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Dent's County Guides

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NORFOLK

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WROXHAM BROAD

Frontispiece

NORFOLK

BY

WILLIAM A. DUTT

||

WITH SPECIAL ARTICLES ON THE BIRD LIFE, BOTANY, ENTOMOLOGY,
GEOLOGY, FISHING, SHOOTING, ETC., OF THE COUNTY BY THE
REV. R. C. NIGHTINGALE, H. D. GELDART, CLAUDE
MORLEY, F.E.S., F. W. HARMER, F.G.S.,
AND OTHERS

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Norfolk

Part I

ITS STORY AND SCENERY

By W. A. DUTT

INTRODUCTORY

WE Norfolk folk, or "North Folk of East Anglia," are firmly of opinion that there is no county in England to compare with our own. When people tell us of the Yorkshire moors, we ask them if they have seen Dersingham Heath and the Great Warren. When they go into raptures over Windermere and Killarney, we invite them to take a cruise on Wroxham Broad. When they grow enthusiastic about the cathedral cities of other counties, we suggest that they should see Norwich. When they try to impress us with descriptions of Norman castles outside our borders, we tell them of our castles at Norwich, Castle Rising, and Castle Acre. When they attempt to crush us with Stonehenge, we stand defiant on our Ancient British earthworks, or among the "Shrieking Pits" of Aylmerton. When they speak of abbeys and priories, we point to Bromholm, Binham and Walsingham; and when they are reduced to silence, and some friend, sympathising with their discomfiture, comes to their aid with his impressions of Chatsworth and Blenheim, we smile indulgently and ask him what he thinks of Houghton, Blickling, and Holkham. Content with having upheld the honour of our county, we can then spare our would-be detractors further humiliation by not reminding them of the manifold beauties of Broadland, glories of Poppyland, and the popularity of our charming coast resorts.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and in spite of the fact that so long ago as 1722 no less a personage than Daniel Defoe wrote a kind of guide-book to the Eastern counties, "particularly fitted for the reading of such as desire to travel," Norfolk's popularity as a holiday resort is of comparatively recent development. A century ago hardly anyone visited the county unless compelled by duty or business; as to coming here for pleasure, no one ever thought of such a thing. Fifty years ago there was only one place on the coast where casual visitors could find accommodation elsewhere than at inns. Yarmouth, then, was of little repute save as a fishing-port; Cromer had still many years to wait for fame; the Broadland meres and rivers were unexplored, save by native wherry-men and fishermen; and the ninety miles of East Anglian coast between Yarmouth and King's Lynn were less familiar to the English tourist than the sand dunes of the shores of Holland. Norwich, it is true, was a place of renown, and had been for several centuries; but the people who visited Norfolk for the purpose of seeing Norwich were few in number, and seldom strayed far beyond the bounds of the "City of Churches." Even so recently as 1884, Dr Jessopp, than whom no one knows Norfolk better, lamented that there were no important watering-places in East Anglia, and that no pleasure-seekers came here, "bringing their money with them and leaving it behind them." The "discovery" of the Broadland and the manifestation on the part of the Broadlanders and coast-dwellers of a disposition to welcome and accommodate strangers in their midst were practically contemporary events. Having once made up their minds that it would be to their interest to attract visitors to Norfolk, the inhabitants set about providing for them with enterprising expedition, and there is now no county in England where the comfort and convenience of tourists and less restless visitors are more considered and better attended to.

The result has been more than satisfactory to Norfolk folk. Of late years the annual incursion of "aliens" into

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Norfolk has probably been larger than into any other English county, excepting Middlesex. The county has become a playground of all classes. The most popular of the world's princes has made a home here; statesmen and city men, bishops and actors, have found rest on the quiet inland waters and health on the breezy cliffs of Cromer and Sheringham; and the "masses" of London have pronounced Yarmouth their ideal holiday resort. As a matter of fact, Norfolk only needed to be known to attain the widest popularity. A variety of attractions have combined to make it famous. Once considered simply a flat, monotonous, uninteresting county, it has been found to possess something to please almost everybody. Increased facilities of travel have revealed delights that before were not dreamt of. Seekers of the picturesque have been astonished at the loveliness of much of the Norfolk scenery. Antiquaries have been delighted with the county's wealth of antiquities—at its grand old ruined castles, abbeys, and priories; ecclesiologists with the number and stateliness of its churches. The quaint old-world hamlets of the interior and the quiet fishing villages of the coast have charmed people tired of less secluded places; and the bracing breezes which come to Norfolk laden with the salt savour of the North Sea waves have brought colour to cheeks which would have grown paler in the sunnier but more relaxing South. In the Broadland, yachtsmen and boating parties have found a district unique and full of delights unimagined by those to whom Norfolk is an unknown land, while anglers have gained a paradise. To sum up, Norfolk has revealed itself a county of infinite variety and charm—a county where pleasant pastoral scenery suddenly gives way to wild sea-shore; where wide heaths, purple with heather and golden with gorse or bracken, are found not only along the coast, but in the midst of lands given up to cultivation; where lazy rivers wind through green pastures and bear voyagers into many a lovely lowland nook and "haunt of ancient peace."

Statistics are dry literary diet to most readers, but some might complain if nothing were said concerning the dimensions, acreage, etc., of this county. Norfolk is one of the largest counties in England, only Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Devonshire exceeding it in size. Its greatest length, from east to west, is 67 miles; its greatest breadth 43 miles. Of its 140 miles of boundary about two-thirds consists of coast-line. Its total area is 1,356,173 statute acres. Its population, at the time of the last census (1891), was 456,475. As to its natural features, its seaboard is of a varying character, being made up of wide, level salt marshes, once subject to periodical inundations, and still at times submerged; marram-grassed sandhills, arid shingle ridges, and here and there, as at Mundesley, Cromer,¹ Sheringham, and Hunstanton, of fairly lofty cliffs. The greater part of the interior is cultivated, the county being the most productive agricultural district in England. It contains no extensive woodlands, but innumerable plantations, some of considerable size, and is famous for its abundant game. The western portion comes within the bounds of Fenland, much of the land forming part of what is called the Bedford Level, a district which, until a few centuries ago, was almost entirely covered by water. It is difficult now to realise what West Norfolk was like in those days; but some idea may be gained from Messrs Skertchly and Miller's work, "The Fenland," which says:—"Great meres² existed which received the surplus waters; and, surrounded with reed-brakes, such as even now the county produces with surpassing beauty, afforded shelter to myriads of wild birds, which found abundant food in the waters. Dank morasses, covered with sedge and rush and flags, abounded on the peat-lands, and the cushion-clumps of sedge afforded a hazardous foothold to the nimble wayfarer. On these morasses, and on the firmer, or rather

¹ And at Sidestrand, too, one of the most charming seaside hamlets imaginable, with its perfect sands, its acres of poppies, and its "Garden of Sleep" by the cliff side.—*Ed.*

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drier, soil, grass attained a rank luxuriance; and here the cattle grazed and throve wondrously. But in winter, nearly all the peat-land was drowned, or as the old fenmen say, 'surrounded,' and then the hardy inhabitants went from island to island in small boats, or travelled quickly over the smooth ice." Now, nearly the whole of this part has been drained, and changed into lush pastures and fruitful corn-fields, and, instead of experiencing periodical floods, it sometimes suffers from a scarcity of water. The south-east corner of the county contains the marshlands, rivers, and meres of Broadland. In the neighbourhood of Thetford, Swaffham, and Sandringham, are considerable tracks of heathland, some of them wild and lonesome, and, like the Broadland, abounding with bird life. Although subject, in winter and early spring, to keen sea winds, Norfolk is a very healthy county.

Geologists are satisfied that ages ago that part of Eastern England which now comprises Norfolk and Suffolk was connected with the continent of Europe, probably by a wide expanse of fen and forest. Evidence of this is found in the similarity of the strata of the opposite shores of the North Sea, and the unearthing in Britain of the remains of animals which must have made their way into England before the connecting lands were submerged. Many of these remains are found in what is called the Norfolk Forest Bed, a geological division, belonging either to the base of the Pleistocene or the upper part of the Pliocene periods. For thousands of years the sea has carried on an incessant siege of the Norfolk coast, and the natural processes which resulted in the severing of England from the Continent are still going on. Since the days when Doomsday Book was written Norfolk has lost, or nearly lost, the villages of Shipden, Clare, Eccles, Whimpwell, Keswick, and Ness; and Suffolk has seen practically the whole of Dunwich, the erstwhile famous capital of East Anglia, sink beneath the waves. Extensive inroads of the sea have occurred at varying intervals, damaging not only the coast-line hamlets,

but submerging vast tracts of low-lying land as far inland as the Norfolk capital; and even during the last decade great havoc was wrought by the waves.

The earliest inhabitants of Norfolk of whom mention is made in ancient historical records were an Aryan people the Romans called *Cimmerii*, whom Dr Thurnam identifies with the broad-headed neolithic race of Belgium and North-eastern France, and to whom he attributes the construction of the round barrows found in the Eastern counties of England. There seems little doubt, however, that these *Cimmerii* had conquered an earlier race, a short, dark, long-headed type, variously called Iberians, Silurians, and Euskarians, who were, in all probability, the makers of what are known as the "long barrows."¹ This earlier race were a Stone Age people of whom many traces, in the shape of prehistoric dwellings and stone implements, have been discovered in some parts of Norfolk. More particularly has this been the case in the neighbourhood of Thetford and Brandon, where not only stone axes and arrowheads have been unearthed in considerable quantities, but pits are still to be seen where the flints of which the weapons were made were dug up and fashioned.

That some of the prehistoric inhabitants of Norfolk were lake-dwellers was proved in 1851, when the West Mere at Wretham, a parish a few miles from Thetford, was drained. Under the mud, in the centre of the mere, a circular bank of hard white earth, between twenty and thirty feet across and about four feet high, was discovered. Close to the inner circumference of this ring was a well-

¹ Mr Joseph Stevens speaks of the Silurians or Silures as "dark, short, narrow-skulled tribes . . . whose burial places are the 'long barrows,' sometimes chambered, containing stone implements of the Neolithic type, and whose descendants are present, as their appearance testifies, particularly in South Wales and Ireland, though they now speak a Celtic tongue."—*Ed.*

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like circular hole, four and a half feet in diameter and about six feet deeper than the bottom of the mere. This hole was marked out by a circle of stout alder stakes, and separated from the larger ring by the remains of a flint-and-marl wall. In this hole were the remains of a rude ladder, and in and around it were also found bones of the Celtic ox (*Bos longifrons*) and antlers of the red deer, most of the former having been broken, evidently for the purpose of extracting the marrows, while many of the latter had been sawn from the skulls. No metal implements or weapons were discovered, but flint disks such as are known to antiquaries as "sling-stones" were found in large numbers; a fact which seems to prove that the tenants of this curious lake-dwelling were people of the Stone Age. Five years after the discovery of these prehistoric relics, another mere, the Great Mere at Wretham, was drained, and a number of oak posts, "shaped and pointed by human art," were found standing erect but entirely buried in the mud.

The Iceni, the conquerors of the Stone Age people, were a tall, muscular, broad-headed race, who fought with bronze weapons and were probably mentally as well as physically superior to the Iberians. It was one of their kings, Prasutagus, who when he died in the first century of the Christian era, bequeathed half his kingdom to the Romans and the other half to his wife Boadicea, in the hope that this equal division would result in the latter being allowed to enjoy undisputed dominion over her lands. But the Romans failed to respect the dead king's wishes, seized the whole of his country and ill-treated the widowed queen. This led to revolt and war, but in the end the Britons were defeated and their lands ravaged by Roman legions. Of the Roman occupation of Eastern England there are many relics in Norfolk, for the camps and forts erected to keep the vanquished inhabitants in subjection, the roads made, and the banks

built to keep out the sea, were so constructed as almost to defy the ravages of time. At Caistor, Tasburgh, Brancaster, Castle Acre, and elsewhere in the county, the work of the Romans may still be studied; and in Norwich Museum are some of the most interesting Roman relics in England, most of which were found in Norfolk.

Subsequent to the departure of the Romans, England was invaded by certain tribes of Germanic origin, who, for convenience sake, have been described as Saxons. After a lapse of many years they divided the country into eight kingdoms, one of which comprised Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and perhaps a portion of Essex, and was known as the kingdom of the East Angles. Some of its kings held their courts in Norfolk, Norwich being the chief seat of Anna, and Thetford that of Edmund the Martyr. They soon had to contend against invasions of the Danes, who eventually gained possession of the whole of East Anglia, and whose settlement in Norfolk is not only referred to by ancient chroniclers, but indicated by the names of several hamlets.

After the Conqueror was firmly seated on the English throne, one of his followers, Ralph de Guader, was created Earl of Norfolk, but lost the favour of the king through treasonable acts. He was succeeded by Hugh Bigod, the first representative in England of a family whose name was for a long time closely associated with Norfolk, where castles and priories owing their erection and foundation to the Bigods are still to be seen. In the reign of William Rufus, however, one Roger Bigod took up arms against the king, and, as a consequence of his disloyalty, Norfolk became the scene of several conflicts and was frequently devastated. Civil discord was a feature of the reigns of the Norman kings, and in the times of Henry I. and John the inhabitants of Norfolk were seldom allowed to enjoy absolute peace. Later, the county was overrun by French invaders under Louis; and in the days of Richard II. the disaffection aroused by

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Wat Tyler spread into Norfolk and led to much fighting and loss of life. Of the Kett Rebellion which broke out in the reign of Edward VI., some account will be found in the description of the city of Norwich, outside which a great battle was fought between the rebels and the troops of the Earl of Warwick. Norfolk took an active part in the civil wars of Charles I., Norwich, Yarmouth, and other towns being garrisoned by Parliamentary forces.

During these unsettled times, and in the wars waged abroad by the kings and queens of England, many Norfolk men distinguished themselves, and scarcely a battle was fought, either on land or sea, in which some Norfolk man did not gain renown. The Norfolk families of Fastolff, Paston, Wodehouse, De Vaux, and De Warrenne played a prominent part in the earlier conflicts; and since their day, the names of many Norfolk men and women have become famous. A county which has produced such heroes as Lord Nelson and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, such a statesman as Sir Robert Walpole, such philanthropists as Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and Elizabeth Fry, such artists as Crome and Cotman—to say nothing of living men and women—may well be proud of her sons and daughters.

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Every visitor is impressed by the number of churches the county contains. Norwich alone boasts of over fifty; there are several high spots in the rural districts from which as many as a score may be seen; while from one coast-line height no less than forty are visible. But it is not only their number that surprises: their stateliness and architectural beauty also excite admiration. Some of the village churches are of almost cathedral proportions, and their lofty towers are landmarks for miles around. In many cases their size and grandeur indicate that the villages in which they stand once enjoyed great prosperity; and, indeed, some of them, such as those at Worstead, Castle Rising, and Cley, were the churches of important and prosperous

towns. Others owe their imposing proportions and lavish endowments to the liberality of individuals or old county families, who delighted to extend, improve, and beautify their village shrines. Norman work is much in evidence in Norfolk churches, and in some of them are traces of even more ancient architecture. As to the country seats of Norfolk, few counties can show as many fine old halls, mansions, and moated granges. Houghton Hall, which Sir Robert Walpole built; Blickling Hall, which replaces the old home in which Anne Boleyn spent her childhood; Holkham Hall, where "Coke of Norfolk" made a wilderness "blossom as the rose"; Kimberley Hall, the home of the Wodehouses; and Sandringham Hall, where kings, queens, and princes are yearly guests, are among the stateliest homes of England.

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Norfolk is a convenient county for tourists, who, in consequence of its admirable railway system and other means of travel, such as coaches, brakes, and river steamers, are able to visit a fair number of places of interest during even a brief stay here. Hardly any of the castles, abbeys, and fine churches for which the county is famous are far from some railway station; and in the few instances where they are in out-of-the-way localities, means of conveyance are seldom difficult to obtain. By the cyclist—and now-a-days it is the cyclist who knows best the general aspect of rural England—Norfolk has long been considered the ideal county for a holiday tour. Its roads are, for the most part, level, and in excellent condition; indeed, cyclists who are familiar with Eastern England say that, without being acquainted with the precise boundaries of its counties, they can tell on the darkest nights when they cross the Suffolk border and enter Norfolk, and this because of the difference in condition of their respective highways. Norfolk has always been noted for its good roads. Ogilby, in his *Itinerarium Angliæ*, writing of a journey through the county,

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says: "The way was for the most part hard and gravelly, the lanes being here and there a little washy, but not incommoding the traveller." He was especially delighted with the road from Lynn to Norwich and on to Yarmouth, which he describes as "everywhere good, much open and healthy." Charles II., when in 1671 he visited Norfolk, remarked that the county "ought to be cut out into strips to make roads for the rest of the kingdom." Perhaps the excellence of the roads has had something to do with the survival of carriers' vans in considerable numbers in Norfolk. In spite of increased facilities of travel there are probably more carriers in Norfolk to-day than in any other county in England. As to the rivers, for centuries they have been means of communication between the coast and several of the inland towns; and now they are navigated, not only by the picturesque wherries which are characteristic of them, but by such fleets of pleasure craft as no other English river—unless it is the Thames—can show. In the Broadland alone are two hundred miles of navigable waterway.

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If anyone is desirous of knowing the kind of life Norfolk country folk lived until a few years ago, and, in some districts, are living to-day, he cannot do better than turn to the pages of Dr Jessopp's "Arcady." Probably, if he has had any experience of the county, he will not agree with the author of that delightful book when he suggests that notable changes have robbed its country life of its romantic interest; but a perusal of his pages will help him to understand and appreciate the Norfolk countryman. Taken as a whole, the farm hands, of whom the greater portion of the rural population consists, are good-natured folk, markedly lethargic, but generally willing to put themselves to a great deal of trouble on behalf of strangers. Some of them, in whom traces of Norse descent are still evident, are sturdy handsome fellows, whose

massive frames, fair hair, and clear blue eyes make them look like vikings. Near the coast this type is especially in evidence; and the readiness with which not only fishermen and beachmen, but farm labourers and cattle tenders respond to calls for the lifeboat, proves that the danger-defying spirit of the old sea-rovers is far from being extinct among them. To the various Broadland types special attention is drawn in the chapters dealing with the Broad.

I have said that it is difficult to agree with all Dr Jessopp has written concerning the change which has come about of late years in the nature of Norfolk scenery and rural life. For instance, in a paragraph which is well worth reproducing, even if it does not faithfully represent the existing state of things, he says:—"The small fields that used to be so picturesque and so wasteful—where one could botanize with so much interest and pick up all sorts of odd pieces of information—have gone or are rapidly going; the tall hedges, the high banks, the scrub or the bottoms where a fox or a weasel might hope to find a night's lodging; the bye-lanes where the gipsies' tents used to pitch, where one could learn Rommany words, and, if we were *very* liberal and very wary, even listen to a Rommany's song and the scraping of his fiddle—all these things have vanished—'been done away with, sir'— . . . the broad tilths are clean as gardens, and the face of the land looks up at you with a *shiny*, luxurious self-complacency, suggesting rather a smirk than a smile."

Now, this seems to me a rather deceptive picture of the general aspect of rural Norfolk to-day, and suggests that Dr Jessopp judged the whole county from some district where a "new broom" landlord had carried out alterations in a somewhat merciless fashion, playing havoc with old-established rural institutions. Even though some of the smaller fields have been "thrown together" to make large ones, you may still botanize as profitably in Norfolk as ever, and with a likelihood of discovering not a few rare and interesting "aliens" which Dr Jessopp could never have

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hoped to find in his "small fields." Then there are plenty of weasels in Norfolk if anyone wants them; and only recently I sat by a camp fire on a Norfolk heath and heard a genuine gipsy crone "rokker Rommany" with a fluency as impressive as her physiognomy. The Greys, Coopers, Smiths — the Griengres, Wardo-engres, and Petulengres of Borrow's day — are still represented in the county; and though they are not so numerous as they once were, mainly in consequence of intermarriage with the once despised *kairengres* (house-dwellers), the tourist seldom travels far without meeting with some of them. In spite of extensive enclosures, Norfolk still has its wild heathlands, where the peewits cry mournfully and the thick-knees whistle on summer nights; otters still dive for bream in its rivers; stoats still play havoc with the eggs and young of birds which nest in the alder copses; and if the bittern and bustard are gone from its fens and warrens, there are herons on its marshes and wild fowl on its shores.

No one can deny, however, that a welcome change has taken place in the pastimes of rural Norfolk. At the beginning of the present century a rough and rowdy game called "camping" was very much in vogue.¹ It took the form of a kind of football match between teams representing different villages, districts, or counties. There were practically no rules to prevent rough, and what would now be called "foul," play; free fights were a common accompaniment of the game, which was often attended with fatal results. There are men still living who can remember the last of these camping matches, and they speak of them as having been riotous and terrible encounters. Wrestling of a kind that would astonish a present-day pugilist was often indulged in on general holidays and at the hiring fairs, and found keen supporters among the bucolic squires. Cock-fighting was a favourite pastime with sporting

¹ See the account of villagers' former rough games, in "Hampshire" (Guides to the English Counties).—*Ed.*

farmers and others, and badger-baiting attracted large crowds to the backyards of the least reputable inns. Now-a-days the farm hands who seek recreation find excitement enough in quoits; and the football matches which have taken the place of the old-time "campings" are conducted under English Association rules.

During the last few months it has been my pleasing experience to renew acquaintance with many parts of Norfolk I had not visited for some time, and to see not a few places in the county of which my knowledge had hitherto come through books or by hearsay. In the course of my journeyings I have done my best to put myself in the position of a total stranger to Norfolk, and to imagine what impression its towns, villages, and rural scenery would have upon one who had seen most of the notable centres and famous beauty-spots of our country. At times, when travelling through districts wholly given up to cultivation, I have had misgivings, and have asked myself how anyone familiar with Devonshire lanes, Hampshire highlands, and the hills of Wales, could possibly find pleasure in an unbroken succession of corn-fields; but almost invariably something has appeared which banished my doubts and made me not only content with but proud of my homeland. Perhaps it has been only a thatch-roofed farmstead, with its eaves brooding over a garden of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers, and a few corn-ricks beside it, overhung by storm-scarred elms; yet it has seemed to me that the traveller's day would not be wholly without profit and pleasure to him if, in the course of his rambles, he came upon just such a farmstead. Or it may have been that some isolated hamlet was suddenly discovered, and in it a church containing some memorial associating the place with a great historical event or world-famous personage; and again I have found consolation. So, at the end of my journeyings, when I can look back upon them as a whole, I am assured that there is scarcely a district or hamlet in Norfolk that has not something in it to delight or

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interest the tourist who can appreciate pastoral scenery and has his share of the blessed gift of imagination. And when I remember that there are not only pleasant pastures and rich corn-fields, but purple heathlands, breezy cliffs, bird-haunted woods, the Broadland, and a wealth of historical and ecclesiastical buildings and relics, in Norfolk, I am not simply proud of my county, but anxious that everyone should know what a fine county it is and hasten to become acquainted with it.

ITINERARY THE FIRST

"THE CITY OF CHURCHES"

NORWICH

History of the City—Kett's Rebellion—Macaulay's Description of Norwich—The Cathedral—The Erpingham Gate—St. Andrew's Hall—The City's Churches—The Castle—The Museum—View from the Castle Battlements—Norwich Market—Mousehold Heath—Lavengro and Jasper Petulengro—Sir Thomas Browne—Evelyn's Visit to Sir Thomas Browne—Other Norwich Worthies—The "Maid's Head."

"A FINE old city . . . view it from whatever side you will. . . . There it spreads from north to south, with its venerable houses, its numerous gardens, its thrice twelve churches, its mighty mound, which, if tradition speaks true, was raised by human hands to serve as the grave heap of an old heathen king, who sits deep within it, with his sword in his hand, and his gold and silver treasures about him. There is a grey old castle on the top of that mighty mound; and yonder, rising three hundred feet above the soil, from among those noble forest trees, behold that old Norman masterwork, that cloud-encircled cathedral spire, around which a garrulous army of rooks and choughs continually wheel their flight. Now, who can wonder that the children of that fine old city are proud of her, and offer up prayers for her prosperity?" Thus wrote more than fifty years ago an East Anglian enthusiast, and few people who have seen Norwich will complain of his excessive patriotism. Norwich is a city of which not only its own inhabitants, but those of its county and country, may well be proud. The "City of Churches," as it has been called, ranks high among England's important provincial centres, few of which can compete with it in beauty, picturesque surroundings, architectural

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and antiquarian interest, and the production of eminent and famous men. It is, and always has been, a worthy centre of a notable county. From a time of which our records are half historical and half legendary it has taken a leading part in the affairs of Eastern England, and it still holds its own among the chief towns of the kingdom.

Passing over the assumption, which, however, is not without justification, that Norwich had its origin in the erection of an Ancient British stronghold, there is good reason for believing that Uffa, the first king of the East Angles, built, in 575 A.D., a castle somewhere on the site on which the city now stands, and made it his centre of government. Later kings had their courts here, but in the reign of Alfred the Great the place was ceded to the Danes. After varying fortunes, being held sometimes by the Danes and at other times by the Angles, and after being plundered and burnt by Sweyn, it was rebuilt by Canute. From this time it rapidly increased in size and importance, until in 1086 it contained 1360 burgesses. After the Norman Conquest the Earldom of the city was bestowed upon Ralph de Guader, who, however, was found conspiring against the Conqueror and compelled to flee to Normandy. The castle was then given to Roger Bigod, who appears to have lived here peaceably during the reign of William Rufus, and to have gained the favour of Henry I. by espousing his cause against that of his brother Robert. In 1122 Henry I. visited Norwich, and granted its citizens a charter conferring upon them like privileges to those enjoyed by the citizens of London. In the days of Stephen the castle was in the hands of Hugh Bigod, who in 1163 was appointed sole governor of the city. In the reign of John, Louis, the Dauphin of France, who had been granted the kingdom by the Pope, ravaged Norfolk and Suffolk and gained possession of the city and castle.

From this time until the middle of the 16th century nothing occurred in connection with Norwich that need be recorded here; but in the reign of Edward VI. a serious

rebellion broke out in Norfolk, organised by two brothers, Robert and William Kett of Wymondham, whose grievance was that the people were, by the system of enclosure, being robbed of their rights of commonage on waste lands and open pastures. The rebels, some 20,000 in number, encamped on Mousehold Heath, a wide expanse of heathland near Norwich, where Robert Kett, the elder brother, set up a so-called court of justice under a tree known as the Oak of Reformation. For months this ill-regulated congregation defied the authorities, and pillaged the surrounding country. At length they broke into the city and made several of the civic fathers prisoners. The citizens appealed for help to the king's Council, and a body of troops under the Marquis of Northampton was despatched to Norwich. This force was completely routed by the rebels, who then looted and burnt different parts of the city. Finally a large army, raised for service in Scotland, and commanded by the Earl of Warwick, was sent into Norfolk, and arrived under the city walls. The gates were soon forced, and after a stubborn fight the Ketts and their followers retreated to Dussyn's Dale, on Mousehold. Here a big battle was fought, and resulted in the total defeat of the insurgents, over 3000 of whom were slain. The Ketts were both captured; Robert, who had fled early in the fight, being found hiding in a barn. He was hanged from a gibbet, erected on the top of the castle, until he starved to death, his brother meeting with a similar fate at Wymondham. About 300 of the ringleaders in the rebellion were also executed.

With the exception of the granting of new charters, several visitations of the plague, and the arrival in the city of many of the Dutch refugees who had been driven from their country by the Duke of Alva, no very stirring events occurred in Norwich before the Civil War of Charles I. The city was then held by the Parliament troops, who are accused of robbing and doing considerable damage to the bishop's palace and cathedral.

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Macaulay has given us a picture of Norwich as it appeared during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was “the capital of a large and fruitful province. It was the residence of a Bishop and a Chapter. It was the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm. Some men distinguished by learning and science had recently dwelt there; and no place in the kingdom, except the capital and the universities, had more attractions for the curious. The library, the museum, the aviary, and the botanical garden of Sir Thomas Browne, were thought by Fellows of the Royal Society well worthy of a long pilgrimage. Norwich had also a court in miniature. In the heart of the city stood an old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, said to be the largest town house in the kingdom out of London. In this mansion, to which were annexed a tennis court, a bowling green, and a wilderness, stretching along the banks of the Wensum, the noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereigns. Drink was served to the guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures by Italian masters adorned the walls. The cabinets were filled with a fine collection of gems purchased by that Earl of Arundel whose marbles are now among the ornaments of Oxford. Here, in the year 1671, Charles and his court were sumptuously entertained. Here, too, all comers were annually welcomed from Christmas to Twelfth Night. Ale flowed in oceans for the populace. Three coaches, one of which had been built at a cost of five hundred pounds to contain fourteen persons, were sent every afternoon round the city to bring ladies to the festivities, and the dances were always followed by a luxurious banquet. When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich he was greeted like a king returning to his capital. The bells of the Cathedral and of St Peter Mancroft were rung; the guns of the castle were fired; and the Mayor and aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow-citizen with complimentary addresses. In the year 1693 the

population of Norwich was found, by actual enumeration, to be between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand souls."

Everyone entering Norwich is at once impressed by the sight of its two chief buildings, the Cathedral and Castle. The former, a splendid example of the Anglo-Norman style of architecture, occupies a position which does not do it justice. It stands on low ground, and the best views of it are obtained from the surrounding hills. It is difficult to realize, unless you stand immediately beside it, that its spire is, with the exception of that of Salisbury, the highest in the kingdom, being 315 feet in height. It was up the outside of this spire that, on July 29th, 1798, a sailor lad named Roberts climbed by means of the crockets and amused himself by twirling the weathercock.

The founder of the Cathedral was Herbert de Lozinga, who, in 1091, came over from Normandy, purchased the bishopric of Thetford, and removed the see to Norwich. He erected the presbytery, apsidal chapels, transept, choir, and the lower part of the tower. His successor Eborard added the nave and its two side aisles. About the year 1250 a Lady-chapel was built at the east end, but of this two arches are all that remain. In 1271 the tower was struck by lightning; and in the following year the cathedral was considerably damaged in a conflict between the monks and citizens, the latter of whom had to pay the cost of the damage. It was reconsecrated in 1278, in the presence of Edward I. and his Queen. During the last years of the thirteenth century a spire was added to the tower; but it was blown down about sixty years later, when Bishop Percy erected the one now standing, and the beautiful clerestory of the presbytery. The cloisters, which were one hundred and thirty-three years in building, were completed in 1430, and are considered—at least by Norwich folk—as fine as those at Gloucester. The roof of the nave was built by Bishop Lyhart in 1450. His successor, Bishop Goldwell, constructed the vaulting of the choir, and added the flying

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buttresses to the exterior. The stone roofs of the north and south transepts were erected at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The Cathedral suffered a good deal during the Reformation, when the people of Yarmouth, who wanted a workhouse, petitioned the Lord Protector that “that great useless pile, the Cathedral, might be pulled down, and the stones given them to build a workhouse.” Although the petition was not granted, Bishop Hall had occasion to write:—“It is tragical to relate the furious sacrilege committed under the authority of Lindsey, Tofts the sheriff, and Greenwood; what clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing down of monuments, what pulling down of seats, and wresting out of irons and brass from the windows and graves; what defacing of arms, what demolishing of stonework that had not any representation in the world, but the cost of the founder and skill of the mason; what piping on the destroyed organ pipes. Vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross, which had been newly sawn down from over the green yard pulpit, and the singing books and service books, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service book in his hand, imitating in an impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany. The ordnance being discharged on the guild day, the Cathedral was filled with musketeers, drinking and tobaccoing as freely as if it had turned ale-house.” After the Restoration the Cathedral was repaired, and since then it has several times been restored and improved.

The west front, which represents the termination of the nave and aisles, and contains in its central division the fine entrance doorway, dates from the reign of Henry VI. The best near view of the Cathedral, however, is obtained from the south-west corner of the cloisters. The tower is Norman in four stages, and has decorated battlements and crocketed pinnacles. The octangular spire is closely crocketed at the

angles, and supported by pinnacled buttresses. As for the interior, the roof of the nave, which shows some very elaborate carving, has been pronounced by Cockerel, the Royal Academician, "the most beautiful in its structure, order, tracery, and sculpture in England." On the south side of the nave is the tomb of Chancellor Spencer and the chantry of Bishop Nikke or Nix, who was imprisoned for siding with the Pope against Henry VIII. The choir and presbytery, the most ancient portion of the Cathedral, is entered through a screen erected in 1472. The ante-choir, a space between the screen and the choir, was formerly used as a chapel, and dedicated to "Our Lady of Pity." Under the seats of the stalls are some curious and grotesque *Misereres*. In a small chapel on the south side is the tomb of Bishop Goldwell. That of Sir William Boleyn, the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, is between the two last piers of the south side of the presbytery. In the middle of the chancel is the tomb of Herbert de Lozinga, erected in 1682 to replace the one destroyed during the Civil Wars. The presbytery also contains the tomb of Sir Thomas Erpingham. At the junction of the choir and transept hang the colours of the West Norfolk Regiment of Foot—that regiment which, on board the *Sarah Sands*, in mid-Atlantic, fought the flames and saved from total destruction a half-consumed ship. There is a monument, too, in the south transept, to the memory of the officers and men of the 9th East Norfolk Regiment who fell in the Afghan and Sikh campaigns.

Opposite the west front is the Erpingham Gate, a fine example of peculiarly East Anglian perpendicular flint-work, erected by Sir Thomas Erpingham between 1411 and 1420. Its builder was the worthy knight who fought at Agincourt, concerning whom Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry V. the words—

" Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than the churlish turf of France."

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And Sir Thomas replies—

“Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, ‘Now lie I like a king.’”

A kneeling statue of the good old knight occupies a niche in the pediment of the gateway. The Ethelbert or Court Gate stands at the south end of the upper close. It was built in 1272. In St Martin's Plain is the Palace or St Martin's Gate, erected about 1430; and on the north side of the Cathedral is the bishop's palace, built in 1318 by Bishop Totington, and added to and ornamented by several succeeding prelates. Close beside it is a chapel erected by Bishop Salmon in the 14th century, and which was used in the 17th century by the Walloon refugees. A priory, dating from the beginning of the 12th century, formerly stood on the south side of the Cathedral, and about ninety years ago some remains of it—still to be seen—were discovered during the demolition of an old building. The Grammar School, which was at one time a chapel and afterwards a charnel-house, stands in the close opposite a statue of Lord Nelson, who was a scholar here.

While in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral you will do well to visit St Andrew's Hall, which stands a little way west of the “Norman masterwork.” It was originally the nave of the conventual church of a monastery of Black Friars, and is one of the finest examples of perpendicular architecture. St Andrew's Hall was rebuilt by Sir Thomas Erpingham in the 15th century, and at the time of the suppression of the monasteries was purchased by the city authorities, who wished “to make the church a fair and large hall for the mayor and his brethren, with all the citizens, to repair unto at a common assembly.” Many distinguished guests have been entertained in this fine old hall, among them Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. Its walls are covered with pictures by several famous artists, including a portrait of Nelson by Sir William Beechy and works by Gainsborough, Opie, and Herkomer. The Triennial

Musical Festivals which have been held in Norwich since 1824 are conducted here, and have brought to the city some of the world's greatest singers and musicians.

Norwich may well be called the "City of Churches," for, in addition to its cathedral, it possesses some fifty churches and the remains of several more. Some of them are of no great note, but others are fine and interesting buildings. Of the latter, St Peter Mancroft, which adjoins the market-place, is the largest and finest. It is a cruciform church with a magnificent tower containing a splendid and famous peal of twelve bells. A better example of the perpendicular style of building would be hard to find in Norfolk, though the county has many fine churches. Norwich is exceedingly proud of it, and some old buildings which concealed much of its beauty have recently been pulled down. Among its mural monuments is one to Sir Thomas Browne, the author of *Religio Medici*; and another to Sir Peter Read, who, according to an inscription here, not only worthily served "his prince and country, but also the Emperor Charles the Fifth, both at his conquest of Barbary and his siege of Tunis," and received from the Emperor the Order of Barbary. St Ethelred's, in King Street, has a fine Norman doorway, and is one of the oldest churches in the city. Some of its monuments and brasses were originally in St Peter Southgate, which was pulled down in 1887. Artists often make a pilgrimage to St George Colegate, which contains a monument to "Old Crome," the founder of the Norwich School of Artists. The monument takes the form of a mural tablet with a profile bust in bas-relief, and bears the inscription, "Near this spot lie the remains of one of England's greatest landscape painters, born in this city, December 21st, 1769, and died in this parish, April 22nd, 1821." St Michael-at-Coslany is noted for its chapel of the reign of Henry VII., said to be the finest example of flint and stone panelled work in England. The altar piece of this church is by Heins, and represents the Resurrection and

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the four Evangelists; the black and white marble with which the floor is paved was brought from the domestic chapel of the Pastons' old home at Oxnead. St Andrew's, in Broad Street, is a fine perpendicular structure with a clerestoried nave, but has nothing in it of very great interest. St Stephen's, Rampant Horse Street, however, contains some good brasses, monuments, and stained windows. St Giles', in St Giles' Street, to the west of the market-place, is of old foundation, but its Norman work was all destroyed when the church was rebuilt in the reign of Richard I. Still it is one of the most striking churches in the city.

Local historians say that the church of St Lawrence, which has a lofty tower and fine interior, stands on a spot where herrings were landed when an arm of the sea extended as far inland as Norwich. A good deal of antiquarian interest attaches to St Gregory's, where the altar is raised considerably above the level of the church in consequence of a passage beneath it, and where there are some remains of an old painted screen. Norman work is again in evidence at St Michael-at-Thorn; and at St Julian's, in King Street, where the south doorway is worth special attention. The round tower of this last-named church, and that of St Mary Coslany, date from before the Conquest, and although sometimes called "Danish" towers, are probably Saxon structures. The Hospital Church of St Helen, in Bishopgate Street, which was founded by Bishop Suffield in 1250, is partly fitted up with wards for the pensioners of a hospital of ancient foundation. One of the wards, which is open to the roof of the choir, is known as the Eagle Ward, the choir roof being adorned with carved eagles. Some other Norwich churches are of old foundation, but have been wholly or partly rebuilt. A "City of Churches," indeed, and of fine churches, too! There is interest enough associated with them to last an antiquary a lifetime.

Next to the Cathedral, Norwich contains no more interesting building than its castle. At the risk of proving wearisome to readers whose inclinations are not towards antiquities and historical associations, I must give a brief account of its history. In the first place, it must be understood that only a portion of the imposing structure now containing the Museum is the Castle—that is the great Norman keep. The rest of the building, enclosed within the massive granite walls, was erected in 1824 as a county prison, and served as such until the erection of a new prison on Mousehold. As long ago as 575 A.D., a fortified post is believed to have stood on the site of the present castle. Its erection is credited to Uffa, who then reigned over the East Angles; but whether he was responsible for the heaping-up of the great mound on which the Castle stands is unknown. That the mound is artificial there is no doubt, for when, some hundred years ago, a well was sunk from the basement of the keep, a pathway was discovered which must have crossed the spot it now covers. The first stone castle was built by William Fitz-Osbern, a follower of the Conqueror, who was instructed to keep in check the vanquished people of the North. Little or nothing of this building now remains; but the existing keep is the castle erected by Earl Hugh Bigod, probably in the reign of Stephen. In it the Earl set himself up as an independent ruler, but he was compelled to surrender it to Henry II. In 1174, he again seized it and held it for some time; but in 1217, King Louis of France obtained possession and held it against King John. It subsequently came into the latter's hands and was used as a Royal prison. In 1345 it became the county gaol, and continued as such until 1884, when, with the additional buildings erected in 1824, it was purchased by the Corporation and converted into a Museum. Of the old keep the features which attract most attention are the portion called Bigod's Tower, access to which was

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formerly obtained by an external staircase; the remains of the dungeons with their prisoners' scrawlings on the walls; a fine Norman doorway; and an ancient recess which has been called a chapel.

The Museum has no superior outside London. From the time of its origin, some sixty years ago, the chief object of its committee has been “the concentration of the peculiar local natural productions of the district.” In this they have been quite successful; and through the generosity of private individuals the Museum has also become possessed of an abundance of objects of interest and some very valuable collections. To appreciate this you need only glance at the excellent “Official Guide,”¹ compiled by Mr Thomas Southwell, F.Z.S., an active and ardent naturalist, and one of the vice-presidents of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society. One of its greatest treasures, and, as Mr Southwell says, “the gem of the collection” of British Birds, is a specimen of the Great Auk or Gare-fowl, presented to the Museum in 1873 with the Lombe Collection, consisting of 540 specimens and 289 species of British birds. This collection also includes a Savi's Warbler, a bird which formerly bred in Norfolk, but which is believed to be no longer a visitor; and a Red-footed Falcon, one of three killed at Horning in 1830, which were the first recorded British specimens. In the centre of the room containing this collection is an unrivalled group of indigenous Great Bustards, consisting of seven local specimens, one of which is believed to be the last of the native British race of these birds. As may be imagined, the Museum contains a considerable number of rare British birds, Norfolk being the most bird-favoured county in England. It can also boast of a unique collection of Raptorial birds, the result of the determination of the late Mr J. H. Gurney to acquire specimens

¹ “The Official Guide to the Norwich Castle Museum.” Messrs Jarrold & Sons, Norwich and London.

of as many as possible of the birds of prey. That ardent ornithologist recognised about 470 species, and of these succeeded in obtaining over 400, all of which he presented to the Museum.

The Picture Gallery contains some 420 paintings, drawings, and etchings, some of them by well-known artists, and many of them the work of members of the Norwich School of Artists, which had for its leaders John Sell Cotman and "Old Crome." John Crome, or "Old Crome," as he is generally known, to distinguish him from his two artist sons, was not until recently well represented, his best work being in other public and private collections. Under the will of the late Mr J. J. Colman, however, the Museum became possessed of several of his works, including "Yarmouth Jetty," "Bruges River," and "Back of the New Mills, Norwich." John Sell Cotman is represented by "A Mishap," "Fishing Boats off Yarmouth," "Old Houses at Gorleston," "The Baggage Waggon" (all under the Colman Bequest), and one or two other pictures. In addition to these there are works by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., John Berney Crome, Henry Ladbrooke, James Stark, Joseph Stannard, and others.

The geological section is particularly interesting, owing to its important collection of East Anglian fossils, including a remarkable series yielded by the Norfolk Forest Bed, and mainly collected by the late Mr John Gunn. The "Fitch Collection," a valuable antiquarian collection, contains innumerable relics of the days of Palæolithic and Neolithic man, and the age of Bronze, as well as a fine variety of Roman antiquities, including a bronze bust of Geta, a Roman mirror, a figure of Bacchus, and a terracotta relief of the head of Diana, all found at Caistor Camp, about three miles from Norwich. Curious ancient and modern, from all parts of the world, are to be seen in the old keep, among them some horrible instruments of torture, a gibbet iron from East Bradenham, and a shovel board originally in the possession of the Paston family.

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You must not leave the Castle without enjoying the grand view from the battlements. From this elevated position you get a good idea of the general plan of the city which lies at your feet, and of the charming scenery which stretches for miles around. The Cathedral, with its graceful and lofty spire, naturally first takes the eye,

but on all sides rise the towers of churches great and small, some standing out boldly and clearly, others half concealed by the surrounding buildings. Beyond the Cathedral is the famous Mousehold Heath, where Kett and his followers made their camp and fought the Earl of Warwick; in another direction are wooded slopes leading down to the peaceful valley of the Yare. All the

principal buildings in the city are seen from this point, and should you be in Norwich on a Saturday it will be worth your while to climb to the battlements and look down upon the busy market-place lying almost directly under the Castle walls.

The market is held on what is called the Castle Hill. One needs the genius of a Hardy to describe the scene to be witnessed here on Saturday, when from all parts of the county and from the neighbouring counties, farmers, breeders, dealers, and drovers flock in, and the great pens are packed with cattle. The country folk come in by road and rail, on foot, on horseback, in dogcarts, waggons, tumbrils, and carriers' vans. The old inns and inn-yards around the hill are full of life, extra ostlers are employed, and the pigeons, which, during the rest of the week, feed undisturbed on the corn scattered among the cobble-stones, are driven to seek refuge on the roofs. As mid-day approaches all sorts of conveyances draw up around the hill. Two or three old-fashioned farmers, with some of their women-folk, arrive in ancient low-wheeled phaetons, to alight from which they have to descend barely a foot to the ground. Gentlemen farmers favour dashing dog-carts, drawn by high-stepping hackneys; dealers drive square, heavy carts in which they often bring pigs or a calf. Occasionally a bucolic blade, with an eye to an effective appearance, comes up in a "sulky." All day long you hear the cracking of whips, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the neighing of horses, the squealing of pigs, the barking of dogs, and the shouts of dealers and drovers. All Norfolk comes, at some time or another, to the Castle Hill. As the city is the recognised county capital, so is its Castle Hill the centre of the county's rural interests. Some of the romance of old English country life still lingers here, and reminds you of the days, after all not so very long gone by, when young Borrow used to resort to the Hill, and, wondering, saw the men, and especially the old men, take off their hats

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to an old one-eyed stallion, which proved to be the celebrated fast-trotter “Marshland Shales.” In those days it was a thing to boast of that you had seen this wonderful creature, which on August 3rd, 1810, “trotted seventeen miles in 56 minutes, carrying 12 st. 2 lbs., and was afterwards sold by auction for £305.” Here, too, Borrow met many of his Romany friends, whom he accompanied to their camps on Mousehold, after seeing them display that marvellous horsemanship for which they were renowned.

I have more than once had occasion to refer to Mousehold, and, as a pleasant change after rambling through old churches and listening to the deafening clamour of the cattle mart, you may wish to visit and explore the wild tract of heathland which for centuries has been a favourite resort of the Norwich citizens. From the neighbourhood of the Cathedral the Heath can soon be reached by crossing the old Bishop’s Bridge (which dates from 1295), and climbing the steep roadway which leads past the Cavalry Barracks. With the exception of that part which the Corporation has planted with young trees and rhododendrons, this breezy expanse is left in its primitive wild state, though I cannot admit, as Dr Knapp would have me, that it is “resonant with the cries and wing-flappings of *noisome* birds.” True, under certain aspects it has, like Egdon Heath, “a lonely face, suggesting tragic possibilities,” but on a bright summer day, such as I should choose for a visit, it is a delightful spot, conducive to good spirits and love of life. It is a Norfolk Exmoor, with little tors and vales, which are full of colour even at the end of September. In spring its hillocks and hollows are ablaze with gorse and broom; at mid-summer the Maltese crosses of the tormentil, the white and yellow bedstraws, and the pink bells of the cross-leaved heath, nestle amid the waving bents; and in autumn the slopes are purple with ling and fine-leaved heath, amid which the flaring ragworts and graceful St John’s-wort give here and there a dash of gold.

There are bramble thickets, too, in which the birds build, and on which the whinchats utter those queer notes which might have been learned from the primitive flint-knappers. Such places are subject to little change save that which the succession of seasons brings, and Mousehold has altered little since Crome painted the picture of it now in the National Gallery, and is probably little different to what it was when the scene of Kett's encampment. It may have been partially wooded at one time, for we know that Kett held his court under one of its oaks; but the trees have long ago disappeared, and you will scarcely regret them, for you will not look for trees on a heath. As you brush your way through the bracken, listen to the songs of the larks and linnets, and breathe the fresh upland air, it is impossible not to think of that strange dialogue which took place here between Lavengro and Jasper Petulengro, the Romany *griengro*.

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so!—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die—."

"You talk like a gorgio, which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Romany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed!—A Romany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever."

Although there were no gipsies encamped on Mousehold when last I saw it, and no traces of their camp fires, there were signs that either the hot weather or mischievous boys had been responsible for a recent heath fire. The

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former seemed to me the more likely cause when I read the notice posted up here and there by the Chief Constable, which said that “Whosoever shall unlawfully and maliciously set fire to any furze, gorse, heath, fern, turf, peat, wood, or

GUILDHALL, NORWICH

bark, or any Steer of Wood or Bark, shall be guilty of Felony,” and liable to “Penal Servitude for Life!”

Refreshed with a breath of country air, you may return to the market-place and look, in its north-west corner, for the Guildhall, an ancient flint and freestone structure, erected in the 15th century and partly rebuilt in the next. It was originally a small thatched building where the market tolls were collected. Among its portraits of famous Nor-

folk people is one of "Old Crome." The object of greatest interest, however, is the sword of the Spanish Admiral Don Xavier Francisco Winthuysen, who was defeated at the battle of St Vincent. It was presented to the city by Lord, then Sir Horatio, Nelson, and a letter which accompanied the gift is still preserved.

I cannot conclude my notes on Norwich without referring to some of those whose names will be for ever associated with the grand old city. Among them none has attained greater fame than Sir Thomas Browne, who lived in a house which stood in the Haymarket. He was not born in the city, nor was he of Norfolk parentage, his family having, for a long time before his birth in London, resided in Cheshire; but he settled here in 1637, being then in his thirty-second year, and remained here for the rest of his life. Probably Sir Thomas Browne had previously completed his *Religio Medici*, but it was not published until 1642. He married a Norfolk lady, Dorothy Mileham, who bore him eleven children. During his life here he got together a large library and devoted much time to the study of languages, natural history, and antiquities. Evelyn, who visited him at Norwich soon after he was knighted, tells us: "Next morning I went to see Sir Thomas Browne, with whom I had corresponded by letter, though I had never seen him before, his whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Among other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of all the eggs of all the fowle and birds he could procure; that country, especially the promontory of Norfolck, being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go further into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and a variety of water-fowle. He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest and certainly, after London, one of the noblest in England, for its venerable Cathedrall, number of stately churches, cleannesse of the streetes, and building of flints so exquisitely headed and

“*The City of Churches*”

squared, as I was much astonished at; but he told me that they had lost the art of squaring the flints, in which at one time they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls were built.” After Sir Thomas Browne’s death a number of MSS., dealing with the monuments and ancient buildings of Norwich, and the birds and fishes of Norfolk, were found and published. He was buried in St Peter Mancroft, but some years ago his skull was removed from his tomb and is now in the Museum of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

Sir Thomas Erpingham I have had occasion to speak of. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who was born in 1516 and beheaded on Tower Hill in 1554, had two houses at Norwich, one in Surrey Street and the other on Mousehold. Dr Caius, the founder of Caius College, Cambridge, was born here, as was also Sir John Fenn, editor of the famous “Paston Letters.” More recently the old city has been the home of William Taylor, the German scholar, whose personal appearance and characteristics Borrow has described in “Lavengro”; of John Crome, the son of a journeyman weaver, who found in his native county the subjects of his greatest pictures; Sir James Smith, the founder of the Linnæan Society and author of the *Flora Britannica*; Harriet Martineau, who “left off darning stockings to take to literature”; John Sell Cotman, whose work is now represented in the art gallery of the Museum; Joseph John Gurney of Earlham, the large-hearted Quaker brother of Elizabeth Fry; and George Henry Borrow, the “Walking Lord of Gypsy Lore,” who lived for several years in a little house still standing in Willow Lane.

If space permitted I might say a good deal about the Norwich inns, some of which are quaint and ancient buildings. The “Maid’s Head” adjoins that open space in front of the Cathedral Gate called Tombland. It is believed that as long ago as 1287 there was an inn standing on the site of the present one. Whether this is true or not, there is no doubt that there was a “Mayde’s Hedde” here in

1472, for John Paston, in announcing to his wife the approaching arrival of a friend in Norfolk, suggests that if "he tary at Norwich there whylys, it were best to setle hys horse at the Mayde's Hedde, and I shalbe content for ther expences." It was at the "Maid's Head" that certain officers of the Earl of Warwick's troops breakfasted on the morning of the fight with Kett's rebels on Mousehold. Some of the men who partook of that breakfast were dead before night, and were buried in St Simon's Churchyard, which is just opposite the inn. The church register contains the names of four of them, with the appended note that "thes 4 esquires weare slayne in the King's army on Mushold Heath."

NORWICH TO WYMONDHAM, THETFORD, AND BRANDON.

MONDH

ITINERARY THE SECOND

BYWAYS AND AN OLD TURNPIKE

NORWICH TO CAISTOR CAMP, WYMONDHAM, AND THETFORD

Caistor Camp — *Venta Icenorum* — Keswick — The Wymondham Turnpike — Wymondham—Its Church and Abbey — The Tragedy of Stanfield Hall—Kimberley Hall and the Wodehouses—Attleborough and Thetford.

SOMEONE has compared Norwich to the centre of a spider's web, and if you examine a Norfolk road map you will be struck at once with the resemblance. From Norwich the main roads of the county radiate in every direction, and the city is therefore a convenient starting-point for several interesting tours. So excellent are these main roads, that you need some special attraction to tempt you to leave them, their smooth level surface making driving a delight, cycling an untiring exercise, and even walking scarcely accompanied by fatigue. Yet it is often a mistake to keep to the old turnpikes and highways, although they lead to important centres and chief towns. In some districts "main road" is only another spelling of monotony: it too often means a straight level highway bordered by a wearisome succession of telegraph poles, and with an inn at fairly regular intervals. Along such routes the seeker of the interesting and picturesque often journeys in vain, when all the while, not far away, down the winding byroads and leafy lanes, there are charming scenes, peaceful waters mirroring waving willows, old thatched homesteads, shade instead of sun-glare, dew instead of dust, and birds' songs instead of bicycle bells.

I would suggest, therefore, that when you set out to travel any given stretch of highway, you do not time your journeying by the number of miles between its beginning and end. You will do well to allow for pardonable lapses from the strict straight course; remembering that pleasure is to be obtained otherwise than by speedy progression, and that at the end of a holiday more delight is got from the memory of some out-of-the-way streamlet, with banks bright and fragrant with wild flowers, than from the contemplation of a cyclometer. Bearing this in mind, you must not be surprised that, at the commencement of the first of our tours out of Norwich, you are taken into a little-known neighbourhood, where, although the high-roads are good, the by-roads are not always all that could be desired. The proposed journey is from Norwich to the Roman Camp at Caistor St Edmunds, and on to Wymondham, Attleborough, and Thetford; and if before he comes out upon the Thetford turnpike the cyclist has to complain of a "rough stretch" here and there, he must console himself with the thought that in all probability it is a piece of a Roman road.

To reach Caistor (not to be confused with Caister, near Yarmouth, which you will see later) the best route is that which leaves Norwich by way of King Street, and branches out from Prince of Wales's Road near the Post Office. It is a queer old street, with quaint waterside inns on the left hand and traces of the old city walls on the right, and it takes you past the enormous factories of a firm of world-wide reputation—Messrs J. & J. Colman, the mustard makers. It emerges into Bracondale, where you turn into Martineau's Lane, a narrow leafy byway named after the noted family which formerly occupied Bracondale Lodge. The lane skirts the pleasant grounds of Bracondale Woods—the home of Mr Russell Colman, whose father represented Norwich in Parliament for many years, and was one of the city's chief benefactors—and terminates at the old thatched Cock Inn

Byways and an Old Turnpike

at Lakenham. Crossing the little Tas, Taas, Tase, Taes, or Tesse (it is so variously spelt), you are in open country. Like all the roads leading into Norwich, that from Caistor is, towards the end of the week, traversed by droves of cattle and sheep on their way to the Castle Hill; and it is no uncommon thing to encounter here a flock of sheep following, instead of being driven by, a shepherd or drover.

The Camp at Caistor, which is about three miles from Norwich, is a fine relic of the Roman occupation. Although not so impressive at first sight as Burgh Castle (the Roman fortress near Yarmouth), it is in good state of preservation, the four sides of a parallelogram being distinctly traceable. The camp measures 438 yards from east to west, and 362 from north to south, and is reckoned to have been capable of containing a force of 6000 men. In several places the masonry, which closely resembles that at Burgh Castle, being composed of flints and regular courses of bricks, is in good condition. At the western end, which overhangs the ancient bed of the Tas, are the remains of a round tower and water gate, where vessels were unloaded which brought supplies for the garrison. On the east side is a deep *fossa*, heaped with masses of detached masonry. The church of St Edmund stands in the south-east corner of the camp, and is largely built of flints and bricks from the ruins. The general opinion among antiquaries now is that Norwich occupies the site of the *Venta Icenorum* of the Romans; but some authorities have suggested that that important Icenic settlement was at Caistor. The late Mr Hudson Gurney, in a letter to the late Mr Dawson Turner, remarks that he is strongly in favour of the former theory, and states:—"In 1834 I went over the camp at Caistor, and the country adjacent, with Colonel Leake, who may be considered the greatest living authority for the sites of ancient cities and fortified camps, and he at once said that he was convinced that Norwich was the *Venta Icenorum*, and the capital of the Icenii, and Caistor the fortified camp planted by the

Romans over against it, on the other side of the estuary, to bridle, as was their custom, a hostile population." Several valuable antiquities unearthed here are in the Norwich Castle Museum.

Again crossing the Tas (which must have shrunk considerably since the Roman galleys sailed its waters), and also the railroad and the Norwich and Ipswich turnpike, you are in Keswick, and catch a glimpse of its church tower rising from a grove of trees. Upon closer view the tower proves to be all that is left of the church, and upon inquiry you may learn that nearly three hundred years have elapsed since a service was held within the now vanished walls. Hereabouts it may be necessary to inquire your way to the Wymondham turnpike, for "four cross ways" are numerous, and not all possessed of signposts. In Norfolk, however, you need never hesitate to interrogate the country folk; even the old women on their way to market are glad of an excuse to stop and chat, and, in addition to giving the information you require, will tell you all about themselves, their family history, and the rector and squire and *their* family histories. It was from such a talkative old dame that I learnt that within the last few years Keswick churchyard had been re-opened for interments. "You see," she said, "the first lot have had time to get crumbly;" and on my apologising for stopping her, she said hastily: "Bless your heart, my old hoss is glad of a rest!"

Keswick is a pretty little village of very few houses. Those it consists of, however, are of the better order of rustic dwellings, and most of them are surrounded by very charming gardens. Close beside them, too, are groves of trees, each with its tangle of underwood, amid which the burdocks and willow-herbs grow ten feet high. By the roadside you continually come across the great mullein, the "hig-taper" of country folklore, with its soft woolly leaves and dense spike of large yellow blossoms. The sylvan surroundings of the village are very favourable to its bird life, and therefore calculated to afford considerable

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pleasure to Mr J. H. Gurney, the ornithologist, and president of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, who lives here. The people of Keswick, when they wish to go to church—and I have no reason for assuming that this is not the case every Sunday—have to journey to the neighbouring parish of Intwood, which is still blessed with a serviceable sanctuary. It formerly had also a fine old mansion, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of

the London Royal Exchange. In it Sir Thomas entertained the Earl of Warwick when he came into Norfolk to suppress the Kett Rebellion.

At length, after a pleasant ramble along by-roads, you come out on to the Norwich and Wymondham turnpike, and can "follow the wires" all the way to the latter town. You are still only three miles from Norwich; but now, as you set out for Hethersett, every step increases the distance, and by the time you reach Hethersett church, which stands a little back from the road, you are five and a half miles

from your starting-point. In June and July the roadside banks about here are decked with the beautiful white blossoms of one of our rarer *Rosaceae*, the burnet rose, which is usually most plentiful near the sea. Another three and a half miles brings you to Wymondham, a little town where at least an afternoon may be profitably spent, for it possesses some quaint old buildings, a fine church, and some interesting ruins. The adjoining hamlets, too, are remarkable for their ancient manor and farm-houses. In spite of its railway station and several good modern houses, Wymondham does not yet seem to fully realise that this is the nineteenth century, so seldom is there anything like stir or liveliness in its narrow streets, brooded over here and there by projecting, high-peaked gables.

At first sight Wymondham church seems almost of cathedral proportions, owing to its two towers. The east end tower is the older of the two, being a portion of a Benedictine abbey founded in 1107 by William d'Albini, an ancestor of the Earls of Arundel. There are extensive ruins of the conventual church of this abbey in the churchyard, and other traces of the abbey in the Old Green Dragon Inn in Church Street. The monks of Wymondham appear to have been a most exemplary set, for at the dissolution of the monasteries very little could be urged against them, and the abbot was granted an annual allowance of £66, 13s. 4d. Previous to this, in the reign of Henry I., a special grant was made to the abbey of "all wrecks on that part of the coast lying between Eccles, Happisburgh, and Tunstead, and a rent in kind of 2000 eels annually from the village of Helgay." Pilgrims used to resort to the town to drink of a sacred well, the waters of which still bubble up near the church. The Grammar School was formerly a chapel dedicated to St Thomas a-Becket.

As I have said, there are some fine old country seats around Wymondham. There are also some interesting moated houses. Among the latter are Stanfield, Gunvil,

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and Burfield Halls, all of which are within easy distance of the town, and really form part of it. The two places which naturally attract most attention are Kimberley Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kimberley, and Stanfield Hall, the scene of one of the most atrocious and sensational murders recorded in the annals of crime. But Kimberley is three and a half miles from Wymondham town, so before visiting it you will perhaps glance at Stanfield Hall, while I make some reference to the gruesome event which made it famous.

In the year 1848 this Elizabethan moated mansion was occupied by Mr Isaac Jermy, the Recorder of Norwich. He had for his bailiff and tenant a well-known farmer named James Blomfield Rush. Ill-feeling appears to have existed between master and bailiff for some time, in consequence of the rescinding of certain leases, and the issuing of distress warrants whereby Rush was ejected from one of his farms. Other legal proceedings ensued, and Rush published a pamphlet in which he described Mr Jermy as a villain, and asserted that he had no right to Stanfield Hall. He also made a young woman, whom he had engaged as governess, draw up certain documents by which Mr Jermy, whose name was forged, entered into certain agreements beneficial to his bailiff-tenant. The murders afterwards committed were for some time premeditated, for Rush, in addition to going out late at night under the pretence of watching for poachers, gave instructions that straw should be laid down on the footpath between his house, Potash Farm, and Stanfield Hall, evidently with the idea of preventing his footprints being traced. Also, before the night of the murders he sent away from his house everyone except Emily Sandford, the governess, and a lad named Savory. On the evening of November 28th, 1848, after having tea, he disguised himself in widow's weeds, armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and left his home.

Shortly after eight o'clock that night, Mr Jermy was alone in the dining-room, his son and daughter-in-law, who lived with him, having retired to the drawing-room for a

game of cards. After dinner it was the Recorder's custom to look out of the hall door or take a short stroll in front of the house. Rush, who no doubt was aware of this, concealed himself near the door, and when Mr Jermy appeared in the porch fired at him and shot him through the heart. The murderer then ran to a side door, pushed his way past the butler, and arrived in the staircase hall just as Mr Jermy, junior, who had heard the report of the gun, appeared in the hall. At him Rush also fired, and he fell dead at his feet. Mrs Jermy, who had remained in the drawing-room until she heard the second explosion, then entered the hall, where she saw the dead body of her husband. Her screams for help brought Eliza Chastney, one of the servants, on the scene, and together they saw Rush emerge from the dining-room and point a gun at them. He fired twice, wounding Mrs Jermy in the arm and the servant in the leg, and then fled from the house by a side door. Meanwhile a stableman, who believed the house to be attacked by a band of robbers, had swum the moat, obtained a horse at a neighbouring farm, and ridden to spread the alarm at Wymondham. The butler, too, had run to another farm for assistance.

After leaving the hall the murderer returned to Potash Farm, where, on being admitted by Emily Sandford, he went upstairs and took off his disguise. He then came downstairs and told the girl that if inquiry were made about him she was to say he had not been out of the house more than ten minutes. Later in the night, when footsteps were heard outside the house, he came to her bedside and said, "Now, you be firm and remember that I was out only ten minutes." She noticed that as he spoke he was trembling violently. Next day he was arrested and taken before the magistrates, when Emily Sandford persisted in stating that on the previous night he was not out of the house more than a quarter of an hour. At the ensuing inquest, however, she told the truth, and related all that had passed between herself and the murderer. Rush's disguise was

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found in the house, and the gun he had used was discovered in a rubbish-heap. The forged deeds he had compelled Sandford to draw up were found under the floor of a closet at Potash Farm.

The trial at the assizes, which commenced on March 29th, 1849, in the Shirehall at Norwich, was followed with intense interest by the whole country. The prisoner conducted his own defence. Mr Sergeant Byles, who prosecuted, not only by calling witnesses clearly proved the facts already stated, but by the production of the forged documents showed a powerful motive for the murders. Several of the Stanfield Hall servants believed the prisoner to be the man they had seen in disguise, and Eliza Chastney, the injured girl, who was brought into court on a couch, closely attended by doctors, pointed out Rush as the murderer. Emily Sandford also gave evidence, and her statements went a long way towards confirming those of the witnesses from the Hall. The prisoner commenced his defence on the fifth day of the trial, and spoke for about fourteen hours. He admitted that he knew an attempt was to be made to obtain possession of the Hall on the night of the murders (an attempt had been made some years before), but said he had advised the parties concerned not to do so. Such a weak defence naturally failed to influence the jury, who soon returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. He was executed on the bridge in front of Norwich Castle on April 21st, thousands of people journeying from all parts of the city and county to see him hanged. Potash Farmhouse, where the murderer lived, is still to be seen in the parish of Hethel, near Wymondham, but its name has been changed to Hethel Wood Farm.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Stanfield Hall was occupied by Sir John Robsart, who was twice High Sheriff of the county. He was the father of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, whose husband, Lord Robert Dudley, son of the Earl of Warwick, probably first met

his future wife when he was Sir John Robsart's guest here at the time of the Kett Rebellion. He married Amy Robsart in the year following the Rebellion.

Although the village of Kimberley is rather more than three miles from the town, Kimberley Hall is in the parish of Wymondham. The Wodehouse family, into whose possession the estate came in the reign of Henry VI., and who trace their descent from the Fastolffs, is now represented by the Earl of Kimberley, who preserves in the hall a throne erected for Queen Elizabeth, who stayed here in 1578 when on her way from Norwich to Cambridge. The hilt of an old sword and a poniard, said to have been used by Sir John Wodehouse who fought at Agincourt, are among the family heirlooms. The present hall was built at the beginning of the eighteenth century, not far from the site of an earlier mansion, the demolition of which is described in some old verses quoted by Blomfield—

“First fell Elizabeth's brave lodging room,
Then the fair stately hall to ruin came;
Next falls the vast great chamber arch'd on high
With golden pendants fretted sumptuously.
Yet of four parts there still remained the seat
Unto that heir who first was baronet,
And to his son, till that long parliament
Nobles and gentry brought to discontent;
In which sad humour he lets all the rest
Of this fair fabric sink into its dust:
Down falls the chapel, then the goodly tower,
Tho' of material so firm and stower
Time scarce could uncement them: but, sad fate,
Now England suffers both in church and state.
But these may God rebuild and raise again
By the restoration of our sovereign.”

The park at Kimberley, which comprises portions of four parishes, is well wooded and has recently been restocked with deer. A large lake, made by the widening of a small river, adds much to its beauty.

Leaving Wymondham by a south-westerly route you

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enter upon that part of the Norwich and Thetford road which is said to have been the first turnpike road constructed in England, and about half-way to Attleborough you come upon the remains of an obelisk erected to the memory of Sir Edward Rich, who, in 1675, contributed what was then considered a large sum towards the repairing of Norfolk highways. A journey of a little more than five miles brings you to Attleborough, where there is little to detain you except the church, which contains two ancient chapels and some fine monuments and tablets of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Here, if you choose, you may leave the Thetford turnpike and make an excursion by way of Old Buckenham to Diss. Such an excursion, however, will scarcely be worth your while unless you decide to return through Kenninghall and Quidenham to the turnpike, when you will have the doubtful gratification of gazing at some mounds variously conjectured to mark the site of an ancient British settlement or a Roman camp, and the unquestionable pleasure of a glimpse of Quidenham Hall in the midst of its well-timbered park, and perhaps of enjoying a day's fishing in the lake in the park. True, there was once a palace at Kenninghall in which the Princess Mary lived until, on the death of Edward VI., she claimed the crown; but nothing is now left of it except some of its ornamental brickwork, which may be seen in some of the houses of the adjoining villages. If, however, you keep to the turnpike, you will, after a twenty miles' journey, find yourself at Thetford. Save for a more or less ruined church here and there, or old country house of no unusual interest, the journey is rather a barren one from the tourist's point of view, and you may prefer to make it by rail. You will then be able to devote more time to the ancient town of Thetford and the wild heathlands around it.

ITINERARY THE THIRD

A ROYAL TOWN AND A FLINT VILLAGE

THETFORD, BRANDON, AND THE GREAT WARREN

The Metropolis of the Heptarchy—Antiquities of Thetford—Castle Hill—Abbey Gate—Monastic Houses—Churches—Royal Residences—The Great Warren—Warren Lodge—Brandon—Flint-knapping—Prehistoric Relics—Grimes' Graves—A Flint Village—Gun-flint making—Spurious Flint Implements—Breckland.

WHY it should be so is hard to say; but Thetford does not receive that amount of tourist patronage it deserves. Nor is the neighbourhood of this ancient town so well known as it ought to be. Places far less accessible and with smaller claims to attention have become popular, while Thetford, which was a royal city and the ecclesiastical centre of East Anglia ere Norwich could boast of a bishop, is neglected; and this in spite of the fact that the town is on the main line from London to Norwich and only an hour's railway journey from the Norfolk capital. A possible explanation is that most of the guide-books are made up of itineraries which commence at Norwich and terminate somewhere along the coast. A delightful district is thus ignored, and many tourists leave Norfolk without having explored one of the most interesting parts of the county. This is the more to be regretted because the neighbourhood of Thetford is quite different to the greater portion of Norfolk. Certain parts of it, it is true, are not unlike what is to be seen elsewhere along the borders of Fen-

A Royal Town and a Flint Village

land ; but only around Sandringham and Swaffham, and even there in a less degree, are there such wild expanses of heathland, such wide and breezy warrens, and such dusky fragrant pine woods as are found around Thetford. One of the most attractive features of the district is, at least to my mind, its remoteness from the regular tourist routes, and the absence of any indication that its inhabitants are desirous of seeing it popularised. Yet, as one journeys through it and gets to know its delights, the conviction comes that it will not much longer remain neglected. Everything is against its retaining its primitiveness. Still, it will be some time before popularity spoils Thetford, and the building of rows of suburban houses drives the lapwings from its heaths and the rabbits from its warrens.

