

HALF-HOLIDAY HANDBOOKS.

ROUND BROMLEY AND KESTON.

A Handy Guide to Rambles in the District.

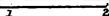
WITH A MAP, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND BICYCLE ROUTE.



London

T. FISHER UNWIN
17, HOLBORN VIADUCT

PRICE NINEPENCE



ROUND BROMLEY AND KESTON:

*A HANDY GUIDE TO RAMBLES IN THE
DISTRICT.*

With a Map,
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BICYCLE ROUTE.—LONDON TO BROMLEY, ETC.

Miles from
London Bridge.

LONDON BRIDGE.

High Street, Borough.

Great Dover Street.

Old Kent Road.

Hatcham 3¼

New Cross 3¾

Left to Greenwich (1)

Loam Pit Hill.

Cross River Ravensbourne.

LEWISHAM 5

Rushey Green, Catford . 6

Right to Forest Hill (2)

South End 7½

Bromley Hill 9

BROMLEY 10

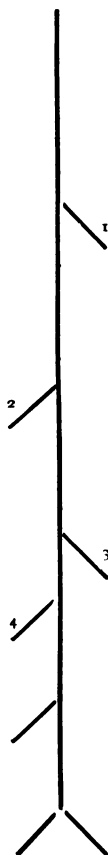
*Left to Plaistow and
Chislehurst (3)*

Right to Croydon (4)

To Hayes

To Keston

To Farnborough.



ROUND BROMLEY.

THERE are few districts within half-an-hour's ride of the metropolis which are more worthy of a visit than the neighbourhood of Bromley, in Kent. For the guidance of those who propose seeing for themselves the beauties of the district, the following pages are intended. Rest for the weary brain is necessary for human existence, and this may be obtained at a trifling cost in these days. Let those who need a brief respite from their daily toil accompany us in our rambles through this part of the "Garden of England," and we will venture to predict a full measure of enjoyment.

How shall we get to our destination? is naturally the first question of a Londoner. The answer is, go to either of the metropolitan stations of the South Eastern or London, Chatham, and Dover Railways, and plenty of trains will be found going to this particular part of Kent, for it is only ten miles from the "great city," and a brief journey will bring us to the town. Even the route thither is very picturesque as we pass along, and cheers one up with the idea of being so soon in the country and at

BROMLEY.

According to Hasted, the name of the town is derived from the quantity of yellow broom that used to grow and still grows on the commons and waste lands hereabouts — a derivation that is scarcely satisfactory. Bromley is situated on a hill, and whichever way it is approached by road an incline must be ascended. This is no detriment to it, as the air is invigorating and bracing after the tainted London atmosphere.

Having reached the town from the railway station, we find ourselves in the market-place, where a noble-looking building occupies the centre on the site of the old market hall, which latter was built after the fashion of the times, with a room above, supported on pillars, and an open space beneath. The present Town Hall, erected by Coles Child, Esq., the Lord of the Manor, is a handsome specimen of Gothic architecture, having a large meeting-room running nearly the whole length of the building, and the lower part occupied by the London and County Bank, the Literary Institution, and the Police Station ; while under the central portion of these, a market is held every Thursday. The spacious hall is sixty feet long by thirty-two feet wide, and the roof is forty feet from the floor. A charter was granted by John Lowe, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, in 1447, for the holding of a market once a week ; and though several attempts have been made to do away with it, the rights and privileges of the said charter are stoutly contested. It is not a market for the sale of corn and cattle, but provisions, fruit, and articles of a general description are disposed of, much to the ire of the local tradesmen, who

look upon these weekly visitors as interlopers who interfere with their trade.

The market-square is surrounded by the principal shops, and from it, at the eastern angle, runs Widmore Road, or, as it is generally called, New Bromley; and at the western angle is High Street, forming a portion of the main London and Hastings road. At this corner is the old posting-house of the Bell, a worthy rival of the one lower down the street called the White Hart. Both of these hostelries were noted in bygone days when travelling by post-chaise was more fashionable than it is now. The steps of the Bell Hotel are said to be on a level with the dome of St. Paul's—a circumstance giving a good idea of the elevated position of the town. Also leading out of the square near the Widmore Road is East Street, a new thoroughfare forming an approach to the South Eastern Railway Station. In this street is the Drill Hall and Gymnasium of the F Company of the 3rd Kent Rifle Volunteers.

The town has lately undergone considerable improvement in the matter of drainage, as by its connection with the West Kent Sewerage a complete system is adopted. There is a Local Board Committee, composed of practical men, to manage all sanitary matters; and we must say that the character of the rates, though rather high, will bear favourable comparison with most other towns.

THE COLLEGE.

At the top of High Street, and opposite Beckenham Lane, stands Bromley College—an establishment founded and endowed in 1666 by John Warner, Bishop of Rochester, for the benefit of twenty poor widows of

clergymen of the Church of England. Let us take a peep at this institution, for visitors are allowed to walk round the grounds and view the place. Passing in at the lodge gate a notice-board attracts our attention, and informs us that "no tramps are admitted." We are not sure that our vocation as ramblers does not bring us within the letter of this interdict. We pass on, however, and are struck with the general order and neatness of the place: the nicely kept walks and carefully tended flower beds, with here and there a shady arbour among the trees invitingly placed for the benefit of the lady inmates.

The building consists of two quadrangles built of brick in the style of Charles II., and in the subsequent enlargements this style has been imitated to present uniformity. The old wrought-iron gate and stone pillars surmounted by a bishop's mitre bear the date 1666, and the work is in very good preservation. Each lady has a separate residence with an allowance of £38 per annum. The original number of twenty has been increased to forty widows, through the benevolence of several individuals, and the funds still receive additional contributions. At the north-east corner of the grounds is Sheppard's College, consisting of five houses built in a similar manner to those of the larger block, and affording the same accommodation for each individual. These are allotted to five maiden ladies, the daughters of clergymen, together with an annual income and medical attendance. The founder of this noble charity was the wife of the Rev. Dr. Sheppard, from whom it takes its name. The spiritual wants of the occupants are provided for by a resident chaplain, and daily service is held in the small chapel attached to the college. The entire block of buildings and grounds cover about four

acres, and afford a pleasant place for the tranquil retirement of those advanced in life.

At the rear of the College are the National Schools, built at a cost of nearly £3,000, on a site given by the Bishop of Rochester. They were erected to supersede the old Charity Schools, and were first used in July, 1855. Enlargements have been made since then to meet the local requirements, as the place is constantly increasing in size ; and in 1872 additional accommodation was provided at Mason's Hill, near the old station, for the use of that part of the town.

Bromley is not without other charitable institutions, for it has its Cottage Hospital situated at the entrance to Hayes Lane, and erected on land nominally given for the purpose. From a report we find it was established in 1869, and subsequently enlarged as a necessary accompaniment for this vastly growing neighbourhood. It is managed by an influential committee, and placed under the care of a matron. In the year 1880 there were seventy-five fresh cases requiring attention, including twenty-three accidents, thus showing the necessity of such a valuable institution ; and the number would have been larger, but the medical officers were obliged to refuse admission to several cases at a time when all the beds were occupied. The Hospital is open to visitors between the hours of two and four p.m. every day.

BROMLEY CHURCH.

This venerable pile is situated on the west side of the town, on an eminence which makes it a conspicuous object for miles around, and is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The outer walls are those of the old

building, which underwent extensive alteration in 1830, side and front galleries being added, affording many additional sittings. Again in 1873 there was considerable improvement, and it was proposed at one time to erect a chancel, but this was so strenuously opposed by the older inhabitants, that the idea was put aside, and the interior remained untouched, beyond being renovated and new seats provided. The church, therefore, has a nave, side aisles, and galleries running all round, but no chancel. The beautiful east window was the gift of Lord Farnborough, and is a fine example of its kind. The south door is a remnant of antiquity, belonging to the church previous to the alterations of 1830. The tower, placed at the west end, is but slightly altered from its original shape, having low square battlements, and containing a very good peal of eight bells. Returning to the interior of the church, we are struck with the size and beauty of the organ, which is placed in the gallery at the western end. This grand instrument was presented to the parish by Sir E. H. Scott, Bart., of Sundridge Park, as a thankoffering for the birth of a son in 1876, and cost over £1,000.

