "thumb-flint" type. We pushed on to the farm called Long Chimney, a corruption of the words Longue Cheminée, a road, alluding to the long, and once dreary Lyme road, or the track over Broad Down. We passed Rakeway Bridge, as some think, from rhac, British, a ridge, as the Ridge-way, and took another look at the Lovehayne tumulus, in Stone-burrow-plot. Then to Blackbury Castle. Never saw the interior so bare. Nearly all the trees have been felled. The field on the west has been recently ploughed for the first time. Hunted over this and the field on the south. Observed some sling-stones and some flakes, but the day has not been prolific.

Returning home it was very cold, though I heard the cuckoo on Harcombe Hill. The N.E. wing blew sharp, with a slight fall of snow. Stopped and measured the great-stones in a curved line in a field on Salcombe Hill. The line is 30 feet 8 inches, and from the side stone to the hole inclusive, is 20 feet. It is to be much wished that the others will be let alone. I am at a loss to know what this was, if anything.

Sat. Ap. 26 1873 – Made an experiment this morning at flint drilling, I drilled a hole through one end of an oval eye-glass, as in the sketch, I did it with sharp points or splinters of flint; but it was better not to have the point too sharp, as it splintered back and became blunt. One point of a cube I found to work best. It occupied more than an hour.

Had luncheon at one with Mr, Mrs and Miss Ede at Lansdowne. Drove with Mr and Miss Ede and the two Misses Osborne to the lane under Sidbury Castle. We all climbed the east end of the hill: examined the "Treasury," a cairn so called because money is supposed to be under it: then the interior of the camp: the place where the deposit of sling-stones was found [Mar. 28 1864] and lastly

the original entrance. We descended the south side of the hill to Brook Farm, and then to Sidford. There is an immense block of flint conglomerate on the south side of the lane, between the farm and the village – nine or ten feet long, and larger than any I recollect to have seen, though there are many large ones on the hills. We go back by half past six. I dined at Lansdowne.

Tu. Ap. 29 1873 – Went for the third time to Pin Beacon Hill, where I was on the 14th and 20th of last month, Found a roughly worked piece of brown chert 6 ½ inches long, like a pick, some scrapers, and many flakes, Went by Mutter's Moor and returned down Stintway Hill.

Tu. May 6 – Took a walk to the top of High Peak Hill. The rains and storms of the past winter have saturated the earth, and there have been two falls of the soil. From the exposed end of one of the aggers, at the north-eastern end, being the second from the most northern one, I extracted one of those angular lumps of flint, evidently knocked out on purpose, though roughly, and supposed to have been used for sling-stones or missiles of some kind. I saw a portion of it exposed in the perpendicular face of the end of the agger towards the sea, and fancied I discerned the flaking. This made me determined to get at it, though I had to climb outside, I was about two feet below the surface.

The above sketch of the hill, looking at it from Sidmouth, exhibits the aggers in an enlarged or exaggerated form. The first or outer agger is like a short outwork: the second, where I got the missile, the same: the third is larger and longer: the fourth is the inner agger of the camp, all the camp having fallen into the sea, except these remnants. The stone was two feet below the surface, and must have been buried there when the agger was made. This is interesting, as shewing that this worked flint is as old as the camp. The charcoal bed, [Sep. 13 1848] is almost all gone by the falling away of the cliff; and the bone bed [Sep. 29 1871] is fast going.

Wed. May 7 1873 – As I am thinking of making a new will and of leaving my MS., History of Sidmouth, Diary, Sketch-books and some printed books to the Free Library attached to the Exeter Museum, I wrote to know the form of bequest, and annexed letter is the reply.

Sidmouth, May 1873

Tu. May 13 – Mr Heineken and myself took a walk on Salcombe Hill. We went to the field of the Great Stone. [Jan. 7] O got on the stone, and ascertained that, elevated in this way, I got a panoramic view, and could see the old camps to the east and north, as well as to the west. We looked at the tumuli, and decided on attacking the southern, or most perfect one, having got leave. Near there, on each side of the trackway, (where I have put small circles in the plan, Jan. 7) Mr Heineken called attention to a number of rings about 10 or 12 feet in diameter on the open down. First and last we made out nearly fifty. The furze formed the ring, but the area inside was mostly heath. At first we thought they were iron pits. [Oct, 10 1862, July 26 1865, July 5 1872] This idea, however, we at length abandoned, because they were not pits at all, for their interior areas were flat and level. In short, we at last came to the conclusion that the group more resembled the traces of an ancient British village than anything else we could name. we determined on visiting this spot again. [Added in 1879] Not a British village. Places where peat had been burnt for the ashes. Oct 28 79

Tu. May 20 – The Vicar and Mrs Clements drove me over to Hayes Farm and back. We went over Peak Hill. As we passed "Fox's Corner" I told them the story of my seeing the open grave of the first Mr Lousada at the top corner of the garden, inside where the roads meet – that is, the road up Peak Hill, and the lane behind Peak House. When we were lads, I was one day in the garden with George

Gutteres – to whom there is a memorial window on the south side of the church. We were slowly sauntering up the path, looking for strawberries that grew on each side. This path at last led us to the corner; and the strawberries having ended, I looked up, when to my surprise, I saw before me an open grave. There were boards round it, if not over it, just like a new-made grave in a churchyard, and I involuntarily gave vent to some exclamation. My companion, however, stopped me by saying, rather mysteriously – “Uncle means to be buried there.” Some time afterwards “uncle” died, I was, I think, on a 29th of February, being a leap year; but what leap year, I cannot now remember. The relations, however, did not comply with his whim. The pit was filled up, and his body was removed to London to be interred in some Jewish burial ground, He was a very kind old man, and though I was but a mere boy, he would invite me up there to dinner, without my father and mother. His late wife I never saw: she was removed before my time. They used to give large balls at Sidmouth, sometimes not very select, according to common report. Once when Mr and Mrs Lousada were at an evening entertainment in London, where they spent a portion of their time, I have been told that some gentleman among the company came up to Mrs Lousada and entered into conversation with her. She, however, was rather distant, for she did not recognise him: so he began to explain that he had the pleasure of being at one of her grand balls at Sidmouth – “Perhaps so” replied she “but we invite rag-tag-and bobtail down there.”

On we went over the hill – through Otterton to Bicton Cross, where we turned down to the left, and soon arrived at Budleigh. We went and looked at the church. On opening the south gate of the churchyard, I missed the old slab that used to lie on the grass on the east or right hand side of the path, some six or eight yards above the gate. The tradition informs us that one **Radulphus Node** made himself a pair of wings and tried to fly. He launched himself into the air from the top of the church tower but flew no further than the spot where the slab lay, which marked the place where he fell – where he was killed – and where he was buried. It is said that the slab bore the inscription – ORATE PRO ANIMA RADULPHI NODE. I could not see any inscription on the top, but there might have been one underneath. However, the slab is gone. The sexton’s wife told me that it had been used in some part of the grave of a person of the name of WILLIAMS, across the path and higher up. I remarked that there was such a grave there, made in 1855. Another bit of carelessness was committed a few years ago in the church, when a portion was re-seated. The old date 1537, carved on one of the fine bench ends, for which this church is celebrated, used to be on the north side of the middle aisle, opposite the Raleigh or Rawley tomb, but it has now been moved to the north transept, or a portion of the interior, which answers to the north transept. This is the more to be condemned, because was close to the Rawley slab, and it is said that the family occupied that seat. How few clergymen there are who are fit to take care of the property entrusted to their care. They seem to think that they have a freehold, and that they may do as they like. They forget that in reality they have only a short leasehold; and that they stand in the place of trustees, to hold the property for the good of their successors. The name of the present defaulter is Adams. Let his name be known. Went on to Hayes.

Sat. May 24 – The Queen’s birthday. Flags flying on the staff at the front of the cliff over the mouth of the river Sid; at the Preventive Station, Old Chancel, and on one or two private houses; with the bells in the church tower ringing merrily.

Took a walk to Core Hill. The place where the Railway Station is to be is now a great brick yard, where they are making bricks for their own works. Made for the point of Core Hill over the fields and the hedges, after passing High Street. There are traces of an old pond or else some sort of earth work on the top of the hill at A. It looks something like a ditch and agger, as of a cross dyke, only it

does not descend down the sides of the hill, with the agger towards the point of the hill. Near this work I saw two beach pebble sling-stones, and picked up five jagged lumps of flint, a scraper, and one or two flakes. I had not been on this hill since we "beat the bounds."

Mon. May 26 – There was a partial eclipse of the sun this morning between 8 & 9. Though the light of the day was not much obscured, there was that peculiar soft colour in it, generally accompanying eclipses.

Mr Heineken and myself drove to the top of Salcombe Hill. He first took a photograph of the megaliths or great stones on the south side of the road; then another of the great stone in the field on the north side [Jan. 7]. Then we examined two of the circular patches out the many on each side of the track way. We had to men with spades and pickaxes, and they dug and cleared out two. We wanted to find traces of ancient occupation – whether indeed there had ever been a village here – but nothing whatever was discovered. [May 13] A new idea suggested itself. Query – whether General Simcoe, when he had his army encamped on Woodbury Hill, at the commencement of the century, may have posted a detachment here, to watch the valley of the Sid? [June 14 1861] We propose to examine these places again.

We then set the men on the south side of the most southerly of the two tumuli. The northern one has been cleared away, all but a ring of flints. A trench was opened and run inwards. It was all flints. There appeared to be a pavement of large flints, with traces of charcoal: but we were driven away by showers and violent wind. – See June 6.

Fri. June 6 = Salcombe was again the object of a visit, as we were not satisfied at the last. [May 26] The weather was dull and hazy, and unfit for photographing. We examined two more of the circular patches, but did not discover any evidence of occupation or habitation. It is true, in one we turned up half of an ancient flint flake and a sling-stone, but there was nothing conclusive on this, for both flint flakes and sling-stones are to be met with on the open heath, left there by the ancient inhabitants. IN each case we dug a trench about 18 inches wide, and down deep enough to reach the original soil that had never been disturbed. There was about 3 inches of black mould, 6 of mould with angular flints, and we then penetrated 9 more into the yellow clay with flints. These circular patches still continue a great puzzle. If they mark the places of ancient huts or wigwams, surely some traces of occupation would be found, such as traces of fire, or flint chips, or rude pottery; or if they occupy the sites of soldiers tents, in more modern times, one might expect to meet with traces of fire also, and perhaps cinders, pieces of broken plates or dishes, cups or saucers, or fragments of tobacco pipes. Nothing of the sort however presented itself in any of the four circles which we examined. Several old men who have been questioned, all declare that they never recollect soldiers being encamped on the hill, and never heard of such a thing. Some remember hearing of the alarm that existed in Sidmouth about the commencement of the present century, when invasion from France was imminent, at which time General Simcoe had his army on Woodbury Hill. Mr Richard Stone, the worthy tax gatherer of Sidmouth, (whom everybody is glad to see, for he always walks into the house so smiling) says he has heard his late father describe the consternation, and preparations that were made for removing all the women and children inland and away from the coast: and Frederick Smith, one of the men working for us, said his grandfather (whom I remember) told him that soldiers were direct to be ready to lie in ambush in a natural chasm or hollow that flanks the upper part of the road, where it is steepest, on the right or higher side. This chasm is now in a cultivated field, but then all open heath. The other man working for us broached an idea that is worthy of attention. He said that perhaps those round places are spots where they had been burning

turf. It is sometimes the custom, though not very common, for the turf to be pared off to the depth of three or four inches, where the land is going to be brought into cultivation, and to burn this turf in heaps. This plan was adopted in the Albert close so called, belonging to the Feoffees, close by, though I think it was not done in the field where the great stone is, also close by, where the sling-stones abound.

This process is called “cutting and burning” though Chappel, in his observations on Risdon, speaks of it as **den-shiring** or **shearing**, and implies that the name of the county Denshire, or Devonshire, originated from the words, as if the practice so exclusively belonged to this county. All this we may smile at and put aside. The circular patches are scattered over a space through which the trackway runs, over the top of “Mill Town Lane”, above Sid (pronounced Seed) measuring about 450 paces by 467. In diameter they vary from six feet to twelve. The interior is either grass or heath; and it is curious to see how thick the furze grows in a ring all round, and yet how persistently absent it is from the middle. As the root of the furze runs so deep in the ground, and is very difficult under ordinary circumstances to destroy. I still find it hard to understand how the fire should have killed it so effectually, or why it should refuse to return to these spots, though grass and heath do so readily. The case is still somewhat mysterious.

About this time the Misses Osborne came up. I had put a branch of a tree on the barrow, with they could see with a glass from Cottington, as mark. The trench was proceeded with, and carried beyond the centre at A in the plan. At this point Miss Georgina Osborne found an egg-shaped beach pebble like the sling-stones in the cave at Sidbury Castle.

This was not met within a vase or kist-vaen, or with the bones or other remains, but loose among the flints. If it had been found with the remains it would have been important; for down to the present time no sling-stones have been met with in these mounds with the actual interment, which is one circumstance that has left antiquaries to assert that the ancient Britons did not use the sling. The case stands in this way – There is not proof that they did: but there is no proof that they did not. Mr Heineken found another in another place, but as this barrow appears to have been tampered with on the crown, or possibly opened, the sling-stones may have been thrown in then, as they are met with about the hill.

A large Budleigh pebble was picked up at B, and here there occurred a bed of charcoal 3 or 4 inches thick, under a sort of pavement of larger flints than the rest of the barrow, This charcoal was not in the centre, but several feet south of it. Apparently it had been swept up in a heap, for it only covered a space of about two feet in diameter. This had never been disturbed, for the disturbed part was in the centre. The great pebble had two pieces split out, perhaps by heat. We could not discover and remains of bones or bone dust among the charcoal. The charcoal was of oak and fir. Two white quartz pebbles were met with near the charcoal – one about an inch in diameter, and a quarter thick, and the other spherical, half an inch through, with a small fragment split out, and blackened on one side with the fire. Some white quartz pebbles were found in the bone bed or refuse heap at High Peak Hill [Sept. 29 1871] and other places, but their purpose or uses are a mystery.

A few yards north of this mound is a tumulus destroyed. [Jan. 7] We set the mend to dig in the centre of it, to see if there was anything beneath the surface, but we only met with the soil of the hill.

Sat. June 14 1873 – The Hon^{ble} the Lord S.G. Osborne invited me to dinner with him today, and when dinner was over, he asked me to go into the next room with him. Here he uncovered a profile

medallion of my own face and head, looking to the dexter side, about half life size, which he had been modelling in clay at different times without my knowing it. I confess I was considerably surprised. He then made me give him a regular sitting, in order to perfect some of the uncertain touches. I did not know my nose was so long. My father had a large nose; and I presume some of my ancestors had. One of them, perhaps my great-grandfather the Governor, had been away on some official business, and was expected in Boston in Massachusetts on his return by water, on which occasion some American joker put the following lines in the paper –

To-day the North-west pinnacle was finally fixed on the church tower. All the other three being ready, they will be proceeded with at once.

Tu. June 17 1873 – Woodbury Hill; and the first trip there this year. Mr Heineken and myself started this morning at ten. Our last visit was May 3, 1872. Having ascended Peak Hill and attained Otterton, we stopped to look at the new church, which was erected on the foundations of the old one a couple of years ago.

We were told that the church cost Lady Rolle £13,000. Ham Hill stone is used a great deal in the exterior. There is a nave, chancel, and two side aisles; and the tower is curiously placed at the south-east corner of the building, or on the south side of the chancel. The lower portion is now the vestry. At this part of the church, formerly, there was an old altar tomb to a member of the Courtenay family. This tomb has disappeared. From a sketch taken by Mr H there was a recess or piscina over it.

The two brasses, once in front of the communion rails, fixed in the floor, where I took rubbings of them, are now in the parish chest. They ought to be refixed. One recorded the death of Sarah the wife of Robert Duke, Fen 2, 1641 and the other that of Richard Duke, April 19 1641. Both the work and the materials of the new church are very good. The columns down each side of the nave are black veined Plymouth marble, some 18 or 20 inches in diameter, very handsome and of one piece. The capitals are of white stone; the subjects being very well carved. One over the north door represents "The Four Ages of Woman" being four female faces, one a face covered with a veil or shroud, with the features seen through. I was much delighted with the execution of the pulpit in white stone: the correctness of the forms, the accuracy of the outlines, and the sharpness of the angles, are much to be praised. The roof is of pine, stained and varnished; but there is a pleasing absence of those long stiff straight lines that offend the eye in some churches I could name. All the work is good, and of the second Pointed or Decorated. In the churchyard, (which has been enlarged towards the east end) there are ten yew trees, the largest and oldest near the S.E. corner, measures 9f 1in at a foot above the ground. A piece is decayed out on the west side of the trunk. Had it not been for this, the trunk would have been more than ten feet, and would have been nearly as large as the yew on the lawn at Hills' cottage, near Salcombe House. In trying to calculate the age of trees by counting the rings of yearly growth, Mr Heineken and myself a short time ago examined two sections of limbs or main stems of the yew, and being a slow growing tree, with very thin rings, we counted as many as from 30 to 33 rings in an inch. The rings must only be counted from the centre to the circumference, as from the pith to the bark at A, in the diagram; for if they were taken all through the diameter, from A to B, the same rings would be counted twice over.

A tree of nine feet circumference, or three feet diameter, or 18 inches the semi-diameter, at 30 layers or rings to the inch, would be 30 times 18, or 540. If there were 33 to the inch, it would be 33 times 18, or 594 – very nearly 600, the age of the tree. But this one at the S.E. corner was above ten feet; and that at Hills Cottage is 10,, 6, whose semi-diameter is 1,,9, which at 33 to the inch is 693, for the age of the tree. The most westerly tree is 8,, 6, one foot from the ground. So much for trees. I

looked again at the altar tomb of Richard Green the ship-builder, represented at work at one end of the tomb, and a ship at the other. I have a sketch of him taken in 1849, but he has much decayed since. Saw elsewhere an inscription to Richard Abbott, drowned in "the great flood" in 1753.

We then went on to East Budleigh, and took another look at the church. The slab over **Radulphus Node** [see May 20] according to the Sexton's wife was about 12 feet above the top step, or 16 from its centre. The yew tree near the south porch is 7f, 1 in at a foot above the ground. Inside the church there is a handsome tablet in white marble to the name of Reade. I regret I did not copy all the coats of arms on the bench ends. I observed Dennis, Courtenay, and some others. There is an ancient ship at the S.E corner.

We also stopped at Hayes Farm as we passed along. The farmer complains bitterly of the trouble and interruption, and annoyance that visitors cause him and his family by calling when they are busy, and demanding to go up to see Sir Walter's room. They want to deny everybody, and put a stop to it. I told him that it was impossible to destroy the fame of Sir Walter Rawley, and that the best way would be to make a profit out of it, and charge so much a head for admission. They ought to have busts and portraits of Sir Walter, pictures of his exploits, some of the potatoes that he brought from South America, and the very baccy pipe that he smoked.

After than we proceeded to the open heath, and discussed our sandwiches on the small conical hill near the road. I did the same here April 20, 1864.

This mound has been dug into on the top. No one, I imagine, could have mistaken it for a tumulus: it is a natural hill. It was a beautiful situation for luncheon, with the wild heath all round. In a little valley with some damp ground to the east, there was an abundance of the **drosera rotundifolia** or sundew, and of the **Eriphorum angustifolium** or Cotton grass. Attempts I believe have been made to spin this cotton into thread, but the fillaments are too short, or otherwise unfit. We discovered four barrows which we had not seen before. The two on the west of the mound were each about 20 feet in diameter, and three feet high. No 3 had a trench run in from the north margin; but it looked more as if they had been digging for a fox, or for rabbits, than for a kist-vaen. No 4 is doubtful.

After this we proceeded to the three copses [See May3, 1872] and then south to the three barrows. These three barrows seem to be composed of pebbles and earth. They have been tampered with on the top. I dug on the middle one, and was surprised to find that most of the pebbles I turned out were split and blackened as if by fire. A careful search has also discovered pieces of oak charcoal on, in, or about most of the disturbed barrows on these hills, and it is worthy of remark that in the present day, the oak does not grow here, or is amongst the rarest of trees. We then espied another a little to the west of south of them; and then another, just across the road on the east. This last is 44 in diameter, and three feet high.

We have long desired to look for British villages or hut circles, or the remains of refuse heaps, or other traces of ancient habitation on these wild hills, and this was one of our points of investigation to-day. We therefore turned northward and followed an old trackway all across the moor, but could not see any circles, or circular spots of different vegetation, that might indicate wigwams or huts. We were rather surprised at not discerning, either by the eye or glass, any traces of the sort. The ancient tribes must have abounded here. Wood bury Castle is at hand, and if their burial places lie scattered about. Neither could we anywhere discover anything like a flint flake, though the Sidmouth Hills abound with them. It is true, this hill is not on the flint district; but flint implements must have been used here. Any flint implement found here, especially if black, would be interesting,

as it must have been brought from a distance. The geological maps shew patches of greensand at Black Hill and Woodbury Castle; but the only flints are white chert. On the west side of the trackway, at about 357 yards south of the cross roads (Woodbury road) we noted down an new barrow, apparently untouched.

We pushed on to Woodbury Castle and walked about it, but discovered nothing new. I cannot learn that any antiquities of any value have been found here. We turned south to the Carfoix (where the four tumuli covered with trees are) and then returned home through Yettington, We saw Portland light very bright when coming down Peak Hill, for it was getting dusk.

W. June 18 – “Waterloo Day.” The Sidmouth Benefit Club held their festival and Mr Thornton allowed them to resort to his grounds at the Knowle.

Went down to the stonemason’s yard, and had eight of the bosses at the corners of the pinnacles photographed. These eight I believe will comprise all the patterns, though there are sixteen bosses in all. Miss Osborne carved one of them, the subject being dry leaves – I doing the rest. I intend that hers should be at the SW corner of the tower. [added later – **It is there**]

Today the Shah of Persia arrives in England, This is a notable event, as it is the first time in the history of the world that a successor of Darius ever came to Europe. May it enlighten his mind, and do his country good.

Friday, July 4 – North east pinnacle put up.

Sunday 6 – Last Spring, twelvemonth a young sparrow, having fallen out of its nest into Mr Heineken’s garden, in the High Street, opposite Warwick House, the servant picked it up and brought it in. With small hopes of its living they fed it, but it survived, and became wonderfully tame. It slept out of doors, but all day long, when a door or window was open, it was continually in and out. It would follow its benefactor everywhere – flying after her, and perching on her head, or a shoulder, or eating out of her mouth. Mr Heineken had one of the panes of glass in the kitchen taken out, and made to open like a door. This year “Jackie”, as they call him, has a family of his own, and as long as this little window is open, he is continually in and out after food. To-day they left the window open, and noted down how many times he came in, and made it 237, though this did not include a number of times when they were not there.

Tu. July 8 – Mr Heineken and myself went to have another examination of the cairn or barrow on Salcombe Hill. [The same as June 6] We merely went on in an easterly direction from B to the point C, as in the former plan. We met with a flint flake or two, but they may have rolled down from the top, though found at the bottom.

Th. July 10 1873 – The south-west pinnacle was put up.

Sat. July 12 – The Shah of Persia leaves to-day. He has almost been killed with kindness. It would take a volume to record all the places and buildings he has visited, or enumerate all the splendid entertainments that have been given to him. He and his prime minister will take back with them much valuable information.

Th. July 17 – The south-east and last pinnacle put up. It is close to the turret. The old pinnacles, now removed, were put up 60 or 70 years ago by the churchwardens’ stone mason, in place of the

original ones, which were decayed and partly destroyed. These temporary ones were of no known style of architecture.

There was a touch of Roman, if anything; but they were contemptible on a Gothic tower; and yet I was very much abused when I first proposed to remove them, and put up new ones of more correct pattern. And those who talked loudest were those who were the most ignorant of the subject. The four new ones were to cost twelve guineas each, but the bases were found to be so rotten, that new stone was required, which will increase the expense. They measure, from the lower side of the boss A, to the bottom of the embrasure B, on the average, 4f.,3in and from the lower side of the boss to the summit C, 9f.,1in.

These measurements may however vary and inch in different pinnacles. They have been given by four residents – the Earl of Buckinghamshire; the Rev, H.G. Clements, the Vicar; Dr Radford; and Mr Thornton. There is an iron tube down through the centre of each, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and eleven or twelve feet long. I doubt the policy of so long or so thick a tube. The hole at the top is stopped. Some people suggest four small vanes, stuck in these holes, and the removal of the present ugly weathercock (dated 1809) from the turret. The patterns of the bosses consist in ivy leave, oak leaves and acorns, vine leaves and grapes, &c. The last I did, which is on the same block of stone with Miss Osborne's at the SW. corner, and over the clock face, is a cat with a mouse in his mouth. The subject was suggested by a somewhat similar one in the Chapter House at Lichfield. [Sketchbook, Oct, 28, 1864] The height of the tower to the top of the battlements is about 75 feet. I once made it 75,,6, but perhaps the cord stretched. The Ordnance Level is 99.4 above mean tide, reduced to the datum at Liverpool.

Mon. July 21 1873 – Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, died on Saturday, killed by a fall from his horse.

Tu. July 22 – The Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, &c, met at Sidmouth to-day, the Right Hon. Steph. Cave, President. He read his address.

W. 23 – Reading papers. We converted the large upper room of the Town Hall into a Museum, which was a great success. The house at Broadway, called the Manor House, was open to exhibit pictures, &c. The annual dinner was held at the London Hotel. In the evening the Vicar had a soiree at the Vicarage.

Th. 24 – Reading papers. Read one on Submerged Forest, and Fossil Teeth. A brilliant luncheon at Mr Thornton's at Knowle, and beautiful weather.

Fri. 25 – A few excursions were made in the neighbourhood, All the particulars are in the volume for the year.

M. Aug. 4 1873 – Went with Lord S.G.O. to Miss Radford the Lace dealer, who lives on the south side of New Street, so called, to see some lace. It consists of a flounce, which is being made for some lady of high degree. It is about 14 or 15 inches deep and is several yards long. It is valued at fifty guineas a yard. It is the most beautiful I ever saw. I like it better than a flounce made for one of the Royal family a few years ago, and which I was at Mrs Hayman's. I do not know how many yards long that was, but the whole was valued at three hundred guineas. It was for the Queen.

Th. Aug 7 – Edward Bartlett the fisherman is again in trouble. He has been frequently before the magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. This time he has got a sentence of two months imprisonment with hard labour, for violent conduct and assaulting the police. He managed to get to the beach, when he launched his boat, and stood off the town to watch events. The police went down and wanted to follow him, but none of the fishermen would launch their boats. Towards evening he went right off, and it is believed he was steering for Guernsey.

Sat. Aug. 23 1873 – I never saw a tailor's yacht before. I have seen a tailor's goose and a tailor's shears – but a tailor's yacht, floating on the water, no never. I was at the Coast Guard Station, in the upper room, where the commander was shewing me a rather curious belt containing pockets for money and ammunition, and the outside covered with Spanish and American silver and gold coins, fixed there partly as a reserve fund, and partly as a protection against a pistol shot, to be worn under the waistcoat out of sight, and two knives or daggers with solid silver hilts and scabbards, highly embossed – the whole belonging to an English gentleman, just returned from a long residence in central America, and for a short time in Sidmouth. He happened to come up whilst I was looking at his things, and we had a chat about America – I telling him however that I had only been in the northern part. And then I saw a vessel on the horizon in the direction of Portland, and steam was issuing from her, and she seemed to making for Sidmouth. And what was she? She was a steam yacht belonging to Mr Hill, a tailor of Bond Street, London, who in his younger days, when he was a poor fellow, married a sister of my tailor Mr Edwin Barratt, of Church Street, Sidmouth, who is a son of my former tailor, and my father's tailor, and who was Clark in the parish church, as the said Edwin is now. Mr Hill's mother, I am told by old people, kept a little huckster's shop in Cullompton. Somewhere between 1844 and 1846, when I was a good deal in London, he was living in a small house in a back street near Portland Road and Clare Market, and I think one of his wife's brothers lodged with them, who used now and then to do a tailoring job for me. These two tailors worked first at one place and then at another.

Fri. Aug. 29 – About six weeks ago a troop of the Army Service Corps arrived in Sidmouth with their waggons and horses from Aldershot, on their way to take part in the Autumn manoeuvres on Dartmoor. They left their waggons on the open triangular piece of ground between the church and the Fort Field, and the men and horses were billeted on the public house keepers. To please and accommodate Mr Piper, who keeps a public house in Western Town, and who did the mason work of the Old Chancel, I gave him the use of my stable at No 4 Coburg Terrace. To-day I did the same thing again, and two horses were placed there for the night, the troop being on its way back to Aldershot, towards which place they resume their march tomorrow. They have had a good deal of very boisterous weather on Dartmoor.

Lady Sydney and Miss Osborne, with the Hon Mrs Portman called, and looked around the Old Chancel. They were there an hour or more, and expressed themselves much amused at what they saw.

Tues. Sep. 2 - Had an early dinner at Cottington. Afterwards went fishing in a boat with Lord S.G.B. The wind was N.W. and squally, but the sea pretty smooth. The boatman first pulled us over to Ladram Bay, when we let out our lines for whiting Pollock, but my lord pulled up a mackerel and I did the same. Thinking this fish abounded most, we took in these lines and threw out others baited for mackerel, and then I caught three young gurnards, one after another. We went on to Chizzlebury or Chesilbury Bay, beyond Ladram bay; and then we sae the "two-penny loaf", a solitary rock on the reef at the back of the cliff, which I had not seen for many years; and passing that we approached

Otterton Head, or rather the point this side called "Brandy Point", because in former days it was one of the usual places where the smugglers loaded brandy kegs. It is the point seen from Sidmouth beach. Returned after having been out nearly four hours.

Thurs. Sep. 4 – Went into the ham of field near the river to see what Mr Dunning was doing in the matter of the new gas house and coal depot and got into conversation with him. Whilst there, we were much amused at seeing a cow walk out of a neighbouring carpenter's yard with a chair upon her head. She had strayed into the yard through a gap in the fence, and whilst examining the various articles she met with, she had thrust her nose down through a hole in the seat of an old rush-bottomed chair. In lifting her head, her left horn got caught under the top bar of the back, so that the higher she lifted her head the higher she lifted the chair along with it, and consequently she could not extricate her nose. The workmen turned out and had a good laugh at her and then took it off.

Sat Sep 6 – the papers say that at last, after many efforts, the French yesterday paid to the Germans the last instalment of the £200.000.000, the war indemnity. This great sum has been raised in about two years and a half by taxes and loans. The Germans have also got Alsace and part of Lorraine, with 1.500.000 of people. This is a bitter dose for the French and they have been vowing vengeance accordingly – at which the Germans smile.

Mon. Sep. 8 – Went to Belmont Villa, Dawlish

Tues. Sep. 9 – After breakfast took a walk to the Bishop's parlour, now called Coryton's cove. Tradition says that one of the former bishops of Exeter delayed too long and got caught by the tide here – and hence the name. Why are the Dawlish people so silly as to change an old name which has a legend attached to it, for a new one which only has the name of an evanescent dweller near the spot.

Wed. Sep. 10 – Walked to Little Haldon, by way of Luscombe and so up the hill. Examined the camp. See no alteration since I was there last. [June 30 1871] Hunted the camp over to try and find some flint implement but could not. Also hunted the ground around and near it, to no purpose. It is however, still all heath, not having been ploughed. Examined some gravel pits south of the head of Smallacombe Goyle close by. Observed that the top stratum of angular flints and yellow clay resembles the capping on the Sidmouth hills, but in addition to which, mixed bodily with it, I picked in situ, many white quartz pebbles, black shortaceous pebbles, and fragments from the breccias of the red formation underneath as if all stirred up together.

Th. Sep. 11 – Walked to the warren by way of the beach. Observed the damage done to the railway wall last winter. And the Dawlish station was burnt a month ago, supposed to have been set on fire by the luggage train about ten in the evening.

Fri. Sep 12 – Took a walk along the ridge of the hill pointing from Dawlish church towards Mamhead, to see whether the barrow which I have visited before was still untouched. It is on the left or west side of the lane, and a quarter of a mile south of Langdon. The field is this year in potatoes. They have been digging round the barrow too close, and thereby encroaching on it. Its diameter is now 40 feet and its height 7 or 8. There is a depression on the top as if it had been tampered with; but I doubt whether the centre has been reached or disturbed.

I hunted over all the fallow bare fields for flint flakes struck from a core, but could not detect a trace of a single one. To find anything of the sort here, made of black flint, would be interesting; because the chalk district, from which they must be derived, is so many miles distant. Beer head is the nearest chalk, the chert or white flint on Haldon would supply them at need but the black flint splits or flakes the best.

Returned the same way; that is by taking the path fields along the ridge of the hill above the strand at Dawlish. "The twenty six fir trees" on the highest part of the hill, are now only twenty three.

Sat. Sep. 13 – Strolled about and called on several friends

Sun. Sep 14 - At the parish church in the morning. This church is now under "restoration" as it is called. I hope it won't be destruction, as it is too commonly the case. The north and south sides of the chancel are all open to the weather, and they have been throwing out north and south transepts. In the afternoon there was an examination of the school children in Bible history and other things by the vicar, the Rev Orlando Marley, at St Mark's chapel of ease, to which I went.

Mon. Sep. 15 1873 - Returned to Sidmouth through Exeter.

Thurs. Sep. 18 – Having let my house, No 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, to Mr and Mrs Merrington for 3,5 or 7 years, commencing on the 29th, I had a sale of my furniture today, the tenants recovering some of the articles, and I taking one or two out into the Old Chancel. Thus reduced the proceeds were £88 15 0.

Fri. Sep. 19 – Some visitors here went out in a boat for the purpose of catching blin, a species of rock whiting. It so happened however, that they pulled up one of those cephalopods, the octopus, or eight-footed creature. It hopped about so much in the boat, that the sailors put their coats upon it to keep it down. The party were very much frightened, not knowing what awful looking creature they had got, the sailors never having seen one before, so they hurried back to Sidmouth and got on shore. It is furnished with eight legs, (and hence its name) or rather arms, which rise from its head; and these are set or studded with a double row of circular hollows or pits which act as suckers. In the middle is the mouth, having mandibles like a parrot's beak. With these it is able to break through the shell of a crab. This specimen, which was about 18 or 20 inches long, is rather smaller than one that was caught here in 1845, and which I saw dissected by Lady Dowling, a friend of Mrs Maitland, who then occupied my house. She dissected out the mandibles, and as far as I recollect they were like the sketch I have made above. Some of the large specimens of the octopus within the tropics are said to attain 20 feet in length, and terrible stories are told of their catching human beings within their long arms.

Tues. Sep.23 - Branscombe was the place to which Mr Heineken and self went today. Warm and summery was the weather. Mounted Salcombe hill: stopped at Slade to examine the hydraulic ram recently erected. It is down in the valley in an orchard, more than 200 feet below the level of the house; but by little and little it sends the water and fills all the tanks. The only other hydraulic ram I have seen was at Caverswall Castle in Staffordshire: May 6, 1865. After leaving Slade we proceeded to Bury Camp, where we had so often been before. – Ma7 1858

Examined the earthworks again all round. The most perfect part of the foss is at the West or rather North-West end, at A. At B also it is very perfect, though less deep, and both A and B are overgrown with bushes. At D a modern hedge occupies the dotted line, and the foss near filled up. At E the

vallum is all in grass like the camp, with several breaks and all ploughed down. We went beyond the hedge F and looked into the chasm leading to the chalk quarries, now recently abandoned. On returning through the camp, we gathered a few mushrooms, but I refrained from eating them, as I do not wish to be poisoned before my time. But we also gathered and took home a number of large brown puffballs, some nearly as large as my fist. I have heard that they make artificial lightning at theatres with the dust of these things, by puffing it over the flame of a candle – (I must try) – and the country people use the soft interior as a styptic to stop the bleeding when they cut themselves. Then drove on through Branscombe without stopping and on reaching the lower part of the village we wheeled round to the left, and climbed the hills towards the North. We were in search of an earthwork, some said an ancient camp, on one of the hills, but our directions had not been sufficiently definite, so we stopped like lost sheep. And in one of the lanes we met a fine sheep covered with beautiful clean wool, which we concluded had broken out of some field. To our surprise it ran up to us and allowed us to stroke its head and play with it, for it was quite tame. Some of the views amongst these steep hills and deep dells were worth coming a long way to see. We followed the red line in the annexed map. Failing to discover what we came for, we got into the great road and returned home, passing near the western end of the earthwork A (see Aug. 23. 1872) and through the Cross Dyke B.

Mon. Sep. 29 – Michaelmas day. Cold North-East wind. Mr and Mrs Merrington took my house No 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, for three years.

Wed. Sep. 30 - Had dinner at Cottington. In addition to the usual party, the Rev. R. Godolphin Osborne was there. After dinner, in the drawing room, his lordship showed me the top half of a skull that had been taken from a barrow in Dorsetshire. It was of very low type: receding forehead, and boney ridge over the eyes. Its particularity is that it has an open suture down the middle of the forehead. This peculiarity is more common than some assert. Some say that not one skull in 1000 has it: but research has shown that one in 30 may have it in certain catacombs, and one in even less in others. It is however, rare.

Th. Oct. 1 – Spent the evening at Mr Heineken's.

Fr. 2. – spent the evening at Radway, Miss Jenkins niece of the Lord of the Manor.

Sat. 3 – Having obtained more information, we started again for the hills above Branscombe. We went by the Three Horseshoes and followed the blue line to D. We took another look at the earthwork A, and then stopped at C, where an ancient British sepulchral urn was ploughed up many years ago. (Sep 26. 1859; Aug 23 1872). We went into the field, which is called Crossway Close. The plough probably destroyed the remains of a tumulus. The spot was close to the hedge of the lane, where there is a rise in the ground; and on pacing, I made it 57 paces above the lower hedge. The pieces of the urn were scattered, and the only fragment I saw, I made a cast of. Mr Power of Elverway had it. We found eleven beach pebbles, like sling stoned in this field, but only brought some away. Of course we must always bear in mind that such pebbles might be brought in manure, or on seaweed from the beach, when that is used – but this spot is rather far for sea weed, and a labourer said they never brought it there. We also found a few flint flakes.

Leaving this spot we proceeded to Woodhead, where the view is beautiful towards the sea; and then to the east side of the work D, where we enter on the level. We had been assured that this was an ancient British camp of great importance, but the result of two journeys only convinced us that we had come to discover what is called a 'mare's nest'. There is a perpendicular wall of rock, being

yellow sandstone of the Greensand formation, about eight or ten feet high, running round the south point and west flank of the hill. If this had been a camp or hill fortress, this work ought to have been carried all round, so as to have made an enclosed area: but this does not. It is all open on the north and east sides. A labouring man told us he believed it to be only an old stone quarry, and appearance seems to confirm the assertion. We lay in the grass field on the crown of the hill and discussed our mid-day meal – we discussed the situation and the nature of the work – we walked round it and examined it – we picked up a sling-stone or two and a flint flake or two – and then, not a little disappointed, returned home by the same route as we went.

Th. Oct. 9 - Spending the evening with Mr Heineken and remembering that we had measured the perpendicular wall of rock at Branscombe by reaching up with a stick, we made some experiments in measuring. I believe I am 5 feet 9 and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and by standing with my face to the wall I could stretch sideways 5.10, which is a little more than my height. I could reach up 7 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to the top of my middle finger. And I could reach 9 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ with a three feet walking stick in my hand, as in the lower figure. This last however might vary, according to how much one might grasp in the hand. This of course is not very accurate measuring, but it might do upon some certain occasions. In measuring upwards the heels must bear on the ground. Mr Heineken I believe is an inch taller than I am.

Sat. Oct 18 – This afternoon we took a walk out on the Exeter road for half a mile or more to look for the site of the ancient Asherton mansion – the Ascerton of the Otterton Cartulary six centuries ago, and for a length of time the seat of the Harlewyn family. The late Captain Carslake of Cotmaton told me that Asherton was situated between Brewery Lane to the South and Cox's Lane on the north, though it may not have comprised the whole of this ground. He said there was a rough place in one of the fields where he thought the old house may have stood. Mr Heineken and myself hunted over two or three fields on the crown of the hill but could not discover any indications. We came out on the west side where the railway station is making.

Fri. Oct.24 – Went over to Beer to see C. J. Williams who is again there. It was a journey similar to that of October 8, last year. Left Sidmouth about ten; mounted Sidmouth Hill; got into the great road at Trow; pulled up at the Three Horsehoes and gave the driver a glass of ale, though I daresay he would have been just as well without it, and proceeded to the Dolphin Inn. Learnt here that he was on the beach, - where I soon found him. The sun was bright and it was quite warm. Saw Mr Rattenbury, son of the great smuggler, whose biography was published many years ago. A life of this one is in contemplation. Spent a pleasant day. Left about six. Stopped at the Horsehoes to light the lamps. Got back to the Old Chancel about quarter past seven.

Tue. Oct. 29. – Spent the morning at Mr Heineken's.

Th. Oct. 30 – Dined at the Vicarage. Besides the vicar and Mrs Clements, there were her brother Col. Clements, from the north of Ireland, and his wife (nee Markham, descended from the former Archbishop of York of that name), Miss Clements of Sidlands, Miss Quinn (daughter of the late Admiral Quinn), Col. And Mrs Hawker of 2 Eaglehurst, Dr Radford of Sidmount, Miss Lousada of Peak House, Rev. B. And Mrs Baring-Gould.

Fri. Oct. 31 – At home writing my 'History of Sidmouth', which, however, goes on too slowly, there are so many interruptions. Visiting runs away with too much valuable time. I have only now got as far as the account of the 'BOUNDARIES'.

Sat. Nov. 1 – Dined at Mrs Mackintosh's at Villa Verde. Present Miss Mackintosh, two Misses Gwynne, Captain and Mrs Hamilton, Aurora Cottage and their niece Miss Macdonald.

Music in the evening.

Mon. Nov. 3. 1873. – The following is an abstract of the will of the late Mr Rd Thornton of Cannon Hill, Merton, Surrey. I took it from the Illustrated London News of August 5, 1865 (See forward Aug. 19.1887 for Will of his son at Sidmouth)

Personalty £2.800.000

To his nephew Thos Thornton, all his freeholds and lease holds.

To his nephew Rd Thornton, West of Duryard and near Exeter, appointed residuary legatee 300.000

To Mrs Simpson, sister 100.000

To Mrs Pulford (daughter) 300.000

To his son Rd Napoleon lee of Knowle, Sidmouth, who dropped his mother's name and took that of Thornton. Rumour says that Napoleon III was his godfather. 400.000

To his daughter, Margaret Lee, m 100.000

To his daughter Eliza Lee, m 100.000

To nieces and Ellen Thornton, each 30.000

To widow of his nephew Robert West 20.000

To nephew Edward Thornton 10.000

To nephew Richard Thornton 10.000

To William Devry 10.000

To Joseph Devry 10.000

To his clerks, each 20.000

To the nurse 1,000

To the servants, each 500

To 24 Charities, each £2.000, in all 48.000

[Newspaper article pasted in: 07.11.1873 'Sidmouth breach of promise case']

The congregation of the Independent chapel held a meeting on the 10th to consider whether he should not be dismissed; but by a large majority (especially amongst the women he had flattered) they voted to return him. He continued in Sidmouth until July 1878.

Sidmkouth Mon. Nov. 24. 1873 – Yesterday morning about three or four o'clock, a Coastguard-man called Russell, returning from Ladram Bay, fell over the cliff where it is nearly perpendicular and went down 154 feet to the beach. It was on the Ladram Bay side of Peak Hill. When he came to his senses he found that the waves were approaching him, and he was afraid of being drowned. He dragged himself nearer the cliff and called for help. At last he was found by another coastguard-man who was on the Natural Arch. A boat was got out and the unfortunate man was rescued, and brought to Sidmouth before daylight. Wonderful he was not killed on the spot. Besides having one leg broken, he does not seem to be much hurt, and is likely to recover.

Tu. Dec. 2. – An attempt is being made to found a new Choral Society here. Delivered nearly 50 circulars, inviting people to join. Spent the evening at Radway.

Wed. Dec. 3. – Dined at Cottington with Lord and Lady S. G. O., Miss E.G.O and Miss G. G. O.

Th. Dec. 4. – Received a fine pheasant from Lady S. G. O. Spent the evening with Mr Heineken. Made several rubbings from two crosses from Dunkeswell Church, and which are going to be re-fixed there. One records the death of some members of the Vicary family, from about 1596 to 1604, the names being Richard the Elder and younger, Lawrence and Wenefred. The other is a coat of arms, the tinctures not given, as in the margin. I am told that these arms belong to the name of Vicary.

Fri. Dec. 5. – Spent the evening at Landsdowne, with Mr and Mrs Ede, and Miss Swan, whose sister is the wife of an English clergyman, who serves a protestant church in Paris.

Sat. Dec. 6. 1873 – The following is the abstract of the Will of George Edmond Balfour, (of the firm of Heugh, Balfour and Co. Manchester) Lord of the Manor of Sidmouth, dated 23 Nov. 1868, Deceased 29 July 1869: Proved in London Sep. 17. 1869 [**Illustrated London News 2.10.1869, p.338 -See scans 0756-8**]

Mon. Dec. 8. 1873. – There was the first meeting for practice of the new Choral Society this evening, in the schoolroom of All Saints Church. Present 39. I hope it will hold together better than the old one did ten years ago. That one was broken up because everyone wanted to play first fiddle: - which failing in human nature made some witty person to say that there was no instrument in the world so difficult to play as a second fiddle.

Fri. Dec. 12. - After breakfast walked out to Packham, or Packcombe, as some think it should be written, and paid Mrs Mitchell for some of that stuff that the Phoenicians are said to have introduced into Domnonia, peradventure 1000 years before the Christian era – to wit Devonshire cream – and which is said still to be found in the Lebanon, as it is found here round Dartmoor.

Wed. Dec. 24. – Had luncheon at one o'clock at Cottington off venison. After which the misses Osborne accompanied me down to the Old Chancel, where the afternoon was spent in carving oak by the one and drawing by the other. When it was too dark to see to work, we wound up with coffee and cake. A very pleasant afternoon truly. Such are the bright spots in life.

Th. Dec. 25. 1873. – Christmas Day. Wore a white rose in my coat which I picked this morning in the garden. Except one or two short spells of cold, the autumn has been mild.

POH Transcripts - 1874

Jan. 1. 1874, being a Thursday, came in mildly, and suggested most of the common-place reflections that occur on such occasions. This is the time of year when people make good resolutions and all the rest of the year is the time when they forget them.

Wed. Jan.7. 1874. – Mr Sutherland, agent for the trustees of the manor, having shown me some interesting old maps of this parish and discussed some of the historical events connected with it, spent the morning with me, when we went deeper into these subjects. Talking of Harbour projects, I gave him lithographed copies of the plan of 1837, wherein two piers were run out over the Chit Rocks, to enclose an area of ten acres. He then surprised me by asking whether I would sell to the trustees the houses and land I had here? They have been buying up many detached pieces of land recently. The alleged reason for the application was, that they contemplated forming a handsome road from All Saints church to the parish church, and that my land stood in the way. I said I had made the Old Chancel my amusement, and did not wish to part with it; that I had not yet completed my plan; that the only consideration which would induce me to part with it would be that I had no children to leave it to, and my late brother's children in South Africa did not seem to care about coming to England; but that the matter must at all events stand over for the present.

Th. Jan. 15. – A very enjoyable afternoon at Lord and Lady Sidney Osborne's at Cottington. Miss Osborne, Miss Minley [?] or Mary Cornish, (youngest daughter of Charles Cornish J. P. of Salcombe House) Miss Helen Balmain (2nd dr of General Balmain of Camden) Mr Harding and Mr Heineken sang. The misses Osborne at two harmoniums, and Mr Heineken on double bass. The music was from Elijah.

Tu. Jan. 20. - So, Sir John Coleridge has been raised to the peerage, who would have thought of such a rise in such a short time? Or supporting a prime minister through a reckless, if not a mischievous course? Until the poet raised the name, it was scarcely heard of beyond the limits of the parish of Ottery St Mary. Sir John got his name of Duke from the Duke family of Otterton. One Miss Duke married Yonge of Puslinch near Yealmpton, and is still seated there; and another married Taylor, whose daughter married Coleridge. The next died single and there was no male heir.

Sat. Jan. 24. – There is a nice little struggle going on here just now between the trustees of the manor of Sidmouth on one side, and Mr Dunning on the other, who recently bought the gas works, up on Land, and afterwards the Ham, and is beginning new gas works near the river. Some say the trustees are vexed in seeing the gas works slip through their fingers, which they meant to have bought, and that we may guess the reason of the opposition. Mr Dunning has also put out a plan for the construction of a harbour by means of piers; and this is opposed by them too. Having known Sidmouth beach in fair weather and foul weather for so many years, some of the reasons put forward by new men as to the injury it will do in affecting the accumulation of shingle, appear to me very frivolous. It is amusing to see how some people, who were praising Mr Dunning to the skies only three months ago, for a liberal and public spirited man, having discovered that the trustees must not be offended, have now turned right round, and are hurling abuse at him. The local Board too, by voting strong measures in one direction at their meeting recently, and then rescinding them at the next, have raised the laughter of the town against them.

The earliest plan of a harbour in the Ham, was long ago described to me, as a basin, and with an entrance between stone piers from the sea. The river Sid could be turned into the back of it. The

scheme of 1837 contemplated a basin (like the Cob at Lyme) formed by two stone arms or piers, and enclosing an area of ten acres. It was over the Chit Rocks, at the West of the beach. Another scheme, about 1857, had reverted to the Ham. This one had an advantage of an inner basin, as well as an outer, and the connexion between the two could be closed.

For Mr Dunning's later harbour plan, see the design, on a larger scale, in MS History of Sidmouth, IV. 170.

Fri. Feb. 23. 1874. - Bells ringing at Sidmouth, and great guns booming, it was said, at Portland, which could be distinctly heard here. It was to announce the marriage of His Royal Highness Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna, only daughter of the emperor of Russia. It takes place at St Petersburg. The Bride cake was made here in England, and weighs two hundred weight. She is to have £75,000, and £9,000 a year. And the English parliament will endow the Duke. Who could not get married on such terms?

Sat. Feb. 7. 1874- The streets in the town are just now almost impassable. New gas pipes, of larger bore, are being laid down everywhere by Mr Dunning up one street and down another. And the local Board have now undertaken the laying of the main drain; starting from the cross drain to the sea exit, at York street, it runs all up Fore Street, throwing off branches at New St, Church St and old Fore St, and higher up at Mill Lane (now the Saints Rd) it proceeds out into the country, past Sand, as far as Cox's lane. I have obtained the following particulars:

Depth at which the drain is laid.

Depth of drain opposite York St	7ft	9inches
Russell St	6	0
Church lane	8	0
Castle House	9	0
Mill Cross	7	0
Vicarage	6	0
Elysian Fields	4	0
Brewery Lane	10	0
Ascerton fields, up on land	6	0
Cox's lane	3	0

Up Mill Lane, by new people called All Saints Road

Depth of drain at Mill Cross, as before 7 0

Oaklands, once Green Mount of Belle Vue 3 0

The Gradient or rise, up through the town.

Rise from York St to Russell St	1 in 78
Thence to Mill Cross	1 in 60
Thence to Vicarage	1 in 135
Thence to Cox's Lane	1 in 51

To carry out this work the local Board have borrowed £1100, secured on the rates.

Mon. Feb. 9. 1874. – So the Siamese Twins are dead, which made such a noise in the world, and has been shown about in various countries and finally settled down in America. They were born in Siam, but closely united side by side with a ligature. After they had been brought as curiosities to Europe it was proposed by some to separate them; but it was decided that their lives would be endangered as a perceptible circulation past between them. They made a good fortune by exhibiting themselves. When I was in New York in February and March 1837, I was one evening walking up Broadway – the left, or West side – by lamp light, and I saw two boys get out of a carriage, and walk across the flagstone sidewalk into a house. I happened to come up to them just at that moment. I thought they were carrying something heavy between them, for they shuffled awkwardly. I was told afterwards that it was the Siamese twins. I had no time to examine whether they were under one coat or two. The most extraordinary event of their lives was their marriage or rather marriages, for they married two women, and I believe had families. It caused much remark and some joking in Europe. I doubt whether it could have been done on this side of the water. Their domestic arrangements must have been of rather a novel kind.

Sat. Mar. 14. 1874 – So the great Tichborne case has come to an end, after 188 days. In this second trial, in which the government, on public grounds, are said to have expended £170,000, the man, believed to be Arthur Orton, alias Castro, formerly a butcher of Wapping, claiming to be Sir Roger Tichborne, Bart, has received a sentence of fourteen years penal servitude. – see May 11. 1875.

Wed. Mar. 18. 1874 - New moon and spring tides; and a very high tide has been foretold. Not only are the sun and the moon in line with the earth, but I believe Mars is in line also, or nearly so. The tide at Sidmouth, however, has not been higher or lower than I have seen it before, if so much so. But the lower parts of London, as Thames Street, Wapping, and the southern side of the river, have been several feet under water, and the lower parts of the houses inundated. Great damage and distress in consequence.

Fri. Mar. 20. 1874 – At the present time there is a great revolution in process going on in this country. No doubt, as history teaches us, prices have been gradually and uniformly advancing ever since the Norman Conquest; but all at once, within the last two or three years, they have made a sudden start, and some articles of consumption are nearly double what they were. Three or four years ago, Newcastle Coals, brought by water, were 26 shillings a ton (they were 24 not many years before that) when they quickly went up to 40, 42, 44, and reached 45 in Sidmouth. There were great strikes for higher wages in the coal and manufacturing districts, and this was the immediate cause; but some ascribe the strikes, in some measure, to fluctuations in the money market, owing to the great influx of gold into this country, consequent on the great discoveries in Australia and California, and which gold has not found its equilibrium yet. Everything else has advanced, though not in so marked a degree. The making of our branch line of rail has increased wages. Labourers who earned two shillings a day, now get three. On the line they get 3/6. Building stone from Hook Ebb, which I

had for the Old Chancel, was 2/6 per ton, now 3/-. Poultry, eggs, butter, cream and all sorts of farm produce, are now at London prices. This was caused by opening the Great Western and the Bristol and Exeter railways, and afterwards the South Western, for quantities of farm produce are every week sent to town. I have heard my late mother say that she at one period gave half a crown for a fine couple of fowls, but now they are from five to six shillings – which is fully as much as London. For 30 years house rent has been going down, whilst prices have been rising. Decrease of population and stagnation in trade, have marked the latter years of Sidmouth; but the opening of the branch rail will probably improve house property, and perhaps bring down the prices of some things.

Mon. Mar. 30. 1874 - There is a report this afternoon in Sidmouth that Bicton House is on fire. Were I sure it were true, I would hurry to the top of Peak Hill and look: but knowing from experience that false reports are so plenty here as blackberries I will wait. Bicton was consistently written Buketon and Buckinton. The manor was conferred on the family of Janitor or Door-Keeper soon after the conquest for the service of guarding the gate of the Jail at Exeter Castle. Some people, even our grave historians, have run away that the jail was at Bicton; but it is time that this notion was abandoned. Others, by a still more extraordinary mistake, have contrived to place it at Harpford; but how they got this impression I cannot imagine. The manor afterwards went into the possession of Dennis and from Dennis to Rolle. The late Lord Rolle was the last of his name. He left no children. I never saw him but once and then he was on horseback. He had very large feet; and there is an old story going, that George III, joked him on the subject, and said his shoes should be fitted out as privateers to cruise against the French. A rather amusing anecdote as told in this neighbourhood. He was reviewing his troops on Woodbury Hill, who were looking on, derided his soldierly qualities. He happened to ride up, accompanied by his staff of officers, and heard a great altercation between two men. Recognising one of them by his uniform, he called to him and demanded to know what the quarrel was about? The man replied that that fellow was saying disrespectful things of his lordship, and that he was contradicting him. "And what did he say of me?" inquired Lord Rolle. The man hesitated and made excuses, saying his Lordship would be angry if he repeated what he had said. But Lord Rolle insisted on knowing. "Well", answered the man, "if I must tell, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear." "Ho!" cried his lordship, wincing, "and what did you say?" "I zed you was, my Lord".

Wed. Ap 8. 1874 – Concert given by the Sidmouth Choral Society, the first practice of which took place on the 8th of last December.

Tu. Ap. 21. 1874 – Owing to the practicing and the work entailed by the concert, and some unsettled weather since, Mr Heineken and myself did not make our first antiquarian excursion until today. Last year it was March 27. We wished to examine an earthwork on Fen Ottery Hill (or Ven Ottery Hill as they pronounce it) and also to go to Belbury Castle where we have not been since May 31, 1861. Starting at eleven we proceeded by Knowle, Broadway (the house built there by the late Gen. Slessor in 1825 being now pulled down by the trustees of the manor, I suppose to build a new one) and so to the station, now nearly completed and through Newton Poppleford. Instead of going on up Aylesbeare Hill, we turned away to the right or North-West at the head of the village, and in time, and a considerable distance, at last struck upon the road that runs from the Halfway House towards Ottery, being part of the ancient Portway, starting from the mouth of the Exe, and running N.E. by Woodbury Castle, Hembury fort, etc. At 60 paces N.E. from the fork A, a ride or bank runs away from the road eastward, near some gravel pits across open moorland. It may be about ten feet wide and two or three high, and winds somewhat irregularly, as if thrown up in a hurry, or without much engineering care. I paced it and made it near 300 paces long. Its general bearing trends east and

west. At its East end the ground quickly descends towards a valley with a brook at the bottom. At first I thought that it turned south from its east end, but I believe not. Perhaps this work is not much more than 70 years old. It is nearly a mile in rear of the Soldiers' pits,, on Aylesbear Hill and may have been thrown up by General Simcoe about the commencement of the present century, as a point to retreat upon in case of necessity. Or, query – peradventure during the civil wars. We now proceeded half a mile northward to the crown of a wild hill, where there was a fine view, and unpacked our hamper of provisions. The heath has not come out yet, but the gorse is one golden mass of yellow blossom. Steering northward and eastward, we in time reached Belbury Castle. I got over the hedge at the bottom and walked up the sunk road, the old British trackway. We were anxious to search the interior area of this camp to see if we could find any flint flakes. This is important because this is not a flint district, all the district being the Budleigh Pebble Bed. If any flint could be found, it must have been brought there from a distance. We could not find any in the camp; but in the field on the East, we at last met with a core and four flakes of gray flint, and two flakes of semi-transparent chert. This shews that the makers of flint implements had been at work here. On driving home, we stopped at Bishop's Court. Lysons informs us that this was one of the residences of Bishop Grandison – that he granted to his steward John Mercer – that it was confirmed to the Mercer family – that it continued in them until it was carried by the heiress in marriage to the Markers of Coombe. There is a coat of arms cut out of a solid block of oak, about a foot square, standing loose on the mantel shelf of the room with the panelled ceiling. I do not know the bearing but may be able some day to identify it.

Fri. May 1. 1874. – Walked over Salcombe Hill to Salcombe village. Several children accosted me with green boughs in their hands, decorated with ribbons of various colours, and asking for something because it was May Day. A single penny on such an occasion made a group of children happy. At Dawlish it is the custom to dress up a doll in a small cradle and carry it about. Walked across a ploughed field on Salcombe Hill, and by way of searching all the way across it, I found a tolerably good flint scraper of the "thumb flint" type. It was at A, north of the cottage. Went to the vicarage: got the key of the church: went in. Took a rubbing of a tablet fixed in the south wall of the chancel. It is in Hebrew, Greek, Latin and English, erected to the memory of Joanna Avant, a daughter of a former vicar of the parish, who died in 1695. There is a slab to the same name let into the floor below, but I had not time to copy it. Last March a new memorial window, to my late friend the Rev. Bassar Mortimer, was placed at the East End of the north aisle, by his young widow, whom I knew as Miss Stephenson. The window close to it to the memory of Colonel Gray, I had examined before. This church was restored some thirty years ago, when the stonework was scraped of the limewash and some neat windows put in. Disputes arose on the occasion. This is now commonly the case, as questions of high church and low church are too often introduced. A great quarrel also arose owing to the tendency of some of the books in the Parish school at Salcombe. These had been introduced by the Misses Morris, whose father lived at Sidcliff. Mr Christie, who then lived at Salcombe Mount, published a pamphlet, in which he quoted passages from these books, showing their learning to Roman Catholic doctrines and practices, although in a school attached to the reformed church of England. The charges thus brought against the management of the school were indignantly denied – the Morris family went away, and not long after the ladies turned Roman Catholics. The annexed pen-and-ink drawings are from sketches made during the different visits over the hill to Salcombe. When the chancel was rebuilt in 1869, a solid block of stone, of the oblong form, and supposed to have been the ancient altar, was found embedded in the thickness of the wall. It had a wheel pattern with six rays on various parts of it, of Norman character. The workmen, not knowing what it was, cut it up, and placed one portion in the middle of the South wall of the chancel, inside, (the sketch on the preceding page) and another portion outside the north wall. The

snout of some animal, apparently intended to portray that of a pig, is a curious feature, jutting out from the north wall. As may be here seen, there are fragments of Norman, Decorated and Perpendicular work, in various parts of the building. In the angle outside, where the north wall of the chancel leaves the nave, a hole was discovered when the wall was pulled down. On looking into it, which I did, there was a hollow, and it turned out to contain the steps up to the ancient Rood loft. It was not further disturbed. For more about Salcombe, refer to July 13, 1869.

Wed, May 13. 1874 – The Emperor of Russia comes to England on a visit today.

Sat. May 16, 1874. - Had a pleasant pic-nic party in Harpford Wood with General and Mr and Mrs and Miss Alice Balmain of Camden, and Mrs Ritchie and five of her children of the Balsters. The wood was very beautiful but it was rather too early in the season yet. Had both our dinner and our tea under the trees. Rambled from the Keeper's Cottage down to the great embankment of the railway, at the head of the narrow little meadows. Dug up fern roots and seedling oaks and branches; and home. Next 768

Fri. May 22. 1874 – Three of the maid servants from Lord and Lady Sidney Osborne's at Cottington, came to have a look at the Old Chancel. Showed them my curiosities and the building, and ended by taking them up on the lead roof. They were most amused, or horrified, at the sharks' jaws, the pig with eight legs, the Australian skulls, the toad fish, the boa constrictor skin, the bloody swords, taken in 1858 at the Indian Mutiny, the oak carving, the panelled ceiling in the oak room, containing the coats of arms of the lords or ladies of the manor of Sidmouth, painted and girt by me, the mantel shelf, book case, and window cornice, carved by me, and sundry other odds and ends, good, bad and indifferent.

Tu. May 26. 1874 – Lady Claridge, who, with her late husband Sir John, lived here some fifteen years ago, and who has recently returned, called and gave me an East Indian style or writing point, made of brass with a steel point. It is something like that at Oct. 19, 1869, only it has but one writing point. Also, as she alleged, the Gospel of St Luke in Chinese. This is printed on a piece of paper about six feet long and six inches wide, folded up in zig-zag between two pieces of board. Sir John Claridge was Chief Justice at Penang.

Th. May 28. 1874 – This morning Miss Brownell, of Sidlands, called on me with a box in her hand. She laid it on the table in the Old Chancel – opened it, and there was a dead hawk, about the size of a jackdaw or nearly. The feathers were a fine red brown, mottled with black, the legs and feet yellow, and the beak blue. She told me she had been taking a walk with a friend in the outskirts of Sidmouth, that she observed this hawk chasing three other birds, a woodpecker, a magpie and a thrush, that there was a great scuffle among them all, that she hastened towards them during the scuffle, that the three birds had apparently turned upon the hawk in defending themselves and had injured it, for when they flew away, the hawk was so injured that it could only fly short distances and could not rise high above the ground, that she ran after it and caught it by putting her handkerchief over it, and that it soon died. She was going to send it into Exeter to have it stuffed and mounted.

Fri. May 29. 1874 – I was awake this morning before six by the bells ringing. The Queen's birthday kept today. Why do not monarchs keep their birthdays on the proper days?

Mon. June 1. 1874. – This day in 1794, the great victory of Lord Howe over the French fleet took place. My mother's father, (Parker of Harburn) commanded the Audacious, and dismantled the

French ship *Revoloutionaire* of superior force, for which he was made an admiral. He was afterwards made a baronet, for his share in the battle of St Vincent. – Jan.4.1876.

Tu. June 2. 1874 – Went again with Mr Heineken to Belbury Castle. {ap.21,} As there are no flints in that district, we were anxious to see whether we could discover any manufactured flint implements, or refuse flakes within the area of the camp, because if so, it would be a conclusive proof that the ancient inhabitants of that strong hold had brought flints from a distances. The area called ‘Castle Field’, we hunted over some time. This summer it is in potatoes. Whilst so searching, a sketch of Bishop’s Court may be given. We had passed by Bowd, Tipton and crossed the river and stopped at Bishop’s Court, where I somewhat hurriedly took the sketch annexed. At last Mr Heineken picked up a half round flint scraper near the middle of the camp and one or two flint chips. Though they were too few to satisfy my craving, they at all events proved the point we desired to ascertain. I would willingly have searched longer, for I am sure we had not found everything, but we wished to go on to Woodbury Castle before we returned home. We then measured the camp and made a more accurate plan than that published in the *Journal of the Archaeological Association* in 1861, which is I believe the only one published. I walked up the ancient British sunken road, apparently the original approach to the camp. In one place I measured it and found it to be nine feet deep and forty-two wide at the top. On the south and east sides of this camp the road is in the fosse or ditch. At C we made the hedges, which are the old aggers, nine feet high and the width about nine yards, but on the north and west sides of the ditch and inner agger were obliterated when the camp was destroyed. The red line on the plan shows where the old inner agger apparently ran. The farmer, Samuel White, who lives at Castle Farm just below (son of the old man who first showed us Belbury Castle), told us that he had dug up a stone nearly square, about fourteen inches across and six or eight thick, near the camo and it was at the farm. So we went down and examined it. It is at the back of the house at A, at the end of the passage B. It seemed to be of blue lias on scraping it with my knife. I think that the nearest place to fins blue lias is somewhere near Yarcombe. He also said that it was only a little way below the surface when he found it. At first I thought it may have been an old hearth stone, but it did not show any marks of fire, I think it may have been used for grinding corn or other grain, especially as the top surface was smooth if not somewhat worn. He likewise said with respect to the sunken road, that it could be detected at several places running northward, by the old sand and gravel pits, the vicarage, the carriage drive of which was partly in it, past Oldridge (Mr Potter’s residence), through Mr Buller’s plantation and so to Streetway Head. We then drove on south by west along the ancient Portway, past ‘Brickhouse’ to Half Way House and along over Hockland Valley to Woodbury Castle, called in at the little cottage. They had not found anything but a coin in the garden. It was only a token. The woman gave me some flowers from her garden and we went on. We had intended to examine more of the open heath but a shower from a thunder cloud following the heat of the morning stopped us. We drove home through Yettington, and Otterton, having been out nearly ten hours.

Sat. June 6. 1874 - Attended a sale of the east part of Little Radway field, divided into 8 lots. I have put the prices on each as they were sold. Before the west part was built on, I believe, the widow of the late Rv. Wm. Jenkins asked £400 for the field. Cutting it up has produced much more. Since made one row of houses.

Th. June 11. 1874 – Had an early dinner at Cottington. Spent the morning with Mr Heineken. After supper we spied at a small comet, scarcely visible to the naked eye, which has made its appearance unexpectedly, and, as I am informed, not known to astronomers. It is near the lower point of a triangle, the other two points being the Pole star and the nearest of the Great Bear. Between ten

and eleven it is at about 34 degrees above the horizon. Knowing now where to find it, I can just discover it with the naked eye. The tail is very faint and only from a degree to a degree and a half in length. We are told, however, that during the next month it will grow in size.

Th. June 18. 1874 – At some un known early period among the small hours this morning, I was awake two or three times by the rumbling of thunder. There was a welcome shower of rain yesterday evening, but it ceased too soon. All nature is thirsty. The grass is drying up and turning brown: the ground is like hot powder: the flowers in the garden are backward: and all the vegetation wants rain. We have had very little since Christmas. Even the winter was comparatively dry. At six the church bells rang out because it is ‘Waterloo Day’, disturbing young gentlemen a little too soon after the thunder. They borrowed an old Royal standard of Col Andros of Somerton, and hoisted it on a flag staff on the tower. There was a strong north-east wind blowing, and the tail or ‘fly’ of the flag being too long, caught in the south-west pinnacle, and tore it: so they took the flag down, leaving some red bunting on top of the pinnacle, and hoisted a small white ensign instead, which they borrowed at the Preventive station. Col. Andros is descended from a brother of Sir Edmund Andros, formerly governor of Massachusetts, and some eighty odd years before my great grandfather was, the colonel’s wife, Mrs Andros, was buried today.

Tu. June 23. 1874 – Met Miss Osborne in the Salcombe fields. She was going to Sidford with some strawberries for a poor person. Accompanied her there through the fields, coming out opposite the church. Came back with her the same way.

Sat. June 27. 1874. – All the past week has been very rainy, with occasional thunder storms. Very welcome the rain has been everywhere, for all nature was parched with thirst.

Tu. June 30. 1874– For some weeks I have been occasionally annoyed by the visits of a strange dog, who has made two or three attempts to scratch a hole by the steps going into, what I may call the western back door of the Old Chancel. One day I discovered a great hole nearly as large as a fox hole, with earth, stones and even a brick, all scratched out and scattered about. Surprised at this, I made enquiry. A noise of scratching had been heard in the kitchen, but not suspecting what it was, no notice had been taken of it. I took a spade and threw the earth, stones and brick back again, and rammed them all in tight; not expecting I should be troubled again. Some time after the same thing occurred in the night; and on discovering it in the morning, I had to repeat it again in the same way. I now had the curiosity to see what sort of dog it was; and after some time saw a middle-size saucy, jaunty looking dog, with his tail impertinently high, run across the garden and past the building; and I can remember seeing the same dog in the town – and he began the same mischief again, but he was driven off. I thought it time to devise some plan to frighten him away without hurting him. After looking at the place and considering my materials, I believed I could do it. I fixed a pistol to one side of a board, and cut an oblong hole opposite the place of the trigger. I put the end of a stick through the hole, and in front of the trigger, the long arm of the lever lying on the ground where the scratching had taken place. The lever worked easily between two points or edges, as shown at AB. The short arm C about 2 inches, the long 15. I loaded the pistol with a good charge of powder and rammed down plenty of paper; and as the pistol was on one side of the board, and the dog could only work on the other, he could not possibly hurt himself, beyond a shock to his senses. And it succeeded perfectly. About three in the afternoon a loud report was heard. Nobody saw him run away: but if I may judge by his feet marks on the gravel, he tore away at no ordinary pace. On examining the place, I observed that he had scratched a little, and then got hold of the lever. Probably it is the first pistol he ever fired.

Mon. July 6. 1874. – Today the Sidmouth branch railway was opened. Having witnessed two or three projects to construct a rail, all of which ended either in failure or in swindling, I did not expect to live to see the event that took place today. The station is in a field called Wourlands or Whorlands, from time immemorial, and as long as I can remember, used a brick field, being about halfway between Broadway and Bulverton. The line is eight miles twelve-and-a-half chains and cost about £70,000. From Sidmouth to Bowd the gradient rises 1 in 54; then descends to Tipton, 1 in 45; then runs nearly on a level; and then descends on part of its course to the junction, 1 in 53. Trains continued to arrive and leave during the day, bringing and taking away crowds of visitors, attracted by the novelty. In the afternoon about 1000 children from the various schools marched in procession up to the station, except the very minute ones, who were carried in wagons, decorated with laurels and flags. There they saw what they never saw before, and the snorting of the engine not a little astonished them. They then went to a field near Lime Park, now Sidbrook, where they had tea and various amusements.

Tu. July 7. 1874. – Today the directors, shareholders and friends dined together at the town hall, Sir J. H. Kennaway, Bart. In the chair.

Wed. July 8. 1874. – Sidmouth went almost besides itself today. A regatta took place, and crowds came by the rail into the place. It was supposed that from 8,000 to 10,000 people were on the beach. Games, races, and sports in the Fortfield continued till dark.

Th. July 9. 1874. – Today a great feast was given to between 300 and 400 old and infirm people in the grounds at Knowle. They were also carried gratuitously over the new line; and very amusing were the remarks, as many had never seen a railway before, and the old women were terrified at the engine. They had a dinner in tents in Knowle and about 130 gentlemen to carve were wanted. I was asked, and of course willingly assisted. Great fun it was. Ladies and gentlemen also attended upon them. They also had tea, cake and fruit later in the day, before they came away. Upwards of £150 had been subscribed by the inhabitants to meet the expenses of all these things. The sports ended today.

Sat. July 11. 1874. – Almost a cloudless sky for a fortnight and the weather extremely hot. Met Lord Sidney Osborne on his way to the beach. His lordship said he was going on the water for an hour or so, where it would be cooler, and would I go? Yes, certainly. The man launched his boat and rowed us quietly about towards Ladram Bay and back.

Tu. July 14. 1874. – The comet is now at its best. Remained up till after midnight, and had a good examination, but regretted the glass was not more powerful. At midnight it was nearly setting in the northern horizon; and if the elevation of the Pole star is 51 degrees, the tail of the comet must have attained about 30, for it attained to near the pointers of the Great Bear. The nucleus is small and bright, like a star, which is all I could see with my glass. The tail is slightly curved over to the left or west. The comet of October 5, 1858 was more curved, but in the contrary direction. [See Oct 5 1858 and July 2 1861] This gave them the appearance of feathers. The present comet was discovered by M. Coggia, of Marseilles, and now it goes by his name. It is not certain that it was known before, though it somewhat resembles a comet that appeared about 150 years ago. Whilst I am on the subject of comets, I may as well observe that on the 19th of June a few years ago, but the exact year I cannot name just now, astronomers affirmed that the earth passed through the tail of the then neighbouring comet, though we were unconscious of it, and that the earth was immersed in it from 6.12 to 10.12 in the morning of that day, being a space of four hours. According to that the comet

passed between us and the sun. The old superstition about the supposed deadly influence of the comet's tail may now be looked upon as exploded.

Sidmouth. July 1874.

Th. July 16.1874 - Mr Heineken and myself resolved to try the new railway. We went to the station in uno eorum omniborum, (I should like to find the person who can understand that,) and took the 10.12 train for Ottery. We found the motion very easy, as if the rails were well laid. It must be said that the situation of Sidmouth station is very rural and picturesque, but as yet, no houses are near it. At Bowd there is a very deep cutting, I believe 60 feet, and there we run down through Harpford Wood. We catch a glimpse of Mr Peppin's new house a few hundred yards on the left or west – see nothing of Harpford village – but come out over the river, and descend by a gradient of 1 in 45 to Tipton. After this, along the meadows, it is nearly level. At about a mile short of Ottery, on the right, we espied a sort of cliff, perhaps by the river, and some caves or excavations in it. I imagine that this is the place that goes by the name of the "Picksy Parlour". The caves however, are not archaic, like those near Nottingham. We stopped at Ottery, and went to the church: - noticed the marble font, the recumbent figure of Grandison and wife; the north aisle, the figure of Cooke of Thorne, the fan-tracery ceiling, the centre pendant twisted, some good old black oak bench ends; the organ in the south transept, the curious clock, something like that at Exeter; the reredos and the roof rather gaudily decorated in colour; some good modern glass windows; some brasses, which we had not time to copy; the lady chapel, etc., etc. We were told that a house on the right-hand side of the street, going down toward the bridge, not 100 yards short of the factory, was once occupied by Sir Walter Rawley. On returning we stopped at Tipton. We wished to look at an ancient looking house, I believe called Hayne, belonging to Mr Wreford, which has a stone porch, the head of the doorway a flat Tudor arch, within a square moulding or label. A 3 light window, of a small room over, with stone mullions.

Th. July 23.1874 – Mr Heineken and myself took the rail to Ottery. Went into the church. Took rubbings of four brasses – one an inscription, and three figures of the Sherman family. Also a brass to [gap]. Copied the following coat of arms. The iron handle dated 1575 is on the door of the south porch; the initials I.H> for John Haydon. And the words of the key of the lock (given to him) when held in one position, make the letter I and the other and H. See June 19.1877.

Fri. July 24.1874 - Parliament yesterday voted Prince Leopold £15.000 a year. Let no-one say that rank is only an idea or an empty name.

Sat. July 25.1874 – The Exeter Gazette of yesterday contains an account of a most culpable boat accident, which occurred last Saturday between Dawlish and Teignmouth, by which five people were drowned – four young women and a man. A man who was a mason by trade, with an assistant, took nine people besides themselves, in all eleven, into a boat only 14 feet long, at Dawlish, and started for Teignmouth. The wind was strong from the east, and on that coast this always creates a heavy sea. They got nearly as far as the railway tunnel, East of Teignmouth, though the water had frequently come in and threatened to swamp them, when, on endeavouring to near the shore, the breakers capsized the boat and turned her right over. The four young women were drowned, but the men, after many difficulties, managed to reach the shore. One man, called Lovell, rushed back into the water to try and save one of the young women, to whom he was engaged, but they both perished together. They formed a portion of a large party that had come down from Bristol on a pleasure trip.

Mon. July 27.1874 – The corn harvest is very early this year. For the past week the reapers have been busy in the fields. The weather has been fine, dry and hot. The old folks will have it that the heat is due to the comet.

Wed. July 29.1874 – Went over to Efford Barton with the same party as Sep.26. 1872, and found the same party there, and Mrs Porter, Col Jackson's daughter, and her three children. The house is a part of an old fashioned brick mansion. The white marble mantel piece, and the iron gate come from Canons, a seat of the Marquis of Chandos, or Duke of Buckingham. There are a number of interesting things in the house brought together from various part so the world. They have two of those curious Chinese balls made of ivory, hollow, carved in beautiful patterns, and one inside the other. By examining closely, I could make out nine; yet the largest, or outside one, is only about four inches in diameter.

Mon. Aug. 3.1874 – Finished reading "The Art of Wheedling", by the author of the first part of the "English Rogue". 1679. The preface is signed R. H. The reading of the iniquities of bad people, does not make the book a profitable study. The language also, has all the objectives raised against Hudibras, and too many other books of that date. Morality must have been very low, if such language could have been tolerated.

Tues. Aug. 4.1874 – Another octopus, about the same size as the last of Sep. 19. A man and a boy carried it about in a tub half full of sea water. It had been caught in a lobster pot. The man was too tipsy to understand what he was saying. He spoke of the creature as one of the most wonderful to be found in the ocean. He said he could get fifteen guineas for it at the British Museum. He believed the last one was at the Exeter Museum, and he thought he should take this one there too. He turned it over in the water with a stick, to show me that it was still alive; and in the most respectful terms he kept on repeating – "He have been dead sir forty times. If you please sir, he have a been dead forty times."

Tues. Aug. 1.1874 – Walked to Sidford by way of the Salcombe fields and the "byes". Went to Mr Hawkins at the water mill, north of the church, to see a large tooth (another mammoth tooth, as I supposed) which I had been told he had dug up in the gravel. It turned out to be nothing but a great flint!

Sat. Aug. 15.1874 – Walked to Cotford beyond Sidbury to call on Mr Bayley. Saw only one of the Miss Bayleys, and gave her the Sidmouth news.

Th. Aug. 20.1874 – At breakfast this morning it was warm, but only comfortably so. My eye fell on the thermometer on the table, and to my surprise it was 76 degrees. The sun streams through the great east window of the Old Chancel, where I was, in spite of a thick red curtain. Dined at Cottington off venison with Lord Sidney and Miss Osborne. Spent evening with Mr Heineken.

Mon. Aug. 24.1874 – After an interval of 15 years to the very day, as it happened by mere chance, Mr Heineken and myself went over to Hembury Fort and to the village of Payhembury. We were there on the 24 August 1859. From an invitation from Miss Venn, who was at Sidmouth a few days ago, we went today. We took the rail to the junction, where she met us with her carriage, and drove it to her house at Payhembury. There we met Miss Hennell and Miss Seton, two young ladies, both daughters of colonels in the army, who were staying with her, and having put a hamper of provisions into the carriage, we proceeded about two miles to Hembury Fort. The little inn at the foot of the hill is now converted into a Farm house, and another inn has been erected a few yards south. Whilst the

ladies were setting out the dinner, Mr Heineken and myself took a good ramble beyond the north end, which we had scarcely examined before. The level field on the north of the camp was perhaps a likely fighting ground, and an examination here, if the place were ploughed, might reveal something interesting. There are some stones which may be the remains of a tumulus. At A. One of the western aggers runs up to nothing at B. Mr Heineken suggested as to whether a fort or sally port existed there, and whether there was not a retreat back into the camp along the bottom of the fossed by a kind of covert way at this point. The heaps and inequalities on the western side of the hill, at C and D, Miss Venn said, were where attempts had been made to dig scythe stones, as they do in the Blackdown hills above Kentisbeare. She mentioned the case of a man who took a year's lease for £10, of her late father, and luckily for him, (the man) he struck a good vein of stone, and took out £40 worth of scythe stones in a week. In my sketch-book, under date Sep. 12. 1854, I have a sketch of a man making scythe stones with the peculiar shaped tools they employ for that purpose, as I saw him at work when I walked up from Uffculme. We returned back into the camp at the NE corner E, but there is no defined road there now. This series of aggers, all along the north end, are bold and really grand to look at. They struck me today more forcibly than before. Every visitor to the place ought to examine and contemplate them. We took no measurements, as we measured everything carefully with the tape fifteen summers ago. I put the old measurements upon the plan above: and I see that the slope of the agger at one place at the north end is 57 feet. There was an old hedge or ridge along at F, but we did not go down to examine it. Could it be an outwork or a road? This hill, as open common, has been claimed by Mr Drewe, of Grange, and by Mr Porter of Hembury Fort House. Three lawsuits, Miss Venn told us, have arisen out of this claim, but they have been given in favour of the Venn family. The Venns own, with a few intervals, nearly all the land between this and Payhembury. We dined on the western agger at G, where there is a seat, and nicely prepared the dinner was! By way of varying the entertainment, Mr Heineken put on a false nose unobserved, and opened a large antique clasp knife and a pair of large goggle-eyed spectacles, and pulled the rim of my felt hat over my eyes, and drawing a Chinese dagger, cut up my bread and cheese with it, much to the amusement of the ladies, and the astonishment of the boys who attended on us. By the way, this dagger was given me by Captain Lindsay Brine, who was out at the taking of the Payho forts near Peking. It was taken from the body of a dead Chinaman found in the fort. Having returned to Payhembury, we took another look at the church. Observed that the floor rises or slopes up from the West to the East. It is the same at Awliscombe, at Offwell, at South Brent, at Old Cleeve, near Watchet and Jumieges in Normandy. There is some good carved work round the south door. A piscine just inside the south door, on its east side: and another at the north-east end. Good solid oak bench ends, something like those at Ottery. Handsome carved oak somewhat spoilt by being painted blue and white. Hole cut above the spandrel over the screen, where the rood loft was, to pass through. Wagon roof, now plastered smooth, except one square panel over the pulpit. There is a large monument to Goswell on the north wall within the communion rails. On a seat at the NE corner and on the front of the west gallery there is a coat of arms Fretty. On the capital of a column in the nave are four coats of arms cut in the white stone, e.g. Courtenay: 2 is 3 leaves, which I take to be the three sting nettles leaves of Malherbe ['no' pencilled in]: 3 is 3 horseshoes on a bend, I suppose for Ferrars: and 4 is a saltier between 3 round discs. We returned to Payhembury and had tea. Miss Venn has some good specimens of old oak furniture in her house: - a fine bedstead, some cabinets, chairs, etc.: also some china: and she has an epitome of Stowes chronicle of about Charles the First's time, if I recollect rightly. She drove us to the station, and we returned to Sidmouth.

Wed. Aug.26. – 1874 (Sidmouth) – Cottage garden and industrial exhibition – held this year at Mr Thornton's at Knowle. Miss Osborne, Mrs Fox and myself exhibited specimens of wood carving.

Sun. Sep. 13. 1874 – Dr Moberley, Bishop of Salisbury, who is now residing at the Rosemount, between the old chancel and Cotmaton, preached in the parish church this morning. He is an old man: and although his voice his weak, his enunciation is so clear that I heard every word sitting in the south transept. His text was from 1 Cor XIII. 11. “When I was a child, I spake as a child”, etc.. This sermon was principally directed against the infidel tendencies of too many of our scientific men in the present day. It is time they should put away those ideas which, if not childlike, are not mature, in the orthodox sense. Coming out of the churchyard, Mr Hine [?] Haycock, who has a base on Belmont, said he had a curiosity to show me, and that I must come and look at it immediately. I went with him and Madam and Mrs Stewart Gordon, residing at Asherton by Cotmaton, and he showed me a little bronze mortar, but without the pestle. It is rather a rough and rude casting, about 5 ½ inches high. Between two rings round the circumference are cast in raised lines, a knot something like this, and traces of A.D. and the date 1649 very plain. I think he said it had been dug up at a house occupied by a Mr Srickland at Lyme Regis.

Wed. Sep. 23. 1874 – This morning Mr Heineken and myself made another attempt at the barrow on Salcombe Hill, which we had before attacked. See June 6. 1873. June 1.1871 and Aug.25.1875. We dug eastward from the trench, and dug out the shaded part more clearly shown in the plan at June 6 1873. We drove to the top of the hill, and then dismissed our carriage, and here we found Henry McLeod waiting for us with a donkey and cart, with tools, etc. In proceeding with our examination, we were anxious to ascertain the exact position in the barrow, that any object might occupy, which we might come upon. Where the earth or stones are dug down with a pickaxe, any object merely lying on the surface (and perhaps of present deposit) would fall to the bottom of the trench, and might lead the unguarded to conclude that such an object was in the interior, and as old as the barrow itself. Such a circumstance might lead to very erroneous conclusions. The sling-stone which Miss Georgina Osborne found (June 6 1873) was at the bottom of the trench, and at first we thought we had made a great discovery; but on reconsideration it was plain that it may have come down from the top surface when the earth and stones of the side of the trench were dug down with the pickaxe, so that the position of the sling-stone proved nothing. We tried to tear back or scalp off the top covering of heath and furze with an instrument called a hale – a sort of large rake with three retractable claws or prongs, but it was rather difficult to manage. We however removed the stones carefully. A few stray pieces of charcoal occurred here and there, one being of oak but there was no deposit. I picked up a large beach pebble which had been used as a hammer stone, for it was battered and abraded, and at its two rounded ends pieces had been splintered off with hitting. It was at the bottom of the trench, but was clean, and I suspect it had fallen in from the top. I also met with a flint flake, and this was stained with peat mould and wet, and had lain in the interior, and was consequently, as old as the formation of the barrow, but the exact spot I did not see. After a time I came across a broken sling-stone, and the exact spot of this I perceived easily, for as I lifted some of the flints, it lay between them in some black and wet peat earth, and stained dark itself. It had six or eight inches of flints over it, and I presume had been covered when the barrow was made. This leads to no conclusion however, for we do not yet know by what people the barrow had been constructed: and while we can ascertain by further discovery, whether Saxon, Roman or Briton made the barrow, we cannot say to what people the sling-stone belonged.

Tu. Sep.25. 1874. – It was now about full moon, and the high tide near six. This evening the sea was calm, the weather quiet and fine, with scarcely any wind stirring. Soon after six some large waves began to roll upon the beach to the surprise of everyone down there, because there was no wind or an apparent cause for so unusual an occurrence. A few years ago a similar rising of the waves occurred here, and did great damage; and some time afterward we heard of a severe earthquake

that happened in Central America. The waves increased in size until they were of immense height. There was a bathing machine outside the esplanade wall; and as the owners were taken by surprise, and had no means at the moment of extricating it, two or three of these waves immediately dashed it to pieces against the wall. The trunk of one of the trees of the submerged forest was washed up and driven against the wall, (see Jan 24/73).

Sat. Oct. 10. 1874. – At 9.3 this morning there began an eclipse of the sun: greatest at 10.7, and over at 11.15. The morning was quiet, with winds from the SW, and passing clouds. Only occasional glimpses could be obtained. About three tenths of the upper eastern limb [?] of the sun were obscured, as in the sketch.

Mon. Oct. 12. 1874. – Geology shows us that there must have been a series of cold and hot periods following one another alternatively in the earth's history. The formation of coal has always been ascribed to a warm atmosphere: but it was not until the scratched stones and rocks in the boulder clay, and the scratched mountain sides, awakened geologists to a conviction of a comparatively recent glacial period, with a climate in England like Greenland; and induced them to look into the question of varying periods of temperature with more care than they had hitherto done. It has been debated, but scarcely yet settled among the learned, as to whether these great changes were due to the perception of the equinoxes, to an alteration in the form of the earth's orbit, or to a variation in the angle which the earth's axis bears to the plane of the ecliptic. Be all this as it may, the organic remains discovered in the long series of sedimentary rocks, indicate that some of the creatures or of the plants met with, must have required a warm climate, and that others must have existed in a cold one.

Boulder drift – cold

Pliocene – warm

Miocene – cold

Eocene – warm

Chalk – cold

Oolitic series – warm

Permian – cold

Carboniferous – warm

Old Red sandstone – cold

Silurian – warm

Cambrian – cold

Putting these things together, I have jotted down from recent reading, the annotated table, showing the sequence or order of succession alleged to be indicated. The inferior oolite, in the oolite series, is said to point to the maximum of heat. The Miocene deposits in the Bovey Heathfield, contain arctic plants, and hence the cold climate is indicated.

Tu. Oct. 13. 1874. – All last week I had gardeners who destroyed the kitchen garden on the NW of the Old Chancel, and have laid it out with grass and shrubs, and a new entrance road from Blackmore Lane. The old cob wall along the lane is soon to be removed, and a stone wall and an iron entrance gate put there instead.

Tu. Oct. 20. 1874. – Drove over to Beer to spend the day with C. F. Williams, who is again there. [Oct. 8. 1872.] The weather lately has been very unsettled, but I seized on today as it was fine and calm. Went up Salcombe Hill, passed Trow, Hangman's stone, and then turned down by Bovey House to Beer. Of late years many new houses have been built, so that the ancient quaintness of the place is lessened. I was told a tradition in Beer to-day which is worth mentioning. I was told that traces of Spanish blood and a Spanish type of countenance are to be observed among the inhabitants of this secluded place; and the story runs as follows. At the time that the plague was raging here in the year 1646, (see April 20 1870) the panic was so great that many of the inhabitants fled to the neighbouring hills, and made tents of sheets or blankets, or ran up sheds or huts of such materials as they could collect together. Whilst they were thus encamped on the open down upon Beer Head and other hills, a Spanish ship, being overtaken by a storm, was wrecked on the coast, and the crew got on shore at Beer. Going into the place, they found half the houses empty, and dead lying in many of them. These they buried and then ensconced themselves in the houses. When the danger was over, and the inhabitants returned to their homes, they settled down with the Spaniards, and intermarried with them, and the foreigners were well content to remain where they were. The descendants of these people are said still to linger here, and to show traces of their foreign origin, by the type of their features, and the swarthiness of their complexions. On another occasion, if I have the opportunity, I will endeavour to find out whether there are any Spanish names to be met among them. – Nov 4. 1875. Spent a pleasant day, and got home by moonlight before nine.

Mon. Oct. 26. 1874. No one knows what he will come to. Today I finished making the handle of a pickaxe for a poor labouring man. I used his pickaxe at opening the barrow on Salcombe Hill, Sep. 23; but it was a villainous handle: in the first place too short: in the second, round in section instead of oval: and in the third, there was no swell at the top end, so that it was always slipping out of one's hand. These evils corrected, having first made his father-in-law, who is a carpenter, give me a good piece of ash for the purpose. The iron part is put on the top end, and slid down to the lower end, which expands, so that it cannot fly off.

Sat. Nov.7. 1874. – George Cross found dead in Salcombe Lawn this morning.

Sun. Nov.8. 1874. – This morning a young lady began sobbing in an hysterical way in the parish church. Miss Osborne and one or two other ladies went to her assistance, and led her out.

Tu. Nov.10. 1874. – Went over to Belmont Villa, Dawlish. I took the two Australian skulls (July 18. 1872) to Exeter, and gave them to the museum. Also an old Teignmouth Guide of 1817, illustrated with coloured aquatints, which I gave to the free library.

Th. Nov.12. 1874. – Took a walk to the Warren, opposite Sidmouth.

Fri. Nov.13. 1874. – Took a drive in the neighbourhood.

Sat. Nov.14. 1874. – Returned to Sidmouth.

Tues. Nov.17. 1874. - My birthday. Dined at the vicarage. There was only the curate there, the Rev. Wilkinson, besides the vicar and his wife.

Th. Nov.19. 1874. – When in Exeter the other day, I saw a photograph of the new chain which has presently been presented to the mayor of the city in the Royal Archaeological Institute, as an acknowledgement for the courtesy they received from the citizens at their visit in August 1873. It was presented to them on the 19th of October. It weighs 22 ounces of gold, and the badge pendant to it 7 ounces. The value is £200. The case rather interesting, for the former old chain was given to the king in troubled times to relieve his necessities.

Sun. Nov.29. 1874. – Such a boisterous week as the past I scarcely remember. The wind has been in all points of the compass, and blowing violently all round, and the rain has been incessant. This morning a quantity of zinc or of iron covering was blown off the platform roof of the station, making such a noise that it was heard at the upper part of the town.

Thurs. Dec.3. 1874. – A sudden change in the weather. The wind has gone down: what there is comes from the North: a clear sky, and last night the thermometer down to 26 degrees.

Sat. Dec.5. 1874. – Confirmation at Sidmouth parish church by the Bishop of Exeter, Temple.

Sun. Dec.6. 1874. – Another change! The wind gone back to the southwest, with mild rain. At this time of year it is commonly changeable.

Wed. Dec. 9. – The transit of Venus over the sun's disc occurs today. It will happen again Dec. 6. 1882. It occurs at intervals of 8 years, 105 ½, 8, 105 ½, and so on. The planet's path is shown on the present occasion in the upper line on the annexed sketch; and in the transit of 1882, it will pass by the lower line. All the civilised nations in the world have sent out parties to watch it. We shall hear soon.

Thurs. Dec.10. 1874. – Not having met a lady of my acquaintance for some little time, I sent her the following;

What is the shape of her nose,/which hasn't been seen for an age or so?/ No wonder I've no repose
repose/For whether she's got a nose or no, I do not know.

Most people have noses and mouths and eyes,/ But if you ne'er see 'em, who can say?/Nothing that
happens now causes surprise,/For haps are happening every day/In every way.

Years fly, and noses get indistinct:/ Long time, and absence weaker impressions./Surely that truth
can ne'er be blinked;/That's why I offer these free confessions/And sad expressions.

Sometimes on turning a corner quick,/ You come full plump on a long lost friend./ Two noses are
flattened – and in a nick - / “As flat as a pancake”, at the end, unless they bend.

A pretty mishap! And one that shews/ That opposite things are near allied:/ A pancake made of a
broken nose!/ Which Parliament House would soon decide,/ Can't be denied,

And so I've walked the parish round./ Up narrow lanes and down the streets;/ But never a bump like
that have found;/ But met such friends one commonly meets,/ And greets.

There's not a corner of the parish within,/ But what I've turned in that roaming act;/There's not a nose I have not seen,/ And yet I've carried my own intact,/And that's a fact.

I've studied the noses of all the community,/ And turned the corners by threes and fours, Miss,/ Gone through all hazards, but gone with impunity, and met every nose in the town out of doors, Miss,/ But yours, Miss.

Fri. Dec.18. 1874. – The Sidmouth Choral society gave its winter concert this evening, in the assembly room of the London Hotel. The society continues very popular, and the room was overcrowded, and many could not get in. About 300 people will fill the room, but there were probably more. We had 50 in the orchestra. I annex the programme.

Fri. Dec.25. 1874. – Christmas Day. Had a quiet dinner with the Floyds at Powys.

Sat. Dec.26. 1874. – Such a quantity of herrings I never saw on the beach before. The fishermen have been complaining that the herrings have kept at a distance this winter, but all at once they have come in abundance. This morning was calm and fine, with a gentle north wind and a smooth sea, and after the frosty night, it was warm and pleasant on the shingle. The boats had come in after the night's work. One boat was touching the shore but too heavy to be drawn up. Others were landed, with pecks of herrings lying in their bottoms, which the men were scooping out, and heaping baskets to the brim, to be sent away by rail. Others were counting them in as they threw them into the baskets. The present mode of fishing is to let down a long and broad net, the upper edge floated with corks, and let it drift. The fish swim against it, and in trying to get through, entangle their gills in the meshes. They generally pull up the net at sea, beginning at one end, and perhaps let it down again. The fishermen tell me the herrings feel warm to the touch when they handle them. This can only be comparatively, for it is a cold occupation. I remember that the liquor at the bottom of the boats, where they were taking out the herrings was white like milk. In some places there were patches of fish on the beach, as large as an ordinary size room, where they had thrown them. Went home and dined off herrings, and my cat with me. We both enjoyed our dinner amazingly. Curious that cats are so fond of fish.

Mon. Dec.28. 1874. – About a month ago a Queen Anne guinea, dated 1714, was ploughed up in the large field above Peak House. By right of course it belongs to Mr J. B. Lousada, as the owner of the land: but the man who found it sold it to another, who sold it again, till at last it fell into the hands of a fisherman (one of the many Bartletts {query – Bartelotte? French) who offered it to me. It was of beautiful gold – of good weight and not at all rubbed or worn. I wrote to the British Museum about it. The answer was that it was not rare, and that they did not want to buy it. Bartlett gave £1 11 0 for it, and sold it to Captain Lousada (brother of the above) for I believe, £2 0 0, or guineas, which must be much above its real value.

Tues. Dec.29. 1874. – Read a very interesting account of Mr Boyd-Dawkins new book on Cave Hunting and antiquarian exploration. According to him, it does not yet appear proved, though it is probable, that the human race was on the earth prior to the last great glacial period. (See Oct. 12, lat). Lyall calculated from astronomical data (the great cycles and so on) that it may be 800,000 years since the commencement of that period. The contents of these caverns have been divided into periods according to their age. The most ancient division is the Pleistocene, or Paleolithic, which is said to be pre-glacial: the next in order is the Pre-historic, comprising the Neolithic and Bronze Ages: and the most recent is the Historic. The earliest is subdivided into – 1. The Cave Bear period; (the oldest) 2, The Mammoth and Woolly Rhinoceros: 3, The Reindeer period; 4 The Bison.

Wed. Dec.30. 1874. – Very cold, with a cutting east wind.

Thur. Dec.31. 1874. – A heavy fall of snow, heavier than I recollect to have seen for many years. Some say about 10 years, some 15, and some say there has not been such a fall for 30. Somewhere about the ten or 15, a boy and a man were lost in the snow on Honiton Hill, but they were discovered and dug out before life was extinct. What is remarkable in the snow is the early period in the winter at which it has visited us. Since last Michaelmas there have been more storms of wind, and more cold than I can remember to have seen at this period of the winter. It is hoped that it will be the sooner over, and that we may have a genial spring. Wonderful is the difference between 40 or 50 degrees of the thermometer. Not only does personal comfort hang on it, but even life and death hang upon it.

POH Transcripts - 1875

Fri. Jan 1. 1875. – The wind veered round to the south. A mild rain came on, and a rapid thaw. All day long it never ceased. Dined again with the Floyds at Powys. Present William M. Floyd, Major Henry Floyd, Benjamin Kennet Dawson, (married to Miss Floyd), Mr Wallis and myself. The dinner was in the old English style, the joints being placed on the table, and not carved at the sideboard, and handed round – a continental practice which has been introduced during the last twenty or thirty years on state occasions. Roast saddle of mutton at one end, and boiled turkey at the other, brussell's sprouts, masked potatoes, etc. Half moon shred plates for salad, to put beside the round plate, are also a recent introduction. It is not now the fashion for port wine to be handed round at dinner. Claret, sherry, and champagne are now the usual wines. I went up in a carriage at seven, and there dismissed it, saying I would walk home. About half past ten I left the house, and walked down the grounds to the gate A. To my surprise I here found a stream of water running down the lane B in the above map, and another stream running down C. These divided; one portion going down the lane D, and the other down E. I waited awhile, not knowing what to do; but finding no alternative, I made a run and a jump across, not without getting wet in the feet however, and keeping close to the east side of E, got down to F. There was a voluminous meeting of the waters, for another stream was rushing down G. There I had to stop again, and consider what was to be done. Whilst standing here a man came out of a neighbouring cottage with an umbrella over his head; and on my hailing him, he waded up to where I stood. I told him I wanted to get home, but didn't know how; and he told me he had come out to see if his house was going to be washed away before he went to bed. He said I could not get down to Coburg Terrace, (the lane H) for it was like a river all the way; but that if I could get across and go down to the church, I might perhaps manage it by a circuit. So I made a dash across and went down I, and opposite the church, where it was narrower, I stepped once in and then over, and keeping by the side, at last got to Coburg Terrace and the Old Chancel, by the red line, the blue being water. Took off my things and went to bed.

Sat. Jan 2. 1875. – It is reported that a man has been drowned at East Budleigh by falling into the stream that runs by the house end of the village. It is also reported that a married woman called Barratt was drowned last night in the river Sid at Sidbury, and that her body was taken out of the water at Sidford, a mile below. She was not in her right mind, and it was in contemplation to send her to the asylum. The story goes that her husband got up in the middle of the night and dressed himself, and went downstairs to see the safety of the cottage, for the state of the elements and the rushing of water alarmed him. During his absence she got out of bed, and merely throwing a shawl over her shoulders, ran down to the river as she was, and threw herself in.

Wed. Jan 6. 1875. – So that miserable country Spain, is in the crisis of another revolution, (see Feb.25.1873). After the fierce wars between the Carlists and the republicans, that have desolated the country since Amadeus resigned, Europe is taken by surprise at the announcement that Don Alfonso, second son of the ex-queen Isabella II has been proclaimed king, and that the announcement has been well received. An exile, with his mother in France, he leaves Paris today for Spain. It is to be hoped that his troubles will teach him to rule well. But when did adversity ever teach a Stuart or a Bourbon wisdom?

Th. Jan 7. 1875. – Cold cuts off old people. The frost at the end of the year did so in London. There were 76 more deaths than births that cold week. If this went on, the country would soon be depopulated. It increases 1000 a day.

Fri. Jan 8. 1875. – I think it was at the great Exhibition in 1851 in London, that I saw a gilt pyramid, displaying to the eye the quantity of gold that had been produced in Australia. I see it mentioned in the papers that the stock of gold in the world, about 1850, is calculated at about the sum of £560.000.000. It is now supposed to be double that amount. Australia alone has contributed £300.000.000.

Sat. Jan 9. 1875. – Accounts of several dreadful accidents by railroads and coal pits in England, and disasters at sea, have just come upon us. I note the burning of the emigrant ship Cospatrick, from London to New Zealand, off the Cape, with upwards of 500 souls on board. Only three are known to have survived as yet, and they have come to England. Thirty four got off in a boat, and they were then ten days before they were picked up. They died by threes and fours everyday, and several went raving mad. In his evidence, one survivor says: - [newspaper cutting describing cannibalism pasted in]

Mon. Jan 11. 1875. Mr Ede of Landsdowne and myself went to Mr Wm Till's at 2 Seafield, and witnessed his signature to his will. We then warmed us nicely round the fire, with mulled claret and cake. So I told him I hoped he would make another will tomorrow, under the same pleasant circumstances. He is 84.

Th. Jan 14. 1875. – Last spring the skull of some gigantic animal was discovered in the sands at Bude, and Mr Brendon, the landlord of the Falcon Hotel has had it put into a large case at the head of the staircase for preservation. It measures 4 feet five inches across the top, and from there being but little gelatine or animal matter in the tissues of the bone, it is apparently of great age. It has excited much curiosity amongst the learned, under a belief that possibly it must be the cranium of some extinct animal, and a more critical examination of it has therefore been made. The last I hear is that it seems to be only the head of a large whale, of some antiquity however, and that it has been much rubbed and abraded on some parts by the rude action of the sea beach.

Fri. Jan 15. 1875. – The weather is now remarkable for its extreme mildness. The change from what it was at the end of last year being most striking. It is however, almost incessantly wet. The temperature has been 54 out of doors all night. I think the frost generally relaxes in January. I think there is commonly a thaw in America in January.

Sat. Jan 16. 1875. – Whales are as plentiful as herrings just now. A dead one 60ft long, washed on shore at Mevagissey, report says, has been taken to London by the railroad, and that it was laid out upon three trucks. And the papers further say, that a large one, has been taken at Teignmouth – it was 50 feet 6 inches long.

Mon. Jan 15. 1875. – A robbery of money and jewellery took place by a servant girl a couple of months ago in Fortfield Terrace. I annex a cutting from the newspaper giving some account of it. If we cannot put our trust in princes neither can we in servants. The most trustworthy are perhaps those whom you have brought up in your house – who have grown into your ways, and who, by long habit, you mutually look at each other as Friends. The next to that, as I have found out by my own experience, are those whom you take from their own homes. Those servants who go from place to place, do not remain long enough to become attached to you or you to them. They seem to pick up a vice or two at each house from other servants, and bring them all in a lump to the last place. Like all other people they receive management, kindness and forbearance. When I was a child in frock and trousers there was an Irish man servant or something of that sort on the premises; and I have heard say that he used to speak of the others as “the devils in the kitchen”. Considering that he

lived among them, this was not bad. I remember the man because when he lifted me up into my chair for dinner, he used to bump me down rather hard. Other folks, more choice in their language, call servants “necessary evils”.

Sat. Jan 30. 1875. – Thomasine Peyton mentioned in the annexed cutting I remember some 30 years ago, a tidy looking young woman. Of recent years she has given herself up to strong drink, and thereby has destroyed her health and her mind.

Mon. Feb. 1. 1875. – So the young Earl of Donoughmore, who has recently brought his bride home from Tasmania, moves the address in the House of Lords at the opening of Parliament next. Revolution make some folks and mar others: and the American Revolution reduced the elder branch of H. family, when the estates, good and chattels of my great-grandfather the governor of Massachusetts were confiscated, whilst the younger branch have retained their estate in Ireland. Three times in 1774 Governor H. was offered a Baronetcy by George III, as I see by his diary, and some old letters, but he was afraid he could not support it properly. The Donoughmore tithe was not conferred for many years after. So they are Earls and I am nothing.

Fri. Feb. 19. 1875. – Mr W. Ussher, of the geological survey, has for some months been lodging at Sidmouth. He is engaged in perfecting the maps and the geological examination of this district, being on foot over hill and dale every day and all day, unless too much rain or too much snow should prevent a proper examination of the country. I have recently made his acquaintance. He spent this evening with me – from eight till one; and he communicated several highly interesting facts to me on a science of which I have always been very fond. He looked over the Geological chapter in the first vol. of my Ms Hist, of Sidmouth; and he examined with much satisfaction some local specimens which I showed him. Amongst these were some mammoth teeth and lump of wood from the submerged forest on Sidmouth beach: (See Jan. 18.24. 1873) piece of Celestine or sulphate of strontian, found near 50 years ago near Salcombe Mouth: some gypsum in the spongy or fibrous form, like asbestos, known as “mountain leather”, from the gypsum beds at Hook Ebb beyond Salcombe Mouth: specimens of the branch-like forms of from Picket Rock Cove: a “Murchisonite” crystal of feldspar divided diagonally: and a few antiques from this neighbourhood. In answer to my questions respecting the geology of this district, he said that many alterations of opinion were taking place; and that his close examination of the country showed how far from correct were many of the distances and other particulars on the Ordnance maps, and how very imperfect were the geological contours and the geological colouring; but that everything could not be done at once, and that it was now his business, and the business of others stationed in other parts of the country, to go carefully over the ground and note down all the details and all the minutiae omitted before. He showed me some portions of the Ordnance Map on which he had been at work, and I was surprised to see that they were covered all over with minute particulars in various colours.

He told me that the line of junction of the Trias with the Permian had not been marked out or decided on, though some suggested the valley of the Exe: and to be short, some questioned whether the Permian was present at all in South Devon.

In the low red sandstone cliff near Slough Farm, along the east bank of the river Otter, small beds of conglomerate may be seen, in which certain organic remains have been detected. – The Hyperodapidon. He said that the patches of greensand coloured in the Ordnance Map on Woodbury Hill are mistaken: there are no patches of the greensand formation there, but only some traces of the white angular chert of the other hills. Sidbury Castle ought to be a detached island of greensand, and not a promontory as marked.

The capping of yellow clay with angular pieces of white chert, lying over the greensand on these hills, has generally been set down as the remains or sediment of an extension of the chalk formation. This idea is now questioned, upon the ground that the flints of chalk are nodules, and are more or less black inside: whereas these are angular and are white; having no resemblance to chalk flints, nor the yellow clay to the chalk formation. The opinion now on the ascendant is that this is an independent deposit, and perhaps glacial. On Luxen Hill and Birch Hill, a mile or two N.W. from Yarcombe, are appearances more resembling glacial drift, and white quartz pebbles have been found there, like those found on Haldon. The great masses of breccias on our hills are white angular flints or chert embedded in a paste, now silicious, as hard as the flint, and taking as fine a polish. The rumour, prevalent in 1874, of subterranean fire near Shute, he assured me was only some smouldering vegetation in a plantation.

The annexed cutting, which I took from a newspaper, refers to Mr Ussher [*rescued from rising tide*]. In reply to my enquiries, he said that he was anxious to examine the sea-face of the cliff, and he was told that he could get round Otterton Point. I believe this never could be done – at least I never heard so. When he got a bit beyond the “two-penny loaf”, (see Sep 2. 1873) he found the tide gaining on him and shutting him in. At last the waves knocked him down and knocked his hat off, so that he was quite drenched through. He thought of getting to the Two-penny loaf, and of getting on it but was unable. By dint of toes and finger nails, he climbed high enough up the cliff to be above the tide.

Fri. Feb. 12. 1875. – So the venerable Baronet Sir Edmund Prideaux has gone at last. People are at a loss to know who is his heir. His first wife I believe was a Miss Fitzthomas. I can remember a boy or a girl, with the governess, at Sidmouth, but they both died young. His second, a Miss Bernard of Cottington. She caught small pox at the New London Inn, Exeter, and died at Netherton Hall, only three months after her marriage. My late father attended her. It was said she brought her husband £13,000: but after her death, and I think her mother’s, he put in a claim for her alleged reversion of several more, but which the Bernards resisted. On this he brought an action at law – but he lost his cause. His third wife was a Miss Irton: and his fourth a rich widow lady, who had had two husbands before, so the gossips said. She survives him. Is the saying true, that “No man outlives his fourth wife.” Sir Edmund’s father it was, who was obliged to sell the manor of Sidmouth, (when Jenkins bought it in 1787 for £15,600) to pay off a debt that had accumulated. Sir Edmund’s father married three times. His first wife was a well born woman, by whom he had no family I believe: his second I have been told by Farway people, was a farmer’s daughter of the neighbourhood, as was Sir Edmund’s mother. (Aug. 27.1866). After Sir Edmund’s mother had been 40 years in her coffin, the coffin became decayed and she was put into a new one. Farway people have told me that when the coffin was opened in the vault, her body did not look decayed, and that in transferring her, no accident occurred, except that a nail of her big toe came off. The third wife was only a farmer’s common apprentice girl. After she was a widow and up in years, she lodged at Sidbury, where I knew her well. She was more vulgar and more ignorant than most apprentices have been since. It was fine fun to hear her talk of London life and going to the opera. Her husband however, could not take either of his last two wives into good society. What a position for a gentleman! The following story, long current in this neighbourhood, was told I believe of the second wife, the farmer’s daughter. It is said that there was one day a dinner party at Netherton Hall, and she was sitting at the head of the table with her hands folded, listening to the conversation. A cessation or blank occurred in the conversation, causing a sudden silence, such as will now and then happen, in like cases. A gentleman sitting near her, turned and said to her quietly – “Awful pause”. She thought he said “paws”, and that he glanced at her hands, which may not have been very delicate, considering her early life at

the farm. "Awful paws!" she retorted, "and yours would be 'awful paws too', if they had done as much hard work as mine have!" He was speechless afterwards.

Wed, Feb. 24. 1875 - The weather for the past week has been dry, with a cold North-east wind, almost as cold as last December. The papers say the cold has been very severe in the north, with much snow in Scotland, Today the Bath stone caps and the granite balls were put up on the columns at my new entrance from Blackmore Lane (misnamed Haydon's Lane by the Local Board) on the NW of the Old Chancel. The granite balls were given me somewhere about 1860 or 1861 by the Earl of Buckinghamshire at Richmond Lodge.

Thurs, Feb. 25. 1875. – Fine dry morning. Walked to the station to get warm, and took the rail for Exeter. In the same carriage were Miss Wolridge of Coburg Terrace, and Mrs and two Misses Bayleys of Cotford, Sidbury. I took the wood and the mammoth teeth to the museum (Jan 18, 24, 1873) and the Dance of Death to the free library. Attended a council meeting of the Devonshire Association to arrange for the July meeting at Torrington. It came on to rain and snow. I had several things to do, so I went about them. Got back to Sidmouth wet and cold, but warmed myself with hot tea.

Th. Mar.11.1875 – Weather very cold with a violent North-East. Out all morning at work with spade and rake. The weather does not affect me. A sailor boy brought a bird to me this morning, which he had picked up dead on the beach, and desired if I could tell him what it was, but I could not. It was not web-footed. After he was gone I made the sketch annexed; but it was only done from memory, I dare say it is not so correct as it might have been.

Mon. Mar.22.1875. – Sir John de la Pole having died, there was a sale of everything at Shute House today: including all the furniture, curiosities, old armour, books, etc. I did not go over.

Wed. Mar.24.1875. – Today there was a sale of several houses in Sidmouth, I believe freehold. Three in the High Street, and some cottages in Mill Street at the spot shaded. They are sixty or more years old. Rent of the whole £70. They went for £1320.

Th. Mar.25.1875. – Lady Day

Th. Mar.11.1875. – Good Friday.

Th. Ap. 1. 1875 - At a vestry meeting. Churchwardens for year elected. After which Lord Sidney Osborne introduced a complaint that several people had made respecting burial and other fees: for, notwithstanding a scale of fees was agreed to in 1858 and, printed, in which the Vicar was to receive half a guinea and the clerk one and sixpence, the 'customary fee' to the vicar and half a guinea to the clerk had been received and written receipts given, one of which was produced. The parties declared in their defence that gratuities had been voluntarily offered, and that there was no law against receiving presents. But the paying party certainly did not give voluntarily, or they would not have complained. We can understand a soft and spoony young fellow presenting the vicar with a liberal sum at a wedding, for whi...? him to the girl he loves; but fancy a man saying to the vicar after a funeral – "My dear Sir, - I know your fee is half a guinea, but as you have put my late friend so securely underground, here's a guinea." The vicar, clerk and sexton are rather annoyed about this; and from long observation on human nature I have come to the conclusion, that people have no objection to do what is wrong, but they hate to be found out.

Mon. Ap. 5. 1875 - I finished the second volume of my quarto History of Sidmouth bound in green vellum. If I do not get on a little quicker, I fear I shall not live to complete the work, in spite of my youth and good health. I have too many occupations and too many irons in the fire, so that there is too much running from one thing to another. Better give up carving oak, or gilding picture frames or gardening, and one half of my reading, (all just at present in hand) and then there would be more time to attend to fewer things. I thought that three volumes would have completed the work, but I now begin to suspect that they will not, so I have just ordered a fourth to be made in London, and I shall work away at the third.

Tu. Ap. 6. 1875 – Having prepared and levelled the ground and planted the shrubs near my new entrance, sowed grass seed. It is very difficult to get turf now. We used to get plenty from the tops of the hills, but owners now object. The price is a half penny the square foot.

Th. Ap. 8. 1875 - The choral society gave its third concert.

Sat. Ap. 10. 1875 - A captain Boyton, an American, tried to cross the Channel from Dover to Calais, clothed in a waterproof dress inflated with air cells. He paddles and swam, and even hoisted a small sail. The papers describe him something like the sketch annexed. He started at 3.20 this morning; and after 15 hours in the water, that is, at six in the evening, he was still six miles from the coast of France, having drifted by the currents, and he was picked up by the steamer that accompanied him. He proposes to try again. – See May 31.

Fri. Ap. 16. 1875 - Dined at the vicarage at 7.00 pm. Besides Mr and Mrs Clements, there were Miss Clements of Sidmouth, Captain Hamilton, Mr W. Lloyd, an agreeable Irish lady who sat on my left, and Mr Clements, the vicar's brother. These, with myself, made thirteen, an unlucky number at dinner. It is only recently that the origin of this old superstition has been explained to me. At the last supper, Christ and his 12 disciples made 13. The second Miss Quin or O'Quin was sent for jokingly, so we sat down 14.

Wed. Ap.21. 1875 - Heard the cuckoo for the first time, near Bickwell Farm. The cold North East wind still continues, and the swallows delay coming. The papers say they have appeared in some places.

Fri. Ap. 23. 1875 - There is a project for building a Parsonage House for the incumbent of All Saints Church, as soon as they can obtain £1000. The trustees have £812 in hand, which is allowed to accumulate at compound interest. The only endowment on the church is about £100 given by the late Sir John Kennaway which brings in £4 6s a year.

Sat. Ap. 24. 1875 – That old woman in Italy, having sat 29 years in St Peter's chair has made 99 cardinals of whom 50 are since dead. With respect to gold, I see it stated that the mines yielded the greatest amount in 1856, when it was £32 millions, the United States of America giving £15m, Australia £14m and Russia £3m. The yield is now declining. The wear and tear of the gold in circulation, in the world, is estimated at £3 millions a year. Since 1848 the yield of gold from the various mines of the world is estimated at £548,540,000. In 1848 it was supposed that the stock of gold in the world was £560,000,000; so that this sum added to the former, with a deduction of the £3,000,000 a year for loss, makes about £1000,000,000 as the stock of gold now in the world. How much is in current coin cannot be ascertained.

Tues. Ap. 27. 1875 – Finished reading Mr Boyd-Dawkins interesting volume on, “Cave Hunting”, which might be called cave exploration. The result of his searches throws additional light on the question of the antiquity of the human race on the earth, and many new facts bearing on ethnology and palaeontology. It appears that, so far, no indications of the human race have been discovered since, earlier than the Pleistocene period, though before the last glacial period. Before this, in the Pliocene period, or last division of the tertiary, a period of warmth, or at least, a temperate atmosphere, a few characteristic animals existed in England, and Britain was united to the continent, as the tapir *machairodus cultridens*, rhinoceros *megarhinus*, hippotamus major, *elephas antiquus*, etc. Then followed the Pleistocene or Quaternary period, the temperature of which slowly began to decrease. Some of the animals of this period, are the *lepus diluvianus*, *arvicola guleti*, cave bear, *elephas antiquus*, rhinosceros *hemitachus*, *R. Tichorhinus*, mammoth, - all of which seven are now extinct: but representatives of the following are still found in Europe and Africa – the Glutton, spotted hyena, panther, lion, lynx, *Felis caffer*, musk dheep, bison, lemming, pouched marmot, *taille?* Hare, and hippopotamus again, which was still found in England, which the increasing cold killed it or drove it south. *Homo* or Palaeolithic man, first appears with the remains of these animals. He used unpolished flint implements and objects of bone. He seems to have lived all through the glacial period; and his modern representative is the Esquimaux or Eskimo, as Dawkins spells it. He was dolicho-cephalic or long-headed, (see back Dec.17. 1862; Jan 226.1866, and for the glacial period, Feb. 13. 1869). Small in stature, with black hair, he lived in caves, caverns and rock shelters. The glacial period seems to have had a temperature interval in the middle, during which the land sank under water, the temperature rose, the glaciers and ice sheets receded, the hippopotamus and other southern animals came north, and the boulder clay or glacial drift was laid down under water. After this, in the early Neolithic period, the Basques or Iberians came from the East and over-ran Europe, driving the Eskimos before them. They were swarthy, small, apparently long-headed, dark hair and eyes, and also lived in caves. Traces of them in Britain remain with the Silures and elsewhere in patches. A peculiar form of the femur and of the tibia appears in remains of about this period. The annexed are sections of a femur and two tibia. The femur No1 (Cave Hunting, p.172) shows in section the projection of the *linea aspera*, or projecting ridge A. No 2 is a tibia of normal form, and no 3 a platycnemic tibia, p.176. The line b c are drawn through the longest diameter, and a d in a transverse direction. In No 2 the distance from c to the transverse line, as compared with that point to b, is as 274 to 1000, whereas in No 3, it is as 623 to 1000. Another section of tibia is given at p.219, which I here copy. In the former case the skulls were dolicho-cephalic, but in the case to which this annexed belongs, the accompanying skulls were bracho-cephalic. After all things considered, it does not seem that the platynemism of the tibia, is a characteristic of any particular race. The Basques were succeeded, in the late Neolithic and early bronze age, by the Celts or Kelta, who gradually spread themselves over all Europe, as the Iberians had done so before them. About this period the domestic animals, as the horse, pig, Rabbit, dog, etc., first made their appearance. The Celts were a taller race, with round heads and rugged features, light hair and blue eyes; and it was they who under Brennus, threatened the very existence of the empire of Rome. Theirs was the Bronze Age. The Belgae followed. They seem to have pressed forward from the continent into England about a century or two before the Christian era. They also were fair haired, with stature inkling to tall, and brachy-cephalic. Lastly, the innumerable hords of Germans over-ran Europe. They comprised Scandinavians, Franks, Normans, red-haired Caledonians, etc. Although Caesar speaks of Britons of the south (who may have been Belgae) as refusing to eat the hare, it is certain it was eaten, as well as the horse, by the Neolithic races, (who may have been Iberians in some part of England as the refuse heaps fully prove. – four ages of caves: e.g. – No 1. Those of the cave bear, 2. mammoth and woolly Rhinosceros. 3. Reindeer. 4. Bison. These, however, are not conclusive. In the

Pleistocene period the land was at least 600 feet higher than now in England, and in the Mediterranean probably 3000. Hence the then cold.

Thu. Ap. 29. 1875 - We were much surprised in Sidmouth this morning, by the announcement in the papers of the death, at Madras, of Lord Hobart, the eldest son of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, residing at Richmond Lodge, Sidmouth. I sent a letter to his lordship to say how much I was grieved at the news, and received the annexed friendly reply.

Sat. May 1. 1875 – This morning there was a report in the town that a woman servant at Dr Atkin's at West Mount had been found dead in her room. The verdict of a jury declared her to have died of apoplexy brought on by strong drink. She was lying on her bed but had not undressed. Another report came from Sidbury. Some ladies called Price and Brown who have been lodging at Court Hall, and have taken pupils, who used to drive into Sidmouth in a pony carriage, have vanished, having forgotten to settle with their tradesmen. Such pranks are nothing new in this neighbourhood. I heard that Wheaton the butcher of, of Church St, who had claims against them, having found out that they were likely to steal off, went out and demanded his money, and declared that he would not leave the house till he got his money, if he stayed there all day and night. At last he got it and came away. So the world wags.

Tu. May 4. 1875 - Mr William Lloyd and myself drove out to Sidbury, and called on the Bayleys at Cotford.

Fri. May 7. 1875 – Had a game of Croquet at Powys. The ground was in beautiful order. It had been mowed and rolled, and was as smooth as a billiard table. This is a great assistance in making good shots. Had tea on the lawn though the air is still cold.

Sat. May 8. 1875 – Luncheon at Powys.

Mon. May 10. 1875 – I was much amused this morning at watching a number of jackdaws pulling the hair out of a calf's back to line their nests with. At one time there were six of them all together, besides others pulling at him from the ground, he took no notice. Had another game of croquet at Powys. The weather has now become fine and warm, after a long continuance of North-East winds. A cuckoo amused us with his voice, and by flying over us from tree to tree. It is not often that we can get a sight of these birds. The game consisted of Mr William Lloyd and Miss Campbell (daughter of the principal of Aberdeen College, now staying here) against Captain Nicolas and myself. The captain is the son of Admiral J. N. N., who was the brother of Sir Harris Nicolas, the great historical and antiquarian writer.

Tues. May 11. 1875 – A motion was brought forward a few evenings ago in the house of commons by Dr Henealy, asking for a royal commission to re-consider the verdict on the Tichborne case. The motion was negative by 433 to 1. That remarkable one was a Major O'Gorman. See back March 14. 1874. A curious anagram has been made on this subject. It is as follows – Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet: which sentence contains the same letters as the following – You horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal.

Tu. May 13. 1875 – Had luncheon with Mr William Lloyd at Powys; after which we walked to Salcombe, to call on Mrs Gordon at Sunny Bank. She married her daughter to Mr Long of Knowle, and has recently left Asherton, and gone to the secluded village of Salcombe. Spent the evening with Mr Heineken.

Fri. May 14. 1875 – A dreadful wreck of a German steamer from America took place last night at the Scilly Isles. She ran on the rocks in a fog. Her name was the Schiller. There were 312 drowned.

Mon. May 24. 1875 – The two paragraphs above I cut from the papers: and the second refers to Sidmouth, I sent the annexed in reply to it. The catapult is a small engine with an elastic indiarubber band, in the middle of which is a pocket to hold a stone or bullet; and by pulling this back the missile may be sent with violence to a great distance. The sketch shows the mode of use. It is rather too popular with schoolboys at the present time.

Tu. May 25. 1875 – The annexed appeared in the Exeter papers. Some 30 or 40 years ago the Cunningham family were living in affluence at Witheby, where they used to give grand ball and suppers, at one or two of which I went. They had been West India merchants, and were believed to be very rich, and they bought the manor of Sidbury from the Hunts. At last a boy and a black nurse appeared in Sidmouth; and it soon got whispered about that this boy was the son of the elder brother, and the rightful owner of all the property, on which the others were living. I have alluded to this, Dec. 30. 1869. Mr Cunningham, the father, had several children. John, the eldest son, went into the army, and in due time his father paid his debts for him, to the amount it was said, of £16,000. Some time afterwards of about £4,000 more. When John

Mon. May 31. 1875 – We hear that Captain Boyton has crossed the channel at last. This time he had tried it from France to England. He left Cape Grisnez at about three on Friday morning last, and landed in Fair Bay, near the South Foreland lighthouse at half past two on Saturday morning. It is partly an advertisement to sell (?). I was returning from the town this morning, coming up Church St, and when I got as high as the lane leading to westerntown, just below the churchyard, a boy of about 15 mounted a horse, with a basket containing two joints of meat on his arm, from the butcher's shop at that point. He trotted up the road a little way, and I stood aside to let him pass. He had not gone twenty yards when a child of five years old from the shop of Russell the baker, threw a handful of rubbish out against the horse's legs. The horse shied and started and threw the boy. He fell off on the near side, and under the horse's feet; and I expected every moment to see his brain trampled out by his hoofs. It is rather remarkable that he landed the basket down on the ground without spilling the meat. When he let go the bridle the horse started off, breaking the girth, and sending the saddle flying. When he got up nearly up as far as Coburg Terrace, he was stopped and brought back. I heard afterwards that a child thoughtlessly threw some rubbish out of a doorway just as the horse was approaching, but without seeing the horse, and that some of it struck the horse's legs.

Th. June 3. 1875 – After several resolutions, which other occupations had interfered with, Mr Heineken and myself went over to examine Whimple church and neighbourhood. We went to the Sidmouth station: took the rail: went down the steep incline through Harpford Wood, 1 in 41 it is said: stopped at Tipton, sometimes called Tipton St Johns: proceeded towards Ottery: before getting there saw the holes in the sand bank, over the river, looking across the fields to the right, which people commonly call "Pixie Parlour", but which I believe is no more than a place where children have been digging sand out of the soft sand rock to sand their cottage floors in Ottery, because the children do the same thing in Sidmouth: then stopped at Ottery: went on half a mile: observed the interesting old bridge of red rock over the river Otter, and after that the stakes in the fields, marking the distances of the rifle range, where the volunteers practice, and then we got to the junction. We took the main line, and soon got to Whimple. The church is noteworthy for presenting a fine range of perpendicular windows down the nave aisles, and has a massive tower of no great height. The

stone used seems to be red rocks, the brown igneous rock of Thorverton. A very pleasing church inside. There is an organ in the NE corner, with 8 feet diapason. There is a good monument to Dr Heberdon, who died in 1843. A monument to Newcombe dated 1732, but I am not able to explain the armorials.

There is a modern brass to a member of the Buller family, for though Downes may be the head quarters, there are many offshoots scattered about the county. This brass bears the date of 1860. Among the coloured glass windows, there is one at the east end of the south aisle bearing the Arms of Buller quartered with others, and impaled with the wife's.

In a south side window the Buller family again is seen, but this time on the female side, the husband's side being represented by Hughes and the date is 1872.

Over the south door there is a large Jacobean monument to Dr Hickee, bearing date 1707.

On the south wall is a Brass to E. J. Honeywood, born at Honiton June 26, 1790, died at Whimple Dec. 12. 1867. Some people do not like Brasses, because, when time wears off the lacquer, and they begin to tarnish, they get dull and look dirty. They could be repolished and lacquered. Myself, I have rather a liking for them.

The arcade down the nave has depressed pointed arches of the Perpendicular period. The font is octangular. The old oak seat ends are worthy of notice. The strange devices of hearts transfixed by arrows in different lines and directions are novel and fanciful, and so I have copied some of them in the margin.

W. June 9.1875. – The Sulton of Syyid of Zanzibari is arrived

June 21. – A three day inquiry before the Magistrates has taken place at the Town Hall, against James Govier and his wife Emma (Clode), for having neglected and ill-treated their relative Thomason Payton, a lunatic, under whose care she has been for some time. Lord Sidney Osborne, Mr Ede, of Lonsdowne, Dr. Pullin, Dr. Fox, and others, gave evidence. They were committed for trial. Bail £300.

The trial began in Exeter, July 27, and terminated the next day. The question for the Jury were sufficiently indefinite to puzzle them, so that their answers virtually amounted to acquittal, so the Goviers got off, rather to the surprise of Sidmouth people.

Another trial took place, e.g. – Relf v. Sidmouth Railway co. Relf contracted to make the railway for £50mil. The Stations were not then designed, but were estimated at £7000. He did the work, but found that it involved £17.000. They offered him £2000 besides the £7000. Not being satisfied he brought an action for £9000. After reading the Agreement, the Judge thought he was liable, Judgement accordingly. A hard case.

W. June 23 1875, --- How much further will the madness of the present age go? I thought that the insane measures of some of our republican M.P.s were far gone enough: or the pratings of some of our mob-orators: or the present fashion of ladies dress but now, from the living we turn to the dead, and here we have new and fantastic modes of disposing of their bodies. The burning of bodies was recently advocated by a few persons in Germany; and last year the republican M.P. Sir Charles Duke (see July 24.1886) sent his dead wife over, and had back four or five pounds of calcined bones in an

urn. Now we have got a Cremation Society started in England; but as it does not seem to take as readily as might be, some other inventor, willing to meet the thirst for the novell has just brought out coffins made of wicker work like log baskets. The Duke and Duchess of Southerland, to humour the inventor, or perhaps for the fun of the thing, allowed him a short time ago to exhibit them to a large party of friends on the grounds of his house in St. James' Park. The object of these is, not to preserve the body, but to promote its more speedy decay.

William Newman, the stone mason of High Street, a year or two ago became agent for a Coffin Company. The coffins were made of sheet zinc, covered outside with a black cloth, and inside with white serge pillows, etc., and the inventor declared them to be very comfortable. I went to his house and saw a room full of them. But they did not take, and he was so laughed at that he gave up the agency. His son used to like his glass of beer at the public house of an evening; but there he got no peace, and they threatened that if he didn't behave himself, they would send him to sea in one of his own coffins.- Took my servant Ann Newton to my cousin's (Miss Robertson's) and left her there, returning this evening

Sidmouth 1875

W. June 30. 1875

Mr. W. Floyd and myself went over to Lyme in a carriage the object being to chiefly to examine the piers of the Cobb or harbour; for some well meaning, but I fear rather visionary people in Sidmouth, have recently raised the question of constructing a pier or piers on the Chit rocks, as a protection to the lower or rather the west end of the Esplanade, forgetting how much money such a work would cost, or where the money was to come from, The Cobb is a very old work: and there are some interesting notices of it in Robert's History of Lyme. It is a long pier of massive stonework in an irregularly curved form, With branching arms near the end and a piece from the end (but leaving a space of about 50 feet for the vessels to come through) extending in a direction towards the shore, but stopping short of it. The whole work may be 1000 feet long and upwards: and it is from 40 to 50 feet thick.

We lunched at a hotel in the main street and walked about the town, but there is not much to see. The churchyard will fall into the sea some day. The soil of this blue lias district, looks cold and barren, and very different from the red marl of Sidmouth

Fri. July 9. Yesterday Mr. Disraeli the Prime Minister proposed a vote of £142,000 to defray the expenses of the Prince of Wales's visit to India this autumn.

M. July 12. The weather has been cold and unsettled, but to-day Mr. W. Floyd and myself went to Torquay in a boat. We went to examine the new pier, made of brick or blocks of concrete, which we saw in course of construction some years ago. We had a brisk NW wind, which served as a 'soldier's wind' to go as well as to come back with. We were nearly five miles from the land when we were off Exmouth and Teignmouth, and somewhat knocked about, and for half an hour I was very sick, as I go to sea so seldom. Our course was nearly over the ten fathom line on the Ordnance map. We were three hours reaching the Flat Rock and the Ore stone at the entrance to Torbay. No one could have an idea of the great size of these rocks until one gets close to them. Many years ago I landed on the Ore Stone. The Thatcher is an immense conical rock further in the bay, with gray peaks on it resembling the ruins of a castle, especially as seen from the south. It took us nearly another hour to beat up the bay. Torquay looks beautiful from the water.

The pier is made of concrete blocks of great size, plastered over in some places. Easterly gales have shaken it a little. I was told it is 800 feet long, and it is 50 feet thick, and consequently opposes great weight to the waves.

We were nearly four hours getting back.

W. July 14. It rained and blew the whole day incessantly, and as cold as November.

Th. July 15. The Sultan of Seyyid as they call him, of Zanzibar left to day for Paris on his way home

W. July 21. Went to Dawlish

Th. July 22. Returned: bringing my invalid servant back with me.

Fri. Aug. 6. Mr. Harding the Organist gave a concert at the London Hotel, at which most of the members of the Choral Society assisted. Soon after it was over, a thunder storm with rain came on, and continued nearly all night.

Sidmouth Aug. 1875

Wed. Aug. 25.- So Captain Boyton is now eclipsed [April 10. May 31]

Captain Webb has crossed the Channel by the strength of his arms alone. It is wonderful that he was not benumbed and chilled to death by being twenty two hours in the water. Such a feat as this I should think has never been accomplished before in any age or in any country.

A terrible accident has occurred in the Solent. The Queen's yacht, with her Majesty on board, has run down another vessel.

W. Aug. 25.- Mr Heineken and myself had another dig at the cairn on Salcombe Hill [See May 26, June 6, 1873 etc] We enlarged the trench on the east and north sides: came to some large stones, and hoped we were nearing the kist-ven, but were not successful: and so went on disappointed. We picked up a missile made of jagged flint from the interior of the cairn, and one or two smooth beach-pebble-sling stones, which appear to have been in the interior of the heap, and consequently as old as the heap, but not with the burial or any sepulchral remains. These missiles and sling-stones, being objects of rude and very early work, may have been thrown about the hill at enemies or rabbits before the cairn was made, and to their appearance will not prove anything. It is alleged that no proof has yet been brought forward to show that the British used sling, though the Romans and Saxons did; but amongst all those early people, it is not possible to say who had thrown those sling-stones actually in the kist-ven along with the remains, and associated with such objects as will prove their nationality. – Sep. 23. 1874

W. Sep. 1. – The Valorous has returned, and brought the last news of the arctic expedition. She arrived at Disco [?] June 26, and after heavy weather they got there June 28. The Valorous gave up her coals and stores and all three ships proceeded further north, among icebergs, and on July 16 the Valorous finally left them and returned to England. If the Alert and the Discovery reach 83° or 84° N.

L. They hope, by exploring parties to get to the pole by April or May 1876, or later in the summer. –
Th. Jan. 13. 1876

Th. Sep. 2. – Had an early dinner at Cottington to eat some venison, and very nice it was.

Sat. Sep. 4. – This morning a butcher in the Market House shewed me 19 pebbles that he had taken from the stomach of a cow. They were in average size, as large as pigeons' eggs and small hens' eggs. They would have half filled a hat, and must have been very heavy in the animals' stomach. He told me that the cow was fat and healthy. I surprised him by saying that she had not picked them up in Sidmouth valley, but somewhere beyond or near the river Ottery. He answered that she had been fed near Ottery. They were Alysbeare Hill pebbles, some or most of them of white quartz, and they were polished by attrition.

Sun. Sep. 5. 1875.- After church took a quiet walk up Salcombe Hill by the cliff. Looking over I saw beneath me a shoal of 8 or 10 porpoises very near the shore. Very little is seen of them beyond the black fin, and that only momentarily when they come up to breath. Went up over the hill till it began to descend the other side and, then turned inland till I reached the road: crossed it, and went further north till I looked down upon the valley of Sidmouth, over Milltown Lane: took a look at the barrow, [Aug. 25] and returned down the hill. The furze was yellow and the heath crimson and purple, and intermingled with the green, the colouring was beautiful.

Fri.Sep.10 - In all our antiquarian excursions Mr. Heineken and myself had never been to Axminster, though we had often intended it; but the new railroad to Sidmouth enabled us to do it to-day. We had long been familiar with the accounts given by Mr. Davidson of Secktor, of the places and objects of interest in the neighbourhood – his plan of the town and the many scraps of its early history. We left by 10.10 train, and got to Axminster at 11.17. The church has a central tower, with a stair turret. The south aisle runs all along the building, from the west to the east end, the south transept being a portion of it. The same I think on the north. The tower and the south front are covered with rough-cast, but the north front shows all its stonework, and has some interesting features. There is a handsome parapet all along, with the pattern pierced through. There are also many coats of arms, but the stone is so decayed that I could only make out Courtenay and Stafford Knot. There is a good north porch with parvise over. The greater part of the building is perpendicular work; but the chancel is of the decorated period; and the gem of the building is a Norman doorway at the east end of the south chancel aisle, which I had not time to copy.

In the southern part of the churchyard we saw the following names on a tombstone: - Gill, Chapel, Robert Lincoln Lendey, Bonner, Hammond, Pilkington of Hilary House, Priddis, Northcote, Webber, Miller, Edwards, Anning, Gage, Pryer, Pound, Keech, Tytherley, Cox, Linton, Greig, Symes, Cort, Perring, Nowlan, Burnett, Bastyan, Hayman, Akerman, Thorn, Robinson, Daniel, Finnemore, Seward, Corner, Willis, Pulman, King, Coombs, Sweetland, Rigney, Gapper, Bucknole, Williams, Naish, etc. There is an Ordnance level mark, with copper bolt and horizontal cut across the head of it, in the west door jamb of the north porch, about 15 or 16 inches above the ground.

The interior was restored and renovated about 1870. The new seats are only of deal, but the carving on them is good. Tablets on south wall of chancel to Rev. C. Steer, Gunter, Edward Kennet Dawson, and his mother formerly of Sidmouth. There are two recumbent figures under recesses in the chancel,

A female figure on the south side, and a male figure on the north, with the top half of the head gone.

There is a new organ by Dickens of Exeter in the south side of the chancel, with 16 foot G. There are two large squints or hagioscopes, which go through the two eastern supports of the tower. In the south west support is the newell stair case of the tower.

Tablets to N. Bragge, Gundry, and Drake, the armorial bearings of which I copy. To J. Alexander, as also another to Ann his wife, born Knight, all on south side of the tower, and Gundry's over the door of the tower stairs. There is an old slab in the pavement on the south west of the tower of fifteen hundred and odd (date broken out) in black letter, and the name something like John Watis. In the nave floor is an old slab with date worn out, recording John Young, with the arms nearly gone. Another near it, of 1790, to the local name of Gammes.

The font is the old one cleaned, and I fear re-dressed, lined with lead, and perhaps the foot or pedestal may not be original. The arcadine down each side of the nave, of perpendicular work, is good, and the capitals particularly so.

The tablets against the west wall, about 2 feet, or 2 feet 6 high are peculiar, and of inferior work. There is a peculiar smirk in the mouths of both figures.

There is an oval tablet near the pulpit Benjamin Prince and his wife erected by his son Rev. John Prince, Vicar of Totnes and Berry Pomeroy.

It is not often that I admire Jacobean work, but I was delighted with the pulpit. Together with the reading desk they were both made out of the old pulpit. The carving is the best in that style I recollect to have seen in Devonshire.

Sidmouth, Sep. 1875

Mon. Sep. 13. Miss Creighton of N^o1 Coburg Terrace, gave a picnic to a few friends, the place of meeting being at the cottages close under the SE end of Blackbury Castle. She drove me there in her carriage. We mounted Trow Hill and just on nearing the summit we passed the spot on the left hand, where the old fir tree used to stand, in the hedge. When it was felled, or fell down, a few years ago, a young one was planted in its place. I did not observe it to-day: perhaps it is dead. It is at this place that the apparition of a woman used to terrify the simple folk of bye-gone times, according to tradition.

Going along the road for two or three miles, we turned off north to Long Chimney Farm and Rakeway Bridge and then east to Blackbury Castle. We turned in over the wild heath immediately round the east end; and as it was impossible to take the carriage down the steep pitch to the cottages, it was left on the heath, and everything carried down. As a dozen or more people were soon expected in a brake or char-a-banc, and as they did not know where to find the cottages, I decided on being in the camp, and hailing them when they came near. Besides, I had an eye to business, and I thought I might poke about, and see what I could discover. The calcined flints still contain a mystery, though I have endeavoured to solve it on conjecture, -----See MS Hist. Of Sidmouth, 154.

As yet I have only met with them on the south side. I wandered about the area, which has been in a great degree cleared of trees, but much covered with fern. Wherever I saw a bare spot, I examined it

for calcined flints, but found none. At last I came upon a place, a little south of south-east of the middle I think, where some picnics or gypsies had made a fire to boil their kettle, and I perceived that the flint among the ashes were all split up by the heat. Such appearances might easily deceive and lead to false conclusions, but this fire was quite recent. At last I heard carriage wheels. I hurried to the top of the northern agger and hailed the party, and directed them to turn in round the east end of the camp. On descending, it appeared that the two westerly cottages had fallen half down from sheer bad building, so we went on to the easterly one. We had an excellent dinner on the grass in the orchard, where I carved two fine young ducks. Everything was cold but the potatoes. We then rambled about, and gathered nuts and blackberries. I went and examined the mound on the crown of which a pit was sunk some years ago, and I could still see traces of our work.

We had a nice tea in the cottage; and after more rambling about we started for home. By way of varying the route we turned eastward—went down by some cottages opposite Bovey House, crossed a brook, and ascending a steep lane, came out by Hangman's Stone. The country people are afraid to pass this spot at night. They say that the man who was hanged or strangled there by the sheep comes back once a year to this place, and on the anniversary of the fatal event; and as nobody knows on what date the event took place, every night in the year has its terrors. We then proceeded home almost in the dark, without further incident.

Fri. Sep. 17. Early this morning, before daylight there occurred a storm of thunder, lightning and rain. Two cottages in Otterton were set on fire and burnt by it. One was occupied by a man called Vinnicombe. They were at the lower end of the village, close to the grove of trees. Dined at the vicarage. Besides Mr. and Mrs Clements and two Miss O'Guins, staying there, the party consisted of Mrs Radford of Sidmouth and a lady, Mr Wilkinson the curate, Mr Moysey (son of our former Vicar) and his sister Mrs Marker,

Sidmouth Sep. 1875

Mon. Sep. 20 An old gentleman, a Mr. Stapleton residing at Sidbury, has twice called on me lately in Sidmouth, to interest me in a young man in Sidbury called Daniells, who is paralysed in the lower limbs, but has a great talent for wood carving. Walked out to-day. First went into the church and took rubbings of the two brasses on the south chancel wall, inside---- to the names of Parsons and Fellowes. Then went to Daniells, who sits up in his bed, and uses his hands the best way he can. Gave him a small drawing book, urging him to make drawings of his subjects before he attempts to carve them ---to be very particular as to the correctness of his patterns---not to mix styles—and when he represented natural objects, as leaves, flowers, or fruit, to have some of them before him whilst he is at work, if possible, or else drawings of them, which he had previously made.