First, turn your attention to the town. Even if you are unaware that the first king of the East Angles made it a royal city, you will, immediately upon entering it, become conscious of its antiquity. A first impression is that old buildings—inns, shops, and private houses—predominate over modern ones ; so numerous are they, indeed, that recent buildings and modern improvements seem strangely out of place here. What right, one is inclined to ask, has a plate-glass window to face an ancient house with Elizabethan gables ? and might not that fine old carved doorway be content with its grotesque knocker, and do without an electric bell ? Such questions, however, even if the mind frames them, usually remain unasked, for the streets of Thetford are a perfect maze, and all one's interrogations are generally directed towards finding one's way about the town. If it were not for the river, strangers would probably spend their time in flitting out of one county into another and back again without knowing it, for Thetford is a borderland town, partly in Norfolk, partly in Suffolk. When it was the "Metropolis of the Heptarchy" it was the centre of a kingdom whose limits reached far beyond the Little Ouse, and there was no town council to condemn its designers' building plans. Those designers probably made streets of

the old Icenic trackways which led down to the river; and so because some hunter long dead chose a circuitous path to the place where he kept his coracle moored, you to-day must wander about Thetford by devious ways.

The inhabitants of Thetford are very proud of a big mound on the eastern side of the town, which they call the Castle Hill. What it is they do not know, but they are certain it is something very wonderful. One local historian suggests that it is a memorial mound similar to "the mount of Alyattes on the Tmolus ridge of Asia Minor, and the tumuli of Odin, Thor, and Freya, at Upsala." There is little doubt that, like the Castle Hill at Norwich, it is an artificial mound, and of great age. It is about 100 feet in height, and of considerable circumference. The ditch or moat which surrounds it is now dry, but may at one time have been connected with the Thet or some tributary of that river.

A less puzzling relic of the past is the fine old Abbey Gate which stands a little to the right of the road leading to the town from the station. This massive gate, still in fairly good condition, was once the entrance to an abbey or priory which, like many other monastic buildings in Norfolk and Suffolk, owed its foundation to the warlike family of Bigod. For a long time this abbey was the burial-place of the three families which successively bore the title of Dukes of Norfolk—the Bigods, Mowbrays, and Howards. Its ruins cover a good deal of ground; but the Gate is the only portion which has withstood time and other destructive agencies. The remains of another monastery, founded by Uvius or Urius, an Abbot of Bury in the reign of Canute, now form part of the buildings of the "Place" Farm, the conventual church being used as a barn. The ruins of this monastery are the oldest in the town. On the Suffolk side of the river, and partly contained in a comparatively modern residence called "The Canons," are the ruins of the church and other portions of the monastery of the Holy Sepulchre and Sacred Cross, founded in 1139 by William de Warrenne.

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In Thetford to-day there are only three churches used for worship. In the reign of Edward III. there were about twenty; but of more than a dozen of these not a trace is left, while of the rest the remains are only fragmentary. In the Boys' Grammar School is the south transept arch of the old church of Holy Trinity, which was the cathedral church of the diocese as long ago as the eleventh century; but apart from this the ruins are scarcely worth seeking. Of the existing churches the finest is that of St Mary, on the Suffolk side of the river. It contains a Norman font and a portion of the tomb of Sir Richard Fulverstone, the founder of the Grammar School, who was interred here in 1566. St Peter's, at the corner of King Street, used to be called the Black Church, because it is built of black flints. St Cuthbert's, the smallest of the three churches, which stands near the market-place, was almost entirely rebuilt in 1852, and is only of interest on account of its fine oak screen and grotesque gargoyles.

Thetford may well claim to be considered a royal city, for from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries the old King's House in King Street, or the building it replaced in the reign of Elizabeth, was a country residence of the English kings. It was given to Sir Philip Wodehouse by James I., and the arms and motto of the Wodehouse family are carved on a stone in the conservatory. The grounds were formerly far more extensive than they are now. At the south end of Well Street is another house supposed to have been a royal residence. It is called the Manor House, and was the seat of the Earls of Warrenne, from whom it passed into the possession of the Crown. This is one of the oldest houses in the town; but the Bell Hotel, once a famous posting-house, is an Elizabethan inn well worthy of a visit, and there is a house in White Hart Street which dates from the same period. The Guildhall, where the Lent Assizes for the county of Norfolk were held until they were removed to Norwich, was originally the hall of a religious guild of the thirteenth century. The Grammar School is chiefly notable

for having had for a scholar Thomas Paine, the author of "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason," who was born in a house which formerly

stood in White Hart Street. Many of the houses strike one as being considerably older than they really are, owing to their being built of the stones of vanished monasteries, halls, and churches. This helps to give the town its look of antiquity.

A day may be profitably spent in exploring the straggling

A Royal Town and a Flint Village

streets of this quaint old Borough; but if you tire of old churches, old ruins, and old houses, there are wide heaths and breezy uplands just outside the town, where the air is as invigorating as a sea breeze and wild nature calls to you in many voices. Such a delightful expanse is the Great Warren which stretches away westward towards Brandon. Leaving the town by the Brandon Road, you enter at once upon this grand tract of moorland, across which the hedgeless road winds like a grey ribbon through bracken, heather, and bugloss. Scarcely has the last house of Thetford been left behind before the rabbits, of which there are thousands here, are seen scurrying across the road and in and out of the fern, while on all sides the peewits rise and wheel overhead, crying plaintively. Gazing around you see scarcely a sign of human habitation; almost the only house in sight is a curious one known as the Warren Lodge, which stands on the highest point of the Warren. Its origin is unknown. At a distance it somewhat resembles a low-towered church, but a closer inspection shows that what is apparently the tower is an ancient square erection something like a castle keep. A cottage adjoins the "keep," and is occupied by the keeper of the Warren. From him you may learn that a good many years ago the "keep" was tenanted by a warrener and his men, who sometimes caught as many as 2,000 rabbits in a night by means of pitfalls; and he will point out the bare old chamber in which these men slept, and the old wooden platters and salt-cellars they used at their meals. You are told, too, that the Warren was once a "great place" for silver-grey rabbits, many thousands of which were annually sent to London; but the race is believed to be quite extinct here now.

Of late years large tracts of the Great Warren have been planted with trees, and these have, to a certain extent, robbed it of wide vistas. Still it is an ideal place for a summer day, when the sun shines warmly on the heather, the breeze is laden with the fragrance of the pines, the rabbits are gambolling on every side, and the pretty little

sand lizards are basking on the footpaths or wriggling out of sight among the heath and ling. And at nightfall there is a gloomy grandeur about this tawny heathland with its fretted ridges of pines. The sun sets upon it as upon a landscape of some dead planet. You realise then how little it has changed since the Stone Age; and it is not difficult to arrive at such a mood that even the appearance of a "troglodytic Eskurian," armed with stone axe and clad in cloak of skins, would scarcely cause surprise. Icen,

Roman, Saxon, and Dane, all have been here, have lived, fought, and died here; but they have left few traces of their presence. A flint arrow-head, a shattered urn, a few defaced copper coins, these are all that is left of them, and the ragged gorse, which grows so freely in Nature's wild places, blooms above their dust. Under the stars the Great Warren is as lonely as a mountain top, for the calling of the plovers and the loud whistling of the stone curlews are scarcely companionable sounds.

If you venture so far as the middle of the Great Warren, it will be worth your while to follow the road to Brandon, a journey of about six miles from Thetford. You may do this because Brandon possesses an interest which attaches to

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no other town or village in the world. It is the only place where flint-knapping, or the manufacture of gun-flints, is still carried on. There is reason for believing that even in the days of prehistoric man this district was resorted to by hunters and warriors who required good flints for axes and arrow-heads, for the flints of this neighbourhood are noted for their quality, and at Weeting, in a desolate locality adjoining Brandon, there is a great number of circular excavations now recognised as the pits from which the men of the Neolithic Age obtained their flints. Here, too, they must have fashioned them, for when, in 1870, the Rev. Canon Greenwell made a scientific examination of what are locally known as Grimes' Graves, he discovered not only flakes and cores of flints, but a number of flint implements which must have been used in the making of axes and arrow and spear heads. After paying a visit to these ancient pits, which are thousands of years old, it is a strange experience to enter Brandon and find men still engaged in fashioning flints in much the same manner as the hunters of the Stone Age.

Brandon, indeed, may be described as a flint village; for its church and chapels are built of flints, and so are its cottages and their garden walls. The present-day knappers devote most of their time to the fashioning of ornamental flint-work for decorative building, but some of them, as I have said, still make gun-flints. That there should still be a demand for gun-flints is surprising; but one of the knappers, named Field, says that of late years he has been able to sell large quantities of them, and he believes they are traded away to the native tribes of Africa. There are three stages in the making of a gun-flint. First, the flints are "quartered," that is, the great stones are broken with a large hammer. They are then "flaked" or split into angular strips by taps of a small hammer. Lastly, the flakes are "knapped" or shaped with a small hammer and a kind of hard chisel fixed upright in a low wooden bench. Gun-flints are made in four sizes, for muskets, carbines, horse

pistols, and small or single-barrelled pistols, and a set of these can easily be obtained from a Brandon knapper.

A great many of the spurious flint implements, which have been accepted by antiquaries as genuine and have found their way into museums and private collections, were manufactured at Brandon, and some of the knappers are still skilled hands at making them. Most of the workers, however, possess not only flint weapons of their own manufacture, but some fine genuine ones which they have come upon while excavating flints. The uninstructed observer is quite unable to detect the false from the true, but a knapper has no difficulty in doing so. But it does not follow that he is always ready to enlighten a stranger on the subject of spurious flint implements. I can only assure you that if, while in Brandon, you wish to become possessed of an ancient British arrow-head you need not wait long for it!

The trip to Brandon is only one of several pleasant excursions which may be made into Breckland if you make Thetford your headquarters for a time. As is stated at the beginning of this chapter, the neighbourhood is at present practically an unknown country, so far as tourists are concerned. This I can promise you, that if you decide to devote a day or two to the isolated Breckland hamlets, the wide heaths and warrens, the meres and the churches, you will not regret it. There are over a hundred churches within a twelve-mile radius of Thetford, and some of these not only contain good examples of Norman workmanship, but are possessed of old Danish or Saxon round towers. Norfolk, where it is not made up of marshlands, is chiefly given up to cultivation; so it is as well that you should pause a while in a district which presents a totally different aspect to what you will find general elsewhere within the county.

NORWICH TO YARMOUTH.

ITINERARY THE FOURTH

PEGGOTTY'S PORT

GREAT YARMOUTH

Norwich to Yarmouth—Acle—Across the Marshes—Yarmouth—
“The Norfolk Gridiron”—England’s Largest Parish Church
—A Town won from the Waves—Beachmen and Beach Companies—A Vanishing Type—Salvage Work—A Dangerous Coast—Notable Wrecks—Historical Houses—Defoe’s Impressions of Yarmouth.

ONLY very brief reference need be made to the journey from Norwich to Yarmouth, as much of the country through which it leads is dealt with in the chapters devoted to the Broadland, Yarmouth, and the Norfolk coast. Indeed, it is doubtful if many tourists, except those who cycle, will follow the route now indicated, for the river trip down the Yare, from the Norfolk capital to Norfolk’s largest port, is so pleasant that most people who do not travel by rail prefer it to the journey by road.

To reach Yarmouth by road you leave Norwich by that fine thoroughfare, Prince of Wales’s Road. You soon arrive at Thorpe Hamlet and Thorpe village, two distinct but adjoining places, the former of which is a “parish within the county of the city of Norwich.” Thorpe, the scene of many old-time water-frolics, is a very picturesque place, straggling along the north bank of the Yare. Its old church is now in ruins, but a new one has been erected for the villagers and the numerous Norwich citizens who have here suburban homes. Between Thorpe and Acle you pass through portions of the parishes of Postwick, Brundall,

Blofield, and Burlingham, and get some charming glimpses of the river valleys scenery of the Broadland. After leaving Brundall you lose sight of the Yare, but at Acle you cross the Bure by the last bridge which spans the river as it flows seaward into Breydon Water. Acle church, the greater part of which was built in the fourteenth century, is one of the numerous Norfolk churches roofed with thatch. At one time Acle was a market town; but it has lost the especial privileges granted it by Richard II., and is now glad to cater for the many anglers who find their way here, and the yachting parties which visit the Broads and rivers.

The most direct route from Acle to Yarmouth is a new road across the marshes. It is a rather dreary and monotonous road, but those who travel it are able to gain a good idea of the far-stretching Norfolk marshlands. For nearly nine miles it is bordered on both sides by flat lands which have been reclaimed from what was once a wide estuarine valley. They are almost featureless except for the windmills which pump the flood-water out of the dykes, and a few isolated marsh farmsteads and cattle-tenders' cottages. Here the wild fowl from the Breydon flats spend most of the hours during which the flats are covered by the flood tides; herons stand sentinel by the dykesides or wing their way heavily to their nesting-place at Reedham; gulls are as numerous as rooks; and green plovers and redshanks cry mournfully as they rise from their nests amid the rushes and tussock grasses. In summer these and the many other birds which dwell in the marshes are seldom disturbed by man; but when the close season is over, and their numbers are increased by large flocks of fowl driven southward from the frozen North, the flight-shooter makes his presence felt among them, and neither by night nor day are they safe from his gun. Except for the birds, you will have few companions as you travel this road, and will probably be glad when you arrive at the Yarmouth toll-gate and pay your halfpenny for admission into the town.

The other route from Acle to Yarmouth is by way of

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Burgh St Margaret and St Mary, and a bridge over a narrow neck of Filby Broad. Burgh St Margaret and St Mary were formerly distinct parishes, each possessing a church; now they are but one, and all that is left of the church of St Mary is a small portion of the tower in the middle of a field. When you have passed through Burgh and Mautby you find yourself in Caister, a coastline village famous for its ruined castle. The distance from Caister to Yarmouth is considerable, and you enter the most popular place in East Anglia by a road which leads you past the largest parish church in England.

If you make Yarmouth the starting-point of a ramble along the Norfolk coast you may not feel disposed to stay long in this old town, which in the holiday season is so thronged with pleasure-seekers that one longs, while in the midst of its crowd, for quiet retreats, sunny, lonesome sea-boards, and peaceful waterways. Yet the town has attained such popularity as a holiday and health resort that almost all England has, at some time or another, slept within its walls. Its places of interest and historical and literary associations are not a few, and even amid the stir of crowded beach and Marine Drive, the clamour of the busy market-place, the trafficking of High Street, and the active interests of quays and fish wharves, one cannot but call to mind that this is the town which first welcomed the Norfolk hero Nelson on his return from his victories; that kings have stayed here in houses that are still standing; that Sarah Martin, the self-sacrificing prison visitor, was born near by

Row 99.

and laboured for the good of the vicious and down-trodden in the local gaol ; and that Charles Dickens laid the scene of a great part of "David Copperfield" in the fishermen's quarters near the harbour. Dickens called Yarmouth "The Norfolk Gridiron," on account of the number of narrow lanes, locally known as "rows," which connect the wider thoroughfares ; but the people are not eager for the fame of their town to be perpetuated by this name. They prefer it to be known that their parish church is the largest in England, that their quay—about a mile in length—was once considered "superior to any other in Europe save that of Seville" ; and that for centuries Yarmouth has been an important centre of the North Sea herring fisheries.

The larger Norfolk towns seem to have been ambitious to eclipse in some respect all other towns in the kingdom. Norwich boasts of possessing a larger market-place and greater number of churches than any other provincial town or city ; Yarmouth of the biggest parish church in England. Very few cathedrals exceed it in size, and viewed from whatever aspect it is fine. It is dedicated to St Nicholas, the fishermen's patron saint, and was founded by Herbert de Lozinga, who, in 1091, accompanied William Rufus from Normandy, and purchased the bishopric of Thetford. As a penance for the sin of simony he was enjoined by the Pope to build sundry churches and monasteries. He erected St Nicholas' on the site of an earlier church dedicated to St Bennet ; and to him Norfolk is indebted for its Cathedral and Priory at Norwich, its Priory Church of St Margaret at Lynn, and other ecclesiastical buildings. Since Bishop Lozinga's day St Nicholas' has been several times enlarged, and at one time contained no less than sixteen chapels, each with its altar and priest. During recent years it has been so restored that its interior has much the appearance of a new church. Some of the old Norman arches, however, are still to be seen, and among the objects of interest within its walls are the Prior's Tomb, the Fastolff Tomb, and the "devil's seat," made of the skull of a whale ; while the

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library contains, among other rare works, a Hebrew roll of the Book of Esther. A curious relic of the days when all sorts of mummeries were played in churches are the church books, which contain an account of certain payments made for making, working, and renovating a piece of pantomimic deception known as "The Miraculous Star." You find in it such instructive passages as these: In 1465, "paid for leading the star, 3d. on the twelfth day"; in 1506, "for hanging and scouring the star," and "a new balk line to the star, and rising the star, 8d."; in 1512, "for a nine thread line to lead the star." Charges are also included for the "mending of angels." About seventy years ago body-snatching on a considerable scale was carried on in St Nicholas' churchyard by a resurrectionist named Vaughan, who is mentioned in the biography of that distinguished Yarmouthian, Sir Astley Cooper.

All towns are much alike to one who is anxious to get out into the fields and on to rural highways and byways; but a seaport, be it ever so much connected with the fishing industry, is never so stifling as are the streets of some old inland towns; and so, as you ramble through the narrow rows, descend into the dungeons of the old Tollhouse and Gaol (now a public library and the museum of the local branch of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society), visit the house where Louis XVIII. of France stayed, and the inns where Charles II. and George IV. lodged, you are all the while conscious of inhaling a salt-laden air, and that at any time you can, without going far out of your way, stroll down on to the sands and be refreshed by a sea breeze. Even an examination of what is left of the town's old fortifications is not enough to keep your mind in an antiquarian groove, for you realise that it was against enemies which might come from over-sea that the stout walls and watch-towers were built; and go where you will the low level of the land reminds you that Yarmouth has been won from the waves and is only held from them by a frail tenure. Centuries ago the waves swept over the site upon which the

town now stands, and flooded inland up the eastern valleys. The dwellers where Norwich now lifts its spires then saw Roman galleys sail up a wide estuarine waste of waters, the mouth of which gaped from the Roman camp at Burgh to that of Caister. All along the East Anglian coast the sea has been the maker and destroyer of towns

*The Quay
Yarmouth*

and hamlets; and when you remember this you are glad to go down to the harbour mouth and think over what it has done and is still doing for the old town. There, too, you may see the smacks come in from the North Sea trawling grounds, the 'longshore boats put out for a cruise among the surf-whitened shoals, ice-barques and steamers arrive from Norway, and timber ships from the Baltic. Out in the roadstead steam-tugs tow ships and trawlers towards the port, fisheries protection gunboats lie at anchor, and

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wind-bound coasters roll and dip to the undulations of the waves. It is impossible for the hours to weigh very heavily when the fishing boats are racing for the bar, and fishermen, clad in gleaming oilskins, and with spray-drenched faces, bring them up to the wharves. And even if it were, there are stories to be told of stormy nights and the old free-trading days; and there are beachmen whose fathers "ran" many a keg and bale, and who themselves have had many strange adventures, to tell them.

The beachmen of Yarmouth, and of the Norfolk coast generally, deserve more than a passing mention, for their record is one of which England may well be proud. They are the heroes of many a hard fight against wind and wave; they have done deeds which merit a more permanent memorial than a scanty notice in the public press. Their daring and hardihood have won for them a certain local fame; but a reference to them does not stir men's hearts as it should, and there is a likelihood that in the not far distant future much of their brave work will be forgotten; for the era of the beachmen is almost over. True, they still man the lifeboats, and are seldom found wanting when their services are needed; but the genuine beachman is a vanishing type. Steam-tugs and salvage companies have taken out of his hands most of the work once left to him; his graceful yawls and slender gigs lie rotting on the shingle. The old beach companies, which, by their keen rivalry, ensured speedy assistance to ships in distress, are almost extinct institutions. Here and there may be seen a tumble-down wooden shed or "court," adorned with defaced figure-heads and battered name-boards, and in it the members of some old company still meet on stormy nights; but of late years many such buildings have disappeared.

Anyone who is familiar with the coast-line of East Anglia can easily picture the scene presented in the old days when the burning of a flare, the soaring of a rocket, or the booming of a gun, announced to the beach com-

panies' watchers that a ship had struck on a shoal. In a moment loud cries would arouse the sleepers in the beachmen's cottages; lights would gleam from the windows, doors would be flung open, and men, putting on pilot-coats and oilskins as they ran, would hasten down to the shore. Within a hundred yards of each other the members of rival companies would strive with might and main to get their yawls afloat, and when the swift-sailing boats were beyond the shore surf, a strenuously contested race would ensue. The first man to lay hand on the endangered vessel would probably win for his crew and company the prize, the masters of ships, when in need of help, generally engaging the services of the first arrivals. If possible, anchors would be laid out and the ship got off the shoal, and when she was brought into port her owners would have to settle a heavy salvage claim; but should she be hard aground or breaking up, the crew would be landed and the beachmen would do their best to save the cargo. Every member of a beach company who so much as laid a hand on a yawl as it left the beach was entitled to a share of the profits of a voyage.

Forty years ago there were seven beach companies at Yarmouth, the Holkham, Standard, Young, Diamond, Roberts', Star, and Denny's companies. At the neighbouring port of Lowestoft there were several similar institutions, and three of them, the Old, Young, and North Roads Companies, exist to-day. Writing in 1866, Mr J. G. Nall, author of "Chapters on the East Anglian Coast," says: "Of late years the competition of the steam-tugs has greatly interfered with the gains of the beachmen. They sally out of the haven and intercept the beachmen's prizes, and also render ships' masters more independent of their aid. The beachmen complain bitterly that when a valuable cargo is the prize, the steamers get before them; but in cases of wreck, and where human lives only are at stake, they are suffered to risk theirs in the rescue unopposed." If this could be written five-and-thirty years ago,

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it is little wonder that the beachman's calling is now scarcely worth following.

Owing to the network of sandbanks lying off Yarmouth, the coast has always had a bad reputation among seamen. Many lamentable disasters have occurred here, and almost every winter adds to their number. Over 1000 seamen are computed to have lost their lives here in 1692, when, out of 200 coasters which anchored in the roads, 140 were wrecked by a terrible storm. Nearly a hundred years later, thirty ships and 200 men were lost; and in 1801 H.M.S. *Invincible*, after striking on Hammond's Knowl, went down with her captain and 400 men. Six years later the gun-brig *Snipe* ran ashore at the harbour mouth, sixty-seven sailors perishing within a few yards of the shore. Good came, however, of this disaster. It set the inventive barrack-master, Captain G. W. Manby, to work upon the construction of an apparatus by means of which people on the shore might communicate with and rescue those on a stranded ship. His invention was brought before Parliament in 1814, and two years later there were about sixty stations of his life-saving apparatus along the coast. Captain Manby died in Yarmouth in 1854—not before he had the satisfaction of knowing that his invention had been the saving of over a thousand lives.

The sea front or Marine Drive is one of the finest in England. There are two piers and a jetty, and delightful beach gardens, where military bands play every day. The south end of the drive opens upon the spacious South Denes, where are Nelson's Monument and the race-course. Among other places of interest are the Royal Aquarium (now a theatre), the Town Hall, the remains of the Grey Friars' Clóister, the Sailor's Home (which contains a small museum), and the Duke's Head and Star Hotels. Both the hotels date from Elizabethan times, and the latter is said to have been occupied by the regicide Bradshaw. It contains a finely panelled chamber, known as the Nelson room, decorated with some good carving and ceiling work.

Over its fireplace are the arms of the Company of Merchant Adventurers.

Daniel Defoe, who visited Yarmouth at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was quite enthusiastic when he came to write of its "magnificent buildings and merchants' houses, which look like little palaces rather than the dwelling-houses of private men." "The greatest defect of this beautiful town," he wrote, "seems to be that, though it is very rich and increasing in wealth and trade, and consequently in people, there is not room to enlarge the town by building, which would be certainly done much more than it is, but that the river on the land side prescribes them, except at the north end without the gate; and even there the land is not very agreeable. But had they had a larger space within the gates there would before now have been many spacious streets of noble fine buildings erected, as we see is done in some other thriving towns in England." Nearly two hundred years have elapsed since these words were written, and during that time Yarmouth has conquered the difficulties of its awkward situation. Again Defoe says: "It is also a very well governed town, and I have nowhere in England observed the Sabbath day so exactly kept, or the breach so continually punished, as in this place, which I name to their honour. Among all these regularities it is no wonder if we do not find abundance of revelling, or that there is little encouragement to assemblies, plays, and gaming meetings; and yet I do not see that the ladies here come behind any of the neighbouring counties either in beauty, breeding, or behaviour; to which may be added, too, not at all to their disadvantage, that they generally go beyond them in fortunes."

I wonder what Defoe would say if he could see Yarmouth to-day, with its race meetings, theatres, daily concerts in the open air, and the "revelling" of thousands on its beach!

To my mind Yarmouth is a place to be visited in early spring or late autumn rather than in summer, for then the thousands of pleasure-seekers who throng its streets and sea

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front in the holiday season are absent, and you may better appreciate the breeziness of the Drive and tawny sand-dunes, and the continental features of the long, tree-planted quay. Then, while rambling through the beachmen's quarter, you may be able to reconstruct the Yarmouth that Dickens knew, and even gain some idea of what the town was like when Miles Corbet lived in that house in the market-place known as the "Weavers' Arms."

ITINERARY THE FIFTH

A NIGHT ON BREYDON

No lover of wild life should leave Norfolk without exploring Breydon Water, a wide expanse of ooze flat and tidal water lying inland of Yarmouth. Breydon Water—or Breydon, as it is generally known—is the estuary of the three principal Broadland rivers, the Yare, Bure, and Waveney. Its length from Yarmouth Haven Bridge to Berney Arms is about four and a half miles, and its width about a mile in its widest part. Seen under whatever aspect, it presents a striking appearance, whether its flats are steaming under a mid-day summer sun or its waste of waters is reflecting the ruddy glow of sunset. There is still something primeval about it, and except for the artificial barriers which have been built to protect the marshes from its tides, it must present much the same aspect now as it did when, as a vaster estuary, it occupied the entire valley of the surrounding lowlands. It can have altered little since the days when the Iceni crept out in their coracles upon its waters, and the Romans, who built the massive fortress at its upper end, signalled across it to their camp at Caister.

I think I cannot give a better idea of Breydon than by describing a visit paid to its tidal waters towards the end of August 1899, when I accepted an invitation from a well-known Norfolk naturalist, Mr A. Patterson, to spend a night with him in his house-boat the *Moorhen*. We left Yarmouth shortly after mid-day, starting from a characteristic Breydon boathouse, with its eel-spears, butt-darts, fish boxes, punt sails, and bobbing poles, in a typical Breydon punt. Visitors to the Broadland soon become familiar

A Night on Breydon

with boats of this description, which, however, often differ slightly, according to the taste and fancy of the owner. Our boat was better constructed than most of them, having been specially designed to meet the requirements of a naturalist. Space economy was one of its special features. It was flat-bottomed, decked-in fore and aft, and had a roomy central "well." It carried a lug sail, and had a rudder instead of the customary sculling rowlock.

The sea itself could scarcely have presented a wider

outlook than did Breydon when we commenced our inland voyage, for the tide was at flood and all the flats were submerged. In a little while, however, the ebb set in, and one by one the flats, instead of being wholly hidden, became simply awash, so that the succulent water weed locally known as "widgeon grass," which grows freely upon them, began to fall in matted masses on the mud. Then we saw our first signs of wild life in the shape of a bunch of knots which, uttering their musical note, came flying towards us over the water. An Arctic tern also came within a few yards of us, and some ringed plovers settled on a "rising" flat.

After a pleasant sail, during which we passed several

stranded and rotting hulks, and the floating headquarters of "Ducker" Chambers, the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society's watcher, we arrived at the *Moorhen*, a snug and well-fitted-up little house-boat in which my friend often lives the life of a water gipsy. She was moored in a creek on the north-west side of Breydon, near Banham's Farm, the home of a handsome, fair-haired, blue-eyed, marshland farmer, in whose veins is the blood of the Vikings. Several other house-boats were to be seen not far away, belonging to local gunners and fishermen. My friend's, however, was the only naturalist's house-boat on Breydon, and both in situation and convenience was admirably suited to his work. Behind it stretched mile after mile of level marshland, intersected by the winding waterways of the Broadland; in front were hundreds of acres of ooze flats, to which the curlews were just returning, and on which the gulls were settling to feed on crabs and flounders. Sea asters were blooming on the shores of the creek, and whenever we emerged from the cabin we inhaled the fragrance of sea southernwood, dense masses of which grew all along the "walls."

As the weather was warm we lit a fire on the side of the wall and boiled our kettle there. A cup of tea and a pipe made us supremely happy, and after a few minutes' chat with the Norseman, who, glad to exchange a few remarks with a human being, strolled down to us from his farm, we set out on a ramble along the walls towards Berney Arms. A bunch of eight common sandpipers rose from the foot of the wall as we neared one of the drainage windmills, and we counted thirty-two curlews in a flock which came over from the marshes. The year 1899 was a good one for curlews — at any rate so far as Norfolk was concerned, for we saw more there than we had seen for many years.

Sunset on Breydon is often a sight to be remembered, but that night, as we were moored on the north-west side, we saw the sun sink, not into the water, but beyond the

A Night on Breydon

far-off horizon of the marshes. It kindled a glorious glow among the fleecy cloud-drift, and for a few too brief moments it seemed as though the western sky were afire. The suggestion of a vast conflagration was emphasised by the mist which rose out of the dykes and creeks at sundown, and drifted like smoke across the lowlands. A quarter of an hour later land and water were hidden by a dense fog, which had a disturbing effect upon the fowl on the flats, for as we sat in the *Moorhen* we heard an almost incessant clamouring of gulls, curlews, and smaller shore birds. As long as the fog lasted the fowl continued to call, chatter, and whistle; but there were periods of comparative silence, when the fog lifted for a while and the flats were lit up by the moonlight. Most of the gulls were black-headed gulls, but now and again we distinguished the *laka-laka* of a "saddle-back." After we closed our cabin door a heron flapped down close to the house-boat and at intervals shouted "Frank" across the flats.

I was in no hurry to sleep that night, for my companion possesses a fund of interesting information and reminiscences, and has much to say about the wild life of Breydon. We talked together of the times, remembered by some of the older gunners, when the flats were often white with fowl, and that ardent naturalist, Mr E. T. Booth, brought from them some of his rarest and finest birds. There are still a few punt-gunners on Breydon in autumn and winter, but the Wild Birds Protection Acts have made it impossible for them to gain a livelihood by gunning alone. They complain, too, that nothing like such quantities of fowl visit the flats as in former days; but it must be borne in mind that of late years we have experienced several mild winters, and only comparatively small numbers of birds have been driven southward in search of food. The last time we had a severe winter Breydon and the Norfolk marshes were alive with wild fowl, and there is little reason to doubt that under like circumstances just such flocks will come to us again. As to the Breydon smelt-

fishers, whose house-boats are moored where the Yare and Waveney unite and form the estuary, the decreasing depth of the water and the making-up of the flats has had much to do with rendering theirs an unprofitable occupation. An old broadsman whom I know can remember the time when the wherries could sail over what are now called Burgh Flats, and he tells me that these flats "made-up" four inches in one year. Smelting was once such a paying business that the fishermen ran all sorts of risks in defying the River Commissioners and police during the close season. But although smelt-fishing on Breydon has seen its best days, there are still several methods by which the Breydoners profit by the time they spend on their home waters. Eels abound in the mud of the flats, and the eel-picker is often at work with his spear; butt-darting is a favourite sport, and trawling for butts and flounders and dredging for mussels are resorted to by some men desirous of earning an honest penny.

It is impossible to record here one half of the subjects discussed as we sat in the *Moorhen's* lamp-lit cabin and listened to the cries of the fowl and the lapping of the tide. When at length we stretched ourselves out on the cushioned settles to sleep, we found our minds still occupied with the matters upon which we had discoursed, and not a few amusing incidents of life on the tidal waters were recalled. My friend suddenly remembered how one night, while in his house-boat, he had tried to sleep, but found it impossible, owing to the uneasiness of his couch. After tossing restlessly to and fro for hours, he recollected that he had placed under his thin mattress two saws and a hammer! I, myself, while occupying a water-bailiff's house-boat, had been kept awake all night by the singing of the sedge and reed warblers in the riverside reed beds. On another occasion my companion had been considerably startled by the violent rocking of the *Moorhen*, and discovered that it was due to the attentions of a horse, which was amusing itself by rubbing against the edge of the roof. No such

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disturbing incident occurred that night, however, though we were now and again aroused by the roar of a punt-gun, which proved that in spite of the close season extending for another week some gunner was already after the fowl.

Morning dawned upon a cloudy sky and misty earth ; but the sunlight soon broke through the clouds, dispelled the mists, and the roofs of Yarmouth were seen, at first dimly and then distinctly, across the water. We opened our cabin door carefully, not knowing what strange visitors might be in our neighbourhood, and were rewarded by catching a glimpse of five sheldrakes paddling in a goose-like fashion near the boat, and a small flock of wild ducks some distance away. The flats, often so unsightly under a lowering sky, were transfigured by the sunlight, which here and there streaked them with glistening bars of greenish gold. The far-spreading marshlands, too, with their many wind-mills, isolated homesteads, innumerable cattle, and abundant bird life, presented a very pleasing picture, and reminded me of what a somewhat neglected Yarmouth historian wrote, some forty years ago, concerning Breydon and its surroundings. He said : "There is a peculiar charm in the contemplation of these wide and fertile vales, under the ever-changing aspects of sun and sky, with all their subtle gradations of light and shade. Raised above the river's banks, the eye takes in a landscape which has that true and powerful element of the sublime—wide expanse—above us soars a vast o'er-arching canopy, and below (is) the bright glancing stream, flowing through a rich champaign country, and as it gleams cheerily in the clear bright sunny air, filling the soul with an infectious gladness : anon the clouds are flinging down their flickering shadows as we flit past, now in sunshine, now in shade. . . . Here are rich poetical landscapes equalling aught of the great Dutch masters, tranquil cattle pieces worthy of Paul Potter, sunny Cuyp, romantic Hobbimas, gloomy Ruysdaels, moon-lit Vanderneers."

After breakfast we walked across the marshes to the

banks of the Bure, arriving, after an hour's easy strolling, at Mautby Swim, where lives Fred Smith, an intelligent millman who is also an enthusiastic sportsman and observer of wild life. Although still only a young man, he can boast of having shot no less than nine spoonbills. One of these is said to be the finest specimen ever procured in England; and judging from an excellent photograph in Smith's possession, I should say there are grounds for the assertion. In addition to a stuffed kingfisher, which unfortunately is too common a feature of the marshman's home, the millman pointed out to me a white-tailed starling and a handsome merlin. Among the rare birds which have fallen to him of late years were a broad-billed sandpiper (*Limicola Platyrrhynca*), only about half a dozen of which species have been taken in England, and four of these on Breydon; and a pectoral sandpiper (*Heteropygia maculata*), an American species. About two months before the date of my visit he had seen a roller (*Coracias garrulus*) at Mautby. One of his especial bird friends is a winged hooded crow, which, on account of its injury, is unable to re-cross the North Sea, and has frequented the marshes in all seasons for two or three years. Ramblers on the marshes and voyagers on the Bure will do well to pay a visit to the picturesque home of this entertaining marshlander, if only to climb the tower of his windmill and view the surrounding country. There was formerly a wild-fowl decoy at Mautby, but it is now disused. Plenty of good fishing may be had in the neighbourhood, especially at Stracey Arms, where, in all probability, a railway station will soon be built. Mautby is about seven miles from Yarmouth and two and a half miles from Acle.

Shortly after two o'clock we started on our homeward voyage, following the winding of the walls instead of crossing the flats. We had not gone far before we saw something which reminded us of a cruel and stupid practice of some of the summer season cruisers on these inland waters. I refer to the useless and unsportsmanlike shooting at gulls which, even if they are hit, can only be left to die on the flats. As

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we glided along by the flint-faced wall a bird dragged itself up the stones and hid amongst the coarse sea grasses. My companion jumped ashore, and in a few moments returned with a winged black-headed gull, which he took home and placed in an aviary rather than leave to the mercy of the Breydon rats. The local gunners seldom waste their powder and shot upon gulls, and it is a pity that yachtsmen, who cannot leave their yachts and venture upon the flats to get

*A Norfolk
house boat.*

the birds they shoot, do not refrain from this questionable sport.

Near a couple of quaint little houseboats we encountered a typical Breydoner in his gun-punt. In a few days he would probably be prowling about in search of fowl; and even though the 1st September had not yet arrived, the long-barrelled, pistol-stock gun pointing over his boat's bow looked as if it might go off accidentally (!) should a bunch of fowl settle on a flat. Apparently he wished us to understand that he was engaged in the harmless occupation of collecting driftwood; but he seemed to have his eyes open for other

things than stray fish boxes and floating timbers. He was an elderly man, and no doubt could call to mind many days of exciting sport, when the flats were almost hidden by fowl, and the discharge of his murderous-looking gun filled the air with wheeling and crying birds which left a score or more of their kind lying dead or dying on the ooze.

By four o'clock we were back in Yarmouth, and I was saying good-bye to the friend to whom I was indebted for such a delightful holiday. If any reader is desirous of spending just such another he cannot do better than communicate with Mr A. Patterson, who of all the Norfolk naturalists knows most about Breydon, and than whom no one is more ready to assist and impart information to a kindred spirit.

ITINERARY THE SIXTH

BY THE WILD NORTH SEA

YARMOUTH TO CAISTER CASTLE, CROMER, CLEY,
WELLS, AND HUNSTANTON

The Sea's Siege of Norfolk—Caister Castle—Sir John Fastolff—Martham—Inroads of the Sea—The Chronicles of John of Oxnead—Bromholm Priory—Paston—Tombs of the Pastons—Sir John Paston and his Friends and Enemies—Sandhills and Cliffs—The Old Forest Bed—Trimingham, Overstrand, and Cromer—The Beauty Spot of Norfolk—The Lighthouse Hills—On the Cliffs at Night—The Lost Town of Shipden—The "Shrieking Pits" of Aylmerton—Beeston Priory—Gresham and Margaret Paston—Sheringham—View towards Blakeney Point—Salthouse Marshes—The Alighting-place of Migratory Birds—Rare Warblers—Cley and its Fine Church—Wells—Walsingham Priory—Kingly Pilgrims—Binham Priory—Stiffkey—A Queer People—Holkham Hall—"Coke of Norfolk"—The Wild Grey Geese—The Birthplace of Nelson—Brancaster—Hunstanton.

ALL along the eastern shores of England signs of the erosive action of the waves are to be seen, and nowhere more apparent than along the Norfolk coast. This is a fact which no traveller making a coast-line journey from Yarmouth to Hunstanton or Lynn can fail to be impressed with. Should you follow the route I now propose to describe, you will not only skirt stretches of seaboard where hamlets and churches, fields and waste lands, have been demolished or submerged, but you will see the sea's siege still going on. You will soon understand, too, how it is that the question of protecting the East Anglian coast against inroads of the sea has become a serious one. The inhabi-

tants of towns and villages which have lately become widely known and popular health and holiday resorts cannot watch unmoved the wasting of their cliffs and destruction of their sandhills. They have too much to lose to be indifferent to the sea's siege; but for the most part they are helpless, owing to the costliness of really effective protective measures.

I intend, in this and the succeeding chapter, to indicate a route which follows the curve of the coast-line nearly the whole way from Yarmouth to Lynn. If you follow this route you will not only see Mundesley, Cromer, Sheringham, and Hunstanton, but Holkham Hall, Sandringham Hall, and some of the most interesting ruins and delightful scenery in Norfolk. Should you be a cyclist, you will have no difficulty in visiting every place I shall mention; and even if you make this coast-line journey by rail you may, if you do not mind the frequent alightings, plan your travelling so as to miss few of them. Most directly, the distance from Yarmouth to Lynn along the coast is about ninety miles; but in this tour it will be increased by occasional excursions into districts not strictly by the sea.

Between Yarmouth and Caister the shore is made up of sandy beach and marram-grassed sandhills, so, as you will have ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with this kind of coast before you reach the Norfolk cliffs, you may prefer to leave Yarmouth by the Caister Road, which enters the town near St Nicholas church. This is a straight, level road, fringed with young firs and willows, and bordered on the one hand by the marshes of the Bure valley, and on the other by sand-dunes and an occasional tract of gorse common land. Caister village, an enterprising little place which has learnt to make the most of its proximity to frolicsome Yarmouth, is too near that town to have retained any degree of rusticity. But commonplace as is its appearance, it is famous on account of its castle—a grand old ruin which, fortunately, stands a little more than a mile from the village street.

Caister Castle is no Norman fortress, owing its erection

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to some warlike baron, but is undoubtedly one of the most ancient brick buildings in England. It was built between the years 1443 and 1453 by Sir John Fastolff, who obtained a license from the Crown to employ six ships in conveying building materials to Caister. This Sir John was a famous soldier in his day, for he took a leading part in the battles at Harfleur, Agincourt, and Verneuil, and during the siege of Orleans defeated the French troops in an action known as the Battle of Herrings, because its object was the cutting off of supplies. Apparently he lived in considerable state here, for in an inventory of his property in the "Paston Letters" it is shown that, in addition to gold plate, he possessed 13,400 ounces of silver plate, while his banquetting table was adorned with two hundred and fifty-one "chargeours, disshes, and platters" of silver and silver gilt. But he did not live long to enjoy the sight of a lavish display suggestive of loot, for he died a few years after the castle was completed, bequeathing it to Sir John Paston, a member of a family whose name has become well known through the publication of the famous "Letters." Sir John Paston was not permitted to retain undisputed possession. Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, maintained that Sir John Fastolff had, during his life, given him the castle, "and that he would have it plainly." At the head of 3000 men he succeeded in taking the new stronghold, and held it until his death, when Sir John Paston regained possession. Although not occupied after the reign of Elizabeth, it remained in his family until 1659, when it was sold to a citizen of London to whom the Pastons were indebted to the extent of £6500.

All that is left of the castle is a lofty circular tower and considerable portions of the north and west walls, about which, when I last saw them, many pigeons were fluttering or nestling in the crevices. Only a few of the tower steps remain intact, so it is practically unclimbable. Strange to say, very little ivy clings to the walls, the only vegetation, except a few recently planted fruit trees, being wall-flowers,

pellitory, dyer's rocket, and here and there an elder bush which has rooted itself in the brickwork. Some old iron guards are still fixed to one of the tower windows, near an open hearth with a smoke-blackened chimney. The moat, which is often almost dry, is overshadowed by trees and littered with fallen bricks and masonry. The whole ruin seems sadly neglected, and I never saw a place of historic interest so desecrated with the scrawlings of silly trippers. This, no doubt, is due to its nearness to Yarmouth. Like many other ruins, those of the castle are seen at their best by moonlight, which fails to show the traces of vandalism so conspicuous in the daytime. There is an old tradition that a headless horseman, who drove a coach and four headless horses, used to haunt the neighbourhood of Caister.

About half a mile from the castle, the road from the village joins the high road from Yarmouth to Norwich, an excellent stretch of highway, which, however, may with advantage be abandoned for a by-road on the right leading to Great Ormesby. The distance is a little over a mile, and it is not a mile to be hurried over. There are pleasant cornfields and pastures on either hand, and woodbine and wild roses in the hedgerows.

Great Ormesby church should be visited, if only to examine its Norman doorway; and then you may take to the road again, which leads you past a village green and forge to Little Ormesby church and the Eel's-foot Inn and Sportsman's Arms. The hostelries are favourite resorts of anglers who come to fish the local broads. Then the whispering of reeds and the gleaming of waters speak of Broadland, for you have reached Ormesby Broad. The scene, made up of lovely lights and shadows on the water, skimming swallows, quiet pastoral pictures, sallows, willows, and wild flowers, is a familiar one to travellers in this part of Norfolk. You continue your journey to Martham, a small town whose church of St Mary might fittingly be the sanctuary of a place ten times its size. Apart from its

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church Martham has little to claim attention. My sole impressions of it are of a bank which opens for three hours on two days a week, a green with geese, some ponds around which the willows grow so close together that they seem to be crowding each other in efforts to reach the water, and a local shopkeeper's harvest sale bill, which announced that this annual event was causing "Great Excitement in Martham."

But it will not do to stray too far from the coast at the commencement of your tour, so you will do well to return to it by way of Winterton, a village gaining favour among people of quiet tastes owing to its splendid beach and secluded position. You soon find yourself in the midst of a district which within the last few years has experienced disastrous inroads of the sea. To the north of Winterton, at a place known as Horsey Gap, there is a weak spot in the sandhill bastions which protect the coast. Here the sea has several times swept in and inundated the adjoining lowlands. As long ago as 1287 the surrounding hamlets were subject to such floods and encroachments, for in the chronicles of John of Oxnead we read that in that year, "in the month of December, the seventh of the Kalends of January, the 8th day of the moon, the sea, in dense darkness, began to be agitated by the violence of the wind, and in its agitation to burst through its accustomed limits, occupying towns, fields, and other places adjacent to the coast, and inundating parts which no age in past times had recorded to have seen covered with sea-water. For, issuing forth about the middle of the night, it suffocated or drowned men and women sleeping in their beds, with infants in their cradles, and all kinds of cattle and fresh-water fishes; and it tore up houses from their foundations with all they contained, and carried them away, and threw them into the sea with irrevocable damage. Many when surrounded by the waters sought a place of refuge by mounting into trees, but benumbed by the cold they were overtaken by the water and fell into it and were drowned.

Whereby it happened that in the town of Hyckelingge nine score of different ages and sizes perished in the aforesaid inundation." Again in 1608, according to Blomfield, a great breach occurred between Winterton and Waxham, through which the sea flowed at every flood tide, overflowing many thousand acres of marsh, and seriously damaging the fresh-water fisheries even so far inland as Norwich. In 1781 and 1791 there were repetitions of these disasters; but after that there were no serious breaches until November 1897, when between Winterton and Palling, and also at Cley and Salthouse beyond Cromer, great damage was done by rough seas and unusually high tides again causing the coast walls to give way. At Horsey the sea swept through the sandhills, drowning a large number of rabbits which had their burrows there. A native of the district who saw the sea come in, said afterwards, "It was pitiful to see 'em clamber for the higher holes and then, when the water came in, jump clean up a good yard or more. Then they struggled against the wash a minute, but were toppled over and swept on to death amongst the rubbish. Some went tumbling down the cliff front (he called the sandhills cliffs) as their burrows were halved by the sea, then scrambled up again, to be licked off by the waves that broke upon them—and down with marrums, faggots, and sand they went into the boiling waters below." From 150,000 to 200,000 tons of sea-water were subsequently pumped off the adjoining marshes. At Eccles, a parish of which only a few acres are now left, the church tower could until recently be seen standing forlorn on the beach, but it has now fallen, and is likely to be soon hidden by the sand or the sea.

While in this neighbourhood you should not fail to see the deserted Hall at Waxham; but the remains of the Austin Priory there are so few as to be scarcely worth a visit. In the parish of Bacton, however, which you reach after passing through Happisburgh, or Hasboro', where Cowper stayed for some time, are the ruins of

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Bromholm Priory, founded in 1113 by William de Glanville, and famous for its Holy Rood, which pilgrims came from far and near to worship, and which was reputed to have power to cure all ills that flesh is heir to and cast out demons. Sir John Fenn says that it was "a monastery of some celebrity. Though not, at least in its latter days, one of the most wealthy religious houses, for it fell among the smaller monasteries at the first suppression in the reign of Henry VIII., its ruins still attest that it was by no means insignificant. . . . Among the numerous monasteries of Norfolk, none but Walsingham was more visited by strangers, and many of the pilgrims to Walsingham turned aside on their way homeward to visit the Rood of Bromholm. For this was a very special treasure brought from Constantinople . . . composed of a portion of the wood of the true cross." "Helpe, holy cross of Bromholm," was the cry of the affrighted miller's wife of whom we read in Chaucer ; and Piers Plowman invokes the Rood of Bromholm to "bryng" him "out of Dette." Time has played havoc with Bromholm Priory, and neglect has resulted in dilapidations and base usage of portions of the old shrine ; but still you may see the great empty arch of the east window of the chapel, flanked by narrow pointed windows, something of the refectory, and the gatehouse with its pointed arches.

Adjoining Bacton, and on the road to Mundesley, is the coast-line village of Paston, where you should not fail to visit the church, and examine its memorials of the Paston family. The most imposing of these is a fine monument, with a recumbent effigy, to Catherine, the wife of Sir Edmund Paston, who died in 1628. The tomb is the work of the sculptor Nathaniel Stone, whose diary contains this entry :—"In 1629, I made a tomb for my lady Paston, and sat it up at Paston, and was very extraordinarily entertained, and pay'd for it £340." The earliest monument, however, is an altar tomb bear-

ing the date 1538 upon a brass which also informs you that

“ Here Eastimus Paston and Marye his wiffe
enclosed are in claye,
Which is the Resting place of fleache
until the latter daye.”

Sir Edmund Paston, who died in 1632, and Clement Paston and Beatrice his wife, are also interred here; but William Paston, who was appointed justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1429, is buried in Norwich Cathedral. John Paston, the husband of the devoted Margaret whose letters are the most interesting epistles in the famous collection, was interred within the walls of Bromholm Priory. He it was who had so many enemies, against whom, in his absence from home, his brave and faithful wife defended, as long as she could, his house at Gresham. But in spite of the fact that his legal duties compelled him to spend most of his time in London, he seems to have had good friends in Norfolk as well as enemies, and they and his wife kept him well informed of what was going on at home. Thus, when his houses at Hellesdon and Drayton were in the hands of the Earl of Suffolk, one of his neighbours wrote to him as follows:—“And as for Haylysdon, my Lord of Suffolk was ther on Wedensday in Whytson Weke, and ther dined and drew a stew and toke gret plente of fych; yet hath he left you a pyke or ij, agayn ye come, the wych wold be gret comfort to all your frendes, and dyscomford to your enmys; for at hys beyng ther that day ther was never no man that played Herrod in Corpus Crysty¹ play better and more agreable to hys pageant than he did. But ye shale understand that it was after none, and the weder hot, and he so feble for sekeness that hys legges wold not bere hyme, but ther was ij men had gret payn to kepe hym on hys fete; and ther ye were juged. Som sayd ‘Sley’; som sayd ‘Put hym in preson!’ And forth com my lord, and he wold

¹ A reference to the acting of Mysteries at Whitsuntide.

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met you with a spere, and have none other mendes for the troble at ye have put hym to but your hart blod, and that will he gayt with hys owen handes; for and ye have Haylesdon and Dreton, ye schall have hys lyff with it.”¹

The old home of the Pastons has entirely disappeared from the village which bears their name; but you may still see a big Elizabethan barn here, which was built by Sir William Paston.

By the time you arrive at this point of your coast-line journey, you begin to lose sight of the sandhills, with their ragged marram-grown ridges and scanty floral crop of sea holly, restharrow, and sea bindweed. From Happisburgh to a spot some distance west of Sheringham the coast in most places lifts up above the sea a sheer face of cliff, often to a considerable height. These cliffs are of great interest to the geologist, for they contain the so-called Forest Bed. It extends nearly sixty miles along the coast, but is especially conspicuous at Bacton, Happisburgh, and Cromer, while out at sea it is often met with at considerable depths by the East Coast trawlers, who bring to light many of its fossil bones. These include remains of the mastodon, several elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, beavers, oxen, and several kinds of deer, specimens of which are in Norwich Castle Museum.

Almost at the commencement of this cliff-line you enter upon a stretch of coast which of late years has seen such changes that its elderly inhabitants may well wonder if they are dreaming or witnessing some phantasmal transformation scene. Until a comparatively recent date it was practically an unknown land, so far as the tourist and pleasure-seeker were concerned; now it is famous. All England has heard of Trimingham, Overstrand, Cromer, and Sheringham. There is something in the scenery around these delightful places that makes a lasting impression. One cannot forget

¹ Extract from a letter from J. Whetley to Sir John Paston, written on May 20th, 1478, and appearing in the “Paston Letters.”

the wave-fretted cliffs which show so bold a front to the sea, the ruined shrines which, lonesome and storm-beaten, are landmarks to the mariner, the quiet hamlets backed by sunny fields and pastures and lovely woodlands. It is not difficult to foretell the future of Cromer and the villages which surround it. There is such a future in store for them as Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and many of the popular places on the East Coast can never hope to enjoy. Together they make up the "beauty spot" of Norfolk. The very naming of them suggests "dreams of delight"—Felbrigg Woods, the Lighthouse Hills, Overstrand and Sheringham Cliffs, Runton, Roughton, and Gunton—they bring to mind the play of light and shade on the cliff-top, the wind-blown runnels of sand which trickle down to the beach, the crooning of wood-doves, the waving of bright seaweeds in the rock pools, the piping of shore birds, and the ceaseless song of the sea. Even the summer birds seem to sing and the summer flowers to bloom later here than elsewhere along the coast; while as for the sea, the Mediterranean can scarcely show a deeper, lovelier blue.

You are indeed in the "beauty spot" of Norfolk, and it is difficult to tell of a tithe of its charms. I might write of Mundesley, with its splendid beach and crumbling cliffs; of Overstrand, with its leafy byways and ruined church, containing the simple tomb of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the abolitionist of slavery; of Cromer, with its hills and vales, quiet shady lanes, grand church, and famous golf links; of Trimingham, where the cliffs are 300 feet high, and from whose Beacon Hill nearly forty churches can be seen; of Beeston and its Priory; of the Skelding Hills and Sheringham's bird-haunted woods and breezy uplands. I might write in detail of all these, but so much would still remain untold that I should despair of being able to do anything like justice to them. It is all so enchanting; it is a bit of Devon and Cornwall transplanted to the shores of the North Sea, only it is Devon and Cornwall without the relaxing air of the south. The sea breezes are of the most

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bracing kind—there is no land between Cromer and the North Polar regions, and the winds are often fresh with the keenness of the ice-fields. People who regularly go to the coast say that even if one is dying it is impossible to feel ill here. And it is astonishing how good homely country fare tastes when it is eaten at one of the coast-line farmsteads.

If you wish to appreciate the charms of Cromer and its surroundings, and to get a good view of them, you cannot

choose a better vantage ground than the Lighthouse Hills. You may stay there all day and not tire of the prospect before you. There is colour enough in it—in the house-roofs and cornfields, sea and shore—to satisfy everyone. Existence here becomes idealised, presents boundless possibilities; there is nothing to limit the imagination; the vista of life is as wide as the sky. The cries of the sea birds and humming of the bees are in harmony with the voices of wind and wave. From dawn till sunset you are content to lie amid the wild mignonette and silvery sea buckthorn, and watch the flying clouds and their shadows on land and sea.

And even when night falls, and the sky is filled with stars, it is with slow steps that you leave the Lighthouse Hills ; for it is then you are reminded of what Hardy has written of such a wind-swept height : “ To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight . . . the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude ; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. The poetry of motion is a phrase much in use, and to enjoy the epic form of that gratification it is necessary to stand on a hill at a small hour of the night, and, having first expanded with a sense of difference from the mass of civilised mankind, who are horizontal and disregardful of all such proceedings at this time, long and quietly watch your stately progress through the stars. After such a nocturnal reconnoitre among these astral clusters, aloft from the customary haunts of thought and vision, some men may feel raised to a capability for eternity at once.”

At Cromer, again, you have striking evidence of the effect of the sea's siege of the Norfolk coast, for the old town of Shipden, mentioned in Domesday Book, and once a royal demesne, occupying a position seaward of the present town, has wholly disappeared. Local fishermen affirm that at low water portions of its old church of St Peter, which went down-cliff in the fourteenth century, may be seen, with other traces of the vanished town. Apart from these questionable relics, however, the district possesses several objects of historical and antiquarian interest. On Toll's Hill, said to have been a smugglers' signalling station, are the remains of an old beacon, similar to that which, before the erection of a more modern structure, stood on the Lighthouse Hills. At Aylmerton, a hamlet about three miles from Cromer, is a tract of high heathland, noted for its numerous hollows, pronounced to have been the dwellings of some primitive

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inhabitants of the district. They are known as the "Shrieking Pits," owing to a tradition that loud shrieking is sometimes heard from them, and that a white figure peers into them and wrings its hands in an agonised manner. Mr A. D. Bayne, in his "History of Eastern England," says: "The northern part of Norfolk appears to have been densely peopled by the Iceni, as indicated by the burrows, pits, and remains of dwellings and pits near Cromer. There is the site of a large British village, consisting of remains of several thousand inhabitants. It begins at Felbrigg and runs up to Beeston. It is divided across the middle by a bank, the base of which is from twelve to twenty feet in width. At each end of this encampment are two large burial grounds where have been found quantities of pottery. At Weybourne there are above a thousand pits, supposed to have been Icenic dwellings or hiding-places."

Between Cromer and Sheringham are the ruins of Beeston Priory, founded in the reign of King John by Lady Isabel de Cressey. These ruins, which are not far from the village church, are very picturesque, though only the west end of the conventual church, a small belfry tower, and a portion of the chapter-house are now to be seen. The church, when intact, was a large cruciform structure, but without aisles. The village church has been recently restored; but a piece of the screen which, at the time of restoration, was placed behind the communion table, interests ecclesiologists, as do the corbels which carried the rood-loft, the clerk's seat, and one or two old brasses. At Gresham, a village five miles from Cromer, and of which a son of Chaucer once held the living, are the foundations of the house in which Margaret Paston and a few servants kept at bay for some time a thousand of Lord Molynes' rabble retainers, who, on January 28th, 1450, besieged it, armed with "cuirasses and brigandines, with guns, bows, and defensive armour." To gain possession of a place almost entirely unprotected, they also employed "mining instruments, long poles with hooks, called

cromes, used for pulling down houses, ladders, pickaxes, and pans with fire burning in them." Needless to say, in the end they succeeded in breaking into the house.

Before losing sight of Cromer, as you continue your journey towards Sheringham, it is interesting to make note of the words of an old guide writer, who, in 1819, said: "Cromer was first frequented as a watering-place about the year 1785, by two or three families of retired habits, whose report of the beautifully diversified scenery of the neighbourhood, of the simple manners of the inhabitants, and the excellent beach at low water, made others desirous of sharing in this rural enjoyment." He also remarks that "Fish are scarce at Cromer, except lobsters, which are good but small, and sold at 8d. or 9d. a pound; when dear, they are called 'hanged' lobsters."

Sheringham, which the author just quoted did not consider worthy of mention, promises to become a rival to Cromer, and even now there are not a few people who prefer it to the better-known place. From the west cliffs of Sheringham you get a grand view of the coast as far as Blakeney Point. The height of the cliffs gradually decreases in that direction, until they give way entirely to the Salthouse Marshes, a somewhat dreary district often visited by the gunner and ornithologist on account of its being a favourite haunt of waders and other birds. The marshes, which are protected on the seaward side by a long pebble ridge, are wide, treeless, and almost featureless. At the time when the sea last broke through the ridge they lay for a long time "sea-soaked and water-logged." In a recent article in a weekly paper reference is made to the favour shown these marshes by the smaller land birds in the migration season. "It is then," says the writer, "that the 'blue-throats,' birds once deemed among the rarest migrants, come yearly, and remain to rest before passing southwards. . . . Here the 'barred warbler' was first seen and identified in England, and later Pallas's barred warbler, a little bird from the far East, was found there. It was

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taken for a gold-crested wren as it flew along the beach, but the sharp eyes of a local gunner detected the difference, and it was 'collected.' The aquatic warbler has also been taken recently at the same spot, and the list of minor rarities there secured is too long to set out. . . . Black storks, rare grebes, and ibises, are among the visitors to Salthouse, and some of the rarest of all ducks taken in Norfolk or in England were shot at Blakeney. These

were, it is believed, four specimens of Steller's duck, one of which, in the Norwich Museum, was for fifteen years the only specimen of this bird killed in England and preserved." Of the arrival of the migrants the same writer says: "By night most of the shore birds and sea birds come—stints, plovers, terns, ducks, and phalaropes; but by day the land birds drop in at all hours. You may wander down at all hours towards Blakeney Point without seeing a bird, and on returning find the bushes of *suæda* and furze full of thrushes and fieldfares. . . . Walking on the great shingle bank at dusk, while the eternal roar of the waves over the nine-mile barrier rises and falls with a noise like the roaring of a 10-inch shell, you may see the

little birds coming in from the sea, just topping the waves, and alighting only a yard beyond the froth of the last roller on the beach. Then they flutter to a grass tuft, and creeping in, fold their weary wings and sleep in the sound of the breakers."

A great deal about the wild life of this particular district and of that lying further west, between Wells and Brancaster, may be learnt by consulting Mr C. J. Cornish's "Nights with an Old Gunner," in which sport on the North Norfolk coast is fully and entertainingly described.

Cley, which is now only a village though it calls itself a town, was once a flourishing place, carrying on a considerable trade with foreign ports. That time, however, has long gone by, and the only indications of its former prosperity are its grand old church and the quaint old grey-pebble houses which survive the decay of the town's trade. Mariners nowadays scarcely recognise Cley as a port, but in 1406, when James, son of Robert Bruce of Scotland, was driven by stress of weather to the Norfolk coast, he sought refuge here. He met with a reception scarcely calculated to give him a favourable impression of the place, for the loyal mariners of Cley would not allow him to depart when he wished, but sent him prisoner to London. Cley church, which is partly in ruins, is one of the finest in the county. If it could have been kept in thorough repair and its transepts, which were never finished, owing to the ravages of the Black Death, completed, it would attract the attention of every English ecclesiologist. As it is, it is a noble structure, and seems strangely out of place in a little out-of-the-way coast-line village. Its building was commenced in the decorated style, as may be seen by the chancel nave and aisles; but the nave was not completed nor the tower built until a time when the perpendicular style was generally adopted in the erection of sacred buildings. The unfinished transepts, although in ruins, possess some beautiful decorated tracery; and the clerestory windows, in which the ordinary form alternates with

cinquefoils enclosed in circles, are of the same period. The south porch is an especially fine one. In addition to emblems of the Trinity and the Passion, it bears, in the spandrels, the arms of Richard II., impaling those of Anne of Bohemia; while in the moulding of the jambs are represented the Agnus Dei, the Cross Keys, the arms of England, and those of the noted Norfolk families of De la Pole, Erpingham, and De Warrenne. There is an ogee arch to the church doorway, the boss of which shows an old woman flinging her distaff at a fox which has stolen a goose. There are several old tombs and brasses. One brass, which bears the effigy of a priest, is to the memory of John Yslington, who died in 1429; while in the south aisle is another, with effigies in shrouds, to John Symons, a merchant who died in 1508. An altar tomb in the churchyard is that of Captain James Greeve, a gallant sailor who fought beside Sir Cloudesley Shovel. It bears the inscription: "Here lyeth the body of James Greeve, who was an assistant of Sir Cloudesly Shovel in burning ye ships in ye port of Tripoly in Barberii, January 14th, 1675-6, for his good service pformed was made Capt. of the ship called the Orange Tree of Algier in 1677, and presented with a medal of gold by King Charles ye 2. He died April 14, 1686, aged 48 years."

Blakeney, which, in spite of its decaying trade, still looks upon itself as a port, has a stagnant aspect like Cley. The scenery, however, is not without its attractiveness to those who can appreciate lonely marshland and deserted shore. Inland of Blakeney, by way of Morston, is Langham Bishops, where lived Captain Marryat, who here wrote "for the classes and not the masses," and amused himself with the working of a wild-fowl decoy, while in the neighbouring hamlet of Cockthorpe Sir Cloudesley Shovel was born. The little market town of Holt, which is only a few minutes' railway journey from Sheringham, stands on rising ground a few miles from the coast, but is scarcely worth a visit except for the sylvan scenery which surrounds

it. It overlooks the valley of the Glaven, one of those little streams which Mr Walter Rye assures us are “distinctly perceptible to the naked eye.”

Wells, although it boasts of a harbour and small export and import trade, scarcely suggests a seaport, as a mile-wide stretch of salt marsh lies between it and the sea. To me it always seems a dull, not to say dismal, little town, containing little or nothing to reward the tourist. It must be admitted, however, that it is a convenient starting-point of one or two interesting excursions, notably that to Walsingham, a small town about five miles away, once famous for its shrine of “Our Lady of Walsingham.” This place first came into repute in consequence of a widow named Rychold de Favranches being moved by a vision to erect here a chapel of similar design to the Sancta Casa at Nazareth. This she did towards the end of the eleventh century. Subsequent to her death, her son Geoffrey de Favranches started on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; but before leaving his home he “granted to God, St Mary, and to Edwy, his clerk, the chapel which his mother Rychold had built at Walsingham, together with other possessions, to the intent that the said Edwy should found a priory there.” Thus was founded the famous priory for Augustine canons which became the resort of innumerable pilgrims, who were believed to be guided here by the Milky Way, then known in Norfolk as the “Walsingham Way.” Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Bruce of Scotland, and Henry VIII., are recorded to have visited the priory; but reverence does not appear to have been the sole incitement to the pilgrimage of the last King Henry, who carried away with him a considerable quantity of votive gifts, in the form of gold and jewels. Far more creditable were the motives which brought here Margaret Paston, who, when her husband was lying ill in the Inner Temple, wrote to him, “Ryth worchipful hosbon, I recomande me to yow, desyryng hertely to her yowr a mendyng of the grete dysese that ye have hade; and I thanke yow for the letter that ye

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sent me, for be my trowthe my moder and I wer nowth in hertys es fro the tyme that we woste of yowr sekenesse tyl we woste verely of your a mending. My moder be hestyd a nodyr ymmage of wax of the weytte of yow to oyer Lady of Walsyngham, and sche sent iiij nobelys to the iiij Orderys of Frerys at Norweche to pray for yow, and I have be hestyd to gon on pylgreymmays to Walsingham, and to Sent Levenardys for yow; by my trowthe I had never so hevy a sesyn as I had from the tyme I woste of your sekenesse tyl I woste of your a mending.”¹

Erasmus came here in 1511; but was more impressed with the beauty of the shrine than the conduct of the pilgrims. He found that, besides the image of “Our Lady,” the priory contained a vial of the Virgin’s milk, and one of St Peter’s finger bones! The latter seems to have astonished him by its size, for he inquired whether St Peter was a giant! The ruins, which are in the grounds of Walsingham Abbey, consist of the western gateway of the priory, a part of the east end of the church, a Norman arch leading to a stone bath, some lancet arches, and the west window of what may have been the refectory. In the hamlet of East Barsham, which adjoins Walsingham, is the fine Tudor Hall built by Sir William Fermor, and afterwards occupied by the Calthorpes. From this hall Henry VIII. is said to have walked barefoot to Walsingham. The wayside chapel of Houghton, known as the Old Shoe House through a tradition that pilgrims here cast off their shoes, is within a mile of the priory.

When you are at Walsingham you are only about three miles from the ruins of another once famous monastic house—Binham Priory, which stands in the valley of the small river which flows by Walsingham, and enters the sea at Stiffkey. This priory was founded in 1104 by Peter de Valoines, and was at one time subject to the abbey of St Peter at Clugni. In the reign of King John it was besieged by Robert, Lord

¹ Extract from a letter written by Margaret Paston on September 28th, 1443, and included in the “Paston Letters.”

Fitzwalter, who claimed the patronage, and wished to reinstate a prior who had been deposed by the prior of St Albans, to which abbey this foundation was originally a cell. The king, however, sent a force to its relief, and Lord Fitzwalter was compelled to raise the siege. The village church of St Mary was formerly the conventual church of the priory, and its Norman work is especially interesting. The three eastern bays of the nave are Early Norman, as are the transepts and part of the south wall; but the fine west front is Early English (thirteenth century), and so are the three western bays.

Probably, until you read the name of the place in the foregoing paragraph, you had never heard of Stiffkey. Or you may have heard of it and yet failed to recognise it as Stiffkey, for in the neighbourhood of Wells, and in the village itself, it is always known as "Stewkey." Yet this Stiffkey is one of the most delightfully situated hamlets in Norfolk, lying in a beautiful retired vale through which a charming rivulet winds towards the sea. It is about three and a half miles east of Wells, and the road to it is by no means a promising approach to such a lovely spot; but if you are not disheartened by this you will be amply rewarded for your pains and perseverance. To judge from the remarks of the natives of the surrounding villages, Stiffkey, in spite of its beauty, has not a very good reputation. This is due to the fact that its inhabitants, who are mainly dependent upon cockle-gathering for a livelihood, are a people who, as we say in Norfolk, "keep themselves to themselves." This is at once evident from their appearance, for they are a type distinct from their neighbours, with whom they seldom or never intermarry. Most of them have red hair, and it is plain to the most casual observer that the "keeping of themselves to themselves" which has brought this about has also resulted in physical and mental deterioration. Most of the cockle-gathering is—or was until recently—done by women and girls, who, when they are at work on the shore at low-water, wear short and

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sometimes bifurcated skirts. Mrs Berlyn, in her "Sunrise-Land," draws a gloomy picture of village life at Stiffkey, which, indeed, is unlike that of any other hamlet in the county. As to the hardships endured by the women, she writes: "When the east wind blows in from the sea it cuts like a flail on the naked legs of the women, stooping hour after hour to pick the slimy, glistening molluscs from

the pools, and rheumatism, say the old 'mindere,' is the inevitable lot of them all; for however bleak and cold it may be, and whatever may be their constitutions, they will plunge into the water knee-deep again and again, day after day, to rake from the incoming waves an extra peck to swell their sacks. Sometimes it is in the waning light, according to the tides, that the women come down for their spoils, but always in gangs, for the sea is treacherous; and once, they say, it carried away one of their number, who, working alone in the glooming with her back to the waves, learnt only of her danger when it was too late." So it is a somewhat "unlovely life" that is led by the dwellers in this lovely peaceful vale.

There is an old farmhouse at Stiffkey, which goes by the

name of "The Hall." It was built by Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was Lord Privy Seal to Queen Elizabeth; but it never attained the dimensions he intended, though it was formerly a castellated mansion with imposing circular towers.