The parish register dates from 1682, when an assessment of the place was made, and, at a shilling in the pound, amounted to £661 2s. After this date many interesting but curious records exist; thus, in 1703 it was ordered that "John Doodny the beadle have a newe blew coate bought him, and a paire of stockins betweene this and Christmas." Again in 1769 is recorded this entry: "An apartment ordered to be built at the farther end of the workhouse, for receiving distressed families, which had hitherto been put in the watch-house."

Among the many monumental tablets on the walls we select a few, and chief of all is one erected at the eastern

end to Zachary Pearce, D.D., a former Bishop of Rochester, who departed this life on June 29th, 1774, at the advanced age of 84 years. The tablet sets forth the offices which he filled as follows: Rector of St. Bartholomew's, London, 1720-24, then vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields till 1739, when he was made Dean of Winchester, and in 1744 Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation. In 1748 he was created Bishop of Bangor, in 1756 Dean of Westminster, and the same year Bishop of Rochester. He resigned the Deanery of Westminster in 1768, and in 1774 "died in a comfortable hope of (what was the chief aim of all his labours upon earth) the being promoted to a happier place in Heaven." His body was interred in the south aisle by the side of his wife, who died in 1773. Near to this memorial is the family pew of the late Lord of the Manor, Coles Child, Esq., above which is a brass plate recording his death. Another tablet on the walls, inscribed in Latin, announces the decease of Thomas Raikes, one of the Governors of the Bank of England in 1797. In the south gallery is an inscription describing the death of Thomas Chase, Esq., who narrowly escaped destruction in the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, he being buried for a time under the ruins of the house in which he lived.

The entrance to the churchyard from the town is through one of the old-fashioned Lich (or Lych) gates, erected in 1855. It may not be generally known that these gates were originally intended as coverings, beneath which the bearers rested when bringing a corpse for burial. The place is not now used as a burying ground, except in the case of those owning vaults or graves; the new cemetery being situated out of the town on the London road. In walking round this God's-acre we are

struck with some beautiful as well as quaint memorials. Near to the gate, and one of the first to attract attention, is a massive granite obelisk, erected to the memory of the late Coles Child, Esq., who was much esteemed by the inhabitants of the town. On the right, near the entrance to the vestry, a slab contains the following curious epitaph, written by Dr. Hawkesworth: "Near this place lies the body of Elizabeth Monk, who departed this life on the 27th day of August, 1753, aged 101. She was the widow of John Monk, late of this parish; blacksmith, her second husband, to whom she had been a wife near fifty years, by whom she had no children, and of the issue of the first marriage none lived to the second. But virtue would not suffer her to be childless: an infant, to whom and to whose father she had been nurse (such is the uncertainty of temporal prosperity), became dependent upon strangers for the necessaries of life: to him she afforded the protection of a mother. This parental charity was returned with filial affection; and she was supported in the feebleness of age by him whom she had cherished in the helplessness of infancy. Let it be remembered that there is no station in which industry will not obtain power to be liberal, nor any character on which liberality will not confer honor. She had been long prepared by a simple and unaffected piety for that awful moment, which, however delayed, is universally sure. How few are allowed an equal time to probation? How many by their lives appear to presume upon more? To preserve the memory of this person, and yet more to perpetuate the lesson of her life, this stone was erected by voluntary contributions."

On the south side of the churchyard is a stone to the memory of Ann Bexhill, which bears the following in-

scription : "The same Ann, by a second marriage the 19th of April, 1819, took the name of Baxter, and has given to her executors sufficient for them to purchase one hundred pounds Stock, in the 3 per cent. Consolidated Annuities at the Bank of England, upon trust from time for ever thereafter, to pay the interest and dividends of the said stock or annuities to be purchased as aforesaid ; unto the overseers and sexton for the time being of the parish of Bromley in Kent, and which she has directed, may from time to time for ever thereafter be laid out and applied by them in keeping in good repair and condition, the stone work over this grave, and to paint the same every three years in a workmanlike manner, and also to turf over the graves of her late Mother, and her two children, whose remains lie adjoining to or near this brick grave."

Though the parish is now in the diocese of Canterbury, it formerly belonged to that of Rochester, and the Bishop's Palace was an important mansion of the town. The records of ecclesiastical jurisdiction date back to the times of the Normans, when Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, claimed possession of the church and its appendages. These were, however, restored by Lanfranc the Primate, who apportioned them to the diocese of Rochester. In 1534 the church was declared a rectory, at a valuation of £39 12s., and was held by John Hilsey, the bishop at that time, who placed the parish under the charge of a curate. The rectory of Bromley consisted in 1650 of a manor, with mansion house, gate house, "and a large barn of eleven baves," with two smaller barns, and other buildings. Also glebe land to the value of £50, and the tithes worth £130, with other appurtenances, making the whole worth nearly £200 per annum. Since the year 1700 the rectory has been let on lease to different

persons, and it is now held by trustees, the yearly value being over £1200; but eventually the whole of the property reverts to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The present vicarage stands nearly opposite the church, and overlooking Martin's Hill. The growth of the parish necessitated the building of a district church in 1841, at Bromley Common, on the main Tunbridge road, about a mile out of the town. It is built in the Gothic style, the outer walls faced with black flint, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

St. John's Church, in Park Road, has only recently been erected, and was consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury on May 8th, 1880. It will accommodate eight hundred persons, and its erection was considered a necessity for the spiritual wants of the district, and also to allow of a new parish being formed.

Nonconformity is well represented in the town, and each of the three large dissenting bodies has a commodious building for worship.

Numerous benefactions have been made at times for different charitable objects connected with the town, but the principal one remaining is known as "John Lascoe's Decayed Tradesman's Charity Fund," by which a sum of £2,280 was invested in Consols, the dividends to be applied for the benefit of poor broken-down tradesmen. To this was afterwards added Miss Elizabeth Lascoe's charity, whereby a sum of £194 11s. 11d. was invested for the benefit of four "Widows of Master Tradesmen of Bromley" who are in straitened circumstances.

MARTIN'S HILL.

From the parish church we proceed to Martin's Hill, a spot recently secured to the town by the prompt exer-

tions of the residents. It is in the immediate vicinity of the churchyard, and a ramble over it will, we are sure, be appreciated. It forms a favourite resort for all classes, from its proximity to the town and the commanding views, combined with a bracing atmosphere, obtained from its summit. Owing to probable encroachments, and the possibility of its being split up into building plots, the Local Board, with a little outside assistance, purchased the freehold from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the hill is now held in perpetuity for the benefit of the town. It has lately been laid out as a public recreation ground, and placed under the charge of a ranger, though we are inclined to think the hill looked better in its natural state, and before it was shorn of part of its beauty. Seats are placed in the best situations, and while seated on one of these we can enjoy to our heart's content the beautiful scenery of the surrounding neighbourhood. To the right our eye is attracted by the glittering roof of the Crystal Palace, and while scanning around we observe in the distance Holwood Park, with the villages of Keston and Hayes at its feet, and immediately opposite is the district of Shortlands.

A local poet, lately deceased, has in the following lines enthusiastically described the beauties of the neighbourhood; and his friends will, we hope, pardon the liberty we take in reproducing them here:—

THE BROMLEY HILLS.

The cock crows shrill—'tis peep of day,
Soon will the lark begin his lay;
The sunbeams streak the dewy lawn,
And gild the pearl drops of the dawn.

I rose at seven and heard the lark
Warbling on high in Bromley park ;
And now the goats let out to feed,
Were browsing in the neighbouring mead.
What lovely scenes here meet the eye,
When not a cloud obscures the sky :
From Sundridge Park to Palace Grove,
How fair below, how bright above !
And sweet the hawthorn-scented gale
Comes wafted from the distant vale,
Or, from some vocal thicket near—
That tells the nightingale is there !
And now is seen that holy fane,
Where worshipped once the Saxon thane.
Mark where its ancient turrets rise ;
For there beneath his native skies
Good Hawkesworth sleeps, well known to fame,
A worthy, yet an injured name !
I trace the mounds of Martin's Hill,
Or roam beside the flowing rill,
Where oft on its sequestered bank
The Roman cohorts met and drank,
Led by the ravens of the morn,
And hence ycleped the Ravensbourne.
And as I view the varied scene
That lies beyond, of grove and green,
My heart with grateful rapture fills
To feel the health of Bromley hills,

T. E. C.

Bromley, May 19th, 1871.