Whilst here Mr Stapleton came in, He took me to his house, and we had tea together. Until recently he had been absent from England for 45 years. He appears to have been all over the world, and told me many very interesting anecdotes of his travels both in the tropics and in the arctic regions. It was nearly dark when I reached home.- See June 18. 1877

Fri. Sep. 24 Got a letter from my agent Mr Sandford at Adelaide, in which he says that the gentleman who wants to buy my section of land at Victor Harbour has now run up his price to £600. It was my wish to write a good humoured and courteous reply, regretting that I could not accommodate his client, amongst other things I said: -- 'I am afraid that your client will think that I am a great screw, or a great grasper after money: but I am merely saying that I am indifferent about selling Section 18, because I wish to keep it for my nephew. I rather look to the future value of it than the present

value. As time goes on it is certain to increase in value. I have recently been led by several circumstances to consider the relative advantages of money, or the advantages of land. It is certain that, from looking back into the early history of England, it is plain that in all ages money has been decreasing in value. Time was when a hen could be brought for half penny, and a sheep for a shilling. Those animals were obliged to be reared and fed in that day as well as now, though they were not such fine specimens. In the present day in England it is not easy to get a fowl so cheap as 2s/0, or a sheep for 50 shillings on £2.10.0 My butcher told me the other day that a fine sheep is worth £3. From this it seems that, to purchase a fowl, we must give 50 half pence instead of one: and this shows that money is of 50 times less value than it was at the former period. The same with the sheep. If a person offers to exchange a large object for a small piece of money, we may infer that money is very valuable. A shilling for a sheep. But as the shilling has depreciated so much in value since that day, instead of the whole animal, we can only get a pound or two of his flesh for a shilling. This process of depreciation has in all ages been uniformly going on. A notable instance has recently occurred in England before our own eyes. The disturbances in the mining and manufacturing districts, very much promoted by mob orators and interested persons; the strikers, combinations, and lock-outs, have all tended to make a revolution in prices. Workmen not only demand higher wages, but they work fewer hours in the week. All the necessaries of life, and all building materials, have gone up, or, in other words, money has gone down. In 1870 I was making additions to the Old Chancel, where I live; and I find a calculation, that what I could then do for £100, would require £120 or £125 now. This indicates that money has depreciated in value from 20 to 25 per cent in only five years; by a remarkable jump.

“But how is it with land? If we look back we shall see that whilst money is always going down, land is always going up. As each lease drops in, we generally see, except in some unusual circumstances, that on granting a new lease, an advance is made on the rental, and commonly the new tenant agrees to it. Even in the manor of Sidmouth, where I reside, an instance of a very striking advance occurs. In 1787 it was purchased for £15:600, but in 1866, after an interval of 79 years, it changed hands, and fetched rather more than £80.000. And the owners in the interval had done nothing to improve it: on the contrary, they had wasted it, racked it out, mortgaged it, and impoverished it in every possible way. In 1634 my ancestors went to America, and assisted in founding the colony at Boston. Massachusetts, and bought tracts of land in the neighbourhood at mere nominal prices. My great grandfather was Governor there in 1774 when the Revolution broke out and England lost the colonies. He took the English side and came to England, and in the end the American government confiscated his estates, and sold them to their own advantage. I have found out that they got £38,000 for one of them, and that was a remarkable rise. The ruin we received there was one of the causes that sent my brother to Australia, to begin the same process over again. I am extremely sorry if I disappoint your client. I hope he will forgive me for adhering to my former arrangement. If he is ever on my Section, which will rise in value, as time goes on, I hope he will have perpetual sunshine there, and perpetual haymaking” Aside - his name is Hay. (Mar, 13. 20.1876)

Mr. and Mrs. King, and Miss King, of Beach House, Mr Vibart, (her adorable) and Mr Levien, Mrs King's brother, and his wife, came to have a look at the Old Chancel. They were with me an hour or more, chatting and examining my things, during which time I gave them “an afternoon tea”, originally a Russian custom, I have heard, but now not unusual in England. I heard this evening, that somewhere on the road she lost a gold bracelet. I sincerely hope it may be recovered.

Th. Sep. 30 - Took a walk along the beach and beyond High Peak and back at low water. The tide was very low, for the moon changed yesterday, and there was a small eclipse of the sun, which I saw. It

began at 11.13; greatest 12.2; and 12.51. There will be no eclipse of the sun again till 1880, that is, in England.

Mr Lavis, an amateur geologist of London, but here on a visit, found in the red rock in Picket Rock cove, where there had been a fall of cliff, some organic remains like bones of plates of the head of a saurian or batrachians. The little drawing annexed is from the coloured drawing in my Sketchbook, which I did from the object itself, he having brought it for my examination. It is rather more than a foot long. I went over to hunt for more, but was not successful.

Along the beach I found many hollow bamboo canes, five or six feet long, thrown up by the sea and mostly split and broken. They are the gifts of some violent weather we had a few days ago. And an empty boat was picked up off here, which I have been examining on Sidmouth beach, and which suggests the occurrence of some fatal wreck. The boat appeared to be French: clumsily built, and sharp at both ends.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1875

Mon. Oct. 4 Dreamt last night that there the northern half of my new iron gate, put up last winter [Feb. 24] had got broken by some carelessness. Dreamt also that on going into to my little field on the north side of the Old Chancel, to my surprise I saw several masons busily engaged in beginning to build a cottage or small house, only a few feet from the Old Chancel. On asking them what they were about, and expostulating with them, they coolly told me that the field was not mine, and that they were going to build there. I also saw an affiche fixed to the gate of the field, with these words written on it: - This field belongs to Mr. - , I forgot the name of the usurper. In the midst of my dismay, I woke, or my dream ended. What can put such strange ideas into peoples' heads?

Tu. Oct. 5. The government works have just completed the largest gun ever made in this country. It weighs 81 tons. They are going to make three more. I took the annexed cutting describing it from a newspaper.

POH then wrote Bigger again. They now make 100 ton guns, where is this to end?

Mon. Oct, 11. – To-day the Prince of Wales leaves England, in order to pay a visit of several months to our East Indian possessions. He crosses France and Italy, and meets the Serapis at Brindisi, and then goes through the Suze canal to Bombay.

Tu. Oct, 12. – Now that the gas and gas pipes are being introduced into the parish church, and the matting that generally covers the floor has been temporarily taken up, I took the opportunity of copying all the inscriptions cut on the flag stone. In the middle aisle are two inscriptions to the family of Connant or Conant, once a name of repute in this place, but now only found among the fisherman. One inscription runs thus: - Here lyeth y Body of Henry Connant Gent who Dyed y 10th day of June, anno Dom. 1684. The other is on the slab with the armorial achievement, as above, and is the following:- Here lyeth the Body of John Conant Esq. Who died y. 13th, - of Jan. 1736. Aged 38. he was perhaps a grandson of the former, and judging by the arms, seems to have married a Miss Duke, of Otterton.

Th. Oct, 14. – Started after breakfast and took a walk along the beach eastward at the base of Salcombe Hill, as far as the Hook Ebb reef of rocks and back. Beyond Salcombe Mouth at about a mile and a half from Sidmouth, there are quantities of blackberries at the base of the cliff, and I eat more of that native fruit than I have done for years.

Fri. 15. – By a return on the church door I see that this year in Sidmouth, s game licences have been taken out, and 74 dog licences. Almost 150 pay armorial bearings, 142 of which being at £1., 1., 0. About 400 houses and cottages are rated to the poor: and there were 178 voters in the parish last year. The Post says the drawings are ready, and the machinery is preparing, for the production, at the Royal Gun Factories, of guns of 160 tons, or as much larger as may be called for.

POH then wrote Bigger again See Sep. 28.1876 And Nov.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1875

Th. Oct. 7- Went into Exeter for the day. Our new branch railway is certainly very convenient. Gave Dean Milles account of finding the Roman Penates in Exeter 100 years ago, to the Free Library at the Museum.

Went to Mr. Brand, the dentist, at his new house at the N.W. side of the Cathedral yard, and had the fang of an incisor taken out. Five shillings! Quickly earned! He then took me over his house, not yet finished. He is so exceedingly enthusiastic as to what he intends to do there, that I fear he is almost visionary. The lower rooms are furnished and are full of works of art, which he is fond on collecting. Bronzes, old china, paintings, engravings, cases, cabinets, and so on, crowd the rooms, so that it is difficult to move. Up stairs every place is crammed with a most varied collection of all sorts of things, waiting for places. He has some things of value, and many that have cost a great deal. I was shown a small vessel of blue and white china ware, something like a milk jug, which cost £3. and for which he has refused £5. A Chelsea china (for which there is now a rage) sort of vase, with two dolphins for handles, only about nine inches high £17. There are two handsome real china vases about three feet high, elaborately painted, worth about £60 apiece: and two others about five feet high £100 each. I admired these amazingly. There is an organ that plays by itself – I think of German work: and a piano of English manufacture, with manual, to play by hand, or by itself. One would suppose that he had attended all the sales in the country for years past.

Then went to Mr. Dicker, the organ builder, and heard an organ performance on a new instrument, just made for a church at Weston super Mare, Got back to the Old Chancel in the evening.

Fr. Oct. 22 Dined with the Floyds at Powys. Lady F. from her age, now keeps to her rooms upstairs. There were at dinner Captain and Mrs Toup, Nicolas, RN, Mrs B. Kennet- Dawson, (Miss Floyd) whom I took to the dining room: Major Hurry I, Mr. W. I. and myself

Tu. Oct. 26 Dined at Mrs. Mackintosh's at Villa Verde. Herself, Miss Mackintosh, Miss Butler, and P. O. Hutchinson – qui hoc scripsit.

W. Oct. 27 The Exeter papers this week have the account of a disgraceful robbery, by means of false keys, of three specimens of native gold in auriferous quartz, and a silver coin, from the Museum in Exeter. The thief is the son of a clergy man, and an undergraduate of Cambridge. I say disgraceful, for the first time he was had up, he said to the magistrates – “ I assure you on my word and honour as a gentleman, that I know nothing about the robbery”. They have given him six months with hard

labour in Exeter jail. More than twenty keys were found on him and in his boxes, some filed into new shapes, two files and a chisel.

M. Nov. 1. 1875 Since Michaelmas the weather has been unusually wet and stormy with the wind shifting quickly from one point of the compass to another, and then back again, with once or twice thunder and lightening. Scarcely, if ever, have such deluges of rain been known to fall in short periods of time. One evening in Exeter, there fell more than three inches of rain in three hours. This is about the average for the whole month. As a consequence of this, the lower grounds all over the country have been flooded. Rivers have overflowed their banks, cattle have been swept away, houses destroyed, and many people drowned. No very serious accidents has occurred in Sidmouth, beyond leakages in roofs of houses.

Th. Nov. 4 Went over to Beer to see C. F. Williams, who has been here a month or more. Carried over several of my sketchbooks at his request; for some of my early attempts were made with him when we were boys and he wanted to look back and contemplate the exploits of our juvenile days. I saw a curious flat fish, dark brown on top, and white under, about 22 inches long, with no visible head, two nostrils above, and two eyes behind, and near the tail two things like the hind legs of a hare. On the underside was the mouth, and two rows, each having 5 half moons slits for breathing. The old fishermen had never seen the like before. I only sketch from memory. Since then I have been told it is the Electric Rae.

LONDON 1875

I was told in Beer by an old sailor that all male descendants of Jack Rattenbury as well as those of his brother William, had died out and become extinct. He said he had known them both well, and had often been smuggling with them. I got back to the Old Chancel soon after eight.

Tu. Nov. 16. 1875 Went to London. Put up at Charing Cross Hotel. They were very full; and the only bachelor's room they could assign me was No. 196, at the top of the house. I amused myself with counting from the bottom to the top, and the flights contained the following steps, 43, 32, 33, 25, 20 – in toto 153

W. Nov. 17. 1875. My Birthday. Went to have a good look round at the British Museum, Dwelt first upon the Nineveh sculptures, which of course I had seen before. Examined on or two large tessellated pavements, which were new to me. Contemplated the spirited battle of the Amazons and their ungallant opponents: the frieze of the Parthenon; and busts of Roman Emperors, whose types of features in most cases, only resemble common and rather vulgar every day English faces. I am at a loss to know where the so called "Roman Nose" comes from, if it ever had an existence. Up stairs I examine the great meteorites: the geological remains: the extinct mammalian, and remarked on the very small amount of brain given to the mammoth. In the medal room I looked at the ancient gems: the golden British breast plate, torques, armlets, jewellery, and money: and lastly the cracked Portland Vase. I don't think I had seen this since it was broken in 1845 by a maniac muddled with drink.

Fri. Nov. 19. Went to the Tower, after an interval I think of 24 years. Went over the Keep or White Tower. Saw the place, at the foot of the stairs, where the young princes were buried, after being murdered. Examined the armour, weapons, and numerous other interesting things. Went into the Council Chamber, being the upper floor, where Richard III so madly accused Lord Hastings, and had him immediately beheaded on a log of timber in the yard. Then went to examine the Regalia. In

reply to my questions, we were told that everything was of solid gold, except the maces, and they were of silver gilt: and further, that the worth of the Regalia was rather more than £3.500.000.

As I was returning along the Strand, I noticed an elegant dress sword at the shop of Mr. Attenborough, No. 27. An inscription written on a card stated it to be the sword of Lord St Vincent, and that the price was 300 guineas. Soon after I noticed the annexed the letter in the newspaper

Sat. Nov. 20 Transacted a little business, for which I came to town. Called on some friends at No. 21a Hanover Square. Then examined the case of Mr. and Mrs Vanes, or Sir Frederick and Lady Vane, as I believe them to be, though the difficulty is to prove it in a court of law. See Nov. 12. 1872.

Looked at the old Water Gate at the bottom of Villiers Street, Strand, which a few years ago, as I well remember, before the embankment was made used to be washed by the waters of the Thames. Walked down to St Paul's, and resolved to see it thoroughly. Examined the crypt. Saw the Duke of Wellington's bronze funeral car, and his sarcophagus of Cornish serpentine, in which he lies; and near it the sarcophagus of Lord Nelson, and many other interesting memorials. All my life I have been intending to go up into the ball, and I did it today. It is 616 steps; but the ascent is very easy, except the last climb, which is a perpendicular ladder. I have made the annexed sketch from a somewhat confused memory, so that its accuracy is not insisted on. The Ball and Cross are supported on a series of long upright iron bars about as thick as ones wrists. The scrolls below the Ball are bronze castings, fixed to the bars. One can look out.

LONDON. Nov. 1875

Between these I could only see the tops of the houses below me, as everything in a horizontal direction was hid by smoke. A keen north east wind was blowing, it was rather a difficult job to pull oneself up between the bars and get into the Ball. A fat person could not do it. And the aperture is still more confined by a large iron nut, as large as a plate, just over head on entering, so that it is necessary to squeeze by the side of it. I suppose this nut is to screw up something tight; but I did not notice what, and it is dark inside the Ball. This queer place is six feet in diameter.

The Golden Gallery, at the foot of the lantern is as high as most people go.

The Whispering Gallery, lower down, is a very amusing place. It is 140 feet in diameter. Whilst the attendant was on one side and I on the other, we could carry on an easy conversation without exertion. The voice did not come straight across the circle, but seemed to run round the surface of the smooth wall.

I went also to the Library. The floor is of parquetry, and they tell you that it is made up of 2376 pieces of oak. It contains about 7000 volumes.

I went also to the south-west tower or turret, where the bells are; and whilst there the clock struck twelve.

The style of architecture of St Pauls, to my taste, is not so suitable for a place of worship as that of the greater solemnity of Westminster Abbey: nevertheless this visit has made me entertain a high opinion of the knowledge and the genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

In the afternoon I went to see the Houses of Parliament, after some considerable interval. The Queen's Robing Room, and one or two other chambers or galleries, have been completed since my

last visit. I spent an hour or two in the building, then went to Westminster Abbey. I had not been here long when they began to light the lamp, for the daylight soon ends this time of year. I remained to the service at four o'clock.

After this I took the Metropolitan Railway, or Underground Railway, as it is often called, to South Kensington, for the purpose of seeing the Museum lighted by gas: and the effect, I must say, is very pretty, indeed. Had tea in the Refreshment Room - the walls all porcelain.

Sun. Nov. 21. 1875:- Came down rather tired after yesterday's sight-seeing: but I rather like the feel of being somewhat tired. One sits in a chair so heavily and so contentedly. Had breakfast in the handsome Coffee Room, and then started off a mile north to All Saints, Margaret Street.

Mr Hoyte the organist there was a little boy at Sidmouth some years ago. His father, who I think died there, kept a bookseller's shop in the Fore Street. The widow afterwards took her children to London, and opened a shop there. Young Hoyte, the boy, had a great fashion for music, and began learning the piano before they left Sidmouth; and I have heard say that whilst he was playing he would kick against a box with one foot, in order to produce the effect of a drum accompaniment. The church was so full I could not get in, so I went to the church in Regent Street, near the circus.

In the evening dined with the Vanes in Palace Garden terrace, Bayswater.

Mon. Nov. 22 Brought two Chinese plates with light green ground, 7.2 inches in diameter in Regent Street. Went out and looked at the Albert Memorial, near then Albert Hall and Botanic Gardens. They were engaged in drawing up the statue of Prince Albert, wrapped up in canvass. This is a beautiful piece of architectural work certainly, the design of Sir Gilbert Scott. It is too beautiful and delicate to be out of doors in this climate. I should think that the mosaic in the spandrels, done by Salviati, (who is doing those in the inside of St Pauls) will be soon torn to pieces by the frost of our winters. Of the four colossal groups outside the corners, I must admire the south-east emblematic of Asia. This is by Foley.

Went again to the South Kensington Museum. Examined the crown of King Theodore, late of Abyssinia: the steel eagle from Japan, which cost £1000: The plaster cast of the Trojan Column: of Roslyn chapel, etc: the tessellated pavement in this chamber, which are transparent and serve for skylights: the admirable facsimile of the Bayeux Tapestry, the original of which I saw at Bayeux August 20, 1855, etc, etc,

Tu. Nov. 23 Returned to Sidmouth by rail.

Sidmouth. Nov. Dec. 1875

Wed. Nov. 24. 1875 If bankruptcy ruins individuals, it may also be the ruin of nations. At the present moment Turkey is reported to be nearly in a state of collapse. Her debts are enormous, and are constantly increasing. Ever since the accession of the present Sultan the palace expenditure has been £2,000,000 a year. His servants number 5,500 of all sorts. There are 21 palaces, and over 1200 ladies. He has had a passion of late of building or buying iron clad ships; though it is doubtful whether the genius of the Turks is of a sufficiently active; or a resolute nature, to enable them to work such ships before an enemy. These, and the ladies are swamping him; and insurrections are breaking out.

Sat. 27. And the Kedive of Egypt is almost in a similar predicament; and all Europe is astounded at the amount announcement that he has sold part of his interest in the Suez canal to the English government. Most of the governments of Europe betray much dissatisfaction at this unexpected stroke of policy on the part of England. The price given is £4,000,000 sterling.

Wed. Dec. 1.1875 I have been much interested in reading Mr Smith's recent exploration at Ninevek and Babylon for the British Museum. From the clay tablets and cylinders which he has discovered, it appears that the Babylonian monarchy existed so far back as 2500 years before the Christian era. At Ninerrk he prosecuted many researchers. The Izdubar (if that is the right reading) in the Izdubar Legends, is supposed to be the same with Nimrod. Tablet No. 11, gives an account of the building of the Ark and of the Deluge.

Th. Dec. 2. By misprint in the Times of Nov. 26, there is a clash between the numbers 117,000 and 177,000.

Fri. Dec. 3. Went to Belmont Villa, Dawlish, to see my cousin Miss Robertson.

Sat. Dec. 4 Dawlish was dreadfully flooded by rain a month ago: [Nov. 1.] and traces of the mischief done are visible in many places. When torrents of rain were falling, and the brook or river was rushing down and overflowing its banks, a reservoir up under Haldon gave way and completed the deluge. Bridges were carried away: a man fell in with part of a bridge and was drowned, his body being carried out to sea, and afterwards found in the bathing cove west of the town: houses flooded, and much property destroyed: and as it happened a high tide, the sea kept the fresh water back, so that by the iron bridge at the lower part of the Lawn, the water reached all across the valley from the houses on one side to those on the other.

Sun. Dec. 5. At St Mark's in the morning, and the parish church in the afternoon, the rebuilding of the eastern portion of the later is now completed and a considerable debt incurred- as in commonly the case in such matters: but I doubt the good morals of such custom.

Mon. Dec. 6. Went down to Newton Abbot to examine some antiques which Messrs Watts, Blake, Rearne, and Co. have discovered in the Xitherixon Clay works. The chief was a wooden figure, 13.3 inches high, resembling the rude and ugly gods carved by the South Sea islanders, found near the trunk of an oak tree black with age (from which tree they had made a walking stick, which I had in my hand) and from 23 to 25 feet beneath the surface. There was likewise Roman pottery; and a bronze Roman spear head. [See Trans. Of Dev. Asso. VII 200, where a lithograph is given.] Also they have the bones of the face or forehead of an ox [Bos longifrons?] leg bone, femur of dog apparently, ribs, Etc. As I was anxious to collect all the particulars,

Dawlish. Dec. 1875

I could, on order send an exhaustive account to the Society of Antiquarians of London, together with photographs and full size drawings, I expressed a wish to be directed to the spot where they were found, when one of them offered to walk out with me. The wind was north-east, and sharp enough, as the sportsmen say "to cut a snipe in two". The ponds were frozen, and the boys were sliding and skating. We went along the road for half a mile towards Kingsteignton, and soon after crossing the river Teign, turned up a lane on the left or west for perhaps 300yards or more, at the end of which is

a lake or sheet of water several acres in extent, with an island in it; and this is the great clay pit, which had been long worked, but which had been abandoned last year, so that the rain and the floods, had taken possession of it. There was about 20 feet of "heading" over the pottery clay, which is disintegrated feldspar derived from the decomposed granite of Dartmoor, the kneading being composed of beds of gravel, stones, and sand, resting unconformably on the clay which here dips to the west.

Fri. Dec. 10. 1875 Though cold it was fine. Took a walk to the Warren on the railway wall, Went to the targets at which our volunteer riflemen practise. Scraped up several bullets in the sand with my hands, which had hit the iron plate, of which it is composed, and which has been strangely flattened, and driven into queer shapes.

Sat. Dec. 11. Returned to Sidmouth, Took a present from my cousin Miss R., and deposited it in the Free Library attached to the Museum. It consisted of a folio volume in French, full of engravings, printed at Paris just after the events of the Revolution and decollation of Louis XVI. My cousin's father, Cap, Roberton, R. A. brought it at a sale at Cape Town about 1800, where he was then quartered. At that time this was the only volume published, but I believe another came out afterwards, And I also left a large folio vol., illustrated with coloured engravings, detailing the events connected with Queen Caroline's trial, and other circumstances mixed up with it.

Th. Dec. 16. The Sidmouth Choral society, which continues in a very flourishing state, gave its winter concert this evening, in the Ball room of the London Hotel. The first Part was sacred, (mostly from Haydon's Creation,) and the second secular. The room was full.

Fri. Dec. 17. Two more new bells are added to the peal of six in the church tower, there by making an octave of eight. During the past week they have been fixing the two highest, which are the new ones, and they have been chipping them, and some of the old ones, in order to make them in tune. If they had them in their workshop they would turn off a shaving by Machinery, as I once saw at Mears, but in default of that they are use hammers and chisel. If they want to lower the pitch of a bell I am told they chip all round inside at A and B, which thins it, and if they require to raise it, they cut away all round the lower edge at C and D, which makes a smaller bell of it.

I went up into the tower to-day to see the work, and found the two new bells fixed with their mouths upwards. They had been chipping round their insides, and the bright brass looking chips lay in the bottom of the two great basins. I scooped these up with my hands and got as much as I could hold in my two hands together. Perhaps I shall be able to cast something out of this metal. The fourth bell of the eight has been reduced round the edge.

Sun. Dec. 19. 1875 The Hon. Lady Sidney Godolphin Osborne died this morning at Cottington, since I lost my own mother I have not been so much impressed with a death as this. Her uniform kindness, and the kindness of all the family, may well make me regret any loss occurring in that house.

Mon. Dec. 20. – Had a quiet evening with the Buttemers at the Elms. The eight bells in the church tower were rung for the first time this evening. I did not think they sounded much in tune.

Tu. Dec. 21. Shortest day "Long days to-morrow. Get up at six o'clock," So my father used to say to his children.

M. Dec. 27, Went again to Dawlish as my last visit was rather hurried

Tu. 28. Read one or two amusing old articles in the Quarterly Review of 1819 and 1820. I think there is rather a spiteful and a carping spirit in most of the reviews

Th. 30. Very cold north-east wind, but dry. Walked again to the Warren, [Dec. 10.] scraped up several fragments of bullets at the Targets, and found one that had missed the target and stuck in the sand. They were all flattened at the point; which shows that they had hit point first, though at great distances, contrary to the arguments of some artillery men. – See Trans. Dev. Asso. IV. 137

Fri. Dec. 31. Last day of the year

POH Transcripts - 1876

Sat. Jan. 1. 1876. New Year's Day. Went to the morning service at St Marks' Chapel, Dawlish. The gas lights were all lighted to warm it. In the afternoon at parish church. What remains of the old font stands outside the west door in the cold. There was some ice in the bottom of it. At the risk of being told to "mind my own business" I ventured to plead in its favour, and suggested as to whether some corner under cover, and within the walls of the church or tower, could not be found for a relic of antiquity.

Sun. Jan. 2. At the same place of worship

Mon. Jan. 3 Went again to Newton Abbot [Dec. 6] Walked out to the lake or pond, being the old clay pit, where the objects were found, and made a sketch of it. The wood figure near the trunk of the oak tree, with the bones of animals scattered about, were met with on the northern side of the island. The island is only a heap of gravel thrown aside. Fragments of Roman pottery were also turned up. Towards the south end of the island, the elegant formed bronze spear head was discovered.

Came back, and walking through the town, went nearly up to High Week church, so strangely perched on the crown of a hill. Also visited a clay pit on the west side of the station. The deposit, I was told, was from 20 to 30 feet thick. A wonderful deposit indeed, if this is decayed or disintegrated feldspar. The length of time that this alone has taken to deposit, is quite incalculable. Returned to Dawlish as it was getting dark.

Dawlish. January 1876

Tu. Jan. 4. When I was a child I have heard my late mother allude to Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June 1794, in which her father, then Captain Parker of the Audacious, 74 guns, took part. At least two days before this, part of the French fleet appeared in sight, and a few shots were exchanged, That night, or the next day, the Audacious engaged the Revolutionaire of 110 guns, and beat her. My mother used to say that the cook wrote some verses on the subject of this battle, which afterwards sung by the ship's crew. Happening to mention these things to my cousin, she said she had a copy of the verses, and to which I was welcome. They are doggerel lines indeed, but as were written by an eye, witness, the fact mentioned in them have now become historical. They run as follows:-

"Britons' Glory: or The Downfall of France. A copy of verses on the memorable action between H. M. S. Audacious, 74 guns and the French Britong, 110 guns By Richard Howes, Cook of the Audacious. 1794

Come, come, my noble British tars, who talk of wars and strife

I'll tell you of the noblest fight you'er heard in your life;

It's of the bold Audacious, I'm going to make a song,

How she engaged a French first-rate, called the Grand Britong.*

It was on the 28th of May, the French fleet we did spy,
Came bearing down to windward, intent to shew us play;
But when they saw our strength my boys, they soon did haul their wind,
Yet soon some of our head most ships, some balls to them did send,

At length the bold Audacious, came up with the Britong*

Of one hundred and ten guns, besides the twelve hundred men; And soon we did begin the fight, the
fight was sore,

From half past eight we hard did fight, two hours, aye and more.

He was then mistaken in the ship's name, She turned out to be the Revolutionaire.

The Grand Britong's mizen top mast in the flight got on fire

And o'er board goes her mizen mast: it was what we did desire,

Our English tars gave three cheers: believe me on my word,

Ere they had time to cheer again, away goes her fore yard.

We plied her hull so well my boys, with grape shot, round, and double,

Which put Moun-seer, as I am sure into great grief and trouble.

Then they attempted to board twice; but still Britannia's sons

With their small arms did cut them off, whilst others plied guns.

At length their bold French Admiral, their colours did pull down,

And stuck to Captain Parker, who does deserve renown;

With all his bold Audacious crew, whose noble head so free,

Was not afraid, though of such force was our bold enemy

But what a vexing thing it was, believe me on my word,
After this noble ship had struck, we could not get on board,
To take of her sole command, and keep her as our prize;
Our sails tore, running rigging cut, and fore-mast hurt likewise.

Being so much disabled, we lay to all night,
Our shrouds being almost cut away, with the bloody fight,
The Defence hailed us my boys, as she was passing by,
The Niger also gave three cheers, but none with us did stay.

Then early the next morning to leeward we did see
Our noble prize dismasted quite, just like a log was she.
She showed a signal of distress, but we could not go nigh,
For we were chased at the same time, all by our enemy,

They chased us for an hour or two, till on the weather bow
We did espy three French sail more:- we knew not what to do;
But trusted unto Providence, and showed them British play,
And after forty minutes fight they all did run away,

The one' it was a large frigate, of four and forty guns,
Beside a big and sloop of war to face Britannia's sons:
But the Audacious' pills my boys, with them did so agree,
Which made the French dogs run away-no longer could they stay.
Still in this noble action, Providence was our guide:

We had but two men killed outright, and twenty wounded besides,
But two since of their wounds are dead, yet hope the rest will live,
For to repeat this feats so great, and make proud Frances to grieve.

Now to conclude and make an end, let's join our voice to sing,
Success to captain Parker, and long live George our King:
Success to Captain Parker, his officers, and men,
Who're not dismay'd, nor yet afraid, to face their foes again.

Then let us drink a health my boys, to all our noble fleet,
That they may always beat the French wherever they do meet;
And like the bold Audacious so nobly play their part,
Success to captain Parker and ships company with all my heart.

From the above verses the following historical facts may be gathered:-

1. That the French fleet was first sighted on the 28th of May, when a few guns were fired at it by the nearest ships.
2. That the Audacious, 74, came up with the revolutionaire, miss-called the Grand Britong, and engaged her in close fight, she having 110 guns & 1200 men.
3. That the action began at half past eight and lasted two hours and more. This could scarcely have been half past eight on the evening of the 28th on account of the approaching darkness. Perhaps it was on the morning of the 29th though the point is open to question
4. That the mizzen topmast of the enemy's ship took fire, and then the mizzen mast went overboard: soon after which the fore yard fell.
5. That the English fired grape shot, round shot and double shot,
6. That the French crew twice endeavoured to board the Audacious, but were kept off by small arms
7. That the French ship then hauled down her colours
8. That as then Audacious had her sails torn, her running rigging cut, and her foremast hurt, she was unable to proceed to take possession of her prize.

9. That the Defence and the Niger passed by them, cheered, and went on.

10. That on the morning subsequent to the battle, they espied their prize dismasted, lying like a log on the water; and although she shewed a signal of distress, they were unable to go to her, as more French ships were approaching.

11. That the French ships chased them for an hour or two, when there more French ships appeared- so that they knew not what to do.

12. That they fought with them for forty minutes, when all the French ships drew off.

13. That one was a frigate of 44 guns, another a brig of war, and the third a sloop of war.

14. That on board the Audacious there were only two men killed and 20 wounded, of who two more died of their wounds afterwards.

I have heard my mother say that her father brought the Audacious to England after this event, in order to have her injuries repaired.

Dawlish. Jan. 1876

I was also talking to my cousin about the Battle of St Vincent, which took place on the 14th of February 1797, not quite three years after the preceeding. Our grandfather Parker had been made an Admiral in the interval, and commanded a division of the fleet, but I did not know what. From the following letter, which she had among her papers, seems that Admiral Parker had five sail of the line with him, and with which he joined Sir John Jarvis at a critical moment just before the battle. It shows also the Commadore Nelson was present. I have often heard my mother talk of William Locker as if she knew him intimately in her youth. The letter is as follows:-

Copy of a letter from Sir John Jarvis to William Locker Esq., Lieut Governor of Greenwich Hospital, after the Victory of the 14th of February 1797.

Victory, Lagos Bay, 14 {or 19 indistinct} 1797

My dear Locker

I know you will be desirous of a line from me, and though I know not time to give you anything like a detail, I cannot resist telling you that your Commadore Nelson received the swords of the Commanders of a first rate, and eighty gun ship of the enemy, on their respective quarter decks. As you will probably see Mrs Parker, give my love to her, although unknown, and say junction of her husband with the squadron under his command,[a Foot-note says five sail of the line] I must ever consider the happiest event of my life. Say every thing kind to your young men, and be assured I am ever

Truly yours

John Jarvis

This appears to have been taken from the Gallery of Greenwich Hospital. Part IV. For this battle Admiral Parker was created a Baronet, and Sir John Jarvis and Earl

Tur. Jan.6. The bronze column in the Place Vendome, with statue of the first Napoleon on the top of it, was erected in 1810, and the Goths and Vandals pulled down this fine work of art May 17th, 1871. It is now set up again and the and the statue put on to-day.

Fri. Jan. &. Walked to Mount Pleasant by the road and called on Mr & Mrs Lees (his late wife's sister) at Warren House she died in March. It was however by no means so very pleasant, for it was a cold north east wind, "enough to cut a snipe in two", and a threatening of snow.

S. Jan. 9. I see by the papers that Sir Anthony Rothschild has just died, and has left £10,000,000 sterling

Wed. Jan. 12. Returned to Sidmouth through Exeter

Thu. Jan.13. When I feel the cutting wind I think of our arctic voyagers [May 29 Sep. 1. 1875] The temperature with them at present must be something awful. I do not know whether snipes could stand it. Looking into Captain Racks Journey, pp 218. 223 & 569, I see that on January 17, 1834, at Port Reliance, on the eastern shore of the Great Slabe Lake in latitude only 63 North, and longitude 109 west, it went down to 70° below zero, or 102° below freezing. Sulphuric and nitre ether turned viscous and opaque; rum became thick, but did not freeze: puligneous acid froze: mercury froze: wood split: and the human skin cracked.

Fri. Jan. 14. I thought the annexed cutting from the paper worth preserving. It is hard to say what can be the future destiny of young Theodore. Surly he is becoming too civilised even to be fitted to live in his own country, and perhaps too much changed to suit his own people.

Sidmouth 1876

Tu. Feb. 1. Today one of the fishing boats belonging to Beer, when about four miles off the mouth of the Axe, espied some large object which, on nearing it, they thought to be the hull of a vessell, bottom upwards. They thought so from the appearance of parallel strips or channels, inclining to black and white looking planks. But on closer examination, it proved to be the dead body of a whale. They made signals to other boats-got a rope round the tail, and towed it to Beer.

M. Feb.7. All the world and his wife have gone to see the whale, ever other person, I have met in the street during the past week, has greeted me by the universal question-“Have you seen the whale?” I was almost made up my mind that I would not go at all, as I had put it off so long; and some said I should be poisoned if I did. But what are we to do? The frequently repeated question at last rouses ones curiosity; so I thought it better to be poisoned than resist any longer. But I wanted a companion, I went up to Lansdowne and saw Mr.Ede. “Have you seen the whale?” “no”, “Then you ought”. “Have you?” “No”, says I, “What are you going to do?” “I’ll go if you will, lets’ take a carriage and go to-morrow morning. The tide will be low about eleven”. He turned to his wife – as all good husbands do, when they want an opinion. “It will be a very nice trip for you,” she said; “only, as the weather is so very cold you had better have a close carriage, And Mr. Hutchinson, you must have an early dinner with us on your return”.

Tu. Feb. 8. And we started at about half past nine. We mounted Trow Hill and got to Beer by eleven. Leaving the carriage at the Dolphin, we proceeded to the beach, The fish lay opposite the lower end of the street, and they had sewed him with the capstan. A high tide once floated it off, so they had to tow it back and secure it better. He had been pulled in tail first, so that the head was nearest the sea, It is reputed to be the Physalus Boops, or Rorqual. We were told it was 70 feet long: some said more, some less, but probably that is about the mark. The sailors had enclosed the flanks and upper or tail end with a curtain of poles and sails, and admitted visitors at three pence each. The lower or head end is washed by the waves at high water; but as we were within a day of full moon, we calculated for low water, so that we were able to go outside and walk round it without difficulty. I had expected to have found it blue-black in colour, like other great fish that I had seen; but to my surprise it was ochre, mottled with brown. It is true, there were a few dark patches about it, and these appeared to have been the scarf skin, which has been nearly all removed by decay and by rough usage, on the beach, It was a male fish. The fins and the tail were red-brown in tint, like burnt sienna. I could not see what dorsal fin he may have had, as he was lying on his back, inclining to his left side. The two pectoral fins, answering to the arms, struck me as very small for his size. The fore part of the head was something like a bird’s, in so far that the jaws or mandibles proceeded forward to a point, and slightly curved downwards like a birds’ beak. They were a fine yellow colour near the point, becoming fainter in receding. The eye was half closed: it appeared to be about the size of a bullock’s eye. The under side of the head and thorax was peculiar the colour was nearly white; but the skin was scored longitudinally by black in-dented channels, about four or five inches apart, very much assuming the look of the planks in with the object: and it was this peculiarity that deceived the fishermen when they fell in with the white object. The mouth may have been from eight to ten feet, as a guess; and in place of teeth, the upper jaw was set with a series of plates of slate colour whalebone, hinged on one side: but I think the under jaw was smooth. About six or eight feet of what seemed to be tongue, hung out of the mouth,

I had brought my Sketch-book, colour-box, and a bottle of water with me, and I wanted a memorandum of what I had seen. I made an outline sketch and put a wash of of colour over it, but the north-east wind was so miserably cold and my fingers were so benumbed, (scrammed, as the Devonshire people call it) that I was obliged to be content with a slight record, to be completed at home.

It had been reported that the fish was getting rather "high", so Mr Ede took a supply of cigarettes to keep off infection. I am not a smoker. It is a year and a half or more since Lord S. G. O. gave me one in his garden: but I took one to-day. Having completed my examination on the east or windward side, I walked outside his head, and round to the other side. There I met a whiff of malaria, but I went on and took a second. Oh my! Thinks I, if that goes into my lungs, it is enough breed fifty plagues and pestilences. I held my nose and hurried back, and getting into the fresh air, I drew two or three deep inspirations, I drew in the smoke, and blew it out through my nostrils, but that persistent fish stuck there for twenty-four hours.

After taking a turn on the beach, and picking up a few egg-shaped transparent agates, which the Beer people call "lucky stones", though there are no holes through them, we went to the Inn and had out the carriage. Beer has been thronged with people all the past-week. We were told that Messrs. Thomas and Co, tallow chandlers of Exeter, have brought the whale for the fat; and it is hoped that the skeleton will be obtained, and preserved in the village of Beer, as a perpetual attraction to visitors.

We got back to Sidmouth by half past one, and I dined at Landsdowne

Fri. Feb. 18. The new Domesday Book, as it is called, which has just been printed, is too important a national work to pass over unnoticed. The annexed account of it I cut from one of the Exeter papers. The former Domesday, which I have had in my hands; [Sep. 10. 1851] was compiled in 1086; and from that date to 1876 is 790 years. Whether I am entered on how I am entered, I do not know. The returns have not been made to the government by the owners.

Sat. Feb. 19. Went into the town. On my way met one of the Bartletts, fishermen, with a large heap of nets in a wheelbarrow, looking out for a place to dry it. After some discussion I gave him leave to hang it on my wire fence; but it never occurred to him, or to his wife who was with him, or to me, that some cows belonging to Mr. Lawrence, would interfere with it. I proceeded into town, and he and his wife went into the field and hung the net in festoons on the fence. When I returned in about an hour after, I found the neighbourhood in an uproar.

It seems that one of the cows, not approving of the nets hanging there, got poking at it with her horns, until she got her head entangled, and then she began to back and struggle. I jumped over the fence and got hold of the ropes, the man's wife screaming and holding the net. I hoped to pull myself up to the cow, and disentangle her; but she pranced and kicked and pulled so hard, that I was obliged to let go. Then the other cows began to galloping about the field. Then Bartlett came running to the rescue, but the cow would not let him approach her. Then came Mrs. Lawrence, whom the cows knew, so she got the net from her horns. I am afraid the net was very much torn.

Sidmouth. Feb. March. 1876

Wed. Feb. 23. Went into Exeter by rail, and attended a meeting of the Council of the Devonshire Association, when the general arrangements were concluded for the meeting next summer at Ashburton.

Wed. March. 1. 1876; Ash Wednesday. For the last week or two, some slight and partial manifestations of approaching spring have revealed themselves. One or two half torpid flies have appeared on fine days creeping up the window; and also one or two butterflies of the Red Admiral class: and from my room window, over the half of the Old Chancel, I see that the buds of the blossoms on the pear tree, show like white specks as if they were beginning to open.

Th. Mar. 16. Truly Sidmouth is getting as mad as the rest of the world, not only in the excess of ladies dress, but in a few other matters, as I witnessed to-day. They have turned the old ball room at the back of No. 4. York terrace into a skating Rink, as they call it. The word Rink, I have an impression, is Scotch: but the present mania of skating upon wheels has come to us from America. Manufacturers are now making a profitable game out of it. The cost of a pair of these so-called skates I am told is £1 15 0: a very large sum considering that they are simple in construction, and not very highly finished. There is a wooden sole, like that of a clog, which is strapped to the foot like a skate. Under this sole are fixed four small wheels of hard wood, probably box, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in diameter. There must be much friction with these. The idea of such skates however is not new. I conceived it myself about 1845, at that time living in London. But as I was walking down west side of Regent Street on the smooth side walk when the notion struck me, my idea was that there should be only two narrow steel wheels, having an edge like a skate, and of four or five inches diameter, to get rid of friction, like the second skate above

Mon. Mar. 13. 1876, Well to be sure! And who would have thought it? On the 24th of last September my agent informed me that Mr Hay had gone up to £6000. Since then he has offered successively £700, £800, £900, and lastly has touched the £1000. The deed of conveyance came with the letter, which I must execute and return;

I shall have to go into Exeter to get attached to it the signature and seal of office of the Mayor.

Mon. Mar. 20. Assise week last week in Exeter, so I went in to-day. Fine clear morning, but very cold, and frozen everywhere in the shade. Went first to Mr. Keily, manager of the Devon and Cornwall Bank in the Cathedral Yard; then to Mr. Gidley, the Town Clerk who conjured 13/4 out of my pocket to executing the deed, and a guinea more for the signature of Mr. Wilcocks the Mayor, who wrote it very complaisantly, and for affixing the corporation seal. As the deed is to go abroad, I had to prove my identity by taking some one with me to the Mayor who knew me, and then the Mayor testifies to this by a declaration made on the deed itself. Copying only from memory, the seal is something like what I put in the margin. It is an ancient oval silver seal, with a turned modern ivory handle [see Dec. 22, when I left them with my Banker].

Sat. Mar. 25. 1876 Lady Day. Cold north-east wind. The weather has been very wintery hitherto in feel, though I did venture to talk about spring on Ash Wednesday.

Mon. Mar. 27. The papers say that a man called Western has walked 450 miles in 5 days, 23 hours, 43 minutes, and 57 seconds. I think the attempt was 500, but he was obliged to give in-and no wonder.

Tu. Mar. 28. A young man of 17, called Charles Domnet, has died from getting his legs caught and broken in a threshing mashine at Slade. Mr. Heineken & myself were last there September 23. 1873.

Wed. Mar. 29. So they propose to call the Queen "Empress" in India. The bill passed the House of Commons a few nights ago. For it 290: against, 134, and the majority 75. The Prince of Wales is on his way back from India.

Th. March 30. 1876. After breakfast, between 9 and 10, I went into the 2nd room from the front door of the Old Chancel, the sash window of which is thick plate glass. In an instant a cock chaffinch, chased by another, flew point blank against the glass with a thump; rebounded, and fell on the gravel path on its back, where it lay panting. The other bird hovered over it, and then flew away in alarm at what had taken place. I ran out – picked it up – and brought it into the house. After gasping for a few minutes, it died in my hand. I went outside to look at the window. The sky was then clear and the sun was shining, and every shrub, plant, and leaf was reflected as in a mirror, as if the scene was a bright reality. I have no doubt the unfortunate little bird was sadly deceived and unintentionally killed himself by the deception.- Mar. 27. 1884.

Mon. April 3. Another! This morning as my servant was preparing the Oak Room, just before I came down to breakfast, she was a good deal startled by a sudden thump against the plate glass window. I went outside and picked up a dead hen chaffinch, a bird in plumage something like the yellow hammer and the linnet, but not so yellow. The reflection in the window of the church tower opposite, with the scenery round it, was very perfect, especially then the sun was shining.

Letter

Richmond Lodge

Easter Monday -76

My Dear Mr. Hutchinson

As it is our intention (Db?) to leave this much loved place before the end of the week – I must give you a ?? bidding you a sorrowful farewell. I shall not forget all your kind & undeserved attention to me, and I wish you every happiness for the future - & when & that mile be frequently, my thought went to Sidmouth you will be remembered as one whose --- as no a friendly act & to make yourself useful as occasion may offer, more especially as concern our Parish Church in which you have ever taken much interest.

This morning with its accomplishments, has almost upset me at a time of life when a trifling matter is a burden & is all I can look in the face, but for the help of things, who in mercy give me the strength to do so

Leave you most sincerely

Buckingham Ni

I am not equal to another interview with making one not even with my kind friend Mr Price – The whole affair is too trying – God Help from my dear Sir

Sat. Ap. 8. A child was brought to the Vicar to be buried, which he was told on enquiring had not been baptised. Under these circumstances I believe he is forbidden by law to read over it the burial service of the church of England: so he read a few prayers and made some extempore remarks, regretting the omission of this rite soon after birth. Some persons laid hold of this as a grievance, and have abused the Vicar in the anti-church papers; but he has written explanatory letter in reply.

Tu. Ap. 11. Quite winter again. A snow storm in the night, which covered the house tops and the ground with snow.

Fri. Ap. 14. Good Friday, Very cold day, strong cutting wind, with snow

Sun. Ap. 16. Easter Sunday. Four services in the parish church to-day: one at 8, A. M. when a few persons received the sacrament, and believe the bread and wine more efficacious on an empty stomach, though Christ did not institute it as "The Lords Breakfast": a second beginning as usual to a quarter before eleven: a third as usual at 3 P. M.: and in the evening a forth as a novelty because all the gas fittings are now completed, and the lamps were lighted for the first time. There was a great glare certainly. When outside the coloured glass windows had a very brilliant appearance, from the strong light within. I afterwards heard that 1000 feet of gas, price 7/6s, were consumed during the serving. A collection was made to the gas fund, and about £24 obtained. I wish there was more piety and less parade in our churches.

Th. Ap. 20. Concert of the Choral society took place at the London Hotel. The Earl of Buckinghamshire having sold Richmond Lodge (£8000 or £9000) left Sidmouth to-day for Hampdon in Buckinghamshire. He sent me a very kind letter, which I append. I saw a great deal of him some years ago.

Sidmouth May 1876

Fri. Ap. 21. - As rinks and rinking, or skating upon wheels is the rage just now, and goes by the name of Rinkomania, I may as well mention what skates are doing for an American skate maker called Plimpton. His patent is of the most approved plan, and he has received an enormous trade. The papers say that during the first three months of the year, he has made £25,000 a month, and is still going on. – Mar. 16.

Sat. Ap. 22. – The Queen has returned, after several weeks' visit to the Continent.

Mon. Ap. 24. – A meeting was held in Sidmouth to-day, to promote the establishment of the new Bishopric of Cornwall. It was but thinly attended. They want to raise £30,000, and have now got about £16,000.

Th. Ap. 27. – The Bill giving to Her majesty the additional title of Empress of India received the Royal assent to-day. I believe she is ruler over 134 native princes in India. Much opposition has been offered to the Bill.

Fri. May. 5. – To-day the old clock face, that covered the south bell chamber window of the church tower, was taken down, and the new stone window, made from a drawing by me, is to be put in. The

new clock face will be under it,- and too low, I fear to be well seen. It is recorded in Mr Butcher's Guide, that this window was taken out and the clock face put up in 1808.

Sat. May. 6. – The papers record the death of a Mr Stewart, who emigrated as a young man from the north-east of Ireland to America, and got a small and precarious living by teaching as a schoolmaster, when a tutor. Afterwards he went into business in the drapery and “dry goods” line, as the Americans say, in the city of New York; and he has now died, having realised the sum of £20.000.000 sterling. He is described as having been a man of honour and integrity. He was probably the richest man in the world.

1876

Wed. May. 10. – To-day the great exhibition of works of science, art, and manufactures, opens in Philadelphia. All America is this year celebrating the centenary, or the hundredth year of their independence; and I fear that Old England will come in for a good share of abuse. This time a hundred years ago my great –grandfather Thomas Hutchinson, the Governor of Massachusetts, had returned to the King in England, and in March 1776 General Washington was bombarding Boston, and the English evacuated the city, and my grandfather and grandmother got on board ship, and soon after the hurry of embarkation my father was born. After they arrived in England, he was baptised at Kensington.

Th. May. 11. – Great changes going on in Sidmouth. Mr Lousada has sold the Peak House estate to Mr Heugh, one of the trustees of the Manor,- report says for about £20,000. I do not know how many acres there are but I believe about 120 or 130. The first Mr Lousada, a stock broker I believe, bought the “Peak tenement” about 1780, added to the land and built a house. He had a wife but no family, and died on a certain February 29, being leap year, and intended to have been buried in his garden. [] He left the property to his nephew, who was married to Miss Goldsmid, but had no offspring. He put a new front at the portico to the house, about 1834. He died in or near 1855, leaving it all, not to his eldest nephew Isaac Lousada, married, and with one child, a boy, but to Isacs' younger brother John Baruh L. Married to a Miss Barrow of Bath, originally Boruh, it is said, and with eleven children, - and for two reasons as it was reported, first, because Isaac had too great a talent for card play and some other sorts of play, as was sufficiently known in Bath, Baden-Baden, and some other places, and secondly, because one of them had only one child to maintain, and the other had eleven. From small means the present family was unexpectedly raised to a different position, and in a small place like Sidmouth, before Mr. Balfour and Mr. Thornton came here, each with nearly half a million of money, they had a great deal of influence over society here, and they were a great deal toadied in consequence. The presence however of the two such wealthy families on one side, and on his own, the increasing expenses of a large family growing up, only one son being in a profession, (in the army), and one daughter married (Mrs Tysson) made a great difference latterly. What the cause of the reverse of fortune is, has given rise to some conjectures. Some say a bad investment of a considerable sum of money; others add to this, that imprudent speculation have caused losses. His younger brother Captain Charles Lousada, has just sold Clifton cottage to Miss Rastick for £1000. It was desirable for her, as she owned Sea View and the ground on the west. The Rev. J. H. Marshall has sold Sidmouth Mount, the house and grounds on the left going up Salcombe Hill. He brought the place about five years ago: added a long slip of an orchard which had belonged to the Poor Lands of Sidmouth parish, and made a very pretty place of it, and had a wife and children, but is now going to take them all to Nelson in New Zealand. What saith the moralist? Married men ought not to pay attention to single ladies, even if no harm is intend; for by so doing

they may comprise themselves so deeply with society, that it may be better to go away. The removal of the Earl of Buckinghamshire I have alluded to before. His place has been brought by a Mr. Davidson, Mr. Marshall by a Mr. Jenkins. There is an estate called Griggs' on the old map, a mile off the Salcombe side, a little beyond Sid Abbey, of about 49 acres, which the Sidmouth manors have purchased for £4400. It lies on the flank of Salcombe Hill, from the river to the top. This belonged to the late Mr. Pike. Some 60 years ago a Lady Fortescue, or an Hon. Miss Fortescue, resided here. She is described as having been perhaps a little eccentric, but generous and well meaning. Young Pike was a poor boy, but she took him under her protection, gave him money and some sort of an education, and eventually put him in possession of this land. There is also a story going, to the effect that she very much befriended a grown up-man called Stone, a blacksmith by trade, insomuch that at last gossips began to comment upon it. It is further said that these rumours at last reached Castle Hill, and Lord Fortescue, rather alarmed for the sake of his sister, came over to Sidmouth, and summoned the blacksmith before him. He is said to have laughed and replied – "Donee trouble yourzell about me my Lord. I baint going to marry your sister".

Old Stone only died a year or two ago. When Lord Fortescue sister died, her grateful protege' laid her in a vault in Salcombe churchyard – and where Pike himself was buried some four or five years ago, and his wife last year. The children have sold the property.

Mr. Ede of Lansdowne has brought two little fields at the head of Mill Town Lane, on the north side, on Salcombe parish, comprising two acres and a half, of Mrs – Mortimore of Salcombe Lodge, Miss Stephenson) widow of my late friend the Rev. Basset Mortimore, for £130.

Mon. May. 15. – Went into Exeter for the day.

Wed. 24, - Queens' birthday.

Th. 25. – Ascension Day.

Sun. 28. – Mr. R.N. Thornton died at 3 this morning at Knowle. What a deal of good a man with nearly half a million of money might have done, if had had retained his health and lived a longer life. – Aug. 22. 1872, Nov. 3. 1873

Mon. May.29. – Owing to the extremely cold winds from the north-west which have continued to a very late period this spring. Mr Heineken, who feels age creeping upon him, was not willing to undertake the first antiquarian excursion until to-day. We wanted to look at Gittisham and the neighbourhood, and we began by going to Sidford, then to the left or westward along High Street, then north along the long lane at the back of Core Hill, till we got on the ridge of Ottery East Hill, and looked down upon beautiful map of country beyond. We kept away northwards where we had often been before, until we got to the extreme end, and here stopped for an hour. Turning into the field on the left that commands the view, we sat down to enjoy it, and eat our dinner. When we were here before Mr. Heineken had remarked certain irregular pits in the plantation at the point of the hill, suspecting that at some former period the diggings had been promoted in pursuit of iron. The pits and trenches were mostly at B and across the road at c: and the idea was a rather confirmed to-day by our finding many small pieces of bog iron stone in them. They somewhat resemble the excavations over Lincombe Farm, but not so large as these beyond Wolford Lodge

With the ancient Britons iron was not much known, though they used it sparingly; but whether they dug the ore and had learnt the art of smelting it, I do not know. By smelting bog iron ore with wood charcoal, malleable iron maybe at once obtained, ductile and ready to be hammered into arrow head, which is not the case with our modern process. As quantities of clinkers or scoria have been found, and still may be found at Churchstanton, and in the neighbourhood of Kentisbear, Tidborough near Hemyock, Boweshayes Farm near Dunkeswell, etc. it is naturally concluding that bloomeries or furnaces existed at these spots, perhaps because wood was more plenty there. The bog ironstone is found in the "foxmould" on the crown of the hills, belonging to the greensand formation, and in the bed of yellow clay and flints that overlies it. Some suppose that these iron pits were wrought of followed up from an unknown beginning downwards through the Middle ages; and in the Middle ages great quantities of malleable iron were required in the construction of the many churches and castles then erected. We should be glad to know where ore was dug at the north point of this hill was smelted, but we have not heard of any clinkers being ploughed up or lying in heaps anywhere in this neighbourhood.

After completing our examination at B, I went over to C, and there we descended the steep hill between two high banks, and drove to Gittisham church. We have visited some thirty churches in our rambles, but until now had never come here.

Gittisham church is very prettily situated on a rising ground, and there is the pollarded remains of a picturesque old elm in front of the lichgate. The tower is square, and is without buttress, except at the lower stage. On its south side, outside there are steps leading up to the belfry, and a tablet against the wall to a former Rector named Paul. It contains three bells. The church consists of nave, chancel, and south aisle. In the architecture there are parts belonging to the Decorated and to the Perpendicular styles. The south wall of the chancel leans in a peculiar way on or against the arcading of the nave. The capitals of the columns of the arcading of the nave are continuous bands of the unusual Perpendicular style, like that at Axminster, on SOUTH SIDE, EAST END last September 10, but of good work. The floor of the church rises from the west to the chancel, like Payhembury, Awliscombe, and one or two others: The lower floor of the tower seems used as a vestry. There is in it a long oak chest with three disabled locks to it. The font is of Perpendicular type, octagonal, and rather like the mutilated one at Dawlish [Jan. 1.] It is either new or freshly tooled over. The pulpit I believe was made a few years ago when the church was renovated. Some of the horizontal bands about 4 or 5 inches wide, are effectively carved, and of good Gothic patterns, and, as I at first thought deeply under cut; but on looking closer, it appeared that the carved panel was laid over another. There are several poppy heads on the bench ends, very good. All the coats of arms on this page I copied from the Beaumont tomb, at the east end of the aisle.

At the north-east end of the south aisle there is a monument in white marble, with two white marble vases of inelegant shape, on a slab or shelf. The shield and armorial bearings, being in marble, are without the colours. They are to Sir Thomas Putt, Bart, who died 1686, impaled with those of his wife. In the south aisle there, is a tablet to one of the Putt family, and of his wife, a Miss Sandford of Walford, Somerset, bearing, azure, 3 bars wavy argent: and against the north wall of the chancel, there is one to the Rev. Thomas Putt, the last of his name. There is an alabaster monument, also against the north wall, of Jacobean work, hoe coloured and very good of its kind, to BEAUMONT AND WIFE. It records Joane, daughter of Edmund Green of Exon, and wife of Glidd Beaumont. In the

south aisle there is a tablet to John Fiennes, 2nd son of Lord Say and Seal, who married Susanna Hobbes, 1671. The tinctures on the arms are nearly gone. As the colours are much faded on some of the monuments, and I had no time to dwell upon my work, I have only to hope that I have copied all the arms correctly. There is a barrel organ, not in good repair. Against the south wall there is a tablet without coats armour, to the memory of the Hon. David Stuart, 3rd son of James, Earl of Morey, aged 39 years 4 months, June 12. 1784.

The tomb of the late Rector, the Rev. R. Kirwan, drowned at Sidmouth [Sep. 2. 1872] is in the churchyard and, on the north side of the church. Too inattentive and careless in the accuracy of his writings, he was nevertheless active, industrious, and possessed of a great desire of information.

Before we left the village, we went to the Sextons to see a portrait on panel from two to three hundred year old. It represents a young man, but it has no great merit as a painting. It had been brought at some sale. There is a coat of arms with four quarterings in one corner, rather indistinct, but like the annexed.

On leaving Gittisham, we asked at the Lodge of Combe Park if we could drive through, and we easily opened the gate with a silver key. Mr. and Mrs. Marker were not at home. Combe house is very beautifully situated on a rising ground and backed by a high hill covered with trees. The house has some pretensions to Gothic, though it has not much pretensions to anything; but there is a square, ugly building, a score yards from it on the north side, very incongruous and inharmonious, of the Grecian or peradventure of the Roman order, with a large sash window. We remarked that the trees in this park are neither large nor old. I was once told that the former possessor could not live on £13.000 a year, but felled timber, and racked out everything, and was obliged to go abroad. When I was quite a young man I recollect dining one day with my late father at the Vicarage at Sidmouth, the William Jenkins then being Vicar, and there was an old lady there, whom I understood was a Miss Putt of Combe, and the last of her race. I suppose it was her sister who married Mr. Marker, and which eventually took the estate into the Marker family. We drove for more than a mile and a half through the grounds, and came out in Chineway Head, near Hunter's Lodge, and then returned home through Sidbury.

Tu. May 30. – A vessel called the Pandora has just been sent off laden with stores for Buffin's Bay, Disco, and the north, to try and learn some intelligence of the North pole expedition. – May 29. 1875

Wed. May 31. – So the crash in Turkey has come at last. The Sultan Abdul Azziz has been deposed and sent out of Constantinople with his goods to one of his palaces. His ladies filled 53 boats. His nephew Murad has been elevated in his stead. The next thing we hear is that he has committed suicide one account says that he opened the veins of his arms with a pair of scissors, and bled to death. Another account says he was found with a dagger stuck in his breast. Strong suspicions are entertained that some dark deed has been committed.- Nov.24. 1875.

Fri. June. 2. – Mr Thornton was buried to-day in a new brick vault some yards north of the church. The vault is made to hold six. The coffin was polished oak with brafs mountings. There was an immense crowd of people. I was on the lead roof of the Old Chancel with a spyglass. He was a very generous man in giving away his money – not always judiciously, but very generous.

Thu. June. 8. - The Yeomanry Cavalry, under the command of Sir John Duckworth. It is ten years since they were here. This time I believe they only number 293. The hours and general arrangements for their drill, seem to be the same as before.

Fri. 9. – Went down on the Esplanade to see them assemble this morning, and start for the top of Peak, where they exercise.

Sun. 11. – There was an early service at nine this morning for the soldiers at the parish church. The parade and the march past in the Fort Field. This evening, was more brilliant than usual, from the fineness of the weather, the dryness of the ground, and the multitude of people who had flocked there.

Mon. 12. _ After usual military duties over, a few amusements had been organised. There was a bicycle race from one end of the beach to the other: then two or three foot races, some by the red coats themselves: and the sports ended by a display of fireworks on the water. The night was calm, and the sea as smooth as a pond. Some boats were anchored off, and the display took place from them. The most amusing and the most singular were those that gambled on the surface of the water without going out. I had heard of such things before, but had not seen them. When one was lighted in its position on the boat, there was a sort of volcano of fire and sparks, out of which were occasionally thrown squibs or serpents, which turned a somersault or two in the air and fell into the water; but instead of going out, they seemed only to have gained their true element, for they darted and twisted about on the surface like live creatures, and very lively creatures too, reminding one of certain insects that one may sometimes see upon a stagnant pool of a hot summer day; then they seemed to dive, then come up and scud about, then throw out one or two brilliant yellow or green or crimson balls, then turn head over heels, or heels over head and dive again, then come up, and each successively would end with an explosion. As well as I could see from the window of the corner house opposite the York Hotel, the water had no effect on their burning powers. Above or below water they poured forth fire and sparks most vigorously. The fireworks were not over until eleven.

Tu. June 13. – This morning there were a few hard showers – very grateful to the thirsty crops. The soldiers went on the hill in spite of it.

The funeral of Mr. Harris, an old and much respected tradesman took place to-day.

Wed. June 14. – The birds seem to be rather enamoured of my window this year. This morning at some early hour I was awake by a tapping noise at my window (the room over the entrance half of the Old Chancel) and I saw that it was a blackbird. It was running backwards and forwards on the sill outside, and straining its neck to look through the glass; and its beak was continually tapping against it, which made the noise that woke me. Either the outside scene was reflected in the window, and he wanted to get through, or he may have been attracted by seeing himself in then glass. He then went away. But soon came back again, and pursued this course several times.

And another bird recently killed itself against the same window, where the cock chaffinch met his end on the 30th of March. It was a this-years' blackbird nearly full grown. I must not say killed, but almost killed, for I believe it eventually recovered. It struck itself in the same manner, and fell gasping on its back. I stood by watching it, and thought it would soon die. After ten minutes however, it turned round on its feet; and then, after about ten more, it crept away among the shrubs. Some hours afterwards I saw it on the grass, looking pretty well, so I suppose it lived.

Fri. June. 23. 1876. – Lord Sidney Osborne having been good enough to ask me to go and see his house in Dorsetshire, we started to-day. We changed trains at Templecombe, and proceeded south.

Here Lord Portman and Mifs Portman were waiting to go south, which they did as far as Blandford, where they alighted to go to Byanstone. We got a passing glimpse of Durweston, the living of Lord S, G.O. had enjoyed from 1841 till last year, when he resigned it. On reaching Poole, a carriage took us to a rural and quiet spot in the midst of wild heath and trees, near Poole Harbour and near the sea.

Dorsetshire 1876

Sat. June 24. - Walked by the shore all round the sandy promontory that encloses the north and east side of the harbour from the sea. It is all drift sand, like the Warren at the mouth of the Exe, and covered with immense hillocks, overgrown with coarse grass, heath, and furze: and somewhere about midway there is a very high conical mound, known by the strange name of "High Horse Manger". I was told in, reply to my enquiries, that in the hollow or little valley on the south side of it, smugglers used to hide and feed their horses, until the next cargo of brandy kegs came on shore, There is a Life boat station at the point, at the entrance of the harbour, but no battery, as laid down in some of the maps. Near the point lives a fisherman called Stokes, and in the afternoon his Lordship had his boat for a sail about the harbour.

Sun. 25. - Walked with his Lordship round the margin of the water to the point, and the small bay where Stokes keeps his boats, (which I call Stokes Bay), and young Stokes rowed us across to Branksea Island. Half way across there is a large circular buoy, with a conical framework over it, and at the top of the cage inside is suspended a large bell, and as this is agitated by the wind or the waves, the bell is continually ringing.

This young John Stokes is the same who was in the Mistletoe last summer, when she was run down by the Queen's yacht. [see back August 25. 1875]. He told me that when the collision took place, one of the masts of the Mistletoe was knocked over and the rigging fell upon him, and lay across the back of his neck holding his head down. When he extricated himself he scrambled on board the Queen's yacht, whilst his own was sinking.

We went to church, where there were a few bad attempts made at intoning. I could not help admiring the beauty of the building and of the fitting up. It was erected in Colonel Waugh's time. The oak panelling in the chancel was brought from Orosby Hall, London. Perhaps the two white stone figures that support desks and are used as lecterns, are not in good keeping. The singing was led by a good harmonium. The area of the tower at the west end is handsomely fitted up like a furnished room. There is a fireplace and chimney on the north side, with an elaborately carved and gilt mantel piece: fine oak panelling all round: a comfortable table in the middle of the floor, and a number of easy chairs round it. This is not a dining room: it is the pew belonging to the owners of the island. The ground is undulating and well wooded. There are about 700 acres of land in the island. Some twenty or thirty years ago, it had changed hands for the sums of £11,000 and £13,000; but more recently some extensive pottery works were established, the church built, a mud flat in the harbour enclosed, and connected into meadow land, the Castle added to, and other improvements made, so that when Mr. Cavendish Bentinck M. P., the present owner, brought it about five or six years ago, the purchase money was £65,000

We next took a look at the Castle. The Keep dates from the time of Henry VIII. The walls of it are ten feet thick and of stone, but the modern additions are of brick. There is a sad mixture of architectural styles, all thrown together in different parts of the building, but especially in the fitting

up. The masonry in Gothic, but the fittings up inside in the different apartments, exhibit mixtures of Roman, Grecian, Louis Quatorze, Renaissance, modern Italian and Jacobean. The place however is unfurnished, untenanted, and very unfinished. It remains as when Col. Waugh's creditors siezed it. It would cost £10.000 to make it habitable: but to complete all the decorations would involve an outlay approaching to £18.000.

We returned back in the boat, from near the castle stairs, past the Bell-buoy, which was ringing, for the wind was blowing hard to the landing place opposite Stoke's cottage among the sandhills: and then walked "the measured mile" back on the sand along by the water.

Mon. June 27. 1879. – Went to the top of the High hill through the woods. Made a water-colour drawing of the house.

Tu. June 27. 1876. - Excessively hot bright sunny day. Walked four miles to Bournemouth and back along the sand. Wasn't it hot? Examined the cliffs all the way. The lowest stratum is a bed of black clay – I suppose the "London Clay". if it is above the chalk – and above this are beds of yellow sand, black and brown and red ferruginous gravel, and quantities of white pottery clay, in which are petrified leaves of plants. As the cliffs at Sidmouth are 500 feet high, these by comparison, only look moderate, not perhaps being much more than a quarter height. Starting from the commencement of the cliff near the Harbour of Poole, and then going north east towards Bournemouth, there is an opening in the cliff at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. About five or six years ago a young lady was riding down here, when the horse ran away, and threw her off near the beach and killed her. I wither on, perhaps half way to Bournemouth, is an opening or chine as they call them here, through which in winter, it may be that a small stream finds its way to the sea, but now in was nothing but dry hot sand. Not far from the place I observed that the black clay was covered with a crust of green crystallised glassy and shinny looking stuff. I took some of it away with me, and it eventually proved to be alum. On the maps I see there is a place called Alum Chine. I was agreeably surprised at Bournemouth, the country here about has fine undulating hills, but the soil is sandy and not fertile. There is a great of wild open heath for miles, very beautiful to look at, and half a century or more ago, large districts were planted with fir trees, in which the residences are scattered. Returned the same way.

Wed. 28. – Rested from yesterday's warm walk. Strolled up through the shady woods. There is an immense ant's nest between the house and the cliff.

Thu. 29. – His Lordship took me a pleasant sail in a cutter-rigged vessel of 8 tons. We walked the measured mile to Stoke's Bay where we embarked. The wind was westerly and light, but it freshened afterwards. First we made for Swanage, where I had never been before; and in so doing we passed an old gun boat, high and dry, on the right hand side going out, now fitted up as a Preventive Station: then the point of sand on the same side, which is being prolonged by throwing down rough blocks of stone to form a breakwater: then the point of chalk cliff, with two detached masses lying off, called "Old Harry and his Wife": then round the corner, a fine great needle of chalk rock: then into Swanage bay. Cast anchor had our lunch on board. There is a great export trade here in stone, the hills in the background being dug all over. Weighed anchor and went off nearly before the wind to Bournemouth, some ten miles; and then beat back close hauled. Out five hours.

Fri. June 30. 1876. – Went to the top of the High Horse Manger, and made coloured sketches of The Hive, in one direction, and of Branksea Island in the other. The wind blew so hard that it covered my book and filled my paint box with fine sand.

Sat. July 1. 1876. – Had a good sail up the Harbour beyond Poole and as far as Arne, one of Lord Eldon's places, and then down, and out to the Breakwater, to see what they were doing. It blew a gale of wind from westward. We were laid pretty well down on our beam ends, and could only carry a foresail and a close reefed mainsail.

Sun. July 2. – The weather was fine, so we went to Branksea church.

Mon. July 3. – Went out with young Stokes to fish for blin, or whiting pout. Anchored in the channel between the castle and the gunboat. The tide however, was running in so strong, that the leads would scarcely touch the bottom, and it blew so hard, with a short chopping sea, that we gave it up, and his Lordship proposed to come on shore.

Tu. July 4. – To-day I made a few geological observations on the cliffs, and collected a few specimens to take back with me.

Wed. July 5. – At two this afternoon I took leave of his Lordship, and returned to Sidmouth, where I arrived soon after six, having first had a talk with young Stokes about the collision with the Queen's yacht last year, he having been there. [See back Aug. 25, 1875]

Tu. July 11. 1876. – A year or more ago some workmen dug up a jar in the south aisle of Musbury Church. They were making great alterations there, and amongst other things undertook to lower the ground under floor of south aisle. The man who was using the pickaxe struck its point into the bottom of it, and it was further broken by the other men, in their eagerness to see what it contained. Stretchly Churchill, a stone mason of Sidmouth (who did the Hall ceiling of the Old Chancel, and other work for me) was working in Musbury Church at the time. He brought me most of the fragments, by which I have got a tolerably clear idea of its shape and size. As jars and vases have now been found in many churches, and as their use is unknown, and as some mystery hangs over them, I thought I would bring the subject forward at the meeting of the Devonshire Association on the 25th Instant at Ashburton see July 26, 27. So I went to Musbury to-day to make further enquiry. Nothing was found inside it, as far as I could ascertain. What I have gathered I shall embody in my paper to read at Ashburton. Had another look at the church. There was men inside and outside still at work about it. The lower ends of the label over the west doorway caught my eye as peculiar. They turned inwards. I give 4 varieties below.

The inside of the church has been renovated, and I think the north aisle is entirely new. In the south east corner there is an uncouth monument to the Drake family, bearing dates ranging from 1558 to 1643, and containing six kneeling figures, nearly life size, three men and their wives. I was told that they contemplate putting some sort of canopy over them. Near these, in the south aisle floor, I observed a slab bearing a name like John Guarcke, in black letters. The organ is in the north transept, and has diapered pipes. The font is new, or new tooled. The tower floor slopes up from the west side to the church. There are five bells. The wall behind and over the communion table is now set off with a large oblong piece of mosaic, containing scrolls, leaves, and flowers, in vitreous looking tessera.

Being so near Musbury Castle, I resolved to climb up the hill and have another look at the old camp. The last time I was here was on Aug. 9. 1872, [which see] The plan I subjoin is taken from Mr. Davidson's book, corrected on the spot to the present time. I cannot say however that my corrections were very minute; so that they must not be taken as thoroughly correct. As the area is surrounded by hedges, and most parts covered with bushes in full leaf, I could not see many parts of the work which I should have liked to have examined. Compared with Mr. Davidson's plan, the changes shown in this are apparent. The only new thing I have added is the scattered deposit of beach pebbles sling-stones about the size of small eggs, like those at Sidbury Castle [See Diary of March, 28. 1864, and a fuller account in my MS Hist. Sidmouth, I. 44.] They had recently been unearthed and scattered by the digging down of the crows-hedge, which digging looked quite fresh.

Sidmouth 1876

Th. July 13. 1876. – After an interval of 60 years, Mr Heineken has discovered an old school playmate in the Rev. T. Mozley, Vicar of Plymtree, and I accompanied him over there by invitation, to spend the day. We took the rail to the junction, and Mr. Mozley sent a carriage to take us on. It is nearly five miles by the windings of the roads. The Vicarage house contains many interesting things. Some torsos of Roman work, and one or two troughs or small coffins of stone, carved in alter relics, of ancient Roman work. Upstairs there is a representation of the Crucifixion in wood, painted and gilt about five feet wide and high, brought from Relguin as a quaint curiosity [now in the Exeter Museum, upstairs]. Built into the wall, a few yards above the outer gate, there is the shaft of a cross in granite, surmounted by an ornament of brown igneous rock.

The tower of the church has a stair turret at the S.E. corner that only reaches up to the bell-chamber. There are five bells. More than halfway up, outside the west front of the tower, there is a sitting figure of the Virgin with the child in her lap, under a canopy, in a niche, and nearly as large life, Stranger that this group has escaped the iconoclasts. Inside, the old bench ends are numerous and good, In front of the pulpit, on velvet, are embroidered 16.IL.97. Very handsome carved painted, and gilt screen all across the church, of fine tracery, and rich horizontal bands of foliage over. On the lower portions are painted panels of saints, kings, etc. Two double doors through the screen, Beginning at northernmost door, is the Virgin and child: then Cardinal Morton, as reputed, bare headed, with chalice and paten, making obeisance: next, Prince Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., holding a pyx, as alleged, the body in the shape of a tuk, (Mor-ton) why a rebus? The King Henry VII.: then, a bishop with a mitre on, and a crook in hand: the next I forget: but the one following is a young man looking back over his shoulder at an angel in the next compartment, with a sorrowful face. A few panels further on southwards is a figure, we were told, of St Sativola, who suffered martyrdom by having her head cut off with a scythe; and she is here depicted with a scythe by her side, and holding her head in her hands. A little further on is the figure of a female saint with her eyes torn out. Last towards the south, is St Sebastion, pierced with arrows. See Mr. Mozley's two books on the subject, published since our visit. The nave arcading, columns and capitals are of perpendicular work: and two canopied niches against two of them have been chipped off. There is a squint or opening through the column just behind the screen. Large niche against north wall with carved border near screen. Reredos of carved oak from the shops in Wardour street London: in the centre of which is a square white marble slab, with carving of the Resurrection, the defective parts made good with plaster. Small oak shelf or credence table on the north, and piscine on south. Stairs to Rood loft behind present pulpit, pass over a door or window; and slope cut in wall to make the

way wider. Choristers' stalls in the chancel. Organ in west gallery does not speak and they use clarinet, bass viol, etc. The commandments and the Relief are against the north wall. An old slab in south aisle to Harward family. This family has long flourished at Hayne; but by drink and irregularities they have recently come to ruin. West gallery supported on ugly turned posts. Font like the remains of the old Dawlish one [See Jan. 1.]

Boucher knot on screen *drawing* South porch west door are of Decorated characters. Barrel roof, which in chancel is coloured blue, but in nave has been patched with Grecian panelling. The parish chest was opened for us. Oldest deed about time of Henry VIII. In the churchyard some fine yew trees. Two at the east end of the church, and one at the west, well grown, and large one on the south east 19 feet round at 3 from the ground. Got home by half past six.

M. July 24. 1876.- Went to attend the Devonshire Afsociation for the Advancement of Science, which meets this year at Ashburton. Stopped at Belmont Villa, Dawlish.

Tu. July 25. – Took the railroad to Teignmouth. Called at Seaway, and saw Mr. Cousins. When I was a child in 1818, and when my hip case was on me, my late father and mother rented a house of him. He remembered their little sick boy, but he was rather surprised when I told him I was the same, for we had not met since. He is a handsome old man of 92, with a bushy head of white hair. Then took a turn round the Den and the shipping, for I am fond of dockyard & ships.

Wed. July 26. – Went by rail to Ashburton. Passed five tunnels between Dawlish and Teignmouth, Skirted the estuary of the Teign to Newton: then from this place to Totnes, the train mounts over a ridge of limestone, the summit being of considerable elevation. Here I changed trains, and took the branch, which keeps near the course of the Dart, passing Staverton and Buckfastleigh to Ashburton. The meetings were held in the town Hall, where the papers were read: and on the lower floor the good people of Ashburton provided a handsome luncheon for us every day. Examined St Lawrences' chapel in South Street. Rather incongruous in architecture. On the walls there are some large coats of arms embossed in plaster. Returned to Dawlish.

Th. July 27. – To Ashburton again by the same route. The tower of Ashburton church has its stair turret placed in the middle of the north side, between the buttresses, so that there can be no window in the Bell chamber, but there is a long narrow slit on each side. In that neighbourhood there are one or two other churches on a similar plan, but I have not noticed it in east Devon. It was at Little Hempstone, or there about, I saw a tower with the turret at the south-west corner, and the buttresses against the turret. Read my papers on the Jar found at Musbury church, and returned to Dawlish.

Fri. July 28. 1876. – An excursion to some parts of Dartmoor was arranged for to-day, but the morning was rainy, and I did not go. But the rain did the garden good.

Sat. July 29. – Fine again.

Sun. July 30. – I am informed that the new chancel and transepts recently put to Dawlish church have involved a sum exceeding £6000, of which £1500 is yet to be paid off. In private morality debt is severely denounced, but in church buildings it is the common practice.

Mon. July 31. – The Dawlish people have subscribed above £150, and have hired an Italian band of 17 performers from Torquay, to play in the Lawn two days a week to attract visitors. I listened to them to-day.

Tue. Aug. 1. – Walked out to tumulus [See Sep.12.1876.] They are ploughing too near it.

Th.Aug.3. - Walked out to the hills over the Parson and Clerk. The atmosphere was clear, and the views splendid. All the hills about Sidmouth were very plain, and so on to Beer Head, and Golden Cap near Bridport. Beyond that I could trace the outline nearly to Portland. In the opposite direction, Torbay and the hills about it were like a picture.

Fri. Aug. 4. – The wind changed, and there was a steady rain all day, most welcome to the parched ground and burnt up vegetation.

Sat. Aug. 5. – Fine, clear, and hot again. The corn harvest is proceeding vigorously. It has well ripened, as there has been so much dry hot weather during the last two months. Walked out to the Warren and called on Mr. Lees, formerly of Sidmouth, and then on his sister in law Mrs. Osmond, whose late husband the Rev. Charles Osmond was a playmate of mine when I was a boy at Tiverton, and when my father owned the two houses with their grounds over the river at the top of Peter's Street, which he sold to Mr. Heathcote of the factory, the grandfather of St John Heathcote Amory.

Sun. Aug. 6. – At St Marks; and in the afternoon at the parish church, where, in lieu of the ordinary evening service, we had the Litany and a sermon. I thought it was not legal to depart from the order in the prayer book.

Dawlish and Sidmouth. 1876,

M. Aug. 7. 1876. – Called on one or two friends. I only know one or two families and as I do not reside there, I would rather not know more. There is a great pleasure in being able to ramble over the hills in an old coat, and not be stopped or recognised by anybody.

Tue. Aug. 8. – Fine, clear, and a burning sun. Went down to the station to set my watch. Witnessed a good catch of mackerel with the seine or net on Dawlish beach. Took the rail at 12.10 for Exeter. "All the world and his wife" as they say, were on the move, and the trains were very full. This may be ascribed to the fine hot weather, and the universal passion for enjoyment that prevails at present. Saw my Banker in Exeter: conferred with a lithographic printer: listened to the Band on Northernhay: and took the train at 5, and at Sidmouth station at 6.9.

Th. Aug. 10. – Copied the preceding pen and ink sketch of the Musbury Jar [July 27] in printing ink on transfer paper, and sent it to Exeter to be transferred to the stone, and 400 copies to be printed, to illustrate my paper in the Transactions.

Wed. Aug. 16. – A regatta took place at Sidmouth to-day. It was a dead calm, and owing to the heat, a dense mist covered everything on the water. Soon after noon the mist cleared away: The sun was bright and intensely hot: and the sea as glassy and as smooth as a mill-pond. Some boats started, but they only crept along at a snail's pace. Three cutter yachts that came, lay with their sails motionless,

and did not start at all. Three steamers came: one large one from Weymouth. The tide was high and the water so smooth that she ran her head aground on the beach, and her passengers walked ashore. The calmness of the sea however was favourable to the rowing matches, and they were very good. The best fun was to see the boys try to walk along a horizontal pole fixed to the stern of the committee Barge to get a leg of mutton, and fall off into the water. I hired a small boat and rowed about for five hours.

Sidmouth, Aug. 1876.

Th. Aug. 17. – The unusually hot weather broke up to-day by a violent thunder storm. It began at six this evening, and lasted till midnight. Only one or two of the flashes were quite close, the majority being at the distance of from two to four miles, as measured by a pendulum vibrating seconds. The pendulum, was only a piece of string 39.139 inches long, with a bullet at the end of it, which I made some time ago to use at Dawlish, to measure the distance of the battery at Exmouth bar. The flash of the guns, when they practise there, is easily seen from the beach or the cliffs:

Sat. Aug. 26. – Went to Woodbury and St Johns- in-the-Wlderness with Mr Heineken. We drove over peak Hill, through Otterton, passed Bicton Cross, then through Yettington and on over Woodbury Hill. We had not as yet had the opportunity of examining Woodbury church, so we went there. It was between one and two when we arrived, and the fine air of the hill had sharpened our appetites, so we sat on some altar tombstones in the churchyard, near the south porch, and there we had our mid-day meal, somewhat to the amusement of a few villagers. That done we walked round the building. The tower is good: high and well built. The battlements at top are panelled in quatrefoil not pierced: on the stages or set-off of the buttresses are the bases of small quadrangular pinnacles, placed diagonally: and the west door has a half-rounded moulding carved in foliage, carried all round. There is a label or hood-moulding with unusual ends [see July 11]. Good windows in the north wall of the church. Half a turret against north wall, that once probably contained stairs to rood-loft. East window second pointed, but new: and the south transept window the same and new. The interior shows a very rickety church. The arch of the roof has thrust out the north aisle, the colonnade of which is leaning outwards, and is only kept up by iron braces across the nave over head. Most of the south walls I believe are new: and it looks as if the whole must be new before long. There is a good deal of the Thorverton brown igneous rock used in various parts of the building. The screen is an open flimsy Gothic piece of thin woodwork, painted in bright green, red, gold, etc, rather tawdry. The pulpit oak, and a little carved in Jacobean patterns. There are two good recumbent figures in carved stone, on., the north side of the communion Table, reputed to be John Prideaux and his wife 1610. On the south side of the chancel there is some oak panelling of the napkin pattern – which is late, The font is cut out of a single block of Beer stone. It is of Third Pointed type, and apparently original. Two coats of arms, not coloured, I copied from slabs, as here given in the margin. There is a west gallery with organ. On the north-east side of the churchyard is a single tomb. Worth alluding to, of which I made a hasty drawing in my sketchbook. The tradition in the village runs to the effect that the relations of a Prussian named Grackner, sought a burial place for the body after landing at or near Plymouth, but could not find a dormitory until they had reached Woodbury. It is said further that the deceased had left money by deed, to be enjoyed by the survivors “as long as his body was above ground”; so they were afraid to put it underground. In order to meet the difficulty, four brick walls were built, enclosing a small room or quadrangular space, and the coffin was raised above ground on iron bars placed across for it to rest upon.

In this way the coffin was kept above ground, and so I suppose is still remains. Mr Heineken tells me that when he was at Gen. Lee's at Ebford about 14 years ago, there was a mason at work there called Phillips, and Phillips told him that his (Phillip's) father, built this strange mausoleum. It is quite neglected; and is a mass of ivy and two young sycamore trees. It may be 50 or 60 years old. We turned through some lanes southwards, and came out upon the open heath. We went into two or three of the gravel pits to break pebbles of the Budleigh pebble bed, and hunt for fossils, but were not successful this time.

St-Johns-in-the-Wilderness is a very pretty secluded spot. The tower of the old church remains, and the north aisle; but the nave and all the rest is gone. A low wall marks the contour of the former nave and chancel. Service is performed there once a month. The features of the tower are perpendicular. The label end over the west door is something like that at Woodbury. Windows on north side the same in style. The churchyard is quiet, rural, shady, and peaceful, and it is said to be a favourite spot with Exmouth people to carry their dead to. Count De Vismes, a French refugee, formerly lived at Sidmouth. I was surprised to see his tomb here, in the south-east part of the churchyard. When I was a boy – well, let me see – perhaps before May 1833, when I started on a pleasant walking tour in Wales; or in the winter of 1835, before I started on my tour to America; or in the winter of 1837, when I think I was in Sidmouth; or later or earlier – I forget: but be that as it may, I saw a very mischievous trick played off-on the Count, of which I highly disapproved, though I could not help laughing. There had been a public ball in the room at the back of No 4 in York Terrace, and all the company had gone home except some eight or ten. The Count had a weakness – he was eaten up with vanity: and the burden of his conversation consisted in boasting of his great family in France, his high relations, and then, coming to himself, he was fond of descanting on his personal talents, his knowledge of music, and other accomplishments. He had in this way been amusing the few who still remained in the ballroom; and then, in order to show us what great skill he had in music, he sat down to the piano and began to play. In that position he could not see anything of the room; so as soon as his back was turned, one of the mad wags there, made signs to us and hurried us all quietly out of the room, and shut the door: so that, when the Count has finished, and turned round to receive our praises, lo, and behold, he was alone! I got a glimpse of him through the crack of the door, and I have not forgotten his astonished look, when he turned round. I thought at the time however, that the trick was rather too bad. And now I was looking at his tomb. What has become of his vanity? Is it there? Well, no. There are three coats of arms plainly cut upon white marble, and those are only hieroglyphics of a man's family name. There are heraldic indications however, in the two first, that he was connected with the royal family of France. I see a pedigree of the De Vismes family in Burkes' Dictionary of the Baronage, etc, in the Appendix. From Mr Heineken, who knew Exmouth at an early period, I learn that the De Vismes family lived at Exmouth before and after the time I speak of. The old Count, (who died in 1840, and whose tomb we had been contemplating) took two houses in a row, somewhere north of the market place, with their backs to the river, and knocked them into one. He also took out a floor or two of one of the houses, so as to have an immense high room and in this he placed an organ, built by Crab of Exeter, which he used to play. On the top of the house, as a precaution against fire, he had a large tank full of water: but the water ran the wrong way; for owing to some mishap, the sides parted company, and the water rushed all down through the house – filled the organ, burst it open, unglued the bellows, and washed the pipes right and left, Mr Crab was sent for. He took away the remains of the old organ and afterwards supplied a new one. Mr Heineken tells me that some of the pipes in his own organ, came from this unfortunate one, having been supplied by Mr Dicken, after Crab's time, when some of his pipes got out of repair. From all this the contemplative philosopher will draw this inference – That great misfortunes sometimes happen to great families. We then turned homewards. We got on

Woodbury common from a new quarter, and for a time we were completely lost. The driver hurried eastwards however, and we drove into a long lane on the south side of Hayes Wood, and came out in the middle of Budleigh. Hence to Sidmouth was a well known road.

Wed. Aug. 30. – A Mr Liardet from London called on me to enquire if I knew where “Canister House” was? Sixty or 70 years ago it belonged to a Mr. Evelyn, who left it to a son, born out of wedlock, whom he named Nyleve (Evelyn backwards) after whom it belonged to Percy, Chick, and Balfour. The Rate Book supplied more information than I could give. As long as I can remember it, it has been called “Marine House”, and it stands on the west side of the Independent Chapel.

A Mr. Isaack, from London, also called. He told me he was looking up memorials of the Isaack family in Devonshire, with whom he was connected, I gave him some memorandums from my Account of the Sidmouth Charities, printed by the feoffees, and all the copies I believe in their custody.

Th. Aug. 31. – Mr. Spencer G. Perceval, at present ruralising at Beer, whom I had not known before, did me the favour of a call. He is fond of antiquarian pursuits, and has been lately amusing himself with hunting for ancient flint implements on the hills, and he showed me several he had found. I showed him my collection, which he looked over. He is a grandson of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer under George III., who was shot by Bellingham in the House of Parliament, and I believe a cousin of the present Lord Egmont. He may be about five or six and twenty. He had an early dinner with me, and then an early tea, before he returned.

Fri. Sep. 1. 1876. – Murad V. Who has been sultan only three months, has now been deposed in his town, and his brother Abdul Hamid put in his place. I suppose his days are numbered. Some accounts say that his mind has given way, others talk of delirium tremens, as if he was a drinker: at all events he has been put aside. A terrible war is raging between Turkey and some of her provinces in south-eastern Europe. It is greatly feared it may lead to a European war. I hope we shall not be dragged into it. [Oct. 20]

Mon. Sep. 4. – Dr. Boycott, a medical man from London, now staying here called. He is well up in geology, and some other kindred sciences. He lent me some interesting papers by Prestwick on the geology of Portland and neighbourhood.

I recollect seeing the announcements of the large gifts in the papers. The gifts were generally sent under three letters of the alphabet.

Sidmouth Sep. 1876.

Tu. Sep. 19. The weather has been very unsettled of late, but to-day being fine I went over to Beer to see Mr Perceval [Aug. 31.] By appointment we met at Hangman’s stone; and going over the hedge on the northern side of the road, [Aug. 22. 1872] for four hours we hunted over the fields through which the earthworks runs, for flint implements. We found one or two picks and several flakes and scrapers. We then drove down to Beer, past Bovey House, and went to his lodgings. The whale that I came over to see on the 8th of the last February has been retained in the place. After the tallow chandlers of Exeter bought the fat, a chemist and bird stuffer of Seaton brought the carcass, and with much trouble and labour (I should think) got the skeleton. This he has set up and articulated within the circuit of a high boarding, just above the cemetery and the chapel on the west side of

Beer, beyond the Dolphin Inn. There is an attendant at the gate, who admits each person for sixpence. I measured the head (which is almost all jaw) from the occiput to the nose, and made it 15 feet. There is very little space for brain. I counted the vertebrae, which were over my head, by walking down from the head to the tail between the ribs, of which there are 15 long and short; and I think it was 59, I was told by the attendant that the length of the skeleton was 65 feet. The large vertebrae near the shoulders looked nearly a foot in diameter: and they diminish away to about the size of my fist. There is no bony expansion for the tail, like a fan, as in small fish. His immense tail, which I think was 14 feet wide, was all gristle and fibre, and all removed; the backbone ending in a point. There are two blade bones on the back; and the skeleton of the fins somewhat resembles the bones of the human hand. I dined with Mr. Perceval: left soon after 7, and was home by 9.

Th. Sep. 21.- Beautiful day. Mr. Heineken and myself went to Woodbury Hill. Surmounted Peak Hill: went through Otterton, which is not quite so dirty a place as it used to be: and we stopped near Bicton Cross [Aug. 26.] and went into the field to measure the height of the obelisk. This was effected by Mr. Heineken with his little instrument, used on former occasions. [apomecometer. M.S. Hist. of Sidmouth, Vol. 1. 69] he made it 77feet, 6 inches; and a labouring man who we afterwards spoke to, so far corroborated it, as to say he believed it was somewhere about 75 or 76. We stopped in Yettington to inquire about old manganese digging, which were formerly followed in this neighbourhood. A place towards the south was pointed out to us and also that beautiful conical hill covered with fir trees that rises on the north-west, called Crook Hill. We stopped just out of the village and ascended this hill nearly to the top, and observed places that may have been diggings. We found some small pieces of black manganese. I am inclined to think that I have made an interesting discovery, in so far as identifying an ancient site mentioned more than 600 years ago in the Otterton cartulary. Sir Roger Le Poer or Poher, sells the Montana de Cruce to the monks for so much. In a deed referring to the same transaction, which I met with and copied at St. Lo in Normandy, the place is called the Montana de Cruce*, and it is now termed Cruce or Crook Hill. The furzeplot versus austrum answers to the wild slope on the south side of the hill, up which we ascended, and the magnam viam the public road from Yettington on towards Woodbury. On leaving this we followed the magnam viam to the top, where there is a gravel pit of the Budleigh Pebble bed on the left or south. We had brought hammer, and we searched the pebbles over and broke many to look for fossils, but they are intensely hard. This pebble bed is interesting in a geological point.

- The deeds are given in my M. S. History of Sidmouth, V.I. p, 180 and 181

Point of view, as being composed of Silurian materials of an ancient seabeach, mixed up in the Frias. We opened our case of provisions and eat our early dinner in the quarry, with much relish, contemplating Silurian remains. Thence went on the wild and beautiful open common. Many years ago, when Lady Rolle was a trifle younger than she is now, (I think she was 26 when she married, and her husband was 66,) she took a lady friend of hers who was staying at Bicton, out with her one day for a drive on the hill. In order to enjoy the scenery better they got out of the carriage and walked away some distance across the heath. In doing this they passed within hail of a couple of labouring men who were at work cutting turf. One of the men, not suspecting who he was addressing held up his firkin of cider, and merrily cried out – “My dear, will e’have a drop of zider?” Instead of laughing at this, Lady Rolle was so indignant, that she had the man up before the magistrates at Woodbury; when in his excuse, he said he was very sorry, but he thought it was two lace girls from one of the villages. This only made the matters worse. My Lady was in a towering passion. The idea that Lady Rolle should be taken for a lace girl! The Miss Osbornes were recently over at Bicton with her, when she bustled about and showed them her vineries and pineries and gardens with a good deal of

activity as they informed me, though she is now long past her allotted period. Well, we had just come out upon the open heath on the Woodbury road, but we saw no lace girls and we had no firkin of cider. Our thoughts were on other things. On the left or south side of this road there is a wild valley, swampy at the bottom. For years past we have noticed some white heaps and small square places which we have often examined with a telescope. We walked down into it, but it was too boggy to walk all through it. We saw some men carrying up bundles of long reed for thatching, which grow in the wet places. The white heaps are composed of clay or fine white clayey sand, long ago collected for some purpose, but never removed. I am at a loss how to account for this on geological grounds. It is true, when we were ascending the flanks of Crook Hill, we observed an open pit, from which fine white sand had been dug, and possibly there may be a continuous stratum which comes out in the valley. We brought back some specimens of the *Drosera rotundifolia*, and other bog plants. We joined the carriage up in the road, and then returned.

Th. Sep. 28. 1876, - The papers mention the first practice yesterday and to-day at Shoeburyness of the 81 ton gun. The gun however, since first made, has been trimmed, and is now more correctly called an 80 ton gun. The charge was 370 pounds of powder, and the conical shot weighs 1700 pounds, or about three quarters of a ton. At an elevation of 7 degrees it threw the shot 4687 yards to the first graze, and then it bounded about as far again. With the muzzle elevated to 10 degrees, the shot reached 6500 yards. Elevated to only one degree, it sent a shot by ricochet, over the water, as far as 11,500 yards, or six miles and a half. The concussion broke glass, shook the walls of houses, and brought down plaster from the ceilings at the distance of 500 yards. To prevent this, they threw up a hedge of sand bags, and this had the effect of spreading the wave of concussion, so that glass was broken at the distance of two miles, the intermediate space feeling it less.

Fri. Sep. 29. 1876. – Michaelmas Day. My tenant Mr. Merrington, at No. 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, took my house for three years, and his term is out to-day. His wife is in delicate health, and they will probably stay there the winter.

Th. Oct. 12.- The weather has been very unsettled of late, nevertheless Mr. H. and myself took the opportunity of a fine morning for a short trip into the country. We drove down Newton Poppleford Hill to Harpford. The Budleigh Pebble bed crops out here in the hedge or bank by the road side, near Mr Peppins new house, and just before descending to Harpford. This is the eastern limit of it. Mr. Peppin is one of the sons of the late vicar of Branscombe. The family has several pieces of property in Harpford parish, among which the two little narrow fields in the midst of Harpford Wood. We went into the church, I had not been since I was at the wedding of the Rev. Samuel Walker, Vicar of St. Enoduc, in Cornwall. The building is very dilapidated. Several of the walls are not upright, and I should that the whole must be rebuilt before many years are over. There are nave, chancel, north aisle, and tower. There appeared to be a slight rise in the floor from the west to the east, but not much. Waggon roof with wood ribs. Two narrow single-light windows with pointed heads on each side of the chancel, the First or Second Pointed appearance. East window 3rd Pointed, but not old. Door on south side of chancel. Small window on south, perhaps where rood loft stairs were. Tower arch pointed: the soffit panelled above springing. Nave and north aisle arcade, of these pointed arches and two plain octagonal columns, with two half responds, the east one having a square hole, higher than wide, passing north and south behind it. There is a north door, with the Royal arms over, a yard square. Tower door fastened, by a bar. Turret stairs door on north side of tower inside. Base and central column font old, with an ugly 8-sided basin of Beer stone. Only two old carved benches remaining in the church, one bearing the letters WH and the other MB!!TD. Pulpit very plain. Lectern modern; being an ignorant mixture of architectural styles, the stem being of Grecian pattern,

and the upper or desk part of imperfect Gothic. Marble tablets against the walls to Peppin, Hoskyn, and Pritchard. Captain C.E. Pritchard was the husband of Miss Gattery, eldest daughter of the present Vicar of Harpford. There is a plain deal west gallery and a small organ with one manual and four stops.

Going outside, we remarked that the tower has no buttresses, but an octagonal stair turret in the north-east corner. The tower is covered with rough-cast. There are three bells in it. On the north side of the churchyard there is a deep cliff, precipice or hollow, down to an orchard, which seems at some former period to have been overflowed by the water of the river Otter. We saw the stumps of the granite cross South-east of the church [see Ap. 10. 1870.] and Mr. Tucker's tomb to the south, in the form of a shrine. To the west of the churchyard is a new farm house rebuilt from the old one burnt down about twenty years ago. It was here that tradition places an old County jail, afterwards at Bicton. In my little Sidmouth Guide, and more fully in my MS, Hist. of Sidmouth (5 vols. In green vellum) at p. 169 Vol. I. I have shewn the groundlessness of this notion.

We then went on to Ven Ottery, which in some way is an appendage to the parish of Harpford, and served by the same clergyman. We drove to Tipton; but on the way we stopped on the crown of a high brick bridge which cross the railway; and as there is a fine view (which we always like) we here had our luncheon. Two or three passers by were much amused at us, and we exchanged jokes on the occasion.

We went on- crossed the rail at Tipton at the bottom of the step incline, 1 in 4 – proceeded thorough Metcombe- and then reached our destination. Close on the east of the church there is a farm house belonging to the Yelverton family, where we got the key. The Yelverton family both in Ireland and England, has been at times noted for producing members, both male and female, not over correct in their conduct, carriage, or manners: wild self-willed, ungoverned, and sometimes vicious. The church consist of nave, and chancel only, with a tower at the west end. The whole length of the nave and chancel I think was only 42 feet, and 18 wide: and the tower inside was 9.6 E & W, and 10 N.& S. The wall of the tower at the west door was 4,6" thick. Tower arch into the nave is circular, and devoid of mouldings and the ceiling is wagon wagon roofed. East window small, of two lights, of no architecture, and apparently modern. A south chancel door: by some called "the priests door" and by others "the wedding door". Square 3rd pointed window on north side, with cinque-foil heads to the lights, The south door (of the nave) has an old lock inserted in a clumsy block of wood, two feet long and tapering to a wedge – much like what we had seen in other churches. On the north wall there are the Royal coat of arms. The high church party and the Roman catholics exclude this badge of supremacy. The font is of Beer stone, plain and octagonal. On the south door there are some stencil patterns in coarse paint rudely done; and there was once an open wood screen painted white, blue and red, for we detected the lower halves of the columns, cut off at about four feet high, and there are also some rude patterns in paint on the basement of it where there were panels. Near the south door on the panels of the pews, the napkin or linen pattern has been carved. There are several good old carved oak original bench ends in the aisle still remaining. I regretted I could not copy them by pressing. Pressing wax is too expensive a compound to be used on a large scale; and there are no appliances in a church for warming and softening it before using: but it is a good thing because it hardens afterwards. Some employ pipe clay, but it whitens the object, and long remains soft afterwards. Red clay has similar disadvantages too. Miss Osborne showed me some capital plaster casts the other day, of some carvings in Beverly Minster, which she had pressed off with new bread squeezed up into a lump. On the north side of the chancel there is a tablet to the memory of a family of the name of Ayre – Marshall Ayre, and near the font, in the floor of the aisle towards the

west end, there is a slab recording the death of himself and Elizabeth his wife, with the coats of arms, as I have sketched them; but I am sorry I forgot to take down the dates. I think they were about a century ago. In the tower there is an old oak chest: and three bells above

Although Mr. Heineken and myself, in our pleasant excursion, have devoted much of our time to ancient earthworks, camps of hill fortresses, tumuli; flint hunting, and the like, we have combined with all this the examination of the churches in the neighbourhood, though we have by no means visited all. We have however, seen 39 together, and to these I may add Sidford and Hemyock and Seaton, which I visited a alone him. I don't count some others where I have only been round or outside, the list is this:-

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. Sidmouth | 17. Ottery | 33. Northleigh |
| 2. Sidbury | 18. Rockbeare | 34. Southleigh |
| 3. Salcombe | 19. Plymtree | 35. Axminster |
| 4. Otterton | 20. Talton | 36. Axmouth |
| 5. Bicton | 21. Payhembury | 37. Musbury |
| 6. Colyton Raleigh | 22. Whimble | 38. Branscombe |
| 7. Budleigh | 23. Awliscombe | 39. Beer |
| 8. St George Clist | 24. Feniton | 40. Sidford |
| 9. Littleham | 25. Dunkeswell Abbey | 41. Hemyock |
| 10. Woodbury | 26. Buckerel | 42. Seaton |
| 11. St Johns in the Wilderness | 27. Honiton old | 43. All Saints |
| 12. Newton Poppleford | 28 Honiton new | Sidmouth |
| 13. Aylesbeare | 29 Gittisham | 44. |
| 14. Ven Ottery | 30 Farway | |
| 15. Harford | 31 Offwell | |
| 16. Metcombe near Tipton | 32 Widworthy | |

Such is the list I had omitted All Saints, Sidmouth, because it is a chapel of ease; but as the same might be urged against Sidford and Honiton new church, I add it.

Ven Ottery was originally Fen-Ottery. In old writings I have seen it written Fenotri. The flat meadows along the river were probably fenny or swampy at a remote period, and hence the name.

We left before five – passed through Newton Poppleford and glanced at the new church, just completed, its picturesque old tower remaining as before – ascending the hill, and were in Sidmouth by six.

Fri. Oct. 20. 1876 – Is Europe on the eve of a great war? Things seem to be approaching towards a crisis, and much uneasiness exists. It is the old story. Russia wants Constantinople. In 1854 she tried; but thinking she was large enough already, and fearing her power in the Mediterranean. We declared war against her, together with France and the then King of Sardinia, now the King of Italy, and upheld Turkey. Turkey now has lost the sympathy of England and of most civilised nations by her treatment of her Christian provinces, and it is hard to say who is her friend, - a state of things favourable to the aggressions of Russia. England is not likely to fight for Turkey again apparently. In the mean time Russia seems to be on the eve of open war with Turkey, on the subject of the provinces lying between them. It is understood that the rebellion now existing in some of these provinces, and notably Serbia, has been fomented by Russia, and Russian volunteer troops are pouring in – at the rate of 4000 a day, as some of the papers tell us. Something is going to happen before too long – and who's to pay?

Sat. Oct. 21. – The weather has been very boisterous lately, with very turbulent times at sea. Some pieces of wreck have been washed on shore: and, Samuel Willey, the fisherman, and his companions have found the dead body of a young man knocking about on the rocks at the foot of the cliff yesterday, at about half a mile beyond Larderham or Ladram Bay, Willey tells me that from what remains of the clothes, the body seemed to be that of a foreigner. Buried at Otterton.

Mon. Oct. 30. 1876. – Captain Nares and his two ships have returned, perhaps before they were expected, but they have received a most hearty welcome. They left on the 29th of May 1875. Had they stayed out another winter, probably they would have never returned. It does not seem that any trace of an open sea exist at the north pole, as some have suggested: but the further they went north the more intense did the cold become. The thermometer fell to 73¾ below zero, which is 105¾ below freezing. The Discovery remained at the entrance of Lady Franklands Bay and the Alert wintered at about 82.30 north when the sledging parties pushed forward to 83.20, 83.20.26 the highest latitude yet attained. The ice instead of being smooth, was on field of jagged hillocks and mountains, as far as the eye could reach, and further progress impossible. It is now thought that the only hope is across land, if it can be found; and some other attempts will probably be made, perhaps from America or Siberia, that is, on some other side of the pole. The Esquimaux or Eskimo people did not dwell further north than 81.52. It is interesting to note that coal has been discovered near Lady Franklin Bay, but I believe in the Tertiary strata; and also some specimens of coral; and both these discoveries indicate a temperate, if not a tropical climate. As regards botany, despite the intense winter, there is enough cessation of cold in the short so-called summer, to permit about 20 plants of different species to put forth their blossoms, as far north as between 81 and 82°, the musk ox, reindeer, fox, and some other quadrupeds, were met with in this latitude, and among birds, the ptarmigan further north. I shall look with interest for more complete accounts.

Th. Nov. 2. 1876. – An armistice to last for two months, has been announced between Turkey and her revolted provinces, at the instigation of Russia. The Turks made their first appearance in Europe about 1292; and before another century had elapsed they had subjugated these provinces. They then took Constantinople in 1453, and made it their capital. Russia wants to drive them back out of Europe: and tho' the other countries of Europe have no love of the Turks, they would be sorry to see

Russia grasp so much. The interest of England would be much endangered by Russia seating herself at Constantinople: first, the fall of Turkey would ruin thousand of English people who have foolishly lent their money to the Turkish government, and which, in that case they would never see again it is about £50,000,000 – and the chances are that they never will as the case now stands: and second – the presence and the power of Russia nearer the Mediterranean is discouraged by England, lest it should endanger our great thoroughfare through the Suez Canal to our East Indian possessions. I hope that the conference of Europe nations now about to sit, will so arrange the points in dispute as to prevent a war. – Dec. 31.

Sat. Nov. 4. – The 100 ton gun, made in England and sent to Italy, has been tried at Spezzia. It destroyed a steel plate 22 inches thick over a timber backing; and with 341 pounds of powder it was too much for 30 inches of wrought iron.

Tu. Nov. 8. – Made a plaster cast in a rude mould of red clay hastily utilised, of the fragment of the Erectheum [Feb. 17. 1872.] Dr. Radford of Sidmouth has brought the original.

Sat. Nov. 11. – Drove over to Beer to see Mr. Williams, who is there just now. [Nov. 4. 1875. There was a strong cold wind from the north-east. By way of varying the journey, I turned south east-ward before I reached Hangman's Stone – went by Woodhead, and then to the quarries. Formerly they used to go by a tunnel underground into the side of the hill. I once went in. Now they work the stone in an open quarry, and have scarped down a high perpendicular cliff. [] Having got out and examined the place, I drove on to Beer. After dinner at the Dolphin with Williams, I went out, but it was too cold for him. Had another look at the skeleton of the whale. I made a head from the snout to the occiput 15½ feet. The tail has been 14feet wide, and with no bone in it, for I was told that it all melted away to glue and oil. I counted 59 vertebra. Also 15 ribs, but some were short, and some at the neck, perhaps representing the sternum, etc. The absence of anything like a round cranium or skull is very striking, for there is little or no capacity for brain. It was too boisterous and cutting to stay long, and the woman who came from a cottage with a key to let me in, was impatient to get back.

Went and looked at the little church, which is soon to be pulled down and a larger built. At the east end they are cutting back into the hill to make a larger one. No ancient architectural feature remain but the west door outside, and the chancel arch inside, both of Early English or Decorated character; but the mouldings are much broken. The tablet referring to the people who died of the plague ought to be preserved. The rest of the building is made up of "Churchwardens Gothic", put in at different times, and it will be no loss to sweep it away.

With some difficulty I forced my way down the street against the wind, to the cliff. The sea was splendid. It was dashing furiously against the cliffs, and the fishermen were drawing their boats up as high as they could. Came back to the Inn, and made myself warm till nearly seven; when I left, and got back in an hour and a half.

Th. Nov. 23. 1876 – Mrs. Merrington, the wife of my tenant at No, Coburg Terrace, died this evening, soon after six o'clock.

Tu. Nov. 28. – Mr Merrington conducted the remains of his wife to Harpford, where she had expressed a wish to be buried. The morning was clear and fine. There were the hearse and four

mourning coaches. I went in one of the carriages with the Rev. Baring- Gould, Incumbent of All Saints. When we had all proceeded with a stately pace nearly as far as the Station, he asked me about the Vicar's family, knowing Mr Gattey had been ill, and presumed he would be able to get a surplice to read the service in Harpford. I replied that Mr. Gattey was still unwell and still from home, and that there was no resident curate, and that I could give him any information about surplices. He then hailed the undertakers, and had a discussion out of the window; but it brought no results, It this dilemma he enquired if there would be time to hurry back and get what wanted? The undertaker said yes – that they should go slowly – and that could done. Our horse turned – we fell out of the rank – drove back to Oakland, where he now lives, until the new house is ready – got the key of the church and prayer book – hurried to the vestry – sized a surplice and threw it into the carriage – and drove off again: we passed Broadway – the station – Bulverton – Bowd – and we overtook them before they got to the top of Newton Poppleford Hill. Harpford church was cold and damp and bare looking. It was well we had the surplice. The grave was at the higher or north-east corner of the ground – a place she had herself selected last summer. A favourite beautiful black greyhound went with us, and it whined at the grave. The coffin was polished oak, with brass mountings. Two wreaths of flowers were laid on top. Before the grave was filled up, a large board the shape of the coffin, was lowered down upon it – a plan I had not seen before. We then rejoined our carriages, after a very impressive scene, and returned to Sidmouth.

Sun. Dec. 3. 1876. – Yesterday and to-day there has been very boisterous and rainy weather, with a violent wind from the east and south. As the full moon occurred on the first, and we have now the spring tides, great alarm has been felt by persons living near the sea – and not without reason, for the waves have been dashing over the Esplanade, and running down into the town.

Mon. Dec. 4. – The wind has continued, and the last three or four high tides have been in the town. It is an old grievance for the cellars of the houses near the beach to be half full of water at high tides; for if the water does not come in from above, it percolates through the gravel and shingle, on which those houses are built, and comes up from underneath. Some thirty years ago, before the Water Company brought fresh and wholesome water in pipes down from springs at Cotmaton, the water in the wells of these houses was occasionally so brackish that it acted on some of the visitors like Epsom salts, and drove them away, to the detriment of the place: and yet, when Mr .Jeffery, a sensible and clever surgeon, who then practiced here, observing these things, declared that the water in the wells was not pure, the townspeople were very indignant, and abused him as if he had been a rogue and a scoundrel. The greatest opposition was thrown in the way of his getting better water brought down to the beach houses, though he was only promoting the general good of the town; but when it had been forced on them, they soon discovered the benefits – but they never acknowledged it. Tongue cannot tell the contempt in which I hold some people. Well, the waves dashed over the Esplanade. At the west end the water touched the wall at Belmont. The same at Fort Cottage. The corner of the Fort Field east of it was full like a lake. The water was up against Bedford Hotel and Bedford House, and close to Bedford Place and Derby Place. Each side of Marine Place it ran into Western town; and I am told that Mr. Pepperell the dairyman, delivered milk to some of his customers by means of a boat; and that Mrs. Churchill, the wife of a mason who used to work for me, unable to come down stairs, because the lower part of the house was flooded, was lamenting out of an upper window, and that a neighbour handed her a cup of hot tea from a boat.

Mon. Dec. 4. On the rising of the tide this morning, things where as bad as before. I took a few hasty sketches in two or three different places, to perpetuate the scene,

Th. Dec. 7. Attended a sale of property this afternoon at the York Hotel. The lots offered belonged to Sir John Kennaway of Escot, Bart, Lot 1 reached £1200, and was then bought in. Lot 2 as a part of it, was not sold. Lot 3 is a little cottage at the entrance to Coburg Terrace, without ground, and considering its state, not worth perhaps more than £200. I started it at £100, when a fisherman on the other side of the room said £200, much to the amusement of everybody. Whether it was ignorance or bravado or inexperience, I know not, but they ran it up between them to £470, when it was knocked down to Henry Bartlett the fisherman. Bartlett lives in a poverty-stricken way in Church Street. He has a sister in London (Mrs. Stowfield ?) who has made money there as a milkman and dress-maker. She came down last summer, and in the most off-handed manner, brought several places, as Balsters, the Shrubbery, and so on, at high prices. Lot 4 was bought by Mr. Edwin Hooke, of Barton House, across the road; a native of Sidmouth, but for many years a Baker in London. Lot 5 the field of about two acres and a half between me and the church, I would have brought if I had not just invested my £1000 from Australia, and I did not care about disturbing it. Mr. Ede, of Lansdowne got it for £780, He was afterwards offered £900 for his bargain. I was surprised the Manor Trustees did not buy it, as of late years they have been buying up everything, and one of them and the secretary were present: but I heard afterwards they regretted having let it slip through their fingers. But they were determined to get Lot 6 of three acres, now a market garden, with a few cottages on it, and it was run up to £2680. This is at the rate of £890 an acre, whereas the cost of Lot 5 at £780 is only £312.

Fri. Dec. 23. 1876. – This morning was fine and dry, but rather cold, Went into Exeter for the day, Called on Dr. Shapter: then on Dr. Ridgway. Deposited at the Devon and Cornwall Bank 10 Bonds of £100 each, the whole amounting to £1000. South Australian Loan, Jan. 1. 1876 at 4p cent, brought at 96 3/8 to be paid off at par Jan. 1. 1916 [Mar. 13. 20. When brought.]

Gave to the Exeter Museum three cases, containing about 50 coins, being the pick of nearly 200, found or dug up at Sidmouth, and collected by Mr. Heineken and myself. The Bactrian and Roman, in case I are the most interesting.

Sidmouth. 1876

Sun. Dec. 31. 1876.- The Conference of European powers, now sitting at Constantinople, in order to induce the Turks to rule their provinces with more humanity and justice, do not seem to advance much. The Turks promise much, but refuse to bind themselves to carry out their promises – and Europe has lost all confidence in their word, Great fears of a rupture are entertained. The armistice is prolonged two months more, that is, to the end of February. If an accommodation cannot be arrived at, the Conference will be broken up, and the Ambassadors will leave: and what steps will be taken afterwards it is impossible yet to say. – Feb. 8. 1877. The annexed is part of an article on the present position of Turkey,

POH Transcripts - 1877

January 1. 1877. New Years Day. It is Monday: and an old proverb says that when Christmas Day and New Years Day occur on a Monday much trouble is impending as great rain, murrain among the cattle, war, distress, and so on. As for the rain, that is true enough. I never remember so wet a winter, or as many disastrous floods. The other evils I hope will not come.

To-day a splendid demonstration is made in most of the great cities of India, in proclaiming the Queen, Empress of that country.

Fri. Jan. 5. – Concert of our Choral society took place this evening in the large room at the London Hotel. The room was crammed, and everything went well. Among the instrumentalists, Mifs Georgina Osborne and Mifs Jervis took second violin parts.

Wed. Jan. 10.- Bought two small Chinese vases, 7 inches high and 3 inches in diameter, with carved wooden stands, at a sale at Rock Cottage. 17/. In the evening went to a party at Captain and Mrs. Lukes at Balsters, where the children acted a play called Perfection.

Th. Jan. 11. – The fishing boats were fortunate last night, and have brought in near 30.000 herrings. Most of them have been sent of to London. London swallows up everything.

Sidmouth Jan. 1877

Fri. Jan. 12. – It is recorded that Trucannini, and old women, and the last remnant of the native race in Tasmania, died May 8. 1876, She had had five husbands, the last having been King Billy, who died in 1869.

Mon. Jan. 15. – Fine day, and without rain. Went to Seaton by rail, to see Mr. S.G.Perceval, and some flint implements found near Godalming in Surrey, and some cores and flakes in black obsidian, from Melos in Greece. They are precisely like what we found on the Sidmouth hills.

Th. Feb. 8. – So the Conference at Constantinople has ended in nothing, and the plenipotentiaries have left, and the Marquis of Salisbury has returned to England. To keep up appearance, the Turks have gone through the form of publishing a new constitution, in which great reforms are promised; but as they refuse to be bound in any way, everybody looks with mistrust at the proceedings. It is said that Russia has gradually assembled 220,000 troops in Bessarabia, close to the Turkish frontier, The English parliament meet to-day

Th. Feb. 15. Gave a man called Prince 1/6 for an old fashioned iron knocker, which he took from his cottage door in Old Fore Street. Some years ago I procured another of similar pattern. In the month of October 1864, I copied a knocker resembling these in make, but handsomer, in the Cloisters at Windsor Castle.

Sat. Feb. 17. – The weathercock or vane, with its support, on the stair turret of the church tower, was taken down a day or two ago, and reinstated to-day. The iron was rusty, & things were out of order. They have been re-gilt.

Tu. Feb. 20. – last night and this morning the boisterousness of the weather, which has been very great lately, reached its height, and the roaring of the wind in the chimneys, kept me awake.

Dawlish 1877

Sat. Feb. 24. – Went to Dawlish, via Exeter. Passing through Starcross I saw the Swan, [see Aug. 2. 1872.] up on the wharf to be painted. Meeting Captn –Peacock at Ashburton last July, he told me it could be used as a floating bath, and it had cost him upwards of £300.

Sun. Feb. 25. – At St Marks chapel in the morning, and the parish church in the afternoon.

Mon. Feb. 26. – Went to Teignmouth by rail. Called on Mr. G. W. Ormerod, of Brookbank. His father was an I.L.D. and an F.R.S., and author of a History of Cheshire in three volumes folio. He is a scientific man himself, and his house is full of books and works of art. Then called on the Rev. R. Cresswell, who is a clever man. His wife is a sister of Mifs Creighton, of No. 1. Coburg terrace. Walked back along the Railway wall. Approaching the Parson & Clerk tunnel, I sketched the rock that lies off the point. The neck looks so thin that it will apparently fall off before long.

Wed. Feb. 28. – Walked to Little Haldon. Examined some gravel pits and then Smallacombe Goyle geologically, to see whether there is any difference between the capping of yellow clay with flints on Haldon, and on the Sidmouth hills. Amongst the clay and angular flints on Haldon, there is a great mixture of white quartz pebbles, and various pieces of sub-angular rocks, similar apparently to the breccias of the Dawlish and Teignmouth cliffs, and composed mostly of fragments of the primary formations in the neighbourhood. In the stratum of the yellow clay with flints on the Sidmouth hills. I have not detected any pieces of these old rocks. There is a growing feeling amongst geologists that this bed of clay with flints will be decided as of glacial origin, like the boulder clay of the midlands and eastern counties.

I then went and took another look at the camp- See Sep.10. 1873,

Th. Mar. 1. 1877. – After reading all morning by the fire, I took a walk to Langstone Point and back along the Railway wall.

Fri. Mar. 2. – The same again, and went on to the Warren.

Sat. 3. – Returned to Sidmouth. Took the opportunity of having a good look at Exeter Cathedral. The choir is now finished, and the nave will be finished this summer if possible. Since I last saw the reredos they have gilt several parts of it richly. At the first glance, I am not sure I was quite pleased; and yet the effect is very beautiful. I was much struck with the pulpit near the reredos, on the north side. The cluster of columns and base below, looked like red veined Plymouth marble, highly polished, and the body above is of alabaster, slightly mottled with red like reredos, and richly carved. Judging from other works I had seen, I thought to myself that it had probably cost £1000, but I think the verger said £1300.

Th. Mar. 15. – It snowed from 5 to 6 this evening. This is the first and only snow I have seen during the winter. The season has been very wet, but not cold.

Th. Mar. 27. – Finished copying the oldest known view of Sidmouth. It is a watercolour drawing measuring about 17X10in, and the artist stood near the mouth of the Sid, looking west. It may be nearly a century old, and it belongs to Mr. W. John Pike, Ironmonger, Fore Street, Sidmouth

Fri. Mar. 30. 1877.- Good Friday. I was surprised to see how few people were at church, and how few remained to the sacrament. There is an old but very reprehensible custom still lingering at Sidmouth, which ought to be put down. I allude to the practice of kicking football on Good Friday: I have seen it done in the Blackmore Fields. Or Church fields, as they are sometimes called, but to day it was in the Western Fields, over "the goyle" and below Witheby. Twenty great rough fellows were shouting & using bad language in a way not appropriate to the day, nor indeed to any other day whatever.

Sun. Ap. 1. – Easter Sunday. To-day the church was very full.

Mon. Ap. 2. – Sidmouth Easter Fair. After having nearly died out, the fair seems to have revived a little.

Tu. Ap. 3. – Col. And Mrs. Hawkens second daughter married to-day to the late Mr. Thoronton's second son. The only objection I have heard to the match is, that they were both too young – both being children under age. Drink, immorality, waste, extravagance, separation.

Th.Ap. 5. – The local Board have been engaged carrying the drain up the road at the west end of the beach behind Clifton Place. When the men got above Rock Cottage, and at 10 of 12 feet deep, and 27 paces from Rock Cottage, and 9 from Beacon Place, they came upon a cruciform vault a A, some thought it had been a smugglers' cave, entered from the beach, but I am told it was made in 1836, when the Harbour was projected, and gunpowder was kept in it for blasting purposes.

Sidmouth. April 1877

Mon. Ap. 16. – Wind north-east – cold – very strong – much rain. Quantities of water rushing down the river Sid. The wooden bridge at Seed I am told, and that near the National School, are washed away: and that near the mouth of the river I have been to see, but only half remains. At 7 this evening the tide was nearly high; the waves very large, and rushing in, ran half way up the Ham. A boy of nine years old, son of a baker of Sidbury, called Langdon, was drowned this morning. Carrying an umbrella and driving some cows to the field, it is supposed a gust of wind threw him into the water. His body was found half a mile below Sidbury, and the umbrella in the water also.

Fri. Ap. 20. – I subjoin a cutting which speaks of one of the most arduous undertakings in the pedestrianism were accomplished.

Th. Ap. 26. – So it has come at last. As I jotted down Feb.8, things are getting very serious. The Emperor of Russia virtually declared war against the Turks by his address to his army on the 24th at telling them to march at once into the enemy's country – and which they immediately began to do .A large army is also to invade the Turkish territory on the side of Mount Ararat.

Fri. 27. – I think this vessel was built by a Captain Andrews, then here, and the dockyard was at the east end of the beach.

1877

Mon. May 1. 1877. As cold and black and bleak a May day as ever I saw, and with a cutting north-east wind, and I was glad to sit by a good fire at breakfast.

Tu. May. 2. – So Cornwall has now got a Bishop. Dr. Benson was consecrated at St. Pauls' London, on the 25th ultimo, and the enthronisation at St. Mary's, Truro, yesterday the first. The new arms of the sea I annex. Lady Rolles' manificent donation of £40.000 to the endowment, removed all difficulties.

W. May 3. – The papers state a curious thing. They say there are three elderly maiden ladies, sisters, one earning seven shillings a week “by making button holes” the others being invalids, and that they are great-grandchildren of Daniel Defoe. A motion is being set on foot to assist them.

W. May 17.-I have given the further intelligence, mentioned in the public prints, that the Queen has given £75 a year to each of the above ladies.

Sun. May 27. – Trinity Sunday. Richard Thornton, eldest son of the late Mr. Thornton of Knowle, [Nov. 3. 1873] was ordained Deacon to-day at Exeter Cathedral, and appointed to the curacy of Sidmouth

Sun. June 3. – To-day the Rev. Richard Thornton read himself in at Sidmouth parish church.

W. 6. – Made a coloured drawing of the mammoth tusk lately found at the mouth of the river Sid, (probably washed out of the alluvium up the valley) which will soon be deposited in the Exeter Museum. Taken in connection with the teeth, this is an interesting find. – See Jan. 18. 24. 1873. Finished the Third Volume of my History of Sidmouth

Th. June 7. 1877. – Began the Fourth Vol. Of My History, and mean it to be the last. Sat. June 9. – Miss Price has started to walk 1000 miles in a 1000 hour at Exeter - see July 30.

Th. June 14. – The New Parsonage house of All Saints Church is finished, and the Incumbent, the Rev. B. Barring-Gould gone in.

Sidmouth. June. 1877.

Sat. June 16. – After a cold late spring with fires in our houses and frosty nights, the thermometer has recently run up to 70° [82° in London] and summer has arrived.

Mon. June 18. – To-day there is a sad rumour about Sidmouth, that my old friend Mr. Stapleton of Sidbury, who made my acquaintance on the 20th of September 1875, had destroyed himself. It proved true.

Tu. June 19. – To-day Mr. Heineken and myself drove to the neighbourhood of Ottery, to look for the remains of an old Chapel. In ancient charters of the 12th and 13th centuries, mention is made of a chapel in the parish of Ottery, under the name of De la Hedreland, or De la Hetheland, quasi up among the heather. [See my M S. Hist, of Sidm. I 183;] Bishop Brantyngham in 1388 granted a licence for a domestic chapel at Holcombe, about a mile and a half east of Ottery, and I presume this must have been the ancient De La Hetherland,

No – it appears to have been a mistake, and was near Washfield above Tiverton. See my MS. Hist, of Sidmouth, Vol. IV. Pp. 12, 22.

1877

Under a new regime: at least I do not know where else to look for it. In Donn's Map of 1765 a little church is shewn.

The estates of Higher and Lower Holcombe, comprising about 400 acres, now belongs to Mr Pidsley. They are farmed by Mr. Page, son of Butcher Page, formerly of Sidmouth. We were told that the remains of the chapel had been pulled down many years ago, and a former house built out of them, parts of which are behind, or eastwards of the present dwelling house; that the present house was erected twenty years ago, partly out of old materials; and that when excavating a circular place to the west, or in front of the new house, to make a pond, (which we saw) they turned up a quantity of bones, from which they inferred that the spot had been the burial ground. I went up behind the present dwelling, to examine parts of the old house. There is a large square stone chimney, and the walls were of brown chert, well squared out, and in some places good size blocks of wrought Beer stone, such as might have once belonged to an ecclesiastical building.

We then drove through Ottery and down to the river. At the foot of Ottery town, near the river there was once a chapel, dedicated to St. Saviour, we presumed under the hill or cliff opposite the bridge.

We crossed the bridge and drove to Thorn. This is a very ancient place. The original of the painted standing figure in the north aisle of Ottery church – John Cook of Thorn – lived here. The house is all modernised: but the old coat of arms cut in stone is over the door. – See Jull 23. 1874.

We then drove home.

Mon. July 2. 1877. – Went into Exeter for the day. Met Miss Venn of Payhembury at the Junction, with two young ladies. Got into the same carriage and travelled with them to Exeter. Returned in the same evening. Mrs. Strong cut her throat in the garden at new Cotmaton, walked in and died.

Tu. 3. – Lord Sidney Osbourne asked me to go again with him to Dorsetshire, and we travelled there to-day, and followed the same route as last year, June 23.

W. 4. – Embarked in the Cutter at 11A.M. Beat up to Swanage. Stone quarries all round here. Went ashore. Lunched at the Royal Victoria Hotel. Sir John D' Oyley, Bt came in, whom his Lordship knew. Mr. Bernard of Luppit and Cottington, Sidmouth, married Mifs D'Oyley. Came back. Admired chalk cliffs, sailed up Poole harbour before we landed.

Th. 5. – Embarked at 2, and back at 6. Made a sketch of the house.

Fri. 6. – Embarked at 2. Went E, past Bournemouth to Christchurch Head and back.

Sat. 7. – Out again. Went west off St. Aldhelm's Head, past Swanage, and returned. I could see the cromlech called the Agglestone, on the hill above Studland.

Sun. 8. Walked along the sand to the point, where the new houses for the men in the employ of the Preventive Service are now being built where we got in a boat, and were rowed by young Stokes across to Branksea Island and went to church. The service was performed by the vicar of Parkstone to-day, and the Lessons read by young Bentinck, son of the owner of the island, a young gentleman who I hope is not going into the church. We returned the same way.

M. July 9. 1877. – Embarked, and hove to off Studland. Walked to the village and church. Nave, tower, and chancel Early English. Massive buttresses outside.

Tu. 10. – Took a walk on the sound. Embarked at 2P.M. and cruised off Swanage. Returned, and took a sail up and down Poole harbour. Landed at seven, and walked to the house called the Hive.

Wed. 11.- His Lordship and myself returned in the same carriage to Sidmouth.

1877

Th. July 12. . The Russian and Turkish war goes on.The Russian invasion on the Eastern side in Armenia, between Mount Ararat and the Black sea, does not prosper. On the other side, the Russians are crossing the Danube at several places in great force; and surprise has been felt that the Turks have not resisted them more determinedly, but perhaps they did not expect them at those places. Either by boat or by pontoon bridges they have crossed at Ibraila, Silistrin, Sinnitza, Nicopolis, and others. Rustchac and Giwgero are bombarding each other. It was thought that the Turks would make a great stand at the Balkan mountains, for that is the last barrier; but the Russians have taken Tirnova without much opposition, and have even sent a few troops through one of the passes. It is not the policy of England to let Russia take Constantinople, and our Mediterranean fleet has been sent to the entrance of Dardanelles, I am anxious to know what has become of Dr Cullen, formally of Sidmouth, and his second wife Miss Jane Fellowes, daughter of the late Vicar of Sidbury, whom I knew well. For some years they have been living at Kustendzie; but it is said that the inhabitants fled on the approach of the Russians – Nov. 3.

Fri. 20. – To-day some 800 children from the schools at Sherborne came over with a good band and their teachers to enjoy a holyday. They swarmed on the esplanade and on the shingle, and paddled in the water, and went out in boats, and had their tea in the open air in the hollow at the south-east corner of the Fort Field.

Sat. 21. – Mr Perceval, now staying at Sidmouth, has learnt that Mr. W. Toby has sent down from London a bronze celt and a broken piece to his sister Mrs Drake of Lower Pinn Farm, Otterton. We walked over and procured them for the Exeter Museum. The story is that they were found “on Woodbury Hill”, or “Under Woodbury Hill”, but when we showed them to Mr. Heineken, he recognised them as what he had seen at the late General Lee’s at Ebford near Topsham. Mathew Lee, the grandfather, got four from the barrow at Lovehayne in 1763, and took them to Ebford. Soon after they were missed from Ebford, these same were found in the hands of some workmen near Colyton Rawleigh, and one of them called Toby, as I was told at the time, had taken them to London, when he had settled as a baker. This is several years ago. I got his address and wrote to him, but at that time he would not part with them. Mr Heineken saw them in the Summer House, where other curiosities were kept, and there is very little doubt that they were purloined by some workmen. – See Nov. 22. 1861, for Mr. Snooks’ palstave, found in the tumulus at the same time. In my MS. Hist. of Sidmouth, I. 78. These things are alluded to. See, also Trans. Dev. Aso. II. 647, for the quotation from Mr. Matthews Lee’s Diary, given by Mr.Heineken.

Tu. July 24. 1877. – Packed up in a box 100 ancient worked flints which I had found on the hills during the last seven years ,and sent them to Mr D.Urban the Curator of the Exeter Museum. Also three spindle whorles – one found by myself, and two by Mr. Ede of Lansdowne. He wished to arrange them at once, as the members of the British Association have been invited to visit Exeter after the Plymouth meeting next month.

Mon. July 30. – So Miss Price has accomplished her walking feat.

Went from Sidmouth to attend the meeting of the Devonshire Association at Kingsbridge.

61 Onwards POH

Letter from the Devon and Exeter Albert Memorial museum and free Library

Exeter 26th July 1877

My Dear Sir

I have safely received your box of worked flints and am very much obliged for them. They will be very useful to me – I am particularly pleased with the Spindle whorls for we had none in this museum. I regret that I was prevented writing to thank you yesterday but the arrival of some relations must be my excuse

Yours very truly

N. M. Urban Curator

P.O. Hutchinson Esq.

Kingsbridge 1877.

Tu. July. 31. 1877. – The business began to-day. there was a committee meeting, a Reception, a Council meeting, a General meeting- according to rule. At six I dined with Mr. And Mrs. Harrell, at Buttville, a quarter of a mile SE of Kingsbridge: there were 18 at Dinner. At 8 we went to the Town Hall, to hear the new President read his inaugural Address.

Wed. Aug. 1. – Council meeting, and then the reading of the Papers in the Town Hall. At one there was a Luncheon daily provided for the members, by the inhabitants of Kingsbridge. At six we dined at the King's Arms Hotel. There was a large party and speechifying abundant. Lady Bowring, who was a Miss Castle of Bristol, and widow of the late Sir John Bowring, made a very good speech. We then adjourned to the Vicarage, and had tea and coloured lamps on the lawn. I found out the Rev. A. N. Hingston, the vicar of Kingsbridge, is a nephew of the late Dr. Hingston of Plymouth, who married a daughter of Sir W. Parker, my mother's brother.

Th. Aug. 2. – Reading papers. One paper was on White Ale, and I had some white ale at Luncheon. I brought forward my Scheme for a History of Devonshire, and exhibited the four 4 to volumes of my History of Sidmouth, which I offered as my contribution, and urged other people to endeavour also to undertake the histories of their several parishes. I got great praise for my work, though the last volume is not finished. At five we started in a variety of vehicles – I counted 13 – to make an excursion south westward.

We stopped at Bowringsleigh, a fine Elizabethan mansion, which we examined inside and out. Then we proceed to Thurlestone, looked at the church, and found tea and cakes and wine awaiting us on the vicarage lawn. I found out that the vicar, the Rev. Peregrine Ilbert, was at Tiverton school, and I

knew him when I was a boy. His wife was Miss Rose Owen, whose family I remember at Tiverton. We then went on to the bay, and looked at Thurlestone Rock, here again.

Kingsbridge 1877

There is a patch of the New red sandstone here in the Devonian slate. Mounting the carriages, we veered about on our return, and at 8 in the evening arrived at the Vicarage of West Alvington, where the Archdeacon and Mrs. Earle received us, as the shades of evening were closing in. Here there was a splendid supper laid out in a large tent. There could not have been less than 200 people on the ground. Among the crowd on the gravel walk in front of the house, I nearly stepped upon a lady's brooch. I picked it up, and deliberated how I could find the owner among so many strangers. I took it to the Archdeacon, who was settling himself at the head of the supper table. He proclaimed aloud what had been picked up, and the owner was soon found.

Before we left, a large paper fire balloon was sent off, with a magnesium light suspended from it.

Fri. Aug. 3. – This morning we started on a pleasant excursion down the arm of the sea called Salcombe river. The tide flows up to Kingsbridge, and we took the steamer at high water a little below. There was scarcely standing room on board. The views down the estuary were delightful. The vessels lying off Salcombe were all dressed in flags. WE passed the ruins of Salcombe Castle a mile below at the entrance, a half a mile in from the sea. It looks like the outer wall of an octagonal building of no great size – a mere shell – half covered with ivy. It is built on a ledge of rocks at the foot of the cliff on the west side of the harbour, and when anybody is on the edge of the cliff, they could throw a stone into it: and yet Cromwell was four months taking it. [See Miss S.P. Fox's Hist. of Kingsbridge.] Half our passengers landed on the west shore below the Castle, at a place called the South Sands, but the rest remained on board, to go outside and look at the coast, First we looked at Bolt Head; then we turned eastward to Prawle Point, though the end of which there is a hole, something like Thurlestone Rock; then we got a sight of the Start Point, further east, with Light House, and Fog Horn; and then we returned and disembarked at South Sands. The sea was rough outside, and most of us unwell. There was a splendid cold collation, laid out up the grafs and rocks, which we enjoyed amazingly. As to the geological construction of the district here.

1877

I may observe that this promontory is cut across by a line running east and west just above Salcombe: the strata north of that line consists of slate, but much more contorted and tilted up on end; whilst south of that line the slate appears to have been subjected to intense heat, being vitreous, glistening, metallic, and interstratified with great quantities of quartz rock. I brought away specimens, took a hasty sketch of Salcombe Castle, and then we started to return. The tide was low, but rising; and about halfway up we stuck on a sand bank. In half an hour we floated off, and by seven we were in Kingsbridge.

Sat. Aug. 4. At noon I got a good 4 horse coach, and proceeded nine miles north to the rail. The road is hilly but good. It crosses the Avon – which they pronounce Ah-von-then through Loddiswell, and attains very high ground. Took the rail through Totnes, Newton, Teignmouth to Dawlish where I stopped.

Wed. Aug. 8. – After a week of beautiful weather at Kingsbridge, this is very wet. I hear that a coal vessel anchored off Sidmouth, was in such danger from the gale of wind and heavy sea

yesterday, expecting her cables to part, that she hoisted signals of difstress. The Sidmouth Lifeboat went off and brought her creir on shore. She however rode out the gale, and they went out to her again.

Fri. Aug. 10. – Went from Dawlish to Sidmouth

Sat. Aug. 11. – Called at Cottington and saw Mifses Osborne

Tu. Aug. 21. – The Cottage garden show took place to-day at Knowle, at Mr. Thornton's.

Mon. Aug. 27. – Went out after breakfast this morning, along the beach under Peak Hill, where I have been several times lately, to look for some specimens of celestine or sulphate of strontia for the Exeter Museum. I have some, but I want to find better.

Mon. Sep. 3. - Spent the evening with Mr. And Mrs. Veral, and their friends at Seafield, and listened to some very nice singing and playing.

Tu. Sep. 4. Started in a boat with same party as last night to go to Beer. The sea quite calm, and an easy breeze from the NW. The weather was bright and beautiful, and the sail most enjoyable.

September; 1877.

The variety of colour in the cliffs between Sidmouth and Beer cannot be exceeded; and this arises from the red, crimson, and purple of the Red marl; the brown, gray, buff, orange and yellow of the Green sand Formation; and the white and the light black of the chalk. To these may be added the greens and the approaching autumnal tints of autumn. I enjoyed my examination of the cliffs, & remarked the dip of the red and yellow strata eastward under Beer Head, and rising again near Seaton. On approaching Beer we saw several pleasure parties in boats on the water. We landed, and soon after we mounted the white cliff on the east to enjoy the view. From this place the point towards Beer Head looks something like a person sitting with their feet in the water: but we remarked as we passed it the head looks very tottering, as if it would soon fall off. The new church at Beer is progressing, the walls being 12 or 14 feet high. We had our sandwiches & claret on the hill, and took a ramble before we descended to the beach. A lady and gentleman of the party, with their three children, have recently come from New Zealand, across the Pacific, and the Continent of North America, and gave us some interesting descriptions of their long and varied journey. I steered coming home, the wind rather against us.

Fri. Sep. 21. 1877. Called on Dr. Radford at Sidmouth. He showed me a specimen of the new glass – a blown vase or basin, exhibiting a beautiful variety of prismatic colours, and also another, which though clear, looks at a little distance as if it were silvered. He also showed me a portfolio of Albert Durer's engravings. The nude figures represented by him are disgusting from their fat, flabby, and ungainly shapes. The women of Rubens are fat and vulgar enough, but those of Albert Durer are truly laughable

1877

Fri. Sep. 21. – Took a walk on the beach eastward over to Hook Ebb and back. My object was to examine the cliffs and see whether any celestine could be met with, as on the western side of the town. I met with hollow nodules full of crystals of carbonate of lime, but they had no Celestine in them. I do not however, despair. Above the horizon of the carbonate of lime nodules, I met with a

line of water stones with ripple marks, and pseudomorphous crystals of salt. A mile and three quarters east, at the rocks called Hook Ebb, the gypsum dips down to the beach. The strata containing the gypsum occupy 60 to 80 feet in thickness. The gypsum is crystallised in sheets, occupying the cracks in the red marl, running either horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally. Finding a spring of water issuing from the cliff, I sat on a rock and eat my sandwiches. When under the high part of Salcombe Hill I saw a rabbit lying on the beach bleeding at the mouth, as if recently dead; and not far from it another, which I thought dead, though when I approached it, it moved its eyes, but it died soon after. I suppose they had fallen over the cliff. I got back to the Old Chancel by five, having been out seven hours.- See Nov. 17.

Th. Sep. 27. – At Mr Heineken's this evening. Observing Mars and Saturn, conveniently situated, as regards his drawing room window, he got out his astronomical telescope, and we examined them for a considerable time. At the south pole of Mars a white spot or patch is distinctly visible. This, we are told by astronomers, is supposed to be ice or snow. If so, the drift of the argument would be, that the climate there would be pretty much the same as it is with us. As for Saturn, he is turning the edge of his ring towards us, so that it begins to look a little more than a line of light. I suppose that wonderful ring will one day break up, and perhaps add to the number of his satellites. – On the 3rd of November they were close together; only an angle of eleven minutes between them, and looked beautiful. They could both be seen in the field of the telescope together.

Sidmouth.1877.

Mon. Oct. 1. – My tenant Mr. Merrington, having given up No. 4, Colburg Terrace Sept 29 I must have it "done up", as they phrase it, and look for another tenant.

Tu. Oct. 2. – The Russians were prevailing when I alluded to them on July 12, All at once however, the Turks seemed to arouse themselves to a sense of danger, and they have not only fought very determinedly but very successfully. The Russians have been beaten by them over and over again, and they are worse off now than they were three months ago. The destruction to life caused by the precision of modern artillery and modern rifles, is something extraordinary. I have seen it stated that with "old brown Refs" as the old muskets was called, a soldier was supposed to fire away his weight in lead, for every man he knocked over. It is not so now. The great bone of contention of late has been the town of Pleuvna, S.W. of Nicopolis, where the most desperate fighting has taken place. The Russians have assaulted it six or seven times, and have been beaten off with loss. They own to 6000 wounded on Sep. 11. and 7000 the day after: killed not stated. In Armenia the Turks have been equally victorious. The barbarities perpetrated on both sides have been most inhuman. There are a good many European Officers in the Turkish armies. The Russian Generals have proved themselves very inefficient, and the prestige of the Russian armies has been swept away. It is supposed however that Russia will in the end prevail, merely from numbers. Seeing no end to the struggle, each side is preparing for a winter campaign. England, and some other European nations, have been talking about intervention, with a view to bring about peace before winter; but both parties are too proud to listen as yet.

Mon. 8. – Took another walk under Salcombe Hill to look for Celestine, but was unsuccessful. Had a long chat with a gentleman who was fishing for bass and conger eels from the shore. He had recently caught some there, weighing from 10 to 14lbs.

Tu. Oct. 9. Went to the dinner of the Agricultural Association at the London Hotel. Nearly 200 people there; amongst whom Sir Lawrence Palk, and Sir John Kennaway, M.P.s, for this division of the county, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, Mr. Haycock of Belmont, Mr. Bayley, J.P. of Cotford, Dr. Pullin, etc,etc

Sat. Oct. 13. – A most extraordinary catch of sprats. A number of boats came in loaded till they were ready to sink. The weather fine and calm. Quantities were sent away to the London and other markets. Thousands or millions also came in and the beach was covered at the water's edge. People scooped up any amount they wanted, and they were retailed about the town and neighbourhood at a penny a quart. I dined off them and they were very fine and good.

Sun. Oct. 14. – Weather mild and fine, and a strong south wind.

Mon. 15. – The wind increased last night to one of the strongest gales I can ever remember. The roaring of it kept me awake for two or three hours. I was apprehensive lest any of the large terra cotta chimney pots on the Old Chancel might be blown over, but they stood well. The salt air from the sea has cut and blighted the vegetation and the trees every where, and several trees have blown down. Slates and broken chimney tops lie about the streets every where ; and most of the old thatched houses about the town have been stripped and unrobed. A vessel has been driven on the shore a mile eastward. I walked over this afternoon to look at her, and make a sketch (in my sketchbook) but under difficulties, the wind being strong and cold, and showers frequent. She is a round –stern schooner Teignmouth with pipe clay, bound up channel. She lies knocked about in the wash of the sea, and will soon go to pieces; for her planks are opening, and the lumps of pipe clay are coming through a hole in her side.

She becomes a wreck. Her hull and lower masts were sold by auction for £20, and her rigging and stores in various lots. She was called the Sarah of Yarmouth

Sidmouth. Oct. 1877

Th. Oct. 18. – The ceremony of opening Exeter Cathedral after its repairs and restoration by Sir Gilbert Scott, was held yesterday and to-day. There are some who run after ecclesiastical displays, and delight in seeing troops of clergy in surplices and “vestments” trying to imitate in an English church, all the gorgeous ritual of Rome.

Yesterday the Prince of Wales went down to Dartmouth, and took his two eldest boys, Prince Albert Victor, born Jan. 8. 1864, and Prince George, born June 3, 1865, and put them on board the Britannia Training ship, moored in the harbour, and entered them as naval Cadets. I once went all over this fine old three-decker, so different in appearance, and so much more picturesque, than the low and ugly ironclads. Wonderful is the revolution that has taken place in naval architecture.

Sat. Nov. 3. – During the past few weeks the Russians have been turning the fortunes of war in their favour. In Armenia, they have taken Kars, and are besieging Erllown. In Bulgaria they go on slowly ,and having entirely invested Pleuna, will probably take it before long. England, and other European nations, have made attempts to intercede, for the purpose of bringing about peace; but neither party will listen to terms yet. – July 12. 1877. Dec. 11.

Mon. Nov. 5. – A number of lighted tar barrels and fire balls were carried about the esplanade but the police prevented their being brought into town. Later in the evening however, the police were

attacked, and roughly handled, when two or three arrests with some difficulty were made. The offenders were afterwards brought before the magistrates, and heavily fined.