About two miles from Wells is Holkham Hall, the seat of the Earl of Leicester, standing in the midst of a large and beautiful park. The estate came into the possession of the family in the seventeenth century; but the hall, which has been described as one of the ugliest buildings imaginable, was built between the years 1734 and 1760. The great agriculturalist, Thomas William Coke, better known as "Coke of Norfolk," succeeded to the estate in 1776, and was created Earl of Leicester and Viscount Coke in 1837. He found his land sandy and barren: as he was in the habit of saying, "he used to see two rabbits quarrelling for one blade of grass." He was assured that nothing could possibly grow upon it; but discovering under the sand a stratum of marl, he, by having it dug and spread, eventually obtained from his property an annual yield to the value of something like £20,000. At the present time the park is well stocked with deer and cattle, and the woods produce more pheasants and partridges than any others in England. The park is open to the public once a week; but an inspection of the interior of the hall, which at the beginning of the century was granted every Tuesday to all *except foreigners and artists*, can only be obtained by special permission. In the park is a large artificial lake dug by "Coke of Norfolk," which is visited by large numbers of wild fowl. Anyone standing beside it on a winter's day may well be astonished at what he sees there. More particularly will this be the case after a long spell of severe weather, for then, as a writer has said, the fowl "lie as thick as ducks on a mill pond." Not only mallard, teal, and widgeon then come to the lake, but scoters, golden-eyes, and goosanders. There is a heronry in the park, most of the nests being built in beeches which have attained such a height that they are visible a long way off.

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Holkham is also noted for being a favourite haunt of the wild grey geese, concerning which Lord Leicester has written: "As long as I can recollect, wild geese have frequented the Holkham and Burnham marshes. Their time of appearance in this district is generally the last week of October, and their departure the end of March, varying a little according to the season. Till November they rarely alight on the marshes, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood, but are seen passing to and fro from the sea. Where they feed in October I know not; but from early in November till their time of departure for the north, the Holkham marshes have almost daily some hundreds of geese feeding in them." The geese referred to are the "pink-footed" species, *Anser Brachyrhynchus*, which breeds in Iceland and Spitzbergen. Mr Bowdler Sharpe, who has had opportunities of observing them at Holkham, says he has seen them flying out day after day to the sandbanks beyond the bar of Wells Harbour, uttering their musical "tin-trumpet"-like call.

The Holkham estates are practically a wild fowl sanctuary; but beyond their borders the shore-gunner finds plenty of sport as soon as the season sets in. Across the lonesome flats and among the grey sandhills he prowls in search of the birds which have been driven southwards from the frozen North. Night and day he is on the lookout for them. Grey dawn often finds him crouched in a duck-hole scooped out of the wind-heaped sand, waiting for a brace of mallards or a flock of widgeon to come within range of his gun; and the red light of winter sunset often fades ere he returns to his cottage by the shore. He is inured to the inevitable hardships of his calling; he will lie for hours on the bleak sea beach if there is chance of a bag. The chill winds may blow and the keen frosts cover the pools with ice; still he remains at his post, and many and strange are the sounds he hears and the sights he sees. Almost everything is "fair game" which comes to him; even a grey gull or hooded crow is not despised; but it is

the sight of the wild geese fighting that gladdens his heart.

Westward of Holkham are the seven Burnhams. Probably, only official land surveyors know where one begins and the other ends; but that need not trouble you, for you will only care to visit Burnham Thorpe, the birthplace of Nelson. Even here you will find little to repay you for your pilgrimage. Of the rectory in which the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar first saw the light, nothing marks the site except an old well; but the church lectern is made of wood from the *Victory*. Brancaster, which lies beyond the Burnhams, and from which a Roman road formerly ran all along the coast to Caister, is supposed to be the Roman *Branodonum*; but most people go to Brancaster nowadays to play golf rather than to seek traces of the entrenchments of the "Count of the Saxon shore." Those who are not fond of salt marshes, even when overgrown with scentless sea lavender, will, however, after exploring Holkham, do well to take train to Hunstanton, where on the summit of the breezy chalk cliffs they may enjoy a wider prospect of sea and shore than they have seen since they left Sheringham. Hunstanton is another of those pleasantly situated coast-line retreats which have begun to compete with Cromer for popularity. There is a wide beach, with plenty of rock pools at low water, when the tide ebbs so far from the white cliffs that even the smart little pier can scarcely wet its iron feet in the sea. On a windy day, when the tamarisk on the cliff-top is blown about like a cloud of grey-green smoke, and you are trying to reach the lighthouse from the town, you may perhaps think the place a little too breezy; but people are not blown over the cliff every day, and a spice of danger gives a zest to pleasure.

The old village of Hunstanton, which is a little more than a mile from the new town, is notable for its church of St Mary and the ancestral home of the L'Estranges. This family has held the lordship of the place ever since the Conquest, and has produced some famous men. The

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fine entrance gate and a great part of the old moated hall were built by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who died in 1506, and to whose memory there is a fine brass in the village church. Other portions of the building were added by Sir Hamon L'Estrange in the seventeenth century. Thirteen generations are represented in the family portraits contained in this typical old English mansion, which is filled with valuable heirlooms and curiosities gathered together during many centuries. Apparently it has been the praiseworthy aim of its holders to keep it, as nearly as possible, in its original condition; for to-day you may enter its old armoury, hung with rusty suits and coats of mail; visit the old buttery and kitchen in which old-time retainers congregated while their masters feasted in the great hall, and see rooms filled with furniture which is as old as the house itself. Such a place is a part of our English history, as might be realised even if it were not for the portrait of the first Pretender which hangs upon the great oak staircase, and the knowledge that the L'Estranges have played a prominent part in many historical events, and formed alliances with many famous families. Probably, in earlier days, they were considered rather dangerous neighbours, for we read that in 1644 Sir Roger L'Estrange planned to capture the neighbouring town of Lynn. He was betrayed by some of his conspiring associates, and condemned to death; but this sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment, and he eventually escaped to the Continent. After the Restoration he again appeared on the scene, this time as a political writer, in which direction he was far more successful than as a conspirator. He established the *Public Intelligencer*, a paper superseded by the *London Gazette*, and was appointed "Licenser of the Press." The church of St Mary owes its good condition to the family whose memorials are its most interesting feature. In the neighbouring village of Heacham there is another old hall, occupied by the Rolfes, a family which claims to have in its veins the blood of the unfortunate Virginian Princess Pocahontas, who

married John Rolfe, an adventurous comrade of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The neighbourhood of Hunstanton, however, is only a comparatively small tract of upland between wide expanses of salt marshes, so, as there is little to be gained by continuing your coast-line tour across these monotonous levels, you will probably prefer to take train at Hunstanton, and thus make your way to Sandringham and King's Lynn.

ITINERARY THE EIGHTH

IN THE PRINCE'S COUNTRY

SANDRINGHAM, CASTLE RISING, AND KING'S LYNN

The Prince's Railway Station—Sandringham Heights—Sandringham Hall—The Church in the Park—Its Monuments and Memorials—West Newton and Dersingham—Ingoldisthorpe Hall—The Murder of Drugo Chamberlain—Dersingham Heath—Bustards—Castle Rising—The Prison of the "She-wolf of France"—The Bede House—King's Lynn—The Reclamation of the Fens—Fighting the Sea—The Red Mount Chapel—The South Gate—Greyfriars' Tower—Eugene Aram's School—Lynn Churches—The Red Register—The Hamlets of Marshland—Their Fine Churches—The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington—Dr Jessop and "Marshland."

TRAVELLERS on the coast railway between Hunstanton and King's Lynn, when they have completed about two-thirds of their journey to the latter town, find the train draw up at a station which at once strikes them as being vastly different to all others they have come across in their journeyings, and which has more the appearance of a fair-sized bungalow than a railway station. This is Wolferton Station, the nearest stopping-place to Sandringham, and the alighting-place of the Prince of Wales when he visits his Norfolk home. Here there are no disfiguring advertisements on the walls, no automatic machines—not even a weighing machine or a porter's barrow litters the smooth-paved platforms. A special approach for royal carriages leads up to royal waiting-rooms; even the gas lamps with which the station is brilliantly lighted have royal crowns. The row of fire-buckets, too, are of such ornate design as to make one tremble for the effect upon them of use at a fire. It seems

almost sacrilege to step upon the spotless platforms without wiping the dust from your boots ; but if you wish to see Sandringham you must alight here, and follow the pleasant turf-bordered woodland road so often used by the lord of the manor when he is in residence at Sandringham House.

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful neighbourhood for a prince whose tastes are thoroughly English than this of Sandringham. Nowhere in Norfolk is there another like it ; indeed the greater part of it might have been transplanted from some county of woods and wild moorlands. To gain some idea of its beauty, take your stand upon the summit of a hill about a mile from the station, known as the Sandringham Heights. From here you get a wide view not only of the Prince's estate, with its heathery hills and dales and well-stocked preserves, but of the cattle-dotted marshes which stretch away from the foot of the upland slopes to the low-lying shores of the Wash. On a clear day it is possible to see, apparently rising like a far-off lighthouse from the sea, the tower of Boston church, better known in Norfolk and Lincolnshire as "Boston stump." The outlook embraces a variety of scenery. As a writer who devoted considerable time to describing Sandringham and its surroundings has said :— "Sea, heath, hill, and woodland combine with the soil under cultivation, and the well-ordered and well-conditioned villages, to give this estate the charm of variety, which, it must be acknowledged, is also not wanting in the climate." Of all the coverts in view from the heights the best is Wolferton North Wood, which covers a slope leading down to the level shores of the Wash. Indeed, it is one of the best coverts in the best shooting county in England, and provided excellent sport for the Kaiser when he last visited Sandringham. As a rule it is reserved for a big "shoot" on December 1st, the Princess of Wales's birthday. On this and other important occasions, the beaters are usually garbed in old English smock frocks, such as have almost entirely vanished from rural England.

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Eighty years ago, when an interesting work, illustrated by John Sell Cotman, and entitled "Excursions through Norfolk," was brought out, a couple of lines were considered sufficient to describe Sandringham, or, as it was then spelt, Sanderingham. Now, not a day passes without mention of the place being made in some newspaper, every month sees special articles devoted to it in the magazines, and even books have been written about it. The event which led to this great change, occurred in 1861, when the Prince of Wales purchased from the Hon. C. Spencer Cowper, a son of Lady Palmerston by her first husband Earl Cowper, the Sandringham estate for the sum of £220,000. The Sandringham House of that time was a solid building occupying three sides of a square, and the estate, which comprised the parishes of Sandringham, Babingley, Appleton, West Newton, Wolferton, and some part of Dersingham, was one of about 7,000 acres. As soon as the house became a royal residence it proved too small and inconvenient for the requirements of the household, and, after a scheme of enlargement had been pronounced impracticable, it was pulled down and the present house (commenced in 1869 and completed in 1871) built by a local man.

Through the favour of the Prince the public are now admitted to the grounds on one day in the week, when the royal family is not in residence. Visitors to the neighbourhood who avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing the beauties of the park and gardens come away with delightful recollections of the Prince's country home. The park, which comprises about 300 acres, has for its main entrance the famous Norwich Gates, presented to the Prince in 1862 by the county in recognition of the favour he has shown Norfolk in living here. These gates are made of wrought iron, fashioned into elaborate designs of flowers and creeping plants; and the piers are surmounted by bronze griffins, supporting armorial shields on which are represented His Royal Highness's various titles.

Above the gates are the royal arms, a royal crown, and the Prince of Wales's plumes, the whole being well worthy of the skill of its makers, a Norwich firm of ironworkers. An avenue of limes leads from the gates to the house, through delightful gardens. There is a lake, with a central island, in the park, and another in the west garden amid grassy slopes and lovely flower beds. Beyond this garden, and stretching away southward, is the park, where the deer wander amid fine oaks, some of which are many centuries old. The stables are on the east side of the house, and are reached by a broad walk bordered by foreign *coniferae*. Several members of the royal family possess valuable and curious pets, and most of these are usually to be seen in the neighbourhood of the stables, where are a bear pit, monkey house, and aviary. Across the road which skirts the east side of the pleasure-grounds are the kitchen gardens, home farm, and the Princess's dairy. York Cottage, which stands in the park, and now belongs to the Duke of York, was formerly known as the "Bachelors' Cottage," as it was built for the accommodation of male members of the royal suite.

Sandringham House is a building of irregular outline, in which some attempt is made to reproduce Elizabethan architecture. Comfort rather than luxury was the end the designer had in view, and he seems to have been successful in attaining it. This is not the place for a description of the interior of a house which is a home and not a show place, so I will be content with mentioning that the clock in the turret over the ball-room entrance was erected by local tradesmen as a memorial to the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and that the granite lions on the terrace are from Japan, and were presented to the Prince by Admiral Keppel.

An avenue of Scotch firs leads to Sandringham Church, which stands on rising ground within the park walls. Before the estate became a royal desmesne the church had been completely restored by the late Lady Cowper,

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wife of the Hon. Spencer Cowper, "to commemorate their only child;" but since the Prince has occupied Sandringham, it has been greatly beautified and adorned. There are memorials in the chancel to H.R.H. Princess Alice, H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, H.I.M. the Emperor Frederick III. of Germany, and H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who died at Sandringham on

*The Principal Entrance
Sandringham*
V.R.

January 14th, 1892. Painted windows in the transept were the gifts of Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh; and the brass lectern bears an inscription which shows that it was presented by the Princess of Wales as a thank-offering for the Prince's recovery from a serious illness contracted in 1871. There are also memorial windows to the infant Prince Alexander, son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose grave is in the churchyard; brasses to the Rev. W. L. Onslow, M.A., the late rector, and Mr Edmund Beck, the late estate agent;

and a painted window to the memory of Colonel Grey, one of the Prince's equerries. In the nave hang the old colours of the Norfolk Regiment, the 9th Foot.

Inside and outside the park walls there is so much to be seen, that one visit to Sandringham scarcely affords opportunities for gaining more than general impressions. The cottages of the workers on the estate, the farm where the stock is raised which competes so successfully at agricultural shows, the village of West Newton with its church, club-house, and school, all of which owe much to the Prince's generosity, call for more attention than can be bestowed upon them in one day. West Newton church is especially interesting on account of the numerous valuable offerings which have been made to it by members of the Royal Family. At Babingley, another hamlet in the Prince's estate, the church is believed to stand on the site of the first Christian church erected in England—that built by St Felix, the Burgundian bishop, when he introduced Christianity into East Anglia; while at Dersingham, a large parish adjoining Sandringham, is a fine church which you should not leave the neighbourhood without examining. It has a splendid thirteenth century east window, a "lowside" or lepers' window, a curious aumbry, and a fine old parish chest with representations of the Evangelists on its panels. At Ingoldisthorpe, a neighbouring hamlet, is a house with which it is possible to associate a great deal of romantic interest. It is the dreary old moated manor-house known as Ingoldisthorpe Hall. Many centuries ago an ancient lord of the manor, one Thomas de Ingoldisthorpe, was, with a certain Herbert de Pastele, implicated in the murder of one Drugo Chamberlain. A brother of the murdered man sued De Pastele, who was compelled, by a king's license, to travel to Jerusalem, "there to serve God for the soul of Drugo who was slain, during the space of seven years," while Thomas de Ingoldisthorpe was ordered to find a monk or canon to pray for Drugo's soul, and had to pay

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Drugo's parents twenty marks. Some of the gruesome interest of this story still seems to cling to the ancient walls of Ingoldisthorpe Hall.

South of Dersingham are nearly 2000 acres of sandy heath and warren. This wide heathland was one of the last haunts of the great bustards. In 1838, a bustard sold at Cambridge was ascertained to have been the last survivor of a drove which had frequented this district for many years. Drove of great bustards which had haunted the heaths and warrens of Thetford and Icklingham, on the Suffolk border, and the heaths around Swaffham, became extinct about the same time. If you are fond of botanizing you will find the neighbourhood of Sandringham a good one, for the variety of soil produces almost every kind of flora. On the salt marshes and fenny tracts of Wolfer-ton, on the seashore and heaths, and in the woods, fields, and meadows, there is an abundance of wild plant life, including many rare species.

Midway between Sandringham and Lynn, and about two miles from North Wootton Station, is Castle Rising. There was a time when this little village was a Parliamentary borough, whose mayor ranked as the chief municipal dignitary of the county; but its glory has departed, and now it is principally noted for its grand old castle, which dates from the reign of William Rufus. The most striking portion of the ruins of this once famous fortress, which is erected within ancient earthworks, is its keep, built by William D'Albini, the first Earl of Sussex. It measures seventy-five feet from east to west, sixty-four from north to south, and is about fifty feet high. An ornamented staircase leads up to the first floor, which contains a square room lighted on three sides by Norman windows, two galleries with a hall between them, and a small decorated chamber. North of the tower are the remains of a Norman chapel, discovered during the present century, and displaying architecture said to be older than the keep. The approach to the castle is through a Norman gate-

house. A number of curiosities are preserved by the present owner of this ancient stronghold, and are exhibited by its custodian. In the fourteenth century the

Castle Rising

castle was bought by Edward III., whose mother, Queen Isabella, the "She-wolf of France," was imprisoned here after the execution of her favourite Mortimer. The village church, which stands amid a grove of fine old trees, is one

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of the best examples of Norman architecture in England, and has some singular external ornamental work on either side of the old window at its west end. Adjoining the churchyard is what is known as the Bede House, an old almshouse founded in the reign of James I. It is inhabited by a number of old women who on Sundays go to church in a curious garb of the Jacobean period, consisting of blue gowns, bright red capes, and frill-lined, "extinguisher"-crowned beaver hats. A little chapel, with old oak benches, is connected with the Bede House, and here prayers are supposed to be offered daily for the soul of the founder of the charity, Henry Howard, the eccentric Earl of Northampton. There is accommodation in the almshouse for twelve inmates, who, to be eligible for admission, must, in accordance with the stipulations of the founder, "be of an honest life and conversation, religious, grave, and discreet, able to read, if such a one may be had, a single woman, her place to be void upon marriage, to be fifty years of age at least, no common beggar, harlot, scold, drunkard, haunter of taverns, inns, or alehouses."

An hour and a half's walk, or a few minutes' railway ride, will now take you to King's Lynn, the terminating point of your journey along the Norfolk coast. A good many people who do not live at Lynn, and not a few who live there, have not a good word to say for the town; and I must admit that, if I could, I would choose a different place for the ending of this coastline tour. "A decent place if every second turning did not take you into a slum," says one who would have you believe he is expressing a general opinion; but what he would call "slums" are not uncommon in ancient towns. The writer of the only local guide-book to be obtained "for love or money" begins his description of the place with a gloomy picture of an almost shipless harbour, hollow-sounding warehouses and granaries, and a depressing succession of empty houses; though he hastens to assure you that these were features of the Lynn

of the 1860s, and are not those of the Lynn of to-day. An air of stagnation certainly seems to pervade the town, and the number of idlers observed on doorsteps and at street corners is disproportionate to its size; still, a borough in which by some means or other, nearly 20,000 people contrive to exist cannot be entirely wanting in commercial enterprise. For my present purpose, however, it suffices that the town contains several "sights" and antiquities calculated to afford pleasure to a stranger within its gates.

If space could be afforded, a great deal might be written here about the past history of Lynn and its neighbourhood, and some interesting information included concerning the devastating inroads of the sea which occurred when what is now known as the Fenland really deserved the name. In the days when the Romans descended upon East Anglia the land for fifty miles around the shores of the Wash was scarcely land at all, and only here and there, in places almost inaccessible to the invading legions, the natives managed to exist in small settlements surrounded by vast swamps. Then, the south of Lincolnshire, the west of Norfolk, part of Suffolk, nearly the whole of Cambridgeshire, and portions of Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire—or rather of the districts which now bear these names—were submerged by every flood tide, and if Lynn existed at all it was only as a small settlement. It undoubtedly owed the importance it had attained to in the time of the Conqueror to the Romans, who either themselves raised, or caused the vanquished Britons to construct, solid embankments along the coast, which served, in a measure, to keep out the sea. Land was thus reclaimed, and turned to good account by the planting of orchards, the laying down of pastures, and the cultivation of corn; so that the Fens, as they are still called, became a "fat" land, noted for its fruitfulness in cattle and crops. Men learned to live peaceful lives, devoted to their farms and homesteads; but all the while they had an enemy at their gates, ever ready to take advantage of an opportunity to

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devastate their hard-won lowlands. This enemy was the sea, and often during the centuries which elapsed between the Conquest and the comparatively recent completion of a really effective system of drainage and defence its waves for a time won back its ancient bed and desolated Fenland fields and homes. The intervals between these disastrous floods, however, were long enough to enable the fenmen to repair the damage done and maintain the general condition of the district, so Lynn, the chief port of the coast and a favoured borough of several kings, grew in wealth and fame.

One of the first of Lynn's antiquities which you see, as you leave the station and turn into the pleasant "Walks" which open out near by, is the Red Mount Chapel, an octangular erection on a mound in the midst of this popular summer resort. The prior of Lynn in the year 1483 was responsible for its building, and it contains three storeys, the lower of which is a vault and the upper a cruciform chapel with a beautiful groined roof. Mackerell says that "this religious place was a receptacle for the pilgrims who took this in their way, to say their orisons at, as they travelled along towards the sometime famous and celebrated priory or convent of our Lady at Walsingham." Not far from the walks, and on the way to the cemetery, is the massive South Gate, built in the fifteenth century to replace an earlier one which formed part of the early fortifications of the town. Above the main archway, in which the groove of the portcullis is still to be seen, is a guardroom, and on either side are smaller arches for the convenience

of foot-passengers. Although not such a substantial building as the South Gate, the Greyfriars' Tower, which stands in the Grammar School Garden, is a finer relic of the town's past. This lofty tower, supported by four piers, is all that is left of a monastery founded in the thirteenth century. The Grammar School near the tower is not, as is often stated, that in which Eugene Aram was an under-master when, in 1758, he was arrested for the murder of Daniel Clark of Knaresborough. The school at which Aram taught was held in a chapel connected with the parish church. This chapel was demolished in 1779. There was once an Austin Friary in Austin Lane, to the south of St Nicholas Church, but all that remains of it is a bricked-up gateway.

Like Norwich Cathedral and St Nicholas' Church at Yarmouth, Lynn parish church owes its foundation to the Norman bishop Lozinga. Its architecture is of various periods, Norman, Early English, and the Decorated styles being each in evidence. A little more than a century and a half ago the nave and aisles were destroyed by the falling of the spire of the south-west tower; but they were soon restored, the nave in what someone calls "a conscientious manner but debased style." There are some curious *miserere* seats in the stalls, under which are grotesque carvings. The most interesting things in the church are a couple of brasses of Flemish workmanship to the memory of Robert Braunche and Adam de Walsoken. They are in the south-west tower. On the Braunche brass is depicted what is supposed to be a banquet given to Edward III. by Braunche during his mayoralty. Comment is often made upon the fact that one of the guests is represented in the act of straddling across the table in his eagerness to get at one of the dishes of peacocks being brought in by female attendants. The other brass is engraved to represent a vintage harvest. The church is very much smaller than it used to be, for at one time its length was 240 feet and its width 118 feet, while its south-west tower and spire rose to the height of 275 feet.

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St Nicholas', a chapel-of-ease to St Margaret's, stands a little way from the market-place. It was built in the 14th century, and is an impressive structure, though pronounced by an authority on church architecture "a bad specimen of a good style." It has magnificent east and west windows and a beautiful south porch. Among the monuments on its walls is one to the memory of Sir Benjamin Keene, K.B., a native of the town, who was Ambassador at the Court of Spain, and died at Madrid in 1757. His remains were conveyed to England and buried here. Let into the floor is a gravestone which bears the name of Robinson Cruso, and near the font is another to the memory of a certain Thomas Hollingworth, who is described as having been "an eminent bookseller. . . much esteemed by gentlemen of taste for the neatness and elegance of his binding." The modern church of St John, near the station, owes its existence to the late Mr Motteux of Sandringham Hall, who, on being twice ejected from pews in St Nicholas, made inquiries as to the accommodation in the Lynn churches, and, finding it insufficient, contributed £1,500 towards the building of a new church.

The Guildhall or Town Hall is an ancient building in the Saturday Market-place. Its Elizabethan porch attracts attention, and should you enter the Assembly Room you will find there a number of portraits worth examining, including those of William III. and Mary, Lord Nelson, and Sir Robert Walpole. Among the records preserved in the hall is the "Red Register of Lynn," which dates from 1309 and is one of the oldest paper books in England. A goblet known as King John's Cup, said to have been given by that monarch to the Corporation, is to be found in the possession of the mayor.

The old merchant princes of Lynn were able to build substantial and imposing mansions, some of which are still to be seen in the streets of the old town, though most of them have lost something of their impressiveness and substantiality. One of the best preserved is in Queen Street,

which opens out of the Saturday market-place. It has two inner courts and an old brick tower ; but the glory of it is gone. This was a splendid Jacobean mantelpiece which was

sold not long ago for £900. In the same street are some ancient buildings that once constituted a college for priests, founded by Thomas Thoresby, a 16th century mayor of the borough ; and in King Street is the Custom House, which

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dates from 1683, and has a statue of Charles II. over the entrance. It is just such a building as one might imagine that to have been which Hawthorne refers to in his introduction to "*The Scarlet Letter*," where he writes of a decaying New England port. In King Street, too, is St George's Hall, an old guildhall sometime used as a theatre. Lynn scarcely looks a place where a touring theatrical company would draw large audiences, and in this respect it cannot have altered much since the time when George Stephens, after an unsuccessful season, parodied in this hall Lorenzo's address to Jessica :

"O Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've shared but half-a-crown.
Let you and I, then, bid these folks good-night,
For if we longer stay they'll starve us quite."

A visit to the Docks suggests that, after all, Lynn's commercial stagnation is more apparent than real, for these are not ancient docks with decaying wharves, but modern basins with every sign about them of considerable maritime trade. As a fishing port, however, Lynn will not bear comparison with Yarmouth and Lowestoft, for the boats which carry on the local whelk and mussel fisheries are only cockle-shell—or shall I say mussel-shell—'longshore craft.

A glance at an ordinary atlas might lead you to imagine that by going to Lynn you would be able to bathe in the sea and enjoy the golden sands. But Lynn is quite two miles from the Wash, and a much greater distance must be travelled before you can step upon a sandy beach. By a stroll along the banks of the Lynn Cut, however, you may obtain a wide view of the reclaimed land and unreclaimed ooze flats and salt marshes which stretch away towards the sea. And if the sight of these tempts you to explore still further into the recesses of Marshland, you may, by journeyings south and west of the town, gain some idea of the Fenland of to-day, and of the strenuous efforts which its

old-time inhabitants made to win it from the waves. In the course of your peregrinations you will come across some grand old churches, first rank among which must be accorded to those of Terrington St Clement, Wiggenhall St Mary, and Walpole St Peter. Of Tilney Smeeth, a wide expanse of pasture upon which the men of Marshland had a right to feed their cattle, and which is referred to in one of the romantic tales of Tom Hickathrift, the fighting giant, a story is told which deserves to be true. A courtier is said to have spoken of it to King James I., and, referring to its fertility, stated that "if over-night a wand or rod was laid on the ground, in the morning it would be covered with grass of that night's growth so as not to be discerned." The King's response to this assertion was that he "knew some grounds in Scotland, where, if a horse was put in over-night, they could not see or discern him in the morning!" At Wiggenhall St Mary Magdalene was founded that Crabb or Crabhouse Abbey, of which Dr Jessop has written so delightfully in his "*Frivola*;" and Islington, a straggling village near the high road from Lynn to Wisbech, is the Islington of the ballad-famous bailiff's daughter. Of the district lying westward of Lynn Dr Jessop writes:—"The Ouse was the western boundary beyond which it was not worth while for the Norfolk men in the early times to fix their habitations; for all to the westward of the river stretched an enormous morass, say fifteen miles from north to south, and eight or ten from east to west. . . . It is even now a dreary region, a land of marshes and big drains and swamps. The water is naught, for all its horrible abundance; but the land is very rich in pasture, such as cattle thrive on." Here, you may see the tide-walls erected centuries ago, some of them by the Romans, to keep out the sea, and also the "cuts" or drains made by Cornelius Vermuyden when that Dutch experimenter attempted to improve the condition of the marshlands; while at West Walton, where the Nene divides Norfolk from Cambridgeshire, in the church there, you may read a

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curious inscription, recording how, in 1613, 1614, and 1671, "the sea broke in and overflowed all Marshland, to the great danger of Men's lives and losse of goods," and concluding with the quaint lines:—

"Surely our sins were tinctured in graine
May we not say the labour was in vaine
Soe many washings still the Spotts remaine."

ITINERARY THE NINTH

AN EXCURSION ACROSS-COUNTRY

NORWICH TO EAST DEREHAM, SWAFFHAM, AND HOUGHTON

Heigham — Bishop Hall's Old Palace — Costessy Hall — "The Jerningham Letters" — Honingham — East Dereham — Cowper's Tomb — Borrow's Birthplace — Borrow and Dereham — The Tomb of Withburga — The Bell Tower — Sir Robert Walpole and Dereham — "All Joys to Great Cæsar" — Sleepy Swaffham — Castleacre Castle and Priory — Houghton Hall — Sir Robert Walpole — The Houghton Pictures — Walpole at Houghton.

IN the two foregoing chapters I have indicated how, by starting from Yarmouth, you may reach Lynn by a long and interesting tour along the coast. I will now describe an itinerary by which you may, by a more direct route through the heart of the county, arrive at the ancient Fenland town, or, if you chose, deviate from this direct route and, by way of Fakenham, reach Wells, on the North Norfolk seaboard. Norwich is again your starting-point, and you have the choice of setting out for East Dereham by one or the other of two ways. You may take train from Norwich (Thorpe Station), or follow the Dereham turnpike, which runs westward out of the city, through Heigham. Assuming the latter route is selected, you have a sixteen miles journey to Dereham, a distance inconsiderable to the cyclist, and not too far as a day's walking tour for an average pedestrian, especially as apart from the pleasant pastoral scenery, which may occasionally tempt you to

1871

NORWICH TO DEREHAM, SWAFFHAM, CASTLE ACRE, AND HOUGHTON.

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loiter, there is not much to delay you between Heigham and Dereham.

At Heigham, however, you should see the old Dolphin Inn, which is a favourite subject with artists. This picturesque old flint-faced inn was, in the middle of the 17th century, the palace of the celebrated Bishop Hall of Exeter, who retired here after being subjected to great persecution by the Puritans. The figures above the doorway seem to indicate the date of its erection, though some authorities say it was built about thirty years later. There is some curious carving in the interior, and one room, a parlour to the right of the entrance, is wainscotted all round with oak.

Continuing along the turnpike you reach, about four miles from Norwich, Costessy or Cossey Park, which extends down to the roadside. The village is some two miles from the high road, and it is not worth your while to go out of your way to see it; but the park is peculiar in that it contains two halls, an old one, for many years the seat of that noted Norfolk family, the Jerninghams; and a new one in which Lord Stafford, the present representative of the family, resides. The old hall was erected in the reign of Elizabeth, and is surrounded by some of the finest trees in the county. Of the inner life of the Jerningham family during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries many delightful and interesting glimpses are given in "The Jerningham Letters," edited by Mr Egerton Castle, and published in 1896. Had I the

space to spare, I could give many extracts from these letters, specially referring to Cossey Hall and its former inhabitants: as it is I cannot resist the temptation to quote from one or two of them. Lady Jerningham, who is the writer of a great number of the letters, must have been a terror to her friends, for this is how she describes one of her guests:—"Madame de Tott is at Cossey. She is very Clever, and *particularly* Religious, going every week to the Sacraments, but she puts on white and red, Lames herself with small Shoes, and wears a Corset that tortures her from its Length and tightness. What an odd Patchwork! She tells me, with the most Dissipated Face and appearance, that she is always thinking of death and preparing for it!" A month later she writes:—"Madame de Tott continues wishing to be *intime* with you. She is a pleasant woman, but laughs too loud for a Saint, she is however a woman of strict Principle, and has lived with Demons."

Attached to Cossey Hall is a large domestic chapel dedicated to St Augustine of England, the Jerninghams, it must be understood, having always been one of the leading Roman Catholic families in the country. Concerning this chapel and his own family, Edward Jerningham, while travelling in the year 1810 in the Bury coach, heard some interesting details from a traveller who was unaware of his companion's identity. At the end of his journey he wrote to his brother, Sir George Jerningham:—"I had some pleasant companions yesterday in the coach, among others an old clergyman of the name of Reeve, the rector of Bungay. He had no guess who I was, and I easily therefore pumped him upon several topics—He is a very liberal, sensible man—we talked of Catholics and he approves entirely of the Bishop of Norwich's sentiments—He advised me strongly to go and see a magnificent Roman Chapel at Cossey, saying that he had not seen it himself but that his son, who lives in the neighbourhood, wrote him that it was the precise model of King's College Chapel—Upon this I expressed some doubts, but He immediately

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replied that the size was certainly greatly reduced from the model, yet that all the parts were exactly copied, and that he has authentic information that it has cost Sir George Jerningham twenty-five thousand pounds—‘Wonderful,’ added he, ‘are the numbers that flock to this chapel every Sunday.’ The whole coach was in amazement, and I promised faithfully to go and see it the next time I should travel into these parts.”

About seven miles from Norwich is the village of Honingham, where, in an ancient church, are some interesting monuments, one to the memory of Sir Thomas Richardson, a seventeenth century Lord Chief Justice. After passing through this hamlet, there is little to delay you until you reach Dereham.

During the latter years of the eighteenth century, Cowper lived at Dereham, and, in all probability, it is to his tomb in St Nicholas Church that you will make your way as soon as you enter the town. You will find on the wall of the north transept a white marble tablet, surmounted by a sculptured Bible, copy of “The Task,” and the poet’s bays, and bearing this inscription :

In Memory
of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.,
Born in Hertfordshire, 1732.
Buried in this church, 1800.

Ye, who in warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to devotion’s bard, devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper’s dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav’rite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So dear a title to affection’s praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.

Cowper, whom Borrow calls “England’s sweetest and most pious bard,” lived and died in the house of his

cousin Mr Johnson, which formerly stood in the market-place. Its site is marked by a Cowper Chapel.

A writer whose memory Norfolk men delight to honour, because he was a native of the county, is George Henry Borrow, who was born in a house which, according to Dr Knapp, his biographer, is still to be seen in the hamlet of Dumpling Green, about a mile-and-a-half from Dereham. Borrow was always enthusiastic about his birthplace, and in "Lavengro," a book which we now know to be largely autobiographical, he writes:—"I love to think on thee, pretty quiet D——, thou pattern of an English country town, with thy clean but narrow streets branching out from thy modest market-place, with thine old-fashioned houses, with here and there a roof of venerable thatch, with thy one half-aristocratic mansion, where resided thy Lady Bountiful,¹—she, the generous and kind, who loved to visit the sick, leaning on her gold-headed cane, whilst the sleek old footman walked at a respectful distance behind . . . Yes, pretty D——, I could always love thee, were it but for the sake of him who sleeps beneath the marble slab in yonder quiet chancel." Borrow, when a boy, was taken twice every Sunday to Dereham Church, "where, from a corner of the large spacious pew, lined with black leather," he would fix his eyes on "the dignified High-church rector," and admire the way in which he and "the dignified High-church clerk" rolled out the portentous words of the Liturgy. The "dignified High-church clerk" was an old Dereham cordwainer, whose gravestone you may see as you enter the church porch.

The bell tower, as it is called, of St Nicholas', is detached from the church, and is notable for having been used as a prison in the days when French prisoners-of-war were conveyed "across country" from Yarmouth to

¹ Dame Eleanor Fenn, wife of Sir John Fenn, the editor of the "Paston Letters."

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the great prison at Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire. In 1799, a young Frenchman named Jean de Narde, the son of a notary-public of St Malo, managed to escape from this tower, but was pursued and shot by a sentry. The unfortunate soldier was buried in the churchyard, and a stone to his memory, erected by the rector of that time, and renewed by a later one, records how he came by his end. A more interesting and far more ancient churchyard relic of the past, however, is an archway in an enclosed hollow into which a spring of water flows. Some people assert that this archway is nothing more than a portion of an ancient baptistery; but the following inscription appears above it:—

“ The Ruins of a Tomb which contained the Remains of

WITHBURGA,

youngest daughter of

Annas,

King of the East Angles,

who died A.D. 654.

The Abbot and Monks of Ely

stole this precious relic

and translated it to Ely Cathedral,

where it is interred near her three Royal sisters.”

The “precious relic” referred to in this somewhat vague inscription was, of course, the ashes of the princess, who here founded and became prioress of a nunnery. A fine old carved chest in the church is believed to be nearly five hundred years old. It was discovered in the ruins of Buckenham Castle, and probably belonged to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk. It was presented to the church in 1786. In the long roll of Dereham rectors the most famous is Bishop Bonner, whom old history books usually describe as “the infamous.” He was rector from 1534 to 1540.

Although Dereham is now a charming little town, fully justifying Borrow’s rhapsodies, there was a time when it was looked upon as the worst laid-out and dirtiest town in

Norfolk. When Sir Robert Walpole heard that its inhabitants proposed to pave it, he was so pleased that he invited them all to Houghton Hall. An old account of this event says that "Such of them as accepted the invitation were headed by the then chief constable and clerk of the parish . . . who, after being entertained in the most hospitable manner, received Sir Robert's donation of twenty guineas towards the good work carrying on. But this joyous company being exhilarated by liquor, forgot themselves so far as to be induced, by the proposals of a few, to sing in chorus a famous Jacobite song called 'All joys to great Cæsar,' etc. Sir Robert, who was well acquainted with mankind, sent them home happy in themselves, and by no means displeased with him." Considering how far Houghton is from Dereham, it would probably be interesting if the historian had recorded how the company got home.

From Dereham there are two railway routes to Lynn: by way of Swaffham, which will enable you to visit the ruins of Castle Acre Castle and Priory; or by way of Fakenham and Little Massingham, the latter of which is the nearest station to Sir Robert Walpole's old home, Houghton Hall.

Swaffham, although an ancient town, and surrounded by breezy heaths and leafy bird-haunted lanes, has little besides its church to tempt you to stay in it. Dwellers in the sleepest of Sleepy Hollows would find little here to stir them. It is one of those somnolent towns where, if you enter a shop, the shopkeeper, after peering at you through a small window in the wall, emerges from some little back parlour, and, stifling a yawn, requests to know your business with the air of a man who has been awakened from a dream. Its church is fine and interesting, even if you refuse to accept the old story about its steeple and nave having been built by a travelling tinker. It is a cruciform perpendicular church, with an embattled tower; and in addition to the north and south transepts, which were chapels of the Virgin and Holy Trinity, has attached to

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the south aisle a projection which was once a chapel of Corpus Christi. There is a monument here to Catherine Steward, who died in 1590, and over the vestry is a priest's chamber, in which some old armour and a number of valuable old books are preserved. There is an altar tomb,

*West Front
The Priory
Castle Acre.
A.B.*

too, with an effigy of John Botewright, D.D., a rector of the parish in the reign of Henry VI.

Castle Acre is little more than four miles from Swaffham, in a northerly direction. Both its castle and priory are believed to have been erected by the Conqueror's favourite, William de Warrenne, first Earl of Surrey, though there is abundant evidence that the former occupies the site of a

much earlier fortress, probably a Roman station. Apparently the castle was originally a circular structure surrounded by a substantial embattled wall, of which many traces remain. In its prime, this ancient stronghold must have been an imposing place, and it is recorded that Edward I. was entertained here by one of its holders. That there was a very old settlement in the neighbourhood was conclusively proved in 1891, when, under the direction of Dr Jessop, extensive excavations were made on a farm where there were indications of the presence of an ancient burying ground. A large number of more or less perfect sepulchral urns of rude workmanship, containing charred human bones and crudely wrought ornaments, were unearthed, and have been assigned to a period not later than the seventh century of the Christian era. The priory, which stands about half a mile from the castle, is represented by a considerable portion of the west front, still in good state of preservation; a ruined tower, and the remains of a chapter-house and chapel. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when Cotman made a couple of good drawings of the priory, it was considered one of the finest ruins in the county. The passage of ninety years has done little to rob it of the distinction. It is fortunate, however, that with the castle, it, a good many years ago, came into the possession of the Earls of Leicester, as since then the depredations of the villagers, who had done much to destroy and deface its splendid workmanship, have been put a stop to. Even now you may come across here and there in the older houses of the locality, indications of raids made upon the stonework of castle and priory, from the latter of which the antique font in the parish church is said to have been removed. In the neighbouring parish of West Acre are the remains of another priory founded by Ralph de Toni in the reign of William I., but these are of very scanty proportions.

If you set out for Lynn by the high road, you will, when about five miles from Swaffham, pass through the village

An Excursion Across-Country

of West Bilney, where Thomas Bilney, who was burnt at Norwich in 1531, lived while a clerk in holy orders. The ashes of the martyr were enclosed in an urn and buried in the churchyard, where the urn was discovered a few years ago while the sexton was digging a grave. A tract of land near West Bilney church is known as "Bloodfields," through having been the scene of an engagement during the Civil Wars.

Neither the cottage in which Bilney is supposed to have lived, nor the battle-field, are sufficiently interesting to justify you in going out of your way to visit them; so, having seen Castle Acre, you will do well to journey direct by road or rail to Lynn.

Harking back to Dereham, I may briefly refer to the route to Lynn by way of Fakenham. The chief place of interest between Dereham and Fakenham is Elmham Hall, built in 1727, and at one time occupied by Earl Sondes, who fought at Waterloo. Elmham is a very ancient place, and was the episcopal seat of one of the two dioceses into which the kingdom of the East Angles was divided about 673 A.D., but it contains few signs of its early importance. Nor will you find much to detain you in Fakenham, a small town on a slight rise to the north of the river Wensum; but you must leave the train at Massingham Station if you wish to visit Houghton. The hall, which is some three miles from the station, was built by Sir Robert Walpole,

the great prime minister, and an inscription over the entrance indicates that its erection took nearly thirteen years. If not the largest country mansion in Norfolk, it is one of the largest, and stands in the midst of a domain of park and woodland of some 1400 acres. Its two grand fronts, which the passage of years has only made more impressive, are connected with the wings by balustraded colonnades. The figures over the doors are the work of Rysbrach, and Girarchon contributed a bronze Laocoon to the interior. The ceiling of the salon is painted with a design representing Phoebus and the Horses of the Sun. Subsequent to the completion of this immense mansion, Sir Robert got together here a magnificent collection of pictures; but his grandson George, Earl of Orford, whose fortunes had become somewhat impaired, disposed of it to the Empress Catherine of Russia for £40,555, and it now adorns the walls of one of the imperial palaces of St Petersburg. England thus lost possession of some of the finest works of Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian, Guido, Raffaele, and Murillo. Even now, however, the hall contains rare and valuable art treasures, among them pictures by Vandyck, Titian, Raffaele, Claude, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Splendid avenues of trees lead up to the hall. Some of the oaks in the park are centuries old, having stood there when an earlier mansion, in which Sir Robert was born and spent his childhood, occupied the site of the present one. The father of the famous minister was a bluff old country squire, whose ancestors had for centuries been lords of the manor of Houghton, and one of whom was the heir of that unfortunate Amy Robsart whose tragic death at Cumnor Hall suggested to Sir Walter Scott the writing of *Kenilworth*.

Robert Walpole was the third son of the Squire of Houghton, but, at the age of twenty-two, owing to the death of his two elder brothers, he became the heir to the estate. He was then at Cambridge, studying with a view to entering the Church. Resigning his scholarship, he returned to Houghton, where his father set him "to superintend

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the sale of the cattle in the neighbouring towns," and taught him to spend his evenings in the convivial fashion of the time. He learnt to drink deeply, for the old squire was in the habit of filling his son's glass twice for every time he filled his own, at the same time saying, "Come, Robert, you shall drink twice while I drink once, for I cannot permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father." He had to help to entertain the neighbouring squires, who looked upon Houghton as "Liberty Hall," and frequently sought the boon companionship of its owner. But when his father died he soon tired of cattle sales and country pleasures and excesses, and set his mind on a public career.

When the new hall arose where the old one had stood, far different gatherings to those of the old days were seen at Houghton. As the home of the great minister, Houghton Hall became famous for its entertainments, and Sir Robert numbered among his guests most of the leading men of the kingdom and the official representatives of other countries. "Bull-baiting was one of the amusements carried on, on a large space of grass south of the house, which still shows remains of the arrangements requisite for the sport." The festivities, too, were often worthy of the days of the old squire. "The large punch glasses, ten or twelve inches high, with diameter in proportion, which are now ranged innocently on the shelves of the china room, bring visions of lavish feasts. There is a strange little room at the back of the servants' hall, opening out of it by a door close to the chimney, called the Sots' Hole, where the drunken footmen were thrown to recover themselves, and to become fitted anew to assist their scarcely more sober masters."¹

But of necessity Sir Robert had to spend the greater part of his time in London; and it was not until he was driven from office that he was able to take his ease at his beautiful country home and enjoy himself among his pictures. Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, says: "My lord (Sir

¹ *Some Norfolk Worthies*, by the late Mrs Herbert Jones.

Robert was then the Earl of Orford) is going to furnish and hang the picture gallery. Who could ever suspect any connection between painting and the wilds of Norfolk? . . . The Domenichino is delightful. My father is as much transported with it as I am. It is hung in the gallery, where are all his most capital pictures, and he himself thinks it beats all but the Guidos. The gallery was illuminated: it is incredible what a magnificent appearance it made. There were sixty-four candles, which showed all the pictures to great advantage." Many old friends came to cheer his declining days, among them a very old clergyman from Walsingham, who had been one of his first school-masters. The ex-Prime Minister asked him why he had never come to see him when he was in power; and the old man said: "I knew that you were surrounded with so many petitions asking preferment, and that you had done so much for Norfolk people, that I did not wish to intrude. But I always inquired how Robin went on, and was satisfied with your proceedings." The Earl of Orford did not die at Houghton, but in London, and his body was brought here for burial. It lies in a vault in the village church of St Martin, where other representatives of the family are interred; but strangely enough no inscription indicates the situation of his tomb.

Cyclists who select this route from Dereham to Lynn may make it include Sandringham, which is only a few miles from Houghton; or they may, instead of journeying from Fakenham to Lynn, strike out northward from the former town and, riding through Walsingham, arrive at Wells or Holkham Hall. These are places I have already dealt with. The journey from Fakenham to Wells may also be made by train.

NORWICH TO AYLSHAM, BLICKLING, AND CROMER.

ITINERARY THE TENTH

IN ANNE BOLEYN'S COUNTRY

NORWICH TO AYLSHAM, BLICKLING, AND
CROMER

Aylsham—Blickling Hall—The History of the Manor—The Boleyns
—Traditions concerning Anne Boleyn—The Blickling Library
—Blickling Church—Blickling Ghosts—On to Cromer.

NEARLY four hundred years have passed since Anne Bullen or Boleyn, little dreaming of the stormy life and sad fate in store for her, wandered through the leafy lanes of Aylsham and Blickling; but the country folk of the district would have us believe that even now she has not wholly deserted the scenes amid which she spent her childhood. There is an old avenue of trees in the park at Blickling down which, once a year, a coach drawn by headless horses is driven by a headless coachman, and in it is seated, her head in her lap, a woman who was once a queen.¹ But she cannot now enter the portals of her old home, for the manor house built by Sir Nicholas Dagworth at the end of the 14th century, and afterwards occupied by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, a mercer and Lord Mayor of London, has wholly disappeared. In its place has risen a house which is one of the glories of Norfolk and of England—the beautiful Jacobean mansion, Blickling Hall. No one who visits Norfolk should leave the county without seeing this fine old home of the Marquesses of Lothian. The road from

¹ Strange how these old ghost stories linger on in the country! See the story of the haunting of Doleswood by Dame Paulet. ("Hampshire" in "Dent's County Guides."—*Ed.*)

Norwich to Blickling is a very pleasant one, and the distance little more than twelve miles. There are no hills sufficiently steep to trouble the cyclist, who, when he has exhausted the delights of the village and hall, may, instead of returning to Norwich, ride on by way of Gunton and Roughton Heath to Cromer. If you are not a cyclist you may take the train to Aylsham. You will then have about a mile-and-a-half's walk to the Hall.

Leaving Norwich by the old Magdalen Street, near the end of which are some traces of the city walls, and making your way through suburban Catton, you come, about two miles from the city, to a branching of the road where, by taking the right-hand road, you find yourself on the highway from Norwich to Aylsham and Cromer. The villages passed through before Aylsham is reached are Horsham St Faith, Newton St Faith, Hevingham, and Marsham; but although the scenery about and between these hamlets is generally pleasing, and some charming "bits" are often met with, there is not much to delay you. Marsham is said to have produced the rebellious Titus Oates, but upon what grounds the assertion is based, I cannot say. Brampton, which adjoins Marsham, but lies a little to the right of the road, was the scene of a big find of sepulchral urns. The discovery was investigated by Sir Thomas Browne, and may have suggested the writing of his essay on "Urn Burial." Since the days of the famous Norwich worthy, a large number of urns have been unearthed in the neighbourhood.

In Norfolk there are few more pleasantly situated towns than Aylsham. It stands on the banks of the Bure, (which is navigable as far as here to the wherries so familiar to voyagers on the inland waterways of East Anglia,) and in the midst of a well wooded district. At one time the court of the Duchy of Lancaster was held here; and John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, built the parish church. It is a fine church—but Norfolk is so full of fine churches that you take for granted that

In Anne Boleyn's Country

Aylsham possesses a worthy one. Some good brasses will interest the antiquary; but most people will be more attracted by the old stained glass windows, and the ancient font which is adorned with emblems of the Passion and the Evangelists and the arms of the families of Gaunt, Erpingham, Morley, and Bouchier. Outside the church is a curious epitaph to Humphrey Repton, the

celebrated landscape gardener to whom Norfolk is indebted for not a little of its loveliness.

The mile-and-a-half walk or ride from Aylsham to Blickling is along a road overshadowed by oaks and beeches, and such oaks and beeches as are delightful to look upon. Blickling Church soon comes in sight to the right of the road, and directly afterwards you stand before one of the stateliest of the "stately homes of England." Until its west front comes into full view little is seen of Blickling Hall, for it is hidden from you as you approach from Aylsham by the church,

the rectory, and the surrounding trees. So the sight of it comes as a surprise, and the impression made is a lasting one. The old hall stands upon ground which has often been trodden by the feet of men and women whose names are big in history; and as you cross the moat-bridge, or ascend the famous dark oak staircase, you may attain to a mood in which it would scarcely cause surprise if a company of silent spectres appeared in the haunts that, while in the flesh, they knew so well. Indeed, it is not difficult to imagine that these famous men and women are still alive, for they seem to make their presence felt in Blickling Hall, and the eye that sees what is not catches glimpses of them in the old halls and corridors. A Norman bishop, who was chaplain to the Conqueror, rubs shoulders with a London knight whose descendant, the beautiful Anne Boleyn, her face bearing the marks of pride and pain, leans on the arm of a portly English king. Kings, queens, and ambassadors, a Lord Chief Justice, soldier knights from Agincourt, all join in the phantom procession; whilst somewhere in the background is the shadowy form of a warrior king who held his court at Blickling nearly a thousand years ago.

A complete list of the holders of the manor of Blickling would be dull reading; but some of its lords and ladies have played such great parts in their day that it may be of interest to give a short account of its history. Even now the inhabitants of the district can point out the spot, in the old Manor meadow, about a mile from the hall, where the home of King Harold stood. After the battle of Hastings, the Conqueror bestowed the manor upon his chaplain, Bishop Herfast, and it became a favourite retreat of the bishops of Thetford and, after the removal of the see, of Norwich. In the fourteenth century a portion of it came into the possession of Sir Nicholas Dagworth, who built himself a house here. Of this house there are now no traces; but we know that

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it was in turn occupied by Sir Thomas Erpingham and Sir John Fastolff, whose names are inseparably associated with the history of the county. In 1459 Sir John Fastolff sold the estate to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, whose grandson, Viscount Rochfort, was the father of Anne Boleyn. His successor, Sir James Boleyn, disposed of it to Sir John Clere, whose heir was obliged to sell it to Sir Henry Hobart, a Lord Chief Justice of England. It was this Sir Henry Hobart who pulled down the old manor house of Sir Nicholas Dagworth and commenced the building of the present hall, which was completed by his son, who entertained Charles II. here. In 1746 the fifth baronet was created Earl of Buckinghamshire. The daughter of the second earl married, in 1793, the sixth Marquess of Lothian and inherited the estate, which has since been the seat of the Marquesses of Lothian.

Such is the history of the manor of Blickling. As to the Boleyns, the family seems to have had a French origin and to have settled in Norfolk several generations before the birth of the ill-starred Anne. We do not hear much about them until Thomas Boleyn, of Salle, Norfolk, married Anna, a daughter of Sir John Bracton, and bound his eldest son Geoffrey apprentice to a London mercer. This Geoffrey became a very prosperous London citizen and was Lord Mayor in 1457. That he was a man of considerable influence may be assumed from the fact that he was able to maintain peace between the hostile partisans of York and Lancaster during the congress held in his jurisdiction. He married Anna, daughter of the lord of Hoo and Hastings, and, as I have said, purchased Blickling from Sir John Fastolff. His grandson, Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Viscount Rochfort, married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the famous Earl of Surrey who became Duke of Norfolk. This Sir Thomas was the father of Anne Boleyn. Three places claim to be her birthplace—Hever Castle in Kent, Rochfort Hall

in Essex, and Blickling. Little evidence exists in support of these claims ; but Sir Henry Spelman, a Norfolk man who lived in the time of Elizabeth ; Blomfield, the Norfolk historian ; and the letters of the Earl of Buckinghamshire all state that Anne was born at Blickling. Whether it was so or not is a question which will probably remain for ever unanswered ; but we know that Anne spent some years of her childhood at her father's Norfolk home. There

is a historical tradition, too, that she was married to the King here, and Blomfield says it is true. The only evidence bearing upon this is found in the words of Stephenson, a Norfolk poet who wrote some lines to commemorate the visit to Blickling of Charles II. and his queen, Catherine of Braganza. He says that—

“ Blickling two monarchs and two queens has seen ;
One king fetched hence, another brought a queen ; ”

but this is by no means conclusive. Indeed, unless we discredit the statements of Wyatt, there is no reason to doubt that the marriage took place at Whitehall.

Another tradition which, until a few years ago, had a

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firm hold upon the neighbourhood of Blickling was that after Anne's execution her remains were secretly removed by night from the Tower Church and brought to Salle Church, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns. This church, which is about six miles from Blickling Hall, contains a great number of brasses, among them some to the Boleyns, who, as we have seen, were lords of the manor. Miss Agnes Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens of England*, finds confirmation of the tradition in the words with which Wyatt closes his account of the queen's death. "God," he says, "provided for her corpse sacred burial, even in a place as it were consecrate to innocence," words that, as Miss Strickland suggests, could scarcely apply to a burial in the Tower Church without religious rites. Visitors to Salle used to be shown a plain black marble slab, without inscription, in the church, and were told that this was Anne Boleyn's tomb. Some years ago, however, the slab was taken up and nothing found beneath it to witness to the truth of the strange tradition. Curiously enough, a similar black monument in the church of Horndon-on-the-Hill, in Essex, was said to mark the burial-place of the murdered queen.

The famous library at Blickling, containing over 12,000 volumes, was got together by Mattaire for Sir Richard Ellis, who bequeathed it to an ancestor of its present owner. It is contained in an elaborately decorated room 127 feet long. Among its treasures, the rarest of which are kept under lock and key, are the first printed Latin Bible, dated 1462, "The Blickling MS," dated 971, three fifteenth century books of Hours, a French MS. Bible of the thirteenth century, a Latin MS. Psalter, believed to be a thousand years old; Aldine publications from 1490 to 1590, and an old Latin MS. Bible containing the autographs of the Duke of Wellington, inscribed in 1819, and the Princess of Wales, added in 1888. In an adjoining room are two portraits by Gainsborough, and some tapestry representing Peter the Great and the Battle of Pultowa,

presented by the Empress Catherine to the second Earl of Buckinghamshire when he was ambassador at St Petersburg. There are statues of Anne Boleyn and Queen Elizabeth in the Hall, and, in addition to some fine old family portraits, there are preserved in a cabinet some draperies, gowns, nightcaps, and toilet necessities which belonged to Anne. A stone chimney-piece in the morning-room was originally a window arch at Sir John Fastolff's stronghold, Caister Castle.

Blickling Park and gardens are almost as famous as the Hall. A few years ago a violent gale wrought havoc among the Blickling oaks, hundreds of which were laid low; but fine oaks are so plentiful here that they are scarcely missed, and beautiful beeches and birches draw away the eye from the gaps left by the fallen trees. A mile-long lake of crescent shape skirts the lawns and woodlands, and, with the fallow deer which haunt its shores, adds much to the beauty of the park. There is a pyramidal mausoleum about half-a-mile from the Hall, containing the remains of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire and his two wives. Of it the Rev. A. H. Malan, to whose description of the Hall and grounds I am indebted for some of my information, says it is "Of sombre and depressing aspect, and shunned by all things living, except, it may be, one or two of those long-eared owls which delight in densest shade." Some statues which formerly adorned the terraces of Oxnead Hall, a neighbouring mansion of noble proportions in which Charles II. was entertained by one of the Pastons, are now preserved in the park. Of the Blickling ghosts, which are still believed in by some of the villagers, many stories are told; but of that of Sir Thomas Boleyn, who, in a chariot drawn by headless horses, has, as a penance, to cross in a night forty county bridges, the most amazing statement I have come across is that he is always pursued by a horde of terrible fiends who, according to a recent writer, "are allowed a night's holiday by their master, *Auld Reekie!*"

In Anne Boleyn's Country

Blickling Church, although ancient, has been so restored that it retains few evidences of its antiquity ; but it contains several brasses, monuments, and memorial windows. A fine monument is that to the memory of the eighth Marquis of Lothian, which is the work of Mr G. F. Watts, R.A. One of the brasses represents Sir Nicholas Dagworth in full armour ; another, Anne A'Wode with twins in her arms ; and a third is to Anna Boleyn, an infant daughter of William Boleyn, who died in 1479. There is also an oak chest about four hundred years old, bearing the inscription :

"Maystyr Adam Ilee mad ys chyst and Robert Filipis payed yer for, God have mercy on yar soules."

If you care to make Aylsham your headquarters for a while before returning to Norwich or journeying on to Cromer, there are several places of interest in the neighbourhood which will call for your attention. Among these are Wolterton Hall, built by Horace Walpole during the first half of the eighteenth century ; Oxnead Hall, erected by Clement Paston in the sixteenth century, and the ruined churches of Antingham and Wolterton.

The cyclist who extends his tour to Cromer must ride carefully over the first few miles out of Aylsham, for there are one or two dangerous turnings. He will pass through Ingworth and by its water-mill, and when about four miles from Aylsham will come in sight of Gunton Park, in which stands the country house of Lord Suffield. A few miles further on he will enter upon Roughton Heath, after crossing which he will be in the midst of a district described at length in the tour, "By the Wild North Sea."

ITINERARY THE ELEVENTH

THE BROADLAND

“A COUNTRY of green meadows and slow lowland streams, where a man may lie beside a tuft of willows and dream marvellously.” These words of the author of “Scholar-Gipsies” were written to describe a district not far from the banks of the Tweed, but they may fitly be applied to the Norfolk Broadland. For the Broadland is a “country of green meadows”; its rivers are the laziest of lowland streams; and one of its chief charms is that it is a place where a man may “dream marvellously.”

To do anything like justice to the beauty of Broadland is no easy task, even though, as in my own case, one has been familiar with the district’s rivers, broads, and marshes from his earliest days. At best, I can only hope to convey vague impressions, for much of the charm and loveliness of Broadland scenery is indefinable and indescribable. Yet by relating some of my own impressions of the district I may be able to give some idea of its character and inhabitants.

As I have said, from my earliest years I have spent the greater part of my days in Broadland. From the window of the house in which I was born I could watch the herons and lapwings on the water-meadows, the marshmen at their dyke-drawing and eel-fishing, and the glorious sunsets which the river reflected ere white mists rose and covered water and meadow with a drifting fleecy pall. As a schoolboy I spent my holidays in rowing a crazy old boat on the Waveney, seeking the nests of the river warblers in the reed beds, or skating over wide stretches of flooded

THE BROADLAND.

The Broadland

and frozen marsh. Since then I have devoted many days and nights to exploring the quiet nooks and corners, reed-girt lagoons, and winding rivers; accompanying the water-bailiff on his nightly rounds, the eel-catcher to his setts and babbling, and the marshmen to the haunts of the redshanks and moor-hens. With field-glass rather than gun I have sought and followed the birds of the marshes, the sedge warblers of the riversides, the reed warblers of the broads, the grasshopper warblers of the lush meadowlands. Night has come upon me as I sat in the small cabin of some fisherman's house-boat, watching the breambubbles rise from the bed of a creek, and listening to the harsh crowing of cock pheasants in the grass, the rustling of the rats in the hovers, the calling of the curlews, and the twittering and trilling of the reed birds. Dawn has found me among the ooze flats of the tidal waters, where the waders come to feed at the fall of the tide. In summer I have gathered wild orchids, bog-beans, and sundews in marshes where they were rooted in golden bog-mosses, and half hidden by luxuriant swamp grasses, while all around me brilliant-hued dragon-flies have been darting, and "five spotted burnets" hovering in the sunlight. From dawn till dusk of summer days, birds, butterflies, and flowers have been my only companions, and from dusk till dawn the only voices I have heard have been the wild-life voices of the lowland meadows and streams. And in winter, when clouds of starlings darken the already lowering, snow-laden sky, when flocks of plovers settle on the marshes, and many strange bird-voices are heard among the familiar ones of river and fen, the fascination of the Broadland has been so great that not all the biting winds and threatened storms have been enough to keep me from the shores of the broads and rivers.

There are people who will not admit that marshland scenery has either charm or beauty. They cannot understand how Borrow was able to "draw more poetry from a widespreading marsh with its straggling rushes than from

the most beautiful scenery, and would stand and look at it with rapture"; nor can they appreciate the feelings of Charles Kingsley when he wrote of the fens: "They have a beauty as of the sea, of boundless expanse and freedom," and who also said: "Overhead the arch of heaven spread more ample than elsewhere, as over the sea; and that vastness gave, and still gives, such cloudlands, such sunrises, such sunsets, as can be seen nowhere else within these isles." But it is a mistake to look upon the Broadland as simply a vast level expanse with

" Low belts of rushes, ragged with the blast,
Lagoons of marish reddening with the west";

or as a land consisting wholly

" Of water-reeds with plummy heads.
Straight roads with dykes on either hand,
And miles on miles of pasture land."

There is plenty of this kind of scenery, and close acquaintance with it reveals much that makes it far from monotonous and lonesome; but there are also wood-girt broads in which trees are mirrored; quaint old-world villages with thatch-roofed churches and cottages straggling along the banks of the streams; upper reaches where the rivers wind around the borders of gorse heathlands and below bosky hangers, and flow beneath the bridges and by the gardens of sleepy red-roofed towns; and meres, the waters of which remain almost undisturbed while little more than a ridge of sandhills divides them from the roaring surf-white sea. On the borders of the marshes, too, and often with their roots washed by the Broadland streams, are woods and copses where squirrels gambol, wood doves croon, sparrow-hawks nest, jays screech, woodpeckers yike, and the willow warblers come as soon as they arrive on our shores. Here, in the clearings, the woodmen work in their brushwood huts, making hurdles for the farmer and hoops for the cooper, plying their "hooks" upon the ash and hazel wands to the music of the woodland birds.

The Broadland

All day long, while cruising in Broadland, you glide through a succession of reposeful scenes, more than delightful to you if you have just left thronged city streets or abandoned the strenuous pleasure-seeking of some fashionable resort; and when night approaches, and your yacht is anchored on some placid broad or moored by some reedy creek, you are seldom anxious to retire to your cabin and leave the rivers to the leaping fish, the marshes to the night-hawking churn-owl, the riverside to the bream-catching otter, and the dykesides to the rustling voles and fluttering moths. You are more likely to cast loose your dingy and row up some quiet creek, where the reeds whisper stories which in the daytime were left untold; or to step ashore and stroll along the "wall," or across the marshes, in the moonlight. Then you feel a sense of kinship with the sedge warblers chuckling in the reeds, the pheasants crowing in the grass, the hares leaping from their forms in the dry ronds, and the restless water-fowl of the riverside. The fluctuations of the money market are forgotten while you interest yourself in the fortunes of some eel-catcher babbling with a bunch of worsted-threaded worms; the cries of some bird whose nest has been raided by a prowling stoat, has more immediate appeal to you than the death-throes of an expiring nation; and you feel no inclination to seek your cabin even when the "dream draperies" of mist spread a white coverlet over land and water. The Broadland nights are more beautiful than the Broadland days.

I have referred to the bird-life of this bird-haunted district of the most "ornithologically favoured" county in England. It will not be out of place if I draw attention to the Broadland wild flowers.

Many of the Norfolk marshes, and especially those known as "rush marshes"—a name which indicates that they are not wholly reclaimed from their original swampiness—are veritable wild flower gardens. In them grow not only marsh, spotted, and green-winged orchises, but

lovely marsh helleborines, the beautiful pink-belled bog-bean, the delicate bog pimpernel, the downy-leaved marsh St John's-wort, and the scarce marsh pea. Tall willow-herbs, cat valerians, and purple loosestrifes deck the riversides and dykesides; moneywort trails around the borders of the alder carrs; and marsh cinquefoil and red rattle grow amid the fragrant marsh hay. In the dykes which intersect the water-meadows many flowers are to be found which have scarcely any other habitat in England, now that the fens of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire have been transformed into dry pastures and fruitful cornfields. Many kinds of water crowfoot deck the surface of the dykes with snow-white blossoms, frogbits display their three-petalled flowers and kidney-shaped leaves, water violets send up their whorled flower-spikes, and the greater spearwort blooms amid the reeds and sedges. The curious water-soldier (*Stratiotes aloides*) almost chokes up some of the dykes in summer, when its aloe-like leaf-clusters rise from the oozy dyke-beds; bladderworts display their yellow snapdragon-shaped blossoms, borne up on buoyant insect-catching vesicles; aromatic sweet sedge in places overpowers the fragrance of the meadow-sweet; and here and there, in localities not to be indicated, but which the botanist may discover in his rambles, grows that rare old fenland plant the marsh sowthistle (*Sonchus palustris*). These are only a few of the hundreds of wild flowers which delight your eye in Broadland—a district richer in native floral life than any other in England.

During the days and nights I have spent among the marshes, homesteads, and waterways of the Broadland, I have made many friends—such friends as no lover or student of wild-life could fail to appreciate. For they are men who have spent their lives on the rivers and marshes, gaining a livelihood by the use of net, eel-spear, and gun. Everyone of them is a naturalist—a naturalist who has learnt what he knows from nature instead of books. Unfortunately, they belong to a vanishing race.

The Broadland

Acts for the preservation of fish and protection of wild birds—necessary acts, as even the men themselves admit—have compelled them to resort to other means of gaining a living than were once sufficient for them. Still, they have not yet wholly disappeared, and here and there you may meet with one of them. To realise the kind of life they led in the “pre-protection” days, you cannot do better than turn to the pages of a book published in 1848 by the Rev. Richard Lubbock, and entitled “Observations on the Fauna of Norfolk.” Here is found a graphic description of one of the old-time broadsmen. It is somewhat lengthy, but worth reproducing. Mr Lubbock writes:—

“When I first visited the broads I found here and there an occupant squatted down, as the Americans would call it, on the verge of a pool, who relied almost entirely on shooting and fishing for the support of his wife and family, and lived in a truly primitive manner. I particularly remember one hero of this description. ‘Our broad,’ as he always called the extensive pool by which his cottage stood, was his microcosm—his world; the islands in it were his Gardens of the Hesperides—its opposite extremity his Ultima Thule. Wherever his thoughts wandered, they could not get beyond the circle of his beloved lake; indeed, I never knew them aberrant but once, when he informed me, with a doubting air, that he had sent his wife and his two eldest children to a fair at a country village two miles off, that their ideas might expand by travel: as he sagely observed, they had never been away from ‘our broad.’ I went into his house at the dinner hour, and found the whole party going to fall to most thankfully upon a roasted herring gull, killed, of course, on ‘our broad.’ His life presented no vicissitudes but an alternation of marsh employment. In winter, after his day’s reed-cutting, he might be regularly found posted at nightfall, waiting for the flight of fowl, or paddling after them on the open water. With the first warm days of February he launched his fleet

of trimmers, pike finding a ready sale at his own door to those who bought them to sell again in the Norwich market. As soon as the pike had spawned and were out of season, the eels began to occupy his attention, and lapwings' eggs to be diligently sought for. In the end of April, the island in his watery domain was frequently visited for the sake of shooting the ruffs which resorted thither on their first arrival. As the days grew longer and hotter, he might be found searching, in some smaller pools near his house, for the shoals of tench as they commenced spawning. Yet a little longer and he began marsh-mowing, his gun always laid ready upon his coat, in case flappers should be met with. By the middle of August teal came to a wet corner near his cottage, snipes began to arrive, and he was often called upon to exercise his vocal powers on the curlews that passed to and fro. By the end of September good snipe shooting was generally to be met with in his neighbourhood; and his accurate knowledge of the marshes, his unassuming good humour, and zeal in providing sport for those who employed him, made him very much sought after as a sporting guide by snipe shots and fishermen; and his knowledge of the habits of different birds enabled him to give useful information to those who collected them."