BROMLEY PALACE.

Before describing this, the residence of the Lord of the Manor, it will be as well to say a few words about the Manor itself. Early historical accounts state that Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, gave to the Bishop of Rochester (Eardulph), in the eighth century, the whole of the land in this district ; but portions of it were after-

wards seized by succeeding kings. For a time serious contentions raged between the King and the Bishop respecting the amount of land to be held by the latter, and it was not till the year 1076 that a fixed area was agreed upon, though in Edward the Confessor's time it was estimated at six sulings of land ; but three of these were subsequently claimed by Odo of Bayeaux, half brother to the Conqueror. In the turbulent reigns of the early Plantagenet kings the manor changed hands frequently ; and later on, in 1646, was sold to Augustus Skinner, thus passing out of the possessions pertaining to the diocese. However, in 1660, Charles II. restored it again to its lawful owner, Dr. Warner, Bishop of Rochester, and thus it remained as Church property till 1845, when it was purchased by the late Coles Child, Esq.

The old Palace, or Manor-house, was probably erected about the year 1100, after the decision of Lanfranc, the Primate in 1076, as to the area of the manor. It underwent many alterations at the hands of its successive occupants, and Bishop Sprat, in 1669, restored a considerable portion of the building, as did also Bishop Atterbury. In 1774 Dr. Thomas entirely rebuilt the edifice, which, with a few additions, is the mansion now standing. The approach to it is by a lodge in the Widmore Road, opposite the School of Science and Art, and the carriage-drive passes through a fine avenue of lime trees. In the grounds belonging to the Palace is a mineral spring known by the name of St. Blaze's Well, which anciently had a chapel annexed, dedicated to that saint. This place was much resorted to, especially at Whitsuntide, by devout pilgrims, owing to Lucas, the Papal Legate of Sixtus IV., granting an indulgence for forty days to all who attended and offered up their

prayers and thanksgivings for the previous conversion of Ethelbert in 597. During the Reformation the chapel fell into ruins and became disused, so that the well got covered over, and its existence remained unknown till 1754, when it was discovered quite accidentally. The water of the well being strongly impregnated with iron was supposed to possess important medicinal properties, and in consequence was largely used as a cure for many infirmities by the poorer classes, who placed implicit faith in its power to do them good. During some excavations that were being made a few years ago, an ancient drawbridge was brought to light in front of the mansion, and thought to have been constructed about the eighth century. On the estate is a Model Farm planned by the late proprietor, and at the eastern portion is an extensive brickfield employing many persons.

There are some fine trees in the park, and beneath them the ground is blue with the flowers of Speedwell and Bugle. The entomologist may obtain some of the commoner species of Coleoptera and Hemiptera by sweeping the herbage; and beyond the park great beds of nettles and hawthorns heavy with bloom may produce a few good things.

There is a very pretty walk across the park, and in front of the Palace leading to Bromley Common. The route passes through a large hop garden (the only one in the district), and thence out into a pleasant lane on to Southborough. This name is given to a hamlet in the vicinity of the Bromley race-course, and during the race-meetings, which occur about four times a year, the place is all in a stir of excitement.



Germander Speedwell.

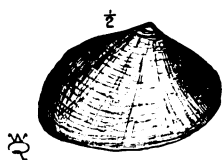
SUNDRIDGE.

The mansion called by this name is situated about a mile from Bromley, and may be reached by way of Widmore and Park roads. The estate belongs to Sir E. H. Scott, Bart., and is in extent about 1,100 acres, the house occupying a central position. It stands on a gentle slope under the shelter of a thick wood, and at the foot of the terrace a small stream pleasantly flows by.

Sundridge was originally the residence of a noble family named Blund, who settled in this part in the reign of Henry III. Ralph le Blund paid *aïd* for the estate, which he held from the Bishop of Rochester as a Whole Knight's Fee, during the time of Edward III. From this family it changed owners many times, till the year 1796, when it was purchased by Sir Claude Scott, Bart., who entirely rebuilt the mansion. His decease occurring in 1830, the possession passed to Sir Samuel Scott, whose memory is still cherished for his many acts of benevolence, and his kind sympathy with the poorer classes. In 1849 his second son, Samuel Scott, Esq., succeeded to the property, and at his death, there being no direct issue, it came to his nephew, the present owner.

As the pedestrian enters the park by the public foot-path the front of the house meets his view, and he will be struck with the size and position of it; the light stone columns and terrace being made prominent by the thick background of trees. The most delightful walks exist among these groves, and many varieties of ferns and wild flowers grow luxuriantly in secluded spots. The interior of the mansion is replete with treasures of

art, many of them rare specimens and of great value. The extensive park slope is thickly wooded, and not far from the lodge, at the extreme end of the footpath, is a spot sacred to the geologist as containing fossil remains in abundance. The lodge is built of masses of fossil-shells. The most interesting geological feature of the park is the Rock Pit, near Elmstead Lane, at the Chislehurst end of the park. The strata disclosed in this pit belong to the London Clay formation, and they abound in the fossils characteristic of that period. In some places the strata consist almost entirely of shells and pieces of shell, the most common forms being ancient species of Oyster (*Ostrea*) and Nymph-shell (*Cyrena*).



Cyrena.

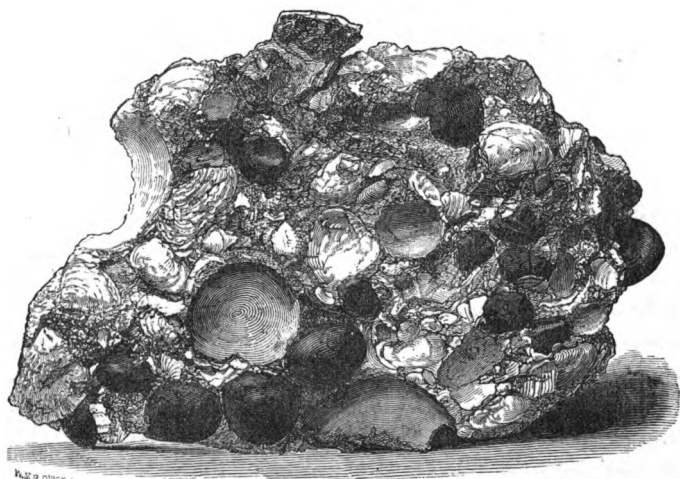
The accompanying figure represents a mass of these shells from this locality, reproduced from Mr. Nash's "Pre-Adamite London." Among other fossils obtained from this pit may be mentioned *Fusus*, *Melania*, *Nucula*, and *Pectunculus*. It may have been noticed that some of the houses in Bromley have been partially built of this shelly rock. Subterranean passages have been discovered in different places on the estate, and Hasted supposes them to be the work of the Saxons, though it is not improbable that they were excavated by the ancient Britons, as we know that owing to the frequent invasions of enemies they stored up their corn and other goods in caves. These underground passages are generally approached by a slight incline, or in some cases by steps, and extend horizontally about eighty feet below the surface. The visitor must obtain permission to view these remains as they are situated among the game preserves.

The path by which we entered the park leads on to

Chislehurst, which may be reached by crossing Elmstead Lane, and passing through a small copse, where the lover of wild flowers will find ample enjoyment. Here also is food for the reflective mind of the botanist, and this shady retreat will disclose —

“New wonders of that Mighty Hand.”

The road to the right leads to Bickley Station, while that to the left is for Mottingham and Woolwich.



Fossils from Rock-pit.

BROMLEY HILL.