Sat. Nov. 17. – My birthday. The day being clear and fine, I started immediately after breakfast on the beach under Peak Hill, to look for some good specimens of celestine for the Exeter Museum. I have got one or two pretty good of the light brown crystals, but I cannot get any of the blue to satisfy me.

1877

I know they are to be met with, for last summer Mr. Perceval showed me a very pretty specimen. He procured it from some fallen masses near Windgate, where the Celestine band rises higher than I can reach. Perhaps I must wait till another fall of cliff takes place.

Tu. Nov. 27. – And a fall took place about this time: and I have got some bluish. I have been mapping the sea face of the cliffs lately, to see in what order various strata lie, and the small sections above may give some indication. The celsetine in this locality is mostly in tabular or flat crystals, some of a blue or greenish blue, and others a light brown. I have procured some almost colourlefs, and nearly as transparent as window glass.

A few feet below the celestine band in May, 1878, I discovered the fossil stems. – See Trans. Dev. Ass. XI.

idmouth. Dec. 1877

Th. Dec. 6. – Finished making the Index to Vol. IX., of the Transactions of the Devonshire association, and sent it to the Rev. W. Harpley, the Secretary.

Tu. Dec. 11. – So the Russians have taken Plevna – a small place but important in a strategic point of view, and so the Turks had strongly fortified it. For the last month or two it has been closely invested on all sides, and failing provisions with an outbreak of fever, compelled the Turks to make a desperate effort to break through, but they were overpowered by numbers. Osman Pasha, the commander in Chief there, has proved himself to be a brave man and a great General. The Russians themselves, to whom he was obliged to surrender, expressed high admiration of him. The event took place yesterday. the Turks lost about 40,000 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, 400 guns, and everything the place contained. We anxiously look for the next move. – Nov. 3.

Th. Dec. 13. Temple Bar, London long condemned, was taken in hand yesterday, and preparations made to remove it. I hope it will be carefully re-erected some where else.

Sat. 15. – The herrings have been most abundant during the last 2 or 3 weeks, and the papers say that our fishermen have taken upwards of 200,000. The railroad carries the greater portion off to London. They have been selling here at two to three shillings a hundred and retailed and brought to your door for sixpence a dozen. I have nearly lived upon them for ten days. They are going up Channel, and will not last much longer. The migration of the herring, like that of the swallow, is very wonderful.

Fir. Dec. 21. – Shortest day. In clear weather the first appearance or glimmer of daylight is before seven and it is scarcely quite dark by half past five in the evening. Standing on the Esplanade, I remarked that the sun now goes down at a point nearly half way out between High Peak Hill and Otterton Point.

Tu. Dec. 25. – Christmas Day. Rather fine, and not cold enough to freeze – indeed we have had no frost this autumn yet. The parish church was tolerably well filled. This evening I dined with the Buttemers (pronounced But – ter- mere), at the Elms, their house on the west of All Saints Church. When I was a child at Tiverton, Mrs. Buttemere family, the Harsdons, lived there; so the acquaintance is rather a long one. I doubt whether dinner parties, even with old friends, is the proper mode of spending Christmas day. People say – oh, but it is a season of joy. So it is; but what sort of joy? It is the anniversary of the birth of the saviour of mankind. A season of solemn and religious joy; but is that consistent with feasting on turkey, roast beef, plum pudding and mince pies – and peradventure drinking a glass or two more wine than might accord with strict temperance – and winding up with whist, or loo or amateur theatricals, or the mummers, a blind man's buff, or any game you please?

Th. Dec. 27. – Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken. Amongst other things we set about making improvements in his kaleidoscope – a child's toy, generally so accounted but which, by introduction of glass figures of people of different countries, of trees, animals. a church window or two, or a house, can be made amusing to children of larger growth – more so than I had expected. We also examined through the microscope, a microscopic slide given him by Lord Sidney Osborne, continuing the Lord Prayer in the 51.000th of an inch in area, which is dividing the length of an inch into 226, nearly. The square patch of writing on the glass was quite invisible to the naked eye, but the writing clearly readable in the microscope. This recalls some former minute writing to my memory.

Sat. Dec. 29. – Dined at Cottington with Lord Sidney Osborne, and the Misses Osborne.

Mon. Dec. 31. – Last day of the year. The morning was calm and bright, and the sun shining beautifully, so I took a walk after breakfast on the beach over under Peak Hill to the commencement of Windgate to look again for a good specimen of Celestine of a blue, the brown being common. In seeking for Celestine I was at the foot of Peak Hill, but I recently took a pleasant walk over Peak Hill, and then along the hollow between, where the road was lost when the earth fell away to the beach, (in April 1811 I have been told) and then to the top of High Peak. The Ordnance Survey makes this hill 513ft high, reduced to mean tide at Liverpool. From this place, looking westward, I made the sketch of the coast, as shown above.

POH Transcripts - 1878

January 1878

M. Jan. 7. This evening, soon after dark, the young moon, four days old, was close to a beautiful star, like this sketch.

Th. 10. The herrings have come in very abundant. One boat last night caught 26,000 which, at three shillings a hundred, at which they were selling at present to the dealers to go to London, amounts to £39. Unhappily the money does not do a low and imprudent chaps much good. Most of it is going in drink. A small public house in Theatre Lane, now East Street, I am told has taken £90 in 12 days.

Wed. Jan. 16. The Russians, who want to devour all the world, are progressing into Turkish territory. At Schipka in the Balkan mountains, 32,000 prisoners have been taken, 93 guns, and 10 colours.

Th. 31. Sale of homes in Sidmouth, 3. Cambridge Terrace sold for £340, rent £19,, 10, No 4 next door, fetched £355. A small house in new town, as they call it, rent £10, was bought for £130. The corner house, near the Wesleyan Chapel, was bought by Clode, a baker, for £600. The next above, by Sellek, a painter, For £395. _ A new Wesleyan Chapel has been built opposite.

February 1878.

Fr. Feb. 1. Russia and Turkey have come to a crisis. An armistice has been signed at Adrianople. The snow and frost are very severe in the Balkan mountains, causing great distress, and the barbarities committed by the different nationalities, and contending parties over each other, exceed all description.

M. 11. The Russians are approaching Constantinople, and though we are a friendly power, our iron-clad fleet has gone up to the city to protect it. The English parliament has voted £6,000,000 to defray the expenses of our preparations. In the Commons the numbers were 328 for, and 124 against - majority in favour, 204.

W. Feb. 27. Went to Exeter to attend a Council meeting of the Devonshire Association, to make arrangements for the meeting at Paignton in July.

March 1878.

Sun. Mar. 3. A piece was signed to-day between Turkey and Russia. Russia is said to have at first demanded £40,000,000 as a war indemnity, but has now come down to £10,000,000.

Sat. Mar. 9. I have an article to-day on the Hutchinson family and arms in Notes & Queries, in answer to an American correspondent.

Mon. Mar. 11. Cleopatra's Needle, having been floated, has been towed out of the Mediterranean into the Bay of Biscay, where it broke loose during a gale of wind, and was abandoned. It was afterwards picked up by a Spaniard, and towed into the harbour of Ferol. The case is now in the law courts, and salvage is claimed to the amount of £25,000.

Sun. Mar. 24. At the parish church. In the afternoon intended to have taken a walk to the top of Salcombe Hill, on the east side of Sidmouth; but a snow storm and string wind came on and stopped me.

Mon. Mar. 25. The frigate Eurydice was capsized yesterday afternoon, under sail, about half past four, and I believe everyone drowned but two. It occurred off the Isle of Wight; and the same squall and snow storm that stopped my walk.

May 1878.

Mon. May. 13. Going over along the beach under Peak Hill nearly as far as Wingate to try and get a good specimen of Celestine for the

Exeter Museum, I remarked that some 50 tons of the red marl had fallen. One of the great blocks had split by the concussion, and one side shewed a surface of hardened sand and clay, slightly rippled marked, a few traces as if annelids or other creatures had crawled over the bottom of a pond, and a number of fossil stems about an inch or an inch and a quarter thick, with joints every 6, 7, or 8 inches apart, lying across one another. The stems were composed of loose sandstone, the bark or outside a thin coating of greenish clay. I extracted one or two pieces and returned home: but as fossil plants are rare in the Keuper of the New Red, I resolved to go again.

Tu. May. 14. Went again, taking tools with me, and extracted two or three more. Every high tide the waves dash against the block, and from its soft nature, it will soon be destroyed. I shall note these particulars

more fully in the geological chapter of my Hist. of Sidmouth. - *See V.I. Section between pp. 10 & 11. Also Trans, Dev. Asso. XI.383.*

Fri. May. 17. Meeting of the Preference Share holders of the Great Eastern Railway in London. To which I did not think it necessary to go. They decided that it would be more advantageous to consolidate a number of stacks of various amounts of invest into one of 4 per cent. Thus, my £2,400 at 5 per cent, yielding me £120 per annum, they have altered to £3,000 at 4 per cent, which will yield me just the same.

M. May. 20. Dined at the Vicarage, Mr. & Mrs. Beebe, (Curate and wife, I suspect this was originally a Danish place-name of Lincolnshire - Beeby.) Mr. and Mrs Hine Haycock of Belmont; Miss Clements and self.

Tu. May. 21. Dined at Belmont, to meet Mrs General Balmain.

Fri. May. 24. Finished my portion of extending and translating the Devonshire part of the Exchequer Domesday Book. Some day I must do the same in the Exeter Book.

June 1878.

Tu. June 18. Let my house No 4 Coburg Terrace.

Fri. June 21. Longest day. Went to Exeter to attend meetings of Committees connected with the Devonshire Association. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. R. Dymond.

W. June 26. Went with Mr. Heineken to Telegraph Hill near Streetway Head. We examined the old wooden house where the Telegraph had been. Returned by Belbury Castle. Brought home a bottle full of dirty water out of a ditch, for Lord Sidney Osborne to put under his microscope.

Thu. June 27. Very hot. In Sidmouth 76'. In Exeter 81 ½'. In other places much more.

July 1878.

Tu. July 2. Rain. - Which has cooled the air.

Tu. July 9. News arrived that the island of Cyprus has been ceded to England. The arms are said to be on Queen Elizabeth's tomb; like this.

Sat. July. 13. 1878. The Congress at Berlin, which assembled to regulate the affairs of Europe, Turkey now being at the mercy of Russia, ended their deliberations to-day, England was represented there by the Earl of Beaconsfield, (Benjamin D'Israeli,) Prime Minister, and the Marquis of Salisbury.

Th. 18. The heat has come upon us pretty strong - but it is never too hot for me. I believe 79' is the hottest at Sidmouth; but the proximity of the sea tempers the air here, but in the midland counties it has been very great. It is also unusually hot in America, and an alarming number of fatal sunstrokes have occurred. At New York it has been 103: at St. Louis 105, and 145 in the sun.

M. 22. Mr. Heineken and myself went to Budleigh Salterton. He is preparing one of his houses to be let.

M. 29. Took rail to Torquay, to attend the meeting of the Devonshire Association, at Paignton, close by. Got rooms at 2. Abbey Crescent.

Tu. 30. Took a carriage to Paignton. Most of the usual members assembled. Returned to Torquay in the evening.

Wed. July 31. Went to Paignton by rail. The Torquay Station, (near Torr Abbey) is being rebuilt in squared lime stone, with Bath stone dressings. Sat listening to the reading of papers till I was tired. Got out and took a walk all round the sea front of Roundham Head; also, walked through the town; looked at the church; made a sketch of the remains of an ancient cross on the southern part of the churchyard; and made a sketch of the old tower, overgrown with ivy, being the last remains of the

Palace formerly belonging to the Bishops of Exeter. This tower stands at the south-east corner of a large quadrangle, enclosed with a massive wall. Looking through a loop-hole, I could perceive that the interior was bare of buildings, though mounds and ridges indicated where they had stood, and the directions the walls had taken. The rest was grass & weeds.

Returned to Abbey Crescent.

August 1878.

Th. Aug. 1. To Paignton again. The reading of papers finished. In the afternoon I joined a very pleasant excursion, with 30 or 40 others, to Compton Castle, a splendid specimen of a fortified house, with which I was much delighted. On our return we had "high tea" at the hotel near the sea; and after dark there was a grand display of fireworks. Got to Torquay by 11P.M.

Fri. Aug. 2. Put some bread and cheese in my pocket, and started after breakfast for a ramble. From Abbey Crescent on the south, I walked northwards through Torquay, and up the hill to the new Museum. This I inspected all over. Its great interest at present lies in the rich collection it possesses of organic remains and flint implements from Kent's Cavern. I then went on to Kent's cavern. The first time I had ever visited this place, though I had read innumerable accounts of it, from the time of MacEnery to that of Pengelly. I found the door open, and two intelligent men at work carefully excavating. They are employed by the Committee, I brought away a piece of the crystalline stalagmite. I then started for Hope's Nose. I went down steep roads, up steep paths towards the sea, and through a farm yard, and then out on the wild hill; here I espied a stagnant pond, and I got a small bottle full of water and weeds, which I sent to Lord S. G. O. for his microscope; and then over many beautiful ups and downs, and downs and ups, gradually descending to the limestone point. From its being scarped and flattened down in terraces, one may judge that this long horn, being the northern margin of Torbay, was once worked and quarried for limestone, and put on board vessels which came close up to the rock. Here I sat down to enjoy the view. Some two or three hundred yards off the point is a circular flat rock, called I believe the Lead Stone; and several hundred yards beyond and outside this is the Ore Stone, an immense rock, that from Dawlish and Teignmouth assumes the form of a great animal. On the side of it fronting me, the limestone strata are much contorted. When I was quite a young man, in company with my late cousin W. H. Oliver; (two or three years ago he died Rector of Stapleford, co. Herts.) we left Teignmouth in a boat, and landed upon this rock. We clambered to the top, and rambled all over it. There are no bushes on it, but plenty of coarse grass; and to our surprise, we started one or two rabbits. From the survey of the scenery, I took a survey of my bread and cheese. Everything tastes good out upon the wild hills. I had nothing to drink, but I enjoyed what I had, for I was hungry enough to eat limestone rocks, of which there was an abundance; and I was amused at observing the struggles of two cutters, being trawlers of Brixham, trying to pass between me and the Ore Stone, out of Torbay, from south to north, or from my right to my left; but there was such a strong tide or current from the north that they could not accomplish it. One made two attempts and the other three, but they were carried back into Torbay, and so they gave it up. Like a giant refreshed, I got up and examined this point, and then I came upon some men working at the outfall of the great sewer from Torbay, that is carried underground for a couple of miles or more. The work will be opened to use shortly, when a great demonstration will take place. I proposed to return by skirting the northern shore line of Torbay. I had to climb to the higher ground. Somewhere here about, and at from 30 to 40 feet above the sea level, the traces of raised beach exist - but I did not see them. Getting opposite the Thatcher stone,

with Berry Head and Brixham beyond, I stopped to make a sketch of it. This is an immense rock of conical form, with some serrated peaks at the top, looking like the ruins of an old castle. On the side of this island the raised beach is also found. I walked on, in the hot sun - and hot indeed it was - and in time reached my lodging.

Sat. Aug. 3. Took a trip by rail to Dartmouth. A steamer carries you across the river. There lies the great training ship, in which two young princes, with the other cadets, are studying. I walked through the town and out to the Castle at the mouth of the harbour. I see that a new battery has been built here since my last visit, so long ago as Oct. 2. 1847. Looked at the little church and other things - walked back - recrossed the harbour by the boat - took rail first to the junction, and then by the short branch to Brixham. I had never been to this fishy place before. I was surprised to see two harbours or basins full of vessels, loading and unloading, and quite a busy scene. I counted 70 cutter rigged trawlers lying in the Bay, and I was told that about 100 belonged to this place. Great quantities of fish are sent hence to the London market.

Sun. Aug. 4. Went to a church built of red rock. In the afternoon to St. John's. In the evening had an early tea with Mr. Perry, formerly a bookseller at Sidmouth, who printed the first Edition of my Sidmouth Guide. Then started to walk a mile or so to examine the remains of the old Chapel on Chapel Hill. The tradition is, that some devout person, who was at sea, and in great peril of shipwreck, made a vow, that if he should escape death, he would build a chapel on the spot of land he should see on approaching the shore. The first land he saw was the top of this hill.

M. Aug. 4. Left Torbay. Stopped at Newton. Dined with Mr. Cotton, brother of Mr. W. Cotton, Under Sheriff of Exeter. His eldest daughter plays the piano extremely well, and the youngest is learning the violin. He took me a walk to Woolborough. The church has a series of figures painted, running across the screen, something like those at Plymtree. He is a good geologist, and pointed out several very interesting geological features to me during the walk. Went on to Dawlish.

Th. Aug. 8. The Volunteers were camped between Dawlish and Cotton. Went out and saw them.

Fri. 9. Went to Teignmouth and back by rail.

M. 12. Returned to Sidmouth. The Great Eastern Railway, by a vote of the share holders, has consolidated Sunday Stocks into a uniform 4 per cent, Preference Stock; and my Stock has been altered from £2400 at 5 per cent, to £3000 at 4 per cent, the dividend in each case being £120 per annum

Fri. 30. Took a walk after breakfast along the beach westward. High Peak Hill is a beautiful object, and would make a splendid study for a painter, especially in the forenoon, before the sun gets behind it. By the Ordnance survey, reduced to mean tide at Liverpool, the hill is set down at 513.9 feet high; and I think that Picket Rock, which lies off the point, (Little Picket Outside) from observation and a rough measurement is about 120, though it looks nothing till you are close to it. Mr. Lavis discovered his **Labyrinthodon Lavisi** among some cliff that had fallen from a height of 60 or 70 feet. Sat down at the foot of Picket Rock and discussed it. No drink. It takes too much room and weighs too heavy. Stayed about for five hours examining the cliffs. A heavy cloud passed at sea; and there was one of the most intense and brilliant of double rainbows I ever recollect to have seen. I was once on Little Picket, at very low water, spring tide. The section of the vallum of the old camp on High Peak can be discerned from Sidmouth.

October 1878.

Oct. 1. 1878. Commenced writing out and translating my portion of the Exeter **Domesday Book** for a Committee of the **Devonshire Association**.

Fri. Oct. 4. At Mr. Radford's, at Sidmouth, 15 head of poultry were discovered this morning dead, and packed away in a sort of dog box in the field close to the house. I happened to be there, and saw them pulled out. A great mystery. What did it? A fox - a dog - a ferret - a badger? Close examination shewed that all their skulls had been pressed in. Doubtless spite by some workman.

Sat. Oct. 12. Announced that Messrs Heugh, Balfour, & Co. are bankrupt. Hope this will not involve the late Mr. Balfour's children, and the manor of Sidmouth.

Th. Oct. 24. Called on Mr. Fisher at Blackmore Hall. He shewed me two good etchings by Ansdell - a wolf killed by an arrow in the throat, and dogs with dead stag; another by Of a nude figure drawing a sword, with students copying, at the Royal Academy.

Fri. Oct. 25. Took a walk westward on the beach with Mr. R. J. King, of Crediton, and shewed him the geological features of the cliffs.

M. Oct. 28. Took Mr. King to Sidmount, to see Dr. Radford, who is not well enough to be out. Mr. King took much interest in looking at his fine collection of books, etchings, engravings, photographs, bronzes, enamels, seals, casts of ancient gems, telescopes, microscopes, and so on,. He has a reputed sketch of the Virgin in chalk by Raffael and a reputed Michael Angelo of David and Bathskeba in outline and sepia.

Tu. Oct. 29. Took Mr. King to the top of Salcombe Hill, and shewed him the great stones, circular patches, like a British village, and the cairns.

November 1878.

Fri. Nov. 1. 1878. Went to Belmont Villa, Dawlish. When in Exeter I took a look at the Museum in Queen Street, which is now becoming a very creditable establishment; and the various objects sent there from Sidmouth by Mr. Heineken and myself, begin to make quite a shew. Also went to the Institution in the Cathedral Yard.

Note: This next entry (S. Nov. 2.) Has been crossed out in the diary at sometime.

S. Nov. 2. My cousin Freeland Kersterman came, I had never seen him before. His late mother was my first cousin, being a daughter of Admiral Bingham.

Su. 3. At St. Marks. In the afternoon to the Warren.

M. 4. Examined Mr. Ermen's painting at Ermenville. He has several Flemish, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, and Italian of high standing that he procured abroad. He has also two or three good ones by our Exeter artist Widgery.

Tu. Nov. 5. Mr. Jones and her son John left.

W. Nov. 6. Last night three Cottages in High Street, Dawlish, were burn down, by way of celebrating Guy Fawkes's exploit.

Th. Nov. 7. Walked three miles to Teignmouth, and called on some friends. Too late for the train, so I walked back by moonlight on the railway wall.

Sat. Nov. 9. Sketched the Solitary Rock in the Bishop's Parlour, (as I believe that cave at the west end of the beach is called,) which I am told is called **The Old Maid Rock**. Why it has got this name I know not, unless from its solitariness. Old Bachelors are solitary sometimes. I think it is about 30 feet high, judging by the size of the people near it. The head is off. See Aug.1. 1888.

M. 11. Walked to the Warren along that very agreeable walk on top of the railway wall, and called on Mr. Lees, who used to live at Sidmouth. He has a number of old etchings, mostly by Flemish artists.

W. Nov. 13. By means of "soft sower" and "a silver key," I got into Luscombe House. There is scarcely a person in Dawlish who has ever been inside it. The late Mr. Hoar never saw anybody; the present one has been a spendthrift and involved everything. I was much disappointed. The outside of the house is an attempt at Gothic; but a close view reveals that the designer had no knowledge of Gothic, or of any other style; and as a proof that great ignorance of architectural propriety existed in the builders, Gothic of flimsy character, and Renaissance or modern Roman, are mixed up in painful confusion/ The building is so close up against a high bank, that the few interior paintings in the dining room cannot be seen. There are two drawing rooms, with an archway between; in the outer some pictures and engravings of no pretensions, and the walls of the inner are mostly covered with framed water-colour drawings, chiefly foreign. The very plain ugly white marble chimney-piece in the first drawing room, of Italian style in a sort of Gothic building, has two nude stooping or kneeling figures done by Flaxman in low relief. The furniture is of the most homely description. In another room I was shewn a portrait of the first Mr. Hoar. I was asked if I would see the chapel? I had been there to morning service one Sunday years ago. [Mar. 7. 1866.] It is a beautiful little building of recent date, and I was glad to inspect it again. It is Decorated character - has a vaulted ceiling of varicoloured stone - columns, mouldings, string-courses, &., of varicoloured Devonshire marble. The furnished house, park, plantations, and shooting, to be let for £600 a year. I think there are one or two reputed paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds in unfavourable situations; but taking the place altogether and having always heard so much of the fabulous wealth of the Hoar family, I expected to have seen more shew of taste, and a cultivated mind.

Th. Nov. 14. The Marquis of Lorne, as Governor of Canada, and his wife, the Princess Louise, leave for Canada to-day.

Walked to Langstone Point. The **Elephant Rock**, on the Exmouth side of it, of which I made a drawing in my **Sketch-Book**, May 4, 1868, is losing its shape, as part of its head is falling away.

Fri. Nov. 15. 1878. Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth.

Sun. Nov. 17. My Birthday. I was born at Winchester, and baptised at Heavitree.

W. 20. It has been decided to march on Affghanistan, and the troops left Pesihawur to-day for the Khyber Pass. The chief cities of Affghanistan are built at extraordinary elevations, and it is intensely Cold in them in the winter, I believe that Candahar is about 3500 feet, Quetta 5500, and Cabul some 6000.

December 1878.

M. Dec. 9. Snow storm.

W. 11. The thermometer fell to 22' last night.

Th. 12. Thaw.

Fri. 13. Froze again. Snow.

S. 14. Very cold strong north-east wind. Walked to the new Cemetery.

Su. 15. The organ in the parish church having been placed in the new organ chamber at the S.E. corner, the surpliced choir of 18 boys and men appeared for the first time to-day. When the church was rebuilt in 1860, there was a great fight in the parish over this novelty, and it was resisted.

M. Dec. 16. The Bishop came and consecrated the Cemetery. The day was fine, clear, and without wind, but the ground was covered with snow. The novelty brought half Sidmouth up there. One third of the northern portion is unconverted, the dividing line passing east and west of the Chapels. Part of the service was in the south chapel, and it was a cram. The pages of our books soon felt damp with the excess of moisture oozing from the new walls. Great efforts were made, and the east window, in painted glass by Ward and Hughes, (who did the Queen's window) was got in. It is dedicated to Lord Sidney Osborne during his lifetime. The arms at the bottom of the middle light were done from my drawings. The inscription was under consideration, and underwent sundry alterations; -e.g. - To the Reverend the Hon.ble Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, by some of his friends. 1878.

- In Honorem Dei, et in estimationem Domini Viri Reverendi Sidney Godolphin Osborne, adhuc in hoc loco comorati tribuere amici,

- In Honorem Dei, et ob gratiam, Reverendo Homorabili Domino Sidney Godolphin Osborne, reddendam, posuere amici, 1878, - In Honorem Dei, et ob gratiam, Sidney Godolphin Osborne, Filio

Baronii Godolphin, reddendam, posuere amici, 1878, - In Honorem Dei, et ob gratiam, Sidney Godolphin Osborne, reddendam, posuere amici, 1878.

After many attempts it was decided to get rid of all his titles. I suggested Filio Baronii Godolphin, just to say who he was the son of, as is usual in inscriptions, but his Lordship and the Vicar overruled, and decided on the last. He is brother to the late Duke of Leeds, and uncle to the present. As to erecting monuments to people whilst they are alive, as a compliment, or a mark of honour, it was done to the Duke of Wellington, to Sir Thomas Ackland, in the white marble statue on Northershay, and a statue is now in preparation to be erected in honour of the present Earl of Devon. Well. - A circuit of paths had been gravelled and cleared of snow, round which it was intended to lead the Bishop, in his perambulation of the new ground, and then to the tent in the middle of it. Vain preparations! When we had formed the procession at the Chapel, without waiting to be informed of anything about route or circuit or anything else, off started the Bishop at a good round pace. He went down a by-path which had not been gravelled, and was deep in mud and half melted snow, and then cut across the grass through the snow direct to the tent, leaving us to follow up close behind him. Deeds and documents were here read and signed, and the service completed.

At the Vicar's invitation about twenty met at luncheon. Before sitting down, I expressed my regret to the Bishop at the present project for pulling down Blundell's School at Tiverton, and erecting another, on the plea that the site was unhealthy. If it is unhealthy for a school, it is so for everything else. He said he believed there was room enough, a reason I had not heard before. After lunch we dispersed.

Th. Dec. 19. Lady Prideaux died at Torquay, aged 78. No one seems to know who Netherton Hall will go to, Sit Edmund having no heirs. People used to say he was her third husband, and certainly, she was his fourth wife. - To Prideaux-Brune.

Wed. Dec. 25. 1878. Christmas Day. It has been unusually cold lately, but to-day it thawed. Dined at Mr. Southgate's, I don't approve of dining out on Xmas Day.

Sat. Dec. 28. Called on Captain A. Markham, of H.M. Ship **Alert** in the last Artic expedition, [Oct. 30. 1876.] who is at the Vicarage. As I took much interest in this expedition, and especially so, as they got further north than anyone had ever been before, and as it was Captain Markham himself, who took his sledge party the furthest north, and I suppose he has been nearer the Pole than anyone has ever been, namely 83,,20,,26, or about 399 miles only, or as far only as from Sidmouth to Northumberland. - It is not strange I should be desirous of asking him a few questions. He told me the expedition is considered to begin when they leave Disco Island, which lies off the west coast of Greenland, in latitude about 70. The little town here is on the east of the island. It is occupied by a few Danes and Eskimos. The latter are a harmless and peaceable race. Some consider them as one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of the races in Europe, who were pushed northward by more warlike tribes coming from the east, before whom they were obliged to retire. They live in rude huts, or make use of planks and timber used by the Danes, and procured from Europe. The Disco coal mine is a few miles south of the settlement in the strait. Proceeding north they observed that in Smith Sound there was a current running south in August of one to two miles per hour. There were traces of Eskimo life as far north as 81,,54,. Traces of the lemming over the snow at 82,,45; of butterflies, gnats, &., at 81,,30; saxifrage and grass, eider ducks and ptarmigan at 82,,50; traces of a hare over the interminable snow, at 83,,9, which was miles out at sea, leading them to suppose it had lost its way and must perish. The ice here was estimated at 100 feet thick. It never thaws, but gets broken up in summer. March 4. 1876, when they were nearly 83' north, the thermometer went down to

106' below freezing, which is the lowest ever recorded. I think Captain Back once recorded nearly 100'. Captain Markham told me that at this low temperature, which was beyond the limit of all living creatures, spirits of wine, (except the rectified spirit in the thermometers,) became thick like hair oil; Rum, brandy, whisky, and the like froze hard, and they broke it up like lumps of sugar and eat or sucked it. The only thing that did not freeze was chloroform. When shut up in the ship in there winter quarters, they could make themselves comfortable, but they felt all the severities when they were out on the sledging parties. They mostly had hot tea at their meals, everything else being frozen. They sometimes suffered from thirst in the day time, and some of the men sucked pieces of ice, but it chilled the mouth too much. They never drank spirits, but one glass after supper on going to bed, and then they were warmer than any period of the 24 hours. They slept in thick cases like bags, side by side under a tent; and each one took it in turn to get up an hour before the others, to make the water boil with spirits of wine, for the tea or coffee. At first they employed Eskimo dogs to draw the sledges, but they dispensed with them afterwards in order to save the weight of their food. These dogs are remarkably hardy, and they could not be induced to sleep under cover, but they preferred being out on the ice and snow. They used to eat snow to quench their thirst. As regards the seasons, the sun became very hot in July. The ice and snow melted rapidly; the land was almost everywhere visible; but travelling was difficult, because all the gullies and hollows of the sides of the hills and mountains were rushing streams full of water to overflowing. By the beginning of August it had pretty well melted. The few summer birds, plants, and insects shewed themselves; but at the end of August the snow began to fall again. Besides the coal on the east side of Disco Island, there is a remarkable coal field on the coast in Robinson Channel, in 81' 44N. at a few miles north of where the ship **Discovery** wintered, Capt.n. Markham has given me specimens of both, which he brought home. I have carefully sealed them down in two bottles, and scratched the labels on the glass describing them

[Note: insert drawing of bottle.]

Both these specimens of coal are declared to be of Miocene age; yet they do not resemble the Miocene Lignite of Bovey. On the contrary, they have all the compact, black, glissening appearance of our fine old English Coal of the Carboniferous system. I was told however, that in reality it is less dense, and has about one-third less heating power in the furnace. As regards the geology of the coast, granite, gneiss, and other primary rocks were observed along the east coast of Melville Bay, and so northward, with trap rocks in places. In Kennedy Channel grey limestone. The same also at Cape Joseph Henry at 82'50 N., and along the north coast of Greenland. Another very extraordinary discovery, somewhere I think beyond 82'N, was that of coral or traces of the work of the coral insect. This, taken together with the coal, indicates that at one period, these existed in this arctic and desolate region, a torrid climate like that of the West Indies. So unexpected a discovery has given rise to many theories among the learned. Some suggest that a slow alteration in the figure of the earth's orbit may have affected the climate there; others that the situation of the Pole has changed, as for instance, by the precession of the equinoxes; and yet others that before the earth had cooled down as much as it has at present, the internal heat, like a hot-bed, was enough to produce a tropical climate there. Setting theories however aside, the facts remain the same; and they exist for us to speculate upon and wonder at. The subject has much interested me.

Sat. Dec. 28. There was an alarm of fire in the neighbourhood. It was discovered that some out-buildings on a farm at Sid, or Seed, as people pronounce it, had taken fire and were burnt. The year is drawing to a close, and we have a thaw to-day, after a more intense period of cold than I ever remember before the coming on of the new year. We had some unusual cold in October; in

November a sharp attack; and in December a fortnight of arctic severity. And yet how paltry do our figures seem after Captain Markham's experiences. Our lowest was 22' of Fahrenheit, or 10 degrees below freezing, though 14 at night down on the grass, and what is this compared with 106'? Yet our roads and paths and street were one sheet of ice, and some put on skates and skated about as if they had been on frozen canals. There were many cases of broken limbs by falling, especially arms.

Tu. Dec. 31. 1878. Dined at the Vicarage. Present - The Vicar and Mrs. Clements, Colonel and Mrs. Clements, (nee' Markham), Captain Markham, Miss. O'Quin, Mr & Mrs. Hine-Haycock of Belmont, Mr. & Mrs. Cowan of St. Kilda, Salcombe Hill, and Miss Cave of Witheby.

POH Transcripts - 1879

January 1879.

Wed. Jan. 1. 1879. Now then- What will 1879 bring?

Th. 2. One of the 38-ton guns on board the **Thunderer** has burst, and killed 12, and wounded 33.

Sat. 4. Spent the evening with Miss Wolridge at Marlborough Place, where I met Captain and Mrs. Toup Nicholas

Ju. 7. Captain Markham gave a lecture on the subject of his explorations in the arctic regions, the Vicar in the chair. Mr. W. Floyd and myself have been very busy during the past week making a large map of the polar regions on white glazed calico to illustrate it. It snowed and rained all day, but the room was well filled never the less. From Captain Markham's interesting book, **The Great Frozen Sea**, I have copied the most northern view that was ever taken. It is a view from the most northern point reached, looking further north over the interminable ice towards the Pole.

W. Jan. 8. The young folks at the Vicarage had private theatricals, and performed Bluebeard admirably. Captain Markham was Bluebeard. I lent them a couple of swords for the occasion.

Th. 9. Strong **NE** wind. Very cold again.

Fr. 10. Walked on to Sidmount to have a chat with Dr. Radford. He told me to look through the window at his thermometer outside. To my surprise, it only marked 25'

S. Jan. 11. 1879. People say it feels colder again to-day. Perhaps there is more wind. The papers tell us that Mr. Gladstone's admirers have prevented him with a silver axe, in allusion to his recent exploits in amusing himself by felling a few trees on his estate in North Wales. I am not informed of the weight of it, or how much silver there is in it, but it cost £36,,17,,0.

Su. 12. Fine cold morning, with **NE** wind. Towards evening changed to **SW** with rain.

Tu. 16. Our Choral Society gave its winter concert at the London Hotel.

Su. 19. First funeral at the new cemetery. A Mrs. Dean and a Mrs. Salter were buried in two graves at about 50 yards SE from the Chapel. The two coffins were taken into the southern chapel, and it was crammed with people. Being a novelty, crowds of people came up to the ground.

Th. 23. Cold as ever again with a cutting north-easter, but dry.

Tu. 28. Evening party at All Saints Parsonage by Rev. and Mrs. MacArthur.

W. 29. A boy brought a gold ring to shew me, bearing apparently, a garnet between two emeralds, on the broadest part of the hoop, wh. he found last Monday on the beach near the Chit Rocks. It was marked 18 carat gold. He would not sell it. He also found a Japanese oval bronze coin, which he let me have. Many circular Chinese coins have been found there, but this is the first oval coin I have seen. I have carefully noted them down in my **Hist. of Sidmouth, Vol. I.** The characters at top, I think signify the date 1834, as similar characters on china are said to stand for that date.

February 1879.

S. Feb. 1, 1879. Strong Cold north-east wind with snow and rain.

Su. 2. Milder. Wind changed to south. Rain.

Tu. 4. Went up to the south Chapel in the cemetery, and coloured the outline design of the east window, sent to the Vicar by the glass painters, from the window itself. My drawing the Vicar destines for Lord Sidney Osborn. See Dec. 16.

Tu. Feb. 25. Went to Dawlish. When in Exeter I saw some vases made to imitate some ancient vases dug up by Dr. Schlieman at Troy. These were of a blackish glass, with some yellowish brassy looking dross sticking to the surface. They were from 6 to 9 inches high.

March 1879.

S. Mar. 1.1879. Mr. Kersteman left.

W. 5. Walked to the Warren and back.

Th. 6. Walked to the Fir Trees on the hill above Dawlish. There are 23 trees there. It is at this spot I am told, that the great tank or reservoir to supply Dawlish with water, is to be made. Went on to the barrow on the ridge of the high hill a mile off over Langdon, It is at A. **No. The tank is being made at B. see July 23. 1880.**

T. 7. Beautiful clear day and a hot sun.

Su. 9. At St. Marks. This chapel is soon to be enlarged by the addition I believe of a south aisle. At the parish church. In the south transept, of the transept, of the portion recently rebuilt, there is a tablet to the memory of Lady Perryman by Flaxman, There are three or four figures of ladies in light drapery and very short waists, with Grecian profiles, pouring out a fair measure of grief round an urn all in white marble.

W. Mar. 12. Fine and pleasant weather. People are now congratulating themselves that along and tedious winter, of unusual severity, and which began remarkably early, is now pretty well over. Mr. Lea, a manufacturer of Kidderminster, now residing at Dawlish, has recently bought a field over the Tunnel, on the cliff, at the west end of the beach, for I think £250, and has presented it to the town for a recreation ground. It is now to be called **Icea Mount.** The place is now being put in order. I went up to-day to look at it. A very pretty place.

Th. Mar. 13. Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth.

W. 19. Mr. Fisher, of Blackmore Hall, lent me an old water colour view of Sidmouth beach to copy. It is marked T.W. Uphon, 1802. Uphon was an Exeter artist. Finished it to-day.

Th. 20. Returned it to him.

Fri. 21. The winter is not yet over. Cold black north-easter set in again.

S. 22. Very Cold. People are complaining as much as they did in December.

Su. 23. The same.

M. 24. The same. People call it winter No. 2.

Tu. 25. Lady Day. Dull north-east wind. Queen Victoria leaves England to-day, to pay a few weeks visit to Baveno in Italy. A meeting to-day on the subject of Mr. Dunning's pier at the east end of the beach. He asks for ten year's extention of time. The board of Trade sent a gentleman down to make enquiry.

W. 26. The same. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Vane at Oakland.

Th. 27. The same. Thermometer only 45' in the Oak-room at breakfast.

Fri. 28. Wind dropping. Sunshine.

S. 29. Wind veered to **SW**. Milder. Mr. Lethaby the printer is going to bring out a another edition of my Sidmouth Guide, and has asked me to revise the present one, so as to bring matters down to the present times. Though I have no interest in it, my name is on the title page, and so I have been going over it lately. But there are not wood cuts enough. If I can manage it, I should like to make a few more for this edition.

April 1879.

Fri. April. 11. Weather as cold as ever. Good Friday.

Su. Ap. 13. Easter Sunday. Cold black north-east wind. Snow storm coming out of church. Somebody said "A Merry Christmas to 'e."

M. 14. Easter Monday. Snow and sleet all day. Dined at Oakland.

Tu. 15. Was at Blackmore Hall from 3 to 6 this afternoon looking over Mr. Fisher's collection of etchings. He must have from £200 to £300 worth. They are chiefly by Palmer, Slocombe, Seymore Hayden, Unger, Leopold Flamemg, &.

Th. April. 17. 1879. Attended Vestry meeting at the parish church. Proposed and Mr. Fisher seconded, that Mr. Kennet-Were, J.P., Rev. R.T. Thornton, and Dr. Pullin, be elected to the Burial Board - they having gone out by rotation. Carried.

Fri. 18. The dispute between the servants and the Executors of the late Mr. Thornton of Knowle, who died in May 1876, was decided last February in favour of the servants, as the adhered cutting shews.

LOCAL LAW CASE.

In the High Court of Justice Chancery Division, on Wednesday, the case of Pulford v. Hunt, which raised rather an interesting question was heard. Pulsford and others, the plaintiffs, are executors under the will of the late Richard Napoleon Thornton, Esq., of Knowle, Sidmouth; and Hunt and others, the defendants, represented the casual employe's whose claims were resisted. The testator by his will directed his two establishments to be carried on without alteration for six months after his death, and that morning "suitable to his position" should be given "to each person in his service," and he also gave a legacy of one year's wages to "each person in his service" other than his housekeeper and butler, to whom he gave legacies of larger amounts. Besides the ordinary servants permanently attached to his establishment, there were in the employment of the tester at the time of his death certain out-door servants and labourers at weekly wages - some engaged by the testator himself, others taken on by his bailiff or coachman, and there was also a charwoman engaged from time to time and paid weekly, who happened to be engaged at the testator's death; and the question was, whether these persons were entitled to legacies of one year's wages each. - Mr. G. Daw, instructed by Mr. Floud, of Exeter, appeared for the defendants. - The Vice-Chancellor held that the persons as the whom the question arose were entitled to the legacy of one year's wages each.

We have had a trying winter. I think it was at the commencement of it that the boisterous doings here described took place.

Sidmouth.

A CHILD BLOWN INTO THE RIVER AND DROWNED.

One of the heaviest downpours of rain ever remembered by the "oldest inhabitant," was experienced at Sidmouth during Sunday night. The rain commenced about five o'clock, and continued all night and a greater part of Monday. The river Sid was more swollen than has been known to be the case for years past. Bridges, trees, and debris of all kinds were carried rapidly down to sea. A little boy named Langdon, about ten years old, whose parents reside at Sidbury, was on his way to school. Having to cross a bridge, the win overpowered the little fellow, and carried him into the river. Despite all efforts to save him, he was drowned. It is reported that the body has since been found in an orchard. A high south-easterly wind has prevailed throughout.

And further on, when the hard frosts set in, it is remarkable how many men and women fell on the ice, and broke their limes - mostly their arms.

SIDMOUTH.

ACCIDENTS. Very severe weather has been experienced here during the past few days. The roads have been entirely covered with ice, and several accidents have occurred during the week. Two boys, aged about nine years, named Godfrey and Cotton, fell on leaving All Saints' School, and each broke the bone of his fore arm. - Mr. Thomas Farrent, of Eaton Dairy, on his way from the station on Friday evening, fell and fractured the small bone of his arm, and about the same time a young woman named Lawrence, residing in Eastern Town, fell and broke a similar bone. Mr. James Pepperall, of High-street, whilst moving an empty cart, slipped on the ice, and fell over the shafts, and badly fractured his elbow-joint. An old lady, named Cross, aged 87, and residing in the New Town, stumbled in her bedroom, and dislocated her thigh. The cases are under the care of Dr. Hodges and Dr. Pullin, and all are doing well.

Sun. Ap. 20. 1879. Cold winter weather still. Some say swallows have been seen by the river.

Tu. 22. The papers say that the new state of Bulgaria, which has grown out of the late Russian and Turkish was, has adopted a tricolor flag of white, green, and red, but they do not say whether the colours or stripes are perpendicular or horizontal.

Th. 24. Concert of our Choral Society at the London Inn.

Sun. 27. Heard the Cookoo; but it was heard several days ago.

Tu. 29. Sent Ann and Mrs. Mortimer to Otterton and Budleigh for the day. Finished 15 small wood cuts to illustrate the new Edition of my Sidmouth Guide, to be printed soon. I fear I have not much of a hand of them.

May 1879.

Th. May 1. Not much like May Day. Cold, dull, rainy. People exclaim - when shall we ever get rid of this winter? Vegetation is very backward.

Mon. May. 5. A man brought me a gold ring to look at which he found when pulling down an old house in the Marsh, now by some called Eastertown. It is a hoop; flat on the inside, and half-round on the outside, the section being.. The only stamp appeared to be . Cut with a graver round the flat inside, in a writing hand, are the words - *In God and thee, My joy shall be.* Workmen seen to think that what they find on another person's property is their own. This ring in reality belongs to the Balfours, the old house being on manor land.

Tu. 8. Whilst I think of it, let me record how far we are from the sun, according to the new calculations based on the transit of Venus. On turning to Dec. 9. 1874, I see I have already recorded it. We had some snow yesterday, and the papers say it fell in most parts of the country.

Note: The following newspaper article is to be found appended to the diary at this point.

The distance of the earth from the sun, as computed from the observations of 42 different observers of the transit of Venus, is stated by the Astronomer Royal to be 93,373,000 miles.

W. May 14. 1879. Took a walk on Salcombe Hill. Cold windy and showery.

Fr. 16. The rooks that frequent my ground brought two young ones to-day. The weather is still very wintery. Such a long winter and ungenial spring seems not to be in the memory of man. Dug some ground and sowed some parsley seed. This seed is a long time coming up - I think a month. Seeds differ much in their period of germination. Turnip appears in a day or two.

M. 19. Rose Cottage, in Mill Lane, or as they are pleased to call it All Saints Road, was put up to auction. It was built some 70 years ago by Mr. Stocker, who was a tallow chandler, but who got the nickname of "The Squire," because he had a great passion for hunting, and kept some hounds; but as he could not afford to feed them, they preyed upon their neighbours, robbed all the larders in town, and were a nuisance of the town. One day one of them got into the larder of No. 4 Coburg Terrace, when my father was living there, and walked off with a joint of meat; I think it was a shoulder of veal. There was a great out-cry among the street boys as he ran down the road, but he got clear off. An one fine summer morning, doors and windows open, the servant had laid the breakfast, and just before we came down, and just before we came down, one of these prowlers walked in, and took half a pound of butter of the breakfast table. All this was looked upon as great fun. "The Squire" was the father of the present Dr. Pullin's mother. Mill Lane was the lane down which the monks from Otterton Priory came to their mill at the top of the town. Well - Rose Cottage was put up in £600, so it was bought in. The Rev. Olmius Morgan however, recently from Suffolk, afterwards took it for £575. The little ground taken out of the field belonging to the manor, they pay half a crown a year for. Sold again soon. Burnt down Aug. 1880. Rebuilt 1881.

Fri. May 23. 1879. There is a meeting to-day at the London Hotel in aid of the Orphan Seaman's Institution at Brixham. The Bishop, Lord S.G. Osborne, Rev. R.T. Thornton, on the platform with the Major the Hon. L.A. Addington in the chair, a brother of Lord Sidmouth. A large boat came up from Brixham with a number of the boys, who returned in the evening.

Sat. 24. Her Majesty's birthday. The Queen is 60. Her father died here in Sidmouth early Sunday morning, Jan. 23. 1820.

M. May 26. Mr. Joseph Isaacs, how, with his wife and some of his family, have occupied No. 4 Coburg Terrace since last June, has now taken a lease on it from next Midsummer, for 3, 5, or 7 years, at £ 40 a year. We signed the lease to-day at Mr. Radfords office.

Th. May. 29. "Oak-apple Day," as we used to call it. This year, owing to the long winter, the late spring, and the still lingering cold weather, neither the oak nor the ash are yet in leaf, so there are no oak apples.

June 1879.

M. June 2. Weather still cold and unsettled. Vegetation a month behind. I still have fire in the Oak Room of an evening.

Tu. June 3. Fortunately the weather is finer. Miss Balfour, sister of the young Lord of the Manor, is married at Kensington to-day, to Lieut. Barttelot, son of Sir W. Barttelot, Bt. And 500 or 600 school children had tea and cake at Peak House. I went up to witness the scene. They walk up in procession, headed by the drum and fife band of the Temperance Society, and had their tea at tables laid in the yard at the back of the house. Three large Bride Cakes were afterwards cut up, and a piece given to each. They then marched away to one of the fields belonging to the Glebe - the one lying between the Vicarage and the river, where they amused themselves with games till the evening.

My cousin Lady Burrard, of the Mount, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, widow of Sir George Burrard, of Walhampton, died yesterday, she was 82. Her mother and my mother were sisters. Her grandson has the title now.

Th. June 5. 1879. Thunder and lightning from eleven to-night till daylight. It was distant - some four or five miles, allowing four seconds to a mile.

Tu. 10. Dined at Belmont with Mr. Hine-Haycock, his eldest son Ralph, and a young friend going to sea. Before dinner he took me down to see the cellar. A very good cellar, arched over with brick, and the bins well stocked. We brought up a bottle of Sherry, a bottle of Claret, and a bottle of Champagne.

W. 11. At last I believe I have left off fires. I never remember so cold and late a season.

W. June. 18. Waterloo Day, as they call it. The bells ring, and the place is decorated with flags, so I hoisted mine on the Old Chancel.

Fri. 20. Went to Exeter to attend a committee meeting connected with the **Devonshire Association**. About a dozen members met. Mr. & Mrs. Dymond afterwards gave us a very handsome cold dinner at their house at No.1. Higher Terrace, Mount Radford.

News arrived to-day, that the Prince Imperial, only child of Napoleon III., late Emperor of the French, who volunteered to go to South Africa, to be a spectator of the progress of our war with the Zulus, has been surprised and killed by that people.

W. June 25. Charles Foyle, an old man of 85, was to-day thrown and killed. (for he died of his injuries soon after) by a bullock on the Esplanade. The practice of the butchers driving cattle through the streets to the slaughter houses, is a grievance long complained of, and I have often heard the remark - "There will be nothing done till somebody is killed." This case is the more reprehensible, in that the

Local Board some few years ago, granted a licence for a slaughter-house in the heart of the town - the very slaughter-house to which this beast was being driven. The bullock also gored and wounded a blind woman of 60 called Julia Russell. It also pinned a child to a wall with its horns, but the child, to the astonishment of everybody escaped serious injury.

Sat. June 28. An inquest was held on the death of Charles Foyle, and as the butcher had many friends among the jury, they brought in a verdict of "Accidental death." Legal proceedings however are threatened.

July 1879.

Fri. July 11. 1879. Took a walk eastwards under Salcombe Hill on the beach. Started about half past nine, after breakfast, and took some cold beef and bread in a bag, and a geological hammer with me. Since I was that way last, there have been one or two large falls-down of the cliff, commonly called **rusements** here, from half a mile to a mile beyond the river Sid. In my walk onwards I only detected a few poor specimens of the pseudomorphous crystals of chloride of sodium, and beyond Salcombe Mouth I went on the gypsum. There is a great deal at Hook Ebb, as the reef of rocks is called, the cracks in the cliff, to a height apparently of 60 to 80 feet, being filled with it like sheets, some as thin as card, and some three or four inches thick. Formerly the masons of Sidmouth used to collect this, and burn it into Plaster of Paris, but it is now discovered that it is not worth the trouble. I had examined the cliffs all the way, and I pushed on over the rocks of Hook Ebb until I got well in sight of the cottages at Weston Mouth, the tide being high, and at one place reached the base of the cliff. Having got to the end of the gypsum veins, and having selected some pieces to take back, looking like slices of red cheese, I began to feel "as hungry as a hunter;" so I looked about for a spring of water coming down from the cliff, and taking out my parcel of food, sat upon a rock by the water's edge, and amused myself trying to count how many waves there are in the sea. I discussed my sandwiches and had three several little turns at the spring; and food and drink are always peculiarly grateful under such circumstances. Rising like a giant refreshed, I took my way leisurly back. Near Salcombe Mouth there are some wet places overgrown by the reed and the equisetum. I collected specimens to compare with my fossil stems. One spring on the east of Salcombe Mouth is much charged with carbonate of lime, and running down over the weeds, covers them with a coating of stone. The springs however, coming down from the yellow rock of the Dunscombe cliffs, a mile or two further east, are more noted for this quality. When I got half way home, the remarkably unsettled weather gave me a wet jacket. I was out six hours, and such walk are very enjoyable.

Sat. July. 12. 1879. The will of the late Mr. Benjamin Davidson, who died on the 21st. September 1878, and who had bought Richmond Lodge in the Elysian Fields, in this parish, has just come under my notice. The personal property is sworn under £100,000. Mrs. Olga Davidson the widow, has Richmond Lodge and cottage for life, and £15000 absolutely. The property was bought of the Earl of Buckinghamshire a few years ago for £6000 or £8000. There are three young children, a boy and two girls. Gilbert, the boy, is to have Richmond Lodge and £40,000, in the event of his mother's death; and Blanch and Dora, the daughters, £20,000 each; and if I remember rightly, there is a special provision of £10,000 to each of the daughters, should their mother marry again. Legacies to brothers

Major Gen. J. Davidson, Henry Davidson £8000, (by Codicil) and Louis Davidson. To F.A. Lucas £1000 if he acts as Executor. To Chas. Rivers Wilson £1000, and £5000 to his friend Alfred de Rothschild, who with Louis Davidson, is a Trustee. There is other property in the United States of America. The Trustees, with the consent of Mrs. Davidson, can sell Richmond Lodge.

Mon. July 14. The papers of the last day or two give full accounts of the funeral of the son of the late emperor Napoleon III. The body was brought to England in the **Orontes**, and arrived at Spithead on Friday last the 11th. When it was transferred to the **Enchantress**, which proceeded to Woolwich, where it got on Saturday morning early. Things being ready, a long and imposing procession at once proceeded to Chiselhurst, where the funeral took place at one o'clock.

Sat. July 19. Mr. Ede, of Lansdowne shewed me a diamond about the size of the sketch in the margin, found near Kimberley in south Africa by his son Allen, and just sent home. It is an irregular cube of a light yellow colour, and weighs 2 carats and a half. It is called a rough diamond; but it looks bright and pretty as it is. It is worth about £10: but if it were cut and polished, and if it had been colourless, its value would have been forty.

Note: The following is a newspaper cutting, appended to the diary at this point.

The Government propose to levy an export duty on diamonds of one per cent. An official return gives the value of diamonds exported during 1879 at £3,685,610.

Mon. July 21. Left Sidmouth for Ilfracombe, to attend the annual meeting of the **Devonshire Association**, and to read a short paper there on my fossil stems from Peak Hill. [May 13. 1878.] An hour in Exeter, went on to Barnstaple, and then to Ilfracombe. Near Morthoe Station this line attains a height of 500 feet.

Tu. 22. Went to the Town Hall and fixed up my geological drawings before the bustle began, - one, a view or section of the Sidmouth cliffs three yards long, and the other, a full size drawing, four feet square, of the stems on the slab of rock. Attended some Council meetings. Took a run over Capstone Hill, estimated at 181 feet high, and round the harbour and Lantern Hill. The latter is crowned by an ancient Chapel, long used as a light house.

In the evening Sir John Collier, the President for the year, read his inaugural Address. Though a lawyer, he is an accomplished painter, and it was on this subject that he mostly dwelt.

Wed. July. 23. 1879. The day was occupied in reading papers. The great dinner at the Ilfracombe Hotel. I preferred taking a walk on the cliffs and enjoying the splendid views, to being in a hot, close, overcrowded room, with bad attendance, and no means of getting what you want for dinner.

Th. July 24. Reading papers from ten to four. I read mine to-day, and was much praised by Mr. Pengally of Torquay, and Mr. Ussher, of the Geological Survey, for my drawings. My fossil stems are supposed to be calamites, though the species was not known to the geologists present. Qy. Equisetum stems?

After this we went by invitation of the Rev. Treasurer Hawker, formerly of Ide, to the Rectory at Berry Narbor, three miles, where we had tea, and many good things - enjoyed the beautiful views - examined the church - sketched the font, as annexed - went over the Manor House, almost a ruin.

We passed Mr. Basset's castle at Watermouth, where there is a very pretty little natural harbour; where having dismounted, we all went to see the caves and the arches and tunnels which the waves have made in the cliff. Everybody ought to go and see these.

Fri. 25. Made an excursion to Braunton. Examined the church. The nave is very wide. There is a most perfect set of old oak seats with handsomely carved Ends I have seen anywhere. There is a very interesting small Palimpsest brass (lose) on the south side of the chancel. By the inscription on another brass below, it refers to Elizabeth Bolmer [?] d. of J. Erie, and W. of Edward Chichester. On the reverse side are the head and shoulders of a knight in chain armour. The pulpit is Jacobean. Near it, in the splay of a window, are the traces of fresco painting, representing some saint. On the hill, north-east of the church, is a tower with pinnacles, built in 1833 to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill.

Went with my friends out upon Braunton Burrows, an interminable expanse of sand, and sand hills, and weeds, and coarse grass, and rushes, and wild flowers - a charming place for the botanist. The only habitat I believe in England of the **Scirpus holoschoenus**, and the rare plant the **Mattheola sinuate**, is here; just as the only place in England where the **Trichonema bulbicodium** is found, is on the Warren near Dawlish. I was told that Braunton Burrows lets for five or six hundred a year for rabbits. We lastly proceeded towards the northern verge of the sand waste, not a little thirsty, and coming to rising ground and some real earth, we encountered a spring of water. Here I eat my bread and cheese and was going to drink, but another thirsty soul said it would be better to go to Saunton Court, some 200 or 300 yards off, now a farm house, and get some milk with our water - so we did. This is a very large range of buildings, once occupied by a succession of great families. Got to Ilfracombe in the evening.

Sat. 26. Spent the day with Mr. T. Wainwright, at Barnstaple, a capital antiquarian scholar, whom I know fifteen years ago, when he lived at Bridport. He is now Master of the Grammar school at Barnstaple, which he shewed me. I could not help noticing the front of the old Exchange Walk - the columns, are well carried entablature of Jacobean design, and of Bath stone, with statue of Queen Anne over, near the river. He took me to the parish church. There are a number of very fine and large Jacobean monuments in this church. Then we went to the Vicarage of Pilton, the adjoining parish, to examine the collection of fossils obtained in the neighbourhood by the Vicar's son Mr. Townshend M. Hall. He is an enthusiastic geologist. He has dug a well on the premises with his own hands, to get a section of the strata. He has also done a good deal of the work of restoring the church. We dined at the Vicarage. After that we walked to Mr. Chanter's at Fort Hill. On the slope of this hill, in the grass fields, may easily be traced the whole plan of a star fort, thrown up in the civil wars. Mr. Chanter and Mr. Wainwright are engaged in deciphering the old charters and other documents belonging to the Borough of Barnstaple. Mr. Chanter gave me a copy of his excellent little History of Lundy Island. We called on Dr. Budd. His house is full of a beautiful collection of Chinese and Japanese objects and carved oak. Had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright and some of their children, and left for Ilfracombe, where I arrived about ten.

Sun. July 27. Went to the parish church, which looks as if recently restored. The churchyard is enlarged by taking in a field. There is a good waggon roof. Took some walks along the Torrs - beautiful walks outside the face of the cliff - and afterwards to Rapparee Cove. In the evening went to Christ Church in Portland Street, a Free Church, conducted by the Rev. Bishop Price. The prayer book of the Church of England is used; and we had a good Evangelical sermon. There is a vessel there, used as a Font, of dark sandstone, apparently, the interior cavity perhaps about nine inches. I

speak from memory only. It stands on a modern pedestal. We were asked what it originally had been.

Mon. July 28. 1879. Left Ilfracombe for Dawlish, via Barnstaple & Exeter. Passing through Starcross, I saw the great swan hauled up on the wharf, under repair, with his long neck off. [See]

W. 30. The Elephant Rock, which was in its perfect state in 1872, and of which I made a sketch on the 2nd. Of August in that year, and on May 2. 1868. See Sketchbook. I see is beginning to lose its shape, especially about the head. Walked out to the East side of Langstone Point, and made another sketch of it.

August 1879.

Fri. Aug. 1. Walked to the Holcombe Villas, half way to Teignmouth, and called on Mr. Ermen, who bought the second house last year. He is younger brother to Mr. Peter Ermen, who bought the next house to Belmont Villa, my cousins, on the east cliff, Dawlish, more than twenty years ago.

Sat. 2. Made a coloured sketch of the **Old Maid Rock**, Dawlish. Dined with Dr. and Mrs. Macnamara, and her niece Miss Hall. She was formerly Miss Elphinstone, of Livonia, near Sidmouth.

Sun. Aug. 3. At St. Mark's and the Parish Church.

Mon. 4. Took a walk towards Exmouth, on the Warren.

Wed. 6. Returned from Dawlish to Sidmouth, bringing with me a case of mathematical instruments, which my cousin Miss Robertson, told me had not been made use of for forty years, she being 80, and a small Orrery, to which the same remark applies, and which she gave me.

Th. Aug. 14. The Core Hill estate, at the north end of this parish, belonging to Mr. T.O. Arnold, and comprising 56 acres, or a little more, was sold by auction for £2700, the purchaser being Mr. W. Hine-Haycock, who has a lease of Belmont. Mr. Hine-Haycock has recently bought the Woolbrook estate, a farm near Stowford, and which runs up to Core Hill; and Fort House, near me, with the field adjoining. The last for £1800. The two last of Sir John Kennaway. The last is Lots 1 and 2, mentioned Dec. 7. 1876. He tells me he has now spent £12.000 in the parish.

M. Aug. 18. 1879. Walked to Salcombe, and called on some friends. Coming back, I gathered a quantity of foxglove blossom (and a splendid blossom it is) to put in the hall fireplace of the Old Chancel.

W. Aug. 20. The papers describe the laying of the so-called foundation stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse, by the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity House, and the Prince of Wales. A

steamer plied along the coast to take visitors. She called at Sidmouth early, and about 70 or 80 went. It was a miserably foggy drizzly day.

Fri. Aug. 22. Saw a beautiful salmon peal, weighing two pounds and a half nearly, caught with an artificial minnow in the river Sid about sixty yards below the stone bridge, and at a deep pool in the river called "Horse's Belly," though for what reason so called nobody knows.

September 1879.

M. Sep. 1. 1879. People say there can be no shooting of partridges to-day, because the corn is still standing. Owing to the cold wet summer, harvesting is scarcely begun. Went for an hour to a garden party at Captain & Mrs. Joliffe's at Woodlands. Returned, to meet the two Miss Osbornes and Miss Soulsby at my house, by appointment

Tu. Sep. 2. Mr. Matchwick of the South Kensington Museum, with his wife and son, is now staying in Sidmouth. They spent the afternoon with me.

Th. 4. Since Sunday fine weather. No wind - calm sea - high water in the morning. Along-shore steamer from Bridport to Torquay and back, called about half past ten. Being calm and plenty of water, she ran her stern in upon the beach, and let down an inclined gangway, when 70 to 80 people walked out of her, and then upwards of 150 walked in. They returned in the evening, but I am told that some porpoises played about close to her, when the passengers rushed to one side to see them, and nearly turned her over.

Fri. Sep. 5. A young man, I believe from Yeovil, bathed a short distance east of the river Sid, and was drowned - supposed from cramp. His body has not been recovered.

Fri. Sep. 12. After an interval of a week, the body of the young man has turned up at Seaton. This was in some degree predicted, as from former experience, it has occurred that bodies lost here have generally drifted around Beer Head. A case which now comes to my memory, occurred in my father's household at 4 Coburg Terrace some forty years ago. The housemaid was a fine tall young woman with glossy dark hair. The cook was short and mean in figure, with carrot hair and ugly face. She was always lamenting her ill looks, as I have heard, and envying the housemaid, and was jealous of the admiration which her fellow servant received. One summer's evening a few friends were entertained at the house, and the young cook assisted the housemaid in taking up the tea things, and after that she put on her bonnet, walked down to the sea, and drowned herself. I was not at home at the time, but I think I can remember the two servants. I think she went into the sea at the Chit Rocks towards the dusk of the evening. After about a week her body was found at Seaton. It was taken on shore, and for some reason carried to Axmouth, where an inquest was held, and Wellington Smith, a groom then in our service, went over to identify the body and give evidence. The circumstance never could be accounted for, except on the score of jealousy or wounded pride.

I have now read an account of the inquest, and found that the deceased was called Thomas Marks, that he came with others from near Crewkerne, that he bathed twice, that on Saturday morning his body was found floating off Beer Head, was carried to Beer, where he was buried.

Sun. Sep. 14. Called in the evening to see how Mr. Heineken was. He is in his eightieth year, and never recovered his illness of last winter. The planets Jupiter and Saturn were very beautiful towards the east, so he wheeled his telescope to the window. It was a fortunate moment, for after a little observation we saw the satellite C approach the planet, and become occulted. This occurred at 8h,, 28m,,13sec so we lost it, as in the second example. Before we finished, the satellite B appeared to have perceptibly approached the great planet. We then turned to Saturn. That wonderful ring! When will break to pieces? The last time we looked at it, the edge was turned towards us, so that it was nearly invisible . [Sep. 27. 1877.]

Th. Sep. 18. The Peak estate was put up to be sold in lots. To see how things go in my parish, I generally go to the auctions. I had an invitation to-day however, to dine with Mrs. and Miss Soulsby, at Salcombe, Mr. Thompson. Mrs. Soulsby's brother, married a Miss Cornish. The ladies are clever at Geology, and several other sciences, and I enjoyed much intellectual conversation. Called also at Sunny Bank, and at the Vicarage, and then walked back.

The first Mr. Lousada, originally I believe a Spanish Jew, and a Stockbroker of London, came down about 1790, and bought a house and some ground called the Peak Tenement. He afterwards bought more ground on the side of the hill. About 1795 he built a new and larger house. He died, if I remember rightly, in Leap Year, the 29th. of February 1832. He meant to have been buried at "Fox's Corner," at the top of his garden; but his surviving relations "didn't see it." He left the property to his nephew, having no children. The second owner put a new front to the house, advanced three feet, in 1835 or 1836. He died about 1854, also leaving it to a nephew. This third and last, "something having gone wrong," sold it in 1875 to the trustees of the Manor. Mr. Heugh the senior Trustee, became bankrupt in 1878, and this property somehow was adjudged liable - hence the auction.

Two estates also, which had been recently bought in Salcombe parish, called Higher and Lower Griggs, were brought to the hammer, but were not sold.

Fri. Sep. 26. At a Garden party at Captain and Mrs. Joliffes at Woodlands.

Sat. 27. Dined at the Ede's at Lansdowne.

M. 29. Michaelmas Day. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. And Francis Vane, at Oakland. Left early to attend Choral Society practice.

October 1879.

Th. Oct 16. Had a men dig on Salcombe Hill, to try and discover what the circular patches are. Mr. Edward Chick came up. Our dinner was sandwiches and bread and cheese - very enjoyable - and we eat it lying under a hedge, as the wind was cold. I was up there Sep. 30 with him surveying, and with the man digging on the 9th.

Fri. Oct. 17. In **The Animal World** this month is my article headed **Marriage among Birds**, giving an account of my observations on rooks.

Sat. 18. The papers mention that Professor Nordeskjold, of the Austrian service, has succeeded in making the North-east passage, all along the north coast of Siberia, beginning at Norway, and coming out at Baring Strait. This was never done before. Last winter the ship was 264 days in the ice.

Finished my second portion of both the **Domesday Books**. Mr. R.J. King's death threw his portion upon the rest of the committee.

M. Oct. 20. 1879. Took a walk on Salcombe Hill, to look again at the circular patches. It blew so hard from the north-west that I was obliged to tie my hat on.

Unfortunate accident - a man drowned. Boats were off mackerel fishing. One of them, with two young men in it, called Skinner and Govier, was capsized by a sudden gust off **Windgate**, (the hollow between Peak and High Peak) a dangerous place. I was nearly turned over myself there once. Govier was drowned.

Tu. Oct. 28. Went on Salcombe Hill again, to examine the circular patches. As there are 50 of them on the open common at the northern group at the head of Sid or Seed Lane, and above 30 in the southern group near the road from Sidmouth to Salcombe, and mostly clustered near a great pit 45 feet in diameter and about three deep, they must owe their origin to design, and not to accident. The furze bushes grow all round them, but do not grow in them. Grass and heath grow in them, but not furze.

November 1879.

S. Nov. 1. 1879. We are now approaching another winter, and there has been but little summer to warm us since the last. According to common report, it has been the most disastrous season for farmers and gardeners known for many years; and the scarcity and increased expenses are felt by all classes. Though the weather just a present is cold, it will probably be mild again. If it is cold, it is just now fine and dry. The poplar and sycamore trees have pretty well all lost their leaves; The elms are still green, and half, or more than half the leaves remain, so that they look very well; geraniums, lobelia, hydrangia, and some other flowers in bloom, and even a few roses.

M. Nov. 3. Dined at Cottington with Lord S.G. Osborne and the two Miss Osbornes, to eat venison - which was tender and nice and not "high." They are sensible people, and eat their meat whilst it is wholesome. Adjourned to Lord Sidney Osborne's room, which is full of microscopes and scientific instruments. He is now busy in making experiments on the telephone, and other cognate inventions; and if perseverance insures success, his Lordship deserves to succeed in making great improvements. Miss Soulsby, from Salcombe, was announced, and I went up into the drawing room. Gave her two copies, one coloured, of my article on the **FOSSIL STEMS** in this year's vol. of the Transactions of the Dev. Asso.

Tu. Nov. 4. 1879. People in the present day seem determined to do strange things - witness Richard Carlisle.

[Note: the following is a newspaper cutting attached to the diary.]

RICHARD CALISLE, the Cornish pedestrian, has completed his walk from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, trundling a wheelbarrow all the way.

W. Nov. 5. The Guy Faux or Faukes celebrations went off this evening without accident. The police kept the fireworks, tar barrels, and fire-balls to the beach, not allowing them to be brought into the town. It was a quiet calm night, and the sea like a lake. It was rather pretty to see a great blaze out on the water floating about in the darkness. It was a lighted tar-barrel on a raft.

Fri. 7. Mr. Colwell the gardener has bought the pears on the tree, and he and his son with ladders are engaged in removing them. He allows me ten shillings for them this year, and I take it out in vegetables. He once allowed me fifteen shillings. I believe he gets the cream.

Sat. 8. There were a great many pears on the tree this year, though small from want of sun and sufficient heat. Mr. Colwell took away the remainder - some bags full. He Cut a small branch about the size of my little finger off the tree, loaded with pears like bunches of grapes in a cluster. I counted 43; and I made drawings of them in my sketchbook. See Oct. 16. 1893.

Tu. 11. Dry and fine, but cold. Walked to Salcombe.

Fri. 21. The young Prince Alamayou, of Abyssinia, died at Leeds last week, and was buried to-day at Windsor. Perhaps our climate killed him. See Jan. 14. 1876.

Tu. Nov. 26. A sprinkling of snow.

Fri. Nov. 28. Finished making the Index to **Vol. XI.** of the **Transactions of the Devonshire Association.**

December 1879.

M. Dec. 1. 1879. Fine and dry, but with a northeaster "enough to cut a snipe in two."

Tu. 2. I have pasted in the annexed, as a specimen facsimile of Caxton's printing, and for the sixteen virtues propounded by Sedechias.

Fri. Dec. 5. 1879. Last night was one of the coldest nights we have had. It is to be hoped we are not destined to have so long a winter as the last. The present one has begun as early as the last, but even more severely. It began in October, and continued through November, with a greater fall in the thermometer. December promises worse again. The thermometer was only 38' whilst I was at breakfast this morning, the fire not then having had time to warm the room; but it was not above 48' all day long. It has been 17'5 at Sidmount, where Dr. Radford takes it; 10'5 in Exeter; and in the northern and eastern counties, as somebody said "it has been down below nothing at all." We have enjoyed one great comfort here in Devonshire. Ever since the beginning of October it has been wonderfully dry. One or two passing sprinkles of snow that did not wet the ground, so that the roads have been as dry and as dusty as it were midsummer - drier indeed than it was all last summer; and this is very pleasant for out-of-door exercise. We congratulate ourselves on this so much the more because the snow storms in other places have been server. London, has had a heavy fall, which has impeded the skating in the Parks; the trains stopped, and traffic suspended. The snow has been great in Paris, and two feet deep in Vienna.

Walked to Oakland, near All Saints Church, and witnessed the signature of Mr. Frederick H. Vane to some leases of farms in Essex, belonging to his cousin Mr. W. Vane.

Tu. Dec. 9. After breakfast started for a walk at the foot of Salcombe Hill, along the beach, to look for pseudomorphous crystals of chloride of sodium, but found none. Specimens of ripple marks, or water-stones, very plenty.

Diner at seven with Dr. and Mrs. Drummond at Belgrave House.

Wed. Dec. 10. The herring fishery has now become brisk here, but we never expect to see it again as it was two years ago. This evening, a little before eight,

Note: The following is a newspaper cutting that POH has appended to his diary at this point.

SIDMOUTH.

There have been very good catches of herrings here

during the past few days. On Sunday last about 80,000

were caught, on Monday about 100,000, and on Tuesday

40,000.

I happened to look out, and I was startled at seeing a bright light, and great volumes of smoke rising over the town towards the east. It was a cold, clear, quiet night, with a gentle wind from the north-east. On going down I found the Fore Street full of people, with a quantity of furniture blocking the side walk opposite East Street, now so called. I could not get into East Street for the crowd. About half way down on the lift, there is a large courtyard, surrounded with coach houses and stables belonging to the York Hotel, and half the northern, half the southern, and all the western sides were in a great blaze. I made a circuit round by the eastern streets, and found a hearse and a number of carriages ranged and being ranged all along on one side of the street, which had been dragged out and saved. A number of horses I was told had been also been rescued. A pig was so scared by the fire, the noise, and the busy crowd, that he ran two or three times into the flames, and burnt himself so much that they were obliged to kill him. "A Mourning coach," as it is called, though I believe it is the people who mourn, and not the coach, was singed, and then got out; but I afterwards saw the remains of another coach quite burnt; in short, I saw nothing but the charred pole on the ground. I also saw quantities of half burnt oats.

The annexed plan will shew where the fire was, and two other fires which I can remember. No person could tell me how it originated; but probably a lamp among the straw. If the wind had been strong, half the town may have been consumed.

Sat. Dec. 13. 1879. I have recently gone over the pages of an elaborate American work by several authors, entitled, - **Indigenous Races of the Earth**. The science of skull measuring, skull studying, and skull theorising, are exhaustively gone into. Amongst scientific men of late years there have been many arguments on "the development theory," deriving us all originally from **orbiculinae**, **amebae**, and **globigerinae**. And like Charles Darwin, driving their hobby rather too far; and somewhat analogous to this, are the nice theories bearing on the derivation of skull forms. Some of these cranioscopists I am afraid are going beyond their depth and confusing themselves. I would wish to

know what are the various and unvarying marks that never fail to distinguish the human skull from that of the highest order of monkeys. It is stated at page 105 that the resemblance, or points of resemblance, between the human skull and the crania of the Chimpanzee, Orang, and other higher types of monkeys, are not so great in the grown-up or full grown animals, as in the young ones; and we are assured that even in those cases where the skulls of men and animals most nearly resemble each other, - "the best formed human skull stands immensely removed from the most perfectly elaborated monkey cranium." Perhaps so; but how about the worst formed human skull? The following are said to be the points of difference, but they do not seem so very great, if that is all, "The proportion between the size and areas of the cranium and face; the relative situation of the face; the direction and prominence of the maxillae or jaws; the position and direction of the occipital foramen; the proportion of the facial to the cranial half of the occipits-mental diameter; the absence of the os inter-maxillare; the number, situation, and direction of the teeth, &." Nearly all these are merely differences of mould or form. The reading of this book is rather humiliating than otherwise. The radical differences are not so great as we could wish, I am inclined also to think that the minute classification of skulls is carried much further than sober reason can warrant.

Wed. Dec. 17. Dined at the Vicarage,. Twelve at dinner.

Fri. Dec. 19. 1879. This evening I finished the Fourth Volume of my **History of Sidmouth**. Owing to a multitude of interruptions, not the least of which was the work on Domesday Book, I have been tediously long over it. On looking back I see I began this Fourth vol. on the 7th. June 1877, and expressed a hope that it would be the last. The account of the parish church in this volume, took up so much room, that I had not space left for two or three other subjects which ought to be noticed. I have also several old engravings and copies of old pictures of different parts of Sidmouth, and I must either throw them all away, or get another blank folio volume, bound in green vellum, like the others, to preserve them in.

Sat. Dec. 20. As I sat at breakfast, in the Oak Room of the Old Chancel, under the panelled ceiling and the coats of arms of the Lords of the Manor, I observed that at nine o'clock the sun was over the chancel of the church; and an hour after, when ten struck, it was over the tower, just clearing the pinnacles. The sun at the shortest day, where we now find ourselves, rises after eight, a little to the left of the chancel; (as I look at it,) but at midsummer it rises at a quarter before four, over Salcombe Hill, nearly as far north as Trow Hill. The range subtended by the two positions of the sun above, is 15'.

Th. Dec. 25. Christmas Day. The parish church was not over full this morning. I do not approve of diner parties on Christmas Day, and yet I accepted an invitation to dine with the Vanes at Oakland, to meet the Incumbent of All Saints, and his wife Mrs. Macarthur.

Tu. Dec. 30. Thunder and lightning this morning at daylight.

Wed. Dec. 31. Last day. Weather become mild, and the frost gone.

POH Transcripts - 1880

January 1880.

Th. Jan. 1. 1880. New Year's day. The NE. wind and dry frost, which we have mostly had for nearly three months, has given place to two or three violent gales of wind with rain, from the south and west. Temperature mild. Dined again at Oakland. Mr. W.M. Floyd and self came way together.

Sat. Jan. 3. Beautiful mild sunshiny day like spring. There is already a perceptible increase in the length of the day.

Tu. Jan. 6. Great catch of Sprats. Herrings have been rather plenty of late. There are several communications this month in **Lethaby's Sidmouth Journal**, and in Culvezwell's **Sidmouth Directory** on the subject of the late fire, and suggesting remedies - by Mr. Heineken in the latter, and in the former I gave a list of 20 fires in this valley within my memory; but I am far short of the actual number. In **Lethaby's Journal** there are long extracts from an American book - the Life of Curwen, an American Loyalist of 1774, who know Governor Hutchinson, who is there mentioned, and Curwen came to Sidmouth to see friends, and he describes the place in that day.

This morning, at Sidmouth parish church, Miss Addington, a daughter of Major the Hon. L.A. Addington, (the brother of Lord Sidmouth,) now residing with this family at Salcombe Hill House, was married to Lieutenant Coney of Sidcliffe.

Th. Jan. 15. This evening the winter concert of our Choral Society. After the Overture, (**Cornelius**,) Mr. Harding, Mus. Bac. The Conductor, and organist at the parish church, was presented with a baton, as a compliment to his acquirements as a musician, and his exertions in promoting the Choral Society. It was a present from Lord Sidney Osbourne, and was presented by the Rev. R.T. Thornton of Knowle. Harding was taken quite by surprise.

Tu. Jan. 20. Walked to Salcombe, and had an early dinner at Sunny Bank with Mrs. and Miss. Soulsby, and Miss Du Boulaye, whose mother was a Miss Cornish. Some time after dinner, whilst I was engaged in looking over an old folio edition of Gerard's **Herbal**, Dr. Drummond of Sidmouth came in. Called at the Vicarage, and had half an hour's talk with Mr. Morshead, the Vicar. He shewed me three fine paintings by **Northcote**. One a middle age man; another, his grandmother, who was a Miss Young, of Puslinch, signed at the back by **Northcote** 1777; and the third, Mr. Morshead, his grandfather, signed at the back by **Northcote**, 1781. Also, a lady by Hudson, very good. Also, his father, by some other artist - all full size and half length. In the first **Vol. of my Hist. of Sidm**, at pp, 188, 189, and 190, I have pedigrees of Yonge, Duke, Upton, &, with mention of Morshead.

Walked back - the roads frozen hard, and a cold northeaster blowing. It has suddenly become very cold again, - 23' last night, I am told. It was only 40' in the Oak Room at breakfast time. The fire had not then had time to warm it.

W. Jan. 21. Only 38' in the Oak Room at nine this morning. When I got up, the window of my bedroom, (over the hall,) was covered inside with thick white hoar frost, and I recollected a story that I have more than once heard my late mother tell. When her father was appointed Commander in Chief of the North American Station in 1799, he took his family out with him, to Halifax in Nova

Scotia, where it is very cold in winter. There was a ball at Government House one evening about Christmas time, and it was very warm in the ballroom. One of the young officers pulled the curtain of one of the windows aside, and the company were much surprised to see the frosty glass of the window stuck all over dollars and half dollars. The young men had been amusing themselves behind the curtain emptying their pockets, and sticking the coins to the glass. I tried the experiment this morning with shillings and sixpences, and found it answer perfectly, though I dare say the cold this morning was nothing like that of Halifax. If the coin is taken out of the pocket, it is slightly warm; and if it is placed against the frosty glass it will melt the frost, but a few seconds after, the cold freezes the melted part again, and there the coin sticks. So tight did they stick, that I had great difficulty in getting them off, and I was obliged to use the point of my pen-knife.

Dined with the Rev. Mr. Mrs. And Miss Beebe. There were also present the H.G.J. Clements and Mrs. E.W.M. Floyd Esq., and Miss Wolrige. We sat down at half past seven, and came away at eleven.

Sat. Jan. 24. 1880. After a space of five weeks, I observed that at about nine this morning the sun was much higher and further to the left than last month when I observed it; and at ten it was a good way from the tower.

When looking at drawings or at paintings in which either the sun or the moon is represented, I generally remark that in nine cases out of ten both sun and moon is drawn too large - far too large. Even our best artists are guilty of this fault. The diameter of either the sun or moon is about one half of a degree, and every artist ought to bear this in mind.

Tu. Jan. 27. Called on Miss Rastrick, at Sea View - the lady who has built that great stone excrescence outside her cliff opposite the Chit Rocks. Read her the legend of the White Bird and the Oxenham family from Dr. Theo. Mogridge's **Sidmouth Guide**, of 1836. She ordered in some afternoon tea, as the fashion now is, of which I had one cup. She lent me Mrs. Bray's books.

Spent the evening at Miss Wolrich's and met Capt. Toup Nicolas and wife, and the Misses Johnson.

Th. Jan 29. Spent the evening with Mr. Heineken. We amused ourselves by examining under a magnifier, sundry specimens of live **serpula Balanus**, [**baklavas = an acorn**] and other marine creatures in the living state, which procured a day or two ago at low water far out on the Chit Rocks.

Fr. Jan. 30. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Vane at Oakland, and M.W. Floyd.

February 1880.

Sun. Feb. 1. 1880. After nearly four months of dry cold weather, the wind has got away to the SE. and S. and brought a milder temperature. And the milder air coming in from the sea upon the cold and recently frozen earth, has caused a succession of dense fogs, sometimes thickening into drizzling rain.

Wed. Feb. 4. 1880. As I have now finished the fourth vol. of my Hist. of Sidmouth, I have a little breathing time, (until I can get another made) so I have been turning my attention to the collection of family papers, old letters, &c. referring to American affairs a century ago, and ironing them out smooth, and repairing them, for the purpose of arranging and binding. I sometimes wish I had laid my Sidmouth History aside, and devoted my attention closely to the compilation of a book from

these materials - a sort of fourth volume to Gov. H's Hist. of Mass. - a book long talked of, and too long neglected.

Th. Feb. 5. Parliament meets to-day - being the 7th. Session. Great party struggles are expected. The Liberals, as they call themselves, (Who are too often very ill-liberal,) have lately displayed great imitation, at the long tenure of office enjoyed by the Conservatives, now more than six years, and are very impatient to turn them out, Mr. W.E. Gladstone, once Prime Minister, who hates Benjamin D'Israeli, the Earl of Beaconsfield and Prime Minister now, with the hatred of jealousy, has of late manifested so much excitability and eccentricity, (like some of his "cracky" relatives who used to live at Sidmouth) that some doubt whether he will long retain the equilibrium of his mind.

Fri. Feb. 5. 1880. Examined the grant of Arms conferred by the Heralds Collage on Hannah Bowerbank, Mr. Vane's mother. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Vane, where was also Mr. W.M. Floyd.

Sun. Feb. 8. 1880. To-day there was a sermon at the parish church, to plead the cause of the famishing Irish, and to solicit subscriptions. No doubt last summer was a very disastrous season for the produce of the country; but the common impression is that one half of the troubles of the Irish are of their own making. If you pay £10.000 for an estate in Ireland, you will be shot if you ask your tenants to pay their rent. Agitators and demagogues are always misleading the ignorant peasantry, and false teachers of religion palliate assassination and perjury. The murderers of the Earl of Leitrim, a year or two ago, have never been found out, and the Vicar, (a cousin,) told me the other day, he supposed they never would; and in his sermon to-day, he candidly said, that we must not look for either thanks or gratitude in return for our contributions. All that is done for the Irish people only seems to make them more turbulent and hostile than they were before. Twenty-four hours at the bottom of the sea, is the only cure for Ireland _ I heard a man say last week.

M. Feb. 9. Finished reading the **History of the Siege of Boston**, in Massachusetts, in 1775 and 1776. My grandfather Thomas H, and his wife were shut up there, and in March 1776, when they came away, my father was born in the ship, on the voyage to England. An interesting book to me. The Americans at last confiscated all their property.

Tu, Feb. 10. Much engaged lately looking over, smoothing, opening, and ironing, a great quantity of old and recent letters and papers about America, Australia, and South Africa, (where I have relatives,) but at present I am chiefly solicitous about the American ones. I must have these arranged and bound, to make them accessible.

Mr. Robert Dymond of Exeter called, and I presided him to have tea with me before he returned.

Sidmouth. Feb. 1880

Wed. Feb. 25. Terrible news from Russia. I fear the Emperor is hastening his own destruction. All civilised nations now have got a representative government; and even the Sultan of Turkey recently granted something like a constitution to his subjects – but Russia holds back. The world is now too enlightened and too well educated to suffer the uncertain will of one man to govern a country like Russia, composed of so many nationalities and so many millions of people. The Emperor, or Czar, (quasi Caesar,) has evaded granting the favour voluntarily, and now he declares in anger that he will not grant a constitution under compulsion. The country has for some time been in a dreadful state. Nothing but a gigantic military despotism has prevented his subjects from flying into open rebellion – and even that looks as though it were impending. In the meantime the assassination of official

persons have been frequent, and attempts on the life of the Czar himself not unfrequent. The world is now startled at hearing that last night, or soon after six in the evening, an attempt was made to blow up the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, at a time when it was expected that the Emperor and a few others would be at dinner. The late arrival of one of the guests delayed the dinner. The Czar however and his guests were proceeding to the dining room, when a great explosion occurred, which shook the palace, put out the lights, and caused great alarm. Under the dining room was the Guard Room, full of soldiers in attendance, and under the Guard Room, in a cellar, an explosion of dynamite took place. Ten men in the Guard Room were killed outright, and 48 injured or wounded, and the dining room above much shattered.

Fri. Feb. 27. Went into Exeter to attend a meeting of the Council of the Devonshire Association. We met at the new Rougemont Hotel. On the landing, on the stairs, is a painted window, the central compartment of which represents the visit of Richard III. and the Mayor of Exeter with attendants to the Castle, as spoken of by Shakspeare, the king mistaking between the words **Richmond** and **Rougemont**. Got back to the Old Chancel at about half past six.

Sat. Feb. 28. Miss Jenkins, niece of Capt. Thomas Jenkins, once Lord of the Manor, lent me some facsimile reprints of old newspapers: one giving the contemporary account of the approach of the Spanish Armada, (they print it Armado,) in the Channel, and the exploits of the English Admirals; in July 1588: another of the Gunpowder Plot, in January 1606: the trial and execution of Charles I. in January 1648: the death of Oliver Cromwell, and the appointment of his son Richard as his successor: and there is the contemporary account of the Great Fire of London of September 1666, in which 6 chapels, 87 churches, and 13200 houses were consumed, which is preceded by a narrative of the Plague. Also several original old Nos. of the Times newspaper, not reprints, where there are the then-written accounts of the Battles of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, and the death, and subsequent funeral of Lord Nelson: the hanging of Parker at the Nore for mutiny: and lastly, the funeral of Queen Caroline in 1815, and the riots that took place in London.

Sun. Feb. 29. 1880. – Being Leap Year, February has 29 days; but what is very extraordinary, is that there have been five Sundays in this, the shortest month of the year. I heard some one say that this has not occurred “for hundreds of years,” and will not happen again “for hundreds more.” Whether this is true or not, I have not time to enquire. The days on which Sunday fell were – 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29,

At 9 and 10 o'clock the sun is getting higher and further away. Five weeks have elapsed since my last observation. [sketch]

Sidmouth. Mar 1880

Frid. Mar. 5. 1880. Parliament has sat six years today. It met Mar.5. 1874.

Tu.Mar.9.-- It was announced last night in both Houses that parliament would soon be dissolved. The Conservatives have held a long and successful tenure of office, uniformly commanding large majorities, and the opposition, the Liberals, as they call themselves, though they too often been very illiberal, have recently been very impatient to turn them out and get their places. We shall have a general Election in April, and as party feeling runs high, a hard fight is expected.

Wed.Mar.10.—Nothing can exceed the confusion that now exists in Russia. Instead of measures of conciliation, the police and military are arresting and imprisoning on all sides. It is hard to say how all this will end.

[Newspaper cutting follows:]

REIGN OF TERROR IN RUSSIA

REVIVAL OF THE PANIC IN ST. PETERSBURG

COURT DIGNITARIES THREATENED WITH ASSASSINATION

THE DATE OF THE CZAR'S MURDER FIXED.

A *Standard's* Vienna telegram says that the Nihilists continue their efforts to maintain terror in St. Petersburg.

A *Times'* Vienna telegram says:- News comes from St. Petersburg of important discoveries having been made there, and of the arrest, in consequence, of a large number of people, including, it is said, some officials, chiefly of the Home Department. The panic, which after the quiet and happy celebration of the anniversary had somewhat subsided, has therefore revived in a more acute form than before.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Vienna correspondent sends an extract from the St. Petersburg intelligence of the *Tagblatt*, stating that the late conspiracy against the life of the Czar has been traced by the secret police to the highest official circles, several Councillors of State being compromised. A vast number of arrests have made, and the panic in the Russian capital is stated to be indescribable.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Paris correspondent forwards intelligence from St. Petersburg, according to which threats of assassination have been to the Ministers and several high dignitaries of the Imperial Court; but the most serious menace of all is that which the revolutionists have succeeded in sending to the Czar, whose murder is fixed for Monday next. Since the attack on General Melikoff, the Czar is reported to have been a prey to violent nervous attacks.

Tu.Mar.16.—Had a tête-à-tête dinner, (which is one way of saying us two only) with Mr. Vane at Oakland, formerly Greenbank, formerly Belle Vue; a house situated in All Saints Road, formerly Mill Lane. It is a pity people are so fond of changing the names of places. It makes confusion in title deeds, and difficulties in identifying localities.

Wed. Mar. 17. – Went down and saw the Life Boat launched. It was not well done. The man on shore who let go the catch, so as to free her, and let her run off her carriage into the water, was about five seconds too late to meet the wave properly. The wave had run back, so that that the boat came down upon the gravel, and the next wave nearly capsized her. I have seen this error committed before. There were ten oarsmen in the boat, one bow-man, two coxwains, and Mr. William Floyd, the Secretary. The wind was hard from the east, with large waves breaking on the beach. They merely went out for exercise. [Sketch]

Mon. Mar. 22.—Sir John Kennaway and Lieut. Colonel Walrond (son of Sir John Walrond of Bradfield, Bart.), the two Conservative candidates at the general election soon to come off, came over and a large meeting was held at the Town Hall, and many speeches made.

Th. Mar. 25.—Lady Day. Vestry meeting. So many people attended that we adjourned for more room to the London Hotel. Mr. R. Stone, now 80, retired from the office of Assistant Overseer, and Mr. James Hooke was a candidate for the office, salary £45 p.an. I proposed Mr. Hooke, and he was finally elected by a large majority. The other parish business took up an hour or more.

We hear that Parliament was dissolved yesterday. It has endured from March 5, 1874, being six years and eighteen days. Thus ended the seventh session of the ninth Parliament of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Empress Eugenie leaves by steamer to-day, to go to South Africa, to visit the place where her son was killed. – see June 20, 1879,

Fri. Mar. 26.—Good Friday. Hot Cross Buns for breakfast and salt fish for dinner. My great black tom cat, who sleeps on my bed every night, and has every meal with me, for I never think of sitting down to a meal without him, and who is as affectionate as a child, thought the buns very good, and my rooks, that I feed under my window every day, considered them excellent.

The Queen embarked in her yacht to-day for the Continent, where she intends to sojourn for a few weeks.

Sun. Mar. 28. – Easter Sunday. Easter is early this year.

Mon. Mar. 29.—Easter Monday. Sidmouth spring fair – or what remains of it.

Wed. Mar.31. – To-day Lieut. Colonel Sterling, the Liberal candidate for the representation of the Eastern Division of this county in Parliament, arrived and

(insertion at this point of POH's ballot paper)

addressed the electors at the Town Hall. There was a great rabble there, and a great row, so that the speakers frequently could not be heard.

Th. April.1, 1880.-- Finished drawing a map of about six miles round Sidmth. on a smooth lithographic stone. It is a reference map to a Report on the Barrows or Tumuli on the hills near this place, for the Devonshire Association. Sent it to Exeter and ordered 575 copies.

Mon. Ap. 5.—Choral Society practice this evening, for the concert on Wednesday.

Tu. 6. – Full rehearsal this evening.

W.7. – Concert this evening at the London Hotel. Miss Pullin, eldest daughter of Dr. Pullin, is our best singer now. She sang "Bid me discourse" admirably.

Fri. Ap. 9. – Election for the Eastern Division of the county to-day. There has been no polling at Sidmouth since 1865, and that was the first time. The voting is now by Ballot papers. I received the annexed pattern and instructions by post, as the process is new. The polling was conducted at the schoolroom of All Saints Church. On going into the room, I found three clerks at a table. One was a Sidmouth man that I knew very well, and who was singing with me in the orchestra the other night. He was there to identify people. One of the strangers asked me my name. I gave it, and he looked me out in a book – stamped the foil and the counter-foil, tore out the foil, which was like the form of Ballot paper annexed, and gave it to me, directing me to go to a desk enclosed round with boards at the end of the room, and make my crosses as I liked. I found a black pencil, tied to a string on the desk; made my two crosses, one opposite Kennaway, and the other opposite Walrond, for whom I voted, and came back, but he told me to fold up the paper and drop it into a slit at the top of a box about 18 inches cube, which stood on the table, and this I did. I then went out at another door. On emerging from the building, a man with a memorandum book, asked me my name, which he wrote in his book, as a check against error, and as a list of all the voters that day in Sidmouth. Party feeling very strong.

Sat. Ap. 10.—To-day we learn the result. For Sir John Kennaway 4501: for Lieut. Colonel Walrond, 4457: and for Lieut. Colonel Sterling, 3487. This gives Kennaway 1014 more votes than Sterling, and Walrond 970 more than Sterling. In 1868, when Sir Lawrence Palk and Lord Courtenay, the two Conservative candidates were returned, Mr. Wade, the Liberal candidate, lost by 578. In 1874 Sir J.

Kennaway was elected, unopposed, in the room of Lord Courtenay, who had got into difficulties, and resigned.

Besides the preceding Circular, issued in the Conservative interest, I also received another, which is annexed. Here the cross is opposite the central name. The voter has, in a manner, two votes, inasmuch as he can place his mark opposite the top and bottom name, who are both Conservatives, giving one to each. To give a vote to two candidates of opposite sides, (as some have done) would be useless to both, as they would neutralise each other.

In the Sidmouth district, containing the parishes of Sidmouth, Salcombe, Branscombe, Sidbury, and Harpford, there are 322 voters, of whom 254 voted.

The new parliament meets on the 28th.

Sat. May 1. 1880. – I heard a great talking outside, and I opened the front door, when I was greeted by a group of six children carrying boughs and branches hung with ribbons and flowers. Soon after than three others came: then four girls, very vociferous. They soon emptied my pockets of coppers.

M. May 3.—Wind north-east and cold, but a hot sun like March. This afternoon about two, there was thunder, lightening, and rain.

(insertion at this point of the sample ballot paper referred to)

Tu. May 4. – Two Devonshire men, among others, have been made G.C.B.

[the following two small newspaper cuttings attached]

At Windsor, on Tuesday, Mr. Stephen Cave, Mr. R.A. Cross (Home Secretary), Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord John Manners were knighted and invested with the riband and badge of G.C.B. (April 20)

CAVE. – At Chambery, France, in the 60th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Stephen Cave, G.C.B.

Th. May 6.—Spied at the sun. There is a fine large spot and some small ones on it just now. People hope these spots will bring us a more genial and warmer summer than we have lately had. The penumbra is very great. [Sketch – Sun Spots]

To-day a three-mast vessel of good size, being a barque, came in and communicated with the shore, enquiring for beef. She had been a long time at sea, and was nearly out of provisions.

M. 17. – Some Sidmouth fishermen brought me a very beautiful little fish to look at, which they had drawn up with their mackerel net at sea. [Sketch] It had a large blunt head and tapered away

gracefully to the tail – more gracefully than in this horrible sketch above. It was light green in colour, with specks of protuberances of dark green. The eyes were prominent, and it turned them perceptibly in different directions, and the pupil was very black. – June 11, 1883.

There was a luncheon to-day of gentlemen and tradesmen at the London Hotel, after which a testimonial, with many complimentary speeches were offered to Mr. Richard Stone, who has just retired, on account of the weight of 80 winters, from the humble offices of Assistant Overseer and collector of the taxes: but he has always behaved himself so well that he secured to himself many friends.

Th. May 20. – Parliament met to-day after the general election. Nothing could exceed the state of excitement in which the country has been placed. In some places there has been rather rough usage, but happily everything has been good humouredly conducted in Sidmouth.

Sidmouth. May, June, 1880

Tu. May 25. 1880.—Finished my Report on the Barrows or Tumuli on the hills that surround Sidmouth, for the next Vol. of Transactions of the Devonshire Association. I have a list of no less than 93, all within six miles. It has involved a great deal more work than I anticipated, for I soon saw that the Report would be worth nothing unless accompanied by illustrations. I am therefore busily engaged in making some lithographed sketches.

Th. May 27. – The spots on the sun have come round again. And they have increased in number and extent. This evening at half past six they had the appearance as here sketched. [Sketch]

Fri. 28.—A short time ago some children brought me a kitten with two perfect faces on one head as I have endeavoured to represent it in the margin. It was in a bottle of spirits. They were the children of Stretchley Churchill, who made for me the stone work round the entrance of the Old Chancel, and the fan tracery of the Hall ceiling. They said that the kitten had lived for a short time after it was born. Such *lusus naturae*, however, are too common to excite wonder. [Sketch]

Sat. 29. – After a month of unusually dry weather, with a clear sky and a burning hot sun, we have got rain and very chilly weather. The rain was much needed. For the last fortnight I have left off fires, and left off winter clothing, but to-day I am glad to fly to both again.

Sun. 30. – This afternoon I took a walk up to Mutter's Moor and on Bulverton Hill. I find that the cairn of flints in the plantation has been taken away since my last visit to this hill.

Fri. June 18. – Went into Exeter to attend a meeting of the Barrow Committee, when my report was approved and accepted. Spent a good hour in the museum, and deposited there some tessellated pavement and other things from the Roman villa at Uplyme, [July 14, 1857.] I hope this Museum is properly appreciated by the Exeter people, as well as by strangers.

Sat. June 19, 1880. – The new ministry, with Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister, has astonished all parties.

Inserted: printed list of Prime Ministers from 1783-1874,

with handwritten additions to 1892

I wish politicians would be truthful, and not so abusive as they are to each other. No doubt the Liberal party (as they call themselves), take them as a whole, are composed of lower materials than the other party, once called Tories, but now usually styled Conservatives; and so we must make allowances for low education, low manners, absence of good breeding, and indifference to the sense of honour and honesty, as we find it among gentlemen. A few months ago the Liberals denounced the Berlin Treaty in vehement terms; and yet, now they are in office, they have decided to uphold it, and enforce its provisions even more stringently than those who framed it: the subject of flogging in the army was hotly discussed in parliament; and the then ministry was abused in gross language for not immediately abolishing it; but now, the present ministry retain it: the annexation of that part South Africa called the Transvaal was strongly opposed, but now it is approved of, and retained: the recall of Sir Bartle Frere was demanded, but now he is confirmed in his post: the acquisition of Cyprus was denounced as a job, a mistake, and a useless appendage; but now

(the following page has been written around a sketch of two positions of the sun in relation to Sidmouth church)

it is to be cherished, improved, and colonised:- and so on with twenty other things. In 1874, when Mr. Gladstone went out of office as Prime Minister, he made great efforts to recover popularity, and he held out a promise, that if he were reinstated, he would abolish the Income Tax. And he is now in office again, and he has begun his administration by putting a penny on the Income Tax, wch. is enough to bring in about a million and a half a year. For more than 20 years we have had several of his near relatives residing here at Sidmouth. They have all been more or less clever: but as they advanced in years, they have become self-willed, unsteady, excentric, and even flighty.

M. June 21. 1880.—Where is the sun now? Every day since the shortest, and we have now arrived at the longest, it has been climbing higher & higher, and rising further and further and further to the eastward. At nine in the morning on the shortest day the sun was just over the chancel of the church, looking from my Oak Room window, and at ten, just over the tower. Now indeed, it is "sky high", and by a rough observation, somewhere about where I have endeavoured to place it on this

page. I delight in long days and plenty of sunshine; and notwithstanding the serious risk of tarnishing the brightness of my complexion, I like to be out in it, and without the use of a lady's parasol.

Tu. June 22. 1880.—The spots on the sun have come round again. [see May 27.] They are more numerous than before. All Great Britain, if not all the world, could drop through some of them easily. Sir John Hershall estimated the diameter of some he saw at 50.000 miles. [Sketch]

Wed. June 23.—Having wished to go to Otterton to see an old man called John White, I made the trip light and agreeable by getting into a public vehicle that left Sidmouth this afternoon on its return to Exmouth. Did not start till late in the afternoon. We went by the old Exeter road to avoid Peak Hill. We passed on by Woolbrook, down Newtonpoppleford Hill, all through Ntnpfd, then short round to the left to Colyton Rawley, then Bicton, then Bicton Cross – where I got down. Came back towards Otterton. Seven o'clock sounded. Found John White. He remembers the former Druidical monmt. or circle on Peak Hill, which I first saw on the old map of 1789, belonging to the Lord of the Manor of Sidmouth. I have copied this circle into my Sidmouth Guide, at p.61 of the Edition of May 1879. It was six great blocks of stone placed in a circle, with a seventh in the middle. From his description I understood that they were blocks of breccia of flints and silicified clay, so common in this neighbourhood; that the stones were set "in open order," as he phrased it; that the circle was about 40 feet or more in diameter; and that when the Rockery was made in Bicton Park, these stones, with many others, were used. He was working at Bicton at the time. I once went over to Bicton grounds, and visited the Rockery – a beautiful dell, with a stream running through it, stopped back by many large blocks of stone. – July 7. [Sketch of stone circle]

Sidmouth. June 1880.

Sat. June 26. –A thunder storm and rain. Foundation stone of Blundel's School laid at Horsden.

M. 28. – Anniversary of the Queen's Coronation. No loyal demonstration of any kind took place at Sidmouth.

Tu. 29.—The annexed shews how an item grows. [Newspaper article attached] The Princess was turned over on the ice near Ottawa last winter in her sleigh, and the jewel is said to have been lost on that occasion.

W.30. – The new parliament is thus classified in the margin. --- [Newspaper article attached] There is a man called Chs. Bradlaugh, a notorious and avowed atheist, and who has published several

pamphlets of a disgracefully immoral character, who has got elected for Northampton; but as he cannot legally take the oath, and as he is a republican, and has often declared his hatred of the Royal family, the contentions in the House have recently been of a very violent nature. He forcibly tried to take his seat; but he was committed a prisoner to the Clock Tower. For the sake of not losing the support of his friends, the ministry are wavering and playing a double game, and it is even proposed to alter the oath, or adopt a simple affirmation. We live in strange times. ---- It has been done.

S. July 3. – Violent thunder showers occasionally.

Sun. 4. – Took a quiet and solitary walk this afternoon up by Bickwell, and Mutter's Moor, to the top of Peak Hill. Walked half a mile south, and came down Stintwell Lane towards Bickwell Farm, and thence by Cotmaton – home.

M. 5. – Mr. Edward Chick called, and I went up on Peak Hill with him by the same route. He wanted to see where the Seven Stones had been. We watched a passenger steamer from the west, land visitors at Sidmouth.

Wed. July 7. – Went over to Otterton by the same vehicle and same route as a fortnight ago. Got down this time at Bicton Church and followed a very beautiful path across the meadows which brought me out near Otterton bridge. Went to John White's cottage. Whilst I was talking to him, a man some ten years younger came in. Both of them said they could remember the Seven Stones in their entirety. I gathered from them that the Rockery was made in 1830, or within a year or two after – that a man and his son called Budd or Budge, (both since dead,) were employed to collect blocks of stone about the hills and bring them to Bickton – and that no orders had been issued for the preservation of objects of antiquity, and in short, that nobody seemed to know anything about such objects, or care anything about them.

Tu. July 13. – Meeting of the Rural Deanery of Ottery at Sidmouth, to protest agst. the Burials Bill, now before Parliament.

Fri. July 16. – Mr. Heineken and myself got in a carriage at one and went to Sidbury to examine the church more fully than we had hitherto done. Passing on through Sidford we noticed the old square chimneys of the houses, some of which have dates upon them. Getting through Sidford, we turned short round to the left up the Buscombe valley to look at the largest block of stone I have seen in this neighbourhood. It lies on the south side of the lane, and within 200 or 300 yards of Brook Farm house. I wanted Mr. H. to see it. Obtained a sketch of it in my sketchbook. It is rather irregular in shape, and not only somewhat sunk in the soil, but a hedge with bushes has been carried up against the eastern side, and partly over the top; but it measured about 10 feet, by 7, by 4 feet. The flint is

the same flint breccias like the Seven Stones, and is very compact and heavy. If we multiply 10 by 7 by 4, we get 280 cubic feet, as the solid contents of the stone; and if we allow 14 cubic feet to the ton, we find the weight of the stone to be 20 tons.

We then went on to Sidbury; and having walked round the church, to refresh our memories on the exterior, we commenced operations by eating our sandwiches in the south porch. [The margin of this page is completely filled with sketches of details of the church.] Apparently there was at one time a stoup for holy water outside, on the right on entering, as a place like a niche has been walled up: and inside the porch, high up, on the left of the door going in, is a small niche of irregular shape, but for what purpose is uncertain. The ceiling of the porch is supported by four ribs springing from the capitals of four small shafts in the corners. There is a large boss in the centre. I mounted to the room above the porch. The floor is covered with fragments of old oak seats and paneling; and the elements have free entry into two windows, where there is no glass. This porch and the turrets beside it are of Perpendicular work, and they have been built up against the older church and tower. Inside E buttress of S transept, outside, used to be an old inscription, as noted under A, but the letters have now all decayed away: and under the long arched recess between the Priests' door and the SE corner there was once an inscription, under B, but that has also well nigh vanished. The checker work pattern under the east window, at C, and the most curious corbel in the corbel table round the outside, I give at D. On going inside, it will be seen that the columns of the nave lean outwards, owing to the thrust of the roof; and I remark this in most churches, There are two squints or hagioscopes E and F. The north one, F, seen on the west side, has a small arch on the outside G. In the chancel there are two small circular headed windows, one north and the other south. [The margin of this page is filled with sketches of details of the church.] There is a tablet on the north side of the chancel, over the Vestry door, to Huyshe: on east wall to Cheek; and to Rev. Bourke Fellowes's first wife, née Rooks: on south wall brasses to Parsons and Fellowes, and tablet to Babington: on north wall to J. Walcott: to Hunt in south transept: to Warren at Tower arch. In the corners of the tower, the corbels from which the ribs spring, are sculptured with four subjects in the margin. The nave is barrel roofed. The chancel arch is pointed. The south wall of the chancel was leaning out, but in 1860 or 1861 it was pulled up. The upper half of the tower was rebuilt about 1855[?]. The two circular arches at the east end of the north and south aisles, are beautiful specimens of late Norman work – if they are so early. I have drawings of them in my sketchbook. The Font is of Perpendicular work. There is a pewter flagon, I believe for the water. Mr. Heineken remembers a leather black jack, some 30 or more years ago, but the present sexton knows nothing of such a thing now.

Being at Sidbury, I am reminded of a quatrain in doggerel verse, addressed to the fleas and called **The Sidbury Anthem**. It was thus: -

Why do those flays torment me zo?

I never did mun wrong.

I catch them with my vore vinger,

An' kill um with my thumb.

As I do not wish to get my head broken, I did not repeat them in Sidbury.

Th. July 22. 1880. – Being in Exeter, I went to examine St. Ann's chapel. [Sketch map in margin.] The triangular piece of ground is now occupied by eight Alms Houses. The chapel remains, but it is divided by two cross walls into three portions. The eastern division is still used as chapel, and the two western divisions are converted into abodes for two poor families. Went on to Dawlish.

Fri. 23. – Walked out to look at the operations at the new Reservoir. The works for supplying the town with water from the Haldon hills are in progress. [Sketch in margin] They have excavated a great pit about 100 feet long, 70 wide, and 10 or 12 deep, and I presume it will be bricked up all round. It is close on the east side of a barrow, which is an old acquaintance of mine. [

Mon. July 26. – Rain. Started for Totnes to attend the annual meeting of the Devonshire Association. Visited the remains of Totnes Castle. They are too much encumbered with trees and surrounding buildings. The plan of the keep is like the annexed, [Sketch in margin] the spectator supposed to be looking towards the north. The circular area, surrounded by the enclosing battlemented wall, and now in grass, is about 24 yards in diameter. There are steps in the wall to go up on the circular walk all round. The walk is about four feet wide, and about 12 above the grass plat. The partly decayed parapet wall is pierced for loopholes. A. Entrance. B. blocked up. C. Steps up to walk. D. Doorway into a small chamber in the wall, about 7 feet long and 6 wide.

Totnes

Tu. July 27. – Attended Council meeting. The Mayor and Corporation gave the Devonshire Association an official reception. We assembled at the Gate House, where the arch spans the Fore Street. The chamber over the arch is now used as a Reading Room. Over the fireplace is a small bust of Henry VIII, and another of Anne Boleyn, in a coloured embossed border, some 8 or 9 inches wide, that runs all round near the ceiling. A procession was formed in the street. The Mayor, in his scarlet robe and gold chain, preceded by the two mace bearers, surrounded by civic officers, and followed by the members, then walked up the street, through the church, according to an old custom, entering by the south porch, and going out at the north, and then to the Guild Hall. After a formal reception, the Mayor gave us a handsome cold collation in an adjoining room. At 8 in the evening we assembled at the Seven Stars Hotel to hear the President's address read.

Wed. 28. –The reading of papers continued during the day. There was a garden party on the Island this evening; but a drizzling rain spoilt it. Here at Totnes bridge, the tide rises and falls some 6 to 8 feet.

I received good praise for my Report on the Barrows near Sidmouth, which is consolation for a good deal of trouble. [May 25, & June 18, 1880.] The annexed i xut from the *Totnes Times*. [transcribed in full, as it is such a nice article!]

“BARROWS

Mr. R.G. Worth, F.G.S., presented the second report of the Committee on Barrows, enclosing a thoroughly exhaustive report from Mr. Hutchinson, of discoveries he had made in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth. The committee hoped to be able to extend their operations, but at present they had only received reports from Mr. Parfitt and Mr. Doe. Mr. Hutchinson's papers, extending over a work of 30 years, was one of the most valuable papers ever presented to the society, and its value was enhanced by the beautiful illustrations, prepared with very great care and presented free of cost to the association, by Mr. Hutchinson, to whom they owed a deep debt of gratitude."

Th. 29. – The reading of papers was continued to the end. Excursions had been organised to Dartington Hall, and to Berry Pomeroy Castle. I went with the party to the latter. It is lamentable to see how the owners of this, and of other magnificent ruins, leave them to damp, weeds, brambles, overgrown ivy, and forest trees. People seem to think that ruins are preserved by neglect. How long would our houses last if they were treated in the same way? I observed several oak lintels over doorways and windows; and it is wonderful that they have thus lasted ever since the place was habitable, some two or three centuries ago. Then we went a mile to Berry Pomeroy church, where there is a fine stone screen, coloured and gilt, which has been restored simply by washing; and when dry, a coat of oil. We then went to the old house adjoining, on the north-east, where J. Mitchelmore, the Mayor of Totnes, and agent of the Duke of Somerset, and his family live. They entertained us with a handsome collation in the dining room, the chimney piece and one of the doorways in which are of gray granite, and the effect is not bad. We got back to Totnes before dark.

Fri. 30.—One party went in carriages among the wilds of Dartmoor, and another by steam down the Dart. I joined the latter. We had a steam launch, and a large boat or barge lashed to it, and started from the Seymour Hotel stairs at half past ten in the morning. The last time I was down the Dart was October 2, 1847, as I see by my Sketchbook. This Diary does not go back so far, as I destroyed all before 1848. We got down in due time, admiring the beautiful scenery all the way, and stopping in one place to shout and listen to the echo. We made for the Britannia, Training Ship, and went all over her, together with the two decker, attached to her. She is indeed an immense fabric. The cadets were home for the holidays. We then landed at Dartmouth – visited the church – most elaborately decorated – some old houses, and a private Museum. We embarked, and returned well pleased; and I agreed in opinion with one of my friends, in being surprised so few gentlemen's residences are seen on the banks of the Dart.

Sat. July 31. 1880. – Took the rail at Totnes and went to Buckfastleigh. The colour of the Dart, and of all the streams about Dartmoor, strikes me as very brown, and quite different from that of the rivers nearer Exeter. Seeing the spire of the church tower, I made for it by the shortest cut up to the top of a high hill. There is a small square chamber, looking like a dead-house, in the churchyard, near the south porch. At the east end of the yard, about 100 yards from the church, there are the ruined walls of a small building, looking like the remains of a chapel. The south wall, with small doorway and window, remains, and about 32 feet long, but once longer: the east wall, with remains of a window, but no tracery, some 31 feet wide: part of north wall: and no west wall. A mass of ivy is destroying it. I was unable to see a habitation or find the town when I got out of the churchyard. I walked some

distance, and meeting three boys, they told me to keep down hill towards the southwest and I shd. find it. The houses are old fashioned and heavy, and built of stone, being the Devonian slate. There is a limestone quarry east of the church. Towards evening I returned.

Sun. Aug. 1. 1880. – Parish Church. There are eight fine toned bells. There is a very curious archway diagonally across the north-east corner, and behind the buttress outside. Sketching from memory, it is something like the annexed. [Sketch]

There was apparently once an entrance into the chancel at that corner. Within a year or two it has been stopped.

M. Aug. 2. – Decided on an excursion round Dartmoor. Went down to Plymouth, and enjoyed two hours on the Hoe, where I had not been for many years. Then took the rail for Lidford, where I stopped for four hours. Looking sw. from Lidford stations some three miles, the conical hill of Brent Tor, with its solitary church on the top of it, stands out against the sky. [Sketch] It reminded me of Glastonbury Tor in its style and general appearance. Lidford is a mile and a half from the station. The Waterfall is three quarters of a mile. I started off to see it: came to a few houses: went under an arch of the branch rail to Launceston, and through a farmyard. The farmer here claimed two pence a head on visitors. I descended a steep path to the level of the Lyd, and doubled back up stream some 300 yards. Here a tributary comes rushing down a chasm in the dark slate rock, all foam and spray. I met plenty of visitors rambling about. The wild hills here are every where covered with oak coppice. Came up the same way, and walked on to Lidford, now looking like a poor village. I passed over the celebrated Lidford Bridge. I have pasted in an old view opposite. I wish the chasm could be as well seen now, as it could in 1810. I looked down over the bridge, and heard the rushing water, but the whole chasm is choked up with trees and foliage. There is a limit to this kind of beauty. If the foliage obstructs the sight of other beauties, it is plain that an advantage would be gained if a portion were judiciously thinned out. The chasm is deep and beautiful: but what is its beauty if you cannot see it? Some years ago a gentleman [Mr. D. Radford] bought the land on the left, below the bridge, (opposite your right in the picture,) [illustration inserted] but he allows visitors to scramble down and examine the chasm from below. I had not time to go down. I was anxious to get on to Lidford Castle. To do this I walked nearly another half mile. On entering the village, town, or city from the south, first, there is the church on the left, close to the road in its churchyard; and then close to it on the north-east, the small enclosures containing what remains of the castle. Sketching merely from memory, the arrangements are like the annexed. [Sketch] I was wofully disappointed to see so little; and still more so, to see such utter neglect. Who has the care of Lidford Castle? or is it purposely consigned utter extinction? It is now nothing but a plain massive keep about sixteen yards square outside, with the walls about six feet thick. [Diagram] The masonry is not in courses, and the stones are rough pieces of slate of the district, or stray fragments of granite. The entrance doorway is in the north west front. There are three chambers within: a large one, and two small; and under one of the small is the dungeon. The large chamber is paved with small stones; and some ducks seemed quite at home there in a pool of water, that had collected from the recent rains. There are no floors or roof; but I was told in the village that there were both within memory, and dances on festive occasions. The stairs, immediately on the right of entering, are in the thickness of the wall; at the top of which there is a short chamber or passage, and a doorway on the floor, when it was there. By means of a ladder, access can be had to the upper flight, and thence to the top of the walls. The

amount of rain that settles upon and soaks into the tops of walls some six feet wide, and the quantity of snow that lodges upon them in winter, and melts and percolates all through them in spring, is a source of destruction that is always at work. There is a mass of the casing at the top of the north-east wall that is bulging out from this cause, and will come down before long. Such wilful neglect is much to be lamented and much to be blamed. Walked back to the station – took the train – and got to Okehampton before dark. Drove to the Hotel and ordered tea.

Tu. Aug. 3. – After breakfast I was impatient to go and see the ruins of the castle. At the Hotel door my landlady was talking to a gentleman, whom I afterwards learnt, bore the name of Saville, and was son of a former large

Okehampton. Aug. 1880. Dawlish.

Landowner in the neighbourhood, and builder of that large square mansion a mile northward from Okehampton, and owner of the Castle away westward. He offered to take me to the ruins of the Castle, and I went. He told me that about forty years ago his late father sold the remains of Okehampton Castle, with about five acres of ground, to Sir Richard Vyvyan, for £2000. Sir Richard died a year or two ago, and his nephew Sir Vyal is now the owner. During all this forty years the place has been abandoned to the most utter neglect. The old walls are smothered with weeds, bushes, brambles, and a mass of lanky overgrown trees; and their roots, together with the uncared-for rain, are doing their best to loosen and bring down everything very shortly. Mr. Saville, I believe at his own expense, has had several places repaired and supported with masonry where the massive walls were cracking and opening from these very causes. It is lamentable to see the condition of most of the ruins, and the indifference to them manifested by their owners. Then walked to the Station and took the train. Passed by Crediton, forgetting that I wanted to copy Sir William Peryam's monument in the church. In Queen Elizabeth's time Sir W. had a good deal to do with Sidmouth, and I have got his coat of arms in the ceiling of the Oak Room. Arrived at Exeter; and finally to Sidmouth at half past six.

Fri. Aug. 6. 1880. – Made lithographic sketch of the old Font at Christ Church, Ilfracombe, for the current vol. of the Trans. Dev. Assoc. to illustrate a paper on it by Miss Price.

M. Aug. 9. – Between 9 and 10 this morning, Rose Cottage, or as they now call it, "Rose Lawn", (though you might reasonably enquire where the Lawn is,) was discovered to be on fire. The fire first came out of the thatch near the western dormer window, and I watched the fire all through until the whole building was destroyed. As the fire began at the top and burnt downwards, there was time to get the furniture out. The house was occupied by Dr. Stokes and his family. As to the origin of the fire, one story ran to the effect that one of the ladies sealed a letter at one of the upper windows, and thoughtlessly threw the remains of the still burning match out on the thatch. Another declared that it arose from defect in the kitchen chimney.

Tu. Aug. 10. – Walked to Salcombe, and called on Mrs. and Miss Soulsby.

Fri. 20. – Rode to the Station. Walked to Sidford. Very hot sun and dusty roads. Made a sketch of some old houses with stone chimneys, on the Sidbury side of the village. Then walked on to the great stone near Brook Farm. [July 16.] Got into the field: took out my colour box: sat on the grass, and put in the details of the sketch began a month ago. Walked back.

Millions of black flies are setting on everything on the beach.

Sat. Aug. 21.—We learn from the other side of the Herring Pond that a certain Dr. Tanner has completed his long fast. [Newspaper cutting attached] He however, drank any amount of water - and perhaps something more. There are various ways of getting one's name up. [He died from a fall. Aug. 1881.]

Sun. Aug. 29. – In the afternoon walked over Salcombe Hill and back by the edge of the cliff. Bright sun – very hot – on the top a gentle breeze from the eastward. The air was full of black flies, coming from the east. I have written to Mr. Parfitt of Exeter about the black flies. He informs me that the creature belongs to the East – that the prevailing easterly winds have driven them over from the Continent – and that the name is *Dilophus spinatus*.

M. 30. – At private theatricals at Knowle.

Sat. Sep. 4.—Called on Mr. Fisher at Blackmore Hall. [Mar.19. Ap. 15. 1879.] He has now got some etchings by Felix Buhot. The effect is very beautiful, I must say, but an art critic would scarcely pronounce them legitimate etchings. Half the depth of colour in the shadows is produced by smearing ink on the surface of the plate. This is done by the printer: not the etcher. There is also a great deal of dry point work, with the burr left.

Sidmouth. Sep. 1880.

M. Sep. 6. -- The weather has become showery, after a beautifully dry and hot month of August, during which the wheat, at all events in the south of England, has been got in. On the 11th the thermometer reached 80° in the open air, and 135° in the sun on the 5th.

Sent out to Dr. Fitch Edward Oliver, of Boston, Massachusetts, the seal that had belonged to his ancestor, Lieut-Governor Oliver, more than a century ago. My grandmother was the Lieut-Gov.'s daughter. I etched an inscription on a silver label, and attach it to the seal by two silver rings. The stone is amethyst. The arms are Oliver of Lewes, Sussex, England, e.g. – Ar. a naked arm issuing from a cloud on the sinister side, holding a hand cut off, and dropping blood. Crest – a dove ar. holding in its beak an olive branch vert. I don't know however, whether the family can be traced to Sussex. The descendants of the Lt. Gov.'s younger son, who came to England at the time of the Revolution, have now all died out, and hence the reason for sending the seal to the representative of the other.

The second in date grant of arms to Hutchinson that I know of is this: - **Per pale gu. & az, a Lion rampant ar. within an orle of 16 cross-crosslets or. Crest – A demi wyvern ar. scaled azure, beaked, crested & wattled gu. issuant from a ducal coronet or.** Granted by T. Flower, Norrey, July 4, 1581, to – Hutchinson of Wykeham Abbey, co. York. [sketch of coat of arms]

In the Heralds Visitations of Nottinghamshire, 1569 and 1614, the arms of the Owthorpe branch are given thus: - The pedigree is in **Per pale gu. & az, seme of cross-crosslets or, a Lion rampant guardant ar. Crest – a cockatrice az. legged and combed or.** the 1st Edition of the Life of Col. Hutchinson. [sketch of coat of arms]

My own branch thus: - **Per pale gu. & az, a Lion rampant ar. ye feild charged with cross-crosslets of ye 4th. Crest – A cockatrice az. weloped, and armed gu. issuant out of a ducall crown or; & is Borne by the name of Hutchinson of Lincolnshire.** The number of cross-crosslets, by the wording, is not fixed. [sketch of coat of arms]

The Earls of Donoughmore are descended from Richard Hutchinson, (who bought Knocklofty, &c.) a younger brother of William H. who went to Massachusetts in 1634. The elder branch, (mine) was ruined by the American Revolution. [sketch of coat of arms]

Hutchinson of Cornforth and Whitton is described in Burke's Landed Gentry. The Pedigree begins with Elizabeth. Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate married Mary H. of this branch. The Lion is here altered to gold. William H. the Historian of Durham, and Thomas H. the Editor of Xenophon, were of this branch. – I have put the cross-crosslets too much in the form of an orle, which I think is not intended to be so. [sketch of coat of arms]

Hutchinson of Carsington, Durham, is also in Burke. The pedigree begins with Henry VIII. This branch, from failure of male heirs, has now merged into the family of Hutchinson-Synge, of Syngefield, co. Cork. [sketch of coat of arms] Crosslets too much like an orle.

Foster of Aylesbury in Berkshire, 1650, Went to Boston, Massachusetts. My great-great-grandfather, Thomas H. married Sarah, eldest daughter of Col. John Foster. There was a younger daughter Lydia, married another H., but the name has died out. These arms are on a silver tankard in Boston. They were sent me by Dr. F. E. Oliver. I have a right to quarter them. [sketch of coat of arms]

Sanford, of Boston, Lincolnshire, went early to America. Governor H., my great-grandfather married Margaret, eldest second daughter of Wm. Sanford. Lieut. Gov. Oliver married Mary, second eldest daughter, as second wife. All the issue is extinct. Grizzle, the third, died single. No brothers. I have a right to quarter these arms. They are in Berry's Heraldry, as thus: - **Argent, a chief gules.** No crest recorded. [sketch of coat of arms]

Wed. Sep. 15.—I may as well preserve the Ogham alphabet, without being compelled to use it when writing to my friends. [alphabet written out in the margin] I took it from a book called *Our Ancient Monuments*, by C.P. Kains-Jackson. He, however, has put at the bottom, the end I have put at the top. Sir John Lubbock wrote the Preface, and I extract his remarks on the ancient races of Europe. He says -

In the Paleolithic, a Drift Gravel period, man was clothed in the skins of beasts. Implements were of wood, bone, horn, or of stone chipped out, but not polished. No pottery. Two distinct races inhabited Europe.

In the next, or Neolithic period, a small advance had been made. The stone implements are ground smooth and polished, and they are different in shape from the first. Rude, hand-made pottery is first met with. The dog, ox, sheep, goat, and pig had been domesticated. Flax clothing used. Tilled the ground. Gold unknown.

In the Bronze Age, this metal was employed for cutting purposes. Pottery of better make. Gold, amber, and glass had become known. No traces of coins or of letters.

In the Age of iron this metal had been discovered; and if smelted with charcoal, as of course they did it, it is malleable at once. Silver, lead, and zinc had been discovered. Letters had been invented.

Wed. Sep. 22. – Wrote to my nephew Parker Oliver H. near Adelaide, S. Australia, and sent him a sketch of the H. arms.

Th. Sep. 23. – Mr. and Mrs. Stirling came and took a lodging for a week, wishing to see me before they go to Naples for the winter. He is the sole representative of my great-grandfather's younger brother.

Th. Sep. 30.—The Stirlings left; the weather having been beautiful during their stay.

Fri. Oct. 1.—Finished binding five large volumes, in blue leather backs and corners, and marble paper sides. The large folio one contains old newspapers: and the four small folio vols. are old letters; all referring to America and the Revolution.

Wed. Nov. 17.—On this day of the month, in the year 1810, I was born at Winchester. My father was Physician to Winchester Hospital, as he had been before to Exeter; and I was baptised at Heavitree the year afterwards. By temperance and regular living I have gone on, and I have not had a day's

illness for thirty years: and I feel as young as I always did, except that my limbs are not quite so elastic as they were.

Sat. Nov. 20.—It has suddenly become mild. We have passed through the severest fortnight I ever remember in November. The wind north-east, the frost very hard, and on the 18th a strong snowstorm,

Wed. Nov. 24. – The arrival of a number of French Jesuits at Sidmouth has taken most people by surprise. Peak House has been for some time empty, and tenants were desirable. The tradesmen, who can see nothing beyond how much money they can make of every new arrival, are delighted; but the gentry and the educated classes, look at this with eyes of a different kind. [newspaper cutting attached]

Sidmouth. Dec. 1880.

Wed. Dec. 1. –Looking over a portfolio of old papers, I came across the Commission appointing me to be a Lieutenant in the Sidmouth Volunteer Artillery, when the corps was first formed in 1859. It is signed by the late Earl Fortescue. I insert it here. [document attached to opposite page]

Tu. Dec. 21. – Shortest day. Very fine for the time of year. Clear sky and a bright sunshine, and therewithall mild. And at nine this morning, there is the sun exactly over the chancel of the parish church, and at ten just over the pinnacles of the tower, as it was this day last year, according to my sketch then taken. The solar system must be a wonderful piece of machinery. Many millions of miles I have travelled since then. The earth has carried me 366 times round its own axis, being Leap year, and once round the orbit of the sun. Let us see – the circumference of the earth at the equator is about 24,000 miles; but as I am at 50° and a little more north, say 20,000 every day. The distance of the sun, according to the last transit of Venus, was 93,373,000 of miles, say 93,500,000. Twice that the diameter of his own = 187,000,000. Then $20,000 \times 366 = 7,320,000$: and the diameter of the sun's orbit $187,000,000 \times 3$, the circumference = $561,000,000 + 7,320,000 = 568,000,000$ miles, or thereabout – a journey that any lazy fellow may take in a year, while lying in his bed.

Th. Dec. 23.—Turning over a portfolio, I came upon my old commission, by which I was appointed a Lieutenant when the Sidmouth Volunteer Artillery corps was formed. I have placed it opposite. – *You forgot you entered it above, old fellow.*

Fri. Dec. 24.—Mr. Gladstone, now Prime Minister, is very excitable and flighty, just as his cousins used to be, who formerly lived at Sidmouth. People have doubted his consistency and his stability, and some looker-on has amused himself and his readers by putting forward the anagram here annexed. [newspaper cutting reads: A SURPRISE ANAGRAM. – For the benefit of those likely to be surprised. – The Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. – I am the Whig who'll be a traitor to England's rule. – Judy]

Sat. Dec. 25.—Christmas Day, and very mild.

Mon. Dec. 27.—The following account of Sir Stephen Cave's new house at Sidbury recently appeared in the papers. [two long articles appended, one being a description of the new house at Sidbury, the other an account of the Will of Sir Stephen Cave]

Tu. Dec. 28.—Executed a new Will. Owing to my nearest relations, my brother's children, being in South Australia, I find it very difficult to arrange my affairs and houses and odds and ends to my satisfaction. In spite of the bother and expenses and anxieties of wives and children, as I hear married men say, it is better on the whole for people to marry and make the best of it. They then have somebody to live for and take an interest in: and they have somebody near them to hand their property over to without trouble. Had ladies not been such costly people, I would never have remained as I am. *Not my last Will.*

[Newspaper cutting: letter from POH to the Editor of the Exeter and Plymouth Express, on 'Old Verses']

Fri. Dec. 31. 1880.—Last day of the year. Fine and clear, but rather cold. There was an eclipse of the sun this afternoon. It began about a quarter before 2: at its fullest about a quarter before 3: and in another hour it was pretty well over. Being clear, I had a good view of it. [sketch]

POH Transcripts - 1881

Sat. Jan. 1. 1881. – I am told that such a set of symmetrical figures as 1881, which may be read upsidedown and backwards with equal correctness, has not occurred since 1001, and will not occur again till 8008. But how about 2002, 3003, 4004 – and so on?

Sat. 8.—Went to the funeral of Mr. Samuel Chick. Very cold in the cemetery.

Mon. 10.—A Coffee Tavern has been opened, at the former Institution Reading Room, opposite the London Hotel, promoted by some of the gentry of the place, for the good purpose of trying to get people to take tea and coffee, instead of intoxicating drinks. There is a lamentable amount of drunkenness here no doubt, and I hope this attempt may do good, - but!

Sat. 15. – Fine and bright sunshine, but cold. The pump and tanks frozen, and much inconvenience for want of water.

Mon. 17. – Slight thaw, and we hoped it was over.

Tu. 18.—Worse than ever. A strong north-easter, and so thick a snow storm all day, the gusts of wind driving it in clouds, that I could not always discern even the outline of the church and the houses across the field.

W. 19.—Still the same, and still a driving snow. The snow has drifted and accumulated so much and high round some parts of the Old Chancel, that we are nearly snowed up. It is hard to know how to send messages into the town for food, or how errand boys can come, if this lasts long. If such weather did not bring misery, sickness, and death to many persons and to the wild birds and wild animals who have to face it, and for whom I most feel because they are the most helpless, this change in the face of nature would be beautiful from its variety. It is amusing to see the gyrations of a gust of wind and snow, flying and twisting like March dust, as it courses down the field between the Old Chancel and the church, and passing over a surface as white and as smooth as the sugar on the top of a bridecake.

Th. 20.—Yesterday evening we held a consultation, to consider what food we had in the house; for such is the quantity of snow in the thoroughfares, and drifted in high banks round the corners, that nobody has come near us for 24 hours, not even the milkman. This morning after breakfast, feeling that it would be well to establish some communication with the outer world, I put on extra clothing, and taking a shovel, sallied out and cut allies through the banks of snow from the front door and the back door to the extent of my premises. I am sorry I could not have the scene photographed as it was. It was both curious and beautiful to remark the glittering white ridges and heaps, looking like chains of mountains a few feet high running about the premises, and in one place an eddy had whisked the snow round a shrub about six feet high, so as to cover it by a sort of conical mountain. The newspapers are full of the most stirring accounts of the disasters now occurring all over the country owing to unusual storm and low temperature. At Sidmouth I believe it has not gone down below 14° in the air at night, and 6° on the grass.

Sat. 22. – The appearance in the town from the quantity of snow is quite a sight. This afternoon there were ten carts and horses, with two or three men to each, in the street on the south side of

the church, loading and clearing away snow, for the purpose of facilitating access to the services tomorrow.

Sun. 23.—The cutting north-east wind remains, but the sky is clear. The low temperature continues. It even affects the tone of the church bells. The hours on the clock and the quarters, strike with a sort of feeble and muffled sound.

Wed. 26.—Wind veering from north-east to south-east and south: looking stormy, and feeling milder.

Sat. 29.— The snow is all melting, and the roads very muddy.

Tue. Feb. 1.—Henry May, my gardener and milkman, took my coach house and stable of No. 4, Coburg Terrace, (the house at present untenanted) to put a young calf in, to wean it from the mother.

Wed. 3.- Winter concert of the amateur Choral Society took place. It was to have come off a fortnight ago, but at that time the town was buried in snow, the roads were blocked, and all traffic was stopped.

Sidmouth. Mar. 1881.

Mon. Mar. 14.—So the Emperor of Russia has been assassinated at last. Dreadful as such things are, there are very few who are surprised. [Turn back to March 10, 1880.] Yesterday afternoon about two, he was returning through a street in St. Petersburg, when an explosive shell was thrown under the carriage. It blew up and shattered the carriage, and the Emperor got out. Immediately another was thrown. It exploded at his feet, and shattered his legs up to his thighs. He was carried to the Winter Palace, where he died in about an hour and a half. The time has passed for one man by his single will to try and rule a country like Russia. All the neighbouring nations have representative governments, and the Russian people know it. With such a system of secret police, of espionage, of military tyranny, and the deportation of crowds yearly to Siberia, who can be surprised if there exists deep-rooted discontent in the country? His eldest son has been proclaimed as Alexander III. Let us hope that he will consider these things for the good of his people.

Tu. Mar. 15.—I have now got two impressions of the annexed old view of Sidmouth— one in the Fifth volume of my History, and the other I place here. It is dated July 1, 1796, and is interesting as being the earliest dated view of Sidmouth I have met with. [attached on the next double page] Peak House and the row at the head of the Fort Field had then been only recently built. “The Ram’s Horn,” or labyrinth of posts and nets on the Chit Rocks, wherein fish were entangled and caught, and of which I have heard old people speak, is here shewn. It was all destroyed in the storm of Nov. 1824. All these old portraits of scenery (which they profess to be, but which are not) would be much more valuable if they were only more correct in outline and detail.

Wed. Mar. 16.—I have got a duplicate of the annexed engraving, bearing the date of 1831. [attached to previous page] It is wrong in the outlines, and features of the hills, like almost all other landscapes; and the tower is faulty, for it had no pinnacles in that day, (I have known the tower since 1825,) and it never had a pyramidal roof with a staff in the middle. Suppose this engraving were brought forward as a proof that it had: consider the falsehood it would establish. Artists never seem to reflect on the responsibility that hangs on the truth of their

pencil. The engraving is interesting, as shewing traces of the wooden groynes running from the line of the Esplanade down to the sea. They were put there under the hope of collecting shingle; but the experiment did not succeed. The shingle shifted as the wind and the waves shifted, but the groynes never restrained any. I saw them placed there about 1830; and I saw them some years afterwards when they were falling to disrepair. As they were found to be useless, nothing was done by the town to save them; so that what the waves did not carry away, the fishermen stole for fire wood.

Tu. Mar. 22. 1881.—My late father once wrote down the following capital letters, telling me they must be read off according to French pronunciation, and asked me, what they were? I need only observe that the two first letters indicate the female name Eilène.

LNETDPY,

LNAVQ,

LAETME,

LNEDCD.

Th. Mar. 24.—There is a project in Sidmouth for putting a new organ in Sidmouth parish church, at the cost of £300, if they can raise it. The present organ, they say, will fetch £150.

Wed. Mar. 30.—Finished reading to the end of the Fifth Volume of Kinglake's History the Russian War in the Crimea. It is clear, but too prolix. The deeds of daring and of heroism performed by our men against greatly superior numbers, were truly astonishing. Equally astonishing were the blunders made in not walking into Sebastopol immediately after the Battle of the Alma, and on other occasions.

Sidmouth. April, 1881.

Fri. Ap. 1. 1881.—I am keeping house owing to a cold and sore throat, for the cutting north-east winds still continue very strong. The Vicar called, and I had a long conversation with him on Vestry meetings, church alterations, and the project for a new organ. Mr. Lethaby, our local bookseller, and one of the most intelligent men in the town, called in, and I had a long talk with him on parish affairs, and the approaching Census to be taken on Monday next. Mr. Ede, of Lansdowne called, and we discussed France and South Africa, where he has boys settled. Dr. Radford, of Sidmouth called, and I had a long chat with him on science and art, in both which he is well read. Mr. Fisher, of Blackmore Hall called. He has a fine collection of prints, water colour drawings, and etchings by our best modern artists. He has some new etchings to shew me the first opportunity.

M. Ap. 4.—Having read Kinglake's History of the Crimean War, I was induced to read his Eothen. He tells us that the word Eothen is ηωθεν in Greek, and means From the early dawn, or From the East - a fair title for a book of Eastern travel. He travelled in Palestine and Egypt. The book is pleasantly written, and that is its chief merit. There is no description of art, architecture, or sculpture, in the ruins, mosques, temples, or palaces which he visits - or none of a critical nature.

Sat. Ap. 9.—The two volumes of John Adolphus's History of France, 1790-1802, crossed my path, so I read them. The atrocities of the revolutionary period are most horrible. Fiends in human form. It is rather satisfactory, as a matter of retribution, to observe, that most of those who were so active in

sending their neighbours to the guillotine, sooner or later, by the fickle changes in public opinion, lost their heads by the guillotine themselves.

M. Ap. 18.—My cousin at Dawlish, Mary Roberton, died this morning at 2.30. She was above 80. She has bequeathed me something, and my sister something. [small newspaper cutting attached]

Tu. Ap. 19.—This morning at 4.30 died Benjamin D'Israeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, one of the greatest statesmen this country ever produced. One of my female servants asked me if the Earl of Beaconsfield and Garibaldi were the same person? I thought I should have been sick.

Fri.22.—Between £400 and £500 are already promised for the new organ, and the present one, (which is not bad) is advertised for sale. Apply to the organist. [newspaper cutting attached]

Fri. May 10.—Owing to the making and widening of the new road from Sea View and past Redlands, the old Archery Ground has been trespassed upon, so now the archers shoot in Great Blackmore Field, close behind the Old Chancel, and began to-day.

W.18.—Mr. Fisher of Blackmore Hall called, and brought the 10 etchings to look at, executed by David Laws, a Scotch artist of repute. They were about 12 inches long and 9 high. The subjects are mostly scenes on the upper Thames. I admired them amazingly: but I do not approve of the modern practice of heightening the effect by browning the half shades, and intensifying the deep shades by rubbing ink over the work.

Fri. May 20. 1881.—Finished Vol. V. and last of my MS. History of Sidmouth, written in five quarto volumes bound in green vellum. I end this History with the end of the year 1880, by way of closing at a definite point; and if any event occurs in Sidmouth worth recording, I shall jot it down in this book. I should have preferred consigning the work to some place in Sidmouth, where the inhabitants could read it freely at all hours; but as there is no endowed literary Institution here, to which the public could have easy access, there is no alternative but to bequeath it to the Free Library in Queen Street, Exeter. If I had been a rich man, it would have been my delight to have built and endowed a Free Library and Museum in Sidmouth. The compilation of the book, which is very deficient in many places, has afforded a good deal of amusement for a long time; but the end is very welcome, as I want leisure for other things that have been neglected.

Sat. May 21. 1881.—The engraving opposite has caused some curiosity in Exeter. [attached] In the winter they were pulling down an old house in South Street, when a bundle of these prints was found in a secluded place. It is surmised that it was the label of some English firm of serge merchants trading with Spain, the Spanish sentence meaning "Finest serge of England of the new make." The Rio de Londres, meaning the Thames, may imply that the head house was in London, and perhaps there was a branch house in Exeter. The coat of arms at the top may be the arms of the company or firm, not yet identified. The letters S.S. & E.C. have not yet been explained, which appear in the circular disc at the bottom.

Sun. May 22.—The saw-mill at Sidford, lying in the lane north of the church, was accidentally burnt down this afternoon, during divine service.

Mon. 23.—This morning Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, landed here from the *Lively* to inspect the Coast Guard. His wife, the sister of the present Emperor of Russia, accompanied him, with Lady

Harriet Grimstone, and Lieut. Ricard, R.N. As there were some waves on the beach, the Life Boat went off, Mr. Floyd, the Secretary going too. The Royal party got into the Life Boat. Mr. Floyd sat on the gunnel, to make more room, and somehow fell overboard. One of the crew named Conant, jumped over after him, and then another called Bartlett; and they soon fished him up. On landing, they went to the Preventive Station at the east end of the beach, where Dr. Pullin of Sidmouth, who holds the appointment of Medical attendant to the station, gave his Royal Highness a photograph of Woolbrook Glen, at the west end of the beach, where the Queen, as an infant was nursed, and where the Duke of Kent died on the 23rd of Jany. 1820. The crowd was so great there was no moving. The Duke however, inspected the men and visited their residences. Mrs. Davidson, of Richmond Lodge, lent her carriage to go to Exmouth in, and Mr. Chamberlain, of the York Hotel, supplied four horses. The weather was bright and beautiful, and they drove over Peak Hill. Mr. Harris the Dairy-man, of Sidmouth, also gave them a cream cheese, of all things in the world. On driving into Exmouth, the postillions, by some awkwardness, ran the pole of the carriage into an omnibus and broke it, and the Royal party were obliged to dismount. There have been many curious stories in circulation about Mr. Floyd's mishap, the cheese, and this event; but as it is hard to get at the true particulars, I let them go. For the last two or three months Mr. Floyd has been far from well, and has been more or less keeping house; and he has told me since that he was not fit to go, and that he supposes he must have fainted, as he lost consciousness. He was only sensible of a rather pleasant sound of water in his ears, and was unable to make any effort to save himself. He would soon have ceased to live if he had not been picked up.

Tu. May 24. 1881.—Queen's Birthday. The parish bounds were to-day perambulated, after an interval of fourteen years. I walked every step of the way last time, but I thought this time that I would take matters more easily, so I rode and walked in turn. The undertaking was promoted by Mr. Hine-Haycock, who now owns all the northern end of the parish. He gave us a splendid cold collation in a tent on the ridge of Core Hill. Just as we were preparing to start at ten in the morning, a telegram came from the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh from Torquay to Mr. Floyd, to enquire how he was after his immersion? He telegraphed back thanking them, and saying that he had quite recovered. We started at the east end of the beach, going north to Core Hill: then back to Stowford; then to the top of Bulverton Hill; then to the edge of the cliff on Peak Hill: then down. We had some champaign at Belmont, and then dispersed.

1881. Sidmouth, Dawlish

W. June 1.—Went to Belmont Villa, Dawlish for a few days. Took my fossil stems into Exeter, and left them at the Museum. [May 13, 1878.]

Th. June 2.—Packed up cabinet of fossils, &c. left for me. Among the things are three vertebrae of an ichthiosaurus stuck together : some old silver coins: tesserae, amber, nail or claw of the tiger that killed the coach horse near Salisbury Plain, about 1816: fossil bones procured by Dr; Buckland and my late cousins from Chudleigh Cavern, &c.

Sale of residue of 99 years lease of house took place. About 65 years to run. It fetched £1310.

Sat. June 4.—Returned to Sidmouth. Weather excessively hot.

Sat. June 11.—There have been various thunderstorms in different parts of the country, though not at Sidmouth: but the air has become so cold that we are now putting on winter clothing again, and many have got fires. In the northern counties there has been ice and snow.

Fri. June 17.—Dined at the Vicarage. Sixteen at dinner – Mr. & Mrs. Hine-Haycock, of Belmont: Mr. & Mrs. Thornton, of Knowle: Mr. & Mrs. Fisher, of Blackmore Hall: Rev. Mr. & Mrs. Jenkins, of The Myrtles: Miss Clements: Mrs. Davidson, of Richmond Lodge: Captain Christy and his niece Miss Steinman, of Core Hill: Mr. Circuit: Mr. & Mrs. Clements: and self.

Sat. June 18.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have very kindly sent their photographs down to Mr. Floyd. I have been looking at them to-day. They are three-quarter figures, and the photos are some seven inches high. The Duke has written his name “Alfred” at the foot of his portrait: and the Duchess has written “Marie” at the foot of hers. [newspaper cutting attached]

M. June 27.—During the past week the appearance of a comet in the northern heavens has attracted the attention of the community. [sketch] Sundry old women (of both sexes) are shaking their heads and foreboding all sorts of terrible consequences. One declared in my hearing that it was very lucky the tail was pointing upwards into the sky, for if it had been pointing downwards to the earth, we should all of us have been burnt up. Another foretold the speedy end of the world. Another thought we should only all die of the pestilence. Some ascribed its coming to the spell of hot weather we had at the beginning of the month. Others laid the blame on Mr. Gladstone’s Ministry, now in power. One wondered what could be so deadly in the tail: a second wanted to know what the tail was composed of: and a third said – “You can find out with a pinch of salt.”