One of the few men to whom the above description might very well apply is Fuller, the old broadsman who spends the greater part of the year in his little house-boat on Rockland Broad. He it is of whom Mr Christopher Davies has written in his *Norfolk Broads and Rivers*. He still leads the life of an old-time water-gipsy, and the man is not living who possesses a sufficiently persuasive tongue to cause him to abandon it. The men whom you come most in contact with, however, are the wherry-men, who are far more numerous than gunners or eel-catchers. They are no summer-season voyagers, much in evidence when the sun shines, but lost sight of as soon as stormy weather sets in. All through the year their large-sailed wherries, painted in barbaric brilliant hues, cruise up and down the rivers, be-

The Broadland

tween the ports and the inland towns. Up streams which seem scarcely navigable to a four-ton yacht they make their way, either gliding steadily before the breeze or pushed forward by the men on board with their long quants; and at times their sails brush the feathery reed tops and their hulls are dusted with the pollen of the riverside wild flowers. To the yachtsman who encounters the wherryman on a sunny summer day, when the ronds are full of coots and moor-hens and the warblers sing incessantly in the reed beds, it may seem that his life is an enviable one; but the yachtsman does not see him in winter, when the warblers are gone, the reed plumes toss wildly in the wind, and a dun sky lowers upon the lowlands. Then icy blasts, against which even the strong-winged herons fight in vain, sweep across the marshes, numbing the wherryman to the bones and freezing his breath upon his beard. But so long as the rivers are "open" he keeps on quanting and sailing; and it is only when keen night-frosts have fettered the inland waters, and he can no longer break his way up or down the rivers or across the broads, that he gets a holiday. Then, leaving his wherry ice-bound at some staithe or marshside mooring, he idles for a while, or dons his "pattens" and skates upon the frozen meres.

Of late years the Norfolk wherryman have been put to a great deal of inconvenience by the unskilful navigation of some of the pleasure-seekers, who, relying on a scanty knowledge of yacht-sailing, cruise in the Broadland unassisted by regular boatmen. They have proved themselves a long-suffering, patient race, who, so long as they are treated with civility and their progress not unnecessarily hindered, are usually willing to give good advice and render valuable assistance to yachtsmen and others in difficulty. Among them are many entertaining characters, whom it is a pleasure to encounter at some marshland staithe or ferry inn, and listen to when they are in a garrulous and reminiscent mood.

ITINERARY THE TWELFTH

DOWN THE YARE FROM NORWICH TO REEDHAM AND YARMOUTH

The Yare—Postwick Grove—Bramerton Wood's End—The Broadland Windmills—Surlingham Broad and Ferry—Wild-fowl Decoying—Rockland Broad—Hardley Cross—The Chet—Loddon and its Neighbourhood—Reedham—The Murder of Lothbrock—Reedham Marshes—An Old Estuary—Yarmouth.

THERE are many places in Broadland—such as Norwich, Wroxham, Yarmouth, Oulton, and Lowestoft—where yachts and wherries may be hired; and as the parties which engage them usually make the yacht-letter's yard the starting-point of their cruising, it is impossible to describe any route which all of them can follow. An attempt is therefore made to indicate a series of cruises, each complete in itself, which you may undertake in varying succession, and which will conduct you to all the principal broads and places of interest in Broadland. It must be understood, however, that in the space available for this purpose, it is useless to attempt to describe anything like all the interesting features of scenery, types of broadsmen, wild-life, etc., appertaining to each cruise, though as much as possible concerning these subjects is introduced into the river-itineraries as a whole. Thus, if in describing a trip up the Bure reference is made to the eel-catchers and their methods on that river, it must not be assumed that these men are not to be met with, and their methods observed on the other Broadland waterways. There are eel-catchers almost everywhere in Broadland, and if special attention is drawn to them in a description of

Down the Yare to Yarmouth

the Bure, it is simply because they are most numerous on that river, and to avoid wearisome repetition.

Several of the road and rail routes by which you may acquaint yourself with the scenery of Norfolk have their starting-point at Norwich, and from the same grand old city you may set out on your Broadland cruising. A pleasant trip is that from Norwich to Yarmouth by the river Yare. The Wensum, upon the banks of which the Norfolk capital stands, joins its waters with those of the Yare just below the city, and from that point downwards the united rivers are known as the Yare. To the minds of many people the Yare is the most delightful of the Norfolk waterways; it certainly flows through some of the prettiest scenery in the county. About three miles from the Carrow Bridge, which adjoins the enormous works of Messrs Colman, is Postwick Grove, part of a parish which belongs almost entirely to the Earl of Rosebery, to whose father a mural brass and memorial window are erected in the village church. This is one of the most charming spots on the river; but if from the commencement to the end of your cruising you step ashore to explore every pretty spot you come across your voyaging is likely to be as protracted as that of the Flying Dutchman. So you will do well to sail on to Bramerton Wood's End, another lovely bit of scenery, upon which the eyes of navigators long familiar with the river love to look. Not far from here is the first pumping mill met with in descending the Yare. It is a red "skeleton" windmill on the right bank. Such windmills are among the most familiar objects on the marshlands, and you are soon struck with the number of them dotted along the banks of the rivers. Most of them are more than a century old; many are double that age; and they are gradually giving place to less picturesque steam pumping stations, which more speedily clear the dykes of flood-water. They have done good work in their time, these gaunt old windmills; and even now, on a breezy morning after heavy rains have filled the dykes, it is a pleasant sight to see their sails whirling above

the river walls. On such a morning you may perhaps choose to make a close inspection of one of them. The millman in charge is usually quite willing to aid anyone who wishes to do this; and, in addition to explaining the working of the mill, will point out the swallows' nests in the upper storeys. He may, too, have a curious or gruesome tale to tell about his old mill, for the wooden wheels within are dangerous to approach when the sails are whirling—as more than one unfortunate millman has discovered—and they make weird noises on stormy nights. So it is not strange that more than one ghost story is associated with these marshland windmills, and that even now some of the older and disused ones have an uncanny reputation. The first mill on the Yare, however, is a slight structure compared with most of those which you will see around Reedham.

If you are interested in geology you may, in spite of what has been said about too frequently going ashore, be inclined, while in the neighbourhood of Bramerton, to visit the spot where the Norwich Crag, here examined by the members of the British Association, is to be seen. This crag, for years the subject of much discussion as to its claim to be considered a distinct geological division, is rich in fossils, and if you examine it at Bramerton you will have little trouble in finding, at least, a number of shells.

A little more than two miles from Bramerton is Surlingham Ferry, towards which the river winds in a manner worthy of the upper waters of the Waveney. Tacking down the winding reaches the yachtsman whose attention is not taken up with the manœuvring of his craft, has ample opportunities for admiring the silvery willows and dwarf white poplars which relieve the monotony of the swampy lands on either side of the stream; and the purple spikes of loosestrife, giant willow-herbs, and snow-white bindweeds which deck the banks. Beyond these, herds of cattle graze on meadows covered with buttercups; still further back, on the uplands behind the marsh farms, pleasant country homes

Down the Yare to Yarmouth

are embowered in groves of trees. Surlingham Ferry is about six miles from Norwich, and the Ferry Inn is a favourite resort of anglers. So, too, is Coldham Hall, another inn some two miles further down the river. Indeed, the waters about here are famous for their bream, roach, perch, and pike fishing. Even if you have no inclination to angle, you will do well to make the acquaintance of Catchpole, the Yare Hotel boatman, and seek his guidance to that naturalists' paradise, Surlingham Broad. Though one of the smaller of the Norfolk lagoons, and said to be gradually growing smaller owing to the luxuriance of its aquatic plants, it is still a fair-sized sheet of water, and a four-ton yacht can, with care, be sailed almost all over it. As you descend the river you may enter the broad by Birch Creek, a channel a little above the Yare Hotel, and emerge from it through Surlingham Fleet. There is a curious ice-house on its bank, in which ice from the surface of the broad is stored. You will be able to judge what a glorious place this broad is for the flight-shooter, who conceals himself in its reed-fringed creeks and dykes on winter nights. Entomologists often visit Surlingham on account of the abundant insect-life in its hovers, swamps, and reed beds. As to the bird-life of the district there is no better authority than Catchpole, who has spent his life here, and in the shooting season is seldom abroad without his dog and gun.

Wild-fowl decoying by means of decoy pipes is little practised now, mainly because places suitable for the working of pipes are few and far between. There is a decoy at Brundall, belonging to a well-known Norwich citizen who has a country house here; but it is seldom used, and even if you obtain permission to visit it you will scarcely be able to appreciate the interesting method of wild-fowl capture. To see decoying on any considerable scale you must visit Fritton Lake, or Borough Fen Decoy, and you must go in winter, for it is then only that the fowl settle on the pools in sufficient quantities to tempt the decoyman to use his pipes. As a great many people

have never seen a decoy worked a few further remarks on the subject of decoying may not be unacceptable.

WILD-FOWL DECOYING.

Antiquaries tell us that wild-fowl decoying was practised so long ago as the year 3000 B.C., and antiquaries must be left to prove the truth of their statement. There is better reason for believing that the first decoy ever built in Eng-

land was planned and erected at Waxham in Norfolk by Sir William Wodehouse in the reign of James I. A better district for such an experiment could not have been selected. Sir Thomas Browne, writing at Norwich in the middle of the seventeenth century, attributed the abundance of teal on the local waterways to the presence of decoys.

A Wild-fowl Decoy
J. A. P. 1880.

This is explained by the fact that wherever there is a decoy almost absolute quietude is maintained, and this attracts the wild-fowl to the rivers and meres. Where decoys had been in existence twenty years certain privileges were secured to them by law. At Borough Fen Decoy, which is situated between Peakirk and Crowland, there is, or was till lately, an ancient right in force which made it illegal for anyone to discharge a gun within a mile of the decoy. Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire have always been the chief decoying counties, for they, until a comparatively recent date, contained fenny districts which had altered little in aspect since the days of the Fenland saint, St Guthlac.

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Daniel Defoe, in describing a tour he took through these eastern counties, wrote:—"In these fens are abundance of those admirable pieces of art called decoys, that is to say, places so adapted for the harbour and shelter of wild-fowl, and then furnished with a breed of those they call decoy ducks, who are taught to allure and entice their kind to the places they belong to, that it is incredible what quantities of wild-fowl of all sorts—duck, mallard, teal, widgeon, etc.—they take in those decoys every week during the season. It may, indeed, be guessed at by this, that there is a decoy not far from Ely which pays to the landlord, Sir Thomas Hare, £500 a year rent, besides a charge of maintaining a great number of servants for the management; and from which decoy alone they assured me at St Ives (a town on the Ouse, where the fowl they took were always brought to be sent to London,) that they generally sent up three thousand couple a week. There are more of these about Peterborough, which send the fowl up twice a week in waggon loads at a time, whose waggons, before the Act of Parliament to regulate carriers, I have seen drawn by ten and twelve horses apiece, they were laden so heavy."

The draining of the Fens led to the disuse of many of the old decoys, and that the loss so sustained was considerable may be gathered from the fact that ten decoys in the East Fen sent to London market in one season 31,200 duck, widgeon, and teal. The reclamation of the marshy haunts of the wild-fowl is not, however, the only cause for many old decoymen finding their occupation gone. The roar and rattle of the railways have made it impossible for decoying to be carried on in many places where it was once a profitable pursuit; and some of the existing decoys are worked with difficulty on account of the disturbing sounds which drive away the fowl. Dwellers in the eastern counties have been struck with the curious coincidence that with the decline of the most deadly method of wild-fowl capture there commenced a considerable falling-off in the quantity of fowl visiting the decoying districts; but

when one is aware of the reason for the decline of decoying one is also able to understand why the fowl avoid the rail-laid districts.

Fritton Lake is one of the few places where decoys still exist and are used when the weather is favourable. It is a lovely land-locked mere, a little over two miles long and about quarter-of-a-mile wide, occupying a secluded position in the midst of a fairly quiet, well-wooded district on the northern border of Suffolk. Disturbing sounds cannot wholly be prevented around the Fritton decoys, in spite of the fact that the woods surrounding the lake are strictly preserved, and that pleasure-seekers, who in summer are allowed access to the waters, are not permitted to approach them in winter. The nearest railway is not so far away that the shriek of its engines are not heard around this English Walden; and there are fields not far distant from its shores where the gunner can amuse himself despite the indignation of the decoymen. Yet decoying is still carried on at Fritton, and with good results in comparatively recent years.¹

It is several years since I first visited Fritton Lake and watched the working of its decoys. I have been there many times since, and enjoyed the infinite variety of that lovely lagoon; but the recollections of my first visit are most firmly impressed on my memory. It was at Christmas-time; there was snow on the ground; and for several nights there had been sharp frosts, so that when the north wind waved the tall reeds which grew around the lake there was a continuous tinkling of ice-crystals. The frosts had whitened the shores of the lake and the slim branches of the woodland trees; and the decoyman said he had had to get up long before dawn to break the ice at the entrances of his decoy pipes. The smooth surface of the lake was dotted with wild-fowl, among which a handsome pintail was pointed out to me as I crouched behind the reed screens of a decoy.

¹ Fourteen hundred fowl were taken in the Fritton decoys in one week during the winter of 1899-1900.

Down the Yare to Yarmouth

For the information of those who have never seen a wild-fowl decoy, I give a brief description of the one which was worked that cold, bright winter day. Imagine a fairly wide dyke curving inland from the shore of the lake. This dyke is over-arched by a long tunnel of wire-netting and ordinary network called the pipe, which is about 20 feet wide at the mouth and some 100 yards long. The pipe narrows as it curves inland, and its smaller end is invisible from the lake. The movements of the decoyman are concealed from the fowl by a number of reed fences or screens, erected on both sides of the pipe.

When the decoyman wishes to attract the attention of the fowl on the lake, he goes to the entrance of the pipe and feeds the tame decoy ducks kept there. Seeing the tame ducks—which are usually birds selected on account of their being of the wild duck colour—swimming towards the decoy, the wild birds follow them into the pipe. As soon as they are far enough in for the decoyman to get behind them, he shows himself in front of the screens or sends his trained dog, called the “piper,” into the water at the mouth of the decoy. Either of these sudden surprises naturally alarms the wild fowl, and they rise from the water and fly swiftly up the narrowing network tunnel. Occasionally, a bird or two will make a dash for the entrance; but as a rule the lured victims will not face the swimming dog or the decoyman, and they eventually flutter into the small end or “point” of the pipe, which is constructed after the fashion of a fisherman’s hoop net and can be disconnected from the rest of the pipe when the fowl are safe inside.

I can well remember what a hard business it was to crouch behind the reed screens and gaze into the decoy through small holes made by turning slips of wood sideways between the reeds. Then, too, there was the discomfort of having to carry in one’s hand a little lump of smouldering peat, with the object of preventing the keen-scented fowl becoming aware of human beings near them. Still, the novel sight was worth the aches and chills.

The "piper" had little to do with the capture of the fowl taken that day; but I had other opportunities for observing how this clever dog lured the mallard, widgeon, and teal into the pipe. Between the screens, which are arranged obliquely along the sides of the decoy, are a number of low boards known as "leaps" or "dog-jumps." At a signal from its master, the dog jumps over one of these boards and reveals itself to the fowl. Instead of being alarmed, as they are when the dog suddenly splashes into the water behind them, the fowl at once show signs of the greatest curiosity and commence swimming towards the decoy. The dog continues its jumping tricks, but slowly makes its way towards the narrow end of the pipe, and the fowl are frightened into the hoop net by the decoyman. Decoying seldom begins before November—though the fowl sometimes seek the seclusion of the lake a month or two earlier—and it is all over before the end of March.

An account of decoying, however, may strike you as being somewhat out of place here, especially if you read it while lounging on a yacht's deck in the full blaze of a summer sun. So I hasten on to Rockland, where there is a much larger broad than Surlingham, connected with the river by Rockland Fleet, a dyke three-quarters of a mile long, and seven smaller dykes. The main dyke is said to be navigable to craft not drawing more than three feet of water; but even if your boat answers to this description, you will be wise to leave it moored by the riverside and explore the broad in your dingy. You will then have no difficulty in getting alongside the quaint little house-boat in which Fuller, the broadsman mentioned in my opening remarks on the Broadland, spends so much of his time. Extensive reed beds surround and form swampy islets about the broad, making it hard to estimate its full size. These reed beds are usually full of birds, and in winter are the haunts of great numbers of wild-fowl. The village of

Down the Yare to Yarmouth

Rockland, where ruins of an older church are to be seen beside the existing church of St Mary, is not far from the broad.

About three miles below Buckenham Ferry, another of the numerous angling resorts of this district, is Langley Dyke, by rowing up which it is possible to get within a few minutes walk of the ruins of Langley Abbey, founded in 1198. Though not extensive, these ruins are not without interest. Five-and-a-half miles from Buckenham, and about sixteen from Norwich, at the mouth of a small stream called the Chet, stands Hardley Cross, an obelisk which marks the extent of Norwich jurisdiction

over the Yare. Here, representatives of the Norwich Corporation yearly make a proclamation to the following effect:—

“Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! If there be any manner of person that will absume, purfy, implead, or present action, plaint, or plea for any offence, trespass, or misdemeanour done or committed upon the Queen’s Majesty’s River of Wenson, let him repair unto the Right Worshipful Mr Mayor and the Worshipful the Sheriff of the City of Norwich, for the redress thereof, and he shall be heard. God save the Queen.”

The name of Wenson, or Wensum, it must be understood, was formerly applied to this part of the Yare, as well as to the river at and above Norwich.

The little river Chet, which flows into the Yare at Hardley Cross, is navigable to wherries as far as Loddon,

a small town about five miles from its mouth. Loddon, although possessing no railway station, has over a thousand inhabitants and an interesting church built by Sir James Hobart in the reign of Henry VIII. There are other much older churches in the neighbourhood, notably those of Chedgrave and Heckingham, which exhibit many traces of Norman workmanship. Few people trouble to explore

the Chet, or have any idea that there is much in the out-of-the-way district through which it flows to reward them for lingering a while on its waters.

From Hardley Cross to Reedham there is little calling for description; but Reedham, where commences the three-mile canal known as the New Cut, which connects

A Broadman at Home
J. S. 1890.

the Yare with the Waveney, is a picturesque village on rising ground by the riverside. Here, you have the choice of sailing to Oulton and Lowestoft by way of the New Cut and the Waveney, or of continuing your voyage down the Yare and across Breydon Water to Yarmouth. The latter route I now propose to follow, but the former will be dealt with later on. Reedham is a favourite mooring-place with yachtsmen and wherry-men, and the former often visit the church, which contains some interesting memorials of the Berney family, and the hall, built on the site of an ancient castle. Reedham was once a seat of the East Anglian kings, and tradition says it was the scene of the

Down the Yare to Yarmouth

murder of Lothbrock, a Danish chief, who, after being caught by a storm while hawking off the Danish coast, was driven across the North Sea and into the estuary of the Yare. He landed at Reedham, and was entertained by King Edmund; but was afterwards murdered by Bern, the king's chief huntsman, whose jealousy he excited by excelling him in the chase. Bern subsequently accused King Edmund of the murder, and his story being believed by the Danes, a large force invaded East Anglia and overthrew the Saxon dynasty.

From Reedham to Breydon the Yare winds through wide level marshlands, extending in some directions to an horizon unbroken except by the outlines of the gaunt black windmills. Windmills are the chief features of these far-spreading marshes—windmills and the countless cattle which in summer feed on the lush marsh grass. In the opinion of many people the four miles of river between Reedham and Berney Arms, an inn at the head of Breydon, are the dreariest in the Broadland. Still, it is as well you should see what the real marshlands of Norfolk are like; and if you cannot grow as enthusiastic over them as a native of the district, who knows them at all seasons of the year, fishes their streams, shoots the wild-fowl which flock to them, and sees the flaming glory of their winter sunsets, you may yet feel impressed when you remember that where these wide level pastures now extend for miles and miles the sea-birds once wheeled and screamed, and Roman galleys and viking ships of Norway sailed to ravage the homes of the early dwellers in East Anglia. While you ponder over the great change since those long-gone days, the white wings of your yacht carry you out of the Yare on to the wider waters of Breydon, where, beyond the ooze-flats on which the gulls and curlews feed, you see the roofs and spires of Yarmouth standing out clear against the sky.

ITINERARY THE THIRTEENTH

UP THE BURE TO ACLE, WROXHAM, AND AYLSHAM

Through the marshes—Eels and Eel-catching—Filby, Rollesby, and Ormesby Broads—Acle—Thurne Mouth—St Benet's Abbey—South Walsham Broad—Ranworth Church and Rood Screen—Horning Ferry—Woodbastwick, Hoveton Great, Hoveton Little, and Salhouse Broads—Wroxham Broad—Aylsham.

THE Yare is deservedly famous for the delightful scenery of its upper waters, but the voyager who confines his cruising to the Yare cannot claim to be acquainted with the Norfolk Broads. For there are only two broads—Rockland and Surlingham—connected with that river, and they are by no means remarkable for size or beauty. Rockland Broad, it is true, is fairly extensive, but is so surrounded and overgrown with reeds that it is often difficult to tell where land ends and water begins. The Bure is the chief Broadland river, for connected with it and its tributaries are the principal Norfolk broads.

The Bure discharges its waters into Breydon a little way above Yarmouth Haven Bridge, so, as you have arrived at Yarmouth by way of the Yare and Breydon, you are in a position to start at once on your cruise. You—or the men whom you have engaged to navigate your craft—will undoubtedly be glad when the mast-lowering and quanting manœuvres, rendered necessary by a passage under the two fixed bridges which span the mouth of the Bure, are over, and you can with comfort commence your inland voyage. For several miles your progress will be through a flat

Up the Bure to Aylsham

marshland district, possessing few features of interest undescribed in the foregoing pages. Here and there, however, you will see one or more of the curious little arks or house-boats which the eel-catchers make their headquarters at certain seasons of the year, when the eels are "running," and large enough quantities of them may be caught to repay the men for spreading their setts across the river. So to pass away some of the time which must be spent in sailing through the monotonous marshlands, I will give a brief account of the methods of the Broadland eel-catchers.

In the first place it must be understood that during certain months of the year, more especially in the autumn, the eels come down the rivers in large shoals. Until recently this phenomenon, though familiar to every broadsman and fisherman, was without satisfactory explanation; even now it is a matter of mystery to most of the dwellers among the meres and marshes. Naturalists, however, are now aware, mainly in consequence of the investigations of the indefatigable Dr Grassi, that the reproduction of the common eel (*Anguilla vulgaris*) takes place in deep salt water.¹ This

¹ Mr T. Southwell, in some *Further Notes on the Reproduction of the Common Eel*, published by the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, quotes from a paper by Dr Grassi (whose investigations were carried out in Italy) as follows: "To sum up, *Anguilla vulgaris*, the Common Eel, matures in the depths of the sea, where it acquires larger eyes than are ever observed in individuals which have not yet migrated to deep water. . . . The abysses of the sea are the spawning places of the Common Eel: its eggs float in the sea water. In developing from the egg it undergoes a metamorphosis, that is to say, it passes through a larval form denominated *Leptocephalus brevirostris*. What length of time this development requires is very difficult to establish. So far we have only the following data: First, *Anguilla vulgaris* migrates to the sea from the month of October to the month of January; second, the currents, such as those of Messina, throw up, from the abysses of the sea, specimens which, from the commencement of November to the end of July, are observed to be more advanced in development than at other times, but not yet arrived at total maturity; third, eggs, which according to every probability belong to the Common Eel, are found in the sea from the month of August to that of January

explains the annual "running," as it is called, of the eels down the rivers. The eel-catchers, who trouble themselves not at all about the reason for this periodical migration, take advantage of it by spreading across the rivers large nets known as "setts," attached to which are one or more hoop nets into which the eels, whose passage down-stream is barred by the network barrier, find their way, and from which they cannot escape. These setts are used at night and when the tide is ebbing, for it is then only that the eels "run"; and the men who work them keep watch from the cabins of the little houseboats in order that they may be ready to lower the nets should a wherry or any other craft come by. Several stones of eels are often taken in a night by this means. Mr Christopher Davies mentions an occasion on which the catch amounted to a hundred-and-ten stones in one sett. This, however, was nearly fifty years ago, when, according to the eel-catchers, eels were more plentiful than they are now. More recently a fisherman living near Oulton Broad took seventy-four stones of eels in a net spread across a sluice connecting a small piece of water called Leathes Ham with Lake Lothing. Other methods of eel-catching are spearing ("picking") and "babbing." An eel-pick is usually a five-pronged spear fixed on to a long pole. The prongs or teeth of the spear are barbed and set close together, so that when it is driven into the mud any eel with which it comes in contact is caught between the teeth. Visitors in Broadland sometimes try their hands at eel-picking, and have been known to get a "ducking" through clinging to a spear stuck fast in the mud and

inclusive; fourth, the *Leptocephalus brevirostris* abounds from February to September. As to other months, we are in some uncertainty because during them our only natural fisherman, the *Orthogoriscus mola* (in the intestine of which his chief supply of larvæ was found), appears very rarely; fifth, I am inclined to believe that the elvers (young eels) ascending our rivers are already one year old, and I have observed that in an aquarium, specimens of *Leptocephalus brevirostris* can transform themselves into young elvers in one month's time."

Up the Bure to Aylsham

letting their boat drift away from them. They also occasionally indulge in a night's "babbing" or "bobbing" for eels—a method practised by many marshmen and others with satisfactory results. To "bob" for eels all that is required is a bunch of worsted-threaded worms on the end of a line fastened to a pole. This bunch is lowered to the bottom of the river or dyke chosen as the scene of operations, and "bobbed" gently up and down. As soon as an eel seizes a worm its teeth become entangled with the worsted, and it can then be drawn up and deposited in a tub or any other receptacle the fisherman has handy. Babbers soon learn to detect the slight tug of an eel caught in the worsted.

Filby, Rollesby, and Ormesby Broads are connected with the Bure by a channel called the Muck Fleet, the entrance to which is a little way above Stokesby Ferry, some ten miles from Yarmouth. As the channel is not navigable, yachtsmen who wish to visit the three broads usually moor at Runham Swim, about five miles from the river mouth, and walk to Filby, a distance of about three miles. The three broads are connected with each other and constitute a noted angling resort. The famous Eel's-foot Inn, where boats may be hired and permission to fish easily obtained, is generally patronised by visitors. Some description of the neighbourhood around the broads is contained in the opening pages of the chapter "By the Wild North Sea."

When about eight miles of the Bure are traversed a change becomes evident in the character of the scenery. Instead of the wearisome sameness of the marshes, you get glimpses of woods and hamlets, and at Stokesby of the first ferry on the river. Stokesby village abuts closely upon the Bure, and is a picturesque little place, though possessing no attractions, save its Ferry Inn, likely to tempt you ashore. It is about three miles from Acle Bridge, where most yachting parties who have started from Yarmouth in the morning are glad to moor for the night. I have referred to Acle in the road itinerary from Norwich to Yarmouth.

At Acle Bridge further mast-lowering is unavoidable, after which the course is as open as the narrowness of the river and the encountering of wherries and other craft will admit as far as Wroxham. About three miles above Acle is Thurne Mouth, where the river Thurne, which leads to Potter Heigham and Hickling Broad, flows into the Bure. Later on I shall again refer to this river; at present you

may continue your cruise up the Bure. You soon arrive at one of the chief objects of antiquarian interest in the Broadland. This is the ruins of St Benet's Abbey, seen close to the river on the right bank. To King Canute must be ascribed the honour of having founded the Abbey of St Benet's-at-Holm. This "greatest and most powerful monarch of his time," as the historian Hume calls him, having shed much human blood, found himself firmly seated on the English throne. He is then supposed to have realised the "unsatisfactory nature of human enjoyments" (more especially, I presume, those associated with the slaughtering of his enemies), and to have turned his attention to preparing for a future life. Much to Hume's regret, instead of

Up the Bure to Aylsham

compensating those whom he had injured, he devoted himself to "those exercises of piety which the monks represented as the most meritorious. He built churches, he enriched ecclesiastics, and he bestowed revenues for the support of chantries." While in this humour he endowed St Benet's Abbey. It stands on the site of an earlier monastery destroyed by the Danes in 870. So richly was it re-endowed and its privileges extended by Edmund the

Confessor and other royalties that it was at one time the wealthiest monastic house in East Anglia. All the land which could be seen from its towers was presented to it by its royal patrons, and the abbey itself was one of the stateliest in England. It was very strongly built, and when besieged by William the Conqueror offered such stout resistance that his forces were of a mind to abandon the attack. It fell at last through the treachery of a monk who, on condition of his being made abbot, betrayed it into the hands of the besiegers. William redeemed his promise to the monk, but hanged him on the eve of his installation.

The abbots of St Benet had a comfortable residence in the adjoining hamlet of Ludham, where they could enjoy a change of air after the fogs and monotony of the marshes. Standing so near the river, fish were always plentiful at

the Abbey on fast days, and the marshes provided abundant wild-fowl. When the abbots had courtly guests they were entertained with falconry. On the suppression of the monasteries, the abbot of St Benet was one of the twenty-eight monastic dignitaries who had a seat in Parliament, and the bishops of Norwich even now sit in the House of Lords by virtue of the title of Abbots of St Benet's-at-Holm. All that is left of the Abbey is a fine gateway, mixed up with the ruins of a windmill erected nearly two hundred years ago, one of the chapel walls, and a number of fragments.

A dyke not far from the Abbey, on the other side of the river, leads to South Walsham Broad. This is a picturesque little broad, with a staithe where you may land and visit the two South Walsham churches of St Mary and St Lawrence, which stand in the same churchyard. One, however, that of St Lawrence, is in ruins, owing to a destructive fire which occurred in 1827. There is some curious carving over the south porch door of St Mary's, representing the Trinity. Not far from St Benet's Abbey, on the north side of the Bure, is the mouth of the river Ant, a tortuous stream, navigable to fair-sized yachts as far as Ludham Bridge, but which you must explore in a smaller craft if you desire to see Barton and Stalham Broads. At present you may content yourself with sailing on to the dyke which leads into Ranworth Broad. This broad and its surroundings form a delightful and characteristic piece of Broadland scenery. In the background is Ranworth Church, famous among antiquaries for its splendid rood screen. In a report issued by the Society of Antiquaries it is stated that "The magnificent painted rood screen and reredoses to the nave altars form a composition which is unequalled by any now existing in a district famous for its screens. As a whole, it may be said that there is nothing of the sort remaining to equal it in England. East Anglia still contains a number of painted screens, some of much merit, in its churches, but for delicacy and richness of detail

Up the Bure to Aylsham

that of Ranworth is unsurpassed. The beautiful diapers on the robes of the saints and apostles painted on the panels, and the elaborate flower work which adds to and heightens the effect of the architectural features, make the whole composition suggestive of a great initial page of some splendidly illuminated manuscript. The screen has suffered little, if at

Horning Ferry.

all, from the restorer, and this can be said of few remains of painting in our churches." The screen here referred to is not the only object of interest in this fine old church. There are also a fifteenth century lectern, with the plain-song notation of a Latin chant upon it, some curiously carved stalls, a fifteenth century font, and a roller on the chancel wall by which the sanctuary lamp used to be raised and lowered.

Three and a half miles from the mouth of the Ant is Horning Ferry, another resort of boating folk and anglers.

The village of Horning stands in the midst of a swampy district, though the church, which contains nothing in any way remarkable, occupies higher ground. The country around Horning is therefore subject to floods, and some parts of it are little better than fens. There are several broads in the neighbourhood, including Woodbastwick Broad, Hoveton Great Broad, Salhouse Broad, and Hoveton Little Broad. The last-named and Hoveton

Great Broad are breeding-places of large numbers of black-headed gulls, while the whole district is famous for its bird-life. The scenery around this little cluster of broads is charming. There are innumerable delightful nooks where you may spend the whole of a summer day and not tire of watching the birds in the reeds and thickets, the play of light and shadow on the water, the rising of the fish, or of listening to the rustling of the reeds and the songs of the birds.

The finest of the numerous broads in this neighbourhood is Wroxham Broad, the entrance to which is about five miles from Horning. It is a splendid sheet of water, about a mile long and a hundred acres in extent; its shores are

Up the Bure to Aylsham

well wooded, its fishing excellent, and it affords a fine course for rowing and sailing matches. A charge of half-a-crown is, it is true, made to anglers ; but as its waters, in spite of their being private property, are open to all who care to sail upon them, this has the effect of protecting and preserving the fishing. To visit Wroxham on regatta day, when it is covered with rowing boats, yachts, house-boats, steam and electric launches, is to enjoy a scene of surpassing interest. Writing of this broad, Mr Davies says : “ On its western margin there are wooded glades quivering with sunlight and shadow, green park-land and fruitful fields, cattle standing knee-deep in shallow bays under the shade of ancient trees, and all the accompaniments of quiet rural English scenery. On the eastern side there are reed beds, low coppices, rank and tangled vegetation, and spacious marsh and lake and river, with always a warm flush of colour. The freshness of the spring is doubled by the reflection in the still water ; the glow of summer is mellowed by the quivering haze from the broad ; the glories of autumn gather intensity from their mixture in the palette of the lake ; and the pale yellow of the dying reeds is in the brief sunshine of winter brightened into gold. In all its aspects the broad has a charm which is irresistible, but greatest, we think, when the silence of the night enfolds it ; when the stars shine below and above, and the noises of the night, of bird and fish, alone break the stillness. It has not the eerie loneliness of the wilder broads, but a soft, restful quiet which is a sure medicine for a restless mind.”

A short two miles above the broad, and approached by a delightful part of the river, where Hoveton church stands on high ground beyond the coot-haunted ronds, and the banks are decked with hemp agrimony and other riverside wild flowers, is Wroxham Bridge, the halting-place of most voyagers up the Bure. But the river is navigable to small craft for some miles farther, indeed, to Aylsham, though the stream is very narrow in places, and encounters with wherries call for careful navigation. Wroxham church,

which has a Norman doorway, should be visited before you commence your return voyage or continue your inland cruise. The distance from Wroxham Bridge to Aylsham is about eight miles. The river winds through some most charming scenery, and brings you in touch with some very pretty villages and not a few places of antiquarian and historical interest. The chief of these have been dealt with in the road trip from Norwich to Aylsham, Blickling, and Cromer.

ITINERARY THE FOURTEENTH

THE ANT AND ITS BROADS

Ludham Bridge—Irstead—Barton Broad—Stalham Broad—Stalham
—Worstead—North Walsham.

ASSUMING that, after cruising on the upper waters of the Bure, you have returned down the river to the mouth of the Ant, I now refer briefly to the latter stream. As I have already said, sailing up the Ant is only possible to small craft. This is due to the lowness of the single arch of Ludham Bridge—an obstacle encountered about a mile from the river mouth—and the shallowness of the water. For the first mile or two the scenery of the Ant district is not particularly impressive; but it improves higher up, and by the time the village of Irstead is passed—a village of which William of Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, was rector in 1347—and Barton Broad comes in sight, you cannot fail to be glad you were not disheartened by an unpromising outlook or defeated by a few difficulties. For Barton Broad is almost as beautiful as Wroxham Broad, and in the eyes of many people excels the more famous sheet of water. It is a large broad, second only to Hickling in size; but two little islands in it tend to convey an impression of limited area. It is as well that sailing craft should keep to the channels marked out by posts, as the water is not so deep as it appears. On one hand the broad is bordered by woodlands; on the other by boggy marshlands. Barton Church, which, like Ranworth, is noted for its splendid screen, stands not far from the village staithe; and

Beeston Hall, a fine old mansion which has been in the possession of the Preston family for many generations, is not far away.

Stalham Broad is a very little way from Barton Broad; but the river divides before the former is reached by the stream which comes into the Ant from the right. After having seen Wroxham and Barton, Stalham will probably strike you as being a very poor sort of broad; indeed, it is little better than a swamp intersected by a wide dyke. The place from which it takes its name is a pleasantly situated little market town a few minutes' walk

from the nearest landing-stage. The church has recently been restored, and there is nothing worth mentioning about it save its ancient font; but at Ingham, a village about a mile eastward of the town, is a large and imposing church, remarkable for its architecture and altar-tombs. One of the tombs has a recumbent mail-clad effigy of Sir Oliver de Ingham, Seneschal of Guyenne, who died in 1344, and is backed by an almost obliterated mural painting, representing a forest with wild beasts, and a hunter blowing a horn. Another tomb, at the east end of the south aisle, has sculptured figures of Sir Roger de Bois and his wife; while a third tomb has effigies of Sir Miles and Lady Stapleton. Formerly there was a priory of a monastic order known as the Mathurines here, and the

BARTON BROAD

The Ant and its Broads

ruins of it are still attached to the south wall of the church.

In order to visit Stalham you will have left the main stream of the Ant, and to regain it you must return to the spot where you branched off into the broad. From here, if you will, you may continue your upstream cruise to North Walsham, a town about eight miles from the entrance to Stalham Broad. You will have to lower your mast at

one or two bridges, and pass through one or two locks. While at one of the latter, known as Briggate Lock, you will be within a mile of Worstead, once a considerable town belonging to the abbots of St Benet's-at-Holm, and although now decayed into an ordinary rural hamlet, still containing a church which is what it has always been—one of the finest of the many churches for which the county is renowned. Its lofty pinnacled tower would attract attention even in the “city of churches;” its windows, porch, screens, and elaborate carvings are admired by all who see them. Worstead was formerly an important centre of the woollen manufacture established in Norfolk by the Flemings; and as the villages of

Kersey and Lindsey have given their names to certain kinds of woollen materials, so Worstead has given its name to another. John Paston, in 1464, was anxious that his cousin Margaret should send him two ells of Norfolk worsted for doublets, for, as he said, he "would make (his) doublet all worsted, for worship of Norfolk." Worstead Hall, the seat of the Rous family, contains some fine paintings, including works of Vandyke and Rubens.

A lock close to North Walsham flour-mill is the spot where the river flows nearest to the town, and is usually the point where yachtsmen end their upward cruise. The town is a straggling place, the "lions" of which are its church of St Nicholas and market-cross. The former once possessed a tower and spire which rose to the height of 147 feet; but it was struck by lightning in 1724, and the tower is now in ruins. Memorials of the Pastons are plentiful in Norfolk churches, and there is one in the fine chancel of St Nicholas, representing, in full armour, Sir William Paston, a judge who died in 1608. In 1381, when a rebellion broke out in East Anglia, a sanguinary battle was fought about a mile from North Walsham between the rebels and a large body of troops. The battle-field is marked by a tall stone cross. The distance from Ant mouth to North Walsham is about fourteen miles.

ITINERARY THE FIFTEENTH

THE THURNE, HEIGHAM SOUNDS, AND HICKLING BROAD

Womack Broad—Ludham—Heigham Sounds—The Bearded Titmouse—Night on the Sounds—Hickling Broad—Horsey Mere—Somerton Broad.

THURNE Mouth is about two miles down the Bure from Ant Mouth. The Thurne or Hundred Stream, as it is sometimes called, has a fairly wide and deep channel as far as Potter Heigham, above which navigation is not quite so easy; but the scenery is often charming, and Hickling Broad, which is about six miles from Potter Heigham Bridge, is the largest sheet of water—except Breydon, which is not a broad—in the Broadland. The

bridge is about four miles from the river mouth, and is usually the first halting-place of voyagers on the Thurne; but before it is reached Womack Broad is seen to the left of the stream. This is one of the many broads now almost “grown-up” with aquatic vegetation; but a channel is kept open through it by which it is possible to visit Ludham, a village where the abbots of St Benet’s had a “grange” to retire to when tired of the monotony of existence at their marshland

abbey. The grange eventually became an episcopal palace of the bishops of Norwich, one of whom restored it after a disastrous fire in 1611. The restored edifice is now a farmhouse known as Ludham Hall; a chapel erected subsequent to the fire is converted into a granary. Ludham Church is another of the Broadland churches containing gorgeous screens. Potter Heigham Bridge connects the parish from which it takes its name with Repps-cum-Bastwick, whose church stands close to the railway which also crosses the river.

Voyagers on the Thurne, however, seldom loiter over the first few miles of river, being anxious to get on as speedily as possible to the wild fen-like country around Hickling Broad. So you may hurry on till you come to Kendall Dyke, a channel on the left, which leads into Heigham Sounds, a wilderness of wild-fowl-haunted reeds and waters, the latter famous for their pike. Reeds grow in great abundance in this neighbourhood, which has always been one of the favourite haunts of that handsome little fen bird, the bearded titmouse (*Panurus biarmicus*). If, in the course of your cruising, you come upon a pair or flock of these beautiful birds, and have an opportunity of watching their acrobatic antics in a reed bed, you will enjoy one of the most fascinating scenes of bird-life, and it is to be hoped that however much you may be tempted to shoot one of the elegant mustached cock-birds, or persuade a broadsman to obtain one for you, you will resist the temptation. For the Norfolk Broadland is the only district in England where bearded tits are now to be found, and even here their number is lamentably small. In 1898, Mr J. H. Gurney, who has contributed an interesting article on the species to the Transactions of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, could hear of only thirty-three nests in the county; whereas in 1868 it was estimated that there were some one hundred and twenty-five nests of eggs hatched off, and in 1848 about one hundred and sixty nests. Special protection is now extended to both

The Thurne, Heigham Sounds

nests and eggs; but the number of badly-stuffed bearded tits seen in marshmen's cottages and elsewhere in Broadland excites doubts as to whether this protection is much good to them. The nests are usually easily found, and it generally rests with the finder to decide whether the eggs in them are to bring forth young birds. Would that all persons who discover bearded tits' nests were content to simply admire them, or at most to photograph them!

Mr T. Southwell, F.Z.S., who has edited a new edition of Lubbock's "Fauna of Norfolk," is enraptured with Heigham Sounds. In his introduction to the book he writes:—"Let the reader drift quietly through Heigham Sounds on a glorious night in the early autumn, the dying breeze just stirring the sails of his yacht and raising the slightest possible ripple on the surface of the lake,

*On the Thurne
Potter Heigham.
1882*

only enough to make more brilliant the moonbeam's burnished path along the water, and to wake the whispering reeds—the stillness broken only by the cry of some startled water-bird, or the splash of a monster fish as it darts into the reed-beds—and he will behold a scene which no artist can depict, and which will haunt his memory for many a day. Nor will the sights and sounds on a fine night early in summer be easily forgotten. During the day not a wing may have been seen, but after sundown the place is alive with the song of the reed-birds, the air resounds with the bleat of the snipe, waterhens and coots are calling in all directions, and many are the strange

sounds borne on the soft air of evening which reach his ear.”

Heigham Sounds lead into Whittlesley or Whiteslea, a reed-girt lakelet from which, by way of a dyke, access is obtained to Hickling Broad. As I have said, this broad is the largest in Norfolk. It is rather more than 400 acres in extent, but is shallow in places and, as in the case of Barton Broad, it is safest to keep within the post-marked

Hickling Broad.
J. A. S. 1880.

channels. Your dingy, however, will enable you to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the surroundings of a magnificent lake which, as a writer on the Broadland has stated, is larger in area than Hyde Park. Nowhere in Norfolk can you better appreciate the almost primeval nature of some of the Broadland scenery. To be afloat on Hickling Broad when the gorgeous hues of a Broadland sunset are reflected by its waters is to witness a scene of awe-inspiring grandeur never to be forgotten.

There are one or two smaller broads in the neighbourhood of Hickling, but they are private property. Fishing is also preserved at Horsey Mere, a fine broad of 130 acres which

The Thurne, Heigham Sounds

may be reached from Whiteslea by a $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long channel, the Old Meadow Dyke. This broad is about half-an-hour's walk from the sea, with which it is connected by Palling Dyke. If you explore the district you will find yourself amid the scenes of the sea's incursions described in the chapter "By the Wild North Sea." The little town of Martham, to which reference is also made in that chapter, is not far from the ferry which crosses the river a little way above Kendal Dyke; and Somerton Broad,—not a particularly interesting piece of water—is about a mile above the ferry. Beyond that point navigation is impracticable, and you had better not attempt it.

ITINERARY THE SIXTEENTH

UP THE WAVENEY FROM BREYDON TO OULTON BROAD

The Waveney—Burgh Castle—St Olave's—Fritton Lake—St Olave's Priory—Herringfleet Hills—Somerleyton—Oulton Broad—George Borrow's Summer-house—Lowestoft.

THE Yare and Bure are the two rivers to which visitors whose time for Broadland cruising is limited usually devote most attention; but there is yet another important and by no means uninteresting waterway to be dealt with. This is the Waveney, a river which brings you in touch with some of the pleasantest places in Broadland, one of the largest broads, and a lovely lagoon—Fritton Lake—which, although not in Norfolk, and in no sense a “broad,” should certainly be visited by every voyager in the district. The Waveney flows into Breydon close to where the Yare mingles its waters with those of the famous estuary.

Overlooking the mouth of the river, on the Suffolk side, is Burgh Castle. This so-called castle, supposed by some antiquaries to be the old *Garianonum*, is one of the most perfect relics of the Roman occupation of Britain. To the least imaginative there is something impressive about its massive walls and solid watch-towers. Nearly two thousand years have passed since they were built, and Roman legions occupied them and the opposite camp at Caister; but the lapse of years has had little effect upon them. The propraetor Publius Ostorius Scapula, whose object it was to keep in check the warlike Iceni, is believed to have been responsible for their erection. The site of the so-called

Up the Waveney

castle was a good one for old-time military purposes. It is on the brow of a hill near the confluence of the Yare and Waveney, and overlooks the wide valley that was once a great estuary. The walls built of flint, chalk, rubble, and Roman tiles, form an irregular parallelogram 640 feet in length and 370 in breadth. They are about 14 feet high and 9 feet thick. At the foot of the hill on which they stand the Roman galleys must have moored and landed their legions. On the summit of each of the circular

towers is a cavity, variously conjectured to have contained a watch or signalling turret, a ballister, or some similar weapon of primitive warfare. In 1652 the ruins were in the possession of General Fleetwood, who married Bridget Ireton, a grand-daughter of Cromwell. A little over fifty years ago they passed into the hands of the Boileau family.

That part of the Waveney between Breydon and Oulton Broad is fairly wide and deep, rendering sailing—a matter of difficulty on some of the Broadland waterways—comparatively easy work. A wide expanse of marshland stretches away from the right bank, but the scenery on the other is varied, wooded slopes topped by rugged firs,

heathery hills, birch and alder copses, and picturesque marsh farmsteads uniting to make the river a delightful one to sail upon. After leaving Burgh Castle, however, there is little or nothing to detain you until you arrive at St Olaves Bridge. Here you should moor a while and stroll to Fritton Lake. This lake which is about two-and-a-half miles long, is almost entirely surrounded by woods, and is undoubtedly the loveliest sheet of water in East Anglia. It is private property, but its waters are

open to boating parties and anglers during the summer months upon payment of a small sum to the landlord of Fritton Old Hall, an old manor house now transformed into a place of accommodation for visitors. A garden full of fragrant old-fashioned flowers is one of the delights of Fritton Old Hall, and although the greater part of the woodlands is strictly preserved, a most enjoyable ramble may be taken through a portion of them connected with Host Hallam's charmingly situated home. The wild-fowl decoys referred to in the description of a cruise down the Yare are an interesting feature of Fritton Lake; but as they are worked during sharp winters only, the decoymen's methods remain a mystery to most visitors who come here.

Up the Waveney

Fritton is the Walden of the Broadland, and there are many people who would like to dwell on its shores as did Thoreau on those of Walden.

Close by St Olaves Bridge and railway station are the scanty ruins of an Augustinian priory ; but they are very scanty indeed, and you need not fear you have missed an antiquarian treat if you continue your cruise without seeing them. Even if you do visit them, you will speedily forget all about them when you come in sight of the heather-clad Herringfleet Hills, which, alas ! have paid the penalty of their beauty and wide outlook by having to submit to the erection of a number of glaring red villas. In spite of these architectural eyesores, the scenery of this part of the river is charming, and the memory of it helps to beguile the time spent in sailing through the less interesting country lying between Somerleyton and Oulton Broad. To reach the broad you must leave the main channel of the Waveney on the right and sail up a fairly wide waterway known as Oulton Dyke, the entrance to which is about three miles above Somerleyton Bridge.

Oulton Broad, though a large and famous piece of water, is not lovely. For regatta purposes no broad affords a better course ; but this is its sole attraction. At one time, before the Broadland was “discovered,” and when George Borrow’s house was about the only building on one side of the broad it, no doubt, was a somewhat different place ; but even then it does not seem to have been very attractive and Borrow gives a very melancholy account of it in one of his books. It is a pity that the ancient summer-house in which he wrote “Lavengro” and “The Bible in Spain” is not the only building seen here now ; for the “running up” of modern villas has robbed the broad of what picturesqueness it once possessed, and its nearness to Lowestoft has made it a far too popular resort. Oulton, however, has its advantages. All kinds of craft suitable for Broadland cruising may be hired here, including some of the famous pleasure-whelries ; and the broad is within a

few minutes' railway journey of the "Queen of Eastern Watering-places," which you may also reach by way of a salt-water channel called Lake Lothing. But both Oulton Broad and Lowestoft are in Suffolk, and can scarcely be dealt with at length in a Norfolk guide-book. Their appearance here is only justified by their forming part of the Broadland.

ITINERARY THE SEVENTEENTH

OULTON BROAD TO BECCLES AND BUNGAY

Burgh St Peter—Its curious Church—Aldeby Priory—Beccles—
Bungay—The New Cut.

To reach Beccles and Bungay by way of the Waveney you must, if at Oulton Broad, return to the mouth of Oulton Dyke and there turn sharply to the left and continue your cruise up the main river. Even before leaving the Dyke you catch sight, across the marshes, of a little marshland church which, perhaps, will seem familiar on account of the frequency with which it is represented in Broadland guide books and among the photographs in the Great Eastern Railway's carriages. This is the church of Burgh St Peter—one of the strangest and ugliest ecclesiastical structures in the eastern counties. The upper part of the tower is like a flight of steps—in fact the tower consists of five storeys, each storey being considerably smaller than the one immediately beneath it. The village of Burgh St Peter, notwithstanding its being only about four miles from Lowestoft, is one of the most out-of-the-way places in Broadland. It is approached far more easily by river than by road or rail, the road route to Lowestoft being one of some fourteen miles. When a villager wishes to “go shopping” at the neighbouring port or to pay a visit to Carlton Colville, a neighbouring village, he must first row across the river and then find his way along an almost imperceptible footpath across the marshes. Burgh St Peter is one of the several villages in East Anglia whose inhabitants are fond of describing them as the “last place God made.”

About five miles from the mouth of Oulton Dyke, but

some distance from the riverside, is Aldeby. The name of a farm here—Priory Farm—may tempt you to go in search of ruins; but you will find little to reward you for your trouble. True, there was once a priory here—or rather a cell—but like that of St Olaves, it has almost entirely disappeared. Even at its best it only accommodated a prior and three monks; now its remains form part of a farmhouse.

The village church is not uninteresting, for its doorway is Norman, and other parts of it are very ancient. The parish church at Beccles, however, the lofty bell-tower of which is to be seen long before the town is reached, is a far finer building. The tower stands apart from the church, and apparently has never been completed, its construction

suggesting that it was to have been surmounted by a spire. If this had been done, Beccles church-tower would be one of the best in East Anglia. Even now one cannot fail to be impressed by its height and massiveness. As the town is in Suffolk, and only mentioned here because it comes within the bounds of Broadland, it cannot be dealt with at length; but I may say that it is a pleasantly situated place, though possessing little besides its church to draw you from the river. A wide view of the Waveney Valley may be obtained from the churchyard, and, of course, an even wider one from the summit of the bell-tower.

Beccles is about seven-and-a-half miles from Oulton Dyke, and the river between these places is wide enough for the sailing of the largest craft employed in Broadland.

Oulton Broad to Beccles and Bungay

Its scenery, however, can only be described as tame. Above Beccles the Waveney pursues a serpentine course; and although Bungay is only seven miles from Beccles by road it is ten miles further by water. The river is navigable to wherries and small yachts as far as Bungay, but no further; though a very pleasant trip may be taken in a rowing boat as far as a densely wooded bank or "hanger," upon the summit of which Mr H. Rider Haggard lives in Ditchingham House, which is stored with curios and sporting trophies brought here by Mr Haggard from all quarters of the globe.

The chief sights of Bungay are its old castle built by the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk; its churches of St Mary and Holy Trinity, the former of which has attached to it the ruins of a

nunnery; and its market-cross, surmounted by a figure of Justice, and having a pair of hand-stocks still fastened to one of its pillars. Bungay is a Suffolk town; the Waveney being the boundary between Norfolk and Suffolk here and for some miles of its course. As I have said, the town is not easily accessible by water on account of the river's many windings. Yachtsmen are also often delayed by having to wait for the opening of locks at Geldeston, Ellingham, and Wainford Mills. Although the Waveney is one of the chief Broadland waterways, only one broad—Oulton—is directly connected with it.

THE NEW CUT.

In writing of the Yare I have referred to the New Cut, the entrance to which is at Reedham. This is a canal

about two-and-a-half miles long, cut some seventy years ago to connect the Waveney with the Yare, and thus render it possible for wherrymen to sail from one river to the other without going round by Breydon. Now that Broadland has become a holiday place, yachting parties are not slow to avail themselves of this more direct route. The canal is cut across the Reedham, Haddiscoe, and Herringfleet marshes; and the greater part of it is parallel with the railroad from Norwich to Lowestoft. A toll of one shilling must be paid for each yacht using the New Cut, which is collected by the bridgemen at Haddiscoe Bridge.

Part III

NORFOLK: ITS NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT

BIRD LIFE IN NORFOLK

BY THE REV. ROBERT C. NIGHTINGALE

THE old fame of Norfolk as a dwelling-place of the rarer British birds and the home of an unusual number of different species has somewhat suffered of late years, mainly through the reclamation of waste land and water and the increase of game-shooting. The din and bustle of game-driving especially have frightened many birds from the woods and coppices to which they formerly resorted. The popularity of the Broad district has tended to banish some of the birds peculiar to that district. These numbered a few species all but unknown in other parts of Great Britain, and their partial loss is a sorrow to the bird lover that he is not compensated for even by the well-deserved popularity of the neighbourhood which his bird friends have deserted.

The following birds more or less commonly residential in Norfolk at the beginning of the nineteenth century are no longer found in it except as occasional visitors, and some of them, such as the great bustard, kite, raven, and Savi's warbler, now shun the county altogether.

Avocet.	Hoopoe.
Bittern.	Kite.
Black tern.	Peregrine falcon.
Godwits.	Raven.
Great bustard.	Savi's warbler.
Harriers (a pair or two of marsh harriers still haunt the Broads perhaps).	

That the wild birds and beasts of a district rarely return

to it when once they have been driven from it, is an axiom of the naturalist. This axiom is strikingly illustrated in Norfolk just now. Hundreds of square miles of land from which the wild fauna were driven by the cultivation of the soil have relapsed into their original condition owing to the depression of agriculture, but there is no sign of the old winged inhabitants of these districts returning to them.

Most of our birds, however, are not only as numerous in Norfolk as they were formerly, but some of them are more numerous than ever.

The long Norfolk coast-line and the salt broads lying near it are ever attractive resting-places to birds travelling to or from the continent. In some spots the supply of food for wading and swimming birds is greater than it was, and a little protection is afforded to certain birds through the operation of the Gun Act and the Birds' Protection Acts. The balance for the century between newly observed and extinct Norfolk species is still slightly in favour of the former.

Out of the 385 species of birds named in the last edition of "Montagus' Dictionary of British Birds," no fewer than 304 have been recorded as occurring in Norfolk. This plentiful bird-life has produced an unequalled line of local ornithologists beginning with Sir Thomas Browne and going on to the late Mr Henry Stevenson and the Gurney family. The "Birds of Norfolk," by the former is an altogether unequalled book amongst County Ornithologies.

The golden-crested wren the smallest, the wild swan, and, till 1838, the great bustard, the largest of British birds have found their favourite English home in Norfolk, and well represent the inclusive nature of the bird life of the county.

With a slight alteration a celebrated Oxford dictum may be applied to Norfolk birds, as we may say with almost strict truth: "The bird that is not known in Norfolk is not worth knowing anywhere."

Bird Life in Norfolk

The following birds of Great Britain have been first obtained in Norfolk ; and some of them, as British birds, are still peculiar to the county :

Bee-eater.	Pectoral sandpiper.
Black-bellied dipper.	Red-crested pochard.
Broad-billed sandpiper.	Red-footed falcon.
Buffle-headed duck.	Roller.
Caspian tern.	Savi's warbler.
Capped petrel.	Shore-lark.
Dusky petrel.	Steller's duck.
Eastern golden plover (?).	Wall creeper.
Pallas' sandgrouse.	White-winged tern.

The blue thrush (the only English specimen) and the eared stonechat (the only British specimen) have also been seen in the county. Amongst British birds either nesting in Norfolk only, or else more commonly there than in any other part of the British Islands, are the following :

Bearded titmouse.	Marsh harrier.
Gadwall duck.	Water rail.
Garganey duck.	

In the winter time the sea coast and the meres and broads still abound with water fowl. On the meres and broads, however, their numbers are fast decreasing ; nevertheless a few species seem to be increasing on these waters. Amongst these are the great crested grebe, the gadwall, the garganey, and the shoveller ducks. As in other parts of England the starling is undoubtedly much more common than it was, and in game preserving parishes the nuthatch, and, during the last nine or ten years the woodpeckers have much increased in numbers.

The glory of the meres and broads of Norfolk as winter abodes of wild fowl is abated since the disuse of decoys for capturing wild duck, and the consequent cessation of regularly feeding the wild fowl.

From 10,000 to 15,000 birds would formerly be taken

in a season in one set of three or four decoys placed around sheets of water not more than four acres in extent. That is to say, from four to six tons of wild fowl would be taken in a week from one mere or broad. (The Harwich duck water was only an acre in extent, and in one season 16,800 ducks were taken off it!) On the small water at Herringfleet, just over the Suffolk border, 600 birds were frequently taken in a night, and 207 ducks were taken off this water in one night so recently as 1879. In a very short season 1000 teal alone were taken off a small pool at Hempstead, near Holt. To make up for the decline of wildfowling, however, the prolificness of Norfolk in most other sporting birds increases every year. The following figures show how great is this prolificness:—At Houghton in 1897, 4,300 partridges were killed in four days by Lord Grey de Wilton and his party, and at Holkham, 8,426 partridges were killed in the season of 1896; 3,439 being shot in four days. At Merton no fewer than 7,734 pheasants were shot in the season of 1896. No late summer visitor to Norfolk can fail to be struck by the vast number of partridges and pheasants he sees in every direction, although, of course, he will be too early to see the greater number of our coast and inland wild fowls and migratory game birds, such as woodcock and snipe.

The visitor to the broads, if he is a careful observer, will be almost certain to see birds that are new to him unless he has had unusual opportunities for the study of bird life. One of the most beautiful and interesting of these is the bearded titmouse (*Panurus biarmicus*). Though rare, this graceful bird is, I believe, by no means so rare as is generally supposed. The quiet watcher amongst the reed beds is nearly sure, in the course of an hour or two to see a pair or two of “reed pheasants,”—the folk name of this bird—either hanging on the reeds in their own daringly supple fashion, or winging their way from one clump of reeds to another with a dipping flight. The bearded titmouse is about six inches and a half long, of which length the tail

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takes up about half. Its back is very light fawn colour, and its breast and belly light rose and orange red respectively. Beneath each eye is a conical black tuft of velvety feathers which give the bird its name. The colours of the hen bird are fainter than those of the cock, and she has no whiskers.

Another bird characteristic of the Broads is the great crested grebe. Owing to its being carefully preserved of late years this fine bird is recovering its former position as to numbers in some parts of the county. No one can mistake the bird. Its size—it is about two feet long—its black double crest and chestnut and black collar give it too attractive an appearance for it to be overlooked. There is no difference in the plumage of the cock and hen birds except that the collar and crests of the latter are not quite as large as those of the former. Neither sex attains its full plumage until after the second moult. This grebe is noteworthy as being one of the few birds that are common in each of the four quarters of the globe. It is, unfortunately, much persecuted on account of its beautiful plumage which is used for tippets and dress trimmings. (Within the last few hours I have seen two ardent lady lecturers on “the cruelty of man towards birds,” wearing tippets to the making of which at least a half dozen grebes had contributed!)

The heron is another bird that always attracts the attention of a visitor to the Norfolk waters, either when it is standing motionless, thigh deep in the water a yard or two from the bank, or when it is flying with stately, measured beats of its wings to or from the heronry. The heron can be identified at a great distance when flying by his singularly arched wings, and slender and apparently neckless body. Norfolk people still call him a “harnsey,” as they did in the days of falconry, when “not to know the hawk from the harnsey” he was chasing, was the recognised sign of muddle-headedness. The principal Norfolk heronry is at Didlington, and there are or were till lately heronries at

Gunton, Earlham, Costessy, Reedham, Holkham, Kimberley and other places. Herons have decreased of late years in Norfolk through being trapped and shot by gamekeepers and others.

A bird the inland tourist is almost sure to hear, although on account of its extreme wariness he may possibly miss seeing it, is the stone curlew, otherwise the great or Norfolk plover (*Oedicnemus crepitans*). From the middle of April to the end of September this bird haunts the heaths of the county, generally laying its two eggs on the surface of a dry flint strewed patch of soil. At night it often leaves its nesting places to seek for food in cultivated fields or to obtain water out of the brooks and ponds. In the open parts of the county in the early morning and on bright moonlight nights its clear mournful cry may generally be heard, although the birds themselves are flying high up out of sight. In the daytime stone curlews crouch close to the ground knowing that their protective colour preserves them from observation as they lie low amongst the greenish grey stones and furze to which they run as soon as they catch sight of an intruder on their solitude. The cock will often utter his cry of "curluii" to warn his mate or comrades before he runs to cover. Tennyson tells us that when Enid went forth with Geraint :

"The great plover's human whistle amazed
Her heart, and glancing round the waste, she fear'd
In every wavering brake an ambuscade."

These birds are from sixteen to eighteen inches long and weigh about a pound each. Their upper plumage is tawny brown with dusky brown stripes down the middle of the feathers. Their under plumage yellowish white, the breast is streaked with dusky brown. They have a pure white stripe and a mixed brown and white stripe on each wing. The stone curlews derive their book name from their exceptionally thick knees. They may be identified by their very large fawn-like eyes.

Bird Life in Norfolk

It is sometimes said that the nightingale is not a common bird in Norfolk. This does not accord with my experience in the western half of the county at any rate. There almost every copse and shrubbery has one or more of these birds in it during May and June. On one occasion I heard seven singing night after night in a space of five hundred yards in extent from end to end. In the same division of the county goldfinches and bullfinches are still fairly plentiful; no doubt owing to the bird catchers being kept away from so strictly preserved a district. All over the county plovers of all kinds abound, and except in the late spring and early summer months the inshore waters are frequented by myriads of gulls. Young white-tailed eagles are frequently taken; ospreys, buzzards, peregrine falcons, quails and black grouse are still visitors or residents in Norfolk, but their numbers become fewer and fewer from year to year. Since 1859 incursions into the county of the Tartar grouse known as Pallas's sand grouse, have taken place at irregular intervals. As is usually the unfortunate lot of strange birds seeking to establish themselves in England, they have always been ruthlessly murdered. (In one month, between the third week in May and the third week in June, about fifty of these charming birds were shot in Norfolk.) I have reason to believe that odd and unnoted birds of this species often travel into our county, and bird-loving visitors will do well to be on the watch for them. They may be identified by their two long finely pointed wing feathers, their feathered legs and feet, black striped clay yellow back and grey belly. They measure about twelve inches in length exclusive of the longer tail feathers.

The unusual numbers and variety of the folk names of birds in Norfolk is an incidental proof of the richness of its bird life, and a list of a few of these names will be useful to the visitor, as the ordinary names of some of the commonest birds are quite unknown to a large number of the inhabitants of the county:

Bullfinch.
Blue tit.
Chaffinch.
Gulls—the smaller.
Gulls—the larger.
Goldfinch.
Green plover.
Hedge sparrow.
Song thrush.
Wild pigeons.

Bloodolf.
Pickcheese.
Spink.
Mows.
Cobs.
Draw-water and King Harry.
Peweeep.
Dunnock.
Mavish.
Dows.

BOTANY IN NORFOLK

BY H. D. GELDART

NORFOLK as a county has unusual advantages, considered from a botanical point of view—its large area, fourth among the counties of England—its sea coast more than a hundred miles in length,—its almost unique “Broad” country on the east and Fenland on the west, with a ridge of sandy, chalky, or clay land between them, much of which remains very little altered by cultivation as sheep-walk, warren or heath interspersed here and there with primeval bogs, enable it to retain in one or other locality almost every one of the flowering plants which have ever been recorded as having been found in it. Besides, it is practically an island (with the exception of Marshland and a few fens on its western border), for the waters which drain east and west from Lopham and flow into the sea by the Waveney at Yarmouth, and the Ouse at Lynn are parted from each other by only a few yards of land, so that the observer is rarely at any loss to decide which county should claim his find. That the corner of East Anglia in which Norfolk is situated was formerly surrounded by sea is more than probable, from the occurrence of maritime plants and insects in the Brandon and Thetford districts, and also in Eastern Suffolk, though the eastern end of the strait separating it from the mainland was most likely further south than the present boundary between the two counties.

If we start northward along the coast from the Haven’s Mouth at Yarmouth we shall at once come upon a very interesting and somewhat special flora. The South Denes, injured though they have been by use for encampments,

etc., still afford, mixed with common littoral plants, two rare grasses (*Poa bulbosa* and *Weingartneria canescens*), a Trefoil (*Trifolium suffocatum*), a special form of Rest-Harrow (*Ononis horrida*), a Convolvulus (*Volvulus soldanella*), and more than one Cerastium. When we have passed the town we may find the very rare Marram Grass (*Ammophila baltica*), and the sea-shore form of Mountain Rue (*Thalictrum dunense*), going on northwards still the sand plants hold their own for miles until the cliffs begin, and then from Happisburgh on by Bacton, Mundesley, Trimingham, Overstrand, past Cromer, where the coast turns westward by Runton, Beeston, Sheringham, to the Cliff's End there is a great change in the character of the flora. We shall here find two Catchflies (*Silene anglica* and *Silene conica*), the round rough-headed Poppy (*Papaver hybridum*), a Medick (*Medicago sylvestris*), found only here and at Thetford; three Broomrapes (*Orobanche elatior*, *O. purpurea* and *O. minor*), several Orchises — bee, pyramidal and purple; and *Orchis incarnata*,—and in many places the ground at the top of the cliffs will be yellow with Bird's-foot Trefoil, blue with Viper's Bugloss, or pink with Sea Thrift. Where the cliffs end salt marshes alternating with sandy or stony beach begin and continue all the way to Hunstanton. Along this coast there are to be found Horned Poppies and Sea Eryngo, Sea Heath (*Frankenia laevis*), four Sea-Lavenders (*Statice Limonium*, *S. pyramidalis*, *S. auriculæfolia* and *S. reticulata*), two or three forms of Centaury (*Erythræa centaurium* and *E. pulchella*). At Cley there is a thicket of *Suaeda fruticosa*, supposed to have been brought here by shipwreck, whence it has spread to many other places, two rare and beautiful Grasses *Polypogon monspeliensis* and *P. littoralis*), and at Wells an almost unique (so far as Great Britain is concerned) form of Sow-thistle (*Sonchus angustifolius*); at one point on this coast there is the rare Yellow Figwort (*Scrophularia vernalis*); at Brancaster there is the Great Sea Rush (*Juncus acutus*), and all along there is a host too

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numerous to mention of Scirpi, carices and brackish water plants. There is no more cliff except the curious red chalk cliff at Hunstanton, which yields no fresh plants, and from thence to Lynn we have beach and marsh again, and here we may find the quaint little Umbellifer, *Bupleurum tenuissimum*.

Just within the coastline north-westerly from Yarmouth, occupying a space which may be roughly estimated at ten miles square, lies the Norfolk "Broad" district, which, where undisturbed, still remains a paradise for botanists, it contains several specialities two of them found nowhere else in England. *Naias marina* which looks at first sight almost like a seaweed, discovered in 1883 and *Carex trinervis* discovered in 1884 and three other plants almost as rare. *Senecio palustris*, *Carex paradoxa*, and *Lychnothamnus stelliger* which last does not in some seasons develop the "stars" from which it takes its specific name: but the greatest interest of "Broadland" to the plant-lover consists in the enormous wealth of flowers which flourish in some parts of it—wide stretches of many colours—yellow and purple—Loosestrife (*Lysimachia vulgaris* and *Lythrum Salicaria*) white and cream colour (*Pyrola rotundifolia* and *Spiræa ulmaria*). Lilac shading off to red and purple (orchises of several kinds), mixed up with a dense crowd of common marsh weeds such as Ranunculi, Ragged Robin, and Marsh Marigold; it is not the number of species but the enormous number of the individuals of each species that strikes one most in these morasses. The water itself is also crowded with water-weeds and flowers. Pond-weeds by the thousand which make but little show. Water-lilies, white and yellow, Bladder-Worts (*Utricularia*) Batrachian Ranunculi, Polygonum amphibium, Water Plantains, and here and there dense clumps and ditches choked with the Water-Soldier (*Stratiotes aloides*), with its sword-shaped aloe-like leaves and pure white flowers which seem in our day never to bear fruit with us, though its extraordinary shaped seed-pods have been found fossil in the county.

Reeds, grasses, and sedges hide both land and water. In some of these marshes milk parsley (*Peucedanum palustre*) grows freely, and this plant is the food of the larva of the swallow-tail butterfly (*Papilio machaon*).

The Fens of the western side of the county have recently been identified as one of the latest known localities for *Senecio paludosus* one of very scarcest of British plants.

Of the great middle portion of the county between the "Broads" on the east and the "Fens" on the west it is impossible within our limits to give more than a very slight sketch of the rarities which may reward a careful search. Starting from the south at Thetford we have *Medicago sylvestris*, *Veronica verna* and *V. triphyllos*, *Artemisia campestris*, *Scleranthus perennis*, and two grasses, *Apera interrupta* and *Festuca ambigua*, and as a well-established alien, *Erigeron canadense*; passing eastward we come to Harling, the home at one time, at all events, of *Andromeda polifolia*; eastward still to Harleston, the vicinity of which affords the true "Oxlip" (*Primula elatior*, Jacq.) The botany of this district (and of the adjoining portion of Suffolk) has been admirably described by the Rev. F. W. Galpin in his "Account of the Flowering Plants, Ferns and Allies, of Harleston"; then to Ditchingham where we have *Blackstonia perfoliata* and *Panicum glabrum*. The northernmost portion of this line up to Attleborough is a very prolific ground for orchids, bee orchis, fly orchis, frog orchis (*Habenaria viridis*), and great abundance of the commoner kinds; *Orchis pyramidalis* has been seen here almost more plentiful than the hay crop among which it grew and the very rare *Liparis loeselii* still survives in one locality. There is also that very rare fern *Lastrea cristata*.