This name is given to a mansion situated rather more than half-a-mile from the town of Bromley on the London road, just beyond the cemetery. An ancient-looking lodge on the left forms the entrance to an extensive park, in which stands the residence of the late

Colonel Long. The house occupies a prominent position, though partly secluded by trees ; and along the front extends a broad terrace from which most magnificent views are obtained. The dome of St. Paul's is conspicuous on a clear day, backed up by the hills beyond, while as the eye scans the horizon, it is charmed with the beautiful neighbourhood of Beckenham, the Crystal Palace, and Dulwich.

The interior of the mansion forms the receptacle for many works of art, but especially of pictures ; many of these being by the great masters, and unmatched for excellence. It is however for the lovely walks immediately surrounding the house that this place is remarkable, and which we will in some measure attempt to describe. Following the path leading from the terrace, past some well-arranged flower-beds and through a little wicket-gate, we find ourselves presently beside a clear stream. We track this, which leads close by a small romantic-looking retreat called the Swiss Cottage, built in a rustic fashion, with a roof of heath, and having seats placed in a position commanding one of the most exquisite views imaginable. In front of you pleasantly flows the stream, giving forth music by its gentle ripples, while the trout nimbly dash to and fro after the flies. Bordering the stream are wild flowers and ferns in great variety, and chiefly noticeable are the splendid specimens of the *Osmunda regalis*, or Royal fern, which abound in every part of the grounds. A slight bend in the course adds greatly to the effect of the scene, but the whole aspect assumes such an air of enchantment as completely to fascinate us with its beauty. Having sufficiently feasted our eyes, we pass on, still following the footpath which skirts the water, till we reach a rustic bridge leading on to another retreat, where we make a stand and take in the view

presented to us. Near at hand are springs containing the sources of several streams that meander through the grounds, and then acting as feeders to the Ravensbourne. Remarkably pure and clear is this water, and we are tempted to take a draught, which we find very cool and refreshing. As we listen our ears catch the sound of falling waters, and we observe a little way from us a cascade. Proceeding on our way we follow the path to the entrance of a meadow, still accompanying the stream, which here enlarges to a broad sheet of water—the home of many species of the aquatic tribes. The late owner of this beautiful estate used kindly to throw open his grounds to the inhabitants of Bromley once a year—a boon highly appreciated and taken advantage of by them. They may then ramble unmolested wherever their fancy leads them, and no spot receives more attention, or has such lavish praises bestowed upon it, than the rustic temple situated in the midst of the streams.

“ Then, then rejoice, make music
Thou stream, thou glad and free !
The shadows of all glorious flowers
Be set in thee ! ”

PLAISTOW.

Opposite Bromley Hill lodge is a road leading to the suburb of Plaistow ; a favourite residential locality. It has now been formed into a separate parish, but under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the mother parish. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is built of flint with black facings. Recently a chancel has been added ; but it still needs the transepts and steeple to complete the

edifice. There are also schools in connection with the church, and supported chiefly by members of the congregation.

Plaistow Lodge and Park are situated in the district, and form the residence of Lord Kinnaird. For several years it was owned by the Boyd family, who did much towards improving the estate by restoring the mansion and laying out the grounds. During the latter part of the last century, this property belonged to a gentleman named Thelluson, who by his will ordered his trustees to purchase land with his fortune, and in the event of there being no male heir from his immediate descendants, after three generations, the whole of the property was to be sold, and the proceeds devoted towards the liquidation of the National Debt. This, however, has not been acted upon yet, as the male representatives have always made good their claim.

Through a gate by the Plaistow lodge of Sundridge Park is the footpath to Lee, Mottingham, and Woolwich ; and this will be found one of the prettiest walks in the neighbourhood. Passing over a few meadows and by a picturesque farmhouse into a narrow lane, the footpath leads direct to Lee. Turning to the right, over a little bridge that spans a running stream, we begin to find ourselves in the land of flowers. On the hedges in wild profusion are the honeysuckle, wild convolvulus, clematis, wild rose, red-berried bryony, and the common though beautiful blossoms of the blackberry, each striving to outstrip the other in loveliness. The banks are gay with the white ox-eye daisy, tufted vetch, spotted persicaria, common golden rod, hairy St. John's wort, greater knapweed, and the brilliant scarlet poppy. The further part of this old-fashioned country lane is impassable except in dry weather, owing to its muddy condition ; but there

is a path along the field on the other side of the hedge. On a clear day good views of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Clock Tower at Westminster, and several other noted buildings are obtainable. We are now in the lane again, and bearing round to the left brings us to Grove Park Station of the South Eastern Railway, where the Bromley Direct branch joins the main line of this company. Since the making of this branch a great impetus has been given to the building trade, as may be seen by the newly-erected houses in this locality. Continuing the walk over the railway bridge for a short distance to the top of the hill, beautiful scenery meets the eye on every side. On the right is the Crystal Palace and the range of Kentish hills, including the districts of Hayes, Keston, Cudham, and away to Knockholt; while on the left is the charming neighbourhood of Shooter's Hill, and thence to Woolwich. Passing by a farm, at a short distance on the right is a narrow lane leading to Southend; a small village about two miles from Bromley, and on the main London road. The path on the right leads away over the hills through a magnificent piece of country; but we keep to the left, skirting some low-lying fields, where a small rivulet rises and wends its way among banks of wild flowers. A few of these need only be mentioned, such as the ragged robin, meadow sweet, cuckoo flower, and common frog-bit being most conspicuous. The route now lies through cornfields, and mounting a stile on the left hand we pass through the park of Lord Kinnaird, and out by the cemetery into High Street, Bromley. If the visitor would like to see Southend, he must keep by the above-mentioned farm, cross over a couple of meadows, and emerge by the water-mill. Though the village has no historical buildings, it is very pretty; a large sheet of water standing on one side of the road and neat-look-

ing houses on the other. Some fishing may be indulged in here by lovers of the sport, but permission must first be obtained.

SHORTLANDS.

Mention has been made of this locality in connection with the view from Martin's Hill, from which place it is reached by a path on the left, called Glass Mill Lane, crossing the Ravensbourne stream, and thence over the railway, near to the West Kent Water-works pumping station. Ascending the hill, the first building to attract attention is the noble-looking church dedicated to St. Mary, which stands out prominently from the surrounding houses. It is of recent erection, and was mainly built through the energy of a few private individuals on ground given for the purpose. A glance at the houses shows that they belong to the wealthier class, and indeed this district has been selected by many gentlemen as their retreat from the business cares of the great city. A healthier spot could scarcely be chosen, for its elevated position and gravelly soil give to it a bracing and invigorating character. In close proximity is the railway station, adding greatly to the convenience of those who dwell in this neighbourhood. A few years ago a large wood, known as the King's wood, covered the whole of these parts ; but with the growth of the town this has diminished until very few traces of it exist. Great improvements are going on at the present time in connection with the drainage, and rows of newly-erected cottages have sprung up like mushrooms, threatening to destroy entirely the rural aspect of the place. The district of Shortlands is situated midway between Bromley

and Beckenham, and within easy distance of either town. It abounds in beautiful rambles, one in particular being near the church, down a lane bordered with hedgerows in summer teeming with wild flowers, while above are overhanging trees. The land on the right forms a part of the extensive estate of C. Goodhart, Esq., of Langley Park; and if the walk is continued, it will lead the pedestrian on to Pickhurst Green, by crossing which, and taking a turn to the left, the path leads back again to Bromley.

BICKLEY.

To reach this town from Bromley Market Square, the visitor should follow the Widmore road for some distance, and then a sign-post on the left will direct him. This district was formerly an extensive park, but a few years ago it was parcelled out into large plots and built upon. It is inhabited almost entirely by the wealthier classes, for whose accommodation a suitable station has been placed on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, from whence there is a frequent and quick service of trains to the City and West End. In the centre of the parish stands the church of St. George, having until recently for its vicar the Rev. Dr. Plumptre, now Dean of Bath and Wells. It is a building of modern construction with a handsome interior, and having a lofty stone spire and clock. The necessity for such an edifice was felt in 1864, and preparations were then made for its erection, the whole being completed and consecrated in the following year. It has a chancel, nave, aisles, and transept with stained glass windows, and has accommodation for between eight and nine hundred persons.