I had a good look at it to-night, for the sky was clear, but only with a common three-foot telescope. It did not shew itself till ten, as the daylight lasted so late. Between 11 and 12 it was nearly under the Pole star, nearly mid-way between that and the earth, but nearer the earth. A small nucleus was visible. Tail pointing nearly to Pole Star, and about 10° long. Great Bear to the west, and Cassiopæa to the east. As far as I hear, the comet is an unknown one, and was unexpected. It has passed the perihelion, and is going.

Sidmouth. 1881.

Tu. June 28.—Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Ede and Lansdowne: called on the Rev. J. Robinson at Rosebank: and on Mrs. Mackenzie at Fair Lawn.

W. 29.—Walked out about two miles and a half to Core Hill, formerly the property of Mr. J.D. Arnold, now that of Mr. Hine Haycock, and called on Captain Christy and Miss Steinman, who reside there. Mrs. and Miss Radford of Sidmount came out. Walked about their garden and ground. Walked back.

Th. 30.—Bought a crab from the singularity of one of its claws. [sketch] Out of the top of the mandible of the true claw A, a second claw B had grown. There are however, no joints or articulations in the excrescence or small additional claw B.

Fri. July 1.—The weather has now become very hot and dry, and favourable for hay making, which is in full progress.

Sat. 2.—A general progress, translation, or movement of organs is now going on in Sidmouth. Some £600 or £800 having now been subscribed, a new one, by Hill of London, is coming down. The parish church organ is now in course of removal to All Saints, Mrs. Hine-Haycock having presented it: All

Saints organ has been sold to the Independents, and they have sold theirs to some one in Exeter. Thus the way is opened for the new one from London.

Tu. July 5.—Thunder and lightening from 4 to 9 P.M.

Th. 8.—The comet still visible. [newspaper cutting about the comet attached] As it is receding from the sun, when the sun is below the horizon, the comet appears to be moving away from it by going upwards towards in the direction of the Pole Star.

Sidmouth and Dawlish. July 1881.

M. July 25.—Went to Dawlish to attend the meeting of the Dev. Asso. Lodged with the servants of my late cousin, in the new house she gave them.

Tu. 26.—Walked out to the new Reservoir, and looked at the Barrow in the field close on the W. side of it. We applied for leave to open the Barrow, but the owner refused permission. The President read his introductory Address.

W. 27.—Reading papers at the Town Hall. Dinner at the Hotel, to which I did not go. Open air entertainment on Lea Mount in the evening.

Th. 28.—Reading papers. Free pass to the Flower Show in Luscombe Park. The House, or "Castle," is a paltry attempt at Gothic by Nash. The flower gardens up beyond the house are extremely pretty. The finest araucaria I ever saw is there. Measured the stem. It is fifteen feet round, two feet from the ground. Went again into the Chapel. They have made a new entrance on the west. There is a beautiful specimen of Gothic by Scott.

Fri. 29.—Excursions. One to Powderham, Mamhead, &c. another to Lidwell Chapel, Haldon, &c. I was deputed to conduct this one, as years ago I had collected materials, and printed a few scraps on the district. The Rev. R.H.D. Barham, who, with others, had been clearing the ruins, also conducted the party. The base of a wall at B was met with, and at A something like a well within the Chapel. [sketch] It was excavated three feet down, but was full of water; and on a pole seven feet down, only soft mud could be felt. I read my mems. to the company. We then scrambled up the hill to the carriages, and proceeded north. We dismounted over Smallacombe Goyle, and had luncheon on the grass. Then walked to the circular camp close by. I think I once made it 124 yards in diameter. It is a pity that the division of the land owners, and I believe of the parishes, passes right across the middle, or diameter of the camp. Then we drove 3/4ths of a mile N by E to the Tower. No one lives there now. But the door was not fastened, and we ascended the staircase to the lead roof. The view was obstructed by the high trees. Thence we returned to near the camp, took the road down towards Dawlish, but turned into the Luscombe grounds, drove down through the woods, very beautiful, and made our way into the park in front of the house. The carriages of the other expedition soon began to arrive; and soon after 5 P.M. we all sat down to a handsome cold collation provided by the Dawlish people as a finish to the meeting. Everything went off very well.

Sat. Aug. 30.—Took train three miles to Teignmouth. Called on a friend or two. Walked round by the Harbour and round the Den, and then walked back to Dawlish along the railway wall.

Su. 31.—St. Mark's. In the afternoon walked with the Rev. R. Barham to "The Smugglers' Lane", then down to the sea, and being low water, out towards the "Parson and Clark" rocks. He is son of

the author of the Ingoldsby Legends, that had such a wonderful run some 10, 20 and 30 years ago. Walked back.

M. Aug. 1.—Rainy morning.

Tu. 2.—Walked to the Warren on the Railway wall, and back.

W.3.—Returned to Sidmouth. Took home a harp-lute, in its case. It was invented and very popular, like the guitar, to sing to, about the commencement of the present century. I have always understood from my late cousin that it had belonged to a Miss Collingwood, I believe a great aunt. She afterwards married Dr. Lempriere, the Classical Dictionary man. This one is marked – “C. Wheatstone, Inventor, 436 Strand, London.” On going into the upper room of the Museum, I saw a similar instrument in a glass case.

[small newspaper cutting about organ attached]

Sun. Aug.7.—The new organ in the parish church played the first time. It has cost about £900.

It is rumoured that two young men were drowned last night; yet the sea was as calm as a pond, and there was a bright moonlight. One of them was Robert Skinner and the other John Churchill. A brother of the former worked for me as a carpenter ten years ago when I was building the Old Chancel; and the latter, with his father, did all my best stonework – as the front door, ceiling of Hall, windows, &c. The father put his mark [six-pointed star] at my request, outside the right jamb, going in; and the son, now drowned, put his, an arrow ↑, on the left side of the doorway, going in.

Tu. Aug.9.1881.—Soon after one this afternoon, the body of Skinner was washed ashore opposite Rock Cottage, at the west end of the beach.

W.10.—An inquest held on Skinner at the York Hotel. I went. The Bar-maid said they came to the Tap a few minutes before eleven on Saturday night: had a glass of beer each, and took away a bottle filled with beer along with them. Did not say they were going to sea. A Coastguard-man said he saw them come to the beach about a quarter after eleven. Recognised Skinner, but not the other. Skinner took a match to light his pipe. Saw his face clearly. They launched Skinner’s father’s little boat, and pulled off in a SE direction. Saw a flash at sea, like striking another match. A Coastguardman of Weston, nearly two miles and a half east, about half past four on Sunday morning, espied a boat at about a mile and a half out. Turned his glass on it. Could not see anybody in it. Went out to reconnoiter. Found the boat empty. One oar missing. The other oar half pulled in, with the handle end shoved under the gunnel. [Gunwale.] A pipe half, smoked out, on one of the seats. And what was curious, the bottle of beer on the floor of the boat standing upright, a proof that the boat had not rocked much, whatever had happened. At some distance the missing oar was picked up. The man took the boat to the Weston station. The Barmaid identified the bottle of beer. The father identified the pipe as his son’s. “Found drowned” was the only verdict that appeared applicable, for no further evidence had been obtained to explain the case.

Th. Aug. 11.1881.—A hat has been found on the shore over towards Branscombe, supposed to have belonged to John Churchill.

S.13.—Contributed to a fund being collected for Skinner’s widow. Three children, and another expected.

Sun.14.—Curious discovery made yesterday in cutting the new road over the high field behind Fort Field Terrace. I was asked to go and look at the spot. It was some way up from the Station road towards the top; - 46 yards. They were excavating town to the depth of seven to eight five to six feet below the surface, when they came upon a quantity of bones of some animal nearly as large as a donkey. The soil had certainly never been disturbed, for the lay of the beds of sandy earth was visible in lines by the side of the pit, the more strange, as this was not in a hollow or a valley, but some way up a hill. The soil shewed no traces of dark decaying vegetable matter, for the bones were in the clean red sand. I saw vertebrae and leg bones taken out; also part of a lower jaw with the teeth in it; an os sacrum, portions of ribs, and what determined the animal, was several pieces of the antlers of a large stag. I have the bones, and shall save the best of them.

M.Aug. 15.—The body of John Churchill has been washed on shore on the Sidmouth side of the Chit Rocks, and not very far from where the other came ashore.

W.17.—The Coroner did not think it necessary to hold a second inquest, and the funeral of Churchill took place to-day.

Fri.19.—Another comet has revealed itself, and I believe it was not expected.

Sat.20.—Went into the church to copy an inscription put up since I copied the others for my History. Then went up into the tower to take a plan of the eight bells and the timber cage. It struck twelve o'clock and the quarters whilst I was up there, but the sound was no so great as one would expect. I have certainly been up there the bells have been ringing; but it is not everybody's nerves that can stand it. They have recently collected some £900 for the new organ, and it would be well if they could collect enough for a new set of bells, for the present ones are odds and ends of all ages, and miserably out of tune.

Mon.Aug.22.1881.—Had a spy at the new comet from my house the Old Chancel. The nucleus was well defined. A small star was just below it. The tail shorter than the former. It is now at its nearest. [sketch and newspaper cutting]

Tu.Sept.6.1881.—Pile and Gosling, driving down Salcombe Hill, the horse ran away. They were thrown out, and Pile dangerously hurt.

My cousin, John Rogers Hutchinson, Vicar of Normacot in Staffordshire, son of the late Canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and grandson of my grandfather's younger brother, came to see me. *He died January 1892 at Normacot Vicarage, co. Staff.*

Wed.Sept.7—We did little to-day but look over sundry family papers and memorials, on which I was anxious to consult him, and walk about to explore the neighbourhood.

Th.Sept.8.—News in Sidmouth that Mr. Morshead, Vicar of the adjoining parish of Salcombe, dropped down and died last night: apoplexy or heart.

My cousin and myself went into Exeter by the rail. Walking up to the Station, just above Broadway, we met a run-away pony, drawing a four-wheel, carrying two women and two girls screaming. Bonnets and shawls were flying overboard. We afterwards heard that the pony ran himself out and stopped, and that the women were more frightened than hurt.

Took my silver butter knife to Ellis & Co., jewellers, to have the H. arms cut upon it. Went to see the Exhibition of works of art by amateurs now open in the Museum building. Highly creditable taken altogether.

We got back to Sidmouth about sunset.

Fri.Sep.9.—The annexed letter, about the bones, appeared in the paper. [attached]

My cousin left for Staffordshire.

Sat.Sep.10.—Received, signed, and returned a Legacy Receipt paper.

Tu.12.—A very unfortunate event took place at the funeral of the Revd. Mr. Morshead, and a very painful one to the relations. [Sep. 8.] By some awkwardness the coffin was not properly lowered into the grave. One gentleman, who was present, told me he thought that one of the webs or straps broke; but two others assure me it was the awkwardness of the men. Some were inexperienced, and lowered one side too quickly, so that the coffin nearly turned over, and got jammed before it was at the bottom, and would not move either up or down. The service was brought to an end, and it was put right afterwards.

Th.15.—Made a sketch of The Glen and Belmont, or Woolbrook Glen, late the residence of the Duke of Kent, from Clifton Place.

Fri.16.—Beautiful weather again, after some chilly showers. As there is a report that they are going pull down Manstone farm house – one of the oldest houses here about, I walked out to enquire. It is a mile and a quarter north of Sidmouth, some 50 yars in Sidbury parish, and belongs to Mr. Cave. This is an interesting old stone house in the Gothic style. In the south front there is a tablet bearing the half obliterated figures or I went in and saw Mrs. White. Her late husband was one of sixteen. Some forty years ago or nearly, I walked out one day with my late mother to make enquiry about some hay for two horses we had in the stable. We went into a room where there were eight children at play. After a little while, by way of saying something, my mother addressed the eldest, a girl of 14 or 15, and said – “What a number of children! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. I suppose these are not all your brothers and sisters?”

“Ess they be Mum.”

“Indeed! Your father and mother must have enough to do with so many.”

“This is nothing Mum.”

“Nothing! Eight children to feed and clothe, and put out in life, nothing. There are no more of you I hope?”

“Ess there be Mum.”

“More! How many more?”

“Eight more Mum.”

Oh! you should have seen my mother. Description won't do.

Mrs. White told me she was sorry the old house was condemned, but there was no help for it, as it was rotten and tottering past saving, and some of the rooms were unsafe and no longer used. Indeed, on carefully looking round, I perceived that the ceilings were swagging downwards, and some of the walls were buckling and bending. I copied the linen or napkin pattern on the oak panels of the old seat in the kitchen, and going outside, I made sketches of the north door, east gable, two-light Gothic window, &c. They are beginning to build a new brick house near the old one.

CHARD

Tu. Sep.20.—So Mr Garfield, the President of the United States is dead at last. I may say at last, for it is wonderful he lived so long, with a bullet lodged in his intestines. He was shot at two or three months ago by a disappointed place hunter called Guiteau. A very base act indeed.

Having come over to Chard with Mr. Chessall last night, we lodged at the house of Mr. Mitchell. We were invited over to examine a collection of curiosities, antiques, coins, &c, collected by the late Mr. Hull of that place, and which, it is hoped, will be formed into a Museum. The Curator of the Museum at Taunton came over, also Mr. Rogers of Colyton, and two or three others. Having inspected these, at the Town Hall, we went across the street and examined a curious old house, where there was a splendid upper room at the back, with a fine ceiling covered with embossed patterns. After that we visited the parish church, which is large and long, and mostly of 3rd Pointed date, of Bath stone or rather, I believe, Ham Hill. They are now raising money to build a second north aisle. Tower low.

We then dined at Mr. Mitchell's, off Crown Derby, and I hope no accident happened to it. That over, we started in two carriages for Leigh, a handsome house in the Gothic style, belonging to the family of Henley. It is well and consistently fitted up in old fashioned furniture, and occupied by the family. We went all over it, and there is much to admire. We then proceeded a mile further to Ford Abbey. Ask me not to describe this, for the pen is not equal, nor the book large enough. This is not a ruin nor a neglected place, but a princely residence, full of handsome furniture and works of art, and occupied by the family. Go and see it, and then talk about describing.

It was now waning towards sunset, and we proceeded to the Chard road junction, and dispersed in different directions, - Mr. Chessall and self making for Sidmouth.

SIDMOUTH

Mon.Sep.26.1891.—A friend has given me an **Enhydrite**, just brought from Buenos Ayres in South America. [sketch] It is a hollow petrification of calcedony of a semi-transparent appearance, like ground glass, all over corrugations and involutions, after the manner of Bekeite petrification, and is half full of some fluid, as may be seen when held against the light. This specimen was found among the pebbles and sand near the waterfall, at Sarto, near 100 miles up the Plata River, above Buenos Ayres. From the same place I have been looking at a number of onix, agates, and calcedonies, very beautiful. I give the object full size in the sketch above. I never saw but one other specimen, and that belongs to Mr. A. Keily, Manager of the Devon & Cornwall Bank in the Cathedral Yard, Exeter, who has lent it to Dr. Radford of Sidmout, Sidmouth, where I have seen it. This last is rather smaller than mine; not so high, and more irregular in form. They look as if they had been formed in some cavity. European specimens have been met with at Vicenza in Italy. Dr J. Woodward, in **Fossils of all kinds**, &c, p. 16, mentions them. He says – “Liquid: the Fairy's Water Bottle.” Pliny, xxxvii, 12, writes – “Enhydros. Ad motum, fluctuat intus in eo, veluti in ovis liquor.”

Tu. Oct. 11.—Dined with the members of the Agricultural Association held at the London Hotel. The tables were laid in the ball room, which was well filled. The two members for the Eastern division of the county – Sir John Kennaway and Col. Walrond – were both there. Captain Bartelott, the President this year, by whose invitation I went, was in the Chair. There was plenty of speech making: and after I had listened to the best speeches, I quietly stole away.

Th. Oct. 13.—Sarah Madge and Elizabeth Hands, two servants of my late cousin at Dawlish, being near Exeter, came over for the day.

Fri. 14.—Gale of wind from the NW. that blew down pecks of pears from the great pear tree. A splendid bearing this year, considerably damaged.

Sat. 15. – This afternoon, about three o'clock, as I was sitting in the Oak Room of the Old Chancel writing, the sun shining bright, and the remnant of yesterday's gale of wind not quite blown out, I was amused at the appearance of one of the large cypress trees in the Churchyard across the field, lying between me and the Chancel. The knobs and masses and lumps of foliage on one side of the tree were very like a large face in their outline; and as the tree rocked and swung about in the wind, the gigantic head seemed to nod; and the tufts forming the eyebrow, nose, lips, and chin worked about like a monster busy in the act of mastication. The figure [sketch] is pointing to the face.

Mon. 17. – Finished reading the Hon. J.L. Watson's volume on Book Plates. An amusing line of study, mostly heraldic.

Th. 20.—After a lull of two or three days another gale of wind, and this time it comes from the NE. The ground is again strewn with pears.

Fri. 21.—Quiet and mild. After a storm comes a calm. On meeting friends in the street to-day, the common greeting was – “Well - how did you get through the gale of wind? Hope your house didn't suffer?” Called on Mr. Hine-Haycock at Belmont. He took me over the house to see the completion of his additions and furnishing. It really is beautiful, and most complete.

Sat. 22.—Another gale of wind last night, and plenty of rain. Wind NE. Scarcely a pear on the tree now, and one branch blown off. The newspapers are full of accounts of sad disasters both by sea and land. There is a story in the town that Mr. Dunning's coal vessel, coming with coals for his Gasworks, has been driven down Channel, and lost, with all hands.

Sidmouth. 1881.

Tu. Oct. 25.—Finished reading the third and last Vol. of the Hist. of Eng. by Adolphus. It begins with the accession of Geo. III. in 1760, and ends with the termination of the American War in 1783. Though he favoured coercive measures against America, this history is the finest I have met with, and gives all the speeches and debates on both sides. Truly, the reign of George the Third was a most troubled period, and well calculated to try the king's mind.

Wed. Oct. 26.—I have been enriched by the gift of an interesting old sampler. It bears a figure of the Crucifixion at top, with an angel having blue wings and drapery on each side. Under, there are two tablets with verses pointing to this event. Then *Glory be*, &c. Then – Mary lordan, Her Work, October the 22, 1748. The whole is surrounded by a running pattern of a stalk with leaves and

flowers. It comes across my mind that probably the word sampler may be derived from the French word Exemplaire, which in Boyer's Dictionary is rendered – Copy of a book. Exemplar. Pattern.

Th.Oct.27.—A scrap of news has just come to hand, which shews that some people may be feasting or snugly reading the last new novel by their fireside, whilst other folks, not far off, are burning down their houses. Who would have thought that the Railway Station was on fire when they were lolling in easy chairs in Sidmouth? Who knows what goes on only through the next partition? [newspaper cutting attached]

Fri.Oct.28.—Some 30 years ago the annexed autograph of George IV. was given me by Mrs. Oldham, wife of the Deputy Judge Advocate General. [attached] He died at an advanced age at Exmouth, by accidentally falling down stairs.

Sat.Nov.5.—Mrs. Davidson, of Richmond Lodge, and Mrs. Col. Hawker called, and remained to an afternoon tea, and were much amused at examining the style and furniture of my Gothic residence called the Old Chancel.

Wed.9.—Prince of Wales's birthday. He is 40. Hoisted the Union Jack on the flagstaff of the Old Chancel.

Hired a carriage and went over to Budleigh Salterton to see Mr. H. Carter. Took my sketchbook, Vol.V., Vol.1 of my Hist. of Sidm, and spent a couple of hours in discussing some Geological and other questions. Met Mr. Baker, a solicitor there, who is looking over the old documents in the Budleigh parish chest. We went over two or three of the old deeds together. Mrs. Carter completed the party at an early tea. Left at five, and got back about half past six.

Th.Nov.10.—I have often wished that some clever fellow would invent a writing machine, so that one would have nothing to do but sit in an easy chair and dictate to it. The amount of hand work on a sheet of writing, and the great number of letters required in the English language for many words of only one syllable, make communication of one's sentiments on paper a serious matter. If a system of shorthand could be adopted, or if the practice of the abbreviations in general use from the Conquest to the Commonwealth, could be introduced, great would be the gain. It is true, the Latin language is better suited to them than to any of the dialects of the German. One thing in our favour is this – that the process of introducing words of Latin form and derivation has been going on for ages, so that they abound at the present time. Latin is full of such syllables as *pro, pre, pri; ter, mer, cer; con; us* final; the gen. plurals *orum, arum*; and which were abbreviated thus – [Gothic text cannot be replicated – letters in red] p for *pro*; p for *pre*; pⁱ for *pri*; p for *per*; t for *ter*; m for *mer*; c for *ter*; c for *cer*; [symbol] for *con*; [symbol] for *us*, as *bon[symbol]*; [symbol] or [symbol] for *rum*: so that it is easy to make out such words as ; c[symbol]; pt[symbol]; p[symbol]ago; t[symbol]min[symbol]; c[symbol]t; [symbol]tra; bono[symbol] or bona[symbol], &c. Others still more brief, as [symbol] or [symbol] for *est*: also d[symbol] for *debet*; t[symbol] for *tenet*; [symbol] for *us* in ablatives plural, as *hominib[symbol]*. A dash over a letter would simply mean that one or more succeeding letters have been left out, *nō e cō[symbol]so*. It is curious that while modern shorthand writers spell with the consonants, leaving out the vowels, as Ptr for Peter, the old scribes employed the vowels, leaving out the consonants, as hōibz for *hominibus*, cōis for *communis*, &c. It would be possible to use such abbreviations in modern English; as for instance – “I ppse a bett. ctrivance than the oth.” But the th ought to be shortened. The old Saxon th was þ; which, in the last century was written formed like a y; so that it was written y^e. The best abbreviations for the article the would be the letter t, as the old scribes did for *et*. Thus – I þink þis is a þing þat will þraten

you.” There ought however to be some abbreviation for the constantly recurring terminations ing and tion. Perhaps [symbol] would do for the first, and tn for the second. Thing would be then þg, and nation would be natn. That, this, them, then, could be þ^t, þ^s, þ^m, þⁿ. Modern cursive writing however, is often such an illegible scrawl, even when written in full, that those who would adopt the abbreviations must learn to form their letters better. The old scribes of the middle ages, that is, the early middle ages, wrote almost like print.

Nov.1881.—Dined at the Vicarage. There were present, the Vicar and Mrs. Clements, two Misses Quin, or O’Quin, Miss Markham, a young lady whose name escaped me, Mr. William and Mr. Walter Floyd, Captain Brine, R.N., & self.

Th. Nov.17.1881.—I was born at Winchester Nov.17, 1810, my father at that time being Physician to Winchester Hospital, as before he had been to Exeter Hospital, and I was Baptised at Heavitree, Oct.22, 1811. My earliest recollection of life is when I believe I was about three, sitting on my mother’s lap, in a carriage, driving down Peter’s Street, Tiverton. I first saw the sea at Dawlish, and I now see it as if it were but yesterday. There was a little ripple on the water from an on-shore wind, and the sea was of a dark blue colour. I could scarcely believe that all that could be water. When I was about seven I got an inflammation of the left hip joint, from a chill, or something of that nature, and went through the pains of a hip-case, and kept my bed for sixteen months. My parents removed to Teignmouth, with their then four children, and I in time got about again. When I was about ten, I was taken one day to the studio of Luny, the painter, and saw him at work. To the best of my recollection he had no hands or fingers, but only round stumps, and he held his brush between the two stumps. I think also he was deformed in his feet, and went about in a chair. I was too young to be a judge of his paintings, but I remember a great naturalness about his coast scenes near Teignmouth, with the pack-horses bringing home red rock for building. (See Trans.Dev.Assoc. 18, 442.) My brother was put into the Royal Navy, where my mother’s interest lay, her father having been one of Sir John Jervis’s Admirals, and brought up five sale of the line, and added them to Sir John’s fleet just before the battle of St. Vincent on the 14th of February 1797, and contributed much to the success of the battle, after which he was made a Baronet, and Sir John Jervis Earl St. Vincent. He made between eighty and ninety thousand pounds in prize money before he died, of which my mother had £9.000, and her three children who grew up three each. Thus does money soon get cut up and divided. I have a copy of Sir John Jervis’s letter under Jan.4. 1876. About 1822 my father left Teignmouth and returned to his house in Tiverton. It was the last house on the left at the top of Peter’s Street, and the grounds ran over to the tower and down to the river below the churchyard. Three years after he sold it to Mr. Heathcoat of the Lace Factory, who converted the house into two, as it was very large, and in January 1825 he took his family to Sidmouth, where he bought a house and ground, which I now have, besides the Old Chancel, which I built. My brother left the navy, went to South Australia, bought land near Port Elliot, came back, married, went out again, died in 1870 and left a widow with four children well provided for. I had a section out there myself near Port Victor, which cost £100, and I recently sold it for £1000. My sister married the eldest son of General Rumley of Arcot House near Sidmouth, and eventually they also went to Australia, and bought land near Salisbury, where she still survives. My unfortunate lameness prevented my going out in the world and running the race of life with other boys. I went to day schools, and foreign teachers of language, and had tutors at home, Italian, French, and dead languages, but never went to College. My father was of Catherine Hall, Cambridge. He was a capital French scholar with a good pronunciation, for he had sojourned in France in his youth, and I used to read a good deal with him. Arrived at man’s estate, I found myself without a profession: and if a young man allows the right age for a commencement to slip by, he loses the chance, and will never

get into the right groove afterwards. But I was now strong and well, except occasional violent rheumatic or neuralgic pains in my leg, that quite disabled me at times. But I determined to “walk it off”, and try change of air. I consumed a whole summer walking through North and South Wales, the pain rather bad at intervals. Upon this, I published a book, which was a very childish affair. Another year I tried to walk it off again by going all round Scotland; and coming back I passed through Gretna Green. And here I heard such a multitude of sensational stories about run-away matches and all that kind of nonsense, that I committed them to paper in two volumes, of which Bentley bought the copyright. A silly work, only to be ashamed of in maturer years. But I was “young and foolish,” and the work suited foolish readers. And a five-act tragedy, founded on early American history; and a five-act comedy on the occasion of some literary competition 30 or 40 years ago, when Mrs. Gore, then a popular writer, ran off with the prize of £500; and sundry poems in verse and rhyme of several Fyttes each, all of which were never sent to the printer, any more than my Hist. of Sidmouth; and one or two 3-volume novels, the MSS. of which I threw aside, and know not what has become of them; and an amount of trash printed in newspapers and magazines, that is only remembered to be laughed at and condemned. And then I made a very pleasant tour to Boston and the northern States of America, Canada, the Great Lakes, and Niagara, and took a good look at places where my ancestors had lived from 1634 till 1776, and was shewn the spot near North Square in Boston where Governor H.’s house had stood which the mob destroyed in August 1765, and one of his country estates six miles out at Milton, which the new American government confiscated and sold to their own advantage for £38,000 lawful paper money, as I see in my great-grandfather’s Diary; and then when Washington was bombarding Boston in March 1776, they had to clear out in a hurry, and my father was born in the ship coming to England, and he was baptised at Kensington. And then I made a walking tour through the midland counties of England, and another year I started out and took the eastern counties, and paid two or three visits to the Continent. My first lesson in music was given to me on the top of my father’s house at Tiverton by the mason’s boy, who pulled a fife out of his pocket, and from that time I was mad to learn music, so I was put under a master. In after years I used to take French horn or flute parts at the concerts of the Oratorio Society in Exeter, Michael Rice being leader, and at the public and private concerts in Sidmouth. Many is the invitation, and many the pleasant evening that I owe to music. I was always fond of carpentering, and resolved that when all trades failed I would turn carpenter. My admiration for Gothic architecture originated at Blurton and Normacot in Staffordshire, the vicarages of my cousins, but especially at Lichfield, when my cousin the late Canon H. was in Residence, and the Cathedral was so long under the care of Sir Gilbert Scott. This line of study probably suggested the building of the Old Chancel at Sidmouth, the first part of which having been made out of the rejected portions of the old Chancel of the parish church, pulled down and rebuilt in 1860. Of the new or added part, I do not think there is a moulding or mullion, or window label but what I can give authority for, as late Third Pointed. My oak carving (very pleasant work) in the Oak Room, and other places, from necessity merged sometimes into the Jacobean. What drawing I know I first picked up with Charles Frederick Williams, a boy of my own age, only child of a Welsh Harper, who had been on the permanent staff of musicians to Lord Courtenay at Powderham, and lived at the Castle. After retiring from Powderham, Mr. Williams, the father, took a house at Sidmouth near my father’s, and as young Williams was brought up to be a professional artist in watercolour, owing to our intimacy I was much associated with him in sketching. Was there ever such a jumble of studies! Truly – a Jack-of-All-Trades is master of none. One half the labour that I have turned my energies to, would have accomplished greater results if directed to a single object. In December 1846 I lost my father, and as my brother and sister were in Australia, I stayed at home with my mother. When I was a boy my young mind had been opened to the wonders of Geology by a niece of my mother’s, a very clever person indeed, who died a few years after. I had

supposed that the round world was merely a mass of earth and rocks pressed together like a snowball, but when she explained to me the regular succession of strata, and the great facts involved in their deposition, a new field of research was opened up to me, which has never lost its interest. I studied the great section of the Red Marl of the Trias in the Sidmouth cliffs when bathing. I bathed often in the summer for enjoyment, and for health, and to cure me of the rheumatism in my leg as I hoped, and in this I succeeded, only not exactly in the way I intended. In the autumn of 1850 I bathed on into October, when the water was cold and there was a piercing north-easter blowing, "enough to cut a snipe in two," as the sportsmen say, and I thought it would harden me, but I overdid the dose. I was chilled through, and the effect flew to the weak point, and I was laid up for a month with a most terrible succession of rheumatic pains, and then an abscess near the hip began to develope itself, and a month after another, on the fleshy part of the leg, and a month after another, until I was nearly drained to death's door, and then I went upon crutches for six months while I was recovering. But the effect of all this upon me was wonderful. It cleared my system of all impurities, and cured my rheumatism; and for thirty years afterwards I enjoyed a spell of continued health, with scarcely an ache or a pain or an hour's illness of any kind. Of course I lived a regular and a temperate life. There is no health to anybody without that. I rarely touched wine and never smoked from choice. Neither did my father or brother. I take no merit for this. It was choice. It is he who has a weakness for these things, and resists them on principle, deserves the praise. In 1855 I lost my mother; and as my brother and sister were in Australia, it would take the best part of a twelvemonth to settle the affairs and account to them; so I let the house for a year and having put things in train, went a second time to Normandy and Paris to make researches for my History of Sidmouth. In 1856 I returned and settled down, and then the ladies began to say that of course I should get married directly. Well, I always intended to get married some day, only I preferred doing it in my own way. I wanted, not a house-keeper, but a well educated person with a few tastes like my own, as a congenial companion. A single man is generally a prey to dishonest servants. I had not kept house long before I found out that no man's house is complete or well looked after, unless there is a lady at the head of the establishment. And then when they rallied me again on my dilatoriness, I said in my excuse, that ladies had got so many fingers on both hands, I wouldn't find out which was the right finger to put the ring on, and that I was too shy to ask questions. One must say something. In 1857 the first Edition of my little Sidmouth Guide came out. I gave it to the bookseller. I joined the Volunteer Artillery, and was several years a Lieutenant in it. In 1868 I joined the Devonshire Association, and occasionally read a paper. The meetings were always very agreeable. In 1870 I was having a third spell at building at the Old Chancel, just as I could spare pocket money. At the age of sixty-three I was still like a boy, with all the activity and boyancy of feeling usually ascribed to twenty-five, and too fond of fun and joking for a person who ought to have come to the years of discretion. At sixty-eight I began to suspect that I was not quite so supple in my limbs as I had been, so I named this period "the beginning of down hill." By 1880 we had had three severe winters in succession, but I was out every day, regardless of ice and snow. However, in February 1881, from want of care, I got a cold and an attack in the throat of the nature of bronchitis, or something of that sort, from the effects of which I have never quite recovered, and now I look upon my throat as the weak point. But still, dating from 1850 to 1880, I have completed the thirty years of good health; and for this long continued blessing, I feel truly thankful to the Giver of All Good.

Mon. Dec.5. 1881.—Full moon. The moon rose eclipsed this evening about six or before. Night calm and clear. Good view from the Old Chancel. The shadow of our earth was defined with great clearness upon the face of the moon. It was all over soon after seven. The moon, at its greatest obscuration, was more covered than in the sketch. [sketch]

Tu. Dec. 6.—There is a curious story going the round of the papers. The body of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarro has been stolen out of three coffins in a vault at Dun Echt near Aberdeen. See July 24, 1882.

Wed. Dec. 7.—Finished reading the Life of Robert Dick of Thurso. He was a wonderful man for love of science, especially in the direction of Geology and Botany: and his industry and untiring perseverance were truly astonishing. I feel indignant with my country, and especially with Scotland, that he should have been allowed to toil in the bakehouse, and finally die in abject poverty.

M. Dec. 12.—Finished reading the life of A.R. Bowes, and of his second wife the young widow Countess of Strathmore, by Jesse Fool. He was one of the greatest scoundrels that ever lived.

Sidmouth, 1881.

Tu. Dec. 13.—Sad Balloon accident last Saturday evening. Mr. Powell, M.P. Captain Templar, and Mr. Gardner went up at Bath. Wind to the east of north, carried them to Bridport. Descended. Car struck the ground: knocked the two last out over; and Mr. Powell was carried off to sea, darkness coming on.

M. 19.-- Every search is being made in the Channel, in Brittany, and even Spain. The weather is very boisterous. A large thermometer has come ashore near Portland. Cap. Templar has been over, and has identified it as having been in the balloon. Mr. and Mrs. Gore of Redlands, Sidmouth have gone over. Mrs. Gore is Mr. Powell's sister. Small hopes remain that he will ever be saved. Dec.31, Jan.21.

Wed. 21.—Shortest day. Beautiful day. Fine, calm, clear, and sun shining. More daylight than we have had for some time.

Th. 22.—Cold, black, north-east wind. Very dark.

Sat. 24.—Executed a new Will. Being so entirely alone as I am, I have found it very difficult to settle my affairs to my satisfaction, as my nearest relatives in blood, (my brother's children,) are in Australia, and I am in England. My two Hutchinson cousins in Staffordshire, are my executors.

Sun. Dec.25.—Christmas Day – occurring this year on a Sunday.

Wed. 28.—The trial of the man Guiteau, who shot the President of the United States, (Sep. 20) has now been going on for several weeks. The whole affair is being conducted in such an irregular way, so loose and un-business-like, so un-lawyer-like, and with so little that can gain our confidence and respect, that most people on this side of the Atlantic are amazed, and even shocked. I should not be astonished if the mob were to catch their opportunity and "lynch" him; and perhaps with the connivance of his keepers.

Sat. Dec.31. 1881.—Last day of the year. No tidings of the Balloon or Mr. Powell. [Dec.13.] Diligent search to no purpose has been made by boats, steamers, and sailing vessels all over the bay between Lyme and Portland.

[sketch - Time knocking down 1881]

POH Transcripts - 1882

Sun. Jan.1. 1882.—Whatever hopes we may entertain for the new year, it seems that every year that passes, generally goes through pretty much the same routine of events, as the preceding ones.

Sat. Jan.7.—Finished reading an amusing and curious book on the subject of earth worms, by Charles Darwin. The large share that worms have in the formation of the bed of fine mould that covers the surface of the earth, hitherto ascribed to geological changes, time, and to the solvent powers of the acids in the atmosphere and in water; and their incessant labours in ventilating the subsoil, and turning it over for the benefit of the agriculturalist, are facts very striking, and well worth studying. [Margin sketch of earth worm.] I gathered the following condensed facts out of the book. – Worms burrow down deep in winter, and in very dry weather; more than six feet, some times. Their holes are commonly not quite perpendicular. In frosty weather they hibernate, and more than one will lie in a cavity at the bottom. The two sexes are developed in the same individual, nevertheless they pair. They are omnivorous, eating leaves, plants, animal substances, dead worms, and swallow great quantities of earth out of which they extract nutriment. They have usually a number of little pebbles in their gizzard. They draw leaves and other substances into their holes a few inches down, and lie generally a little below them. They can turn head downwards in their holes, and the tail end ejects the swallowed earth, making heaps. They breathe through the skin. They have no eyes, but they are sensitive to light, touch, and change of temperature. They often leave their holes and night, and creep about. From 36 to 40 worm holes have been counted in a square yard. They bring the under soil to the top: when spread to the thickness of from one to two tenths per annum, and amounting to 18 tons per acres. Some species have more gizzards than one.

Th. Jan. 19.—The barometer has been high of late, and to-day reached 30.97.

Sat. Jan. 21.—A telegram arrived here saying the balloon and the body had been found in Spain. Soon afterwards it was announced that the report was entirely without foundation. Dec. 13. [newspaper cutting attached]

Sat. Jan. 28.—Inquest at Sidford on the body of Harriet Wellsman, who died rather suddenly, from natural causes.

Wed. Feb. 1.—Last year we were all buried in snow at this period of the year. It has now been beautiful and wonderfully mild since Christmas. since October.

Sat. Feb. 4. – Nearly finished electrotyping from seals on old letters, soldering on handles, tinning, (boiling with tin filings and bitartrate of potash,) and making labels, a number of seals of family coat armour, to distribute among my relations, some of them not knowing what arms they have inherited.

This evening finished writing an article on THE SITE OF MORIDUNUM, for the next July meeting of the Devonshire Association at Crediton. This day received 700 copies of a map from London to accompany it, done from my drawing.

Tu. Fe. 7. 1882.—Parliament meets to-day. A good deal of fighting is expected. A waggon loaded with straw, standing in the yard behind the Anchor Inn, near the Market Place, and at the lower end of Old Fore Street, was found to be on fire. Men rushed out from the Inn. Some proposed to unload the straw, and save the waggon from being burnt. Others were afraid that this would scatter the fire about, and endanger the houses, most of which at that spot were old, and covered with thatch. At last it was decided to sieze hold of the shafts and drag it all out. This they did. They drew it through the archway into the street – then passed the Market House out upon the beach, on the broad part of the road opposite Marlborough Place, and there unloaded it, throwing all the blazing bundles about, where they burnt out. It was a fine night, and many of the townspeople ran down to see the fire. Suspicion suggests that it was not accidental. £10 reward to find the incendiary.

Sidmouth, 1882.

Th. Feb.16. – George Abbott, overcome by domestic troubles, hanged himself in a stable loft in the town.

Fri. 17.—Great dissatisfaction in the town, because the Board of Trade has put forward a claim to the Foreshore, and has forbidden all persons from taking any sand or gravel from the beach. This was attempted some years ago, about 1870, but caused such a storm that it was dropped. Curiously enough, the Trustees of the Manor have immediately put up a counter claim, and have warned all persons not to take any sand or gravel from the beach without paying them, (the Trustees,) a shilling a load.

Th. Feb. 23.—Bradlaugh the professed atheist has been expelled the House of Commons by 297 votes to 80 – majority 217.

Fri. Feb. 24.—Amongst the multitude of coins of all nations and of all ages, from the Bactrian coin, (given to the Exeter Museum,) to the present time, no half-pennies have ever turned up, except the two annexed silver pieces. [sketch] They were found and brought to me in Feb. 1879, but they have

been lying by. The weight of the upper one is grains, and of the lower grains. I shall record them in the 1882 Vol. of the Trans. Dev. Assoc, and give them to the Exeter Museum.

Sat. Feb. 25.—My cousin the Rev. William Hutchinson, Vicar of Blurton, co. Staff. and his wife, came to Sidmouth for a short visit. They brought down a circular medallion in plaster, representing the head of Selwyn, Bishop of Lichfield, in high relief, nearly life size, for me, done by their son Allen, who has been a few months studying in London. It shews great talent.

Tu. Feb. 28.—The end of Mr. Powell's case. They were slow to believe that he was dead, but last night issued a new writ. Dec. 13, et seq. [newspaper cutting attached]

Wed. Mar. 1.—Gave my cousin, [Feb. 25] half a dozen electrotype seals of arms and crests, mentioned Feb.4. Also two of the same (all I have finished), for my other cousin, J.R.H. who came here Sep.6. 1881.

Th. Mar. 2.—Gave him a rattan cane walking-stick with a gold head, with traces of the Parker crest on the top of it, and a boxwood stick, on the head of which I have carved the H. arms. He and his wife left this afternoon for Exeter.

Fri. Mar. 3.—The Prospectus relating to the sale and the conversion of the Knowle estate is now out. Great are the changes I have seen! For 40 years it was a show place, while it was in the possession of the late Mr. Fish. Mr. Manson, who had it next, made considerable alterations. Mr. Thornton altered still more: bought a great deal of land, till it amounted to 40 acres: bought Mrs. Carew's place called Ayshford, at the Sidmouth end, swept it away, and build the lower Lodge: built the Upper Lodge: added immensely to the cottage, (some said the first contract was £8.000,) laid out the grounds, and over planted them. It all cost £50.000. I think that since the eldest son has had it, £30.000 was bid at an auction, and refused. It has now gone for £21.000. The following are some of the heads of the Prospectus. The Knowle Hotel and Bath Company. Capital £25.000. in 5000 shares of £5 each. Also £7000 Debenture Bonds of £100 each at 4 per cent, being part of £12.000. Directors – Captain W. Barttelot (who married Miss Balfour, sister to the future Lord of the Manor) and three others. The estate now contains 36 acres. The Company have bought it for £21.000, and will have possession at Lady Day. – Mar. 14.

Tu.7.—Intending to electrotype a few more seals, made a glass cell by scratching a ring and then cutting a quart bottle in half with the point of a red-hot poker.

Tu. Mar. 7.—The man Bradlaugh has been re-elected for Northampton; and last night he was again refused admission into the House. The numbers were these – For – 257: against, 242: - majority, 15. This was, whether he should be allowed to make an affirmation.

Wed. 8.—The annexed cutting [attached] shews that a new election took place yesterday in the room of Mr. Powell.

The weather continues very mild and fine. This afternoon some friends came to see me, and I took them up to the top of the Old Chancel, where we enjoyed ourselves on the leads for an hour, entertained by the view, using the telescope, chatting, and partaking of cake and cherry-brandy.

Fri. 10.—Attended a Burial Board meeting.

Tu. 14.—Three days' sale going on at Knowle. Took a walk up around the grounds. The Fountain and the great blocks of stone that were collected on the neighbouring hills make up the prettiest spot. The rest is so very artificial. The grounds are over planted, and the shrubs are now growing large, and are choaking one another. There is a fine araucaria near the Lower Lodge, formerly in the grounds of Ayshford, and two or three splendid rhododendrons of great size. Sidmouth people are not very sanguine that the new Hotel will answer.

Tu. 21.—Strong wind from the NW. Fine, with heavy passing clouds; and one of them gave us for half an hour, a thick fall of hail and snow, which soon thawed. Though the sun is hot, the upper air is very cold. I think this is the only snow we have had all through this remarkably mild winter.

W. 22.—Through a combination of circumstances, promoted by the joint action of the Western Powers, Turkey, with many wry faces, and much delay, has quietly resigned Thessaly to Greece. Everything seems to suggest the fact, that the Turks are destined eventually to be driven out of Europe.

Th. Mar. 23.—The house called Somerden, with an acre of land, at the left top of the Elysian Fields, was sold at auction for £1100. It has passed from Andros to Guille.

Sat. 25. – Lady Day. At a Vestry meeting. So full that we adjourned to the large room at the London Hotel. There was much parish work to do.

The great elephant Jumbo, at the Zoological Gardens, London, has been sold to Americans, report says for £2000, and is to be transported to America. Being so well known to the public, great regret was felt, and a strong effort made to prevent it. His cage or box has been made by Mr. Harry Hems of Exeter. The elephant has been got on board, and sails to-day.

Sat. Ap.8.—Jumbo has arrived safe in America.

W.Ap.12.—They (the Manor people) have pulled down an old house in the middle of þe town, at þe corn. of Fore Street and Russell Street, long inhabit^d. by George Russell a Baker. [sketch map] They came upon an ancient floor of the shank bones of oxen, or some large animal, driven into þe ground on end, so as to form a pavement. This was discov^d. under 2 separate lime-ash floors. They are building a new house there out of red brick.

Sat. Ap. 22.—Strong gale suddenly sprung up from the SE. Fishing boats out. Running for the shore, James Smith and companion capsized. With some difficulty escap^d drown^g.

Tu. 25.—During 8 weeks, end^g Ap. 20, no deaths have occur^d eith in þe Sidmouth or Salcombe District, þo þe population is between 4 & 5000.

Sat. Ap. 29.-- Strong gale of wind from þe S. veer^g W. Blew off half an elm tree in my hedge. 19 trees at Bickwell, numbers in the neighbourhood, & damage done to houses and trees all over the S. of Eng^d.

Mon. May 1.—Beautiful weather, but the air cold in þe shade. Swallows have been with us for a fortnight, and the cuckoo þe last few days. Left off fires, except in þe evening.

Sidmouth. May 1882.

Sat. May 6.—Mr. Edward Chick, of High Street, Sidmouth, has caught a trout in the Otter weighing five pounds and a half. Length 21½ inches.

Sun. 7.—Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, just appointed chief Secretary for Ireland, only arrived in Dublin about one o'clock yesterday, was murdered by assassins soon after seven. He and Mr. Burke, the Under Secretary, were walking in the Phoenix Park - four

men on a car drove up – jumped off – stabbed them many times, leaving them dead on the ground – jumped up – and drove off.

Under Mr. Gladstone's government, Ireland is worse than the most savage portions of central Africa. Just before he took office, when addressing the electors in Midlothian on the 31st of March 1880, he said of Ireland – "There was an absence of crime and outrage, and a general sense of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of the country." See Times, Ap.1.p.7.col.3.

A reward of £10,000 has been offered by the government; but whoever should give information, would probably not live many hours.

M.8. – Finished Edith O'Gorman's "Convent Life Unveiled." It reminds me of the similar experiences of Maria Monk. There ought to be periodical visitors to all these places. – see Nov. 8.1882.

Tu.9.—Thomas Wilmot, a mason my mother used to employ 30 years ago, died in a short time of apoplexy.

Thomas Irish, a man who had been sent by the brewers with ale over to the Yeomanry now exercising on Black Hill near Exmouth, was on the return journey this evening. The horse and cart were met coming leisurely down Aylesbear Hill into Newtonpopleford, but without a driver. His body was found in the road, quite dead. Top heavy?

Tu. May 16.—Drove out to Core Hill and called on Captain Christie and his niece Miss Steinman. He is a rose fancier, and cultivates quantities of them. Went up and had a look at them. Beautiful weather. A hot sun, but a rather cold north-east wind. Drove back.

Wed.May 17.—There was a small eclipse of the sun between 6 & 7, but my vision was eclipsed at the time, and I forgot all about it till after breakfast.

Some sailors brought me a curious fish to look at, which got entangled in a mackerel net. [two sketches] It was alive and in a very large tub of water. They had never caught the like here before, and thought perhaps it was a southern fish from the coast of Spain or Portugal. It was almost a half a yard long – very thick and heavy – of a red-brown or a purple colour – broad and flat at the bottom, the transverse section of the body being something like the figure at A – eye very prominent, like a red bead - spines like a carp down the back, sides, and lower corners – and lumps or tubercles on the back, diminishing downwards. The rough sketch mostly from memory. There was a curious sucker at B, under the body, circular, about as large as a crown piece, between the pectoral fins, with a fringe round it. The hinder end of which is seen hanging down at C. – I believe a northern fish of Greenland, green when young.

Th.18.—To-day the Duke of Edinburgh goes out from Plymouth to “open” the new Eddystone Lighthouse. It has been designed by J.N.Douglas, C.E. Foundation stone laid Aug.19.1879: top stone June 1. 1881. Cost £78,000. Contains 4668 tons of masonry. Smeaton’s former one contained 988 tons, and 3 or 4 rooms one over another. This new one has 6 or 7 rooms, with a tank of water, and also a tank for oil, with 2660 gallons in it. The Plymouth people talk of re-erecting the old one on the Hoe, and it hope they will do it.

Fri. 19.—The fishermen brought a specimen of that hideous fish the Angler; but it was not so large as I have seen caught here.

Th.25.—Unhappy young man that I am, to get two invitations to dinner on the same day. But the trial proved that it was not difficult to do. Dined early with the Buttemers at the Elms; and late with the Hine-Haycocks at Belmont, where I met the party from Core Hill.

Sidmouth. 1882. Dawlish.

Sun. May 28. -- Whit Sunday. At the parish church. Stayed to the Sacrament.

Mon.29. -- Sidmouth is full of holiday people. The Rev. Mr. Empson, from beyond Crediton, called, and lunched with me. Had an afternoon tea at Hillsdon House with the Wrights.

Tu.30. -- Dined at The Elms with Mr. and Mrs. Buttemer, and met the eldest and youngest sons, with their wives, who leave tomorrow.

Sat. June.3. -- The Queen’s Birthday kept to-day.

Th. 8. -- Was with Mr. and Mrs. Hine-Haycock this forenoon to consult about a design for a summer-house, and went with them up the grounds by the brook, which they have made very pretty.

Mon.12. -- Went down to Dawlish for a few days. Took my Emhydrite with me into Exeter. [See back, Sep.26. 1881.] I have intended it for Exeter Museum in Queen Street some day; but fearing lest it might get injured by any accident, I thought it better to deposit it there at once. This therefore I did. Mr. D’Urban, the Curator, then opened a case, and shewed me a number of the

large palæolithic implements of flint and chert from the gravel pits at Broom near Axminster. Their chief forms I give in the margin. [sketches] They range in size from 5, 6, 7, 8, to 9 inches long. He told me they can only be procured now by paying a pound a piece or more to the finders.

Passing through Starcross, I observed the swan floating in the river [Aug. 2. 1872.] and at Langstone Point I remarked that the head of the Elephant Rock is falling away very fast. [Nov. 14. 1878.]

Tu. 13. – A very strong cold north wind.

W. 14. – Still cold, with a hot sun. Called on two or three friends.

Th. 15. – Sauntered to the bathing Cove, originally I believe called the Bishop's Parlour. Some are not quite clear which really is the Bishop's Parlour. Came back. Read the papers an hour in the reading room of the Ladies' Bathing Pavilion on the beach.

Fri. 16. – At my suggestion the Vicar of Sidmouth, the Rev. H.G.J. Clements, and Mr. Hine-Haycock of Belmont, being Feoffees of the Poor Lands, came over to look at the Higher Southwood estate of 51 acres, which they had not seen, but which I had long known. The earliest mention of this place is in a deed of 3 Edw. 3, or 1329, in which, under the name Souwoda, it is bequeathed by Juliana, the widow of Adam Herbard. £12 out of the rent has long been set aside to pay for the bread and wine used at the Communion in Sidmouth parish church, and the rest is given away to the poor at Easter.

I had a carriage at the Station, into which we got. We drove out two miles: spent an hour walking over the land: came back to my lodgings: had roast lamb and gooseberry pie: sauntered about the beach: and then took the train. The weather was beautiful and very enjoyable.

Sat. June 17 1882. – I returned to Sidmouth to-day.

Th. 22. – Had an early dinner with Mrs. Davidson, her three children and the governess, at Sidholme, formerly Richmond Lodge, which her late husband bought of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, but to which she has made great additions. There is a good copy of a nude group of children after Rubens in the dining room. I guessed the painter by the noses. There are several good landscapes by our Devonshire painter Widgery. She took me all over the house, and it is very beautiful certainly – herself the greatest ornament.

Had tea with Mr. Heineken. Coming home at nine, the planet Venus shone out brightly in the clear north-west like a spark, though it was day light, and several swallows were flying about.

Fr. 23. – It was light enough in the evening, now at the summer solstice, to see to read and write in doors after the clock had struck nine.

M. 26. – The weather is very showery, unsettled, and chilly in the shade. We are in the midst of the hay harvest, and it always grieves me to see the hay wetted, retarded, or spoilt. Say not that other people's hay is nothing to me.

Sidmouth, June & July, 1882.

Fri. June 30. 1882. – A very sultry summer day, with a copper colour sky, looking as if it might culminate in a thunder storm. It all kept off however, and the haymakers in Great Blackmore Field, lying between the Old Chancel and All Saints Church, are busy making a large rick.

M. July 3. – The field between Coburg Terrace and the Old Chancel, was cut to-day.

Tu. 4. – My field, let to my butcher, lying on the north of the Old Chancel, cut to-day.

Fri. 7. – At a garden party at Mr. & Mrs. Wright's, Hillsdon, olim Grinfield House.

S. 8. – As I was passing down the lane behind Coburg Terrace, some of the women living in the cottages were in a great fuss, when I saw a light yellow Canary bird pitched in the patch of one of the gardens. It had first flown against the window, where it had seen some others in a cage inside. After I saw it, it flew right away, and I thought it was gone; but it soon returned, and then flew into one of the open doors of a cottage – went into a cage and eat food.

Tu. 11. – Mr. & Mrs. Stirling, who were here in Sep. 1880, who live in the south during the cold weather, and who have recently left Nice, arrived here to-day, and I got lodgings for them at N^o. 2, Fortfield Terrace, where they had been before.

W. 12. – Terrible news from Egypt. Our ships have knocked the batteries of Alexandria to pieces. It is rather difficult to understand the cause of the quarrel. For some time past the natives have been

looking with a jealous eye at the number, and the business habits, and the comparative wealth of the Europeans, especially the English, to be found in Egypt. The Kedive, the present ruler, under the Sultan, more enlightened than his people, would wish to educate them and enrich them, and it appears that they have threatened to depose him, because he favours foreigners. Arabi, Pasha, has gained great power over the Egyptian army, and has become a military Dictator over the whole country. A tumult and a massacre of Europeans took place in Alexandria a few weeks ago. We sent out some ships to protect our interests: the French, Italians, Germans, and Russians also sent ships. The Sultan was requested to send ships and land forces, in order to put down the rebel Arabi, whom the Kedive himself could not manage. He sent messages and a Commissioner, whom Arabi regarded not; but intimated to Europeans that he could manage his own affairs in Egypt, and did not want any interference. The Sultan did virtually nothing. We had now eight ironclads and five gunboats before Alexandria. By the representatives of the several nations it was urged upon the Sultan to send forces and restore order, or they must. It began to be suspected that he was conniving at the proceedings against foreigners. It was discovered from the fleets that all the coast round Alexandria was being fortified by earthworks and batteries. To this a protest was sent, and the work stopped. It was seen that they had begun again, and were busy mounting guns. Several thousand people fled on board the several ships for fear of indiscriminate massacre, and were sent to their various nationalities. After various warnings, and ultimatum was sent on shore to say, that if the batteries were not surrendered in order to be dismantled, the ships would open fire upon them in so many hours named. The English have great interests in Egypt, the passage of the Suez Canal being the chief. The French and the other ships all drew off and put to sea. The English opened fire soon after four on Tuesday morning the 11th. The power and the effect of the heavy guns of our ironclads had never been tried before. The Invincible carries four guns of 81 tons each, with a shot weighing three quarters of a ton. Nothing could resist this. The batteries were pounded up in a short time. A flag of truce was displayed from some of the buildings. The firing ceased, to enquire what it meant. The Turkish soldiers all fled away into the interior, having first let the convicts out of the hulks and the prisons, and they began to pillage the houses, and then set them on fire, so that Alexandria is now a heap of burnt ruins: - nevertheless we are excellent friends with the Sultan and the Kedive. We had only five killed, and twenty-seven wounded.

Th. 13. –The hay in my field carried, but the weather has been wet at intervals.

Fri. 14. – Meeting of Burial Board. Very little to do.

S. 15. – Florence and Catherine, daughters of my cousin W.H., Vicar of Blurton came, and stayed with the Stirlings.

M.17. – The annexed beautiful thin worked flints I copied from the originals, lent me by Mrs. Cowell, of the Grove: recently from the north of Ireland. [page of sketches inserted.]

Sidmouth. July 1882.

Sat. July 22. – My cousins had tea with me in the Oak Room of the Old Chancel, after we had walked up the field, and after we had mounted on the flat top of the building, and sat talking whilst sitting on the leads.

Walking down the road before Alma Place, a man with a basket of eggs on his arm was walking in advance of me. He had a huge black dog running before him. A boy was driving a cow with her calf up from the town. The cow made a run at the dog: the dog ran behind the man's heels for safety: the cow followed up the charge, and soon brought her horns to bear on the man's shins before: then the man began to caper and jump, and scatter the eggs about the road, and mash up the rest that remained in the basket. [sketch] Then the cow came on towards me, so I got into a doorway, not liking the appearance of things. The neighbours came out to discuss the situation. You can prosecute the owner of the cow and get damages. No you can't, you must prosecute the dog. No you mustn't, the dog must prosecute the cow. I left affairs on the horns of a dilemma/cow.

M.24. – So the stolen body of the Earl of Crawford has been recovered last week. Charles Souter, now in custody, saw four men carry something into the wood about 500 yards SW. of the mansion, and has given information. The ground has been probed with an iron rod, and woollen fibre pulled up. They dug, and found the body wrapped in a blanket, about two feet beneath the surface. Having been embalmed, it is preserved. [see Dec. 6, 1881.]

Took part in a carriage to go to Budleigh Salterton with Mrs. Stirling and my two cousins, and put the eldest en route to Exmouth. Remained an hour or two and then drove back.

Tu. 25. – Afternoon party at Mr. & Mrs. Wrights' at Hillsdon House.

Th. 27. – Made a cat's ladder. My black tom cat Robbie or Robert has now got three ladders at three different side of the Old Chancel, by which he can come in at the windows.

Sat. July 29. – My two cousins left, and Mr. Stirling and self walked up to the Station with them to see them off.

John Parsons, aged 73, fell from the top of a waggon load of hay at Sidbury, and pitching on his head, died soon after.

Th. Aug.3. – Mr. Stirling, and Dr. Pullin, and myself, were in the drawing room of N^o. 2, Fortfield Terrace talking, when I saw a large black setter dog jump out of the first floor window of the middle

house, or N^o2, of Denby Place, and come down upon the flag stones. It is wonderful he was not killed. Dr. Pullin saw it too. The dog limped about for a few minutes, and then seemed to recover. I learnt afterwards on enquiry, that he jumped out after a ball, with which the children of Col. Bolton were playing.

Sat. 5. – Mr. Matchwick, [Sept. 2, 1879] of the S. Kensington Museum, on a visit to Sidmouth, called, and shewed me a very pretty enhydrite, looking like ground glass, smaller and flatter than mine. [Sep.26.1881.] He got it for a sovereign. He told me however, that he had heard of a case where so much as £12 had been given for one, and of another case where £15 had been given. He also shewed me the half of one that had been accidentally broken. This is equally curious and as interesting as the whole one, because it shews the inside: [sketch] and whereas the crystalization of the outside is of the concentric or Bekeite type, on the inside a number of little prisms are visible. He also shewed me a cairngorm, having fluid inside, and a movable air bubble. It was procured in Celone, and he got it for £3. Likewise, a transparent and colourless crystal of quartz, also containing fluid towards the upper part, and a movable air bubble. [sketch]

Aug. 1882.

Mon. Aug. 7. – Man nearly drowned whilst bathing, owing to cramp. James Carnell jumped in with his clothes on, and saved him, when he was insensible. Knowle Hotel opened.

Tu. 8. – Mr. & Mrs. Stirling left for London, and eventually to Naples for the winter.

Fr. 11. – Dined at the new Knowle Hotel with Mr. Winslow Jones of Exeter, who is staying there for a week – and he was the first visitor there, though others are now arriving. What changes I have seen there to be sure! In my childhood a shew place. It was built about 1810 by Lord Le Despencer – belonged to Farquhar or Fauquier – to Fish, who for 40 years made a shew place of it – to Marson, who altered the grounds – to Thornton, who added greatly to the house, regardless of cost, and who increased the land to 40 acres – to his eldest son, who sold it six months ago to a Hotel Company. May it thrive – of which the Sidmouth people have their doubts. In the three drawing-rooms en suite, there are three white marble statuary mantel pieces. I have been told they cost the late Mr. Thornton £200 apiece: and in the boudoir at the end there is a handsome one, said to have cost £350. They are too good for a Hotel. Better sell them.

Sat. 12. – Thunder storm. One flash about 6.30 P.M. quite close. It was like a 6-pounder close to one's head, with volleys of musketry and more 6-pounders. The electric telegraph at the post office ceased to work.

M.14. – Called at Mr. Heineken's. Met his daughter Mrs. Lloyd, and two Miss Horsefalls, his nieces, who are here just now.

Th.16. – Spent the evening at Mr. Buttermer's. Fourteen at tea.

Sun.19. – Four services at the Parish church.

M.20. – Walked over Salcombe Hill to Salcombe, and called on Mr. Frank Morshead, son of the late Vicar, at Sunny Bank. He shewed me an interesting collection of English birds' eggs, some very rare, of his own making. I mean he made the Collection, and not the eggs. Then called on Mrs. and Miss Soulsby, at the lower house.

Tu. 29. – At Sidholme, late Richmond Lodge, at Mrs. Davidson's, to see some private theatricals, in the great ballroom. Everything very handsome.

W.30. – Had the elm tree in front of N^o. 4 trimmed. Dined at Mr. & Mrs. Tollar's at Oaklands – once Green Bank, and once Belle Vue. Why do people introduce confusion into their title-deeds by changing the names of their places? Eight at dinner.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1882.

Sat. Oct. 14. – Went into Exeter by the 12.10 train. Took two things to the Museum. One of them was the handsome Nepaul knife sketched in this Diary, at March 22, 1870 – a weapon that I have given to the Museum because it will be more accessible to the eyes of the public and of the many than in private hands, and in an endowed building it is likely to be well taken care of: and the other is a sort of sword, like a saw, made of sharks' teeth. It is a piece of hard wood, about two feet long, with sharks teeth sewed on all down each edge. The handle is very unscientifically made. [sketch] It is rather formed to slip out of the hand; but there is a hole for a string. The sketch will shew its form. There is nothing like the sketch of an object, however rude: it gives a better idea of it than all the verbal description in the world. This would be a worse weapon than a steel sword in a close fight, especially to men without clothes on. A scrape with it against their sides would make them howl, and then run. The teeth are so placed as to be retractible. William Hart, formerly a sailor at Sidmouth, brought it from the Fiji Islands, and gave it to me.

Walked down over the Bridge and out 200 or 300 yards beyond St. Thomas's church to a house that juts out, to look again at the old granite stone or cross, built into the brick wall of this house. I came out and sketched it in June 1868. It is about a yard high. A person called Nicholls now occupies the house. I went in to make enquiry. [sketch] The woman told me that though the street is now even and level, she had understood that before the house extended out so far, and when it was a country district, a brook or open stream used to run across the road, over which stream there was a Bridge, (and the stream might still pass under the road for all she knew,) - that latterly the Bridge went by the name of "Cockle's Bridge", and a Court in the corner near the house "Cockle's Court" - that the old Cross is said to have stood on or near the Bridge - that the land was enclosed, built on, and the bridge destroyed - that the father of the present owner built the house, and finding this old stone lying about and taken no account of, he built it into the wall to preserve it.

Sun. Oct. 15. - Rain all day.

Mon. Oct. 16. - Rain all day.

Tu. 17. - River Sid very high. Rushing down with violence or, as the country people say, - "There's Lord Roncombe coming down, booted and spurred." Much rain lately, and the low lands in many parts of the country under water.

Mon. 23. - Saw the Comet at last! I believe it is the finest we have had since 1861. [July 2. 1861.] I happened to wake this morning at 5.20, so I got out of bed, for the sky was clear. The nucleus is circular, and it apparently has concentric rings of light round it. Measuring rather roughly, it was about 18 degrees above the horizon: the tail sloping upwards at an angle of about 25 degrees: and the tail about 19 or 20 degrees long. [sketch] Some have spoken of the tail as being curved, but if so, it was scarcely perceptible. The Comet, we are told, in passing round the sun, almost brushed its surface, and that its next perihelion it will probably plunge into it. I left off looking before six, when the first faint indication of daylight was beginning to appear.

A lady writing to me from Exeter, says the tail looked as if it were ten inches broad: and a friend in my house, in speaking of the size of the whole affair, said it appeared large enough to cover the door. These measurements are worth recording, as they may be useful to astronomers.

Wed. Nov. 1. - The boisterous, showery, and unsettled weather has continued all over the country, and the low lands have been much flooded and the trains stopped. Violent wind from the south to-day, and a heavy sea on the beach. A "billy-boy," or vessel somewhat of the Dutch build, and schooner rigged, was driven high and dry on the rocks some three miles east of Sidmouth at Longebb, so called. She came out of Exmouth yesterday, in ballast, to go up Channel, but she was caught by the violent southerly wind, which was too much for her. The Exmouth Life Boat went off, but the Sidmouth one did not. It is extremely difficult to launch anything from the open beach of

Sidmouth in rough weather. The vessel is called the *Lady Elizabeth*: she is 100 tons burden, as I am told, and her crew of three men, got safe on shore. Small hope of saving her.

Mon. Nov.6. – The two gentlemen represented opposite [sketch] called upon me this morning. The 5th this year, fell upon a Sunday, so that the Gunpowder Treason display of Old Popes and fireworks took place to day with much vigour. When I was a lad I used to hear the boys sing the lines annexed.

Remember, remember,

The 5th of November,

The Gunpowder Treason and plot;

I see no reason

Why Gunpowder Treason

Should ever be forgot.

Holla boys! Holla boys!

God save the King!

Holla boys! Holla boys!

Make the bells ring!

Up with the ladder and down with the rope,

Please to give me something to burn the Old Pope!

They now shout parts of them, tho' only in a fragmentary way, having learnt them imperfectly. The High Church or Ritualistic party are now beginning to poo-poo this demonstration, and say it is high time that it should be put down. The Roman Catholics say the same. The Roman Catholics may take things complacently, for they are increasing in England very fast; and they declare with a chuckle that the Ritualistic party are preparing the way for them. It is not hard to read the signs of the times, or to predict, by an arithmetical calculation, what this will ultimately lead to. Guy Fawkes is beginning to be sympathised with, and Ridley and Latimer will be laughed at.

Wed. Nov. 8. – Edith O’Gorman, who escaped from a Convent, now Mrs. Auffrey, whose book I read last May, (May 8,) gave two lectures to-day at the London Hotel, Sidmouth. I went to one of them. Didn’t she give it to the priests!

Fri. 10. – Mr. Beard, a draper of High Street, getting out of a gig, fell and broke his collar bone, and dislocated one shoulder.

W. 15. – Mr. Whitton, Butcher, of Fore Street, walking near Honiton, fell & broke his leg.

Th. 16. – A cold clear night. The comet still lingers with us, though it is smaller in size, and fainter in light. It has moved from the SE to the SSE. The tail about 12 degrees long instead of 19°. [sketch]

Fri. 17. – My birthday. I woke quite by chance before daylight, on both these mornings. In one case the comet was rising, and was behind the tower, from the Old Chancel, with the tail sloping more upwards, [sketch] and the other morning higher, and the tail more horizontal; just as we sometimes see the three stars in Orion’s Belt rise almost perpendicular [] horizontal [] in the zenith and nearly perpendicular again [] when setting in the west. A few sleepy observations comprised all that could be done of a cold night by a person in his night-dress, at the chilly window.

S. 18. – My cousin the Rev. John R. Hutchinson, Vicar of Normacot, in Staffordshire, married Miss Kate Hombersley on the 19th of last month, and they have been to the Scilly Isles. They came here to pay me a visit on the way back. Their description of those islands, the energy of Mr. Smith the lessee under the crown, the remarkable way in which he is developing the resources of them, the climate, favourable to the growth of aloes, tree-ferns, and palms, and the photographs they shewed me of something like tropical scenery, was altogether very interesting.

Sidmouth, Dec. 1882.

Sun. Nov. 20. – The parish church and All Saints. My cousins had tea with the Rev. and Mrs. Jenkinson, the Curate.

M. 21. – Lord and Lady Sidney Osborne, and their family used to tell me many tales about those islands, for I think that Lord Godolphin, Lord S.G.O.’s father, had the islands before Mr. Smith’s uncle. Many years ago, when Mr. Smith’s uncle was a young man, he was engaged to be married to

a lady – I think a Miss Dorian, - but when the wedding day was approaching, she unexpectedly eloped or got married to his brother. This shock so affected Mr. Smith that he never made up his mind to marry at all. He could not very well ever meet his brother or this lady again, so that a life-long estrangement ensued. Towards the latter part of his life however, he made over his interest in the islands, before he died, to his nephew, the present holder, the son of his brother and this lady.

My cousins left to-day.

Wed. Dec. 6. – The transit of Mercury to-day across the disc of the sun was a sight worth seeing. The wind north, and strong, and very cold. This morning there was a slight coating of snow on the ground, the first appearance of winter, which did not thaw in the shade all day. The afternoon was clear. The first contact was at A, at 1..55..57, or just before two in the afternoon, [sketch] and it looked as if there were a small notch or indentation in the edge of the sun: and at 2..16..18, the planet was entirely upon the disc of the sun: so that the planet had taken 20 minutes and 21 seconds to travel the space of its own diameter, not forgetting the motion of the earth, &c. About half past two it was at the third spot, and soon after three at the fourth. I was only using a three-foot telescope. I then went on the lead roof of the Old Chancel, and watched it a quarter of an hour longer, when it was getting down to the haze of the horizon, and the sun set at 3..51. The planet looked like a jet black spot. I could see it with an Opera glass, and with smoked glass, even with the naked eye.

Th. Dec.7. – Cold.

Fri. Dec.8. – Colder.

Sat. Dec.9. – Coldest.

Sun. Dec.10. – The same. The north-east wind very searching and penetrating.

Mon. Dec. 11. – The pump frozen. Great consternation below stairs. Took some hot water and thawed it. Then took a large piece of matting, in reserve for the purpose, which I bound round with a cord. Pumps and men need overcoats in December.

Tu. 12. – Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Buttemer and Miss Fawcett called in and had an afternoon tea with me – a sociable modern institution.

Th. 14. – I wonder whether I am drifting into the compilation of a book? Ever since my late cousin J.H., one of the Canons of Lichfield died [Ap.28,1865,] and indeed I may say, ever since he superintended Governor H.'s 3rd vol. of the History of Massachusetts, some 54 years ago, it has been intended to publish a volume or two compiled from the Gov.'s Diary and quantities of the letters we have of the period of the Revolutionary war – but nobody has been able to find time to attend to it. At J.H.'s death the collection of mss. was handed over to me. It was a mass of confusion. Bags and bundles of letters, and loose fragments of Diaries all mixed together. At odd times I looked them over – pasted and repaired – strengthened rotten paper with a solution of isinglass size – smoothed and ironed them out – arranged chronologically - and finally bound into volumes. Not till then could the contents be got at or understood. Having got rid of my Hist. of Sidmouth, I looked closer into the subject and arranged plans. Last Lady Day I set to work and made a regular beginning, and I have been hoping that by the next Lady Day I might accomplish a volume of some 600 pages, but I see I cannot. I have got to about 390, which is not quite two thirds. Selections from these mss. ought to be published if only in the cause of truth. Hitherto the Americans have had all the say; and they have said everything to suit their own views, to proclaim a great deal of self-glorification, and to vilify everything English. These papers would put the dispute between England and her Colonies in a very different light. I hope I may live to do something with them. – Published in due course. –

Dec. 1882.

Th. Dec. 21. 1882. – Shortest day, but not so dark as some we have had.

Mr. & Lady Katherine Buchanan, (she was Lady Katherine Hely-Hutchinson) are at 2 Fortfield Terrace. They have taken a house half a mile west of Honiton, and are here until it is ready for them. Called to-day. Told her some of the family links which she did not know, and some that her late brother (or half brother) the Earl of Donoughmore told me eighteen years ago. [Jan.25. 1864.] Edw. Hutchinson of Alford in Lincolnshire, whose eldest son William was born there in 1586, as I have seen in the Parish Register, and who died in 1631, was the common ancestor. I am the eighth in descent from his eldest son William – as 1. William and Anne Marbury: 2. Edward H. and Catherine Hanby: 3. Elisha H. and Hannah Hawkins: 4. Thomas H. and Sarah Foster: 5. Thomas H. and Margaret Sanforde: 6. Thomas H. and Sarah Oliver: 7. Andrew H. and Anne Parker: 8. Peter Orlando H. Edward had a second son called Samuel, who never married, and a third son Richard, who purchased the estates in Ireland that the earls of Donoughmore now have, and from whom they derive.

M. 25. – The wind having got round to the south-west, it has become extremely mild. I disapprove of dining out on Christmas Day, and yet I always do it. This is Christmas Day. Received two invitations to dine out, and only accepted one. Our boiled turkey was so immensely large, I had the curiosity to ask, what it had weighed? Nineteen pounds and a half.

W. 27. – Unusually mild. Lunched with Mr. & Mrs. Ede at Lansdowne. At 9 this morning the thermometer out of doors was 56, and it was the same after dark this evening. Those who have kept a register here for many years, tell me that this high temperature, at this time of year, appears to be wholly unprecedented. Of course it will not last long. Some warm current over the Gulf Stream perhaps. Called on Mrs. Davidson at Sidholme, and found her home.

Mr. Darke, driver of the Mail-cart, driving out of town at 7 yesterday evening, past Radway, a vehicle coming up from Salcombe ran against him. He was thrown out: his tore away the shafts and galloped to Bowd.

Th. Dec. 28. – Called at the Vicarage, and had a long chat with Mr. & Mrs. Clements.

Fri. 29. – Called at Oakland, and passed half an hour talking with Mr. & Mrs. Toller. Morning calls run away with a good deal of time, but one is obliged to do it to keep up friendships.

Sat. 30. – Miss Steinman and her nephew, from Core Hill, called, and had an afternoon tea with me, and walked back some two miles before dark. Amongst the wild rooks that come to be fed under my window, (some of them wonderfully tame) there are three or four jackdaws, that come I believe from the cliff of Salcombe Hill, and one or two as tame as the rooks. Last autumn some horrible boy shot off the left leg and foot of one of them, and for some weeks it was in a dreadful state; but it is now able to come with the others. [sketch] It stands upon one leg, but frequently goes down upon the stump, and even uses the stump in walking or hobbling along, and sometimes assists itself with its wings. One of the others, and the tamest of the jackdaws, has a long white feather in its right wing,

Sunday, Dec. 31. – Last day of the year. Incessant bell ringing. The peal of bells in the Tower, now, from the last addition, amounting to an octave of eight, are in the key of F. Being odds and ends they are very imperfect, - in short, they are very much out of tune. Nothing proves this so clearly as playing psalm tunes on them, as I used to do. I told the Vicar the other day that as soon as I had enough and to spare, I would give him a new set of bells for the tower. Very few of us have got enough; and still fewer "enough and to spare."

POH Transcripts - 1883

Mon. Jan. 1. 1883. – New Year's Day. A general holiday with the working classes. I wish that they would learn to think that it was possible to have enjoyment without strong drink. As long as alcohol is permitted to corrupt the blood of the people, so long will hereditary and acquired diseases continue to flourish.

Began to rebind this vol. adding all the blank leaves that follow.

Wind SW, and weather mild. The proximity of the sea tempers the air here.

Tu. Jan. 2. – Wind changed to NW, and colder, coming over the land. Drove a couple of miles with Mr. W.M. Floyd to Core Hill, and called on Captain Christie and Miss Steinman.

Tu. 9. – NE wind: piercing cold, but no ice or snow.

W. 17. – This morning at 4.30 Mr. Hirtzel writes he felt the slight shock of an earthquake. Others are said to have been felt in other parts of England. Accounts arrive from Spain that some severe ones have occurred in the SE parts of that country.

Fri. 19. – Sent the broad pointed silver spoon to my cousin J.R.H., Vicar of Normacot, Staffs.

Th. 25. – Got a distressing letter from Mr. Stirling from Malta, announcing the death of his wife, on the 15th. They were here Sep.23.1880 and July 11.1882.

M. Jan. 29. – Special meeting of the Burial Board, about brick wall at the south end of the Cemetery.

Tu. 30. – The tall flagstaff with topmast, on the point of the cliff over the mouth of the river Sid, was blown over to the sea last night.

Th. Feb.1. – Violent wind and rain from the SE. Chimney top blown down at Belmont: fell through skylight. Thunder and lightening.

W.7. – Ash Wednesday. Very early this year.

Th. 8. – The almost incessant rain and wind since last summer, has brought down 18 feet of a cob wall near the back of the Old Chancel. I can remember the wall since 1825 – 58 years!

Fri.9. – The central tower of Peterborough Cathedral is cracking and sinking. They are taking it down as quickly as possible.

[insertion of Post Office telegram]

Sat. Feb.10. – Rain all night and nearly all day. Wind SW to NW. Mild. Waves over the Esplanade into the town, and the low parts under water.

Twenty copies of my letter on the preservation of ancient ruins have been sent to me for distribution from the Society of Antiquaries of London. It is printed in their **Proceedings**, vol. VIII.p.483, second series.

Tu.13. – A small Whale discovered among the Hook Ebb reef of rocks, a mile and a half eastward: apparently not quite dead. Sea too rough to tow home by boats. By means of horses and ropes, it was dragged all the way to Sidmouth. It was the *Globicephalus melas*, Bottle-nose Whale, or Pilot Whale. Very peculiar round forehead. Nearly 18 feet long. The men made a tent with the sails of boats, and admitted the public for what they chose to give them.

W.14. – A deal of nonsense sent to girls to-day.

Th.15. – Went down and sketched the so-called whale to-day.

F.16. – The bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington on his horse at Hyde Park Corner, that I saw put there Sep.29.1848, is now taken down to put somewhere else.

S.17. – Mr. Willock, of Cotmaton House, in the garden, died suddenly of heart complaint.

M.19. – Mr. D’Urban, Curator of the Exeter Museum, and the Rev. J. Hellings, came to me about the whale. [see telegram] I took them to the east end of the beach, where they examined it well. Mr. D’Urban asked me to negotiate for the skeleton, for the Museum, limiting me to £5.

Tu.20. – “Supposing I could get you £3 for the bones of that whale, from one of the gentlemen who came down yesterday – wouldn’t you be very glad to get it?” “Well, sir, there’s 13 of us part or joint owners, and ‘tis a dirty and a difficult job to take them out without breaking, and boil ‘em all. Perhaps you could get us a trifle more?”

W.21. – “Will you undertake to get them all out carefully, without losing or cutting any, if I can get you £4?”

Th. 22. – “We have consulted together, sir, and shall be very glad of £4, and will do our best.” So that was a bargain. The Board of Trade had laid claim to it, but eventually a message came down, to say it was not the species they reserved to themselves, and that the men could have it. I never heard of this before. In short, it is only within recent times that any claim to the foreshore has been set up at all.

M.26. – The whale being now given up, the men cut off the blubber, and sold it for ten shillings a cwt. They then proceeded with the skeleton.

Sidmouth. Feb. Mar. 1883.

Tu. 27. Feb. 1883. – They continued all last night boiling the bones. Not to keep them waiting, I paid them the £4.

Wed.28. – Mr. D’Urban sent me a cheque for £4. The bones were packed in three hampers and sent in. Wrote an article on the Whale for Lethaby’s Journal next month.

Th. March 1. – All the winter has been noted for gales of wind, and storms of mild rain. To-day, the first of the new month, a dry north-easter has set in.

Tu.6. – Miss Venn of Payhembury, and her sister-in-law Mrs. J. Venn, surprised me with a visit. They had an early tea with me before they took the train to return. The name of Ven or Venn, I take to be a Devonshire pronunciation of the word Fen, a marshy place. Ven Ottery is Fen Otri or Ottery in ancient documents, as I have often remarked. John-o-the-fen, or John-by-the-fen, may have given name to a family. Nigh-the-way occurs in old Sidmouth deeds, and in the north of Devon they have By-the-ford, for Bideford.

Th.8. – The north-east wind continues very strong and cutting, and a few flakes of snow are flying by. The soaked ground however is drying, and the farmers and gardeners are busy working it for spring crops. It is colder than we have had it all the winter, but as the sun is bright, it is beautiful weather.

Fri.9. – The title page here stuck in, [inserted] I saved from the fragmentary remains of a copy of **The Practice of Piety**, dated 1661. The name Conant exists among the fishing classes, but among the better formerly, for in the middle aisle of the p[ar]ish church, there is a slab with arms to that name. [Oct.12.1875.]

W.14. – Mr. T.V. Holmes, of Crooms Hill, wrote to me to enquire whether there are any holes in the soil and strata here, like some near Blackheath? and Mr. Spurrell, of Lessness, wrote a couple of months ago on the same subject. Sent an answer, and made some sketches. [My ms. Hist.I.18. dorsum.]

Fri.16. – Wind got to NW. Fine, but cold. Shower of snow.

The papers say that a terrible explosion took place last night just after nine, in a lower room of the Local Government Board, Downing Street. Building much shattered: glass all round the neighbourhood broken: nobody killed. Soon after, at the Times office, another similar attempt was made.

Fri. Mar.23. – Good Friday. Full moon at 6.5 P.M. Fine, but very cold. Lord Haldon died. As Sir Lawrence Palk, M.P. he was often at Sidmouth.

Sat. 24. – The Queen slipped and fell on the carpet, and strained and hurt herself, and is obliged to keep quiet.

Sun. 25. – Easter Sunday. Very early this year. I think the rule for Easter is this – The first Sunday after the first Full Moon after the 21st of March.

Th.29. – Very cold. March has been the coldest month of all the winter. The wind suddenly veered round to the south, and blew hard off the sea, with black clouds.

Fri. 30. – Hard rain all last night. Much milder.

S.31. – Cold again, but fine.

Tu. Ap.3. – A warm current of air, feeling like summer. 58° in the shade. Amused myself in the lawn, and painted some new palings.

W. Ap.4. – Fine and warm. 57°.

Th.5. – A cold cutting north-easter again.

M.16. – My servant Anne Newton told me a curious story about a Bear. She said that her mother's father John Carslake, kept the Turnpike Gate at Trow, near Slade, about the time of the Battle of Waterloo: that Carslake had two or three daughters, her mother being one: that her mother's younger sister Elizabeth, who may have been 16 or 17 years old about the supposed period mentioned, went one day from the Turnpike or Toll Gate, down a trackway, across some fields, and by a sort of copse or wild district to the east of Knowle towards Harcombe, to see a relation living there. I think I know the spot. [sketch and map] Some years ago, when enjoying a summer picnic at Knowle, we rambled out that way, and I have also been down one of the trackways from the tollgate side. Going along by the copse, her attention was arrested by a growl and a sort of roar, such as one may hear by a wild beast show, and on turning round and looking at the bushes, she saw a bear moving. She was dreadfully frightened, as there was no shelter or protection in the open field thro' which she was passing, so she started off and ran with all her might, expecting that the animal would pursue her. She succeeded however, in getting to Harcombe, and bursting into the cottage, fell on the floor in a fainting fit. They were much alarmed, and on her recovering, she explained what she had seen. Harcombe was soon in an uproar. It had been rumoured that a bear had been lost by its keepers, or from some show at Sidmouth, and no one could find out what had become of it. Report said that a party of Harcombe men, or others, shot it.

M. Ap.23. – After a day or two of mild weather, the wind has again got back to the NE, and blowing strong, with occasional showers: two of the showers were of snow. The Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, our Curate called. He was six years among the natives in south Africa, and knows the Zulu language. Also Mr. Sloper, from Taunton.

Tu. Ap. 24. – Never were Great Britain and Ireland in such a state as they are now. Murders and acts of violence are rife, and no one knows where the next explosion of dynamite will take place. It originated in Ireland, assisted by their disaffected countrymen in America, and has now been imported into England. The wild declamations and impossible promises made by Mr. Gladstone three years ago, when he was canvassing in Midlothian, so excited men's minds with false hopes, that now they are enraged against the present Ministry, because they cannot get all they were led to expect. There is no other way of accounting for it. The country was in a state of quietude and content after six years of Conservative rule. Last Thursday the 19th was the second anniversary of the death of the great Conservative statesman and Prime Minister, the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. much honoured by the Queen. A bronze statue of him was unveiled last Thursday by Sir Stafford Northcote with great ceremony opposite the Houses of Parliament. It is said that the Earl was fond of the pale yellow primrose flower. Anyhow, that flower has been adopted as a Badge by the Conservative party, and a great display of them has been of them made. Many gentlemen of Sidmouth wore them in their button holes.

Wed.Ap.25. – I am told that the cuckoo was heard near Sidmouth on Friday last, and near Exeter on Saturday. Also swallows, but I have not seen them.

S.28. – The Queen's accident to her knee is better, though it mends but slowly. [newspaper cutting attached] It is 63 years and 4 months since she was an infant in arms in Sidmouth.

Tu. May 1. – May Day. Cold easterly wind. Emblems of Flora were not forgotten. The children, as usual, brought about branches of trees having flowers hanging about them; and some were set off with little dolls tied among the opening leaves: also also cards with bright pictures on them, and pieces of ribbon, to set them off.

W. 2. – Mrs. Mortimer, aged 71, came to be paid. She told me an extraordinary story about her late mother, who lies in the cradle, as here represented in the annexed sketch, [sketch] with her right arm hanging out over. The father and mother of the infant were called Newton, and they lived at Norman's town, (so pronounced,) a hamlet at the bottom of Newtonpoppleford Hill, going from Sidmouth to N-p-ford (impossible to write that long word twice over), and a quarter of a mile south of the road at the bottom of the said hill, or about two-thirds of a mile south of Harpford. One day, when the father was out at work, the mother went out of the cottage to fetch a "range", or hair sieve, to sift or bolt some ground corn to make some bread, leaving her infant lying in its cradle in

the kitchen. She believes the door was shut when she went out, and that some neighbour went to the house in her absence, and omitted to fasten it. Anyhow, a large sow or pig, wandering about the village, at last came to the door, and pushed it open with its snout, and walked round the kitchen. Coming to the cradle, and finding the child's hand and arm hanging out over, it bit off the arm half way between the wrist and the elbow, and munching it up in its mouth, walked out. The mother took no notice of the pig as she returned, but coming to her own door, heard the baby crying violently. She was in a state hard to describe on going in and discovering what had happened, and there was no small stir amongst the inhabitants when the particulars of this occurrence became known. When the father came home, he was like a madman, and seizing a pick or pitchfork, ran about the village, to try and find and kill the pig. Some of the neighbours shut it up, and it was afterwards taken into the country by some farmer. The mother started off to Sidmouth, some three miles away, to seek some medical man, carrying the baby, and running nearly all the way. Whether any part of the arm was further amputated by a Surgeon, so as to improve the end of the stump, is not now known. For some time after this occurrence she had occasionally to take the child to Sidmouth, until the arm was well. A brother of this child, but whether born before or after it I cannot learn, and baptized John, became eventually the father of my servant Anne Newton, and she has also told me the story. The child recovered and lived to grow up, and married a man called Carslake. She was brought to the occupation of a mantua maker and needlewoman, and was very clever at stay making. Mrs. Mortimer tells me her mother used to handle her needle very rapidly and dexterously with her left hand, and steady her work with the stump of her right arm. And as to a calculation: - Mrs. Mortimer being 71, and if her mother was 35 when she was born, the affair of the pig happened 71 and 35 years ago, together 106. Take 106 from 1883, and we are carried back to the year 1777. But there is nothing new under the sun; and very possibly similar things may have happened before, but never recorded.

Fri. May 4. – Twice within the past 3 or 4 weeks I have dined off cod's head and shoulders. From some part of the head I have come upon two peculiar bones, looking like pieces of beautiful white ivory, or enamel, or glazed china plate. [sketch] They had attracted my notice years ago. Were they like the fabulous precious stones in the head of the toad? I examined the head more carefully to-day, and the bones appear to be placed one on each side of the brain, inside the skull; and I am inclined to suspect that they have something to do with the internal ear, but this is only surmise. They differ in size according to the size of the fish. Those sketched above are rather large, for it was a good size fish.

M.7. – Received the annual Report of the Exeter Museum. I see my exertions in getting the skeleton of the whale are alluded to, and also my gift of the Enhydrite.

[insertion of a page

Fri. 11. – The Rev. W. Downes, Curate of Kentisbeare, came over about some geological drawings which I am going to do for him. They will be lithographed, and illustrate a paper for the next meeting of the Dev. Assoc. at Exmouth, in July.

Sat. 12. – The wind has got round to the south-west, and we hope the cutting north-easters are over, which have been blowing, with small intervals, ever since the first of March. Such a dry cold spring is almost unprecedented. There was snow in the northern counties even last week.

Sun. 13. – Whit-Sunday. The north-easters have kept me in some time, as they now affect my throat and windpipe. At the parish church this afternoon, when the Vicar, Mr. Clements, read prayers, assisted by Mr. Beebe, once our Curate, and Mr. Jenkins preached, now our duly engaged Curate.

M. 14. – Whit-Monday. A general holiday. I am sorry for it. Those who can only enjoy cessation from labour by drunkenness, are better at work. Dined at the Elms.

Tu. 13. – Finished and sent off the three diagrams for Mr. Downes. Did some carpentering work at the back of the house during the morning. If I had had to earn my bread by manual labour, I should like to have been a Carpenter.

Called on the Rev. Olmius Morgan, and looked at his engravings, of which he is a collector. He shewed me an article in the Times, giving an account of an Art sale in London yesterday, when an etching, some 8 or 9 inches square was put up. It had formerly changed hands for about £1100, but a Mr. Addington now bid on to £1500, but a M. Clemente, a Frenchman, bid £1510, and got it. This was a much prized Rembrandt.

Called on Mr. and Mrs. Ede at Lansdowne, and again examined their very pretty white marble statue of Venus. The annexed horrible outline [sketch] will give an idea of the attitude. The figure is about 3 feet 6 high, and the pedestal nearly as much. It was made in Rome near 40 years ago by Mr. Holme Cardwell, and exhibited at Manchester in 1857. One of Mrs. Ede's brothers, Mr. Openshaw, bought it: and as he died recently, it has come by bequest to Mrs. Ede. There is a small crack in the left instep, done probably by a jolt in travelling. The price was £200. The original model was destroyed by an inundation at Rome.

Sidmouth. May, June, 1883.

Fri. May 1. 1883. – The fishermen dredged up and brought ashore a star fish I have not often seen here. Dr. Pullin shewed it to me, and said he was going to send it to the Exhibition of Fisheries, now open in London. Sketching from recollection, it was something like what is in the margin. [sketch]

S. 19. – I have only recently been leaving off fires during the day, but the evenings are chilly, especially as I like to sit still and write till late.

Tu. 22. – Had masons on the roof of No. 4, repairing. Got one of the masons to climb up the flagstaff at the Old Chancel, and put up the halliards again, for they broke and came down in the bad weather.

Th. 24. – The Queen's Birthday. The church bells rang, and I hoisted my Union Jack at my flagstaff.

S. 26. – Dr Gibbes, who went away to New Zealand 16 years ago, little more than a boy, came in, and I could not guess who he was.

M. 28. – We hear that the son of Major Walker of Radway, has shot himself at his lodgings in London. Some ascribe it to domestic troubles.

Th. May 31. – At last, after fourteen months' work, I have got to the end of my book of rather over 600 pages. [See Dec. 14.] I must now go over the whole of it again, and revise it, and improve, and re-write some parts which I can alter for the better, and this will probably take a month or more. – This was Vol. 1. of the Diary and Letters of Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts.

Fri. June 1. – Mr. Clements, the Vicar, called, and had half an hour's chat on parish affairs, and sundry other things. Shewed him the MS. of my new book. He told me his grandfather Colonel Clements, had a command in America during the Revolutionary war.

S. 2. – The evenings have grown chilly to one who sometimes sits still for four or five hours reading or writing, so that I have only now dispensed with fires entirely.

Sun. June 3. – An unfortunate man called Samuel Woodley, who lived at Woolbrook in this parish, committed suicide yesterday morning by cutting his throat in a field. He has left eleven children. He lost his wife four or five months ago; and some say he has suffered remorse at his ill treatment of her: and others add that some of his elder children have taunted him about it a good deal, until he lost all command over himself.

Mon. 11. – Frederick Smith, son of my late father's groom, brought me a beautiful little fish to look at, of which the attempt in the margin gives but a wretched idea of the original, [sketch] & said it had been pulled up in a net along with others, but that none of the old fishermen knew what it was. I could not tell him. Its real length was double that of my sketch. The fins and tail were so delicate and transparent that they were like glass. The colour was a soft green, and the spots black. It is in some degree like the fish at May 17, 1880, that being full size, and young. I have only done the above from memory. See another in Sketchbook, Vol. VI. See May 17, 1882.

Tu. 12. – Had an afternoon tea at Miss Jenkins's at Enfield Villas, her eldest niece being with her. Met Mr. & Mrs. Geo. Buttemer, (her sister) and Miss Faucett.

Wed. 20. – The Queen's Accession to the throne in 1837. Had up my flag upon the Old Chancel. The Rev. J.W. Wilkinson, Rector of Pen Selwood, Somerset, called. We had a chat about the Pen Pits in his parish. Gave him one of my papers on the Iron Pits of Blackdown.

Sent my servant Anne Newton to Budleigh. Her sister's husband called John Knowles is dangerously ill with bronchitis. She went yesterday.

Fri. 22. – Dr. Brushfield, of Budleigh Salterton called, and we had a long talk about the Raleigh slab and its peculiarities in Budleigh Church. We went to the Vicarage for the keys of the Parish Chest, to examine Deed 28 & 36, where the Raleghs take the tithe of fish – Vicar out – came back – Vicar followed us and brought keys – we went – examined Deeds – traced off three signatures of father and two sons, strange to say, all spelt differently. Came back to Old Chancel. Dr. B. left for Budleigh S.

Sidmouth. June 1883.

S.23. – Looking over Lyson's *Devonshire*, Vol.VI.p.350., Note, I see he gives a few generations of the pedigree of Dr. Humphrey Hutchinson, Rector of Kenn, in this county, who was one of the translators of the authorised version of the Bible, I think *of the Greek part of the New Testament, of 1611. I am not informed as to how Humphrey was descended from the great original stock of Yorkshire, given in the life of Col. Hutchinson of Owethorpe and of Nottingham, and from which all true Hutchinsons derive. At the time he lived my branch was living at Alford in Lincolnshire, and in 1634 the eldest son William left that place for Boston in Massachusetts. In the pedigree in Lysons, the last mentioned, was buried at Cullompton in 1728, but whether there are any descendants now living, I do not know. I have been told that there was a monument with coat armour in Kenn church, but that, with the proverbial carelessness of our Rectors and Vicars and their Churchwardens, it was destroyed in or about 1850, when the church was "restored," as the phrase is. The following is Lysons' information, put in tabular form:

Dr. Humphrey Hutchinson,
Rector of Kenn,
Chaplain to Charles I.
Translator of the Bible. =

Dr. Wm. Hutchinson, D.D.
Rector of Kenn, Canon of
Exeter, and Chaplain to
King Charles II. = Frances Stuckley,
sister of
Sir Lewis Stuckley

John Hutchinson = Daughter of Wm. Longford

Eldest son, whose name is
not given in Lysons = John Hutchinson
of Cullompton.
His monument is
in the church. 1728.

Sun. 24. – Midsummer Day. Rainy and chilly. At the parish church.

Mon. 25. – At 1.40. P.M. the tremour of an earthquake was felt by the Edes at Lansdowne, the Mitchels at Audley, and others in Sidmouth, but not by me, so that both to-day and on previous occasions, I have been a little sceptical – see July 5.

W.27. – Wind got round to the SW. Thick weather: rain, mist.

Th. 28. – Thunder in the neighbourhood. Rain all day.

Fri. 29. – Fine and warm. Walked to Mr. Scrivens at Sid or Seed.

S.30. – A distant thunder storm passed up Channel between 8 & 9 P.M.

Sun. July 1. – At the parish church. Remained to the Sacrament.

Mon. 2. – Hot. Grass on the field between the Old Chancel and the church, and my field, cut today. Both rented by Mr. Bolt my butcher.

Tu. 3. – Had the Old Chancel turned out and dusted, scrubbed, and put right for the summer. Changed my bedroom, and went over the Hall.

W. 4. – Had the Oak Room turned out, dusted, cleaned, Turkey carpet taken out and beaten, (never get all the dust out of a Turkey carpet,) chimney swept, &c. &c.

Th. 5. – Poor John Knowles died yesterday morning at Budleigh. The hay cut on Monday has all been housed by the evening in fine condition. Beautiful weather. The papers are full of accounts of the earthquake. It seems to have been most strongly felt over the northern and western portions of the country. I sent a notice of it to the Exeter Gazette, but described it at Sidmouth as having been “no great shakes.”

Fri.6. – Mr. W. Floyd and myself took a carriage and drove to Core Hill, invited to see the roses, Capt. Christy being a great rose cultivator. Mrs. and Miss Clements from the Vicarage came: Miss May Cornish, Mr. & Mrs. King, Mr. & Mrs. Scott, & Mrs. Burke. Miss Steinman, his niece, gave us tea, cake, and strawberries, in the drawing room.

S.7. – A woman from Ottery called with wortle berries, 5^d a quart. They are now getting scarce, as the tops of the hills get brought under cultivation, so I had some, for they make a capital pie. They also make a black mouth, but this can easily be removed by washing it with any acid, as vinegar, lemon juice, or eating red currents.

I asked her about metheglin, the ancient British drink, afterwards called mead by the Saxons? I told her I never tasted it but once, and that was at Cold Harbour, on the flank of Ottery East Hill. She said the country people still made it when they strained off their honey, and still called it metheglin. I asked her to bring me a bottle.

M. 9. – My servant returned from Budleigh. Walked again to Seed – as they call it.

W. 11. – Called on Mr. Mitchell of Audley, who, a few years ago, was made Rothsay Herald, and had half an hours chat on heraldic subjects: on Mrs. Bremridge, Spring Gardens, where I met the Hon. Mrs. Addington and one of her daughters: on General Cafe at Claremont, who shewed me several additions to his collection of pictures, china, bronzes, &c.: on the Radfords at Sidmount, to return a book: on Mrs. and Miss Joliffe at Woodlands, back again at the four-cross-way, where we chatted on the present dulness of Sidmouth: and on the Miss Kennet Dawsons and the Hon. Mrs. Hobart at Powys.

July. 1883.

Fri. July 13. – One or two claps of thunder at a short distance. The lightening has been very severe in the midland counties, killing several persons and destroying buildings. Heavy thunder showers about, which have chilled the air.

M.16. – It is now discovered that the one Suez Canal is not enough for the enormous and constantly increasing traffic through that water way. The amount of shipping passing through there belonging to England, is much greater than that of all other nations put together. There is now a project afloat for making a second canal along side of it.

Tu. 17. – On May 31 I got to the end of my American book, and since then, being six weeks, amid many interruptions, I have gone over the whole, and made several corrections and alterations, and re-written some of the earlier parts. But I am not yet satisfied. I wrote my Hist. of Sidmouth three times over; and I am quite sure that every book ought to be passed three times through the sieve; and even then, another revision or two, would be sure to further improve style, phraseology, or arrangement, for the end of perfection is never attained. I shall skim it over again, for I see several places where Notes and annotations can be advantageously added.

Went to the London Inn to the sale of a piece of land opposite Mill Street, (so recently called) on which some old cottages had stood. [sketch map] The Local Board bought the cottages last year to pull down, in order to promote a street improvement, the road being narrow just at the turn. They gave £575. They have pulled down all the cottages, marked off a greater width for the street, and

now offer the plot of land for anybody to build on. There is about an 85 foot frontage. People thought it might be worth from 2 to £300. The biddings went up to £370. We were told the plot had been bought to build a Chapel on, – a new Wesleyan chapel.

A quantity of old brick and stone lying on the ground, was afterwards sold for £5.

Th. 19. – Mr. King, of Beach House, near the York Hotel, whom I met on the 6th only a fortnight ago, died suddenly this morning – suddenly to his friends, at all events. He has been visibly failing for the last year or two.

Fri.20. – Cold rain all day, nearly.

Sat. 21. – At 10 AM. a hail storm, then a flash of lightening, then a clap of thunder, nearly all together. The wind NW, and the storm going up Channel.

Sun. 22. – After church took a turn up the lanes, then out to the cliff above Peak House, and down by the edge of the cliff. Every time I look at the cliffs after an interval, it is manifest to me that they are continually crumbling and falling away.

Tu. 24. – Had an early dinner with the Rev. Mrs. & Miss Beebe at Eaglehurst, near Cotmaton. Mr. Bickerstaff of Cotmaton Old Hall was there.

W.25. – News arrived from America that the famous swimmer Cap. Webb, has been drowned (yesterday) in trying to swim through the whirlpool, four miles below Niagara Falls. I visited this place. – Aug. 4.

And news arrived from South Africa that the warlike Zulu chief called Cetewayo, or Ketch-wy-o, has been killed in battle, and on the 23rd. He was some weeks or months in England. - Wounded, but not killed. Since dead of heart disease. About Jan. 1884.

Sat. 28. – Beautifully fine summer weather.

Sun. 29. – At the parish church. Rev. R.T. Thornton preached. He is a capital cricket player. Wind shifted from NW to S, and blew hard, with rain. Schooner lying off with coals dragged her anchors:

parted her best cable, and held on by the worst: hundreds of people on the beach in the rain & wind: life Boat went out: fortunately the wind shifted to the west, and she was saved.

Tu. 31. – Went to Exmouth to attend the meeting of the Devonshire Association, which meets this year at that place. Took the circular silver sugar basin, that was my mother's father's, with the Parker and Hutchinson crests upon it, to Ellis and Co. the silversmiths, to have the P. & H. arms engraved under the crests. Ellis & Co. have just removed to their new house at the corner of High Street and Bedford Street, Exeter. Got to Exmouth before two. The Imperial was full, and I went to the Beacon Hotel.

W. Aug. 1. – Attended the meetings all day, at the Imperial Hotel. Dined at the Bank with Mr. Darke, formerly of Sidmouth. Walked on the beach. Went into the Battery: three 32s converted into rifled for elongated shot, with inserted steel tubes.

Exmouth. Aug. 1883.

Th. Aug. 2. – The reading of papers began at 10 this morning in the large room of the Imperial Hotel. At one there was a splendid cold collation for the Members in the dining room. The readings were over before four, when we went by invitation by Sir John Phear, to Marpool Park, formerly belonging to the Hull family, a very pretty place. There was a flower show there too. A shower of rain marred the beauties. Returned. In the evening fell in with some of the members, and we walked up and down chatting till nearly nine, on the Esplanade.

Fri. 3. – If I had been in a private lodging, I believe I should have stayed over Sunday, and amused myself with exploring the neighbourhood, but I much dislike living in a hotel. They seem to want one to be always eating and drinking, and ordering meals, and especially consuming strong drink. A hotel is very well for one evening, one night, and breakfast next morning, but beyond that it is a disagreeable place. There is a perpetual smell of dinners all day long, and one can never feel quiet and private as one can in a lodging. I decided therefore on returning home. I took the rail at eleven, and went along by the banks of the river. The tide was dead low, and extensive sand and mud banks everywhere, which are yearly increasing. The estuaries of all our rivers are gradually filling up. Before very long, these mud banks, by little and little, will be taken in, and converted into meadows. Went to two or three shops in Exeter, and then took the rail for Sidmouth, where I arrived before three.

Sat. 4. – News arrived that the body of Captain Webb has been found in the river near Lewistown, with a bruise and a cut in the forehead.

Fri. 10. – Having for the third time made resolutions to visit some friends at Salcombe Regis, I went to-day. As Mr. W. Floyd wished to see friends there, we hired a carriage and went together. Called on the Rev. Baugh at the Vicarage: the Morsheads at Sunny Bank, and on Mrs. and Miss Soulsby. Returned down Salcombe Hill, and called on the Slingsbys at Salcombe Mount, *en passant*.

London.

Sat. Aug. 11. – Paged the MS of my book [July 17] all through, and a very tedious job it was. I used red ink. I have two sorts, Blackwood & Co.'s, which is now the best colour, and H. Morrell's Red Ink, but which will endure longest, only time will shew.

Sun. 12. – Parish church. Had tea with Mr. Heineken. After a severe illness for a man of 83, he seems to be gaining strength, and I hope his health may be soon re-established. I did not know it was the last time I should see him.

M. 13. – Went to London about my book, and put up at the Charing Cross Hotel, where I have been twice before.

Tu. 14. – Called on one or two publishers, who however, had no agents in America.

W. 15. – Called on Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 188 Fleet Street, who do business across the water, and are inclined to print. Mr. Stirling, in England for the summer, asked me to come and lodge with him. In one corner of the Reading Room at the Hotel, there is a very ingenious piece of mechanism in the form of an Electric Telegraph, that prints its own messages as they come in from different parts of the world. Sometimes they are in cypher. At first I thought it was some sort of clock with brass works. It is comprised within a cube of about eight inches, and is fixed on a column, and is covered with a glass shade. It is fed with a roll of paper in a strip or ribbon about an inch broad, which it delivers out by little by little as the words are printed. I have stuck in a short piece [inserted] to shew the style of printing.

Th. 16. – Mr. Stirling and myself went to the Fisheries' Exhibition at South Kensington, and then across the street to the museum. I pointed out to him the Japanese steel Eagle that cost £1000, at which he opened his eyes.

Fri. 17. – I took the rail at London Bridge, and went down to Croydon – dirty and smokey, and a fine view of chimneys most of the way. Went to see if there were any Hutchinson memorials in the church. The greater part of the fabric was burnt down, and a few fragments of the tomb have the annexed coats of arms [sketches] sculptured on them, belonging to the names of Poole and Heron, with their quarterings. The Governor, and 3 of his children, and I think one or two others of the name, were buried in the vault belonging to the Rev. Dr. Apthorpe, the Rector, an old American friend, somewhere in the body of the church; and when I was there before the fire, I read inscriptions to most of them cut on a slab on the floor, but I cannot now find the spot, as the whole floor was laid with tiles, and the Sexton was absent. The Governor never had a memorial, but I hope I may live to put up a Brass plate. Mr. Stirling was with me. The Sexton's wife shewed us a handsome 4th volume, descriptive of the church.

Sat. Aug. 18. – Called on Mr. Dorrington, engraver on wood. Went out after dark to look at some of the electric lights. They are so dazzling that it does not do to look at them, and they throw a very dark shadow. To counteract this, they ought to be as numerous as the gas lights.

Sun. 19. – At the nearest church in the morning. At St. Paul's in the afternoon.

M.20. – Went to Deptford by rail from London Bridge. Thermometer 81. Sought the Sexton of the old parish church, to examine the Register. The Tower is very dilapidated – of Perpendicular date, if I remember rightly, to soft chalk rock, and condemned. The church is an ugly modern brick affair.

Tu. 21. – Went by rail to Bengeo, to see my cousin Mrs. Oliver, d. of my father's brother Thomas H. I think she is 78. Travelled via Hatfield, where I changed trains, and got a glimpse of Hatfield House, the Marquis of Salisbury's, and then on to Hertford. Walked half a mile to Bengeo. I had not seen her for twelve years. Took a stroll in the churchyard to read the names on the tombstones. The country all the way, though divided into fields, looks somewhat park like, from having single trees dotted about – mostly oak and ash – but not of large size. Got back before dark.

W.22. – Called on Miss Moore, formerly of Sidmouth, at corner of Hanover Sq. and Brook St. All day fagging about in the heat.

Th. 23. – To Deptford again. Went this time to St. Paul's, one of Sir Christopher Wren's churches apparently, where there is a Register, but the entry I sought not there.

After getting back to London Bridge, took the rail again and went to Sydenham, then Penge, Wandsworth, and by a circuit, round to Clapham Junction. Walked over Clapham Common, called on a friend, who was out of town. The Common is flat; but any expanse of grass, with trees in it, is always pretty.

Fri. 24. – Signed an Agreement with Mess^{rs}. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, of 188 Fleet St. to publish my book. They have written to their agents, Mess^{rs}. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. of Boston, Massachusetts, and I have also written to Dr. F.E. Oliver, of the same place, to get as many authentic English copies as possible introduced into that country. Mr. Stirling was with me.

I went afterwards and made a sketch of Cleopatra's Needle.

Sat. 25. – Took the "underground rail" at King's Cross, and went out to Shepherds' Bush, to seek a friend, but failed. Telegram announcing Mr. Heineken's death this morning.

Sun. 26. – Had a day of rest. Fine dry weather, extremely hot.

M. 27. – Went again to Bengoe, to see my cousin, whom I can scarcely ever hope to see again, our talk being mostly on family affairs.

Tu. 28. – Took rail at K. Cross for Gloucester Place, to call on some friends.

W. 29. – Returned to Sidmouth. Took the rail at 11.45, Mr. Stirling going with me to the Waterloo Station: went on thro' Basingstoke, Andover, Salisbury, Sherborne, Crewkerne, (which I once heard a woman in Sidmouth call Capricorn,) Axminster and Honiton, to Sidmouth Junction. Got to the Old Chancel about 6.30.

Fri. Aug. 31. – Went into Exeter. Saw my Banker. Sent £100 to my publishers. Was an hour in the Museum. Paid Ellis & Co. £2..10..0, for engraving arms, being Hutchinson quartered with Foster and Sandford, (Sep. 6. 1880), and Parker of Harburn impaled with Collingwood, and brought the basin back. After a spell of fine hot weather, the wind has changed to the south, with rain.

S. Sep. 1. – Wind increased to a gale, with incessant rain all day. Rattling of doors and windows, and roaring of wind in the chimneys, and thro' the trees. Difficult to sleep for the noise.

Sun.Sep.2. – Wind and rain moderating. Got to the parish church. The sea was so high yesterday that the waves were over the Esplanade, carrying sand and shingle into the Market Place. About a peck of young pears shaken off the pear tree near the Old Chancel, [Oct. 20. 1881.] and the ground strewn with leaves and branches: also a limb of a sycamore blown off up in the field: also a tree at the Vicarage: also one in the Station road, &c.

M.Sep.3. – The wind moderated and veered to NW. Regatta at Sidmouth. Fine sailing breeze.

W.5. – Marwood the Hangman or Public Executioner, died yesterday. Report says he was proud of his office, considering himself as a respectable and highly important government officer. When not hanging, he worked at his trade of a shoe-maker. Ideas of respectability differ.

Went to the Knowle Hotel to see Mr. Tucker of Exeter, (Ellis, Depree, & Tucker) who is staying there, who broke his left leg so badly by slipping on the stairs when I was in London. There he lies on his back with his leg in a sling, and cannot be moved. Bad compound fracture above the ankle.

A few days ago Miss Catherine Kennet-Dawson, of Powys, was in the garden, and tripping over something, fell and dislocated her shoulder. One doctor alone was not able to set it, and a delay of several hours occurred in getting a second from Exeter.

S.8. – Corrected the two first sheets of The Diary and Letters of Thomas H.

Sun.9. – Rumours about the town that a man called Perriman was shot dead in a lane near Branscombe after dark yesterday evening.

M.10. – Dined at the Vicarage. Vicar and wife, Mrs. Lindsay, a Lady and gentleman, and self.

Th. 13. – At the Acramans, at the Grove. Afternoon party, Lawn tennis, music, tea and coffee.

Fri. 14. – Mr. Ed. Chick gave me two nice fish he had caught in the Sid. One turned out to be a salmon from its firmness and colour, when boiled.

S. 15. – Walked out a mile, and called at Livonia, on Col. Currey, & Major Jenkins, and on Col. Darnell at Stanhope, and round Cemetery.

Curious to see how the gale of Sep.1. has killed the leaves on one side of the trees.

Sun. 16. – A man called Cotterel, living up on Land, having too much parafin in a lamp, emptied the surplus into his fire. In an instant a tremendous blaze rushed up the chimney and out at the top, putting the neighbourhood in an uproar, expecting the houses would be burnt. It is hard to imagine how any man could have been so silly.

M.17. – Bookbinding all day. Finished this vol. and some others.

Tu.18. – School Feast at the Vicarage. Large number of children had tea on the Lawn, and then games in the field on the north side. There were a good many gentry there.

W.19. – Strange indeed! What fascination can belong to the office of Hangman? [newspaper cutting attached] & what can we think of the mind or the sensibilities of the person who can desire it? That 1200 people in England could apply for it is astonishing. The applications have been made to the Home Secretary, but he has made it known that he has now power – it belongs to the Sherriff. – See Oct. 8.

Th.20. – We learn that last Monday a girl who had not been in strong health, walked up the High Street to Mr. Wright, Surgeon, at Hillsdon, and rang the bell. She staggered and appeared to faint as the servant opened the door, and on being helped into the house she died. They kept her there until after she had been put into her coffin. Her name was Ellen Turner. Her father was in the Volunteer Artillery with me. Her grandfather was a barber, and told me he shaved the Duke of Kent two days before he died. Her brother, a young painter, has been several days at work on my house N^o.4 Coburg T.

Tu.25. – Spent the evening at the Buttemer's at The Elms.

W.26. – Having let N^o.4 Coburg Terrace to Mrs. Girdlestone, she came with two friends and two servants, and a quantity of furniture.

Fri. 28. – Wind and rain, being a sudden change in the fine weather.

S.29. – Gale of wind from the W veering N. Chilly rain all day. Fire.

Sun.30. – Finer, but cold. Had a fire in the afternoon.

Mon.Oct.1. – Finer and warmer. A fire in the afternoon.

Sidmouth. Oct. 1883.

Tu. Oct.2. – Somewhat finer, but autumn weather has come all at once. Walked up to the Knowle Hotel to see Mr. Tucker. [Sep.5.] There he lies still.

The murder of Perriman at Branscombe [Sep.9.] is still a mystery. Three people, French, Dowell, and his sister Mrs. Williams, have been several times before the magistrates but at last discharged for want of sufficient evidence.

W.3. – I learn from America that a leading firm in Boston [Aug.24.] have now bespoken 250 copies of my book.

Th.4. – The map opposite, taking in a few miles round Sidmouth, I etched on copper some twenty years ago for one of the editions of my Sidmouth Guide. I had forgotten its existence till I found it in a portfolio. [inserted] I have recently been asked to write another little book about Sidmouth, to be circulated in the midland and northern counties, to make the place better known at a distance, to bring visitors down here. I have just finished one, and have given it the startling and portentous title – “A History of Sidmouth from the Triassic period to the completion of those new buildings”

Sat.6. – The fishermen pulled up a large fish which had become entangled in their nets, and as the custom is with them, they had mounted it on a shutter upon wheels shewing it to the public. [sketch] They said it was the Thrasher. I had heard of this fish but had never seen one. It was 9 or 10 feel long altogether, the remarkable peculiarity being the length of the upper lobe of the tail. Its eyes were unusually close to the snout: the mouth underneath like a shark: no gills, but 3 or 4 slits on each side of the head: colour, a brownish gray: no scales, but skin that felt smooth stroked downwards, but rough upwards. The tail was near about as long as the body. It is said to be one of the enemies of the whale, and that it thrashes violently with this tail, and that in conjunction with

the swordfish, that pierces it, a whale is soon destroyed. It looks like a cartilaginous fish, like a dog-fish.

Sun. Oct.7. 1883. – Parish church. Frost last night: Beautifully quiet sunny day. Took a sauntering walk on the beach this afternoon at low water over to the Chit Rocks. They would make a base for a stone pier to be run out on. The new pier at Torquay, which I once measured [July 12, 1875] I think is 800 feet long, and 50 feet thick. Measured the great oblong block of stone, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet and nearly 3 out of the sand, being the foundation stone of the eastern pier of the Harbour projected in 1836, that came to grief: looked with wonder at what Miss Rastrick has been building against the cliff opposite to the Chit Rocks, in stone walls to shore up the crumbling red rock, in towers and buttresses, and staircases, a boat-house, a flag-staff, &c., without any foremeditated design, (as she told me) and to allow her nephew Mr. Jemmet to go on and amuse himself in such strange and such expensive fancies. And it is all destined to come down some day.

Mon.8. – Not a bad thing after all for those who like it. [newspaper cutting attached about appointment of new hangman] The Hangman is better paid than I was aware of. – See Oct.7. 1884.

Fri. Oct.12. – Went into Exeter to attend a meeting of the Domesday Book Committee. Since the translators finished their portions, [] they have not been able to see their way to compare, collate, and harmonise all these portions together, as they live so far apart in different parts of the country. After much discussion, we at last decided on having a dozen copies of a part of the commencement of the Devonshire portion printed, and then circulated among the members for their consideration, as a preliminary step. I think there are now 9 members of the Committee, and 7 attended.

Took this opportunity of carrying in and giving my Puttah or Gauntlet sword to the Exeter Museum, and four books to the Library.

At the Institution, Cathedral Yard, I was shewn a Bible of Milton's, and on the fly leaf at the beginning were entries of the births of his children, &c., in his own hand.

Th. Oct. 18. – Changed my bedroom for the winter.

Sun. 21. – There are three services at the Parish church now; but the evening service, to please the summer visitors, will be discontinued soon.

M.22. – Men nearly finishing the new covering roof over the Oak Room.

W.24. – A short letter of mine in the Exeter Gazette this day last week, on the expression “Curse God and die,” which in some translations is more pleasantly rendered “Bless God and die,” (Job.2.9.) has elicited seven replies, three on the 18th and four on the 20th. The translation wants revision. And now four more on the 23rd!

Th. Nov.1. – The pears on my pear tree, near the front door of the Old Chancel, are now picked in, being a very late sort, so that my friends, the boys, cannot now steal them, (they are very friendly at this time of year) and my other friends the starlings cannot peck them. On a late fig tree there were two or three figs remaining, which I went to seek, but some of these “friends” have walked off with them. The experience of this life teaches one, that if one did not live always in an attitude of strict defence, one’s neighbours wd soon pick and steal everything, till they had left nothing but one’s bones.

S. Nov.3. – A boy has blown off his fingers, preparing for the Fifth, and I hear another has blown off his toes; and both taken to Exeter Hospital.

Sun.4. – Chilly and unpleasant day.

M.5. – The firework celebration was damped by rain, and little done.

Tu. 6. – The account of our Sidmouth boys, I cut from the paper. [attached] Several accidents occurred in Exeter.

W.7. – Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd, and their cousins, some of the Horsfall family, having proved Mr. Heineken’s Will, are now in Sidmouth arranging the affairs – packing up what they mean to take away, distributing some of the things among friends, and probably there will be a sale of the rest. Fossils, pebbles, MS. notes of our journeys sent to me.

Fri. 9. – Prince of Wales’s Birthday. Had up the red ensign on the staff against the OMr. Sld Chancel.

M. Nov.12. – Executed a Codicil to my Will, made two years ago.

Tu. 13. – Come cold rather suddenly. Wind NE.

W. 14. – Colder. Very thin ice. Accounts of severe cold in the north.

F. 16. – Wind changed to SW. Rain. Milder.

S. 17. – My Birthday. I was born at Winchester Nov. 17. 1810, and baptised at Heavitree, near Exeter, Oct. 22. 1811.

M. 19. – I have had the first page of Governor Hutchinson's Diary taken by photography for my book, and to-day I sent the glass negative up to London to be multiplied by the Woodburytype process.

Tu. 20. – Rev. T. & Mrs. Jenkinson had tea with me early, bringing their two youngest girls and their niece, as I had a large plum cake and some fine ripe pears in the house.

W. Nov.21. – As I had decyphered and translated some parts of Domesday Book, I have been asked to decypher the adjoining inscription. [sketch]

Sat. 24. – Mr. Scrivens called in late this evening to say goodbye, London on Monday.

Sun. 24. – Mild but showery. At the parish church, Mr. Jenkinson preached. A heavy storm of rain came on, and for ten minutes nobody could hear a word that he said, owing to the pattering of the rain or hail on the zinc roof of the aisles. This evening very wild, with the wind from the SW. Thunder twice.

Th. 29. – At N^o. 3, Coburg Terrace, a sale of the effects of the late Mrs. Grainger, widow of the Vicar heretofore of Luppit, where I spent five guineas in furniture.

Fri. 30. – Mild and showery.

Sat. Dec. 1. – The herrings are now plenty all along the coast, and it is very pretty to see twenty boats launched, and sail away to the offing, where they let down their drift nets, and try to return home before midnight. If the men have success this winter, I hope they will make a better use of their gains than they generally have done. I am sick of their drunkenness, and other incorrigible vices.

Sidmouth. Dec. 1883.

Mon. Dec.3. – Corrected the press of the last sheet of my book. There now remains only the Title-page, Preface, and Index. An Index I have preferred to make, though rather a troublesome thing if one is not a little indoctrinated, but as I have made the Index to the Transactions of the Devonshire Association for the last dozen years, the thing comes easily enough. A book in the present day is scarcely looked upon as complete without an Index.

Th. 6. – Wind north. Very cold and cutting. The fishermen say the bay is full of sprats as well as herrings, and great quantities have been brought on shore. Herrings to the dealers to go to London, 18 pence a 100. If this is true it is cheaper than I ever remember. My cat and I had a sprat dinner. Curious that cats are so fond of fish.

This afternoon or evening a man called Selley was out in a boat with two others off Ladram, when Selley died suddenly. It is said that he was rowing hard, and being a fat man, over did it and was exhausted, and suddenly stopping and throwing up his arms, he gasped a few times and died. I suppose his companions hurried to Ladram Bay, for there is no other place to land along that coast, and his body was carried to Otterton, where I conclude there will be an inquest. Heart complaint and too much exertion, were probably the causes.

Fri. 7. – I have been talking to Mr. Pile, Ironmonger, Forestreet, who was one of those in the boat with the man Selley, (the other being Holwell, the Tailor), and he corroborates all the above. Selley's body has been brought to Sidmouth, and as the critical state of his health was known to medical men, and some of his friends, there will be no inquest.

Tu. 11. – For the past week or two occasionally, at sun-rise and sun-set, the sky has been suffused with a deep red or orange colour, without clouds, but beautifully clear. Accounts from abroad report that the same appearances have presented themselves nearly all over the world. The strangest and the most unlikely theories have been put forward by different people.

S. 13. Dec. – Corrected the Title-page, Preface, and Index of my book, and there ends my portion of the work. It now remains with the Publishers to bind it and issue it forth.

Tu. Dec. 18. – And now, having finished from my rough notes a fair copy of the Index for this year's volume of the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, I sent it off to the Secretary. I don't know when I have had my hands so full of writing, as the last couple of years. I shall be glad of some relaxation.

Fri. – Shortest day. I see however, by the Almanac, that the sun, instead of at once beginning to rise earlier tomorrow, in reality, begins to rise later and later on to nearly the end of the year, to the amount of three minutes; but what it loses in the morning it gains in the afternoon, as the sun is slower in going down.

Sat. 22. – Sat up late. Dipping into that curious old book – *The Navigations, Peregrinations, and Voyages, made into Turkie, by Nicholas Nicholay Daulphinois, Lord of Arfeuile,&c*, the English translation being dated in 1585, I read on until nearly one o'clock. No severity that it could be used now-a-days in driving the Turks out of Europe could exceed the barbarities they were guilty of when they took Constantinople.

Mon. 24. – Copied, or finished copying, my sketches of the details in Sidbury church, taken July 16, 1880, and in my Sketchbook, and sent them up to London to Mr. Scrivens, who is much interested in them.

Tu. 25. – Christmas Day. Mild, with such a dense fog as I never saw here before.

Wed. 26. – Some short time since a photograph of a decayed board was shewn to me, which had been found behind some old paneling in a house in Ottery. [sketch] It was secured by Mr. Brand, the Dentist of the Cathedral Yard, Exeter, who buys up all kinds of curiosities, and has a house full, and I have seen it in the papers, or I was informed at the time, that he had presented it to the Dental Hospital in Leicester Square, London. It is well known that Barbers formerly combined the practice of bleeding and drawing teeth with shaving; but for a glazier to combine these arts with glazing windows, is something new. Perhaps BuckeLs is Buckets.

Th. Dec. 27. – The "conchoidal fracture" in a flint – for the flint, amongst stones, seems to be the most given to it – does not occur often. Perhaps when a man hits a flint with a hammer, it does not occur once in a 1000 times, and when it does, it occurs by accident. Possibly, study and practice might enable a man to do it on purpose. I have had several specimens of conchoidal fracture at different times in my possession, but the one I here sketch was among the fossils and things of Mr. Heineken, w^{ch} have been given to me. [sketch] When a man takes a hammer, as at A, and strikes it

perpendicularly down upon a flint pebble, he generally breaks it in half; but it happens once in 1000 or 10,000 times, that instead of so breaking the flint, all the splinters fly off all round, and leaving a well formed cone, with the point of it under the hammer head. I think I remember seeing a man do it, who was cracking stones by the road side, and he was quite as much surprised as I was at what he had done, and was unable to do it again.

Fri. Dec. 28. – If the whims and fancies of our imaginations are sometimes absurd during our waking hours, of a truth they are still more so during sleep. I am a steady quiet sleeper, do not dream often, and when I do, my dreams are pleasant enough. I awoke with a vivid picture in my mind, and I have tried to sketch it faithfully. [sketch] I saw a steamer on a calm sea, with only a slight undulation passing along, which made her rock a little, and she was gracefully and slowly sidleing towards a perpendicular cliff or precipice of still water, - sidleing as we sometimes see a ship do when she is being “warped” gently up to a wharf: and when her quarter, or hinder portion, came near the edge of the precipice, a man and a woman got up on the bulworks, and bending down, they went over head first, as a man makes a “header” when he dives off a boat into the sea. I saw them shoot down like two arrows, clear of the perpendicular cliff of still water, and as plainly as I have tried here to put them in my sketch, with their hands before their heads: and when they got to the bottom, they plunged head first into a great tank of water with an immense splash. On my asking some by-stander why they did so? I was told it was “to break their fall;” and I was quite satisfied, as the answer seemed so reasonable. They then got out of the tank looking like drowned rats: and as the woman held her head forward, as I have drawn her, I saw her long hair dripping with wet.

In trying to account for such an extraordinary flight of fancy, I am inclined to think it was a mixture of the Falls of Niagara, and of Beacon Hill, Exmouth, for there were trees and houses and the foot of the hill or precipice near the tank, and I was staying in the Beacon Hotel last July. As to the steamer, and the people jumping over – that is beyond my explanation.

Sat. Dec. 29. 1883. – The beautiful crimson and orange skies alluded to on the eleventh, still shew themselves occasionally.

Sun. Dec. 30. – The Vicar alluded to the unusual effect of the glowing skies in his sermon, but though it astonishes some people, and frightens others, as there is nothing new under the sun, the same, I dare say, has heretofore appeared to our ancestors.

Mon. Dec. 31. 1883. – The last day of the year. So far as we have gone, we have had an unusually mild winter. It is the custom here for the church ringers to ring out the old year, and ring in the new – a custom that prevails in most parishes. It is only within the last few years that they have adopted the plan of muffling the clappers of the bells on one side, as is usual to do after the death of one of the ringers. This has a very solemn effect if it is well done, and the bells thoroughly and sufficiently muffled; but they were to night not muffled enough, so that a faint stroke was audible, whereas there ought to be only a vibration.

POH Transcripts - 1884

Tu. Jan. 1. 1884. – The first day began by ringing a peal of unmuffled bells soon after midnight, and then all decent people went to bed.

Fri. 4. – A move has been made to form another Volunteer corps here, the former one, which was Artillery, having at last been disbanded because there were no gentlemen in the place who would be commissioned officers. That is the difficulty in a small place like Sidmouth, where the residents are always coming and going. This time it will be a Rifle Corps in connection with Ottery. From my knowledge of the former, I am not without some misgivings in respect to the present. A commencement was made to-day by swearing in nearly 60 young men, as an adjunct to the 3rd Devon R.V.

W. 9. – Finished carving, in intaglio reversed, a stamp about three inches square, of the Duke of Edinburgh's coat of arms, to stamp his cream cheeses, made and sent up by Mr. Harris, near All Saints Church, who was some time ago appointed Dairyman to his Royal Highness. Mr. Harris is in extacies. He sent me a few dozen apples, *in recognitionem*.

Fri. 11. – Burial Board meeting. Little to do now everything is in working order. All the members present, e.g.:- Rev. Clements, Hicks, Kennet-Were, Rev. Thornton, Dr. Pullin, Avery, Lethaby, and self. Mr. Radford, the Clerk. Dr. Pullin told us a story about a cremation operaton where he had recently been. People in the present day, being mad for novelties, are taking up burning the dead, and furnaces are constructed for the purpose. Some think it Pagan; others recoil from the idea; some recommend it on sanitary grounds; while others point to several recent cases, where buried bodies have been exhumed, and murders by poisoning discovered and proved.

Sidmouth. Jan. 1884.

Th. Jan. 17. – The herring season is nearly over. It has been very good, and selling in Sidmouth by retail at sixpence a dozen. Had two for breakfast. My black tom-cat Robert was made to share them with me. Curious, how fond cats are of fish, though they dislike water, or wetting their feet, yet they all do love fish.

Fri. 18. – Barnum, the American showman has procured a white Elephant in Siam. It has arrived in England, and yesterday was put in the Zoological Gardens, where it will be shewn, and next summer it is to be taken to America. Some say it cost £1000, and others all sorts of sums up to £40.000. Some say all nonsense.

S. 19. – The Conservatives of Exeter opened the Constitutional Club in Bedford Street on Thursday, and they have had a series of political demonstrations last most of the week.

Th. 24. – Called at the Vicarage. Found Mr. Clements reading the naval career of Admiral Markham on the coast of America, by Mr. Clements Markham. Went up into the former Schoolroom, where found Miss Quin, and Miss Markham, on a visit. Told the latter I would make an exchange with her father, and give him a copy of my book if he will give me a copy of his.

S. 26. – Violent gale of wind from the west. Much damage done. Trees blown down and houses injured. My chimneys stand firm. Many vessels wrecked.

Sun. 27. – First winter day in this very mild winter. Wind strong, but not like yesterday. Colder, with showers of snow and sleet, but not enough of either to lie on the ground.

W. 30. – Mild and damp again. Curious circumstance! I was talking to Mr. Richard Kennet-Dawson about the beautiful glowing sunsets we have lately had. He told me the most striking thing he ever saw, was a column of light that rose up above the sun after it had set. I said I once saw the same thing over Bulverton Hill, here at Sidmouth. He was in Scotland for salmon fishing, right away on the north coast on the Pentland Firth, near 600 miles away. He had forgotten the date: it might be 12 or 15 years ago, and in the spring time, and he was on the hills above the Kyle of Tongue.

I observed, that I entered the circumstance in my Diary at the time, with sketches of the unusual appearance, and I would refer back.

In the afternoon I took the third vol. of my Diary to Powys, the residence of the Kennet-Dawsons, and on my opening it where the representation is, he exclaimed, "That's it" That's what I saw!" This is under date April 4, 1871, nearly thirteen years ago. Considering the distance, it is curious he should have seen it at the same moment I did. It was at about 40 minutes after six in the evening.

The Miss Kennet-Dawsons shewed me a beautiful ebony Cabinet and its contents, that had belonged, more than a century ago to Mr. Kennet, and to his daughter Miss Kennet, who first married Mr. Astell, and secondly Mr. Thomas Pownall, who was Governor of Massachusetts before my great-grandfather, and who is often mentioned in my new book. A fine old gold watch, with a splendid case embossed all over: large antique shoe buckles: rings, brooches, &c., of garnets, pearls, diamonds, &c.: foreign lace: and a secret drawer full of English and foreign gold and silver coins. Amongst the coins were several bent in two opposite directions, according to a custom between engaged persons in a past age, or plighted to each other, as I have heard say, though I do not know whether this is so. [sketch] I have heard somewhere, though I forget where, that when two young folks got engaged, the man would bend the edge of the coin in one way, and the woman the opposite edge in the other, thus making a zig-zag, as in the coin in the margin, and then this was kept as a token of their engagement. Such old coins are not uncommon. I have dug them up in the garden. Usually they are copper, though sometimes silver, very rarely gold. Some people keep them as being lucky.

Sidmouth. Feb. 1884.

Feb. 1. – Received four copies of the *Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson*, from the publishers Mess^{rs}. Sampson Low, Marston, and co. of 188 Fleet Street, all finished and complete. It has been kept back some little time in order to allow the 250 copies bespoke by the Americans to arrive out there. Gave Mr. Richard Lethaby, Bookseller here a copy. He has known my operations all through, and printed the first draft of my Prospectus.

S. Feb. 2. – Finished reading a little book of 88 pages recently published by Elliot Stock of 62 Paternoster Row, and bound in blue cloth, being a kind of Drama in blank verse by J. Antisell Allen, and purporting to be the love story of the Regicide and his fiancée, before they were married. It is entitled – *The True and Romantic Love Story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson*. As far as I have been able to find out, that couple have now no representatives living. I have met with one or two Hutchinsons who claimed to be so, and perhaps they took up the idea for want of an ancestor, and then cherished the notion until they thought it was true. On asking them however to explain the line of descent, I soon saw that they knew nothing at all about it.

This afternoon a fire broke out at N^o. 1 Eaglehurst, up the lane towards the hamlet of Cotmaton, the residence of the Rev. and Mrs. Beebe. It was in the upper part, and is supposed to have originated in some lighted soot lodging on some woodwork. The engine went up, but I believe there was no need of its services, as it was soon put out without much trouble: and as usual, there was no water for the engine.

Tu. Feb. 5. – Parliament meets to-day. Great party struggles are expected.

Wed. 6. – Gave one of my new books to the Free Library of the Exeter Museum.

Th. 7. – For the last two or three weeks there has been a comet visible – so report says. I have not had a glimpse of it.

Fri. 8. – The Rev. Olmius Morgan has bought N^o. 3. Coburg Terrace of Mr. Alexander, being next to my house N^o. 4.

Sat. Feb. 9 – I have been rather startled that I have four great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers, but no mother-in-law. I have now recovered my first alarm by finding that everyone else is in the same predicament. I have told three or four of my friends how they are situated, but they deny it almost indignantly, or, at all events very positively – and yet, what is the harm in having any amount of them? If people are averse to believe words, I beg to submit the annexed scheme to them [diagram] for their consideration. They seem to forget that there is a mother's side to the tree as well as a father's side; and it is this that doubles the number of ancestors.

Tu. 12. – That troublesome Atheist Bradlaugh has again tried to take his seat in the H. of Commons last night. He went through the form of taking the oath, amid a great deal of noise and confusion, and then went and voted: but the sense of the House was soon taken upon these irregular proceedings. It was voted by a majority of 113 that he be not allowed to take the oath: that his vote be expunged, by 258 to 161 – majority 97: and that he be excluded from the House, by 228 to 120 – majority 108.

Fri. 22. – My book, in reality, was not published, or issued to the public till to-day, although some private copies have been sent to me and my cousins a week or two ago. They have been kept back until the American consignment had arrived out in Boston, Massachusetts.

M. 25. – Sir Henry Brand, after having been for twelve years Speaker of the House of Commons, took leave of the House to-night, when votes of thanks were passed. He is to be made Viscount Hampden.

Tu. 26. – Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel was to-day elected the new Speaker, with what I suppose are the usual ceremonies.

Sidmouth, March 1884.

Friday, Feb. 29. – Major Hicks, of the Marino, was thrown out of his light carriage, a little below his own gate on the 14th. He was coming up the hill when a wagon was going down, when, to avoid it he was turned over, thrown out, and his leg broken. He was taken home and attended to, but after a week or so it appeared that he had received some internal injury, and this morning he died. – Buried in the Cemetery March 6.

March 3. – After an interval of more years than I could now enumerate, I took out of my book-case an old vol. of Paradise Lost, which was my father's, and which I remember from my childhood. The date is 1754. There is a strangely designed and badly engraved picture at the beginning of each of the XII Books. They used to amuse me in my childhood days. They do now. They were engraved by J. McLean, T.P., and T. Finn; and a badly executed portrait of Milton at the beginning of the vol. is signed G.B.sc.1756. On the fly-leaf my father has written A. Hutchinson, M.D., F.R.S., &c., Aul.Div.Cath.Cantabrig.1799. I read the argument at the beginning of each book all through, to rub up my memory, and read a good deal in various places. In many parts the dialogues are perhaps too long and verbose, and hence a little heavy; but there are some passages to be commended for force and conciseness, as where Eve eats the fruit, in Book IX. line 780, &c. Where Adam eats it, IX. 966, and the subsequent effect on both, is masterly. There is a common notion, pretty generally spread over the Christian world, that the fruit was the apple, but in reality, there is no foundation for such a belief whatever. It probably originated during the middle ages. The Fig tree, with the leaves of which they made aprons, Milton describes as having been the Banian tree, whose branches thrown down shoots which take root. IX.1101. I remark that the spelling of the names of most of the Angels, who take so prominent a part, commonly ends in el, as Zophiel, Raphael, Michael, Abdiel, Uriel, Muriel, &c. ^{Gabriel.} I should like to see them in Hebrew, and analyse their derivations. The subject of the poem is of course a difficult one, and gives rise to many incongruities. For a man of earth to attempt to describe Heavenly scenes, is adventurous, if not presumptuous. In describing Heaven, and what takes place in Heaven, he deals largely in comparisons; and the comparisons of course refer to objects on this earth with which we are familiar. It may however be said that the same plan appears in the Revelation of St. John, where it is likely Milton got some of his ideas. And in the Bottomless Pit, he ascribes the invention of gun-powder and artillery to the Devil and his associates, who dig sulphur and saltpetre out of the ground or soil – whatever the soil may have been. We must take it all as figurative, for the purpose of conveying the idea. I am not always satisfied with the language. It is naturally lofty, to suit the subject; but it is sometimes grandiloquent, and thereby wanting in clearness, and I would rather not see abbreviations, used for the purposes of making the verses scan, as – *th'umble shrub*, and *th'infinately Good*, and *This woman whom thou mad'st*, and *gav'st me*, and *t'whom in Heav'n*, and in another place, *By pray'r th'offended Deity t'appease*, &c. Shakspeare does this, but generally in more familiar parlance. Some say that these elisions are of no consequence where the sentiment is poetic and the ideas elevated: but in reply to this I would ask – Why are these apostrophes and contractions made use of? Surely they are blemishes, and the appearance of them displeasing to the eye: and if they are put there to make the verse scan, surely the verse would read smoother and better if a different set of words had been employed that needed no abbreviations. The very use of them proves that something was defective, or at all events wanting. But even where there are no abbreviations, the rhythm or scanning is a great deal departed from. Is this done for the sake of variety? And is not the allowable spondee of two long syllables at the beginning of a line, occasionally and judiciously thrown in, together with now and then a full stop in the middle of a line, by way of break, quite variety enough? And it appears to me somewhat incongruous, and a little unpleasant, sometimes to find the Gods and Goddesses of the Greek and Roman Mythology mixed up with the orthodox Christian hierarchy of Heaven. But in a work of such a singular nature, perhaps incongruities were hard to avoid. Take it all in all it is a great performance, and it will endure as long as the English language lasts, whatever objections may be raised against some parts of it. Milton was 59 when he finished it.

Descending from lofty blank verse down the back stairs into the back yard, I pulled the old decayed tap out of the water-butt, and taking a broom and stirring up the water, which came out black, stood

clear of the mighty rush. When all this had well ran out, I put in a new wooden tap, and as the day was rainy, the reservoir began to fill again very soon. Life is made up of contrasts.

Tu. Mar. 4. – Made a simple Hydrogrometer with the beard of the wild oat, or *Avena stivialis*, which grows about this neighbourhood. The singular beard consists of two spikes, about or nearly an inch and a half long, twisted like a bit of twine, and these twist and untwist according as the atmosphere is wet or dry: and then the spike bends to a right angle, and runs on for an inch and a half more, and thins away to nothing. I took a round box about three inches high in diameter and two high – fixed some bits of wood inside to carry a cork – made a round hole in the top – took a spike and part of the seed, and pushed the lower end in the cork with a little glue, and allowed the top end to come out through the hole in the top of the box, which I marked off like a dial plate, writing WET on one side, and DRY on the other. The thin half, bent at a right angle, revolved round this dial plate, like the hand of a watch: and this kind of Hygrometer is sufficiently sensitive to indicate the changes in the weather; and if it is on the dry side in a room where there is a fire, the hand will go over to the wet side if the box is removed into a room where there is no fire.

The stalk of the little moss called *Funaria hygrometrica*, common here about, possesses the same peculiarity on the change of weather. [sketch] Some twenty years ago I made a small hygrometer with a stalk of it, using an empty pill box: but I found its action more uncertain and irregular than the wild oat, and it was too small and fragile to be manageable.

W. 5. – There was a Confirmation yesterday at Budleigh, and afterwards at Otterton. The ground west of Otterton lies low by the river Otter, and the recent rains put it three feet under water from Otterton Bridge half way to Bicton Cross. They got a wagon and horses, and taking up the Bishop and his clergy, waded through to Otterton, and then back again.

Th. 6. – The recent storms and gales of wind have caused the sea beach to yield up its rich treasures. [sketch] A boy found the top object in the margin. It is solid gold, and weighs nearly a sovereign and a half. It has markings on it like the knots on a branch. Each end is smooth. Perhaps it was part of some ornament. Bought by Mr. Uglow, Watchmaker, where I saw it. Also three silver oval discs about as thick as a sixpence, with a loose rivet at A. They had been offered to me, but I did not buy them, but I bought a silver sixpence of King George II, bearing date 1757, found Feb. 15. Also, an old half crown was found on the same day, and sold for 3/6.

Sat. 8. – A girl called Dean brought me a box which she said her brother had picked up on the beach, and a sketch of which is given in the margin of its exact size. [sketch] The sides are brass or copper gilt, and much worn, and the hinge injured. The top is a thick slice of semi transparent calcedony, bevelled edges and polished: and the bottom is of opaque agate apparently. She was glad to get a shilling for it. I have now been shewn a similar one, half as large again, and fitted up as a match box. Such boxes are made in Germany, and sell for three to four shillings.

M. 10. – The Bishop came and held a Confirmation at Sidmouth. No mishaps, but I hear that the floods in the river Sid have washed away the weir in the Salcombe Fields.

Tu. 11. – Had an early dinner with the Rev. and Mrs. Beebe and family and one of the Miss Gardiners, formerly of Harpford and Dawlish, at Eaglehurst.

Fri. 14. – Attended a Meeting of the ^{Burial} Board, chiefly to make up the accounts. A vote of condolence passed to send to Mrs. Hicks, having lost Major Hicks, one of our Members, by being

turned over in his carriage, and broke one leg, but died after a fortnight from some internal injury, though rather uncertain what it was.

Sat. 15. – Wind gone to north-east, gentle, sky clear, sun hot, beautiful. Went to the Salcombe Fields to see the damage. From a sketch I have I see that the weir was entirely washed away by a flood in December 1852. Men were now engaged in placing long and large balks of deal one upon top of another, all across the river. Some said it would cost £100. This must take profits out of the Mill to a serious extent, for the weir is quite washed away.

Sun. 16. – Same beautiful weather. Wind coldish, sun extremely hot. A stranger assisted at church – Mr. Fairfax from Lincolnshire – as the Vicar is away.

Mon. March 17. – The House of Commons met on Saturday afternoon, and sat all night, until nearly six o'clock on Sunday morning, and went home in broad daylight. There was also a Cabinet Council on Sunday. These things were most unusual. They were brought about by a great complication in which our present Ministry find themselves in Egypt, owing to our patronage of the Suez Canal, and sundry political struggles at home.

Th. 20. – Had a new glass put to the old coat of arms on vellum, and had the gilt frame cleaned of the miniature in oils of Sir William Parker of Harburn, Bart.

Fri. 21. – Miss Osborne, now residing at Parkstone, near Poole, and the lady she lives with, both surprised me with a visit this morning. Whilst making a little tour, they arrived here yesterday, and are off again this afternoon.

Sun. 23. – At the parish church. Mr. Jenkinson the Curate, assisted by the stranger, in a long black petticoat down to his heels, looking like a Roman Catholic priest. Such clergy are doing their best to pull the church to pieces and get it disestablished. What with the like inside, and the Dissenters outside, the fabric cannot stand long. There is no enemy so dangerous, as an enemy inside the camp.

Th. 27. – The same happened to-day, as happened on the 30th March 1876. A cock chaffinch came thump against the same window. On going out and looking about, there it was, looking very bad though standing on its legs. Perhaps it was only stunned, and no bones broken. Rather than be picked up it made an effort and flew into a tree, so it will probably recover. – Mar. 30. 1876.

Sat. Mar. 29. – Telegrams have arrived from Cannes announcing that the Duke of Albany, the Queen's fourth and youngest son, died early yesterday morning. He was born in 1853, and though always in delicate health, he married in 1882, his consort being now at Clermont ^{with an infant daughter}. He had been at a Bachelors' Ball at Nice on Monday: and on Thursday afternoon about 5 o'clock he was sitting on a chair at the Cercle Nautique at Cannes, witnessing an entertainment, when he fell from his chair, and was carried to the Villa Nevada, the residence of Captain Perceval, where he died. He will be brought to England for interment.

Sidmouth. Ap. 1884.

Tu. Ap.1. – People are becoming so well bred, that the old custom on this day of making their neighbours "April Fool", is falling much into disuetude.

W. 2. – Later accounts say that the young prince slipped and fell as he was going up stairs at the Cercle Nautique, and not as said before. He hurt himself, and was taken to Captain Perceval's. He

seems to have died of a weak heart, and apoplexy. His young wife, who is a sister of the present Queen of Holland, is at Clermont. She has one young child, and is expecting another. The Prince of Wales has gone to bring him home.