Almost due north of Thetford is Swaffham, whose neighbourhood has afforded *Phleum phalaroides*; thence eastward we pass Dereham, where the heavy lands give (if they have not all been stolen) great quantities of the commoner ferns, *Polystichum* of slightly varying forms

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in almost endless variety and plenty of *Scolopendrium*. Still eastward the country round Norwich has many good plants, *Arabis perfoliata*, *Medicago falcata*, the Norfolk mullein (*Verbascum pulverulentum*) and in one locality there is still plenty of *Gentiana pneumonanthe*. From hence eastward to the "Broads" and northward to the sea, wherever you can find a scrap of original heathy, swampy bog, you will be well rewarded. *Drosera*, sometimes all three species, within a few yards; *Parnassia*, *Hypericum elodes*, even *Limosella aquatica*, spaces of some few yards square pink with *Anagallis tenella*, Butterfly orchis in both forms (*Habenaria bifolia* and *H. chlo-rantha*) by the hundred, may all be found and *Goodyera repens* a northern orchid not truly wild south of Cumberland and Berwick has been found more than once.

There now remains to be considered only the north-western portion of the county, containing a good deal of chalky and heathy upland, and furnishing many interesting plants. *Veronica spicata* has been recorded, but not confirmed. *Microcala filiformis* has certainly been found, and an *Epipactis*, thought by Mr Kirby Trimmer to be *E. atrorubens*; there is also an old record of *Draba muralis*. There is a decidedly different facies of the flora of this district to that of the flora of mid and south Norfolk, the change travelling north-westerly from Norwich seems to occur somewhere about Walsingham.

Some of our most interesting local plants are curiously sporadic and a visitor must not conclude that they are lost from their recorded localities simply because he cannot find them there; for instance *Scutellaria minor* has been known in one locality for at least seventy years. A few years since, when the writer visited it, the ground was purple with the flowers of hundreds of plants; three years afterwards not a plant could be found though the locality was in no way altered by drainage or otherwise, but this is no evidence of loss. Again *Arabis perfoliata* will be in abundance one year seeding freely, but for the next two or three years not a plant

will reward search, but it reappears there or thereabouts after a time. The foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*) wild, though there are plenty of escapes, is decidedly a scarce plant in the county, but in the year 1867 some ditches were "fyed out" at Horsey and from the mud thrown out from them arose a crop of foxgloves. *Poa nemoralis* is a rare grass about Norwich, but in two cases where loam dug from a depth of several feet has been spread about, a plentiful crop of it has arisen which has held its own for years but gradually diminishing. On the other hand some local plants show great pertinacity, the same banks in the neighbourhood of Norwich have afforded *Medicago falcata* and *Verbascum pulverulentum* whenever visited for more than half a century. Hardly any plants seem to be "lost" unless their localities are permanently altered or destroyed; of course, if a bog is drained or a hill-side ploughed up and sown with gorse for game-cover the plants must disappear, at all events for a time, and as the old walls of Norwich are pulled down, and they are fast disappearing, *Holosteum umbellatum* must go with them—but take it for all in all the flora of Norfolk still affords as many species as it has ever done since it was first studied, for about as many species have been added to it of late years as are at all likely to have really disappeared.

Many aliens, some intentionally introduced and others accidentally sown with foreign seeds, occur. Among the former such plants as *Spiræa tomentosa* an American and *Sambucus racemosa* the red-berried elder of Continental Europe, among the latter *Alyssum calycinum*, *Melilotus arvensis*, *Saponaria vaccaria*, *Asperula arvensis*, *Orobanche flavesceus*, these sometimes make good their hold for a year or two. *Veronica tournefortii* is a good example of an alien successfully establishing itself, for it is now in many places quite a weed.

It is much to be desired that visitors either finding for themselves or being shown a locality for a rare plant, will exercise forbearance in over collection for themselves or

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indiscriminate communication of the exact place to less careful people. The conduct of a stranger who having been told of an exact locality for *Senecio palustris* (one of our scarcest plants) purposely destroyed the whole of it may be almost described as an outrage, nor is the conduct of those inconsiderate persons who tear up ferns by their roots and leave them to wither by the roadside much better. It has happened to the writer twice over by incautious betrayal of localities for one of our rarest ferns, to cause the disappearance of every root within a few years.

The latest census of rarity among the flowering plants of Great Britain is the Ninth Edition of the "London Catalogue" published in 1895; in it England, Wales and Scotland are divided into one hundred and twelve counties and vice-counties. Any plant that does not occur in more than twelve of these divisions may fairly be considered "rare," although there may be plenty of it where it does grow. The following is a list of plants, most of them presumably native, which are or have been reported to be found in Norfolk which do not occur in more than twelve divisions:—

Adonis autumnalis.
Aconitum napellus.
Roemeria hybrida.
Draba muralis.
Sisymbrium irio.
Brassica oleracea.
Frankenia loevis.
Dianthus prolifer.
Silene conica.
,, *otites.*
Holosteum umbellatum.
Medicago sylvestris.
,, *falcata.*
Trifolium ochroleucon.
Tillæa muscosa.
Sedum rupestre.
Lythrum hyssopifolia.
Galium anglicum.
Gnaphalum luteo-album.

Artemisia campestris.
Senecio paludosus.
,, *palustris.*
Hypochoeris maculata.
Lactuca scariola.
,, *saligna.*
Sonchus palustris.
,, *angustifolius.*
Statice reticulata.
Primula elatior, Jacq.
Microcala filiformis.
Limnanthemum peltatum.
Pulmonaria officinalis.
Verbascum pulverulentum.
,, *lychnitis.*
Veronica triphyllos.
,, *verna.*
Melampyrum cristatum.
Melampyrum arvense.

Orobanche purpurea.
Mentha alopecuroides.
 „ *pubescens.*
Calamintha parviflora.
Teucrium scordium.
Herniaria glabra.
Scleranthus perennis.
Atriplex pedunculata.
Salicornia radicans.
Suaeda fruticosa.
Daphne mezereum.
Hippophae rhamnoides.
Liparis loeselii.
Epipactis atro-rubens.
Muscari racemosum.
Ornithogalum pyrenaicum.
Potamogeton acuminatus.
 „ *trichoides.*
Naïas marina.

Scirpus triquetter.
Carex paradoxa.
 „ *ericetorum.*
 „ *trinervis.*
Panicum glabrum.
Spartina stricta.
Phleum phalaroides.
Polypogon monspeliensis.
 „ *littoralis.*
Apera interrupta.
Ammophila baltica.
Weingærneria canescens.
Poa bulbosa.
Festuca ambigua.
Lastrea cristata.
 „ *uliginosa.*
Lychnothamnus stelliger.
Nitella tenuissima.

Those who wish for a full list of Norfolk plants may consult the Rev. Kirby Trimmer's "Flora of Norfolk and Supplement," numerous Papers in the Proceedings of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, the Rev. F. W. Galpin's "Flora of Harleston," Paget's "Natural History of Yarmouth," and the Rev. E. F. Linton's "Norfolk Notes," *Journal of Botany*, June and July 1900.

ENTOMOLOGY IN NORFOLK

BY CLAUDE MORLEY, F.E.S., &c.

EVERY entomologist knows that particular species of insects are attached not only to particular climates and environments but also, and to an even greater degree, to certain kinds of plants ; and these again are found only upon their own favourite kinds of supersoils. Peat underlaid at the depth of a few feet by white clay or marl is a formation found in England, I believe, only in East Anglia, and to it we owe the peculiar physical feature for which Norfolk is so widely celebrated—her Broads. Those to the north-east of Norwich are the most celebrated among naturalists, probably because they have been most worked ; but there is little doubt that the low-lying land on the south eastern and western borders of the county would yield good things if sufficiently drawn upon. For insects of higher taste is a more or less complete chain of low chalk hills running down the western centre of the county from Hunstanton towards Brandon, sometimes known as the East Anglian Heights ; the vicinity of Norwich, however, is, perhaps, more noted for its chalk-loving insects. The long range of sea coast is lavish of its own species, especially in the chalk-cliff districts ; most of it is low lying and constantly changing. In some places the sea appears to be retiring, and here the sand-dunes and old coast lines are very prolific—especially about Yarmouth, Cley, Hunstanton and Cromer. Norfolk has a total area of 1,308,440 acres, 12,000 of which are still so-called “ waste ” land. It is obvious, therefore, we shall not lack hunting-grounds and those, of their kind, the best in Britain ; it is well, however, to bear in mind trespassing is

here an heinous crime. A great deal of this is heath-land upon a sandy or loamy bottom, which would scarcely repay cultivation. To the east of Norwich in several places the red and mammaliferous crags very nearly approach the surface, rendering the country yet more sterile. About Brandon and Thetford is what is usually known as the Breck District: this consists of plateaux of valley gravel underlaid by chalk and is famous for its unique production, some fifty miles inland, of many species of strictly maritime insects. Nevertheless, it is, of course, for the exclusively marsh species, to be found only in the Broad District, that the entomologist will visit Norfolk, consequently the best of these have been, as far as space allowed, noted below.

Probably the majority of summer migrants, and of the resident entomologists also, devote themselves more or less exclusively to the butterflies and moths (or LEPIDOPTERA), of which Norfolk boasts about the longest county list in Britain—roughly 1450 species. I will, therefore, say a word or two which may guide them to the approximate headquarters of the rarer or more local kinds. Above all the Swallow-Tail is one of the beginner's greatest enthusiasms. From the drained fens of Cambridgeshire it is fast disappearing and, for its sake, we may congratulate ourselves that the broads of Norfolk are of such a nature as to preclude a similar state of things obtaining with us. It is to be found in some numbers in all the fens of the Yare and Bure and I have five examples in my collection taken at Horning, one even in the churchyard, in 1897. The Marsh Fennel (*Peucedanum palustre*) is its principal food plant. An eye may with advantage be kept wide for the very rare Queen-of-Spain, which has been taken at Booton, Caister, Plumstead, Halvergate and Beachamwell. The Camberwell Beauty is probably commoner here than in most counties, which is, however, saying but little, though this was especially the case in 1872, when *Antiopa* occurred in all parts of the county and was seen by no means rarely in the north-east. The Large Copper is said to have occurred here,

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and, considering the extent and nature of the fens, if it survives anywhere in Britain, which is more than doubtful, it is surely with us. The Mazarine Blue is said to have been found in the chalky districts in the old days. Most of the Hawks are recorded, including *Deilephila galii* from Yarmouth and Gillingham, and the doubtfully-British *Chaerocampa nerii* at Yarmouth, though south of the river. *Lithosia muscerda* is said to be confined to the Norfolk Broads, where it is not uncommon among the alders. It was at Horning that Curtis took great quantities of the Gypsy Moth, which is not now-a-days found in the wild state in Britain, though it lingered about Cawston at all events till 1861. The Essex Emerald is also said to have occurred, though sparingly, in the former locality. As I have already said, the post-glacial sands about Brandon yield a peculiar fauna and here are to be found, almost exclusively in Britain, *Dianthaecia irregularis*, *Agrophila sulphuralis*, *Acidalia rubricata*, *Lithostege griseata*, *Spilodes sticticalis*, *Tinea imella*, etc. Beachamwell was at one time a grand collecting ground, but it does not appear to have been worked for many years now ; it was here that *Banksia argentula*, now confined to one or two localities in Ireland, was first found. *Eubolia bipunctaria* and *Eriopsela fractifasciana* are somewhat scarce on the chalk about Norwich but they are not found elsewhere in East Anglia. *Diphtheria orion*, too, occurs sparingly at Aldeby. Caister is almost the only place in Britain for *Tapinostola elymi*, where it was first found by Crotch in 1861. *Nonagria brevilinea* has never been discovered in the world outside Ranworth and Horning Broads, where it is found uncommonly every year and is one of Norfolk's great prizes. *Hydrilla palustris*, from Norwich, wants taking again badly, as does *Cloantha perspicillaris*, which occurred at Yarmouth in 1841.

Like the larger moths, the Micros are very interesting and peculiar on account of their attachment to our peculiar plants. I will mention, however, only a very few of the more typical. Of the Pyralids, *Lemiodes pulveralis* and

Spilodes sticticalis are both good things; the former has occurred at Ranworth though it is elsewhere confined to the extreme south of England and the latter is only to be had in numbers in the Breck district about Brandon, whence came my own series. Norfolk has a monopoly of *Crambus fascelinellus* from Yarmouth, and *C. paludellus* in the Broads. *Anerastia farrella* is found on only the Norfolk coast where it has been attracted to artificial light. A visit should certainly be paid to Lynn for *Argyresthia atmoriella*, named after the indefatigable lepidopterist who first there discovered it in 1893; it is now found to be locally not uncommon. *Nyctegretes achatinella* is occasionally not rare on the Yarmouth sandhills, but occurs elsewhere only at Folkestone. These sandhills have a very rich fauna of their own including such things as *Eupaecilia pallidana*, *Agrotis ripae* and *praecox*, *Leucania littoralis*, etc. Of the rest *Peronea perplexana*, *Sericoris doubledayana*, *Phoxopteryx paludana*, *Stigmonota erectana*, *Eupaecilia degreyana* (named after Lord Walsingham), *Nothris verbascella*, *Glyphipteryx schaeuicolella*, *Elachista paludum*, and the pretty little plume, *Oxyptilus distans*, are quite or very nearly confined to the Broads and Breck of Norfolk.

To turn to the COLEOPTERA or Beetles, there is a great number which are found only in boggy and marshy places, because the plants upon which they feed, or because the plants upon which those insects subsist upon which they prey, are attached to such situations. The Fens constitute the last abiding place of many kinds of beetles, and even here, if we may rely upon the records of a hundred years ago, they are much less abundant than formerly. A great number of marsh species will at once suggest themselves to the coleopterist and I need mention only a very few of the eighteen hundred different kinds recorded from Norfolk, as especial prizes, the rencontre with which is worthy of publication in the most scientific of journals. First and foremost, *Carabus clathratus* used at one time to be found in the Halvergate marshes and is recorded from the Suffolk

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boundary as recently as 1858, though its capture was probably effected some years previously; it is now almost exclusively confined to the highlands of Ireland and Scotland in the British Isles. A very pretty and exclusively fen species is *Odacantha melanura*, with which I have often met in the refuse on the banks of the Broads. *Cetophorus imperialis*, which is somewhat similar in conformation, appears to be confined to marshy places in the eastern counties. *Pterostichus aterrimus* was first taken in Britain at Horning and has been found in but few other localities; it has not, however, turned up at all of recent years. *Bradycellus placidus* may be generally unearthed among rubbish in broadland by careful searching. *Pogonus luridipennis* was first known as British at Salhouse where it was originally somewhat common, but its particolored sheen has not been there seen since 1840; and it appears to have gone south to Sheppey. As might be expected the *Hydradeephaga* or waterbeetles turn up in quantities and their phytophagous congeners, the *Palpicornia*, are well represented; of the former, *Illybius subaeneus* seems to be confined to this county and its sister, Suffolk. The short-winged genus, *Stenus*, is also in fuller force here than probably elsewhere, and thousands may easily be turned up in the fens. In Norwich was published in 1825, Denny's "Monographia" of the brachypterous *Clavicornia*, so Norfolk presents for them classic ground. *Onthophilus sulcatus*, a very rare British species, originated in this county and is to be taken sparingly in odd situations on the higher ground; *Limnius troglodytes* too, is hardly found elsewhere in Britain. The great Kirby of Barham first detected at Holme the beautiful *Apion limonii* and returned home exclaiming "Finis coronat opus." Many years ago *Tropideres albirostris* was found near Norwich and has not, I think, been rediscovered as British. The metallic genus *Donacia* is to be found in almost all its lovely species on the multitudinous water-plants. And last, though by no means least, *Ceuthorhynchus querceti* occurs at Horning

alone in our isles, where it has been found by Messrs Brewer, Edwards and Elliman, as recently as 1895.

Five hundred and thirty-six species of HEMIPTERA, which Order of insects includes those usually known as plant-lice, field-bugs, and froghoppers, are known to occur in Norfolk out of a total of about seven hundred and fifty in the whole of Britain. The majority of the species are strictly confined to their particular food-plants, so if, upon seeing a plant of willow-herb (*Epilobium*) you should say "Here I shall find *Dicyphus epilobii*," there is little probability of being disappointed. Several of these Hemipterous species have been taken in Norfolk alone: Mr Thouless discovered *Poeciloscytus vulneratus* upon *Galium verum* on the Yarmouth Denes in September, and *Idiocerus cupreus* (probably the second specimen in the world), upon a sallow at Brandon. *Nabis boops* is scarcely found anywhere but at Lowestoft and Mousehold Heath, near Norwich, which latter was a great locality among the older entomologists of the first half of the century. *Lygus atomarius*, *Liburnia reyi* (from Weybourne), several members of the genera *Idiocerus* and *Cicadula*, as well as *Deltocephalus costalis* (a fen species from Ranworth), *D. coroneiceps* (on Coxford Heath), and the widely distributed *Dicraneura similis*, which was first detected here by Mr Edwards, are all kinds which have been taken in hardly any other localities in Britain, and should therefore certainly be assiduously searched for. Unlike other insects, however, coast HEMIPTERA do not appear to have lingered with the sea-sands in the Breck district and are scarce there. Lord Walsingham has, nevertheless, found at the adjacent Merton the very rare bat-bug (*Cimex pipistrelli*).

Norfolk will soon become classic ground for the HYMENOPTERIST for here, during the past seventies and eighties, the great Bridgman, a collector of quite the first water was wont to roam. He first turned his attention to the Aculeate section—which comprises the ants, wasps, and bees—and discovered there more kinds than have been

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found in any other county (excepting only the sister Suffolk). More than half the little family *Chrysididae* have been recorded, including the local and rare *Cleptes nitidula*, *Hedychrum nobile*, and *Chrysis pustulosa* from the neighbourhood of Norwich. The ants are to be met with in no unusual numbers but several of the interesting sand-wasps, which store up spiders, aphides, and grasshoppers for their young to feed upon, after digging little holes for their security, such as *Grabro signatus*, and *C. anxius*, from the marshes near Norwich, and *C. panzeri*, from Cromer, are found in only a few other counties. The bees are plentiful, and such rare things as *Sphecodes ferruginatus*, *Andrena proxima*, *Nomada obtusifrons* at Brundall, and *N. sexfasciata* have occurred more or less sparingly. Brundall was formerly the headquarters of *Macropis labiata* and often visited by hymenopterists from afar; this bee has, however, since been discovered in other parts of the country and is now abundant in Wicken Fen, Cambs. In all some 230 species have been recorded from the county. The sawflies (or *Tenthredinidae*), which lay their eggs beneath the cuticle of the leaves, often causing consequent swellings or galls, and whose larvæ feed openly like the caterpillars of moths, are to be here met with in profusion by those few students who are interested in their wondrous powers of parthenogenesis. *Phyllotoma fumipennis* and *Nematus Bridgmanii*, which were originally discovered in the Brundall marshes about 1880, are the most noteworthy. During the early part of the century the county suffered much from the attacks of the Black Jack, which is the larva of a sawfly, *Athalia spinarum*, and appeared in such numbers as to destroy many thousands of acres of turnips upon whose tops they principally subsist. Mr Bridgman found a hundred and sixty kinds of this family in Norfolk, and, probably, no county has had its *Ichneumonidae*—four-winged flies, parasitic upon other kinds of insects—so thoroughly worked; but, since this is a subject generally carefully avoided by the entomologist (for his peace of

mind's sake!), it will be unnecessary to further refer to it. There are a large number of *Braconidae* in the Bridgman collection in the Norwich Castle Museum, but little has been published upon the subject and nothing whatever, I believe, about the remainder of the Norfolk Hymenoptera.

Nor am I aware that there is any recent literature relating to the remaining groups of insects. In the NEUROPTERA—the Dragonflies and Waterflies—this is the more regrettable, since in their earlier stages they are entirely aquatic, and Norfolk, with her fens and broads, should, as Mr M'Lachlan anticipates, be able to give a good account of herself. Winter collected these beautiful insects about Aldeby and Beccles in 1860, and put a few upon record [v. Ent. Wk. Int. ix. 188], and at the latter locality I have taken the uncommon *Libellula fulva* and *Aeschna mixta*, though south of the river. The ORTHOPTERA—Grasshoppers and Crickets—of the eastern counties do not appear to excel in number nor variety. *Xiphidium dorsale* will, doubtless, be found abundantly in all the marshes, as it is at Oulton, &c., south of the Waveney. The Land of the Broad must also yield a grand harvest and much food for study to that DIPTERIST, who is bold enough to attack a county list in which the tiny *Nematocera* would so largely figure, though he should have little difficulty in thence augmenting the British List.

GEOLOGY OF NORFOLK

BY F. W. HARMER, F.G.S.

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IF a bicyclist were to cross England from Holyhead to Yarmouth he might, in the course of a few days, pass successively and almost in the chronological order of their deposition over strata comprising a representative series of the principal formations known to geological science, from the Archæan schists of Anglesea, to the modern estuarine deposits of the valley of the Yare. As he approached the confines of Norfolk, however, he would find he had left behind him the Palæozoic, and all but the later portion of the Secondary or Mesozoic rocks. The prehistoric history of East Anglia deals only with the more recent chapters of the geological record.

SECTION FROM HUNSTANTON TO YARMOUTH, SHOWING THE GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE DISTRICT.

The more important divisions of the strata exposed at the surface, or known from borings, in Norfolk are as follows:—

Tertiary or Kainozoic.	Recent.	Blown sand, peat, estuarine, fluvial, and lacustrine deposits.	
	Pleistocene.	Post-Glacial.	Estuarine, and fluvial deposits. Valley gravels.
		Upper Glacial.	Plateau gravels. Chalky boulder Clay.
		Middle Glacial.	Sand and gravel.
		Lower Glacial.	Norwich brickearth. Contorted drift. Cromer Till. Pebble-beds (Westleton shingle). <i>Leda myalis</i> sands, and arctic freshwater bed, of the Cromer coast.
	Pliocene.	Forest-bed series. Weybourn Crag. Chillesford beds. Norwich Crag.	
	Eocene.	London Clay. Woolwich and Reading beds.	
Secondary or Mesozoic	Cretaceous.	Chalk. Gault. Lower Greensand.	
	Jurassic.	Upper Oolite.	Kimeridge Clay.

The Mesozoic deposits of England east of the Pennine chain dip towards the east, resting against and upon each other as a row of books on a table might do, if they were made to lean over in one direction. Hence it is that, as we pass eastward from the midland counties to Norfolk, we cross successively over the upturned edges of the different

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secondary strata, from the Trias to the Chalk. The section will show the way in which this movement of upheaval towards the west and subsidence towards the east has affected the Oolitic and Cretaceous rocks of the county. The former, represented by the *Kimeridge Clay*, appear only in the west of Norfolk, occupying a strip of low country bordering the fens, from whence they dip eastwards, disappearing beneath the Lower Greensand. The Kimeridge Clay is not well exposed in Norfolk, but may be studied in a large pit near the Great Eastern Railway, a mile or so east of Ely Station, where it is shown to consist of bluish-grey fossiliferous clay and shale, with septaria, large nodular concretions of argillaceous limestone. In deposits of this period, in other parts of England, there have been found remains of the great and extinct marine reptiles *Ichthyosaurus*, *Plesiosaurus*, *Pliosaurus*, and *Teleosaurus*, and of the Pterodactyls, enormous flying lizards.

The *Lower Greensand* is believed to be represented in the Hunstanton cliff section, and at Snettisham, where it is quarried for building, by a fine ferruginous conglomerate, known as *Carstone*, and at the latter place by clay and white "silver sand," used for glass-making.

A bed of blue clay, probably the *Gault*, which is absent from the Hunstanton section, was met with at the bottom of well borings at Carrow Works, Norwich, and Holkham, and it comes to the surface near Downham Market. The Gault is largely used near Cambridge for brick-making. At Folkestone, in the south of England, it has been divided into a number of zones, each characterised by a different species of Ammonite.

The *Chalk* is by far the most important formation present in Norfolk; it underlies the greater part of the county, and attains a thickness at Norwich of about 1200 feet. Closely resembling in appearance and composition the globigerina ooze of the bed of the Atlantic, it must have originated under similar conditions, and in a sea of considerable depth which then extended in an easterly direction across north-

western Europe from Normandy to Denmark. Except in the west of the county, it is covered by newer beds, and is exposed only along the sides of river valleys, as in that of the Wensum. For the reason before given, the lowest beds of the Chalk do not come to the surface except in the west of Norfolk, the upper portion of the formation having there been planed off and removed by denudation. It is probable that the Chalk was originally as thick toward Hunstanton as it is at Norwich, and that it extended westward over England far beyond its present limits.

The oldest part of the Chalk, the well-known *Red rock* of Hunstanton, is a bed of limestone about 4 feet in thickness, stained by peroxide of iron. It has been regarded by some geologists as equivalent to the Gault, by others to the Upper Greensand; it represents an early stage of the subsidence by which the deep sea conditions of the Chalk period were introduced over the East of England. Higher in the Cretaceous series occurs the *Hard Chalk without flint*. From it have been obtained, near Stoke Ferry, the bones of *Ichthyosaurus*, and some large Ammonites 2 feet in diameter. The *Middle* and *Upper Chalk* contain flint, derived from the decomposition of the siliceous organisms of the Chalk sea; flint occurs in the former in mid Norfolk, as at Wells, in the form of tabular sheets; and in the latter, further to the East, as nodules, in horizontal layers, and more rarely as paramoudras, large pear-shaped masses, 2 feet or more in length, arranged vertically one upon another. Among the characteristic fossils of the Upper Chalk, which at Norwich is 500 feet in thickness, may be mentioned *Belemnitella mucronata*, *Terebratulina carnea*, *Rhynchonella plicatilis*, and *Ananchytes ovatus*. The entire skeleton of a large marine reptile, *Mosasaurus*, was found forty years ago at that place in a quarry near Bishops bridge.

No beds of *Eocene* age have been observed at the surface in Norfolk, but 51 feet of the *Woolwich and Reading Beds*, and 305 feet of the *London Clay*, were met with in a well-boring at Messrs. Lacon's brewery at Yarmouth (see

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section); the latter is a marine deposit of fine muddy sediment, brought down by a river which probably flowed from the west.

In Eocene times Great Britain enjoyed a warmer climate than it does at present, evidenced by the fact that fossil remains of palms, crocodiles, and turtles, have been found in the London Clay in the Isle of Sheppey. Up to and during the Eocene epoch, the physiography of the Euro-Asiatic continent differed widely from that of our own day, an ocean then extending from the Atlantic into Northern India, while such lofty mountain ranges as the Alps and the Himalayas, had not as yet come into existence.

Before the deposition of the *Pliocene* deposits of East Anglia, however, separated *longo intervallo* from those of the Eocene period, the distribution of land and water in Europe had to a great extent assumed its present form. The North Sea received then, as now, the drainage of the Rhine and its affluents, but it extended both to the east and the west somewhat beyond its present limits. The *Crag* beds of East Anglia (famed for the beauty and variety of their fossil mollusca), which in the form of an almost uninterrupted sheet of sand, always crowded with shells, reach from Essex to Norfolk, are the littoral deposits of the Pliocene sea, having been accumulated against the shore as beaches, or near to it, as banks or shoals in shallow water. Two great changes were taking place during this epoch—one climatic, the other tectonic. A considerable percentage of the species of mollusca found in the oldest *Crag* beds, some of them survivors from Miocene times, are not known living; as to the rest, the general character of the fauna is similar to that of the Mediterranean at the present day, the presumption being that the climate of the Eastern counties of England was somewhat warmer at that period than it now is. As the glacial period approached, colder conditions prevailed, the southern and the older shells gradually died out, while the North Sea was invaded by Scandinavian and arctic forms—at first in small, but afterwards

in increasing numbers. Contemporaneously, an earth movement was in progress, by which the southern part of the Crag area was elevated, and the northern part depressed, the result being that, during the deposition of the Crag, the German Ocean gradually retreated towards the north. As these deposits were the marginal deposits of this sea, accumulating as it retired northwards, it follows that the oldest Crag beds, those containing a molluscan fauna of a southern character, are to be found in the southern part of the Crag area, and the newest, in which northern shells predominate, towards the north. The shelly sands of Norfolk belong, therefore, to the newest portion of the series, to the period when boreal conditions were establishing themselves in these latitudes.

The best known exposures of the Crag sands in Norfolk are at Bramerton, and at Thorpe, near Norwich. Among the more characteristic species of mollusca to be found at those places may be mentioned :—

Purpura lapillus.	* Astarte compressa.
Cerithium tricinatum.	* Tellina lata.
Littorina littorea.	„ obliqua.
Nucula Cobboldiæ.	„ prætenuis.
Cardium edule.	Mactra ovalis.
* Astarte borealis.	„ subtruncata.

Those marked * are now confined to northern seas, as are *Scalaria groenlandica*, *Natica clausa*, *N. helicoïdes*, *Leda oblongoides*, and *Cardium groenlandicum*, which occur, but less abundantly, in the Norwich Crag.

At Surlingham, 4 miles to the east of Norwich, and at Wroxham and elsewhere in the valley of the Bure, are some estuarine deposits, known as the *Chillesford Clay*. They always contain, generally abundantly, minute flakes of mica, which it is suggested were derived from micaceous rocks either in the Ardennes, or in the highlands further to the south. These estuarine beds represent a still further stage of the retreat of the German Ocean northwards, when the part of Norfolk previously covered by the sea had

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emerged, and was traversed by an estuary, which, if this view is correct, must have been one of the channels through which the Rhine or the Meuse reached the sea.

Of later date than the Chillesford Clay are some beds of Crag, occurring at Weybourn near Cromer, and at Belaugh, Wroxham, and elsewhere, a few miles north of Norwich, which contain very abundantly *Tellina balthica*, a shell still living on the Norfolk coast, but unknown from any older horizon of the Pliocene epoch. The sudden appearance of this mollusc in such extraordinary profusion at this stage points to an opening up of communication, by a continuance of the earth-movements before alluded to, between the North Sea and some other marine basin, possibly the Baltic, where it had previously established itself.

Resting on these beds, and exposed on the coast only, are some fresh water and estuarine deposits, generally known by the somewhat misleading name of the *Forest-bed*. It is from them that the larger part of the magnificent collection of mammalian remains in the Norwich Museum have been obtained. These fossils do not occur as complete skeletons, preserved on the site of an ancient forest, as was formerly supposed, but are the drifted and fragmentary remains of animals which were surprised and carried away in time of flood by a river, probably the Rhine, flowing from the south, being afterwards, on their way to the sea, stranded and buried in its flood gravel, or in the muddy sediment of its estuary. The most characteristic forms of the so-called Forest-bed are the extinct and gigantic pachyderms, *Elephas meridionalis* and *E. antiquus*, but the remains of many species of deer occur in it, with those of *Machairodus* (the sabre-toothed tiger), hyena, cave bear, glutton, musk ox, elk, hippopotamus, and two species of rhinoceros.

These deposits are overlaid by strata originating during the Great Ice Age, when Scandinavia and a considerable part of Great Britain and of Northern Europe was covered by ice, as Greenland is now. The accumulations of the Glacial period are better represented in East Anglia than in

any other part of England. They have been studied by many observers, and have given rise to a voluminous literature and to much controversy. The arrangement given on page 216, and the views here expressed are, however, in the main, those proposed by the late Searles V. Wood, Jr., and the present writer.¹

The initiatory stage of the *Glacial period* is represented on the Cromer coast by sands containing *Leda myalis*, and other northern shells, and by a freshwater bed in which the leaves of *Betula nana* (the Arctic birch) and *Salix polaris* (the Arctic willow) are common, and in other parts of Norfolk by beds of pebbly gravel, (possibly equivalent to the *Westleton Shingle* of Prestwich) overlying which occur near Norwich, especially to the north and east of that city, deposits of sandy clay, largely used for brickmaking, and these pass further north into the *Till* and *Contorted Drift* of the Cromer coast. Enormous ice-borne masses of marly chalk may be seen there in the Contorted Drift, as it was well called by Lyell, associated with beds of clay, sand, and gravel, folded and disturbed by the action of ice. Towards the north-west, as the chalk country is approached from which these masses of altered chalk may probably have been derived, the *Lower Glacial* deposits assume a more marly character, as between Holt and Wells. In places, large boulders of igneous rock, sometimes scratched and striated by the action of ice, occur in the lower Glacial, some of them being, it is believed, of Scandinavian origin. It is thought that at this period an enormous glacier from the Baltic invaded the North Sea, and it may even have approached the coast of Norfolk.

To the south-west of an irregular line drawn from Burnham Market near Wells, to Lowestoft, the lower Glacial beds disappear more or less completely, their place being taken

¹ British Association Reports (1868), Palæontographical Soc. (1872), etc. Reference is suggested to the geological map accompanying the latter memoir, a copy of which is in the Norwich Free Library.

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by the *Great Chalky Boulder Clay*, a stiff tenacious deposit, which forms the heavy wheat-growing clay land of the Eastern Counties. It stretches in almost unbroken mass over central Norfolk and Suffolk, from Fakenham to the south of Essex, and can be traced into Lincolnshire in one direction, and into Buckinghamshire in another, representing, it is believed, the *moraine profonde* of a large ice-stream coming from the N.N.W. The chalky boulder clay is composed of material derived from the destruction of Jurassic and Cretaceous rocks, but it invariably contains, in great abundance, flint and small fragments of chalk, which give it a character of its own, by which it can be always and easily recognised.

The *Lower Glacial* beds are *overlaid* in many places by sands (*Middle Glacial*), which to the north of Norwich form heaths, as at Horsford and Cawston. These sands pass *under* the chalky boulder clay (*Upper Glacial*), and near Yarmouth contain fossil mollusca, some of them being southern species. It seems that during the Middle Glacial period communication, was re-opened between the German Ocean and seas to the south, and it is possible that the currents by which the southern shells were reintroduced into the former, may have melted back to some extent and, for a time, the northern ice. Overlying the chalky boulder clay, and generally occupying high ground, as at Strumpshaw Hill, six miles to the west of Norwich, and at Wymondham and elsewhere in central Norfolk, are some sporadic masses of coarse flood *Plateau gravel*, composed principally of flint, accumulated by currents during the melting of the East Anglian ice-sheet, when the excessive cold of the Glacial period was beginning to abate. These gravels often occur, as at Mousehold Heath near Norwich, at the very edge of the high ground overlooking the valleys, and could not have originated in their present position under existing circumstances. From the fact, however, that patches of chalky boulder clay may be occasionally observed at the bottom of the valley, as near Thorpe

Asylum, it is clear that the latter must at that time have assumed, more or less, its present form. The probable explanation seems to be that the ice melted first on the higher ground, eventually shrinking into the valleys, and that the valley of the river Wensum at Norwich, for example, was filled to the brim with ice when the flood gravels of Mousehold Heath were deposited.

At a later period, when the Norfolk valleys were becoming free from ice, but while it continued to exist elsewhere, floods still prevailed, but they were confined to the lower ground. Gravels of a finer character than those of the plateaux accumulated then *within* the valleys, but in positions which show that the floods to which they were due reached a much higher level than do those of the present day. Near the Thorpe railway station at Norwich, for instance, are some gravels which wrap the sides of the valley to a height of perhaps thirty feet above the river, although they pass also under its bed.

Whether man inhabited Norfolk before the Glacial period is still a *questio vexata*, but uncivilized races, using unpolished flint weapons, certainly occupied the county during the deposition of the valley gravels, a palæolithic implement having been found in them by the writer at Cringleford. The famous deposit at Hoxne near Diss, where more than 100 years ago these relics of primæval man were first discovered, lies just beyond the confines of the county.

In the valley of the Nar, in West Norfolk, are some brickearths, the sediment of an estuary formerly opening westward into the Wash, from which bones and teeth of the Mammoth, *Elephas primigenius*, and of the woolly Rhinoceros, *R. tichorhinus*, with specimens of an arctic shell, *Tellina lata*, have been obtained. These deposits, though probably more recent than some of the valley gravels, belong also to the *post-glacial* series, to a period when the climate of Great Britain was colder than it is at present.

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During the post-glacial epoch, the comparative level of land and water in Norfolk varied from time to time. At one period the country stood higher than it now does, and England was joined to the continent. Hence the close resemblance between the fauna and flora of the two areas. At another time it probably stood somewhat lower.

Eventually, however, the valleys of Norfolk became choked by the accumulation of fluvatile and estuarine mud, and by the growth of peat. The low marshy ground bordering rivers like the Yare or the Wensum, now embanked and drained, were at no very distant period impassable and waterlogged swamps, along the margin of which browsed herds of extinct forms of the wild oxen, *Bos primigenius*, and *Bos longifrons*, whose fossil remains are occasionally found there, and may be seen in the Museum at Norwich. Peaty beds of similar character to these are still accumulating in the Broad district of East Norfolk, by the annual growth and decay of marsh plants.

It is not possible, within the limit of a rapid sketch, to do justice to such a subject as that of the geological history of Norfolk. It is to be feared that there are in the county at present few serious workers in this important and fascinating field of enquiry, but much remains to be accomplished, and results of great scientific value and interest still await the diligent student.

SHOOTING AND FISHING IN NORFOLK

BY A. J. RUDD

(I) SHOOTING

NORFOLK has, for many years, been celebrated as one of the most prolific counties in game and wild fowl. On its highly cultivated fields great quantities of partridges and hares are to be found; while in the woods and coverts on the larger estates pheasants are reared by tens of thousands. The broads and marshes in the Eastern portion of the county afford shelter for wild-duck and snipe, while its very situation as a sea-board attracts woodcock and a host of migratory birds of every kind.

Any one who takes a walk or travels by rail through Norfolk cannot help noticing the quantity of pheasants that are to be seen on every side, particularly in the heath districts, and in and around the woods and spinneys all over the county, but he must stand outside a covert on a big day to have any idea of the amount of birds Norfolk coverts will hold. It is no uncommon thing for two thousand pheasants to be picked up outside one wood after a really good drive.

Pheasants are shot in a variety of ways in Norfolk. Driving them out from their coverts to an adjacent wood, and then putting them back over the guns is the plan usually adopted on the best organised "shoots," and there is no doubt but that it is the most satisfactory way of showing game from a shooter's point of view, for, not only are the birds more easily directed over the guns when they are driven back to their favourite resorts, but the shots they afford when thus

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driven are of a thoroughly sporting character. Another method—and this is the one adopted on the smaller shoots—is to walk through the coverts with guns and beaters in line, care being taken to ensure the birds being driven to a “flushing-point” at the end of the wood at each drive, and then all shot in one grand battue at the end. The foregoing remarks only apply to “big days.” On other days the outlying spinneys and hedgerows have to be beaten out to keep the birds within the limits of the estate; and again on other occasions the cocks only will receive attention from the guns, to ensure a due proportion of them being left on the “shoot.”

Partridges abound all through the county on arable land and pasture, upland and marsh. Any land seems to suit these birds which have a happy knack of adapting themselves to their surroundings, provided the food supply is sufficient for their needs, and whether on the rich fertile soil of a Norfolk farm, or among the rank vegetation of the fens, this is always plentiful. The dryness of the climate, particularly at the period of the hatching of the young birds, also materially assists in the keeping up of a good head of partridges.

The shooting of partridges is conducted in Norfolk in much the same way as in other parts of England. On many “shoots” the birds are walked up in the early part of the season, and later on are driven over the guns. On a few estates they are very little shot over till October, and are then killed at the same time as the pheasants. On other estates these two species of game birds are shot separately, especially on such as have not a heavy stock of pheasants. This applies to many of the smaller holdings, in which the partridge supplies the principal sport, the pheasants only receiving attention just before Christmas. There are, of course, in Norfolk, as elsewhere, some old-fashioned sportsmen who like to kill their birds in the old-fashioned way, to whom the walk across the fields of roots, and the pleasure of seeing their dogs at work, is more than the bag at end of the day; while on the other hand the more modern gunner

prefers the birds to come over him as fast as their wings can carry them. Much has been said for and against both methods, but there is no doubt that driving the birds over the guns, by killing off the older and less prolific birds, has materially benefited the stock of partridges in the districts in which it has been judiciously carried out. In proof of this, one may say that nearly five thousand more birds have been killed in a season on an estate in this county than ever were killed in a season before the days of driving.

Hares abound in Norfolk ; in fact they are too numerous in some parts to please many shooters, some of whom are of opinion that a large quantity of these animals on an estate militates against a large head of partridges. Whether this be true or not I should not like to assert, but I must say that in some cases where there are many hares there are but few birds. The chief objection to the hare is that it will sometimes spoil the sport in a field by running through the roots, and so putting up the birds. On some estates hares are spared by the guns for coursing, but on others they are shot with the birds. Rarely now is a special day devoted to them in Norfolk, as was the case some years ago when they were even more numerous than to-day.

Immense quantities of rabbits are to be found on many farms, more especially on the light lands. At Brandon and Thetford there are warrens of considerable extent where they literally swarm. Here, in the autumn and winter months, thousands are shot and netted, and sent to London and other cities. Among the sandhills on the north coast of Norfolk they are also to be found in good numbers. At Waxham and Sea-Palling, their ranks were thinned to a great extent by the influx of the salt water during the gales and high tides in March 1898. During these gales the water poured over the hills and drowned the rabbits in hundreds. Nature, however, knows no loss, and the deluging of the warrens with salt water gives back to the land, and subsequently to the vegetation, just those ingredients which the rabbits take from it ; and consequently the

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surviving rabbits thrive the better and are of a much higher quality, commanding a readier sale and fetching an increased price in the market.

The Broads of Norfolk are preserved more for the sake of the wild fowl than the fishing, and being kept undisturbed in the spring, there still remain with us to breed a fair number of ducks which are augmented in the autumn and winter months by the arrival of great flocks of fowl from abroad. In years gone by the number of these latter was enormous; the surface of the water on some of the broads being positively black with them. When the broads and rivers became frozen up, the fowl would betake themselves to the estuaries at Wells, Cley, and Yarmouth, Breydon Water, a salt lake at the latter place being a favourite rendezvous. Then the gunners of Yarmouth would prepare for action, and punts and guns, from the modest single-barrelled muzzle loader to the ponderous punt gun carrying a pound or more of shot, be called into requisition. At the beginning of the flood tide the punts were put off, and, anxiously scanning the droves of fowl the gunners would await the covering of the "flats" to enable them to approach their quarry. As the tide rose, the fowl on the flats would get closer and closer together till they formed a dense mass. Then the punt gun would be fired, and the gunners would return, their punts often laden to the water's edge with the weight of the fowl. Since the marshes have been drained the number of migratory fowl has much decreased. The land, which a few years ago was marsh and swamp, has now been drained and forms valuable pasturage. Salt marshes, too, have been reclaimed, and there is less feeding ground for wild fowl than formerly; consequently, when the birds do come, they find very little to satisfy their needs, and do not stay with us any length of time. Even now, on some of the more highly preserved broads, it is no uncommon thing to see a thousand duck rise in one dense cloud at the approach of the guns. Up they go and are soon out of sight, but in a short time they will come back, first in ones

and twos, and then in larger numbers, affording some pretty shooting to the guns, who have taken care to secrete themselves during their absence. Shooting the duck as they fly to their feeding grounds at dusk, is a favourite method of getting on terms with these wary birds. It is constantly carried on in the winter months all over the county, both inland, in the neighbourhood of the broads, and on the sea coast. On any evening in the season, near Cley, Blakeney, or Wells, the gunners of the district may be seen making for the spots which duck are known to cross in their flight. On a favourable night, with a strong wind to keep the duck well down, there is no better sport to be had. The duck are often accompanied by other fowl, such as curlew and knot, and the bag at the end of the flight is frequently of a most varied description.

As a rule the free shootings of Norfolk are not very productive of sport. At Cley there is a stretch of about seven miles of mud flat left exposed at low tide, and between this flat and the sea there is sand covered with coarse herbage, and intersected in all directions by dykes and creeks. This sand-bank is locally known as the "marrams," and gives cover to many of the smaller birds and to an occasional duck or teal. Here some extremely rare birds have been shot, such as the aquatic warbler and other scarce migrants, and consequently these "marrams" are always being scoured by collectors from all parts of the country. To the general sportsman, the muds afford the best prospects of sport at the right time. But I should add that unless the shooter happen to be on the spot just when the birds are coming in, he will have very poor sport and probably will leave the place in disgust. The best way to ensure sport at any of the places at which chiefly migratory birds are to be obtained is to arrange with one of the local gunners to send a telegram when the birds begin to arrive and to be prepared to go instantly on receipt of it. Leave everything to your man, who, for his own credit's sake, will instruct you as to what it is best to do. Sometimes, if the tide is beginning to ebb

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when a start is made, it may be advisable to charter a boat and go down the channel with the falling tide. Sometimes it is preferable to walk the muds, and at other times the shooter had better remain in hiding, while his man either drives the birds over him or attracts them to their doom by simulating their calls, an art at which some of those fowlers are adepts. The birds one may expect to shoot on a favourable day are knot, stint or dunlin, red and green shanks and other waders, with an occasional curlew, plover, or duck. Wear a good stout pair of shooting boots and leggings when walking on the muds. Knee boots, if worn, should be strapped on to prevent their being pulled off by the mud, which is very tenacious, and into which one often sinks over one's ankles. At Cley there is no danger of going in anywhere much deeper than the knees, but it is as well to cross the little creeks, which intersect the mud in all directions, as near to the channel as possible, because the soil is much harder where it is well washed by the current than higher up them. At Wells it is even more necessary to engage the services of one who knows the lay of the land, which is divided by deep channels that can only be crossed at certain places; and if ignorant of the way one runs the risk of being caught by the incoming tide. Here the marshes are covered with coarse grass, which gives cover to all sorts of birds. Wild geese, duck, and other fowl of all kinds are shot here every winter; as a rule the coarser the weather the better the sport.

The tidal portions of the rivers, and such broads as Oulton, which are affected by the tide, are free to the shooter. On these, coots and water-hens are found in some quantities, especially when the dykes are frozen over, while an odd duck or two may be sometimes picked up, but generally the shooting on the rivers is not worth going after, except during a spell of sharp weather.

In the autumn and winter months, especially during the prevalence of strong easterly winds, snipe visit this county in great numbers, and on some of the marshes, yield rare

sport. Early in December 1899, two guns got ninety snipe in a short day's shooting on a marsh adjoining the river Yare. Woodcock are, at times, plentiful. Norfolk, jutting out from the mainland as it does, catches a lot of these and other birds in their migrations southwards.

In years gone by, several species of birds used to visit our shores, which are now no longer to be seen. Of these by far the most important was the great bustard. This noble bird was formerly plentiful, and its capture brought a goodly sum to the fowlers in those days. The bittern again is a rare bird, only two or three at most being shot where a few years ago they abounded.¹ Like the ruff, which was once quite a common bird on the marshes of Norfolk, it has been gradually ousted from its former resorts and is now rarely seen. It is a sad fact that as man enlarges his sphere of influence, taking in land that has for ages been in a wild and uncultivated condition, he drives before him many interesting and in some cases valuable creatures, by destroying or spoiling their resorts: but so it is, and so it will be, till, in a few years, many of our winged visitors will either be exterminated, or will find other lands in which to pass the dreary days of winter, when they are frozen out of their Arctic homes.

(2) FISHING

Norfolk has been compared to a "piece of Holland, tacked on to England." This is to a great extent true of that part of the county which lies to the east of Norwich, and which has become known of late years as the "Land of the Broads." Here, for miles, the land is as flat as a billiard table, the monotony of the view being broken only by the drainage mills and the sails of passing yachts and wherries. Through this broad expanse of meadow and marsh three rivers wend their way to the sea—the Bure,

¹ A great many bitterns were seen, and I am sorry to say shot, in various parts of England during the winter of 1899-1900. (Ed.)

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Yare, and Waveney. All these rivers flow through the pleasantly undulating meadows of west Norfolk, before they enter the marsh, and in their upper reaches are charming little streams, containing myriads of roach and dace, and, in the case of the Bure, a fair number of indigenous trout. It is not of these upper waters however that this article will treat, but of the navigable parts of the rivers, where the angler will find some of the best coarse fishing in England, the fish being pike, perch, bream, roach, tench, rudd, ruffe, and eels.

For fishing the Yare the angler had best make his headquarters at the Yare Hotel at Brundall, "Coldham Hall" at Surlingham, the Ferry Inn at Buckenham or the Red House at Cantley. At any one of these houses he will find the accommodation excellent, the charges moderate and the proprietors thoroughly attentive to his needs. Boats in any quantity may be obtained at the inns, but it is necessary to provide oneself beforehand with bait, as also with tackle. On the Bure, the best houses are the King's Head and the Horseshoes at Wroxham, the Ferry Hotel, Swan and New Inns at Horning (three and a half miles by road from Wroxham station), and the Bridge Inn at Acle. For the broads at Barton and Hickling it is usual for anglers to stay at Stalham; but for those who prefer a thoroughly quiet place to put up at for their holidays I would recommend the White Horse at Neatishead for Barton Broad. For Heigham Sounds and the river Thurne, the most convenient place to stay at is the Bridge Hotel at Potter Heigham. To enable the angler to choose his district I may say that the fish to be caught at these places will be: (1) on the Yare, bream and roach; (2) on the Bure, the same fish, with an occasional perch; (3) on Barton Broad and Heigham Sounds, a good proportion of rudd; these last are very sporting fish, rising well to a fly during the months of July, August, and September. To be really successful at Barton, it is essential that the angler should be able to cast a long line, as the water is very shallow

and any attempt at approaching nearer than twenty yards to the water fished, would at once scare away the fish, perhaps for the rest of the day.

Norfolk has long been celebrated for its pike, and Norfolk anglers boast of the largest fish ever taken in England being killed in their county. The pike in question was a magnificent specimen, measuring exactly four feet in length, and weighing on the day after its capture 36 lbs. Other recorded and well authenticated specimens are fish of $33\frac{1}{2}$, 31, 30, 29, $27\frac{1}{2}$, 26, $25\frac{1}{2}$, and 25 lbs., while fish of 15 to 20 lbs. are taken every winter. Norfolk had, for several years produced the heaviest fish of the season till the winter of 1898-9 when singularly enough the largest fish was caught in the Thames, but even then the eastern county was only beaten by $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

Pike-fishing in Norfolk is quite a winter sport. In the summer and autumn numbers of pike are caught on spoon and other artificial baits trailed behind yachts and rowing boats. It is rare however for any of the monster fish to be thus taken. The angler, who would become possessed of one of these giants, must obtain the requisite permission to fish one of the preserved broads in December, January or February. Then the fish are generally sufficiently on the feed to enable the angler to get some sport, and on a really good day on a first class water, bags of a dozen or more big fish may often be obtained. The best day that the writer has ever participated in produced fourteen fish, ranging from 7 lbs. to 24 lbs., to two rods.

Perch are found in all the rivers of Norfolk, but not in a sufficiently large quantity to be worth specially fishing for. This is a great pity, for the perch is the very best fish to be found in the district, both for its determined fight for life and liberty when hooked, and also for its excellence on the table. And for its personal beauty is the perch admired. The perch's lovely coat of mail, barred with five stripes of black, and adorned with fins of the brightest vermilion make it one of the handsomest of fishes. The only time

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when any great bags of perch are made is when the roach are depositing their spawn at the sides of the rivers and dykes, and the perch follow them up and eat this spawn as fast as their appetites urge them to. At the beginning of June, when this is taking place, fair numbers are caught near the lower entrance of Wroxham Broad, the baits used being a lobworm or minnow fished as close to the bank as possible. When the angler is using a lob or brandling as a bait for bream, he sometimes comes across a shoal of perch and they are also frequently taken on both live and dead baits when one is fishing for pike in winter.

Bream are to be found in all the middle and lower reaches of the main rivers of the county, the muddy bottoms of the broads and slow flowing rivers being eminently suited to their sluggish nature. When well on the feed, they may be caught in great quantities, as many as twenty stones weight having been taken in a single day's fishing by two rods. The bream is rather a pretty fish when young, being bright and silvery, but when it attains a respectable size, it is a great brown creature, slow and heavy in movement, giving only moderate sport on the hook and being useless when caught although there are some people who eat the bream and profess to like it. Bream spawn in the last week of May or the beginning of June and are then rarely taken, however much the angler may try to tempt them. When engaged in this duty they are worth seeing. Immense numbers of great fish, rolling about on the top of the water in all directions, some with their back fins above the surface, all so busily occupied that they have no time for eating or anything but the business in hand. Bream attain to an immense size in some of the waters of Norfolk, the largest being those found in the Wensum above the mills at Costessy. These fish are not natives of the stream, but were put in some years ago by a resident of Drayton, and have grown to an enormous extent, specimens of seven pounds to eight and a half pounds being occasionally taken. I am happy to

say that I have the largest yet caught, a fine fish of nine and a quarter pounds. On the Yare and Bure fish up to five pounds are taken every year.

Roach are found everywhere in Norfolk, as in other parts of England. Like the bream they thrive amazingly on our rivers and broads, and grand specimens are caught frequently. The largest roach in England are to be found in this county, the finest specimen on record being in the possession of the Norwich Angling Club. This fish weighed three pounds two ounces, and was caught in the Bure at South Walsham. On November 2nd 1899, a roach of two pounds fifteen ounces was taken at Horning. Roach are out of condition at the same time as bream, and therefore should not be fished for during May and June.

Tench inhabit the broads in considerable numbers, but owing to their shy disposition are not very often taken by the angler, except during hot thundery weather in July and August, and then only a few are caught in comparison with the immense number which must exist in these waters. The summer of 1899 was particularly favourable to the angler as far as these fish were concerned, several up to four and a half pounds being taken.

Rudd abounds in such waters as Barton Broad, Heigham Sounds and in fact in most of the broads connected with the Bure, and give capital sport to both bottom and fly fisher. A strong fish with powerful fins, the rudd takes a lot of handling, and unless its determined rush to get under a favourite boulder be checked at the outset the angler will stand little chance of bringing it to the net. The rudd (or Roud, as it is frequently called in Norfolk) is somewhat like the roach in appearance, but its fins are redder and its general colour rather more golden. The distinguishing feature is the position of the dorsal fin, which is at some distance behind the ventral fin instead of being directly over it, as in the case of the roach.

Ruffe are so numerous as at times to become a nuisance to the angler. On some days one catches nothing but

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ruffes, and great then is the angler's chagrin. Poor little ruffe! If only it grew bigger, it would be considered one of our most sporting fish.

Eels, like ruffes, are often a great source of annoyance to the bream fisherman. They inhabit all our waters in countless millions, and seem to be always hungry and ready to take the angler's baits. Immense quantities are caught during the year by men who get their living by their "eel-sets"; these "eel-sets" are large nets set across the rivers at intervals and into which the eels swim at night in their migration to the sea. The eels taken are sent to London and other large cities, where they command a ready sale and fetch a good price, Norfolk eels being second only to those of the Lincolnshire fens.

I have said nothing about the carp which, although plentiful enough in the Yare, are very rarely taken by the rod fisherman. Every year they may be seen spawning in the vicinity of Surlingham, but it is some years since one was caught on rod and line.

The roach and bream fisherman will find July and August the best months for sport. Let him try the Yare from Brundall to Cantley, the Bure from Wroxham to Acle, or the Waveney between Beccles and Somerleyton and he will find—granted favourable conditions of course—that he will soon fill his basket with the various species of fish with which these rivers abound.

The tackle necessary for fishing these waters are, first, the rod, which should be from twelve to fourteen feet in length, light and stiff, and fitted with upright rings of fair size to enable the angler to cast far enough to command a reasonable swim in front of him. A free running reel, of about three inches in diameter, is the most useful, and it should hold at least thirty yards of fine silk line. For floats, one or two large pelican quills and some smaller ones of goose or porcupine quill, or perhaps even better, a few of the reed floats one generally finds in a Norfolk angler's basket, will be ample for both roach and bream.

Let the angler be careful to fish with gut, finest both in quality and thickness that he can get, for on this will depend in a great measure his success or the reverse. The hooks, it need scarcely be said, should be of the best, and tied on gut rather finer than the cast. A landing net, disgorging, and a capacious bag or basket in which to carry tackle and fish, will complete the outfit, and the angler may then proceed to his fishing. Most fishing in Norfolk is done from boats, which are moored parallel with the stream, a little way from the bank, and in as sheltered a position as possible, with mooring poles well driven down into the bed of the river. Having fixed the boat, the next thing is to plumb the depth, and set the float at such a distance from the hook that the latter shall swim along just clear of the bottom. Now throw in the ground bait, which may be of boiled wheat, barley meal, or that sold ready for use by the tackle-makers, and put on the hook bait. This should be a lob or brandling worm for bream, and for roach a piece of bread paste or three or four gentles. The line is cast into the stream in the direction from which the tide or current is coming, and allowed to travel down past the boat without check, unless the bait be taken by a fish, in which case the float will be drawn down, or at any rate slightly agitated. On seeing this the angler should at once strike. Let this be done smartly, but at the same time gently, so as not to endanger the tackle or the hold on the fish, and let the fish be played carefully yet firmly, keeping it at the top of the water till exhausted, when it may be drawn to the side of the boat and lifted out with the landing net. Now a fish is landed; now a fish is lost, perhaps to scare away the rest for a time. Should the latter happen, the angler must throw in some ground bait to entice the fish back again round the boat. The great thing to be observed in fishing these waters, particularly the parts nearest the sea, is the constantly varying depth, which necessitates the occasional alteration of the height of the float on the line to ensure the hook always keeping on or near the bottom of the river. Should the

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water fished be much affected by the tide, the angler will find it much to his advantage to substitute a ledger for the float tackle. In using this tackle, which consists of a length of gut to which are attached two hooks, the line is cast out in a contrary direction to that recommended for the float tackle. When this is done the tide carries the line away from the angler, and, pressing on it, has a tendency to keep the bait in its proper position on the bottom, whereas, if it were cast upstream it would be constantly drifting in toward the angler, and he would with difficulty tell when a fish had taken his bait. In fishing with the ledger it is absolutely necessary for the angler to keep perfectly still, as any movement of the boat prevents the feeling of a bite, and it is only by *the feel* that one can know when a fish is at the bait. One of the best baits that can be used on a ledger is a large piece of bread paste, as big as the end of one's finger. Let the hook be buried completely in this, and a handful of ground bait be squeezed round the paste. The ground bait will soon be washed off, and the hook bait exposed to the fishes' view in the most attractive manner. Sometimes fish go off the feed in a most unaccountable manner. In this case, if any pike tackle be handy, it is often worth laying it out to try to get the marauder out of the swim, if it is his presence there that is keeping away the roach and bream. If no pike can be caught the angler should try the effect of more ground bait, but be careful not to feed the fish too much.

Fly-fishing on the broads is a delightful pastime. An ordinary trout rod and line and any of the thick-bodied flies will do well enough, the best, perhaps, being the red and black palmers, the black gnat, governor, and coachman. Sometimes a bunch of six or eight gentles on a fair-sized hook, cast like a fly, will be found very killing. Whichever is used, it is as well to have one or two slices of bread moored near the reeds to attract the fish and keep them together, and also to form some sort of mark at which to aim the bait in casting.

SEA FISHING OFF NORFOLK

BY E. A. CROXON

ON the Norfolk coast sea-fishing is not appreciated or practised to the extent it ought to be. Although a few natives amuse themselves by fishing from beach, pier, or boat, when circumstances are favourable, and occasionally a few visitors join them, it is not generally known what enjoyable sport is easily obtainable. In the early part of the season (September and October), when the weather is fairly warm, you may with comfort fish from pier or boat; but the fishing I myself prefer is what is known as "casting" from the beach. For this I find a frosty morning best, and I use three or four lines to keep myself warm by attending to them. For casting you require a fairly thin but strong line from eighty to a hundred yards in length, and about a dozen hooks, with a lead weighing about three-quarters of a pound. The hooks used vary considerably in shape and size; but I prefer black Limericks of medium size, which keep their point longer than white ones when they come in contact with the shingle. The hooks should be placed on the line about three feet apart, and attached to a snood¹ about a foot in length. The lines complete with lead, hooks, and reel, can be bought at most of the seaside towns; the price should be two-and-ninepence or three shillings, according to the quality of the line. A pole six feet in length, with a groove cut in top, is required for casting the line, and can be bought for about a shilling. The baits are sandworms,

¹ The snood is the piece of line (which may either be manilla, cotton, or gut), by which the hook is attached to the line proper.
—E.A.C.

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mussels, clams, whelks, herrings, and mackerel. The mussel is a very taking bait for whiting, but it must always be bound on the hooks for casting, although it can be used in the ordinary way for pier or boat-fishing with rod or small hand-line, and two or three hooks. Sandworms I find the best bait for codling, which will take this when other baits have failed. Sandworms, or "lug bait," as they are called, can be bought for a shilling per hundred, and in some places a pint may be purchased at the same price. Of course beach-fishing can only be indulged in where the water is fairly deep. Where the beach is flat it is best to hire a boat and row into deep water. For boat-fishing a moderately stout rod is required. An ordinary pike rod is as good as anything, with a medium-sized wooden winch, which must work very freely. The tackle I have been most successful with is a sliding lead weighing about four ounces, on gimp, with two hooks below and one above the lead. If the tide is running rather strong a larger lead can be used. For whiting and dabs a calm day with a westerly wind is best, but for codling-fishing from the beach an easterly breeze, with a slightly choppy sea, is most favourable to sport. In casting, a beginner should be careful not to lay any hooks behind him before throwing out, as there may be a possibility of his ear being carried out to sea with the line. When laying the line on the beach lay it from left to right, commencing with the lead, toggle, and the hooks a yard or two from the water's edge. The line should be neatly laid further up the beach, with care not to get any part of the line, or even the reel, to the left of the lead. When the hooks have been properly baited, fix the button at the end of toggle into the groove at the end of the pole, give two or three gentle swings, and cast the line into the sea. It is best for a beginner to throw gently at first, or the button may slip from the pole before intended, and the pole go seawards instead of the line. When baiting with sandworms thread them on the hooks. If the worms are of medium size, say two or three inches, a whole one can be used; but occasionally you

get a large one of six or seven inches, which, when partly threaded on one hook, can be nipped off and used for baiting the next. If the worms are alive and in good condition they will remain on the hooks fairly well (provided the line is not jerked too much in casting). When dead and soft they require binding on, for which a piece of manilla cord, cut into lengths of about a foot and untwisted, is useful. When hauling in the line lay it on the beach as before. If small or medium-sized fish are hooked, pull in at a moderate pace; but a large cod, of say ten or twelve pounds, requires a little humouring. If the fish swims in quickly, pull in the slack line as sharply as possible. If, on the other hand, it stops and seems a dead weight, do not attempt to strain the line too much, but with a few gentle pulls get the fish to swim shorewards. In all cases it is advisable to keep the line as taut as possible.

CYCLING IN NORFOLK

BY H. MORRISS

THE main highways of Norfolk present few difficulties to the majority of cyclists, and compared with neighbouring counties the surface of the roads is generally in good condition. This improvement has been very noticeable since the establishment of County Councils, and cyclists who remember well hair-breadth escapes when mounted on the old high bicycle, find on revisiting their former resorts that many terrors have vanished. Even now room for improvement exists, although much care is certainly expended on the difficult bits. Upon the whole, however, the roads must be considered good, and in some districts even fast. The climatic conditions which but slightly affect the roads in some counties, are more difficult to deal with effectually in Norfolk. The crown of the road rapidly cuts up when exposed to long periods of drought, consequently the months of July, August and September, when the greatest number of holiday-seekers come to the Land of the Broads, are, unfortunately, the particular months when the roads are at their worst. Under the healing influence of Spring showers and Autumn mists, Norfolk affords the cyclist some fine bits of riding, and whether pace or comfort be the aim of the traveller, it is attainable at will.

Suppose you are coming down from town for a fortnight's easy touring in Norfolk, with as much as possible of the sea-coast included. From Ipswich the road deviates towards Norfolk's border, and if you choose, you may

remain in Suffolk even as far as the borders of Great Yarmouth itself, and enter Norfolk by the famous seaport.

But a pleasanter way by far is the main Norwich road which leads by some twenty-two miles of village life to the ancient White Hart at Scole, known as Scole Inn. Turning to the right here, and forsaking Norwich for a time, a pleasant undulating surface brings you to Harleston, whence a fast run leads through pretty scenery made up of river, marsh, and fenland to a protruding hill in Suffolk which juts across this route to Yarmouth, turns the river Waveney out of its course and marks the site of Roger Bigod's ancient Castle of Bungay. Once through the little town the road turns sharply eastward again by a huge malting at Ditchingham (a mile from Rider Haggard's famous Farm and the Hall and Lake) runs a straight course to Kirby Cane, then by Geldeston Hall to Gillingham again through marshy country, turns slightly here to left and right by an old ivy-covered steeple and gives scope on approaching Toft-Monks for the user of the free-wheel. A run down hill brings you to a bleak wind-swept tract of country somewhat like Holland, and should the wind be favourable a rapid pace will result over the two miles of Dam leading to St Olaves "Bell" when railway and river have been crossed. Haddiscoe Station Bridge has long been a terror. It is positively dangerous for any but experienced lady-riders to attempt, and more than one man has regretted his valour in crossing the bridge. The famous Fritton Decoy is the next object of interest, and may be seen on the right hand just after a sharp rise through the Suffolk village. When Yarmouth is full of trippers, the roads are a maze of rough dusty ruts, and if these trippers are out for the usual country drives on every description of brake and char-a-banc, the entry into the town is not an agreeable one for the cyclist; but in early Summer or Autumn the road is not so cut up, and good riding can be obtained until Southtown Road is reached. All sorts and conditions of

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cycles exist in Yarmouth, and a day spent there will reveal to you a truly wonderful variety of hired machines. A large and well managed Cycling Club exists here with head-quarters at "the Cromwell" on the quay, and is called the Great Yarmouth Wheelers. Both ladies and gentlemen take part in certain of the runs and picnics, notices of which are posted up regularly. If you choose Yarmouth as your headquarters for a while, many pleasant rides out and home may be made and various places of interest visited—the travelling generally being on fairly level roads. Perhaps, however, you may prefer to cycle through the famous Broad district and make for Cromer, taking at once the most favoured run in the whole county. Passing St Nicholas Church on the right, and journeying straight on to Caister (the remains of the old Castle and Manor are off the main road to the left) you soon reach the lovely villages of Ormesby, the road winding through shady avenues of trees past well-kept gardens and orchards and cutting in two the famous Broad near which is the Eel's Foot Inn. Thickly wooded Rollesby next claims attention, and then the cycle bears you on to Potter-Heigham on the river Thurne, where there are many trim yachts and pleasant, cooling breezes. Five miles of narrow winding road brings you to tiny Stalham, famous in election times for its enthusiasm, and a further stretch of winding road, through quiet but pretty villages to North Walsham, a town with some claims to attention. Before the loss of its spire, 147 feet in height, the grand church must have been a conspicuous land-mark, and what remains is still worth seeing. Worstead, a parish which in remote times was of sufficient importance to give its name to its manufactures, lies only three miles to the south-east. Beautifully shaded roads lead from North Walsham on by Gunton House and Park to the junction with the Aylsham Road to Cromer; when, due attention being paid to the N.C.U. caution board after passing the railway station, Cromer will be reached.

A run out from Cromer by Overstrand and Sidestrand to Mundesley, will reveal many of Norfolk's best features. After exploring the district round Cromer, other rides will lead you through the woodland scenery of the Sheringhams and on to Holt, where, before proceeding again seawards to Wells, detours should be made in order to visit the mansion of Lord Hastings at Melton Constable, with its park stocked with red and fallow deer; and also, notwithstanding the cross-country routes, to Walsingham in order to take a peep at the ruins of the Priory which contained the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. You will thus follow on cycle in the footsteps of many a bare-footed pilgrim of old. Walsingham Abbey grounds, if open, are also worth a visit. There is not very much to attract you in Wells itself; but do not miss Holkham Park, whose evergreen oaks and other noble trees overshadow perfect cycling roads. The Hall, to which admission can be obtained only by special permission, contains a valuable collection of art treasures. Leaving the Park at the west lodge it will be easy for the cyclist if he desires, to ride on to Nelson's birthplace, Burnham Thorpe; and thence by Burnham Market and Docking over fairly good roads to Heacham.

Turning northward again, you may reach the beautiful red and white cliffs of Hunstanton, beloved of geologists. Then come Sandringham, Castle Rising, and Kings Lynn, and this is a route which takes you through delightful pine woods and a charming undulating country. At Lynn you come in touch with the former days of cycle road records. Many an old rider, such as G. P. Mills and Holbein, has dashed under the old South Gate, only to obtain the necessary check, a signature of some London club official, and then away, faster than ever, to regain the Great North Road by Wisbech and Peterborough. From Lynn, good roads lead to East Winch; but from there the road narrows in the curves before Narborough, widening again over the chalk hills by the railway cutting to Swaffham, which town will be readily known by its welcome appearance after a tedious

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bit of straight road. If time is no object, a visit to Castle Acre priory, leaving the main road at Narborough for this purpose, will well repay you. By Necton and Framsham the scenery is more attractive, but still somewhat commonplace. As the road winds round into East Dereham, however, the country improves, and the sixteen miles to Norwich are over undulating surface, for the greater part well-wooded, especially after leaving Tuddenham. The entrance into Norwich is by a capital wide road, and if you have had a day's hard riding you will better appreciate its downward slope.

Of Norwich, from a cycling point of view, perhaps the least said the better. The streets are mostly narrow and the paving has been so much interfered with for sewage schemes and tram-line laying that it must be some time before all the unpleasantness of riding in the city is removed. On a fine Tuesday in summer no more delightful route than the following can be chosen: Aylsham Road, St Faith's Stratton Strawless (a lovely avenue of woods) Hevingham, Aylsham, and Blickling Gardens, which on this day in summer are free to the public. Here you may pass a very pleasant hour, lying upon the greensward and admiring the wealth of colour afforded by the old garden; or indulging in a stroll in the maze of gravel walks. The rest over, ride by way of North Walsham from Aylsham, and then turn towards Norwich again; noting on the journey the beauties of Westwick and the glimpse of river at Coltishall which should tempt you to visit also Wroxham Broad.