The living is in the gift of Geo. Wythes, Esq., of Bickley Park. The residence of this gentleman is situated in the midst of an extensive estate, over which herds of deer roam at large. These graceful creatures may be seen from the road skirting the park, and many a passer-by finds great interest in watching their agile movements. Nearly opposite the lodge of this estate is Elmstead Lane, which invitingly tempts the tourist to seek the shade offered by the trees with which it is lined. This will be found a pleasant way to return to Bromley, as, if the lane be followed, it will conduct the Rambler into Sundridge Park ; a footpath across here leading into the town.

CHISLEHURST.

While the visitor is at Bickley he might go on to this village, which of late has largely increased in size and importance. Its name will always be associated with Napoleon III. and the exiled Imperial family of France. After the great battle of Sedan, in the Franco-German war of 1871, this monarch, having surrendered to the Germans, was confined for a time in a fortress, and then set at liberty. Not daring however to return to France in its then troubled state, the Emperor with the Empress and their only son, took up their residence at Camden House, a beautiful mansion situated at the edge of the common, and at the top of Chislehurst Hill.

There are several routes to this village from Bromley, but we presume the tourist proposes walking thither, so that the pleasantest way is through Sundridge Park as far as the railway. Then he should follow the road through the arch which leads to the foot of Camden

Hill. The road to the left as well as the footpath goes on to Prickend—a small village skirting Chislehurst Common ; while that on the right takes us on the common by the entrance to Camden House. A short distance along the road will be found some chalk caves, supposed to extend about a mile underground. These are not now used for the excavation of chalk owing to their being considered unsafe.

Perhaps, however, the tourist would prefer to reach Chislehurst from Bickley. In that case his best way would be to traverse the road leading to the station of the S. E. Railway, and then ascend the steep hill on to the common. Whichever way this lovely district is approached, the Rambler must be charmed with the magnificent scenery surrounding him, and as he reaches the summit of the hill, the bracing air is welcomed. It is owing to its great beauty, delightful situation, close proximity to London (being only eleven miles distant), and its general healthiness, that this spot is become such a favourite residential locality. Before the late Emperor Napoleon came to live here, it was not a place of much importance ; but after this event royalty on many occasions paid visits to it, and more and more made it a centre of interest, and refugees from France flocked at all times to do homage to the exiled family.

Chislehurst was anciently called by the Saxon title of Ciselhyrst, as appears in the charter of Textus Roffensis, a name expressive of its situation among the woods. Edward the Second in his fifteenth year, by consent of Parliament, granted to his half-brother, Edmund de Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the whole of the manor of Chislehurst. The present holder of the office is Earl Sydney, whose residence is a short distance from the common. It would be difficult to describe the village

owing to its straggling nature, but we will proceed to give a few particulars of its surroundings, and commence with

THE PARISH CHURCH.

This building is very prettily situated among some noble specimens of elm trees at the edge of the common. These give to it an appropriate air of retirement, which



Chislehurst Church.

harmonizes with everything around. As we enter the lych gate we are struck with the attractive exterior of the edifice ; its flint walls covered here and there with roses, and the neatly kept churchyard with its numberless graves, some bearing traces of the work of loving

hands paying their only possible tribute to the honoured dead, which seem to

“ Have a breathing influence there
A charm not elsewhere found.”

The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and dates far back, as the register shows entries of the year 1558. From time to time necessary repairs have been made, but the ancient style is retained ; and surmounting the building is one of the old-fashioned shingled spires, which are such common features of the churches in this part of Kent. Having viewed the exterior we walk inside, as the church remains open all day, and find it consists of a nave and side aisles with stained glass windows of good design and skilled workmanship, while the walls contain some very fine memorial tablets. In a panel over a stone tomb near to the pew of the Lord of the Manor is the following quaint inscription :

“ Here lyes the bodie of Sir Edmond Walsingham :
A knight some time of worthie fame
Lyeth buried under the stony bower,
Sir Edmond Walsingham was his name,
Lieutenant he was of London Tower.
Serving therein 22 yeares space
Continually in his Prince's good grace.
The 9th February, 1549, fully rune
The sowle from his bodie parted was.
Leaving three daughters and one sonne,
Marie, Alice, Ellinor, and Thomas,
Which Thomas now Knight this erected the rathe
In memory of Sir Edmond his father.”

Near to this also stands a beautiful marble tablet in high relief by the celebrated sculptor, David Chantrey, bearing the date 1823 and this inscription :

“To the memory of William Selwyn, Esq., who died August 21st, 1817, aged 85 years. This monument is erected by his children in testimony of their strong affection, and as a record of gratitude for blessings enjoyed.”

The subject of this monument is a recumbent figure, against which the two daughters are placed, while the son stands behind. There is over the whole work a refined expression of sorrow, which tells its tale far more eloquently than could be conveyed in words. The pose of the figures and the flow of the draperies are very fine, showing the skill of the artist. It is not often that the works of great men like Chantrey are to be seen for so little trouble, and admirers of such works will be amply repaid for their visit here.

One other memorial remains to be mentioned as bringing us down to our own time. This is erected to the memory of Herbert Murray, a son of the present rector, Rev. H. Murray. This hopeful young sailor was one of the officers on board the ill-fated *Captain*, and was among those who found a watery grave when that vessel foundered in the Bay of Biscay in 1870.

The interior of the church is very profuse in decoration of the modern ritualistic style. The living is in the gift of the Bishop of Worcester. On leaving the churchyard by the lych gate there may be noticed the tomb of Thomas Bonner, Esq., aged 70, and Anne his wife, aged 59, of Camden House, who were foully murdered by their footman in the middle of the night. The inscription on the tomb, after recording the sad event, states that they often expressed a wish that they might depart this life together.

The spiritual wants of the neighbourhood are well supplied, for at Chislehurst West is the Church of the Annunciation, where services of the advanced ritualistic

form are held. It was opened in 1870 as a district church, and formed into a separate parish by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1876 under the title of "The Parish of the Annunciation," the living being in the gift of the authorities of Keble College, Oxford.

Not far from the railway station, and within sight of it, is Christ Church, Camden, which was opened by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1872. The services here form a marked contrast to those of the other two churches, being of a more evangelistic character. The living (at present held by the Rev. W. Fleming, brother to the Rev. Canon Fleming) is an independent incumbency, and in the gift of five trustees. Situated in the midst of a wealthy locality, the congregation attending this church is an aristocratic one, and the accommodation being found insufficient an enlargement has recently been made. A large and imposing Wesleyan Chapel, built on the common, was opened in 1876, for those belonging to that body, which also has a numerous congregation. In Crown Lane there is also a beautiful Roman Catholic Chapel, the only one in the neighbourhood, at which the late Emperor of the French and his family were regular attendants. At his death he was interred within its walls, in a chapel specially built to contain his tomb. The tomb of Napoleon III. is of massive granite, richly ornamented with mementoes of his reign; while around the walls are hung banners, etc., the gifts of many of his admirers. In 1879 the remains of the Prince Imperial, having been brought from Zululand, were deposited in a small sacristy opening out of the church. The sad end of this unfortunate young Prince called forth many expressions of sympathy for his bereaved mother. None of these were more earnest than those from our own Queen. A fee of one shilling

is charged to the numerous visitors who come to see the place where rest the bodies of the Emperor and his son.

Several charitable institutions exist in the parish. On the common is St. Michael's Orphanage, having accommodation for forty boys ; and at Chislehurst West is a sister institution, which provides for the same number of girls. This is called St. Barnabas' Orphanage, and was opened in 1878. Near the parish church, in a lane leading to the Crays, is the Governesses' Benevolent Institution—a long, neat building, under the charge of a lady superintendent, whose rooms are in the centre of the block, and who readily gives information to visitors respecting the benefits conferred by this useful charity. The foundation stone was laid on March 4, 1871, and the whole was completed ready for occupation in the spring of the next year.

CAMDEN HOUSE.