Sat. 5. – He was brought through France to Cherbourg, where two royal yachts were in readiness to bring him to Portsmouth. He was interred with great pomp to-day at St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Tu. 8. – Took a walk up the Salcombe Fields to look at the new weir. There are five great square balks of deal all across the river, and another not in place, and a pretty cascade of water falling all over them. The owner of the Mill, Mr. Hooke, and the tenant, Mr. Harris, I am told, share the expense between them. I have been told by Mr. Richard Stone, now 83, that his late father, many years ago had the Mill, and built a stone weir across the river which cost him £200, and the next year it was all washed away.

The Mill was built about 1801. The original Mill had been up in the High Street, nearly opposite the Unitarian Chapel, but latterly there was not enough water for it. It was fed from a stream coming down the Exeter road from the hamlet of Woolbrook, and, as some think, by another stream from Cotmaton, now diverted, coming down by the side of Mill Lane, now called All Saints Road. These streams are now turned into the sewers.

In company with Mr. Edward Chick, went on to Sid or Seed, to his orchard and garden. Among the trees in the garden he shewed me a tree that had a peg or plug about as thick as my thumb driven through the trunk about three feet from the ground, as in the sketch. [sketches] It was an apple or a cherry tree, I think a cherry. He said the tree was given to come out into blossom rather too early in the spring, by which the blossoms got cut off by the frost and the fruit lost. The gardener adopted this plan, and it is said that the plug or peg through the trunk has the effect of retarding or delaying, or keeping back the rising of the sap and the formation of the blossoms until the frosts are over. I think I have heard of this plan, but never saw it before. They generally cut the peg off level; but, as he said playfully, he allowed it to remain, so that he could hang up his hat or his coat if he were at work. Yellow primroses were growing very abundantly, and at one part of the southern side they were a beautiful pink. He took up a root in a ball of earth, and we brought it back, and I planted it at the Old Chancel. He had tea and conversation with me. – They came out pink the following year.

Sat. Ap. 12. – Our young Volunteer Company is going on very well. They were drilling this evening in Great Blackmore Field, close to the Old Chancel, and I went out to have a look at them. They have the town Brass Band, which is no great things, to regulate their marching. They went ^{through} their movements very creditably, all things considered.

Sun. 13. – Easter Sunday. Fine weather, but cold north-east wind.

Mon. 14. – Sidmouth spring Fair.

Wed. 16. – The Queen gone to the continent for a change. First to Flushing, then to Darmstadt.

Sat. 19. – Anniversary of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield. It is said he was fond of or admired, the Primrose, and so the Conservatives, his followers, have adopted that flower as a Badge, and wear it in their button-holes. He was a truly great statesman, without any fuss, mob oratory, chicanery, sophistry, or something worse, and as a gentleman, and a man of honour and principle, as

far above Mr. Gladstone, our Present Prime Minister, as Heaven is above the earth – or the place below it.

About this date we are generally beginning to look out for the cuckoo, and the first swallow; but though fine, the weather is extremely cold. For the last ten days we have had a dry steady north-east wind, “enough to cut a snipe in two,” but a fine hot sun, and enjoyable for the young and hardy. It is very cold at night, and I am told there was ice this morning. It feels as cold as any time during the past winter. The young potatoe plants, which were above ground, are all cut back, and the new shoots of the ivy about my premises are black and dead. Still, the weather is beautiful in the daytime.

W. April 23. 1884. – The cuckoo, I am told, has been heard at Branscombe. The papers announce that a very severe earthquake took place yesterday morning about twenty minutes after nine. The occurrence of 225 earthquakes, more or less severe, are on record in this country. Any so severe as this are very rare in England. It occurred all over the counties of Suffolk and Essex, and was felt on the south side of the Thames. It was also felt over most parts of London east of St. Martin’s Lane. The severest disturbance was at Colchester, and the villages lying within six or eight miles of it. At Colchester about 20 feet of the steeple of the Congregational Church in Lion Walk were shaken down, and doing much injury in the fall: two stacks of chimneys fell through the roof of St. Leonard’s Vicarage, the family barely escaping: many chimney stacks in several towns and villages shaken down, and houses cracked, and a child killed in one place, and in another a woman nearly so by a falling brick: at Langenhoe the spire fell through the roof, and made the church a complete wreck: at Peldon a child was killed by the falling bricks and stone: at Rowhedge another child killed: china and glass jingling and falling, and bells shaken till they rang, &c. &c.

Th. Ap. 24. – Two or three reviews of my book have appeared both in the American and the English journals. On the whole they are very favourable. The reviewers, here and there, give vent to a few snappish remarks, as is common with these censors, for no-body likes to be wholly satisfied or pleased, but they approve in the main point, and that is all I care about. They say that the book is a valuable contribution to the period of the Revolutionary war, and some say they hope I shall publish another volume. Not likely – I never had any idea of that. It seems to be selling better than I expected, and 50 more have been telegraphed for to go out to America; and I have heard through a private channel that Mr. Lowell, the American Ambassador in London has one. However, though I shall not live to write another volume, there is no harm in beginning to do it now the subject is well in my head, and writing memorandums to assist those who may, and so I began to do this to-day.

Th. May 1. – Not like May Day. The wind is now south-west; but the cutting north-easter than we have had for a month, is coming all back again off the water, damp and chilly.

The Cremation mania is now in Parliament. A Dr. Cameron introduced a Bill, not to legalise the burning the dead, for a law court has recently decided that it is not illegal, but to regulate, and therefore encourage and facilitate it. It was argued in the H. of Commons last night. He urged that it was desirable on sanitary grounds – that burial places were unhealthy, that they were in the way and inconvenient, that springs of water were liable to be contaminated, that the process of decomposition was very slow, &c. On the other side it was said – that earth had a strong antiseptic power, the “earth to earth” was the language of scripture, that inhumation is associated with Christian ideas, but cremation is Pagan, and above all, that cases of poisoning could scarcely be discovered where a body had been reduced to ashes. The Bill was thrown out by 79 for, and 149 against. Majority 70.

Sidmouth. May 1884.

Tu. May 6. – Mrs. Davidson, the rich and pretty widow, took to herself at Sidholme, a little north of the Vicarage, a new and second husband – a gentleman of the name of Lindermann. She was originally of German extraction, her father having borne the name of Hoffmann, and lived, and is said to have made money, in the United States of America. Her former husband was of Jewish extraction, but buried at Salcombe, east of Sidmouth. He was associated with the Rothschilds. This recalls to my memory a few particulars of Mr. Davidson's Will, dated Dec. 1877.

The property in England is sworn under £100.000.

Richmond Lodge (now Sidholme) he leaves to his wife, and £15.000 absolutely.

At her decease Richmond Lodge and £40.000 to the son Gilbert, now about seven or eight years old.

£20.000 to eldest daughter, Blanche, born Nov. 14. 1871.

£20.000 to the other daughter Dora.

I have been informed that there is a special provision for the maintenance and education of each of the three children, in case the mother should marry again, (as has now happened) by which £10.000 is put aside for each, which will be manipulated by the Court of Chancery and the Trustees.

There are legacies to brothers, Major General James Davidson, Henry Davidson, £8.000 (by Codicil) and Louis Davidson.

£1.000 to F.A. Lucas, if he acts as Executor.

£1.000 to Sir Charles Rivers Wilson.

£5.000 to "his friend" Alfred de Rothschild, a Trustee.

There is power to Trustees, with her consent, to sell Richmond Lodge, Codicil dated Aug.2. 1878.

He died Sep.21. 1878 at Sidmouth, I think of abcess of the liver.

Will proved Oct. 22. 1878.

Sun. May 11. – At the Parish church. Sky clear. Sun very hot. Air cool in the shade. Cold at night.

Mon. 12. – Mr. Bolt my butcher, who rents my field and also Mr. Ede's field, between the Old Chancel and the church, has recently bought a very pretty cow, but on feeling her head I found that the left horn was growing round over the left eye, and was so close to her head that I could not put a penny piece between the point of her horn and her head. [sketch] I called Mr. Bolt's attention to this, and warned him that something serious would be the consequence if something were not done speedily. He said that it had been sawed off once or twice already, and that he would attend to it at once.

Sent Ann Newton and Mrs. Bartlett out for a drive.

W.14. – Called on Mr. Kennet Were at Cotlands. Gave him a copy of my little book printed in Sidmouth twenty-four years ago, being an account of the Restoration or Rebuilding of the church. He is now Church Warden.

Th. 15. – There is a rumour that a large stone breakwater is going to be built at Sidmouth. Those who have lived in Sidmouth as long as I have, do not believe all the rumours we hear.

Tu. 20. – Mr. Kerslake, born in Exeter, but now of Bristol, being here, called. He has written some clever papers on various antiquarian subjects.

Th. 22. – Ascension Day, or Holy Thursday. Mr. Edward Chick had tea with me. We amused ourselves with tracing out and writing down from a large chart, or genealogical tree, all the links from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.

S. 24. – Her Majesty's Birthday. Peal of bells this morning. Her father died here at Woolbrook Glen, early Sunday morning, January 23. 1820, the infant Princess being eight months old. The Queen is 65. We want no changes. May she live on.

Mon. 26. – They have sawed off a short piece from the cow's horn. They did not venture much for fear of touching the bone core. – Changed bedroom for summer.

Th. 29. – Restoration of Charles II. The day is not kept here. At Tiverton it is in a very demonstrative way. – Sent copy of Gov. H.'s Diary &c. to nephew in Australia.

Sun. June 1. – Lord Howe's great victory of 1794, in which my mother's father commanded the *Audacious*, 74, and dismasted the *Révolutionnaire*.

M. 2. – After two months of unusually dry bright weather, with a very hot sun, it is now becoming showery, dull, and very chilly. The rain was wanted.

Tu. 3. – There is a favourable Review of my book by Dr. Ellis in the Atlantic Monthly, an American Magazine, published in Boston.

Th. 5. – Our Company of young Volunteers made a great noise this evening, when advancing and retreating as skirmishers, with other exercises, firing blank cartridges. They were in Great Blackmore Field, behind the Old Chancel. When I was in the Volunteers, we always exercised in the Fort Field.

M. June 9. – Miss Irene Jones and a lady friend surprised me with a visit. She is sister of the Rev. F. Jones, who married a cousin of mine. I think it is 27 years since I last saw her.

Th. 12. – Tho' without fires all day, it has been agreeable to have a fire of an evening, for the feet and hands are liable to feel cold when reading or writing for several hours; but now it is warm enough to be without fires up to bed time.

Sat. 14. – Arranged a number of fossils and polished Sidmouth pebbles: some being what I have myself collected, and some that had been Mr. Heineken's. I have had a number of pebbles cut and polished recently, such as agates, calcedonies, onix, conglomerate, from Sidmouth beach, also red, green, and yellow jasper, though found there, come mostly from Budleigh Salterton, - they come, in fact, from the pebble bed of Aylesbear Hill. Among Mr. Heineken's things were some Scotch Fortification agates, and these I have had cut and polished. The charges for cutting and polishing

here is just about double what it is in London, where it is done on a larger scale. Specimens of petrified wood, from the Green sand formation, are not uncommon on Sidmouth beach, and I have several, one or more cut and polished.

M. 16. – It is a pity that some of our great men do not shew a better example to smaller men. The Duke of Marlborough was not long ago divorced by his wife: he now wants to sell the heirlooms of the family at Blenheim, and it is said he must apply to the Lord Chancellor, or Court of Chancery, for powers; and now his younger brother Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P. is protesting against it.

Recently the Duke of Hamilton has sold his splendid Library, and the books that were collected by Beckford, and likewise his collection of rare MSS. His books at public auction brought £12.893, and Beckford's £73.552. As to the MSS, it is said that the German government have purchased them privately, and it is believed they have given something like £100.000.

Lord Gosford has also dispersed his library, which has brought in £11.318.

“After a gatherer comes a scatterer.” Often have I seen this saying verified among my private friends, but on a more moderate scale.

I see it mentioned that the Duke of Marlborough has offered to the nation twelve of his best pictures for the sum of £400.000. A likely joke!

Tu. June 17. – Men came and prepared lower room of Old Chancel lying NW of Hall for fresh papering. Whitewashed ceiling.

W. 18. – They papered the room, and used a “Queen ^{Anne} paper,” something the style of an old chintz bed curtain, being waving stems running upwards, with plenty of leaves and flowers of soft and subdued colours, the prevailing tint being green. It is rather pleasant to the eye. Queen Anne papers – in short, Queen Anne style in building and furnishing is all the fancy at present.

Young Mr. Balfour, the future Lord of the Manor, having recently attained 21, a complimentary demonstration in the parish is being held, in the shape of dinners, tea to the School children, fireworks, presentations of pieces of silver plate, & speeches full of gratitude for favours to come. By his father's Will however, (Dec. 6. 1873) he does not come into full possession until he is 25.

Th. 19. – Celebrations continued.

June 1884.

Sat. 21. – After breakfast, the weather being hot and beautiful, I was sauntering about my grounds with my cat in my arms, when two gentlemen came in at the upper iron gate. One was Mr. G. Buttemer, who went over to Rome a few years ago, and a Roman Catholic priest, who is also a “pervert” as they call it, and whom I had not seen before. They came about a new monument which has just been put up at the north end of the Cemetery, against which complaint has been made. They came to me as I was a member of the Burial Board. They begged I would go up with them and look at it – got a pony carriage, and we went. I told them that my opinion was of no weight alone, one way or the other, and that only a decision of the Board could pronounce upon it. The said monument is a Crucifix on a pedestal: the pedestal being 3 or 4 feet high, and then there is a tall stone cross with the figure of our Saviour on it. The whole affair is about or nearly ten feet high, and looks conspicuous, as it is in line with the approach road, at the top of which the portion of ground set

aside for the Roman Catholics is situate. There are rules which guide the height and size of monuments, and may affect this. Permission to put it up as it is was not obtained from the board as a body, and on reading the Rules and regulations, I see that two or three of them have not been followed. What will be done I know not,

Tu. 24. – Went over in a 4-wheel to “The Cottage,” Budleigh Salterton, to confer with Mr. Henry Carter, F.R.S. about the Labyrinthodon Lavis, discovered in the cliff of High Peak Hill 1½m. west of Sidmouth, by Mr. Lavis, and some fragments of which, and probably of the same individual, were afterwards procured by Mr. Carter. Also about the Hyperodapedon, and also about my fossil stems in the Exeter Museum, which Professor Williamson of Owen’s College, Manchester, thinks may be an Equisetum and not a Calamite as supposed. To avoid Peak Hill I turned inland, via Bulverton, Bowd, Newtonpoppleford Hill, Newtonpoppleford, Colyton Rawley, Bicton, and I took my servant Ann Newton, and left her with her sister at Budleigh, and went on two miles further. By this route it was 9m. instead of six. Examined some portions of the Labyrinthodon through his microscope. The bone structure was plain. The Hyperodapedon was discovered by Mr. Whitaker in the cliff by the river Otter near its mouth, but I could not learn the exact spot without going there. I have long wished to know the exact horizon ^{of this} below the Labyrinthodon in High Peak, and I have been intending for some years to take a boat some calm summer day, and explore the strata of the cliff minutely – the sum of the accumulated dip, distortions, faults, &c, if any, with sketchbook and colour box, from Ladram Bay to the Otter, but now I fear I shall never be able to carry it out. Whatever is worth while doing in this life, ought to be done immediately. He asked me for one or two more copies of my paper, on the fossil stems, as he had given his former away. I had an early tea with him and Mrs. Carter, and left at 6 P.M. – stopped half an hour at Budleigh – picked up my servant – returned through Otterton and over Peak Hill – and reached the Old Chancel by eight.

Fri. 27. – Went into Exeter by rail. Gave my old copy of Pomponij Melæ, de situ Orbis to the Exeter Free Library. Had a long chat with Mr. Parfitt at the Institution in Cathedral Yard. Called on my Banker. Consulted Dr. Shapter on my recent tendency to bronchitis, and what precautions against cold weather. Called on one or two friends, and at one or two shops. Started at 5.20, and got back in an hour or a little more.

S. 28. – Thunder and rain at 8 P.M.

Sun. 29. – At the parish church. Fine, and unusually warm till 3 P.M. when more thunder and rain.

Tu. July 1. – I have generally been in the habit of sleeping in a small narrow bed, and then a person perforce must lie straight up and down; but how is it that when a person finds himself in a large bed, (as I do now) he often finds himself lying from corner to corner? The peculiarity is not new, for I think that Sterne, in his Tristrem Shandy, describes either my Uncle Toby or himself as “lying diagonally in his bed.”

Sidmouth July 1884

Th. 10_ Mr & Mrs Geo. Buttemer and Miss Faucett had tea with me.

Fri. 11_ Had the Oak Room in the Old Chancel turned out- the chimney swept, the Turkey carpet taken out and beaten, everything cleaned and dusted, and all the furniture and other matters put back in their places.

Sun. 13_ At the Parish church. Mr Wm. Floyd called, and we walked down together. We had scarcely got in when the rain came down, and it made such a noise on the roof that not a word could be heard; and then there was a clap of thunder, and then the organ began and drowned it, and then for half an hour it became so dark that the organist lit a candle.

Floyd tells me that his landlord Fitzgerald, at No. 3 Fortfield Terrace, died suddenly on Friday morning a little before 8. He had gone down stairs and had attended to some of the house work, and being occasionally troubled with a bad cough he went to the back door, near the pump and the garden, and coughed there. When all at once a quantity of blood came up his throat. He ran into the house and passing his daughter, a girl of about 13 or 14, said "Fetch a Doctor!" and then upstairs, his wife not yet having come down. He sat or lay back, and in a few minutes he was dead, I suppose he broke a blood vessel in the lungs.

I have had many interesting conversations with him on the incidents of the Russian war of 1854. He was a private in his Regiment at the battle of the Alma River, climbed up the steep bank, and attacked and took the large Redoubt, when all or nearly all the officers and half the men were shot down, but he was fortunate in not getting hit. Kinglake in his History, describes this event in lively colours.

The next day, Sat. 12, a fat widow woman, Mrs Miller, living near me, died suddenly of heart complaint, though ailing before.

Tu.15_Rain all the morning, and St. Swithen too! In the afternoon walked to Sid or Seed through the Salcombe Fields. Looked at the new weir, mentioned Ap.8. The section of the new work is like the annexed.

The Backing above the balks of deal is composed of a few stakes and stays as well as gravel and clay and this raises the top surface of the river Sid more than five feet, so that it flows into the Mill stream on the further side of the river, whilst the surplus runs away over the top balk and down the long steps, which are 5 or 6 feet each, and are composed of fir poles laid close together, coincident with the course of the stream, and forming a sort of corduroy [corde-du-roi] floor. In spite of the backing however, a certain amount of the water percolates through. At Seed (as it is pronounced) Mr Scriven was not in. Scriven, Scrivenor,- words apparently derived from Ecrivain. He was across the river on the west, and at the bottom of Little Lime Park Lane, where Mr Dunning was making an oil painting of the Cottages, looking east, with the ford in the foreground; and Mr W. H. Warner was photographing, I happened to say in conversation that Mr Ede of Lansdowne had two small fields at the top of Sid, Seed, on Milltown Lane, that he was willing to sell, and then we talked of other things.

Wed.16-This forenoon Mr Scriven came down with a basket of strawberries, and then alluded to the fields, saying he had been up and looked at them, and should like to confer with Mr Ede. They both spent the evening with me, and went over the title deeds. The affair is a small one. Both fields only contain 2..3..37, or not quite three acres. Mr Ede gave £130 and will sell for £140. It ended by a transfer being agreed to.

Th.17.- Went to Mr Scriven's with the basket. Both parties thanked me for having mentioned the subject. If they are happy, I am.

Fri.18._ The cholera has broken out in the south of France, and is said to be spreading. Among timid persons there is already a growing alarm in England. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. In Marseilles 59 deaths in 24 hours on Monday: 28 at Toulon, and 2 in Paris.

Sat.19._ Last night Mrs Crawsey, of the "White Hart" at Mill Cross, at the top of the town, fell down stairs and was killed on the spot. Mr Sweet, a former occupant, I am told fell down the same staircase 20 years ago, and was nearly killed. Her niece, who lived with her, was away on a visit, and she was alone. Not opening her house this morning, a sister's son got in at the back, and found her at the bottom of the stairs with her neck broken. Her maiden name was Fossey, an old name in Sidmouth, which I have always been disposed to look upon as originally French, as Fosse', a ditch or moat. Thus Jean du Fosse' 85 (?) Her husband, whom I had known from boyhood, was son of a house painter, who, in his youth, managed to run away with the daughter and marry her of a clergyman somewhere up the country where he used to work.

Sun. 20._ Mr Southgate asked me to witness his, and Mrs Southgate's signature to a transfer of stock, as he explained it.

Tu. 22._ Dined at Lansdowne with the Edes. Mr Ede and myself then walked to the Cemetery, when I made a sketch of Salcombe Hill, shewing Mr Scrivens' cottages, and his new purchase.

Th. 24._ Attended the funeral of Miss Rofton, aged 85. Since May 14, 1867 there has been a beneficial revolution in the ordering of funerals. Undertakers had carried the use of hatbands with long tails, flowing silk scarves, and other trappings to such an extent that the public resisted it. Now nothing is required to one's ordinary black suit but a pair of black gloves, and a tight hat band three inches wide. The black velvet pall over the coffin is now dispensed with. The coffin now. a. days is commonly of polished oak with brass mountings and as compliments, or emblems of affection, wreathes of flowers are laid upon it, and so carried. The fashion of these wreathes comes from France.

Fri.25._ Godfrey put up new zinc pipes to Old Chancel.

Sat.26._ Thunder ' showers. Weather become chilly. Had nearly an hour's talk with Vicar at Vicarage.
Newton Abbot.

Mon. July 28._ To Newton Abbot to attend the meeting of The Devonshire Association at that place, via Exeter, (?). Got a drawing room and bedroom at 5 St. Pauls Road. Called on Mr. R. W. Cotton at Woodleigh villa, whom I have long known, and then on Mr. And Mrs. Fisher, who used to live at Blackmore Hall, near me at Sidmouth.

Tu.29._ The Newton people gave us of the Council a cold collection at two, then some meetings and official business. At 8pm the President read his Address.

W. 30._ Attended meetings, and heard papers read. At six the Members dined together at the Hotel. I have learnt not to care about large dinners: they are generally, a cram, a scramble, and too often with very bad attendance. So I took the train as far as Dawlish, where I wanted to see some friends. I was two hours there, and got back to Newton before dark. The long tunnel under the town of Teignmouth has never been thrown open to the sky, and the works nearly completed.

Th. 31._ The same again. There was nothing particularly original, except that the Rev. W. Downes, of Kentisbear, produced a newly discovered dyke of volcanic rock or igneous rock of a brown colour, highly charged with specks of golden coloured mica. He broke off two pieces for me. The dyke is at Roseash near South Molton. In the evening we went to Forde House, the old mansion of the Raynells, where Charles 1, and William 111, abode at different dates. The interior is handsomely furnished and in good order. The white moulded ceilings are very good. We had tea and coffee on the lawn. Mr Watts is the present tenant under the Earl of Devon.

Fri.1._ A charming expedition was organised for the Members, and about 100 started at 10 o'clock in 7 or 8 carriages. We first drove to Stover Park, the Duke of Somerset having expressed his willingness that we should see the house. As the Park is on Bovey Heathfield, I expected a dead flat; but the undulations are many, and the house is on the crown of a considerable elevation. The mansion is built of whitish stone, with a large portico against the (I think) south front, of six fluted Doric columns, high enough to let a carriage drive in under. There is no pretence of grandeur inside. The interest in the place consists of a number of paintings of his Grace's ancestors, and other historical personages. The view is beautiful from the drawing room windows looking north over the Park, the trees, lake and distant hills. The Duke and Duchess, (I think she is alive) are only there three or four months in the autumn. He is 79 and has lost his son, and his heir is his brother who is 74. James Templer, a poor boy born in Exeter in 1722, bound apprentice to a carpenter, ran away, got to India, made great wealth, returned, bought Stoford or Stover soon after 1765, pulled down the old house and built the present, and died in 1782. His eldest son James made the Canal from Bovey to Newton, but it did not pay as expected. His son and heir George hampered himself by making the railroad from Heighton, and sold Stover to the then Duke.

Having viewed this place we drove northward to the Bovey Potteries, and going out to the great excavation, which is now disused and half full of water, we stood in a half circle, and Mr Pengelly gave us a clear and most interesting geological account of the Heathfield – the filled up bed of an old Miocene lake as large as Windermere, and the only the only Miocene in England, as Mr Pengelly's examination has shewn.

Thence we proceeded to Lustleigh, where we stopped two hours. We had a cold dinner at the Inn. Some ran off to the Cleeve (cliff?) but as I had been there before [] I sauntered about the neighbourhood and examined the church. Peculiar shape old font.

Three recumbent figures in white stone – a female and two warriors. Oak screen partly old, and well restored. Waggon roof that has been gone over carefully, with squares over the choir coloured in fairly good keeping: but the curious and interesting Romano-British block of granite, with brief inscription – OXX TUIDOC CONHINOC – supposed to be of Romano British time, as the letters are Roman, with the three letters at the beginning, dXX or DXX, indicating the year 520, still remains as the sill of the south door, to be run over and obliterated by all the hob nails in the parish, Strange infatuation in the Rector to persist in keeping it there. It was placed there in ignorance, but better education ought to remove it to a safer place. It ought to be bedded on a stone shelf within the church, some four or five feet from the ground. I called attention to this state of things in the Exeter Gazette in January 1871, and I think I must recur to it. The door opens in two halves, dividing perpendicularly, the half opposite the left hand being shut, and the other open for the admission of the public into the church; and one glance serves to shew how much more the inscription has been worn out at the open end than the shut.

A mat has been thrown over the stone to hid its shame, but this is only a slight perishable protection. "The Bishop's Stone" is in the hedge opposite the Hotel.

From Lustleigh we proceeded across the country, via Chudleigh Knighton, Chudleigh Bridge, where I first saw the new Railway Station, and then up the hill where, on the right, I observed they are building a new house on the spot occupied by Heightley Cottage, long the residence of an aunt of mine, Mrs Cocks, a sister of my mother's, where she died, but was buried at Dawlish. Then a little further up to Chudleigh Rock, every part of which I well knew formerly. Then a little higher, where we got a glimpse of a house called Place, an abbreviation of Palace, as having once been a Palace of the Bishop of Exeter, and where Betsey Balcombe and her parents for a time lived, and where my aunt and her daughters knew them. And then we drove through the town of Chudleigh, much to the amusement of the natives. After that we began the long ascent to one of the corners of Ugbrook Park – passed the Lodge – skirted the lake – crossed between the two lakes, and all dismounted. Leaving the carriages here, we all walked to the house, where Lord Clifford, a young bachelor of 33 met the party and shewed us the rooms. The furniture and fittings are plain, but there are several interesting portraits. In the dining room the table was laid for one person. I used to know the Park well, and measured and surveyed the circular camp on the high ground that overlooks Chudleigh. It struck me today that the fern on this side had much increased, and overrun the grass. The house used to be covered outside with rough-cast coloured yellow. A few years ago all this was judiciously taken off, but the red cement mouldings round the windows, and the entrance porch, are something extraordinary, that is, in the light of architecture.

We rejoined the carriages and started back for Newton. Our President for the year, Mr Stebbing, had a tricycle on which he mounted, and travelled with us all the way back. We returned before 8. A very pleasant journey.

Sat. Aug. 2 _ Took the rail to Morton Hampstead, never having been higher than Lustleigh before. I expected to have found this place on the edge of the open Moor but to my surprise all the land is divided by hedges into well cultivated fields as they are in the valley. I lingered about the church and churchyard. The masonry is of granite, as all the churches are here about. In the street, near one of the entrances to the churchyard, on a platform that apparently once served as a broad base for a wayside cross, is the head of a large granite cross, with a T cross cut on the base of it.

The block of stone fixed upright, seems to be upside down, judging by the mouldings and the dowel hole on the top, but if it were turned over then the T cross would be upside down. I have put a coloured sketch of it in my sketchbook.

Finding Morton Hampstead not on the open moor, I took the rail back to Newton earlier than I had intended.

Sun. Aug. 3 _ Went to St Paul's church, where the clergyman tried to intone the service; but not being a singer, or having a correct ear for music, his voice was full of false intervals. Better let it alone.

M. Aug. 4. _ After a tiring but very agreeable week, I returned home. Had an early tea with my banker, Mr Keily and his daughter, at the Devon & Cornwall Bank, whilst I was in Exeter.

Sun. 10. _ At the Parish church. Many strangers there, Sidmouth being full of visitors. The Vicar preached. Also there at the evening service, at 7, now held for the visitors at the evening service. Gas lighted, looking very pretty. I was sensible of the heat to my head. Vicar preached.

Tu. 12. _ Made a coloured drawing of a fish called the Weever, caught here.

W. 13. _ Very hot, 73 here and same day 93 at Greenwich. Papers say it has been $97\frac{1}{2}$ in the shade at the Sydenham Crystal Palace.

Th. 14. _ In January 1871 I had a correspondence in the paper, (see back), and I have attacked the same subject again, as follows:-

Fri. Aug. 15. _ Considering I was in London, and saw the long procession of bringing the Duke of Wellington's statue down Park Lane from the Artist's studio to Hyde Park corner, on 29th of September 1846, and afterwards saw it hauled up to the top of the arch, I am in some degree interested in the removal to another place. In one of my Sketch books I made a rough sketch of the procession. At that time the statue was extolled; but of late years it has been the fashion to abuse it. If this is only fashion, woe betide every artist's fame. If it was good then it is good now. If it was bad then, why extol it? Or even put it up?

The world was startled a few days ago by a report, which proves to be true, that the second Duke of Wellington, being the eldest son of "The Great Duke", had dropped down dead at the Brighton Railway Station. He was on the platform waiting for the train to return to Stratfield's ay, when it occurred. He was carried into the waiting room and died. He was 77, and having no heir, the title goes to his nephew.

Th. Aug. 21 _ My dear old black Tom cat Robert died.

Fri. 22. _ Went to Exeter for the day. Went to the Museum. Called on Mr Parfitt at the Institution – on Henry Gray, and others – with whom were Mr M. Fulford, and Haywood, Architects. Looked into the Cathedral.

Sun. 24. _ Very hot for England. About nine this evening thunder, lightning etc.

M. 25. _ Went to London chiefly to see my publisher left by the 12. 10 train and ought have been at the Waterloo station at 5.15 but owing to the crowded state of the trains, we were an hour late. Never did we live in an age when all classes of people seem so madly bent on pleasure and enjoyments of all sorts. The poorest people can always find money for pleasure. I see that too frequently on all sides in my own neighbourhood. Though they may be living in hovels and it clothed in rags and are always begging for help to buy food, yet if the horsemanship comes, or the strolling players, or the wild beasts show, these places are full of them. They never deny themselves anything on principle, or for the prudential considerations. A month ago I was told a story of a woman in Sidmouth receiving parish pay, who wanted to see the show along with the dear teacher run, but she had no money. The show what was a waxwork exhibition, and a whirli- go- round, located pro tem. at the top of the Blackmore field near May cottage. I was told that she had got a loaf of bread at each of the two or three bakers in the town, for which she did not pay, and then she sold these to some of her neighbours, being careful to secure a ready money payment, but she only traded with honourable people who settle their accounts promptly. With this money, so raised, she had her fling of the show. Perhaps it is the same in London.

Established myself at the Charing Cross Hotel, as last year, no. 156. The staircase is 3 or 4 yards wide, and the steps so low that it is easy to go up or down any number of them. I amused myself counting the numbers of stairs to each story, and they were as follows, beginning at the bottom: -43 to the first landing, 32 to the second, 25 to the third, 32 to the fourth, and 25 to the fifth. . The sum of these is $43 + 32 + 25 + 32 + 25 = 157$. There are attics above in the mansard.

Tu. Aug. 26 _ Had breakfast in the beautiful Coffee Room – the style a modern treatment of Roman – modern Italian. It is judiciously coloured in its decorations the prevalence of yellow and sober browns harmonising well with a large amount of gilding. The room was full of company at breakfast.

Called on Messrs Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Near the bottom of Chancery Lane. The progress of my book is better than I expected. If the whole edition is sold within a 12 month of publication, I shall be fortunate.

Took the train and got out to Clapham Common to call on Mr. Scrivens. Had dinner with him. Called with him next door and saw Mrs. Scrivens his sister, and the lady staying with her. As it was dark when I came away, Mr. S. insisted on seeing me safe back, as the intricacies of the large railway stations there are the perplexing and he spent about a s

shilling in paying for my railway tickets.

W. 27. _ So I sent him a dozen penny postage heads, with the annexed lines.

You gave a dozen stamps for me,

And so I send you 4 times 3,

If wrong I'll send you 12, or more,

Or else I'll send you 3 times 4

In the afternoon I took the train at Kings Cross for Bengeo, as last year, to see my cousin Mrs. Oliver. Went north to Hatfield, and caught a glimpse of the turrets and vanes of the Marquis of Salisbury's house, and changing trains, went eastwards to Hertford, and walked half a mile to Bengeo. Found her down stairs, and pretty well for a person born in 1805. Two young ladies came in, and we all had a nearly tea together. Got back before eight.

Th. 28. _ After writing the letter or two, and glancing over the papers in the fine large Reading room of the hotel, I took the "underground rail", as it is commonly called, as far as South Kensington, and then walked to the "Health Exhibition", south of the Albert hall, which is this year amusing the public. It contains all articles used in food, clothing, houses, etc., with suggestions for their use in a way to promote "health". Not one person in 50 will look beneath the surface. The crowds of people that filled the avenues and grounds were not a little striking. People go to be amused, and not to be instructed. I was astonished at the number of places of "refreshment" or eating and drinking, and the throngs that filled them; and I as it was there for eight hours, I resorted to them myself. The project is good, and instructive to those who choose to make it so, and tho interesting, like picture galleries, etc., is very tiring. I was glad to sit down occasionally. I also went into the Albert hall, which was empty, but open. I went up to the top galleries, and then looked down. It looks circular, but I

believe it is oval, and like an immense amphitheatre, suggested the appearance of the inside of the Coliseum. I got back tired, but amused.

Fri. 29.- Started for the Society of Antiquities at Burlington House Piccadilly. Near Trafalgar Square- I fell in with one of the sons of Mr. Potbury, the cabinet maker of Sidmouth and he was as astonished to see me as I was to see him. Walking on through . Piccadilly, I came to Mr. And Mrs. Mitchell of Audley Sidmouth, looking into a jeweller's shop window, and getting out close to their elbows, I made some remark that made them turn round, when there was a grand explosion of surprise on all sides. Went on to Burlington House and upstairs to the library, where I had a long conversation with Mr Watson , the secretary, and Mr Ireland , the librarian, whom I had not seen for some years,

In the afternoon started for Richmond, where my father and mother lived when they were first married. Crossed the river by rail from my hotel, and then took ticket for Richmond at the Waterloo Station. On arriving I called at the Vicarage on the Green, but the Rev. Canon Proctor was out. Looked at the Parish Church, which has an old stone tower, but a George the Third ugly brick nave. Saw Mr Holmes the Clerk. Walked through the town to the stone bridge of five arches, and then down the bank of the river. Extremely pretty it is. Was back again in London before dark.

Sat. 30.- Returned to Sidmouth. The journey was without incident or adventure.

Sidmouth. Sep. 1884.

Tu. Sep. 2. _ Called on Mr & Mrs Geo Butterma, and Miss Jenkins at The Elms, so called.

Th. 4. _ Called on Dr Radford at Sidmount, and ahd a long talk with him on what I had done and seen in London, - the sculpture, paintings, and other works of art I had been examining, and also the different systems of electric lighting, which is becoming more and more in use. Looked over some of his more recent acquisitions in books and works of art. He laments as I do, and as Lord Sidney Osborne does, that the objects which he has drawn together with so much care, will not be appreciated by those who come after him, but will probably be all scattered. His last acquisition is a cast or model of the trumpet or horn, made of a composition looking like ivory, that was sold at an art salerecently in London. The horn is nearly two feet long, in a half moon curve, about as large as the finger at the mouth piece, and as large as one's wrist at the mouth, and carved in cinque centro style, with two gold bands with rings, for suspension, half way between the middle and the ends. It is part of the Andrew Fontaine Collection. The cost is 12 guineas; the original at the sale was knocked down to M. Egger for 2,240 guineas.

Called afterwards on Mr W. M. Floyd, and then on Mrs King Beach House, Two Miss Garderners, lodging near Ottery, surprised me with a visit.

Fri. 5. _ Prize day at the Archery Ground in the Great Blackmore Field, close to my houses. A beautifully fine day. Witnessed Mrs Girdlestone's signature.

Sat. 6. _ Called at Sidholme & Landsdowne, Elysian Fields, Weather showery.

Amused at the rooks drinking drops of rain hanging under the top bar of the iron hurdles, in front of the window of the Oak Room of the Old Chancel.

Mon. Sep. 8._ Having been asked by a Committee of The British Association to report on the amount of erosion of the cliffs, and some other things pertaining to the coast at Sidmouth, I have now

completed my Report and sent it in. The coast is receding by the advance of the sea, but at various rates, according to the hardness or softness of the cliffs, and from long observation, and the stumps of the trees of the Submerged Forest under the beach opposite the Fort Field, and the foundations of some old buildings 30 feet outside the Esplanade, under the shingles, opposite Portlane house and Marlborough Place, I have long had a growing feeling that the land is going down in the south of England. At what rate it would be hard to say exactly, but I may venture to say at the rate perhaps of 10 inches in a century.

W. 10. _ Walked over Salcombe Hill to Salcombe. The top of the hill yellow with furze blossom and purple with heath. Called on the Mossheads, sons of the late vicar, and on the Soulsbys, and walked back.

Fri. 12, _ To Exeter and abck by rail. Called at the museum: on Mr Medley Fulford: Mr J Martin: Mr Mark Rowe, Gadolphin and Gully. A chat with MR E. Parfitt. Looked at the Earl of Devon's bronze statue, Bedford Circus. Don't like bronze- ugly black mass. Many veru handsome houses in brick and stone, mostly in Queen Anne style are being built in Fore Street.

S. 13._ Mr J, A, Mosshead sent me a brace of fine young partridges.

M.15._ Last night there was lightening and rain.

Tu. 16._ Fine again. Mr Dallas, the new curator of the Exeter Museum, his predecessor, Mr D'Urbon, having resigned, came down and spent the latter half of the day with me, to look over my chalk and greensand fossils, and some other things as I wish to give the best to the museum.

W.17._ The recent dath of Sir John Duntze, at Exleigh, near Starcross, recalls to my memory a few things not generally known. I can remember Miss Coles, the lady whom he married, before he married her. My father then lived at Tiverton in his house near the gate of the church yard at the top of Peter Street, the grounds running down to the river, and over to the tower. My father sold the freehold of house and land to Mr Heathcoat of the Factory, grandfather of Sir Amory and converted the house into two, being very large. This was in January 1825, when he bought a house and some land at Sidmouth, which I now have. I can remember Sir John's father, a red face old man. When he deid, and his son, who married Miss Coles, assumed the title, it was said in Tiverton that some of the relations stepped forward and disputed his right to it, threatening an action at law against him. It was alleged that the father (the second Baronet) had married two sisters, Carew, and that he was son of the second sister, and according to existing circumstances was not born in lawful wedlock. In the books of Heraldry and Genealog, it is rather significant that the first wife is not mentioned. They merely say –"he married secondly," so and so. I think it is so in Burke's Baronetage. The story ran further to the effect that the different members of the family put their heads together and held a conference over the affair, and that, in order to avoid an expose, and very unpleasant lawsuit, and the still more unpleasant scandal that would have enriched the public prints, they agreed to a compromise, by which it was agreed that under certain conditions, and to avoid undesirable comment, he should be allowed to hold the title for his life, and that under any circumstances the title should pass to his uncle's son, the rightful heir. There are not very many perhaps who have heard this story, but there are probably old people in Tiverton who know it well. Sir John has no family by Miss Coles.

Th. 18,- The weather was hot, and quiet, and hazy from the heat. A little while ago it was quite chilly, and now it is as hot as ever this summer. In my Oak room, with blind down and door open, it is 72. In

spite of the hot sun I started after breakfast for HIGH Peak, the second hill westward, where I have not been for 3 or 4 years. The haze was so great on the hill, 513.9 feet high, I could neither see Sidmouth on the east, or Bicton or Budleigh Salterton on the west. Brought home some crimson heath. Returned very warm. Changed everything, and then felt comfortable.

Sale of property in Sidmouth, being the land opposite Castle House in the High Street, down the opening, and running towards the river. . A good street for mechnnis' (sic) houses might be made down there. A hosier of London and Westbury called, Sleep, was wide awake enough to buy it for £1580 – that is if it was a good bargain: if it was not, he was too sleepy to know what he was about. The property I believe belonged to some of the Tucker family of Branscombe, who are connections of the Chick family of Sidmouth.

There was another lot further down, situated in what of late years has been called Russel Street. It went for £380.

Sun,21,_ Wind changed to south again with rain.

M,22,_ Went to Budleigh by way of Bulverton, Newtonpoppleford, Colyton, Rawleigh, and Bicton Cross, taking that longer route in order to avoid the climb over Peak Hill, 500 feet high in a mile. The steepest part rises one yard in five. Left servant Ann Newton with her sister Mrs John Knowles. Called upon Mr Christophers, some of whose relations I knew many years ago. He walked with me up one road then across a field called "The Mizzlings" then by some lanes to the church, which is under repair. They are adding a new vestry and an organ chamber. The organ in the west gallery is going into it. Went inside. The west gallery is coming down, so as to throw open the tower arch. Admired again the old carved bench ends. If I lived here in Budleigh, I would make a careful copy of every one of them. The Raleigh slab in the aisle is covered with matting. I took a rubbing of it some years ago.

Left Budleigh at 6 P.M. and returned over Peak Hill, proceeding by way of Otterton and PYN, Pin, the ascent being more gradual on this side, except the last pinch. By the time we were on the crown of Peak Hill it was getting dark, and the gas lamps were lit in the valley of Sidmouth. We could see the light of Portland Lighthouse, tho' about 36 miles distant.

John Knowles had £50 left him by Mrs Carslake, an aunt. John Carslake, and his wife and lived in the village of Newtonpoppleford. He drop dead one morning standing at his cottage door, smoking his pipe. She was a thrifty and careful woman, rather close and stingy, and by going out nursing and in other ways, it was suspected that she had laid by a good sum of money from her and earnings, but she was very silent on this subject. The Knowles family, the nearest relatives, also lived in Newtonpoppleford. There was the father, and two sons and four or five daughters. One, called Ermina, married a man call Moor, lives in Sidmouth, and occasionally assists in my house. When Mrs. Carslake, the widow, was Getting on in years she fell into ill health, and her elder niece Susan Knowles, used to look after her and take care of her. At last Mrs Carslake had a paralytic attack, commonly called a "seizure", and she died without making any definite communication to her relatives on the state of her affairs. As soon as her aunt was dead, Susan had a rummage, and she pulled out from under the bed a moderate size oak box, which no-one had ever been suffered two look into. Having the keys she soon solved the mystery. She pulled several bags of gold out of the box, and hurriedly putting these in her apron, she gathered up the corners and ran down the street with them to her father's cottage. Throwing these upon the table, she exclaimed – "look here father see what I've got!" He, however, somewhat more cautious, locked it all up pending the settlement

of affairs. There was a will, which gave them £50 apiece, with a £10 more for Susan to prove the will and pay expenses. The buried her decently, divided her clothes and furniture, and had a their portions. There were from £350 to £400 tied up in the bags, and it nearly all in sovereigns. I have seen the box at John Knowles's at East Budleigh, and have heard the story more than once among the relations. Some have tried to nurse their £50, but the greater number soon made "ducks and drakes" of the sovereign's.

Tu.Sep.30._Dined tete.a.tete with Mr and Mrs Linderman at Sidholme, [Mentioned May 6.] Hour 7.30 P.M. which was nearly 8. This is absurdly late. I offered her my arm to go to the dining room. Some alterations in hanging the paintings since I was last there. Two good forest scenes by Widgery of Exeter. There is a good deal of taste displayed in the dining room. The prevailing taste in furniture and fittings now.a.days is Queen Anne style and very pretty it is when judiciously done. It is so here, except that some of the former fittings of the Earl of Buckinghamshire's time, In the Renaissance, Louis Quatorze, and modern Italian fashions, have been suffered to remain. There are very few people who study styles so as to have a clear idea of their distinctive features, and still fewer who are mindful not to mix styles together in the same apartment. What is however the most pleasing to the eye here is, a generally harmony in colour. The walls are of a soft tint, the cornices, mouldings, etc. are mostly white and gold, the drapery of the lighter colours, and the light satin wood piano matches up with the rest. The harmony is completed by the lighting. Most of the lamps have shades or bells or globes of coloured glass, mostly crimson, and these throw a subdued and soft rose colour tinge of light over everything.

Sat. Oct.4._ Fine eclipse this evening

A football club has been formed, and played today for the first time in the field between Coburg Terrace and at the church. Dined with Mr. and Miss Scrivens at Sidbank. Walking home after sunset the sky towards the west was suffused with a crimson tint as it was last year. See Dec.11.

The clips began at 8.15 on the left side lower portion, as in the first figure, as above: the second figure gives the obscuration about 8.40: the third after nine, and the fourth when it became a totally obscured at 9.16. It remained entirely obscured till 10.48, though I could just discern where the moon was all the time, when the bright age began to appear as in the first figure of the second series. The other three figures show at the phases as the shadow was passing off, and the eclipse ended at 11.49. The edge of the shadow was not distinguished by a clear line: in short, I was rather surprised at the amount of penumbra or fuzziness along the edge – like a piece of paper torn. There was not a cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air steering.

Sun. Oct.5._ At parish church, Fine afternoon, Called on Mr. Southgate at Fort Cottage, and a short walk in the afternoon.

Tu,7,_ Day of the Agricultural Association the ploughing being at Woolbrook and had dinner at the London Hotel, Col. Wabron, M.P. being there. The wind north, and the day cold though fine.

I was obliged to begin fires in the morning for the first time, finding it cold to the feet and hands during a long evening, when sitting still reading or writing. I like to begin great deeds upon a great days, and I am sorry that this is neither the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo or queen Victoria's Birthday.

W,8,_ Storms of rain, and I suppose the final break up of summer, as fine a summer as ever I remember.

The papers say that Binns, who was appointed this time last year to the office of Hangman or Executioner, has been dismissed. He is a low drunken fellow. He bungled once or twice at executions, being the worse for drink.

Th,9, _ Finished reading Westward ho! By Rev. Charles Kingsley, who had married a sister of Lady Sidney Osborne, I never thought of asking the Osbornes if they had ever read they had ever read (sic) this book? Perhaps they were satisfied with the fame of Kingsley alone, and they were not deep readers of fiction. It is a historical novel, and reminds me of some of Scott's, but the scenes are mostly laid or near ground-Central America- and the interest well kept up. Its connection with Devonshire will make always po popular (sic) in the S Wof Eng. It has given to a new place near Bideford.

Fri, Oct, 10,_ The circular figures opposite (*now moved to above by trans scriber*) are pictures of the retinas of my two eyes. Whilst writing of an evening by lamplight with my spectacles on, I had often seen bright spots like shining spangles, when I raised my head and looked towards the dark parts of the room, and for a considerable time was much perplexed to know what they could be. After many observations I became convinced that they were the presentations of circular portions of the back parts of the interior of my eyes, reflected back through the pupil on the surface of the glasses, where I could see them. It was like seeing part of myself in a looking glass. The size of the spangles or discs, covered objects of about 18 to 24 inches on the wall, and if I could throw these images on a blackboard, I could exhibit them to a whole room. Any person in a room, who looks at the bars of a window for a short time, can plainly see the window by turning aside and looking at a dark corner of the room. In this case however, the colours are reversed, for the bars will be light instead of dark. As regards the two pictures which I give opposite (*Above*) I may say that I copied what I saw without much difficulty, for the markings or corrugations remained always the same, and I could at all times examine them. The dark spots in the middle I take to be the places where the optic nerves go to the brain. The rips or tears on the top of each are nearly alike a chain of mountains in a map. There are spots and markings in each that somewhat resemble each other but not quite. In this way everybody can see into his own eyes. I find however, that all spectacles are not equally good at reflecting the image, though the reason why is not clear. I ought to add that the images as I have given them are in reality upside down. I did not find this out at first. I thought I had made a great discovery, that might be useful to medical men, oculists, and the owners of the eyes themselves, but I am told not. I am informed that there is an instrument in use now, by which an oculist can examine the interior of any person's eye.

This afternoon a Burial Board meeting, to which I went

Sat, 11, _ For the last week the thermometer has been falling in my bedroom over the servants parlour, as I may call it. A short time ago it was 65 in the morning, then 60, then 58, then 56, then 55, and today 48. After the hot weather we have had, this felt cold, so I changed into a somewhat warmer room.

Mon, Oct. 13, _ Young Charles Lyde, who has been recently lodging here in Sidmouth, happened to be on the beach the other day, when a young lady bathing was taken with cramp. I think it was on Michaelmas day morning. He rushed in the water and succeeded in saving her as described in the

newspaper cutting annexed. He is the son of the Mr Lyde who was killed on the railway, as mentioned back, June 30, 1869.

Fri, 17, _ After 10 days cold weather changed to mild.

S, 18, _ Quiet and fine. Some of the young men have formed a Football Club, and play mostly on Saturdays in the field between me and the church. I was asked (and so were others living near), if I should object to have it so near? I said No, I should have no objection, if, they would keep within bounds. It was not pleasant to have the ball kicked over into one's lawn, and then have some excited young men over the railings and trampling across the flower beds to catch it – as I have suffered before. They play according to the rule, the Rugby game, but to me, there is rather too much of catching up the ball and running away with it.

Sun, 19, _ At Parish church. Beautiful weather. Walked up the Salcombe Fields along the banks of the river. I do not know that I ever saw the autumnal tints on the trees more varied and more brilliant than they are now. There is every variety emerging out of the greens into all shades of yellow, orange, red, brown, crimson, purple, and their mixtures, that can be imagined. And as we have had very quiet weather for the last ten days, the trees are mostly in full leaf, though decaying. The first gale of wind will scatter them.

Tu, 21, _ Mr and Mrs Fitzgerald, with son and daughter, and had an afternoon tea with me. She was a Miss Talbot, and sister to Lady Pole , or de la Pole, of Shute.

W.22. _ Called on the Craigie-Halket, and Rev. Canon Godard.

Th.23. _ Walked to Broadway, then went behind Knowle. Called on Mr and Mrs Tyerman, and had a long chat. Besoke a copy of his poems, now in press. Walked on and had a look at the new Nunnery. Who would have thought such a building would have ever been built at Sidmouth! Walked on to the carfoix or four-crofts way, long known as "Jenny Pine's corner." Jane Pine cut her throat with a knife in a cottage at the back of The Anchor Inn in 1811. The wife of my late father's carpenter named John Ebdon , told me some 30 years ago, that she was a young woman, and hearing the alarm, ran in and found the dying woman in a chair bleeding, and with two fingers of her left hand thrust into the gash she had made. In the excitement of the moment she cried out - "How could you be such a fool as to go and do that?" but she was too far gone to speak. She was a woman of weak intellect. And John Ebdon told me that it was decided to bury her at this distant spot, a mile out of town without funeral rites, he went up at night by torch light with a posse of low, noisy, and blaspheming boys and men, and buried her in the middle of the four- cross way

At my early recollection of the spot, the lanes used to be very narrow, but they have been much widened; and there was a pollard oak at the north east corner, at A, removed when the road was widened, on the trunk of which were cut the letters E.P. I suppose her bones rest there still. I have know the spot for near 60 years, and since my late father and mother came to Sidmouth in January 1825, I feel certain her remains have never been disturbed. I think I should (*of -deleted in diary*) have heard of it if they had.

M. Oct.27. _ A Mr Topham has been here from diamond diggings in South Africa, where he found a diamond one morning, which he sold for £930. He told me that the diamond had been at last traced to its original source, place, position, nest, or matrix, and that this is volcanic rock, though it is commonly searched for in alluvial gravels. He said he had seen them sticking in the rock. In spite of

this , there is some mystery over the question, some circumstances suggesting that diamonds are being formed or crystalised even in the gravels where they are found.

S. Nov.1._ Took a light four wheel and strong horse at eleven this morning went up the Exeter road, so called, passed The Vicarage Hse. And turned down Little Lime Park Lane to the river, and through the river, and picked up Mr Scrivens at Sid Cottages, and then drove up Milltown Lane, at the top of which, on the left, are the two fields he bought of Mr Ede, (July 15 and 16) and which I wished to examine more carefully. Having dismissed the carriage, we spent two hours in walking over them to the top of the hill. There is a spring of water in one, which is of great value. He has some thought of building a small labourer's cottage, but the ground is so steep that the plan requires a little consideration. The day was mild and hazy, but the SW wind chilly up there. It was enjoyable altogether. We walked down and I dined with him.

Sun. 2. _ The papers say that Sir Moses Montifiore was 100years old on Tuesday the 21st of October. This is a well authenticated case of centinarianism. The wind got to north and very cold, and I kept in doors.

M, 3. _ Began making preparations for Index for vol. XVI of the Trans. Dev. Assoc., a very thick volume this year.

W. 5. _ Mild and damp. During the celebration of Guy Fawkes orgies this evening a plate glass window in a shop on the west side of Fore Street, nearly opposite East Street, got broken.

Th. 6. _ Walked out north, Overtook Mr Ede near the Elysian Fields, and we went on together. Called on Mr Wyndham at Sidbrook, olim Lime Park. Whilst talking with him and Mrs W, her sister, Mrs Coney, of Sidecliffe, across the river, came in. Went chiefly to have another look at the Gainsborough portrait in the dining room. The sketch annexed, only done from memory, is not a likeness, but it will serve as a memorandum of the pose, style, and general arrangement.

Mr Wyndham has often told me that the portrait represents Miss Henrietta Wyndham, his great aunt; that she was turned 40 when it was done; that she died soon after the commencement of the present century, aged about 80; and that the picture has never been out of the family, so that its history and pedigree are well authenticated. The paint has darkened by time, especially the background, which is apparently a dark brown. The oval is darkest, but scarcely discernible, except in a strong light. The complexion was pale or fair, the nose somewhat thin and arched, or aquiline, and brown hair is combed upwards off the forehead. There is a black ribbon round the neck, tied with bows behind, and with the ends hanging down the back. The face is full three-quarter, turned to the Heraldic dexter or right, the whole figure, down to the waist, being life size. The low dress was once white apparently; it is edged with a white frill coming over the shoulders, and coming down the front to the waist, with a cross frill along the front. A bow of green ribbon is placed against the breast, and two others seemingly on the sleeves at the bend or turn of the elbows at the bottom of the picture, the hands not being seen. On the spandrill or corner at the dexter base, are written in black paint the words – "Henrietta Wyndham, 1769." Mr Wyndham has no children, but his nephew Mr Grey has married Miss Coney.

Went across the river by the wooden bridge to Sid or Seed, and sat an hour with Mr Scrivens talking – deominbus rebus, et de quibusdam aliis.

Sat. 8. _ The Exmouth Football Club came over and played the Sidmouth Club in the field opposite my window, and they prevailed, and carried the victory.

Sun.9._ At the Parish church; the vicar preached. Took a walk in the Western Fields. A beautiful calm day; the autumnal tints on trees splendid.

Tu.11._ East wind; the afternoon so dull and dark, as to remind me of London. The cholera in Italy has abated, but it has recently broken out badly in Paris. The papers say there were 98 deaths there yesterday.

Sun.16._ Cold east wind since this day last week, and I have kept house as a matter of prudence, as I feel it affect my throat.

Mon.17._ My birthday. No one can be more surprised than I am, at finding I have reached the age of 74, and yet feel so well. My lungs are sound, but not so strong as they were; my heart I believe is sound, but of course not so strong as once it was; but my stomach and digestion are as good as ever, so that I can eat and drink anything and never feel it afterwards, any more than I did at twenty. These are great helps to health. I am truly thankful for such blessings. My windpipe has become my weak point. I have been much favoured in having been allowed to reach this age, rather than to have been called away in the thoughtless years of my youth, by which I am enabled to train my mind to a more wholesome, regular, reflective, and profitable frame, the full sense of which is vividly before me. In common reason I cannot expect to have many more birthdays, and perhaps not another; from which conviction I feel that the great change cannot be far off; but I contemplate it with the calm resignation that belongs to every Christian believer. If I am permitted to go through another year, I should like to finish and print the rest of Governor Hutchinson's diary, as an act of justice to him, and I have now written a quarter of a second volume. And I have a great desire to place either a brass or some such memorial to his memory in Croydon church, which is a duty that has been too long neglected. As for my houses here in Sidmouth, I am now utterly indifferent about them, and all they contain; and the Old Chancel, on which I have devoted so much labour and amusement, I do not care to finish or spend any more money on, as I have no wife or children to leave it to. All these are perishable articles.

Th.Nov.20._ A man brought me a specimen of a zigzag bent coin, like those mentioned at Jan. 30 last.

It is a copper halfpenny of George 11, apparently, with a date that may be guessed to be 1757, but the coin was first so thin, and it is now so thickly and finely covered with arugo, (?) patina, and verdigris, that very little is discernible with certainty.

Fri.21._ The papers have been full of the circumstances of a terrible murder of a middle aged lady – a Miss Keyse- at the Glen, Babbacombe, about one or two o'clock in the morning of last Saturday the 15th and then the house set on fire. A young manservant of 20 called John See, who slept in the house is arrested on suspicion. Her head had been beaten in with three blows of the back of a hatchet, and her throat cut. She sat up late writing, and had not gone to bed. One of the maid servants awoke, smelling smoke, and opening her bedroom door, raised the alarm. The fire was subdued by themselves, and some people whom they called in. There are no traces of anybody having broken into the house. He has been several times before the Magistrates, and I suppose will soon be committed for trial.

Mon. 24._ The case of Adams v. Coleridge has astounded everybody – or rather, the unexpected termination of it has. Mr Adams was engaged to be married to the Hon. Mildred Coleridge, only daughter of Lord Coleridge, and the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, the lady's brother, wrote his sister a letter defaming Mr Adams in the grossest terms. He brought and (sic) action against young Coleridge laying the damages at £10,000. It was tried on Saturday, Mr Justice Manisty being the judge. Evidence was brought that the charges in the letter were false, and they had all the appearance of having been actuated by malice. The Times newspaper speaks of the "brutal tone" of the letter which was the cause of the action, and most of the newspapers of the day condemn it in strong terms. The judge summed up with an evident leaning to the defendant. The jury however, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, with £3,000 damages. Upon this the Judge immediately declared he did not see any malice in the letter; he over ruled the finding of the jury; declared for the defendant; and ordered the plaintiff to pay the costs. It was plain that this was done to swamp and ruin Mr Adams. And Mr Justice Manisty works in the same court with the Lord Chief Justice, the defendant's father; and the Attorney General, who was on the same side, is of the same politics; and Mr Pitt Lewis, an Attorney, also in court, is a protégé of the Coleridge family, is frequently in Devonshire, and has been canvassing Exeter for the votes of the electors at the next vacancy. Mr Adams was a bold man to plead his own case in person against this powerful clique of lawyers. Yet he got his verdict. Notice of appeal was given, so the affair is not yet over; and they will try to ruin him if they can. Mr Coleridge, the defendant kept out of sight; afraid probably of being cross questioned by Mr Adams. If law is to be administered as it was in this case, goodbye to the security given us in our boasted trial by jury; goodbye to the respect for upright judges, and goodbye to our liberties.

Sat. Nov. 29._ Finished the Index to Vol. XVI, of the Trans. Dev. Assoc. This afternoon. There was a furious game of football this afternoon opposite my window in the field between the Old Chancel and the church. Some other club came to play them, but I did not hear what. They adopt all sorts of merry Andrew costumes. Fine afternoon; north wind, and cold.

Sun. 30. _ White frost this morning, and a little ice in the gutters. During the morning the wind got to the SW with rain, and it got milder.

Mon. Dec. 1.- Last Saturday, though somewhat cold, it was beautifully fine. In Exeter a slight fall of snow, and rather deep in the midland counties.

Sun. 7. _ It was so dark this afternoon in church that it was impossible to see to read. The organist lit his candles to see his music, and the gas was lit at the pulpit for the Vicar, who preached.

M. 8. _ The autumn session of Parliament prorogued to-day till Feb. 19. Most of the Ministers, and many of the Opposition nearly worn out by political struggles and contention. During the last four years, since the present Ministry have been in power, the country has been on a continued state of strife and excitement, and our relations with other countries – as Ireland, Egypt, South Africa, India etc. – have been full of discontent and violence. It will be a happy thing for England when the great agitator Mr Gladstone goes out of office. I look upon him as utterly devoid of all principle, either in word or deed, and intent only on the strife that can secure any personal advantage to himself or his party.

W. 10. _ Most of the day binding and pulling covers – blue leather backs- to a number of old pamphlets, mostly relating to American affairs.

S.13. _ A great explosion of dynamite near the southern end of London Bridge, which shook the city. Supposed to have been Fenians from Ireland, the former having been traced to them.

W.17. _ Cold northerly wind. Snow up the country, and a fall in Exeter, while in Sidmouth a few heavy passing clouds dropped rain, and some white flakes.

Th.18. _ Called on Mr and Mrs Pole or de la Pole, recently here from Yorkshire. He tells me that his grandfather was a younger brother of the then Baronet of Shute. This good old family was originally De la Pole, but for two centuries or more the De la has been dropped. They are now beginning to revive it again.

S.20. _ A good game of football opposite my window. The St. Thomas's Club from Exeter came down. Who won I know not. There was a cheer at the end, but it was so dark, I could see nothing clearly.

Sun.21. _ Shortest day, but it was one of the clearest and lightest days that we have had for some time. The mornings and evenings have been extremely dark of late. Fine day but cold north wind.

M.22. _ Immense quantity of herrings caught. For the past few weeks they have been taking them more or less, but this more than they ever remember at one time. I will not talk of numbers, for possibly they are spoken at hazard. One boat was so full, that they were obliged to transfer her freight into one or two others to keep her afloat.

A few years ago they followed the plan of going off with their boats about 3 in the afternoon, and steer some miles east or west according to the set of the tide, and in fine weather it was a pretty sight to see 20 or more boats launched by twos and threes, as fast as the men could get them into the water. Arrived at the desired spot, they threw out their nets, and keeping a boat or two tied to each net, they drifted back with the tide, shivering or benumbed with the cold, as there was then, for an hour or two no work to be done, but they filled up the time telling stories, "beating the booby", lighting their pipes, or tapping a stray keg of brandy. Sometimes, if they thought fish were about, they would occasionally haul up the nets and take out what fish were in them; and if fish were not plenty, they would drift on till the small hours, and on certain cases stay out nearly all night. I am told that they now follow a different and a more preferable plan. Be cast out if their nets as before, but nearer to Sidmouth, or more opposite, and instead of staying with them, and drifting with them, they anchor the nets, and then come ashore. In this way they get a comfortable night's rest at home. After breakfast they go off and then take them in. The quantities are now was secured are a great boon to the fishermen, and to many others, but the fishermen are such a degraded and drinking set, that the majority would be better off without money: and when they get it, it is soon wasted in eating and drinking, so that their improvidence sooner makes them a poor men again. A month or six weeks ago they were preparing their fishing tackle, and the more anxious, as the mackerel season in the summer had it not been very profitable. As the herrings were rather slow in coming, they began to complain bitterly that they should be starved in the winter if The Fish did not soon come. The common price for herrings is about a shilling a dozen, though less sometimes to those who fetch them, or to the poorer classes, or three shillings hundred to send away, though these things are very much; but just now they are so abundant that every needy family can buy any amount at three pence a dozen, and the wholesale dealers are buying them at 7/- a thousand to retail in the inland towns, or send to London. A month ago and fishermen were complaining loudly the there was no prospect of any fish, and that they should not have a farthing in their pockets to provide for the necessities of the winter; and now I am told they are complaining as loudly that there

are too many, and that they are selling too cheap! This is a new grievance, ungrateful people! It is rather difficult to please some folks.

Formerly they used to float the higher edge of their nets at the surface of the water by a series of corks, the lower edge being kept down by lumps of lead; and it was found, especially in deep water, frequently past under them and were lost, as in the upper sketch opposite: so they now have a plan of sinking the net so many feet or yards, by suspending it on ropes, as shown in the second sketch. The third sketch is more erudite. Some say half the hearings were sold in the market are pilchards. Lord knows the difference between a pilchard and a herring? The fishermen told me last week that he could tell the difference in the dark:-that a pilchard was a harder and firmer fish in the hand – that the scales of the herring were thin and soft, but that in the pilchard they were of a thicker and stiffer nature, so that they would almost cut the skin when grasped firmly. I alluded to the old belief –that if you suspend these fish by the back fin, the head of the one of them will preponderate. And outweigh the tail; whereas, in the other, so held, the tail end is heaviest, and it outweighs the head. I asked him which was which? He said he had heard the assertion, but never tried and did not know. I have asked many people in my time, but no person could ever tell me.

Th,25- Christmas Day. No ice or snow, but a cold and dry north east wind. I wish Christmas Day were more consistently kept. I have always thought so, ever since I was old enough to think anything. After the solemnity of the morning, there is something grating on the mind in winding up the evening with eating, drinking, frivolous talk, or noisy games. I used to dine out, not because I approved of it, but because I had not the courage to tell the real truth. I had a quite evening at home this time.

S,27, - There was an active game of football opposite my window. I am however quite sorry that these games are scaring my rooks, and making them lose their tameness. I was much amused the other day, as indeed I have been many times before, at seeing one of my tamest hide some food he could not eat. It may have been a piece of potatoe (sic) boiled, or a crust, or a piece of meat or fat, but being already up top full, he took it & walked into the field till he found a suitable tuft of grass, into the middle of this he thrust it. Sometimes he would open the grass with his beak first. Having pushed it as far as he could, he pulled the grass over it, as far as the winter growth would allow, and then looked for a dead leaf, or a dead weed, and having found one – as I have seen both used on different occasions – he put it on the place and pressed it down, so as to make it all secure. There was a great deal of intelligence in all this.

Sun, 28, - Dull and dark with a north east wind.

Wed, 31, - Last day of the year. They rang out the old one in the church tower, but the bells were not muffled enough. I noticed this last year.

End of 1884.

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January 1. – New Year's Day. North- east wind not very cold – that is to say, not freezing. The peculiar, or blighting, or deadly quality of the north east -wind, has never been satisfactorily explained by our scientific men. It is not mere cold, or low temperature; for there is a quality with which sick people are conscious of even in their warm rooms. Some say it is from its dryness, but I do not think that this alone would account for all the effects it produces on invalids. An excess of ozone, which is a "species of oxygen", or "a variety of oxygen", according to our chemists, is said to be very irritating when floating in the atmosphere, to the breathing apparatus of people with tender throats.

Some ascribe the searching quality of the north-east wind in England, to the supposed fact that it comes from the frozen mountains of Norway and Sweden; but when I was in America, to the best of my recollection the easterly winds there came across the unfrozen Atlantic ocean; with the same unpleasant properties. The north-west wind there is "enough to cut a snipe in two," when it comes in winter and spring from the icy regions of Canada, but though sharp, it has not got the quality of the other. Some say that the east wind all round the Pole, or all round the northern hemisphere, has the same harsh feeling in it . This is rather curious if it is true, because the east in one place is the west in another: so that they have not got to the bottom of it yet.

Friday,2,- We have been startled here by seeing in the papers that Dr Stokes, several years resident in Sidmouth, and who went with his wife and niece a few weeks ago to Exeter, fell dead whilst he was playing a duett in his drawing room with Mr Moore yesterday. He was a good tenor player. It is said to have been a heart complaint. He lived at Sidmouth in the house that was burnt down, as mentioned Aug.9.1880.

Sat,3,- In the paper today, inquest on the young man Albert Withey, aged 25, who was run over and killed at Sidmouth Junction last Tuesday evening. He was incautiously crossing the line with a wheelbarrow.

Mon. Jan. 5. – Another shock ! Mr James Sutherland, Secretary and Agent for the Trustees of the Manor of Sidmouth, frequently here, though commonly resident in London, came down on business, and slept at the Hotel at Knowle, and this morning was found dead in his bed. There will be an inquest no doubt. For his second wife he married one of the Miss Pikes or Pykes, of Griggs, a farm on the slope of Salcombe Hill, a mile or more north- east of Sidmouth.

From the inquest we learn that the cause of death was "effusion of blood on the brain."

Tu, 6, - Great alarm about small pox in the parish. The schools have been shut up and the other children are not to come back for a month. There have been only one or two deaths, but it has aroused the community. They are vaccinating all round, purifying the dirty cottages, and are now running up a temporary building a mile out of town at Lower Woolbrook, under the name of a Small-Pox Hospital, to which infected persons may be moved. I hear they are going to provide for six patients. The disease is said to prevail at Honiton, Ottery, and most parts of the county.

Th,8, -The eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and possibly the future King of England, came of age today. He has generally been called Prince Albert Victor, but as Edward is also one of his

names, and as this name is more English, people think or hope he may in future be called Prince Edward. The Prince of Wales has made it known that he does not mean to ask for any money from the nation for an establishment for his son. His youngest sister the Princess Beatrice has just got engaged to be married to Prince Henry of Battenburg, and Parliament will soon be asked for a grant for them. Perhaps it was thought rather inopportune to talk of two grants at the same time.

Fri, 9.- White frost. Thermomet 26 last night. Wind northerly.

S, 10, - Wind changed to SW and mild, and 52 out of doors.

Sun, 11,- Wind north again, and down to 43 at noon.

M. Jan.12.- Is it worth while to paste in here a record of the National Debts of half the states of Europe? Some persons have the taste for enquiring into such subjects, and there are some who look with consternation at the amount of our own National Debt, and say, what a blessing and what an advantage it would be to us all if the National Debt could be swept away. I am not sure that it would. If it could be kept down to about three or four millions I should say that a National Debt of that amount had better remain and flourish. Who would not sooner have £10,000 in the funds than anywhere else? To lend our money to our government is to lend to the best known security. When people have got some money to invest, they never know now-a-days where to put it to have it safe, for the generality of investments are like bubbles on the water that are always bursting. I cannot imagine a happier condition for a man, than to have half his money in the funds, and half anywhere else in reasonable places. In such a state he might sleep quietly.

W, Jan,14, - My servant Ann Carslake Newton came into my service this day sixteen years ago. Frail in health, but honest, economical, and trustworthy.

T. 15. – My cousin William H., Vicar of Blurton, co. Staff. Made Prebendary of Lichfield a few days ago. – Prebendary of Curborough, near Litchfield.

Fri, 16, - A succession of earthquake shocks in Spain, which have damaged and shaken down buildings, and killed people, mostly near Malaga.

Sat, Jan,17. The north east wind continues – very searching, but no snow here, and once or twice some ice as thick as a penny. In the midland and northern counties rather severe. In Paris extremely cold: and strange to say, in north Italy and north Spain a great deal of snow.

Mon, 19, -News arrived of a severe battle yesterday in Upper Egypt: making for Khartourn, to the relief of General Gordon: gone up the Nile to Korti, and then Lord Wolsley, chief in command, sent Gen. Stewart across the country in a SE direction towards Shendy and Metemneh on the upper bend of the Nile, a part of the country quite unknown to us. Gen, Stewart had 1500 men: attacked at The Wells of Abu Klea by 8 to 10,000 Arabs: formed square and kept them off: 40 odd killed, and 60 odd wounded, among whom was Lord St. Vincent: square surrounded by dead Arabs, and they withdrew. Left 400 to hold the Wells, and marched on: near Metemneh another battle: formed square: And about 7000 – charged furiously, led by Emirs in smart uniforms, could not come within 30 yards of the square before they were all shot down: 5 Emirs killed, when they retired. Gen Stewart badly wounded: Lord St. Vincent died of his wounds. They marched on, and encamped on the banks of the Nile. Some steamers have come down the river from Khartourn, and brought news of Gordon. We appear to be getting a strange hold upon Egypt. It is becoming necessary I understand, for two

reasons :- First, our great interest in the Suez Canal, as the great road to India, make it imperative that no danger should assail it: and secondly, France has long had her eye upon Egypt, and has shown great irritation at our successes there, so that she will pounce upon the country and thereafter the Canal, if we lose our influence: and even Germany and Russia, have betrayed some designs upon that country, so we must be vigilant.

Sun, 25, - Telegrams announcing that three explosions of dynamite took place in London yesterday afternoon, supposed by Irish Fenians wishing to create a terror, and not caring who they kill – one in the White Tower, another in Westminster Hall, and the third a few minutes after in the “Aye” Division Lobby of The House of Commons. The Irish are strange mixture of good and bad.

Th, 29, _ Wind shifted from NE to S and SW. Thermometer 49 out of doors. Got a walk and did some shopping.

Fri, 30, _ Same temperature. Out again, and went to several places.

S, 31, _ Violent west wind; storms of rain; at 5 P>M> and after, several claps of thunder with occasional flashes of lightning. Much damage done in some places.

Tu, Feb, 3, _ Mild _ 49 _ out two hours.

Th, 5, _ Mr Ede of Landsdowne called and said Dr Pullin’s son in London has just sent down a telegram to his father, saying there is a report in London that Khartourn has been stormed by a multitude of Arabs in the absence of steamers, and taken. Two hours after, Dr Radford of Sidmount came in, and said it was true. If so, it will cause a great outcry in this country. No news of Gordon’s fate. (feb.6.)

M,2, _ (forgot) Finished to end of Ch.V. of Vol II. Of Gov. Hutchinson’s Diary and Letters, and began Ch. VI. This is an additional job I never expected to undertake; but as some of the higher class of my Reviews have said that the whole of the Diary ought to be given, and as I have a pleasant occupation for the winter evenings, and as the first vol. Has been done better than I expected, I may as well go on with the second.

W, 4, _ The trial of the young man John Lee, for the murder of Miss Keyse at Babbacombe in November (Feb. 24, see Nov.21.) after occupying the court in Exeter three days, terminated today in a verdict of guilty. He has shown much ingratitude to a good friend. He had been in her service as a boy – then was in several other places- in one of which he was punished for theft and was sent to prison - afterwards Miss Keyse took him again giving him a chance of retrieving his character. It might be asked what motive he could have for entertaining any ill-feeling against her? But that he did so may be inferred by his having said to his half sister, who was a servant in the house , and to the postman who called there, even 8 or 10 weeks before the commission of the deed, that “he would serve her out” or that “he would do for her” or words to that effect; and yet I think he had no other grievance against her, except that she had talked of reducing his wages six pence a week. I see no chance of reprieve for him.

Fri, Feb, 6, _ The news of the fall of Khartourn is fully confirmed. I know of nothing that has occurred for many years that has given such a shock to the country. We thought the campaign nearly ended. The steamers with troops, went up to Khartourn to complete the communication, and greet General Gordon, when, to their amazement they found the place in possession of thousands of fanatical

Arabs, who opened fire on them and they had to retreat down the river with all expedition. Gordon went out on a mission of peace. Fully authorised by Mr Gladstone and his Ministry of trades and manufacturers, who have shown no capacity for statesmanship, but the Arabs were so hostile, that they soon blocked him up and besieged him in Khartourn. He left London January 18, 1884, and got to Khartourn Feb. 18. The point of honour, as a gentleman, or the duty of supporting or rescuing their Arab trader, "a tin pot Ministry", fresh from their workshops and counting-houses could not see. For eight or ten months they have been abused and bullied to their faces, in Parliament, and out for their neglect, and nothing but this outcry could move them to send out this too late expedition. Lord Wolseley is a clever General, and he will do the best he can. It is lucky for the Ministry that Parliament is not now sitting, but they meet on 19th, and there is a hard battle to fight, and they are likely to be turned out. Everybody is anxious to hear the fate of Gordon. If he is killed, the indignation in the country will be very great. He may have been killed in the assault, or he may have retired to the Citadel to defend himself there, or he may be a prisoner and carried into the desert.

Sat, Feb, 7, _ Wind SW, mild, 51. Enjoyed two walks.

Sun,8, _ Rain nearly all day.

M, 9, _ No news of the fate of Gordon yet. The Queen has sent to his sisters messages of sympathy. Never was a country in such a state of painful suspense. It appears now on ascertained fact that Khartourn fell by treachery. Two Pashas being Turks, got in league with the Arabs, who are in rebellion, opened the gates for them on the night of the 26th of January, and had committed great slaughter before the morning of the 27th and had full possession. The Mahdi, as he is called, or false prophet, is a t the head of this rebellion against the Turkish government in Egypt and Constantinople. There are two reasons why Turkish troops are no use –one is, that they have been great cowards in action, and cannot be depended on – and the other is, that they are as likely to go over to the Mahdi as not.

W,11,_ There is a report today that General Gordon is not alive, but that he was stabbed and killed.

The weather today was wonderfully mild, with the wind at the SW. It was 54 out of doors nearly all day. Walked over to the Glen, (where the queen's father died) and called on Professor Griffith, who temporarily lodging there. Found Dr Radford of Sidmount there. We talked – how we talked! – de omnibus rebus, et de quibusdam aliis.

Th, 12, _ A force of 3000 men under Genera Earle, working their way from Korti up stream towards Berber, have had a gallant fight at a place whose name I forget, and carried it at the point of the bayonet, General Earle being killed. Further news say that General Gordon was killed a few days after the Pashar let in the enemy, and a dreadful slaughter ensued, but the Ministry do not seem very willing to say very much. Khartourn being taken on the 27th of January, he seems to have been a prisoner until the 4th of February, when it is said by some fugitives from the city that he was stabbed by some fanatic or assassin as he was coming out of a doorway, This is the account so far. The Ministry, as well they may be, are shaking in their shoes at this sudden collapse of their expedition to Upper Egypt. Great activity at our military depots and stations – 10,000 men, with the requisites, are to go to Suakin on the Red Sea, and march on Berber. When Parliament opens on the 19th we shall hear more.

Last Wednesday I sent my brass gun, which was taken by my late cousin Lieut. John Robertson from a pirate on the coast of Borneo, as a present to the Exeter Museum, having no children to leave it to.

(Aug.24, 1854) and today I sent off three boxes of Greensand fossils of my own collecting in the cliffs east of Sidmouth, together with a number of the late Mr Heineken's, which were given me after his death.

S, 14, _ Mild for the time of year, 53,. Went to the Reading Room. No trustworthy news. It is hard to get trustworthy news in Upper Egypt just now. Some fugitives who have come from Khartourn, cannot say that Gordon is really killed or no, owing to the confusion and the danger now reigning there, so that some cling to hope.

This morning an old man called Colesworthy, living in the High Street, opposite" The Myrtles, so called, took a pitcher, and went into Pike's Court to draw some water at the public pump; and there he fell forward on the pump trough and expired.

Sun, Feb, 15, _ Since the wind shifted little more than a fortnight ago from N to SW it has been more or less mild. Today 54 in the shade, and quite warm in the sun.

Tu, 17, _ Persons who have escaped from Khartourn, bringing further and more authentic news. A man who was Gordon's servant has reported to Lord Wolsley, who still keeps at the base of operations at Korti, that at daylight on 26th Jan. The traitor Ferah Pasha opened the southern gates of the city , when a body of the enemy's troops rushed in: Gordon hearing confusion, came out of Government House, accompanied by about twenty officers and others with a sword in one hand and a hatchet in the other, and they were making their way to the Austrian Consulate, when they met a party of the enemy's troops who immediately fired a volley into them, when Gordon and several others fell. The man who was held a prisoner, but he scraped together his earnings and savings – bribed his guards with £40, bought a camel, and getting clear of the city, was ten days reaching Korti. This story seems authentic.

W, 18, _ Called, by appointment, on Mr Scott of Blackmore Hall. He showed me a silver coin of Elizabeth, date 1590, dug up in the garden. He is a very good turner, carpenter, and mechanic, and has a capital work-shop. I asked him to come and look at my oak carving at the Old Chancel.

Mr Edward Chick called and stayed to tea with me.

Th, Feb, 19, _ Parliament reassembles today. Much interest manifested. Some think the disaster in Egypt will turn out the Ministry. There will be some severe debating.

Fri, 20, _ Curious story going about Sidmouth, if it is true. Lethbridge, a grocer etc. of Exeter, has two branch shops in Sidmouth – one in Fore St. And the other in New St. Kept by a Mrs Casson, and other branch shops in other places. His man travels about in a van or covered light wagon, which I often see in Sidmouth. Returning to Exeter, I think last Monday the 16th and going up Aylesbeare Hill, he was hailed by a woman, who asked him for a lift in his van. He stopped and said she might get up, and while she was doing so, he saw a man's trousers below her petticoats. Not liking the look of this, he dropped his whip on the footboard, as if he had lost it, and asked the strangers to be so good as to step down and pick it up for him. The stranger however, made excuses, but as the driver pretended he could not leave his horses, the suspicious passenger put a leather bag and a parcel in the van and got down. The man immediately urged his horses on to their best speed, leaving the stranger behind. On approaching that well known wayside inn, being half way between Sidmouth and Exeter, where all the coaches used to stop, and known as The Half way House, two men came out and tried to stop him, but he lashed his horses, knocked one of them down, and hurried on.

Those men were supposed to be confederates of the other. On reaching Exeter with his van, he went to the Police Station at the Guildhall – told his story – and gave up the goods. The story says that there were two “pig knives” in the parcel, and four pistols – revolvers – in the leather bag. Some say dynamite. How much of this may be true I know not, but perhaps I may hear in a few days. People are very fond of the marvellous.

S, 21, _ Gen. Stewart, wounded near Metemnoh, dead of his wounds.

Tu, 24, _ Shocking news from Exeter. The young man John Lee. The murder of Miss Keyse (Feb. 4) was to have been executed yesterday morning. Three attempts to do it failed, as the drop would not act, and the convict was taken back to his cell. The executioner is Berry, the former man Binns having been dismissed as a low drunken fellow. A new drop and gallows have been erected in another place in Exeter Jail, and it is said the parts fit too close; they all worked very well on Saturday, when they were examined by the hangman. Lee was placed on the drop three successive times, but when the bolt or lever, or whatever it may be, was withdrawn, the trap or platform on which he stood, would not fall. Strange as it may seem, it has been ascertained by experiment since, that it acts very well when there is no weight upon it, but gets jammed or locked in some way when there is. The travelling joints are too fine, and the parts fit too close, and it was supposed that the wood had swollen by damp between Saturday and Monday, as the weather has been rainy and wet lately. Everybody was shocked and horrified at these occurrences. The Under-Sheriff lost no time, but immediately started for London, and laid all the particulars before Sir Wm Harcourt, the Home Secretary, and he laid them before the Queen. Not long afterwards it was made known that a respite and commutation of the sentence had been sent down. I insert a telegram announcing these things. Much excitement in Exeter, and people moved by various passions and opinions. Some assert that nothing ought to defeat the full carrying out of the sentence, while others feel that what he had to go through, together with the singularity of the case, may permit a leaning to the side of mercy. A searching enquiry will be made into the whole circumstances.

W. Feb, 25, _ Called on the Hine-Haycocks at Belmont, and found Dr Radford there, They have now a 99 years' lease of it under the Manor, and have astonished their friends by spending some £2000 improving the house and grounds, and it is beautifully furnished.

Th, 26, _ For more than 50 years I have had by me some early water colour drawings done by G> F> Williams when we were boys, when his father lived at Sidmouth, and he was learning drawing of Mr Haseler, a famous German Artist I believe. There is great merit in them, but old association enhanced their value in my eye. Feeling that their value would be further advanced if his name were put to them, I sent four over to Bath Cottage Bittern, near Southampton, and I received them back today duly signed and dated. I have also another early one of his, of which he took no account. It is a view of Sidmouth beach looking west, with the sun setting beyond High Peak Hill. I could not send this, for it is pasted into the fifth vol. Of my MS. Hist. Of Sidmouth, page 118. When returning my four drawings, I was much gratified at finding that he had sent me another dated 1880. The scene is a harvest field and landscape, with an ominous great black thunder cloud rising in the distance. The sky is beautifully stippled, giving a soft serial effect. When he was a lad, a soft effect in the distance was produced by 2 or 3 times nearly washing out, and doing it again; but now stippling is employed. I have some account of Williams at Oct, 8, 1872.

Fri, 27, _ Called again at Belmont, and about Mr William's drawings. Gave one of his prospectuses to Miss Hine- Haycock. Called on Madame de Rosen at Rosemount. She says her house is on a curious tenure. A lease was granted some two or three centuries ago by John Harlewyn for 200 years, the

acknowledgment being two nutmegs a year, if demanded. I said I was curious on points of Sidmouth history, and she said she would try to procure me more definite information.

News arrived of a terrible explosion at Shoeburyness. A group of officers and men were yesterday fixing a fuse into a shell, when the shell burst. Several had their limbs cut off, and their bodies much mutilated, among whom Col. Fox-Strangways of Rewe near Exeter, and others badly wounded.

Sat, 28, _ Today we get political news from London. Vote of censure introduced by the Marquis of Salisbury against the Ministry in the H. of Lords, and by Sir Stafford Northcot in the Commons. The division took place last night. The numbers in the Lords were – for the Vote of Censure 189, against 68: majority against the government 121. In the Commons the numbers were – for the vote 288, and against 302, giving a narrow majority of 14 to the Ministry. It was at first thought Mr Gladstone would resign, but the Ministry mean to hold on. A supporter “of this” Ministry, and a blind admirer of Mr Gladstone, told me a joke today. Some of his admirers, some time ago, hailed him as the

G. O. M. (Grand Old Man), which has been a good deal quizzed and laughed at by the Conservatives, but my friend said to me today that the letters had now been changed to GUM, because he sticks so fast.

Sunday, March 1, _ Wind SE and rain.

M, 2, _ The same, and rain. Col. Fox Strangways buried at Rewe.

Tu, 3, _ More south, and still rain.

W, 4, _ At Belmont. In the town. Beautiful day. Clear, bright, and mild.

Th, 5, _ Mrs and Miss Hine-Haycock called and looked at William’s drawings.

Fri, 6, _ On analysing the division in the H. of Com. It appears that the majority was made up by voting for themselves, Thus 8 Cabinet Ministers voted to keep themselves in, e.g. – Gladstone, Marg, Hartington, Childers, Harcourt, Chamberlain, Dilke, Trevelyan, & Shaw-Lefevre; 4 under-secretaries, e.g. –L E Fitzmaurice, Ashley, Cross, and Hibbert; and lastly 2 more to make up the 14, the two sons of Mr Gladstone voted to keep in their papa. The annexed are the joking lines alluded to above.

Sat. Mar, 7, _ Beautiful day – clear sky and warm sun, but a N wind “ enough to cut a snipe in two”. The targets for The Rifles having just been pitched , on the slopes of Core Hill, the company marched out to have the first shot at them. Being so fine, a number of ladies and gentlemen went, and made a gay scene. It was so cold that I refrained.

M, 9, _ We seem to be getting a strange hold upon Egypt. Neither the Egyptian nor the Turkish troops can be trusted to send against the rebels in Upper Egypt, for fear they should go over to them, and as our interest in keeping open the Suez Canal is so great, and as the rightful people are unable to keep the country quiet or establish a firm government, we are doing it for them – and ourselves. Our men have fought some splendid battles during the cooler weather, but it is now becoming hot, and active operations will if possible be suspended during the great heats, and resumed in the autumn. Mean while a railroad is to be laid down from Suakim, on the Red Sea, westward to Berber, on the Nile.

Tu, 10, _ Had the MS of Vol. 1. Of my book bound in Exeter. Got it back today. At first I was going to burn it all as useless, and then I thought I would save it.

Th, 12, _ Read the termination of Lord Durham's case in the paper. He was a silly young man who married a Miss Milner, a pretty girl, for her good looks after a short acquaintance, but who had doubtless the seeds of madness in her, whose mother has destroyed herself, and become decidedly mad soon after she was married, and is now under restraint. Lord D. Sought to get the marriage annulled, on the ground that she was insane before the marriage took place, and consequently not capable of fully comprehending the nature of the contract, or entering upon it. It was just one of those very hard things to prove. Who shall say where eccentricity ends and madness begins? He lost his cause, and keeps his wife. From what I see some people say and do nearly every day, I have long thought that there are more mad people out of Bedlam than there are in.

Fri, 13, _ Beautiful March weather – fine and clear, but cold N E wind.

Attended meeting of the Burial Board – little to do. Mr Collins, the Cemetery keeper, who lives at the Lodge, receives £50 a year. The Board to day voted him a pound a week - £2 more.

S, 14, _ Mrs Cresswell, widow of Rev. R. Cresswell, 35 years ago Curate of the adjoining parish of Salcombe, afterwards long tenants of a house in Bitten Street, in West Teignmouth, belonging to my late cousin Miss Robertson (Ap, 18, 1881) and sister of Miss Creighton of No. 1 Coburg Terrace, has come for a week, with her youngest daughter. They had tea with me – talked of old times, looked over my fossils, Sidmouth pebbles cut & polished, books, sketches, etc.

M, 16, _ The Russians want to swallow up all Asia. They are most unscrupulous robbers that the world has ever produced, and therewithal the greatest liars. As to politics nobody now believes a word they say, or a promise they make. Let everyone look at old maps of the Russian Empire, and see how one state after another has been swallowed up on the west, north and east sides of the Caspian. The same in attacks upon Turkey. In 1854 they declared they had no designs against Turkey, and then almost immediately marched 2400 men across the frontiers; after that she was suspected of having an eye upon Kivah, which she tried to explain away; but she soon after laid her hands upon it; this brought her so much nearer to Merve, but she repudiated all idea of wishing to encroach upon that state; nevertheless she has passed it and is now attacking the north west corner of Afghanistan, and as this last is in alliance with England, and in some degree under our protection, and as it forms the protection to the N W frontier to our Indian Empire, England is beginning to bestir herself. Just at present things look rather serious, but negotiations are going on. It is very extraordinary that Mr Gladstone has always made excuses for Russia, so much so that some have asked whether he has not been in the pay of that country, and it has been understood that his coming into office was Russia's opportunity, and when he came into office five years ago, Russia pushed forward her pilfering fingers very assiduously.

Fri, Mar, 20, _ , My great grandfather The Governor of Massachusetts, died in London, June 3, 1780, and was buried in a vault in Croydon Church on the 9th, the vault belonging to the Rev. D. Apthorpe, the Vicar, who had had church preferment in America, but was driven out for his loyalty. There the Governor has lain for more than 100 years, and I feel it a reproach that none of his descendants have yet put up any record of his death. I have long thought it over, and having recently sent up to Gawthorpe of Long Acre a design for a brass, today I have ordered for it.

(Transcribers' comment: The following 3 items were photographed placed over the page of the diary entries for March 13th – 20th 1885 and were not stuck in.)

S, 21, _ Called on the Miss Parkers at Aurora, nieces of the Hine-Haycocks at Belmont, who were out, and on Mrs Treplin of Kenilworth, at Barton Cottage. Her husband has gone into dairy farming, and she told me he sent 2000 quarts of ilk to London every morning. I asked if it did not get churned into butter ? She said than new warm milk might turn during the two hour journey to London, but they chill it by passing it through tin tubes immersed in cold water. This process was new to me.

Sun, 22, _ Wind strong NW, and cold. At 8AM, rain with snow.

Tu, 24, _ New kitchen grate from Exeter put in No. 4 Coburg Terrace today. If you want to spit a friend, give him a house.

W, 25, _ Lady Day. Fine March weather. Mrs and Miss Cresswell at tea.

Th, 26, _ Called at Mr Ede's at Landsdown, Elysian Fields. He has kept house for nine days with a serious cold. Rain walking home.

Called at the vicarage, and had a long talk with the Vicar on Brasses at Croydon and Sidmouth, church affairs, parish affairs, etc. etc.

Mrs Cresswell and her daughter left.

Fri, 27, _ The country was startled by it being stated in Parliament that a Royal Proclamation had been issued, calling out the Reserves and Militia. This will much add to our active military force, and it is done in view of the invasion of Afghanistan by Russia. We hear that 15000 troops are immediately to go to India: that the Indian gov. Are pushing 50,000 men into Afghan territory, at the SE corner via Quettah for Candahar, and Herat if necessary, for it is this last city that Russia wishes to seize. Never was there more bare-faced unprovoked robbery. In a military sense Russia is more powerful from numbers than physical superiority, for before Sebastopol in 1854-5, her soldiers never shewed themselves better men when matched against equal numbers of English, French, or Italians; and as for naval performances, she did worse than nothing, for she destroyed her own ships instead of allowing the enemy to come near them. Though our ships cruised off Sebastopol harbour, inviting the Russians to come out, they kept closely within, and under the guns of their numerous land batteries; and so fearful were they that we should force our way in, in spite of these formidable obstructions, that they sacrificed a number of their large ships by sinking them across the entrance. Pretty much the same in the Baltic: Our fleet there went as close to Cronstadt as the batteries would allow, but all the Russian ships were afraid to come out and try their strength. I should think however, that our modern iron clads and 80 or 100 ton guns, would soon knock all their batteries to pieces. They shewed their power at Alexandria in July 1882. (July 12, 1882.) Most likely the Russians would try to obstruct our advance by lining the channels with torpedoes – those modern unmanly contrivances, which have not done much yet in actual warfare.

Tu, Mar, 31, _ Called at the Vicarage, and shewed them a model in paper of a new vane, which I wanted them to put on the top of the church tower – anything, in short, rather than the presentold one, which is so rusted that it sometimes sticks in the same quarter for a month together. The fly of the present vane has the date 1809 cut through the metal, and this part I would retain, and utilise again.

Called to see Mr Avery, ex-churchwarden, in feeble health and 80 winters.

Called on the Rev. Jenkinson, the curate, and spent half an hour agreeably.

Mrs Knowles from Budleigh, with cat and kitten, came over for a few days to see her sister Ann Newton, my servant, who is seriously ill with a chill. I begin to think that chills kill more people than anything else.

W, April 1, _ At 3 this afternoon, as I sat in the Oak Room of the Old Chancel, the shadow of one of the pinnacles on the tower and two battlements, fell upon the roof of the north transept, as represented in the sketch. It now wants 82 days to the summer solstice or longest day of the 31st of June; and perhaps at 82 days after the solstice, which will take us to Sep. 11, the shadow will be the same, but we shall see if we should live so long.

Th, Ap, 2, _ As an instance and the fanaticism and the hostile spirits of the Arabs the papers tell us that among repeated attacks made on Sunday the 22nd of March by the natives on our troops as they were moving near Tamai, one body of 50 or 60 Arabs made a fierce and violent rush at the soldiers, but volleys from the rifles immediately laid them all low. It was found afterwards that amongst the dead was one woman and four boys.

Fri, Ap, 3, _ Good Friday. This day is not kept as it should be. I doubt whether one half or three quarters of the lower orders have any idea of what the day means or what it commemorates. Morality and religion are never taught in our schools. It would be well if the Teachers would address the children once a month or so on the subject of their general behaviour out of doors, even if they went no further.

Yesterday Mr Noah Miller, carpenter, put up new gate to field.

Sat, 3, _ Fine clear day; hot sun, cold NE wind.

Sun, 5, _ Easter Sunday. Fine this morning; in the afternoon the wind veered to S with rain. Mrs Knowles, cat, and kitten went back to Budleigh about 4.30 in a closed fly, rain commencing.

M, 6, _ Easter Monday. Universal holyday, not kept as a holy-day.

Th, 9, _ Telegram received, saying that the Russian troops trespassing in Afghanistan, have attacked an Afghan garrison, and killed 500 of them. Russia seems determined to provoke a war. This has occurred at the very time the Ameer of Afghanistan was on a friendship visit to the Governor General of India at Rawul Pindi, to consult together on the threatening look of affairs, and to consider what steps should be taken for the protection of the frontier. This is indirectly a great insult to England. Parliament meets tonight after the Easter recess, and I shall be curious to know what turn things will take.

Fri, 10, _ Attended meeting of Burial Board. Very little to do. Signed 3 papers respecting sale of grave spaces, etc. My new proposed vane was discussed.

In the H. of C. Last night Sir Stafford Northcote enquired what news from the east ? The Prime Minister gave an epitome of the news as received by various telegrams and the Russian excuses and attempted explanations. All very unsatisfactory.

Sat, Ap, 11, _ The sixth edition of the Sidmouth Guide, printed in 1979, Mr Letheby, the book seller here, and owner of the copyright, tells me is exhausted. At his request I have looked it over, and made certain alterations, so as to bring it down and to accommodate it to the present time. I originally wrote it so long ago as 1887.

Sun, 12, _ Fine weather but the cold N E wind continues. At church P.M. Afterwards met two Miss Lords, who used to live here. They arrived yesterday on a visit.

W, 15, _ England is plying Russia with questions and enquires relative to the recent affair in Afghanistan. She is full of excuses, crafty arguments, and flimsy explanations just to gain time and collect her forces; and as both sides mistrust each other, both are arming as if something serious were impending.

Th, 16, _ A day or two before, or a day or two after the first of April, which which (sic) I forgot to note down, as I was going through the churchyard, I observed The Broad Arrow, or government mark recently cut on one of the buttresses of the tower. The tower is of Perpendicular date, and is beautifully built of large blocks of the Salcombe yellow sandstone, so generally used in this neighbourhood in a former day, and very good stone too, if the best beds are selected. Tradition says the quarry was on the east and south east of Salcombe church (where the rough ground is), and that much of the stone used in Exeter cathedral came from there. On enquiring at the sexton's house, his wife told me she had seen some strangers looking round the church, and they had a spyglass on three legs. I said I was sorry I had not seen them. I should have liked to have some conversation with them. The mark is on the right hand buttress, going into the west door, about 3 feet from the ground. The tower is 75 feet, to the top of the battlements. The west door step is 10 feet one inch above the coping stone of the Esplanade opposite the Bedford Hotel, but I should have liked to have known the height of the mark above sea level. There is an old Ordinance mark on the buttress of Salcombe church, and one on the Salcombe Pound, and one (and I think copper bolts) on the little church tower in Newtonpopple ford. There are many also, on the milestones in the neighbourhood. I have recorded most of them in my MS. Hist. Of Sidmouth, in green vellum.

Fri, 17, The discussion on the subject of a coat of arms for the county of Devon has been carried on in the papers, but none have gone sufficiently far back in their authorities, so that I have been indued (sic) to write the letter here in print. They will not get an older example than that of Vortigern.

Sun, Ap, 19, _ "Primrose Day", as it is now popularly called. This day four years ago died the great statesman the Earl of Beaconsfield, under whose government England had "peace, with honour." Under the present Ministry we have had nothing but turmoil, agitation, and quarrelling in nearly every quarter of the globe, and now apparently we are on the eve of a war with Russia. When Mr Gladstone was canvassing the electors in Midlothian in March 1880, he promised them "peace, retrenchment, and reform"; -peace we have had none: retrenchment we have had none, for he began office by raising the Income Tax, and has raised it once or twice since, and our expenses this year are greater I believe than they have ever before been known: and reform has consisted in attacking several of the safe old institutions of the country - in admitting as his colleagues in the Ministry, one or two into the cabinet who are avowed Republicans, who have openly declared their detestation against the Royal family and the House of Lords, and have encouraged some very unseemly agitation (sic) in that direction; and has now got a Reform Bill which will admit to the franchise some two millions of the lowest and least educated, which is a manoeuvre to curry favour with the mob. Few things however, have been more remarkable than Mr Gladstone's favourable

countenance towards Russia, in her political and military movements in Asia, frequently pleading that Russia had no intention, as alleged, of advancing her conquests towards India, though an inspection of maps shews us the successive advances and encroachments she has never ceased to make towards India. Within my own memory she has walked on from the Caspian eastwards protesting at the same time that she had no intentions of conquest, and immediately after she picks a quarrel with and invades the next state in her path. And now she has invaded Afghanistan, the last state that protects the northwestern frontier of India. The power that Mr Gladstone has hitherto encouraged, he must now prepare himself to check, whether he has been in the secret pay of Russia, or no. "Primrose Day!" Well, it is said the Earl of Beaconsfield loved primroses; and whether this is true or no, the rage for wearing bouquets of primroses on the anniversary of his death has become very general, especially by his admirers,- so much so, that vast quantities of them are collected in the country and sent up to London and sold for the occasion. I put a modest few in my button hole before I went to church, and I remarked that many gentlemen and several ladies wore them.

During the last three days we have jumped suddenly from winter into hot weather. The wind continues to the NE, but it has nearly died away. The nights are rather cold; but the quiet weather by day, a clear sky, and broiling sun, makes it feel like midsummer. The sea is like a pond: people are boating: others are sitting reading on the benches; other are basking on the shingle, and the nursemaids are at needle work, whilst they are watching the children.

Had an early tea and a chat with the Miss Lords, who are lodging at Glen View in the Western Fields. Lady Salt, the manufacturer's widow, son and daughter, are in the same house. The Duke of Newcastle is or was at the Bedford. He is a young man of 21, rather lame, and report says, it was caused by a careless nurse; and Lord Teynham, a man of 84, was here a short time ago.

M, 20, _ Saw the first swallow. I am told however, that swallows have been seen, and the cookoo heard some ten days ago. If so it is very early.

Tu, 21, _ A nice little bill! Eleven millions asked for in Parliament. Is this Mr Gladstone's promised "retrenchment?" Four and a half millions for works in Egypt, and six and a half millions for "special preparations," which means the naval and military preparations now actively going on in anticipation of a certain war with Russia, for she seems bent upon it. When she sees that England is not afraid of war, and determined to resist wanton aggression, it is still hoped she will withdraw her troops from Afghanistan, and come to reasonable accommodation. Owing to the heat the exertions of active warfare are for the present suspended in Egypt. £750,000 are told off for the Suakim and Berber railway on part of the way only, and £400,000 for the Wady Halfa rail, and other purposes in Egypt. As regards the £6,500,000 for the Russian affair, £400,000 is for military purposes, and £2,500,000 for naval. The Income tax raised by Mr Gladstone up to 6, as part of his "retrenchment," is expected to be put at 9 in the £.

Th. Ap. 23. 1885. I dislike letter writing but I like working on my book. Am about two thirds through the second vol. My correspondence has fallen into arrears, and I have now the disagreeable duty of working up lee-way.

Fr. 24. Negotiations between England and Russia are busily going on. Rumour says Russia shows signs of giving in, now she sees England so resolute.

Sat. 25. The old vane of the church tower with the date 1809 cut in the metal, is now taken down, and I understand a new one is to be made. As far as I have advised, the old plate with the date I have

expressed a strong hope may be preserved and use again. It is gilt, and I presume it is a sheet of copper; and if so it can be easily utilised again.

M. 27. Mrs. Knowles, who came over with her cat last Saturday week at 9.00 AM from Budleigh, left at 8 this morning, cat and all. The papers say Dr. Bickersteth was consecrated Bishop of Exeter on Saturday in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Tu. 28. Selley, my gardener, who worked for me yesterday, cut the grass, weeded the gravel roads, and appeared in good health, was working in a garden this morning, and was taken with some sort of parasitic attack, and was obliged to be sent home in a carriage, totally helpless. These astonishing and painful events ought to be a warning to us all.

The papers of today speak of the vote for the £11,000,000 in the H of C. Last night. Only one member, Mr. A. O'Connor raised a discussion. He wished to separate the gross sum and consider it under its two divisions; but though Mr. Gladstone explained that the forces in Egypt could be available against Russia if necessity, thereby making it one, he nevertheless pressed his amendment and divided the house, but it was rejected. The numbers were 186 for it and 299 against it - majority 43. After this vote was carried without different or discussion. The conduct of Russia has united all parties.

W. 29. Breakfasted first time in Old Chancel - rather chilly.

Th. 30. Breakfasted in oak room again, and had a fire. Mr. Girdlestone my tenant at No. 4. Coburg Terrace, has finished putting up a light iron gate and fence before the house.

May 1885.

Fri. May 1. A trifling little sort of guide book or account of Sidmouth, which might have been a joint property between Mr. W. Harding Warner and myself, as I wrote it and he illustrated it, if I had not often given him all my right, title, and ownership in it by word of mouth and by letter, as too small to care about, he nevertheless desired to be made over to him. What I have given already, I have no objection to confirm by law. I have received from him a regular conveyance, in which I sell, and convey to him all my right, title, ownership, etc., in the said book, in consideration of the sum of ten shillings, the receipt of which I now acknowledge, Etc., Etc. I signed it and a Mr. Ede of Landsdowne, Sidmouth, witnessed my signature. We were both much amused. I am glad to be free of what is worth nothing. I took the ten shillings as a proof I have sold it. If this book is not tampered with or altered, it will not clash with Mr. Lethaby's Sidmouth Guide, which I wrote in 1857, the seventh edition of which is now in preparation. (Apr. 11) and which I gave away by word of mouth when I wrote it.

Sat. 2. Thomas Selley the gardener died this morning about 5 o'clock, never having rallied. He lay unconscious with his eyes shut. He had some of the failings common to his class, but he had redeeming qualities that made me like him.

M. 4. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Childers) on Thursday evening produced his budget, and has startled the nation by the amount. I have had the curiosity to look back and see what the national income has been during the last ten years. The ups and downs have been great. This does

not indicate seasons of prosperity or adversity in the condition of the nation, so much as it does the outbreak of wars, and thereby the sudden demand for more money. The present Ministry got into office by denouncing the Conservatives as extravagant at home and intermeddling abroad. At the end of their first year, in 1881, they began unhampered with 72 million, since which their promised "retrenchment" has run the sum up to 100 millions. This is 88 million as income, (with odd thousands) and 11 million just voted. England never saw the like before.

Tu. 5. I see it stated in the paper that all the letters of the Alphabet are contained in the following sentence - **A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog**. So they are; but some of the letters occur more than once, as - a=2, e=2, o=4, u=2, and r=2. It might be possible to construct a sentence in which every letter is used, and none twice.

W. 6. Mackerel 10 for a shilling - dined off them. The first this year - not very large.

Th. 7. May. The Duke of Marlborough, who has been behaving in a very irregular way of late, also has been selling off some of his heir looms, and other things. There have lately been two or three great sales of books and works of art, but mostly owing to deaths and changes in families. Besides the "Hamilton Sale," there was the "Syston Park Sale" last December. At this latter the "Mazarin Bible," printed by Gutenberg & Fust, sold to Mr. Quaritch the great Bookseller, (doubtless for other parties,) for £3.900. Also the Psalmorum Codex printed in 1459, sold to the same for £4,950.

The Rev. Professor Griffiths having lent me "The Englishman's Hebrew and Chaldee Concordance of the Old Testament," something led us one day to talk about the signification of the word (!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Or!!!!), as it is differently written or pointed, pronounced **Yum** or **yohm**, and meaning a day of 24 hours, but having also an extended and an indefinite signification. I have put down opposite some of the passages in the Old Testament, where is used,

Gen. 40. 4. "and they continued a season in ward."

Ex. 13. 10. "Thou shalt therefore keep this ordinance in his season from year to year."

Levit. 25. 29. "If a man sell a dwelling house in a walled city then he may redeem it within a whole year after it is sold: within a full year, may he redeem it."

Judges. 15. 1. "But it came to pass within a while after, in the time of wheat harvest," &c.

2. Sam. 23. 30. "he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow."

Ps. 137. 7. "Remember O Lord the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem."

Jer. 17. 17. "thou art me hope in the day of evil."

Hosea. 7. 5." In the day of our king the princes have made."

Micah 7. 11. "In the day that thy walls are to be built."

and it will be seen how various and indistinct are the spaces of time indicated. Thus we have - "a season," - "year to year," - "within a while," - "in tome of wheat." - "in time of snow," - "in the day of Jerusalem," - "in the day of evil," - "in the day of our king," - "in the day that walls are to be built," - "not meaning a single day of 24 hours, but a space or period when something was to take place, or would be effected. As applied to Geology, it was always imagined that the Creation of the world took six days of 24 hours to begin and end, and people pointed the Bible as their authority; but when Geologists, as the result of their studies, declared that there was incontestable proof that it must have taken very much more time than the said six days of 24 hours each, they were denounced, as Galileo was, for going contrary to Divine writ. The Bible is right, and Geology is right, and both being Divine works they cannot contradict each other; but the Bible is in a foreign and an ancient language; and Geology, the history, changes, and construction of the earth, is a comparatively new study, and neither of them have been thoroughly well understood. The light is only beginning in some minds to dawn. Do we not sometimes use our English word "day" in a very different sense from the limited space of 24 hours? Do we? I should like to see an instance, cries Mr. Smith. Suppose someone ask the question - "When did the intended invasion of the Spanish Armada occur?" Answer - In Queen Elizabeth's day. Or When did the plague rage in London? In Charles the Second's day. Not a day of 24 hours, for these things were a long time in their action. It is necessary for people to understand a thing thoroughly before they can pronounce upon it.

The weather is now very showery, and chilly, only 44' this afternoon, and quite a winter temperature. Yesterday at 3 P.M. a clap of thunder. Lightening occurred last night and this morning.

Received a rubbing of the Brass now being made by Gawthorpe of 16 Long Acre to be put in Croydon Church to the memory of my great-grandfather.

The Rev. N.A. Garland, Vicar of St. Mattew, Brixton, and Mrs. Garland, strangers here, called, being curious to know something of the Old Chancel. They seemed much interested.

Fri. 8. White frost on the ground at 5.45 this morning, and hail in the afternoon, but a hot sun, and I have on me a worse cold than I have had all the winter.

The Rev. Lawrence called. I did not know him. Thirty years ago he was a boy of 15 here, and we used to ramble over the hills together. He is now Rector of Closworth, near Yeovil, Somerset.

Young woman called Sarah Ann Hanley, having had a quarrel or dispute with her sweetheart, jumped from the Clifton Suspension Bridge, a height of 250 feet. It happened that the tide was out, and she fell upon the mud, and not killed. She is the sixteenth person that has jumped over the bridge, and all killed but herself.

Tu. 12. Yesterday the hills of Monmouthshire and South Wales were covered with snow. The cold winds still continue.

Yesterday in the House of Lords, whilst the Duke of Argyll was speaking, Lord Dormer was taken ill with some kind of fit, and the sitting was suspended. This reminded me of Lord Chatham's illness in the House, and Copley's picture.

Mr. Stephens, who was with Sir Peter Lumsden in Afghanistan at the time of the Russian attack, has been sent for by the Ministry, to give information. He has arrived over land in 19 days.

Fri. 15. The allowance of £15,000, and £6,000 p an. For the Princess Beatrice and her marriage, was proposed in the H. of C. yesterday. After some resistance on the part of several Radicals and Republicans, who are out of place in a constitutional government, the vote was carried by 337 to 38 - majority 299.

S. 16. Dr. Radford called. He spoke in terms of just admiration of the Rev. Mr. Creeny's new book on the Continental Brasses of Europe, and excellent fac-simile illustrations. I was asked to subscribe, but having no wife or children to collect books for, I think it would be better not to buy. I was the means of his subscribing, for I handed my prospectus over to him. Like myself, and the same age, he has neither wife nor children to collect for, but he cannot resist pretty things, be they books or works of art, though he laments that at his death, all his collection will probably be scattered. I have just however received the Rev. Mr. Lukis's folio volume devoted to the stone circles, cairns, cromlechs, and monoliths of Cornwall, entitled **Prehistoric Cornwall**, published under the auspices of the Society of Antiquaries of London. I have been one of their Local Secretaries for 20 years. It is profusely illustrated with plans, sections, and elevations, stamped in colours, apparently with lithographic stones.

He told me some curious anecdotes about the Earl of Dudley, who died a week or two ago. Dudley House in Park Lane is known to most people who walk through Hyde Park. It is said that the Earl used to be a little out of his head sometimes, or confused, or a subject of hallucinations, and one day he went to the celebrated Physician Sir Charles Locock, and said he was very much perplexed and troubled in mind, and should be glad of his advice. Having a title and great wealth to leave, it was a matter of great importance to him to know who his next heir would be, but it so happened that certain circumstances had arisen which had thrown him out of his calculations, and given him great trouble. He said his wife was in the family way, and he had discovered that he was so himself, and it was an anxious question with him which child might be born first, and which one would have the greatest right to succeed, and whether his would succeed if it was born first? Sir Charles enjoyed this story, and put the Earl off, and quieted his mind with some fine drawn and philosophical distinctions, but the story was too good to keep, and he made a joke of it, and amongst other persons, he told it to a friend of Dr. Radford, who told him. The Earl has died at 68, and he is succeeded by his son aged 18, and I have no doubt it is the son of his wife.

Recurring to Mr. Creeny's book, I observed that there are one or two Brasses of very early date on the Continent. The earliest Brasses I believe in England, are those of Sir John d'Aubernon, ob. 1277, and Sir Roger de Trumpington, ob. 1280, which is preserved in Cambridgeshire. Plate armour came in about 1400, and solerets went out about 1480.

Th. 21. A new Life Boat arrived to-day by Rail, and it was then got off the rails and brought down on a carriage by horses to the Life Boat House, at the east end of the beach.

Fri. 22. The new Vane put up on the tower to-day. They have not followed my model. They have regilt the fly with the date. The fly is soldered on to a tube, stopped at the top, either with a piece of

brass, bronze, or gun metal, or with an agate, or some hard stone, with a shallow hole or depression, and supported on the hard point of a steel rod. The plug is at A, and I put a small ornament over it, so as not to make the Vane top heavy, and a rather long, though light, tube down to B, and hanging from the top like a pendulum, Wd would steady the Vane, and keep it from wobbling. As far as I can see with a telescope, there is no tube below the Vane, and there is a long rod over the plug in the new one.

Sat. May 23. A few days ago a small house called Eglantine, near Rosemount and Pebblestone Cottage, was put up for auction. The market value was from £450 to £500. Mr. Cox, brother of Mrs. Melhuish of Greenmount, near Seed or Sid, against the side of Salcombe Hill, has given £705 for it, but then he wanted it, and a friend of the seller bid against him to run it up.

Very cold air. Storms of wind and rain from the west. Yesterday in the afternoon only 47 - quite winter temperature; to-day 55. Finished digging up flower bed, and planted out geraniums and Lobelia.

Report says that the new cottages for the men of the Preventive Service are begun, on the side of Salcombe Hill. They have been talking about them for years.

Sun. 24. The Queen's Birthday. No demonstration here, but a few peals on the church bells, and the National Anthem on the organ. Temperature improved - 59'.

M. 25. Whit Monday. A general holiday; but the holiday people were sadly disappointed, for there was a chilly rain nearly all day. No harm to the farmer.

Fri. 29. King Charles's Day, as some call it. When I was a lad this used to be a great day at Tiverton. Men used to carry about a little boy seated in a bower made of oak branches and leaves, and sing loyal and patriotic songs, which group represented Monarchy and the King - the King of course being a young King Charles the Second. Then Cromwell and Republicanism, was represented by a rough looking man, with his face and hands blackened with soot and greece, with a long rope tied round his waist and dragging behind him, like the tail of the evil one, and he was called "Old Oliver." He would now and then pretend to threaten or attack the young king in the oak, and have a hand to hand fight with sticks, with the group who carried him, and then "Old Oliver" would make a dash into the crowd who fled in horror and he would smut all he could catch. Such a mode of celebrating the day, I do not recollect to have heard of elsewhere.

Sat. 30. Went by rail into Honiton after breakfast, to look for lodgings for self and servant for a few weeks. Difficulty in getting any, as it is not the practice as it is by the sea side. Looked at 2 or 3 in the street, but the rooms are too much piled one over another. Was told of a house in the country, half a mile north, on the road to Awliscombe. More space - nice garden - much better. Think I shall go there. Returned. Orchards in full blossom every where.

Sun. 31. Mr. Jenkinson the Curate did the whole duty in the afternoon, and took part of the Revelation for his sermon.

June 1885.

M. June 1. I am informed by Mr. Gawthorp of Long Acre that the Brass to the memory of Governor Hutchinson is completed, and fixed in Croydon Church.

W. June 3. Paid for it, as follows, this day -

Brass, and engraving 10.. 10.. 0.

Gray marble slab 2.. 10.. 0.

Fixing, &c. 10.. 0.

Vicar's fee 5.. 5.. 0.

£16.. 15.. 0.

Curiously enough it is 105 years to the very day since the Governor died.

He died June 3, 1780.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON Esq, B.A. (MARVARD), DCL (OXON)

CAPTAIN-GENERAL and GOVENOR-in-CHIEF

OF THE LATE PROVINCE of MASSACHUSETTS BAY,

IN NORTH AMERICA,

SON of THOMAS H. and SARAH (FOSTER)

SON of ELISHA H. and HANNAH (HAWKINS)

SON of EDWARD H. and CATHERINE (HANBY)

SON of WILLIAM H. and ANNE (MARBURY)

SON of EDWARD HUTCHINSON and his wife SUSANNE,

Of ALFORD IN THE COUNTY of LINCON.

HE WAS BORN SEPr 9TH. 1711, AND DIED JUNE the 3RD. 1780,

AND WAS INTERRED IN A VAULT UNDER THIS CHURCH.

Th. 4. Hot weather came in suddenly with the first of the month, and I left off fires entirely for the first time. Sitting still reading or writing all the evening, one's feet get cold. Now fires can be dispensed with altogether. Changed my bedroom yesterday for the summer.

M. 8. At two this afternoon I started in a close carriage from Sidmouth to Honiton, and took my invalid servant. For the last 2 or 3 days the weather has changed to fog, mist, and rain - very good for vegetation, and making everything grow. The carriage was obliged to be shut, for it drizzled or rained all the way. The mist was so thick that nothing was visible beyond a few yards. On the wild top of Honiton Hill, the few furze bushes that were near enough to be seen, were one bright mass of yellow blossom. I had taken three of the best room's in the house at Oakmount, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, where they only asked me 14/-s a week, I being much surprised, as the same would be at least double that amount at Sidmouth. The house is a quarter of a mile north-west of Honiton on the Awliscombe road, and just as we were nearing the house, such a deluge of rain came down suddenly, like a violent thunder storm, that the driver got down and got close to the hedge, leaving the carriage and horse, and it was ten minutes before we drew up to the house.

Tu. 9. Finished a little article on "Honey ditches," which I hope to read at the meeting of the Devonshire Association at Seaton at the end of July.

Took a walk through some of the street of Honiton. Towards evening had a nice walk on the Awliscombe road, over the Otter river by the old stone bridge covered with ivy, and past the Lodge entrance to "Tracey, which I believe is the freehold of Mr. Newmann. The mansion and park had belonged to the family of Lot the Banker, but when the firm of Flood and Lot went smash some 30 years ago, and ruined hundreds, the estate was in the market. The only time I ever saw Mr. Newmann was at the meeting of the Devonshire Association in July 1868, when he read a very well delivered paper on Railways, he being a Civil Engineer as was said; but he married a lady with a very long purse, the daughter of a distiller or Cotton Lord I was told. Whose widowed mother for some time rented Mr. Marker's place at Combe, and her money bought Tracey, and as money is the great power of this world, it got him seated on the Magistrate's Bench, as well as housed in a comfortable manner.

W. June 10. A crash in Parliament! On Monday night the Gladstone Ministry was out-voted on a small matter, and are going to resign. They proposed to tax beer and spirits. An amendment proposed in the House of Commons by Sir M. Hicks-Beack not to tax beer and spirits without taxing wine, so as to equalise the principle and commercial policy of the impost. After a long debate, the numbers were 252 for the motion, and 264 for the Amendment - majority against the government 12.

W. 11. Ada Robins, aged eleven, daughter of Mrs. Robins, of Honiton, who is niece to my servant, comes to see her aunt, or rather great-aunt, every day. She has a talent for music. There is a piano in the house, and I have got her already to read her notes, and to play Rousseau's Dream in C on the piano.

Fri. 13. Received the office copy of Governor Hutchinson's Will from the Will Office Somerset House, London, for which I had written before I left Sidmouth.

S. 14. The sky has been clear all week, and the sun intensely hot.

Su. 15. I was at the new church, so called, built I believe some 40 years ago in the main street. It is an indifferent attempt at late Norman. There are 7 bays down the nave, and 14 clere-story windows. The bases of the large columns are too much like Roman Doric. The organ is at the east end of the north gallery. Circular apse -

half-dome ceiling painted blue, no stars; ribs of chroms patterns; two painted windows, between which a large oil painting of the dead Christ, dark in colour, in tall square gilt frame, covering the centre apsidal circular-headed window, by no means harmonising in general effect. Communion Table covered, to represent an Alter. It should be noted that this church has been built north and south, and not east and west, so that the points of the compass are all thrown out

In the afternoon there was a visit to Mr. Robins's grave, in the burial ground of the old church, and a tea at Mrs. Robins's.

M. 16. The Queen is at Balmoral. The Marquis of Salisbury was sent for and gone - has returned - and has been commissioned to form a Ministry.

The Rev. Wm. Downes, the new Rector of Combe Rawleigh, called on me. As a rising Geologist I have known him for some years at the annual meeting of the Devonshire Association.

Went down over the stone bridge, and turned into the meadow on the left, and opposite the Lodge of Tracey, and made a watercolour sketch of the bridge.

Tu. June 17. Called on Mr. Macawley, whom I slightly know some years ago, and who has connexions in Sidmouth. He is a Surgeon, and is Mayor of Honiton this year.

Fri. 20. It is now announced that, after some delays, owing to the difficulty of exacting promises from retiring Ministers and their party that they would not try to annoy and obstruct the new Ministers by factious opposition, a Ministry has been formed. The Marquis of Salisbury is to be Prime Minister, and not Sir Stafford Northcote as most people expected. He has had hard work enough, and Her Majesty has offered him an Earldom, and he is to go to the House of Lords as Earl of Iddesleigh, of that ilk, in the north of Devon, where he has much land, as well as near Exeter.

A battery of guns, with limbers, &c. were standing in the broad street, and going on to-morrow towards Okehampton, to practice on Dartmoor.

Sun. 21. Longest day. This morning I found the street full of soldiers and guns, on their way back from Dartmoor. They arrived last night, and go on early tomorrow morning. There are two batteries of some six guns each, and of different patterns. One pattern had the fore sight over the muzzle, and the back behind the vent, and the other had two sets of sights to each gun, one, half way down on each side of the vent, with the fore sights no further forward than the trunnions. And the uniforms of the men differed. Those of one battery had busbies, and the others had dark helmets set off with brass. They fell in in the street - were inspected - the Volunteer band preceded them, and they all marched to the church. I had intended to go there myself, but it was doubtful whether I could have got in.

Scarcely had the band stopped, when I heard a big drum in another direction, and I waited to see. This was the "Salvation Army," a new sect started about ten years ago by a man called Booth, in which they copy the general arrangements of a military body, having their Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, and non-commissioned officers, women as well as men, and they have now got detachments in many towns in Great Britain, and on the Continent. They have in a great degree sought publicity and notoriety - perhaps it is a part of their system, and they may think that it will make them better known and gain converts - and a part of their military display is, to march through the streets before they hold their service, with flags, music, and singing, as in the

sketch above, and all this has given opportunity to the evil disposed among the mob to jeer at them, and even to obstruct and to hustle them, so that there have been on end of cases of assault and battery before the Magistrates, and Honiton has frequently been in an uproar. The procession above is as I saw it this morning; and I had never seen a part of the Salvation Army before, for they have not been to Sidmouth. First, there marched a man carrying a flag. It was a red flag with a blue border, and a large eight pointed star in the middle. Next followed two men dressed with some slight additions to their every day dress, to look like uniforms, and they appeared to have on scarlet shirts or Jerceys, with their coats over, but the fronts looked like scarlet waistcoats. The man who appeared to be the Captain or leader came next and he frequently turned round and walked backwards, singing and clapping his hands to keep time. Many of the others joined also in clapping the hands. This man had on a scarlet Jersey, and nothing over it, and I think a military cap. The words "Salvation Army" were worked on the fronts of them in yellow worsted. Then a man with a big drum, and I think one with a cornopean. Then four young women, one rather tall, with tambourines, playing and singing. They were all dressed alike in blue dresses of serge or cloth, and queer shaped bonnets of wheat looked to me like black straw, and with a dark blue ribbon. They conducted themselves modestly enough. After them came friends and supporters marching 2 and 2, being actual members, who had been duly admitted. They require certain promises from candidates, one being to forswear strong drink.

I had a curiosity to go to their service. They met in King Street. It is hard to describe what it is, it was so irregular, - made up of singing hymns, addresses not only from the chief members, as of the Band &c., but from some sitting among the congregation - then a hymn - then a chapter in the New Testament, read and expounded by the man in the scarlet Jersey, and his expounding seemed to be orthodox and scriptural - then one of the young women would get up and give out, and lead the voices in a hymn, without music, or commence an address herself. In making these addresses, which consisted in a revelation of their own religious thoughts, convictions, and experiences, the speakers generally began in quiet tones, but soon warming in their subject, they ran on with the greatest volubility, and sometimes with eyes shut, and their voice increasing almost to a scream, and then rather abruptly, and sit down. During a hymn a man went round with a money box. I put in a shilling, which was probably the largest coin there, for the worshipers were of the poorer classes. After singing, the service ended with a Blessing, given something like that at church.

I am glad I went, because they have made a noise, and have caused great disturbances. All they want however is - to be let alone. Disturbers have often gone to their services to jeer, laugh, smoke, read newspaper, and interrupt them, and collisions frequently occur in the street. There were no disturbers at the service to-day. If they are let alone, I am persuaded they can do no harm. Their style of worship would not suit the high bred or educated, but among a certain class they may catch those who never go anywhere, and consequently may do good in that direction.

Mon. June. 22. A man called Arthurs missing from his home in Honiton since last Wednesday. Police enquiring every where, dragging the river, &c, &c.

Tu. 23. Took a walk to Clapper Lane Bridge. Mr. Heineken and several times passed over it in driving to Dunkeswell, Hemyock, &c.

Still searching for the missing man. He has a wife and family here. His affairs and accounts are said to be satisfactory. He was Agent for some Company here, but has paid up all accounts. Report to-day that he was seen on the Tiverton road.

Rev. W. Downes called. Walked with him down over "Stoney Bridge."

W. 24. Midsummer Day. Warm, but fog, and occasional drizzle. Gave the day to the disagreeable duty of writing letters - to cousin Rev. Preb. H., Dr. Oliver, Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Ed. Walford, Mr. J.B. Davidson, and Mr. Scrivens.

I dislike letter writing, but enjoy book writing or articles on science, art, &c,

Man turned up in London! His conduct is a mystery.

Enquired for **Farquarson's History of Honiton**. It is now scarce and out of print. With some difficulty got a sight of a copy with Clark, Bookseller but was not for sale. It is a thin small, square quarto, on toned paper.

Th. 25. The members of the Forester's Club held their yearly celebration at Tracey, by permission of Mr. Neuman. I saw their picturesque procession, but not go into Tracey grounds. There were three flags on Tracey house - English, French, and American.

Fri. 26. Wrote a good deal at my book, having more leisure here than at home. Got a letter since I have been here, from Dr. Oliver of Boston, Massachusetts, who hopes I shall print a second vol. and to whom I wrote on Wednesday.

Called, and had a long chat with Mr. and Mrs. Macawley.

S.27. Took a run down to Seaton by rail;- 33 minutes from Honiton to Seaton. As the Devonshire Association meets there in three weeks, made some enquiry relating to lodgings. Walked out to the church. Years ago I was here with Mr. Ellacombe, Rector of Clyst St. George, and I think we went up among the bells. The tower is low, and the trees out-top it, so that the tower is not seen at a distance. Since I was here, the interior of the church, as I perceived on entering, has been all altered, restored, and new seated. The reredos, and glass in E. and S.E. windows are new; two hagioscopes, of different sizes; no handsome monuments, but everything clean and neat. A widow lady about 45 was in the entrance under the tower arranging some flowers to put on a grave, according to the new fashion imported from the continent. Sauntered some time round the churchyard. There are a number of handsome monuments in it. The ground is large and very well kept, and it is situated at the edge, and on the west side of the great estuary of the river Axe, or what was once so, and possibly the water at an early period washed the east side of the burial ground, which is 10 to 15 feet above the flat meadows. Sand and mud have accumulated where once was water; and the sexton told me that ribs and other pieces of old ship timber, have, more than once been dug up, and further away from the sea than we then were, and more towards Axmouth, which is on the other side, and a good mile off.

I found a style at the SE. corner of the church yard, and a pretty walk along the edge of the meadows back to the beach, and came out in the road behind the grass mound on which it is said a battery was erected in the time of Hen. VIII. Or Eliz. to keep off pirates.

Being broiled in a hot sun, thirsty, and hungry, I went to a Coffee Tavern with beautiful views from a bow window, and had coffee, bread, butter, and ham. Then I went and called on Mr. Merrington, at the Castle, so called. He was four years tenant of my house No 4 Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth. He lost his first wife there, and has now a second.

Sauntered about the beach eastward; paid a penny toll, and went over the new bridge that spans the Axe, and which is built of concrete. A fine fish - a Salmon nearly a yard long - leapt out of the water. The tide was coming in, and the river running upwards. At 5 P.M. I took the rail to return; was at Honiton at 5.40, and at Oakmount by 6.

Sun. June 28. Walked up to town - a little stiff in the legs. The bells of the church not having been begun, I sauntered about the shady side of the street. But the time approached and nearly arrived, whilst I waited - and no bells. I asked the reason - "The service is up at the old church above the Station this morning Sir." Oh indeed - well, I started off to walk up New Street - but it was near half a mile up hill, with a blazing sun in my face, and I was late. I knew I should get hot, and perhaps I should sit in a draught with doors open, and get a cold or a chill. Better be prudent, and I went into the Wesleyan Chapel in New Street, where I was shewn a seat, and a hymn book was given to me. It may be 25 feet wide, 35 long, and 20 high. The congregation was not large. They had a harmonium. The leading female voice good and strong. They sang a hymn - then an interval - a prayer - a hymn - another prayer - chapters in the Bible read, alternating with psalms and hymns - then a very good extempore sermon about 20 minutes long by quite a young man very fluently delivered, - a hymn - and the Blessing. I think Wesley did not intend his followers to leave the Established church. In the three Sundays I have been at Honiton, I have been at three different places of worship. If they are all orthodox, and all take their stand upon the Bible, why not be one body, and worship together? People differ on a few external and immaterial forms, as if they were of the greatest importance, and then they separate.

M. 29. Walked up to Honiton old church, half a mile south of the town. Curious that the parish church should be so far from the town. They tell you that the town was once up there, and that the chief thoroughfare east and west was then near the church. The stream that rises in Ring-in-the-mire on the hill south, and passes under the street at the lower part of the town in its way northwards, and falls into the Otter just below "Stoney Bridge," near Tracey, is called Giseage, from Gitt's hedge by Gittisham parish, as in Farquharson's Hist. of Honiton. The lower portion of it they say was once a public road, but now a water course.

But I went up to see the inside of the church. The woman at the neat and pretty cottage (the cottage was prettier as a cottage than the woman as a woman) went with me and opened the door. I fancied that the flag stone floor of the middle aisle gradually ascended from west to east. I think Payhembury and some others do the same. The Font, in the Tower, is a somewhat curious structure, built up of Beer stone and Purbeck apparently. The church was partly restored 3 or 4 years ago. New glass in east window, and SE. window, of better quality. The great beauty is the oak screen across the church. The design & the carving are first-class when examined critically. I have carved oak enough myself to know how to appreciate this and despise my own. The horizontal string courses all over the upper font are gilt; but not too bright, but only enough to enrich the oak and improve the general effect. This splendid skreen used to be blue or gray, if I remember right, having had plenty of coats of lead colour oil paint with white veins, to imitate stone or marble. I copied a few coats of arms. On the floor, towards the south-east, incised in the flay-stone, an old one to John Blagdon, 1694. Some say Blagdon is only a contraction of Black-down. The name of Marwood is an old one here about, which has merged into that of Tucker and others. On the one or more monuments, are the coats of arms, which I took down; and also that of Honywood, in which last the tincture of the Bird's heads is faded out, and indistinct. There is a monument at the SE corner to Sir James Shepherd. He gave the yew trees from his garden, that make such a beautiful avenue in the churchyard. Glanced at the tomb of James Rodge, "Bone-lace Siller," [seller] 1617; alter tomb at 24

feet NE of Chancel to Nathaniel Knott, 1684; ditto Edward Searle, 1607, N. of N. Porch, 20 feet. &c. Very pretty churchyard.

Tu. 30. Set off from Oakmount to walk through the fields, to call on the Rev. W. Downes, at the Rectory, Combe Rawley. Went down the road, over Stoney Bridge, so called, then near Tracey, up the river through the meadows, where they were hay making, then over a stile or two, and when I saw the house above me on the hill side, I wanted to steer direct for it, but could see no path; and though I went to the top of a large field, could find no gate, stile, or opening, so I came down again. The air was sultry, the sun burning, and all too hot for continued rambling, but I went on to a farm house, though leaving the Rectory on my left, and getting further away from it, in order that I might enquire; but though I got into the farm yard, and reconnoitred the house, and knocked at the door, I could find nothing and nobody but ducks and chickens. I suppose they were all in the fields. Had I been a few summers younger, perhaps I should have gone on and persevered, regardless of circuits, wanderings, and entanglements, but as it was, I sauntered quietly back.

July 1885.

Fri. July 3. Dog days begin, the Almanac says. It is time to be thinking of a place called home. I have decided on returning to Sidmouth on Monday next. I have done as much work at my second vol. as if I had been in the Old Chancel, and perhaps more; but now I shall put away my papers preparatory to packing.

Sat. 4. Finished reading A Farquarson's "History of Honiton", lent me by Mr. Macauley, Mayor of Honiton this year. It is a thin and a small size quarto. It is a book that well deserves commendation, for it contains many facts in history that have been industriously collected, and which ought to be preserved. It was brought out in the autumn of the year 1868, now 17 years ago. Of course a great deal more might be collected on the subject of a place like Honiton, and as I am told the author contemplates working at a second Edition, I hope he will do it thoroughly.

And also finished skimming through "Wanderings in Devon," by W.H.H. Rogers, of Colyton. This little book contains amusing descriptions of visits to ruins and places of interest in the SE quarter of the county - not very deep and historical, but amusing to general readers. It was published in 1869. About 1880 Mr. Rogers brought out a large and valuable work on the old recumbent figures and monuments in the churches in one section of the county, duly illustrated, and of 4to size. He shewed me a copy at Chard, Sep. 20, 1881. He would deal in the same way with the other sections of the county, but I am told the expense of the illustrations is very considerable.

In the Wanderings in Devon, there are many specimens of verse scattered through the book, I presume by Mr. Rogers himself. Most are good and some are better than good. Two stanzas in the style of "Childe Harolde", at pages 165 and 166, are extremely pleasing.

Sun. July 5. At St. Paul's church, in the town of Honiton - the Rector, Mr. Sadler, and a Curate. I am told that Mr. Sadler is not an old man, but his style, appearance, manner, and movements, are those

of a very old one. The Royal Arms have a more prominent and permanent place than is usual in most churches, they being represented commonly in an old painting, which the Ritualistic or ultra High Church party are trying to push out of our churches altogether, wishing, like the Roman Catholics, that the supremacy of the Crown should not interfere with their own. In this church, over the semicircular chancel arch, there is a large circular disc, some five feet in diameter, coeval with the building of the church, surrounded by a bold moulding, all within being occupied by the Royal Arms, Supporters, &., deeply carved in Beer stone. Being all white, this medallion is not glaring or obtrusive, and it looks solid and architectural.

M. 6. W. Spencer's carriage came over from Sidmouth to Honiton, and took me and my servant back. The weather was fine, the views all round when passing over the great intervening hill, known as Gittisham Hill, and Honiton Hill, were beautiful, and I wished the journey of 9 miles had been doubled. The foxgloves in blossoms of crimson, were most abundant. I have often brought these home, and put them in vases for their showy beauty; but when taken out of the bright light, they soon fade out, becoming whiter every day. Some 30 years ago, when railways were being promoted in Devonshire, I have been told that an Engineer levelled from the Esplanade, Sidmouth, over this hill to Honiton, that Honiton was 200 feet above the Esplanade, and that the hill, near the 6-mile stone, was 800 feet above the level of the sea.

There is a long descent of nearly two miles, at the bottom of which is Cotford, where Mrs. Brayley lives, and then soon after pass through Sidbury. On driving through I caught sight of the church tower, which has just been so strangely metamorphosed in the hands of the restorer that I did not recognise it. From a plain Norman tower, with a pyramidal roof covered with shingles, we have now got an ornamental battlement, pinnacles, and the top half of a spire, but I do not see how it is supported, unless it is made of very light wood. The circular headed Norman windows of the bell chamber remain.

I reached home by five in the afternoon.

Tu. 7. The Conservative Parliament has now met, and the first Division took place last night. The atheist Bradlaugh again attempted to take his seat, Motion made (as before) that he was incapable of taking the oath. Amendment - that he be allowed to affirm. Division taken. For the Amendment - 219; against - 263; Majority against the Amendment 44. On the original motion being put it was agreed to, which gave the majority of 44 to the Ministry, and Bradlaugh retired.

Wed. July 8. The greater part of the day drawing a map of the valley of the river Axe, from Seaton to Axminster, to illustrate a paper on "Honeyditches," which I intend to read at Seaton about the 22nd. It is going to London to be lithographed, and 700 copies taken.

Th. 9. Went to Miss Radford, lace dealer, to see a lace fan, subscribed for by the ladies of Sidmouth, and made here, to be given to the Princess Beatrice for a wedding present. The lace was certainly very beautiful, looking so fine, and white, and delicate, with very graceful designs. The handle was mother-of-pearl, glowing with prismatic colours. There was also a long box to keep it in, of lavender gray enameled, with an oblong silver plate engraved, stating that it was from the Ladies of Sidmouth.

Fri. 10. Had the Oak Room turned out, dusted, and cleaned. Some of the Artillery I saw in Honiton on the longest day, came here to-day varying the route from Okehampton.

Sat. July 11. Went to Mr. Bray this morning, and he took a photograph of the old coat of arms on vellum. If I publish the second vol. I think of giving this coat of arms, and printed in colour if not too expensive.

The cholera has been very bad in Spain lately; for some weeks hundred of cases and scores of deaths daily. The worst now seems to be past. On Sunday July 5, the numbers reached 1539 cases, and 825 deaths.

The first Jewish Peer has been made, in the person of Lord de Rothschild, who took his seat July 9, introduced by the Earl of Roseberry and Baron Carrington.

Sun. July 12. At the Parish Church - the curate, Mr. Jenkinson preached. This afternoon there was a stir on the beach among the fishermen. They saw the back fin of a great fish above the water moving about, and thought it belonged to a shark. They put nets round it and got it on shore. It did not resist much. They put boat sails round it, and admitted such of the public as gave them a few pence. They sent up to me. I went down and made a sketch of it. There is a large one now preserved in the Exeter Museum, but not so large as this. It is 6.f., 6.in. long, and 3.f., 8.in high, and from 12 to 15 inches thick. The sun-fish, though not common on this coast, is occasionally met with.

Mon. 13. I did not hear of the Sunfish till this morning, or go down to see it, though I have put the particulars under yesterday. And what I did yester-evening, I will put down to-day. At 7 in the evening I walked up the Salcombe Fields by the river to see Mr. Scrivens, and a Mr. Stone, an architect, staying with him. They had gone to see Sidbury Church, but they soon returned. Stayed and had tea with them. They are as astonished as I am at strange liberties taken with the tower, the more so as the work is in the hands of Mr. Christian, who is Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Walked back about nine miles, in the dusk of the evening.

And this day, Monday, I drove out to Core Hill and had an afternoon party with several friends, to see Captain Christy's roses.

Tu. July 14. Went down to the beach after breakfast to put what may be termed a few finishing touches to my sketch of the Sunfish, when I learnt that he had been too strong for his guardians. They reminded me of the present heat of the weather - that he was a fish out of water - that the sun was bright and hot - that so far from attracting visitors near him, they rather preferred making a wide circuit round him - that, as regarded themselves, they didn't want to be poisoned - so they once more launched him into the deep, and set him adrift.

W. 15. Called on Mr. Kennet-Were, Cotlands, and had a long talk with him on various subjects - America among them, in which he is interested, as he claims to be connected with General Pownall's second wife, Mrs. Astell, who had been a Miss Kennet.

While there Col. Stansfield of "The Lodge," closeby, came in.

Th. 16. My landlord and Landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Broom, of Oakmount, beyond Honiton, came over to Sidmouth, and had tea at the Old Chancel before they left.

Fri. 17. Called on Col. Stansfield, and paid him a long visit.

Sat. 18. This morning some fishermen drove up something covered over with a cloth. To was a shark nearly six feet long, and the thickest part of the body near as thick as my own body. It got entangled in a drift mackerel net, and with some trouble the men secured it. Very rarely do sharks come so far north, but for the last six weeks the weather has been fine and hot. Many years ago I think I saw a dead shark on the beach, but nothing like so large as this. I should think this one very dangerous to life and limb, if met with in the water by bathers or others.

Called on Mr. Jenkinson, the Curate. His eldest daughter, her husband, and some young children, have just come from Zulu land, S. Africa for a few months. They have brought with them a young nurse in the person of a Zulu girl of eleven, who wears her native dress, the outer coverings being of skins cured or tanned, and embroidered with different colour beads, &c., and no shoes or stockings. She was sitting on the grass under a tree with the youngest children, and I went to her. I talked to her, and shook hands with her, and examined her hands and arms, and as I had some sugar plums for the children, I gave her some, at which she laughed, and was much pleased. She knows nothing of English, but she and the children talk Zulu together.

Mon. July 20. Went to attend the meeting of the Devonshire Association at Seaton. There was great difficulty in getting a lodging at Seaton, as we are now at the period of the year when people are enjoying their summer "outings," as they term them, so I lodged in Honiton, and went down by rail every morning. An intelligent man in the train told me that the tunnel through the hill east of Honiton is a mile and a quarter long. Great difficulty was encountered by the breaking in of copious springs of water whilst the work was in progress. I was also told that the eastern end of the tunnel is 30 feet lower than the western end.

Tu. 21. Though I took up my quarters yesterday at Honiton, I did not go down to Seaton till to-day, when work begins. Attended a meeting of the Council at two, The General Meeting at four I did not care about, so I sauntered about the beach. Went and looked at and laughed at the word MORIDUNUM inserted in black flints out side the concrete wall, outside the earth mound on the eastern half of the beach. The old motion that Moridunum was at Seaton is quite exploded. In Roberts's History of Lyme, or one of his amusing books, he says that this is an artificial mound, which was thrown up, and a battery with guns erected on the top of it, in or about (I think) the reign of Henry VIII., to keep off the pirates. Walked half a mile westward of the town, and made a rough coloured sketch of the cliffs looking westward towards Beer. Last Friday 17th., a quantity of the "White Cliff" fell down into the sea, and there it lies at the base. Returned to Honiton in the evening.

W. 22. Went down again. Read my paper on "Honeyditches", a word supposed to have been corrupted from Hanna, the name of a Danish Chieftain who landed on the coast, and ditches, in allusion to the earthworks he threw up to fortify himself on Little Cooch Hill, where a camp remained down to Stukely's time. It was a roundish oval, containing three acres in area. - Returned.

Th. 23. Down again. The programme of Papers was finished to-day; but some excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood had been organised, but I did not go, as I know most of them already; - so I returned.

Fri. 24. Honiton Fair this week. I did not think there was a fair in the country kept up as this one is. The noise - the crowds of people, the shows, the booths, and the excesses in eating and drinking - would be much better put an end to. The fair is proclaimed on the morning about eleven or 12 o'clock, by a man who carries a large glove, nearly half a yard long, tied on a pole in a bunch of laurels, or such like evergreen, and is accompanied by a man who rings a bell, or does it himself. He

is generally followed by a bevy of children, and he occasionally stops, rings his bell, and proclaims the fair open in the following words, or wards to their effect:-

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! - the Fair's begun;

No man can be arrested till the Fair is done.

The old Norman French word oyez = the Imperative second person plural of **ouir**, to hear, they now pronounce as in English O yes! We are told that by virtue of an old charter, all felons and debtors can come freely and without fear of arrest as long as the fair lasts, which is until noon on Friday: a Policeman however, told me, to whom I was talking on the subject, that a soldier had, at all events, been arrested for desertion. The glove is said to typify open-handed and fair dealing.

There is one custom at Honiton fair that ought to be put down, because it encourages to unconscionable gormandising and drinking. Most of the tradesmen have a good and substantial meal of joints of meat, vegetables, bread, &c., laid out, and when a customer has paid his bill, he goes into the back parlour "to take a little refreshment." I have been told of cases where a man will go and spend sixpence in goods, and then eat two shillings worth of dinner. Some customers are so dishonest

as to bring friends with them to feast, who have spent nothing; and what I am informed is often the case - after they have feasted at one house, they will go and do the same thing at another. In primitive times the hospitality may have been kind and commendable, but now they stuff from one house to another until some of them can scarcely move, so that it has become a monstrous abuse, which everybody acknowledges, but which nobody has courage to resist. - Returned to Sidmouth.