Another plan is to start out on the Yarmouth road through Thorpe and Whitlingham, pass Blofield, and pull up at prettily situated Acle. For the purpose of puzzling out a road that delights some minds turn here for Free-thorpe and Reedham, which some folk say was a seaport in the times of the Vikings. Crossing the Yare at Reedham Ferry is a novel experience. After that is over make for tiny Loddon. From Loddon a fine road leads by Langley

Park and Thurton, through Framingham and Bixley to Trowse Bridge, where Colman's Works and Carrow House adjoin Bracondale Hill.

Still another interesting ride from Norwich is by Newmarket Road to Hethersett and Wymondham (a favourite resort for Norwich cyclists) over the fast level road to Attleborough, and so to Thetford. The return journey will be by the narrow roads between the numerous fern-covered rabbit warrens to Watton, near which is Merton Hall. This road leads through wooded country to Hingham, skirting Kimberley Park, mounting the heights of Colney and so back to the City once more. When at Thetford the return may be made, if preferred, through more rabbit country to East Harling, which is not far from Quidenham Park, the seat of the Earl of Albemarle who as Viscount Bury was President of the N.C.U. The road winds and descends rapidly to Lopham and then becomes more level and leads through a pretty district to Roydon and Diss. The main street turns at the base of a steep hill and leads on to Scole Inn, and if desirous of reaching London you can leave Norfolk straightaway.

Another peep at Norfolk can be obtained by following through Dickleburgh the up and down road to Long Stratton and Newton Flotman, which leads by Harford Bridge to Norwich. From here another route for London is by way of Poringland and Brooke (a very pretty spot), by Woodton and Ditchingham Hall to Bungay, where the Suffolk route to Ipswich is by way of Halesworth.

In conclusion, a word about the Eastern Counties Centre of the N.C.U., which was founded in Norwich and thanks to admirable management, has developed into a most useful organisation. In 1897 the Earlham Road Track was the scene of some of the N.C.U. Championships, and few who were present will ever forget the sternly contested events. Cromer and Great Yarmouth also possess tracks worthy of the name, but most local sports are held on grass courses.

A list of places where the cyclist may find suitable ac-

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commodation and refreshment, and, if necessary, seek out the repair shops, follows:—

Acle,	Queen's Head Hotel.
Attleborough,	Angel Hotel.
Aylsham,	Dog Hotel.
Blofield,	Globe Hotel.
Brooke,	King's Head Inn.
Burnham Market,	Thomas Temp. Hotel.
Cley, near the Sea,	George Hotel.
Coltishall,	White Horse Inn.
Cromer,	Imperial Hotel.
Dereham,	King's Arms Hotel.
Dersingham,	Coach and Horses Inn.
Diss,	King's Head Hotel.
Ditchingham,	The Falcon Inn.
Docking,	The Hare Hotel.
Downham,	Castle Hotel.
Drayton,	The Cock Hotel.
Fakenham,	Lion Hotel.
Harleston,	Magpie Hotel.
Hingham,	The White Hart Hotel.
Holt,	The Feathers Hotel.
Hunstanton,	Robert's Temp. Hotel.
Loddon,	Swan Hotel.
Lynn,	Duke's Head Hotel.
Mundesley,	Royal Hotel.
Norwich,	Maid's Head Hotel.
Do.	Gt. Eastern Hotel.
North Walsham,	Angel Hotel.
Reepham,	King's Arms Inn.
Scole,	White Hart Inn.
Sheringham,	Sheringham Hotel.
Stalham,	Railway Hotel.
Stratton,	Swan Inn.
Swaffham,	Walker's Temp. Hotel.
Tacolnestone,	Pelican Inn.

Thetford,	Anchor Hotel.
Toft Monks,	Cyclists' Rest.
Walsingham,	Black Lion Hotel.
Watton,	The Railway Hotel.
Wells,	The Crown Hotel.
Wymondham,	King's Head Hotel.
Great Yarmouth,	The Cromwell Temp. Hotel.

Part III

THE CHIEF PLACES OF INTEREST IN NORFOLK.

In NORWICH :—

- The Cathedral (pp. 20-22).
- The Castle and its Museum (pp. 26-30).
- St Andrew's Hall (p. 23).
- The Shirehall (p. 33).
- St Peter Mancroft Church (p. 24).
- Mousehold Heath (pp. 31-33).

In YARMOUTH :—

- St Nicholas Church (pp. 60-61).
- The Old Tolhouse.
- The Fishermen's Hospital.
- Nelson's Monument.
- The South Quay.
- The Star Hotel and its Nelson Room.

In KING'S LYNN :—

- Greyfriars Tower (p. 114).
- Red Mount Chapel (p. 113).
- South Gate (p. 113).
- The Custom House (p. 116).
- The Parish and St Nicholas Churches (p. 114).
- The Docks.

The chief *Ruined Castles* are :—

- Caister (pp. 78-80), nearest station Caister.
- Castle Acre (p. 128), nearest station Swaffham.

The chief *Ruined Castles*—*continued*.

- Castle Rising (pp. 109-10), nearest station North Wootton.
- Burgh (a Roman Stronghold) (pp. 182-3), nearest station Belton.
- Bungay (in Suffolk, but in Broadland), nearest station Bungay.

Ruined Abbeys and Priors:—

- Walsingham (pp. 94-5), nearest station Walsingham.
- Bromholm (p. 83), nearest station North Walsham.
- Binham (pp. 95-6), nearest station Walsingham.
- Beeston (p. 89), nearest station Cromer.
- Castle Acre (p. 128), nearest station Swaffham.
- Thetford (p. 50), nearest station Thetford.
- St Benet's (pp. 166-8), nearest station Wroxham or Potter Heigham.

The best-preserved *Roman Camps* are—

- Caistor (p. 39), nearest station Swainsthorpe.
- Burgh (pp. 182-3), nearest station Belton.
- Tasburgh, nearest station Flordon.
- "Bunn's Bank" at Old Buckenham, nearest station Eccles Road or Attleborough.
- Holkham, nearest station Holkham.
- Castle Acre (p. 128), nearest station Swaffham.

The most interesting *Prehistoric Remains* are :—

- "The Devil's Dyke."
(This is a remarkable earthwork, probably of Icenic construction, extending from Narborough to Caldecott, a distance of nine miles. It can be seen best at Beechamwell, a parish 5 m. S. from Narborough station.)
- "Shrieking Pits" of Aylmerton (p. 89), nearest station Cromer.
- "Grimes' Graves" (p. 55), nearest station Brandon.
- "Castle Hill" at Thetford (p. 50), nearest station Thetford.
- Earthworks at Castle Acre (p. 128), nearest station Swaffham.

The chief *Country Seats, Tudor Houses*, etc., are :—

- Sandringham Hall (pp. 103-8), nearest station Dersingham.
- Holkham Hall (pp. 98-99), nearest station Holkham.

Chief Places of Interest

The chief *Country Seats, Tudor Houses*, etc.—*continued*.

Houghton Hall (pp. 129-32), nearest station Massingham.

Blickling Hall (pp. 133-40), nearest station Aylsham.

Raynham Hall (see *Gazetteer*), nearest station Raynham Park.

Kimberley Hall (p. 46), nearest station Kimberley.

Hunstanton Hall (pp. 100-1), nearest station Hunstanton.

Melton Constable Hall (see *Gazetteer*), nearest station Melton Constable.

Cossey Old Hall (pp. 121-2), nearest station Drayton.

Barningham Winter Hall (see *Gazetteer*), nearest station Holt.

East Barsham Hall (p. 95), nearest station Fakenham.

Oxborough Hall (see *Gazetteer*), most convenient station, Swaffham.

The finest ecclesiastical *Norman work* will be found in Norwich Cathedral and the churches of

St Nicholas, Yarmouth (pp. 60-61), nearest station Yarmouth.

Wymondham (p. 42), nearest station Wymondham.

Attleborough (p. 47), nearest station Attleborough.

Castle Rising (pp. 110-11), nearest station North Wootton.

St Margaret's, Lynn (p. 114), nearest station Lynn.

Walsoken, nearest station Wisbech.

Binham (pp. 95-6), nearest station Walsingham.

Haddiscoe, nearest station Haddiscoe.

Babingley, nearest station Wolferton.

Other Churches well worthy of a visit are those at

Worstead (p. 175), nearest station Worstead.

Aylsham (pp. 134-5), nearest station Aylsham.

Knapton, nearest station Knapton.

Paston (pp. 83-84), nearest station Knapton.

Cley (pp. 92-93), nearest station Holt.

Cawston, nearest station Cawston.

Salle, nearest station Reepham.

East Dereham (p. 123), nearest station East Dereham.

St Nicholas, Lynn (p. 115), nearest station Lynn.

Dersingham (p. 108), nearest station Dersingham.

Terrington St Clement's, nearest station Terrington.

Ingham (p. 174), nearest station Stalham.

The best *Screens* are at

Ranworth (p. 168), nearest station Salhouse.

Worstead (p. 175), nearest station Worstead.

Cawston, nearest station Cawston.

Salle, nearest station Reepham.

Attleborough (p. 47), nearest station Attleborough.

GAZETTEER.

ACLE.—A small town on the Bure with a station $8\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Yarmouth. Its fourteenth century church contains a fine oak screen and an ancient font. A few remains of Weybridge Priory, founded by Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, in the reign of Edward I. for canons of the Augustinian Order, are to be seen in the parish. This is a well-known Broadland angling resort, and a convenient place for obtaining yachting necessities. Rowing boats may be hired here. The inns where yachtsmen and other visitors find accommodation are the King's Head, Queen's Head, and Bridge Angel.

ACRE, SOUTH.—A parish in the valley of the Nar, 4 m. N. from Swaffham station. The church, an ancient building in the Early English style, contains some sixteenth century brasses, and, among others, a monument to Sir Edward Barkham, Lord Mayor of London in 1621, and another to Sir Eudo Harsicke, dating from about 1248.

ACRE, WEST (p. 128).—A village in the valley of the Nar, 3 m. N.E. from Narborough station. Near the church are the ruins of a priory founded by Ralph de Toni in the reign of William I.

ALBOROUGH.—A village 5 m. N. from Aylsham. In its church are some fifteenth century brasses.

ALBURGH.—A village 1 m. N. from Homersfield station. The church is mainly in the Perpendicular style, but contains some Early English portions.

ALBY.—A scattered village 5 m. N.E. from Aylsham.

ALDEBY (p. 188).—A village in the Waveney Valley, with a station on the Beccles and Yarmouth line. The church is in the Early English style and has a fine Norman doorway. Some remains of a small priory, founded in the reign of Henry I., form part of the Priory Farm buildings.

ALDERFORD.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Lenwade station. The church is a small structure in the Early English style.

ALETHORPE.—A parish of one farm $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Fakenham.

ALPINGTON.—A village 6 m. S.E. from Norwich.

ANMER.—A village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Dersingham station. The church, a flint and stone building in the Perpendicular style, stands in the park of Anmer Hall.

ANTINGHAM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from North Walsham. The river Ant has its source here at a spot known as Antingham Ponds. There are two churches in the churchyard, but one, that of St Margaret, is in ruins, only the tower and part of the nave remaining. St Mary's is in the Decorated style.

APPLETON.—A decayed parish adjoining Flitcham.

ARMINGHALL.—A village 2 m. S. by E. from Norwich. The church is chiefly Early English. The old Hall, now converted into cottages, has a finely sculptured porch. An old house near the church bears the inscription—"Pray for the soul of Master William Ely, who caused this to be made into a hospital in the year 1487."

ASHBY ST MARY.—A village 3 m. S.W. from Buckenham station. The church, a flint structure in the Early English style, has a fine Norman south porch.

ASHBY-CUM-OBY.—A united parish 2 m. S.S.W. from Potter Heigham station. The church has all but disappeared.

ASHILL.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Watton station. The church is a Gothic structure with a clerestoried nave. Its nave and chancel are divided by a carved oak screen.

ASHMANHAUGH.—A parish 2 m. N. from Wroxham station.

ASHWELLTHORPE.—A village with a station on the Wymondham and Forncett line. Its Early English church contains the tomb of Sir Edmund de Thorpe, who was envoy from Henry V. to the Duke of Burgundy, and slain at the siege of Lover's Castle in Normandy, his body being brought here for burial. The recumbent effigies of the knight and his wife are fine work, engraved by *Stothard*. The north chapel has five stained windows, with the arms of the Thorpe, Bouchier, Knyvet, Wilson and Berners families, also a brass dated 1561. The font was given to the church in 1660 by Lady Knyvet. The Hall, a modernised Elizabethan mansion, has been the seat of the Thorpe, Bouchier, Knyvet and Berners families. A ballad quoted by Blomfield in his "History of Norfolk" relates how, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, a stranger appeared at Christmas time at this hall and caused an acorn to turn suddenly into a great oak, the branches of which filled the hall. The tree was felled, but could not be removed until two goslings came and drew it away.

ASHWICKEN.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from East Winch station.

ASLACTON.—A village 2 m. N.W. from Tivetshall station. The church is mainly Norman, with a round tower supposed to be Saxon.

ATTLEBOROUGH (p. 47).—A small market town 15 m. S.W. from Norwich, with a station on the Norwich and Thetford line. The church is a fine structure chiefly Early English, but partly Norman. It has a clerestoried nave and two chapels; and contains some fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth century monuments and tablets. Its ancient western screen is of very elaborate workmanship. The choir which was originally the chapel of a college founded by Sir Robert Mortimer in 1387 has disappeared; the existing one was built some time later. In the central aisle is buried Captain John Gibbs, who, in the days of Charles II., for a wager, drove a light chaise and four horses up and down a deep hollow called the Devil's Ditch, on Newmarket Heath. The chief inns are the Royal and the Griffin.

ATTLEBRIDGE.—A village on the Wensum, with a station on the Norwich and Melton Constable line. The church is a small Perpendicular flint building.

AYLMERTON (p. 89).—A coast parish 3 m. W.S.W. from Cromer. Its Perpendicular church has a thirteenth century round tower and contains an old oak screen and a chancel rail adorned with curious poppy-heads. There are some ruins of a chantry chapel on the north side. On the hills between Aylmerton and Runton are traces of an entrenchment called a Roman camp. Near by are the famous "Shrieking Pits," of which there are said to be at least 2000. They are believed to be portions of the dwellings of some pre-historic inhabitants of East Anglia. Similar pits are to be seen on Beeston Heath and at Weybourne, places in this neighbourhood; and at Marsham near Aylsham; also in other counties, more particularly in Oxfordshire and on Dartmoor.

AYLSHAM (pp. 134-5).—An ancient market town on the Bure, with stations on the Great Eastern and Great Northern and Midland Joint railways. It occupies a very pleasant position in the midst of a well-wooded district called the "Garden of Norfolk." The church is believed to have been founded by John of Gaunt. Aylsham stations are the nearest to Blickling Hall, one of the finest country houses in Norfolk, described in Itinerary X. The River Bure is navigable to wherries as far up its course as Aylsham. The chief inns are the Black Boys and the Dog.

BABINGLEY (p. 108).—A parish included in the Prince of Wales's Sandringham Estate, 2 m. E. from Wolferton station. The church, which stands in a meadow near the railway, is a building in the Decorated style, supposed to occupy the site on which St Felix built the first Christian church in East Anglia. It contains the remains of a Norman sedilia in the chancel. Near the few cottages in this parish is a portion of an old wayside cross.

BACONSTHORPE.—A parish 3 m. E.S.E. from Holt station. Its church, chiefly Perpendicular, contains some interesting monuments of the Heydon family, dating from the fifteenth century. Opening into the vestry is an Easter sepulchre. Baconsthorpe

Hall, the old home of the Heydons, has been allowed to fall into decay ; but is still a picturesque relic of the Tudor period.

BACTON (p. 83).—A coast parish 5 m. N.E. from North Walsham station. This parish comprises the hamlets of Bacton Green and Bromholm, and is famous for its ruins of Bromholm Priory. The "Rood of Bromholm," as the relic was called for which this priory was renowned, purported to be a piece of the true cross. It was said to have been carried away from the Imperial chapel at Constantinople by an English chaplain of the Emperor, Baldwin of Flanders. On reaching England the chaplain offered to sell the relic to the Benedictines of St Albans, who, however, doubted its authenticity and refused to purchase. It was eventually accepted by the prior of Bromholm ; and in 1223 such miracles were ascribed to it that its fame spread all over the country and even to the Continent. Henry III. visited the priory in 1233. About two centuries later, Sir John Paston, a member of a well-known Norfolk family, who had distinguished himself in London, was buried in the church. On the latter occasion, according to Harrod, "A barber was occupied five days in smartening up the monks for the ceremony." Something further about this famous priory will be found in the chapter "By the Wild North Sea."

BAGTHORPE.—A village 4 m. S.E. from Docking station.

BALE.—A parish 2 m. N.E. from Thursford station.

BANHAM.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by S. from Eccles Road station. It has a fine Perpendicular church in which is a wooden effigy of its founder, Sir Hugh Bardolph. The village is an important centre of cider-making, which has been carried on here for nearly 200 years.

BANNINGHAM.—A scattered village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Aylsham.

BARFORD.—A village 5 m. N. by W. from Wymondham. The church is a small building with two altars at the east end of the nave.

BARMER.—A parish 4 m. S.E. from Docking station.

BARNEY.—A village $\frac{3}{4}$ m. from Thursford station.

BARNHAM BROOM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Kimberley station.

BARNINGHAM, LITTLE.—A village 3 m. from Corpusty station.

BARNINGHAM NORWOOD.—A parish 5 m. E. by S. from Holt.

BARNINGHAM WINTER.—A parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E.S.E. from Holt. The church, partly in ruins, stands in the park of Barningham Hall, a mansion in the Tudor style, with a fine west front with double dormers. The house was built by Sir Edward Paston in 1612, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century was enlarged and its south front altered according to the designs of Humphrey Repton, the landscape gardener.

BARSHAM, EAST.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Fakenham. A portion of the tower of an earlier church forms the porch of the present one. The fine Tudor Hall erected in the reign of Henry VII., and formerly the seat of the Calthorpe family, is now a farmhouse partly in ruins. Even now it is considered "one of the richest examples of ornamental brickwork" extant, and some of its handsome chimneys and turrets are in good preservation.

BARSHAM, NORTH.—A small parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Walsingham station. The church contains a stone coffin dug up in an adjacent field.

BARSHAM, WEST.—A parish $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. S. from Walsingham station. The church is chiefly in the Gothic style, but some parts of it are Saxon and Norman. Its tower has disappeared.

BARTON BENDISH.—A village 4 m. N. from Stoke Ferry station. There were formerly three churches here, but one of them, that of All Saints, was pulled down a little more than a century ago. St Andrew's Church is a decorated structure with a fine late Norman doorway, and two Norman windows in the north side of the nave. The rood-loft staircase is intact. Some of the benches are nearly 300 years old. St Mary's Church has in its western gable a Norman arch once a doorway to All Saints. It contains some remains of a mediæval painting. Barton Bendish Hall, for a long time the seat of the Berney family, contains portions of an earlier mansion purchased by the Hare family in the reign of Charles II. It is now a farmhouse.

BARTON TURF.—A village 4 m. N.E. from Wroxham station. Its church is a fine Perpendicular building noted for its painted rood screen, on the panels of which are depicted St Appolonia, St Zita, St Barbara, and the Heavenly Hierarchy. A screen in the south side bears paintings of Henry VI., St Edward, St Edmund, and St Olave. Here are also some good fifteenth century brasses, and a mural tablet to Anthony Norris, an antiquary whose M.S. collections are now in the possession of the Frere family. Barton Broad, a fine sheet of water connected with the river Ant, is in this parish. Boats for rowing on the broad may be hired here, and good fishing enjoyed.

BARWICK.—A parish 2 m. E. from Docking station.

BAWBURGH.—A village on the Yare, 4 m. W. from Hethersett station. The church (of St Mary and St Walstan), is chiefly in the Perpendicular style, but with a Norman tower. In it are several old brasses and a good carved screen. St Walstan was a local saint said to have worked as a field labourer in this neighbourhood. He was buried here in the eleventh century, and his tomb was the resort of many pilgrims. St Walstan's Well, on the Rectory Farm, was at one time reputed to possess great healing powers.

BAWDESWELL.—A village 3 m. S.E. from Foulsham station.

BAWSEY.—A parish, with a station called Gayton Road, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by S. from Lynn. The church is in ruins.

- BAYFIELD.—A parish on the Glaven, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Holt station. The church is an ivy-clad ruin.
- BECKHAM, EAST.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Sheringham station.
- BECKHAM, WEST.—A parish 2 m. S. from Sheringham station.
- BEDINGHAM.—A parish 4 m. N.W. from Earsham station. The church is a large Perpendicular building, with two chapels formerly used by the inhabitants of two adjoining hamlets. The heart of a member of the Bruce family who died abroad is said to be buried under a stone in the church.
- BEECHAMWELL.—A village 5 m. S.W. from Swaffham. Its Early English church has an ancient round tower, and contains two fifteenth century brasses. A curious earthwork about 9 miles long, known as the "Devil's Dyke," is to be seen on the western side of this parish. It extends from Narborough to Caldecott.
- BEESTON.—A large village 2 m. N.E. from Fransham station. The church has a carved screen. The rectory house was formerly surrounded by a moat. It was burnt down in the reign of James I. and rebuilt on the same site.
- BEESTON REGIS (p. 89).—A coast parish 3 m. W.N.W. from Cromer. The church has a fine roof, and contains some remains of a painted screen. Within the bounds of the parish are the ruins of an Augustinian priory founded by Lady Elizabeth Cressy in the reign of King John.
- BEESTON ST ANDREW.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Salhouse station. The church has disappeared.
- BEESTON ST LAWRENCE.—A parish 3 m. W. from Wroxham station. Its ancient flint and stone church contains some fine monuments of the Preston family, whose seat was until recently at Beeston Hall, and who distinguished themselves as supporters of the Royalist cause during the civil wars. Jacob Preston of Beeston waited upon Charles I. during his imprisonment, and received from his royal master an emerald ring.
- BEETLEY.—A parish 3 m. N. by W. from Dereham. In the church chancel are the remains of a finely carved piscina.
- BEIGHTON.—A village 2 m. S.W. from Acle station. Its church, a fine building in the Decorated style, contains a Norman font and ancient oak chest.
- BELAUGH.—A village on the Bure, 1 m. W. from Wroxham station. The handsome screen in the church gave offence to a Puritan trooper, who "rubbed out" the faces of the twelve Apostles. Belaugh Broad (12 acres) is in this parish.
- BESSINGHAM.—A parish 6 m. E.S.E. from Cromer. A mound here called "The Castle" was probably a Roman camp.
- BESTHORPE.—A scattered village 1 m. N.E. from Attleborough. Its church is a cruciform Decorated building containing a fine

monument to members of the Drury family, whose seat was Besthorpe Hall. This hall was built in 1590. The crests of Sir William Drury and Viscount Kilmorey are over its east front. The walls of an old tilting ground may be seen near the hall.

BEXWELL.—A parish $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. from Downham Market. The church is in the Norman and Early English styles, with a round tower surmounted by an octagonal belfry. The pulpit is of Caen stone, and is adorned with an alabaster figure of Christ bearing the Cross.

BILLINGFORD.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from North Elmham station. The church is a flint building in the Early English style, with a clerestoried nave of four bays. There are piscinæ in the chancel and north aisle, and near the south doorway is a mutilated stoup. Beck Hall, in this parish, was an hospital for poor travellers, founded by William de Bec in the reign of Henry III.

BILLINGFORD or PYRLESTON.—A straggling village 3 m. E. from Diss.

BILLOCKBY.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Acle station. The church is partly in ruins.

BILNEY, EAST.—A village 3 m. W. from North Elmham station. Part of the church tower was thrown down during Kett's Rebellion. The cottage in which lived Thomas Bilney, who was burnt as a heretic at Norwich in 1531, stands in the village, and contains a curiously carved ceiling of black wood.

BILNEY, WEST.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from East Winch station.

BINHAM.—A large village 5 m. S.E. by E. from Wells. Its priory church and ruins are described on pp. 95-96.

BINTREE.—A parish 2 m. E. from County School station.

BIRCHAM, GREAT.—A village 3 m. S. from Docking station.

BIRCHAM, NEWTON.—A small village 2 m. S. from Docking station.

BIRCHAM TOFTS.—A village 3 m. S. from Docking station.

BITTERING, LITTLE.—A village 3 m. N. from Wendling station. Its Early English church contains a Norman font and Jacobean reading desk and manorial pew. The site of an old manor house here is surrounded by a moat.

BIXLEY.—A village 3 m. S.E. from Norwich. The church (of St Wandregesilius) is a modern building, with an ancient embattled tower.

BLAKENEY.—A small coast town $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.W. from Holt station. Its church, which stands on an eminence south of the town, is a fine building in the Early and Later English styles, with a clerestoried nave and lofty tower. The chancel roof is vaulted and beautifully groined in stone. At its N.E. angle is a turret, said to have been used for showing a beacon light to mariners at sea. On the east side is an arch and two aumbries; on the north side

the remains of an Easter sepulchre. The oak roof of the nave is very fine; the rood screen remains in its place; and the north and south tower buttresses bear the arms of the sees of Norwich and Thetford. There are some remains of a Carmelite monastery here. It was founded by John Stormer in 1290, and in the fourteenth century had for its friar John de Baconthorpe, a learned metaphysician who was made Provincial of the English Carmelites.

Blickling (pp. 133-41).—A village 2 m. N.W. from Aylsham station. It is believed to have been the birthplace of Anne Boleyn. Blickling Hall, one of the finest mansions in England, and Blickling Church, are fully described in Itinerary X.

BLOFIELD.—A parish and head of a union $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. from Brundall station. Its fifteenth century church has four statues as pinnacles to the tower, and contains some interesting monuments, one to a member of the Paston family.

BLO'NORTON.—A village on the Ouse, 6 m. S.E. from Harling Road station.

BODHAM.—A parish 3 m. E. from Holt station.

BODNEY.—A parish 7 m. S. from Swaffham. It has an ancient church in the Early English style, with traces of Saxon workmanship. The Hall was occupied by a community of French nuns during the Revolution.

BOOTON.—A village 1 m. S.E. from Reepham station.

BOUGHTON.—A village 1 m. N. from Stoke Ferry station.

BOWTHORPE.—A parish on the Yare, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Norwich. The church is in ruins.

BRACON ASH.—A village 2 m. N.W. from Flordon station. The Hall, which occupies the site of an earlier building in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have stayed, stands in a very ancient park which pays the rector £5 a year, the computed value of a buck or doe, in lieu of all tithes. The Berney family, who still hold the hall, are of Norman descent and settled in Norfolk before the Conquest, giving their name to a manor and parish in West Norfolk.

BRADENHAM, EAST.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Wendling station.

BRADENHAM, WEST.—A village 3 m. S. from Wendling station. The church, an ancient flint building in the Early English and Perpendicular styles, has, in the chancel, an inscribed stone to Thomas Cayley, a rector to whose ancestors the manor was granted by the Earl of Warrenne at the Conquest. There is also a memorial window to members of the Haggard family. Bradenham Hall, built in 1772, occupies an elevated position, and was the birthplace of Mr H. Rider Haggard, the novelist.

BRADFELD.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. by E. from Gunton station.

BRAMERTON.—A picturesque parish on the Yare, $4\frac{1}{4}$ m. S.E. from Norwich. The church, rebuilt in 1462, contains memorial windows to the Blake family. The Wood's End Inn is largely patronised by boating parties. The Hall, from about 1400 to about 1760 the seat of the Corys, has been partly rebuilt. The Grange is an old Elizabethan building with a fine oak staircase.

BRAMPTON.—A village on the Bure, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Aylsham. The old Hall is now a farm-house.

BRANCASTER.—A coastline village 5 m. W.N.W. from Burnham Market station. The church is a flint building in the Perpendicular style, with a clerestoried nave and fine embattled tower. This place is the site of the Roman station of *Branodonum*, which was garrisoned by Dalmatian cavalry commanded by an officer called the "Count of the Saxon Shore." Scarcely a trace of this encampment, which was connected by a Roman road with a station at Caister near Yarmouth, is now to be seen. The links of the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club are on a common near the beach.

BRANDISTON.—A village 2 m. S. from Cawston station. The Hall, an enlarged Jacobean mansion, erected in 1647, contains some good carving.

BRANDON (pp. 54-56).—A small market town with a station 6 m. W. from Thetford. Part of this place is in Suffolk. Its church contains some Norman work. The manufacture of gun-flints is still carried on here, considerable quantities being made for export to the Arab tribes of Africa. The neighbourhood is noted for its prolific production of flint implements, both prehistoric and spurious. An extended reference to Brandon, its curious industry, and prehistoric remains is made in Itinerary IV.

BRANDON PARVA.—A parish on the Yare, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Hardingham station.

BRECKLES.—A village $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. S. from Stow Bedon station. Its church contains a Norman font, fine carved oak screen, Norman arch, an hour glass, a carved oak pulpit, and some good oak benches with carved poppy heads. Ursula, wife of Sir William Hewyt, was buried here in 1658 in an upright position. A black marble tablet marks her grave and bears the words "Stat ut Vixit Erecta." The Hall, a sixteenth century mansion, is now a farm-house.

BRESSINGHAM.—A straggling village on the Suffolk border, 3 m. N.W. from Diss station. The church, rebuilt in 1527, has a clerestoried nave and lofty embattled tower, and contains good oak carving in its roof, pulpit, reading-desk, and pews.

BRETENHAM.—A village on the Thet, 4 m. E. from Thetford. The church is a modern one; the original structure was destroyed by fire in the seventeenth century.

BRIDGHAM.—A village in the vale of the Thet, 2 m. S.W. from Harling Road station. The church is a large building in the Early English style, with a Norman south porch.

BRININGHAM.—A village 1 m. N. from Melton Constable station.

BRINTON.—A village 2 m. from Melton Constable station. The church contains Saxon and Norman work, but has been considerably restored and enlarged in later styles.

BRISLEY.—A parish 3 m. W. from North Elmham station. The church contains some sixteenth century brasses and an ancient rood screen.

BRISTON.—A large village 1 m. E. from Melton Constable station.

BROCKDISH.—A village on the Waveney, 4 m. S.W. from Harleston. The church benches are ornamented with some handsome poppy heads, and there are also some remains of a painted rood screen. A house here called "The Grove," built in 1672, has a fine oak staircase.

BROOKE.—A village 6 m. S. by E. from Trowse station. The Lodge is an Elizabethan mansion.

BROOME.—A village 1½ m. N.W. from Ellingham station. A fine carved oak reredos was presented to the church in 1891.

BRUMSTEAD.—A parish 1 m. N. from Stalham station.

BRUNDALL (p. 153).—A village on the Yare, with a station, 6½ m. E. from Norwich. This is a noted Broadland resort. It affords excellent fishing, boats being obtainable at Coldham Hall and the Yare Hotel, where is also accommodation for visitors. In the church is a curious font covered with lead, supposed to date from the twelfth century. In Bradeston Church, now included in Brundall parish, is Saxon workmanship, and a brass to Osbert, a son of John Berney of Reedham, who was wounded at the siege of Caister Castle in 1469.

BUCKENHAM FERRY (p. 159).—A village on the Yare, 8 m. E. from Norwich. Its station is the nearest to Rockland Broad. The arms of the family of Gonsalve, lords of the manor until the end of the sixteenth century, may be seen in the carved wainscot of the old Hall, now a farmhouse.

BUCKENHAM, NEW.—A small town 5 m. S.E. from Attleborough. The church is a fine building in the late Perpendicular style, and has a clerestoried nave of five bays and embattled tower. Inn: George.

BUCKENHAM, OLD.—A village 3 m. S. by E. from Attleborough. An ancient earthwork known as "Bunn's Bank" divides Old Buckenham from Attleborough. It can be traced for nearly three miles. Here are also a few traces of an Augustinian priory, founded by William D'Albini, a follower of the Conqueror, on the site of a castle which stood within similar earthworks to those

at Castle Acre and Castle Rising. Some remains of a dungeon are all that is left of this Norman stronghold, but the earthworks, overgrown with trees, are practically undisturbed.

BUCKENHAM TOFTS.—A small parish 6 m. N.E. from Brandon station.

BUNWELL.—A scattered village 4 m. W. from Fornsett station.

BURGH.—A village on the Bure, 2 m. S.E. from Aylsham. The upper stage of its church's chancel has a range of fine lancets, arcaded on the inside; the lower stage has continuous arcading. An Early English archway in the north wall opens into a chapel. This striking work dates from about the year 1200.

BURGH-APTON.—A scattered village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Loddon and 5 m. S. by W. from Buckenham station.

BURGH, FLEGG.—A parish 2 m. S.W. from Martham station. It formerly consisted of two parishes (Burgh St Margaret and St Mary). Only a small portion of the tower of St Mary's Church remains. St Margaret's is a flint building in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, with a Late Norman doorway.

BURGH ST PETER (p. 187).—A village on the Waveney, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Carlton Colville station by ferry and marsh footpath. The church has a curious tower, consisting of five storeys, each smaller than the one immediately below it. The interior of the church somewhat resembles a cloister, being about 110 feet long and little more than 14 feet wide. There is a riverside landing-stage here, where boating parties on the Waveney land to obtain a closer view of the church.

BURLINGHAM, NORTH.—A scattered village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Lingwood station. The church, a flint building in the Gothic style, contains some remains of a good carved oak screen.

BURLINGHAM ST PETER.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Lingwood station.

BURLINGHAM, SOUTH.—A parish adjoining Lingwood station. The church, a small thatched building, contains a fifteenth century pulpit, on hour-glass stand, and a fifteenth century rood screen. There are also some interesting frescoes, one of the fourteenth century portraying the murder of Thomas à Becket.

BURNHAM DEEPPDALE.—A small village near the coast, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Burnham Market station. The church, an ancient building in the Norman style, with a round tower, contains a Norman font adorned with carved figures representing the twelve months of the year.

BURNHAM MARKET.—A small town, with a station, between Lynn and Wells. The church is a flint building in the Early English and Decorated styles, with a clerestoried nave and embattled tower. The tower battlements are ornamented with figures representing

events of the New Testament narrative, from the "Salutation" to the "Crucifixion." Among the places of interest in the neighbourhood are Holkham Park, Creake Abbey, Norton Priory, and Burnham Thorpe, the birthplace of Lord Nelson. The chief hotel is the Hoste Arms.

BURNHAM NORTON.—A parish comprising a village called Norton Street, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N. by E. from Burnham Market. The church, which stands on a hill fronting the sea, is a fine flint building in the Perpendicular style, with a lofty round tower of ancient date. The pulpit is adorned with paintings of the four Doctors of the Church and portraits of John Goldale and his wife, who gave it. There is also an ancient screen. In this parish are scanty remains of a Carmelite friary, founded in 1241 by Sir Richard de Hemenhale. The gateway has been restored.

BURNHAM OVERY.—A small seaport including the village of Burnham Overy Staithe, 1 mile E. by N. from Burnham Market. The church is in the Norman style. Overy Staithe is a pleasant village with a harbour to accommodate small coasting craft. There is a wide sandy beach.

BURNHAM SUTTON AND ULPH.—A small village adjoining Burnham Market. The church of St Albert is an ivy-clad ruin.

BURNHAM THORPE.—A village 1 m. E. by S. from Burnham Market station. The birthplace of Lord Nelson, whose father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, M.A., was rector of the parish from 1755 to 1802. The old rectory in which the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar spent his childhood has been pulled down. Nelson always had a great affection for it and his native village, and when raised to the peerage assumed the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe. The church contains an oak lectern, constructed from a portion of H.M.S. *Victory*, presented by the Lords of the Admiralty. A Nelson Memorial Hall, which serves as a village reading and lecture hall, has been erected here, and contains an oil-painting copied from Abbot's picture in the Greenwich Gallery, and a curious tablet representing Nelson's death. Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales are patrons of a fund for the restoration of the church. The first meeting of the committee was held at Marlborough House in 1890, when it was decided that this restoration should be carried out as a memorial to Lord Nelson, Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., stating that the church was "a good specimen of the churches of a county unusually rich in mediæval ecclesiastical architecture," and adding that if carefully repaired it might be made a noble memorial. The sum (£7000) necessary to complete the work has not yet been raised, although members of the Royal family and others have contributed liberally.

BURSTON.—A village 3 m. N. by E. from Diss, with a station on the Norwich and Ipswich line.

BUXTON.—A village on the Bure, with a station called Buxton Lammas on the East Norfolk line.

BYLAUGH.—A parish on the north bank of the Wensum, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from North Elmham station. The Hall is a fine mansion, designed by the late Sir Charles Barry for the late Sir John Lombe Bart., a representative of the families of Foliot and Hastings. Its interior is decorated by the work of German artists, and it stands in a park of about 1000 acres.

CAISTER (pp. 78-80).—A coast village with a station 2 m. N. from Yarmouth. Formerly there were two churches here, but of one of these only a portion of the tower remains. Caister Castle, built by Sir John Fastolff in the middle of the fifteenth century, is one of the most interesting ruins in the county. A charge of twopence is made for admission to the grounds in which the castle stands. Visitors staying in Yarmouth can journey by train to Caister from the Beach station, or by wagonettes which run from near St Nicholas Church. The wagonettes stop at the village, from which the castle is distant about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

CAISTOR ST EDMUND (pp. 38-40).—A scattered village 3 m. S. from Norwich and 2 m. N. from Swainsthorpe station. This place, the *Venta Icenorum* of the Romans, is remarkable for its well-preserved Roman camp, of which some account will be found on p. 39. The church, within the ramparts of the camp, contains a fine Perpendicular font.

CALDECOTE.—A parish 5 m. S. from Narborough station.

CALTHORPE.—A village 4 m. from Aylsham.

CANTLEY.—A parish 10 m. E. from Norwich, with a ferry on the Yare and a station on the Norwich and Yarmouth line. This is a Broadland angling resort. Boats may be hired at the Red House Inn, near the station.

CARBROOKE.—A village 2 m. N.E. from Watton station. The church, a fine Perpendicular building, contains a good carved oak screen and some old armour. In the chancel are the tombs of Roger de Clare, the founder of the church, and his mother.

CARLETON RODE.—A scattered village 4 m. N.W. from Tivetshall station. The church is a flint Perpendicular building, with a clerestoried nave and embattled tower. There is a piscina in each aisle, and a double piscina and eight consecration crosses in the chancel.

CARLETON ST PETER.—A village $2\frac{1}{3}$ m. S. from Buckenham station, near which is a ferry across the Yare.

CARLTON, EAST.—A scattered village 2 m. W. from Swainsthorpe station.

CARLTON FOREHOE.—A village 2 m. E. from Kimberley station.

Castle Acre.—A village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Swaffham. The river Nar flows through the parish and provides trout fishing. There are ruins here of a Norman castle and Cluniac priory. These are described on p. 128.

Castle Rising.—A parish on a stream called the Babingley River, 2 m. E. from North Wootton station. This place was once a considerable town. It is now chiefly visited for its ruined castle, built by William D'Albini in 1171 (pp. 109-10). The church, a fine example of late Norman work, probably dates from the early part of the twelfth century. The Bede House is referred to on p. 111.

CASTON.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Stow Bedon station. The church, a fine building in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, contains a Jacobean pulpit, some benches adorned with poppy heads, the base of a rood screen, and a brass candelabrum from Waltham Abbey. A tomb casing in the north wall of the nave is possibly that of Sir John de Caston, the founder of the church. The church farmhouse was formerly a refectory for pilgrims to Walsingham.

CATFIELD.—A village near the Ant, with a station, 14 m. N.E. from Norwich. The parish includes parts of Hickling and Barton Broads. A carved oak screen divides the church chancel and nave.

CATTON.—A picturesque Norwich suburb. The church contains some interesting monuments, including one in the Gothic style, exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

CAWSTON.—A large village, with a station, 4 m. S.W. from Aylsham. Its fine Perpendicular church is one which no one who visits the neighbourhood, and is interested in ecclesiastical architecture, should fail to see. Its nave has a splendid open roof with double hammer beams, the lower arches of which are carried on wooden shafts, rising between the clerestory windows. Its rood screen is an unusually fine one. There is a sacristy, used as a morning chapel, on the south side of the chancel. Near the Woodrow Inn a small stone pillar marks the spot where Sir Henry Hobart, Bart., and M.P., fell in a duel fought with Mr Oliver Le Neve on August 21st, 1698. Sir Henry Hobart, who lived at Blickling Hall, where his armorial bearings may still be seen over the door, was the father of the first Earl of Buckinghamshire.

CHEDGRAVE.—A village on the north bank of the Chet, adjoining Loddon, and 5 m. S.E. from Buckenham station. Its church, an ancient building in the Norman style, has good Norman doorways, and its windows contain some stained glass brought by Lady Procter Beauchamp from Rouen Cathedral after the French Revolution.

CHOSELEY.—A small parish 3 m. N. by W. from Docking station.

Gazetteer

- CLAXTON.—A village 2 m. S. from Buckenham station. The church contains an interesting tomb, dated 1620, to the Gawdy family. Near Claxton manor-house, now a farmhouse, are the ruins of a castellated mansion.
- CLENCHWARTON.—A village with a station, 2 m. W. from Lynn by ferry. Salt marshes extend from here to the Wash, and much of the land is reclaimed fen.
- CLEY.—A small coast town 12 m. W. from Cromer and 4 m. N.N.W. from Holt station. Its very interesting church is described on p. 92. The chief hotels are the "George" and "Temperance."
- CLIPPESBY.—A parish 3 m. S.W. from Martham station. Its little church is Norman and Early English, and has two Norman doorways. In it are brasses dated 1508 and 1594.
- COCKLEY CLEY.—A parish 4 m. S.W. from Swaffham. Its church is Early English. An ancient chapel of St Mary is now a cottage.
- COCKTHORPE.—A village 5 m. E.S.E. from Wells. Its church, chiefly Early English, contains monuments to Sir John Calthorpe, who died in 1615, and his wife. This village was the birthplace of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. There are to be seen here some remains of a large mansion formerly the seat of the Calthorpe family.
- COLBY.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Aylsham.
- COLKIRK.—A village 2 m. S. from Fakenham.
- COLNEY.—A parish near the Yare, 3 m. W. from Norwich.
- COLTISHALL.—A large village on the Bure, 7 m. N. from Norwich, with a station on the Wroxham and Aylsham line. The church is in the Early English style. Its west doorway and tower battlements are adorned with some curious figures. This place is a Broadland angling resort. Boats may be hired at the Anchor Inn, and there is accommodation for visitors at the King's Head, White Horse, New Inn, and elsewhere in the village.
- COLTON.—A village on the Yare, 4 m. N.E. from Kimberley station. Its small Early English church contains a good screen, the seats have some carved poppy heads, and there is a holy water stoup inside the south door.
- COLVESTON.—A parish 6 m. N. from Brandon station. The church has almost disappeared.
- CONGHAM.—A village 1 m. E. by N. from Grimstone Road station. The birthplace of Sir Henry Spelman, the famous Elizabethan antiquary.
- CORPUSTY.—A village with a station, 6 m. N.W. from Aylsham.
- COSTESSEY (called "Cossey").—A village on the Wensum, 1 m. S.W.

from Drayton station. The church is a large building chiefly in the Gothic style, but with a Norman south doorway. It contains a Gothic screen, a Jacobean pulpit, and monuments of the Waldegrave and Jerningham families. The Costessey estate was granted by Queen Mary to Sir Henry Jerningham, her Vice-Chamberlain and Master of the Horse. The Old Hall and New Hall (the seat of Lord Stafford) are described on pp. 121-2. The latter contains a portrait of Queen Mary by *Holbein*, another of Richard III., and a drawing by *Vandyck* of the Earl of Arundel and his family. One of the rooms is fitted up with carved woodwork of the fifteenth century from the abbey of St Amand, at Rouen.

COSTON.—A parish on the Yare, 1 m. N.E. from Hardingham station. The church is an ancient building.

CRANWICH.—A parish on the Wissey, 6 m. N. from Brandon station. The church is an ancient building with a round tower.

CRANWORTH.—A village 4 m. W. from Hardingham station. Its thirteenth-century church contains some interesting memorials to the Gurdon family, including one to Brampton Gurdon, M.P. for Sudbury, who commanded the Suffolk Horse at the battle of Naseby; also some carved oak choir stalls and an old oak screen. The village "stocks" are still standing on the church green.

CREAKE, NORTH.—A village 3 m. S.E. from Burnham Market station. The church, a fine building in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, contains an Easter sepulchre and a good brass with effigy of Sir William Calthorpe. At the north end of the parish are the ruins of an abbey founded about 1226 by Sir Robert de Nereford for Augustinian canons.

CREAKE, SOUTH.—A village 4 m. S. from Burnham Market station. The church contains an oak rood screen, and has some good windows with old stained glass; also a massive cedar-lined oak chest with five locks. About half a mile from the church is a remarkable fortification, supposed to be Saxon. The road which leads to it is called "Bloodgate," and there is a tradition that it was the scene of a battle between the Saxons and Danes.

CRESSINGHAM, GREAT.—A village on the Wissey, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Holme Hale station. The church is a fine Gothic building with a carved oak roof. The font has an oaken canopy, and there are some old brasses. The manor-house, a fifteenth-century mansion, now a farmhouse, is very interesting.

CRESSINGHAM, LITTLE.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Watton station. The church, partly in ruins, has some carved poppy heads in the chancel, and contains a monument to the first and only Earl of Clermont.

CRIMPLESHAM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Downham station.

CRINGLEFORD.—A village on the Yare, 3 m. S.W. from Norwich (Victoria) station.

Cromer (pp. 85-89).—This well-known town, the most delightful seaside resort on the Norfolk coast, is about twenty-two miles N. from Norwich, and 130 from London. It stands on cliffs which rise to a considerable height, and is sheltered by well-wooded hills. Of late years its popularity has so increased that its inhabitants have had difficulty in accommodating the great numbers of visitors; but the erection of new hotels, streets, and boarding houses has made ample provision for all comers. The undermining influence of the waves formerly did much damage to Cromer; indeed Old Cromer or Shipden has entirely disappeared into the sea; but the erection of a stone-walled esplanade has served to protect the existing town, and it is only east and west of the town that the cliffs are now subject to occasional landslips, such as have necessitated the reconstruction of the lighthouse. There is excellent bathing, and the beach is one of the finest on the coast. "The best of the sea's lutes," said Mr Theodore Watts to George Borrow, "is made by the sands of Cromer." The cliffs all along this part of the coast are of great interest to geologists, for the *Norwich Crag* is to be seen at Weybourne, and for miles the remarkable pre-glacial *Forest Bed* is visible. Lyell says it consists of "stumps of numerous trees, standing erect, with their roots attached to them, and penetrating in all directions into the loam or ancient vegetable soil on which they grew. They mark the site of a forest which existed there for a long time, since besides the erect trunks of trees, some of them two and three feet in diameter, there is a vast accumulation of vegetable matter in the immediately overlying clays." Above it, in the cliffs, are sands and clays with lignite. Traces of many kinds of plants and seeds are found in the forest bed, among them firs, yews, oaks, and alders, and white and yellow water lilies; also insects and fresh water shells. Far more interesting, however, are the mammalian remains, which include those of "three distinct elephants, a rhinoceros and hippopotamus, a large extinct beaver, and several large estuarine and marine mammalia, such as the walrus, the narwhal, and the whale."

Cromer Church is a fine Perpendicular building of flint and freestone, with a clerestoried nave of five bays, and an embattled tower 159 feet high. Originally it was greatly ornamented with sculptured work, and its Galilee porch is adorned with some good figures of saints and angels. Some part of the old rood turret remains. There is fine tracery in the windows, and the inlaid work along the plinth, and the panelling and niches in the buttresses are particularly interesting. The font is a copy of a very fine one in Yaxham Church. The chancel, for a long time in ruins, was restored in 1887-9 at a cost of nearly £7000, under the direction of Sir Arthur W. Blomfield.

The Royal Cromer Golf Club's links are on the Lighthouse Hills about half a mile eastward of the town. Here a challenge cup presented by the Prince of Wales, who is patron of the club, is annually competed for. The present lighthouse, which replaces one that, after standing a long time dismantled, fell over the cliff in 1867, is only 52 feet high, but is about 252 feet above the level of the sea.

The district for miles around the town provides delightful rambles for field botanists, and is remarkable for its fine old mansions, grand churches, prehistoric remains, and other objects and places of antiquarian interest, most of which are dealt with in the chapter "By the Wild North Sea." There are two railway stations, one a G.E.R. terminus at which passengers from London arrive by way of Norwich; the other, known as the Beach Station, is that of the Midland and Great Northern Companies.

The chief places of interest around Cromer are:—

Beeston Priory (p. 89), distant about 3 miles.

Gunton Park, nearest station Gunton.

Aylmerton "Shrieking Pits" (p. 89), distant about 3 miles.

Overstrand (p. 86), distant about 2 miles.

Sidestrand, distant about 3 miles.

Mundesley, nearest station Mundesley.

Trimingham, distant 5 miles.

Blickling Hall (pp. 133-40), distant 2 miles from Aylsham station.

Felbrigg, distant about 3 miles.

Heydon Hall, nearest station Bluestone.

Gresham House ruins (p. 89), distant about 5 miles.

Wroxham Broad (p. 170), nearest station Wroxham.

Sheringham, distant a few minutes' railway journey from the Beach station. During the summer months omnibuses run each week day between Cromer (G.E.R.) station and East and West Runton and Sheringham in connection at Cromer with the principal express trains from and to London.

The principal hotels are the Albion, Church Street; Bath, Esplanade; Grand, West Cliff; Hotel de Paris, Jetty Street; Imperial, Norwich Road; King's Head, High Street; Marlborough (private), Prince of Wales Road; Metropole, Tucker's Street; Royal Links, East Cliff; Red Lion, Brooks Street; Ship, Church Square, Suffield Park; Tucker's, Tucker's Street; Tucker's Esplanade, Esplanade; Wellington, Gordon Street; West Cliff (private); and White Horse, West Street.

Boarding-Houses: Beach House, East Cliff; Belmont, Prince of Wales Road; Cannon House, West Cliff; Cliftonville, Cliff; Granville, Church Street; Lindhurst, Alfred Road; Sandringham, Church Square; Surrey House, East Cliff; Victoria, East Cliff; and Westward Ho!, Prince of Wales Road.

CROSTWICK.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Salhouse station. Its church contains an old fresco of St Christopher, and remains of the rood loft staircase.

CROSTWIGHT.—A parish 2 m. N. from Honing station. Its church contains a carved oak screen, a fine Norman font, and a brass dated 1447.

CROWNTHORPE.—A village 1 m. E. from Kimberley station. The church pulpit has some good carved oak panels.

CROXTON.—A village 2 m. N. from Thetford.

DENTON.—A scattered village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Homersfield station. The church has a stone groined roof and contains some brasses.

DENVER.—A village, with a station, on the Ouse, 1 m. S. from Downham Market. In the church is a black marble slab to the memory of Dr Robert Brady, a native of this parish, who was physician to Charles II. and James II., and for forty years master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

DEOPHAM.—A parish 3 m. S. from Kimberley station. The church is a Decorated building with a fine Perpendicular tower.

DEREHAM, EAST (pp. 123-6).—A market town 16 m. W. by N. from Norwich. This town was the birthplace of George Henry Borrow, the author of "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," "The Bible in Spain," and other works whose popularity seems to increase year by year. Borrow was very fond of his native town, and refers to it with pride in the pages of his partly autobiographical "Lavengro." The church of St Nicholas, an ancient building in mixed styles, is famous for containing the tomb of the poet Cowper, who died in Dereham in 1800. It is also remarkable for its fine Perpendicular font, dating from 1468, and contains an ancient muniment chest taken from the ruins of Buckenham Castle; also two small fifteenth century brasses. The detached bell-tower was formerly used as a prison for French prisoners-of-war.

The house in which Cowper and his old friend Mrs Unwin died stood in the market-place, where its site is marked by a Congregational Chapel, called the "Cowper Memorial Church." A monument in front of the chapel bears the following inscription, written by Dean Stanley:—

WILLIAM COWPER

SPENT THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE
UNDER THE CARE OF FAITHFUL FRIENDS.
HE LIES BURIED IN THE PARISH CHURCH
HAVING GIVEN UP HIS SOUL TO GOD

April 25th, 1800.

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars."

Formerly there was a large church and nunnery here, founded in the seventh century by Withburga, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles. When Withburga died her body was buried in the churchyard, but afterwards removed into the church, where it remained until the reign of King Edgar, when it was conveyed to the monastery at Ely. When it was taken up from the churchyard, a spring of pure water is said to have bubbled up from the ground. This spring may still be seen in the churchyard, surrounded by railings and sheltered by an arch which bears an inscription (p. 125). In earlier times it is supposed to have been used for baptismal purposes. The chief hotels are the King's Arms and King's Head.

DEREHAM, WEST.—A village, with a station called "Abbey," 4 m. S.E. from Downham Market. The church has a massive round tower and contains some ancient stained glass believed to have been removed from a Premonstratensian abbey founded here in 1188 by Hubert Walter, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Here are monuments to the Dereham family, one of elaborate workmanship in coloured marbles, erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century; also a life-size marble statue of Colonel Soame, who died in 1706. Francis Dereham, the lover of Katherine Howard, and who was executed in 1542, was a member of an old family which took its name from this place. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Abbey Farm was held by Thomas Tusser, author of the "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry."

DERSINGHAM (p. 108).—A village, with a station, adjoining Sandringham. The church is a large and ancient building in the Perpendicular style, with an embattled western tower which has four carved angels for pinnacles. The chancel, which has windows of the Decorated period, is divided from the nave by a carved oak screen. In the south aisles is an altar-tomb with a brass dated 1607; and there is a curious "leper window" on the south side of the chancel, and an old font with a carved oak cover. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is one of the landowners of this parish.

DICKLEBURGH with **LONGMERE.**—A large village 2 m. E. from Burston station. In the church is an elaborate tablet to Dame Frances Playters, who died in 1658; also the remains of a fine screen.

DIDLINGTON.—A parish 5 m. E. from Stoke Ferry station. The Hall, the seat of the Amherst family, stands in a park of about 1500 acres, and contains several good pictures and a valuable library including many rare books and manuscripts. In the park is a lake of about 50 acres.

DILHAM.—A large village on the Ant, $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. from Worstead station.

DISS.—A market town, with a station, 19 m. S.W. from Norwich.

The church, a large building in the Perpendicular style, has a modern reredos of Caen stone, inlaid with coloured marbles and adorned with bosses of spar and gold, and the emblems of the Evangelists. South of the town is Diss Mere, a pond of about 5 acres connected with the Waveney. Westbrook Green, Walcot Green, and Diss Heywood are adjoining hamlets. The principal hotels are the Crown and King's Head.

DITCHINGHAM.—A scattered village, with a station, adjoining Bungay (Suffolk). Ditchingham House, pleasantly situated on a wooded bank sloping down to the Waveney, is the residence of Mr H. Rider Haggard, the novelist.

DOCKING.—A parish and union town, with a station, 6 m. S.W. from Burnham Market. The principal hotels are the Hare and Plough. Summerfield is a parish connected with Docking.

DOWNHAM or DOWNHAM MARKET.—A market town, with a station, 11 m. S. from Lynn, and on the east side of the Ouse. Its church, originally Norman, was re-built in the Early English style, and has recently been restored. The principal hotels are the Crown and Castle.

DRAYTON.—A village, with a station, in the vale of the Wensum, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Norwich. A field here is called Blood's Dale from a tradition that it was the scene of an Anglo-Saxon battle. An ancient wayside cross in the village bears a French inscription asking travellers to pray for the souls of William de Bellemont and Joan his wife. Drayton Lodge is a portion of an ancient castellated building formerly held by Sir John Fastolff of Caister Castle, and by the Pastons (p. 84). An attack was made upon it in 1465 by the Duke of Suffolk, who gained possession and held it for some time.

DUNHAM, GREAT.—An old village 1 m. N.E. from Dunham station. Some portions of the church are said to be of Saxon date, and some bricks, apparently Roman, were used in its construction. A Roman altar and some remains of a vanished church were discovered in the rectory garden.

DUNHAM, LITTLE.—A village, with a station, 4 m. N.E. from Swaffham.

DUNSTON.—A parish on the Tas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Swainsthorpe station. The church contains a brass with effigies, dated 1649.

DUNTON-CUM-DOUGHTON.—A small village on the Wensum, 3 m. W. from Fakenham.

EARLHAM.—A parish forming part of Norwich.

EARSHAM.—A scattered village on the Waveney, with a station, 1 m. W. from Bungay (Suffolk). The church, which contains a good Perpendicular font, stands on an ancient encampment.

EASTON.—A village 4 m. S.W. from Drayton station.

EATON.—A parish forming part of Norwich.

- ECCLES.—A parish on the Thet, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Eccles Road station.
- ECCLES-BY-THE-SEA.—A decayed coast parish 3 m. N.E. from Stalham station. The church was destroyed by the sea at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Some remains of its tower are still to be seen on the beach.
- EDGEFIELD.—A parish 3 m. N.E. from Melton Constable station.
- EDINGTHORPE.—A coast parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ N.E. from North Walsham station. The church contains a good Decorated screen.
- EGMERE.—A small parish 3 m. W. from Walsingham station. The church, now an ivy-clad ruin, was used as a barn by Sir Nicholas Bacon of Stiffkey, Lord Privy Seal to Queen Elizabeth.
- ELLINGHAM.—A village, with a station, on the Waveney, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Bungay (Suffolk). The church, which dates from the twelfth century, contains a painting representing "The angel liberating Peter," and on the north wall of the nave a figure of the head of a bishop.
- ELLINGHAM, GREAT.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Attleborough station.
- ELLINGHAM, LITTLE.—A village 5 m. N.W. from Attleborough station.
- ELMHAM (or NORTH ELMHAM).—A village, with a station, 5 m. N. from East Dereham. This is a very ancient place, and was the see of a bishopric from 673 to 870, when East Anglia was subjected to a great Danish invasion. It was occupied again from 956 to about 1075, when Herfast, the first Norman bishop, who came over with the Conqueror, removed it to Thetford. The mound on which the bishop's palace stood, and the fosse which surrounded it, are still to be seen, together with a few fragments of old walls. The church is a fine Perpendicular building, with side chapels which are separated from the chancel by carved oak screens. Elmham Hall was built in 1727. Its park contains a herd of fallow deer.
- ELSING.—A straggling village on the south side of the Wensum, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. E.N.E. from Dereham. The church was built by Sir Hugh Hastings, who died in 1347, and whose brass, somewhat mutilated, is still preserved. The font is a very good one, and its canopy, which must originally have been a very fine one, is said to be the oldest in England. Elsing Hall, now a farmhouse, is an old moated mansion of the sixteenth century. Its entrance hall, porch, and chapel, are the most ancient portions.
- EMNETH.—A straggling village 1 m. S. from Emneth Road station. Its church, one of the finest in Marshland, contains a good carved oak rood screen, some interesting monuments, and an altar tomb with two recumbent figures.
- ERPINGHAM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Aylsham Town station. The church, a fine Early English building, contains the brass of

John of Erpingham, and is supposed to have been partly built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, who fought at Agincourt, and is buried in Norwich Cathedral (pp. 22-23).

FAKENHAM.—A small market town, with two stations, 34 m. N.W. from Norwich. The church is a flint building, chiefly in the Decorated style, with a tower dating from the time of Henry VI. It contains the brass of Henry Keys, who was rector in the early part of the fifteenth century; also a richly carved screen. Formerly a light was kept burning in the church in honour of Henry VI. The chief inns are the Crown and Lion. Raynham Hall (*see* East Raynham), is about 4 m. from Fakenham, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Raynham Park station.

FELBRIGG.—A parish 3 m. S.W. from Cromer. The church, in the park of Felbrigg Hall, contains a fine bust by *Nollekens* of the Rt. Hon. William Windham, the distinguished statesman who lived at the Hall; also some exceptionally fine brasses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The finest is that of Sir Simon Felbrigg, who died in 1443, and who was standard-bearer to Richard II. The Hall, an Early Tudor mansion, contains some good pictures, including a *Rembrandt* and some sea-fights by *Vandervelde*.

FELMINGHAM.—A parish, with a station, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from North Walsham.

FELTHORPE.—A scattered village 5 m. S.E. from Cawston station.

FELTWELL.—A large village 3 m. N. from Lakenheath station. There are two churches here, St Mary's, which contains some sixteenth-century brasses and a carved oak screen; and St Nicholas', used only as a mortuary chapel.

FERSFIELD.—A village 5 m. N.W. from Diss. The birthplace, in 1705, of Francis Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, who was rector here, and is buried in the church. The rectory in which he lived is still standing; also the house in which he was born.

FIELD DALLING.—A scattered village 4 m. N.N.E. from Thursford station.

FILBY.—A parish 2 m. S.W. from Ormesby station. The church contains a fine oak screen, part of which, however, is modern. Part of Filby Broad is in this parish.

FINCHAM.—A village 5 m. N.E. from Downham Market. The church, a large Perpendicular building, contains a Norman font ornamented with interesting sculptures. Fincham Hall, the ancient seat of the Finchams, was built in the reign of Edward IV., but has been modernised.

FISHLEY.—A parish on the Bure, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Acle station. The church tower is probably partly Saxon.

FLITCHAM-WITH-APPLETON.—A village 1 m. N. from Hillington

station. There are some remains here of an Augustinian priory founded by Sir Robert Aguillon in the reign of Henry III. The hundred court was formerly held on a barrow called "Flitcham Bury."

FLORDON.—A scattered village, with a station, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. by W. from Norwich.

FORDHAM.—A small village on the Wissey, with a station, 3 m. S. from Downham.

FORNCETT ST MARY.—A village on the Tas, near Forncett station.

FORNCETT ST PETER.—A large village, with a station, 7 m. S.E. from Wymondham. The church contains a fifteenth century alabaster tomb, supposed to be that of the founder; also some interesting brasses, and good fifteenth century poppy heads.

FOULDEN.—A scattered village on the Wissey, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Stoke Ferry station.

FOULSHAM.—A parish, with two stations, 12 m. W. from Aylsham. The church, chiefly Perpendicular, contains a monument to Sir Thomas Hunt, who died in 1616; also a brass dated 1424. The old Hall, once occupied by Major-General Skippon, a Parliamentary commander during the Commonwealth, is now a farmhouse.

FOXLEY.—A village 2 m. W. from Foulsham station.

FRAMINGHAM EARL.—A village 5 m. S.E. from Norwich. The church, an ancient building in the Norman and Early English styles, contains a fine Norman chancel arch.

FRAMINGHAM PIGOT.—A village 4 m. S.E. from Norwich.

FRANSHAM, GREAT.—A village, with a station, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from East Dereham. In the church are two old brasses, one a fine one, dated 1414, to Geoffry Fransham.

FRANSHAM, LITTLE.—A parish $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. S.E. from Fransham station. The church has an ancient and curious font.

FREETHORPE.—A village 2 m. from Reedham station. In the church is a fine marble tablet and bust to Edward Walpole.

FRENZE.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Diss station. In the church are several brasses to the Blennerhassets, the earliest dated 1475.

FRETtenham.—A village 3 m. W. from Coltishall station.

FRING.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Docking station. In the church are some curious but dilapidated mural paintings.

FRITTON.—A village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Forncett station. The church contains a fine screen, some good frescoes, and a Norman doorway. This place must not be confused with Fritton in Broadland, which is in Suffolk.

FULMODESTON and CROXTON.—United parishes and villages 2 m. S.E. from Thursford station.

- FUNDENHALL.—A scattered village 1 m. S. from Ashwellthorpe station. The church, an ancient flint building with a massive central tower, has a Norman doorway.
- GARBOLDISHAM.—A village 5 m. S. from Harling Road station. The church of St John the Baptist is a fine Perpendicular building, with some Latin inscriptions over the south porch. Of another church (All Saints) only the tower remains.
- GARVESTONE.—A village near Thuxton station, 5 m. S. from Dereham.
- GASTHORPE.—A village 5 m. S. from Harling Road station. The church is in ruins.
- GATELEY.—A parish 2 m. S. from Ryburgh station. The Hall, built in 1726, has its interior elaborately ornamented with plasterwork.
- GAYTON.—A large village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from East Winch station. The church tower has four statues of the Evangelists in place of pinnacles.
- GAYTON THORPE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from East Winch station.
- GAYWOOD.—A village partly within the borough of Lynn. The church, a cruciform building in the Early English style, has a good Norman doorway, and contains two old Dutch paintings, one of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort, the other of Gunpowder Plot. The Hospital of St Mary Magdalene was first founded here in 1174 by Peter the Chaplain. It was re-founded in the reign of James I., burnt down at the siege of Lynn, and rebuilt in 1649. An old gabled house in the village street has some ancient ornamental ironwork in front.
- GELDESTON.—A village on the Waveney, with a station, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Beccles.
- GILLINGHAM.—A village 1 m. N.E. from Beccles. The church of St Mary is curiously constructed, and contains some Early Norman work and a Perpendicular screen. All Saints' Church is in ruins. The Hall was built in the reign of James I.
- GIMINGHAM.—A village 3 m. N.E. from Gunton station.
- GISSING.—A village 2 m. N. from Burston station. Its church, chiefly in the Decorated style, has a fine Norman doorway, a carved oak roof, and contains some curious monuments to the Kemp family, one dated 1612.
- GLANDFORD.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Holt station. The church is partly in ruins.
- GOODERSTONE.—A village 4 m. N.E. from Stoke Ferry station. The church, a large building in the Early English style, contains some ancient stained glass and a carved and painted rood screen.
- GRESHAM (p. 89).—A parish 5 m. S.W. from Cromer. This place is believed to have given its name to the family of Sir Thomas

Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange and Gresham College. The church, an ancient building with a good south porch, contains a curiously sculptured font. A son of the poet Chaucer formerly held the manor. There are some remains here of the large castellated house which Sir Edmund Bacon held in 1318, and which Margaret Paston and her household defended against the attacks of Lord Molynes and a thousand men-at-arms. The remains, however, are scanty. "At the further end (of a meadow) the trees form a circle, and coming closer one finds that the little mount on which they grow is surrounded by water dark with reeds, and that the moss and ivy are thick upon the tree trunks. As yet, though, there is no castle in sight, and it is not until one pushes a way through the tangled ferns and reeds, and the masses of ivy and meadow-sweet, that the first indications of what must once have been a fine stronghold are discovered. The trees shut it in completely, the mosses and hart's-tongues and grasses, the spiky loosestrife and the ivy cover the fragments that remain of the four huge towers originally standing in the great square of the castle."—*Sunrise-land*.

GRESSENHALL.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Dereham. The church, a large cruciform flint building, contains a painted screen.

GRIMSTONE.—A large parish $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. from Grimstone Road station. The church is chiefly Early English. An anvil marks the grave of a blacksmith buried in the churchyard. The rectory occupies the site of a moated manor house. In the reign of Edward II. the manor was held by Benedict de Breebles, who possessed a right called "lovebene," to the effect that "all residents in Grimston, having horses with a cart, shall work for the lord redeeming the common of Grimston, one day's journey of barley seed time; and all keeping cows on the common shall do a day's work in harvest time, and at three o'clock they shall have flesh to eat and ale to drink, and three loaves in the evening."

GRISTON.—A village 2 m. S.E. from Watton station. The church bears an inscription to the effect that "An. Do. 1568 was thys steple tope newe set up to the greate coste of landed men." The pulpit has a fine canopy.

GUESTWICK.—A scattered village, with a station, 4 m. N.W. from Reepham. The church is Early English and stands on the site of an earlier one of which the tower and two Norman arches remain. It contains some old brasses.

GUIST.—A parish 2 m. N. from Foulsham station.

GUNTHORPE.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Thursford station. The church, a fine building in the Early English style, contains a memorial window to Henry Astley Sparke, killed in the Balaclava Charge.

GUNTON.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Gunton station and $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Cromer. Gunton Hall, the seat of Lord Suffield, stands in a park of 1000 acres. The road, at the N.E. corner of the park,

passes under the arch of a tower 120 feet high, commanding a wide view. Park and gardens are thrown open to the public on certain days of the week.

HACKFORD.—A village 1 m. S. from Kimberley station. The church contains remains of a rood loft and some traces of mural paintings.

HADDISCOE.—A village, with a station $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from the houses, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Beccles (Suffolk). The church has one of the finest round towers in the county and contains other Norman portions, a fine font, and the remains of some frescoes. The long "dam" across the marshes from the station to the village was constructed by Dame Margaret Hobart in the reign of Henry VII.

HALES.—A village 4 m. S.W. from Reedham station. The church contains Norman work.

HALVERGATE.—A village 3 m. N. from Reedham station. The church tower has figures of the four Evangelists in place of pinnacles.

HANWORTH.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Gunton station.

HAPPISBURGH (HASEBORO').—A coast village 5 m. N. from Stalham station. The church, which stands in a high position, has a lofty embattled tower, and contains a fine font and carved oak screen. There is a lighthouse here, 100 feet high, for the guidance of mariners in the neighbourhood of the dreaded Happisburgh or Haseboro' Sands. The cliffs here give way to sandhills which extend to Yarmouth. There is accommodation for visitors at the Hill House, the Swan, and elsewhere in the village.

HAPTON.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Flordon Station.

HARDINGHAM.—A scattered parish, with a station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Wymondham. The Hall, erected toward the end of the seventeenth century, has been much altered.

HARDLEY (p. 159).—A parish 2 m. S.E. from Cantley station. In this parish the river Chet enters the Yare.

HARDWICK.—A village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Harleston station. The church contains two fine altar tombs, one to Sir Peter Gleane, who armed two companies of foot on behalf of Charles I. during the Civil War.

HARGHAM.—A parish 1 m. N. from Eccles Road station.

HARLESTON.—A market town on the Waveney, 19 m. S. from Norwich. It contains the parish of Redenhall, where there is a fine Perpendicular church, re-built by Thomas Plantagenet, eldest son of Edward I. In the church are some stained glass armorial bearings from the old chapel of Gawdy Hall; also some good monuments. Gawdy Hall, an Elizabethan moated mansion, is within easy walking distance of the town. The principal hotels are the Swan and the Magpie.

HARLING, EAST.—A small market "town," with a station called "Harling Road," 9 m. N.E. from Thetford. The church, a Perpendicular building with two chancel chapels, contains, in the Harling Chapel, an altar-tomb with effigies to Sir Robert Harling, who was slain in the defence of Paris in 1435; also a very fine altar-tomb, with recumbent effigies, to Sir Thomas Lovell, who died in 1600; and the tomb of Sir William Chamberlain, K.G., who built the church, and died in 1462. There are some remains of carved screens, and in the vestry is a very old wooden chest. The principal inn is the Swan.