No description of Chislehurst would be complete without a few words about this famous mansion. It is almost shut out from view, being situated at the top of the hill leading from the railway station, and standing in a park that skirts the common. Indeed, only a passing glimpse can be obtained through the lodge gates, where, during its occupation by the ex-Empress, a policeman was always stationed to secure privacy. The place is celebrated in history as having been the residence of the great and learned William Camden, from whom it derives its name. Later, one of his descendants, Lord Camden, who was afterwards created Baron Camden, of

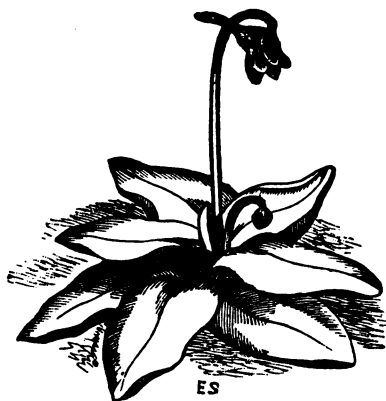
Camden Place, resided in it. A few years ago the estate passed into the possession of N. Strode, Esq., by whom it was renovated and greatly improved. Being a personal friend, this gentleman placed his mansion at the Emperor's disposal on hearing the misfortune that had befallen him. The Emperor availed himself of the offer, and on his release from confinement in Germany, took up his residence at Camden Place, where he remained living in retirement up to the time of his death. The inhabitants of Chislehurst, to mark their respect for the Prince Imperial, have erected a monument just without the fence in front of Camden House. It is in the shape of an enriched Runic Cross of grey granite, and bears the following inscription :

NAPOLEON
EUGENE, LOUIS, JEAN, JOSEPH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
KILLED IN ZULULAND,
1ST JUNE, 1879.

CHISLEHURST COMMON.

The Common, which rises to an altitude of over 300 feet above the sea-level, is cut up into two portions, known as the West Common and the East Common. The latter will have most interest for the naturalist, as it is of a much wilder character, with hollows and gravel-pits, and bordered by woods. These, however, are now enclosed, and the botanist has but the traditions of his predecessors to give him an idea of their flora. Many good things were formerly recorded as growing in the

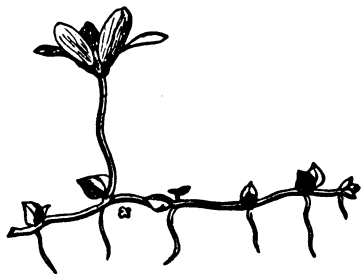
woods hereabout, and probably are still there. Among these may be mentioned the Lily of the Valley (*Convallaria majalis*), Herb Paris (*Paris quadri-
folia*), the Butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*), an insectivorous plant, White Meadow Saxifrage (*Saxifraga gran-
ulata*).



Butterwort.

Among the plants still to be found by examining the Common are the Broad-leaved Garlic (*Allium ursi-
num*), Bog Pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*),

Wood Anemone (*Anemone nemorosa*), Harebell (*Cam-
panula rotundifolia*), several Sedges (*Carex*), Small Cen-
tuncle (*Centunculus mini-
mus*), Enchanter's Night-
shade (*Circæa lutetiana*),
Traveller's Joy (*Clematis
vitalba*), Foxglove (*Digi-
talis purpurea*), Wood
Spurge (*Euphorbia amyg-
daloides*), several species
of St. John's Wort (*Hype-
ricum*), Creeping Jenny

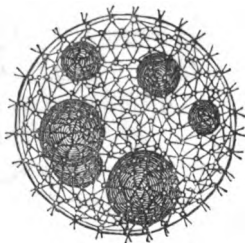


Bog Pimpernel.

(*Lysimachia Nummularia*), Yellow Pimpernel (*L. ne-
morum*), Purple Loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), Cow
Wheat (*Melampyrum pratense*), several species of Mints
(*Mentha*), Wood Sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*), Berry-bearing
Alder (*Rhamnus frangula*), Wild Currant (*Ribes rubrum*),

Wild Gooseberry (*R. Grossularia*), several Brambles (*Rubus*), Butcher's Broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*), Rue-leaved Saxifrage (*Saxifraga tridactylites*), Devil's-bit Scabious (*Scabiosa succisa*), Yellow Figwort (*Scrophularia vernalis*), Golden Rod (*Solidago Virgaurea*), Meadow Sweet (*Spiræa ulmaria*), Guelder Rose (*Viburnum opulus*), Wood Horsetail (*Equisetum sylvaticum*), etc., etc.

In the ponds are many objects of interest for the microscopist, including Desmids, Diatoms, Fresh - water Polypes (*Hydra*), *Volvox globator*, Rotifers or wheel - animalcules, including *Melicerta ringens* in its self-constructed tube, *Bulbochæte setigera*, and many others.



Volvox globator.

Very fine views are obtainable at different points, notably of Shooter's Hill, Knockholt Beeches, and thence away to Holwood and Keston. This district was a great resort of the nobility and gentry of London during the last century, and even now it forms the rendezvous for many a picnic party who, eager to escape from the city smoke, select this part in preference to many others, for its bracing air and charming landscapes.

PAULS CRAY.

If the visitor feels inclined to extend the walk after an interval for rest and refreshment, he will find a pleasant ramble down a green and shady lane, branching off to the right of the common as far as Pauls Cray common. This must not be confused with the village of Pauls Cray,

which is about two miles farther on. Many beautiful retreats exist, and are favoured on that account by large numbers of holiday folk, as it is within easy access of London—the nearest stations being Chislehurst and St. Mary Cray, both of them being about equidistant from the place. Some persons, however, prefer coming by road, and we would advise all who can to do so, as the journey is made through some of the loveliest parts of this highly favoured county.

To the left is Scadbury Park belonging to Earl Sydney, but unfortunately the public are not allowed to ramble over this domain owing to the game preserves. Formerly an old Manor House stood in its midst, and though the building has long since disappeared, the title is still retained in the Manor of Scadbury. The views in this park are magnificent, and permission may be obtained to walk through. Very pretty walks may be found across the fields amid charming scenery, and public footpaths traverse several of them. At the end of the common on the right is a road leading through a fine fir wood to Orpington, while that on the left goes to St. Mary Cray, where the hop is largely cultivated. The road across Scadbury Park leads to Frognal, the country seat of Earl Sydney, who is Lord Lieutenant of the county. Should the visitor wish, however, to get here from Chislehurst Common, the best way is to take the middle turning which passes into Perry Street and by the Sydney Arms. This inn is famous for its pleasure grounds, and well sustains the reputation of Kent as the flower-garden of England. Continuing the walk for about half-a-mile, two roads present themselves; the left leading, as the finger-post indicates, to Sidcup, Bexley Heath, and Dartford, while down the other, which is the one we are to follow through a fine avenue of elm trees, stands

Frogna! The house is built of red brick, and beautifully situated amongst garden and pleasure grounds. It dates back to the time of Henry III., when a family of the name of Barber lived here in 1253. The present family became possessed of it in 1730. The interior is that of an old English mansion with panelled ceilings and oak wainscoting, venerable with age, and its associations give it a charm which modern art, alas, cannot produce. There are some fine family portraits and valuable pictures by the old masters, several being the production of Reynolds.

At the village of St. Pauls Cray is an ancient and interesting church dedicated to St. Paulinus, and built of stone with a square tower and shingle spire. It is prettily situated by the side of the road, and opposite the river Cray. Though the building possesses no architectural beauty, yet its ivy-clad tower, with the tall poplars close by, and the winding of the river, render it very attractive. Very few houses are to be seen, but Messrs. Joynson's paper-mill gives employment to a great many of the inhabitants.

HAYES.

This parish is about two miles from Bromley, and the best way to reach it is by the station and Masons Hill. The first turning to the right should then be taken, going past the Cottage Hospital and out into Hayes Lane. At this spot there formerly stood an old foot-bridge, designated Hayes Ford. The ford and the water it crossed are now things of the past, and the only relic of them is the name given to the house which stands near the place, and retains the title of "Hayes Ford." Passing

along the road for a short distance the village soon appears, the first object to meet the eye being of course the church. This stands by the roadside, having for its near neighbours the inn and the blacksmith's shop. The sacred edifice is dedicated to St. Mary, and is built in the Early English style of architecture. It has undergone extensive repair and alteration during recent years. In 1857 Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent architect, took the matter in hand, and a north aisle was added. Later on in 1878 a south aisle and organ transept were erected at the expense of Lord Sackville Cecil, who resides in the parish, and takes great interest in parochial affairs. The churchyard is neatly kept, and great care is taken to preserve the monuments and tombs over the departed ones.