Sat. 25. The papers say that on Friday the 17th. Instant, Miss Constance Kent, who was convicted, after a long and difficult investigation, of murdering the infant child of her father's second wife, and there were some doubts about her entire sanity, she was sentenced to penal servitude for life, or confinement during her Majesty's pleasure. The papers say that she is now let out "on ticket of leave," after 25 years. The family lived at Sidmouth some years during the life of the first wife. It was said that the first wife was not free from symptoms of insanity. The children were then young, and were under the care of a governess. Report whispered that Mr. Kent paid her too much attention. One or two of his first family died at Sidmouth, and are buried near the north west portion of the churchyard. He was an Inspector of Factories, with a good salary, and lived in comfortable style. He lived part of the time at Sea View, then belonging to Mr. Lousada, of Peak House, and now the property of Miss Rastrick. I think he lost his wife after he left Sidmouth, and after this event he married the said Governess. I did not much admire his appearance, and never cultivated his acquaintance. They were living at Rhode at the time of the murder, a solitary house, I suppose near the village of Rhode or Rode, I think three miles from Dunster in Somerset. The case went by the name of the "Rode Murder." Some imagined that she had a strong dislike to her Governess and step-mother, and revenged herself upon the child.

Mon. 27. To-day 72 in the Oak room about noon - at three 74. Out of doors in the shade 78. Cholera still very bad in Spain. On Tuesday 21, there were 2327 cases, and 971 deaths. On Thursday 23 there were 2278 cases, and 943 deaths.

I am told it was two or three degrees above 80 at Sidmouth yesterday.

I never heard of its reaching 80 at Sidmouth before.

The papers say that two convicts have been overpowered by the sun when mowing at Princetown, on Dartmoor; - 112 in the sun, and 94 in the shade, Princetown is said to be 1430 feet above sea level.

W. 29. Sir Moses Montefiore died yesterday, aged 101, a well authenticated case. Battalion of Rifle Volunteers assembling at Sidmouth for a week's drill, some 600 or 700 strong. They encamp in some fields on Manstone Farm, a mile out.

Th. 30. Rev. H.T. Fillacombe, Rector of Clyst St. George died, aged 95.

August 1885.

Sun. Aug. 2. At church in the morning, and remained to the sacrament. There were a large number of Communicants. After the afternoon service, there was a service for they Volunteers, who marched in from camp.

Tu. 4. The north-east wind continues. I never remember so much of it at this season of the year. It is dry and hot. The grass burnt almost every where.

Yesterday the Benefit Society called The Foresters, held their annual feast, and what with the attractions of the Volunteers, and equally so of the Foresters, the place never was so full of people. I am told the Railway conveyed in 3000, and several hundreds more must have come in vehicles of all sorts. The population of the parish in 1881 was 3471, so that the population was just doubled by the influx of an equal amount yesterday. The eating and drinking houses could not supply food enough. My baker, who called this morning, said that their baking is commonly all over and ended by time, but yesterday they were continuously making cakes, buns, and bread all day through, till 8 o'clock in the evening, and they could not make it all quick enough to supply demand. They are all very tiered to-day, but they consoled themselves with having taken more cash in a day than they ever did before.

W. Aug. 5. After the Inspection, &c., the Camp breaks up to-day. Received 700 copies of my one-page Map of Seaton and neighbourhood, which is to illustrate my paper on Honeyditches, read at Seaton.

Th. 6. Some of the Volunteers have remained to have a shooting match at the Targets below Core Hill. Finding 600 Maps enough for the printer, Mr. Brendon at Plymouth, I sent him 600 to-day, and shall retain the rest myself.

Wind strong from the east, sea rough, the pleasure steamer from Weymouth, could not communicate with the shore, but went on. Thunder, and two hours refreshing rain. Quite a novelty.

Sun. 9. At the parish church. Wind southerly, with showers. Air feels chilly after the dry hot weather.

M. 10. Cholera still raging in Spain - great consternation there. Papers say that Wed. Aug. 5 there were 4294 cases, and 1638 deaths. A few cases are said to have occurred at Marseilles, causing much alarm in France, and there is a report current that a case occurred in Bristol.

Remained in doors writing the greater part of the day. I have just received a new, or renewed appointment as Local Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London. The appointments are renewed every four years by a fresh Diploma, signed by the President, and stamped with their seal. I forget how long since my first Diploma, but I think 20 years.

Tu. 11. Called on Mr. Havill, and the Miss Lords formerly of Sidmouth, and now staying at the Glen - the house where the Queen's father died. Afterwards I called on Mrs. Hoppus, and her Sister-in-law Miss Hoppus - very well educated, literary people - new comers for a short time.

W. 12. Stormy and showery - doing good to vegetation.

Fri. 14. Parliament prorogued, the Conservatives having only been in since the Liberals were defeated, and resigned a few months ago. Next comes the General Election in November.

Sun. 16. At the parish church; - the Vicar and Curate. In the evening had a quiet tea with Mrs. Havill and her relatives at the Glen.

Tu. 18. The weather fine, dry, and hot, everybody seems disposed to be on the move. I had a succession of visitors to-day. During the forenoon Mr. Ede and Mr. Ed. Chick came in and talked away nearly all the whole morning. Others in the afternoon, among whom Dr. and Mrs. Baker and a grandchild, drove over from Ottery, where they are now living, having left Dawlish. They had tea with me. After they had left came Mrs Havill and party. However pleasant, all this utterly destroys all possibility of occupation,

I forgot to say that yesterday the Rev. Mr. Proby, and Rev. A.H. Hamilton lunched and tea'd with me

W. 19. Drove to Budleigh. Took my servant, and stopped at the house of her sister Mrs. Knowles. Went and had another look at Budleigh church, which was open, for work was going on in the tower. Again looked over the oak bench ends. Besides the Raleigh arms in the centre aisle, I observed the St. Clair arms with its quartering in two places in the south transcript. Outside, I examined the new vestry and organ chamber at the north-east corner. Sauntered about the large and beautiful situated burial ground, having an unusually large number of handsome monuments. The slab of Radulphus Node, I remarked some years ago, has been reprehensibly destroyed, which was near the south iron gates.

After early dinner walked to the Vicarage of Bicton, and called on the Rev. A. Kempe, who was at home. Then examined Bicton Cross, W'ch. I made an outline of some years ago in one of my Sketchbooks. The texts of scripture at the upper part are worm and illegible from the ground; the lower division has square stones inserted in the brickwork on the four faces, that on the eastern towards Sidmouth being here sketched in the margin, with the date. All these serve to direct travellers. Then proceeded to the field where the Obelisk is. Some 30 or 40 years ago the upper portion was struck with lightning and some stones displaced. I remember it in that condition. It was subsequently repaired, and an iron conductor placed down the north side. It is built of white Beer stone - at all events the outer casing; not very correct architecture - an Egyptian shaft with a Roman base and mouldings.

Returned to Mrs. Knowles's at Budleigh, where I found the two Misses Kempe.

They had taken a long walk, and had called in there when returning, and had tea.

Left before six, and got home about seven. Both enjoyed the journey.

Th. 20. Called on Mrs. King and Mrs. Vibart, Beach House.

Fri. 21. Coloured a photograph of the old H. arms on vellum - the photo being one half the height and one half the width of the original. I have some thought of having a chromo-lithograph, stamped in colours, of it in Vol. 2 of Gov. H's Diary and Letters, but have not decided as yet. Went to Ottery. See below, Aug. 15.

S. 22. Mrs. Walker, now of Salisbury, surprised me this forenoon with a visit, and stayed to an early dinner. She was Miss Gardiner, formerly of Harpford and Dawlish, and the second wife of the Rev. Saml Walker, only S. of Gen. Walker of Lime Park, now Sidbrook, Sidmouth. I was at the wedding at Harpford. He was Vicar of St. Einodue in Cornwall. His only son died of heart complaint suddenly. He married, but I believe had no children. Two daughters married, but are dead.

I forgot to record that I went by rail Friday afternoon to Ottery to see Dr. and Mrs. Baker. They are comfortably settled in a large house, and plenty of ground behind,

on the left going up the street, and is said to occupy the site of Sir W. Raleigh's house. As Lord Coleridge married his second wife a few days ago, I wished to go to the church to see the white marble statue of his first. Went with the Bakers. I was a little disappointed, it not being so fine a work of art as I have seen in some of our cathedrals. It is a life size recumbent figure with hands crossed on the breast, and lies on the east of the south transept. The walls near it are covered with tesserce in patterns. Many sinister stories are being freely circulated about the neighbourhood in respect to the second wife, some of them impugning her moral character. The truth is now asserted to be that some years ago she eloped to Gretna Green with a gentleman to be married - that, on getting there they became aware that the law had been altered, so that they could not now be married without residing 21 days in Scotland. They therefore remained, and then were married. They returned to England and lived as man and wife. After a time he began to illuse her, when some of her friends, looking into her case, discovered a flaw. The day that they arrived was only part of a day, and therefore did not count, and the day they were married and left, was only part of a day, and did not count, so that there were only 19 clear or whole days, instead of 21, as the law I am told, requires. The case was taken into court, and was declared to be no marriage. She assumed her maiden name, Miss Lawford, and is so called in the papers. Fortunately there were no children. He is 64, and she is said to be 35. They were married by Special licence in the drawing room of her mother. It is reported that none of his family were present or know anything about it. They do not seem to be a very united family, and they gained no honour in the Adams affair. [Nov. 24.] They say he has settled £17,000 on her. People are perplexed to know how she will be received in society

M. Aug. 24. Went to Beer in an open 4 wheel. Beautiful day. My old friend C.F. Williams the Artist, is there. I am one month older than he. As boys we used to go out Sketching together. Much pleased at looking at some of his Latter works; some of which represented misty and hazy scenes of great beauty. Drove back in the evening.

Tu. 25. Called on Miss Acraman, who is a good amateur artist, and told her she ought to go and look at William's drawings:- on Miss Hoppus, who has been correcting press of her last new work since she has been here.

W. 26. Went to London, chiefly to see the Publishers; and by chance I went very near the day I went last year. Took port-manteau from Old Chancel up the Blackmore Field to Mill Lane - bus to Station - at 5.P.M. Station to Junction with ticket to London - got out - crossed main line by bridge to north side - got in train and proceeded on journey - wind NE, chilly, rainy - eat meat sandwiches I had in my pocket near Salisbury - glanced at Salisbury cathedral on the south - the leaning of the spire to the SW, is not perceptible - and at the bold earthworks of Old Sarum on the north - at Basingstoke glanced at the ruins of the Chapel of the Holy Ghost, in the Cemetery - went on, and did not arrive at Waterloo terminus till near 11, tho' due 10.9, the trains so full. Took ticket at E of Station for Charing Cross over the river, and dived under railroads and houses by underground passages, very puzzling at first, and came on a platform where I caught the train from London Bridge to Charing Cross. Ensconced myself at the Charing Cross Hotel - room No. 258.

Th. Aug. 27. After breakfast in the handsome Coffee Room, which was very full of company, as all the world is now travelling, I took the "Underground Railway" to South Kensington, and spent all the remainder of the day in the Museum and in the Exhibition buildings, till nearly 10 at night. The application of the rays of electric light turned upon the spray of the fountain in the ground, was very beautiful, changing the different jets of water through all the colours of the rainbow.

Fri. 28. Called on Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., to confer on the prospects of a second vol. Mr. Marston is going for a month to America, which I am Glad of, as he will feel the American pulse. My second vol, is not quite finished, so I will work while he is away,

Then took the rail at London Bridge, and went down to Croydon. I had not as yet seen the Brass erected to commemorate the name of Governor Hutchinson, recently affixed against the north wall of the so called north transept. [See June 3.] I say "so called north transept," for the north and south aisles are as wide as the transepts, so is rather dark, but it was put there as being near the vault where he was buried. In the same vault were placed his youngest daughter Peggy or Margaret, (before him), his youngest son William, (also before him), and his Eldest daughter Sarah, the wife of Dr. Peter Oliver, three weeks after him. Further in or near this vault was also interned the bodies of Miss Kate or Catherine Hutchinson, daughter of his cousin Eliakim, if not another, and Mrs. Elisabeth H. his widow, nee' Shirley. I copied the inscriptions to some of these Oct. 2. 1864. Croydon church, all I believe but the tower and the outer walls, was burnt by the overheating of a flue, Jan. 5. 1867, and the Clerk told me that the flags were split and the inscriptions destroyed.

I then made a sketch of Copley's white marble monument, against the north wall of the nave. The medallion portrait in my Sketch above, has no pretensions to be a likeness - in truth, it is not the least like. I should guess the monument to be some two feet six or eight high. Copley married (in America) a or niece of Mary Clarke, wife of Chief Justice Peter Oliver, as I am told that Copley's wife was called Mary.

I was disappointed in seeing Mr. Braithwaite, the Vicar, or Mr. Hobart-Hampdon, his Curate, though I saw his mother the Hon, Mrs. Hobart, formerly Miss Mary Ann Kennet-Dawson, whom I know as a girl at Sidmouth, or Mr. Kempe of St. Saviours, son of the Vicar of Otter ton - so I returned to London Bridge, and then by rail right up to the Charing Cross Hotel.

S. 29. Wrote letters in the Reading Room of the Hotel. Walked to Burlington House, Piccadilly, and found Mr. Watson and Mr. Ireland in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, where I had a chat on sundry matters.

Caught an omnibus in Regent Street and was carried to the top of Portland Road; then by the "Underground" to Kings Cross; then rail to Hatfield and Hertford; and then walked half a mile to Benges, and called on my cousin Mrs. Oliver, who at 79, seems wonderfully well. Took a walk about Benges. Looked at the new church, then walked to the old one. It is very dilapidated, and shut up, and doubts exist, as to whether it can be preserved. When Mrs. O's late husband was Curate here, I sketched the Norman chancel arch many years ago inside. There is a round apse, with one or two small Norman windows. The walls outside are mostly plastered; where off, it appears that the walls are only constructed of rough flints and friable mortar. Returned, and had tea with Mrs. Oliver and the cat. Then to London.

Sun. Aug. 30. At St. Martin's church, being near the Hotel. The architecture is Roman, set off with colour and gilding.

In the afternoon took the "Underground" to Victoria, then to Wandsworth Rd, then walked to Clapham Common to enquire for Mr. Scrivens. He was away, out of town. Called next door, and had tea with Miss Scrivens and her friend. Got back the same way, in the reverse order.

M. 31. Went to the National Gallery to see some of Copley's pictures, after a very long interval, "The Siege of Giberaltar," and some others, are at one end of the room, and "The Death of Lord Chatham." in the House of Lords, is at the other. This last I came chiefly to reconsider, for my great-grandfather was in London at the time the circumstances took place, as he mentions in his Diary. After an interval of more years than I can now recollect, the same points in it offend me now that annoyed me then. Well, there is only one that really may be said to displease, and that always did. I mean the attitude of the Duke of Cumberland, in the sky blue dress, and especially the pose of the left arm, which always struck me as awkward. This picture is well known to have been dressed up for effect. The Peers, in reality, were not in their scarlet robes at all, as they are here represented, but in their every-day clothes; and there are persons introduced who were not present at the time. But the painting is interesting as commemorating a great event, and valuable, as containing portraits of many of the leading men of the day.

Owing to the Peers being in their robes the predominant colour is red; but this skilfully subdued, except where the chief interest of the scene centres; and it is judiciously balanced by the light blue dress of the Duke of Cumberland at Lord Chatham's shoulders, the deeper blue of the costume of Lord Viscount Mahon, who is supporting his feet, and the black and dull green of the Hon. James Pitt, and his relative, which persons, and the stricken Earl, are placed in the strongest light of the picture, so that the eye of the spectator naturally falls upon that spot. Lord Chatham did not die in the House. The excitement of debate was too much for his enfeebled frame. He swooned in the House on the 7th. of April 1778 - was removed to Hayes, and died on the 11th. of May. The annexed sketch (done from memory) may give an idea of the positions of the persons mentioned.

One thing more. Having got through a tolerable fair inspection of the National Gallery, I had one thing more to do. If not too obtrusive, I wish to add a sort of supplementary Chapter at the end of my book, and give in it some account of Governor Hutchinson's family, and I think of having a chromolithograph facsimile of the old coat of arms on vellum, reduced by photographing to half the length and half the width, by which it will come in an 8 vol. Took it to Messrs Leighton Bro's for an estimate.

September 1885.

Tu. Sep. 1. Having got through all the little matters of business I went up for, and having filled up the intervals in London, except to spend money. Though I would willingly have done and seen a good deal more, I resisted all temptations - paid my bill - left the Hotel - took the 11.45 train at Waterloo Station - Basingstoke at 1.26 - Salisbury Junction 5.49 - changed trains - Sidmouth at 6.19 nominally, but always late. Put portmanteau and self in omnibus, and was at the Old Chancel about half past six.

W. 2. Fine day yesterday. Rain all day to-day.

Th. 3. Beautiful day. Called on Dr. Radford at Sidmount, and gave him some account of my visit to London.

Fri. 4. Went by rail to Ottery, chiefly to look for a servant to fill up a blank for a few weeks. Saw Rose Cross at Miss Wheaton's and engaged her. Passed half an hour or more in the churchyard. I cannot admire the new additions to Lord Coleridge's house, being bright red brick, with a red tile roof, and the drawing-room storey done in the old Flemish style of timber framing filled in with brick noggings; and the confined approach road round the south and west sides of the churchyard, is very objectionable, though unavoidable. He has not brought the new Lady Coleridge to Otter yet. Society is much divided and much perplexed what to do about receiving her. Some are inclined to be lenient - some are afraid to be otherwise - some are going to wait "to see what others do" - some say that when the flaw was discovered, the two ought to have taken steps to have been at once re-married in England in an orthodox way, (only they wanted to separate) - and some declare they look upon her as another man's wife.

Called at Dr. Baker's. He walked with me down to the Station. We talked about the terrible event that happened at Dawlish on Saturday the 29th. of August, when the cliff on the west fell on a number of people - Watson, Keen, Matthews - of Awliscombe, killing three, and injuring others.

S. 5. Lunched at Mr. Ede's at Lansdowne, where I met Miss Ede, Miss Swan, and a Miss Shepherd, besides himself, - Rose Cross came by the week, from Ottery.

M. Sep. 7. The unfortunate affair at Dawlish on Saturday forenoon the 29th. Of August, when the cliff fell down on a group of people, who were enjoying themselves on the sand at half low tide, seems to have made a profound sensation all over the country. I know the place where it happened well of course, having been familiar with the town and beach from my childhood. From what the papers say, the ladies, the nursemaid and children were at **A**, in front of the wall and the Cavern, as shown in the Plan or first figure. The strata are considerably inclined, and the red rock is a hard and coarse conglomerate at the lower half of the cliff, which is about 170 feet high at this place, but the upper part is loose sandstone and earth. The Railway Tunnel is only about 30 feet from the Cavern, and when I have been walking on the wall, which is 2 or 3 feet wide, I could hear a train pass, and feel the cliff tremble. I never felt myself safe there. The second figure is an imaginary Section shewing the strata, the Cavern, now half full of sand, which the rough waves have at times washed over the wall, also the Tunnel of the Railway. The small tunnel **C** was made some 10 years ago for the convenience of bathers. The low Hole **E** used to be closed at top, but not now. From this tunnel **C**,

the papers say a bridge or gangway has been made, but since I was last there. Everybody is abusing everybody at Dawlish and casting blame pretty freely.

Tu. 8. Yesterday a boat going off to a steamer, got some holes knocked in her bottom, there being several men and women in her. When they neared the steamer she was near gunnel down. One man jumped over, and lightened the boat. Assistance came from the steamer and the shore, and they were picked up. The names of the people were Constable, Alexander, and McDonnell, visitors at Sidmouth.

Th. 10. Sidbury church opened after having being restored, I did not go. I care very little about hearing bad intoning. - Gale and rain. Blew down zinc chimney.

Fri. Sep. 11. There now! The shadow on the church roof seems exactly the same as it was on the first of last April.- School feast at Vicarage. Rev. J.B. Reynardson left.

Sat. Sep. 19. Called at the Ede's, Lansdowne, and at the Sampson's, Ascerton, up on Land.

Mon. 21. Sidmouth fair - third Monday in September. It has become very small.

Th. 24. Suddenly very cold - wind N. For nearly a week unusually cold. Fires at eve.

S. 26. Mrs. Knowles came to live as my servant.

M. 28. Wind at SW. and milder. Took a return ticket to the Junction. There I met

Mr. Stirling from Naples, and last from London, and we came to Sidmouth together.

W. 30. The new Act of Parliament, passes by the Radicals shortly before the last Ministry went out, will cause a great revolution in the representation of the people, as the lowering of the qualification will add about two million voters to the list. As they are among the lowest and most ignorant in the country, the effect may be guessed. In Sidmouth there used to be 144 voters, and now 445; in Harpford 35, now 78; Sidbury 65, now 220; Salcombe Regis 42, and now 90.

October 1885.

Th. Oct. 1. The new arrangement of sixpenny telegrams of 12 words, instead of shilling ones of 20 words, comes in force to-day.

Fri. 2. Mrs. Knowles came in Rose Cross's place, last Saturday, and Rose left to-day - and some people would call her the last rose of summer.

Tu. Oct. 6. Mr. Stirling left to-day, and I went with him as far as the Junction, the distance being some eight miles. In going from Sidmouth Station, the line slightly rises for a mile, till we get to Bowde, and

then descends through Harpford Wood, a glimpse being got of Mr. Peppin's house on the left, which might have been made a picturesque object, and so down an incline of 1 in 41, as I have heard, to Tipton; then along the flat meadows by the river, Tipton Mill on the right, and the Picsey Caves further on, being some holes dug in the whitish sandstone rock - on the left a large stone ball lying in the field, then the chimneys of Salstone, the residence of Mr. W.R. Coleridge, above the trees, and then Ottery on the right, just over the bridge. Starting again, we see the old Silk factory with its long rows of windows, now disused, and recently bought by Lord Coleridge, and now he has got it he doesn't know what to do with it; then the ugly red tile roof of the new additions to his Lordship's house; then Thorne farm house on the left, once the property of the ancient family of "Cooke of Thorne," of which the life size figure in the N. aisle of Ottery Church was a number, said to come down at night and walk about the church, troubled about a murder at Thorne; Then a passing glimpse of Cadhay on the left, an Elizabethan mansion built round a square court; then the target and the Ottery Rifle range; and lastly, a mile or two further to the Junction.

Sat. Oct. 10. Attended Burial Board meeting, Mr. Morshead of Salcombe called, and afterwards went to a political meeting.

Tu. Oct. 20. This morning about twelve I was amusing myself in the Oak Room so called, of the Old Chancel, writing at my second vol. of Gov. H's Diary, &c, when there was a ring at the bell, and three ladies and a gentleman came into the hall. The lady who spoke to my servant was not willing to give her name, but made excuses, and indeed, I should not have been the wiser, as she had changed it. A sister if hers came, and a lady whose name I did not learn. I immediately went out to them, and begged they would come in. One of the ladies was a good six feet high or nearly. I know by my own height. I am approaching 5,,10, and I was obliged to look up wards when I spoke to her. They came in and sat down, and the tall lady said -"Do you know who I am?" I said I was taken by surprise, and hesitated, She enjoyed my plexity, and wouldn't tell. She was sitting with her back to the light, with a thin veil over the upper part of her face. At last I guessed from her height as much as anything, and said -"I suppose you cannot be Miss Annie Jones?" - "Yes I am," was her answer. I had not seen her since June 1852.

Th. Oct. 29. 1885. Beautiful clear day. Called at Oakland, (though you look in vain for the oaks), and left my card, Mr. W. Toller, died two days ago. Caught cold in my head - I am so very susceptible now.

November 1885.

Th. Nov. 5. Windy, Stormy weather. Guy Fawkes day. A figure representing a disgraceful old Clergy man residing here, was paraded about, to be burnt this evening at the bonfire - also a young man dressed up in woman's clothes, with a veil on, and carrying the effigies of a baby.

This evening the bell tolled from ½ past 6, to ½ past 7, announcing that the boby of the Earl had arrived. The coffin was placed in the church.

Fri. 6. The funeral of the Earl took place this afternoon. Most of his family were here. His successor is, I think, the son of his second son Frederick, with whom I used sometimes to sit in church. The

forenoon was drizzly and cold, and I cannot stand exposure as I used to, so I did not go, as most of the resident gentry did, ostensibly to pay respect to his memory, but partly out of curiosity.

Fri. Nov. 13. A quiet day. Went out and called on Mr. Cox at Eglantine.

Sat. 14. Had an early dinner with Mr. and Miss Ede at Lansdowne.

In the evening finished the concluding chapter of my second vol, of Diary and Letters of Governor Hutchinson. This nominally, brings my work to an end; but it will take a month or two to put the finishing touches, for I must read the whole through carefully, and revise, and probably rewrite certain parts of it.

Sun. 15. Cold NE wind - did not venture to church, I am not the boy I was.

Tu. 17. My birthday. I believe I am 75, though I scarcely know how to credit it, feeling so well and boyant, and nothing to make me keep house but a recent tendency to bronchitis. My digestion is as good as when I was 20 years old, and I "sleep like a top." As a young man I never thought I should ever attain anything like the age. Truly I have much to be thankful for, and cannot expect a much further extension of life.

Th. 19. As an event in Sidmouth, in which I took no part, not knowing the parties, I may mention that Miss Duff, daughter of Mr. & Mrs Duff, good old Scotch family, who have for some months rented the so-called Manor House at Broadway, was married to the Rev. G.O.K. O'Neill.

Sat. 21. It is reported in Sidmouth that Lady Rolle died last night at Bicton, or as the corrected says - about four in the afternoon. This will probably make some difference at Bicton. She would be more regretted if she had had a more heavenly temper.

W. 25. The Rev. Wm. Downes, of Combe Rawleigh, has a paper on the geology of the district between Honiton and Axminster, and I am making him some pen-and-ink drawings to illustrate it. He came over to-day - we had an early dinner together - and then a conference on the drawings. They are a Section from near the Honiton Tunnel eastward to Trinity Hill, Axminster, and a coast Section from Beer to near Lyme.

Th. 26. The General Election for the new Parliament has now fairly begun, and I never remember the country in such a political excitement as it is now. The gross falsehoods circulated by the low liberals and Radicals, in order to catch votes, and especially from the 2 million new Electors, whose ignorance makes them an easy prey (which was the reason for admitting them), are quite disgraceful in those who utter them. The late Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, is again specifying in Midlothian - and with as much truth - as he was five years ago. He is one of the most dangerous of men that ever had power in this Country. He appears to be utterly without principle - intent only on political power, and on the emoluments belonging to it.

Sun. 29. Mild and damp. At the parish church.

Mon. 30. The polling for the Honiton Division of the County, according to the new Redistribution of Seats Bill, passed a few months ago, took place to-day. This Division comprises the south-eastern corner of the county, Sidmouth being the polling place for the three adjoining parishes of Sidbury, Salcombe, Salcombe & Sidmouth, so that the Voters have not far to come. The number of voters in these 3 parishes I believe is now 755, and I was told afterwards 719 voted. The mode of voting was by making a X opposite the name of the Candidate voted for, precisely as was done in March 1880. The voting again took place at All Saints Schoolroom, but the owners were drafted into one room, and the occupiers into another. It is now made illegal to distribute or give party badges, but people may decorate themselves. The Conservative colour was blue, and the Liberal colour yellow. A few wore Rosettes, but not many, and everything was orderly. The Primrose has become Conservative badge, as the late great Conservative leader, the Earl of Beaconsfield, is said to have had a partiality for the flower.

December 1885.

Tu. Dec. 1. We hear that Sir John Kennaway, Bart., has beat Sir John Phear, Kt. By 1583.

Wed. Dec. 2. The papers mention a horrible occurrence at Norwich. A man named Robert Goodale was condemned to be hanged for the murder of his wife. The attempt was made yesterday, but the jerk of the drop pulled off his head in an instant, and his body and his head both fell to the ground together. Goodale stood 5,11 high, weighed 15 stone, and the drop was 6 feet.

Fri. 4. Finished a small wood cut of the outline of the appearance of the land off Halifax, Nova Scotia, for my 2nd. vol., and also a black profile of head and shoulders of my grandfather who died in 1811, and printed 6 or 8 impressions of them.

Finished the Index of the 16th. vol., of the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, which met last August at Seaton.

Tu. 8. Weather very cold these last 3 or 4 days; thermometer only 46 in morning in my room at breakfast, but 54 by noon; only 23 I am told out of doors last night. Ice on the gutts. Wind NE.

Sat. 12. All the week very cold; pump frozen two days; tied a jacket of matting round it.

Tu. 15. Milder - went to several shops in the town.

W. 16. Called at Radway Place, and saw our former Churchwarden, Mr. Avery, who feels the cold. I think he is 82. Called on Mr. W. Floyed, at No. 13 Cambridge Terrace, and stayed a quarter of an hour; went over the bridge and on some 500 yards to Sid House, and called on Mr. Knapp. He is a good amateur wood carver. He took me up to his workshop. He is now doing an oval looking glass frame. It is of dark walnut, with a slice of sycamore (white wood) $\frac{1}{4}$ in thick glued upon it. He cuts his flowers and leaves out of the white wood, and they appear with good effect on the dark ground. Besides the ordinary English carpenters tools, he uses a Swiss knife, employed by the Swiss carvers, as in the margin, the cutting edge being inside. He has three different sizes.

Th. 17. Boy robbed his grand-parents, called Paine, of 16 sovereigns, a gold watch, and a piece of cloth, and taking a nother boy with him, absconded, for the purpose of getting to Plymouth. The loss was soom discovered - the police were put on the alert, and captured them at Tipton, the first station on the rail, - brought them back - put in the "Lock-up," brought be for the Magistrates, when the thief was told to be a better boy in future, and has now been sent to a Reformatory for three years, where he will be better off than he was before. Happy boy! Nothing to pay. Board, lodging, and education - all found.

Mon. 26. Shortest day; but a brighter and a lighter day than we have had for some time. Sun rises 6 minutes after 8, and sets 51m, after 3.

Thermometer 48 out of doors at noon. Called at the Vicarage, and found Mr. and Mrs. Clements at home. Mrs. Mogridge, eldest daughter by 2nd wife, of Gen. Rumley, of Arcot House, in this parish, who d, on the 16th aged 78, was buried to-day in the family vault about yards of the church. Her eldest half brother Cap. Ch. Rumley, married my sister.

Called on my tenant Mrs. Girdlestone, and Miss Damant her sister, at No. 4 Coburg Terrace. While there, Mr. & Mrs. Clements came in.

This evening I finished the 2nd vol, of Gov. Hutchinson's Diary and Letters. I got to the end a month ago, but I have been going over it again to revise, and put finishing touches, and fill in a few blanks left unfilled for verification. The labour has been pleasant amusement of about 15 months.

Tu.22. Spent great part of the evening paging my MS., the whole being 375.

W. 23. Finished paging it. Without title page

Preface, or index, I think this will be equal to about 2/ 375 = MS. Pages

562 printed pages. Two of my MS. Foolscap pages are 187 -1

Equal to about 3 printed - that is, one half more. 562= printed pages

Upon that I have made the calculation annexed.

Tu. Dec. 29. Wrapped up my MS. in brown paper. The packet weighed 7lbs, 3oz. Sent it to the Publishers, having written to say it was coming.

Th. 31. Finished writing out for the Vicar some account of the ancient endowments of the church of England, as established in the Norman & Saxon times, which certain destructive parties in the country want to persuade us were effected or contributed by taxes levied on the people, or by acts of Parliament - as an excuse for laying their hands on them. These endowments were made centuries before Parliament had an existence. Sent it to the Vicarage.

Last day of the year. Had a quiet evening at home.

POH Transcripts - 1886

January 1886.

Jan. 1. 1886. New year's Day. Wind SW. and Mild. Thermometer 52. Had an early dinner with Mr. and Miss Ede, at Lansdowne. Walked back.

Before dusk the Vicar called to thank me for what I wrote out for him the other day. He saw the old silver tankard, which I had out, having copied the rudely cut coat of arms, to be engraved on wood for my book. He was surprised when I told him one of my ancestors gave his private drinking vessel for the Communion wine to one of the early churches in Boston, Massachusetts, there being no church plate in the young colony, and the plate offered for sale, when my cousin, Prebendary H. of Lichfield, bought it back into the family.

Received two proofs of reduced copy of the old coat of arms on vellum, printed in colours, from Messrs Leighton, Brothers, of Drury Lane. It is a very good facsimile, quarter area, but too clean, new, and bright. I wish it to look as dirty and old as the original. I warned then against this. I shall make my complaint, and order 1000 copies.

A curious story came from Torquay last week. A Mrs. Sutton had resided at Bath, where she lost a child last spring, which was put in a wooden shell, a lead coffin, an outer wooden one, and buried. She afterwards decided on going to live at Teignmouth or Shalden, and decided to take the remains of her child with her, and inter them there; so, after a deal of trouble, she got leave from the Home Secry and a Faculty from the Bishop to exhume it, and brought it to Devonshire. The maid servant, who it appears had nursed the child, persuaded her mistress not to bury it, but to keep it to look at. Mrs. Sutton followed this advice, and these two together, opened the outer coffin, and took the lead coffin out. They then filled the empty coffin with bricks, applied to the clergyman, and had a mock funeral - he not knowing what he was burying. They then cut a hole in the lead coffin, or rather, in both coffins, and put in a glass window. The mother strewed the grave over the bricks with flowers, to keep up appearance. She soon however, altered her plans, and resolved to live at Torquay, and she engaged a house there. She then procured an empty piano-forte case, in which she and her servant packed the lead coffin and contents, and took them to the house in Torquay. After she had been there some little time, she was unable to meet her engagements with her landlord, and under distress he seized her goods. He sent people to appraise the furniture, &c., and in going over all part of the house, at last they came upon the piano-forte case. Suspecting some of the goods might have been secreted there for the purpose of clandestine removal, they forced it open. As soon as Mrs. Sutton heard what they had discovered, she absconded, and kept out of the way, nobody knowing what had become of her. The men however at once informed the police, who came, and took the coffin away. A post mortem examination was made, and Mrs. Sutton, gaining courage, came back, and told the whole story. The surgeon was satisfied, from the appearance of the mouth and throat, that the child had not been poisoned, but decay had gone so far that he could not be sure of its age or sex. She stated that it was a boy, and gave its names, and said it was eighteen months old. The Coroner told her she had been highly indiscreet in what she had done - that there was no punishment if she would follow his directions - and the existing law required that the dead must not be kept above ground to the injury of the living - and that she must undertake to have it buried within two days, as if not done, it would be done by his order, and the expense charged to her.

At the expiration of the time it was found that she had not complied with the order, and she was asked for an explanation. She excused herself on this interrogation by saying that she wished to bury it where the other coffin was, but she could not command the money. She was asked whether she had any friends who could help her? She said her mother was living, and if they would grant her a few days more, she would apply to her, and endeavour to get it done. As nothing has appeared in the papers since, the bricks are probably taken up, and the child put in their place. She is the wife of a photographer, and farmer, &c., now in Canada. - The papers since say it has been buried at Shaldon.

Sat. Jan. 2. Mild - 52. Called on Dr. Radford at his brother's house at Sidmount, half way to the Railway Station. He has got some more first class photographs and other works of art, since I was there last. Shewed him the coloured facsimiles of the coat of arms. Gave him one.

While I was there the Vicar came in with his relatives, the Misses Quin, or O'Quin, and Miss Markham, daughter of Mr. Clements Markham, G.B.

Returning, called on Mrs. Tolliffe at Woodlands, Saw Miss Tolliffe.

Sun. 3. At the parish church.

M. 4. The papers say that the election expenses of Sir John Kennaway were £1282,,7,,0, and those of Sir John Phear were £1116,,8..4.

This afternoon about 10.20, the sensation of an earthquake was sensibly felt by many persons along the line between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge. Some say it was no great shakes.

Tu. 5. I cut the annexed Will of Lady Rolle out of the paper.

THE WILL OF LADY ROLLE

We understand that the will of the late Lady Rolle has been proved and the personality sworn under £133,000. the will was executed in April, 1884, in the presence of the Rev. E. Davis, of Budleigh Salterton, her ladyship's domestic chaplain, and Mr. T. J. Bremridge, the family lawyer. The Hon. Colonel Trefusis and Mr. J.C. Moore-Stevens were appointed the executors. The will has been proved by Mr. Moore-Stevens, Colonel Trefusis having survived Lady Rolle by only about a fortnight. The testatrix left her dwelling-houses and land at East Budleigh, and any other real property of which she might be possessed, to her nephew, the before-mentioned Colonel Trefusis, as also her plate and wines both at Bicton and her town house in Upper Grosvenor-street. To the Hon. Mrs. Carpenter-Garnier Lady Rolle left her cabinets and their contents, as well as the whole of the ornamental china, glass, and objects of *vertu* in her residence in Grosvenor-street. The diamonds left by the late Lord Rolle - to which her ladyship had largely added - as well as the furniture, pictures, glass, china, linen, and books at Bicton, are ordered to pass to the Hon. Mark Rolle; the diamonds, the vases presented to Lady Rolle by the Grand Duchesse Helene of Russia, and an enamel painting of Lord Rolle, are specially named as heirlooms to be held with the Rolle Estates. The testatrix leaves to her nieces, the unmarried daughters of the late Lord Clinton, her Indian shawls, laces, jewels, trinkets, and ornaments - to be equally divided. The wardrobe (excepting the shawls, laces) is left to her ladyship's maid, Elizabeth Warren. The specific monetary bequests are £10,000 to the Honourable Colonel Trefusis, and £4,000 to his daughter, Adelia Mary Charlotte Trefusis; to the testatrix's niece, Fanny Louisa Moore, £4,000; to the Rev. R.E. Trefusis, Vicar of Chittlehampton, £2,000; "to my kind friend,"

J.C. Moore-Stevens, £2,000; to each unmarried daughter of the late Lord Clinton, £4,000; to her ladyship's cousin,

Helene Chavannes, the daughter of Mons. C. Bugnion, of Lausanne, banker, £1,000; to George Windsor Clive, son of the Hon. G.W. Clive, £4,000; and to each of the three daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Carpenter-Garnier, £2,000. To her maid, Warren, the testatrix leaves an annuity of £200 a year, and to Fanny Margaret Darbon £150 per annum, "she having been so useful to me since she has lived with me;" to the London house-keeper - Ellen Wheal - and the butler - D. Curwood - £20 each per annum. The following bequests are made to public institutions:- To the Devon and Exeter Female Penitentiary, Exeter, £200; to the West of England Institution for the Blind, £100; to the west of England Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, £100; the Exeter Lying-in Charity, £100; West of England Eye Infirmary, £100; and the Exeter Dispensary, £100; all legacies and annuities are to be paid free of duty and expenses. The residue of the estate was left to the Hon, Colonel Trefusis.

W. 6. Twelfth Day. Sudden change in the weather since the first; tho' a fine bright morning, wind to NE, strong, with flakes of snow.

Remained in and finished the scabbard of my small size sword, which I believe is of Spanish make. The guard and mountings are of solid silver. The old scabbard had got broken at some unknown period, & perhaps from damp, had shrunk, so that the blade could not be got down; so I made a wooden scabbard in two halves out of thin, straight pieces of ash, and got Dyer the Sadler to cover it with black leather, and copy all the markings on the old one. I have now fitted on the silver ferules.

Th. 7. Strong NE wind, Snow showers. Thermometer 39 at 1P.M.

Fri. 8. Wind NW, strong, snow showers, 42'.

S. 9. The same, but clear. Accounts of much snow in London, and more in the north. Not so cold since Jan. 1881,- five years ago.

Sun. 10. Wind changed to S. Raw, chilly, and all the cold coming back.

Tu. 12. Parliament meets to-day, but the Queen's Speech will not be read till the 21st. Report says the Queen intends to open Parliament in person. The interval will be filled up in preparations, swearing in new Members, &c. Much trouble with Ireland is expected.

Fri. 15. pmomel 49. Walked up on Land, beyond the Vicarage, and paid Mr. Vallance a ton of best coal - 25s. The herrings have been late, but now plentiful and cheap - 4d a dozen. Dined off them.

S. 16. pmomel 45. Received the first proof sheet of 16 pages of Vol. II. Of The Diary and letters of Thomas Hutchinson, &c. The Publishers hoped to get the book out by Lady Day, but I am sure it cannot. 300 copies already bespoken by the Americans.

Sun. 17. Too cold for me to venture out. In the evening Mr. Mitchel of Chard, being in Sidmouth, called in and had an hour's conversation.

M. 18. Wind NW. A snow storm from noon till two, but it did not lie on the ground.

Tu. 19. Found the Gun Boat opposite in an old portfolio. It was a plan or design of mine made more than 30 years ago, and before ironclads were known, for making for making a gunboat with eight

guns, entirely invulnerable. She was to have no rigging whatever: her smooth deck slightly convex; and her sides sloping at an angle, so that every shot that hit her must necessarily glance off; At each end of the deck, (as in the plan), there was to be a large hatch, down flush when shut - strongly hinged at the outer end, but which could be raised to any height at the inner end. So that if an enemy took possession of the deck, such enemy could be cleared off with rifles by the crew opening the width of a slit only. I thought I should like to steer her through the fleet, and then to fire 20 shots at my, and see if they could produce any effect.

To-day I received from the wood engraver in London, a wood block being a facsimile engraving on it of the H. arms, to be used in my second vol. I also had a copper electrotype of it made, and which was likewise in the parcel. I shall send up the electrotype to the printer, and retain the original. The arms are taken from the old tankard. [See Jan. 1.]

On looking out this morning, the country was all whiter. Snow had fallen in the night, but a bright sun thawed most of it. Rain in afternoon.

Th. 21. The Queen opens Parliament in person.

Fri. 22. Dr. Radford called in. I shewed him the old tankard, and the wood engraving of the arms, and also the electrotype. He has taken great interest in my book.

Sat. 23. Corrected sheet F, ending with page 80.

The Exeter Football Club came and played our men. The field was wet, and in their violent tumbles, most of them got covered with mud.

M. Jan. 25. When walking behind people of both sexes, it is impossible to avoid seeing their ankles. In so doing, I have often been struck with the different forms of ankles in different people. The best formed ankles we see are those which tend up and down straight, in line perpendicularly with a straight leg, as in the first sketch in the margin. Such ankles and legs give the idea of strength, just as a straight perpendicular post gives the idea of greater strength, and of being able to sustain a heavier weight, than a crooked one, or a leaning post would do. The second form belongs more to females, although this form, which bears more or less decidedly on the inside of the foot, is various, in some cases very greatly apparent, but in others very slightly so. I have known some strong-minded, or masculine minded women, whose ankles were as straight as in the upper figure. I may mention the Miss Osbournes, daughters of Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne. They are both tall - the younger Miss Georgina not much short of six feet; they are upright, and good firm walkers. I believe that a man who was not so would be rejected for the army, as not being likely to sustain a long march, though they would be admitted into the cavalry. In young girls, under the age of puberty, their legs and ankles do not differ from those of a boy; but in numberless instances where I have seen the daughters of my friends grow up from childhood, I have observed that the ankle changes its form, or setting, or bearing, as in the second figure, at or about the period when the age of womanhood comes on. I believe that sculptors speak of this as a beauty in women:- I should rather call it a peculiarity.

As to the two lower figure, they are simply examples of a bow-legged man, and a knock-kneed man. Each form of leg gives the idea of weakness. Some say that horse jockeys are generally bow-legged, and that this has been brought about by being constantly on horseback - as if the round horse's body had bent their legs to its form.

M. 25. Yesterday wind NE, rain all day, and snow at night. Very wet. Te ne suis pas sorti de toute la journe'e

Tu. 26. The country covered with a thin coating of snow, the greater part of which vanished before sunset, for the wind changed to south.

The scientific Journals report that a bronze statue of Dionysius was recently found in the bed of the Tiber. As the 7-branch Golden Candlestick, taken at Jerusalem by Titus, and sculptured on his Arch, is said to have been thrown into the Tiber - for what reason I know not, unless to hide it from some enemy - I hope they may some day fish it up.

And they report also that a copy of Lactantius, printed in Italy in 1465, has been stolen from the Minerva Library at Rome.

The papers say that the Prince of Wales, last Wednesday the 20th., opened the new Tunnel under the Mersey, between Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Mr. Gladstone is again at his mischievous intriguing. Having, by his recent Reform Bill, when he was in office last spring, extended the Franchise down to mechanics and day labourers, many of whom have been elected as Members of Parliament, and entrusted with making laws for you and me - and especially in Ireland, where many of the new Members are of this class, and have come over with their leader Mr. Parnell, and who, as a body, hostile to England, and are plotting to separate the Green Isle from Great Britain, he is hinting at an Irish Parliament in Dublin, by way of bait. This would lead to a dismemberment of the Empire. He seems to regard nothing, and no perils to the nation, so that he can get into office. The Marquis of Salisbury's Ministry has been in office since last June, and are working quietly and constitutionally, and would settle men's minds down, if were not for this old agitator.

W. 27. So Gladstone and the Parnellites, as they are called, have joined forces to defeat the Government. I shall be looking out for the Irish Rebellion soon. All sober minded men, even of his own party, are watching his career with amazement.

Sat. 30. An elm tree in the hedge, opposite my higher iron gate and entrance, has for some time been leaning, so as to threaten my wall, columns, and likewise my double gates. Having directed the attention of the Trustees of the Manor to it, they sent men to-day who felled it, and took it away.

February 1886.

Mon. Feb. 1. Cold NE weather, but no snow.

Tu. 2. Miss Mary Gladstone daughter of the new Prime Minister, was married this morning at St. Margaret's Westminster, to the Rev. Harry Drew, who has been two years Curate at Howarden, the Gladstone's parish.

Fri. Feb. 6. Mr. S.G. Perceval suggests to me, that the books I intend to leave to the Free Library, Exeter, would be better in a small Book-case. Putting this idea into my head, I have measured my materials, thought of a design, and began to make a small wooden model - for nothing shews a thing like a model.

Sat. 6. A rumour is going round Sidmouth, that the body of an infant, done up in a parcel, has been found in the river Sid. We shall hear more before long.

M. 8. Gave Sarah Jane May, daughter of my milkman, two tea trays, of two sizes, as a wedding present. She is to be married in a few days. That class may as well marry young. They have no expectations to wait for. I disapprove of wedding presents among the better classes. The practice has now become a mere fashion. The bride is taught to be covetous of a large number, and vain when she displays them on a side table, and vexed and envious if she does not get so many as her neighbour did, and proud if she happened to get more, &c. The fashion has reached monstrous proportions, and is quite a tax upon mere common acquaintance. The majority who give do so "because I must give something" - or because "I couldn't very well avoid it." I have long felt that if I were going to be married, I should wish to make it known among my friends, that I would rather that they should not tax themselves on my account, if I could do it without offence. I have heard of a gentleman who did not like collective presents; and resolved never to receive a present, "except from one person at a time.

Th. 11. Sent two Roman roofing tiles to the Museum in Exeter, for Mr. Spencer G. Perceval. They were dug up at the ruins of a Roman Villa near Seaton many years ago by his uncle the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart. Sketching from memory, I have put them in the margin. See the article "Honeyditches" in Trans. Dev. Assoc. XVII. 277.

M. Feb. 15. A disgraceful case of Crawford v. Dilke, in which Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. is defendant, is in the Divorce and law courts. He deserves to be scouted from decent society. - July 24.

W.17. Riots in London the past day or two by the unemployed, led on by Socialists and agitators. Windows broken indiscriminately, and many robberies with violence. Many houses of the nobility and the wealthy assaulted, simply because they were rich, and the rioters poor. They forgot that it is by the rich that they live, and what would they do without them? Great outcry against the new Ministry, just settled in their places, for allowing the mob to run riot for a couple of hours, and no force sent out to check them.

Th. 18. The parcel mentioned on the 6th. Contained the body of a new born female child. It was seen by the children of Mr. Bray, Photographer, &c., of Old Fore Street. The matter has been traced to a young woman called Doble, living in the service of Mr. and Mrs. Lubbock, (ne'e Thornton) at the Myrtles, just over the river Sid, and the young Austrian butler. The servants were all turned off. They could not find her for a week, but has at last been taken. He has escaped altogether. She has been committed for trial - not for murder, but for concealment of birth.

Tu. 23. The herring season this winter began late and has lasted much later than usual. Some large ones were brought to the house this morning - on which I dined. They have however, lost their firmness; and though one of them had a fine hard row, the majority of them for the last month have been without rows, or with small shrivelled ones.

W. 24. Black, dull, north-east wind for some little time. Thermometer out of doors 27 last night, I am told. Frost on the ground. Coldest day, to the feel, we have had this winter - the north-easter is so penetrating. Not been out for five weeks. Amused myself with a little carpentering - drawing - writing letters, (which is generally a task) - and correcting the press of my second vol. Got as far as p. 416.

Fri. Feb. 26. Beautiful winter day. Wind northeast, and "enough to cut a snipe in two," but a clear bright sky, and the sun delightful.

Sat. 27. Black, cold, leaden sky again. That "all flesh is grass," as a piece of ancient wisdom; and as the grass in my ground grows when the weather is warm, and is retarded when the weather gets cold, so I find with the beard on my chin; so I find with the beard on my chin; and have been surprised to observe how seldom I need shaving now this cold weather lasts.

March 1886.

March 1. Strong NE wind last night, with rain, veering to E and S. Much snow in the midland and northern counties

W. March 3. A shower of snow this morning, which made the ground all white, but which was all gone before noon in the valley of Sidmouth.

My cousin Rachel, (d. of my uncle T.H. Barrister-at-law, formerly of Exeter) sent me an oval miniature of my grandmother, who died at Heavitree in 1808. She was d. of Lieut. Governor Andrew Oliver, of Boston, Massachusetts, by his second wife Mary Sanford. Her name was Sarah. She is represented in a green dress - sitting at a table - right cheek resting on right hand - left holding a book - eyes cast down looking at it - lace mob cap hiding her hair - eyes and eyebrows dark - lace front - dress, especially arms, rather tight and unbecoming, - countenance very pleasing. It was painted on ivory by Leakey, of Exeter, and I am told it was taken after her death. She was buried in a vault in Heavitree old church, and her husband, (eldest son of Gov. Hutchinson) in the year 1811.

Fri. 5. Herrings again! I never dined of herrings so late in the herring season before. The season generally begins about Xmas, and ends in the first half of February. North-east wind blowing. Miserable day. Rain all the morning - sleet in the afternoon - snow in the evening.

Received five impressions of the reduced facsimile of the old coat of arms on vellum, from the chromolithographers Messrs. Leighton, Bros. of Drury Lane. The copy is very good, but it looks too new and fresh, and clean, though done on "toned" paper. They have printed 1000, and will be used in my second vol.

Sat. 6. Fine cold day - wind NW - sun shining - snow soon melted.

Sun. 7. Cold NE. Papers say snow drifts 20f. High in the north. Travelling stopped.

M. 8. Confirmation at the parish church by Bishop Bickersteth.

Tu. 9. The different and successive Styles of Gothic architecture form a very interesting series from the Norman Conquest downwards. Different architects differ slightly in assigning the period when each style came into being. This is not strange when we remember that each style did not come into being of a sudden, but gradually. It would not be possible to draw a hard-and-fast line when each one appeared. In the list annexed I have added the debased styles with approximate dates. The Victorian or last style mentioned, is no more than an adaptation of plain and cheap Decorated. I cannot quite reconcile to my mind, when partially rebuilding a church, the common practice of building in this style up against a Perpendicular, or Third Pointed tower, or mixing it with retained portions of a nave, for example. The excuse that architects make is - that it is convenient.

Norman Gothic Style, came in 1066 = William 1.

Early English - 1st. Pointed 1189 = Richard 1.

Decorated - 2nd. Pointed 1307 = Edward II.

Perpendicular - 3rd. Pointed 1377 = Richard II.

Tudor, or late Perpendicular 1485 = Henry 7.

Cessation, or Interregnum 1546 = Edward 6.

Elizabethan 1558 = Elizabeth.

Jacobean 1602 = James 1.

Debased Classic 1648 = Charles 2.

Queen Anne Style 1702 = Anne .

Chippendale 1750 = George 2.

Georgian - debased 1780 = George 3.

Revival of Gothic architecture 1840 = Victoria .

W. 10. Ash Wednesday. The unusually persistent north-east wind is still steady, but it is fine and clear. It has neither frozen much nor snowed much here at Sidmouth, but the north-easter is making everybody complain. The papers say the North-Eastern Railway Company have expended £30,000 cleaning away snow, to keep the line open; and 10,000 sheep killed on the Welsh mountains; and 6 or 8 ponies found dead under the snow on Dartmore, all together.

Tu. 16. I pity the birds this winter. The numbers that are about here now, all seeking for food, are very remarkable. My old accustomed rooks are very bold, and their appetites pretty keen. I have a number of starlings, but one of them is noted for its tameness. The plumage is beautiful in the sun, and the beak a bright yellow. There is a fine blackbird with an orange colour beak. There are plenty of sparrows, chaffinches, tomtits, water-wag-tails, &c., and a solitary robin. What is most noteworthy is, the presence of a number of thrushes in the field between me and the church, hopping about all day long, and trying to find grubs or worms. This has been usual in hard winters, and their presence here is an indication that frozen ground up the country, or abundance of snow has driven to the south of England. Until this winter I never saw pewit in the valley before. In former years they used to frequent the top of Salcombe Hill in flocks, and hover round one's head with their screaming note. The hard weather has driven them to the valley where the ground is not frozen. For several days there have been three or four, as well as the thrushes, searching the field. I have been spying at them with an opera glass, and made the above sketch, but I could not see details clearly. The feathers on the head that tend backwards, can apparently be raised, as the cockatoo raises its topknot. I saw one of them pull a worm out of the ground. There have also been some larks, which I have never see here, except in severe weather. The mode of progression of different birds is very different. The sparrows hops, as all the world knows; the chaffinch shuffles along by jerks, a few paces at a time; the thrush uses a quick run, somewhat in the same way, and stops, and then

shuffles on again; the blackbird goes mostly by jerks, but runs; the rook and jackdaw both walk, but do not run; the water wagtail and the starling most nimbly run beautifully; the pewit runs, but generally by snatches, like the thrush. As to food, some are carnivorous, and some are graminivorous, though most birds, notwithstanding a decided preference, will eat almost anything. If I throw out some pieces of meat or fat, and some pieces of bread, both together, the rook will take the meat first, and the bread after. The jackdaw will do just the contrary, and eat the bread first and the meat last. Starlings, blackbirds, thrushes, tomtits, and robins, all seem to prefer the animal food, but the sparrow selects the bread crumbs first. Most of them prefer pie-crust to bread, probably from its being more fat or buttery. Sparrows are grain eaters, and first select the vegetable food. I have tried the rooks with sponge cake, pudding, buns, and bride cake, and they will eat it all, though they will eat it cautiously, as if they thought it was queer stuff.

W. Mar. 17. Herrings again! I never remember the herring season continue so long after Christmas. What I had to-day were of good size, and some with ro but the flesh has lost its firmness.

Tu. 18. The long continuance of north-east wind seems to be giving way, and veering towards the south-east with rain.

The Princess of Wales, who, with her three daughters, has been staying at Torquay for a few weeks with the Duchess of Sutherland, leaves to-day. - No; not till April 3.

Fri. 19. Received some impressions of the coat of arms for my new book, that have had an extra gray or brown tint printed over them, to sober the too new and clean appearance, and impart the old effect of the original, if possible.

All this forenoon there were rumblings and concussions, like a distant and a severe thunder storm in the direction of France. The wind was south-east, with very thick weather. Later in the day, some friends who called, said they thought it sounded more like heavy guns, as if our Channel fleet were exercising in the offing.

Finished a fair copy of the Index, and sent it to London. Took a walk.

Sat. 20. Wind southerly, with mist. Much milder. Terrible accounts of renewed snow, and severe weather in the north. Hope the north-easters are over. Out 3 times.

Sun. 21. Much milder. Mist and rain towards evening.

M. 22. A dense fog. Could see nothing across the field.

Tu. 23. Wind SW. Like a spring day. Thermometer 53 out of doors at 3 PM. Most enjoyable to be out walking.

W, Mar. 24. The Queen went in state from Buckingham Palace to the Thames Embankment to-day, and laid the Foundation Stone of the Medical Examination Hall. Later in the day she was taking a drive, when a man approached and threw a Petition into the carriage. He had been in the army, and his Petition was about a pension.

Th. 26. Called on the Rev. Mr. Sewall, Curate & tem., at Aurora, and on the Rev.

Mr. Pyne, who, with his family, is at No. 1, Coburg Terrace.

Sat. 27. Sent silver sugar tongs, (old fashioned, like scissors) to my cousin

Katherine H., who is going to marry son of the Bishop of Redford, (How,) and to her father the Prebendary, sent him at Blurton near Stoke-upon-Trent, co, Staff., a Chromolith of the H, arms for my new book, and lent him to read, the three last sheets.

The political situation in this country is very extraordinary at the present time. Mr. Gladstone has got back to power - first, by adding two million of the most ignorant part of the population, who are completely his tools, as they cannot comprehend the meaning of a vote, or how to give it in the exercise of their new powers; and secondly, by holding out Home Rule and a Parliament in Dublin to the Irish, as a bait; and now the astounded country is waiting to know what turn the discussions will take in approaching the revolutionary and destructive measures in the House, which are to be entered upon in a few days. Some of his Ministers, ultra and subservient as they are, cannot go so far, and threaten to resign if he persists. If this goes on it must lead to a series of tumults, or a rebellion in Ireland; but an overthrow of the Ministry will probably occur and save us from something that threatens a dismemberment of the empire.

Mr. Vssher, Mr. Woodward, and their chief on the Geological survey, called on unexpectedly, and we had an hour's chat on geological subjects in general.

Mon. 29. Having just corrected the proof sheet of the Index, I have now finished my second vol. There remains the sewing, binding, and inserting the illustrations, to be done in London. Three heliotype portraits, done in America, where the original paintings are, (1000 of each) I hope will come soon.

Called on Mr. Parfitt, Librarian to the Exeter Institution, now here for a short time, and took him "Walford's Antiquarian" for April to amuse him.

Tu. 30. Sent Mrs. Knowles to Budleigh, probably for a few days. Wind SW., showery: Farenheit 46; some distant lightning and thunder at sunset.

W. 31. Mr. Parfett had tea with me.

April 1886.

Th. Ap. 1. Mrs. Knowles returned unexpectedly.

Fri. 2. Finished reading "A Great Treason," in 2 vol., by Miss Mary Hoppus, whose acquaintance I made here at Sidmouth last August. It is a very well written fiction founded on the incidence of the American Revolution, but keeping true to history. My great-grandfather Governor H, is several times named.

S. 3. Beautiful day - spring like. Farenheit 51. Transplanted a few flowers. Called on Mr. Parfitt, and on Mr. W. Floyd. Then a walk in the Salcombe Fields.

Whether the prognostication said to have been made some 40 years ago by Lord Palmerston, is really true or no, one thing is certain - I have often heard't and it is pretty generally believed; and the cutting which I annex, and which was in yesterday's Devon and Exeter Gazette, shews that no secret is made of it.

The statement attributed to Lord Palmerston that "Mr. Gladstone would ruin his country and die in a mad-house" sounds very impolite in these days of Gladstonolatory; but the talk of the Lobby and the Clubs brings the prophecy painfully back to one's memory.

The political situation just now, and the dangerous encouragement he is giving to the disloyal Irish, who are ready to break into open rebellion, if they dare, are making all sober minded and law-abiding people, look on with amazement.

Sun. Ap. 4. More like spring. Pmomet 54'. Church in afternoon, aft a long intval, owing to pe cutting NE winds.

M. 5. Called on Mrs. And Miss Toller, Oakland, and chatted for half an hour. On Mrs. Jolliffe at Woodlands - too ill to see friends. Walked round by Cotmaton Cotlands, Wilheby, &c.

Tu. 6. Early dinner with Mr. Ede at Lansdowne.

W. 7. In that rising monthly Magazine, the Western Antiquary, there has been a good deal about Sir Francis Drake. The annexed Crest, cut from the wrapper, is a good example of a picture shewing how his ship was conducted and drawn round the world by divine help. How different from the simplicity of ancient Heraldry. And the Draco bird is on the main topsail, only not hung up by the heels.

Th. 8. Burnt a number of cancelled cheques, returned to me by the banker. Formerly Bankers used to make bonfires and destroy the old Cheques, because they became an accumulating heap and burden. Now they prefer to return them to the issuers. My Bankers therefore, asked me to take mine back, to relieve his coffers of the accumulation. I asked him if he would allow me to issue them again at half price? But he laughed and shook his head.

Sent off by Parcel Post "A Great Treason," 2 vols., Miss Hoppus's novel on American incidents of the Revolution, to my coz. Preb. W.H. at his Vicarage at Blurton, co. Staff. Also, returned him the silver Tankard, the Arms on which are engraved at p. 454 of my second vol. - Called on Mrs. Wright, Hillsdon.

Fri. Transplanted a few flower roots of the American "Bee Flower," the original seeds of which I gathered when I was travelling and touring in America, so long ago as in 1837. I think I pulled them from a plant when I was near Niagara. They have sowed themselves about my ground here at Sidmouth ever since. The pistil and stamens in the middle of the blossom look very like the hind quarters and legs of a bee creeping in to suck honey - hence the name.

About eleven this morning, 2 flashes of lightning and loud thunder.

S. 10. Wind SW., boisterous. Pmomet only 42 at noon, and 46 at 3P.M.

Mrs. Dickinson, now at Fort Cottage, called, and a young lady from Toronto in Canada called with her. Had a long talk with the latter about America. She knows Mr. & Mrs. Hector - the latter my first cousin - a Parker, d. of my mother's brother, who many years ago took his family out there to settle his younger sons, when Mr. Hector married one of his daughters.

Read in the paper Mr. Gladstone's speech, delivered in the H. of Commons on Thursday proposing his new Bill for giving an independent Parliament to Ireland. He tells us it will pacify the Irish and consolidate the Empire. Most men, and not a few of his own party, (who have left him), look at the scheme with dismay, and think it will untie the bonds, and disintegrate the Empire. If Ireland is to have a separate Legislature Assembly, may not Wales and Scotland clamour for the same? He calls it a Domestic Parliament, for the management of their own affairs. The present Irish Peers and Members therefore, are not to sit at all in the English Parliament. The duration of Parliament to be five years. England to reserve to herself the Excise and the Customs, and the control of the Army, Navy, Colonies, and defence of the country. The Irish Parliament not to have power to establish or disestablish any particular religion, nor have power over trade, navigation, coinage, or legal tender. The Peers and Commons, or "two Orders," are to sit together in the same Chamber, but either "Order," upon demand, could vote separately. Constituency to consist of persons possessed of £25, or more, and Members to have a property qualification of £200 per annum, or £4000. There would be 204 Members, or 206 if the University sent 2. There would be a Viceroy and his Privy Council, and he might be Roman Catholic. The Irish police to be under the control of the Irish Parliament. (This is strongly denounced.) At the Union the Irish had to pay a proportion of 1 to 7 ½ of the taxation. They now pay 1 to 11 ½, but it is proposed they pay 1 to 14. The proportion of taxation per head in England is about £2,,10,,0, and in Ireland £1,,13,,7. Her proportion of taxation would be £3,242,000.

The above are some of the heads. Extraordinary eagerness and curiosity were manifested by friends to get in to hear the speech This however, is not the whole plan. There is a Land Bill to come, lest the new legislators should confiscate all the land owned by English proprietors - which is nearly all Ireland. People will therefore, suspend their judgement until the other portion is given, which will be in a week or so. The number of statute acres in England and Wales is 27,239,351; in Scotland 19,084,659; and in Ireland 20,326,209.

Sun. Ap. 11. At parish church in pe aftnoon.

M. 12. Mr. Parfitt and his relative Miss Tigh had tea with me.

W. 14. The late Earl of Shaftsbury, the great philanthropist, died in October, aged 83, and his son, the present Earl, aged 55, who has a wife and some children, shot himself in London yesterday. He hired a cab in Regent Street and made the man drive up and down the street two or three times, when the man was suddenly startled at hearing a pistol go off close behind him.

I now learn there has been an inquest. He has been a little wrong in his had lately. One shot went off accidentally, and the ball passed through the cab. The man jumped down, and enquired and expostulated. The Earl made light of it, saying it was all right. The man got up, when he heard a second, when he found him shot thro' the head.

Th. 15. Beautiful day, Thermo 56. Gardened in transplanting and sowing sweetpeas.

Fri. 16. Wind NE, colder - like March.

M. 19. Wind NE, but a warm current = 62'.

Tu. 20. Before daylight I was awoke by lightning and thunder.

W. 21. Called at Fort Cottage on Mrs. Dickinson, and Miss Clutterbuck, a young lady from Toronto. Had a deal of interesting conversation with her on Canada, and America in general.

Fri. 23. Good Friday, with the usual routine.

Sun. 25. Easter Sunday. Fine day, with a NE wind, but pleasant, and 56.'

At the parish church - remained to the Sacrament, - many people there, and great part of them strangers, probably come for the Easter holidays. Four clergymen gave us the bread and wine - the Vicar, the Curate, and (to me) two strangers. There was too much hurry, and a consequent want of reverence. And in former years the service used to be conducted very differently from it is now. To-day there were plenty of flowers and moss and ferns, and such like decorations displayed on all sides; and two great candles on the Communion Table, which I never saw before; and at the commencement of the service the organ played, and the surpliced boy's and men marched to their places singing, which on any other occasion would have been great fun from its laughable absurdity. The intervals in the minor key are very difficult to render in good time, and when sung out of tune are horrible. And all these innovations are done in the name of religion - they should rather say, for whim, Roman fashion, and love of display. Where a clergyman promotes it, though he may make ten friends, he will make twenty enemies. That this mania for Ritualism is breaking up the Church into parties, against itself, I have no doubt. The Ritualistic party, with all their good intentions, have done more to break up the Church, and prepare it for destruction, than all her enemies outside her pale. It is a very good church if people wd let it alone. I an too good a churchman to be a Ritualist.

M. Ap. 26. Easter Monday, and people enjoying themselves out doors. Beautiful bright day - hot sun - coolish NE wind.

Mrs. Dickinson and Miss Clutterbuck had an afternoon tea with me, and we talked a great deal about America and the Americans.

The Water Bill I suppose will now become law. Miss Rastrick opposed it in some alarm, but having withdrawn her opposition, no one probably oppose, though some look with dismay at its powers.

SIDMOUTH.

Sidmouth Water Bill has been referred to the Selec

Committee of the House of Commons on Unopposed Bills,

Mrs. Mary Rastrick having withdrawn her opposition.

Passed in June.

Wrote to Miss Alice Hutchinson - "Hutchinson of Charleston" - Dorchester, Mass., Messrs Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. Booksellers, Boston, Mass., and Rev. Dr. A. Oliver. New York.

Tu. 27. Had an afternoon tea with the ladies at Fort Cottage.

W. 28. Called on the Vicar, and on Mr. Ede, at Lansdowne. When I came back went to my carpenter to superintend the making of a small bookcase of Gothic design, the plan part of which is being made from my drawings, and a small wooden model, whilst I mean to carve the ornamental

portions. It is in wainscot oak. I intend it for my MS, Hist. of Sidmouth, Diary, Sketchbooks, &c., which I leave to the free Library, Exeter. Mr. S.G. Preceval put the idea into my head - Feb. 6.

North-east wind, but a hot wind the past two or three days; 60, and 62 degrees.

Th. 29. Thunder storms up country. Suddenly like winter: 45.

Fri. 30. Cutting wind, but a hot sun.

May 1886.

S. May 1. As frigid a May morning as I remember: a searching NE wind, but a bright sun. Called at Fort Cottage, Mr. Edward Chick had tea with me.

Tu. 4. To-day the Queen opened the Colonial and Indian Exhibition at South with much state and ceremony.

Fri. 7. Began to carve the diaper quatrefoil pattern on the sides of my small bookcase, before they are fixed together.

S. May 8. To-day my young cousin Katherine, daughter of Rev. Wm. H. Preb, of Lichfield, and Vicar of Blurton, co. Staff, and her husband, the Rev. Henry Walsham How, son of the Bishop of Bedford, surprised me with a visit. They were only married on the 4th. They came down from Exeter, where they are delaying a few days in their wedding tour. They took an early dinner with me, and then went down and spent as much time as they could on the beach. I begged they would count how many waves there were in the sea, and come back and tell me. They had an early tea with me, and then left for Exeter. They were out in their counting about the waves.

Tu. 11. Called on Mrs. Dickenson at Fort Cottage, and found Mrs. Pigot with her. Then on Miss Rastrick at Sea View. She is a clever person, but she forgets her H's.

And on Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thornton, at the great red brick house opposite, called Hillside. Had an afternoon tea with them. Two young folks with £40,000. Hope they will spend it wisely, but some of their friends are afraid. The house is much too large for them, and is full of costly furniture and bijouterie. She is a pretty and good tempered looking little thing - only one or two and twenty - that I knew as a small girl. Her sister married Dr. Harding, the Organist, against their mother's consent. - Extravagance, improvidence, debt, immorality - separation!

W. 12. After a spell of two or three weeks of beautiful bright sunny weather, with a cold NE wind, we have now a change, and it rained nearly all day. Carved oak three hours - the diamond quatrefoils on the sides of my bookcase.

Allen Ede, just arrived from South Africa, called in. He has been diamond hunting and gold digging, for the past nine years. Mr. Ed. Chick called.

Th. 13. Called at the Ede's. Allen shewed me four white diamonds, about these

sizes - . And I had another look at the straw-coloured one, - which I noticed July 19, 1879. I asked him how he would know a real diamond among a number of quartz pebbles? He said they are generally crystals more or less cuboids, or octahedron, but the practised eye would be sure to detect them by

their appearance; but there is also something in the feel in the mouth. When they think they have found a diamond, they generally put in the mouth to clean it, and this practice tutors the tongue so well in the feel of the surface, that this has become one of the common tests. He assured me he could tell a diamond in the dark by putting it in his mouth. When he was diamond hunting he was near Kimberly. The gold fields are near the eastern side of the Transvaal. He also shewed me three nuggets of gold; two smaller had pieces of white quartz sticking in them, but the largest was entirely pure, and was worth about £26.

Fri. May, 14. Strange stories afloat. Viscount Hilton, son of the Earl Poulett, was born about six months after his father was married - the Earl being certain that he was not his son. Hence he neglected him, and allowed him to grow up with out education, occupation, resources, or means of support. It may be inferred that he quite discarded him. And we are told that he took steps to cut off the entail of the estates. The Viscount - for such he is in law, as he was born in wedlock - has necessarily fallen into low company and bad company - joined strolling players - has been a clown at the Surrey - and now he has been arrested for procuring furniture, and selling it to raise cash - and his got twelve months hard labour. Who is most to blame for all this - and what sort of a woman did the Earl marry? If they can cut off the entail, and keep estates from him, I presume they cannot keep the title from him when the father dies.

Tu. May. 19. The Publishers a day or two ago, sent me five copies of vol. 2, of which I sent one to the Free Library, Queen Street, Exeter, (having given the first) and one to Mr. W.H.K. Wright, Editor of the "Western Antiquary," Plymouth. Retaining one for myself, I shall shortly forward one to my nephew P.O.H. in S. Australia, and I have given one to Mr. Lethaby, Bookseller here.

The former volume cost above £380, which however, has nearly all come back; and I think the present will cost £400.

Finished carving the diamond diaper pattern on the sides of my bookcase.

Mr. John de la Pole called, bringing with him the Rev. the Rev. the Hon,ble Stephen Willoughby Lawley. He is a near relative of the Earl of Devon - resides at or near Exminster near Powderham - is an elderly man, unmarried - and his widowed sister Lady Stewart Wortley, heads his house hold.

Fri. 28. Mr. Scrivers, a few days ago from London called.

S. 29. Dr. Radford called, A Battery of Artillery, on its way to Okehampton, for practice on Dartmore arrived here till Monday.

Sun. 30. Went and looked at the guns. They are all along just outside the Esplanade, and their limbers, opposite Portland House.

M. 31. Mrs. E. Chick brought a beautiful little green fish, all over black spots, about 4 inches long, with a blunt head. It probably belongs to a more southern latitude. [June 11. 1883.] Made a drawing of it in my sketchbook. Vol. VI.

The wind NE. Thunder several times.

June 1886.

S. June 5. Called at Fort Cottage. Miss Bessie Gardiner, from Dawlish, is staying there with Mrs. Dickenson.

Sun. 6. Miss Adeline Lord, formerly of Sidmouth, and now here, after 7 years absence, had an early tea with me.

M. 7. Walked to Sid or Seed, by the bank of the river, and had a chat with

Mr. Scriven - and returned.

Miss B. Gardiner and Miss Pigott called, and chatted half an hour. Last night - or rather, some time after midnight, and therefore early this morning - Mr. Gladstone's "home Rule Bill." as it is commonly called, which was to give a local Parliament to Ireland, and endanger the safety of the nation, was put to the vote, after a wearisome course of debate, and was rejected by a majority of 30. Curious, that this day last year, Mr. Gladstone's Ministry met with a similar defeat. Strange, that he should now be counting and offering a Parliament in Dublin to the very men who only a short time ago he was denouncing as traitors - "steeped to the lips in treason," and "wading through rapine and murder" - &c., &c. Their leaders have openly avowed, over and over again, that this concession was only to be a stepping stone to total independence, and an entire separation from England.

The numbers that voted for the Bill were 311, and it is wonderful that so many could be found to support such a measure; but 85 Irishmen voted in a body, and Mr. Gladstone has the power of a Dictator over his followers, so that many seem to uphold him more from fear than Love; and the number of those who voted against it was 341 - being a difference of 30. It was the fullest House that had ever assembled to decide a great question, the numbers, with the Speaker and the Tellers amounting to 657; and as the entire number is 670, it results that there were only 13 absentees.

Had the majority gone the other way, Mr. Gladstone had intended to have brought in his Irish "Land Bill." The provisions of this, (as far as they have been made known), were still more startling. The scheme was, to buy up all Ireland, as far as the owners of the land were willing to sell, and the English people were to find the money to do it. We might naturally suppose that if England found the money, the English government would retain the management of it afterwards, but it was to be handed over to men "steeped to the lips in treason." It was to have been managed by an "Irish body," by which the said Irish Parliament was understood. The amount of money was estimated at from £50,000,000 to £180,000,000. It must not be forgotten however, that in 1880, when some discussion on the value of Irish estates was the subject of conversation, Mr. Gladstone then spoke of the whole value as worth from 200 to 300 millions. But no one seems to be able to make a satisfactory estimate on the subject, for in different hands it has ranged from the modest sum of 50 millions. Up to 300 and even 400 millions. Not a hint was given to the country of what the Prime minister had on his mind until his Bills were made public. He concocts his schemes in his study, and then places them before his Ministers for their acceptance, and he cannot brook contradiction. In now taking the sum at the moderate figure of 50 millions, (so as not to frighten people), Mr. Gladstone talked of devoting 10m. The first year, 20m, the second, and 20m. the 3rd. All the agricultural land in Ireland he took at from 8 to 10m., which at 20 years purchase is 160 to 200m. Loans from the Imperial Exchequer were to be set aside for the vast sums. He has been very anxious to get people to vote for his measures without knowing half the details of them. Many, out of fear rather than love, have clung to him and supported him. But some of his old colleagues have had the manly courage to declare that they will have no hand in measures that will lead to a dangerous dismemberment of the Empire. Among these are the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Chamberlin, Mr,

John Bright, Lord Lynton, & The Queen went to Scotland last week, but seeing that a crash was impending, sent for the Prime Minister and enquired whether it would be better that she should delay her journey? Perhaps he did not expect to be defeated - but the Queen went. After the result of the division was known, a special messenger was sent to Scotland. Whether Mr. Gladstone will at once resign, or whether he will ask the Queen to dissolve Parliament and have another general election and try to go on with a new Parliament, is not as yet known. He is so fond of office, and the emoluments thereof, and likes so much to be in the midst of a broil, that many think he will be like that good old bull-dog Jowler - "Hold-fast is the best dog after all."

Wed. June 9. The vicar and Mr. John Clements, and one of his daughters called. Much conversation about emigration as a provision for boys, 9 fathers out of 10 not knowing what to do with them after they have got them, and quite forget to consider that point before they got married. Mr. J.C. has 2 or 3 boys in North America, but one of them has lost the ends of several fingers from frost bite.

S. 12. Went into Honiton by rail to see about the lodging I was at this time last year. Travelled as far as the Junction with Miss Bessie Gardiner, who is returning to Dawlish. Having arrived at 1.36, called at Mrs. Robins's in New Street, and then on to Tracey road to Oak Mount, where I arranged to come next Wednesday. Got back by 5 P.M.

Sun. June 13. In the afternoon called on Mrs. MacLenzie, formerly of Sidmouth, but of late mostly in Italy. She's a person of much reading, given to the fine arts, a painter in oils, and fond of collecting objects or art in her travels. Her oldest daughter was with her.

M. 14. The papers say that Louis, King of Bavaria, has committed suicide. He has been wrong in his head for some time, and has generally been attended by persons to watch him. Being quieter and more composed latterly, he took a walk in the park at Starnberg, accompanied by his medical man Dr. Gudden only. What happened nobody knows exactly; but being missed, a search was made, and the bodies of both of them were fished out of the Lake at ten o'clock at night. By marks on the bank, there appears to have been a struggle. It is supposed that the King threw himself in, and that the Doctor jumped in to try and save him. Called on Mr. and Mrs. George Buttemer at the Elms.

Tu. 15. And they called on me at the Old Chancel.

W. 16. Went over to Oakmount, near Honiton, for a change, as I did this time last year, taking my elder servant with me.

Sat. 19. The air has been very chilly in the shade, though so near midsummer, but to-day, on going outside the door, there was a hot air come on quite suddenly.

Sun. 20. Service this morning at the old Parish church, half a mile south of Honiton; and as I am lodging as far on the north side, it was too far to go on a hot dusty road. To go warm into a church, and sit in a draught, is imprudent for me now. Went to the Wesleyan Chapel in New Street, and heard a very good sermon.

In the afternoon at the large church in the town - an attempt at Norman merging into Early English. Began with the Litany - then the Rector Baptised a child - a few prayers - then he catechised the children - God save the Queen.

M. 21. Longest day. Walked due south across the town of Honiton, under the railway, and on towards "Round Ball Hill". More than 20 years ago I came over with the Sidmouth Volunteer Artillery, with or carbines, of which I was a Lieutenant, Gustavus Smith, J.P. being Captain. We had a friendly shooting match with the Honiton Rifles somewhere against the flank of Round Hall Hill, and I came out to-day to try and find the place. I had some difficulty, owing to the length of time. But the Honiton Rifles still shoot there, and the Targets were pitched. Whilst we were shooting, our Trumpeter got jolly drunk in the town, and when he mounted this white horse to ride home, with his trumpet slung over his back he got up on one side, and fell off on the other in the street, with the trumpet under him, and squeezed it flat, so that when anybody blew into it, it only groned, like the muffled bray of a donkey. The Captain reprimanded him. And stopped back a quinea of his pay.

Tu. 22. Walked from Oak Mount, over Stoney Bridge, near Tracey, and then through the fields to the Vicarage of Combe Raleigh, to call on the Rev. W. Downes. He was absent for the day at Uffculm.

Th. 24. Midsummer Day. Tea at Mrs. Robons's.

Fri. 25. Went to Exeter by Rail. Called at the Museum and Free Library - at my Banker's - at the Institution - on Mr. Henry Gray - and some time in the Cathedral. I had my ivory opera-glass in my pocket - a most useful thing to examine the details of buildings at inaccessible heights. I examined the Minstral's Gallery, the bosses in the roof, the groyning, the new Ladies Window, over the clock in the north transept, (given by the Ladies,) in which all the figures are women, with carving and gilding in other places. - Returned by railroad.

Sun. 27. At St. Paul's church, Honiton, in the morning, Mr. Sadler, the Vicar, preached.

M. 28. Parliament was dissolved on Saturday, and for the next fortnight the country will be in a state of excitement about a general election. Instead of resigning office on being defeted, (June 8), he has brought about a Dissolution, under the hope that a new election will give him a majority, and enable him to go on.

Its only seven months since the last Election.

Tu. 29. Finished carving borders round top, and under shelves of my new bookcase, having brought the pieces over with me.

July 1886.

Tu. July 1. Extremely hot and dry for the last fortnight.

Fri. 2. Nomination to-day of Candidants for Parliament for the south-eastern, or Honiton Division of the County. I went to the Town Hall. No one on the Liberal sides has come forward to oppose Sir John Kennaway. Sir John came in with Mr. W.R. Coleridge of Salston, and some others. He came over and shook hands and had a chat. After waiting a sufficient time, and a few forms having been gone through, he was officially declared to be duly elected. So there will be no contest. I happened to have my badges in my pocket, Wch. I affixed to the left lappel of my coat. The first is the new Union Jack Badges, worn not only by Conservatives, but by those Liberals who have deserted Mr. Gladstone in his alliance with the Irish disaffected party, and who consider that the integrity of the Empire is endangered - hence all those who have joined this constitutional party are called

“Unionists”; and the second is the Primrose Badge, in honour of the late Earl of Beaconsfield. They are in enamel, and where the metal shews it is gilt.

M.5. Went into Honiton and looked over the Times newspaper to see how the Elections are going on. Everything seems to be going against Mr. Gladstone and his party. The numbers now returned are 244. Of these 173 are Conservatives and Unionists, and only 71 are Gladstoneites,

W. 7. The numbers polled to last night were 365; e.g. - Conservatives 199, Liberal Unionists 39, who would work together, equal to 238; against this 87 Gladstoneites, against this 87 Gladstoneites, and 40 Nationalists, together 127.

Walked this evening through the fields to Combe Raleigh Rectory, and called on Mr. and Mrs., Downes.

Fri. 9. Sir John Phear, who was defeated last November by Sir John Kennaway, has tried his fortune again. He is an approver of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and he has opposed Lord Ebrington who, tho' a Liberal, rejects it, determined not to endanger the Union. The result is - Ebrington 3917, Phear 2722, at the Totnes Division, Sir J, loses by 1195. This is an expensive amusement. The last attempt cost £1116,,8,,4.

The numbers polled to last night were 500. To support Mr. Gladstone 197; against 303.

Sun. 11. At Honiton church in the town. As this church is very large, and as there is a confused echo; it is hard to hear all that is said.

M. 12. After nearly four weeks of dry hot weather with a NW wind, to-day wind SW and rain from 12 to 4. By this time the papers say that 576 new members have been elected. Classifying them as Unionists and Separatists, as some now do, there are 352 of the former, to 223 of the latter. This gives the Unionists a majority of 129.

W. 14. Returned to Sidmouth. Wrote for the same carriage. Soon after 3 P.M. myself and servant bid farewell to the inmates at Oak Mount, and to Mr. and Mrs. Drew, who were lodging there as well as ourselves, and started for home. Having passed through the lower part of the town of Honiton, we mounted the high hill on the south - said to be 800 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest part seems to be about the sixth milestone from Sidmouth; then passed the Hare and Hounds Public House, when we descended to Sidbury, Sidford, and so to Sidmouth. Got to the Old Chancel before five, Mrs. Knowles having left, and gone to Budleigh last Monday.

Th. 15. Called on the Buttemens at the Elms. They spoke of the dreadful smell of the decayed jelly-fish on the beach whilst I was away. I had heard of it. In the calm hot weather, with the sea as smooth as a pond the water was full of jelly-fish, which were left on the beach when the tide reveded. The edge of the water was likewise of an offensive black. Nearly all the south coast of England, report says, has been the same. Some of the visitors left in consequence. I remember that many years ago a similar occurrence took place - some say in 1851 - or 2. I went out in a boat with some friends. The sea was as smoth as a lake, and multitudes of jelly-fish were floating about.

Fri. 16. Called on Mr. Scrivens, and had tea with him.

Sat. 17. An early dinner with Mr. Ede at Lansdown.

Sun. 18. At the parish church this morning. The Vicar only.

Tu. 20. Mr. Gladstone and his Ministry, finding that the opinion of the country is against him, now that the Elections are nearly completed, and seeing that there is a large majority of Conservatives and liberal Unionists to oppose him in the new Parliament, resigned to-day, and a messenger was sent to the Queen at Osborne.

Fri. 23, It was thought that there would be a coalition Ministry, as the Conservatives and the Unionist Librals have worked so well together in opposing Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy; but it was found difficult, for some of the eligible Liberals had scruples in joining a new Ministry against their former chief, so the Queen has sent for the Conservatie leader in the House of Lords - The Marquis of Salisbury - and he goes to Osbourne to-morrow.

S. 24. The Marquis has gone to Osborne, and we shall hear more soon. A few days ago terminated in London a second lawsuit on the case od Dilke and Crawford, a disgracefully immoral business, in whoch Sir Charles Dilke, has come out very black indeed.

And a disgraceful affair has been the talk of Sidmouth for the last year or two. The Rev. Olmius Morgan, formerly a chaplain in the Royal navy, now near 70, who, with his wife, has lived some ten years at Sidmouth, whom I once knew, bought No.3 Coburgh Terrace two years ago. A servant girl of low repute, he has some time promoted in the house to the place of her Mistress, and the old man and this servant have for more than a year been in the habit of persecuting Mrs. Morgan. Not only have they compelled her to do the house work, but they have dealt her a frequent bloody nose and black eyes, until she considered her life in danger. At last she applied to the Magistrates for protection, and on Thursday the parties went to Ottery, when Mr. Morgan was bound over in the sum of £50 to keep the peace for 12 months towards his wife, and the girl the sum in £10. My tenants in No.4 are much shocked at the vileness of his language, which they hear so near them.

Sun. 25. At the Parish church. We heard the rain falling on the roof. When the service was over one half of the congregation lingered behind. It continued to rain the whole day afterwards.

Fri. July 30. The papers now give the new Conservative Ministry, as follows -

Prine Minister Marquis of Salisbury Vice W.E. Gladstone.

Lord Chancellor Lord Halsbury ----- Lord Hershell.

Foreign Secretary Earl of Iddesleigh ----- Earl of Rosebury.

Secretary for India Colonel Stanley ----- Lord Kimberley.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Lord Randolph Churchill ----- Sir. W. Harcourt.

Secretary for War Mr. W.H. Smith ----- Mr. Campbell-Bannerman.

First Lord of the Admiralty Lord G. Hamilton ----- Marquis of Ripon.

Lord Lieut. Of Ireland Marquis of Londonderry ----- Earl of Aberdeen.

Chief Sec. for Ireland Sir. Mich. Hicks-Beach ----- Mr. John Morley.

President of the Council Lord Cranbrook ----- Earl Spencer.

President of the Luc. Gov. Bd. Mr. Chaplin ----- Mr. Stansfeld.

Pres. Bouard of Trade Mr. E. Stanhope. ----- Mr. Mundella.

Post Master General Mr. H.C. Raikes ----- Lord Wobverton.

First Commiss. Of Works Mr. D. Plunket Vice Earl of Morley.

Attorney General Sir. R. Webster ----- Sir. C. Russell.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland Lord Asbourne ----- Mr. Naish.

Vice Pres. Of the Council Sir H. Holland -----

Solicitor General Sir J. Gorst ----- Sir W. Davy.

It is rumoured that the Opposition, stung by their unexpected defeat, are already laying their plans for hampering and obstructing the new Ministry. Since the above list however, was made out, several alterations have been made.

August 1886.

Sun. Aug. 1. At the parish church, beautiful A.M., rain P.M.

M. 2. Mr. Gladston's Ministers went over to the Queen at Osborne, and gave up their seals of office, and the new Ministers received them.

Called on Mr. Kennet-Were at Cotlands, and found a party at Lawn tennis. Then on the Miss Caves at Witheby.

Spent the evening with Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer at the Elms, Miss Jenkins and Miss Faucett.

Tu. 3. An early dinner with Mr. and Miss Ede, at Lansdowns.

W. 4. Called on Col. Stanfield at the Lodge, near Peak House.

Went to the London Hotel to see the sail by auction of the water Mill, by the river, and adjoining property. - No bid.

Also the piece of land at the bottom of Church Street, abutting on the Market Place, where the old cottages were pulled down. They are going to widen Church street by 30 feet, and sell a plot for 3 houses, measuring 62 feet by 32. This multiplied together amounts to 1984 square feet. It was bought by Morton for Gliddon for £425, which is at the rate of 4s., 3d a square foot.

Fri. 6. Drove to Core Hill, and called on Captain Christie. Was overtaken by Mr. Wright the Surgeon, who was going to see Miss Steinman, who has been very ill.

Tu. 10. Called on Mr. Jervis in Cambridge Terrace. He has been more than twenty years at Turin, and married an Italian lady. Also on Mr. and Mrs. Ramson. He is 95 - upright, active, and as clear in intellect as ever. He is the most wonderful man I ever heard of.

W. 11. Called on Dr. Radford at Sidmount. Had a long talk with him on science, art, painting, sculpture, &c., &c.

M. 16. Went to London by the 12-10, Trains full - everybody travelling - and late. Went as usual, to the Charring Cross Hotel - No.302. I slept at this hotel on the very day of its opening, which was May 15. 1865. Went at once to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, was open at South Kensington, till near ten.

Tu. 17. The Coffee Room was full of visitors at breakfast that it hard to find a table. Went to the Natural History Museum at S. Kensington. This new building is entirely built of yellowish, or yellowish brown terra cotta - walls, columns, carvings, mouldings, foliage, &c., &c., both outside and in. The effect is rather pleasing. This new building now holds what at last there was no room for in the Brit. Museum. The Guadeloupe skeleton is there - also casts of the Engis, and of the Neanderthal skulls, and many Palaeolithic remains. The bulk of the collection is modern.

Then went to the exhibition on the north of it (where I had been before), to examine the machinery, models of ships, &c.

Then to the Colonial and Indian. It is bewildering, from its extensiveness and its variety. There were few things I admired more than the Indian carvings - whether furniture, ornaments, or open screens, looking like graceful filigree work of graceful patterns. Their woven and worked tissues were also very beautiful.

W. 18. At 1.25 took the rail (left side platform) at Kings Cross, and went north to Hatfield; changed trains to Hertford. Walked half a mile to Bengoe, and called on my cousin Mrs. Oliver. She seems wonderfully well now at 80. She was anxious to talk over some family affairs, my book, &c. Had an early tea with her - took the rail at 6.50, and was in London about 8.

Th. 19. Drizzly and rainy nearly all day, with a black smokey east wind. Went to my Publishers, and find that my second vol. is going on as well as I could reasonably expect. Went in the afternoon to the Royal Aquarium, not far from Westminster Abbey. Much disappointed. Expected something very different. There is a live seal in a large tank, and some fish in a small one. The place is an immense room, covered at top with iron and glass like a railway station; stalls with fancy goods, and refreshment rooms all round, (I had tea there) and a small theatre on one side. The pieces were vulgar, and the acting low. There was also some dancing and tumbling. I was surprised to see how the young folks bent their backs; but I was glad when it was over. They ran through the figures here sketched with wonderful rapidity.

And there were two or three small pieces acted, in which the most outrageously absurd antics were introduced, to make the audience laugh. In one a lively, joking conversation was indulged in by 2 men; after a time they pretended to dispute, when one of them caught up a hatchet - the other turned to go - but the first made a blow at him & stuck the hatchet deep into the crown of his bald head. Instead of falling dead, the man walked quietly off the stage, carrying the hatchet sticking in his skull, much to our astonishment.

Fri. 20. Went some four miles to call on Mr. Sirovens on Clapham Common. Beautiful hot sunny day. Took steamer at Hungerford, or Charing Cross pier, as far as Vauxhall Bridge, Very delightful on the water. Walked over the bridge, and took tramcar to Cedars Road, and then walked up to the Common. He was not in, but I saw Miss S., living next door. Returned to the Hotel the same way.

S. 21. Returned from London to Sidmouth. Went over the river by rail, and took train for Devonshire at the Waterloo Station at 11.45. The station much crowded, and every body seemed to be going some where. I rarely get into a crowd without thinking how many ugly people there are in the world. Did not get into my house at Sidmouth till 7 instead of 6.30.

Tu. 24. The Rev. W. Foxley Norris, now lodging at 6 Fort Field Terrace, called and introduced himself. He was attracted by the unusual style of the Old Chancel. Had a long and agreeable conversation on local geology, botany, antiquities, &c., &c. Looking round, his eye fell upon the medallion of Selwin, Bishop of Lichfield, "Surely," he said, "that is the late Bishop Selwin?" I said it was; that it was modelled in plaster from two photographs, after the Bishop was dead, by a young cousin of mine, son of William Hutchinson, Vicar of Blurton, and Prebendary of Lichfield, "Hutchinson? Prebendary of Lichfield?. Is he your cousin?" "Yes, he is my first cousin - he is the eldest son of my father's younger brother." "Why - didn't his daughter marry a son of How, Bishop of Bedford?" "Yes, last May." "Well that is curious," he observed, "for my daughter married another."

W. 25. Called on Mr. Norris, but he was out.

Th. 26. Regatta at Sidmouth. I hope it will not end in a dispute among the sailors, and a quarrel, as our Regattas generally have. Good sailing breeze from the SW. Young Wright came down from Heavitree - saw the sports - had tea with me - and returned.

Fri. Aug. 27. Called on the Rev. W.F. Norris, and left with him 5 pamphlets on the geology of this neighbourhood.

Sun. 29. At the parish church. Many strangers there. Sidmouth is full of visitors at this season, and the weather is fine and hot.

M. 30. At noon the thermometer in the Oak Room was 71', and in the Old Chancel, next the Hall, it was 75.

Tu. 31. Warm wind from the east. Called on Dr. Radford. Shewed him my contrivance for testing the permanency of water colours, by drawing stripes of various colours used in water colour painting, across a card, and then covering one half by a card, and leaving the other exposed to the light. A controversy has recently been carried on between Artists, as to whether water colour pictures fade or not.

Mrs. Robins and Ada came from Honiton, and after dinner drove with Ann Newton to Harpford. They returned - had tea - and left for Honiton.

September 1886.

W. Sep. 1. Warm, cloudy, foggy. Returned Mr. Pole, or De la Pole some lithographs he had brought me. Called on Mr. Cowan up Salcombe Hill.

Th. 2. Rain - which has cooled the air.

Sat. 4. Almost every forenoon I spend working at my little carved oak book case, which will take some time longer. - [Feb, 6. Ap. 28. June 8.]

Sun. 5. Remained to the Sacrament. Four clergymen - the Vicar, the Curate, Mr. Norris, and Mr. R. Thornton.

M. 6. A number of friends called as if by arrangement, whereas it was quite accidental; - Mr. Ede, - Mrs. Lloyed, ne'e Heineken, from Budleigh Salterton, - Mr. Norris, who returned my 5 pamphlets, - two Miss Kennet Dawsons, of Powys, - Mr. Clements, the Vicar, - Miss Venn, and her nephew, from Payhenbury.

W. 8. Went over to Beer in Spencer's large carriage (small being out), to see

C.F. Williams, the water colour artist. Found him and Miss Traies at the Dolphin. Walked down to the look out Station. Strong south wind. Saw five boats successively run in before it, till the beach stopped them - a very pretty sight. Dined with them at the Inn, and then looked over his recent pictures - beautiful coast scenes mostly. Had tea with them. Carried over my 2 Vols. I wished them to see the 3 portraits in Vol. 2, done in America. Had tea with them, and left at 6.30, and was home by 7.30. A very pleasant day.

Saw and passed several marks put up by the Ordnance Surveyors, now engaged in the triangulation of the country for new maps on a large scale. There is one on the top of Sidmouth church tower. These marks, which have been up since June, consist of a stout square stake or scantling, perhaps six feet long or more, at the top of which there are four projecting boards, like the arms on a directing post, and all this is surmounted by a thinner staff bearing a little square flag. The whole affair is white - flag and all.

Sat. 11. Mr. & Miss Cowan, of St. Kilda, Salcombe Hill, called. I was out.

Sun. 12. In afternoon. Mr. Sewall preached.

Mon. 13. Early dinner with Mr. Ede. Called on Archdeacon Norris, brother of the Rev. W.F. Norris - out. Had afternoon tea with Mr. & Miss Hardwicke, and a friend called, Mrs. and Miss Hawker called to ask to bring some friends to see the Old Chancel to-morrow.

Tu. 14. Archdeacon Norris and his brother called. A long and pleasant visit. Mrs. & Miss Hawker, Miss Kennady, four young ladies, and two Mr. Hawkings called. The town at this season of the year is full of visitors or former friends. They had scarcely gone, when Mr. Lloyd (who married Miss Heineken) and his son, came in. We had pleasant talk, tea, and then they walked to the station.

Th. 16. Sent off article on the Arms of Devon to the "Western Antiquary," Plymouth.

Fri. 17. Mr. Stirling came. Walked to the station - train arrived at 4P.M. - took him and luggage to Coburg Cottage.

Sun. 19. Mr. S. went with me to the Parish Church.

Mon. 20. Called on Admiral Lindsay Brine at the Vicarage; on Mrs. Toller, at Oaklands; and on Mr. Judkins - out; Archdeacon, and Rev. W.F. Norris - out.

Tu. Sep. 21. Mr. S. and self called a Lansdowne. Adml. B. called. Gave him the choice of a number of old views of Sidmouth - I having duplicates of them in the 5th. Vol. of my MS. Hist. of Sidmouth. Tea with Mr. S.

W. 22. S. Ede, and Ed. Chick called. S. had tea with me.

Th. 23. Went to school feast at the Vicarage, and saw the children have their tea on the lawn. Had tea with S.

Fri. 24. Stirling left - for London, and soon for Puzzuoli, as the weather is getting colder. Went with him to the station, and saw him off. Walked out to Sid, (commonly pronounced Seed), and called on Mr. Scrivens, recently come down.

Sun. 26. Harvest thanks giving at the Parish church. It was decorated for the occasion - flowers every where almost - corn, fruit, grapes, and half a peck of apples in a heap near my feet. Such is the new fashion.

In the afternoon took a walk up Peek Hill and looked at Mr. Alured's new house, not roofed in, built of flints and Ham-hill stone.

Tu. 28. Received a package of 12 of Williams's best water-colours, Wch I wanted, to shew to friends. They range from £5 to 30.

W. 29. Michaelmas Day. Last week very cold; now like summer again, Mr. and Mrs. Maton called. Also Mr. Dolphin. Also the Misses Acraman.

Th. 30. In a 4-wheel to Salcombe Regis, via Sid, Stephen's Cross, and Trow Hill, to Mr. Morshead. Took him and his two brothers to the Well at Trow, Wch they had made for the poor there. The Well is 96 ½ deep. There is a pump in it, worked by a crank, and turning a fly-wheel with a handle. Returned to their house, where Mrs. Morshead gave us an afternoon tea. Some good family portraits by Northcote in the dining room. Came home down Salcombe Hill.

October 1886.

Fri. Oct. 1. Thunder and a downpour of rain. Mrs. and the Misses Radford called to see the pictures - also Mr. Kennet Were, who brought me a basket of fine peaches.

S. 2. Beautifully fine, after the rain. Mrs. and her step daughter Miss T., and her relative, called to see the water colours - and admired them much. Also E. Chick, Bray, and others. They had never seen the like in Sidmouth.

M. 4. Clark, who keeps a picture shop, came to see pictures and ask questions. Two large views of Beer Head, seven miles east of Sidmouth. (£20 and £30,) much admired; but a view of the beach at Beer, (£25), with boats, nets, fishermen, &c., a calm transparent ocean, and looking east at the chalk cliffs, has charmed all my visitors. Their whole value is £162. If I had known this, I would not have had them. I did not allow any person to touch them but myself and I always washed my hands before taking them out of the portfolio. A soiled or warm finger touching one of them might do irreparable injury. Packed them up, and glad to get rid of the responsibility; - all but one.

Tu. 5. Called at Mrs. Toller's, Oakland. Saw her, her step-daughter, Miss Toller, and Miss Mackintosh, staying there. The latter lady has taken one of Williams's drawings, (£5), and means to take lessons from him.

W. 6. Got a packet from Williams for Miss Mackintosh, he not being certain of her present address. Took it and delivered it. Then walked up Peak Hill, and called on Mr. Tyrrell at Peak Cottage. Violent rain while I was there.

Th. 7. I finished reading Macauley's Life of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, I had always heard he was a clever man, but did not know he was such a bad one. The way he took bribes whilst a Judge on the Bench, and the way he would sacrifice friends, when it suited his personal interest, were something shameful.

Fri. 8. Attended Burial Board meeting. Little more than form. Signed my name to 2 or 3 certificates, done in duplicate, for persons applying for grave spaces.

Sun. Oct. 10. At the pish church. Weather showery and boisterous. Fine in the afternoon and evening for the first time.

Tu. 12. Called on Mr. Fox of Topsham, now lodging at 2 Marine Place.

Th. 14. Finished my Report on the Court Rolls of Sidmouth for the Society of Antiquaries of London, and sent it to the Secretary. Finding it would comprised more matter than I had first expected, I wrote it in a quarto blank book, and it has filled more than 50 pages. And I inserted a coloured map of the parish.

Fri. 15. Furious gale of wind all day from the south-west, with rain. The pears on my tree were shaken off by baskets full, and some broke the greenhouse glass of my other house No.4 Coburg Terrace; and a square wooden cover of a trap door covered with zinc, which had remained quiet and snug for ten years on top of the Old Chancel by its own weight, was lifted off, and making two or three turns and summersaults, flew over the house like a sheet of paper, and pitched on the glass on the eastern side, but no great damage done.

S. 16. Gale continues, but wind going round with the sun and moderating. Got trap door on again, and glass mended.

W. 20. Fine. In Spencer's large carriage, went to Sidbury, and ½ a mile further to Cotford, to call on Mrs. Bayley. Dismissed the carriage to go back and wait for me at Sidbury. Saw Mrs. and one of the Miss Bayleys, Have known them more or less for 30 years.

Walked back to Sidbury, and called on the Miss Hunts at Court Hall. Saw Miss Dorothea, the last I believe of her generation. When I was a youth her father was the Lord of the Manor. I have known her for 50 years. Her face is slate colour, from having taken nitrate of silver for some complaint, as I have always understood. She has been so for at least 40 years. Her niece, Meta Hunt (some 40) is d. of her elder brother, who had been Consul at Archangel, and married a Russian lady. Also the said Russian lady, Meta's mother, who used to talk broken English some 35 years ago, when I first knew her. Her second husband was Capt. Frederick Smith, R.N. I said I had been sufficiently surprised at the change in the top of the church tower (and most of the Sidbury people are dis-satisfied) [May 6. 1885], and that I now wished to see how they had restored the interior, Meta said she had the key in

the house, and would go with me - so we went. I am pleased with the inside. They seem to have repaired everything without having destroyed anything worth saving. They have retained the ugly west gallery, as being a specimen of Jacobean work. They have made good all defective parts in the colours, and the stonework generally, and have picked out and cleaned out the beautifully carved soffits of the arches at the east ends of the N and S aisles. Also new oak seats throughout. A new octagonal oak pulpit, the architectural ogee arches, with crockets and finials well carved. We returned to the house and had tea together. I then went to the Red Lion for the carriage - had the head closed, as the weather was on the change for rain - and so came home. Stormy evening - rain - distant thunder and lightening about nine.

Fri. 22. Beautiful quiet fine day. Stormy night - wind E. - thunder and lightening after I was asleep, and plenty of rain.

S. 23. A furious game of football in the field between me and the church. Finished skimming over the thick vol. being the Report of the proceedings of the British Association for 1885, now recently issued. The march of modern science, and the wonders of modern discovery, are truly remarkable. Among other interesting subjects I may allude to the triangulation of India; the measurements of arcs to determine the curvature of the earth; that the equator is not a circle, but an ellipse - once thought to have had its longest diameter at 15.34E., but now believed to be at 8.15W.; the meteorology on top of Ben Nevis; the origin of the fishes in the sea of Galilee - and many others. At page 417 I am surprised to see my Report on the changes going on along the coast within my memory. I was asked for some kind of Report, from my long knowledge of the cliffs, and the sea shore. I had no idea what was to be done with it.

Sun. 24. Cold northeaster and rain. Stayed home.

W. Oct. 27. Letter of mine in the Dev. & Exe Gaz. About the Court Rolls.

Sat. 30. Suddenly very mild. Called on Mr. and Mrs. G. Buttemen, the Elms. Then on Mrs. Toller, Oakland, (where there are no oaks), and returned her "Occana," by P.A. Froude. The vol. is an interesting account of our distant Colonies scattered over the Ocean. He left England in December 1884 - visited the Cape, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sidney, New Zealand, Sanwich Islands, San Francisco, Utah, Chicago, New York, and reached Liverpool by May 16. 1885.

From his description of the Australian colonies, it may appear that the spirit of republicanism is advancing by rapid strides. He takes occasion once or twice to allude to the dispute between Great Britain and her American colonies a century ago, and falling into the mistake of some writers, he says that the Americans rebelled because the English Ministry would not grant them representation in the English Parliament; - quoting the maxim - "no taxation without representation" - that both Franklin and Washington would have been quite satisfied - and that if this boon had been granted there would have been no rebellion - or words to that effect. Froude had not studied his subject very deeply, but had gone no further then the American accounts, which they have tried so much to disseminate in this country. They cry of hardship and injustice at not being represented had been raised as a party cry to win sympathy, but there was no sincerity in it - it was merely a blind to cover their designs for separation. Dr. Ryerson says - "The rulers of Massachusetts Bay Colony were disaffected to the King from the beginning;" and in their Declaration from Philadelphia as addressed to the English people, when speaking of the English Parliament, they say _ "We are not represented, and from our local and other circumstances cannot properly be represented." Here they betray that they did not want representation, because they were going in for something more.

Rev. W. Foxley Norris called, and we had half an hour's conversation.

November 1886.

M. Nov. 1. A few days ago Mr. John Pole, or De le Pole, brought me an old deed to look at, and decipher. It proves to be an original Charter of incorporation in Latin, duly abbreviated, according to custom, and granted by James the First to the Mayor and Burgesses of Tregoney, in Cornwall, and dated in 1622. How the Tregoney people have got rid of this document may be a question. It consists of two sheets and a half of parchment, fastened at the bottom with a plaited silk cord, to which is attached the remains of a large seal much broken, the sheets of skin measuring 31 inches wide by 25 deep. The initial letters are very elaborate, and there is a recognisable portrait of James, done with pen and ink, and heightened with shading, the face about the size of a half penny. The following passages occur:-

Jacobus Dei gratia Anglie, Scotie, Francie, et Hibnie Rex, fidei defensor, te. Omnius ad quos presentes litere pervenerint salutem. Cum Burgus noster de Tregoney in cornitatu nostro Cornub sit Burgus antiquus et populous, Ac maior et Burgenses eiuldem Burgi diversas libertates, franchises, imunitat, extempcoes, consuetudires, prebeuuuent, et privilegia habuerunt, ufi et gavisu fuerunt, rone diversoy prescripconu, vfuu t confuetudinu in eodem Burgo, ah antiquo ufitat, habit, vel confuet; Cumq dilecti subditi noftri modo maior t Bergenfes Burgi predicti nobis humilime supplicaverint quatenus nos pro meliori regimine, &c. Quodq nos dictos maior et Bengenfes Burgi predicti tametfi antehac incorporati per Iras patentes noftras . . . non fuerunt in vnu Corpus corporatum, et politicum per uocu maioris et Burgenfiu Burgi de Tregoney in Com Cornub facere, conftituere et de novo cecare . . . prout melius videbitur expedire. Nos volentes . . . ac per prefentes . . . volum . . . qd predict Burgus de Tregoney . . . sit et permeneat perpetuis futuris temporibz liber Burgus, &c. &c. Et qd maior et Bergenfes Burgi predict et succeffores sui habeant impm comune Sigitt pro caufis et negociis fuis et Succeffoy fuoy quibufcunq agend, defervitur. Et qd bene liceat et licebit eifdem maior et Burgens Burgi predict et Succefforibz fuis pro tempore exiften, Sigill illud, detempore in tempus frangere, mutare, et de novo facere, prout eis melius fore videbitur expedire. &c., &c. Affignavim eciam, noiavim . . . henricum pomery, hugonem monday, Arthurum Ofgood, Johem Jago, willm Cardeux, Johem Collyns, Nicholaum Bonython, et Francifcum Cooke, fore et effe primus et modernos Capital Burgences Burgi predicti . . . Et vltorius, volum . . . qd maior et Capital Burgences . . . Habeant poteftatem . . . eligend et nominanct, et qd eligere et nomiare poffint. vnu probum et discretum virum qui erit et vocabitur Recordator Burgi . . . Conceffin infuper . . . qd Maior et senior Capital Burgens . . . sint Iufticiar . . . ad pacem noftram . . . Et infuper volum . . . qd ipfi . . . habeant et habebunt vnu difcretum et idoneum virum, qui sit, erit, et noiabiur comunis Clericus Burgi . . . Volum eciam . . . qd de cetero impm sint et erunt in Burgo predicto duo Officiar qui erunt et vocabuntur Servieii ad Clavam, Quiquidem Servien ad clavem erint attenden . . . et super Maiorem Burgi . . . Et vltorius volum . . . qd bene liceat et licehit maior, &c. . nominare, eligere, et preficere Conftabular ac omes al inferior Officiar Burgi . . . Et vltorius, volum . . . qd ipfi . . . habeant . . . quondam Cur de Recordo, dic Lune Semel, in quolibet menfe. Et Vltorius, volum . . . qd Maior et Capital Burgenfes . . . non ponantur, nec impanellentur . . . ad comparenct in aliquibz Jurat Affis, recognicou, sive Inquficou quibufcunq coram aliquibz Judicibz vel Iufticiar, &c. Et vltorius, volum . . . qd ipfi . . . habeant et habebunt infra Burg predict vnem prifonam sive Gaolam, pro prefervacone, incarceratione, et falve cuftod omniu et fingulay perfonay attachiat, &c. Et vltorius, volum . . . qd Maior et senior Capital Burgens predict in offic Iufticiar pacis . . . per eius vel eoy warrant in script manibz fuis propriis, vel manu fua propria subfcript et signat et signand, mittere poffit . . . amnes . . . perfonas que in pofterum capt, arreftat, attachiat, vel invent fuerint in Burgo predict, libertat, vel

precinct eiufdem, pro prodicon murde, felon, homicid, aut rober fact vel faciend, aut pro sufpcion felonie ad coem Gaolam, &c., &c.

In cuius rei testimoniu has lras nras fieri fecim patentes.

Tefte me ipo apud weftmanafteriu quarto decimo die Junii Anno Regni noftri Anglie , Francie, et hibernie decimo nono, et Scocie quinquagefimo quarto.

Per bre de priuate Sigillo.

Young ct prx.

(Signed apparently) H Manndebills Gum drake

I must enquire how this Charter got alianated from Tregoney, Mr. De la Pole tells me that it was given to him by Mrs. Jewell, the widow of Dr. Jewell who died here a few weeks ago, and to whom Mr. De la Pole shewed some kind attention during his last illness. Mr. De la P. had been informed that Dr. Jewell had resided at Tregoney - that he had lent the Mayor and Corporation money, or somehow had a claim against one or more of them, and that one or more of their old deeds, with the silver mace, if not other articles of the Corporation plate, were given him in part payment. If this is really so it seems very irregular. Even if the Corperation has been dissolved, (of which however, I know nothing), this property was not theirs to give away. Perhaps, if I put a question in the Western Antiquary I may get an answer or an explanation. As to the silver Mace, the widow, who was acomparatively young woman, and Dr. Jewell's second wife, having now wound up her affairs here, has taken it away with her, and has gone to her father, who is said to be a gentleman's servant residing in one of the midland counties. - In the Western Antiquary for January 1887, my article appears.

Tu. Nov. 2. Early dinner with Mr. Ede at Lansdowne.

Th. 4. Called on the Buttemers. Mr. Scrivens called in the evening.

Fri. 5. He sent me five dozen pears.

M. 8. Mrs. Jenkinson, and Miss James of Boston, Mass. Called.

W. 10. Mrs. Susan Howe came into my service. My cousin the Rev. John R. Hutchinson, Vicar of Normacot, and son of the late Canon of Lichfield came for a short visit.

Sun. 14. We were at the parish church.

M. 15. He left for London for a few days, and then for home.

Tu. 16. The Rev. R. Creswell, from London, for Teignmouth, called. Seeing the SATOR puzzel in one of my books Wch. is said to be in Great Gedding church in Huntingdonshire, he wrote the puzzel annexed, saying it is not jargon, but it is Latin, but he withholds the meaning for a time. I cannot explain either. I suspect he joked me. As for SATOR, see April 9. 1887.

W. 17. My birthday. I am 76, to my own astonishment. Mr. Cresswell lunched with me, and left for Teignmouth, to see his mother.

Th. Nov. 18. I have recently been studying the hands of some friends, We sometimes speak of the effects of labour on the human frame, and we hear people talk of "the Patriain Hand," and the "Plebean Hand," and certainly, there is a great difference between the two, and this difference is chiefly manifest in the thumb. Of the two first examples, - the Patrician thumb has the end joint long and oval and thin below at the neck, the nail being oval or "almond shaped," strong, and convex, with the point turned down, as in profile No,2. This "almond shape" is somewhat promoted by trimming back and cutting off the insensible skin at the upper end with the nail scissors, and attention to this once in ten days or so prevents "hang-nails." The Plebean thumb, as in 1 and 3, is stumpy and shapeless, and the nail round, and thin, and turned up at the end, and looking more like the scale of a fish than anything else. And another peculiarity is this - that when the Plebean thumb tries to press anything hard, as in figure 6, the joint A bends inwards, and the joint B outwards, producing a most inelegant form. The high-class hand holds an object - a coin for instance - as in 4, and if it wants to press it hard, would dig the point of the thumb into it, bending joint A outwards, but not bending joint B. This shewn in the whole hands 7 and 8. We are told that it takes three generations to make a gentleman in mind and education, but I never heard how many it takes to develop and form a Patrician hand.

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January 1887.

Fri, 28. Beautiful day like spring. Thermometer 50' out of doors. Mr. Ede asked me to go to Lansdowne and take an early dinner with him. He is alone. Two of his sons are in Paris, and the third is gold digging in South Africa, and his daughter in London studying for the medical profession. Many and various are the opinions on this course. In the present day the women are advancing fast. I see no harm in it myself. Some think they can never make such efficient practitioners as men. Perhaps not in difficult cases; but I imagine that their own sense would make them refrain from undertaking surgical cases not suited to their sex. If this be so, they will be very efficient in the sphere of practice best suited to them as women. Few would have never to attempt operations.

Sat. 29. Mild, but not so mild as yesterday. Called on Mr. John de la Pole.

February 1887.

Th. Feb. 3. Strong on-shore wind and hazy. A steamer was descried lying at anchor seven miles off, south-east. As she did not make signals of distress, the Life-boat did not go off. Fishermen however, launched one of their boats and went to her. They then went to Beer, and telegraphed to Sidmouth. The steamer, I understood, had met with some accident to her machinery, which could be put right, and she was in no danger, so she was left to take care of herself.

M. Feb. 7. Mr. Stanford called, and we had a long chat - the climate, which he extols, as compared with London at this season; book making; publishing; the medical profession in London and the country; charges; female Doctors. &c., &c.

Fri. 11. All week it has been extremely cold, from the presence of a searching wind from the north-east, and I have been keeping house. To-day I spent most of the daylight in carving the finials for my oak bookcase, now near completion.

M. 14. Mr. Edward Chick came in, and we looked over some geological sections.

W. 16. The Rev. Mr. Foxley Norris called, and we conversed on various subjects for nearly an hour. Finished skimming over a box of old vellum deeds lent me by Mr. Culverwall, the stationer, which had belonged to Miss. Creighton of No.1 Coburg Terrace. I wanted to look them over to see if there was anything of a historical nature relating to Sidmouth or the neighbourhood, but I was disappointed. They appear to be the clearance of the office of some merchant and ship owner, living in or near London, and they range in date from 1644 to 1748. I have skimmed them enough to see what they were, and I have marked each one with a number, from 1 to 108. The name of Gregory Page, residing at Greenwich, occurs most frequently in them. He eventually became a Baronet.

Fri. 18. Dr. Radford called. Lending books to friends, (so called,) and never getting them returned, formed one topic of our conversation.

Thermometer 47' out of doors. Called at the Elms, on the Buttemers, to return two Nos. of the "Graphic,"

The Vicar and Mr. Chessall called while I was out.

Sat. Feb. 19. Our best lime engravers lay great stress on "the lay of the lines," and by attention to this nice department of their art they produce the finest effects of flesh, drapery, form, and the different texture of the garments with which their figures are clothed. In my sketchbook I have been practising this art, and in the margin I give a specimen, without insisting on its personal beauty.

M. 21. The papers inform us that last Wednesday the 14th. The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated by the Jails and setting free 25.000 prisoners in India, and all debts of 100 rupees and under are cancelled, and the government will pay them. All sorts of schemes are being suggested in nearly every town in England, and not excepting Sidmouth. In Lethaby's Sidmouth Journal I have had letters on the subject in the January and February numbers, and on the first of next month there will be another.

This evening Mr. Edward Chick of High Street, had tea with me.

Tu. 22. Shrove Tuesday. Had an early dinner with Mr. and Mrs. George Buttemer, at the Elms, west of All Saints Church; and after that I walked up to the Elysian Fields, and enquired for Mr. Ede, who got chilled while dressing one of our Cold mornings a few days ago - nearly lost consciousness, and broke a blood vessel. He is kept quiet in bed, and is better. Saw his eldest son Beachley, who was written for in Paris, and Miss Ede, his daughter, who was telegraphed for from London.

W. 23. Ash Wednesday, first day of Lent.

Th. 24. Walked out to Sid House, Salcombe Parish, and enquired for Mr. Knapp. The papers mention the occurrence of some terrible earthquakes between 6 and 8 yesterday morning all along the coast of the Gulf of Genoa. They ran along from Nice, by Monaco, Genoa, Mentone, Milan, Leghorn, &c., to Rome. Some towns and villages much shattered. Reported that some 1500 people have been killed.

Fri. Feb. 25. Executed a new Will. Changes take place in families, and these changes suggest changes in one's arrangements.

Sat. 26. Easterly wind; fine and dry, but rather cold. Pmomet 47'. Called at Lansdowne. Went up stairs - found - Mr. Ede in bed - weak, but better. Talked with him 10 or 12 minutes, - came down and had afternoon tea with Beachley & Miss Fanny Ede.

M. 28. Called at Powys. Had a long talk with Miss Catherine Kennet Dawson, whom I knew as a girl, and the usual afternoon cup of tea. She shewed me a circular dish made entirely of iridescent plates of mother of pearl, united by metal, but out of sight. It had belonged to Miss Kennet, (from whom they derive that name) who was the second wife of Thomas Pownall, Governor of Massachusetts before my great-grandfather.

March 1887.

Tu. March 1. Called at the Rev. Pigott-James, and on Mr. Stanford. Both at home.

A third letter of mine on the subject of the Queen's Jubilee appears in the Sidmouth Journal.

W. 2. Called to enquire after Mr. Ede at Lansdowne, and Mr. Knapp at Sid House.

Th. 3. Last year a friend gave me a specimen of curious eastern writing, such as I had not seen before, and could say no more than it came from the East Indies, or somewhere there about. It begins like this, -&c, - .

It reads I believe, like Hebrew, so that the beginning is at the end of my line above. It is on part of a large leaf, 21 inches long, and four broad; the small letters $\frac{3}{8}$ ths. of an inch high; written on both sides; and beautifully done with gilding and brown paint resembling Japanese lacquer. I now learn that the writing is a Pali MS., in square Burmese character, and that it is written on the leaves of the Talipot tree.

Tu. 8. Last year a publisher in London gave me an engraving of Lord Hutchinson (of Alexandria,) which I sent to-day to Mr. and Lady Katherine Buchanan, as

Lady Katherine is a Hely-Hutchinson.

Mr. Foxley Norris called and shewed me some chalcedonies, jaspers, and petrified wood, he had picked up on the beach. They come from the Greensand formation.

Mr. Edward Chick had tea with me.

The recent earthquakes in the south of Europe have called forth the prophesying powers of a German philosopher. He foretells that there is likely to be another at the next new moon - 24th. Instant - and perhaps another at the succeeding new moon on the 23rd. of April. He grounds his belief on the molten and fluid interior of the globe, and that the position of the heavenly bodies at the dates will possess sufficient influence by their attraction, to act on the pliable mass, just as they do on the ocean to cause tides. I am not aware however, that earthquakes, (caused by the breaking up of the earths crust,) have been observed to prevail more at such periods than at any others. Mais nous verrons,- si nous sommes ici.

Tu. Mar. 15. I have finished reading the History of Exeter by Dr. Freeman, Professor of Modern History at Oxford, just come out. It is a small book, but well arranged, and will be the standard history of that city until some courageous person, willing to make it the work of his life, will go over all the ecclesiastical and municipal records, and parochial Registers, that still remain to be examined, and produce two or three well digested quartos. The real history of Exeter has yet to be written.

Th. 17. The papers say the Earl of Iddesleigh's personalty, for the purposes of his Will, has been sworn at £23,555,,2,,2.

Gale of wind with rain and snow Tuesday night. The sun of yesterday melted all it fell upon yesterday. Second snow at Sidmouth this winter.

Tu. 22. Public meeting at the London Hotel, the Vicar in the chair, to consider the best way to celebrate the Jubilee of the 50th. Year of Her Majesty's reign. Some proposed to build a Town Hall in commemoration; others a pier or landing-stage on the sea shore, or endow the Cottage Hospital, or make a public recreation ground, or build public baths. All these I fear would cost too much, and in the next place it must be borne in mind, that all buildings or establishments that require yearly subscriptions to keep up, or depend on popular favour, rarely have a very long existence, and therefore are not much use as "memorials." I advocated a large cairn, made out of the blocks of flint Breccia, from one to ten tons apiece, that lie scattered about on our hills, and over our valleys:- or a

bronze casting nearly as thick as ones hand, and 4 or 5 feet square, bearing a simple inscription in large letters, and bolted up against the strongest and most massive wall in the parish, and a laugh was raised when I suggested that the only really strong wall I could find was in the church tower:- or failing that, I suggested a large medal of bronze, with a profile of Her Majesty on one side, and a suitable inscription on the other - that 100 copies of it be struck, of which 50 should be distributed among the Museums and other institutions of the country, and the rest given or sold to private individuals and Art Collectors. Any of these things would really be "memorials." I fear that too much of the subscriptions will go on eating and drinking.

Th. Mar. 24. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, two young ladies and a Mr. Saunders, or Sanders, as it is differently spelt, at Glen View, so called.

Fri. 25. Mr. & Mrs. Stanford and Mr. S. called, and we had an afternoon tea, and a long chat over many subjects - arts, sciences, and history.

Th. Mar. 31. An early dinner with Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer at the Elms.

April 1887.

Fri. Ap. 1. My friend Mr. Henry Ede, of Lansdowne, died this morning about half past four o'clock from disorder of the liver, with haemorrhage, after an illness of six or seven weeks.

In the afternoon I met a few friends at Miss Acraman's.

Sat. 2. More like a spring day. Miss L. Acraman, Miss Woodhouse, and Miss Warry, formerly of Sidmouth, spent an hour or two over an afternoon tea, in looking over books and pictures, and talking - de omibz red et de qbzda aliis.

Tu. 5. Attended the funeral of Mr. Ede at the Cemetery. He was laid near the SE corner of the Chapel, where his wife was laid 2 or 3 years ago. I rode up in a mourning coach with Mr. Alired, whose new house on the flank of Peak Hill is nearly finished.

Th. 7. Called at Lansdowne, and had an hour's chat with Elton Ede, the eldest son. Offered to be of any service to him whilst he might be away.

Fri. 8. Good Friday - which passed off with the usual ceremonies.

Sat. Ap. 9. At last I have got a solution to the puzzle mentioned at last November 16. It has been ingeniously struck out by the Rev. Wm. Sewell, at present Curate of Sidmouth. Though rather free in its rendering, it at all events makes sense out of what was nonsense. For instance, as follows -

SATOR, I, a farmer, (of Sator, a sower, or planter, from sero, v. to sow.)

AREPO, Creep not, or am not idle. (From a, negative, and repo, to creep. Quasi Non repo.)

TENET, my business, work, or occupation.

OPERA, engages, or employs,

ROTAS, my carto, days, or wagons. (Wheels for carriages. Pars prototo.)

And on the opposite page I have pasted a rubbing from the panel, or piece of wood itself, on which the puzzle is carved which Mr. Sewell procured from the Rev. N. S. Bagshaw, and which he gave to me. Mr. Bagshaw is the present Vicar of Great Gedding; and he explains that the letters E and R, one on each side of the subject, stand for Edward Rigbie, who was Incumbent there in 1614.

Sun. 10. Easter Sunday. Three services at the parish church. Fine day, hot sun, and a searing NE wind, the thermometer only marking 47' in the shade.

Tu. Ap. 12. Finished the fourth tracing from my sketches of the tombs, &c., in Ioka, for the Rev. W. Foxley Norris.

Sun. 17. Cold north-easter in the morning. At the parish church P.M.

M. 18. Men began to rebuild part of my premises at the back of the Old Chancel. Felled a large sycamore tree, which was in the way, and threw it very well, and pulled down part of the enclosure.

A party of the Ordnance surveyors, one in uniform, came into my premises, and told me they were engaged on the new survey of the county. I told them I was glad to see them, and that they could go where they liked.

Forgot to record last Friday, that I sent off to Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, Keeper of the MSS. In the British Museum, the box containing the Diaries, Letters, and other papers, from which I compiled my recent two Vols.

W. 20. The Stanfords, two ladies, and Mr. Morrish had tea with me.

Th. 21. Called on the Acramans and returned a book; - on the Edes, (at home.)

Mr. W. Floyd, (out) - Mrs. Fawcett, (out) - Mr. Lubbock, (out) - and lastly on the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, who was at home.

Sun. 24. At the parish church in the morning.

M. 25. Early dinner at the Elms.

W. 27. Called on the Rev. Mr. Pigot James. He returned from India 4 or 5 years ago - was in good health, and married quite a young lady - has become partly paralysed - walks with difficulty - his hands and limbs all of a shake. He looks 70. - He and wife removed to Exmouth. He died at the beginning of 1891.

Dr. Baker drove over from Ottery, and surprised me with a visit.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer of the Elms, had tea with me.

Sat. Ap. 30. and last. Sad rumour about Sidmouth during the last few weeks, in everybody's mouth, all over the town, and now being anything but a secret, but rather common property, may be mentioned. It runs to the effect that the young wife of Captain Bartelott, son of Sir W. Bartelott Bart., M.P., leaving her husband and three young children, has eloped with a gentleman of the name of Feather-Stonehaugh. (?) She was Miss Balfour, and sister to our youthful Lord of the Manor, John Edward Heugh Balfour, who is now 24, and at 25 he will be free of the Trustees, and will come into

full possession of the property. I should think that she cannot be more than 27 or 28. According to the abstract of the Balfour Will, which I have at Dec. 6, 1873, it seems that she has the interest of £60,000. When they have been residing here, which they have occasionally, he did not succeed in ingratiating himself with the gentry, nor rendering himself popular with the trades of the town. If he had he would have got more sympathy from them just now. I have been told he has for some time treated her in a very unkind manner, and that some kind of separation was talked of last year, but I cannot vouch for the truth. Scott says-

I know not how the truth may be,

I tell the tale as told to me.

May 1887.

Sun. May 1. Very unlike May Day. Moderately fine, but a cold north-east wind blowing. Thermometer from 50 to 52 during the day in the shade, which is something like a winter temperature. I cannot remember a spring where there has been such a long continuance of dry NE wind. Except a few occasional storms it has been unusually dry since January. I am told that February was the driest since 1821. Like an America spring, we shall jump from winter to summer at once.

M. May 2. The sketch represents a "clome" or red ware water pitched, found some years ago at the bottom of an old well in the village of Salcombe Regis, by a mason of Sidmouth called Watley. I examined and measured this curious vessel of antique form. It is 6 3/8th. Inches high without the handle; the bottom 4 in diameter; and the circumference of the swell 18. Perhaps dropped by some child. As it fell into the water it did not break, or sustain any kind of injury.

I was told a local saying, as being applicable to this day, Monday the 2nd. of May

It says - "When May Day's on a Sunday,

Snow will fall on Monday."

And as May Day fell this year on a Sunday, we very nearly had snow to-day and probably it was really snow in other parts of England. There was an extremely cold rain, with the thermometer at 47.

Mr. Hastings and his newly married wife called, muffled up like winter.

Tu. May 3. Mr. Elton Ede called; told me the pretty white marble statue of Eve, [May 15, 1883,] was being packed to go to the Dudley Exhibition.

Mr. E. Chick had tea with me.

Fri. 6. [?] Lunched at one o'clock at 7 Fortfield Terrace with Mrs. Floyer, (ne'e Shore, cousin of Lord Teignmouth) her two daughters, and the Rev. Mr. Butcher, late Dean of Shanghai, whom I knew as a boy.

Sun. 8. At the parish church. The Dean preached.

Th. 12. Called on Mr. Walter Thornton, at Hillside.

Sat. 14. Called on Mr. Knapp, at Sid house, beyond the river, who has had a long illness. Left my enquiries.

Sun. 15. At the pish ch.

M. 16. Main drain made in the lane for the Old Chancel.

Tu. 17. When I was in London last summer, [Aug. 19.] I saw a boy with a hinge in his back, walk some 20 or 30 steps on his hands, with his legs curled over his head. When he gets a touch of rheumatism in the small of his back, commonly called a "crick," he will assume a different attitude.

Fri. May 20. A strong north-west wind - very cold, and with two or three hail storms. It felt like winter all day. There is wisdom in the saying -

"Cast not a clout

Till May is out."

Sat. 21. Nearly as cold, but the wind not so strong. All the spring the air has been unusually sharp, and vegetation is backward, though healthy.

Sun. 22. At the parish church. The Vicar preached. The cold wind continues.

Tu. 24. The Queen's Birthday. When she was seven months old she was brought to Sidmouth by her parents, but after the death of her father at the Glen, so called, or Woolbrook Glen, on the 23rd. of January 1820, and after a limited sojourn of only a few weeks, her mother took her away. The only demonstration of loyalty here, was the ringing of the church bells. The ringers performed that feat of firing - or firing volleys - or firing a Royal Salute - and they did it fairly well. It consists in making all the bells, (of which we have now eight), strike together, instead of striking in succession, and it has a rather singular effect.

Th. 26. Called upon Mr. and Mrs. William Floyd, who returned yesterday from their wedding trip.

Had the Oak Room in the Old Chancel turned out, dusted, and cleaned for the summer. The Turkey carpet was taken out on the gravel - I put up a rope between two trees, and it was hoisted up and beaten. The panelled ceiling of the Oak Room I preferred doing myself, which I did with a feather brush. And I dusted my pictures and books, and some of my china. Did you ever let the women "put your room to rights," (as they call it,) in your absence?

S. 28. Skimmed through Nixon's Prognostications, uttered in the time of our Henry the Seventh. Striking as some of them may be, they are exceeded by those of Nostradamus. Several papers on the latter appeared last year in the monthly periodical called "Walford's Antiquarian".

Left off fires entirely to-day. For a month or more I have not had them during the day, but they were desirable during the evening, as the air has been extremely cold. The unusual dry weather still continues. Very little rain since January. The driest February in Sidmouth since 1821 it is said.

Sun. May 29. No unusual observance of the day. It is Whitsunday,

Tu. 31. Paid off Mrs. Hallet.

June 1887.

W. June 1. Very chilly.

S. Called on the Rev. Pigot James, who has taken the Elms for a year. Lent him the Life of Bowes, as he knew something of his neighbourhood in Yorkshire. Bowes was a most unprincipled man.

Su. 5. Trinity Sunday. Remained to the Sacrament. The Athanasian Creed was read. Some object to it. Though dogmatically in language, I believe it is thoroughly orthodox.

M. 6. The young Edes, having well nigh settled their late father's affairs, called to take leave.

Tu. 7. Miss. Venn, of Peyhembury, and two nieces, surprised me with a visit, and remained to an afternoon tea.

W. 8. At last my little bookcase is finished, the three doors having been glazed to-day. Taken at odd times, it has been a year in hand. I have made it to give it, along with some books, to the Museum Library, Exeter.

Fri. 10. This afternoon a stranger - the Rev. Robert B. Watson, F.C. [Free Church?] Manse, Cardross, not many miles from Glasgow - called, in order to have some conversation on the subject of local geology. As a child, he was at Sidmouth with his parents from 1826 to 1830. My parents came in 1825. He is here for a short time with his family.

S. June 11. Dr. Baker from Ottery, surprised me with a visit. Clear sky - burning sun - suddenly become as hot as midsummer. Mr. Chick's flower mill for grinding corn, at Furze Hill, near Sidbury, burnt.

Sun. 12. At the parish church - the Vicar preached.

M. 13. Went into Exeter by the 9.35 train. Hunted for lodgings, thinking of going in for a short time after the Jubilee. Called on Dr. Lewis Shapter, having had a disagreeable singing and hissing sound in my head for the last year. Called on Mr. & Mrs. George Buttemer at 10 Bystock Terrace, - called at the Devon and Cornwall Bank, - was half an hour in the Cathedral - returned by the 5.20 train - home by 6.45.

W. 15. The clear sky and the burning sun full upon us. After six in the evening made a fire in the field of the dry trimmings of my shrubs, cut in the spring. I collected some that had been thrown close to the north or field side of the Chancel, and in doing this I made use of a pitchfork. Having removed them in one place down nearly to the ground, I scraped away some weeds and dead grass cut from the lawn, and I specially scraped at a small mound; and when I had scraped off the top of it, to my surprise I uncovered the nest of a hedgehog. There lay the hedgehog, curled in a ball, with her face visible, but ready to hide it if I had not stopped, and either two or three young ones, about the size of good large nice. The quills on the backs of the young ones were nearly white, but brown on the mother. I was afraid to look too closely, but I drew my finger down the side of the mother. She did not try to escape or to move, but lay quiet with her young, and I suppose cringing with fear. The nest was about the size of the inside of a man's hat. I carefully covered it up again by replacing the grass, weeds, and left it quiet.

Th. 16. Changed my bedroom for the summer. Called on the Miss Vincents, now staying in Sidmouth.

Fri. 17. When I went to bed at midnight the thermometer was 74, and when I got up at 8 this morning it was 72, in my bedroom, with the doors half open all night.

The papers say that two Lion's in a menagerie at Plymouth have died of the heat. It is strange that animals from hot countries, should die of heat in England. Perhaps they were not well looked after, and not air enough.

The sun now rises at 3.44, and darkness is short.

Another sight of the hedgehog! To-day I had the curiosity to carefully uncover the nest, and to my surprise found it empty, and the young ones removed. I presume I had alarmed the mother last Wednesday, and perhaps hurt her with the pick. In the dark of the evening I happened to take a look at the spot from a lower window that commands it, and is close over the place where the trimmings of the shrubs lie. After looking a short time, I fancied I saw a movement among the bushes and dead weeds, and waiting for a few minutes, I saw it again; then it became more obvious; then stopped; then went on again; then the movement advanced, as if something were burrowing underneath; then the head of the hedgehog made its appearance; and then the little animal emerged entirely. It was evidently looking about for a place to make a new nest. Where its young were temporarily deposited I know not; but the weather is dry, and hot, and beautiful, and shelter just now is a small matter. After a turn or two to examine the locality, it was not satisfied, for it began to walk away upon the cleared ground. Almost in its line of march there stood a young thrush - too young to have learnt fear - and they stood looking at one another for a few seconds, much to my amusement, and then the hedgehog went on, and vanished among the undergrowth of a thorn hedge.

Sat. 18. Miss Gibbons of Budleigh Salterton, who, for the last three seasons has been making tours on Dartmoor and other places, in a small carriage drawn by two donkeys, has just made another; and having visited Sidmouth and the neighbourhood, has requested me to look over the proofs referring to this place and the district. Received the first slip to-day, and when done I sent it back.

M. 20. To-day all Sidmouth is very busy decorating the town with flags, arches of laurels, &c., across the streets for the Jubilee to-morrow.

Tu. June 21. The Queen succeeded to the throne on the 20th. of June 1837, but as the 20th. this year fell on a Monday, it was found that Sunday militated against making the necessary preparations, especially in London, for the due celebration of the Jubilee, which was to be on a imposing scale. It was therefore held on the 21st. The London papers are full of the particulars. I shall only jot down a few particulars relating to Sidmouth.

We were awake in the morning by the bells ringing and the guns of some sort or other firing, and making a great noise. I hoisted a red ensign on the Chancel, and many people extemporised flags and streamers of various descriptions, to display their loyalty, and set off their buildings. In the forenoon there was a short service at the parish church, to which I went. Then there was a cold collation in the ball-room at the London Hotel, to which I went instead of my early dinner at home. After this all parties repaired to the Fort Field, and places adjacent, to organise a long procession, which was made up of the Band and Volunteers, Committee of Management, gentry, Life Boat men, Coastguard, Sunday Friendly Societies, schools, both girls and boys, and lastly a number of omnibuses and other carriages full of children too young to walk. The roads were dusty and the sun burning hot. They proceeded up the Station road to Audley, then down Mill Lane, or All Saints Road to Mill Cross, where the Unitarian Chapel is, then to Radway, then down Salcombe Road, over the

stone bridge and round "the Island," as they call it, (where Brooklet Villas are), and so, double back to Radway again, and entering the town, I there joined them and fell in, and accompanied them down to the beach, and proceeding to the west end, stopped within sight of the Glen, where the Queen had lived, when the Band played the National Anthem, the people gave three cheers, when we doubled back to the Bedford Hotel, and turning inland, went to the higher end of the Fort Field, along in front of Fort Field Terrace, and then into the field. All round the field a sort of course had been marked off with posts and ropes, in which running and bicycle races took place. The Band played on a platform in the centre..

There was a rather amusing game called "The Obstacle Race," the boys contending in it having to cross open netting hanging loosely from poles, and then they ran to several empty barrels, with the heads and tails out, suspended by ropes about two feet from the ground. These they had to creep through, which was no easy matter - and then to the goal.

In the evening the fireworks amused us from 10 till past 11, and were very good.

A novel feature in the display was the Bonfires on the hills. It had been arranged that Lord Clinton, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, should send up a rocket and light the first fire on one of the hills on his property in NW Devon, and this was to be the signal for the lighting of others. I was on the Esplanade, near Fort Cottage, looking at the fireworks, and at a very short interval after ten I saw one after another make their appearance on the headlands up and down the coast, and then they blazed out upon Salcombe Hill, immediately on the east, and on Peak Hill, a mile west, and on Core Hill, a mile and a half inland, and in Sidmouth parish. The fire on the point of Salcombe Hill, close to the edge of the cliff was very large one, and so bright, that though it was a mile off, it shed so much light on the Esplanade as to make our shadows clearly visible. There was a fine one apparently above Budleigh Salterton, on what I took to be West Down, and several away towards Torbay, and distant specks of light like stars, about Start Point. Eastward, there was a glowing one on Beer Head, seven miles off, others further away, near Lyme, Abbotsbury, and further away to Portland. Some sailors who had been out fishing, reported, when they came ashore, that they counted 22, all within sight. From the tops of our hills however, many more than that were within sight.

There are about 3400 people in the parish of Sidmouth. It had been given out that one pound of beef, without the bone, one pound of bread, and three pence in money, would be given to any person residing in the parish, without distinction, above the age of 14, and half that quantity to those under, and a new penny; and that, although, it was intended for the poor, still it was impossible to draw the line, and any body could apply, at their discretion. As 2290 portions were applied for, it may be inferred that many applied who could afford to buy, for 2290 amounts to two thirds the population of the parish. About £220 have been given, and I have been anxious that half of it should be put aside for the production of some permanent memorial in bronze or stone, but they have been intent on eating and drinking it all. We shall hear more of statistics when particulars are made known.

Fri. June 24. I went into Exeter to look for lodgings. As the weather continues dry and fine the citizens have not yet removed any of their decorations. The multitude of flags, banners, and hangings still waving in the breeze, made it impossible to look down Fore Street. Had early tea with the Buttemers as I had on the 13th. Left at 5.20, and was home about 6.30.

S. 25. Received intelligence that the Trustees of the British Museum, who had a meeting on the 10th, had decided to give me £100 for the old Diaries and Letters from which I compiled my recent two volumes.

M. 27. Continued firing heard all the afternoon. We thought it was the Battery at Exmouth. In the afternoon a Gunboat came and anchored off Sidmouth. She had been exercising her men in the offing. She sent her men on shore till 9 P.M.

Tu. 28. Coronation Day. Received £100 from the British Museum. Went in a carriage into Exeter for a week or two, taking my servant Ann Newton and boxes with me. Had our dinner on the road - meat sandwiches, ale, spirit and water, plum cake, and ripe strawberries! Did you ever! Lodged at 8 Peamore Terrace, St. Davids. My landlady - Miss Ball.

Wed. June 29. Called on Mr. & Mrs. George Buttemer at 10 Bystock Terrace.

July 1887.

Fri. July 1. Tea with the Buttemers, and a stroll in the cool of the evening.

S. 2. Extremely hot. The wind feeling as if it came from a furnace. The papers say that in the Procession in which the Queen went on the Jubilee Day to Westminster Abbey, 16 Kings, Queens, and next heirs to the various thrones of Europe were present.

The Women's Offering to the Queen has reached £80,000. Devonshire contributed £2228. The rule was - "Not less than a penny, or more than a pound."

Sun. 3. At the morning service at the Cathedral. Everything beautifully done. The singing so rich and melodious; the prayers well rendered by well educated men, and in a building but recently put in the highest order. The Bishop, (Bickersteth, whom I had not seen before,) was there, and took part at the Communion service.

In the evening at St. Michael's. This is a beautiful building, but the large tower, and high spire, overpower and overbalance the size of the church. The interior is highly decorated towards the east end, and the colouring very harmonious. Mr. Toye, the Rector of St. Davids did the service.

M. 4. Went to Heavitree and called on the Chick's, at Regents Park. Saw the Colonel, Mrs. And Arthur. Went and returned by tram-road.

Tu. 5. Tea with Mrs. Jenkins, overlooking the river.

W. 6. Air cooler - cloudy - a slight shower. The first rain since -

Th. 7. Tea at Col., and Mrs. Chick's, and Arthur.

Fri. 8. Dinner at 6.30 with Mr. Gray, 2 sons and daughter. He took me out to his residence at Heavitree, and his younger son Henry, in his carriage. After dinner, being a beautiful evening, we went round his garden to see his collection of well developed varieties of English ferns.

Sun. 10. Went to the morning service at the Cathedral to hear Canon Lee preach. Some 40 or 50 summers ago he was curate at Sidmouth. His father one of the Magistrates then lived there. He was

then a slim, upright, active, and good-looking young man, with a clear and powerful voice. I saw him and heard him to-day. I am inclined to think that 50 winters will make a difference in some men, whatever 50 summers may do.

Mon. July 11. Went to St. Sidwell's churchyard - saw the Sexton - he shewed me the slab with the long inscription on it to the memory of Mrs. Susanna Sabatier, the wife of a member of a French refugee family, whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove out of France. She had been Susanna Hutchinson, daughter of Foster Hutchinson, the younger brother of my great-grandfather Thomas. At the American Revolution Foster went to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The Sabatiers came to England. She died in 1834, aged 94. The place of the slab was altered when the church was enlarged some years ago. It is now outside the south wall of the chancel.

Canon Lee gave me leave to make sketches of anything I liked in the Cathedral.

M. 13. Sketched the coats of arms round the base of the Courtenay tomb. The more I consider them, the more I feel sure that they are far from correct.

Th. 14. Rode to Heavitree - walked on down the hill, and called at the "Wonford House". Here my grandfather Thomas H., eldest son of the Governor, settled down with his wife, after they had withdraw with other Loyalists from America, where he had been Judge of the Court of Probate. They lived here from 1789, until his wife's death in 1808, and his own in 1811, and were buried in Heavitree old church. My father, (& I suppose his brothers), used to come in to Exeter Grammar school. There is a long garden that runs up the hill along the road towards Heavitree, and inside that two orchards. Mr. Aplin, who had been a Tanner, bought the place of the Mannings, of Exeter and Sidmouth. He gave me some excellent cider, made from the orchards, - sweet as honey, with the pleasant acid of lemonade. My grandfather rented the place of a Mr. Cotsford, a £200,000 M.P., now utterly forgotten. Mr. Worth, of Moll's Coffee House, Cathedral yard, has a full size, half length, oil painting of him - a profile, looking to the Heraldic dexter, reading a book in the right hand.

Returning, I called on Col. and Mrs. Church, 5 Regents Park, Heavitree.

Fri. 15. Mrs. Robins, and her daughter Ada from Honiton: also Mrs. Hallet from Ottery. Hard thunder shower, which refreshed the air.

S. 16. Dry and hot again. Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer and myself went out had a good look at the Museum in Queen Street. Called on Canon Lee, and shewed him my sketches I had made in the Cathedral. In the afternoon the Buttemers and myself went to have a look at the Lawn of Mrs. Gard's residence at the top of Castle Street, on the left. It must be 20 years since I was there. It is only necessary to ring at the outer gate, ask the Butler to allow you to look at the grounds. It is customary for people to leave their names. I gave him my card. Some people put a shilling on the card, to prevent the wind blowing it away. I did so, as it was rather windy. We sauntered about for an hour.

Sun. 17. At the Cathedral.

M. 18. Called on Mr. R. Dymond, 1 St. Leonard's Road.

Tu. July 19. Returned to Sidmouth. Drove all the way, passing through Heavitree, St. Mary's Clist, over Aylesbear Hill, through Newton Poppleford, to Bulsrton, and Sidmouth.

The heat in some parts of England has been very great, but the accounts from America say it has been 102 in the shade at Washington, with 12 deaths from sunstroke; Pittsburg 95, and 23 deaths from the same cause. It has been hotter in England.