HARLING, WEST.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Harling Road station. The church contains some fifteenth century brasses, and a tomb, with effigy, to William Berdwell, whose old hall was pulled down at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

HARPLEY.—A village $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Massingham station. The church has a curiously carved oak door and a rood screen.

HASSINGHAM.—A parish 1 m. E. from Buckenham station.

HAUTBOIS, GREAT.—A village on the Bure, adjoining Coltishall, where there is a station. The old church is in ruins.

HAUTBOIS, LITTLE.—See LAMMAS.

HAVERLAND.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. by E. from Attlebridge station. All the church windows are of stained glass.

HAYNFORD.—A scattered village $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Wroxham station.

HEACHAM.—A coast village, with a station, 3 m. from Hunstanton. This is a very delightful village with a firm sandy beach. The church, a fine building with a good decorated east window, contains some monuments to the Rolfe family, of which the Indian princess Pocahontas became a member through marrying John Rolfe, a companion of Sir Walter Raleigh. This John Rolfe, who went out to Virginia three hundred years ago, arrived there a year or two before Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, a powerful Indian chief, was brought by force to Jamestown. After his marriage to her he returned to England, where his wife was presented to James I. and his Queen. He intended to revisit Virginia, but before the vessel in which he and his wife were to sail had left the Thames, Pocahontas, whose health had been undermined by the English climate, died. She was buried in Gravesend church. She left a son from whom several prominent American families claim descent. Among the monuments in the church is one to Eustace Rolfe, who died in 1593, and who was the grandfather of John Rolfe. Accommodation for visitors is provided at the West Norfolk Hotel and Wheatsheaf Inn.

HECKINGHAM.—A scattered village on the Chet, 4 m. S.W. from Geldston station.

HEDENHAM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Ditchingham station. The

church, a fine early English building, contains many memorials to the Bedingfield family.

HEIGHAM.—A parish forming part of Norwich.

HELHOUGHTON.—A parish $\frac{3}{4}$ m. S.W. from Raynham Park station.

HELLESDON.—A village, with a station, 2 m. N.W. from Norwich. The church contains some brasses.

HELLINGTON.—A village 4 m. S. from Buckenham station.

HEMBLINGTON.—A village 3 m. N.E. from Brundall station.

HEMPNALL.—A large village on the Tas, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Flordon station.

HEMPSTEAD.—A coast parish 4 m. N.E. from Stalham station.

HEMPSTEAD-BY-HOLT.—A parish 2 m. S.E. from Holt station.

HEMPTON.—A parish on the Wensum, adjoining Fakenham. The church has a good modern reredos.

HEMSBY.—A coast parish, with a station, 6 m. N. from Yarmouth.

HETHEL.—A scattered village 2 m. N. from Ashwellthorpe station. The church contains a fine monument, with recumbent effigies, to Myles Branthwaite, who died in 1612, and a brass to his daughter, who died in 1621. The rectory is a moated house. A thorn tree, known as the "Hethel Thorn," is said to date from the reign of King John. Hethel Wood Farm, formerly called Potash Farm, was the residence of Blomfield Rush, who murdered Mr Jermyn, Recorder of Norwich, and his son, at Stanfield Hall (p. 43).

HETHERSETT.—A large village, with a station, 4 m. N.E. from Wymondham. The church contains a fourteenth century altar-tomb, with effigies to Sir R. Berney and his wife. The stump of the Oak of Reformation, under which, in 1549, Robert Kett and his followers swore to do away with the abuses of church and state, stands in this parish, on the Wymondham turnpike.

HEVINGHAM.—A scattered village 3 m. W. from Buxton Lammas station.

HEYDON.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Cawston station and 2 m. W. by N. from Bluestone station. The church contains some brasses. Heydon Hall, an Elizabethan mansion, built in 1581, was formerly occupied by the first Lord Lytton. On the stone balustrade which adorns the roof are some curious figures, and above the doors are several shields of arms.

HICKLING (p. 180).—A Broadland parish 3 m. N.E. from Catfield station. There are scanty remains here of a priory founded in 1685. Hickling Broad, a shallow sheet of water three miles in circumference, is the largest of the Norfolk broads. Boats may be hired at the Pleasure Boat Inn.

HILBOROUGH.—A village 6 m. S. from Swaffham. There are some ruins here of a pilgrims' chapel.

HILGAY.—A large village 1 m. S. from Ryston station and $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Hilgay Fen station. Phineas Fletcher, author of the "Purple Island," was rector here from 1621 until the civil war. The old Hall was formerly a seat of the abbots of Ramsey. There are 6000 acres of fen in this parish.

HILLINGTON.—A village, with a station, 7 m. N.E. from Lynn. The church contains some fine old tombs of the Hovel and Ffoulkes families. The Hall, built in 1627, has been much enlarged. At the entrance gate are remains of four ancient crosses.

HINDOLVESTON (called **HILDERSTON**).—A village, with a station, 8 m. E. from Fakenham. In the church is a fine brass, dated 1568.

HINDRINGHAM.—A straggling village 4 m. E. from Walsingham station. The old moated Hall is now a farmhouse.

HINGHAM.—A small market town 3 m. S.W. from Kimberley station. The church is a fine building in the Late Decorated and Perpendicular styles. Its east window is filled with stained glass obtained abroad in 1813 by Lord Wodehouse of Kimberley. In the chancel is a fine but defaced altar-tomb to Thomas, Lord Morley, Marshall of Ireland, who died in 1435. A covenant remains by which Henry V. agrees that this Lord Morley should have all the prisoners he could take except kings, princes, and king's sons. On the north side of the chancel are remains of what is supposed to have been a sacristy. There are also some interesting mural paintings.

HOCKERING.—A village 6 m. E. from Dereham.

HOCKHAM, GREAT.—A village 2 m. N.E. from Wretham station. The church, the tower of which has fallen, stands in the park of Hockham Hall.

HOCKWOLD-CUM-WILTON.—A village 1 m. N. from Lakenheath station. The church of St James (Wilton) contains an ancient carved oak screen.

HOE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Dereham.

HOLKHAM.—A coast village, with a station, $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. from Wells. The church stands on an artificial mound, supposed to be of Saxon construction, and close to a tumulus. It contains a splendid monument, with a recumbent figure, by Sir J. E. Boehm, to the late Countess of Leicester, and other monuments of the Coke family. On the Holkham marshes is a large Roman camp. Holkham Hall, the seat of the Earls of Leicester, is famous for its priceless collection of art treasures, which includes the following:—Pictures: The original cartoon of "La Belle Jardinière," *Raphael*; "Joseph recognised by his Brethren," *Raphael*; "A Storm," *Poussin*; "Return from the flight into Egypt," *Rubens*; "Duke of Aremborg," *Vandyck*; "An Evening Landscape,"

Claude Lorraine; "A Thunder Storm," *Poussin*; "Duke of Richmond," *Vandyck*; "Landscape with the Sacrifice of Isaac," *Domenichino*; landscape, *Salvator Rosa*; "Judith giving the head of Holofernes to the Maid," *Carlo Maratti*; "Rubens' Daughter," *Rubens*; "Mary Magdalene," *Paul Veronese*; "Head of Christ," *Leonardi da Vinci*; "Mary and the Child," *Raphael*; and other works by Claude, Poussin, Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Canaletti, Rosalba, Gainsborough, Lely, Claude Lorraine, and Opie. Statuary: "Neptune," a statue bought at Rome of Carlo Monaldi; "Faun," found in the Campagna; "Meleager"; "Apollo"; "Venus," of which Dr Waagen says:—"Of all similar statues which have come down to us, not excepting even that in the Louvre, formerly at Versailles, this perhaps deserves the preference"; "Diana," purchased in Rome for £1500 and clandestinely exported to Florence; "Ceres," and others. The Library contains some very valuable and beautiful missals and illuminated manuscripts. There is an obelisk 80 feet high in the park, erected in 1728; also the "Leicester Monument," erected in 1845-8 as a memorial to "Coke of Norfolk," the great agriculturist. The gardens are thrown open to the public once a week (usually on Tuesdays); but admission to the hall can only be obtained by special order. (p. 98-99). Accommodation for visitors at the Victoria Hotel.

HOLME HALE.—A village near the Wissey, with a station, 5 m. E. by S. from Swaffham. The church, in the Norman style, contains a fine carved oak rood screen.

HOLME - NEXT - RUNCTON.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Magdalen Road station.

HOLME-NEXT-THE-SEA.—A coast village 3 m. N.E. from Hunstanton station. The church contains an interesting alabaster monument with kneeling figures to Richard Stone, dated 1607; also a curious brass, with figures, to Henry Netyngdon, one of Henry IV.'s judges, bearing this inscription:

"Henry Netyngdon and his wyffe Iye here
Yt madden thys church stepull and queere
Two vestments and bells they made alsoe
Christ Jesu sav therefor ym fro woe
And to bryng ther soules to bliss of hevyn
Syth Pater and Ave with mylde Steven."

"Peddar's Way," supposed to have been a Roman road from Thetford to the coast, terminated here. It may still be traced in places. There is accommodation for visitors at the White Horse Inn and elsewhere in the village.

HOLT.—A small market town, with a station, 10 m. W. by S. from Cromer. The church communion plate includes a flagon presented by George II., and a paten given by Sir Robert Walpole. This town was the birthplace, in 1507, of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange. His brother founded the Grammar School, since re-built, outside which Thomas Cooper,

its master, was hanged for adherence to the cause of Charles I. The principal inns are the Feathers, White Lion, and Railway Hotel.

HOLVERSTON.—A village 5 m. S.E. by E. from Norwich.

HONING.—A Broadland village on the Ant, with a station. The "Long Lane" leading to the church is a very charming road overshadowed by trees.

HONINGHAM.—A village 5 m. S. from Attlebridge station. The church contains a black and white marble monument, with medallion portrait in armour, to Sir Thomas Richardson, Master of Cramond, who died in 1642. The Hall, a fine Elizabethan mansion built by Chief Justice Richardson, contains, among other art treasures, the "Infant Family of Charles I" (a duplicate of that at Windsor), and the "Princes Rupert and Maurice" by *Vandyck*.

HORNING.—A Broadland village on the Bure, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Wroxham. The ruins of St Benet's Abbey, founded by King Canute, are in the parish. This is an angling resort, and boats may be hired at the New and Ferry Inns, where there is accommodation for visitors.

HORNINGTOFT.—A scattered village 3 m. N.W. from North Elmham station.

HORSEY.—A coast village 4 m. N. from Martham station. The church, an ancient Gothic building, contains a thirteenth century rood screen. This place has been the scene of several disastrous inroads of the sea.

HORSFORD.—A scattered village 2 m. E. from Drayton station.

HORSHAM ST FAITH'S.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Drayton station. The church contains a mediæval pulpit with painted panels; also an ancient font and screen.

HORSTEAD - CUM - STANNINGHALL. — United parishes. Horstead village is on the Bure, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Coltishall station. Its church has a good open timber roof. Stanninghall church has been in ruins since the reign of Elizabeth. Haggate Hall, an interesting Elizabethan house, is about a mile from Horstead.

HOUGHTON-IN-THE-DALE.—A village 1 m. S. from Walsingham station. The church, re-built in 1879, has an old illuminated rood screen. On the Walsingham Road is an old wayside chapel (recently restored) called the "Shoe House," at which pilgrims to Walsingham cast off their shoes.

HOUGHTON-ON-THE-HILL.—A parish of one farm 2 m. S.W. from Holme Hale station. Some of the church windows are believed to date from about 1020.

HOUGHTON, NEW, or HOUGHTON-IN-THE-BRAKE.—A village 3 m. N. from Massingham station. The church tower was

built by Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, who was buried in the church. He also built Houghton Hall, which is, perhaps, the finest mansion in Norfolk. This historic hall is referred to at length in Itinerary IX. The magnificent collection of paintings it contained at the death of Sir Robert was sold by George, third Earl of Orford, to Catherine of Russia for £40,550. Writing of this sale, Horace Walpole said: "When he sold the collection of pictures at Houghton, he declared at St James's that he was forced to it, to pay the fortunes of his uncle, which amounted to but £10,000; and he sold the pictures for £40,000, grievously to our discontent, and without any application from us for our money, which he now retains, trusting that we will not press him, lest he should disinherit us, were we to outlive him. But we are not so silly as to have any such expectations at our ages; nor, as he has sold the pictures, which we wished to have preserved in the family, do we care what he does with the estate. Would you believe—yes, for he is a madman—that he is refurnishing Houghton; ay, and with pictures too, and by Cipriani. That flimsy scene painter is to replace Guido, Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Vandyck, &c." At the winter exhibition at the Royal Academy, 1899-1900, patrons had an opportunity of seeing one of the finest pictures from the famous Houghton collection. This was Vandyck's "Lord Philip Warton," described as a work of "supreme artistic beauty enhancing physical attractiveness." It was lent by the Tsar of Russia. At the present time the Hall contains a whole-length portrait of George I. by *Kneller*, a fine bronze cast of the Laocoon by *Girarchon*, some sculpture by *Rysbrach*, several portraits of the Walpole family, and some good tapestry.

HOVETON ST JOHN.—A Broadland village in which is Wroxham station and Hoveton Little Broad (60 acres).

HOVETON ST PETER.—A scattered village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Wroxham station.

HOWE.—A village 5 m. E. from Swainsthorpe station.

Hunstanton. (p. 100).—A popular and rising seaside resort on the N.W. point of the county, $15\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Lynn, and 112 from London. It occupies an elevated position on Hunstanton Cliff, which rises to a height of about 60 feet above the beach, and is also known as St Edmund's Point, there being a tradition that Edmund the Martyr landed here when he crossed over from Germany. A splendid beach affords safe bathing, and a delightful promenade for miles along the coast. The pier is close to the esplanade, adjoining which is a recreation ground with good tennis courts. A modern church has accommodation for about 500 persons, and there are also Nonconformist chapels. On the cliff, near the lighthouse, is a fragment of St Edmund's Chapel, an old religious house, the history of which is unknown. The local golf club has links on the Old Hunstanton sandhills; there is also a cricket club.

Hunstanton Cliff has six strata clearly defined. Commencing from the top, they are met with in the following order :—*Lower Chalk, Chalk Marl, White Chalk, Red Chalk, Greensand or Glauconite, Dark Brown Pudding Stone* or *Sandy Breccia*. Below the cliff strata may be seen the *Kimmeridge Clay*. The *Red Chalk* occurs nowhere else in Norfolk. The neighbourhood provides a good field for botanists, entomologists, and conchologists; and ornithologists will be much interested in observing the numerous sea birds which frequent the shore.

The chief hotels are the Sandringham (G.E.R.), Wales's Commercial, the Golden Lion, and the Temperance. There are also private hotels and abundant boarding-house accommodation and apartments.

HUNSTANTON, OLD.—A coast village about a mile from Hunstanton. The hall, built in the fifteenth century, stands in a manor of which the L'Estranges have been lords ever since the Conquest. Both hall and church are described on p. 101. There is accommodation for visitors at the L'Estrange Arms.

HUNWORTH.—A parish 2 m. S.S.W. from Holt station.

ICKBOROUGH.—A parish 6 m. N.E. from Brandon station. The church contains a finely carved pulpit.

ILLINGTON.—A village 1½ m. E. from Wretham station.

INGHAM (p. 174).—A village 1½ m. E. by N. from Stalham station.

INGOLDISTHORPE (p. 108).—A village 1 m. E. from Snettisham station. The church contains a Perpendicular oak screen, the font is Norman, and the corbels of the nave roof represent the patriarchs and prophets.

INGWORTH.—A village 2 m. N. from Aylsham.

INTWOOD.—A village 3 m. E. from Hethersett station.

IRMINGLAND.—A parish on the Bure, 1 m. E. from Corpusty station.

IRSTEAD.—A straggling village on the banks of Barton Broad, 3 m. N.W. from Wroxham station. In the church chancel is a memorial window to William of Wykeham, founder of New College, Oxford, and bishop of Winchester, who was rector here in 1347.

ISLINGTON.—A village 2 m. S. from Clenchwarton station. This is the place referred to in the old ballad, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington."

ITTERINGHAM.—A village 4 m. N.W. from Aylsham.

KELLING.—A parish 3 m. N. from Holt station.

KEMPSTON.—A parish 2 m. N. from Fransham station.

KENNINGHALL.—A large village 3 m. S.E. from Eccles Road station, and connected by a mile-long avenue of trees with Quidenham. It is believed to have been a seat of the East Anglian

kings, and some ancient mounds are pointed out as marking the site of their royal residence. Here, too, are remains of the fosse of a castle formerly occupied by the Mowbrays and Howards. Kenninghall Palace, built in the reign of Henry VIII., sheltered Queen Mary at the beginning of her reign. It remained the chief seat of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, until about the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was pulled down.

KESWICK.—A parish 3 m. S.S.W. from Norwich. All that remains of the church is a portion of a round tower.

KETTERINGHAM.—A village 1 m. S.W. from Hethersett station. The church contains several interesting monuments and brasses, and a richly carved font. The Hall, the seat of the Boileau family, who are direct descendants from Etienne Boileau, first Grand Provost and Governor of Paris in 1250, is a modernised castellated mansion of the Tudor period. In it is a fine collection of arms and armour (including the sword of Bayard), pictures, and oak furniture.

KETTLESTONE.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E.N.E. from Fakenham.

KILVERSTONE.—A parish on the Thet, 2 m. E. from Thetford. The church is an ancient building in the Norman style, with a round embattled tower.

KIMBERLEY (p. 46).—A village, with a station, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Wymondham. The Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kimberley, K.G., P.C., contains a portrait of Vandyck, by himself; a rosary given by Catherine, Queen of Henry V., to the wife of Sir John Wodehouse, who fought at Agincourt; and a portion of a gold brocade dress worn by Queen Elizabeth when she stayed at Kimberley during a visit to Norfolk in 1578. She was entertained in the old Wodehouse Tower, some remains of which may be seen near the church. The park is remarkable for its fine oak wood. There is a fifteenth century brass in the church, and several monuments to the Wodehouses.

KIRBY BEDON.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Trowse station.

KIRBY CANE.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Ellingham station. The church has a Norman doorway.

KIRSTEAD.—A village 6 m. S.E. from Trowse station. The Hall, a Jacobean mansion, dated 1612, is now a farmhouse.

KNAPTON.—A parish, with a station, $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. N.E. from North Walsham. The church roof is ornamented with some fine carved work, and the font bears a curious Greek inscription which can be read backwards or forwards. There is a fine chancel screen.

LAKENHAM. A parish forming part of Norwich.

LAMMAS, with **LITTLE HAUTOBOIS.**—A village on the Bure, 1 m. E. from Buxton Lammas station.

- LANGFORD.—A parish 8 m. N.E. from Brandon station.
- LANGHAM.—A parish 5 m. W.N.W. from Holt station. The church contains a Norman font, also a marble tablet to Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N., the famous novelist, who resided here, and is buried in the churchyard. He lived in the Manor Cottage, where he wrote most of his works.
- LANGLEY.—A scattered village 3 m. S.W. from Buckenham station. Some of the stained glass in the church windows was brought from Rouen Cathedral at the time of the French Revolution. Not far from the river (Yare) are some remains of a Premonstratensian abbey, founded in 1198 by Robert FitzRoger, Sheriff of Norfolk. A stone cross, bearing four statues, which stood near the abbey, is now in Langley Park. Langley Hall, built in 1740, has some fine windows of German stained glass, and contains a bronze statue of Louis XV. by *De la Colonge*, and a large number of valuable pictures, including a "Madonna" by *Murillo*, "Holy Family" by *Fra Bartolommeo*. "Battle of Sale Bay" by *Vandervelde*, and "The Youthful Moralist" by *Sir J. Reynolds*.
- LARLING.—A scattered village 1 m. N. from Harling Road station. The church contains an ancient altar-stone and has a Norman doorway.
- LESSINGHAM.—A village near the coast, with a station, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Stalham. The church is disused in consequence of its dilapidated condition.
- LEATHERINGSETT.—A village 1 m. N. from Holt station. The church has a round Norman tower and a Norman font.
- LETTON.—A parish 4 m. W. from Thuxton station. The Hall is the seat of Lord Cranworth.
- LEXHAM, EAST.—A village 3 m. N. from Dunham station.
- LEXHAM, WEST.—A parish 4 m. N. from Dunham station. The church tower is probably of Saxon date.
- LEZIATE.—A parish 2 m. N. from East Winch station. Only the foundations of the church remain.
- LIMPENHOE.—A village near the Yare, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N.E. from Cantley station. The church has a fine Norman south doorway.
- LINGWOOD.—A village, with a station, 8 m. E. from Norwich.
- LITCHAM.—A parish 3 m. N.E. by E. from Dunham station. The church, a large Perpendicular building, contains an elaborate oak screen dating from the early part of the fifteenth century. A house here called the "Priory" was formerly a pilgrim's rest.
- LODDON (p. 159).—A small market town 5 m. S. from Buckenham station. The church contains an ancient font, an old painted rood screen, a brass, dated 1615, to Sir James Hobart, and an altar-tomb, with recumbent figure, to Lady Williamson, who died

in 1684. There is also a curious painting, dating from 1496, in the south aisle. It represents Sir James Hobart and his wife kneeling, also Loddon Church and St Olave's Bridge. An inscription below states that Sir James built the church and his wife the bridge. The Swan is the principal inn.

LONGHAM.—A village 2 m. N. from Wendling station.

LOPHAM.—A straggling place of two villages and parishes $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Harling Road station. The church of North Lopham is a large Early English building with a Norman south porch. On its exterior and buttresses are several Latin inscriptions. South Lopham church has a Norman Tower and some fine Norman arches.

LUDHAM.—A Broadland village on the Bure, 2 m. S.W. from Potter Heigham station. The church chancel is separated from the nave by a good carved screen, restored in 1861. Ludham Hall was formerly a seat of the abbots of St Benet's Abbey (pp. 166-8).

LYNFORD.—A parish 5 m. N.E. from Brandon station. The church has disappeared. A Catholic chapel, erected by Mrs Lyne-Stephens in 1879, and dedicated to Our Lady of Consolation and St Stephen, contains a fine reredos and oak screen. Above the marble stoup at the entrance is a statue group of the Madonna and Child. The Hall, a mansion in the Elizabethan style, is surrounded by 2000 acres of common land.

LYNG.—A village on the Wensum, 3 m. W. from Lenwade station. The church possesses an elaborately embroidered altar-cloth fashioned out of three fifteenth century vestments, viz., three copes of blue, red, and orange velvet respectively.

Lynn, King's Lynn, or Lynn Regis (pp. 111-16).—A Parliamentary borough and seaport on the east bank of the Great Ouse, 2 m. from the Wash, 48 from Norwich, and 99 from London. The chief places of interest in this ancient town are St Margaret's and St Nicholas' churches, the Red Mount Chapel, Greyfriars Tower, South Gate, Guildhall, Museum, Custom House (built in 1683), and Docks. These places are referred to in Itinerary VIII. A few further particulars concerning them may be added here.

St Margaret's Church, founded by Herbert de Lozinga, Bishop of Norwich 1091-1119, should be visited for the purpose of seeing two of the largest and finest monumental brasses in existence, measuring 10 feet by 5. They are undoubtedly Flemish work. One is that of a former mayor of Lynn, Robert Braunche, and his two wives; the other that of Adam de Walsoken, a merchant. On the Braunche brass are represented the mayor and his two wives, and eight weepers in male and female costumes. At the feet of each lady is a little dog. Underneath is engraved a feasting party, supposed to represent an entertainment given by Braunche to Edward III. The monarch and his nobles are seated at table, minstrels are performing, and on both sides female servants are entering, bearing peacocks for the feast.

One knight is represented straddling across the table in his eagerness to reach a dish. The other brass bears the portraits of Walsoken and his wife, representations of the Apostles and Prophets, and below is a rustic scene representing either the gathering of apples or a vintage harvest. These brasses, which date from the early half of the fourteenth century, are in the south-west tower. A screen bearing the dates 1584 and 1622 has been divided and set up in the chancel aisles, its place being filled by a low carved screen. Fanny Burney, the authoress of "Evelina," was born at Lynn during the time her father, Dr Burney, was organist of this church.

St Nicholas Church, a chapel dependent on St Margaret's, was built in the fourteenth century, on the site of an earlier building. In the vestry is a door bearing a Latin inscription and two figures. The west door and south porch are worthy of special attention.

The *Guildhall*, an Elizabethan building, fronted with black flints and white stone, contains portraits of William III. and Mary, and Sir Robert Walpole, who was elected M.P. for Lynn in 1761. In the possession of the mayor for the time being will be found a silver-gilt cup and sword, said to have been given to the town by King John before he crossed the Wash and lost all his baggage. Both cup and sword, however, are probably of later date than the reign of King John. The "Red Register" of Lynn, kept at the Guildhall, dates from 1309.

The object of greatest interest to antiquaries is the *Red Mount Chapel*, situated in the public "Walks" near the station. During the rebellion of 1638 it was used as a powder magazine and later as a pest-house. There is a legend that Edward IV. lodged in it when, after his defeat by Warwick, he fled to Lynn on his way to the continent (p. 113).

Greyfriar's Tower is all that is left of the church of a Franciscan convent (p. 114).

Visitors who make Lynn their temporary headquarters may make pleasant excursions to

Sandringham (pp. 103-8). Distant 2 m. from Wolferton station.

Castle Rising (pp. 109-10). Distant 4 m. from Lynn.

Dersingham (p. 108). A village adjoining Sandringham.

Hunstanton (pp. 100-1). Distant 15½ m. from Lynn.

Terrington St Clement's Church. Station 5 m. from Lynn.

(This church and those of Tilney and Walpole may be visited during a day's journey).

An interesting ramble may be enjoyed in the neighbourhood of the docks, and by strolling along the riverside towards the Wash the visitor may gain a good idea of Marshland.

The river Ouse is crossed by a ferry and an iron bridge. The chief hotels are the Globe and Cozen's Temperance.

LYNN, NORTH.—A decayed parish 1 m. N.W. from Lynn. The church has disappeared.

LYNN, SOUTH.—A parish forming part of Lynn.

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LYNN, WEST.—A village opposite Lynn on the west side of the Great Ouse. Access to it is obtained by a ferry and bridge. The church, dating from the latter part of the thirteenth century, contains a fine brass dated 1503, to Sir Adam Outlawe, and an ancient octagonal font.

MANNINGTON.—A parish 2 m. N.E. from Corpusty station. The church is in ruins.

MARHAM.—A village 4 m. S.W. from Narborough station. The church contains a tomb with chalk effigies, dated 1603. Some remains of a Cistercian nunnery, founded in 1249 by Maud, wife of John Fitzalan, fifth Earl of Arundel, may be seen at a farmhouse near the church.

MARKSHALL.—A parish on the Tas, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Norwich. The church is in ruins.

MARLINGFORD.—A scattered village 5 m. N. from Hethersett station. The church contains a Norman font and has a Norman doorway.

MARSHAM.—A large village 2 m. S. from Aylsham. The church contains a font on which are carved the seven Sacraments; also an ancient painted screen. On Marsham Heath are several pits similar to those at Aylmerton (p. 89).

MARTHAM (pp. 80-81).—A large village with a station 10 m. N.N.W. from Yarmouth. The church is a fine Perpendicular building, very completely restored in 1855 in memory of one of its rectors, whose altar tomb is within. The font has the seven Sacraments carved upon it, and there is some good carving on the south doors. There is a small broad in this parish. Inn: Swan.

MASSINGHAM, GREAT.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Little Massingham station.

MASSINGHAM, LITTLE.—A village, with a station (Massingham), 10 m. N. from Swaffham. The church is Early English, and contains a monument to Sir Charles Mordaunt, dated 1648. This station is the nearest to Houghton Hall, built by Sir Robert Walpole (pp. 129-32).

MATLASKE.—A parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.E. from Corpusty station.

MATTISHALL.—A large village 3 m. E. from Yaxham junction.

MATTISHALL BURGH.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by N. from Yaxham junction.

MAUTBY (p. 74).—A parish on the Bure, 3 m. W. from Caister station. The church contains a tomb, with a cross-legged effigy in armour, to a member of the Mautby family. There are frequent references to this place in the "Paston Letters," Margaret Paston having inherited the manor from her father, John Mautby.

MELTON CONSTABLE.—A village, with a junction station, 8 m. E.N.E. from Fakenham. The church has a Norman central tower, and contains a family pew, erected in 1681, for the Astleys, Barons Hastings, whose country seat, "Melton Constable," is one of the finest in Norfolk. It was built about 1680, is surrounded by terraces, and stands in a large park stocked with deer. In it are some good pictures, one of the finest collections of old china in England, a valuable collection of mediæval treasures, and another of arms and armour; also a military uniform worn by Sir Jacob Astley, who was Sergeant-Major of the army of Charles I., and some relics of Queen Elizabeth.

MELTON, GREAT.—A parish about 3 m. N.W. from Hethersett station. The Hall is a mansion in the Elizabethan style, built in 1611.

MELTON, LITTLE.—A scattered parish 2 m. N. from Hethersett station. The church contains a Norman font, a carved chancel screen, a brass dated 1604, and others more recent.

MENDHAM.—A village 2 m. S.E. from Harleston station. The greater part of the village is in Suffolk.

MERTON.—A parish 2 m. S. from Watton station. The church contains a good Decorated chancel screen, and a fine carved oak font cover reaching nearly to the roof; also two brass shields bearing the de Grey quarterings. The Hall, the seat of Lord Walsingham, was built in 1613, but has been thoroughly restored. It is in the Elizabethan style.

METHWOLD.—A large village 4 m. S.W. from Stoke Ferry station. The church has a fifteenth century roof with some good and interesting carving, and contains the remains of a fine brass to Sir Adam de Clifton, dated 1367. A tithe barn still standing here is that of the Augustinian priory of Bramwell (later Broomhill).

MELTON.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Cromer. There is a fifteenth century brass in the church.

MIDDLETON.—A village, with a station, 4 m. S.S.E. from Lynn. A lofty gate-tower here is all that remains of a hunting castle belonging to the Lords Scales. It was restored and enlarged in 1860. About a mile south of the village are the ruins of Blackborough Priory, founded by Roger Scales in the reign of Henry I.

MILEHAM.—A parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Fransham station. The birthplace of Sir Edward Coke, the famous Lord Chief Justice, who was buried, in 1634, in Tittleshall Church, about 2 m. N.W. from Mileham. The house in which he was born, in 1552, has been pulled down. Here are some remains of a castle, believed to have been built by Alan, son of Flaad, to whom the manor was given by the Conqueror.

MINTLYN.—A decayed parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by S. from Lynn. The church is in ruins.

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- MORLEY ST BOTOLPH.—A village 3 m. W. by S. from Wymondham.
- MORLEY ST PETER. — A small parish 2 m. N.W. from Spooner Row station. The Old Hall, an Elizabethan moated manor-house, is now a farmhouse.
- MORNINGTHORPE.—A village about 4 m. E. from Fornsett station. The church contains a fine altar tomb and, in front of the western gallery, an oak carving of the royal arms. Boyland Hall, in this parish, is an Elizabethan house, built in 1571. It has a bust of Queen Elizabeth, removed from Tilbury House, above one of the entrances.
- MORSTON.—A parish 6 m. E. from Wells and 1 m. from the coast. The church contains an ancient screen and font, and a brass dated 1596.
- MORTON-ON-THE-HILL.—A village on the Wensum, 1 m. S. from Attlebridge station.
- MOULTON.—A scattered parish 2 m. N. from Cantley station. The church is an ancient building in the early Norman style.
- MOULTON ST MICHAEL.—A village 2 m. N. from Tivetshall station. There is a fourteenth-century tomb in the churchyard; also a stone to a member of the Wykeham family.
- MULBARTON-WITH-KENNINGHAM.—A village surrounding a large green, 2 m. W. from Swainsthorpe station.
- MUNDESLEY.—A rising seaside health and pleasure resort, with a station, 8 m. S.E. from Cromer. Though still only a village, Mundesley is fast gaining favour on account of its excellent beach and bathing, bold cliffs, and picturesque surroundings. Every year sees an increase in its accommodation for visitors, and it has already become an enterprising rival to Cromer. The church was originally a fine building, but its tower and chancel are now in ruins, service being held in a small portion of the nave. The G.E.R. issue week-end, fortnightly, and tourist tickets from London and most of the principal stations to Mundesley. Visitors will find accommodation at the Royal, Clarence, and Old Ship Hotels, the Lifeboat Inn, the Tower Boarding-House, and elsewhere in the village.
- There are many places of interest in the neighbourhood, including Bromholm Priory (p. 83), Knapton, Paston, and Trunch Churches, Overstrand, Sidestrand, Trimingham, and Cromer. Others are mentioned under CROMER.
- MUNDFORD.—A parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Brandon station.
- MUNDHAM.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Loddon and 6 m. N. from Ditchingham station. The church is an ancient building in the Norman style, with a good Norman south doorway.
- NARBOROUGH.—A village, with a station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ N.W. from Swaffham. The church contains several brasses to the Spelman family; also

a window containing some old glass and a shield of the Spelman arms. Narborough Hall was built by John Spelman, Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Henry VIII. A curious earth-work extends from Narborough to Caldecott, a distance of about 9 miles.

NARFORD.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Narborough station. Narford Hall, the seat of the Fountaines, was built by Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was knighted by William III. This Sir Andrew was vice-chamberlain to the Prince of Wales in 1726, and a friend of Pope and Swift.

NEATISHEAD.—A village between the Bure and the Ant, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Wroxham station. The church was originally a much larger building.

NECTON.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Holme Hale station. The church has a curiously wrought roof adorned with ten large figures of angels, carved in oak, below which, on brackets, are the twelve Apostles. Adjoining the chancel is a chapel of St Catherine. The pulpit of carved oak dates from 1636. There are brasses here to Ismaena de Wynston (1372), Philippa de Beauchamp (1384), and two others of the sixteenth century.

NEEDHAM.—A scattered village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Harleston station.

NEWTON-BY-CASTLE-ACRE.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Dunham station. The church is said to date from the reign of Edward the Confessor.

NEWTON FLOTMAN.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Flordon station. In the church is a brass of the Blondeville family, with dates from 1400 to 1638.

NEWTON, WEST.—A village 2 m. E. from Wolferton station and adjoining Sandringham. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is the chief landowner, and has erected a number of cottages, also a clubhouse, for the villagers. The church, an ancient Caen stone building in the Perpendicular style, was until recently in a very dilapidated state; but has now been restored at the expense of the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family. The chancel stalls were given by the Duke of Edinburgh, and the reredos by the late Duke of Albany. The west window was filled with painted glass at the cost of Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne. Her Majesty the Queen gave the organ; the Emperor Frederick III. and the Empress of Germany the altar cross, candlesticks, and flower vases; the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge the altar cloth; Lord Colville of Culross an alms dish; and the prayer desks and pulpit were presented by members of the Sandringham household.

NORDELPH.—A hamlet forming part of Upwell, 4 m. W. from Downham.

NORTHREPPS.—A village 2 m. S.E. from Cromer. Sir Thomas

Fowell Buxton, Bart., the slave emancipator, formerly occupied the Hall. He died here, and is buried in the ruined church at Overstrand. The Hall is an Elizabethan house, considerably modernised.

NORTHWOLD.—A village 3 m. S.E. from Stoke Ferry station. The church has a finely painted and ornamented nave roof, and contains a remarkable Easter sepulchre on the north side of the chancel. It is 12 feet high and 9 feet long, and in front are four sleeping soldiers. There is an ancient stone cross in the village.

NORTON SUBCOURSE.—A scattered village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Reedham station.

Norwich.—A city and county in itself, the chief town of Norfolk, situated on the Wensum just above its junction with the Yare, distant about 20 m. W. from Yarmouth and 113 from London.

(The chapter entitled "The City of Churches," is entirely devoted to Norwich, and should be referred to by readers who wish to learn something more of the history and attractions of the city than can be gathered from the following remarks).

The *Cathedral*, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was founded by Bishop Herbert de Lozinga in 1096, and is chiefly in the Norman style, with Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular insertions and additions. Its entire length is 407 feet; width, including the aisles, 97 feet; breadth across the transepts, 178 feet; height of vaulting, 73 feet; and height of tower with spire, 315 feet. The choir with its aisles and chapels, the transepts and the central tower, were built by the founder, whose work extended so far as the altar of Holy Cross in the nave; but his successor, Bishop Eborard, extended nave and aisles westward, his work being completed by John of Oxford, who was bishop from 1175. During the thirteenth century conflicts between the monks and the citizens resulted in considerable damage to the building; but it was restored and reconsecrated in the presence of Edward I. and his queen. A wooden spire was erected in 1295 by Bishop Walpole, who also commenced the cloisters; but it was blown down in 1362, and replaced in 1364-9 by a stone spire. The cloisters were completed in 1430. Bishop Goldwell (1472-99) expended a considerable sum in repairing the spire, which had been struck by lightning; erecting a chanting chapel, and constructing the choir, to support which he added a series of flying buttresses. The west front is the work of Bishop Alnwick, whose successor designed the stone vaulting of the nave. The north and south transepts were vaulted by Bishop Nyx early in the sixteenth century.

The Rev. G. B. Doughty, B.A., in an interesting monograph, writes:—"The splendid spire of the Cathedral . . . does not impress one from this point (the west aspect) with a sense of its height or particular beauty. Yet it is the second tallest spire in

England, Salisbury being the first. But stand close under the west window and look eastward up the nave; you cannot fail to be struck by the pureness of its Norman style. This nave comprises no less than fourteen bays, and again stands second amongst English Cathedrals, this time in point of length, St Alban's having the advantage. The length of the Norwich nave is not so apparent at first sight owing to the fact that three of its bays are included by the choir screen. The fact that the organ on the screen is somewhat insignificant in size is perhaps an advantage, as the eye can take in the whole sweep of the richly vaulted and embossed roof. It is only possible to convey a faint idea of the richness of this roof with its numerous intersections and remarkable bosses, each of which will repay inspection through a pair of good glasses. There are over three hundred of these bosses, representing Bible history from the time of Solomon to Christ. . . . Norwich Cathedral possesses the only stone Episcopal Throne we know to exist in England. . . . In the procession path north of the presbytery a pretty glimpse is obtained of the entrance to the Jesus Chapel, together with a low arch upholding a loft, once reached by a winding staircase, supposed by some to have been a reliquary chamber, but which was more probably a kind of ambulatory connected with the sleeping place of the Cathedral custodians. Notice on the other side again, south of the presbytery, the Beauchamp Chapel, now used as a Consistory Court. It was . . . built about 1320. The groined roof was added a century later. Close beside it is the old south-east Apsidal Chapel of St Luke, which is now the parish church for the parishioners of St Mary-in-the-Marsh."

The Cathedral contains a few interesting tombs. That of the founder, Herbert de Lozinga, is at the foot of the high altar. Originally it was raised above the ground, and on its sides were the arms of the members of the chapter in whose time it was erected. Its top slab is now let into the floor, and bears a Latin inscription by Dean Prideaux. [The tomb of Sir Thomas Erpingham (p. 22), the builder of the Erpingham Gate, has disappeared; its site is marked by a raised seat along the wall of the north choir aisle.] Sir William Boleyn, of Blickling, grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, was buried here in 1505. His tomb is in the first arch south (counting from east) of the presbytery. The next recess contains a monument to Bishop Overall (1618-19); and the third the tomb of Bishop Goldwell (1472-79) the builder of the vaulted stone roof. The effigy gives a very good idea of the ecclesiastical vestments of the period. Other tombs and monuments are those of Prior W. Walsham (1218), Sir Thomas Windham, vice-admiral (1421), Bishop Wakering (1426), Sir John Hobart, attorney-general to Henry VII., Bishop Nyx (1536), Bishop Parkhurst (1575), and Chancellor Miles Spenser (sixteenth century). The tomb of Bishop Bathurst, who died in 1837, is in the south transept. It is the work of Sir Francis Chantrey. Bishop Stanley, father of the famous Dean of Westminster, is buried in the centre of the nave. The flags hanging from either

side of the junction of choir and transept are the colours of the 54th or West Norfolk Regiment of Foot.

Of the *Cloisters*, Dean Goulburn writes: "The cloisters form one of the largest and most beautiful quadrangles of the kind in England. They comprise a square of about 174 feet, and are twelve feet wide. At first sight they appear uniform in construction, but upon examination there will be found a considerable difference in form and detail. They were commenced by Bishop Walpole about 1297; and although proceeded with by succeeding prelates, were not completed until 1430. The style of architecture is Decorated, mixed with traces of the Perpendicular. The eastern part will be found to be the most ancient; and a progressive change may be observed in the tracery of the windows, commencing at the north-east corner, and continuing through the south, the west, and terminating with the north sides. The roof is much admired for its exquisitely beautiful groining, and its sculptured bosses at the intersections of the groining." Some remains of a priory founded by Bishop Lozinga may be seen near the cloisters, the most conspicuous being three clustered columns, with curiously carved capitals.

The *Erpingham Gate*, which faces the west front of the Cathedral, was built by Sir Thomas Erpingham, who fought at Agincourt, and to whom Shakespeare makes King Henry V. say on the morning of the battle.

"Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham,
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than the churlish turf of France."

the old knight replying:—

"Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'"

A figure in a niche of the pediment is supposed to be that of the builder. *St. Ethelbert's Gate*, at the other end of the open space known as Tombland, was erected as an act of penance by Norwich citizens who had quarrelled with the Prior of Norwich, and burnt and sacked his priory. It dates from about 1272. *The Palace or St. Martin's Gate*, on the north side of the Cathedral, in St. Martin's Plain, was built by Bishop Alnwick about 1430.

The *Bishop's Palace* stands on the north side. Little of the original building founded by Bishop Lozinga remains. Some ruins in the garden are supposed to be those of the entrance into the great hall. The chapel, restored in 1662, contains monuments to Bishops Reynolds and Sparrow.

The *Free Grammar School*, which stands a little distance from the west door of the Cathedral, was originally a chapel dedicated to St John. It dates from about 1325. The portico was built by Bishop Lyhart in 1463. Lord Nelson and Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, were scholars here. The statue of Lord Nelson, opposite the school, is by *Milne*.

A double arch by the waterside, at the extremity of the close, is the old water-gate to the precincts. It is popularly known as Pull's Ferry.

Norwich Castle, which now contains the Museum, stands on an artificial earthwork of unknown origin, and overlooks the great cattle mart known as the Castle Hill. Although the entire building is called the Castle, only the great square Norman keep has a right to the name, for the other portions were built for a prison in 1824. A tradition generally accepted is that the kings of East Anglia had some kind of seat on the castle mound; but history has no definite record of any building existing before the Conquest. The first stone fortress was begun by William Fitz-Osbern, one of the Conqueror's followers, whose duty it was to keep in subjection the vanquished English of the district. In 1074 the constable was Ralph Guader, upon whom the king bestowed the Earldom of Norfolk and Suffolk. Two years later Guader married Emma, a daughter of Fitz-Osbern, who, when her husband rebelled against the king, and was absent from home, held the castle for three months against the king's troops. Of this castle, the Rev. W. Hudson writes, it is doubtful if there are any relics "except perhaps a few slight remains in the walls of the basement." The existing keep is probably the work of Earl Roger Bigod (lord of the castle in the reign of William Rufus), and of his son Hugh, who played a prominent part in the barons' wars against King Henry III. In 1217 it was taken by Louis of France, but soon recovered. From this time until 1345 it was used as a royal prison. It was then handed over to the Sheriff of Norfolk for a county gaol. In 1806 it was transferred to the county magistrates, who held it till 1884, when it was purchased by the Norwich Corporation and eventually converted into a museum.

The keep was formerly accessible by an external staircase. This has been destroyed, but it originally terminated in the fore-building known as Bigod's Tower. The interior was lighted by very narrow windows only. "Between these narrow openings on the south side are some curious pipe-like passages in the wall, by which the archers could communicate with each other. The level of the floor of the basement was several feet lower than the present floor. It may be reached by a staircase at the south-west corner, and there the general arrangement of the building may be seen. It was divided into two halves by a great wall running from east to west. The foundations of this wall are still there; it is marked above by the line of modern columns, and it rose to the height from which the double-pitched roof now springs. The passage through the wall below is the original passage. In the northern half of the basement are the bases of an arcade of Norman columns, which supported a floor on the level of the present gallery. In the southern half will be seen another great wall, which sub-divided that half of the building into two parts. In the angle between these two walls is the old well, a most important feature of such places of refuge. . . .

Beyond the sub-dividing wall are remains of dungeons with some interesting scratches made, probably in very early times, by some prisoners. . . . The visitor should go up to the gallery. At the north-east corner is the great entrance, with its richly ornamented Norman doorway, still existing outside. It gave access to the great hall, which extended across the keep on the level of the gallery." *Hudson*. The view from the battlements of the keep is a grand one. The visitor who wishes to identify its various features will do well to obtain a detailed description of them sold in the castle.

Some reference to the contents of the *Museum* is made in Itinerary II.; but to fully appreciate its splendid collections the visitor should get Mr T. Southwell's "Official Guide to the Norwich Castle Museum" (1s.).

Omitting those recently built, the following are the Norwich churches.

St Peter Mancroft in the Upper Market Place (p. 24).

St Andrew's, in Broad Street, rebuilt in 1506; contains some interesting monuments of the Suckling Family, especially one to Sir John Suckling, the secretary, comptroller, and privy councillor to James I.; and another to Abraham Lincoln, said to have been an ancestor of the American President.

All Saints, in Westlegate Street, contains a handsome font.

St Augustine's, in St Augustine Street.

St Benedict's, in St Benedict's Street.

St Clement's, in Colegate Street.

St Edmund's, in Fishgate Street.

St Etheldred's, in King Street, has a fine Norman doorway and round tower with octangular belfry storey.

St George Colegate contains some fine oak carving; also the tomb of "Old Crome," the famous Norwich artist (p. 24).

St George's, Tombland.

St Giles's, in St Giles's Street. A fine Perpendicular church with a tower 120 feet high. It contains some good brasses.

St Gregory's, in Pottergate Street, has the altar raised above the level of the floor, and a passage beneath it. It contains a brass lectern, dated 1496, an interesting ringer's gallery, remnants of an old painted screen, and a Sanctuary Knocker on the vestry door.

St Helen's, in Bishopgate Street, now the church of St Giles's Hospital (p. 25).

St James', Pockthorpe, contains an ancient font ornamented with carved figures.

St John's, Maddermarket, contains some fine brasses, and a tablet to the second wife of the fourth Duke of Norfolk.

St John de Sepulchre, in Ber Street.

St John the Baptist, Timberhill.

St Julian's, in King Street, has a Norman doorway and contains other Norman work. Its round tower is believed to date from before the Conquest.

St Lawrence's, in St Benedict's Street (p. 25).

St Margaret's, between Lower Westwick and St Benedict's Streets.

St Martin's-at-Oak, in Oak Street.

St Martin's-at-Palace, in Palace Plain.

St Mary's, in Coslany Street, has a round tower believed to be Saxon.

St Michael's, or St Miles', in Coslany Street, is a good example of Norfolk Perpendicular work, and contains the "Thorp Chapel," famous for its flint and stone panelled work. (p. 24). Here is also a chantry chapel built by William Ramsey, mayor in 1502-8, and containing his altar tomb.

St Michael-at-Plea, in Queen Street, has a reredos composed of restored fourteenth century panel paintings.

St Michael-at-Thorn, in Ber Street, has a Norman porch.

St Paul's, in St Paul's Square, has an ancient round tower.

St Peter Hungate, on Elm Hill.

St Peter Permouthergate, in King Street, contains a tomb (1623) with recumbent effigies; also a carved oak reredos with a panel picture of "The Last Supper."

St Saviour's, in Magdalen Street, contains the curiously carved stem of an ancient font.

St Simon's, in Wensum Street, contains some ancient monuments.

St Stephen's, in Rampant Horse Street, contains some fifteenth and sixteenth centuries brasses, and a large number of mural monuments.

St Swithin's, in St Benedict's Street, a dilapidated building, containing Norman work and a carved roof, is now disused.

At the corner of Blackfriars Street is the famous *St Andrew's Hall*, a magnificent Perpendicular building, open daily to the public. Originally it was the nave of a Blackfriars priory. It was built about the middle of the fifteenth century, when a son of Sir Thomas Erpingham was a friar of the priory. The arms of his family are on the outside wall of the clerestory. The Hall was granted to the city at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. Since then it has been used for many civic purposes, and in it Charles II. was entertained when he visited Norwich and knighted

Sir Thomas Browne (pp. 34-5). The Triennial Musical Festivals have been held in it since 1824. Among the many portraits it contains are those of Queen Anne, George, Prince of Denmark, Robert, Earl of Orford, Horatio Walpole, Lord Nelson, Sir Harbord Harbord, by *Gainsborough*, and the late Lord Stafford. The Nelson portrait is by *Beachey*, and is the last for which the gallant admiral sat. Two historical pictures at the west end are by *Thomas Martin*, a native of Norwich, and pupil of *Cipriani*. They represent Edward and Queen Eleanor, and the death of Lady Jane Grey. Edward VI. Middle School, northward of the Hall, contains part of the cloisters and domestic buildings of the Blackfriars priory.

The *Guildhall*, in the market-place, is a black flint building dating from the fifteenth century. It contains several portraits of early mayors and benefactors; also the sword of the Spanish admiral Don Xavier Winthuysen, taken at the battle of St Vincent, and presented to the city by Lord Nelson. The city regalia, kept here, includes a mace presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1578. In a chamber under the Hall Thomas Bilney the martyr was imprisoned until burnt at the stake in the Lollard's Pit, near Mousehold Heath.

The *Shirehall*, on the east side of the Castle, was built in 1823. In it was conducted the trial of Blomfield Rush, who murdered Mr Jermy, Recorder of Norwich, and his son, at Stanfield Hall (pp. 43-45). The *Agricultural Hall*, at the city end of Prince of Wales Road, was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1882.

Visitors entering Norwich by Prince of Wales Road cross a bridge over the Wensum. A little way above is the *Bishop's Bridge*, built in 1295 by the Prior of Norwich. Some traces of the city's old fortifications are seen about here in the *Cow Tower* (so-called from a story that a cow once climbed its stairs), and the *Devil's Tower*, near Carrow Bridge. From the Bishop's Bridge it is not far to *Mousehold Heath*, on a hill of which are the barracks and county prison. The Heath was the scene of the final battle between Kett's rebels and the Earl of Warwick's troops (p. 18). It is now converted into a People's Park; but the greater part of it remains in a wild state.

Other places of interest in the city are the Old Bridewell in St Andrews; the gateway and staircase of the Strangers' Hall in Maddermarket; Curat's House in the market-place; the Maid's Head Hotel (said to date from 1287) in Tombland; the Boar's Head in St Stephen's; the old Music House (formerly occupied by the Pastons and Sir Edward Coke, the Lord Chief-Justice) in King Street; and George Borrow's House in Willow Lane.

The following parishes are included in the city:—*Earlham*.—The parish church contains a fine carved oak screen and a splendid marble monument to the Bacon family. The Hall was the birth-place of Joseph John Gurney, the author and philanthropist, whose sister, Elizabeth Fry, spent her youth here. *Eaton*.—A parish extending 2 m. S.W. from the city. It has two churches, a modern building and an ancient one in the Early English style.

In the latter the parents of Henry Kirk White, the poet, are interred. *Heigham*.—Here is the Dolphin Inn, formerly the residence of Bishop Hall of Exeter, who died here in 1656 (p. 121). *Lakenham*.—A parish on the Yare, extending $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from the city. *New Lakenham*.—An ecclesiastical parish formed of Trowse and Lakenham. *Thorpe Hamlet*.—An eastern suburb, with a modern church and the ruins of an old one.

DISTANCES FROM NORWICH.

The distance from Norwich to Attleborough is about 15 miles.

"	"	"	Aylsham	"	12	"
"	"	"	Cromer	"	22	"
"	"	"	East Dereham	"	15	"
"	"	"	Downham	"	60	"
"	"	"	Fakenham	"	34	"
"	"	"	Harleston	"	19	"
"	"	"	Lynn	"	49	"
"	"	"	Swaffham	"	28	"
"	"	"	Thetford	"	31	"
"	"	"	Watton	"	10	"
"	"	"	Wells	"	32	"
"	"	"	Wroxham	"	7	"
"	"	"	Wymondham	"	9	"
"	"	"	Yarmouth	"	24	"
"	"	"	Lowestoft	"	23	"
"	"	"	Ipswich	"	$45\frac{1}{2}$	"
"	"	"	Cambridge	"	$68\frac{1}{2}$	"
"	"	"	Ely	"	54	"
"	"	"	London	"	$113\frac{1}{2}$	"

Hotels: Maid's Head, Royal, Castle, Bell, Boar's Head, and Livingstone (temperance).

Clubs: The Conservative Club is in the Royal Arcade, the Gladstone Club in St Giles' Street, and the Liberal Club on the Walk.

Libraries: The Norfolk and Norwich Library is on Guildhall Hill, and the Norwich Free Library in St Andrew's Street.

Golf Links: The links of the Royal Norwich Golf Club are at Rabbit's Hill, Hellesdon, which overlooks the Wensum Valley and commands a wide view. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour pronounced them the finest inland course he had ever played on. There is a shortened course for lady golfers.

ORMESBY ST MARGARET (or Great Ormesby) (p. 80).—A village, with a station, 5 m. N. by W. from Yarmouth. The church contains some brasses, including one to Lady Alice Clere, aunt to Anne Boleyn.

ORMESBY ST MICHAEL (or Little Ormesby).—A parish 1 m. W. from Ormesby station. The church contains a fine modern carved oak reredos.

OULTON.—A village 1 m. N. from Bluestone station.

OUSE, LITTLE.—An ecclesiastical parish, a portion of which is in Cambridgeshire, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.E. from Littleport station. It contains the parishes of Feltwell Anchor and Redmore.

OUTWELL.—A village partly in Cambridgeshire but principally in Norfolk, 6 m. W. from Downham station. The church is a fine building in which the three periods of Gothic architecture may be easily traced. The roof of the north chapel is beautifully painted. Here is a curious rectory house with a detached tower.

OVERSTRAND (p. 86).—A coast parish 2 m. S.E. from Cromer. There are two churches here; but one, containing the tomb of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the slave emancipator, is in ruins. Of late this village has attracted many visitors, for whom there is accommodation in a considerable number of new lodging houses. The neighbourhood is exceedingly picturesque, and its proximity to Cromer gives it many advantages. The cliffs here rise to a height of about 90 feet above the beach. Cromer Lighthouse and the Royal Cromer Golf Club's Links are in this parish.

OVINGTON.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Watton station. The church has a Norman doorway, and there are traces of old dedication crosses on the outer walls.

OXBOROUGH.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Stoke Ferry station and $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Swaffham. The church is a large building in the Early English and Perpendicular styles, with a chapel south of the chancel, founded by the Bedingfields in 1513. In the church is an altar-tomb, under a marble Corinthian canopy, to Sir Henry Bedingfield, who was constable of the Tower in the reign of Queen Mary, and died in 1583. Oxborough Hall, a castellated mansion built by Sir Edmund Bedingfield in 1482-3, is surrounded by a wide moat, but the bridge which leads to the entrance tower is modern. The entrance tower itself is eighty feet high and has an octangular turret on each side of the archway. The house was formerly quadrangular, but the banqueting hall which occupied the south side was pulled down in 1778, when two wings were added. The most interesting part of the building is the King's Room, over the gateway. It contains some tapestry of the time of Henry VII., and is traditionally reported to have been occupied by that king when he was the guest of Sir Edmund Bedingfield. A bed in this room has a coverlet and curtains of green velvet, worked with curiously named representations of birds and beasts by Queen Mary of Scotland and the Countess of Shrewsbury. Queen Elizabeth stayed at Oxborough when she visited Norfolk and slept in the room immediately above the King's Room. In a turret of the east tower is a "priest's hiding-hole." Oxborough Hall is one of the finest moated and castellated buildings in England, and many visitors to Norfolk will regret that it is closed to strangers. The Bedingfield family were originally lords of the manor of Bedingfield in Suffolk, and an ancestor of Sir Henry George Paston-Bedingfield, Bart., the present occupant of the Hall, first settled at Oxborough in the

early part of the fourteenth century. The estate passed out of the possession of the family during the Commonwealth, when it was taken from Sir Henry Bedingfield by the Parliament, but it was repurchased at the Restoration.

OXNEAD.—A parish on the Bure, 1 m. N. from Buxton station and 3 m. S.E. from Aylsham. The church, almost hidden by trees, contains a marble tomb, with alabaster effigy, to Clement Paston, a naval commander who died in 1599. He lived for some time at Caister Castle (p. 39), where he held prisoner the French admiral Baron de Blanchard, whose ransom was fixed at 7000 crowns. He was the builder of Oxnead Hall, a magnificent mansion of which only a portion now remains, forming part of some farm buildings. It contained a fine banqueting hall, in which Charles II. was entertained. A fountain basin and some statues which stood in the grounds are now at Blickling Hall (pp. 133-40). There are frequent references to Oxnead in the "Paston Letters."

OXWICK AND PATTESLEY form a parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Fakenham.

PALLING.—A small coast village 4 m. N.E. from Stalham station. There is some accommodation here for visitors.

PANXWORTH.—A village 3 m. N. from Lingwood station. A ruined tower is all that is left of the old church.

PASTON (pp. 83-84).—A coast parish 4 m. N.E. from North Walsham station. The church contains a fine monument by Nathaniel Stone to Catherine, wife of Sir Edmund Paston, who died in 1628, and other memorials of the Paston family.

PENSTHORPE.—A parish on the Wensum, 2 m. S.E. from Fakenham. What is left of the church forms part of some farm buildings.

PENTNEY.—A scattered village in which is Narborough station, 6 m. N.W. by N. from Swaffham. The fine gateway of an Augustinian priory, founded by Ralph de Vaux, is still standing about 2 m. W. from the church.

PICKENHAM, NORTH.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Holme Hale station. The church contains a reredos of Italian workmanship, and a carved oak pulpit.

PICKENHAM, SOUTH.—A parish 3 m. S.W. from Holme Hale station.

PLUMSTEAD (by Holt).—A parish 4 m. S.E. from Holt station.

PLUMSTEAD, GREAT.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Whittlingham junction.

PLUMSTEAD, LITTLE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Salhouse station.

PORINGLAND, GREAT AND LITTLE.—United parishes $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Norwich. The church, which has a round tower with an octagonal belfry, has some fine old (restored) oak benches with poppy heads.

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POSTWICK.—A village on the Yare, 2 m. E. from Whitlingham junction. The church, an ancient building, contains a mural brass and memorial window to Archibald, fourth Earl of Rosebery, who died in 1868. The present Earl of Rosebery is lord of the manor.

POTTER HEIGHAM.—A Broadland village, with a station, 11 m. N.W. from Yarmouth and 15 m. N.E. from Norwich. This is a well-known angling resort, the river Thurne, Hickling Broad, and Heigham Sounds being easily accessible from the village. Hickling Broad is open for sailing and rowing, but a charge of a shilling a day is made to anglers. Boats may be hired at the Pleasure Boat Inn at Hickling and at Potter Heigham. There is some accommodation for visitors in the village.

PUDDING NORTON.—A small parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Fakenham. The church is in ruins.

PULHAM ST MARY MAGDALEN (called Pulham Market).—A large village, with a station, 4 m. N. by W. from Harleston. The Hall was formerly the residence of a younger branch of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland.

PULHAM ST MARY THE VIRGIN.—A village, with a station, 3 m. N.W. from Harleston. The exterior of the church is ornamented with some curious carved figures. Some of the windows contain old glass, one dating from 1380 and another, called the Apostles' window, from 1420. The ancient chancel screen has been restored.

QUARLES.—A parish adjoining Holkham, 4 m. S.W. from Wells.

QUIDENHAM.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Eccles Road station. The church has a Norman south porch, and in the vestry wall are three pillars which probably formed part of a Saxon font. There are several memorials here to the Keppels, Earls of Albermarle, whose seat is Quidenham Hall, a fine modern house standing in a well-wooded park. In the midst of a grove of firs in the park is a barrow. There is also a mere about 7 acres in extent which affords good fishing.

RACKHEATH.—A village 2 m. W. from Salhouse station.

RANWORTH.—A Broadland parish 5 m. E. from Salhouse station. The church contains one of the first rood screens in the county (p. 168). Ranworth Broad, about 90 acres in extent, is connected with the Bure.

RAVENINGHAM.—A scattered village 4 m. N.E. from Beccles. The church, which stands in Raveningham Park, contains eight canopied memorials to the Bacon family.

RAYNHAM, EAST.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Raynham Park station and 4 m. S.W. by S. from Fakenham. The church, re-built by the Marquis Townshend, has, in the tower, a stained glass window, presented by the late Sir Arthur Phayre. In the north aisle is a small brass, with effigy in academical robes, to Robert Godfrey,

L.L.B., who died in 1522, and another to George, son of Roger Townshend. The Hall, the seat of the Marquesses of Townshend, was built about 1630 for Sir Roger Townshend from designs by Inigo Jones, and occupies the site of an earlier moated hall. It was altered and enlarged by Viscount Townshend, who was Secretary of State under George I., and who married Dorothy Walpole, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. The ghost of this lady, "The Brown Lady of Raynham," was believed to haunt the grand staircase of the hall, and also that of her earlier home, Houghton Hall, where George IV., when Prince Regent, was said to have been so frightened by her supernatural appearance that he shortened his stay in the house. The hall contains some very fine pictures, including the famous "Belisarius" of *Salvator Rosa*, presented to Charles, the second Viscount Townshend, by Frederick the Great of Prussia, and valued at £10,000. Here are also portraits by Vandyck, Kneller, Sir J. Reynolds, Lely, and Wilkie. The park is some 1200 acres in extent, and contains a sheet of water nearly two miles long.

RAYNHAM, SOUTH.—A scattered village 2 m. S. from Raynham Park station.

RAYNHAM, WEST.—A parish 2 m. S. from Raynham Park station. The church is in ruins.

REDENHALL.—See Harleston.

REEDHAM.—A Broadland village, on the Yare, with a station 8 m. S.W. by W. from Yarmouth. The church contains a tomb, with kneeling effigies, to Henry Berney, who died in 1584. Reedham Hall occupies the site of an earlier building, some portions of which are incorporated in it. This place is said to have been a seat of the East Anglian kings, and a local tradition asserts that it was here Ragnar Lodbrock was murdered. Lodbrock was a Danish chief, who one day "while hawking for birds among the islands on the coast of Denmark, was surprised by a sudden storm, driven across the North Sea, and found himself at the mouth of the Yare, which he entered, and landed at Reedham, where the court of Edmund, King of the East Angles, was at that time held. He was received into royal favour, and in hunting was frequently attended by the king's huntsman Bern, whom he soon excelled in his own profession. Bern became jealous, and at length murdered Lodbrock in the woods; but the murder came to light through the affection of Lodbrock's dog, who searched the woods till he found his dead master buried under a heap of brushwood and leaves. The baying of the hound attracted attention, and the scared look and craven manner of the king's huntsman betrayed his guilt. Bern was tried, and condemned to be cast away in a boat. Strangely enough, he drifted to the coast of Denmark, where, being tortured on the rack, to learn what he knew of Lodbrock's death, he concealed his own guilt, and attributed the assassination to King Edmund. The consequence was that 20,000 Danes, under the leadership of

Hinguar and Hubba, Lodbrock's two sons, invaded East Anglia, burned and slaughtered indiscriminately as they went, overcame Edmund, took him prisoner, and, after a mock trial, beheaded him."—*The Land of the Broad*.

Wherry yachts, yachts, and boats may be hired here, and there is accommodation for visitors at the Eagle Tavern and Railway Hotel.

REEPHAM.—A large village with a station, 12 m. N.W. from Norwich. The church contains some good brasses, and an altar tomb, with a fine cross-legged effigy to Sir Roger de Herdeston, who died in 1337. Inn : King's Arms.

REPPS-CUM-BASTWICK.—A small village near Hickling Broad, and 1½ m. S.W. from Potter Heigham station.

REYMERSTON.—A village 1½ m. S.W. from Thuxton station. The east window of the church contains some fine Flemish glass, and the communion rails are also Flemish work.

RIDDLESWORTH.—A parish on the Little Ouse, 5 m. S. from Harling Road station.

RIDLINGTON.—A parish 3½ m. N. by E. from Honing station. Figures of the four evangelists serve as pinnacles to the church tower.

RINGLAND.—A parish on the Wensum, 2½ m. S. from Attlebridge station. The church, a fine Gothic building, has an elaborately groined nave roof, springing from sixteen shafts supported by carved heads.

RINGSTEAD, BARRET.—A decayed parish 2 m. S. from Hunstanton.

RINGSTEAD, GREAT.—A village, formerly consisting of two parishes, 2 m. from Hunstanton. The Church of St Andrew is an ancient building in the Decorated style. Of the Church of St Peter all that remains is a circular Norman tower.

ROCKLAND ALL SAINTS and ROCKLAND ST ANDREW.—These are united parishes 4½ m. W. from Attleborough. All Saints Church nave is a fine example of Saxon, herringbone and ashlar work. The church contains a cable-stitch tombstone, believed to be the oldest in the country. St Andrew's Church is in ruins.

ROCKLAND ST MARY.—A scattered village 6 m. S.E. from Norwich. The church is an ancient flint building in the Gothic style. A few feet east of it are the ruins of the church of Rockland St Margaret, or Little Rockland. Rockland Broad (about 100 acres) adjoins this parish and the Yare.

ROCKLAND ST PETER.—A village 4½ m. W. by N. from Attleborough. The church is an ancient flint building with a round tower.

ROLLESBY.—A village 1½ m. S.W. from Martham station. The church, an ancient building in the Early English style, has a

tower partly Norman, and contains a fine altar-tomb, with recumbent effigy, to Rose Claxton, who died in 1601; also a mural monument, with fourteen kneeling figures, to Leonard Mapes, who died in 1619. Rollesby Broad is connected with Filby and Ormesby Broad, the three extending over 600 acres. These broads are well-known to anglers. Boats may be hired at the Eel's Foot and King's Head inns, Ormesby. There is accommodation for visitors at the Horse and Groom Inn, Rollesby.

ROUDHAM.—A parish $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. from Roudham junction. The church was destroyed by fire, but some parts of its ruins remain.

ROUGHAM.—A village 4 m. S.E. from Massingham station. The church contains several monuments and brasses to the Yelverton family. Over the west doorway is a carving of the Crucifixion.

ROUGHTON.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Gunton station. The church, a flint building in the Norman style, has a round tower, and on the north side of the chancel are traces of either a vestry or chantry chapel.

ROXHAM.—A parish 2 m. S.E. from Downham.

ROYDON (near Diss).—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Diss station. The church contains some monuments to the Frere family, and its south porch was built in memory of Temple Frere, who was drowned at Cambridge while attempting to save the life of a fellow student. The Hall is the seat of the Freres, a very ancient Norfolk family whose most distinguished representative was Sir Bartle Frere, Bart.

ROYDON (near Lynn).—A village 6 m. E.N.E. from Lynn. The church has two Norman doorways.

RUDHAM, EAST.—A village with a station, 7 m. W. from Fakenham. There are some remains here of Coxford or Cokesford Abbey, founded in the twelfth century.

RUDHAM, WEST.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from East Rudham station.

RUNCTON, NORTH.—A village 2 m. S.W. from Middleton station. The parish contains the hamlet of Hardwick.

RUNCTON, SOUTH.—A village 4 m. N. by W. from Downham. The church contains a fine Norman arch.

RUNHALL.—A scattered parish 1 m. N. from Hardingham station. The church is partly in ruins.

RUNHAM.—A parish on the Bure, 3 m. S.W. from Ormesby station. The church is an ancient building in the Early English style. A ferry which here crosses the Bure is called Runham Swim.

RUNTON, EAST AND WEST form a village on the coast with a station at West Runton, 2 m. W. from Cromer. In this village, which lies between Cromer and Sheringham, accommodation for visitors is fast increasing. A "gap" in the cliffs here is a

favourite subject with artists. The church, recently restored, is a fine old building in the Decorated style containing some old poppy-headed seats.

RUSHALL.—A small village 2 m. S. from Pulham St Mary station. The church has the stairs leading to the rood loft intact, and contains two interesting lancet windows. The Hall, now a farmhouse, is surrounded by a moat.

RUSHFORD.—A parish on the Little Ouse, 4 m. S.E. from Thetford. The church was formerly attached to the college of St John the Evangelist, dissolved in 1541, of which there are some interesting ruins. At Shadwell, a hamlet $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Rushford, is Shadwell Court, a modern house in the Domestic Gothic style. The hamlet takes its name from "St Chadd's Well," a spring formerly much frequented by pilgrims.

RUSTON, EAST.—A scattered village 3 m. N. from Stalham station. On the panels of the church chancel screens are paintings of St Gregory, St Ambrose, St Augustine, and St Jerome. Richard Porson, who became Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, was born here in 1759, his father then being parish clerk.

RUSTON, SOUTH.—A parish $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N. from Coltishall station.

RYBURGH, GREAT.—A village on the Wensum, with a station, 4 m. S.E. from Fakenham. The church contains some good Norman arcading. Its tower is believed to be Saxon.

RYBURGH, LITTLE.—A parish near Ryburgh station. The church is in ruins.

RYSTON.—A parish with a station $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N., in the parish of Fordham. The church, a small Early English building, has a roof 500 years old, discovered in 1868 when the plaster ceiling of the chancel was removed. Two "leper's" windows, an aumbrey, and a very fine piscina were discovered at the same time. There are several monuments here to the Pratt family, including one with a white marble effigy to Anne, wife of Sir Roger Pratt, who died in 1707. Near Ryston Hall is Kett's Oak, or the "Oak of Reformation," under which Robert Kett, the Norfolk rebel leader, held his court in 1549.

SAHAM TONEY.—A village 2 m. N.W. from Watton station. The church is a fine Perpendicular building, with a parvise over the south porch and a fine oak screen. The font has a carved oak cover, dated 1632, and surmounted by a pelican in her piety. Some of the benches date from the sixteenth century and are poppy-headed. Here is a mere of about 13 acres, in which, it is said, eels of a peculiar kind are caught.