Opposite the church is Hayes Place, noted as being the birthplace of the great orator and statesman, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. It was previously the family seat of the Scotts, and was by them sold to Pitt the elder, who had the house repaired and frequently resided here on account of its proximity to London. Mention has been made of the village inn, the "George and Dragon," over which hangs a sign-board, painted by the celebrated artist John Everett Millais, between thirty and forty years ago. The design is however scarcely discernible now, owing to the quantity of varnish used in renovating it at different times. On the other side of the village to that at which we entered is Hayes Common, a fine, open, breezy spot. It is some hundreds of acres in extent, and its surface for the most part covered with furze and heath. When these are in full bloom the common presents a very gay appearance, the bright yellow of the furze mingling in striking contrast with the crimson and purple heaths. Numerous varieties of wild flowers are found here in profusion.

Of the two kinds of Heath found here, the *Erica cinerea* or Fine-leaved is the commonest, and is put to a variety of uses in country places. The young shoots were in old days used in brewing ; it is used still for litter for the cattle. The other kind, called the Ling, is the common heather of all our hills and commons. There is yet one other sort found here and there in boggy places called *Erica tetralix*, or Cross-leaved Heath, which blooms in July and August. This is the most delicate and beautiful of the commoner English heaths, and is known by its pale rose-coloured bells. Intertwined and dispersed among the clumps of furze are blackberry bushes in abundance, affording delight to the hundreds of holiday seekers that frequent this spot. At the top of the common is the residence of Lord Sackville Cecil, whose experience in engineering is well known.

On the common the rambler who has a taste for geology will not fail to have noticed a very fine "section" of the Blackheath pebble-bed, about twenty feet in thickness. The different character of the various strata forming these beds is strongly contrasted, some layers consisting of a fine grey sand only, others with sand thickly dotted with smoothly rounded pebbles, and others again of pebbles without any binding sand. Geologists are of opinion that these beds were laid down in a shallow sea or estuary ; which means, of course, that this common (which lies three hundred feet above the bed of the Thames) and the surrounding country for a considerable distance were submerged at the mouth of a great river. But for further particulars upon this point we must refer the rambler to a Half-holiday Handbook entitled "Geological Rambles round London."

Hard by these sections is a little shed, and by the shed a heap of stones and broken crocks. To these the

conchologist will turn instinctively, and on turning the stones his sagacity will probably be rewarded by numerous specimens of a small clear-shelled snail (*Helix rotundata*), in company with worms, wood-lice, and other disreputable characters.

There are a multitude of wild plants to be found on the common, but they are mostly the commoner species of the London district. Among them may be noted the following :—

Bird's Foot (*Ornithopus perpusillus*), Dodder (*Cuscuta Epithymum*), Eyebright (*Euphrasia officinalis*), Traveller's Joy (*Clematis vitalba*), Purging Flax (*Linum catharticum*), Bog Buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), Tormantil (*Potentilla Tormentilla*), Germander (*Teucrium scorodonia*), Wild Thyme (*Thymus Serpyllum*), Rock Rose (*Cistus Helianthemum*), Storks-bill (*Erodium cicutarium*), and many others.

It is a pity that visitors to these parts are not more careful in their usage of this picturesque spot, as many fires have occurred, either wilfully or otherwise, and shorn it of many of its beauties.

KESTON.

Adjoining Hayes Common is that of Keston, which though not so extensive is quite as charming. The gravelly nature of the soil is favourable to the growth of the purple heath found here in abundance. The origin of the name Keston has led to a diversity of opinion, but in Domesday Book it is called Chestan, which probably is a corruption of the Saxon Cystaning.

The Manor of Keston was originally given by William

the Conqueror to his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeaux, whom he created Earl of Kent. This prelate, according to Hasted, let it to Gilbert de Maminot, one of William's favourite captains, who provided a thousand men as payment to guard the person of the king. In the reign of Edward the Third the manor was held by Sir John de Huntingfield, who paid half a knight's fee for it. Afterwards it passed into the hands of Thomas Squerie of West Wickham, and he dying without issue, his two sisters became his co-heirs, of whom Dorothy, the youngest, married Richard Mervin, and the manor became her husband's. In the reign of Elizabeth, John Lennard, Esq., of Chevening, was the possessor, and he settled it on his second son, Samuel, who came to reside at West Wickham. The eldest son of this gentleman was made a baronet in 1642, and he dying in 1709, was succeeded by his son Samuel. Thus the descent is traced to its present owner, Sir John Farnaby Lennard, who by taking the name of Lennard succeeded to the estates and title.

The great historical interest attached to Keston is owing to the fact of its having been selected by Cæsar for one of his strongest encampments. The elevated position of the common gives it an extensive view into the adjoining counties, and it was most likely for this reason selected by that careful general for his encampment. Abundant traces exist to show that entrenchments were formed, and Kempe says that their foundations consisted of earth deposited on the trunks of oak trees. Hasted imagines the place to have been the scene of the camp where Aulus Plautius awaited the coming of the Emperor Claudius, who visited this country to receive the submission of the conquered tribes. This opinion is verified when the position, size, and strength

are considered, as well as its short distance from the Thames. Contrary opinions, on the other hand, state that the camp was not so extensive as asserted, and was not of Roman origin at all, but a rampart thrown up by the Britons as a defence against their enemies. Allowing such to be a fact, there is nothing to prove that it was not afterwards occupied by the Romans, who considerably strengthened the position.

Near to the scene of this supposed encampment is a small but famous spring, known as Cæsar's Well, from which the Ravensbourne stream takes its rise. It lies close to the lodge of Holwood, and, making its way underground, flows on to the common, where it forms three ponds. These are called locally Cold Bath, from the fact of the spring, and later on the ponds themselves, being used as baths. As such, the famous Pitt, when living at Holwood, used them, and persons afflicted with weak or rheumatic limbs resorted to the spring, believing in the efficacy of its waters. Cæsar's Well is a well-known resort of the microscopist, from its containing some very interesting species of freshwater Algæ. Among these species may be mentioned, as specially interesting, *Batrachospermum moniliforme*, *Draparnaldia plumosa*, *Synedra*, *Diatoma*, *Hyalotheca*, *Micrasterias denticulatum*, *M. rostrata*, *Closterium lunula*, *C. moniliferum*, *C. siriolatum*, and others. The above are given on the authority



of Mr. Geo. Clinch, of Hayes. The common generally has long been known as one of the best localities for *Desmids*, to which group of Algæ many of the above belong. Whilst here the microscopist should visit the famous *Sphagnum* bog, where, among multitudes of minute specimens, he will meet with the larger growing Sundews (*Drosera rotundifolia*), our best

native example of an insectivorous plant. Respecting the origin of the name Ravensbourne there are various opinions. Local tradition has it that the Romans, when in search of water for the camp, were guided hither by the flight of a raven, which they perceived dip its beak into an aperture in the turf. Having watched the actions of the bird, they came to the conclusion that it was quenching its thirst at a spring, and, approaching the spot, found their surmises correct. Some suppose the stream to have obtained its name from the "Raefin," or raven, displayed on the banners of the Danish pirates that visited our coasts. A certain amount of accuracy may be attached to this, because it is known that these parts were often the scene of their depredations. Harris, another authority, conjectures that our ancestors had a fancy to liken this river, the Medway, and the Cray, to three birds—the raven, the eagle, and the crow. Leaving this, however, for etymologists or antiquarians to decide, certain it is that this small spring is the source of an important tributary of "Father Thames."

The road separates two of the ponds from the third, and now, as the twilight falls around us, softening and toning down the general effects of landscape, these two upper ponds lie in the deep shade of their surrounding trees. On the opposite side, two anglers are patiently and silently watching for the movement of their floats. Away in the furthest corner of the pond the deep gloom is broken by a couple of white swans, and the only sound that falls upon the ear is the twitter of a few late swallows and the sonorous tinkle of a distant cow-bell. The whole scene is most picturesque.