M. July 25. Started for Plympton, to attend the Meeting of the Devonshire Association. Went into Exeter by rail; then took the South Devon line via Dawlish, Teignmouth, Newton, Totnes, &, to Plympton. Lodged nearly opposite the Guildhall. Called on Mr. Brooking-Rowe. He took me up and shewed me the remains of the Castle, and he invited me to breakfast next morning.

Tu. 26. Went, and was introduced to Mrs. Brooking-Rowe. Called on Dr. Ellery. Mrs. Arnold of Core Hill in Sidmouth parish, now resides at Plympton. Her late husband died from pricking his thumb with a brass pin. He had a pimple or whitlow in his thumb, which he told me he pricked with a brass pin. I met him one day with his arm in a sling. I asked him what was the matter? He said the inflammation in his thumb had affected his arm. A few weeks after this I called on him, and to my surprise found him reclining on the sofa. He explained that it had advanced so much as to have gone over the left side of his body, and down his left leg, so that he could scarcely walk. His medical attendants were now of the opinion that it was a serious case. He had bought 26 acres, with a house, on the flank of Core Hill, at the north end of Sidmouth parish, which he amused himself in cultivating, and which he had purchased from the heirs of (Cockburn,) The late Dean of York; but this he now sold to Mr. Hine-Haycock, of Belmont in Sidmouth parish, and removed with his wife and daughters to Exeter, where he died.

It was a case of "blood poisoning," so called.

W. July 27. While I was dressing, at my lodging, a message came from Mr. Brooking-Rowe to say I must go to his house to breakfast. On going there, I found Sir John Phear, [Nov. 30. 1885, & Jan. 4. 1886.] who is staying at the house, and Mr. Elworthy, famous for his studies in west of England dialects.

After breakfast we went to the Town Hall to hear the reading of the papers.

The Earl of Morley had invited the Members to come out and look at Saltram house and park. Three or four score went. It was only a mile. I drove out in a carriage with Mrs. & Miss Arnold, and another young lady. We wandered through many of the rooms, where there is a large collection of paintings, 10 or 12 of them by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tea, coffee, cake, &c., were laid out in one of the rooms. We then looked at the grounds and park, the Earl mingling with the company.

After returning, I had tea at Dr. Ellery's.

Th. 28. Reading papers at the Grammar school. Excursion to Kitley, by invitation from Mr. Bastard. Some of the Turkey carpets were rolled up, and the oak floors and some of the passages were so slippery from having been highly polished, that it required careful walking to avoid slipping and falling. We examined the paintings, amongst which a large Hogarth. We then drove on, almost through miles of woods, very beautiful, to a most romantic and picturesque place, the site I believe of an old limestone quarry. A little before arriving here Mr. W.H.K. Wright, Editor of the "Western Antiquary," sitting on the dickey of a higher carriage than the rest, got much squeezed and hurt in the back, by passing under the limb of a tree, which stretched across the drive lower than the rest. A carriage was procured, and he was conveyed to his home in Plymouth. In the face of the limestone rocks is a Cavern, which was lighted by candles at intervals. Groups of us went in, but before we had

gone far, the cold air was so searching, that we all hurried out. Other parties went in, but soon came out again. I went a short distance in 2 or 3 times, but was glad to return. The atmosphere felt quite warm on coming out. The temperature in Kent's Cavern is about 51 ½. All year through. Perhaps it was 70' in the open air to-day. Then we were invited to go further into what was once a quarry, and on proceeding over fine green sward, round a high rock, behold a long table covered with ices, and all sorts of good things, of which the visitors partook. After dallying over this, we again mounted our carriages, and advancing onward, and making a circuit, we attained the public roads and got back. There was a conversazione in the evening, but I did not go.

Fri. 29. There was a long excursion organised for to-day, but I made my excursion by returning home. I came by taking the route along the south coast, and I returned by Lidford, Okehampton, and Crediton, thus making the circuit of Dartmoor. When at Sidmouth Junction, near Ottery, I was surprised to see flags of all kinds and colours fluttering in the breeze. The Rife Volunteers were assembling, and pitching their tents in a neighbouring field for a weeks drill. Met Sir John Kennaway in uniform on the platform. He is Major in command. Got to Sidmouth by 6.30. Heard the bells tolling for a death. Was told that Col. Hawker had died rather suddenly.

S.30. Terrible accident to-day, ending in death. Mrs. Grose, an old lady, partly paralysed, living with her sister Miss Skinner, at Sid Abbey, a mile off in the parish of Salcombe Regis, was taking an airing this afternoon in a 3-wheel chair, drawn by a donkey. Her sister was with her. They were passing through Mill Lane, now called All Saints Road, and were between Rose Lawn and Oakland, and near the Elms, the Parsonage, and All Saints Church. The gardener at Rose Lawn was engaged with a beehive taking some honey. One would suppose that in the heat and bright sunshine was most ill chosen time to meddle with bees, when they are lively and active. The usual time is in the cool of the evening, before dusk, when they are quiet. The bees were much enraged by being disturbed, and as the donkey was passing, many of them settled on his head and stung it. The donkey became restive - further accessions from the swarm arrived, and attacked, not only the donkey, but the old lady and Miss Skinner. Mr. Reed,, the gentleman now occupying Rose Lawn, came out to render assistance. The bees so maddened the donkey that he ran round and round, and tried to lie down in order to rub them off. In doing this he upset the carriage, threw Mrs. Grose out on the road, dragged the carriage over her, and trampled upon her, breaking her bones. A letter carrier came by, and he and Miss Skinner tried to hold the donkey, and extricate the unfortunate lady. Then a man with a pipe in his mouth came down the road, and they appealed to him for help, but he kept aloof and went on, for which he was severely reprimanded at the subsequent inquest. At last they got Mrs. Grose clear of the encumbrances - carried her into Rose Lawn - and sent for Dr. Pullin. She had been so much injured that she was carried back to Sid Abbey on a stretcher.

Sun. 31. At the parish church.

August 1887.

Mon. August 1. Mrs. Grose died this morning. People say she had one leg broken, (some say both), one arm, a collar bone, and some ribs. At the inquest the verdict was "Accidental death.

Tu. 2. News that two men have been drowned by the upsetting of a boat - one called Williams, at Budleigh Salterton

Also, a boy drowned yesterday at Seaton, whilst bathing with his brother.

Dined with Mr. & Mrs. W.M. Floyd. Miss Lousada there.

W. 3. This evening an eclipse of the moon. I first saw it at eight o'clock, rising above the houses. It was still daylight, but getting dusk. The night was quiet, and it was without a cloud. The obscuration began at 7.36 P.M.; greatest at 8.49; and ended at 10.2 . The penumbra was very fluffy at the edge.

Th. Aug 4. Miss ball(my landlady in Exeter), and her friend Miss Hanson, came to see Sidmouth. Dined and tea'd at the Old Chancel.

M. 8. The bright sun and dryness continue. The fields are all parched and burnt brown, and the farmers are obliged to bring the cattle food, as they do in winter.

Sat. 13. Heavy clouds from the SW this afternoon, and a shower of rain. Quite a novelty. It only penetrated the dry ground one inch.

Finished another article for the Western Antiquary on the Arms of this county, but it is this time rather an enquiry into Arms and descent of the De Redvers and Countenay families, I have added a Tabular Pedigree to make things clearer. And I have sent three pen-and-ink sketches of the Redvers seals bearing the Griffin, for three woodcuts.

Sun. 14. Fine and bright again, but the air is cooler. At the pish Ch.

M. 15. Went to London by the 12.10 train. After passing Honiton the line goes through the Tunnel. This is acknowledged to be the most noisy, screaming, and disagreeable tunnel train ever went through. Some echo, reverberation or acoustic property may be the reason. After going partly through, the rattle and the screaming increase, and run through ones head. Some of my friends have told me they have found it so unbearable that they have stopped their ears, and a gentleman with whom I was travelling to-day did so. I did not. People with weak nerves would probably feel it most. I think the tunnel inclines down hill in going eastwards, and so perhaps the pace is accelerated; for in returning we went slower, and the noise was not so great. Soon after passing Dinton we come to the chalk formation, and the sides of the cuttings shew that it continues on to Salisbury, and to a short distance east of Basingstoke. Caught sight of Old Sarum, and at the latter place saw the ruins of the Chapel of the Holy Ghost in the Cemetery. The trains full, and rather late. Six when I arrived. Took ticket, and crossed the Thames to the Charing Cross Hotel, and they assigned me bedroom No. 298.

Tu. 16. After breakfast in the handsome Coffee Room, which was very full, I read in the Reading Room for an hour. Then walked a mile to Fetter Lane to the new premises of my Publisher's, close to the Record Office, and conferred with Mr. Marston, and then walked north to King's Cross. Took the rail at 1.20, and went north to Hatfield. Saw the brick Jacobean turrets of the Marquis of Salisbury's house over the trees. Got out, and entered another train going east to Hertford. Arrived there, I walked half a mile to me cousins Mrs. Oliver's, who at 81 seems wonderfully well. Talked over family affairs of various sorts, and reversed the journey in coming back to London.

Wed, Aug. 17. Drizzly morning. Went to the National Gallery, and pondered over the paintings for three hours. As it cleared up, I decided on going 4 miles out to Clapham Common to see Mr. Scrivens. Took the underground rail at Charing Cross, and got out at Victoria Road. Then, at the Victoria great Station, took a ticket to get over the river, and I got out at Wandsworth Road. Walked about three quarters of a mile to near the middle of the north side, but learnt that he was out of town. The servant told me he would be home in the evening, but was going to leave the next

morning for a short time. They hoped to come to Sidmouth early in September. I proceeded therefore to return to my hotel at Charing X. Walked down the Cedars Road - caught the Tram Car at the bottom - went for one penny along the Wandsworth Road to near Vauxhall Bridge - walk over the bridge - the tide was falling - stood and watched several barges and steamers pass under my feet, - went on through streets, and passed that curious pentagon the prison house - then the houses of Parliament and the Abbey - glanced at the bronze statue of Lord Palmerston, and of sundry others of our great statesmen on their pedestals (Aside - who can admire a bronze statue? it is nothing better than an ugly black mass; it reflects on light, and its details are indistinct) - then turned out to the river - and so to my hotel along the embankment.

As I arrived, some large drops of rain fell. For the last hour the heavy black clouds had looked very threatening. I went into the Reading Room - there were a dozen ladies and gentlemen there, who were staying in the house - then a flash of lightening, which was just the same pale white light as the electric lamps which were being lighted outside - and no wonder, as they were the same thing. And then the gas looked so red! Both in the room and in the lamps in the street. Another flash, and another. They increased in frequency, and they increased in power, and the noise was "heavens artillery thundering in the skies." And the rain came down in torrents. I went to the front window looking towards the Strand. The bright streaks of golden wire were darting down from the black clouds, and I felt that they must strike something. From 7 to 8 the flashes succeeded one another with but small interval, and at this time near, as the reports, like the discharge of heavy artillery, followed close upon the flashes. After 8 it began to slacken, and by 9 o'clock there was peace and quiet. We heard afterwards that several buildings had been struck - that a large sewer, not able to sustain the pressure of water, had burst - and that part of the underground railway had been inundated, and the trains stopped.

Th. Aug. 18. The morning was moderately fine, but after the high temperature we have so long had, it felt cold; for 60' feels very cold after basking in 80'.

I had now no particular business to keep me in London; I had conferred with my Publishers, and seen my cousin; the fine weather seemed to have broken up; and to delay in London for sight seeing, though much may be learnt thereby, I would not - for money is so valuable.

I therefore paid my bill, got across the river by rail to the Waterloo Station, took my ticket for Sidmouth, and without adventure, got home about half past six.

Fri. 19. Something sure to go wrong when I turn my back. On Wednesday the 10th. Messes Arnold and Rivoni, from London, coming down Trow Hill on a tricycle, got turned over, and Arnold had his collar bone broken. And last Friday some of the Thornton family, driving down Temple Street, a wheel of the carriage came off, and they were much bruised by being thrown into the road. If I had been here perhaps this would not have happened.

Speaking of Thornton's, at November 3. 1873, I have a short abstract of the Will of the grandfather of these young folks, and as I happen to have some of the particulars of that of their father, who died at Sidmouth May 28. 1876, I may as well put them here, as a scrap of news connected with this place.

The Will of R.N. Thornton, of Knowle, Sidmouth.

[See back Nov. 3. 1873 for Will of his father.]

“He directs mourning to be provided for all persons in my service, to each of whom I give a year’s wages.” [This clause led to a lawsuit. The children thought that the indoor servants only were intended, and they excluded the outdoor servants, as gardeners, grooms, labourers, &c., from the benefit of the bequest. It is a pity it was carried into court; “all persons in my service” is very comprehensive. The servants got the verdict.]

To his wife Ellen Annie, [mother of his fifth, and youngest boy Cyril,] he gives the lease of 14 Portland Crescent, London, for her life or re-marrage, and £4000, and £1000 in addition, and one carriage, pair of horses, and harness.

Knowle, Sidmouth, [about 40 acres] freehold, to his eldest son Richard, [May 27. 1877] with the furniture, &c.

To his second son Albert James, he gives the lease of 98 Portland Place, with furniture, &, [April 3. 1877.]

To his daughter Margaret Ellen, her late mother’s dressing case, and the contents.

He appoints his brither-in-law Alfred Pulford, and his wife to be the guardians of his daughter and their sons until their full age.

He directs his trustees and Executors to lay out £40,000 upon trust, to pay the dividends and income to his daughter’s separate use, and to her children; but she may settle one third of it by Will on her husband, if he survives her. Failing her children, to go to her brothers. [She is married to Mr. Lubbock, and his two children,]

Mr. Lubbock died about 1890.

To his nephews and nieces £100 each.

To Richard Gardener Jones, (Executor) £1000.

To James Munday, his Butler, £50 per annum. [He retired, married a young (second) wife, and Mr. Thornton gave them the lower Lodge to live in.]

To William Turnbull Elliott, his Solicitor, £1000; or if dead, it is to go to his wife.

To his son Cyril £5000, and the watch of Testator’s father; and he is to have his mother’s settlements eventually.

To Miss Wilson. His daughter’s Governess, £500.

To Mrs. Frost, the Housekeeper £200.

To William Stickland, the Butler, £200. [Munday’s successor.]

To George Eveleigh, head Gardener, £200.

To his God-daughter, Janet Maude Pulford, £1000. [Mrs. Pulford was Mr. Thornton’s sister. Mr. Pulford a west-end tailor, who realised a large fortune, and retired to Torquay.

To his God-daughter, Maria Elgood, £200.

To the Orphan Asylum, Watford, £5000.

To his wife, during her life, or until her re-marriage, a long list of rare and costly jewellery, worth many thousand pounds, which jewellery, after his said wife's death, is to go to his daughter. [now Mrs. Lubbock.]

The residue of his property he leaves three sons Richard Thornton, Albert James, and Walter; but £5000 than the third to Albert, and £1000 more to Walter, because Richard had the Knowle estate.

All the silver plate, except the said jewellery mentioned above, to be divided among the said three sons.

The Executors are Mr. A. Pulford, Mr. R.G. James, And his two sons Richard and Albert Thornton.

Personality sworn under £200,000.

Will dated April 1875. He died at the comparatively early age of about 42, that being on the April' 28th. May 15 July 1876.

His father left him £400,000, but his personality was for half. He sunk something in buying one or two estates - it was understood that he was much fleeced at Knowle and as "lightly come, lightly go," a great deal was spent freely and unwisely. His eldest son Richard married his first cousin Miss Pulford - went into the church - Sidmouth his first curacy - put Knowle up to Action more than once - at last, by private contract, sold it nominally to Mr. Heugh, one of the Manor Trustees, it was said for £21,000, and it is now a hotel under a Company.

Albert married the younger Miss Hawker [July 29] and lived mostly away, Walter married the younger Miss Salvin, and they live a Hillside, Sidmouth. He drives a very nice carriage. His friends hope he will not drive too fast. But he did.

Cyril I should think, is about 15 or 16 years old now. Cyril's mother, after Mr. Thornton's death, married again - went abroad - caught a fever, as reported in Sidmouth - and died within six weeks.

Going back to the first Mr. Thornton, he had a sister who married a Mr. West. Their son, Mr. Thornton West, married Miss Bowerman, daughter of a small country Attorney at Uffculme. I remember her and the rest of the children, when I used to go over to Uffculme in 1851, 1853, &c.,. Within recent years she has been in the Old Chancel, and in the room where I am writing, but I did not tell her I remembered her. She is now in clover at Duryard, Exeter.

M. Aug. 22. John Lethbridge, Sen, aged 72, and wandering in mind sometimes, got out of his bedroom window, some 30 feet from the ground, at No. 2. Fortfield Place, behind Fortfield Terrace, and opposite Belgrave House, supposed at about 5 in the morning. At 7 he was found, nude and quite dead, lying in the path in front of the house, close to the public road.

W. 24. Called on Mr. Mrs. and Miss Player, at 3 Marine Place. They have been three years away on the Continent.

Mr. William Wallis, who is just now in Sidmouth, had tea with me. We used to play ball together in the Fort Field some sixty summers ago.

Th. 25. Called at the Vicarage. They gave me an interesting account of some discoveries in the remains of a Lake Dwelling on Col. Clement's property in Ireland, and lent me a full account of them by Mr. W.F. Wakeman. The remains are those of a Crannog in a partly drained bog at Lisnacroghera, near Broughshan, Co. Antrim. The examination has revealed spears, swords, bronze scabbards, ornaments of various kinds, glass beads, &c., &c. The patterns and devices on the scabbards are strictly Celtic, or Keltic in type.

Mrs. and Miss Arnold, whom I left at Plympton, surprised me with a visit.

Fri. 26. Dense sea mist coming in, and some rain.

S. 27. The mist and the rain were "all for heat," as they say. Very sultry to-day, and mist clearing off.

Called on Mrs. And Miss Arnold, at 10 Fortfield Terrace, for a short time; on Mr. Hine-Haycock at Belmont; on the Rev. Pigot James, the Elms; and on Mr. and Mrs. Wright, at Hillsdon House.

Sun. Aug. 28. Heard a good sermon from the Vicar this morning. Later in the day I took a look at the sea. There was a large barque "hull down," in the offing, going up channel. This illustrates very clearly the roundness or sphericity of the globe on which we live. And if a person will look at the ocean of a calm day, and hold up a straight stick, so that the ends just touch the horizon, he will perceive that the water is heaped up in the middle by a curved line, though of course not in so pronounced a degree as I have made it in the diagram. The best way however, is to look over a window sill, or the top bar of a railing, because they are fixed and steady. More than forty years ago my father had a groom called Wellington Smith, and my brother went out with Sir John Hindmarsh, (the first Governor), to found the colony of South Australia. Wellington Smith was told they had gone to the other side of the world. He thought the world was flat like a plate, and he enquired what they did when they came to the edge? He supposed they would fall off, and he may have concluded that they would fall for nine days, as Milton says Lucifer did

M. Aug. 29. 1887. Nine small houses burnt at Ottery in Pig Lane, or Yonder Street. Ottery is famous for fires. The fire was a week ago.

Lord Donerail has recently died of hydrophobia, from the bite of a tame fox seven months ago. Hydrophobia seems to be communicated by bits from the dog tribe and the cat tribe. The wolf and the fox I think belong to the dog tribe; the tiger, and some others, to the cat tribe. Did a tiger's bite ever give it? Would the hyena's give it? It would be interesting to have a list of such animals as are known to have communicated it.

Tu. 30. Showery from the SW. Quite a novelty. Called on Mrs. Fawcett - Mr. & Mrs. W. Floyd - Mr. Lubbock.

The Post Office removed from the Market Place, where it has been many years, to a much worse place, being the lower corner of Fore Street and East Street.

September 1887.

Th. September 1. Gale of wind from the SW, and violent rain. Mr. E. Chick had tea with me.

Fri. Sep. 2. Wind and rain continue. Quantities of living leaves blown off the trees.

Quite chilly. The summer weather over for the present.

Mr. Scrivens had tea with me.

Tu. 6. Accounts of the burning of Exeter new Theatre last night at the top of Longbrook Street. Supposed to have originated in the "flies" at the side of the stage. The old Theatre was burnt in 1885, and this has been built since. There were about 800 people in the building. The dead bodies taken out were removed to the yard and stables of the London Inn, close by. Before midnight there were 85 dead bodies laid out in the yard, and 20 injured persons sent to the hospital, of whom 3 or 4 soon died. It is said 108 are dead, but accounts are not made up. A man called Fish, from the York Hotel, Sidmouth, had gone in, and it was feared he might be there, but he proved to be safe. Several people went in by train this morning, to enquire for friends, but none were missing.

Th. 8. We hear from Exeter that the dead are being continually dug out of the ruins. At the Hospital 8 have died. My baker's errand boy, who brings bread to my house, has gone in to attend the funeral of his sister, who was burnt there.

A Mrs. Miller, of 86 Portland Place, London, a stranger, called and enquired what the Old Chancel was. I invited her in, and gave her a history of it, and she was surprised I had done so much oak carrvung. Walked to Sid and called on Mr. Scrivens.

Sat. 10. The talk of the week in Exeter has been constantly on the fire, and the work arising out of it. Inquests have been held. The unrecognisable remains have been buried first. The recognised have been buried by their friends or the city in the upper or lower Cemetery. About 130 dead have been removed from the ruins but the work of excavation is still going on.

M. Sep. 12. Drove to Beer to see C.F. Williams. Last year I went Sep. 8. He has got some beautiful watercolours, which he has done since he came last year. We took a turn to the look-out-station, and the beach. The wind was off the land, and the sea smooth. The effect of the gale of wing from the SW of Sep. 1, is visible every where on the foliage of the trees. The salt air from the sea has killed the leaves on the sea side. They are brown and withered up. I have often seen this effect before, under similar circumstances. Left Beer at six, and was home at 5 minutes after 7. Found that Mr. J.Y.A. Morshead of Salcombe had sent me a brace of partridges.

Th. 15. Mr. and Mrs. Maton called. She a granddaughter of the late Captain Carslake, of Cotmaton, in the parish of Sidmouth. There was a good deal of talk about genealogy and heraldry. It is astonishing how little people know of the two subjects, though most people wish to apply them to their own circumstances.

Fri. 16. Went to Ottery by rail to see two or three friends. It turned out rainy. However, I walked to the Station - about 3/4ths. of a mile from my abode - though it looked threatening - stopped at the Carfax at Broadway to look at the new Jubilee Fountain, just put up, and there drank Her Majesty's health - and went on - took rail - and so to Ottery. Had an early tea with Dr. Baker, formerly of Dawlish, and then returned.

This morning died my neighbour the Rev. Olmius Morgan. De mortuis, &c.

Also Miss Emma Cave, sister of the late Sir Steven Cave, at Witheby, Sidmouth.

Tu. Sep. 20. Beautifully bright warm day. Took a 4-wheel and drove out to Sidbury. Called at Cotford and found Mrs. Bayley at home. Then called at Court Hall, opposite Sidbury Church, and saw Miss Hunt. Had a pleasant drive back.

Another fire in Ottery - 6 houses in Paternoster Row, or Street, which occurred yesterday, the former taking place on the 29th. of August.

W. Sep. 21. For two or three mornings whilst I am dressing, there have been a number of bullfinches pitching on the honeysuckle, the head of which is near my bedroom window, and eating the seed berries.

Miss Emma Cave was buried at one to-day, and the Rev. O. Morgan at three, in the Cemetery.

Th. 22. School feast at the Vicarage. Beautiful day. The children, as usual, had their tea on the lawn; then the Vicar said Grace; then the children sang the National Anthem, accompanied by a German Band, which had been retained to amuse the company; then they went to the upper field to have their games. Several gentry there - among them, one of the Ladies Hobart, and (Plumtree) Dean of Wells.

Fri. 23. Called on Miss Lousada, and Mr. Norris, Jun'r.

It seems that about 140 people have died by the fire at the Exeter Theatre. The coroner's Court has been sitting almost daily, taking evidence. The Jury, by riders to their Verdict of "Accidental death," strongly censure Mr. Phipps the architect, and also the Magistrates who licenced the building.

Sun. 25. At the parish church. In the afternoon took a walk on the beach westward.

M. 26. Called on Mr. & Mrs. Mitchel, of Chard, now in York Terrace.

W. 18. And on Mr. & Mrs. Matthew Hall, now at Beacon Place.

Th. 29. Michaelmas Day. Fine, but a cold north wind. This has been an exceedingly stormy and cold month, and we have felt it so much the more from the great and continued heat all through the summer, and from the suddenness of the change. Most people have had fires nearly all the month - at all events of an evening; but I did not know how to make up my mind to begin more than a month earlier than usual - besides, I like to do great things on great days, and in all September the Almanac recorded nothing - there was no Queen's Birthday, no Duke of Wellington's nor anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo - so I went on shivering until Michaelmas Day - and I have laid hold of that to begin.

October 1887.

Sun. Oct. 2. Cold dark weather. Church P.M. The Vicar only. Mr. Hine-Haycock brought the Dean of Wells (Plumtree) to see the Old Chancel. He is lodging at

7 Fortfield Terrace. Strangers cannot make out what the Old Chancel is.

M. 3. Called on the Dean - out; and on the Hind-Haycocks at Belmont, and paid a long visit.

Tu. 4. Took a walk up to look at the Cemetery where I had not been since April 5. The Wellingtonia grows and looks healthy. It is about 15 feet high. The tombstones are increasing amazingly fast. Then walk to Lime Park or Sidbrook, and down over the river to Sidbrook Cottages, to enquire for Mr. Scrivens, who is at Plymouth; and then back on the east side of the river.

W. 5. Carved oak all the morning, as usual, making the stand for my Bookcase. Called on Mr. Cowan at St. Kilda, up Salcombe Hill, and found him at home - on Mr. W.M. Floyd, 3 Brooklet Villas, and found Mrs. F. at home - and on Mr. De la Pole at No. 4, and paid a long visit.

Th. 6. Fire last night, soon after eleven, at the hamlet of Cotmaton.

Last year Mr. Walter Sellek, the Butcher, built some cottages at the corner on land he rented from the Manor. The most westerly was rented by a man named Cosins, the next by Barnard and wife, and the one at the corner by a Mr. or Captain Elliott. The fire occurred at the first named, which was burnt out, all but the outer walls. All insured; Barnard's furniture not insured, and he lost nearly everything; the corner house not quite so badly burnt, and a few things were saved. The fire is said to have originated from some sticks put in front of the fire grate to dry, but which got ignited. Sellek is insured.

And we learn this morning that a young lady's body, with life not quite extinct, was found on the beach at the foot of the cliff, about half a mile eastward, under Salcombe Hill. She called yesterday (Wednesday) at the York Hotel, and had some refreshment. She ordered a room for her father, and one for herself - left a book and something's at the Hotel, and went out for a walk. She did not however, return, and her father did not come. The next morning a fisherman named Rugg found her badly. He went over and touched her hand to see if she was alive. She opened her eyes, moaned, and shut them again. She was brought back to Sidmouth in a boat, and Dr. Pullin had her taken to his house on a stretcher, where she still lies. The name on her linen was "Johnston or Johnson; and the book was found to be from the Library of Mr. Upward, of Exeter, who was telegraphed to, who informed her parents. She was lying face upwards, and probably the back of the skull fractured by coming on the pebbles of the beach. Rugg waved his hat to a man named Harris, who was insight in a boat, the water being smooth. Some men returning from fishing the evening before, just about dusk, saw something from the water lying on the beach, but took no notice of it. She must have lain there 14 or 15 hours. Rugg and Harris lifted her into the boat, when she screamed, and also when they took her out - and no wonder, for it was afterwards found that her left leg was badly broken above the ankle, and also her left hip bones of the pelvis. ether broken or displaced. In 1894 she married Dr. Pullin's youngest son.

Sun. Oct. 9. At the parish church in the afternoon - the Vicar preached.

Miss Johnston has not come to consciousness, nor spoken. She has been in convulsions to-day, and her chances of living very slender. She is about 16 or 17. Her clothes I am told, were partly covered with red mud, and her legs and stockings torn with bushes and brambles. Her mother lodges near, and is constantly with her. Her father apparently, seems to have some business in Exeter, as he is backwards and forwards.

Tu. Oct. 11. Went to Mr. & Mrs. Player's, now for a short time lodging at No. 3 Marine Place, to see the numerous watercolour drawings he has made in Switzerland, since they were here two or three years ago. He is a very good amateur artist. I scarcely know which are the most beautiful - the snowy

scenes or the summery ones. Miss Harrison and another lady were there. Miss Player as pretty as heretofore.

W. 12. Paid off Rose Cross, (11 weeks), who was only with me temporarily, and Mrs. Hallet, who was my cook last winter, came back.

Extraordinarily server weather. Cold rain from SW., which ended in rain, sleet, and snow flakes from the NE from 4 to 5P.M. The tops of the hills had a sprinkle of white. I have known Sidmouth since January 1825, now 62 years, but I never remember snow in October before at this place.

Fri. 14. Attended a meeting of the Burial Board.

Sat. 15. Changed bedroom. Finished reading "The Black Squire", in 3 vols, 16mo. A very well written fiction by a clergyman who was Curate of Sid'm 20 years ago - the Rev. W. Hildebrand, though he disguises himself on the Title-page by "Davus." the work could only be written by a clergyman. It dwells on the struggles, limited incomes, different doctrinal views, abuses, reforms proposed, and many other points, and their workings, which only one behind the scenes could know and handle.

M. 17. Had an afternoon tea by invitation of the Dean of Wells, and Mrs. Plumptre. Had a long talk with him on literary matters. He shewed me the first vol, of his translation of Dante, a thick 8 vo of 500 pages or more, with his notes for the second, which he is now working at.

Mr. Stirling arrived this evening for a short visit, before he goes to Italy for the winter.

M. Oct. 24. And he left for London this morning.

My last article on the Arms of the county of Devon, this month in the Western Antiquary, rather deals with the Pedigrees of the De Redvers and Courtenay families, and the descent of the Griffin, as an Heraldic bearing. The Editor has sent me six copies of the article, which I can give away.

Th. 27. Rain and wind - very cold.

Fri. 28. Wind veered to south-west - mild. 59'. Walked to Sid through the Salcombe Fields, and called on Mr. Scrivens. Had some ripe pears and grapes and a glass of Tarragona with him, and the feast of a long chat.

S. 29. Returned the History of Wells Cathedral, by E. Freeman, lent me by the Dean a short time ago. It is very vigorously written, and very interesting. Then called on Mr. & Mrs. Hildebrand.

Sun. 30. At the parish church. The Dean read the 2nd. Lesson, and preached.

November 1887.

Tu. November 1. Violent gale of wind from the SW, with hard rain.

It increased in violence as the night wore on, and continued till this afternoon. Going through the Church Lane, near the Brewery, I could not pass without walking over the glass of two large skylights, two yards and a half square each, which had been lifted bodily out of the roof, I suppose by the wind getting inside and under them, and thrown head over heels into the lane. The frames were not much broken, but the whole of the glass, which was very thick, was all shaken out, and in 1000 fragments.

On the beach much damage was done. As the tide rose, the waves, which had assumed gigantic proportions, dashed over the Esplanade, and ran down into the town. The south-east corner of the Fort Field, (as in my sketch of Dec. 4. 1876, vol. V.) was full of water; Westerntown flooded; also the low part by the Market place; and further east still worse, because the river, which was overflowing its banks, was kept back by the high sea, and was taking the town in rear. The lower rooms of the houses were deep in water; boats were used to enable people to come out; and sundry pigs in their sties, in danger of being drowned, were taken away in boats, out-squealing the whistling of the wind. Slates and chimneys blown off the roofs, and some have told me they felt their houses rock.

W. Nov. 2. Walked out to Sid through the fields on the east side of the river, to call on Mr. Scrivens. The effects of the storm are visible every where. In the first field, over the stone bridge, one half of a large tree in the middle of the field, blown off and lying prostrate; a large limb of an alder by the river side, off; at the top of the first field, and in the walk through the plantation, a large Elm prostrate, uprooted, and fallen all along up through the path, which was blocked, and quiet impassable, until some men, who were at work, had cleared away enough to let people go by; at the top of the plantation another elm down, and this was lying all up the river, with its upper branches on the further side; further on, upon the right, in the hedge running eastward, a large elm uprooted, and up to the timber bridge at Sid, in a hedge on the Sidmouth side, two large elms on the grass. All over the neighbourhood many trees are down.

Tu. 3. Depredators about. A few days ago a drunken tramp made his way, into Sid Abbey, late at night, and thrust his head through a glass door, cutting himself severely - said he had come to beg - too drunk to know what he was about - used violence and disgusting language to those whom he had called out of their beds. Finis - 14 days in Exeter Jail.

On Thursday the 27th. ult. A tramp got into Redlands, and stole some boots, a coat, and other articles, but he has evaded pursuit.

When the south rebelled against the north, in America, and the United States became the Dis-united States, some twenty years ago, the Southerners adopted a new flag, and I have only recently learnt what it was, It is in the margin. One red stripe instead of 13, and eleven stars, I believe the number of States that rebelled.

Fri. 4. The 3 seals annexed illustrate my last paper in the Western Antiquary, advocating the claims of the Griffin to a place on the Courtenay coat of arms. The De Redvers family bore the Griffin for four successive generations, and then Mary De Redvers who had no brother, but eventually was heiress, married Sir Robert de Courtenay. My paper was in the last month's number of the Western Antiquary. The seals are attached to old Charters granted by members of the family not lone after the Conquest, and though rude, and the strange animals mis-shapen. They are never the less perfectly authentic. The modern form of the griffin I give back at April 17. 1885; and at Dec. 29. 1886.

The papers say that the Prince of Wales was at Truro yesterday, and opened the new Cathedral there, with brilliant and imposing ceremonies

Sat. Nov. 5. Two or three strange gentlemen, like the sketch annexed, paid me a visit during the forenoon. But the boys who carried them seem quite to have forgotten the integrity of the verses they used to recite; [Nov. 5. 1882,] and they seem to be utterly ignorant of the origin or meaning of the celebration. The love of gunpowder makes it popular. There was a torch light procession down

the town, and a bonfire on the beach, but the rain came on and damped the ardour of the sports, after dark this evening.

Sun. 6. Strong southerly gale - sea dashing over the Esplanade, and ponding back the river; and the same thing occurred to-night, as occurred last Wednesday, i.e., the water got into the gas-works, and the town was in darkness

M. 7. The Dean of Wells called, and afterwards sent me some books.

Tu. 8. Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, who passed last winter here, called to-day.

Fri. 11. Mr. Scrivens had tea with me.

Tu. 15. An old friend, formerly of Sidmouth, and now of Heavitree, sent me a large plum cake, as a precursor to my coming birthday.

Wed. 16. Mr. & Mrs. Stanford sent me some pears in a basket of flowers.

Th. 17. Another birthday, and I feel wonderfully well, except a continued hissing and singing noise in me head, and a tender throat, that advises me to keep house in cold weather. I should enjoy a good walk over the hills, but it is frosty and cold, with a cutting north-east wind.

I tell my friends that I am 14 to-day, and I prove it thus - $7+7=14$

Mr. Edward Chick called, and left me some beautiful pears.

Mr. Kennet-Were, of Cotlands, called, and brought some bunches of the largest grapes I ever saw. They were of his own growing. He told me there was a project on foot for planting a tree to further commemorate the Jubilee year of her Majesty, but have not quite decided

Sculptured stone found in the wall of the church, Wincanton.

I made the above sketch from a photograph given to me by a stranger who had been to Wincanton, and called on me here. He told me the stone was near two feet square. On considering the incongruous and obscure subject, I recollect that St. Dunstan is said to have practised the Blacksmith's art, and that one day when he was at work at his forge, the Evil One intruded, and that the angry Saint caught him by the nose with his red hot tongs.

One of my domestic's gave me a teapot and milk jug to commemorate my birthday, and the other worked the initial letters of my three names in Honiton lace. I put the lace on a blue ground in the margin, for I never saw my initial's in lace before.

W. Nov. 23. Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, now again our Curate, called. Among Sunday things, he told me a curious story for the age in which we live;- that at a house Called Balsters, but now recently Hoptouns, where two ladies live, there had been great alarm for some time, there being no doubt, as the ladies think, that the house is haunted. It seems that that there is a door between a bed room and a dressing-room, that though it is well fastened at night, it is always found open in the morning. [Aside - perhaps it wants a new latch.] Anyhow, the sleepers are very much frightened - so much so, that they have given up the house, and are going or have already, gone away. But they fancy they have seen mysterious figure of an old gentleman pass through the doorway. This was too much for

the ladies. The house is a little above the Vicarage - between the Hermitage, and the house next to the entrance to the Elysion Field's, so called.

Th. 24. The Herring season began near the commencement of the months. But they were not very plenty till lately. The multitudes in the ocean are altogether incalculable. One would think the sea were full of them from shore to shore, and all shores, for we see by the Papers that they are catching them all round Britain, France. &c.

Fri. Nov. 25. Two young men brought me something the other day which at first I could not make out, but examination suggested that it was an old spring Gun. The construction of it was very ingenious. A blunderbus barrel, with a flint lock is fixed in a stock, and a perpendicular spike underneath, enables the whole affair to turn about like a swivel gun. At horizontal rod under the stock, is connected with a trigger by a bent arm or lever, and if this rod is jerked or pulled forward, the gun is fired. Another contrivance turns and aims the barrel towards the person to be shot. At the outer end of the rod there are three loose rings, to each of which a long cord may be tied. Suppose then, that the owner of a garden finds that his fruit is stolen at night. Into a hole on the top of a post, or block, or any other pedestal, the spike is put, and the gun will then turn about. At the top of the spike there is a hinge, and a clipping screw, by which the muzzle can be adjusted to any elevation, and there fixed; and then, if the three cords are laid across the garden in any three directions, a trespasser would be sure to catch his foot in one of them, and fire. The mechanism is simple, but certainly clever. The young men knew nothing of its history. It was found among some refuse and rubbish at the back of Little Belgrave, a house behind Belgrave House. They wanted to sell it, and were happy to get half a crown. Spring guns are now against law.

Sun. Nov, 27. Advent Sunday. At church.

M. 28. Called on Mr. Stanford, now at Belgrave House.

December 1887.

Thursday, December 1. Continued boisterous weather.

S. 3. Walked to Mr. Scrivens at Sid. In the evening he had tea with me.

Sun. 4. Parish church. Sacrament.

W. 7. Along with a hard shower of rain, snow flakes.

Th. 8. A brig lost her way in the Channel, owing to the thick and heavy weather, has run upon the reef of rocks at Long Ebb, as it is called, four miles east of Sidmouth towards Branscombe, and is likely to become a total wreck. The crew numbered eleven, but they got ashore. She is nearly new, and copper bottomed. She belongs to Greenock. She has come from La Plata in South America, laden with hides and horns, and was to call at Falmouth for orders, but missed her port. They hope to save the cargo, if they cannot save the ship. She is called the Albany.

Fri. 9. Called at Cotlands, and found Mr. Kennet-Were at home.

S. 10. Ed. Chick at tea. Mons. Jules Ferry shot at in Paris, but not killed.

Th. 15. Isaacs went. Dr. Baker, heretofore of Dawlish, now of Ottery, came in, and he stayed to tea, and then drove home in the dark.

S. 17. Finished and sent off the Index of the XIXth. Volume of the Trans. Dev Assoc, to be printed.

M. 19. Mr. Stanford and his two younger sons had afternoon tea with me.

Tu. 20. Had early dinner with them at Belgrave House.

W. 21. Shortest day. Dark weather. W£ind NE.

Th. 22. The newspapers have an account of one of the longest and severest of pugilistic encounters that has ever taken place in the annals of fighting with fists. To avoid the penalties of the law, the parties went to France, and met on an island in the Seins, 20 miles from Rouen last Monday. There were 83 persons present to witness it. On one side Jack Kilrain, an American Irishman, and Jem Smith, an Englishman, on the other. Stakes £1000 a side. They fought in the most determined manner for two hours and a half, and accomplished 106 rounds, both being dreadfully punished, when darkness came on, and they were obliged to stop. They agreed to consider it a drawn or undecided battle. I thought that prize fighting had been stopped but it is revived again with zest. Among those who were present, appear the names of Lord Churston, aged 41, Captain Grenville, Lord De Clifford 32, Colonel Browne, Marquis of Queensbury 43, Arther and Aubrey Coventry, Lord Mays 36, the Hon. Michael Sandys 38, Mr. Careus, Alfred Savile, Arthur Cooper, and so on, and so on. Some few years ago I saw in the papers a strange account of the Marquis of Queensbury burying his deceased wife in the grass plat near his house, and I am not sure he did not lend a hand with the shovel. The public press made some remarks upon this, which called forth an angry letter from him, justifying the act, and also betraying some very loose religious sentiments - with the word "religious" left out.

Fri. Dec. 23. I have been much interested in reading T.G. Jackson's clever book on Dalmatia, a country about which I know nothing. The antiquities, and architecture, the features of the country, the multitude of islands, and the varied races of people among the inhabitants, all contribute their share.

S. 24. More details have arrived about Barnum's Managerie of wild beasts in their winter quarters at Bridgepost in Connecticut in North America, catching fire on the 20th. of last month. Three Elephants, lions, tigers, and various animals were burnt to death; and thirty Elephants, a Lion, a hippopotamus, and others, partly singed, brooke loose and ran over the country. Great terror every where. The Lion was found in a barn eating a cow, and was shot.

Sun. 25. Christmas Day. A beautiful day, a clear blue sky, a bright sun, but a cutting north-east wind, and too cold for snipes and Eskimoes.

M. 26. Boxing Day, so called - but for what reason I never knew.

W. 28. Finished carving the leaves or scale pattern on the eight octagonal legs for the stand for my small oak bookcase.

Sat. Dec. 31. Last day of the year. All the years seem to come and go pretty much alike, so I shall not indulge in any remarks on 1887.

Last Thursday Thomas Bolt was run over in Sidmouth by a horse and cart. Wheel passed over left arm - bad fracture above elbow - sent to Exeter Hospl.

POH Transcripts - 1888

January 1888.

Sunday. January 1. 1888. Dull, rainy weather - wind veering from the NE to the SE. This always brings "dirty weather," as the sailors call it.

M. 2. Wind veering from S to SW, and W. The weather is milder, but a heavy mist and fog, making everything very damp, is now coming in from the sea. How few people there are who can "box the compass," as they say in nautical phraseology; and yet, it is impossible to have a correct idea as to where or in what direction different distant countries or nearer towns lie, without a general or fair notion of the 32 points that make up the circle. Candidates for a sea life have got to learn it by heart; and landsmen, when they travel, cannot know which way they are going, or whether they are right or wrong, without some certain knowledge of it.

S. 7. All the week mist and fog. Railways impeded, and trains late; in London, business much delayed; and at sea many collisions.

Sun. 8. Wet, cold morning. At church in the afternoon; gas lighted, which warmed it more than the warming apparatus.

M. Jan. 9. The remains of the Emperor Napoleon 111, and of his son, removed

to-day from Chiselhurst to the new Mausoleum at Farnborough, which the Empress has recently had made.

Fri. 13. Attended a meeting of the Burial Board, the Vicar in the Chair. Little to do. Miss Gilcrist and Miss Flood called.

M. 16. Received the first No. of the "Notes and Gleanings," a Magazine to appear monthly, and in the middle of the month, published in Exeter. I hope it will be well supported by the public. In the articles on the Otterton Cartulary, which I propose to send it, I wish to preserve the abbreviations, in quoting from the old Latin Charters, or other original documents. I suspect they don't want to be troubled with these

pot-hooks and hangers in the printing office, and do not want to send to London for them. However, in my letter to-day to the Editor I observed - "I beg to say that whatever abbreviations may be got down for my articles, I shall be happy to pay for them."

W. 18. Miss Gilcrist and Miss Flood called by arrangement, the latter lady wishing to have an insight into wood carving. They looked over what I had done, as also patterns and models, and brought one or two essays to shew me. Afterwards, whilst we were at our afternoon tea, the younger brother came in. He has recently returned from America.

Fri. 20. Suddenly very mild. Thermomet 54 out of doors.

Sun. 22. At the parish church. The Vicar preached. Towards the evening the bells in the town struck out and rang a peal. People enquired the reason? It is the birthday of Mr. Balfour, the young Lord of the Manor. He is 25 to-day, and by the provisions of his father's will, [] the Trustees give up their

trust, and he takes full possession of his property. The Sidmouth people do not look forward to much increase of prosperity in the Manor.

M.23. Sent 2 Queries to the second No. of the Lincolnshire Notes & Queries.

Mr. Stanford called, and gave me a map of Devonshire with the parishes marked.

W.26. Had an early dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, and niece, at Belgrave House. He shewed me some beautiful coloured maps of a most elaborate kind, emanating from his establishment at Charring Cross, and a splendid folio "Jubilee" volume, dedicated to the Queen.

Th. 27. Mr. & Mrs. Wm Floyd had an afternoon tea with me. The accounts of the severity of the weather from different parts of the world are very striking. In North America, very much so - in Scotland and the northern counties of England, trains stopped and traffic impeded by frost and snow - and unusually severe in some parts of the continent of Europe. The wolves, issuing from the Hungarian forests, from their inability to obtain their usual prey, have rendered travelling, and even walking beyond the limits of the towns dangerous. The papers mention the case of a magistrate, returning home one evening in a sleigh, when many stray wolves hovered about and kept pace with his horse. By some accident the sleigh was jolted, and he was thrown out. Immediately, the whole pack fell upon him and tore him to pieces and devoured him, whilst the horse and driver effected their escape.

Another occurrence is in the paper. A peasant and his son 13 years old, were returning home in a sleigh after work, when they were surrounded by a pack of wolves. Expecting a combined attack, the father pushed the boy off, and then drove the horse home as hard as he could go. The account says he has given himself up to the police.

It would be a national benefit to exterminate these dangerous animals, for no child is safe beyond the cottage door, or an unarmed man on his travels. I should think that dynamite cartridges, covered with a piece of meat or offal, might be contrived to go off by a spring, when pressed by the animal's own bite; or the carcass of some beast put in a convenient spot, in order to decoy the whole pack together like a flock of sheep, and then direct a few charges of grape shot upon them from a six pounder.

S. Jan. 28. Splendid eclipse of the moon this evening. It was quiet, with a gentle wind from the north, and not a cloud.

It began about 9.30 P.M. the moon having been up some hours; but a considerable time before the shadow touched the moon, there was a long extended penumbra spreading over its south-east side, looking striped, like mare's-tail clouds, and of a cold gray colour. I have endeavoured to shew it in the first figure above.

The second figure exhibit's the Moon nearly half eclipsed, about 10, P.M. The shadow was of the same cold blackish gray, and I mention this because it was very different afterwards. The penumbra as usual, or rather more fluffy.

The total obscuration was effected at 10.31, but the third figure represents it at 11.2, when it was at the middle. Here it was of a deep brown, more intense towards the centre. The cold gray had changed to a warmer colour. Perhaps the bright half dazzled the eye, and by contrast made the

shade look black and cold. As soon as totality began, and this glare was taken off, then the yellow of the Moon seemed to shine through, producing the most beautiful orange in the thinner part at the commencement, which graduated onwards into a deep rich brown in the middle of totality. But the Moon could be seen in the sky, even when it was at its darkest. As the shadow moved on it began to change from brown to orange as it thinned away.

The fourth figure, at 9 minutes past 12, represents the shadow just leaving the eastern edge of the Moon. This thin edge of light was of a beautiful silvery gray, if it had any colour at all. Perhaps there was a tinge of prismatic colour, and then the intensest orange, like transparent amber, and far too rich for me to imitate out of my colour box. This deepened into brown at the western edge, as I have endeavoured to represent it. By the time the bright Moon was half uncovered, the eye of the spectator became dazzled again, and the shade lost its warm tints, and cooled into gray.

The eclipse was entirely over at ten minutes after one, and I watched it to the end. It was the finest I remember to have seen, though my glass was small, and the Moon inconveniently high over head.

It is stated in some of the public prints, that at intervals of every 18 years and eleven days, eclipses of a similar nature and number generally occur, and they say that in 1870 the aspects were the same as this year.

Tu. 31. Mr. Tinley, a dealer of 51 Paris Street, Exeter, brought me a small triptic of carved oak. The centre piece, a plaque resembling enamel, represented a woman on her knees, with perhaps an attendant standing behind her, a priest or saint standing before her, with uplifted right hand, and left holding a light or torch, and a man behind him, and above her the words Engverrand de Marigny. There were narrow plaques inside the doors, with quarter circle ones over, and a half circle one over the centre, all painted. He said the plaques were enamelled on copper. I rather doubted, thinking they might be glass, burnt in. The work was old, and apparently foreign. He wanted to sell it, but as I am situated, without wife or family, I buy but little now-a-days.

February 1888.

Wed. February 1. £60 dividend.

Th. 2. Mrs. & Miss Isaacs had tea with me.

Fri. 3. Wind changed to SW, and milder. The description of a great gun I saw recently in the paper - the largest piece of ordnance yet made. It is of steel - 111 tons - nearly 44 feet long - bore 16 ¼ inches in diameter - charge 600 pounds of cocoa powder - and a conical cylindrical shot that weights 1800 pounds. It has been tried at Woolwich. It recoiled 22 feet. The velocity of the shot 1695 feet per second. It was afterwards fired with 700 pounds of powder, and a third time with 800. What iron plates or iron clad ships could resist this? I believe that two of them are soon to be mounted on one of our new ships. - The Sans Pareil. See below.

I saw it mentioned some short time ago that the English government had recently taken possession of the island of Socotra, at the entrance of the Red Sea, - I suppose for strategic reasons. It is 82 miles long, and 20 wide.

The great guns are for the Sans Pareil, I see it stated. She registers 10,470 tons, and is 350 feet long. She was launched the 9th. of last May.

The American papers of last December tell us of an immense Raft of timber containing 27,000 logs. It was sent from Nova Scotia by the owner, Mr. Leary, to go I believe to New York. It was towed by a steamer down the coast as far as Nantucket, when a violent gale of wind and a heavy sea caused it to break loose, and the steamer could not recover it. In a few days the waves broke it all up and scattered it. The tides and currents carried its disjointed parts far and wide, so that for hundreds of miles the ocean was more or less covered with logs, to the danger of navigation. It was the wrong time of year to commit such an unwieldy burden to the chances of the wide ocean.

Sat. Feb. 4. Lord Courtenay's bankruptcies are again in the papers. Eighteen years ago - in April 1870 - I made an entry respecting them. Three quarters of a million was then the sum spoken of. It says he was made bankrupt in 1870, and paid 1s. in the £ on £100,000, and again in 1878, a 1s. in the £ on £20,000. In both instances it says that the proceedings were annulled. He has now no interest in the family estates, his interest having been conveyed to his father. His unsecured debts are now £5847,,16,,10, and his assets nil. He has been living on £300 a year, allowed him by his father, which ceased at the end of 1886. Adjudication of bankruptcy was pronounced, and first meeting next Tuesday the 7th.

What fools there are in the world, to be sure! [Th. March 15.]

Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, and Mrs. Fisher, staying with them.

M. 6. Mrs. Stanford brought Mrs. Fisher to see my old fashioned abode, and had an afternoon tea. The latter lady has written several successful books of the advanced character and class of educational works.

Fri. 10. Mild all this week. Called on the Rev. Pigot James, and Mrs. Toller.

Sun. 12. At the parish church. Thermomet gone down to 38'. Church warm

M. 13. Snow storm from the NW.

Tu. 14. Valentine's Day, and a very wintery Valentine's Day. Thick snow storm all afternoon, which covered the level ground five or six inches deep. The greatest fall since the memorable snow of February 1881 - just seven years ago. The accounts from North America give us a fearful idea of the severity out there just now. It has been down to 62' below freezing in Minnesota.

W. 15. Yesterday was Shrove Tuesday, and to-day Ash Wednesday.

S. 18. Finished carving some Ivy and berries in poplar. The white woods are easy to cut, but I prefer oak, or some hard wood, as it cuts cleaner.

Sun. 19. The snow was disappearing, but another fall last night has again covered the ground.

M. 20. Another bankruptcy of a lamentable kind. Some weeks ago, and repeated by adjournments, the affairs of Mr. William Copeland Borlase, late M.P. for St. Austell, and an Under Secretary of State in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry a few years ago, were under investigation, as published in the papers. I think his place in the west of Cornwall is called Castle Horneck. In a literary and an antiquarian light, the name is of repute in those parts; and I presume that he is a man of cultivated mind, from having heard of his collection of books, curiosities, and works of art, and from having, a few years ago, observed his name on the list of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of London. The first

thing that attracted my attention, was seeing an advertisement some months ago, announcing that his collection was to be sold; after that I heard he had resigned his seat in Parliament. I was astonished. I expressed my surprise to Mr. Franks when he was with me. He knew him well. He said there was a dark eyed lady in the case. At the public examination it was stated that his liabilities were £42,653,,8,,8, of which £19.037,,16,,5 were unsecured, and the assets were £6,371,,0,,4. Madame de Quiros, a Spanish lady, had recovered judgment against him for over £4000. He ascribed his bankruptcy to his expenses in Parliament, and to the persecution he had suffered recently from Madame de Quiros, because he refused to settle £1500 a year upon her. Some people go up hill, and some people go down hill, but the down hill is the quickest.

Sun. 26. Beautiful bright sunshiny day, with scarcely a cloud, but the snow lies in the shady corners, and there is a strong northeaster blowing, "enough to cut a snipe in two."

M. 27. In a recent memorandum I see it stated that in June, in the year 1886, the population of England and Wales was - 27.870.586. Taking marriages as a test of prosperity, it quotes the year 1853, in which 17.9 per 1000 of the population married, whereas it had fallen in 1886 to 14.1. Being the lowest on record. There has been great depression of late, but happily things now look brighter.

Tu. Feb. 28. Called on Mr. Stanford. Told him the printers in Exeter had a great deal of difficulty about the abbreviations, [Jan. 16.] and had only been able to procure a few characters or signs in London; and did he know of any type foundry or dealers that he could recommend me to? He said he thought he might, and offered to write if I wished it. I replied that I should be very glad if he would, and gave him a list of those that they had not procured.

Stayed to an early tea.

W. 29. Last day of February - 5 Wednesdays. See Feb. 29. 1880.

March 1888.

Sat. March 3. Wrote a long letter to the Devon & Exeter Gazette, on the subject of the wild birds, multitudes of them having been killed by the cold.

Tu. 6. My letter appears. The wind has left the north-east, and is moving south. For the past month very cold all over the northern hemisphere of the world, and the papers say there has been snow at Nice and Rome.

Fri. 9. Burial Board meeting. Very little to do there.

A telegram has arrived, saying that the Emperor William, of Germany, died at half past 8 in the morning. Yesterday. He had attained a good old age. His eldest son married the Princess Royal, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter. He is now Emperor, but his life hangs by a mere thread, for he has been suffering from a sort of cancerous tumour in the top of the throat. A few weeks ago the operation tracheotomy was performed, and he now breaths through a tube inserted in his throat.

M. 12. Confirmation at Sidmouth parish church by Bishop Bickersteth.

Tu. 13. Ordnance Surveyors about the parish, engaged about the new survey of the country. Mr. Stanford has given me a new map of the county, being a skeleton map, with the boundary lines of the parishes laid down.

W. 14. Terrible accounts of a violent gale of wind and snowstorm last Monday in New York. The like never remembered before. The Americans call such a storm a "Blizzard." Queer English over there.

Th. 15. The King of the Belgians is now in England, on a friendly visit.

Prince Oscar, a younger son of the King of Sweden, has taken a great fancy to Miss Ebba Munck, one of the Maids of Honour, and at last has got consent to marry her. He must resign all pretensions to the throne, under any circumstances, and forgo and relinquish many rights and privileges to which, as a Prince of the blood, he was fully entitled. The parties have recently come to England, and the Queen of Sweden has taken a house at Bournemouth. They have been married at St. Stephen's church. The Queen, his mother was present - also the Crown Princess of Denmark, the Duchess of Albany, Prince Carl, and Prince Eugene of Sweden, &c., &c. Prince Oscar was attended by Count Piper, who is the Swedish Ambassador. The bride was given away by her cousin Colonel Munck. The wedding breakfast took place at Crag Head, the residence of the Queen, his mother.

And Lord Courtenay's affairs are again in the papers. His reflexions cannot be very cheering. At the examination he said that all his interest in the family estates passed from him in 1871. Since that date his father had allowed him from £350 to £400 a year. This ceased in 1886. Since then he had been assisted by his father and by his friends. In 1875 he got a legacy of about £26,000. He received it at different times, but nearly all of it had gone to his creditors. His father had often paid his debts. Surely his father is more to be pitied than he.

Sat. 17. Sent Clark, my gardener over Salcombe Hill, a mile and a half to Salcombe Regis with two maps for Mr. J.Y. Anderson Morshead, J.P.

W. 21. England is full of great people. The Empress of Austria and her daughter are dashing about London in an open carriage. A few years ago the Empress used to come to England for the hunting season, and follow the hounds too.

But the Queen of England has just gone to the Continent for a few weeks.

Th. 22. A description of my old spring gun, with a woodcut, appears in this month's number, being No. 3, of the new Exeter periodical ycleped Notes & Gleaning's.

Procured some mud, abounding in rare animalcule, from a pond at Sid Abbey, Salcombe parish, and sent it to Lord Sidney Osborne, at Pelham House, Lewes, for his microscope.

Fri. 23. I copied the following list of the Royal parks, with their acreage, out of a return recently made. The object is not to make much profit out of them, and it is only in some of them that emoluments may be derived from grass, hay, pasture, timber, or enclosed portions, which are let, or built upon.

Acres. Acres.

Battersea park 199. Regents park 472.

Bushy park 994. Richmond Old Deer park 363.

Greenwich park 185. Richmond and Petersham park 2470.

Hampton Court park 185. St. James's park 93.

Hyde park 360. Victoria park 212.

Kensington park 19. Windsor great park 5300.

Kensington Gardens 274. Windsor Home park 73.

Kew Gardens 248. Phoenix park, Dublin 1752.

Sat. 24. Cold and wet. Carved pattern on the horizontal bars of the stand for my Bookcase, finished last year. I mean to give the whole affair to the Free Library, Exeter. If I had been a richer man it would have been my pleasure to have built, and also endowed, a Museum and Free Library at Sidmouth.

Sun. 25. Lady Day, and Palm Sunday. Thermometer 43. Afterwards it fell rapidly; wind shifting and unsteady - rain, sleet, snow.

M. 26. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford at Belgrave House. Mr. Bell, who has been lodging at Sidmouth, a London Publisher, and two young ladies, I believe his daughters.

Fri. March 30. Good Friday. At the parish church. Stayed to the Sacrament. Few people. I have remarked in passed years that most people stay on Easter Sunday.

April 1888.

Th. April 5. Weather fine - cold north-easter - thermom 41, out of doors. Mr. & Mrs. Bardswell, of Surbiton, and their son, now staying here, had an afternoon tea with me, and looked over my MS, Hist, of Sidmouth, and Sketchbooks.

I see it mentioned in the papers, that the 176.600 shares in the Suez Canal are worth £11. 500.000, present money value. I forget what they cost, but I think not half.

Fri. April 13. Had tea with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Morrish and two young ladies there.

M. 16. Mrs. Hoppus, from London, surprised me with a visit. Off to-morrow.

W. 18. Called on Ramson, Vesey, Thompson, Floyd, & De la Pole.

Th.19. Finished carving the pattern on the horizontal bars of the stand for my Bookcase.

Fri. 20. The papers speak of the condition of the young Emperor of Germany's health. It is not likely he can survive long. The disease in his throat is not now thought to be cancer, [March 9], but bronchitis has supervened. A dark story has been current lately, but we hope it is not true. The rumour says that the reason why the Queen of England wished that an English physician should be present at the operation for tracheotomy, was a prevailing fear in Germany, that he would not survive it. The existence of a political party that did not want him to outlive his father, (then alive), was more than suspected, and the operators could not be trusted. A dark story indeed!

The present state of the whole continent of Europe is very unsatisfactory, and for a twelvemonth past there has been a feeling of general uneasiness. War seems to be impending, and yet people are

asking "What for." Russia, the insatiable robber, is at the bottom of it. She has been gradually massing troops on the German and Austrian frontiers, and keeping up a perpetual system of intrigue in the affairs of Bulgaria, (on the road to Constantinople), and there has existed a secret treaty between them, to the effect that if either of them is attacked, the other will join with her in the common defence. On the other hand, France makes it no secret, that she is burning with revenge against Germany for the war of 1870, when she lost Alsace and Lorraine, and she is watching for a chance to try and get them back. Add to this the fact that France might any day break out into civil war within herself, so violent are party contentions just now.

Sat. Ap. 21. Walked up to St. Kilda, on the slope of Salcombe Hill, and took some patterns of wood carving for Miss Flood, when she returns. She has just bought the lease of Belle Vue, the remainder of the lease being some 60 or 70 years, with ground and garden, reports says, for £1000. This includes furniture and all.

Tu. 24. Mrs. Girdlestone, my tenant at No. 4 Coburg Terrace till Michaelmas, and her sisters, the Misses Damant, left to-day for Southampton. She has underlet it till Michaelmas to Mr. & Mrs. Herries, who have just sold Belle Vue as mentioned.

The Queen has left Florence, and to-day she visit's the sick Emperor and her daughter the Empress at Charlottenburg Palace, near Berlin.

Fri. 27. The Queen returned to England after several weeks sojourn on the Continent - mostly at Florence.

May 1888.

TU. May 1. May Day - and more like a March day. One child - a boy - called at my house with a branch from a tree coming into leaf, & decorated with pieces of ribbon tied to it, and his is all I saw of Flora, [May 1. 74 & 80.]

S. 5. Mr. & Mrs. Stanford and Arthur their youngest, had tea with me.

Tu. 8. Weather at last feeling more summer like. Had dinner &c., with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford at Belgrave House.

Received the block, with type metal face, of the Preface or Preamble to the Otterton Cartulary. It is reduced in photographing considerably in size.

Fri. May 18. Finished carving the Gothic ornamental parts of the stand for my Bookcase, the perpendicular octagonal legs being covered with a leaf or scale pattern, and the horizontal bars with a Gothic edging. The Bookcase amused me for a year, and the stand since last autumn. The cabinet-maker may do the plain part, and put it together.

Sun. May 20. Whit Sunday - fine, but a cold NE wind, like March.

M. 21. Whit-Monday - a general holiday, not very soberly spent.

Th. 24. The Queen's Birthday. She is 69. The bells were rung, and flags were hoisted.

W. 30. Mr. Richard Lethably, a Stationer here, who has issued his monthly Journal for 27 years, has recently broken down in health so entirely, that in the May number of it, he takes a rather sad Farewell of his readers, saying that he be utterly unable to carry on for the future. As he has been an industrious and a well conducted citizen, some of his friends have formed themselves into a Committee, and met for the first time on Tuesday the 22nd. The Vicar being Chairman, and myself Hon. Secretary, the object being to collect a sum of money, and present it to him as an intimation of our regard. A Circular was drawn up, and I had it printed. I have been folding, directing, and posting at the rate of 50 a day, but to-day I posted 82. (£61,,4,,0 were given to him.) [Nov. 8.]

Th. 31. Posted 40 more. I have posted 229 in all, and that will be enough. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, at the Knowle Hotel, where they have been staying for a few days, and leave for London to-morrow.

June 1888.

Fri. June 1. Finished reading a series of letters in the Spectator on the subject of Milton's Paradise Lost. They are signed L. The Letters are numbered 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, & 369,. The winter abounds in praise, yet he alludes to certain defects - among them some remarks on the language, somewhat similar to what I have made at Mar.3. 1884, the inharmonious mixture of the Heathen Mythology with orthodox Christianity &c,. Milton makes out that Adam only enjoyed the sweets of Paradise for about ten days.

S. June 2. The king of Sweden arrived on Thursday in Plymouth harbour. He went to Lord Mount Edgecumbe, and stayed a few hours at his seat - then came to Plymouth and took the rail - stopped short time at Exeter - and then went on to join his Queen, still at Bournemouth. [Fed. 15.]

M. 4. Mr. & Mrs. George Buttemer (pron. Butter-meer) had tea with me.

Th. 7. Called on Mrs. Mackenzie, 1 Denby Place. She had a beautiful little green paroquet walking about the room, with a long tail, and a crimson beak. After climbing up her dress, and perching upon her hand, it walked across the table and was determined to come to me. It got on my hat, which was in my lap, and then on my fire finger. It nibbled and pretended to bite my nails, and chattered, and was most sociable. After a time se called it, when it walked back across the table to her again. Unlike other birds, which have three toes before, and one behind, this tribe has two before and two behind.

Called on Dr. Radford this morning at Sidmount, and looked over some of his new books, paintings, and works of art.

Called on Mrs. Carslake, who, like Mrs. Mackenzie, has been during the winter on the Continent. She was daughter of Dr. Barham, of Exeter.

Tu. June 26. Went to London, and put up at the Charing Cross Hotel - as last August 15. Had bed room 137.

W. 27. Called on the Rev. H.G.J. Clements, Vicar of Sidmouth, who is just now in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Then went to the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House, Piccadilly. Shewed them two small (reputed) Rembrandt etchings, being portraits duly signed, and one dated 1643, which I bought in London in 1846 or there about, having been there in that year, and the preceding. I think I

got them at a small print shop in or near Great Queen Street, Lincolns Inn Fields, but I have no record of what I gave. I then went to the print Room in the British Museum, where they shewed me a large volume of genuine Rembrandts, which I looked over with considerable interest, comparing mine. They shook their heads doubtingly at mine. I never believed mine were genuine, and they have lain forgotten in a portfolio for years.

Th. 28. But having them with me in London, I shewed them to Mr. Obach, of

20 Cockspur Street, who is an authority on prints and engravings. He asked leave to retain them for a few days, which I acceded to. On receiving them again, he said they appeared to be ingenious imitations.

After this I went to the Danish Exhibition at South Kensington, and to the Italian exhibition. At 8.30 in the evening to the Society of Antiquaries.

Fri. 29. Took the Rail at King's Cross, and proceeded via Hatfield to Hertford. Walked out to Bengoe, and had tea with my cousin Mrs. Oliver - and returned.

S. 30. Spent the greater part of the day at Bromley with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford.

July 1888.

Sun. July 1. At the Royal Chapel, Whitehall. The painting on the ceiling is black from dirt and smog, and spoilt by nail heads, (apparently), holding it up.

In the afternoon went down to Greenwich by rail. Went to church. In the vault under this church were laid my mother's father and mother, Sir W. & Lady Parker, (of Harburn.) Took a walk in the Park. Returned up the river by steamboat. Had not been on this part of the river for many years. Very enjoyable.

M. 2. Took the Rail from Euston Square, and proceeded to Staffordshire to see my cousins at Blurton, (adjoining Trenthan), and at Noromacot, the next parish. I had not been here since May 1865, when I came to the funeral of J.H. Vicar of Blurton, and Canon of Lichfield. His son is Vicar of Normacot, to which place I went to-day. Rain and chilly weather nearly all way.

Wed. 4. I transferred my domicile to Blurton, my cousin W.P.H.H., being Vicar there, and Prebendary of Lichfield.

Th. 5. Walked about to look at the old places. Since I was here the Vicarage house has been rebuilt, and the garden much enlarged.

Sun. 8. At Blurton church twice.

M.9. Walked out when the chilly rain allowed. Fires all day.

Tu. July 10. Left Staffordshire, and travelled via Birmingham & Bristol to Exeter, and just too late to catch the train for Sidmouth. Slept at my last year's lodgings, - and bespoke them for this year. Called on a friend or two and then took the rail and got back to Sidmouth, - on the Wednesday.

W. 11. On returning, I hear that Mr. Walter Thornton's affairs have come to a crisis; - he has been taken to London by one of his brothers - wife gone to her sister, Mrs. Harding, at Camden - sale of effects advertised.

I hear also that Alfred Mitchel, a painter, and Serjeant in the Volunteer Rifles died suddenly on the 3rd. And last Friday was buried in the Cemetery with military honours.

I hear also that William Mortimore (as they spell it,) formerly big drummer in the old Volunteer Artillery, 25 years ago, and recently organ blower in the parish church, but being 83 years old, and failing in mind, has thrown himself off the cliff; and at once killed. It was partly up Salcombe Hill, at the top of the first field. The cliff is nearly perpendicular here and fully 200 feet high.

Tu. July 17. Went over to Hillside, and looked at Walter Thorntons things, which are on sale all this week. One man can live on £40 a year, whilst another comes to grief with £40.000 stock.

This evening Mr. Stirling came to Sidmouth for a short visit.

M. 23. He left, to return soon to the Continent.

W. 25 Went to Exeter, the meeting of the Devonshire Association being held this week in the city. Took my servant Ann Newton with me.

Th. 26. Went to the large room at the Museum to hear the papers read I read nothing, and probably I have read my last. I have grown indifferent of late. Miss Frances B. James, an American lady, read a paper yesterday. Her mother and she are living at Rockbear Court, having let their house at Cambridge, Massachusetts. They have given me a photograph of their drawing room, in which there is a looking-glass, that had been Governor Hutchinson's.

Fri. July 27. Excursions to Woodbury Castle, &c., Dartmoor, &c. Rainy chilly morning. I did not go.

Sun. 29. At the Cathedral. Rain returning.

August 1888.

W. Aug. 1. During my stay in Exeter I have been often at the Museum and Free Library - copied some particulars about the Courtenay pedigree during one of my visits to the Institution in the Cathedral yard - copied an elephant under one of the misereres, No 27, on the north side of the choir in the Cathedral. - went down to Dawlish, and sketched the Old Maid Rock [see Nov. 9. 1878.] which lost its head last winter; and then walked a mile eastward as far as Langstone Point, and sketched the Elephant Rock, which I observed as I came down by train, had lost its head by the falling away of the cliff. In my Sketchbooks I have now got three sketches of three different aspects of this rock, the first being a very good representation of an Elephant. The cliffs are always falling away on this coast. The Parson & Clerk will go some day. Went in Exeter to look at old St. Pancras Church, which is being restored - also out the Heavitree to look at the tombstones of Thomas Hutchinson, and Henrietta, are now against the north wall of the church, removed from the west wall of the churchyard, but the yard has been somewhat enlarged on that side. Called upon friends named Gray, (dined there), Church, (tea'd there), Parfitt, &c. Mrs. Robins and her daughter Ada, came from Honiton to spend the day. Shewed Ada Northernhay, the Castle, Mrs. Gard's beautiful lawn, &c, &c. Went to the Bury Meadow to hear the band play. In my walks from South Gate down to the Quay, saw some portions of the city wall. To a small Park by the river in the Bonhay, where I found the two Russian guns taken

at Sebastopol in 1855, - one of them with a piece knocked out of the side of the muzzle. They used to stand on Northernhay.

Wed. Aug. 15. Returned in a carriage to Sidmouth - bag, baggage, and servant - direct from my lodging to the Old Chancel.

Tu. 21 Alice Godfrey, a young servant I got from an Institution in St. Bartholomew Yard, hoping she will be more steady, honest, and more economical than the general run of the older ones, - came from Exeter to-day.

M. 27. My cousin Sanford Hutchinson, eldest son of Rev. Pred. W.H. & Vic. of Blurton, co, Staff., came to stay with me.

Tu. Regatta at Sidmouth. Storm of wind and rain, with high sea. Nothing could be done. Put off till Thursday. King of the Belgians left England for home.

W. 29. Better weather, but it is a very wintery summer.

Th. 30. Regatta came off. Moderately favourable, but very chilly. The fireworks in the evening were very good. Several accidents occurred; The Chief Boatman from Salterton got his ear cut by a blow from an oar: a man called Symonds, fell off the west end of the Esplanade wall and broke his arm; H. Potbury got a bad blow in the mouth from the handspike of a crab or capstan on the beach, which knocked out some front teeth and broke his jaw. He is in the Doctor's hands - tied up can't masticate; and a young man a tumble from a tricycle.

September 1888.

S. September 1. Stanford left, and took the old coat of Arms on vellum away with him - the same from which the chromolithograph in my 2nd. vol, was taken. Went with him to the Station. Dined at the Elms.

M. 3. Garden party at Mr. Radford's, Sidmouth. Refreshments on the lawn.

Tu. 4. Called on Captain Creighton, I was at his father's and mother's wedding. Que le temps passe! Garden party at Mr. & Mrs. Kennet-Were's, at Cotlands, Lawn tennis, Badminton, and other games on the lawn. No rain, but very cold air. Refreshments in the house. - New Rife range opened to-day.

W. Sep. 5. Called on Mrs. Fawcett. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. W. Floyd. Called on Miss Jenkins, niece of Thomas Jenkins, formerly Lord of the Manor.

Sun. 9. At the parish church.

Sun. 16. Ditto. The weather at last beautiful. It has been bright, steady, hot summer weather since last Sunday, and the first settled weather since the last day of August last year. It has been chilly, rainy, and stormy in a remarkable degree, for 12 months and 10 days. To-day, with a gentle off-shore wind, the sea was like a pond. There were 17 boats anchored off, and several rowing about.

M. 17. All the northern end of the parish of Sidmouth, and several detached houses, the property of W. Hine-Haycock Esq., offered for sale. Only two sales effected. One was at the Market Place, being the corner of Old Fore Street and New Street, bid for and bought by J. Pepperell, Dairyman, for £410

- coloured red. The other was next to it, in Old Fore Street, a house and premises, and bought by Albert Maeer, a Butcher, - coloured green, £370.

Tu. 18. Made a fire in the field and burnt the trimmings of my shrubs, now dry. Alice Godfrey left.

Rev. Mr. Balmain called. Called on the Hine-Haycocks.

W. 19. Afternoon tea with Miss Hardwich, and 3 ladies.

Th. 20. In light carriage 8 miles to Beer, and spent the day with my old friend the Artist, C.F. Williams. As boys, some 50 years ago, we used to go out sketching together. - Young Thomas Hodge - well, 53 now - whom I recollect as a child, and who has latterly called himself Thomas Durell Blake, from his mother's family, somehow fell over the cliff at Torquay on the 13th. and was killed on the spot. He was not right in the head, and I am told, had a keeper. To-day he was buried in the Hodge vault, on the north side of the tower at Sidmouth.

Fri. 21. Called on the Rev. Dean Carrington, at the Knowle Hotel. Also on

Mrs. Bremridge. The latter shewed me about an ounce of coarse sand that looked like crimson garnets. She said it was so, and came from Ceylon. She gave me some.

Sat. Sep. 22. Took a light carriage, and went over Salcombe Hill to Salcombe. The driver preferred going round by Trow Hill, as less steep. Called at Mr. Morshead's, where I found Mrs. M. and one of her husbands brothers. Had afternoon tea. They have family paintings by Northcote, Hudson, &c,. Then called at the Vicarage, and saw Mr. & Mrs. Baugh. Got back by six. Beautiful bright hot day.

Sun. 23. Cloudy cold day. Harvest festival. Church in possession of Flora and Pomona. Begging sermon for the schools.

Th. 27. I was busy writing in the Oak R of the Old Chancel. On raising my head, I saw a lady and two girls, with their faces close to the glass, looking into the room. On seeing me they withdrew. They afterwards asked my housekeeper whether the building was a church? I am accustomed to such visits from strangers.

Fri. 28. There are strange occurrences in the world. Just now London is in a state of the greatest excitement and alarm, from the occurrence of 3 or 4 murders of women, accompanied by unusual and horrible circumstances. They have been murdered by cutting their throats, or by strangulation, and then the uterus and the accompanying parts have been cut out and carried away. The Coroner at the inquest of one case told a strange story. He said that it had come to his knowledge, that a man called at several of the medical establishments some time ago, and had asked if he could be supplied, through the means of the London Hospitals, or otherwise, with such specimens? If so, the specimens should not be put in spirits, but in glycerine, as the flaccidity is better preserved, and he would give £20 for each specimen. The man was American. This story caused great sensation. Could the specimens have been wanted for the American market? No English practitioner would buy them - certainly not now. It is alleged that no common murderer has committed these crimes, for the parts have been cut away with sufficient dexterity to prove that the murderer or murderers, have a certain knowledge of anatomy, and possibly not unacquainted with the dissection room. In answer to the enquiries, he was told it was quite impossible to supply him with any such specimens.

Sat. Sep. 29. Michaelmas Day.

Sun. 30. At the parish church. Rev. Vicar Preached.

October 1888.

M. Oct. 1. Let No. 4 Coburg Terrace to Mr. Francis Ellis and we signed two Agreements to-day. Mr. Isaacs, a few years ago, gave me £40 for the house & premises, unfurnished, but times have been bad of late for all real property, & so I now put up with £35. Whilst nearly all the necessaries of life have rapidly gone up in price, my rates and taxes have increased, & value of my house and field have diminished.

Tu. 2. Two more murders in London!

W. 3. For the last week or two I have been stuck with the number of active and graceful water-wagtails about the field between me & the parish church, mostly towards evening. They are chiefly of the blacker king. The country folks generally call them "dish-washers." They flit about as if they were catching flies, and they run beautifully. The weather is cooler, and their food is getting scarcer.

Fri. 5. Mr. Scrivens called.

M. Oct. 15. Mrs Pratt came.

Fri. 26. For the last fortnight rather cold, and wind NE, but fine, dry, and bright; but to-day warm, with wind the SW. Tell me which way the wind blows, & I will tell you what the weather is.

S. 27. Thermometer up to 61' out of doors.

Sum. 28. At the parish church. Rev. Mr. Charlesworth, a visitor, preached.

M. 29. Mild & rain. Walked up the Salcombe Fields, and called on Mr. Scrivens. The varied colouring on the trees very beautiful.

Tu. 30. Called on Mr. & Mrs Wright. Ploughing match of the Agricultural Association.

W. 31. Miss Hardwich and Miss Frost had afternoon tea with me, and looked over what fossils, cut-and-polished Sidmouth pebbles, and antiques I had in the house; but I have sent the best of what I had to the Exeter Museum.

November 1888.

Sa. November 3. Had afternoon tea with my tenants at No. 4 Coburg Terrace.

Sun. 4. Wind SE & S. Stormy, violent rain, and wind, nearly all day.

W. 7. Snow on the hills.

Th. 8. Mr. Lethaby, the Stationer died. My Sidmouth Guide belongs to him.

Fri. Nov. 9. Prince of Wales's Birthday. Lord Mayor's Day.

Sun. 11. At church in the afternoon. Mr. Jenkinson preached.

Tu. 13. Wind and violent rain yesterday. River overflowing its banks.

Fri. 16. Walked up the Salcombe Fields to Sid by the bank of the river. Much damage done.

S. 17. My Birthday I shall not put my age upon paper, but I was born in the city of Winchester on the 17th. of November 1810. A friend in Exeter has sent me a large plum cake, and my servant Ann Newton has given me a new china coffee pot.

Fri. 23. The flood in the river has been higher than every known. It exceeded 7 feet perpendicular. Two men drove a waggon, drawn by two horses, laden with coals, through at the ford opposite the Mill, and a little above the National School. They delivered their coal, and tried to come back the same way, but the waggon was now light, and when the body touched the water, it floated like a boat, and was carried down. People on the banks saw the danger. The horses lost their footing and would have been drowned but ropes were thrown over them from the bank, the harness cut, and they were got out. The men had a narrow escape, but were saved. The waggon was turned over and driven against the eastern bank, under the great tree. The wooden bridge for foot passengers had been carried away, and a mile up at Sidcliff - also the wear in the Salcombe Fields. [See T. July 15, 1884.] I got a sketch of the waggon as it lay there. Well, it was turned over and stuck fast, as otherwise it would probably have gone to sea too.

M. 26. Taking a turn on the beach, I saw that portions of the bridges, trunks of trees, &c., had been recovered at sea, and dragged to the shore.

Tu. 27. Finished an article for "Notes & Gleanings," of Exeter.

W. 28. Finished some particulars about the Harlewyn family of Sidmouth for Lieut. Col. Vivian, who is preparing on genealogy.

Th. 29. Thunder and lightning last night. Mr. Ellis, my tenant, and Miss Sandford, had afternoon tea with me.

Fri. 30. Called on the Rev. Pigot James, 6 Fort Field Terrace, and took with me a tiger's skull that General Balmain brought from India - indeed, he brought several, as the result of his sport. Mr. James was some time there, and he told me many anecdotes about tiger shooting, and he showed me a fine skull of one he shot. It is a more bony and more massive skull than mine, and probably of an older animal. The number of natives killed and eaten by tigers is enormous, and of those who die by snake bites still more.

December 1888.

M. Dec. 3. Some sailors brought a great fish, rather more than six feet long, and something like this sketch in the margin, only done from memory. It was blue-black on the back, and white underneath. It got entangled in a herring net, and that is the way they secured it. They said they did not know what it was, but I took it to be a species of porpoise. I have the jaws of a "Bottle nose porpoise," very like this.

Fri. 7. New grate put in bedroom with the small fire place up stairs.

S. 8. Finished the Index of Vol. XX, of the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, and sent it to the Editor.

W. 19. A younger generation in Sidmouth, who cannot remember, and never, read about, the many attempts to make piers or harbours at Sidmouth, or the failures, and monstrous losses of money attending these attempts - these younger members of the community are agitating to make a pier, little aware of the cost. Since 1811 I can make out that at least £40.000 have been utterly wasted and lost by mismanaged or ill-judged projects, for which the place has received no kind of benefit whatever. I have a letter in the "Sidmouth Observer" of to-day, and more next week about it.

Received the 12th. and last No. of "Notes and Gleanings," the last, that is, of the first Vol. My 7th. And concluding article on the Cartulary of Otterton and Sidmouth is in it.

Fri. 21. Shortest day. The ancient custom for old people to go about and beg something "gin Christmas," that is, "against Christmas," (The g being hard) has not quite died out. But considering that so many charities now exist, it is not necessary, and fear it goes in strong drink.

Sun. Dec. 23. At parish church. The Vicar took the whole service, and the sermon, ("Let your moderation be known unto all men." Phil. IV.5.) he just now being without a curate. It is as hard to get a good Curate, as it is to get a good footman.

M. 24. A dull chilly day, disposed to rain. Amongst my scraps I find several forgotten memorandums I meant to have jotted down. Back in the summer H.R.H. the young Prince Christian, son of the Prince and Princess Christian, came to take part in the cricket. He came Aug. 19, and stayed at the Knowle Hotel.

Commander Cook, a lineal descendent of the great navigator, died in September, and on the 21st. of that month his remains were removed to Scotland for interment.

For some months it has been proposed to introduce the Electric light to Exeter. This method was invented by Rothald in 1823. - Gas engines were invented in 1865, in France. - Last August saw the end of the "Great Eastern," the longest ocean going ship ever built. I think about 600 feet long. I went over her once, as she lay in the Thames, off Rotherhithe. She has always been an unfortunate ship, merchants not patronising her. Her chief use was to lay electric telegraph cables sub-marine. She steamed, and was towed, from Greenock to Liverpool, where she will be broken up.

How our old country families are going down! Better for such a family to live for a generation or two on bread and water than sell the hereditary estate. Courtenay nearly gone - Worth of Worth quite gone. May 22 last, the Worth property near Tiverton was put up to auction. Started at £40.000, and reached £44.000, but bought in. Extent 1382 acres. Rent £2.500. Some portions were afterwards sold. Nov. 13 another auction. Mansion and the rest sold. The whole has realised £55.000. The last Mr. & Mrs. Worth used to be here at Sidmouth. He was too fond of drinking fire-water, and died comparatively young, without children. His sister married a clergyman called Lloyd, and have a family. They called themselves Lloyd Worth. They who for 600 years were "Worth of Worth," are now Worth of nowhere.

The death of the Earl of Devon at Powderham Castle on Sunday morning. Nov 18, is an event in the county. He has always been much respected. His only son has been down. Report says that Lord Courtenay has no control or power over the estates he has done so much to ruin by his debts. The creditors take the rental. He is now 12th. Earl, but will (deservedly) be a poor man all his life. Rumour has whispered that he was privately married to some low woman, but the papers speak of him as

“single,” so the rumour is most likely only idle gossip. People will talk. Nov. 24, buried at Powderham.

On Monday Nov, 26th. The inhabitants, at a public meeting, elected Mr. Kennet Ware. J.P. to the newly constituted County Council. Our division comprises the four parishes of Sidmouth, Sidway, Salcombe, and Branscombe.

Aug, 1 last, the affairs of another great family in difficulties are in the papers. The Earl and Countess of Buckinghamshire, who lived many years a little to the north of Sidmouth, both of whom lie buried in a vault just outside the south side of the Chancel of the parish church, nursed the family estates, which report said, had been hampered by his predecessor. The Earl left sons and daughters, and two of the latter now live on the road, half way to the Station, Lady Charlotte, and Lady Louisa Hobart-Hampdon. The young Earl, a grandson, has difficulty in paying his aunts their allowances, and a lawsuit has commenced to compel him to sell, or otherwise. He has since got married - some say a lady with money.

A monument in Westminster Abbey is an expensive honour. A fee of £400 is charged for putting the late Earl of Shaftesbury's statue in the Abbey, and subsidised by another of £250.

Runyain's flute, which he made in prison out of the leg of his stool, is now in the possession of Mr. Howells, tailor, of Spring Gardens, Gainsborough.

They have been celebrating the tercentenary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada very warmly, chiefly at Plymouth. I suppose the annexed woodcut is some medal commemorative of the event.

Tu. 25. Christmas Day. The weather has been extremely boisterous lately. Violent gales of wind from the sea, with much cold rain. The Christmas season has been kept rather quietly, but none the worse for that. The church decorated - not without vanity.

Th. 27. Had an afternoon tea with my tenant at No.4, and Miss Sandford.

Sun. 30. Fine weather, but cold all the week. North-easter - kept house.

M. 31. Last day of 1888. It has been one of the chilly, showery, dull, and ungenial summers I can recall to memory. It has consequently been unfavourable to vegetables and fruit - potatoes watery, and apples small, and not well ripened. I have heard of a foreigner who came to this country on a temporary visit, and afterwards declared that the only ripe fruit in England was a baked apple.

I spent the evening quietly and alone, but very pleasantly, reading and writing, and working at an article on the Pedigree and Arms, during the early generations of the Courtenay family, and especially at their first settlement in England, which I destine some day for the new Exeter monthly, “Notes & Gleanings,”

In the evening the bells rung as usual, and a muffled peal before midnight, (not muffled enough), and in muffled afterwards. I hope they were comfortable. I was snug and warm in bed. Different people take their comforts in different ways.

I have used this ink for two years, but I now mean to try another, in order to see which keeps its colour best.

POH Transcripts - 1889

January 1889.

Tuesday, January 1. 1889. This is a new ink, called Hyde's. I have before observed however, that good black ink will lose its colour if it is put on impure paper - that is, if there are any chemical salts remaining in it that ought to have been washed out.

My tenant Mr. Ellis, together with Miss Sandford, had afternoon tea with me.

Tu. 8. I have cut two lines out of an old book, which have been running in my head, as things sometimes do, and here they are.

Tolle malos, extolle pios, cognosce teipsum,

Sacra tene, paci consile, disce pati.

Tu. 15. The weather for January has been very for fine fortunately for invalids, who have thereby enjoyed more out of door than usual.

Tu. 22. Fire at Sidbury - that is, in the parish. Road, or Rhode farm burnt.

W. 23. Fire in High Street, Sidmouth, at the house of Mr. Henry Bolt, my Butcher. About five or earlier, when the family were all in their beds, one of his children went in his room and said their room was full of smoke, and there seemed to be fire near. On putting on a few things, and hurrying down stairs, he found fire raging in the kitchen and parlour. Report says that some clothes had been foolishly put in front of the fire to-day. Dr. Pullin got the children out, and took to his own house on the other side of the street. The Fire engine came, but Bolt and neighbours, with buckets of water, had pretty well got it under, and saved all but two rooms. The house is insured. It belongs to Mr. Sellek, my former Butcher, now in London.

Th. 24. The new County Council for Devonshire, the elections for which have much occupied the electors of late, met in Exeter for the first time to-day. All except two, of the 78 elected, were present. Lord Clinton, Lord Lieutenant of the County, was appointed provisional Chairman.

Mon. Jan. 28. The Bankruptcy of Mr. Borlase is again in the paper. [Feb, 20, 1888.] Gross liabilities £42,653,,8,,8, of which £19,637,,16,,5 are unsecured. Assets, £6371,,0,,4. It says - "He had brought on his Bankruptcy by extravagance in living, &c. Madame de Quiras claimed to be a creditor for £5100 odd." Adjourned to

April 11.

Th. 31. Unusually mild for this time of year, with the wind SW.

February 1889.

Fri. Feb. 1. Still fine. A few primroses and wall-flowers in bloom.

S. 2. Wind changing. Cooler.

Sun. 3. Wind NW, gusty, showers of rain and hail.

M. 4. Wind N, and NE, blowing very strong. A new brick wall near Belgrave House blown down in the night. Ground covered with a thin coating of snow, which thawed during the day. Very cutting wind.

Tu. 5. Wind gone down. A dead calm. Then a slight air from the SW. Mr. Ellis, my tenant called. He has been a Stipendiary Magistrate in the West Indies.

W. 6. The old project of making a ship canal to cut off Devon and Cornwall from England has been recently revived. It was to start from Seaton, at the mouth of the river Axe, to pass near Chard, where the elevations are great, as Chard Common 295 to 268 feet; Chard 322 to 374 f.; Forton 407f.; Chardstock 350 to 380; and involving many Locks; then on northward via Ilminster, Langport, to Bridgewater. And Stolford - wherever that may be. A new route is now advocated, but though longer is more level. Starting from the river Axe, it utilises the Exeter canal when altered, the Great Western Canal on near Tiverton, Collumpton, Wellington, to Taunton, and then Bridgewater, Highbridge, Burntam, to Uphill Bay near Weston-super-Mare. In these days of our fast seagoing steamers one would think the scheme not worth the expense, and especially as Bristol, and all places near the Bristol Channel, have such safe and rapid communication by rail to the eastern parts and ports of England. It would not be intended for our great war ships, but for merchant vessels. The proposed dimensions of this new scheme are - 125 feet wide at the surface of the water of the Canal; 36 at the bottom; and 21 deep.

Th. Feb. 7. Mr. & Mrs. Linderman called, and we had conversation for half an hour,

Fri. 8. The Vicar called, and we talked more than half an hour on parish affairs.

S. 9. Wind NW. strong, very cold. Fine, with black heavy passing clouds, each one of which let fall a snow storm. They did not whiten the ground till a heavy fall between 3 & 4 PM. When it came in good earnest pretty thick.

Sun. 10. When I got up all was clothed in white. After breakfast the wind changed to south, with thick chilly rain. By the afternoon the snow was gone.

M. 11. A week ago the startling news came from the Continent, to the effect that the Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, had died suddenly. He was married, and had one child, a daughter. Being the Emperor's only son, he was next heir to the throne. Prince Franz, a collateral relative, now becomes next heir. His death took place on a Tuesday, I think the 20th. of January. Further information informs us that he committed suicide by shooting himself in bed, - from abberation of the mind, as supposed. Yet more says that there was a lady in the case, and that he and some male relative, agree that they should draw lots, which of them should destroy himself, and the lot fell upon him. Curious circumstance - the same night that he shot himself, a lady, the Baroness Maria Vetsera, or Vescera - destroyed herself with poison.

This evening finished reading Gil Blas, for the second time. By a mem, inside, I see I began to read it with my father, (who was a capital Frenchman, he having been a great deal in France from six to twelve years of age), on the 26th. of November 1826. Possible! I remember it well. From 1826 to 1889, - just 62 years last November. The narrative is extremely amusing. The social man's and customs of the people are not so very different from the English - but all the parts of the civilised world much resemble each other.

Tu. 12. Beautiful day! Clean blue sky without a cloud, and sun quite hot. Wind NW. and very cold in the shade.

W. 12. What a change! Wind SW. misty, rainy.

Th. 14. Received two proof prints, taken from my Pedigree of the Courtenays, destined for an article in Notes & Gleanings.

Fri. Three or four days ago John Lilley, cutting hay on a rick, fell on the hay knife. Cut left arm badly. He is in the Cottage Hospital.

Sat. 16. Last Thursday, at a sale of farming stock at Mincombe, Sidbury, two young men were nearly killed by drinking raw spirits. It seems that at these sales spirits are given away freely to any body. George Berry, aged 17, drank more than half a pint, though probably more than that. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, he suddenly dropped down. He was pick up insensible, and carried to a cottage on Honiton Hill, But was dead before he arrived there. Another, called Lockyer, drank pretty much the same. He helped carry Benny, and all the men were very drunk. Dr. Pullin was sent for. He tells me he found Berry propped upright in a sitting posture on a seat, quite dead, and Lockyer in convulsions, lying in the middle of the floor of a small room, kicking so violently that everybody, very drunk too, were afraid to touch him. He would have died too, if the spirit could not be got off his stomach. One of the men and the Dr, held him, and with difficulty forced some mustard and water into his mouth, and got him to swallow it, and after a time he was sick. The effects of the whole scene was heightened by the hysterical screaming of the two mothers. Lockyer was put in bed, and before night was over, he recovered consciousness, and was able to answer Pullin's questions. At the subsequent inquest, some strong things were said to the Publican, and the attention of the Magistrates is called to these abuses.

In the long pending lawsuit *Brutton v. Morgan*, I am told that a compromise has been arrived at. [Sep. 15. 1887.] *Brutton* made the Rev. O. *Morgan's* Will, in which half the property was left to himself, and half to the Cottage Hospital, ignoring Mrs. *Morgan* altogether. The relations disputed it - *Brutton* commenced an Action, but an arrangement in court was arrived at, by which an old Will of Nov. 3, 1862 was pronounced for, in which she is sole Executrix, and Legatee. She called to tell me. I am truly glad, for she had been reduced to poverty, and shamefully treated.

Prince Rudolph's death [M. Fed. 11.] has been noticed again. One story says that he wrote to the Pope secretly, to ask him to divorce him from his wife, in order that he might marry the Baroness Marie Vescera - that the Pope was horrified, and refused, and sent the son's letter to the Emperor - that he took his son to task, and refused also - that upon this the Prince wrote letters to his father and others, saying what he would do - that she took poison before he shot himself, though other accounts say they were both found dead together in the same room - and that, in order to avoid a scandal her body was conveyed away and privately buried. Such are the tales that have appeared in the papers recently.

Th. Feb. 21. Parliament assembled to-day. The Queen did not open it. The session generally begins about Feb. 4, but then it generally closes in the August before; but last autumn, owing to faction and Irish obstruction, they sat till far in October, with a short interval in September.

A curious ecclesiastical law case of the Archbishop of Canterbury v. the B, of Lincoln. The Archb. With mitre, and crozier, Assessors, &c., in state at Lambeth, & the B. of Lincoln appeared before him. Only

preliminaries gone through. Some question of Ritualism I suppose. The like has not occurred for 200 years, and only once since the Reformation, - so the papers say.

Th. 28. The NE wind continues very cold. This morning the fields and the tops of the houses white with snow, but it had all melted by 11,A.M.

Finished reading *L' Avare*, a Comedy by Moliere. The first Act or two I thought dull, and in some places even childish, but the latter half has more interest.

March 1889.

Fri. March 1. Black NE wind. The atmosphere full of snow flakes.

The newly formed Ratepayer's Association had a meeting. I begged off.

S. Mar. 2. The Vicar and Mrs. Clements called. Also Mr. Linderman & Mr. Alured, and gave me an account of the meeting last night.

Sun. 3. Winter now-a-days generally strengthens in March. Snowing more or less all day long, but not hard enough to lie on the ground.

M. 4. The most wintry day of the winter. Strong wind from the SE, with snow and sleet more or less all day, which puts a white sheet over everything.

Tu. 5. The ground and roofs of the houses white with a mantle of snow. But the storm had passed - the wind gone down - and the sun bright. By noon day all the snow had vanished, except on Peak and Salcombe Hills - near 500 feet high.

To-day is Shrove Tuesday.

W. 6. Ash Wednesday. Comparatively pleasant weather. The Vicar called.

Fri. 8. Wind south - rain all day mild.

S. 9. Wind north-west - mild, up to 48' - fine, bright sunshine - almost like spring - Country flooded by rain - trains late. Mr. Heathcote, B. Salterton, called. Had afternoon tea with Mrs. Ellis and miss Sandford.

Wed. Mar. 13. Like a spring day. Thermometer 54' out of doors in the shade. The papers say that the firm of Krupp, in Germany have just made two 114 ton guns for the Italian navy. I imagine these are the longest guns in the world at present, [See Feb.3. 1888.] The charge of "German prismatic powder," of 850 lbs., the shot weighing 19,000lbs and the velocity 2400 feet in a second. The regulation charge will be 900lbs of powder, with which it was also fired. What armour can stand this? The thicker they made armour they put on ships, the more powerful they make guns. The more rifles improved, the thicker they made armour for men, until it was so heavy they could not carry it, and it was discard altogether, and men now go into battle without any; and ships I think must come to the same thing.

Th. 14. Another spring day - bright, clear, hot. Thermometer 54'. This will probably not last long. We must not be too sanguine.

Sent an article on some portion of the early generations of the Courtenay family, and their coat armour, to the Editors of Notes & Gleanings, at Exeter - also part of the Pedigree and coats of arms on a Meisenbach block, to illustrate it - and a proof impression from it. [Feb. 14. 1889.]

Fri. 15. Confirmation by the Bishop at Sidmouth parish church. The number of candidates was 53, the males were 21, and females 32. As an usual feature, there were several elderly people confirmed; one of them an old mason called Prince, that did work for me at the Old Chancel, nearly twenty years ago.

S. 16. Lord Lonsdale, who I believe is rather a discursive character, has been trying to walk to the North Pole; and having been lost for some time, was given up as finished; but the American papers now say that he has been heard of.

M. 18. Dr. Baker, now of Ottery, being in Sidmouth, surprised me with a visit.

Fri. 22. The papers speak of great floods up the country - the lower parts of Taunton, Bristol, and a number of other places several feet under water. Great loss of property. No damage at Sidmouth, though it has been rainy.

Sun. Mar. 24. At the Parish Church.

M. 25. Yesterday, the papers say, died the Rev. W.C. Hall, Vicar of Pilton, near Barnstable, aged 86. I dined with him and his son, (only child, I think) on July 26, 1879, (quod vide), at his Vicarage. His father had 18 brothers, 17 of them went into the army, and 16 were killed in battle. The Vicar's son met with a great annoyance a year or more ago, and yet a thing only to be laugh at. He was one day walking in one of the streets of Barnstaple, I think with his wife on his arm, when he was stopped and questioned by a policeman. Mr. Townshend Hall asked what he meant? The man explained that he answered to the description of a man he was looking for, and that he must accompany him to the police station. Young Mr. Hall became indignant, but he was obliged to go. He felt it the more, as he had lived all his life in the immediate neighbourhood, and was well known in Barnstaple, but the man was new there. Of course he was at once known and recognised by friends he sent for, and immediately released. Profuse apologies were offered him, and many regrets expressed at the unfortunate mistake, but they failed to calm his ruffled feelings. He had better have laughed at it as a joke.

To-day in the House of Lords, Lord Knutsford said this Empire (including dependencies of course), consisted of 9,000,000 square miles, and 321m. People.

Sun. 31. Dr. Harding, Mus. Doc., played the Organ in the church for the last time, as he goes to Bedford in a few days. He has been here 15 or 16 years. Mr. G.W. Macpherson succeeds him.

April 1889.

Mon. April 1. Parliament has voted £21,500,000 to build and arm ships, as our navy requires strengthening. To be spread over several years. If I were in Parliament I should never begrudge money for the navy. It is our great protection.

W. Ap. 3. The Queen returned from Biarritz, to which place she went for a change a few weeks ago. On Wednesday last she went by rail to St. Sebastian, and met Queen Christina, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the two Queens passed several hours together, and then returned each way.

Th. 4. Gold is said to have been discovered in the rocks of Daddy Hole Plain, Torquay, and a Company is being formed to work it.

Sat. Ap. 6. The Duchess of Cambridge, aged 92, died at St James's Palace this morning. Her son, the Duke of Cambridge, is 70.

Sun. 7. Thundery, showery weather. One or two rumblings at a distance.

Tu. 9. The Misses Brandling, of Durham, now here, had afternoon tea with me.

The Local Board election in Sidmouth this year has caused some excitement. The Board recently offended some of the Ratepayers by proposing to borrow a sum of £2000 to build a groyne out into the sea at the west end of the Esplanade, which they thought was not needed. Three members of the Board went out by rotation - Trump, Whitton, and Harris. Three new Candidates were selected to oppose their re-election - Mr. Allured, who has recently built that handsome stone house on the side of Peck Hill, called Willoughby, on the site of the old one; Mr. Woodrooffe, of High Bank; and Mr. Dyer, in the town. The old members however, have been elected again. The election took place last Friday, and the number of votes given to each were, Trump 649; Whitton, 522; Harris, 496; Woodrooffe, 275; Allured, 233; and Dyer, 176.

Fri. 12. Attended Burial Board meeting. Long talk about the filling up of vacancies. Deaths and removals have reduced nine to five.

Distant thunder rumblings in the north the greater part of the day. Rain during the evening and night. Called on Mr. & Mrs. Hullah, 5 Clifton Place.

W. 17. Resigned my Honorary post of Local Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London. I find I am not the boy I was. I was appointed in June 1865. But they still send me books.

Walked through High Street to look at the spot tinted red in the annexed plan. The old house called the "Myrtles," has been bought by the Local Board, to widen the street at that place. The outer wall, the house, and every thing are down, and they are removing the old materials. They will put the wall back, and then sell the land in lots for building houses on.

In my MS. Hist. of Sidmouth, Vol. V. p.63, there is a coloured aquatint of the house from the Lawn, drawn by H. Haseler, and aquatinted by D. Havell, which is dated 1817. The house had its end against the street.

This afternoon had 5- o'clock tea with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, arrived yesterday.

Th. 18. Fine and hot. The first really spring like day, almost like summer, at all events like summer by comparison.

Finished carving a small design, about four inches long, as a pattern for a friend who wants to take up wood carving.

Fri. April 19. Good Friday. At the parish church. Remained to the Sacrament. Received the bread from the Vicar, and the wine from the Rev. H E. Roberts, the new Curate.

S.20. Went to Sidmount, and a long visit with Dr. Radford.

Sun. 21. Easter Sunday. Showery.

M. 22. Easter Monday. Many holiday people flocked in. Called on the Rev. Pigot James.

Tu. 23. Called on Mr. Stanford - on Mr. Jemmett, at Sea View - and on Mr. Hullah, at Clifton Place.

W. 24. My article on the Courtenay Pedigree, with the Meisenbach Block, has just come out in Notes & Gleanings.

Sir John Walrond, of Bradfield, Bart., died yesterday at Cannes, aged 70. He is to be brought to England for internment. - Personally = £55.767,,19,,2.

Fri. 26. Vestry meeting, to which I went. The Vicar in the Chair.

S. 27. Called on Mr. & Mrs. W. Floyd. Something led to talking about the new sweetener, known as "Saccharine," He has just brought some from London, in the form of small white cakes, each one containing $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain. The size and in thickness. One is enough for a small cup of tea, and 2 for a large breakfast cup. Some say it is 300 times stronger than ordinary sugar.

Su. Ap. 28. Low Sunday, so called. At church.

M. April 29. The plot of land at "The Myrtles," as altered, has been sold in lots. Two plots have been bought for £132 to build a Free Mason's Lodge on, and the rest by Mr. Pidsley, a local builder, to erect houses and shops on, for £640.

May 1889.

W. May 1. May Day. The May Day games are dying out.

S. 5. Rainy and cold. Church in the afternoon.

M. 6. People have been Testimonial mad here lately. Since last June there have been - for Mr. Lethaby £63; for the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, who was leaving, £55; for Mr. Radford, because he has been married 50 years, (which seems to be a great advantage to a man), £141, and £96 from the town's people; Miss Thompson, organ gratuitously at All Saints Church, at the Choral Society meetings &c., £67; Dr. Harding, Mus. Doct., Organist at the Parish Church, leaving, £212. Some of the money was given in silver plate, &c. Besides this, as free gifts, £55 to a popular Missionary preacher, £50 to the Cottage Hospital, which was low in funds, and £3 for a lamp. Most of those who gave could ill afford it. All these sums added together amount to £742, - a large sum for a small place, not very thriving. To my certain knowledge the majority gave willingly. I am no great advocate for these subscriptions. A few Zealous people take up a thing very frequently as a whim of the moment, and force it upon their neighbours, and they find it difficult to refuse. What was the consequence? The Vicar has just preached a begging sermon because the accustomed contributions to keep up the church are so short. People can't give to everything.

Th. 9. Lord Sidney Osborne died at Lewes in Sussex. There is a notice of him by me in the Exeter Gazette, and the Sidmouth Observer.

W. 15. Mr. & Mrs. Hullah had afternoon tea with me.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer surprised me with a visit, having just arrived.

A Prospectus containing particulars of a curious project has been sent to me. A Company has been formed for the purpose of trying to recover a quantity of treasure supposed to be in the hulls of several ships still lying at the bottom of the sea in Abouker Bay, sunk by Nelson's fleet at the Battle of the Nile. The Frenchmen's flag ship is said to have £600,000 in specie to pay Bonapart's troops in Egypt, and two silver gates, and other things, which had been taken from a monastery at Malta. These are three or four ships there, lying in only 7 or 8 fathoms of water, and they can be seen in quiet weather. Divers have recently been down, and have examined them. I have no money for specs. of this nature, but I should like to go out and watch the operations.

On the 17th. of April the Borlase bankruptcy case appears again. His seat in Parliament, extravagant living, and a lady, - ruin. Debts that are now admitted, £25.000; assets £2793; claim by Madame De Quiros, £3.700. Discharge suspended until January 1891. [See Nov. 28.]

Th. May 28. "Holy Thursday" so called. Miss Hardwich, Mrs. Hoppus, & Mrs. Marks had afternoon tea with me. Mrs. Marks made a very well done coloured drawing of my "Harp Lute," This instrument something like a guitar, was I believe fashionable in the time of George III. I think there is one in the South Kensington Museum, and there is one in the Exeter Museum.

Fri. 29. "Oak Apple Day," as they used to call it. The old celebrations bearing on the troubled times of Charles the Second, so warmly entered upon at this time, seen to be dying out. Tiverton used to be noted for them.

Went into Exeter by rail. Left the station at 9.25 - at Queen Street by 10.30. Called at the Museum and gave the Editors of the Notes & Gleanings the Block of the Courtenay Pedigree, used at p.51, for my recent article. Mr. Dallas went with me to the Cathedral to examine the Courtenay tomb in the S, Transept. Called at the Dev. & Cornwall Bank. Then saw Mr. Parfitt, at the Institution. Then my old friend Mr. Gray, the Solicitor. Called at the Constitutional Club, and paid subscription. Left Exeter at 1.5, and got home soon after two.

June 1889.

W. June 5. Dined with the Stanfords and friends. Two ladies came with me from thence to look at the Old Chancel.

Tu. 6. Distant thunder and lightning for several hours.

Fri. 7. Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer had afternoon tea with me at the Old Chancel. I then took them up on the roof to enjoy the view.

They had scarcely left me, when thunder, lightning, and rain came on.

Sat. 8. We hear that at Bowde, 2m. NW from Sidmouth, the lightning struck an ash tree, and killed a cow that was standing under it. A long thin piece of the wood, about an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, I am told, was stripped off and thrown to some distance.

The Rev. Mr. Rooper, and two Misses Rooper called.

Th. 13. Noisy meeting at the Town Hall. Mr. S.J. Smith, a Commissioner from the Government Board in London, came down to take evidence, our Local Board having applied to borrow £2700 - £2200 to make a groyne, and the £500 for town improvements. Great opposition to the groyne scheme.

Called on Mr. Stanford, where I met Mr. Smith. The present local rates are stated to be 3/-s. in the pound p an. A penny in the pound said to produce £50. There are now about 700 Ratepayers. Assessable value of property=£11.000.

Sun. 16. Trinity Sunday. At ch. Remained.

Fri. 21. Longest day. Wind NE, moderate, steady, hot - for some time unusually hot for this early period of the year. Never has been a finer spring to favour vegetation.

The stone for the new staircase in the Old Chancel, having a few days ago arrived from Portland, the steps are now being made in a shed I had put up by the hedge in the field. For some years I have been wishing to have this staircase made, but the expense scared me. Whilst the 2 vols. Of the Governor's Diary were in hand, I could not think of it. They cost me £800, but that large sum has now come back.

M. June 24. Midsummer Day. Same hot, dry weather. The flag staff against the Old Chancel had become very rotten, and I decided on having it down. I think it was put up about 1879. It was a single pole about 48 feet high, having been a fir tree that grew in a plantation at Sidbury, the lower part nearly as thick as my body. I had no power or appliances to have it lowered gradually; so ropes were tied to the upper part, and when the iron band that held it was removed, it was pulled forward off its balance, and fell in the field, and broke into several pieces. It was fun to see the men run.

Mr. & Mrs. Macpherson had afternoon tea with me.

July 1889.

M. July 1. Same hot dry weather. Thermometer between 70 & 80.

Tu. 2. Eldon the mason sent scaffolding, &c., to begin.

S. 6. The masons have unroofed part of the building in order to construct a room or two, as part of my plan. Although the weather is so fine, with the grass in the fields dried up and brown, I thought it better, to-morrow being Sunday, to take precautions. With this view, after some work, they spread these sails over the open roof, - though quite unnecessary.

Some 800 or more men, women, and girls, the operatives of a tobacco manufactory at Bristol, came with a Band of music, to celebrate their yearly "wayzegoose." I am glad I have no taste for tobacco.

Sunday, July 7. Who would have thought it? During the night the wind changed from the NE to the SW, and blow hard. I got under one of the sails, and I was afraid it would carry it away, and I went up with an extra rope and secured it before I went to church. Rain all the afternoon. A most unexpected change, but as everything is parched up, it will do much good to vegetation.

M. 8. Rain, rain, rain, and the sails could not be taken off.

Tu. 9. Wind gone back to the SE. Rain and mist. Masons could not work on the roof

Fri. 12. Burial Board meeting - which I attended.

Th. 11. Sanger's great show of beasts and performances visited Sidmouth, and bivouac's in the Blackmore Field close to the Old Chancel. Soon after Breakfast a man came to the door in a hurry, and said I had better come out because the Elephants were pulling my hedge to pieces, and eating the bushes. Upon this I went out, and there I found nine Elephants, one of them with long curly tusks, walking about the field - also a number of horses, and there were many men busy erecting tents for the performance. The weather was fine, and it was a very pretty sight to see so many huge creatures by the railings, reaching across and over the path, and I was rather amused at seeing them put all this rubbish, thorns and all, into their mouths and masticate it. One of them, in taking the grass, pulled up the turf with the roots and earth, and this went into his mouth altogether, but he spit out what he didn't like. When the procession went round the town, all these nine Elephants were yoked to one of their large carriages, tandem, or single file. I did not go to the performance, which was very good.

A Battery of six guns, with men, horses, &c., &c, arrived, on its way to Dartmoor for practice. This occurs frequently in the summer.

Sun. July 21. Weather windy, with occasional heavy showers.

At church in the afternoon. A stranger preached.

Sir John Floyd Bt. Surprised me with a visit. He is with his brother, (William), and wife, for a day or two. I think it is ten years since I last saw him. He is much aged, and very deaf. I suppose he is reconciled now to his brother's marriage.

M. 22. The Shah of Persia, who was in England sixteen years ago, is again here, and is nearly worn out with visiting and sight seeing. After receiving much attention in London, he is now studying the manufacturing districts.

Sat. July 27. The work on the Old Chancel goes on. I am paying five to six guineas a week to the workmen. To-day I amused me self carving part of one of the Corbels for the springing of the large arch over the stone staircase, the same being of Bath stone. The design oak leaves and acorns. The design of the other will be vine leaves and fruit. - Aug. 20. Princess Louise married.

The subject of grants of money for the maintenance of different members of the Royal Family is now being hotly debated in Parliament. The maintenance of the Prince of Wales's children has brought the matter before the nation. Some insist that in no case should the grandchildren of Her Majesty derive their resources otherwise than from their parents; others make an exception in the case of the Prince of Wales, as being the Heir apparent. It is proposed by some, to increase the allowance of the Prince of Wales, and then leave him to provide for his children as he pleases during the Queens life, after which new arrangements must be made. The marriage of the P. of Wales's eldest d., the Princess Louise, to the Earl of Fife, shortly to take place, has been another incentive to the debate. The Earl however can well support her.

Married Aug. 20.

M. July 29. Mr. W.J. Stirling, the last survivor of Foster Hutchinson's branch arrived, and ensconced himself at Coburg Cottage.

Tu. 30. The Shah of Persia left, after a prolonged visit. He is an intelligent man, and has taken great interest in our arts, sciences, miniatures, ships, guns, &c, He seems to have enjoyed his visit.

August 1889.

Tu. Aug. 1. Square column, bottom of stone stairs, cast me £15,,12,,0, The young German Emperor William, came on a visit.

Not to me - it was to the Queen.

S. Aug. 3. Naval Review at Spit Head. Weather so bad, put off.

M. 5. Review took place - 112 war ships in three lines, with 23000 men. The stormy weather moderated.

W. 7. Two squadrons of ships from Spit Head, passed down Channel within sight, They are going to sea to exercise.

An amusing compliment! The Emperor of Germany has made the Queen an Honorary Colonel of the 1st. Regiment of the German Dragoons.

Finished carving the 1st. Corbel of Bath stone, 25 inches long, on which the arch over the stone stair case will be turned when second is done.

Tu. 20. And I finished the second to-day, having been much interrupted by visitors.

Th. 22. And to-day they were put up in their places, and fixed.

Took a geological walk to-day with Mr. Parfitt of Exeter, now staying here. He is curious about those large blocks of silicified flint and yellow clay, so common here on the hills and about the valleys. Their origin and nature have puzzled geologists. There is however, no mystery about their origin, only it is too much trouble to describe it here. Mr. Parfitt will perhaps do so in some Magazine. In short, not glacial or boulder clay, but the dregs, remains, sediment, or insoluble parts of the chalk, chalk flints, chalk marl and perhaps Plastic clay, once extending westward over these hills.

Mun. Aug. 26. Soon after midnight, or early this morning, the night being very dark, the community was aroused by the report of a piece of ordnance. It was supposed to be one of our great ships, now exercising round our coasts, playing at war to teach the men. Soon the trumpet call of the Volunteers was heard in the streets, and in from 10 to 15 minutes our company of amateur soldiers had all assembled on the Esplanade. It was an experiment, to see how soon they could be at the post of duty.

Fri. 30. For the last three or four days, after two months of stormy, chilly, and showery weather, we have had it fine, clear, and hot. Thermometer 70'.

We are very thankful, as the corn is ripe and ready.

Called at the Vicarage. Mr. Clements at Seaton with his Church Choir.

As I was talking to the servant, Mrs. Clements, hearing my voice, came out of the dining room. Coming close to her was Lady Louisa Hobart-Hampden. To my surprise she at once came over and shook hands with me, and began to talk as freely as if we had been on the most intimate terms. We went to the drawing room - talked of the splendid weather - Miss Evelyn Parker's wedding last Tuesday, &c., &c., and on my leaving, she shook hands again. What funny things people do! Though I saw a great deal of her late father the Earl of Buckinghamshire years ago, [Ap. 29. 1875. Ap. 17. 1876, &c.,] and occasionally different members of his family, I did not consider it any acquaintance when she and her sister Lady Charlotte came back here some two or three years ago; and they let me know they did not, for they have several times avoided meeting me when I have seen them in the street. Her manner to-day therefore, considerably surprised me, and perhaps not without reason.

Then went and called on Mrs. Toller, Miss Cave came in.

Mr. Scrivens called, and went up the ladders with me on the scaffolding.

Sat. Aug. 31. Finished reading Milton's Areopagitica, the same being an essay addressed to the Lord & Commons assembled on Parliament, arguing the hardships of being obliged to obtain licences before being able to print anything, and the desirability of removing such a restriction. It is so called from the Areopagus, the place at Athens where the Judges sat, and to whom Isocrates made addresses, in respect of their judgments. This essay has not much struck me by any great talent, and it is sufficiently long-winded to be tedious. To be sure - Milton was a young man at the time, yet he had attained to 35.

Three young fellows at the Post Office - Watley, son of a mason, Russell, son of a naval pensioner, and Uniack the same - have been fined and turned out of their situations for removing uncanceled stamps from letters and parcels, and replacing cancelled ones. Watley, 5 years in the service, was chief operator, who made money by selling them, but the others received bribes to keep quiet, and also assisted. Had up before the Magistrates at Ottery, Watley was fined £10, and 14/6 expenses, and the others £5 each, and the same costs. The mother of Russell is assisting at my house, and she makes every excuse for her dear boy.

September 1889.

Sun. September 1. The partridges, we hope, have got a day's respite. At church, and remained

M. Sep. 2. Garden party at the Radford's, at Sidmount, so called.

Th. 5. Sultry, hazy weather. Sea like a pond. Many boats - people on the water, and people bathing. Two young ladies swimming extremely well. In these days of long voyages, and many mishaps, girls ought to know how to swim as well as boys. While I was on the Esplanade, the Excursion Steamer arrived, and the water being smooth, she ran her nose in upon the beach. I counted 60 people get out of her, and 91 go in. She comes from Weymouth, and goes to Torquay, calling at several places on the coast, and returns again in the evening, setting down and taking up excursionists. Strange, that the majority of those who crowd the steamers, the conjurer's performance, the Horsemanship, the whirli-go-round, the Play-house of the strolling players, &c., &c., are amongst the so-called "poor," Though they go in rags, they can always find money for pleasures. Eating, drinking, and pleasuring run away with the greater part of their earnings. To satisfy this there is a constant craving after money. I suppose we never lived in an age, in which there was such a thirst for money. Most

things are charged higher than they used to be, for the sellers covet all they can get; wages are higher than formerly, yet no amount of wages can satisfy the craving. It is a most unhealthy state of things.

“The Sultan,” one of our large iron-clad ships, having got stranded on a rock, and sunk, between Malta and Gozo, about a couple of months ago, has been got up and floated by divers building brickwork over the holes in her bottom. She is now in dock at Malta. A Company offered to try and raise her for £50,000, which the Government agreed to. The papers say the Company have done it at a cost of £10,000 to themselves.

Sat. Sep. 7. Garden party at Mr. & Mrs. Kennet Were’s, at Cotlands. Much company there. Lawn tennis, “Badmington,” and other out-door games. In the house tea, coffee, ices, confectionary, &c., &c., almost like a wedding breakfast. To save the trouble of evening visiting, these day light parties have been general.

M. 9. Charles D. Graham, a cooper, who went through the Rapids and the whirlpool, below Niagara, soon after Captain Webb lost his life these [] has now gone over the Falls. He made himself a cask, in which he was fastened down, and then towed out into the stream a mile or two above the Horse-shoe, somewhere near the village of Chippewah, to which place I walked when I tarried a week there. He went down over, and when his barrel came to the surface below, some friends in a boat drew it ashore and opened it. He was insensible, but life was in him, and he was recovered. He says he will not do it again. And also - immediately after hearing of Graham’s adventure, news have reached us that one Steve Brodie has done the same thing. He varied his dress. He got into an India rubber case or bag, kept out round with steel wire or springs. He also went down over, and was picked up below. Like Graham he was likewise insensible, and not being in a stiff case, he got dreadfully bruised, but has recovered. He says he was terrified and repented before he reached the Fall. Graham did it on Sunday, August 25, and Brodie a few days after. Some folks have a queer was of taking their pleasures. When I was there I was told the Horse-shoe Fall was 164f high, and that the water was supposed to be 20feet thick where the sheet goes over the rock.

A rich Uranium lode, 12 to 30 per cent, metal, had been discovered at Union Mine, Grampound Road, Cornwall. It is mostly the sesqui oxide. The one is very valuable, amounting to £2,400 per ton. In the arts it is used to colour glass golden and greenish yellow; in photography, instead of chloride of gold; in electrotyping, as a substitute for gold, &c., &c.

Swallows have been tried on the Continent to act like Carrier pigeons. They let some off the top of the Eiffel tower in Paris a few days ago, and they flew to Roubaix, near Lille, some 150 miles, in less than two hours.

I have heard my mother say that she travelled in a post chaise when she was a young women, with some of her father’s family, from London to Portsmouth, taking their dog in the carriage with her. He wanted to get out, but they would not let him, as the journey was so long. He was “a carriage dog,” a Dalmatian dog, being white and coloured with black spots. Not long after they arrived the dog was missed, And the next morning he was found again in London. He had never been the road before. Distance 70 miles.

W. Sep. 18. Mr. J.Y.A. Morshead, of Salcombe Regis, having sent me a brace of partridges, they were dressed for dinner.

And whilst carving one of them, I was reminded of a story the Vicar told me a year or two ago. The circumstance I think at the Vicarage was a subject of remark, if it did not occur there. A Mrs. _____ was a professed cook, and she was occasionally engaged to dress dinners at houses, on the occurrence of parties, suppers, or other entertainments, &c. I have had her for weeks at a time when I have needed additional help, and a very good cook she was, barring the drawback that the spirit bottles in my chiffoniere, (which I never locked,) leaked very fast from some unexplained cause, and that the contents of my larder went too fast, to feed her relations - well, one day at a dinner party where, among other things, she sent up a brace of partridges, it was discovered that she had trussed and skewered them with her hair pins, much to the horror of the carver, which she had not taken out. But there is nothing new under the sun, and history repeats itself, and I discovered that my present cook had done just the same thing. Women's hair pins are made of a piece of bent wire lackered in black, of the shape here annexed. She had broken them in two, and used the two halves as skewers, and had omitted to take them out. Some time after I took her to task about this new fashion, and her excuse was, that the skewers she had in the kitchen were too large for such small birds. I said I would get others

S. Sep. 21. The highest and last step of my stone staircase was got up to-day.

The upper landing, 3/4ths. of the way up, and where the stairs branch off on one hand to the bedrooms, and on the other to the better rooms, is a square block of Portland Stone 4 feet square, and 8 inches thick, and weighs near three quarters of a ton. It required some care to hoist it into its place. I like solid building.

Tu. Sep. 24. What fools some people are! Truly, honesty is the best policy even in this world. A young man of 31, W.M.C. a Major in the Army In India, and Paymaster to the 7th. Hussars, tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, loss of Decorations, Stoppage of pay, (I think it said, until the money is returned,) for misapplying the sum of 16.000 Rupees, (about £1600). I was at the wedding of his father and mother.

October 1889.

Tu. Oct. 1. There is a project now on feet to build a Cottage Hospital. Some 3 or 4 years ago May Cottage, at the head of the Blackmore Field, and close to the Unitarian Chapel, was taken and converted into a Cottage Hospital. Some (as yet) unknown person has offered to give £500 if others will come forward and support the project. Upon this I have been shown the annexed list,

£

Mr. C. Cave, Sidbury 100

Miss Cave, Sidmouth 50

Mr. Wyndham, Lime Park 100

Dr. Radford, Sidmount 50

Mrs. Tollen, Oakland 35

Miss Tollen, Ditto 25

Mr. Woodrooffe, Highbank 50

Where seven persons promise to contribute sums of money amounting in the aggregate to £410, which added to the £500, makes £910. What next? Mr. Balfour has been asked to give a piece of ground, and the spot suggested is near the north end of the Blackmore Field. Some talk of having all the rooms on the ground floor, for the convenience of sick persons. This is bad on a flat field of no great elevation. There ought to be an upper floor, and all the difficulties would be removed by having a lift. I have no money for them just now. All my fifties and hundreds are swallowed up in my own building. From 12 to 1400 pounds are wanted, and apparently will soon be obtained.

Sun. Oct. 13. Fine day - cold NW wind - Thermometer 54° in the warmest hours of the day. Alarmed at the state of health of my servant Ann Newton. Feeble and irregular action of the heart. For some years her life has hung upon a mercur thread, that might give way at any time. Her sister Mrs. J. Knowles came over from East Budleigh this morning.

At church this afternoon, Mr. Roberts, the Curate, read and preached. A collection for Exeter Hospital. To-day was a Thanksgiving Service for a very abundant harvest. A very good and proper service of course, but there is too much of the religion that addresses itself to the eye. The church was like a flower and fruit garden. There is no harm in flowers, fruit, corn, &c., for they delight the eye, and are among the necessaries of life, but I doubt consistency of the display in which I see a good deal of vanity in those who busy themselves to decorate the church. After the service was over, I sat some time listening to the organ, and watching many people lingering about to look at the decorations, and I was amused at seeing a young lady who I believe had assisted at the decorating, stealthily watering some of the flowers from a small china teapot, which she must have had, full of water, in church with her, for she had come immediately from her seat & her mother's side to do it, with the teapot concealed, and only half uncovered when she used it. Religion is visible now-a-days, but I prefer the invisible, which is the spirit. All this external parade comes from the Continent, and belongs to a church of different doctrines. Does it make the world better? The world seems to get worse every day. Not a newspaper comes out, but its pages are full of the worst of crimes. Extortion, dishonesty, cheating, false-swearing, acts of violence, robberies, murders, - murders, in short, have become so common, as to pass almost without notice. I often wish that a bright light would appear in the sky, above the brightness of the sun, and bring this present Dispensation to an end.

Fri. Oct. 18. Three boys arrested for stealing £3, 10 of Mrs. Holmes in Church Street; - Ebdon, (son of a mason working for me,) Heard, or Page, and Hamson. Ebdon, aged 13, has a £3 fine and 12 strokes with the birch rod; Heard, (who has been convicted before), 3 months imprisonment with hard labour; and Hamson £3, the alternative being a month in durance vile.

Sat. 19. The annexed elaborate design for the ribs of a vaulted stone ceiling, occurs at Windsor Castle. I have found it among my papers, freely sketched with a pencil. Whether I copied it from the ceiling itself, when I was at Windsor many years ago, or whether I took it from a book, I cannot now remember.

Mon. Oct. 21. The papers say that within a week, five young seals have been captured in Pentargon Bay, near Boscastle, in Cornwall.

Sun. 27. Miserable winter-like day; dull leaden sky, strong NE wind, frequent rain. Did not go out all day. Mostly sat by the fire reading. Read intalia, the Rev. W.H.B. Proby's translation of Ecclesiastes, a copy of which he gave me some years ago. He is connected with this neighbourhood. He owns a

small estate called Baucombe, on the Lyme road, near the Three Horseshoes, about 5 or 6 miles NE from Sidmouth. He thinks that Heseekiah has the strongest claim to be considered the author of this Book, in preference to Solomon. Compared some parts with the Authorised Version. Some of our proverbs and sayings, which we occasionally hear in conversation seem to have come from here. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," occurs at Ch. IX. V. 4. The idea of a bird carrying news, and to say, "A little bird told me," seems to have originated from the following, at X.20, - for a bird in the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Th. Oct. 31. Ada Robins returned to her mother at Honiton, having been with us a fortnight.

November 1889.

Fri. November 1. W.H. Gigg, from an accident at the Junction of the railways near Ottery, died in Exeter Hospital on the 26 Oct. He had broken the 5th. cervical vertebra.

Some of my friends look at my new Portland stone stairs in the Old Chancel with misgivings, as if they thought they could not stand, because they are not supported at their outer end. I laugh at them. They are quite safe. A rough specimen on the same principle, exists at the Sidmouth Town Hall. By an old mem. I see that the great room at the Town Hall measures 66 feet long by 26 wide.

Sun. Nov. 3. At ch. P. M. Weather mild.

Tu. Nov. 5. After dark this evening a torch-light procession from Land part, down through the town to the beach - fire-works - a bonfire. Happily no riots or damage, as too often on some occasions in former years. It was a quiet night. A clear sky, and the moon nearly full - too light for the fireworks.

It is 201 years since the Prince of Orange landed at Brixham, & a marble statue of William III, is this day unveiled there. Where was Peter Varwell?

Fri. Nov, 8. Scaffolding on the church tower. On enquiring what was going on, I was told that the oak beams that support the upper floor of the lead roof were rotten, and that two new beams were being put up.

The papers say the new gigantic iron bridge over the forth is finished, and was opened for traffic on Wednesday last the 6th. Instant.

S. 9. Prince of Wales's Birthday. He is 48. Rumour says he is not well in health. There may be some difficulty for a young man in the position he is - visiting so much, being entertained and feasted so often, both in public and private - to maintain a healthy, plain, and moderate diet, even where no actual excess is indulged in - a diet sufficiently abstemious to suit a constitution of body disposed to show signs of corpulence, or a predisposition that way, and hints of a few ailments generally supposed to belong to a rather too full habit of body.

Such rumours may be exaggerated.

Fri. 15. Suddenly very mild. A beautiful day like spring. I went upon the lead roof of the Old Chancel, and enjoyed the quiet soft air, and the view all round. Thermometer 58.

Sat. 16. Dull weather - no wind - nearly as mild as yesterday.

Sun. 17. My birthday. Weather still mild and quiet. At church. The Vicar preached. In the afternoon took a turn along the Esplanade. Observed what a great number of boats there are on the beach. I think I once counted 90, but these must be 100 now. When storms arise these boats are drawn up upon the Esplanade, and then, if not wanted for immediate use, they are swung round in line with it, and placed between it and the road. Some people complain that they are an obstruction, and that they hide a view of the beach from the houses, and the Local Board summoned some of the sailors before the Magistrates, but the case has fallen through. I scarcely see how the fishermen can avoid it, or where else they can put their boats. The whole sea front from one end to the other, is occupied by the Esplanade. Some want them to put their boats altogether at the east end, but there is no piece of waste land there free from the sea, and I doubt whether a square acre of land could hold them. And how are they to get transported backwards and forewords as required, and as they are wanted? For they are heavy unwieldy things, and do not run upon wheels. I see great difficulties, and do not know what can be done to suit both parties. "What can't be cured, must be endured." - See below, Fri. 22.

I then went to the west end, and up the comparatively new road up by the Glen, where the Queen's father died, and then over the back Fort Field, and whilst there a large blue fly hovered about me, and then a wasp. I never saw a wasp so late in the year. I think he was after that fly. I once saw a wasp catch a butterfly, and cut the wings off near the body with its jaws, as if they had been scissors, and then fly away with the body.

W. Nov. 20. Dr. Radford called. He asked me when my birthday was? I replied, that it was last Saturday the 17th. "Then he said," "Then you are four days older than I am, for mine occurs to-day." He is 79, but I forget what I am. Besides I don't tell my secrets indiscriminately.

Th. Nov. 21. Unexpected revolution in Brazil. The Emperor Dom Pedro II., is politely informed that he is dethroned, and that a Republic is declared. He is conducted on board a man-of-war, Which puts to sea for - no one yet knows where, but Lisbon is suspected. No war or fighting - only the Finance Minister is fired at and wounded, but not dangerously. They proclaim themselves "The United States of Brazil," and have hoisted a flag described like the one in the margin. [See below Friday.]

Fri. 22. Walked from one end of the Esplanade to the other, and counted 77 boats on the beach. I think I have seen more. - See back Nov. 17.

W. 27. Wind veered to the NW. Blew hard last night. Hills white this morning with the appearance of snow. Very cold to-day. Mr. Kennet-Were called

Th. 28. On the 12th. The Lon. Gas, announced a dividend of 1s., 7 11/16ths. in the pound in the estate of W.C. Borlase. [See back May 15.]

Fri. 29. The Parnell Commission, or legal enquiry into the rebellious conduct that has so long disturbed Ireland, ended on the 22nd. It had sat 128 days.

In Brazil, the new Government have given the dismissed Emperor 2 ½. Million dollars, and \$450.000 per annum for life. The design of the flag above has evidently been suggested by the Yankee flag. He has declined the money.

Sat. Nov. 30. In the Plymouth Western Weekly News of to-day there is a woodcut of the old and the new flags of Brazil. This account makes out that the stars are 21 in number, that they are white, and

that they are in a circle. I here sketch and colour the flag in the margin, but I cannot be sure of all the colours of the old flag. The broken staff is rather significant. The whole thing has been so unexpected, that there has scarcely been time for all the full particulars. The late Emperor is on his way to Lisbon, and for a time will confer with his nephew the King of Portugal. Eventually he will probably divide his time between England and France.

December 1889.

Sat. Dec. 7. Full moon this morning about 10. I am not very sanguine a change of the moon will change the weather. This time it did. During the night the wind shifted from the cutting northwester to southwest. In the early morning snow, succeeded by rain.

Sun. 8. Read several of the first chapters of Genesis. The following are the great facts of the creation in the seven consecutive days or periods, in brief:-

1. Earth without form and void, and darkness, water mentioned, light, and day and night.
2. The firmament, or Heaven.
3. Waters gathered together - dry land appeared. Earth and seas. Grass, herb, and fruit trees.
4. Sun, Moon, and stars created, or revealed.
5. All fish and whales. Also birds.
6. Cattle, and beasts, and every creeping thing. Creation of Man as a Living Soul.
7. Rest.

Fri. 13. Finished the Index to Vol. XXI. Of the Trans. Dev. Assoc.

S. 21. Shortest day. Formerly groups of older women used to go about and call at peoples houses, and beg something "gin St. Thomas," i.e. against St. Thomas's Day, which this is. But there are so many charities in Sidmouth now, that the custom is dying out - and high time too, for begging leads to fibs.

Wed. Dec. 25. Christmas Day, and as beautiful a day for winter as ever I remember. A white frost covered the ground this morning, for last night was cold, but by ten o'clock it had gone. What wind there was came from the west and nor'west, but the smoke showed that there was scarcely a breath stirring. The sky was cloudless all day, and there was a bright, though not very powerful sun shining. Just the day I should have enjoyed 20 years ago, but I could neither venture to church, nor to a friends house to dine with him, for I have such an attack of rheumatism in my right knee, that it is very painful to walk ten minutes upon. Perhaps I have been standing on cold pavement or damp ground. I think most of our rheumatism comes up from the ground. We are rarely warm enough in our feet and legs in winter.

Fri. Dec. 27. Dr. Baker of Ottery drove over and surprised me with a visit. His house there is the one said to have belonged to Sir Water Raleigh. He brought a young medical man with him, to whom he has made over his practice. Gave them some hot tea, &c. &c. by the fire, and they drove back in the dusk of the evening.

Tu. Dec. 31. Last day of the year. I passed a quiet evening alone.

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January 1889.

Tuesday, January 1. 1889. This is a new ink, called Hyde's. I have before observed however, that good black ink will lose its colour if it is put on impure paper - that is, if there are any chemical salts remaining in it that ought to have been washed out.

My tenant Mr. Ellis, together with Miss Sandford, had afternoon tea with me.

Tu. 8. I have cut two lines out of an old book, which have been running in my head, as things sometimes do, and here they are.

Tolle malos, extolle pios, cognosce teipsum,

Sacra tene, paci consile, disce pati.

Tu. 15. The weather for January has been very for fine fortunately for invalids, who have thereby enjoyed more out of door than usual.

Tu. 22. Fire at Sidbury - that is, in the parish. Road, or Rhode farm burnt.

W. 23. Fire in High Street, Sidmouth, at the house of Mr. Henry Bolt, my Butcher. About five or earlier, when the family were all in their beds, one of his children went in his room and said their room was full of smoke, and there seemed to be fire near. On putting on a few things, and hurrying down stairs, he found fire raging in the kitchen and parlour. Report says that some clothes had been foolishly put in front of the fire to-day. Dr. Pullin got the children out, and took to his own house on the other side of the street. The Fire engine came, but Bolt and neighbours, with buckets of water, had pretty well got it under, and saved all but two rooms. The house is insured. It belongs to Mr. Sellek, my former Butcher, now in London.

Th. 24. The new County Council for Devonshire, the elections for which have much occupied the electors of late, met in Exeter for the first time to-day. All except two, of the 78 elected, were present. Lord Clinton, Lord Lieutenant of the County, was appointed provisional Chairman.

Mon. Jan. 28. The Bankruptcy of Mr. Borlase is again in the paper. [Feb, 20, 1888.] Gross liabilities £42,653,,8,,8, of which £19,637,,16,,5 are unsecured. Assets, £6371,,0,,4. It says - "He had brought on his Bankruptcy by extravagance in living, &c. Madame de Quiras claimed to be a creditor for £5100 odd." Adjourned to

April 11.

Th. 31. Unusually mild for this time of year, with the wind SW.

February 1889.

Fri. Feb. 1. Still fine. A few primroses and wall-flowers in bloom.

S. 2. Wind changing. Cooler.

Sun. 3. Wind NW, gusty, showers of rain and hail.

M. 4. Wind N, and NE, blowing very strong. A new brick wall near Belgrave House blown down in the night. Ground covered with a thin coating of snow, which thawed during the day. Very cutting wind.

Tu. 5. Wind gone down. A dead calm. Then a slight air from the SW. Mr. Ellis, my tenant called. He has been a Stipendiary Magistrate in the West Indies.

W. 6. The old project of making a ship canal to cut off Devon and Cornwall from England has been recently revived. It was to start from Seaton, at the mouth of the river Axe, to pass near Chard, where the elevations are great, as Chard Common 295 to 268 feet; Chard 322 to 374 f.; Forton 407f.; Chardstock 350 to 380; and involving many Locks; then on northward via Ilminster, Langport, to Bridgewater. And Stolford - wherever that may be. A new route is now advocated, but though longer is more level. Starting from the river Axe, it utilises the Exeter canal when altered, the Great Western Canal on near Tiverton, Collumpton, Wellington, to Taunton, and then Bridgewater, Highbridge, Burntam, to Uphill Bay near Weston-super-Mare. In these days of our fast seagoing steamers one would think the scheme not worth the expense, and especially as Bristol, and all places near the Bristol Channel, have such safe and rapid communication by rail to the eastern parts and ports of England. It would not be intended for our great war ships, but for merchant vessels. The proposed dimensions of this new scheme are - 125 feet wide at the surface of the water of the Canal; 36 at the bottom; and 21 deep.

Th. Feb. 7. Mr. & Mrs. Linderman called, and we had conversation for half an hour,

Fri. 8. The Vicar called, and we talked more than half an hour on parish affairs.

S. 9. Wind NW. strong, very cold. Fine, with black heavy passing clouds, each one of which let fall a snow storm. They did not whiten the ground till a heavy fall between 3 & 4 PM. When it came in good earnest pretty thick.

Sun. 10. When I got up all was clothed in white. After breakfast the wind changed to south, with thick chilly rain. By the afternoon the snow was gone.

M. 11. A week ago the startling news came from the Continent, to the effect that the Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, had died suddenly. He was married, and had one child, a daughter. Being the Emperor's only son, he was next heir to the throne. Prince Franz, a collateral relative, now becomes next heir. His death took place on a Tuesday, I think the 20th. of January. Further information informs us that he committed suicide by shooting himself in bed, - from abberation of the mind, as supposed. Yet more says that there was a lady in the case, and that he and some male relative, agree that they should draw lots, which of them should destroy himself, and the lot fell upon him. Curious circumstance - the same night that he shot himself, a lady, the Baroness Maria Vetsera, or Vescera - destroyed herself with poison.

This evening finished reading Gil Blas, for the second time. By a mem, inside, I see I began to read it with my father, (who was a capital Frenchman, he having been a great deal in France from six to twelve years of age), on the 26th. of November 1826. Possible! I remember it well. From 1826 to 1889, - just 62 years last November. The narrative is extremely amusing. The social man's and customs of the people are not so very different from the English - but all the parts of the civilised world much resemble each other.

Tu. 12. Beautiful day! Clean blue sky without a cloud, and sun quite hot. Wind NW. and very cold in the shade.

W. 12. What a change! Wind SW. misty, rainy.

Th. 14. Received two proof prints, taken from my Pedigree of the Courtenays, destined for an article in Notes & Gleanings.

Fri. Three or four days ago John Lilley, cutting hay on a rick, fell on the hay knife. Cut left arm badly. He is in the Cottage Hospital.

Sat. 16. Last Thursday, at a sale of farming stock at Mincombe, Sidbury, two young men were nearly killed by drinking raw spirits. It seems that at these sales spirits are given away freely to any body. George Berry, aged 17, drank more than half a pint, though probably more than that. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, he suddenly dropped down. He was pick up insensible, and carried to a cottage on Honiton Hill, But was dead before he arrived there. Another, called Lockyer, drank pretty much the same. He helped carry Benny, and all the men were very drunk. Dr. Pullin was sent for. He tells me he found Berry propped upright in a sitting posture on a seat, quite dead, and Lockyer in convulsions, lying in the middle of the floor of a small room, kicking so violently that everybody, very drunk too, were afraid to touch him. He would have died too, if the spirit could not be got off his stomach. One of the men and the Dr, held him, and with difficulty forced some mustard and water into his mouth, and got him to swallow it, and after a time he was sick. The effects of the whole scene was heightened by the hysterical screaming of the two mothers. Lockyer was put in bed, and before night was over, he recovered consciousness, and was able to answer Pullin's questions. At the subsequent inquest, some strong things were said to the Publican, and the attention of the Magistrates is called to these abuses.

In the long pending lawsuit *Brutton v. Morgan*, I am told that a compromise has been arrived at. [Sep. 15. 1887.] *Brutton* made the Rev. O. *Morgan's* Will, in which half the property was left to himself, and half to the Cottage Hospital, ignoring Mrs. *Morgan* altogether. The relations disputed it - *Brutton* commenced an Action, but an arrangement in court was arrived at, by which an old Will of Nov. 3, 1862 was pronounced for, in which she is sole Executrix, and Legatee. She called to tell me. I am truly glad, for she had been reduced to poverty, and shamefully treated.

Prince Rudolph's death [M. Fed. 11.] has been noticed again. One story says that he wrote to the Pope secretly, to ask him to divorce him from his wife, in order that he might marry the Baroness Marie Vescera - that the Pope was horrified, and refused, and sent the son's letter to the Emperor - that he took his son to task, and refused also - that upon this the Prince wrote letters to his father and others, saying what he would do - that she took poison before he shot himself, though other accounts say they were both found dead together in the same room - and that, in order to avoid a scandal her body was conveyed away and privately buried. Such are the tales that have appeared in the papers recently.

Th. Feb. 21. Parliament assembled to-day. The Queen did not open it. The session generally begins about Feb. 4, but then it generally closes in the August before; but last autumn, owing to faction and Irish obstruction, they sat till far in October, with a short interval in September.

A curious ecclesiastical law case of the Archbishop of Canterbury v. the B, of Lincoln. The Archb. With mitre, and crozier, Assessors, &c., in state at Lambeth, & the B. of Lincoln appeared before him. Only

preliminaries gone through. Some question of Ritualism I suppose. The like has not occurred for 200 years, and only once since the Reformation, - so the papers say.

Th. 28. The NE wind continues very cold. This morning the fields and the tops of the houses white with snow, but it had all melted by 11,A.M.

Finished reading *L' Avare*, a Comedy by Moliere. The first Act or two I thought dull, and in some places even childish, but the latter half has more interest.

March 1889.

Fri. March 1. Black NE wind. The atmosphere full of snow flakes.

The newly formed Ratepayer's Association had a meeting. I begged off.

S. Mar. 2. The Vicar and Mrs. Clements called. Also Mr. Linderman & Mr. Alured, and gave me an account of the meeting last night.

Sun. 3. Winter now-a-days generally strengthens in March. Snowing more or less all day long, but not hard enough to lie on the ground.

M. 4. The most wintry day of the winter. Strong wind from the SE, with snow and sleet more or less all day, which puts a white sheet over everything.

Tu. 5. The ground and roofs of the houses white with a mantle of snow. But the storm had passed - the wind gone down - and the sun bright. By noon day all the snow had vanished, except on Peak and Salcombe Hills - near 500 feet high.

To-day is Shrove Tuesday.

W. 6. Ash Wednesday. Comparatively pleasant weather. The Vicar called.

Fri. 8. Wind south - rain all day mild.

S. 9. Wind north-west - mild, up to 48' - fine, bright sunshine - almost like spring - Country flooded by rain - trains late. Mr. Heathcote, B. Salterton, called. Had afternoon tea with Mrs. Ellis and miss Sandford.

Wed. Mar. 13. Like a spring day. Thermometer 54' out of doors in the shade. The papers say that the firm of Krupp, in Germany have just made two 114 ton guns for the Italian navy. I imagine these are the longest guns in the world at present, [See Feb.3. 1888.] The charge of "German prismatic powder," of 850 lbs., the shot weighing 19,000lbs and the velocity 2400 feet in a second. The regulation charge will be 900lbs of powder, with which it was also fired. What armour can stand this? The thicker they made armour they put on ships, the more powerful they make guns. The more rifles improved, the thicker they made armour for men, until it was so heavy they could not carry it, and it was discard altogether, and men now go into battle without any; and ships I think must come to the same thing.

Th. 14. Another spring day - bright, clear, hot. Thermometer 54'. This will probably not last long. We must not be too sanguine.

Sent an article on some portion of the early generations of the Courtenay family, and their coat armour, to the Editors of Notes & Gleanings, at Exeter - also part of the Pedigree and coats of arms on a Meisenbach block, to illustrate it - and a proof impression from it. [Feb. 14. 1889.]

Fri. 15. Confirmation by the Bishop at Sidmouth parish church. The number of candidates was 53, the males were 21, and females 32. As an usual feature, there were several elderly people confirmed; one of them an old mason called Prince, that did work for me at the Old Chancel, nearly twenty years ago.