SALHOUSE.—A village on the Bure, with a station 1 m. to the westward. The church is chiefly Early English and has a detached embattled tower. It contains an old hour-glass stand, a sanctus bell, a crusader's tomb, and two ancient stone coffins. The Hall,

a fine castellated Elizabethan house, contains some good pictures and other works of art.

SALLE.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Reepham station. The church stands on high ground, and is one of the finest Perpendicular buildings in the county. At one time it possessed five altars, raised on a stone platform still to be seen. Part of the screen remains, but its figures are nearly obliterated. The font cover is suspended by a beam projecting from the gallery. The church contains some interesting brasses, including a small one (date 1440), to Galfridus Boleyn and his wife, who were ancestors of Anne Boleyn. Other brasses are dated 1415, 1441, 1453, 1482, 1483, 1486, 1500, 1504, 1505, and 1532. There is a tradition that Anne Boleyn's body was removed from the Tower and buried in this church, and a black marble slab was formerly pointed out as marking her grave (p. 139). A good view of the surrounding county may be obtained from the top of the church tower, and also from that of the neighbouring church of Cawston, another grand Perpendicular building of great interest to antiquaries.

SALTHOUSE (p. 90).—A coast parish 4 m. N. from Holt station. The church, a large Perpendicular building, contains several poppy-headed benches. A curious earthwork is to be seen on a heath adjoining the parish of Kelling.

Sandringham (pp. 103-8).—A village $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. from Wolferton station, and $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. by E. from Lynn. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is lord of the manor and occupies the Hall. A description of the church, park, and neighbourhood is given in Itinerary VIII. Sandringham Park is now thrown open to the public on Wednesdays, between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M., when the Royal Family are not in residence. Applications for admission should be made by post to Mr Back, Estate Office, Sandringham, or personally before noon on the day of the visit. Cheap tickets to Sandringham are issued by the G.E.R. Company on certain days during the summer months.

SANTON.—A parish on the Little Ouse, 3 m. E. from Brandon station. The church, a small flint building re-built in 1628, contains a timber roof, screens, and floor tiles, removed here from West Tofts church in 1858.

SAXLINGHAM.—A parish 3 m. W. from Holt station. A niche in the church contains an effigy of the wife of Sir Christopher Heydon, who died in 1593.

SAXLINGHAM-NETHERGATE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Flordon station.

SAXLINGHAM-THORPE.—A parish on the Tas, adjoining Saxlingham-Nethergate. The church is in ruins.

SAXTHORPE.—A small village on the Bure, with a station in the adjoining parish of Corpusty.

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SCARNING.—A village 2 m. E. from Wendling station. The church, a large building in mixed styles, contains a chantry chapel, a good rood screen, and a small sanctus bell in its original oak frame. Dr Jessop, the author of "Arcady," "The Coming of the Friars," and several archæological works, is rector of the parish.

SCOLE.—A village on the Waveney, 2 m. E. from Diss station. The church is an ancient flint building in the Early English style. In the old coaching days an inn here, the "White Hart," was a famous hostelry. It was erected in 1655, and still contains some old carving; but its great sign, on which many figures, including those of Diana and Actæon, Charon and Cerebus, were carved in wood at a cost of £1057 has disappeared. Thorpe Parva, a small hamlet 3 m. E. from Diss, is included in this parish. Only a portion of its church tower remains.

SCOTTOW.—A scattered village 2 m. W. from Worstead station.

SCOULTON.—A village 4 m. E. from Watton station. There is a mere here $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. in circumference. It is the breeding-place of large numbers of black-headed gulls, who build their nests on a swampy island. "The sight of the birds of Scoulton," says the late Mr G. D. Rowley, "as they rise in a dense mass, filling the air like snow, is certainly very beautiful; and the sound of the multitude of voices is music to the ornithological ear. The gulls chiefly congregate at each end of 'the heath,' as the great island is called, on which Scotch firs and birches grow. If an unfortunate heron appears they mob him, and keep even the swans at a respectful distance, with blows on the head." Permission must be obtained before visitors can examine this interesting "gullery."

SCULTHORPE.—A scattered village 2 m. N.W. from Fakenham. The church contains a brass, with kneeling effigy, to Henry Unton, receiver of fines of the Court of Common Pleas, who died in 1470; and two other brasses, dating respectively from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It has a fine Norman font, bearing sculptured representations of the Adoration of the Three Kings.

SEDFEFORD.—A village with a station $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N., 10 m. S.W. from Burnham Market. The church contains a Norman font and some old woodwork.

SEETHING.—A village 5 m. N. from Bungay station.

SETCH.—A parish 4 m. S. from Lynn.

SHARRINGTON.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W.S.W. from Holt station. The church contains some fifteenth and sixteenth century brasses.

SHELFHANGER.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Diss station.

SHELTON.—A village 5 m. S.E. from Fornsett junction. The church contains an undated altar-tomb with kneeling effigies to Sir Robert Houghton, his two wives and son; also three altar-tombs to members of the Shelton family. The font is old and curiously

carved. The Hall, a moated house formerly the seat of the Shelton family, is now a farmhouse.

SHEREFORD.—A parish on the Wensum, 2 m. W. from Fakenham. The church is in the Norman and Early English styles, and has a round tower.

SHERINGHAM (p. 90).—A rising seaside resort, with a station, 4 m. from Cromer. This place is fast gaining popularity among visitors to the Norfolk coast, for whom it provides plenty of accommodation, and has many natural attractions. The neighbourhood is charmingly picturesque, its scenery more resembling that of the Isle of Wight than any other part of the country. The cliffs rise to a considerable height, and command wide views of the coast; the beach equals that of Cromer. A great number of places of interest are within easy distance of the villages of Upper and Lower Sheringham, which together form a parish: a list of them will be found under the heading of "Cromer," and a description of most of them in the chapter, "By the Wild North Sea." The church, a Perpendicular building, contains some interesting monuments and brasses, including a monument to Thomas Heath, who was robbed and murdered near here in 1635. The links of the Sheringham Golf Club, laid out by Mr Tom Dunn in 1891, are on the summit of cliffs rising 200 feet above the beach. There is a well-appointed clubhouse. Visitors are at all times permitted to walk or drive through the grounds of Sheringham Hall. The principal hotels are the Sheringham, Crown, and Railway.

During the summer months omnibuses run each week-day between Cromer (G.E.R.) station and Sheringham, in connection with the principal express trains from and to London.

SHERNBORNE.—A village 3 m. E. from Snettisham station. The church, which contains a fine ancient font, is said to be the second founded by St Felix in East Anglia.

SHIMPLING.—A scattered village $\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Burston station.

SHINGHAM.—A small parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Swaffham. The church, which has no tower, and has not been used for many years, has a fine Early Norman south doorway.

SHIPDHAM.—A large village 4 m. S.W. from Yaxham station. The church, a large building in the Early English style, contains a very fine wooden lectern. Over the porch is a parvise containing a collection of rare old books, including "The Floure of the Commandments," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1509, and an illuminated Psalter of the fifteenth century.

SHOTESHAM ALL SAINTS.—A village 3 m. S.E. from Swainsthorpe station.

SHOTESHAM ST MARY.—A parish 2 m. S.E. from Swainsthorpe station. This parish consists of three ancient parishes, the churches of two of which have been in ruins for several centuries.

Gazetteer

SHOULDHAM.—A village 5 m. S.E. from Magdalen Road junction.

SHOULDHAM THORPE.—A straggling village 4 m. S.E. from Magdalen Road junction.

SHROPHAM.—A parish 3 m. N. from Harling Road station.

SIDESTRAND.—A coast parish 3 m. S.E. from Cromer. The tower of the old church stands on the edge of the cliffs, which rise to a height of about 150 feet above the beach. Most of the farmers and cottagers in the parish and neighbourhood let rooms to visitors.

SIZELAND.—A village 5 m. S. from Buckenham station. Some ruins of an ancient chapel are attached to the church.

SKEYTON.—A scattered parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Buxton-Lammas station.

SLOLEY.—A village 1 m. S. from Worstead station. The church, an ancient building in the Early English style, contains a font bearing carved representations of the seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church.

SMALLBURGH.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Stalham station and 3 m. from Worstead station.

SNAREHILL, GREAT and LITTLE.—Form a parish adjoining Thetford. Several large tumuli in this neighbourhood are supposed to indicate the battlefield upon which Edmund, King of the East Angles, was defeated and captured by the Danes under Ingvar, who caused him to be fastened to a tree and shot to death with arrows.

SNETTERTON.—A scattered village 2 m. N. from Eccles Road station. The church contains a painted and gilt carved screen.

SNETTISHAM.—A village on the coast road from Lynn to Hunstanton, with a station on the Lynn and Hunstanton line. The church, a large flint and stone building, stands on high ground, and its spire is a useful landmark to seamen. At one time the tower was a central one; but part of the church has disappeared except for some scanty ruins. The west front is in imitation of that of Peterborough Cathedral, and contains a fine Decorated window. The clerestory windows are alternatively round-headed and circular. The monuments include one, with effigy, to Sir Wymond Carye, who died in 1612. There is a brass, with effigies, to John Cremer, died 1610, Anne, his wife, and seven children; and another dating from about 1500.

SNORING, GREAT.—A village 2 m. S. from Walsingham station. The rectory house, an ornamental brickwork building, erected by Sir Ralph Shelton in the reign of Henry VIII., was restored in 1853 and somewhat enlarged.

SNORING, LITTLE.—A parish 3 m. N.E. from Fakenham. The church, in the Transition-Norman and later styles, contains two

Norman windows and doorways. The south door of the nave is a curious mixture of styles. The font is Late Norman.

SOMERTON, EAST.—A parish near the coast, 2 m. N. from Hemsby station. The church is in ruins.

SOMERTON, WEST.—A parish $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N.E. from Martham station. In the church are mural paintings of "The Day and Judgment," "The Flagellation," "The Resurrection," and "The Entry into Jerusalem." They were discovered about thirty years ago, and are believed to date from 1327 to 1377. An interesting Early English painting of "The Virgin and Child," which seems to have formed part of a rood screen, was discovered under the floor of the pulpit about ten years after the mural paintings were brought to light. Hales, the Norfolk giant, who was 7 feet 6 ins. in height, was born here and is buried in the churchyard. Some portions of West Somerton Hall are very ancient.

SOUTHBERGH.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Thuxton station. The church chancel dates from about 1290 and the nave from 1320. There is a monument here to Brampton Gurdon, M.P. for Sudbury, who commanded the Suffolk Horse at the Battle of Naseby.

SOUTHERY.—A village on the Ouse, 4 m. S.E. from Hilgay station. The greater part of the parish consists of fen. Originally the place was one of the old fen "islands."

SOUTHREPPS.—A village 1 m. N. from Gunton station.

SOUTHWOOD.—A parish 1 m. N. from Cantley station. The church is in ruins.

SPARHAM.—A village on the Wensum, 2 m. N.W. from Lenwade station. The church contains an interesting screen, some very old benches, and a pre-Reformation pulpit.

SPIXWORTH.—A village 4 m. N. from Norwich. The church contains a fine marble monument with recumbent effigies erected in 1635 to William and Alicia Peck.

SPORLE-WITH-PALGRAVE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Swaffham station. The church, a fine building in the Early English style, contains a fifteenth century fresco representing the legend of St Katherine of Alexandria.

SPROWSTON.—A straggling village 2 m. N. from Norwich. The church monuments include one to Sir Thomas Adams, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1645 and died in 1667.

STALHAM (p. 174).—A small market town, with a station, 8 m. S.E. from North Walsham and 15 m. N.E. from Norwich. The church, a fine flint and stone building in the Perpendicular style, contains two good brasses, one dating from the fifteenth century; also a very old font upon which are stone carvings of the Apostles and the Baptism of Christ. Stalham Broad, famous for its fine reeds and water-lilies, is connected with the town by a navigable channel, as also is Sutton Broad. Anglers may hire rowing and

sailing boats here, and there is accommodation for visitors at the Maid's Head, Railway, Swan, and Temperance hotels.

STANFIELD.—A parish $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from North Elmham station.

STANFORD.—A village 6 m. N.E. from Brandon station.

STANHOE.—A village, with a station, 4 m. S.S.W. from Burnham Market. There are remains here of an ancient cross; also traces of a religious house.

STARSTON.—A small village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. by W. from Harleston. The church, which is partly Norman, has a good roof, and contains a monument, with kneeling effigy, to Bartholomew Cotton, clerk of briefs to the Star Chamber, who died in 1613. It also possesses a silver chalice dated 1567. The Hall, now a farmhouse, is an old building in the Elizabethan style, partly surrounded by a moat.

STIBBARD.—A parish 2 m. E. from Ryburgh station.

STIFFKEY (pp. 96-97).—A village near the coast, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Wells. The church contains a brass dated 1479. The Hall, erected by Sir Nicholas Bacon, keeper of the Privy Seal to Queen Elizabeth, was once a fine but unfinished castellated mansion. Traces of some ancient entrenchments may be seen on Warborough Hill and Camping Hill.

STOCKTON.—A village 3 m. N.W. from Beccles.

STODY.—A village 2 m. N.E. from Melton Constable station. The church, a cruciform Perpendicular building with a round tower, contains an interesting font.

STOKE FERRY.—A large village, with a station which is the terminus of the Downham and Stoke Ferry line. The church is Early English. Inn: Crown.

STOKE HOLY CROSS.—A village 2 m. E. from Swainsthorpe station.

STOKESBY-WITH-HERRINGBY.—A village on the Bure $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Acle station. The church, a Decorated building, contains some brasses, one a small but good one dated 1488 representing Edward Clere and his wife. Some of the bench ends are well carved. The tower commands a wide view of the Bure valley.

STOW BARDOLPH.—A village $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. S.E. from Stow Bridge station. Attached to the church is a mortuary chapel built in the sixteenth century, containing several fine monuments to the Hare family, who have been lords of the manor since 1553. Most of the monuments are of marble; but one has a wax effigy of Sarah, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Hare, Bart. Stow Hall is a red-brick mansion in the Jacobean style, rebuilt by Nicholas Hare, Esq., on the site of an earlier house erected by Sir Nicholas Hare in 1589.

STOW BEDON.—A small parish with a station $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from the church, 4 m. S. from Watton. The church contains two lancet

windows filled with stained glass from Hildersham Church, Cambridgeshire; also a pine carved oak screen.

STRADSETT.—A village 4 m. N.E. from Downham. The stained east window of the church was made at Amsterdam in 1543. The Hall is a large and ancient house. Adjoining it is a lake of about 20 acres.

STRATTON, LONG.—This place, which was formerly a market town, is 2 m. E. from Fornsett junction. It comprises two parishes, Stratton St Mary and Stratton St Michael. St Mary's Church, a large flint building with a round tower, contains a handsome marble monument, dated 1647, to Sir Edmund Reve, Justice of the Common Pleas; also an altar-tomb to a fifteenth century rector. In the vestry is a curious contrivance called a "Sexton's Wheel," by which a penance day known as "the Lady's Fast" was determined.

STRATTON STRAWLESS.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Buxton-Lammas station. The church contains a black marble altar-tomb, with an effigy in a shroud, above which are the figures of two angels, to Thomas Marsham, who died in 1638; also a cross-legged figure in mail, supposed to be that of Sir Ralph Marsham, who died in 1250. The Marsham family had the manor from the time of Edward I., and one of them, a naturalist and F.R.S., who died in 1797, planted most of the fine trees which surround the Hall.

STRUMPSHAW.—A village $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. N. from Buckenham station. The church contains a painted rood screen and some brasses.

STURSTON.—A village 6 m. S.W. from Watton station. The church is in ruins.

SUFFIELD.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Felmingham station.

SURLINGHAM (pp. 152-3).—A village on the Yare, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Brundall station. The church of St Saviour is in ruins. St Mary's Church is a small Gothic building. This place is a favourite Broadland angling resort, and contains Surlingham Broad, a sheet of water about 70 acres in extent. The broad is connected with the Yare by channels navigable to small sailing craft. Boats can be hired at the Yare Hotel (Brundall) and Coldham Hall Inn. The latter is reached by a ferry which crosses the river a few minutes' walk from Brundall station.

SUSTEAD.—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. by W. from Cromer. The old Hall was built in 1663.

SUTTON.—A village about 1 m. from Catfield and Stalham stations.

SWAFFHAM (pp. 126-7).—A market town, with a station, 28 m. W. from Norwich and $14\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Lynn. The church is a large Perpendicular building erected about 1474. Its north aisle is said to have been built by John Chapman, whose device, carved in certain parts of the church, probably gave rise to the tradition that Swaffham Church was built by a pedlar. Among the monuments

is one to John Botwright, D.D., seventh master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and chaplain to Henry VI.; another to Catherine Steward, who died in 1590. The roof of the chancel is finely carved and supported by angels with outspread wings. A priest's chamber over the vestry contains some armour and books.

A monument and drinking fountain in the market-place was erected in memory of Sir William Bagge, Bart., M.P. The market cross was rebuilt in 1783 by Horatio, Earl of Orford, and is surmounted by a figure of Ceres. Inn: George.

Among the places of interest in the neighbourhood of Swaffham are:

Castle Acre Castle and Priory (p. 128), distant $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Oxborough Hall, distant $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Cressingham Manor House, distant 5 miles.

SWAFIELD.—A village 2 m. N. from North Walsham.

SWAINSTHORPE.—A village, with a station, 5 m. S. by W. from Norwich. The church has a fine restored Perpendicular roof and Norman font.

SWANINGTON.—A scattered village 1 m. N. from Attlebridge station and $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Cawston station. Robert Kett, the Wymondham tanner who raised an insurrection in Norfolk in 1549, was captured in this parish after the defeat of his followers by the Earl of Warwick's troops (p. 18). Swanington Lawn contains some fine old oak carving brought from the house of William Rogers, mayor of Norwich in 1543 and 1548.

SWANTON ABBOT.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Worstead station. The church contains a good brass, dated 1477, to Stephen de Multon.

SWANTON MORLEY.—A village on the Wensum, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. from North Elmham station. The church, built by William, third Baron Morley, about 1379, is a flint building in the Perpendicular style. Portions of the foundations and cellars of the ancient castle of the Lords Morley may be seen on the bank of the Wensum, opposite Bylaugh Park.

SWANTON NOVERS.—A village 2 m. S.W. from Melton Constable station.

SWARDESTON.—A village 2 m. N. from Swainsthorpe station. Its Early English church contains a fine screen.

SYDERSTONE.—A small village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Stanhoe station. This place disputes with Stanfield Hall, Wymondham, having been the birthplace of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, who married Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and whose death occurred under mysterious circumstances at Cumnor Hall, near Oxford, in 1560.

TACOLNSTONE.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Ashwellthorpe station. The church contains a Jacobean pulpit, an ancient font, and part of a finely carved and painted screen. The Hall, built in the reign of Queen Anne, but recently enlarged, is surrounded by a moat.

TASBURGH.—A village on the Tas, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Flordon station. The church, which has a Norman round tower and contains an ancient font and several sixteenth century brasses, stands within a quadrangular Roman camp about 24 acres in extent, supposed to be the Roman "Ad Tavum," a fortress on the chief Roman road from Londinium to Venta. Tasburgh Hall is a house in the late Jacobean style containing some good oak panelling, chimney-pieces, and antique furniture.

TATTERFORD.—A parish $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N.W. from Raynham Park station.

TATTERSET (or Gatesend).—A small village 2 m. N.W. from Raynham Park station.

TAVERHAM.—A village on the Wensum, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. W. from Drayton station. The church has a round Saxon tower and contains a handsome font.

TERRINGTON ST CLEMENT.—A large village, with a station, 5 m. W. from Lynn by ferry and $6\frac{1}{2}$ by road. The church is one of the finest Perpendicular structures in the county. It is a large cruciform building with a clerestorial nave and detached tower, the latter, which is very massive, probably having been built as a refuge from floods. The font has a very curious cover, upon the panels of which are painted representations of the Baptism and Temptation of Our Lord. In the latter the devil wears a red robe and golden crown. Another panel represents a forest scene, and above are the Evangelists with their emblems and a curious inscription. Some wooden framed panels in the transepts contain the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, and are dated 1635. During the French invasion of Holland, the Prince of Orange sought refuge here, and was the guest of Baron Feagle, a Dutch refugee, who lived at a house now called Orange Farm.

TERRINGTON ST JOHN.—A village 3 m. S. from Terrington station. The church tower stands some fifteen feet from the church, but is connected with it by a structure known as the "priest's house."

TESTERTON.—A parish 2 m. W. from Ryburgh station. The church has disappeared, except a small portion of the tower.

THARSTON.—A scattered village 1 m. N.E. from Forncett junction. The church contains a monument, with figures of two soldiers standing with reversed arms, to the late General Sir Robert John Hervey, K.C.B., whose mausoleum is in the churchyard. The Hall is an old house in the Elizabethan style.

THELVETON.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Diss station. The church contains a finely carved sixteenth century font. The Hall is a picturesque Elizabethan house.

THEMELTHORPE.—A village 1 m. from Guestwick station.

Thetford (pp. 48-53).—An ancient borough, with junction stations, on the border of Suffolk, 31 m. S.W. from Norwich, 20 m. S.E. from Wymondham, and 78 m. from London. The town was in-

incorporated by Queen Elizabeth in 1573. During the Anglo-Saxon period, Uffa, the first king of the East Angles, made it a royal seat under the name of Theodford. Strenuously contested battles with the Danes were fought in the neighbourhood, at Rushford Heath, where there are remains of a camp, and at Snarehill, where the fighting lasted several days. In 870, the Danes under Ingvar defeated King Edmund here, and shortly afterwards slew him. In 1004, Sweyn, King of Denmark, to avenge the massacre ordered by Ethelred II., burnt the town, as he did again in 1010. After the Norman Conquest the bishopric was removed from Elmham to Thetford, where it remained until Herbert de Lozinga removed it to Norwich. A residence called the "King's House," still standing in King Street, was used as a country seat by several kings. It was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth, and given by James I. to Sir Philip Wodehouse of Kimberley, whose arms are on a stone in the conservatory. Another house called the Manor House, primarily the residence of the Earls Warren, became a royal seat when the manor passed into the possession of the Crown as part of the Duchy of Lancaster.

The *Castle Hill*, on the east side of the town, is an artificial mound like that upon which Norwich Castle stands. Nothing is known as to its origin.

The *Red Castle*, which formed the western extremity of the town's southern fortifications, is to the left of the Brandon Road.

The ruins of a Cluniac priory, founded in 1104 by Roger Bigod, and removed in the twelfth century from the Suffolk to the Norfolk side of the river, are of considerable extent, the *Abbey Gate* being the most imposing portion. Here were buried successive generations of the families of Bigod, Mowbray, and Howard, who in turn bore the title of Duke of Norfolk.

The remains of a Saxon monastery known as the *Nunnery*, founded to commemorate the battle at Snarehill, form part of the "Place" farm, the conventual church being used as a barn. Adjoining the Boys' Grammar School are some ruins of Great St Mary's Church, the cathedral of the See of Thetford. Between the Brandon road and the river are some traces of the monastery of the Holy Sepulchre, erected in 1109 by William, Earl Warren.

At one time there were twenty parish churches here, but most of these have disappeared, and the remains existing are only fragmentary. The most interesting relic of these vanished shrines is the south transept arch of the old church of Holy Trinity, which is in the Boys' Grammar School. Of the three churches now used for worship, the finest is that of St Mary the Less, a large building in the Norman and Perpendicular styles, on the Suffolk side of the river. Its square tower contains six bells made in the town in 1615. The font is Norman. Sir Richard Fulmerstone, the founder of the Grammar School, was buried here in 1566. During the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the church was used as a stable by the Parliamentary forces. St Peter's Church, at the corner of King Street and White Hart Street, is a black flint building in the Decorated style. St Cuthbert's, near

the market-place, was almost entirely rebuilt in the middle of the nineteenth century. It contains a fine oak screen.

The Guildhall was first the hall of a guild founded by Gilbert de Pykenham in the thirteenth century. The Boys' Grammar School, in which Thomas Paine, the politician and theologian, who was born in Thetford in 1737, was educated, was founded in 1566, on the site of the cathedral church. It was restored in 1880. The *Bell Hotel* is an Elizabethan hostelry, of considerable repute in the old coaching days. West of the town lies the great Warren, bounded on the north by the Ouse. It abounds with rabbits, and on its highest ground stands an ancient building of unknown origin called the *Warren Lodge*. Some interesting excursions may be made in the neighbourhood of Thetford, notably in the direction of Brandon, famous for its ancient flint-knapping industry (pp. 54-56, and Gazetteer). The principal inns are the Bell, Unicorn, Anchor, and Temperance hotels.

THOMPSON.—A parish 1 m. W. from Stow Bedon station. The church, built about 1300, contains a variety of poppy-headed benches, and a carved oak screen. The south chapel was built about 1450 as a chantry and place of interment for the founder, Sir Thomas de Shardelow and his family.

THORNAGE.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Holt. In the church is an old oak table; also a monument, with effigies and shields of arms, to Sir William Butts, who died in 1583, and whose father was chief physician to Henry VIII.

THORNHAM.—A coast village 5 m. E.N.E. from Hunstanton. The church has a fine timber roof and several old carved doors, and contains a portion of a fifteenth century painted rood screen; also a pulpit dated 1631.

THORPE (next Haddiscoe).—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Haddiscoe station.

THORPE (next Norwich).—A village on the Yare, 2 m. E. from Norwich, with a station called Whitlingham junction. The old church is a picturesque ruin. Attached to the Old Hall or Manor House, which stands near the river, and which was formerly a country seat of the bishops of Norwich, are the remains of a chapel.

THORPE ABBOTTS.—A village on the Waveney, $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Diss station.

THORPE MARKET.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. by N. from Gunton station.

THORPE PARVA.—(See SCOLE).

THREXTON.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from Watton station. The church roof and the splays of the arches are interesting; also the carved oak screen, poppy-headed benches, and Jacobean desk and pulpit.

THRIGBY.—A parish 4 m. S.W. from Ormesby station. The Hall

grounds contain some fine old trees and a very ancient yew fence.

THURGARTON.—A parish 5 m. W. from Gunton station. The Hall, which has been in the possession of the Spurrell family about 350 years, was rebuilt in the Tudor style in 1733.

THURLTON.—A village 4 m. W. from Haddiscoe station. The church contains a fine carved oak screen and some ancient monuments.

THURNE.—A small village on the rivers Bure and Thurne, 4 m. W. from Martham station. One of the church bells is said to date from the fourteenth century.

THURNING.—A scattered village 2 m. N. from Guestwick station.

THURSFORD.—A village, with a station, 5 m. N.E. from Fakenham. The Hall, an Elizabethan house, is surrounded by a small but well-wooded park in which the church stands.

THURTON.—A village 4 m. S.W. from Buckenham station.

THUXTON.—A scattered parish, with a station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. by E. from Dereham. The church contains three sixteenth century brasses.

THWAITE ALL SAINTS.—A village 5 m. N. from Aylsham.

THWAITE ST MARY.—A village 4 m. N. from Bungay station. The church has a Norman doorway.

TIBENHAM.—A village 2 m. W. from Tivetshall junction. The church has an embattled tower, with emblems of the Evangelists as pinnacles. It contains a Jacobean pulpit and a pew, erected by faculty granted by Archbishop Laud for the use of the Buxton family, to whom there are several brasses in an eastern chapel dedicated to St Nicholas.

TILNEY ALL SAINTS.—A village 1 m. from Clenchwarton station, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Terrington station. The church is a fine Transition Norman building, with a Perpendicular clerestory and double hammer-beam roof adorned with figures. It contains Perpendicular and Jacobean screens, and a late Perpendicular font; also a grave slab said to be a memorial to the giant Hickathrift, a somewhat mythical personage who, according to tradition, armed himself with a cart axle-tree, and with a wheel for a buckler put to flight a body of invaders who attempted to gain possession of Tilney Smeeth, a tract of common land upon which the inhabitants of the district kept their sheep.

TILNEY ST LAWRENCE.—A village 3 m. S. from Terrington station.

TITCHWELL.—A village on the coast road from Lynn to Wells, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. by N. from Burnham Market station. At the east end of the village is the shaft of a wayside cross.

TITTLESHALL-CUM-GODWICK.—A village 5 m. N. from Dunham station. The church contains some fine monuments to the Coke

family, including one with a life-size effigy to Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who died in 1634; another to his wife with effigies of herself and eight children; and a handsome monument to Sir Thomas Coke of Holkham, first Earl of Leicester of the Coke family, who died in 1759. The Hall, now a farmhouse, was built by Sir Edward Coke, who presided over the trial of Sir Walter Rayleigh, and who was the great authority of his day on English law.

TIVETSHALL ST MARGARET'S.—A village, with junction station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.E. from Diss. The church nave has a carved oak roof, and is separated from the chancel by an Elizabethan screen.

TIVETSHALL ST MARY.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Tivetshall station.

TOFT MONKS.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Aldeby station. The church plate includes a silver chalice dated 1567.

TOFT, WEST.—A village 5 m. N.E. from Brandon station. The church contains two finely carved screens.

TOFTREES.—A parish 2 m. S.W. from Fakenham. The church contains an interesting Norman font.

TOPCROFT.—A scattered village 6 m. N.W. from Bungay station.

TOTTENHILL.—A village 2 m. E. from Magdalen Road junction. Westbriggs is a hamlet included in this parish, because its old church is now Tottenhill parish church.

TOTTINGTON.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Stow Bedon station. The church nave is seated throughout with old oak benches, and the windows are remarkable for their tracery. An old stone bearing the Mortimer arms has been placed on the wall of the south aisle. Here, too, is an ancient carved screen, and a good brass dated 1598.

TRIMINGHAM.—A small coast village, 3 m. N.E. from Gunton station, 5 m. S.E. from Cromer, and adjoining Mundesley, which is connected with the Norwich and Cromer line by a branch line from North Walsham. It stands on the highest ground in Norfolk, the cliffs rising to the height of 300 feet, and commanding a magnificent view of the coast, and inland of a score or more churches. The beach, which extends to Cromer on one side and Mundesley on the other, affords delightful rambles and good and safe bathing. The church, a flint building in the Perpendicular style, contains a carved oak screen, and anciently possessed a celebrated relic, venerated as the head of St John the Baptist. Some carving on the screen, which also bears figures of St Petronilla, the reputed daughter of St Peter; St Clare, St Cecilia, St Dorothy, St Edmund, and St Edward, is supposed to represent something associated with the precious relic for which the church was formerly famous. Already Trimmingham claims its share of the summer visitors to the Norfolk coast, and as accommodation is increasing here it promises soon to become a

popular seaside resort. A list of the places of interest in the neighbourhood will be found under "Cromer."

TROWSE NEWTON.—A village on the Yare, with a station $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. S.E. by S. from Norwich.

TRUNCH.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Gunton station. The church contains some fine woodwork and a richly carved open Perpendicular roof. The font is within a wooden baptistery. The chancel screen, which dates from 1502, has figures of the Apostles on its lower panels.

TUDDENHAM, EAST.—A village 5 m. N.E. from Thuxton station. The church tower and porch are Norman, and the chancel contains a mutilated effigy. One of the windows, representing scenes in the Life of Christ, was painted by the widow of the Very Rev. Edward Mellish, Dean of Hereford, a former rector.

TUDDENHAM, NORTH.—A scattered village extending from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 m. E. from Dereham. The church contains the lower part of an old carved oak screen painted with figures of saints.

TUNSTALL.—A parish on the Bure, 2 m. S.E. from Acle station. The church is partly in ruins.

TUNSTEAD.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Wroxham station. The church contains a fine screen, and a loft on which, it is supposed, miracle plays were formerly performed. Some interesting iron-work remains on the south door.

TUTTINGTON.—A village on the Ant, 2 m. E. from Aylsham.

TWYFORD.—A parish 1 m. from Foulsham station.

UPTON.—A village 2 m. N. from Acle station. The church contains a rood screen painted with figures of St Augustine, St Jerome, St Gregory the Great, St Ambrose, St Etheldreda, St Helena, St Joanna of Valois, and St Agatha; also a fine font.

UPWELL.—A large village, formerly a market town, partly in Cambridgeshire, 4 m. S. from Emneth station, and the terminus of a Wisbech tramway. On the chancel wall of the church of St Peter is a fine brass dated 1621, with kneeling figures of eight males and five females. Nordelph, a hamlet with a modern church, adjoins Upwell.

WEYBOURNE.—A coast village 4 m. N.E. from Holt station. Here are ruins of a Saxon church, adjoining which a priory was built in the Norman period. On the heath are a great number of prehistoric pits such as are referred to under "Aylmerton." Writing of them in "Norfolk Archæology," Mr Harrod says:—"A ridge of stones having been firmly placed on the outer side of a circular excavation, the soil from the interior was thrown out, the circle of stones preventing it from falling again into the pit. At the bottom of each pit is a large quantity of stones, which may partly have served to line it. The diameter varies from 8 to 20 ft., and the depth of each pit from 2 to 6 ft. The

main body of the pits is placed directly over a spring which, bursting forth at the foot of the rising ground, runs through the present village of Weybourne."

WACTON.—A village 1 m. S.E. from Fornsett junction. The church contains a brass, dated 1623, to John Knyvett de Ashwoldthorpe.

WALCOTT.—A coast village 4 m. N.E. from Honing station. The church contains a carved oak screen.

WALLINGTON-WITH-THORPLAND.—A parish 3 m. N. from Downham. Wallington church is in ruins; Thorpland church has disappeared. The Hall is an old building standing in a park of about 150 acres.

WALPOLE ST ANDREW.—A village, with a station $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. away, 9 m. W. by S. from Lynn. The church, in the Early Perpendicular style, contains, in one of the tower buttresses, a curious cell, supposed to have been the abode of a hermit; also a large Italian picture, brought from Italy by one of the Lords Coleraine. Not far from this parish King John lost his treasure and army baggage in attempting to cross the Wash.

WALPOLE ST PETER.—A large village 3 m. S. from Walpole station. Its church of St Peter, a very fine Perpendicular building, contains an ancient screen and some carved oak benches. The front of the book-boards in the chancel retains original painting; the panels of the screen are also painted. The south doorway is richly carved. Into the outer wall is built the figure of a satyr, popularly known as Hickathrift (see TILNEY ALL SAINTS). The "Roman Bank," a sea-wall built by the Romans, crosses the parish. The Walpole family, who in the thirteenth century settled at Houghton in Norfolk, where Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister, was born, took their name from this parish.

WALSHAM, NORTH (p. 176).—A small market town standing on elevated ground between the rivers Ant and Bure, and having stations on the G.E.R. and M. and G.N. railways. It is $14\frac{1}{2}$ m. from Norwich. The church, a Perpendicular building, replaces one destroyed in 1381 during a local rebellion. Its tower, now in ruins, formerly had a spire which rose to the height of 147 feet. The church contains the lower part of an ancient rood screen, a good carved pulpit, a font with a tabernacle-work cover, and the tomb of Sir William Paston, the founder of the Grammar School. The Market Cross was built by Bishop Thirlby in the reign of Edward VI.; it has been restored. A cross on a heath outside the town marks the site of a battle fought in 1381, when Bishop Spencer defeated the men whom John, a Norwich dyer, inspired by the acts of Wat Tyler, had persuaded to rebel against the authorities. Inns: King's Arms and Angel.

WALSHAM, SOUTH.—This place, which is $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Lingwood station, consists of two parishes, viz. Walsham St Mary and Walsham St Lawrence. The churches of these parishes stand in

the same churchyard. That of St Lawrence is partly in ruins in consequence of a fire which occurred in 1827. South Walsham Broad (p. 168) is in these parishes; and not far away, on the opposite bank of the Bure, are the ruins of St Benet's Abbey (p. 166-8).

WALSINGHAM (pp. 94-95).—A union town, with a station, 5 m. S.E. by E. from Wells. The church, a fine cruciform building, contains a splendid alabaster monument, dated 1612, to Sir Henry Sidney and his wife. The font, now much mutilated, is described as one of the finest examples of Perpendicular fonts in England. Here are the ruins of the famous priory to which pilgrims came from all parts of Europe. The grounds of Walsingham Abbey, in which are the ruins, are thrown open to the public every Wednesday. Inn: Black Lion.

WALSINGHAM, OLD.—A village 1 m. N.E. from Walsingham station. The church contains a pulpit dating from 1613; also some interesting carved seats and desks. The site of another church is traceable in a field not far from the existing church.

WALSOKEN.—A parish and large village (of which a part is called New Walsoken) adjoining Wisbech, from which it is separated by a canal. The church, a large building in the Norman style with later portions, is one of the most interesting in the county. Both porch and chancel arch have rich Norman mouldings and the interior generally is remarkable for its varied mouldings. The font is ornamented by carved representations of the Sacraments of the Roman Church. Here, too, are some fine fifteenth century screens.

WALTON, EAST.—A village $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. N. from Narborough station.

WALTON, WEST.—A village 1 m. from Ferry station. The church is Early English with Perpendicular portions. Its bell-tower stands some 70 feet from the church and forms an entrance to the churchyard. The south porch is Transition Norman; the west and north doorways are ornamented with carved work. The nave piers and the capitals and niches in the choir are particularly good. The font is interesting, and the church contains an effigy of a prior of Ely.

WARHAM ALL SAINTS.—A parish near the sea and 2 m. S. by E. from Wells. The church was formerly a much larger building, of which portions of a massive tower remain. It contains two brasses, one a curious one, dated 1474.

WARHAM ST MARY.—A village near the sea, adjoining Warham All Saints. There are remains here of a fortified camp with a triple fosse, covering about nine acres; also of a large hall, once the seat of the Turners, a family whose vault is in a small chapel north of the church chancel.

WATERDEN.—A parish 4 m. W. by S. from Walsingham station.

The existing church is a portion of a much larger building, of which there are other traces.

WATLINGTON.—A village on the Great Ouse, with a junction station called Magdalen Road.

WATTON.—A large village with a station 10 m. S. from Dereham. The church is a flint building in the Norman and Gothic styles. Its chancel contains a leper's window, the font has an old oak cover; and a curious old poor box is preserved bearing the date 1552. Wayland Wood, on the south side of the village, is the reputed scene of the murder of "The Babes in the Wood"; but the tradition probably originated from a carved mantel-shelf in an old house in the wood, on which the story was illustrated. The principal inns are the George, and Crown.

WAXHAM.—A coast village 5 m. E. from Stalham station. The church is partly in ruins. Sea encroachments have considerably reduced the size of this place, which was formerly a large parish.

WEASENHAM ALL SAINTS.—A village 3 m. S.E. from East Rudham station. The churchyard contains a fine monument to a parishioner who died in 1768.

WEASENHAM ST PETER.—A parish 2½ m. S.E. from East Rudham station.

WEETING-WITH-BROMEHILL.—A parish (in which is Brandon station) on the Little Ouse. There were formerly two churches here, but that of All Saints was demolished in the eighteenth century by the falling of the tower. Its ruins are in Weeting Park. The existing church is a small flint building in the Decorated style. The earthwork known as the "Devil's Dyke" borders this parish for about 3 miles, and an ancient vallum extends from the Ouse to Didlington. Here, too, are "Grimes' Graves." These are a large number of circular pits, pronounced to be prehistoric flint quarries (p. 55). Weeting Hall, the seat of the Angersteins, one of whom made the collection which formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, contains some valuable pictures, including Sir Joshua Reynold's "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy."

WELBORNE.—A village 3½ m. N.N.E. from Hardingham station.

WELLINGHAM.—A parish 6 m. S.S.W. from Fakenham.

WELLS (p. 94).—A small coast town with a station 10 m. N. from Fakenham and 32 m. N.W. from Norwich. Its church was almost entirely destroyed by a fire caused by lightning in 1879; but has been rebuilt. It has a fine open roof, and retains some traces of early mural paintings. A doorway leading to the vestry is richly carved, and above it is a brass to a rector who died in 1499. An old oak chest, dated 1635, is kept in the vestry. A promenade about a mile in length extends from the quay to the beach, where is a place of refreshment called the Beach House. A firm sandy beach offers good bathing facilities, and golf links

within $\frac{3}{4}$ m. of the town are among the attractions of this quiet little seaport. It is a convenient centre from which tourists and visitors may make excursions to Holkham Hall (pp. 98-99), Walsingham Priory (pp. 94-95), Stiffkey (pp. 96-97), and Binham Priory (pp. 95-96). The chief inns are the Crown, Globe, and Railway, and there is lodging-house accommodation.

WELNEY.—A parish partly in Cambridgeshire.

WENDLING.—A village, with a station, 4 m. W. from Dereham. The ruins of an abbey founded here by Sir William de Wendling in the thirteenth century were used to repair the roads.

WEREHAM.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.W. from Stoke Ferry station.

WESTFIELD.—A parish 1 m. W. from Yaxham station and 2 m. S. from Dereham.

WESTON LONGVILLE.—A parish $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. S.E. from Lenwade station. The church contains some old stained glass, an ancient altar-stone, three stone sedilia, and an interesting rood screen dating from the fifteenth century.

WESTWICK.—A scattered village 1 m. W. from Worstead station. The church contains a good screen. Westwick House, which stands in a pleasant park, was built in the reign of Queen Anne. Not far from the house is a look-out about 90 ft. high.

WHEATACRE ALL SAINTS.—A small village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. from Aldeby station. The church contains a carved screen and ancient font.

WHINBURGH.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. from Yaxham station.

WHISSONSETT.—A parish 5 m. S. from Fakenham. The church contains an ancient font and some interesting memorials.

WHITLINGHAM.—A parish on the Yare, 2 m. W. from Trowse station (Norwich). The tower of the ruined church is ornamented with four statues.

WHITTINGTON.—A village near Stoke Ferry station.

WICKHAMPTON.—A parish $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Reedham junction. The church contains an altar-tomb with effigies to Sir William Gerbygge and his wife, who are supposed to have founded the church in the thirteenth century. Some fifteenth century paintings on the north wall of the nave represent an allegorical hunting scene, and over the north door is a figure of St Christopher carrying the infant Christ over a river; also representations of the seven acts of mercy. The pulpit is Elizabethan. On the gable of the porch is a stone rood supported by figures of St Mary and St John.

WICKLEWOOD.—A village 1 m. S. from Kimberley station. The lower stage of the church tower forms a porch. On the first floor is a fireplace and small oven; on the second floor another fireplace. The church contains an ancient but undated brass, and some well-carved bench heads.

WICKMERE.—A village 5 m. N. from Aylsham.

WIGGENHALL ST GERMAN.—A village on the Ouse, 3 m. N.W. from Magdalen Road station, and 4 m. S. from Lynn.

WIGGENHALL ST MARY MAGDALEN.—A village on the west side of the Great Ouse, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. W. from Magdalen Road station. The church, a Decorated building with Perpendicular additions, has a fine interior, and there is some good screen work at the east end of the aisles, the lower panels being painted with the symbols of the Evangelists. Crabb or Crabhouse Abbey was founded here in 1181. This is the abbey of which Dr Jessopp has written in his "Frivola."

WIGGENHALL ST MARY THE VIRGIN.—A parish 4 m. N.W. from Magdalen Road station. The church is of the Transition period from Decorated to Perpendicular, except the north and south doorways which are Early English. The rood screen was added in 1626. The benches in the south aisle are of finely carved oak; the brass eagle in the nave dates from 1518. An alabaster altar-tomb in the nave has effigies of a man in armour, with his wife and child. St Mary's Hall, a mansion with portions of different periods, contains the gatehouse of an ancient manor house, probably the seat of the Kervile family, to whom there are memorials in the church.

WIGGENHALL ST PETER.—A parish 2 m. N.W. from Magdalen Road station.

WIGHTON.—A village 2 m. N. from Walsingham station. The church, a large Perpendicular building, contains a well-preserved ancient font. The nave windows have stained glass centres representing the Apostles, St Paul, and St Barnabas. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. from the village, at a spot called Crabbe's Castle, are traces of ancient entrenchments.

WILBY.—A village 1 m. E. from Eccles Road station. The church has a Norman south porch.

WIMBOTSHAM.—A village on the Ouse, 1 m. N. from Downham station. The church is Norman with Early English and later additions. Its north and south doorways are fine Norman work, and the nave ceiling has some good carved bosses.

WINCH, EAST.—A village, with a station, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E. by E. from Lynn. The church was thoroughly restored in 1875 under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., when an organ chamber was built on the site of the ancient mortuary chapel of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk. A brass tablet on the east wall of the organ chamber records the interment, in 1309, of Sir William Howard, a judge, and ten other members of the Howard family.

WINCH, WEST.—A village 3 m. W. from Lynn. The church has a curious south porch, and on the tower are the arms of the Cholmondeley family, who are lords of the manor.

- WINFARTHING.**—A village 3 m. N.W. from Burston station. The church contains a sixteenth century oak chest. Formerly this place was renowned for possessing the "Good Sword of Winfarthing," which was kept in a chapel at the end of the south aisle, and was useful for the discovery of lost articles or animals, and the releasing of wives from husbands who were distasteful to them. The sword was said to have been left here by a thief who took sanctuary in the churchyard. On the Lodge Farm, which is a portion of a deer park enclosed in 1604 by the Earl of Arundel, is one of the largest oaks in England, measuring 70 feet round the roots and 40 feet round the middle of its main trunk.
- WINGLAND, CENTRAL.**—Most of this parish is in Lincolnshire.
- WINTERTON.**—A coast village 1 m. N. from Hemsby station. The church, which dates from the early part of the fourteenth century, has an embattled tower 127 feet high, with eight figures between the pinnacles. The south porch, which has a parvise, is very fine work. A lighthouse about 70 feet high stands on the high ground not far from the church. There is a fine beach, inland of which are wide stretches of sandhills. A good many visitors come here during the summer months, and more would be glad to do so if there were better accommodation for them. Comfortable lodgings can only be obtained by arrangements made some time before they are wanted.
- WITCHINGHAM, GREAT.**—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Lenwade station. The church contains a finely carved ancient font. Lenwade is a hamlet in this parish.
- WITCHINGHAM, LITTLE.**—A parish $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. by E. from Lenwade station.
- WITTON (near North Walsham).**—A parish 4 m. N.E. from North Walsham. The church contains some curious mural paintings, discovered in 1859. Two circular windows here are supposed to be Saxon.
- WITTON (near Norwich).**—A village 2 m. N. from Brundall station.
- WIVERTON.**—A parish near the coast and $\frac{1}{2}$ m. W. by S. from Cley. The church contains several interesting sixteenth century brasses; the Hall some fine carved oak panelling.
- WOLFERTON (p. 103).**—A coast village, with a station, 7 m. N. by E. from Lynn. The station is the alighting-place for Sandringham Hall, the seat of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The church, which replaced in 1486 an earlier structure of which there are some remains, is a fine building chiefly in the Decorated style, containing some good screens, those inclosing the south chapel being of exceedingly fine fourteenth century workmanship. The church was completely restored in 1886 at a cost of £6000, defrayed by the Prince of Wales, who also presented the stone pulpit. During the progress of the restoration some interesting mural decoration was discovered over the chancel arch, and has

been preserved. The parish is included in the Prince's Sandringham Estate, and from the heights between it and Sandringham some fine views may be obtained, Boston Church (Lincolnshire), being visible on clear days across the Wash.

WOLTERTON.—A parish 3 m. N.E. from Corpusty station and 4 m. N.W. from Aylsham. The church has almost disappeared. Wolterton Hall, built in 1736 for Horace, first Baron Walpole, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister, who lived at Houghton (pp. 129-32), formerly contained a fine collection of pictures. Horace Walpole described the house as one of the best of its size in England, adding "I am really charmed with Wolterton; it is all wood and water." It is approached by a fine avenue of cedars, and contains a bust of Sir Robert Walpole by *Rysbrack*; also a full-length portrait signed "Stef. Slaughter, 1742," and portraits of Sir Robert's father and mother and the Jesuit Walpole whose life-story has been written by Dr Jessopp.

WOODBASTWICK.—A Broadland village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. from Salhouse station. The Hall, completed in 1889, is a fine house in the Elizabethan style, containing some valuable pictures and art treasures.

WOOD DALLING.—A village $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Corpusty station. The church contains some memorial brasses and slabs to the Bulwer and Fleetwood families. The late Lord Dalling and Bulwer, diplomat and author, and ambassador to the Ottoman Porte 1858-65, took his title from this parish.

WOOD NORTON.—A parish 2 m. S.W. from Hindolveston station.

WOODRISING.—A village 5 m. W. from Hardingham station. The church, the tower of which is in ruins, contains an ancient monument, with a recumbent figure in armour, supposed to represent Sir Robert Southwell, a former lord of the manor; also a flat monument to Sir Francis Crane, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, who died at Paris in 1636. The latter knight established a tapestry factory at Mortlake, in Surrey, where a great deal of excellent tapestry was made.

WOODTON.—A village 4 m. N.W. from Ditchingham station. The church contains a marble effigy of Anne Suckling, who died in 1653; also a renovated Norman font.

WOOTTON, NORTH.—A village overlooking the Wash, with a station, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Lynn.

WOOTTON, SOUTH.—A village 1 m. S. from North Wootton station. The church contains an altar-tomb to Sir James Windt, dated 1601; also a Norman font. On the north side is a mausoleum of the Hamond family, described by an antiquary as "without exception, the ugliest piece of modern deformity that ever was appended to an old church."

WORMEGAY.—A village 4 m. E. from Magdalen Road station.

There are remains of an ancient cross on the village green. Formerly there was a castle of the Lords Bardolf here. It was demolished in 1408 by Henry IV., but its site can still be traced.

WORSTEAD (p. 175).—A village, with a station, 3 m. S. by E. from North Walsham. The church is one of the finest in the county, having been built during the time when Worstead was an important centre of the woollen manufacture, carried on here by Flemish refugees. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is of Transitional character, having a Decorated tower and Perpendicular nave. Originally it contained nine chapels, one of which has been restored in memory of the father of one of the rectors. Two double screens divide the chapels from the aisles; and under the west tower is a gallery or rood-loft of very fine workmanship. The south porch, which has a parvise, is richly carved and groined. The font is Perpendicular, and has a good tabernacle cover.

WORTHING.—A village near North Elmham station.

WORTWELL.—A parish on the Waveney, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Harleston, and extending to Homersfield station.

WRAMPLINGHAM.—A village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N. from Wymondham.

WRENINGHAM.—A scattered village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Wymondham, and adjoining Ashwellthorpe station.

WRETHAM, EAST.—A parish, with a station, 1 m. from the church on the Thetford and Swaffham line. The church font has a lofty carved oak canopy; the south doorway is Norman, and the east wall of the chancel is adorned with mural paintings.

WRETHAM, WEST.—A parish 2 m. W. from Wretham station. The church is in ruins. In the park of 600 acres which surrounds the Hall are two meres known as Hill Mere and Mickle Mere. Formerly there were two larger meres in the neighbourhood—the Great Mere and West Wretham Mere. Some interesting discoveries were made in 1851 and 1856 when these meres were drained (pp. 6-7).

WRETTON.—A village 1 m. W. from Stoke Ferry station.

WROXHAM.—A well-known Broadland village on the Bure, with a station, 7 m. N.E. from Norwich. A large number of yachts, pleasure-wherries, and boats may be hired here for cruising in Broadland, Messrs R. Collins & Son and J. Loynes being the owners and builders of every kind of craft suited to the inland waters. Wroxham Broad, one of the loveliest of the broads, is about two miles from Wroxham Bridge (pp. 170-1). Both the broad and the river with which it is connected are well-known to anglers, who visit them in considerable numbers. The Broad fishing, however, is preserved, and a charge of 2s. 6d. a-day made to anglers. Cheap fishing tickets to Wroxham station are issued from Norwich, Whitlingham, Cromer, and Gunton stations every

day during the summer months. Inns: Black Horse, Castle, Horse Shoes, and King's Head.

WYMONDHAM (pp. 42-43). — A small market town with a station $9\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. by W. from Norwich and 11 m. S.E. from Dereham. The church, which is attached to the ruins of a priory founded by William d'Albini, chief butler to Henry I. is remarkable for possessing two (east and west) towers, one square, the other octagonal in its upper part. It is now believed that this is a double church. It contains some exceedingly fine and interesting Norman work, the central aisle of the nave having Norman piers and arches. The east tower is of earlier date than the west. The Grammar School is an interesting building, formerly known as St Thomas à-Becket's chapel. The market cross was built in 1616 and restored in 1863. The Old Green Dragon Inn is an ancient building, formerly connected with the priory. Near the church is a well (St Thomas à-Becket's) which used to be much resorted to by pilgrims.

There are some interesting old houses in the neighbourhood. Stanfield Hall, a moated Tudor house, about 2 m. N.E. from the town, was at one time occupied by Sir John Robsart, father of that ill-fated Amy Robsart, who became the wife of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and died so mysteriously at Cumnor Hall. Robert Dudley is supposed to have first met his future wife here. Since 1848 the house has had a gruesome interest through having been in that year the scene of the sensational murder of Mr Jermy, the Recorder of Norwich, and his son, who were shot by Blomfield Rush (pp. 43-45). Burfield Hall, about 2 m. S. along the London Road, was built in 1709, and contains a fine entrance hall and old oak staircase. Gunvil Hall, an Elizabethan house, once surrounded by a moat, is now a farmhouse.

Robert Kett, who raised an insurrection in Norfolk in the reign of Edward VI., was a Wymondham tanner (p. 18). He was hung from the walls of Norwich Castle, his brother meeting with a like fate on Wymondham Church tower. Inns: King's Head, and Railway.

Yarmouth (pp. 50-67). — The great popular seaside resort of Norfolk and the East Anglian coast. It stands at the mouth of the river Yare, on the border of Suffolk, and is 20 m. E. by S. from Norwich, 9 m. N. from Lowestoft, and 123 m. by road from London. Among Norfolk towns it ranks next in size and population to Norwich, which is the largest and most populous. It is connected with the Great Eastern main line by a branch to Norwich; but the most direct route from London to Yarmouth is *via* Ipswich and the East Suffolk line. The G.E.R. has two stations here, Southtown, the terminus of the line from London *via* Ipswich; and Vauxhall, the terminus of the Norwich branch line. A third station, known as the "Beach," is that of the Midland and Great Northern Joint Railway. There is a largely

patronised steamship service between London and Yarmouth during the summer months.

Although tourists with quiet tastes will probably avoid Yarmouth, or at most, pay it a few hours' visit, for the purpose of seeing its great church of St Nicholas, the largest parish church in England, Yarmouth all through the summer is thronged with visitors, many of them excursionists, for whom almost every description of popular entertainment is provided. A considerable portion of the sea front is laid out as pleasure gardens, where military bands play frequently; there are two piers, on one of which, the *Britannia*, popular concerts are given morning and evening. Other concert parties give daily entertainments on the beach, from which a large number of pleasure boats are launched when weather permits, and where there is abundant accommodation for bathers. The Royal Aquarium is now a theatre, standing at the north end of the Marine Drive. The Theatre Royal adjoins Regent Road. During the season dances are held every evening at Winton's Assembly Rooms on the Drive. The local golf club has an 18-hole course among the sandhills north of the town, the entire circuit being about three miles. Tennis courts are laid out close to the beach, where there is also an excellent recreation ground. There is a Free Library at the Old Tolhouse in Middlegate Street and a Public Library and Reading Room on the South Quay.

St Nicholas', the parish church, was founded by Herbert de Lozinga, Bishop of Norwich from 1091 to 1119, who also founded Norwich Cathedral. It is doubtful if any portion of the original building now remains. The present church is a cruciform structure in the Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular styles, consisting of nave and chancel (both aisled), transept, and central tower. The nave is chiefly Transition Norman, the nave aisles, which are wider than the nave, are Decorated additions. The church's extreme length is 236 feet, and its breadth 112 feet, giving it a floor space of 23,265 feet. It possesses few monuments, and all its brasses were, in 1551, cast into weights for the local tradesfolk. In the wall of the south aisle is the Fastolff tomb, which has been restored; in the north aisle is a canopied tomb, known as the "Prior's," and in the north chancel aisle is a canopied slab, which may be either a tomb or an Easter Sepulchre. Near by is the dilapidated canopy of the altar tomb of Thomas Crowmer, who was bailiff of Yarmouth seven times between 1470 and 1497. This tomb was despoiled of its sculptured shields in 1650, when a large vestry was erected in the north chancel. At the west end of the north nave aisle is a stained glass window erected to the memory of Sarah Martin, who did such good work among the prisoners in Yarmouth jail. A seat inside the west door is made of a portion of the skeleton of a whale, and is known as the Devil's Seat. The church possesses a Cranmer's Bible, a Roman missal dated 1547, and a MS. scroll of the Book of Esther.

Close by the church, in the large market place, is the quaint and

picturesque *Fishermen's Almshouse* or hospital, erected by the Corporation in 1701. It encloses a courtyard containing a figure of Charity. An arched door on the east side of the yard is surmounted by a cupola containing a figure of St Peter. In the immediate neighbourhood of this almshouse are the restored remains of Yarmouth Priory, founded early in the twelfth century. They now form part of a schoolhouse. Apart from what is left of this priory, there are few monastic remains in the town; but at the bottom of one of the "rows," which bears the name of Grey Friars' Cloisters, is an old arch which belonged to a religious house; and not far away, on the opposite side of Middlegate Street, is another arch which may have formed part of the same building.

One of the town's most interesting buildings is the *Old Toll-house*, in Middlegate Street, which is one of the few English municipal buildings dating from the thirteenth century. Although restored and converted into a free library and small museum, it retains its antique character. For a long time it was used as a jail, and it was here that Sarah Martin, the Caister seamstress, came to labour among the prisoners. Various local antiquities and curiosities are preserved in the portion which was used as a prison, and the cells are very interesting.

There are several ancient houses well worth notice. On the South Quay, which provides one of the most interesting walks in the town, is a fine old building faced with flints and with picturesque gables and dormers. On the Hall Quay, in front of the Town Hall, are two other flint-faced houses, the *Duke's Head* and *Star Hotels*. The former bears the date 1601; the latter, in which Lord Nelson may have stayed when he visited Yarmouth, was built by William Crowe, a merchant who was town bailiff in 1594. The hall, now used as a bar, has a richly decorated ceiling. Another room, on the first floor, known as the Nelson Room, is lined with carved panelling, and above its fire-place is a panel bearing the arms of the Spanish Merchants, who were incorporated by Queen Elizabeth. A son of the builder of this fine old house bought Caister Castle (pp. 78-80) from Sir William Paston in 1659 and made it his country residence. Several other quaint old buildings are to be seen in Middlegate Street and the numerous narrow "rows" which are such a conspicuous feature of the town. Of the town's old fortifications the most striking remains are King Henry's Tower in St Nicholas' churchyard and the Friars' Tower in Blackfriars Street.

On the South Denes stands the *Nelson Column*, the first stone of which was laid in 1817. This striking memorial of the famous admiral is thus described by Nall, the Yarmouth historian: "The pillar is of the Grecian Doric order, and beautifully fluted; upon the plinth are the names of the different ships on board which the gallant admiral's flag was so valorously displayed, and the coping of the terrace beneath is inscribed in a similar manner with the titles of his most celebrated battles. On each side of the pedestal is a flight of steps to the terrace, which affords a promenade

round the shaft. The roof is supported by caryatides, surmounted by a ball and figure of Britannia, holding in her hand a trident and laurel wreath." (The figure was struck by lightning in 1860, and the left hand and trident broken off.) On the west side of the pedestal is a Latin inscription from the pen of Mr Sergeant Frere, of which the following is a translation :—

HORATIO, LORD NELSON,

Whom, as her foremost champion in naval fight,

BRITANNIA,

Living,—with devotion and honours,
Dying,—followed after, with her lamentations,
of whom, renowned in all lands for his triumphs,
of whose firmness in counsel, of the undaunted ardour of whose courage,
the whole world stood in awe.

This NELSON,—Norfolk,

her own by birth, by honourable lineage, by early training,
her own in genius, in character, proudly claims.

The future fame of such a name
outlasting brass or stone,
his fellow-citizens of Norfolk, at their mutual cost,
by upreared column have sought to commemorate.

Born, 1758 ;

Appeared in arms, 1771 ;

In near one hundred and fifty engagements with enemies.

As victor waged war,

Memorably at Aboukir, August, 1798 ;

Copenhagen, April, 1801 ;

Trafalgar, October, 1805 ;

Which crowning act of so many splendid achievements
he consecrated by a death

Mournful to his country, sweet and glorious to himself.

The chief places of interest in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth are :—

Burgh Castle (pp. 182-3).

Breydon (pp. 68-76).

Caister Castle (pp. 78-80).

Ormesby, Rollesby, and Filby Broads.

Fritton Lake (p. 184).

Somerleyton Hall (Suffolk).

Lowestoft (Suffolk).

Fishing Tickets.—Cheap fishing tickets are issued daily from April 1st to October 31st to Acle, Brundall, Buckenham, Cantley, Reedham, St Olaves (for Fritton Lake), and Somerleyton.

Circular Trips into Broadland.—During the summer months cheap rail and boat tickets, available for trips taken partly by rail and

partly by saloon steamboats on the rivers Bure and Yare, are issued every week-day at Yarmouth. Particulars of these trips will be found on handbills to be obtained at the G.E.R. stations. Saloon steamers often make river trips to Oulton Broad and Lowestoft by way of Breydon Water and the Waveney; and other pleasure steamers ply daily by sea between Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

Road Excursions.—Every day during the season brakes and charabancs run from the Marine Drive to Lowestoft, Ormesby Broad, Caister, and Fritton Lake; and on one day in the week, when the grounds are thrown open to the public, to Somerleyton Hall.

Other Excursions.—On certain days cheap rail excursions may be made to Norwich, Cromer, Mundesley, Hunstanton, and Sandringham.

Accommodation for Visitors.—There is accommodation in the town for many thousand visitors, whole streets in some quarters consisting of little else but lodging houses. The principal hotels are the Bath Hotel, Marine Parade; Brunswick (Temperance), King Street; Cromwell (Temperance), Hall Quay; Crown and Anchor, Hall Quay; Duke's Head, Hall Quay; Garibaldi; Holkham, Marine Parade; Marine, Marine Parade; Norfolk, Marine Parade; Queen's, Marine Parade; Royal, Marine Parade; Star and Garter, Hall Quay; Victoria, Marine Parade.

At Gorleston, which adjoins Yarmouth:—Anchor of Hope, Cliff, and Tramway hotels.

The principal boarding-houses are:—Felixstowe House, Marine Parade; Marine View, Marine Parade; Metropolitan, Marine Parade; Pier View House, Regent Road; Redenhall House, Marine Parade; Sandringham House, Marine Parade; Sea View House, Marine Parade; Talavera House, Princes Road; Trafalgar House, Marine Parade.

At Gorleston: Belle Vue House; Gorleston House Hotel and Boarding House; Highfield, Belle Vue Road.

YAXHAM.—A village, with a station, 2 m. S. from Dereham. The church is chiefly Decorated, with Perpendicular additions; but the tower and tower arch are of Early Norman date. The font is a very fine one, and has been reproduced in Cromer church.

YELVERTON.—A village 5 m. S.E. from Norwich. The church contains a fine mural monument, dated 1661, and a stone floor slab with brass, dated 1525, also an ancient carved oak rood screen, and an interesting font.

NORFOLK GOLF LINKS.

ROYAL NORWICH GOLF CLUB.—The Links are at Rabbit's Hill, Hellesdon, where there is a full 18-hole course over undulating country with good natural bunkers of disused quarries and gravel

pits. Mr Balfour pronounced it the finest inland course he had ever played on.

ROYAL CROMER GOLF CLUB.—The links, which have an 18-hole course, are on the Lighthouse Hills, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from Cromer. They were designed by Tom Morris, and command fine views of the "beauty spot of Norfolk."

SHERINGHAM GOLF CLUB.—The links are on cliffs which rise 200 feet above the sea.

HUNSTANTON GOLF CLUB.—This club has a course of 18 holes on the marram-hills beyond Old Hunstanton, the hazards being sand bunkers, marshy ground, and rushes.

YARMOUTH GOLF CLUB.—The links have an 18-hole course on the furze-grown sandhills north of the town. It extends for over a mile along the coast, the circuit being about three miles. The hazards are sand bunkers and whins.

ROYAL WEST NORFOLK GOLF CLUB.—The 18-hole course is on a common near Brancaster Beach. Hunstanton and Burnham Market are the most convenient stations.

BROADLAND YACHTING CENTRES.

Yachts, launches, wherries, etc., for Broadland cruising may be hired at:—

<i>Wroxham</i>	.	.	J. Loynes. R. Collins & Son. H. Press.
<i>Oulton</i>	.	.	J. E. Bullen. R. Kemp & Co. J. Gooch. R. Barber.
<i>Yarmouth</i>	.	.	A. R. Brown, Cobholm, and at St Olaves.
<i>Norwich</i>	.	.	J. Hart & Son, Thorpe Village. G. Hazell, Thorpe St Andrew. C. Wright, King Street.
<i>Lowestoft</i>	.	.	Chambers and Colby. Titcomb & Few.
<i>North Walsham</i>	.	.	Press and Pallett.
<i>Brundall</i>	.	.	H. Little & Co.
<i>Coltishall</i>	.	.	J. Allen.
<i>Ludham</i>	.	.	W. Lake.
<i>Potter Heigham</i>	.	.	G. Applegate.
<i>Reedham</i>	.	.	G. Grimsell. C. J. Mutton.
<i>Stalham</i>	.	.	J. Teasel.

Visitors intending to cruise in Broadland will generally do well to see yachts, wherries, etc., before hiring them, unless they have friends

in the district who will do this for them. They may thus save themselves discomfort and disappointment. Some cruising parties are more content to "rough it" than others; and yacht-letters, unless supplied with very full information, cannot be expected to know just what will meet each party's requirements.

RAILWAY TICKETS AT REDUCED FARES.

TOURIST TICKETS.

Tourist Tickets (1st and 3rd class) are issued at all the principal G.E.R. stations for all trains to Yarmouth, Cromer, Mundesley, and Hunstanton. If issued on any date from 1st May to 31st October inclusive, they are available for return by any advertised train on any day up to and including 31st December. If issued on any date from 1st November to 30th April inclusive, they are available for return by any train on any date within two calendar months from the date of issue.

Tickets issued to Yarmouth are also available to or from Beccles, Reedham, St Olaves, Acle, Lowestoft, Cromer, and Mundesley.

Tickets issued to Cromer are also available to or from North Walsham, Gunton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Mundesley.

Tickets issued to Mundesley are also available to or from Paston and Knapton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

Tickets issued to Hunstanton are also available to or from Heacham.

Passengers to Yarmouth, Cromer, and Mundesley are permitted to break their journey at Waltham Cross, Cambridge, Ely, and Norwich, or at Colchester and Ipswich, according to the route by which they are travelling.

Tourist Tickets to Norwich are issued from Peterborough, Wisbech, Godmanchester, Postland, Spalding, Donington Road, Sleaford, Blankney and Metherringham, Lincoln, Gainsborough, Haxey, Selby, and York.

Full details of these and the following issues may be obtained at Liverpool Street station.

FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS.

Fortnightly Return Tickets (1st and 3rd class) are issued at all G.E.R. stations for all trains running to Yarmouth, Cromer, Mundesley, and Hunstanton.

Similar privileges are extended to holders of these tickets as to those who purchase tourist tickets.

FRIDAY TO TUESDAY RETURN TICKETS.

Every Friday and Saturday 1st and 3rd class Return Tickets are issued at all G.E.R. stations for all trains running to Yarmouth,

Cromer, Mundesley, and Hunstanton. They are available for return by any advertised train on the Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday following the date of issue.

Similar privileges are extended to holders of these tickets as to those who purchase Tourist Tickets.

ELEVEN-DAY TICKETS.

Eleven-Day Tickets are issued to Yarmouth, Cromer, Mundesley, and Hunstanton from York, Selby, Doncaster, Haxey, Gainsborough, Lincoln, Blankney and Metherringham, Sleaford, Donington Road, Spalding, and Postland.

CHEAP TICKETS TO BROADLAND STATIONS.

Tourist, Fortnightly, and Friday to Tuesday tickets are issued from Liverpool Street and St Pancras stations to Norwich, Wroxham, Acle, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Oulton Broad, and Carlton Colville.

CIRCULAR TOUR TICKETS.

To enable tourists to visit the various places of interest in Norfolk and the other East Anglian counties, Circular Tour Tickets, made up to include such towns and districts as may be most convenient to the purchaser, are issued at the G.E.R. Company's West End Ticket and Enquiry Office and American Rendezvous, 2 Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square, and at Liverpool Street Station.

BROADLAND ANGLING STATIONS.

Brundall (for Surlingham and Coldham Hall).

Buckenham (for Rockland Broad and Buckenham Ferry).

Cantley.

Reedham.

Acle.

Wroxham.

Coltishall.

Potter Heigham.

Stalham (for Barton Broad).

Ormesby (for Ormesby, Filby, and Rollesby Broads).

St Olaves

Haddiscoe } for Fritton Lake.

Herringfleet }

Oulton Broad } for Oulton Broad.

Carlton Colville }

From April 1st to October 31st inclusive cheap excursion tickets are issued daily, available for return by any train on the day of issue only, the return fares being as follows :—

TO	From Norwich or Whittingham		From Yarmouth.		From Lowestoft.		From Oulton Broad.		From Guntton.		From Cromer.		From Mundesley.	
	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.	1st Cl.	3rd Cl.
Acle .	s. d. 1 6	s. d. 0 10	s. d. 1 6	s. d. 0 10	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...	s. d. ...
Brundall .	1 3	0 8	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...
Buckenham .	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...
Cantley .	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...
Haddiscoe .	2 6	1 3	...	...	1 6	0 9	1 6	0 9	...	...	...	...	...	...
North Walsham	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 3	0 8	...	...	...
Oulton Broad .	4 0	2 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Reedham .	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...
St Olaves (for Fritton Lake)	...	...	1 6	0 9	1 6	0 9	1 6	0 9	...	...	...	...	...	...
Somerleyton .	3 0	1 6	1 8	1 0	1 6	0 9	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Worstead .	1 8	1 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 8	1 0	...	...	...
Wroxham .	1 6	0 9	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 8	1 0	1 0	...	...	1 0

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