S. 16. Lord Lonsdale, who I believe is rather a discursive character, has been trying to walk to the North Pole; and having been lost for some time, was given up as finished; but the American papers now say that he has been heard of.

M. 18. Dr. Baker, now of Ottery, being in Sidmouth, surprised me with a visit.

Fri. 22. The papers speak of great floods up the country - the lower parts of Taunton, Bristol, and a number of other places several feet under water. Great loss of property. No damage at Sidmouth, though it has been rainy.

Sun. Mar. 24. At the Parish Church.

M. 25. Yesterday, the papers say, died the Rev. W.C. Hall, Vicar of Pilton, near Barnstable, aged 86. I dined with him and his son, (only child, I think) on July 26, 1879, (quod vide), at his Vicarage. His father had 18 brothers, 17 of them went into the army, and 16 were killed in battle. The Vicar's son met with a great annoyance a year or more ago, and yet a thing only to be laugh at. He was one day walking in one of the streets of Barnstaple, I think with his wife on his arm, when he was stopped and questioned by a policeman. Mr. Townshend Hall asked what he meant? The man explained that he answered to the description of a man he was looking for, and that he must accompany him to the police station. Young Mr. Hall became indignant, but he was obliged to go. He felt it the more, as he had lived all his life in the immediate neighbourhood, and was well known in Barnstaple, but the man was new there. Of course he was at once known and recognised by friends he sent for, and immediately released. Profuse apologies were offered him, and many regrets expressed at the unfortunate mistake, but they failed to calm his ruffled feelings. He had better have laughed at it as a joke.

To-day in the House of Lords, Lord Knutsford said this Empire (including dependencies of course), consisted of 9,000,000 square miles, and 321m. People.

Sun. 31. Dr. Harding, Mus. Doc., played the Organ in the church for the last time, as he goes to Bedford in a few days. He has been here 15 or 16 years. Mr. G.W. Macpherson succeeds him.

April 1889.

Mon. April 1. Parliament has voted £21,500,000 to build and arm ships, as our navy requires strengthening. To be spread over several years. If I were in Parliament I should never begrudge money for the navy. It is our great protection.

W. Ap. 3. The Queen returned from Biarritz, to which place she went for a change a few weeks ago. On Wednesday last she went by rail to St. Sebastian, and met Queen Christina, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the two Queens passed several hours together, and then returned each way.

Th. 4. Gold is said to have been discovered in the rocks of Daddy Hole Plain, Torquay, and a Company is being formed to work it.

Sat. Ap. 6. The Duchess of Cambridge, aged 92, died at St James's Palace this morning. Her son, the Duke of Cambridge, is 70.

Sun. 7. Thundery, showery weather. One or two rumblings at a distance.

Tu. 9. The Misses Brandling, of Durham, now here, had afternoon tea with me.

The Local Board election in Sidmouth this year has caused some excitement. The Board recently offended some of the Ratepayers by proposing to borrow a sum of £2000 to build a groyne out into the sea at the west end of the Esplanade, which they thought was not needed. Three members of the Board went out by rotation - Trump, Whitton, and Harris. Three new Candidates were selected to oppose their re-election - Mr. Allured, who has recently built that handsome stone house on the side of Peck Hill, called Willoughby, on the site of the old one; Mr. Woodrooffe, of High Bank; and Mr. Dyer, in the town. The old members however, have been elected again. The election took place last Friday, and the number of votes given to each were, Trump 649; Whitton, 522; Harris, 496; Woodrooffe, 275; Allured, 233; and Dyer, 176.

Fri. 12. Attended Burial Board meeting. Long talk about the filling up of vacancies. Deaths and removals have reduced nine to five.

Distant thunder rumblings in the north the greater part of the day. Rain during the evening and night. Called on Mr. & Mrs. Hullah, 5 Clifton Place.

W. 17. Resigned my Honorary post of Local Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London. I find I am not the boy I was. I was appointed in June 1865. But they still send me books.

Walked through High Street to look at the spot tinted red in the annexed plan. The old house called the "Myrtles," has been bought by the Local Board, to widen the street at that place. The outer wall, the house, and every thing are down, and they are removing the old materials. They will put the wall back, and then sell the land in lots for building houses on.

In my MS. Hist. of Sidmouth, Vol. V. p.63, there is a coloured aquatint of the house from the Lawn, drawn by H. Haseler, and aquatinted by D. Havell, which is dated 1817. The house had its end against the street.

This afternoon had 5- o'clock tea with Mr. & Mrs. Stanford, arrived yesterday.

Th. 18. Fine and hot. The first really spring like day, almost like summer, at all events like summer by comparison.

Finished carving a small design, about four inches long, as a pattern for a friend who wants to take up wood carving.

Fri. April 19. Good Friday. At the parish church. Remained to the Sacrament. Received the bread from the Vicar, and the wine from the Rev. H E. Roberts, the new Curate.

S.20. Went to Sidmount, and a long visit with Dr. Radford.

Sun. 21. Easter Sunday. Showery.

M. 22. Easter Monday. Many holiday people flocked in. Called on the Rev. Pigot James.

Tu. 23. Called on Mr. Stanford - on Mr. Jemmett, at Sea View - and on Mr. Hullah, at Clifton Place.

W. 24. My article on the Courtenay Pedigree, with the Meisenbach Block, has just come out in Notes & Gleanings.

Sir John Walrond, of Bradfield, Bart., died yesterday at Cannes, aged 70. He is to be brought to England for internment. - Personally = £55.767,,19,,2.

Fri. 26. Vestry meeting, to which I went. The Vicar in the Chair.

S. 27. Called on Mr. & Mrs. W. Floyd. Something led to talking about the new sweetener, known as "Saccharine," He has just brought some from London, in the form of small white cakes, each one containing $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain. The size and in thickness. One is enough for a small cup of tea, and 2 for a large breakfast cup. Some say it is 300 times stronger than ordinary sugar.

Su. Ap. 28. Low Sunday, so called. At church.

M. April 29. The plot of land at "The Myrtles," as altered, has been sold in lots. Two plots have been bought for £132 to build a Free Mason's Lodge on, and the rest by Mr. Pidsley, a local builder, to erect houses and shops on, for £640.

May 1889.

W. May 1. May Day. The May Day games are dying out.

S. 5. Rainy and cold. Church in the afternoon.

M. 6. People have been Testimonial mad here lately. Since last June there have been - for Mr. Lethaby £63; for the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, who was leaving, £55; for Mr. Radford, because he has been married 50 years, (which seems to be a great advantage to a man), £141, and £96 from the town's people; Miss Thompson, organ gratuitously at All Saints Church, at the Choral Society meetings &c., £67; Dr. Harding, Mus. Doct., Organist at the Parish Church, leaving, £212. Some of the money was given in silver plate, &c. Besides this, as free gifts, £55 to a popular Missionary preacher, £50 to the Cottage Hospital, which was low in funds, and £3 for a lamp. Most of those who gave could ill afford it. All these sums added together amount to £742, - a large sum for a small place, not very thriving. To my certain knowledge the majority gave willingly. I am no great advocate for these subscriptions. A few Zealous people take up a thing very frequently as a whim of the moment, and force it upon their neighbours, and they find it difficult to refuse. What was the consequence? The Vicar has just preached a begging sermon because the accustomed contributions to keep up the church are so short. People can't give to everything.

Th. 9. Lord Sidney Osborne died at Lewes in Sussex. There is a notice of him by me in the Exeter Gazette, and the Sidmouth Observer.

W. 15. Mr. & Mrs. Hullah had afternoon tea with me.

Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer surprised me with a visit, having just arrived.

A Prospectus containing particulars of a curious project has been sent to me. A Company has been formed for the purpose of trying to recover a quantity of treasure supposed to be in the hulls of several ships still lying at the bottom of the sea in Abouker Bay, sunk by Nelson's fleet at the Battle of the Nile. The Frenchmen's flag ship is said to have £600,000 in specie to pay Bonapart's troops in Egypt, and two silver gates, and other things, which had been taken from a monastery at Malta. These are three or four ships there, lying in only 7 or 8 fathoms of water, and they can be seen in quiet weather. Divers have recently been down, and have examined them. I have no money for specs. of this nature, but I should like to go out and watch the operations.

On the 17th. of April the Borlase bankruptcy case appears again. His seat in Parliament, extravagant living, and a lady, - ruin. Debts that are now admitted, £25.000; assets £2793; claim by Madame De Quiros, £3.700. Discharge suspended until January 1891. [See Nov. 28.]

Th. May 28. "Holy Thursday" so called. Miss Hardwich, Mrs. Hoppus, & Mrs. Marks had afternoon tea with me. Mrs. Marks made a very well done coloured drawing of my "Harp Lute," This instrument something like a guitar, was I believe fashionable in the time of George III. I think there is one in the South Kensington Museum, and there is one in the Exeter Museum.

Fri. 29. "Oak Apple Day," as they used to call it. The old celebrations bearing on the troubled times of Charles the Second, so warmly entered upon at this time, seen to be dying out. Tiverton used to be noted for them.

Went into Exeter by rail. Left the station at 9.25 - at Queen Street by 10.30. Called at the Museum and gave the Editors of the Notes & Gleanings the Block of the Courtenay Pedigree, used at p.51, for my recent article. Mr. Dallas went with me to the Cathedral to examine the Courtenay tomb in the S, Transept. Called at the Dev. & Cornwall Bank. Then saw Mr. Parfitt, at the Institution. Then my old friend Mr. Gray, the Solicitor. Called at the Constitutional Club, and paid subscription. Left Exeter at 1.5, and got home soon after two.

June 1889.

W. June 5. Dined with the Stanfords and friends. Two ladies came with me from thence to look at the Old Chancel.

Tu. 6. Distant thunder and lightning for several hours.

Fri. 7. Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer had afternoon tea with me at the Old Chancel. I then took them up on the roof to enjoy the view.

They had scarcely left me, when thunder, lightning, and rain came on.

Sat. 8. We hear that at Bowde, 2m. NW from Sidmouth, the lightning struck an ash tree, and killed a cow that was standing under it. A long thin piece of the wood, about an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, I am told, was stripped off and thrown to some distance.

The Rev. Mr. Rooper, and two Misses Rooper called.

Th. 13. Noisy meeting at the Town Hall. Mr. S.J. Smith, a Commissioner from the Government Board in London, came down to take evidence, our Local Board having applied to borrow £2700 - £2200 to make a groyne, and the £500 for town improvements. Great opposition to the groyne scheme.

Called on Mr. Stanford, where I met Mr. Smith. The present local rates are stated to be 3/-s. in the pound p an. A penny in the pound said to produce £50. There are now about 700 Ratepayers. Assessable value of property=£11.000.

Sun. 16. Trinity Sunday. At ch. Remained.

Fri. 21. Longest day. Wind NE, moderate, steady, hot - for some time unusually hot for this early period of the year. Never has been a finer spring to favour vegetation.

The stone for the new staircase in the Old Chancel, having a few days ago arrived from Portland, the steps are now being made in a shed I had put up by the hedge in the field. For some years I have been wishing to have this staircase made, but the expense scared me. Whilst the 2 vols. Of the Governor's Diary were in hand, I could not think of it. They cost me £800, but that large sum has now come back.

M. June 24. Midsummer Day. Same hot, dry weather. The flag staff against the Old Chancel had become very rotten, and I decided on having it down. I think it was put up about 1879. It was a single pole about 48 feet high, having been a fir tree that grew in a plantation at Sidbury, the lower part nearly as thick as my body. I had no power or appliances to have it lowered gradually; so ropes were tied to the upper part, and when the iron band that held it was removed, it was pulled forward off its balance, and fell in the field, and broke into several pieces. It was fun to see the men run.

Mr. & Mrs. Macpherson had afternoon tea with me.

July 1889.

M. July 1. Same hot dry weather. Thermometer between 70 & 80.

Tu. 2. Eldon the mason sent scaffolding, &c., to begin.

S. 6. The masons have unroofed part of the building in order to construct a room or two, as part of my plan. Although the weather is so fine, with the grass in the fields dried up and brown, I thought it better, to-morrow being Sunday, to take precautions. With this view, after some work, they spread these sails over the open roof, - though quite unnecessary.

Some 800 or more men, women, and girls, the operatives of a tobacco manufactory at Bristol, came with a Band of music, to celebrate their yearly "wayzegoose." I am glad I have no taste for tobacco.

Sunday, July 7. Who would have thought it? During the night the wind changed from the NE to the SW, and blow hard. I got under one of the sails, and I was afraid it would carry it away, and I went up with an extra rope and secured it before I went to church. Rain all the afternoon. A most unexpected change, but as everything is parched up, it will do much good to vegetation.

M. 8. Rain, rain, rain, and the sails could not be taken off.

Tu. 9. Wind gone back to the SE. Rain and mist. Masons could not work on the roof

Fri. 12. Burial Board meeting - which I attended.

Th. 11. Sanger's great show of beasts and performances visited Sidmouth, and bivouac's in the Blackmore Field close to the Old Chancel. Soon after Breakfast a man came to the door in a hurry, and said I had better come out because the Elephants were pulling my hedge to pieces, and eating the bushes. Upon this I went out, and there I found nine Elephants, one of them with long curly tusks, walking about the field - also a number of horses, and there were many men busy erecting tents for the performance. The weather was fine, and it was a very pretty sight to see so many huge creatures by the railings, reaching across and over the path, and I was rather amused at seeing them put all this rubbish, thorns and all, into their mouths and masticate it. One of them, in taking the grass, pulled up the turf with the roots and earth, and this went into his mouth altogether, but he spit out what he didn't like. When the procession went round the town, all these nine Elephants were yoked to one of their large carriages, tandem, or single file. I did not go to the performance, which was very good.

A Battery of six guns, with men, horses, &c., &c, arrived, on its way to Dartmoor for practice. This occurs frequently in the summer.

Sun. July 21. Weather windy, with occasional heavy showers.

At church in the afternoon. A stranger preached.

Sir John Floyd Bt. Surprised me with a visit. He is with his brother, (William), and wife, for a day or two. I think it is ten years since I last saw him. He is much aged, and very deaf. I suppose he is reconciled now to his brother's marriage.

M. 22. The Shah of Persia, who was in England sixteen years ago, is again here, and is nearly worn out with visiting and sight seeing. After receiving much attention in London, he is now studying the manufacturing districts.

Sat. July 27. The work on the Old Chancel goes on. I am paying five to six guineas a week to the workmen. To-day I amused me self carving part of one of the Corbels for the springing of the large arch over the stone staircase, the same being of Bath stone. The design oak leaves and acorns. The design of the other will be vine leaves and fruit. - Aug. 20. Princess Louise married.

The subject of grants of money for the maintenance of different members of the Royal Family is now being hotly debated in Parliament. The maintenance of the Prince of Wales's children has brought the matter before the nation. Some insist that in no case should the grandchildren of Her Majesty derive their resources otherwise than from their parents; others make an exception in the case of the Prince of Wales, as being the Heir apparent. It is proposed by some, to increase the allowance of the Prince of Wales, and then leave him to provide for his children as he pleases during the Queens life, after which new arrangements must be made. The marriage of the P. of Wales's eldest d., the Princess Louise, to the Earl of Fife, shortly to take place, has been another incentive to the debate. The Earl however can well support her.

Married Aug. 20.

M. July 29. Mr. W.J. Stirling, the last survivor of Foster Hutchinson's branch arrived, and ensconced himself at Coburg Cottage.

Tu. 30. The Shah of Persia left, after a prolonged visit. He is an intelligent man, and has taken great interest in our arts, sciences, miniatures, ships, guns, &c, He seems to have enjoyed his visit.

August 1889.

Tu. Aug. 1. Square column, bottom of stone stairs, cast me £15,,12,,0, The young German Emperor William, came on a visit.

Not to me - it was to the Queen.

S. Aug. 3. Naval Review at Spit Head. Weather so bad, put off.

M. 5. Review took place - 112 war ships in three lines, with 23000 men. The stormy weather moderated.

W. 7. Two squadrons of ships from Spit Head, passed down Channel within sight, They are going to sea to exercise.

An amusing compliment! The Emperor of Germany has made the Queen an Honorary Colonel of the 1st. Regiment of the German Dragoons.

Finished carving the 1st. Corbel of Bath stone, 25 inches long, on which the arch over the stone stair case will be turned when second is done.

Tu. 20. And I finished the second to-day, having been much interrupted by visitors.

Th. 22. And to-day they were put up in their places, and fixed.

Took a geological walk to-day with Mr. Parfitt of Exeter, now staying here. He is curious about those large blocks of silicified flint and yellow clay, so common here on the hills and about the valleys. Their origin and nature have puzzled geologists. There is however, no mystery about their origin, only it is too much trouble to describe it here. Mr. Parfitt will perhaps do so in some Magazine. In short, not glacial or boulder clay, but the dregs, remains, sediment, or insoluble parts of the chalk, chalk flints, chalk marl and perhaps Plastic clay, once extending westward over these hills.

Mun. Aug. 26. Soon after midnight, or early this morning, the night being very dark, the community was aroused by the report of a piece of ordnance. It was supposed to be one of our great ships, now exercising round our coasts, playing at war to teach the men. Soon the trumpet call of the Volunteers was heard in the streets, and in from 10 to 15 minutes our company of amateur soldiers had all assembled on the Esplanade. It was an experiment, to see how soon they could be at the post of duty.

Fri. 30. For the last three or four days, after two months of stormy, chilly, and showery weather, we have had it fine, clear, and hot. Thermometer 70'.

We are very thankful, as the corn is ripe and ready.

Called at the Vicarage. Mr. Clements at Seaton with his Church Choir.

As I was talking to the servant, Mrs. Clements, hearing my voice, came out of the dining room. Coming close to her was Lady Louisa Hobart-Hampden. To my surprise she at once came over and shook hands with me, and began to talk as freely as if we had been on the most intimate terms. We went to the drawing room - talked of the splendid weather - Miss Evelyn Parker's wedding last Tuesday, &c., &c., and on my leaving, she shook hands again. What funny things people do! Though I saw a great deal of her late father the Earl of Buckinghamshire years ago, [Ap. 29. 1875. Ap. 17. 1876, &c.,] and occasionally different members of his family, I did not consider it any acquaintance when she and her sister Lady Charlotte came back here some two or three years ago; and they let me know they did not, for they have several times avoided meeting me when I have seen them in the street. Her manner to-day therefore, considerably surprised me, and perhaps not without reason.

Then went and called on Mrs. Toller, Miss Cave came in.

Mr. Scrivens called, and went up the ladders with me on the scaffolding.

Sat. Aug. 31. Finished reading Milton's Areopagitica, the same being an essay addressed to the Lord & Commons assembled on Parliament, arguing the hardships of being obliged to obtain licences before being able to print anything, and the desirability of removing such a restriction. It is so called from the Areopagus, the place at Athens where the Judges sat, and to whom Isocrates made addresses, in respect of their judgments. This essay has not much struck me by any great talent, and it is sufficiently long-winded to be tedious. To be sure - Milton was a young man at the time, yet he had attained to 35.

Three young fellows at the Post Office - Watley, son of a mason, Russell, son of a naval pensioner, and Uniack the same - have been fined and turned out of their situations for removing uncanceled stamps from letters and parcels, and replacing cancelled ones. Watley, 5 years in the service, was chief operator, who made money by selling them, but the others received bribes to keep quiet, and also assisted. Had up before the Magistrates at Ottery, Watley was fined £10, and 14/6 expenses, and the others £5 each, and the same costs. The mother of Russell is assisting at my house, and she makes every excuse for her dear boy.

September 1889.

Sun. September 1. The partridges, we hope, have got a day's respite. At church, and remained

M. Sep. 2. Garden party at the Radford's, at Sidmount, so called.

Th. 5. Sultry, hazy weather. Sea like a pond. Many boats - people on the water, and people bathing. Two young ladies swimming extremely well. In these days of long voyages, and many mishaps, girls ought to know how to swim as well as boys. While I was on the Esplanade, the Excursion Steamer arrived, and the water being smooth, she ran her nose in upon the beach. I counted 60 people get out of her, and 91 go in. She comes from Weymouth, and goes to Torquay, calling at several places on the coast, and returns again in the evening, setting down and taking up excursionists. Strange, that the majority of those who crowd the steamers, the conjurer's performance, the Horsemanship, the whirli-go-round, the Play-house of the strolling players, &c., &c., are amongst the so-called "poor," Though they go in rags, they can always find money for pleasures. Eating, drinking, and pleasuring run away with the greater part of their earnings. To satisfy this there is a constant craving after money. I suppose we never lived in an age, in which there was such a thirst for money. Most

things are charged higher than they used to be, for the sellers covet all they can get; wages are higher than formerly, yet no amount of wages can satisfy the craving. It is a most unhealthy state of things.

"The Sultan," one of our large iron-clad ships, having got stranded on a rock, and sunk, between Malta and Gozo, about a couple of months ago, has been got up and floated by divers building brickwork over the holes in her bottom. She is now in dock at Malta. A Company offered to try and raise her for £50,000, which the Government agreed to. The papers say the Company have done it at a cost of £10,000 to themselves.

Sat. Sep. 7. Garden party at Mr. & Mrs. Kennet Were's, at Cotlands. Much company there. Lawn tennis, "Badmington," and other out-door games. In the house tea, coffee, ices, confectionary, &c., &c., almost like a wedding breakfast. To save the trouble of evening visiting, these day light parties have been general.

M. 9. Charles D. Graham, a cooper, who went through the Rapids and the whirlpool, below Niagara, soon after Captain Webb lost his life these [] has now gone over the Falls. He made himself a cask, in which he was fastened down, and then towed out into the stream a mile or two above the Horse-shoe, somewhere near the village of Chippewah, to which place I walked when I tarried a week there. He went down over, and when his barrel came to the surface below, some friends in a boat drew it ashore and opened it. He was insensible, but life was in him, and he was recovered. He says he will not do it again. And also - immediately after hearing of Graham's adventure, news have reached us that one Steve Brodie has done the same thing. He varied his dress. He got into an India rubber case or bag, kept out round with steel wire or springs. He also went down over, and was picked up below. Like Graham he was likewise insensible, and not being in a stiff case, he got dreadfully bruised, but has recovered. He says he was terrified and repented before he reached the Fall. Graham did it on Sunday, August 25, and Brodie a few days after. Some folks have a queer was of taking their pleasures. When I was there I was told the Horse-shoe Fall was 164f high, and that the water was supposed to be 20feet thick where the sheet goes over the rock.

A rich Uranium lode, 12 to 30 per cent, metal, had been discovered at Union Mine, Grampound Road, Cornwall. It is mostly the sesqui oxide. The one is very valuable, amounting to £2,400 per ton. In the arts it is used to colour glass golden and greenish yellow; in photography, instead of chloride of gold; in electrotyping, as a substitute for gold, &c., &c.

Swallows have been tried on the Continent to act like Carrier pigeons. They let some off the top of the Eiffel tower in Paris a few days ago, and they flew to Roubaix, near Lille, some 150 miles, in less than two hours.

I have heard my mother say that she travelled in a post chaise when she was a young women, with some of her father's family, from London to Portsmouth, taking their dog in the carriage with her. He wanted to get out, but they would not let him, as the journey was so long. He was "a carriage dog," a Dalmatian dog, being white and coloured with black spots. Not long after they arrived the dog was missed, And the next morning he was found again in London. He had never been the road before. Distance 70 miles.

W. Sep. 18. Mr. J.Y.A. Morshead, of Salcombe Regis, having sent me a brace of partridges, they were dressed for dinner.

And whilst carving one of them, I was reminded of a story the Vicar told me a year or two ago. The circumstance I think at the Vicarage was a subject of remark, if it did not occur there. A Mrs. _____ was a professed cook, and she was occasionally engaged to dress dinners at houses, on the occurrence of parties, suppers, or other entertainments, &c. I have had her for weeks at a time when I have needed additional help, and a very good cook she was, barring the drawback that the spirit bottles in my chiffoniere, (which I never locked,) leaked very fast from some unexplained cause, and that the contents of my larder went too fast, to feed her relations - well, one day at a dinner party where, among other things, she sent up a brace of partridges, it was discovered that she had trussed and skewered them with her hair pins, much to the horror of the carver, which she had not taken out. But there is nothing new under the sun, and history repeats itself, and I discovered that my present cook had done just the same thing. Women's hair pins are made of a piece of bent wire lackered in black, of the shape here annexed. She had broken them in two, and used the two halves as skewers, and had omitted to take them out. Some time after I took her to task about this new fashion, and her excuse was, that the skewers she had in the kitchen were too large for such small birds. I said I would get others

S. Sep. 21. The highest and last step of my stone staircase was got up to-day.

The upper landing, 3/4ths. of the way up, and where the stairs branch off on one hand to the bedrooms, and on the other to the better rooms, is a square block of Portland Stone 4 feet square, and 8 inches thick, and weighs near three quarters of a ton. It required some care to hoist it into its place. I like solid building.

Tu. Sep. 24. What fools some people are! Truly, honesty is the best policy even in this world. A young man of 31, W.M.C. a Major in the Army In India, and Paymaster to the 7th. Hussars, tried by Court Martial, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, loss of Decorations, Stoppage of pay, (I think it said, until the money is returned,) for misapplying the sum of 16.000 Rupees, (about £1600). I was at the wedding of his father and mother.

October 1889.

Tu. Oct. 1. There is a project now on feet to build a Cottage Hospital. Some 3 or 4 years ago May Cottage, at the head of the Blackmore Field, and close to the Unitarian Chapel, was taken and converted into a Cottage Hospital. Some (as yet) unknown person has offered to give £500 if others will come forward and support the project. Upon this I have been shown the annexed list,

£

Mr. C. Cave, Sidbury 100

Miss Cave, Sidmouth 50

Mr. Wyndham, Lime Park 100

Dr. Radford, Sidmount 50

Mrs. Tollen, Oakland 35

Miss Tollen, Ditto 25

Mr. Woodrooffe, Highbank 50

Where seven persons promise to contribute sums of money amounting in the aggregate to £410, which added to the £500, makes £910. What next? Mr. Balfour has been asked to give a piece of ground, and the spot suggested is near the north end of the Blackmore Field. Some talk of having all the rooms on the ground floor, for the convenience of sick persons. This is bad on a flat field of no great elevation. There ought to be an upper floor, and all the difficulties would be removed by having a lift. I have no money for them just now. All my fifties and hundreds are swallowed up in my own building. From 12 to 1400 pounds are wanted, and apparently will soon be obtained.

Sun. Oct. 13. Fine day - cold NW wind - Thermometer 54° in the warmest hours of the day. Alarmed at the state of health of my servant Ann Newton. Feeble and irregular action of the heart. For some years her life has hung upon a mercur thread, that might give way at any time. Her sister Mrs. J. Knowles came over from East Budleigh this morning.

At church this afternoon, Mr. Roberts, the Curate, read and preached. A collection for Exeter Hospital. To-day was a Thanksgiving Service for a very abundant harvest. A very good and proper service of course, but there is too much of the religion that addresses itself to the eye. The church was like a flower and fruit garden. There is no harm in flowers, fruit, corn, &c., for they delight the eye, and are among the necessaries of life, but I doubt consistency of the display in which I see a good deal of vanity in those who busy themselves to decorate the church. After the service was over, I sat some time listening to the organ, and watching many people lingering about to look at the decorations, and I was amused at seeing a young lady who I believe had assisted at the decorating, stealthily watering some of the flowers from a small china teapot, which she must have had, full of water, in church with her, for she had come immediately from her seat & her mother's side to do it, with the teapot concealed, and only half uncovered when she used it. Religion is visible now-a-days, but I prefer the invisible, which is the spirit. All this external parade comes from the Continent, and belongs to a church of different doctrines. Does it make the world better? The world seems to get worse every day. Not a newspaper comes out, but its pages are full of the worst of crimes. Extortion, dishonesty, cheating, false-swearing, acts of violence, robberies, murders, - murders, in short, have become so common, as to pass almost without notice. I often wish that a bright light would appear in the sky, above the brightness of the sun, and bring this present Dispensation to an end.

Fri. Oct. 18. Three boys arrested for stealing £3, 10 of Mrs. Holmes in Church Street; - Ebdon, (son of a mason working for me,) Heard, or Page, and Hamson. Ebdon, aged 13, has a £3 fine and 12 strokes with the birch rod; Heard, (who has been convicted before), 3 months imprisonment with hard labour; and Hamson £3, the alternative being a month in durance vile.

Sat. 19. The annexed elaborate design for the ribs of a vaulted stone ceiling, occurs at Windsor Castle. I have found it among my papers, freely sketched with a pencil. Whether I copied it from the ceiling itself, when I was at Windsor many years ago, or whether I took it from a book, I cannot now remember.

Mon. Oct. 21. The papers say that within a week, five young seals have been captured in Pentargon Bay, near Boscastle, in Cornwall.

Sun. 27. Miserable winter-like day; dull leaden sky, strong NE wind, frequent rain. Did not go out all day. Mostly sat by the fire reading. Read intalia, the Rev. W.H.B. Proby's translation of Ecclesiastes, a copy of which he gave me some years ago. He is connected with this neighbourhood. He owns a

small estate called Baucombe, on the Lyme road, near the Three Horseshoes, about 5 or 6 miles NE from Sidmouth. He thinks that Heseekiah has the strongest claim to be considered the author of this Book, in preference to Solomon. Compared some parts with the Authorised Version. Some of our proverbs and sayings, which we occasionally hear in conversation seem to have come from here. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," occurs at Ch. IX. V. 4. The idea of a bird carrying news, and to say, "A little bird told me," seems to have originated from the following, at X.20, - for a bird in the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

Th. Oct. 31. Ada Robins returned to her mother at Honiton, having been with us a fortnight.

November 1889.

Fri. November 1. W.H. Gigg, from an accident at the Junction of the railways near Ottery, died in Exeter Hospital on the 26 Oct. He had broken the 5th. cervical vertebra.

Some of my friends look at my new Portland stone stairs in the Old Chancel with misgivings, as if they thought they could not stand, because they are not supported at their outer end. I laugh at them. They are quite safe. A rough specimen on the same principle, exists at the Sidmouth Town Hall. By an old mem. I see that the great room at the Town Hall measures 66 feet long by 26 wide.

Sun. Nov. 3. At ch. P. M. Weather mild.

Tu. Nov. 5. After dark this evening a torch-light procession from Land part, down through the town to the beach - fire-works - a bonfire. Happily no riots or damage, as too often on some occasions in former years. It was a quiet night. A clear sky, and the moon nearly full - too light for the fireworks.

It is 201 years since the Prince of Orange landed at Brixham, & a marble statue of William III, is this day unveiled there. Where was Peter Varwell?

Fri. Nov, 8. Scaffolding on the church tower. On enquiring what was going on, I was told that the oak beams that support the upper floor of the lead roof were rotten, and that two new beams were being put up.

The papers say the new gigantic iron bridge over the forth is finished, and was opened for traffic on Wednesday last the 6th. Instant.

S. 9. Prince of Wales's Birthday. He is 48. Rumour says he is not well in health. There may be some difficulty for a young man in the position he is - visiting so much, being entertained and feasted so often, both in public and private - to maintain a healthy, plain, and moderate diet, even where no actual excess is indulged in - a diet sufficiently abstemious to suit a constitution of body disposed to show signs of corpulence, or a predisposition that way, and hints of a few ailments generally supposed to belong to a rather too full habit of body.

Such rumours may be exaggerated.

Fri. 15. Suddenly very mild. A beautiful day like spring. I went upon the lead roof of the Old Chancel, and enjoyed the quiet soft air, and the view all round. Thermometer 58.

Sat. 16. Dull weather - no wind - nearly as mild as yesterday.

Sun. 17. My birthday. Weather still mild and quiet. At church. The Vicar preached. In the afternoon took a turn along the Esplanade. Observed what a great number of boats there are on the beach. I think I once counted 90, but these must be 100 now. When storms arise these boats are drawn up upon the Esplanade, and then, if not wanted for immediate use, they are swung round in line with it, and placed between it and the road. Some people complain that they are an obstruction, and that they hide a view of the beach from the houses, and the Local Board summoned some of the sailors before the Magistrates, but the case has fallen through. I scarcely see how the fishermen can avoid it, or where else they can put their boats. The whole sea front from one end to the other, is occupied by the Esplanade. Some want them to put their boats altogether at the east end, but there is no piece of waste land there free from the sea, and I doubt whether a square acre of land could hold them. And how are they to get transported backwards and forewords as required, and as they are wanted? For they are heavy unwieldy things, and do not run upon wheels. I see great difficulties, and do not know what can be done to suit both parties. "What can't be cured, must be endured." - See below, Fri. 22.

I then went to the west end, and up the comparatively new road up by the Glen, where the Queen's father died, and then over the back Fort Field, and whilst there a large blue fly hovered about me, and then a wasp. I never saw a wasp so late in the year. I think he was after that fly. I once saw a wasp catch a butterfly, and cut the wings off near the body with its jaws, as if they had been scissors, and then fly away with the body.

W. Nov. 20. Dr. Radford called. He asked me when my birthday was? I replied, that it was last Saturday the 17th. "Then he said," "Then you are four days older than I am, for mine occurs to-day." He is 79, but I forget what I am. Besides I don't tell my secrets indiscriminately.

Th. Nov. 21. Unexpected revolution in Brazil. The Emperor Dom Pedro II., is politely informed that he is dethroned, and that a Republic is declared. He is conducted on board a man-of-war, Which puts to sea for - no one yet knows where, but Lisbon is suspected. No war or fighting - only the Finance Minister is fired at and wounded, but not dangerously. They proclaim themselves "The United States of Brazil," and have hoisted a flag described like the one in the margin. [See below Friday.]

Fri. 22. Walked from one end of the Esplanade to the other, and counted 77 boats on the beach. I think I have seen more. - See back Nov. 17.

W. 27. Wind veered to the NW. Blew hard last night. Hills white this morning with the appearance of snow. Very cold to-day. Mr. Kennet-Were called

Th. 28. On the 12th. The Lon. Gas, announced a dividend of 1s., 7 11/16ths. in the pound in the estate of W.C. Borlase. [See back May 15.]

Fri. 29. The Parnell Commission, or legal enquiry into the rebellious conduct that has so long disturbed Ireland, ended on the 22nd. It had sat 128 days.

In Brazil, the new Government have given the dismissed Emperor 2 ½. Million dollars, and \$450,000 per annum for life. The design of the flag above has evidently been suggested by the Yankee flag. He has declined the money.

Sat. Nov. 30. In the Plymouth Western Weekly News of to-day there is a woodcut of the old and the new flags of Brazil. This account makes out that the stars are 21 in number, that they are white, and

that they are in a circle. I here sketch and colour the flag in the margin, but I cannot be sure of all the colours of the old flag. The broken staff is rather significant. The whole thing has been so unexpected, that there has scarcely been time for all the full particulars. The late Emperor is on his way to Lisbon, and for a time will confer with his nephew the King of Portugal. Eventually he will probably divide his time between England and France.

December 1889.

Sat. Dec. 7. Full moon this morning about 10. I am not very sanguine a change of the moon will change the weather. This time it did. During the night the wind shifted from the cutting northwester to southwest. In the early morning snow, succeeded by rain.

Sun. 8. Read several of the first chapters of Genesis. The following are the great facts of the creation in the seven consecutive days or periods, in brief:-

1. Earth without form and void, and darkness, water mentioned, light, and day and night.
2. The firmament, or Heaven.
3. Waters gathered together - dry land appeared. Earth and seas. Grass, herb, and fruit trees.
4. Sun, Moon, and stars created, or revealed.
5. All fish and whales. Also birds.
6. Cattle, and beasts, and every creeping thing. Creation of Man as a Living Soul.
7. Rest.

Fri. 13. Finished the Index to Vol. XXI. Of the Trans. Dev. Assoc.

S. 21. Shortest day. Formerly groups of older women used to go about and call at peoples houses, and beg something "gin St. Thomas," i.e. against St. Thomas's Day, which this is. But there are so many charities in Sidmouth now, that the custom is dying out - and high time too, for begging leads to fibs.

Wed. Dec. 25. Christmas Day, and as beautiful a day for winter as ever I remember. A white frost covered the ground this morning, for last night was cold, but by ten o'clock it had gone. What wind there was came from the west and nor'west, but the smoke showed that there was scarcely a breath stirring. The sky was cloudless all day, and there was a bright, though not very powerful sun shining. Just the day I should have enjoyed 20 years ago, but I could neither venture to church, nor to a friends house to dine with him, for I have such an attack of rheumatism in my right knee, that it is very painful to walk ten minutes upon. Perhaps I have been standing on cold pavement or damp ground. I think most of our rheumatism comes up from the ground. We are rarely warm enough in our feet and legs in winter.

Fri. Dec. 27. Dr. Baker of Ottery drove over and surprised me with a visit. His house there is the one said to have belonged to Sir Water Raleigh. He brought a young medical man with him, to whom he has made over his practice. Gave them some hot tea, &c. &c. by the fire, and they drove back in the dusk of the evening.

Tu. Dec. 31. Last day of the year. I passed a quiet evening alone.

POH Transcripts - 1890

January 1890.

January 1. 1890. Impaired health, and the shock of the Revolution, have been too much for the Empress of Brazil. **She died in Portugal. Dec. 4. 1891.**

The new year has come in brightly; a white frost in the morning, which did not continue long - a clear sky - a brilliant sun - and not a breath of wind.

Th. Jan. 2. An unusual epidemic is passing through Europe. It is a species of influenza, accompanied with symptoms of typhoid fever, and has been very fatal amongst old or feeble people. It came from the East. We first heard of it in the remote parts of Russia, advancing westward. It has now spread all over Europe, and it has made its appearance in London. Why do epidemics travel westward?

The Russians say it came from China.

W. 8. Great is the number, and great the variety of coins found in Sidmouth, and especially on the beach. The Bactrian one, the oldest, now in the Exeter Museum. Roman ones 5 or 6, medieval ones, of the Edwards, Henrys, &c. English tokens,

Nuremburg tokens, many; Abbey pieces. Also many; and of modern foreign coins a great variety. A boy brought me the annexed, for which he was glad to get a penny.

Don't ask me to decipher it just at the moment, for I am in a hurry to turn over a new leaf.

Tu. Jan. 14. This day 21 years ago my servant Ann Carslake Newton came into my service. Since my mother's death, March 5. 1855 - now 35 years ago, (is it possible!) I have kept house by myself. The experience of this long interval has not taught me to appreciate their sense of honour, or truth; for I never could discover any of those qualities in any of them, except in the case of the one who has been with me so long. She is the only servant I have had, whom I could leave in my house for a week or two, if I wanted to go away, and feel that there would be no irregularities, but that everything would be safe and properly taken care of. She has now got up in years, and in feeble health, and is much troubled when she sees the acts of carelessness, waste, unclean habits, or injury, too frequent in other servants. She is too honest to be popular with the like of them. I hold it a duty to provide for her as long as she lives.

W. Jan. 15. There is a perceptible difference now in the increased length of the day. The temperature though January so far has been unusually mild.

Fri. 17. Woke this morning about a quarter or perhaps half past seven, when it was just getting daylight. Looking towards the church tower, there was a curious effect with the nearly ended moon, for it will be now be new moon in three days. The thin crescent of the moon was bright on a dark deep blue clear sky, & the light convex side toward the east, where the sun would rise a few minutes before eight. Dozed off again, and forgot all about moons.

Sat. 18. At last after seven months, I got rid of my masons this afternoon. They have now finished the last coat of plaster on the square hollow of the staircase, beginning at the top, and coming down

to the bottom, the height being 27 feet 3 inches. The two under coats were very slow in drying, owing to the unfavourable season of the year, and this caused delay.

For nearly a month I have had a troublesome cold in the head, which I have been unable to get rid of. As I am not a boy, and latterly have had a tendency to Bronchitis, I thought it better to send for Dr. Pullin. He says it is not our Russian visitant, but "only," (though it might be the death of one), a common vulgar English cold. We speak of the Russian Influenza, but the Russians say it came to them from China. It is reported now to be very prevalent in America.

W. Jan. 22. Exceedingly boisterous weather. Gales of wind, and storms of rain from the SW. Thunder and lightening an hour before daylight, and high seas and large waves dashing over the Esplanade. And doing great damage. The air continues mild for January, and I have plenty of primroses, both pink and yellow in the lawn, but there have been sprinklings of snow on the hills round Dartmoor and Exmoor.

Fri. Jan. 31. The herrings have nearly failed this season, and some that have been occasionally caught in comparatively limited numbers, and on which I have on two or three occasions dined, have not been so firm or so good as formerly. Perhaps they are going to desert the coast for a time, for fish are said to do that sort of thing. I can remember the time when there was no regular herring season here at all in the winter. It may be ten, twelve or more years ago - I cannot say. Dr. Mogridge's Sidmouth Guide, p.11, speaks of the break up of the pilchard fishery at some former unascertained period, but tradition ascribed it to violent storms.

February 1890.

Sat. Feb. 1. Day perceptibly longer and lighter.

Th. 6. Mild January has passed. Dull - wind NE - Cold.

F. 7. Sir Theodore and Lady Martin are at the Knowle Hotel. She was Miss Fawsett, the Actress. I think I saw her on the stage at the Haymarket in or about the year 1846.

S. 8. Sarah Salter, aged about 70, walking on the side-walk in the High Street, was run against by an old man called Ebdon, whose sight is defective. She was knocked down, and her right leg broken.

Mon. Feb. 10. Anniversary of the Queen's marriage. - 50 years!

Tu. 11. Parliament opened to-day. The Queen's Speech nothing particular in it.

W. 12. A man of Otterton called Carter, aged 76, had walked over to Sidmouth in the morning. He walked up Peck Hill in the afternoon to return, and was seen to pass the cottages on the upper slope. At this part the road is very steep I think I once ascertained that it rose one yard in five, and most of the hills round Sidmouth do the same at the upper third or quarter. About an hour after, nearer the top, a man driving a vehicle down the hill, found his dead body lying by the road side. Peak Hill is over 500 feet high, and he probably overtaxed his lungs and his heart, and died like the Earl of Iddesleigh

W. Feb. 19. Miss Venn of Payhembury, and a young lady with her, surprised me with a visit. Whilst they were with me Miss Jenkins and Miss Sophia Dillon, formerly of Sidmouth, but they did not come in.

Th. 20. I read that recent discoveries have ascertained, that in the Caucasus mountains, there are eight higher than Mout Blanc, and 15 over 15000 feet.

Fri. 28. Three casks of tiles, and one of cement having arrived a few days ago from the manufacturer, Mr. Godwin, of Lugwardin, near Hereford, his man has come, and began his preparations to lay the tile floor of my inner Hall.

March 1890.

M. 3. The man finished the floor of the square inner Hall, and it looks very well. He next proceeds to the passage leading to the back.

A beautiful bright day, with strong and exceedingly cold north-east wind. I could scarcely get the thermometer up to 50° in my sitting-room all day.

Tu. 4. Yesterday is reported to have been the coldest day we have had, although so beautifully fine. It was the strong north-easter, sweeping down the valley, that penetrated every where, in spite of doors and windows. In some parts of the country however, there were heavy falls of snow. Much in the county of Kent. More frost in Exeter than for ten years past, and Okement frozen over, which has not occurred since 1881. Heavy snow at Dartmouth.

Th. 6. To-day the man from Godwin's completed the tiling of the Hall & passage. The wind changed to the westward, and has brought a pleasant change in the weather.

Fri. Mar. 7. Confirmation at Sidmouth church by bishop Bickersteth. There were 20 males, and 28 females.

Sat. Mar. 8. This morning about 10.30 there was a large fire at Bulverton Farm, just beyond the Station. Two men were thrashing in the Barn. It was supposed a boy heedlessly lighted a match and ignited the straw. In the Barn were 400 bushels of barley, 200 of wheat, and 50 empty hogsheads. Men came from the Station and rendered help, and the Fire Engine arrived. The Barn and all its contents were burnt, also a rick of beans and some poultry, but the dwelling house was saved. Damage about £600.

In the afternoon the Foundation Stone of a new Free-Mason's Lodge was laid in the High Street, about 50 yards below the Unitarian Chapel, but on the opposite or eastern side, and on the spot where the old house called the "Myrtles" had stood. All the men and all the women in Sidmouth had turned out to see the procession, but there more aprons than women.

Tu. 25. Lady Day. A very cold March wind. Dr. Radford called, and brought me a book of plates on Gothic architecture, by F. Mackenzie and A. Pugin.

Mr. Edmunds of Wiscombe Park, who purchased the estate some years ago, after the death of Mr. Gorden, called at the Old Chancel, and I was at home. I had not seen him before. He came to ask me if I could give him any information about the old camp on his estate called Blackbury Castle? I told him I know it well, but never heard that anything had been discovered there. I mentioned the quantities of calcined flints found there. [Ap. 27. 1869.] The interior area had been a dense plantation, though thinned of late years, and he said that the trees were now nearly all cleared away. He should be glad to meet me at the camp if I would come over when the weather gets warmer. Aside - 79 is not like 29 or 39.

Wed. Mar. 26. Beautiful day - quite like spring, 61 out of doors. Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttermer, Miss Jenkins, and Miss Sofia Dillon, now staying here, had afternoon tea with me. I took them up on the leads on the roof, and they were delighted with the views all round, and the novelty of the situation.

Fri. Mar. 28. Called on Miss Dillon. Three or four young ladies came in, and we had afternoon tea - that modern and convenient institution, that gives but little expense or trouble to the entertainer, and enables friends to meet without going out at night, and without hiring carriages or dressing for the occasion.

S.29. All the week the clock in the church tower has been under repair, and they are also regilding the figures outside. And for this purpose a stage or case about six feet long and three wide, with a floor, has been made. A man gets into it, and then he is hauled up to the clock face. The face is not solid. The figures are composed of open ironwork, fixed a few inches off the wall. The figures are ten inches long. Having gilt the north side, the stage has been moved, and the gilding of the face on the south side is in hand.

Sun. Mar. 30. Fine bright day. Cold NE wind.

M. 31. Hot sun - cold air. In my inner Hall, where the staircase is, stove not lighted, thermometer only 50.

April 1890.

Tu. April 1. Man on the tower painting iron staff of weathercock.

W. 2. All the morning carving wood bracket for Old Chancel. My article on Cooke or Coke of Thorne, near Ottery, and Adam de Radway, with Pedigree of his descendants, at Sidmouth and elsewhere, is in the current No. vol, IX. P. 168 of the "Western Antiquary." Also in the April No. vol. II. P.45 of the "Lincolnshire Notes & Queries," my article on Bussi and Le Poer - one Henry Le Poer was murdered, apparently for the East Budleigh family, and Richard de la Bussi was arrested on suspicion, &c., and cast into prison. Date 1220.

Th. Ap. 3. Men on the tower took off the weathercock - put it on - painted staff. Large fire on top of Salcombe Hill, burning the furze, now dry with the north-easter. Towards dusk could see flames scattered about 2 or 300 feet apart. Often done at this season to clear the ground, and let the young grass spring up.

Sun. Ap. 6. Easter Sunday, according to the rule, is - "The first Sunday, after the first full moon, after the 21st. March." Applying that to the present year, it may be observed, that the young moon was a day old on the 21st. - the moon was full yesterday, that is, Saturday, at 9.24 in the morning, - and "the first Sunday after" is

to-day.

Th. Ap. 10. Cold NE wind; 45' out of doors, and 49' in Inner Hall, without stove.

Fri. 11. The Vicar called, and brought Mr. H.W. Reeves, of Fernbank, Et.Sheen & son.

M. 14. Mr. & Mrs. Bush, Manor House, Great Chiverell, (strangers) called, and came in. - Also Mr. Jemmett.

Tu. 15. Mr. Rerves paid me a long visit, and brought me the Hist. of Hastings to read.

The account of the Battle of Hastings is fuller than I had read before. There is a particular description of the Bayeaux Tapestry, but I examined the original at Bayeaux.

The Ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon, has surprised us by arriving near the evening at Sidmouth, with a few attendants. She is at the Knowle Hotel.

Never was Sidmouth so full of strangers and visitors at this early period of the year. They generally do not come until after Midsummer. Some suppose they have all been suffering from the influenza epidemic, and on the approach of spring they have flocked to the sea side for change of air. -May be so. - The cuckoo and swallows are announced.

W. 16. Lent Mr. Reeves the 2 vols. of Gov. H.'s Diary & Letters.

Mr. J.Y.A. Morshead of the adjoining parish of Salcombe Regis called, and shewed me some old glass, once in the E window of the N aisle of his church.

Mrs. Reeves and her step son had afternoon tea with me.

Th. 17. Finished carving the model, in deal, of a bunch of grapes, for the lower end of the banister rail in the Old Chancel.

Parliament has resumed after the Easter recess. The Budget brought on.

Last year the estimate for the following 12 months amounted to £85.967.000.

It has however, exceeded that estimate, and it amounts to £86.083.000.

What signifies? The revenue for the past year amounts to £89.304.000.

Shewing the handsome surplus, over the expenditure, of £ 3.221.000.

W. Ap. 23. After a week's stay at the Knowle Hotel, the Empress Eugenie, with her ladies in attendance, left this morning by the 12.10 train. Last Sunday they were at the Chapel of the new Nunnery at Jenny Pyne's Corner, whilst here they drove and walked out - looked at "The Glen" at the west end of the beach, &c. When at the Station, before the train started, Dr. Pullin, who likes to have his name in the papers - and perhaps for a medical man it is good for trade - and some suspect he writes the articles - introduced his daughter Miss Pullin to the Empress, who presented her with a bouquet of "Cloth-of-Gold roses," whatever they may be, with lilies of the valley, and maiden-hair fern, "fastened with. Tricoloured silk ribbon. Miss P. is one of the handsomest and finest grown of the young ladies of Sidmouth, but most unfortunately, about 6 or 8 years ago, her power of hearing suddenly failed and left her, so she became entirely deaf, without any known or apparent reason, and so she has remained. Her father therefore did all the talking. And before the train started, Mrs. Linderman, of Sidholme, the richest lady in Sidmouth, if not the highest born, presented the Empress with a handsome bunch of "Napoleon Violets." Many years ago there was a lady and her two grown-up daughters lodging at Denby Place, near the Beach, whose name I cannot recollect just now. The daughters told me that they had been at school with the Empress at Clifton. On one occasion, being in Paris, they debated among themselves as to whether they would let their late school fellow, now married to the Emperor, know they were there. At last, after much consideration, they decided that

they would, and they sent a note to the palace. She replied, invited them, received them in the Presence Chamber with ceremony, took them into her boudoir, shut the door, exclaimed, "Now let us cast off Royalty, and have a chat about old times!" kept them some time, and dismissed them delighted.

May 1890.

Th. May 1. A few children called with branches decorated with flowers and ribbons, but not many. Dying out.

Fri. May 2. Received from Mr. Reeves, (returned to East Sheen), two plates, toad and snake in one, and 2 fish and sea-egg in the other. Portuguese ware.

First mackarel this season, at Sidmouth. Few fish have been caught here lately. Very few mackarel last summer, and scarcely any herrings last winter, on which the fishermen have too much confidently depended on, for fish will sometimes frequent a coast for a certain number of years, and then desert it, to change their ground. I think it is only 10 or 12 years that the herrings began to resort to this coast with steady abundance, and perhaps now they mean to leave.

Sat. May 3. Mr. Stanley, who has made such remarkable travels in Africa, arrived in London to-day. The Prince of Wales has invited him to Sandringham.

Th. 8. Not quite liking my former design for the bunch of grapes, I have carved another, and finished it to-day.

Fri. 9. Thunder, lightning, rain, from 7 to 8 P.M.

M. 12. Fish dealers called at the house this morning with mackarel, and asked sixpence apiece - which I indignantly refused. When I was a young man a penny was the full price. From a return made, we learn that in 1888, the quantity of fish taken round the coasts of Great Britain was 12.678.000cwt., and worth £6.000.000. In 1887 the Oysters taken were 53.577.000 in number. In 1888 they were 29.230.000. And in 1889 they were 36.727.000.

The Influenza epidemic, which has now run all over the world, and from which I have not wholly escaped, but in a mild form, is said to have come from China, and to have travelled westward. Curious, that all epidemics seem to proceed westwards. Its causes not known. It appears at all seasons. In past times, for this not the first visit, it generally preceded the plague, Black Death, Cholera, Typhus, &c. Supposed to be infectious. Attacks old and young, the dispeptic, and those with tender respiratory organs. Best prevention is pure air, cleanliness, good food, good water, warmth in bed, perspiration, fumigate with carbolic acid, or chlorine, &c.

M. May 19. The Queen has honoured Mr. Stanley with an invitation to dinner.

S. 24. Her Majesty's birthday - she is 71. It is 70 years and 5 months since she was nursed as an infant at the "Glen" at Sidmouth.

Sun. 25. Whit Sunday, or Pentecost. Thunder, lightning, rain.

June 1890.

Sun. June 1.

M. 2. This evening some boys were playing in the first field westward on the cliff - near the remains of the old Limekilns, and the stepladder descending to the beach. They were chasing one another, and one boy, called John Williams, aged 15 looked back to see if he was followed, and inadvertently ran out over the cliff. It is nearly perpendicular, and 150 feet high. Strange he was not killed on the spot. He was taken up and carried to the Cottage Hospital, and I hear he is likely to live.

Fri. 16. Mrs. James, an American lady of Cambridge, near Boston, Mass., now living at Rockbeare House, with her daughter and son-in-law Mr. Troup drove over and spent the afternoon with me, and then drove back. Mr. Troup was one of Stanley's party in Africa.

W. June 21. The longest day. Rather dull, and darker than usual.

July 1890.

Tu. July 1. Painting doorway between inner hall, and back passage.

S. 5. All week decorating the sides of the doorway with Gothic patterns.

Fri. 11. The Rev. John Wm and Mrs. Barrow called at the Old Chancel, and asked to see No. 4 Coburg Terrace, which they had observe red was advertised by me to let unfurnished. I took them over the house. They thought it would do, but left in order to consider it. Before dark they came again, and went over it a second time.

There was a coach-house and stable, and they had a pony carriage and pony, & there were rooms enough for their family; and after a little conversation, & an understanding about rent, they agreed to take it for three years.

Sat. July 12. They came during the forenoon - signed the Agreement - and the whole thing was done in less than 18 hours.

Bisley Rifle meeting to-day. Stanley and Miss Tennant married to-day at Westminster Abbey.

Sun. July 13. At Parish church, P.M.

M. 14. The following laconic scraps of wisdom I took from an old book.

Tolle malos, extolle pios, cognosce teipsum,

Sacra tene, paci consule, disce pati.

I forgot they are at January 8. 1889.

Sat. 26. The Vicar and Mrs. Clements, Miss Clements, (of Sidlands), two Miss Quins, or O'Quins, and Miss Harrison, spent the afternoon with me. They were much amused at my work at the Old Chancel. Shewed them my carvings in oak, &c., and how to do the stencil wall decorations. Took them upon the lead roof, and the weather being fine, they enjoyed it amazingly, and the views all round. We came down and had tea and conversation.

W. 30. Afternoon tea with Miss Jenkins. Met Miss H. Miller, cousin & Miss Sth.

Th. 31. Dr. Radford called. Also Miss Smith, and Mrs. Gilbert Carter.

The Bisley meeting on the new shooting ground is now over. This was the first meeting on their new ground. The shooting very good.

The Devonshire Association meeting at Barnstaple, to which I did not go, ends its reading to-day. Excursions to-morrow.

August 1890.

Sat. Aug. 9. Miss Clements, who was so well at my house only a fortnight ago, [July 26] and enjoyed the views from the lead roof, was carried to her grave to-day.

Sun. Aug. 10 Very sultry. Thunder, lightning, and rain last night. At the parish church this afternoon. Took Ada Robins with me, who came last Tuesday, and returns to her mother at Honiton to-morrow.

Finished reading "Stones Crying Out," by L.N.R. 1865. It deals mainly with the ancient inscriptions found on the rocks of Mount Sinai, on the sculptures from Nineveh, Babylon, and other parts of Syria, Assyria, and the Holy Land, &c., and read together with the Bible, throws much light on many obscure passages.

M. 11. The papers are full of the accounts from America, in which a man named Kemmler was executed for murder by electricity. It took place at Auburn Jail, in New York State. He sat in a chair, strapped hand and foot - two electrodes used - one applied to the top of head - contact by a wet sponge - the other in the small of the back. When current of electricity turned on, great contortions of body and limbs. After an interval of a minute or two, he was pronounced dead - current turned off, and electrode on head loosened, when he began to struggle violently. Doctors and many persons present nervous and horrified at the scene. Two fainted and were carried out. Electrode re-applied and intensity augmented. Eventually a post mortem examination made. Every body paralysed with horror - and the public with indignation. Doctors and others present declare they will never assist at such a thing again.

The theory of executing criminals by electricity has been for some time discussed in America. One attempt at the practice is perhaps enough. They seem to have done it by a current of galvanism. I had thought it would have been done by a sudden shock, so as to have killed instantly, like a flash of lightning. Perhaps there is no way more merciful than the English mode of hanging, and by a drop.

Tu. Aug. 12. Last Saturday the 9th. The little island of Heligoland was offered and willingly accepted by the Germans, for which they have relinquished the protectorate of extensive territories to us in south-east Africa. The official transfer was on Saturday. The German and English flags were hoisted - each, saluted with 21 guns - and then the English Governor embarked - when they gave him 17.

Mon. 18. Parliament prorogued till Oct. 25, for a short winter Session.

Tu. 19. My cousin the Rev. Sanford Hutchinson came at my request to stay with me, this week, from his father's Vicarage at Blurton, co. Staff.

Fri. 22. Sanford left to return. His father is 80 on Monday. Birthday to be kept.

To-day I finish carving the bunch of grapes in oak for the lower end of the banister rail, [May 8.] the iron banisters not being yet quite finished.

Sat. 23. Mr. & Mrs. Heaven, (cousin of the owner of Lundy Island,) and three daughters, who are just now in my house No.4 Coburg Terrace, had afternoon tea with me.

Whilst they were with me two men called and said they had something curious to show me. One opened a paper and displayed several bunches of ovoid bodies like grapes, but they were opaque white, which were snake's eggs.

They were digging down the side of a bank in the neighbourhood, when a snake above two feet long darted out and escaped. They perceived a hole, which was full of eggs the size of grapes, and which they took out. They opened one or two, to show me and my company, and took out a young snake about 4 or 5 inches long, alive but not lively. They asked me if I would like to have the eggs as curiosities? "No thank you all the same. Perhaps they will hatch of themselves. Don't want a house full of snakes."

I gave them a shilling to take them away.

These eggs were not covered with a hard shell, but with a tough skin like paper, or more like the leather of a white kid glove.

A servant girl at Salcombe Hill House, now occupied by a Mr. Forster, left the house early in the morning unexpectedly. The father and brother have been over from Stockland. As she did something of the same sort from another place before, they hope she will be found safe, but search is being made.

Tu. Aug. 26. Spent the evening at my house No. 4.

Fri. 29. The body of the missing servant has been found in the river Sid. It was found by two men with a pole having some hooks at the end of it, in a deep place just below the weir at the end of the garden of the house called "The Myrtles," and at about 100 yards or more from the sea. Her name was Bessie Harris. She was evidently not in her right mind.

September 1890.

Mon. September 1. The partridges I hear, are rather plenty this year.

Sat. Sep. 6. Two boys set 3 ricks of hay on fire this afternoon, in the field just above Sea View, on the cliff, west of the town. Smoking cigarettes.

Sun. 7. At church. In the afternoon I went to look at the ricks. They were black masses slowly smouldering and blazing.

M. 8. Mr. Morshead gave me a brace of partridges. Mr. & Mrs. Kennet Ware's Lawn tennis party at Cotlands. Beautiful weather; large party there. Then called on

Mr. Stanford next door, at Helens.

Tu. Sep. 9. Dined off partridge - young and tender.

Fri. 12. Sarah Madge and Elizabeth Hands, [Hans?] formerly servants of my late cousin Mary Robertson, of Dawlish, surprised us with a visit. They left again in the evening. A short time ago there was a wild beast show at Sidmouth. I always go to them, as it is the only chance stay-at-homes have of seeing rare animals alive, and I saw one or two, and one or two birds that were new to me. Part of the entertainment was the silly and cruel practice of a man going in with the lions and knocking them about with a stick. Some said there was a sword inside it, and a loaded revolver in his pocket. Let me see a lion tamed by kindness, and as glad to see his keeper come near him, as a dog is to see his master come home. That would be a pleasing sight. Then we saw a kind of leopard conducted to the flat saddle on a horse, and trotted about. Children rode about on the backs of Elephants. Then one of them performed that most difficult feat of stepping off from a sort of inverted tub, onto a kind of cylindrical drum or barrel, and carefully rolling it forward with his feet to another tub and step off. And we had a tune on the organ, and a dance, so called; one turned the handle of an organ with his proboscis, whilst another, on his tubs, kept on alternately lifting his two fore feet, pretending to dance - and this he did as long as the music lasted.

Sat. Sep. 20. Nearly all the summer it has been chilly and showery, and the farmers have been in despair about the harvest, but at the beginning of this month there was a sudden change for the better, and we have had beautiful summer weather.

Now a sudden change has gone back to storms and rain.

Fri. 26. Mrs. & Mss Protheroe (now in my house No. 4.) and 2 Misses Acramar, had afternoon tea with me.

Sun. Sep. 29. During the service in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, a man called Easton committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Much alarm and excitement among the congregation, which the preacher had some difficulty in allaying.

October 1890.

W. Oct. 1. Another old Devonshire family come to grief! Hallet of Stedcombe

"sowed up" see Oct 30. Report says extravagance and mismanagement. Stedcombe House and 1500 acres of land advertised to be sold; together with the Advowson and Vicarage of Axemouth, and also the Manor & lordship.

Fri. 3. By an accident, the Lamp room at the Junction was burnt.

S. 4. Mr. & Mrs. Taylor, from Leicester Frith, Leicester, came down to Sidmouth, and put up at the Bedford Hotel. She was Miss Mackie, and a daughter of the gentleman who built and owned Sidmount, half way to the Station, on the right. She tells me she wanted to see Sidmouth after an absence of 60 years.

Tu. Oct. 7. Mr. & Mrs. Kennet-Were, with Mrs. Sawyer, (her mother), of Cotlands, and Mr & Mrs. J.Y.A. Morshead, of Salcombe Regis, came & spent an hour or two with me. They examined all I have done, and what I am doing at the Old Chancel, went up on the lead roof, where we lingered some time enjoying the views, and then had tea together in the Oak Room.

W. 8. Sitting on the telegraph wire, 17 swallows. How can they do it with impunity, when several people have been killed by touching the electric wire of lamps?

Th. 9. Second Lecture on Geology. It was mostly chemical.

Fri. 10. Burial Board meeting. Only Mr. Kennet-Were, Mr. Woodrooffe, & Self, with Mr. Radford, the Clerk. I voted Mr. Kennet-Were to the chair.

M. 13. Dined with my tenants at 4 Coburg Terrace.

Tu. 14. Dined with Mr. & Mrs. Taylor at Bedford House, who leave on Thursday. Changed my bedroom for the winter. Had fires for the first time - in the evening.

Wed. Oct. 15. There is an interesting article in the Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 13, in which is given an account of the discoveries in south Africa - well in a country called Mashonaland, of which little or nothing has hitherto been known. We are reminded of the first explorations by Europeans in Peru and central America. Massive buildings of granite, in some cases with walls 18 feet thick, have been met with in the forests, of the history or origin of which the present inhabitants know nothing, not even by tradition. Towers, fortified places, burnt out furnaces, and other buildings, they met with, and mostly constructed of well squared out stone. From the gold abounding in central Africa, some imagine they have come upon the Ophir of Soloman. The annexed sketches I copied from the Gazette. The first is cut on a stone at Zimbabuye, but its meaning, if it has any, is not known. The second is an ingenious piece of walling. And the third is equally so. The herring-bone pattern in the courses, made of flat stones placed sloping, occurs in Roman and Norman buildings in Europe. The building is on the lundri river. Africa is being wonderfully opened up at the present time.

Agricultural meeting - ploughing matches, dinner - Sir J, Kennaway, M.P. here.

Th. Oct. 16. In Philodilion, by Richard de Bury, we have the following eulogy on books - "Hi sunt Magistri qui no,s instruunt sine virgis et ferula; sine verbis et cholera; sine pane etpecunia. Si accedis, non dormiunt; si inquiris, non se abscondunt, si oberres; et cachinos nesciunt, si ignores."

Th. 23. Attended Geological Lecture. Dined at No. 4 to meet friends.

Fri. 24. The branches of the Elm before No. 4 topped, the head of the tree being too large.

S. 25. Mr. & Mrs. Barrow left.

Sun. 26. From 1. Kings, ch.V, it appears that there were 183.300 men employed in collecting materials and building the Temple of Solomon, (as in the margin,)

30.000 - sent to Lebanon.

70.000 - to bear burdens.

80.000 - hewers in the mountains.

3.300 - over-lookers.

183.300

That is to say, if there is no clubing together, or reduplication of the several classes. The wood used was cedar, fir, olive, and palm. Almost everything was overlaid with gold. It was seven years in building.

The wind was NW., strong and cold, and kept me at home. At last our autumnal summer seems to have departed. With but few interruptions, we have enjoyed it since the beginning of September.

Th. 30. Went to the fifth lecture on Geology. They are rather too chemical, petrological, and analytical for beginners, as most of his audience are. I think I should have begun on less dry and puzzling and technical principles, and opened the subject broadly & generally, by explaining the nature and meaning of the parts and peculiarities of a large Geological map, together with sections of the strata, &c. The rest might come afterwards.

To-day the Stedcombe estate was put up to auction at the Half-moon in Exeter, comprising some 15.000 acres, Manor, Lordship, Advowson, and Vicarage of Axemouth. The estimated value £2100 p annum. The first bid was £31.000. It was finally knocked down at £35.600 to Mr. S. Stephens, of Brook St. Grosvenor Sq., London.

Lysons, II, 26 says, Stuttecombe or Stedcombe, had belonged to the Uffevilles, & afterwards to the Veres, - in the 14th. Century to the Courtenays; then to Sir Peter Carew, then to Walter Yonge, and his descendt Sir Walter Yonge, Bart., sold to Richard Hallett. The house was built about 1697. Seen from the neighbouring hills, it is a fine old fashioned square mansion of brick, with all the chimneys grouped in the middle of the roof.

November 1890.

Sun. Nov. 2. Sacrament Sunday.

Tu. 4. The Rev., Mrs. & Miss Macdonough, (now in my house), and two Miss Martins at No. 1. Coburg Terrace, had afternoon tea with me.

W. 5. Mr. & Mrs. G. Buttemer, and Miss Jenkins did the same.

There was a torchlight procession down through the town this evening, with a bonfire on the beach, and a fair share of fireworks.

Th. 6. After many delays, they completed putting up the inner banister to the stone stairs. The oak banister rail, with my bunch of grapes, is now to come.

M. 10. Violent autumnal weather - gales of wind, storms, and rain. Shipwrecks, &c.

Th. 13. Attended the 6th. Lecture on Geology, given by Mr. Carus-Wilson. About 40 attended.

S. 15. As the weather is getting cooler I have got a very sociable fly that lives constantly in my room. It walks over my books as I read, and my papers as I write - my hands and face. It breakfasts, dines, teas, and sups with me. It is amusing to see it wash its hands, and rub its head with its fore legs, & its neck looks no thicker than a piece of sewing cotton.

Mon. Nov. 17. I am 80 to-day. If it were not for a tendency to bronchitis during the last few years, and a slight attack of the Influenza Epidemic, the effects of which being unwilling to leave entirely, I

should wear my age very lightly and easily. With no aches and pains I sleep splendidly - bed between 12 and 1 - wake at 8 - breakfast 9, dinner 1 P.M., when I can eat and drink anything in fair moderation, and can digest a tender or a tough beefsteak as well as I could at 20. I delight in carpentering, carving oak, and painting and decorating for the Old Chancel, and reserving the evening for reading and writing. The cold of the winter is all I fear.

Tu. 18. The little exhibition of local curiosities and works of Art which opened here on the 11th. has closed, and my contributions, lent for the occasion, are sent back. I lent the following:- 3 carved Bunches of Grapes; Zulu pillow of wood; sharks mouth; Haws of a Bottle nose Porpoise; Feejee Island club; 2 noses or horns of the Saw fish, young and old; Tanned skin of Boa Constrictor, 4 yards long; Skull of Tiger; and an elongated shell weighing 32lbs.

Th. 20. At the Geological Lecture.

W. 26. After a deal of mild, boisterous, and stormy weather, wind NW., fine, but very cold. White frost at night, freezing by day in the shade. I keep house.

Parliament met yesterday for a short winter session. - The King of Holland, who has for some time been out of his mind, died at the Hague, I think on Sunday the 23rd. Inst. He has left no male heir, it is said.

December 1890.

M. December 1. Extremely cold for the last week. Frost, snow flacks in the air occasionally, skating, and sliding. Only 43 to 45 in my breakfast room, fire recently lighted.

W. Dec. 3. Mr. Stanford sent me a fine cock pheasant, Finished reading M. Paul Sedille's *L'Architecture Modern en Angleterre*. It is written in pleasant, easy French, and contains many illustrations of public and private buildings. As a book, written by a foreign Architect, I think it extremely fair, discriminating, and just. No one, for the last three centuries, has been able to invent a new, original style, to follow the Gothic. Since then foreign styles have been introduced - ancient and modern Roman, Greek, Byzantine and even Moorish. These are strangely mixt together, to suit convenience, or produce novel effects. And architects are often driven to great difficulties when building in streets and cramped corners.

W. Dec. 10. Saral Madge, formerly a servant of my late cousin Miss Robertson, came over from Dawlish to see my servant Ann Newton, who is ill.

Parliament prorogued yesterday until January 22. Never were political affairs in a more extraordinary confusion. The strange conduct of Mr. Gladstone in 1886 in forming an alliance with Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader in rebellion, whom Mr. G. when he was last in power, denounced as "steeped to the lips in treason," and as "marching through rapine to the dismemberment of the Empire," and whom he imprisoned for speeches inciting to treason, was a step which the greater number of his friends and supporters were astounded at, and would not countenance by joining in it with him. "Home Rule," the cry of the Irish, and a Local Parliament, which tended towards an attempt at separation, was so well understood, that all the best men of the Liberal party, and deserted Mr. Gladstone, & were designated "Unionists," as the more loyal party, and adopted the oval shield of Britannia, surmounted by a Royal crown,

[see July 2. 1886.] whilst the others have been styled "Separatists," but have displayed no badge. As Mr. Parnell could command 86 votes among his Irish supporters in Parliament, an alliance with such a body, and a few promises to promote certain popular measures with the Irish, might succeed in turning out the present Conservative Ministry, and make him G. Prime Minister again. But the recent disgraceful divorce case of O'Shea v. Parnell, in which Mr. Parnell was convicted, has imported confusion into everything. It has broken up the Irish party. They are all quarrelling as to whether he shall be their leader or not. More than half his followers have deserted him, and Mr. Gladstone's hopes are all confounded, and his castles in the air have all tumbled down, whilst the present Ministry is strengthened.

Fri. Dec. 12. Finished reading, making notes, and writing out a fair copy of the Index to Vol. XXII. Of the Transactions of the Devonshire Association, for the press.

Yesterday was buried Mrs. Treadwin of Exeter, and I think once of Honiton. She has for some years been the chief dealer of Honiton lace. Though decidedly out of my line, I admire Honiton lace, as I would admire anything that is pretty and ingenious. It is certain however that Honiton lace is doomed. It does not pay. That fact is enough to annihilate any trade or occupation. Times are changed, wages have advanced, and machinery has been so much improved, that it can now do almost anything the hands can do. Formerly, when I was driving through Branscombe, in passing the open doors of the cottages, I could see regular schools of girls being taught to make lace. Now they are taught other trades that pay better. I saw the lace handkerchief given by the Marquis of Lorne to the Princess at their wedding. Another time I had in my hands some deep flounces of many yards, here in Sidmouth, and made for the Queen. The price £315, = 300 guineas.

Sat. Dec. 20. Wind NE, cold. Slight fall of snow, On the east and northern parts of England a great deal, with frost. Skating, &c.

Sun. 21. Shortest day. Partial thaw, and cold rain.

W. 24. Clear sky and sun. Pleasant novelty. Freezing in the shade. Christmas Eve.

Th. 25. Christmas Day. Dull, dark, cloudy, cold NE-ter, and some rain. Kept home.

M. 29. That old intriguer Gladstone 81 to-day. Very cold. Two pheasants from Mrs. Linderman.

W.31. Last day of 1890. The coldest December since 1855, as some assert.

POH Transcripts - 1891

Th. Jan. 1. 1891 – Another year. I used to think I should never attain to anything like this date. The unusual cold which has prevailed during the last two months has tried me considerably. An attack of bronchitis in the severe snow of the year 1881, which took me in February, imprisoned me till nearly May, though I only allude to it on April 1, and ever since my throat has been the weak point. Add to this a slight attack of the prevailing influenza last January, as it certainly was from its lingering effects and its tendency to return on the least imprudence. A chill and a cold in the head has now become a dangerous thing. When free from this, I am a young man, and go about all my usual occupations in the house, for I have not ventured out these 6 or 8 weeks. Carving the coat of arms to support the white columns in the hollow of the new staircase, directing the getting up of the iron banister rails, and the oak hand rails, with my oak bunch of grapes at the bottom (just photographed), and other little matters of indoor work, duly interlarded with scribbling a few articles for our local periodicals, have made the time slip along pleasantly – except the shivering when not close to the fire. I have changed my ink again. This is Mr Chessalls, as in the beginning of 1887.

Fr. Jan. 2. 1891 – Miss Soulsby, formerly here, called. Now at Oxford. Advanced in the sciences.

Tu. Jan. 6. 1891 – Sarah Madge left. Mrs Knowles, my servant Ann Newton's sister, came.

Th. Jan. 8. 1891 – Hurstbourne House, near Whitchurch in Hampshire, one of the seats of the Earl of Portsmouth, burnt down. Fire discovered at about 8.30pm. Family absent. Almost everything destroyed. Several valuable paintings, among which Kneller's portrait of Sir Isaac Newton. An incendiary is suspected. Insured in £80,000 – some say more.

M. Jan. 19. 1891 – Wind changed to SW with slight thaw. The cold seems to have been intense all over the northern hemisphere, in America, and in Asia, as well as in Europe. Much snow in Spain, Naples and even in Algeria, Constantinople, and India. Much in England in the Eastern and Midland counties. At Honiton and Exeter, but none at Sidmouth except two or three sprinklings, which whitened the ground for a day or two each. But the temperature has been low, and the scorching north-easters almost constant. My pump has not frozen. I covered it with a thick jacket a couple of months ago. Skating has been in vogue everywhere. Above Walton the Thames has been frozen over, and they roasted two sheep on it. In Sherborne Park the ice has been from 8 to 10 inches thick, and they have roasted an ox on it. The London Parks covered with people, 150,000 in one day the people say. The rivers and canals have been blocked with ice for three weeks in Worcestershire. Stover Park hard frozen, and covered with company. Heligoland island frozen up all round, and communication cut off from the main land, and food scarce. Several deaths from cold in London. A woman dead on London Bridge. A man, woman, and three children found frozen to death by the road side in Cambridgeshire. The driver on his mailcart dead from cold between Canterbury and Dover, - and so on, several others mentioned in the papers.

Sat. Jan. 18. 1891 - ?? At Okeford, N. Devon, thermometer 7 degrees, and on the grass 4 degrees. The Exe froze over at Topsham, and sportsmen shooting wild fowl on the marshes. The Duke of Bedford shot himself through the heart in London: - one of the richest men in all England, but though money is a great deal in this world, it is not everything. He had been suffering from pneumonia – had two nurses – made an excuse and evaded them – went into another room – report of pistol heard – he was found dead, with bullet wound through his heart. This occurred on Wednesday morning, Jan 14. The Registrar's certificate says – "Bullet wound in the heart"; suicide

during temporary insanity – during pneumonia. Pm” (the pm is post mortem) He was an advocate for burning the dead, and even built a cemetery at Woking; and so he has been cremated, or burnt, there. An urn containing his bones has been deposited in the family mausoleum at Chenies, in Berkshire. (Aside – this Pagan custom does not recommend itself to me.)

Mon. Jan. 19. 1891 – The Duke of Somerset is dead. He was a younger brother of the Duke who owned Stover when I was there Aug. 1. 1884, and is succeeded by yet another brother. The Duke was buried at Maiden Bradley, in Wilts, on Saturday last the 17th. If his History of America were truthful, it might be worth something. The Earl of Devon died on the 15th at Boodle’s Club, in London, after a short illness from paralysis. He was born in 1836, and succeeded on his father’s death in 1888. In August 1864 he started for MP against Mr Coleridge (now the Lord Chief Justice) – came to Sidmouth, when I voted for him. He was a good looking young man then. He polled 1096 votes, to Coleridge’s 1070, and was returned. He retired from parliament (from debt) in 1870, when Sir John Kennaway took his place, unopposed. He did his best to ruin himself and his relatives, as I have before remarked. Only a few days ago it was said that some 6000 acres up near Moretonhampstead, have gone from the estates, having been bought by the Right Hon. W.H. Smith MP, son of a bookseller, and the papers add that it is feared that Powderham Castle and land are in danger of going too. He has been buried at Powderham, and as he turned Roman Catholic some years ago, there was a service accordingly in London before his body was brought down. If only people would only study their Bibles more, they never would take that step. On the coffin plate – 3 coffins, elm, lead and oak – is the following inscription – “Edward Baldwin, 12 Earl of Devon, Born Mar. 7. 1836, died 15 January 1891. Deus Misereatur.”

Tu. Jan. 20. 1891 – Another ‘fool and his money’. Lord Haldon’s affairs are now in the Bankruptcy Court.

Th. Jan. 22. 1891 – Parliament opens today. They open generally about February 4; but owing to delays in Parliament caused by the Irish Obstructionists, the confusion brought into all sections of the Liberal party by the secret alliance at first, and the open disruption afterwards, of the Parnell and Gladstone intrigue, and the general wish of the present ministry to get two or three important measures forwarded, will account for this early opening.

Fri. Jan. 23. 1891 – A few days ago a man brought a dagger of a shape with which I was not familiar. It is sketched in the margin. It is not old – the early Georges perhaps. On the disc A, nearly rusted out, are the words SOHO PATENT and in larger letters, OBSTANDO PROMOVES. Whole length – 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The blade is steel, and I give the section: the rest brass: the dots are small nails of white metal, stamped on the heads with 6 pellets round one. The grip is of oak. He knew nothing of its history. I bought it.

Tu. Feb. 3. 1891 – Finished reading the first report of the commissioners, appointed to ascertain what steps can be taken in order to provide more room for internments and monuments on the Westminster Abbey precincts, as the abbey is full. Dabbling as I do in building, and in Gothic building, I have found it extremely interesting. The endeavour to find the place for a chapel or similar adjunct, as large as the nave of the abbey if possible, and as near the abbey as possible, so as to be one with the abbey in dignity and sacredness, has been most difficult. Indeed, so far, only the evidence on 3 or 4 different schemes, proposed by the 3 or 4 different architects has been taken. The final selection remains with the commissioners. But what could have possessed the authorities of the Abbey, not very many years ago, to alienate to the authorities of Westminster Schools, a valuable

portion of their land on the south of the Abbey? They want it now. The school is in the wrong place for a school. It ought to be further off.

Wed. Feb. 4. 1891 – A valuable ms on papyrus, dealing with the history of Athens by Aristotle, recently discovered and in the British Museum, has been partly translated by Mr F. G. Kenyon. The Greek is fairly legible. There are four rolls. On the smooth front of the papyrus some accounts and memorandums of Vespasian's time had been written, and subsequently, on the back of it, this early transcript of Aristotle. First roll 7' 2 ½ " long: 2nd is 5' 5 ½": 3^d measures 3' and 4th about the same, but is fragmentary. Date probably in the first century of our era.

Th. Feb. 5. 1891 – So Charles Bradlaugh, MP for the shoemakers' metropolis of Nottingham, and professed Atheist is dead. He tried to fight his way into the House of Commons [Feb 23. 1882, Feb. 12 1884] He died last Friday morning, Jan 30, aged 57 – "a consistent and conscientious atheist"! He suffered from Bright's disease, hypertrophy of the heart, cardiac asthma, etc.

Fri. Feb. 6. 1891 – Very ingenious! A project has lately put forward to make a ship railway or railroad from Bridgewater on the North to Seaton on the South, with a branch turning off to Weymouth. The ships with their cargoes are to be supported on bags or sacks full of water, supported and carried on railway trucks, and then go merrily on to the next port all the way across the county from North Devon to South. Will be passengers be sea sick?

Sat. March 14 1891 – A month and no record. When the severe cold mitigated on the termination of the month of January, pleasanter weather set in on the commencement of February. This has continued to the present time. This has been favourable to the farmer, and has brought comfort to every household.

Mon. March 9 1891 – I am afraid that the robin has been 20 times – more or less – every day on my window sill since last autumn, has come to some misfortune. It suddenly ceased coming one day last week, and I have seen nothing of it since. It got extremely tame, and it would fly up and flutter against the outside of the plate glass, as if it wanted to come through into the room, and if it had not been so cold, I would have opened the window. I suppose I distributed every day nearly enough food as would have kept one person, amongst rooks, starlings, sparrows, chaffinches, etc. and one meal all day long to the robin. In the severe weather in January my carpenter caught a fine male blackbird with a yellow beak, and put it into a cage, and probably saved its life; but when better weather came, and sunshine brightened the days, and warmed the air, and we felt as if spring were upon us, and the birds were beginning to sing on the trees, it was lamentable to see that unhappy blackbird shut up in a cage, and looking through the bars at the other birds enjoying their liberty. I took my carpenter to task for his thoughtless cruelty. I asked him how he would like to be shut up in a cage the size of his parlour, and hung up on a rail against the outside of his house? He had never thought of this. And I wound up saying – "what crime has it committed that it should be sentenced like a felon to imprisonment for life?" This shamed him – and next morning in the sunshine, he opened the cage door and gave it its freedom. Yesterday the wind got back to the North-East with a sky of lead-colour clouds, and after five weeks of beautiful bright day weather, it blew a hard snow storm from noon till dark, and after covering the ground with several inches of snow, so that nature looks more wintery than ever. Most unexpected!

Tu. March 10 1891 – Blowing hard, and the cloud of driving snow sweeping along reminds me of the winter 10 years ago [Dec 5. 1879. April 1. 1881] The snow drifts in some places are accumulating and reaching the tops of hedges, and blocking the crossings in some of the streets. The wind is most

piercing and penetrates through every chink and cranny, carrying the fine snow along with it. Thus the night closes in, the gale of wind roaring in the chimneys. It has not ceased snowing for 30 hours.

We. March 11. 1891 – What sort of teas could this?

Th. March 12. 1891 – The storm has in a great degree blown itself out. The papers are full of accounts from places scattered all over the country of the damage done to property, the number of forest trees blown down, the distress to many people, the number of sheep and cattle lost in the drifts of snow, and the number of shipwrecks on the coast. A train on the railway between Okehampton and Bridestowe blocked up and buried in the snow, and the passengers kept there without food for nineteen hours. A man from Offwell near Honiton dead in the snow, and two others in Cornwall. The town of Sidmouth has suffered but little, and my abode not at all; but an Irish yew and an acuba on my lawn, first had their branches bent to the ground by the weight of snow, and then broken by the violent wind. By the way – the acuba possesses a rare quality that has often struck me: it grows and thrives close under the shade and droppings of other trees, just as well as if it were enjoying the air and sunshine in the middle of a grass plot. I know of no other shrub possessed of this peculiarity, so convenient in private grounds of limited extent.

Sat. March 14. 1891 – The papers say 1209 labourers were put on the railroad yesterday between Brent and Ivybridge to clear away the snow.

Wed. March 18. 1891 – News arrived that the English steamer Utopia left Italy for New York yesterday with a crew and Italian emigrants to the number of 880 persons. Going into Gibraltar Bay about dusk, she ran into HMS Anson, warship lying at anchor, blowing hard and sunk in 15 minutes: 569 drowned, and Captain arrested for carelessness. Prince Napoleon dies in Rome yesterday morning about 7. I saw him in Paris. He had somewhat the cheek and jaw and chin of the first Emperor his uncle; but he was held in some contempt by Frenchmen, and nick-named Plon-plon. He has left two sons, Victor and Louis, who may disturb the world at some future day.

Sun. March 22 1891 – Palm Sunday – from the palm branches displayed and cast in the way when Christ rode into Jerusalem.

Wed. March 25 1891 – Lady Day – the annunciation of the angel to the Virgin Mary.

Fri. March 27 1891 – Good Friday – the day of the crucifixion.

Sun. March 29. 1891 – The day of the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, commonly called Easter Sunday.

Easter Sunday. The fixing of Easter, as it is settled now, was not effected without much discussion which lasted for several centuries. It is a moveable feast that varies with the changes of the moon, and may occur on any day between March 22 and April 25: - the rule being, "the first Sunday after the first full moon, after the 21st of March". Thus the 21st of March this year was yesterday (Saturday) week: the full moon occurred on Wednesday the 25th, namely, on Lady Day: and this of course, is the first Sunday after last Wednesday, only four days ago. Easter is early this year. There is much interesting reading on these subjects in Brady's "Analysis of the Calendar", a copy of which I have.

Mon. March 30 1891 – Easter Monday. The great increase in the wages of the working classes seems to have done them no good. Their increased resources seem to go mostly in feasting or rioting.

Tues. March 31 1891 – A few days ago the Queen left England for a short time, and has arrived in Grasse, a small town in the South of France, about a dozen miles from Cannes. Parliament prorogued on Saturday till Monday April 6.

Wed. April 1 1891 – People are too polite now to engage in April Fool. Saw none of it.

Thurs. April 2 1891 – Captain Simcoe, R.N. of Woolford Lodge, near Honiton, was buried 3 or 4 days ago, at 64. This was a Northamptonshire family. The first in Devon was captain John Simcoe, R.N. who ob. 1759 in the expedition against Quebec. This Simcoe was General Sir J. G. Simcoe. Lake Simcoe called after him, for he was in command in Canada. His widow used to come to Sidmouth. I can recollect an old fashioned old lady riding in an old fashioned shanderydon up and down the beach. Their son was the Rev. H.A.S., ob. 1868; and his son the one now deceased.

Sat. April 4 1891 – Paid off Mrs Frost, charwoman, and Mrs Maddock of Broadhembury entered my service as cook.

Mon. April 6 1891 – Today the decennial census of Great Britain and Ireland was taken. The papers were distributed last week, and I had to fill in the particulars of all those who slept in my house last night, and today the papers were called for. I had only to return for three persons – for myself, e.g. “names”; classification, = “living on my own means,” my “age last birthday” = 80; “where born” = Winchester; [I was baptised at Heavitree.] “when born” = November 17.1810; “deaf or dumb, blind, idiot or lunatic!” = hip case, left hip, when seven years old. Also return for my servant Ann Carslake Newton, who has been with me 22 years, and Elizabeth Maddock, widow. I presume that the annexed printed return was scrutinised and properly verified before it was accepted. I have seen several cases of 100 and even more. The papers say that Lord James Douglas is summoned for making a false return. The penalty is £5.00 on conviction. It is said he has described his wife as “a cross sweep,” and “a lunatic”, and his son as “a shoeblack born in darkest Africa.” – see below, Apr 20.

Mon. April 6 1891 – At All Saints church in Sidmouth, the new incumbent, the Rev. Robert Tapson, “read himself in” yesterday – Sunday.

Friday. April 17 1891 – Called on the Stanfords at Helens, and stayed to an early tea. At dusk this evening a bat was flying about. The air however is still very cold.

Sat. April 18 1891 – I saw the first swallow. The day was fine and bright, with a hot sun, but to my surprise, my thermometer was only 49 degrees in the shade. Last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at the (so called) Manse House of Mr & Mrs Kenneth Balfour gave an entertainment of Tableaux Vivants. Too cold to go. Proceeds of tickets for the benefit of the new Cottage Hospital, nearly finished.

Mon. April 20 1891 – It is now said that Lord J. Douglas was ill, and that his step-sons filled in the Census papers “for fun”, as described. See Ap.28.

Tues. April 21 1891 – A boy of nine, instigated by an older one, who lent him a knife, came into my lawn and cut off the tail of my “Green Dog”, as he is commonly called. Some seven years ago, more or less, I planted four young trees for four legs, and by constant trimming, pruning, and clipping with scissors, I have fashioned an animal something like a dog. I have not had much difficulty in forming the head: the greatest difficulty has been making the hind and fore quarters grow over and meet in

the middle and close up the body. The young culprit has expressed so much regret, and the parents have offered so many apologies, that I am mollified, and I think I shall be able to develop a new tail from the side shoots at the stump.

Sat. April 25 1891 – Spent the evening at No 4 Coburg Terrace, with my tenants Rev. J.W and Mrs Barrow.

Tu. April 28 1891 – A summons was issued against his lordship, but it has been withdrawn on his explaining the circumstances, expressing his regret, and filling up a paper in a proper manner. I think the penalty for a false return is £5.00 – See May 6.

Th. April 30 1891 – The Queen returned today from Grasse, after a month's absence

Fri. May 1 1891 – May Day. From the cold, dry, north-east, the wind has shifted to the south-west, with hard rain for several hours – most welcome to vegetation.

Sun. May 2 1891 – My cousin Mrs Oliver (nee Rachel H) of Benger, Herts is 85 today. Next is the Prebendary W.P.H.H. 80 and 8 months: then myself, 80 and 5 months: then my sister 79 and 8 days: and lastly the Prebendary's younger brother Henry H 77 and 10 months. None of the Hutchinsons, at all events of my ancestors for more than 300 years, have ever lived so long.

Wed. May 6 1891 – Lord James Douglas, brother of the Marquis of Queensbury, and of Lady Florence Dixie cut his throat yesterday at the Euston Square Station Hotel, having arrived from Ireland. At the inquest P.M the verdict was – suicide whilst of unsound mind. – see back April 6.

Thurs. May 7 1891 – Archbishop of York died of the influenza. Only appointed last year. In London 37 died of it last week. Spreading in Liverpool and Birkenhead. In Sheffield last week 112 deaths. Very bad at Grantham, and increasing in Lincolnshire and neighbouring counties. At Kynock's factory near Birmingham, out of 3000 workers, 200 are absent, mostly women. The Duke of Richmond has been attacked. The Earl of Derby, Mr Henniker-Heaton, M.P. two churches have been closed at Llandrinolen. The Hon. Sidney Herbert is ill. Col H. G. Deedes is dead. Such is the record so far, lastly, the Prince of Wales and Mrs Gladstone have been attacked, but not severely, and too many lesser note to mention, in the army, navy, public offices, etc. It is mainly on the Eastern side of England, but seems to be spreading,

Sun. May 10 1891 – Very cold searching wind. Did not go to church.

Mon. May 11 1891 – Sudden change in the weather to warmth.

Sun. May 17 1891 – Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were hot summer days; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with equal suddenness, with a strong wind, as cold as winter. This Sunday morning, at half past 8, a shower of rain mingled with snow flakes. This morning at 5, the eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, married Aug. 20 1889 to the Duke of Fife, gave birth to a daughter. If any fatality should happen to the Prince of Wales' boys, she would be next heir to the throne.

Th. May 21 1891 – Mr and Mrs Buttemer, and Mrs Jenkins, had afternoon teas with me.

Sun. May 31 1891 – At church this morning, when the vicar did all the duty.

Mon. June 1 1891 – The recent sale of Okehampton Castle, has recalled to my memory the circumstances of my own visit to that neglected ruin a few months ago. The death of the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan has brought it into the market. At auction it was described as consisting of the Castle and ruins, together with 9 acres of ground and 13 poles. 50 years ago, Sir Richard Vyvyan had given the sum of £2000 for the property: subsequently the Earl of Devon, for £1000 obtained some sort of lien on it: and the town of Okehampton having failed to secure it as a public property, as some desired it, it was submitted to the hammer. It was started at £500, and by successive bids reached £1010, when it was knocked down to a Mr Reddaway, a farmer who has some land adjoining it. This is a descent indeed. At last the weather is warm and I have left off fires entirely, though they have been pleasant of an evening until now. Changed my bedroom for the summer.

Tu. June 9 1891 – A trial has just now ended that has caused an immense deal of talk in the country. Last September the Prince of Wales, with Lord Coventry, Sir William Gordon Cumming, and others, went down to Doncaster Races. For the few days of the Races they were entertained by Mr and Mrs Wilson and friends at Tranby Croft. On the evening of Sep. 9,10 and 11, Sir William Gordon Cumming was seen to cheat at cards, whilst they were playing a game called Baccarat, the Prince of Wales taking part in the game. In two evenings Sir W. Gordon Cumming won £225. Five people witnessed the unfair play. It got whispered about as a secret, but it was kept as most secrets are – and was soon the talk of the town, to the injury of Sir William. To try and vindicate his character, he brought an action against his five friends and entertainers for defamation of character. The Prince has been in court almost every day. Lord Coleridge the judge. Verdict for the defendants.

Wed. June 10 1891 – Thus Sir William is condemned and his character is blasted. But he has quickly consoled himself by immediately marrying Miss Florence Joesphine Garner, the daughter of a rich American.

Mon. June 15 1891 – But he has resigned and withdrawn from 2 or 3 of the leading London Clubs, and the Queen has dismissed him from the army. The newspapers have been very severe on the Prince of Wales taking part in a game – notoriously a very gambling game – in a house as a guest among strangers of not very high position, and the queen is said to be extremely angry about it.

W. June 24 1891 – Midsummer Day.

Th. June 25 1891 – Dined with Mr and Mrs Stanford at Helens. Towards evening Mrs Hunt, widow of the late vicar of Tipton St John came in. Something was said on the question, as to whether there is authority for believing that the lower animals have a future existence. Where we have pet animals that love us, we would naturally hope that they might have such an existence: and I have more than once lost pet animals whose deaths I have felt more than the deaths of some of my Christian friends. And why not? It is not what we lose, but whether we loved it, and it loved us. And if they have only this one life to live, when most of them are subjected to privation, ill treatment, neglect or downright cruelty, theirs is a hard fate indeed. This consideration ought to make us humane. I fear that the evidence furnished by the Bible, though slight, is rather against them. In Psalm 49, V. 12 and 20, the words “the beasts that perish” seem to imply unfavourably. Even dogs, the most faithful companions of man, are in at least two places very disparagingly spoken of: “Beware of dogs” occurs in Phillipians 3. V. 2; and in revelations 22 v. 15, “for without are dogs,” in company with everything that is vile and sinful. The evidence, as far as it goes, seems to be against them. In the afternoon such a dense fog came in from the sea that it was impossible to see anything 100 yards off. The pleasure steamer, from Torquay to Seaton and back during the day, had called here in the morning, and had taken a number of people on board, but in returning it was afraid to approach the land,

which it could not see. What became of them I know not. New room in the Old Chancel papered today. I think of calling it "the Gothic Room". In old fashioned houses, a century or two ago, it was the custom to call rooms by the names of colours, as we see in old inventories. It was better than "Mary's Room", or "Jane's Room", or "John's Room", or "William's Room"; for if any of the occupants left, or changed their rooms, the whole series of nomenclature was thrown into confusion. The curtains or carpet should have green for their chief or prevailing colour, to justify the name: - but it is more Gothic than green.

Mon. July 6 1891 – Thunder storms in various places – Rain and hail – cold.

Mon. July 6 1891 – I thought the Americans had enough of trying to execute by electricity, such criminals as had been condemned to death, bearing in mind the attempt and great bungle they made last year, August 11, in the case of Kemmler. But they have tried again, and, just as I then suggested, they have done it by a shock, like a flash of lightning, and have succeeded. This morning they executed four men at intervals of about an hour between each, and the telegram says death was instantaneous. As a precaution, they first experimented on a horse, which they killed at one stroke!

Wed. July 8 1891 – Let No 4 Coburg Terrace to Miss M. A. Readon, unfurnished for 2, 4 or 6 years, from last Midsummer Day. We signed the lease today.

Friday. July 10 1891 – At Burial Board meeting. Tea with Mr Scrivens.

Tu. July 14 1891 – The visit of the young emperor of Germany, grandson of her Majesty, and of the empress, has been a grand and brilliant affair in all its appointments throughout.

Wed. July 15 1891 – The men French-polished the banister rail in the Old Chancel

Thurs. July 16 1891 – Sad accident at the vicarage. The cook fell down stairs, and is dead.

Fri. July 17 1891 – Dined with Mr and Mrs Stanford at Helens, and met Rev W.H. and Mrs Freer, and Miss Haden. He has met my cousins, the Vicars of Blurton and Normacot, co. Staff.

Mon. July 20 1891 – During last night thunder, lightning and rain.

Tu. Aug. 4 1891 – ditto – ditto, a little before one, and seven in the evening.

Fri. Aug. 14 1891 – After a showery and chilly July, which has injured the hay in some places, the weather has become warm and more settled, and our hopes are all for the harvest. Went into Exeter for some shopping. Saw the first cornfield near the junction cut. Numbers of fields almost ready for the sickle. Sultry in Exeter. |Went to the museum, and had a long chat with Mr Dallas, the curator, who shewed me several new things. Enquired if he knew where the fossil plant was which I gave to the museum before he was curator, after I had exhibited it and read a paper on it at the meeting of the Devonshire Association in 1879. Went to the Institution in the cathedral yard, and had a long talk with Mr Parfit the librarian. The about the city shopping. Left at 5.00 PM and home at the Old Chancel before 6.30.

Sat. Aug. 22 1891 – Sad weather for the harvest all week. Monday unsettled by the electric state of the air: thunder on Wednesday and rain nearly all day: Thursday incessant rain after mid-day: Friday, thunder, lightning, and a violent shower between 6 & 7 PM: Saturday, dull, shower, and cold. Last

Tuesday the Bishop of Exeter, Mrs and Miss Bickersteth, left for Japan, where his son is Bishop, going by way of New York, and must cross the continent, I presume, for 'Frisco', as they call San Francisco for short. To be away five months. Courtesies and civilities must be studied and thrown in now and again among nations as well as among individuals. France has never recovered the loss of Alsace and Lorraine in 1870, when Germany beat her so terribly, and she has been burning to revenge herself ever since by another war. Germany knows this; and mistrustful of Russia on the other side of her, she has formed an alliance with Austria and Italy. France, on the other hand, has recently been courting an alliance with Russia, and has for some time been manifesting strong feelings against England, jealous of the firm footing and influence which we now have in Egypt. The French fleet has recently visited Kronstadt, and has been feted and entertained; and the English ministry, with a desire to remove all causes of discontent, and especially to remove the undisguised jealousy of the French at our recent handsome entertainment of the German Emperor, though the opportunity favourable for inviting the French fleet to visit England on their way back to France. This invitation was at once accepted. The fleet arrived a few days ago at Spithead, and will remain till next Wednesday. The English fleet is anchored near them. Yesterday (Friday) the queen visited them from Osborne, and 27 ships saluted her with 21 guns each, which lasted four minutes. The noise must have been indescribable. Feasts and ball on shore followed.

Tu. Sep. 1. 1891 – We have had the wettest August for 20 years – or the wettest ever known. The harvest is kept back – the corn not cut – and the sportsmen cannot get at the partridges.

Wed. Sep. 2. 1891 – Up in the chestnut tree for an hour sawing and chopping off the redundant branches. Not bad for 80.

Th. Sep. 3. 1891 – The Wellington Monument, on the Blackdown Hills is to be repaired. On 7 August 1851 a friend drove me to it from Uffculm, and I was astonished to find that it was triangular in plan. It is 120 feet high, with a staircase to the top inside. It had been struck by lightning, and was unsafe, so the door was locked.

Sun. Sep. 13. 1891 – After 8 or 10 days of beautiful hot sunshine, during which time all the corn in the neighbourhood has been got in, some thunder not far off has again disturbed the elements. Rain whilst at church.

Tu. Sep. 15. 1891 – Athletic sports in the Fort Field. The race with 8 or 9 bicycles very pretty. Hundreds of people in from the country.

Fri. Sep. 18. 1891 – Painters are now engaged painting the walls of the hollow of the staircase at the Old Chancel. It runs up 27 feet high. I have decided on light lavender gray as the colour, and the first or priming coat is a solution of shellac in spirit or naphtha. I have tried two or three things, and think this the best.

Sun. Sep. 20. 1891 - Thanks-giving service for the harvest. The church was profusely decorated with fruit and flowers. I never saw so gaudy a display. And the choir boys and men marched in procession to their places singing a hymn, though up to all sorts of mischief during the week.

Tu. Sep. 22. 1891 – Exhibition of local works of art. Sent my little model of No 4 Coburg Terrace and the Old Chancel – scale 10 feet to an inch. Whoever has my houses ought to have this model, and my ms book about the Old Chancel.

Tu. Sep. 29. 1891 – Michaelmas Day. Though we have had one of the most rainy, chilly and unsummery of summers that I can recall to my memory, and though it has been rather cold to the hands and feet, sitting reading and writing during the evening, I resolved not to have a fire until Michaelmas day, so I had one from tea till bed time, because I like to do great deeds on great days, and I went to bed with warm feet.

Tu. Oct. 6. 1891 – Gale of wind last night from the east, veering south, violent rain, and it has rained nearly all day. River Sid rushing down. Two fishermen brought one of those curious things commonly called 'Portugese man-of-war' to the door to show me, which they had found on the beach, cast up by the rough sea. I remember seeing another one here many years ago. This was in a bowl of water. The bladder was about six inches long, and fully extended. A number of veins and arteries of a pink or crimson colour ramified about it. The shapeless body underneath, like a piece of raw meat, was of a purple colour. The unusually large seal has been caught down the coast. The Portugese Man-of-war above I have sketched from memory only. The colour of the bladder is too yellow. It was like an ordinary bladder in colour. An American gentleman, a Mr Edward L. Pierre, of Milton, near Boston, Massachusetts, called, and we had a long conversation on events historical connected with America, and especially the revolutionary period. He was well acquainted with my recent publication, the 'Diary and Letters' of Governor Hutchinson – claims to be connected with the family from Hannah H. (see p.467, Vol. 2) who m. John Ruck, whose d. Hannah M. Theophilus Lillie, and so on down from him. He thinks his house at Milton is on part of the country estate confiscated from the Governor. The country has been taken by surprise at hearing of the almost sudden death of the great Irish leader Mr Parnell. He got a chill on Friday, and died at Brighton today. It will throw Irish politicians into great perplexity.

Th. Oct. 8. 1891 – The new, or nearly all new, organ in Exeter Cathedral publicly played today. Loosemore's was made in 1665. In 1874 great alterations were made to it, at the cost of £1500. It had 3 manuals and 37 stops. Some of the large tin pipes, 15 inches in diameter and 30 feet long were cut. John Pinney, sub-organist, gave me a piece of the metal, which I have. The new organ is to cost £3,500. The old case and two diapasons are retained, and some say no more. It has 4 manuals and 69 stops. The great pipes are in the south transept, 100 feet from the organ. The length of the piping is 4 miles. And Mr W. H. Smith, Mr P, First Lord of the treasury, Leader of the House and Warden of the Cinque Ports, also died on the 6th. A bookseller who made a great fortune – he raised himself to an honourable position by industry and integrity.

Mon. Oct. 12. 1891 – The hollow of my staircase, finished painting, four coats, today. We hear that the Knowle Hotel, with 20-0.35 acres of land, which was put up to auction on the 6th – was bought in again. No – Kenneth Balfour, who has lost money on it, has bought it for £10,000. Several parties of friends to afternoon tea lately – no room to give names.

Fri. Oct. 23. 1891 – Thunder, lightning, rain last night, and rain nearly all day. The boisterous rainy weather has been most unusual. Sir Herbert Maxwell writes that the Red Grouse, Tetrao Scoticus, is found in no part of the world except in the wild moors of Scotland.

Mon. Nov. 2 1891 – Yesterday morning, Sunday, a fire broke out in the upper rooms of Sandringham House, Norfolk, the property of the Prince of Wales. The cause doubtful. The Prince with Lord and Lady Brooke at Easton Lodge Dunmow, the Princess on the Continent. The roof and upper rooms destroyed, the damage about £10,000. It is said the house is insured in £59,000 and the contents at £68,400.

Tu. Nov.3. 1891 – The papers say that the gunboat Plucky, commanded by Lieut. Freemantle, outside the Breakwater, Plymouth, last Friday, Nov 2 [?] put two shot, one after the other, through two smacks or large boats, anchored, with two men in each, fishing. The boats were sunk. Three of the men jumped overboard and were saved, but one was either killed by the shot or drowned, and went down. A great stir made about it. And, as touching Sandringham, the papers further say, that about 30 years ago, the Prince bought the estate of some 7000 acres of the Hon. Spencer Cowper for £220,000, and ten years afterwards, rebuilt the house.

Sun. Nov.15. 1891 – Total eclipse of the moon. It began at 10.35, and ended at 2.3 AM tomorrow. The sky loaded with heavy clouds, and I only got a brief sight of it when the disk was nearly covered with the shadow.

Tu. Nov.17. 1891 – I am 81. Well as I feel, but for the weak point, I cannot in common reason expect to be spared much longer. Indeed, my recent building operations at the Old Chancel, to do some necessary work long needed, was only an effort to try and “put my house in order”, preparatory to leaving it altogether. Two or three years ago I had my shroud made, and it is in a drawer in one of my bedrooms, which was an anticipatory move in the same direction.

Wed. Nov.18. 1891 – A typhoid epidemic has shown itself in several places, and the Prince of Wales’s second son has caught it.

Th. Nov.19. 1891 – The widow of Mr W. H. Smith (Oct 8) has been created Viscountess Hameldon, in the county of Buckingham, with remainder to her son. Last Tuesday 17 were married Mr Edward Fursdon to Miss Rose Trelawney of Trelawne. A union of two old county families.

Fri. Dec. 4. 1891 – The Prince of Wales’s eldest son Albert Victor, created Duke of Clarence and Avondale, has made an offer to his cousin, Princess Adelaide Mary of Teck. Her mother is sister to the Duke of Cambridge. The unfortunate Emperor of Brazil, so recently turned out of his kingdom (see Nov. 21 1889) has died in Paris on this Saturday, Dec 5, soon following his wife. His daughter, the Countess D’Eu, is his heir.

Tu. Dec.8 . 1891 – Dreadful earthquake in Japan. Nagoya and other towns quite destroyed, and thousands of people killed and maimed. The Bishop has been to Nagoya, but moved on to Osaka, and so escaped it. He is expected back in Exeter by New Year’s Day, - See Dec 31.

Tu. Dec.15. 1891 – The Queen has given her consent to her grandson’s marriage.

Wed. Dec. 16. 1891 – Finished and sent off fair copy of Index to Vol. 23 of Trans. Dev. Assoc.

Sat. Dec. 19. 1891 – Some 30 or 40 years ago – my how time goes! I made a woollen cloth case for my flute, and worked the annexed coat of arms, which I sowed [sic] upon it. Latterly, I have given up my music, and the flute case having lain about in the damp, got moth eaten. I cut off the the arms, and threw the case into the fire.

Mon. Dec. 21. 1891 – Shortest day. Beautiful clear sky, but hard frost. At half past eight by the parish church clock, (which professes to be set to Greenwich time), the disk of the sun began to appear above the ridge of the house as in the annexed sketch. I was in the Oak Room of the Old Chancel looking south eastward over the churchyard, soon to have breakfast. The Sexton’s house, in the churchyard, in the middle of the picture, is the one with the tallest chimney, near the rising sun.

Tues. Dec. 29. 1891 – Mr Gladstone is 82 today. He has gone to Biarritz for a time, to escape the cold, having had one or two slight attacks of bronchitis lately.

Wed. Dec. 30. 1891 – The newspapers speak of the alarming outbreak of the influenza epidemic again, in most parts of England. If it visited me a second time, considering my age, and the season of the year, I might not survive it.

Thur. Dec. 31. 1891 – Last day of 1891. Finished carving a subject of an oak branch with leaves and acorns, for part of the Gothic chimney piece in the new room upstairs; and so goes out another chilly and ungenial year. The Bishop of Exeter returned from Japan yesterday. – See back Aug 22.

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Jan. 1. 1892. – Friday, the first day of the new year. Its course will be like the others I suppose.

Sat. Jan. 2. 1892. – At the early hour of 5.20, my cousin John Rogers Hutchinson died this morning of the influenza, at Normacot in Staffordshire. He was born Mar. 6. 1849, married Miss Ruth Hornersley, but Ob. s.p. He was the last male of the line of Elisha, younger son of Governor TH. His sister Mrs Bailey survived.

Sun. Jan. 3. 1892. – Que le temps passé! Have I reached 92!

Not 92 in age – what did I say? It is but 81 if I remember, In eighteen-ten I saw the light of day, The seventeenth day of dark and dull November.

Wed. Jan. 6. 1892. – the sun, having been at the solstice stand-still, has now begun to move back towards the north. For several days together it seemed to rise in the same place to the south of the chimney of the Sexton's house, as in the previous sketch, but this morning was clear, and it rose behind the tree to the north of the chimney. I never saw the solstice before.

Th. Jan. 7. 1892. – First snow of the winter. Two showers, that made the country white.

Th. Jan. 14. 1892. – My servant Ann Newton has been with me 23 years today – the only really honest servant I have had since my mother died 37 years ago. This morning died at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 9, the Prince of Wales's eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, who was going to be married on the 27th of next month, many preparations for the wedding having been made. His illness, of not much more than a week's duration, was the prevailing epidemic, ending in pneumonia. Great surprise and grief in the nation.

Wed. Jan. 1. 1892. – The young Prince, who was 28 on the 8th of last December, and died at Sandringham, was buried at Windsor today. Flags everywhere half mast high, muffled feel at Sidmouth.

Th. Jan. 21. 1892. – The epidemic has greatly increased. This is the third winter it has overrun the country. – the circuit of the whole world, I suppose I may say. At Christmas the normal death rate in London was 22 per 1000, and it is now 40. Last week 1762 above the average died. The report says – "Deaths primarily attributed to influenza, have risen from 19 to 506." At Brighton the death rate has run up to 60 per 1000. At Sidmouth one sixth of the population has been affected – and I have not escaped. The cause of this visitation is not doubtful. The microscope professes to have discovered organisms of extreme minuteness in diseased tissues which may be communicated, or even inhaled by healthy people. The French metre has been adopted as the standard of measurement. It is nearly 40 inches long English, i.e 39.37 inches. The centimetre is about $\frac{4}{10}$ of an inch. But when we want to divide these into thousandths and millionths, we are utterly lost. The millimetre is $\frac{4}{100}$ ths of an inch, or $\frac{1}{25}$ th, and the millionth of a metre is equal to the $\frac{1}{25000}$ th of an inch, and of course too small for sight. The thousandth of a millimetre, known as the micro-millimetre, is expressed by the Greek μ or μ , or by mk, or by the three letters mmm. The microscope shows that the germs of life, of which there many genere and species, take many shapes, as of worms, threads, globules, the latter most frequently, and these last will multiply without end by going from the spherical form to the egg-shape, the elongated, then dividing into two, like this

Tu. Jan. 26. 1892. – The papers mention the death of Professor Adams who, about the year 1843, discovered the distant planet Neptune.

Tu. Feb. 9. 1892. – Parliament meets today, for its last session.

Wed. Feb. 17. 1892. – In the early part of January me and my servants were all taken with influenza colds at the same time. Perhaps we inhaled microbes unawares, but mine took the form of bronchitis, and the servants' of bad colds and coughs. After a miserable month and more I am now tolerably well again, and am gaining strength every day.

March. 18. 1892. – Variable weather all the month – cold wind, snow showers, fine occasionally, wind and rain, today clear bright sun, hot, cold North-easter. At last the influenza epidemic seems to have died out and left this neighbourhood. Finished reading Shakespeare's Henry VIII. The play opens with the birth and baptism of her child Elizabeth. The picture of the times is one of selfishness, craft, violence and revenge.

Fri. April 1. 1892. – The weather is bright, the sun hot, but the north-easter is cold.

Tu. April 5. 1892. – The death of John Murray the publisher, of Albermarl street is announced. He was 83. And the Proteus at the zoological gardens has died. I had one of these strange amphibious Batrachians in my hand one evening at a soiree at the Marquis of Northampton's in Piccadilly Terrace, in 1846. The creature lives in the water in dark caverns in southern Europe and eyes have not been developed, but at the place there is a slight projection covered with skin. In shape it is like an alligator, with a long body, and four little legs with fingers. The skin smooth clean, and flesh colour. It was in a large glass vessel in the water. The attendant took it out and put it in my hand. It was lively, and soon ran out of my hand into the water again. It was about 6 or 7 inches long.

Wed. April 6. 1892. – The Bishop of Exeter has conferred the rite of Confirmation on 38 idiots now at the asylum at Exminster, and a great controversy on the subject has arisen in the neighbourhood.

Th. April 7. 1892. – Swallows are said to have been seen some days ago. If so, it is early.

Good Friday. April 15. 1892. – Fine dry, but cold north-east wind.

Sun. April 17. 1892. – Easter Sunday. Four services at the parish church. After some pleasant weather it has again become very cold – a searching north-easter, with many snow flake in the air.

Th. April 21. 1892. – Finished reading Shakespeare's Coriolanus. The play begins with certain citizens considering Coriolanus as proud, haughty, and an enemy to the people. Resolve to kill him for his pride. The neighbouring Volscians project an invasion of Roman territory. Coriolanus leads the Roman forces against them – storms Corioli, their chief city and takes it – hence named Coriolanus. Returns in triumph. Is proposed for Consul. Despises the plebeians too much to stop them, and asks for their votes, saying: - "Twas never my desire to trouble the poor with begging." The indignant people threaten to throw him from the Tarpeion Rock, but he is banished from Rome. In disgust at his ungrateful countrymen, he retires to the Volscians, who are preparing for a new attack upon Rome, and he commands a wing of their army. The terrified Romans, when he is taken before their walls, come out and use every art and argument and prayer to soften him, and try to move him to spare the city but in vain. His mother, wife, and young son then come out, and at last he yields to

them. He returns with the Volscians to their country, but after a time old jealousies return and they kill him.

Sunday. May 1. 1892. – May Day. A cold north-easter, and a late season.

Mon. May 2. 1892. – The Devon and Exeter Gazette is issued at a reduced price. Tuesday and Friday a penny, and the other four days one half-penny.

Tu. May 3. 1892. – After a sojourn of several weeks at Hyeres in the Mediterranean, the queen returned to England today.

Wed. May 11. 1892. – Beautiful eclipse of the moon this evening. It was well seen, for the sky was cloudless, and the night was calm. The obscuration began at 9.10 by a brush or diffused penumbra, as shewn in No. 1 of the different phases sketched in the margin. No. 2. Represents the appearance at about 9.45. No.3 at 10.10. No. 4 as it appeared at 10.40, when the whole disc of the moon could be seen, the shadow gradually losing its cold gray, and becoming of a warm brown tint as the light portion grew less and less. No. 5 was the greatest obscuration, at 10.53, when nothing but a thin line of light remained; and the shadow, at the edge, had assumed a beautiful yellow tinge, passing into orange, and then into brown. In this it resembled the changes of colour which I copied on the night of the 28th January 1888 at the total eclipse then occurring. As the shadow then began to pass off, it lost its brown tint, and returned to cold gray as the light got stronger, and as given in No. 6. In No. 7, at about a quarter before twelve, one half of the moon was in light; and the last brush of the penumbra finally left it at 23 minutes before one o'clock. I watched it to the end.

Mon. May 16. 1892. – Changed my bedroom for the summer, but my bedroom is not very summery, and vegetation is very backward.

Th. May 19. 1892. – At Cotlands. Discussion about proposed new music room.

Fri. May 20. 1892. – Dined at Mrs Hunt's, at Redcliffe.

A return says that the amount of fish imported into Sidmouth in 1890 was 2123 cwts value £2152, and including shell fish £3779. In 1891 it fell to 1795 cwts valued at £1043, and with shell fish at £1188.

Tu. May 24. 1892. – The Queen's Birthday. She is 73, and has reigned 55 years.

Wed. May 25. 1892. – By a curious custom, the Birthday is kept today.

Wed. June 1. 1892. – The young Lord Haldon again. [Jan 20. 1891] The Haldon estates to be sold in 80 lots. The mansion and grounds, other houses, farms, etc., about 4174 acres. Rental p an £4900 – not enough for a young man to live on.

Mon. June 13. 1892. – Drove to Arcot House and Core Hill to call on friends.

Wed. June 15. 1892. – after 20 years interval, read Mr Clement's (Vicar's) tour in Palestine.

Th. June 16. 1892. – I see it stated that chromic acid 1 part and water 100, relieves viper bites.

Sat. June 25. 1892. – Some friends, at my invitation, met at the Old Chancel. I laid before them some papers and letters sent to me by Sir John Kennaway, bearing on the parliamentary election.

Wed. July 13. 1892. – Parliament, after a duration of upwards of six years, was duly prorogued and dissolved a short time ago, and the general election for a new Parliament has commenced. With the Marquis of Salisbury as Prime Minister, we have been at peace with all nations – with prosperity at home – and Ireland calmed down, quiet and peaceable; - very different from the state of riot, confusion, violence and murder, as it existed during Mr Gladstone's ministry. Today the polling for the south-eastern division of Devon, the candidates being Sir John Kennaway, Conservative, and a Dr Aubrey, (American LLD) from Croydon, a radical and Gladstone-ite. Sir John had my vote of course, and a splendid victory we obtained. The numbers were – Kennaway 4591; Aubrey 2565; the majority for Kennaway being 2026.

Sat. July 16. 1892. – The General Election is over for Devonshire. Total number of votes, i.e. 'Unionist' or those who advocate the present close union between this country and Ireland, 53092; and 'Gladstonian', or 'separatist', or those who are for supporting Mr Gladstone's dangerous projects for giving Ireland 'Home Rule', as the cry is, with all its separatist risks and hazards. Everyone knows he is fishing for the 'Irish Vote'. In this county his supporters have been 49083.

Wed. July 27. 1892. – The last of the elections were completed today, and by the aid of the Irish voters, Mr Gladstone is likely to be Prime Minister again, with a running majority of 40. We shall see when Parliament meets in August. Curiously enough, nearly all the Irish members now returned, are men who a few years ago when he was in power he denounced as rebels and criminals, and sent to prison without trial. I think there were 60 or 70 in prison all at one time.

Fri. July 29. 1892. – Down hill – down hill! [Jan.20.1891] Haldon House with 2174.1.33 acres, rental £2470.16.4 for £46000. Also the race course, 49.1.14 acres rent £60, for £500. Also many other lots, the whole sale amounting to £86000. Several earthquake shocks at Pentewan near Mevagissey in Cornwall. Vesuvius and Etna are in active eruption – especially the latter.

Wed. July 31. 1892. – Mr Clements, wife of the Vicar of Sidmouth, died about 6 PM. Great heat in America, and 50 deaths from it in Chicago. Thermometer 107 in the shade July 29, and 98 deaths. Great mortality among young children.

Th. Aug. 4 1892. – The new Parliament – the 13th of her majesty's reign – meets today for a short session, with the old Ministry. Swearing in members. The first representative from India, long resident in England, has obtained a seat. A novelty worth recording.

Fri. Aug. 5 1892. – Groc Cart opened by pe Arch. Ep at St Paul's Cath.

Fri. Aug. 11 1892. – All the members being sworn in, the first motion of the opposition to the Conservative members was a motion of 'want of confidence', as the best way of attacking them. There were 660 members present: 310 supported the old ministry, but the whole body of the Irish Members, with visions of 'Home Rule' before their eyes voted 'en bloc' with the opposition, and made a total of 350. This was a majority of 40. The Marquis of Salisbury soon after resigned.

Th. Aug. 18 1892. – This morning early, at 20 or 30 minutes after midnight, there was a shock of earthquake, which was repeated afterwards. I was asleep and did not feel it, but several in Sidmouth did. It was strongest at Pembroke Dock, and was felt all over South Wales, and Devon and Cornwall.

Fri. Aug. 19 1892. – The papers say that the ruins of the palace of Versailles have been sold to a contractor for 3000 francs to clear away! The palace was set on fire by the Communists firing from Mount Valerian, when the Germans had possession in 1870. Quod non Germani tentaverunt, hoc Galli turpiter fecerunt.

Sat. Aug. 27 1892. – gave a lecture on Geology to some friends at my residence, the Old Chancel, and then an afternoon tea. Several large drawings to aid me.

Wed. Aug. 4 1892. – Mr Gladstone, the new Prime Minister, walking in his park at Howarden, was knocked down by a heifer which had strayed into the grounds, and made a run at him. No bones broken – only much shaken. The cholera has been walking on from Asia for the last month or two. It is very bad on the Continent. Yesterday, according to the papers, the cases and deaths were as in the margin. Three cases in England, of poor and dirty people just landed from Germany. No others, and great precautions taken. Havre: 71 cases 17 deaths; Antwerp: 20,4; St Petesburg: 156, 41; Hamburg: 810, 319.

Wed. Sep. 7. 1892. – Repeated my lecture or address on Geology, making preliminary remarks on the heavenly bodies – the Nebulae, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Moon and on our earth; showing by many illustrations of these stepping stones, how they form a chain of evidence, leading us to feel that there is an intimate connection between them. Then I dealt with our Earth only, - its long series of formations above the granite; progress of organic life, fossils, disruptions and volcanic action, thickness of the earth's crust, etc., etc. and ... (See back about at may 7. 1885.)

Th. Sep. 8. 1892. – The papers say that the heifer that knocked down Mr Gladstone has been killed: that the owner sold the skin for £5.00: that he was offered £10 for the head, horns, etc., refused: and that he has been selling the teeth at half a crown a piece. He is much wiser than the geese who bought them [W. Aug. 31].

Sat. Sep. 10. 1892. – Mr Stirling, first from Wiesbaden, and now from London, arrived.

Tues. Sep. 13. 1892. – Athletic sports in the fort field – bicycle races, running, jumping, etc.

Th. Sep. 22. 1892. – Mr Stirling left for London and Wiesbaden.

Sat. Oct. 1. 1892. – For the third time, and to a new group of friends, my lecture on Geology. By going back to the most rudimentary of the Nebulae (a small patch of haze) and then to the larger; then to the remarkable one in Andromeda, apparently revolving rapidly on its centre, and with its fleecy incipient Ring about it, so like an unfinished Saturn; and then to Saturn in our solar system; and then Jupiter, still somewhat nebulous; then Mars, more solid and earthy; then the moon, once an incandescent globe of fiery volcanoes; and lastly to our own earth, at one time not very different from it – by following these stepping stones we seem to trace the history of the advancing changes through which our own globe has gone. Then proceeded to the strictly geological past, and last some remarks on the signification of the word ... as before. My audience were – Mr Kennet Were, J.P., C.C., Mrs Hunt, Lady Charlotte Hobart-Hampden, Miss Harrison, and Miss Cave, sister of the late Sir Stephen Cave, M. P. [See back, Dec. 27. 1880]. The weather is now getting chilly, autumnal and unsettled, and I won't give any more.

Sun. Oct. 2. 1892. – At church, sacrament Sunday. Great many there today.

Mon. Oct 3. 1892. – The cholera still rages on the Continent. Everything is done to try and keep it out of England. Worse at Hamburg than anywhere. On Friday, Sep. 16, there were 687 new cases, 213 deaths, and 346 burials. In the hospitals there were 3008 persons. Since the outbreak 3000 children have died: and there are 8400 orphans.

Mon. Oct 10. 1892. – During the past week the cholera has been progressively diminishing. Only 24 deaths today, 4 deaths and burials not stated. There are 713 in the hospitals.

Wed. Oct 12. 1892. – Dined at Mrs Hunt's at, at Redcliffe: - Lady Louisa Hobart-Hampden, and a lady staying there, made all the company. Gave Lady L. 75 old letters her father wrote to me nearly 30 years ago.

Th. Oct 13. 1892. – Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, died about 1.30 AM on the 6th at Aldworth, Hazelmere, Sussex, and was buried yesterday in Westminster Abbey. The small fry of poets are in a flutter, discussing who is to be appointed next. Public opinion is rather against appointing anybody. Times are changed – education is advanced – monarchs don't require paid poets to sing their praises – it is becoming laughable. Let it drop.

Sat. Oct 22. 1892. – Very cold for October. Changed bedroom for the winter.

Tu. Nov. 1. 1892. – Dined at Mrs Hunt's. Eight at dinner. Lady Louisa was there, but sent to Lady Charlotte, her sister, the tanned skin of a Boa constrictor which Lord Hobart brought from America many years ago. The Earl of B. Gave it to me 30 years ago, but I am glad to return it to the family, as I am alone here, putting my house in order.

Sat. Nov. 5. 1892. – Caught cold in my head, but without knowing how or why.

Sun. Nov. 6. 1892. – Worse, and so I kept in the house all day.

Mon. Nov. 7. 1892. – Worse. Can it be another attack of the influenza? Dent for Dr Pullin. It developed itself still more. I got miserably ill. He visited me twice - every day for the first fortnight, and once for 2 or 3 weeks more.

Th. Nov. 17. 1892. – My birthday – 82.

Th. Dec. 1. 1892. – Getting better – weak – pulled down – thin – lost flesh.

Sat. Dec 31. 1892. – Get up a few hours every day. Told to 'feed up', and get strength.

Having a good appetite and a good digestion, I can obey orders.

POH Transcripts - 1893

Sun. Jan. 1. 1893 – Have I lived to write 1893? My influenza cold has now quite left me, and I should say I were now quite well if I were not so weak. I walk up and down my room, but rather tottering, and the offer is great.

Mon. Jan. 16. 1893 – After making the index to the yearly volume of the Trans, Dev. Assoc. For somewhere near a quarter of a century, [Dec. 16. 1891], this time my illness prevented me. I have always begun in November – just when I was taken ill. I now informed the secretary I thought I was well enough to do it. He had not been able to secure another hand – so I set to work.

Tu. Jan. 31. 1893 – The new Parliament opened today. Mr Gladstone and his party have got in by promising the Irish a Parliament in Dublin. Much trouble expected. It is said that the aggregate of the number of votes polled in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland amounted to 5,588, 480.

Feb 17. 1893 – Finished and sent off a fair copy of the Index – 12 foolscap pages.

March. 1. 1893 - After the very cold weather of Dec. And Jan., we have a mild and fine February. I am warned nor to venture out till the air in the shade is warmer, so I am mostly writing or reading books and have gone through several on Geology, History, Antiquities, Astronomy, the Glacial period, Palaeolithic man, and have read a good deal of Paradise Lost again. My opinion much the same as Mar. 3. 1884.

March. 15. 1893 - Bishop Harrington's remains have been found. I met him and a mutual friend at the Sidmouth Junction, where I was introduced to him and had some conversation while waiting for the train. When it came, we shook hands cordially, and he soon left for South Africa as a missionary, some 5 or 6 years ago. From Zanzibar he and his party went up the country for the great lakes, but he and some others were murdered on the way, and the place of his burial could not be ascertained. It has now been found near Busoga. Skull, ribs, boots, etc. were in an old ammunition box, I believe lined with tin. It has all been taken up to Uganda, and buried there.

March. 22. 1893 - A mad man snatched his wife's watch – broke chain – and swallowed the watch. His keepers kept their eyes on him, and in due time he produced per viam naturalem, the lost watch. It was 2 ½ inches in diameter, and half an inch thick. Extraordinary circumstance!

Fri. April 21. 1893 – Finished carving in oak, grotesque head, to go under mantel shelf in small room at end of of passage, up stairs, in Old Chancel.

Tu. April 25. 1893 – Still a bright, clear, hot atmosphere, and with a burning sun overhead. Thermometer 70 degrees and upward in the shade. For near six weeks scarcely any rain at all; but as the ground had been well soaked before, everything has advanced, so that crops and vegetation are near a month earlier than usual. Wind mostly north-east, but not cold latterly. Such a fine blue sky, so much almost uninterrupted dryness, and so much heat at this early part of the summer, is scarcely within the memory of man. Rain, however, would now be welcome.

Mon. May 1. 1893 – A threatening for rain, but it still keeps off.

Sun. May 14. 1893 – Still not a drop of rain, and another fortnight gone. New moon tomorrow – will that bring a change? The seeds sown, and the young plants in the garden sadly want moisture, and

the farmers fear there will be no grass for hay. And I am told that the water in many of the wells is beginning to fail.

Tu. May 16. 1893 – William Widgery died on the 8th of last month. From being a common mason, he became by his native talent, a clever and noted painter in oils, his chief subjects representing the wilds of Dartmoor. Born at North Molton in 1827.

May 29. 1893 – After I got well of the influenza, I was much troubled with flying rheumatic pains all over me. As they did not seem disposed to leave me, I was advised to try a change of air, so I went into Exeter for 3 or 4 weeks.

June 26. 1893 – Returned from Exeter: stronger, but rheumatism not much better. Amused myself there with copying Sunday papers, and writing sundry letters which I could not find time to do at home – in taking two walks every day – sketching contorted cliff opposite Head Weir, and the 2 Russian guns now in the Bonhay little park – visiting the cathedral, St Petrock, St David, St Michael, St Pancras, etc. Mr Winslow Jones showed me the collection of books in the Chapter House, and up stairs. I was quite astonished. At the Museum two or three times. Exeter languishing for rain.

Sat. July 1. 1893 - My tenant Miss Beadon, after two years, is now leaving.

Th. 6 July. 1893 – Prince George, created Duke of York, now 28, married his relative the Princess Mary (or May) of Teck. Marrying 'in-and-in'; and those who do it suffer the consequences. The Royal families of Europe are all connected together. This is an important marriage, as they may be king and queen of England.

Fri. 28 July. 1893 – I have waited for the Court Marshall, held at Malta, and now it's over. The two divisions of the Mediterranean fleet, on Thursday, June 22, were cruising off Tripoli, the starboard division having Admiral Sir George Tryon on board the Victoria, the leading ship. She was armoured, 340 feet long, 70 broad, drew 26' 9", 10,470 tons, carried 2 guns of 110 tons each, and many smaller, and cost, complete £844,922. Second division, Vice- Admiral Markham, in the Camperdown. [Captain Markham, see back, Oct 30. 1876; Dec. 28. 1878; Jan 7. 1879.] This ship is 10,600 tons. There were six in one division, and five in the other, steaming 8 knots. These large ships require near 800 yards to turn in. The admiral made signal that the two lines be six cables apart (the cable being 200 yds) and turn inwards and sail back side by side. By his signal officers it was suggested that six was rather little, and Vice ad. Markham hesitated to obey it, but he said, "leave it at six", and the movement began. Fig. 1 was intended but Fig. 2 was the result There was not room to turn clear. The Vice Ad., thought, perhaps the Ad. Meant to cruise round the other division, as Fig. 3. The Camperdown struck the Victoria a little before the gun turret, making a great hole in her, and damaging her own bow much. The Admiral said – "It was all my fault," and "it was entirely my doing – entirely my fault". This admission exonerated everybody else. There were 711 on board and about 430, with the Admiral, drowned. She filled, turned right over to starboard, and in 15 minutes went down in 80 fathoms, her boilers bursting under water. There is some mystery in how so experienced a man could have given the order, and continued it – "leave it at six".

Fri. Sep1. 1893 – He fired right into the middle of the covey, but the astute birds flew off in radii, and eschewed the charge of small shot.

Sat. Sep 9. 1893 – So the Lords, having received Mr Gladstone's foolish and destructive bill, for the government of Ireland, which has just passed the commons by a majority of 34, have rejected and

thrown it out by a majority of 378. The numbers for it were 41, and against it 419 – the majority being 378. The marvel is, that 41 men of their education could be found in Great Britain who could countenance such a measure. It must be however, allowed that 9 to 1 was a significant majority.

Tu. Sep 19. 1893 – Miss Arnold married today to the Revd. Breasby. Gave her a piece of silver plate. Wedding presents have become quite a tax. I have heard of a single gentleman who declared that he was determined to get married some day, if it were only to get this money's worth for what he had given away. Dined with Mrs Hunt at Redcliffe, Only Lady Charlotte Hobart Hampden. A neighbouring thunderstorm brought rain, and ended our hot weather.

Sat. Sep 23. 1893 – More thunder, more rain; and it has suddenly become so cold in feel, after six months of almost uninterrupted fine, dry, and hot weather, that people are putting on thicker clothing. Though the dryness has been a check to some things, it has favoured others. It is the most extraordinary year for fruit of all sorts on record. It is everywhere abundant, and remarkably cheap. My great pear tree is quite a sight. The long thin outer branches are weighed down by the weight. They are hanging down and loaded with pears, almost like bunches of grapes, from a yard to two yards long. Ten days ago a branch nearly as thick as my wrist broke off by the weight. As the tree is about 40ft high, and from 15 to 20 in diameter it makes a striking show. Owing to the long summer, everything is a month earlier than usual, and some have got two crops of potatoes from the same land, and some have made hay three times in the same field. The sudden change to cold has prevailed all over the country. A heavy snow storm at Durham.

Fri. Sep 29. 1893 – Michaelmas Day. Showery and chilly. Fires first time.

Sat. Sep 30. 1893 – Six large coloured sketches of the Falls of Niagara, the Whirlpool, etc, which I have recently made from my small sketches taken on the spot, done to address a lecture or address with which I intended to amuse my friends, are become no use this year, at any rate. The effects of my influenza prevented my doing them earlier in the summer, and the days are now getting short, dark, and showery, so I have given them up. Lady Charlotte H.H fell in love with them, so I have given them to her.

Mon. Oct 16. 1893 – Today the men on the top of long ladders, with canvas bags depending from their necks, finished picking in the pears without bruising them. Such a crop I never recollect before. The bent-down branches, from a yard to two yards long, covered almost like bunches of grapes, hung as I have tried to depict them in the margin. Conservative Club at the Town Hall opened today, Captain Balfour, Lord of the Manor presided. Sir John Kennaway, M. P. Came over. Most of our resident gentry there. Room full. Changed my bedrooms for the winter last Saturday the 14th.

Th. Nov. 2. 1893 – This evening, between 5.40 and 5.50, a shock of Earthquake was felt by persons in Sidmouth. I was in the Oak Room in the Old Chancel, but did not feel it. Subsequent accounts say it was felt all through the West of England, from Devon to Chester; almost all over Wales, and the nearest side of Ireland: strongest in Pembroke and neighbourhood. I believe it did no harm.

Fri. Nov. 17 1893 – I am 83 today. I am wonderfully well except this tendency to bronchitis. From preference, no drinker nor smoker: heart goes on and does its work so quietly and regularly that I never feel I have got a heart: lungs sound: good appetite: use moderation, and don't know what indigestion is. With all this, I do not expect to get through this winter.

Sat. 18 Nov. 1893 – Great storm of wind from the NW, accompanied by rain, sleet and snow, but not enough to lie on the ground at Sidmouth. Prevailed all over Great Britain and Ireland. Much damage done.

Fri. Dec. 1 1893 – Princess of Wales born, 1844.

Th. Dec. 7 1893 – The annexed piece of work, done by me some 40 or more years ago, (for I used to be rather fond of worsted work and embroidering things in my youth), was sown on a cloth flute case, that I carried my flute in when I went to have music at a friend's house. The old case is all to pieces. The white lion is brown, the yellow crosslets and coronet are brown, the red before the lion is brown, and only the blue has retained its colour.

Mon. Dec. 25. 1893 – Christmas Day. Beautiful weather for the season of the year.

Sat. Dec. 30. 1893 – Died at Newton Abbot, aged 72, Sir Samuel Baker, the Egyptian brave and enterprising traveller. His body afterwards 'cremated' at Woking.

Sun. Dec. 31 1893 – We have now arrived at the end of the year 1893. It has been one of the finest, driest, and hottest that has been known for many years past. Very enjoyable to me and many others, but succulent plants, grass, and garden vegetables desired rain. So long did the fine weather last that most farmers made hay twice off the same field, and some three times. It has also been a wonderful year to fruit. I believe we are now in the cycle for spots on the sun.

POH Transcripts - 1894

Mon. Jan. 1. 1894 – Like an old garment, the late year has ceased to occupy our thoughts, so we will see now with some interest to the new one, how it will suit us. New Year's Day is rather chilly but not frosty. It is what some call 'very seasonable'.

Th. Jan. 4. 1894 – Strong North-East wind very cold – 'enough to cut a snip in two', as the sportsmen say.

Fri. Jan. 5. 1894 – Still colder – enough to cut two snipes in tow.

Sat. Jan. 6. 1894 – Heavy drifting snow flying past the windows.

Sun. Jan. 7. 1894 – Six or eight inches of snow on the ground. Calmer towards evening, and a thaw came on. Telegrams from the eastern and northern counties describe it as sudden, severe and abundant. Trains stopped, roads blocked, one or two persons froze to death.

Mon. Jan. 8. 1894 – The snow vanishing fast at Sidmouth but not in the north.

Tues. Jan. 9. 1894 – As I have been in the habit of feeding the birds for more than 30 years, I have many visitors. A robin, (not the one of March 9 1891), was eating food on the window sill, when a thrush, (a rare bird except in very cold weather), came up to share it with him. They eat together for a short time, and then the robin, seeing that the big bird, which was 3 or 4 times as large as himself, was devouring "the lion's share", suddenly lost all patience, and ruffling up its feathers in a great passion, with claws, open mouth and much twittering, flew in the face of the thrush. This latter was taken so by surprise, that it started back, sitting on its tail feathers, and simply put itself into an attitude of defence. After more altercation, but no closing, they both vanished off the window cill. I was much surprised at the courage of the little robin.

Th. Feb. 1. 1894 – This month often very cold – this year mild and showery.

Sat. March. 13. 1894 – Session of Parliament ended, having sat more than thirteen months, frittering away the time in wrangling, and bringing forward un-needed and impracticable schemes to amuse people and flatter the mob. The queen has gone to Florence for a few weeks.

Fri. March. 23. 1894 – Good Friday.

Th. March. 29. 1894 – Parliament again assembled, and for the new session of 1894. Mr Gladstone has retired – from age and indisposition. Happy would it have been for England had he retired 40 years ago. We all know Lord Palmerston's prognostication.

Sun. April 1. 1894 – Low Sunday. No April Fools – we are getting too well bred.

Mon. April 9. 1894 – Cuckoo heard and swallows seen near Axminster. This is from 10 days to a fortnight earlier than usual.

Sun. April 28. 1894 – A cloud of remarkable shape! This cloud was a stragglng portion of a large mass of white summer clouds down below. The sky was clear, the sun shining bright, and a brisk NE wind was blowing down the valley; and it bore a striking resemblance to the head, arms and body of

a man. The profile when I saw it was singularly good: but as it passed onwards changes took place, and after making 2 or 3 ugly faces, I lost it altogether.

Tu. May 1. 1894 – Very chilly. Only one call from the May Day children, who carry about a branch decorated with flowers and ribbons – as at May 1. 1874. All old customs are fast vanishing, and flora will soon be forgotten.

Th. May 10. 1894 – Parliament prorogued for Whitsuntide, till Monday 21st.

Mon. May 21. 1894 – Parliament re-assembled today.

Th. May 31. 1894 – Last day of May. I never remember so cold and ungenial a May.

Fri. June 1. 1894 – Mr Gladstone's sight has been failing lately; he has undergone an operation for cataract.

Sun. June 9. 1894 – During the past week men have been at work about the well in the field behind the Old Chancel. It was made 25 years ago, as recorded Feb 23, 1869, and has done well till lately, when the water began to grow scarce; so I have had all the brick work taken up, which was not set in mortar, and the well deepened 4 to 5 feet, when they had plenty of water. The same coarse alluvium of loam, gravel and flints as are mentioned before, and I am surprised they did not reach the rock. The whole has been bricked up again; but except the three feet at the bottom, the bricks are all bedded in cement. The geological appearance of the succession of deposits suggests that the valley of Sidmouth was once in the condition of a vast lake. It was probably tapped and drained by the advance of the sea.

Fri. May 15. 1894 – Lord Coleridge, of Ottery St Mary, Lord Chief Justice of England, died in London, at 8.50PM last evening. The injudicious 2nd marriage with Miss Amelia Augusta, daughter of Mr H. B. Linsford, Bengal Civil Service, I have mentioned, Aug 22. 1855. People looked askance at it. The queen would not receive her at court, and many ladies shied her acquaintance.

Wed. June 20. 1894 – Accession of Queen Victoria. 57 years Queen.

Th. June 21. 1894 – Proclamation.

Sun. June 24. 1894 - Midsummer Day. At last the weather is getting warmer. A lease of No. 4 Coburg Terrace to the Rv. And Mrs Barrow, for 3 years, begins today.

Mon. June 25. 1894 – The papers this morning tell us that the Duchess of York gave birth to a son at 10 o'clock in the evening of last Saturday the 23rd Instant. This is an important event, as the infant is the direct heir to the throne. The Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck were married on the 6th of July last year, being one year minus 13 days. The mother and child are going on well.

Sun. July 1. 1894 – Sultry, Hot NE wind. Thunder storm off at sea. Approached at 8PM Rain.

Mon. July 2. 1894 – The papers of today are full of the brilliant ceremony of the opening of the wonderful Tower Bridge in London, the day before yesterday – Saturday, June 30. The Prince of Wales, etc., etc., were there.

Th. July 5. 1894 – Sir Henry Layard died in London today, aged 77. His remarkable discoveries at Nineveh, Mosul, Nimroud, Kouyunjik, etc., made his name famous. The results are in the British Museum. He had studied the law; but his fame got him appointed Attache in 1849 at Constantinople – Under Sec For. Affairs 1861 – Ambassador at Madrid – then at Constantinople but latterly quite dropped out of notice and employment. For more than 20 years his name was never heard. He seemed to sink quite into oblivion. It has been said that he had a temper and a rough manner not suited to those offices.

Sat. July 16. 1894 – The infant son of the Duke & Duchess of York, (23 days old), was baptised today at 'White Lodge', near Richmond. The queen was present, and a brilliant assemblage of Kings, Princes, Dukes, Lords, and ladies of high degree.

Tu. July 24. 1894 – R. A. Carnel a boy aged 7, fell into the river Sid, rather swollen by rain, and being near the sea, was carried out by the current and drowned.

Wed. July 25. 1894 – His dead body was found in the sea this morning.

Wed. Aug. 1. 1894 – Let us hope for more settled weather. The extinct month of July has been chilly, variable, boisterous, and showery. I fear that a great deal of hay has been spoilt this un-summery summer. We must not expect two such summers as we had last year should come together.

Sat. Aug. 25. 1894 – Great thunder storm. The heavens charged with heavy clouds all round, red, orange, yellow, lurid: wild and threatening: thunder, lightning almost incessant, and a deluge of rain. Most of the roads from the station to the town were converted into rivers, which ran down Church Street to the market place, by which some of the houses in that neighbourhood were inundated. I was awoke by thunder at six this morning, and this storm began soon after six this evening, and did not die out till near eleven.

Th. Aug. 30. 1894 – Sent off box containing books, jewellery, and various small things, to London, and then to go to Beaudesert, Hindmarsh Valley, Victor Harbour, in the colony of South Australia, to my late brother's eldest son. The steamer 'Australia' sails Sep. 7.

September 1. 1894 – Yesterday, the first, (when Mr Smith went out to knock over a partridge, only the gun kicked him backwards) four apprentice boys at Brixham stole a small yacht and put to sea in her. Though the weather was fine, they got stranded on Sidmouth beach, probably from mismanagement. They said they wanted to get to Portsmouth. The vessel is much damaged. The police took charge of the lads, and they have been sent back to Brixham to be dealt with there.

Mon. Sep. 10. 1894 – The comte de Paris, the rightful, but exiled King of France, has died at Stowe, late the splendid mansion of the Duchess of Buckingham, which he has long resided in. I think he was a grandson of Louis Philippe. I remember when his father was killed by a carriage accident in Paris. He is now to be placed in the crypt in the chapel at Weybridge, where Louis Philippe was, but afterwards removed to France, and where the Duchess of Nemours at present is.

Th. Sep. 11. 1894 – Executed a new will, and my signature was witnessed by two clergymen who happened to be in my house, e.g., Rev, J. W. Barrow, and the Rev. H. St. T. E. Wrenforde.

Fri. Sep. 12. 1894 – A concrete wall near the gas house fell out upon a pigs' shed in which there were 15 pigs belonging to Mr Holmes, my butcher. Two were crushed that they had to be killed, and 13

were smothered and suffocated under the debris of the wall and shed. – Mem. Don't order any pig for a month.

Mon. Sep. 24. 1894 – To please my tenant at No. 4 Coburg Terrace, I have had all the side branches on the straight trunk of the Elm Tree.

Fri. Sep. 29. 1894 – Michaelmas Day. Fine but autumnal in feel.

I have decided not to continue my diary any further. Though remarkably well for my age, I think I may as well end this record. If I live until Nov. 17, I shall reach 84. I was born Nov. 17, 1810, and baptised at Heavitree Oct.22.1811.

A person may with advantage sometimes be his own executor, at all events to a certain degree. He who is solicitous in his later years to set his house in order is likely to be predisposed in that direction. What a man can do whilst he is alive, will relieve his executor from doing after he is dead. My small oak book-case, the carving of which gave me much amusement for a considerable time, and which contains a collection of books, almost all relating to Sidmouth, together with its stand, is given in my will to the use of the Free Library at Exeter Museum: but I have decided to send it there during my life, and this step will save others the trouble of doing it. - POH