A footpath to the right, round by the hedge, will take us over a bit of broken ground by a tiny pool, on whose margin grows the Forget-me-not (*Myosotis versicolor*),

the exquisite little Bog Pimpernel (*Anagallis tenella*), and the Bog St. John's Wort (*Hypericum elodes*), while above them is the Dyer's Green Weed (*Genista tinctoria*). A little further and we reach a stile, beyond which lies part of Holwood Park. By keeping the footpath straight across, and mounting another stile, we come out on to the common again, by the well-known hostel, "Keston Mark," erected on the supposed site of an ancient "Mark." The visitor may ask, "What is the meaning of this sign?" If he be a lover of antiquity he will recognise much that is interesting, as the "Mark" was one of the boundaries that enclosed an ancient community of "mark men." The name is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Mearce," signifying a boundary.

The following extract from Mr. Grant Allen's "Anglo-Saxon Britain" well illustrates this point :

"The early English society was founded entirely on the tie of blood. Every clan or family lived by itself, and formed a guild for mutual protection, each kinsman being his brother's keeper, and bound to avenge his death by feud with the tribe or clan which had killed him. . . . Each little village of the old English community possessed a general independence of its own, and lay apart from all the others, often surrounded by a broad belt or *mark* of virgin forest. It consisted of a clearing like those of the American backwoods, where a single family or kindred had made its home, and preserved its separate independence intact. Each of these families was known by the name of its real or supposed ancestor, the patronymic being formed by the addition of the syllable *ing*. Thus the descendants of Ælla would be called Ællings, and their *ham* or stockade would be known as Ællingaham, or in modern form Allingham. So the *tun* or enclosure of the Culmings would be Culmingatun, similarly modernized into Culmington. Names of this type abound in the newer England at the present day ; as in the case of Birmingham, Buckingham, Wellington, Kensington, Basingstoke, and Paddington. But while in America the clearing is merely a temporary phase, and the border of forest is soon cut down, so as to connect the village with its neighbours, in the

old Anglo-Saxon fatherland the border of woodland, heath, or fen was jealously guarded as a frontier and natural defence for the little predatory and agricultural community. Whoever crossed it was bound to give notice of his coming by blowing a horn, else he was cut down at once as a stealthy enemy. The 'marksmen wished to remain separate from all others, and only to mix with those of their own kin. In this primitive love of separation we have the germ of that local independence and that isolated private home life which is one of the most marked characteristics of modern Englishmen."

These marks were considered to be under the special charge of a deity, and as such were chosen for the interment of the bravest warriors. Stone coffins have been found in their neighbourhood, and the place was looked upon as very sacred. Opposed to this, they often were the scenes of hideous rites, and everything was done to invest the spot with horror.

HOLWOOD PARK.

Divided from Keston Common by the main road to Westerham, and running parallel with it, is Holwood Park; access to which is gained by means of a swing gate opposite the footpath across the common. The moment the visitor enters the park he will be struck with the beauty and grandeur of the domain; the soft velvety sward, the picturesqueness of the surroundings. Views of the whole of the Crystal Palace district are obtainable at this point, and on the other side, Westerham Hill, and away to Knockholt Beeches. Formerly, visitors were allowed to ramble at their leisure in any part of the estate, except in the immediate vicinity of the house; but this privilege was cancelled owing to

the depredations committed to the trees and shrubs by those whose only pleasure is to destroy. Thus the delights of thousands are sacrificed through the wantonness of a few.

Following the public footpath through the park for a short distance we come to a stone seat, acceptable to both wayfarer and historian. The inscription on it explains its connections, and runs thus :

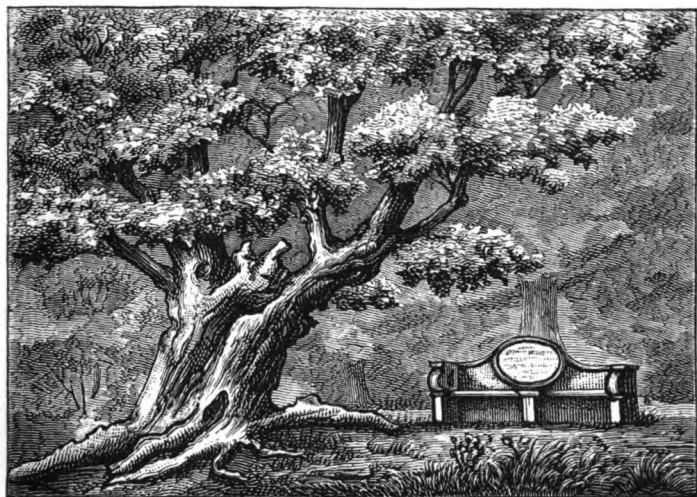
EXTRACT FROM WILBERFORCE'S DIARY, 1785.

"At length I well remember after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air, at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice on a fit occasion in the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the Abolition of the Slave Trade."

Erected by Earl Stanhope in 1862, by permission of Lord Cranworth.

In these few simple words we have the record of one of the noblest intentions that ever emanated from any individual. The old tree still remains, though its vitality has departed, and the hand of time has left its mark upon the gnarled trunk ; but to preserve this memento of the great abolitionist, an iron fence now encloses what many a mischievous hand has tried to destroy. In the midst of the park stands Holwood House, the residence of R. Alexander, Esq., J.P., who came into possession of the property on the death of Lord Cranworth, its former owner. The present mansion was erected in 1827 by J. Ward, Esq., the owner of Holwood at that time, on the site of the old house, and the many historical associations of the place perished with it. "The exterior of the mansion is very chaste, in the Grecian style, adopted by the Romans in the erection of their country villas, and in excellent keeping with the old fortifications in the park ; whilst the interior is com-

modious, and furnished throughout in the most perfect taste." During the excavations made at the time of the alterations effected by Mr. Ward, the workmen discovered a skeleton in a grave cut into the chalk, and near this several pieces of Roman pottery were found. At the death of this gentleman the estate was purchased



Wilberforce's Seat.

by Mr. Brassey, who afterwards sold it to Lord Cranworth.

A few words, however, about the old house of Holwood, and the estate generally, may not be out of place. It appears to have belonged originally to the Lennard family, of Wickham, as Sir Stephen Lennard sold the property to a Captain Pearch, who occupied the house

for many years. The domain consisted then of about a hundred and thirty acres of land, the greater portion being woodland, and only four acres of pasturage. This gentleman, however, settled the estate on his niece and her issue, and thus it passed through a succession of owners, till in 1767 Robert Burrow, Esq., was the possessor. He added very much to the beauty of the place, and enlarged the pleasure grounds by converting some of the woodland that surrounded the house into ornamental shrubberies. In 1785 the Right Hon. William Pitt became its owner, and then it merged into a kind of political centre, to which all the great politicians of the day resorted. The road to Westerham at this time ran partly over the estate, and Mr. Pitt was allowed to alter the course to its present route. Great alterations and improvements were made during his tenancy, though much fault was found by his friends, who considered he had spoiled a part of the old Roman camp. In 1801 Mr. Pitt resigned office, and, as his finances were in a crippled condition, sold Holwood, the purchaser being Sir George Pocock, who gave £15,000 for the property. This gentleman afterwards sold it to John Ward, Esq., a London merchant.

The park is now often visited by excursionists, and its beauty much admired. The estate is well wooded, and the slopes are covered with bracken, making a home for hundreds of rabbits, which burrow underground, doing great damage to the turf.

This brief account of Keston would not be complete without some notice of

KESTON CHURCH,

which is situated away from the hamlet, and near the lodge of Holwood, at the turn of the Westerham Road. On the way the visitor will notice a well, called by the traditional name of Archdeacon's Well. Often during dry seasons this forms the only supply of water for the houses round about, and even the inhabitants of the next village, Downe, are partially dependent on it. As we approach the church we observe it is of ancient structure, and has a barn-like exterior, with small latticed windows, the walls also in some places being patched with plaster in a rude fashion. No doubt this is a part of the old edifice, and has not been disturbed; but the interior was restored in 1877, and the square pews of our forefathers gave way to more modern seats. Again in 1880 the church underwent extensive alteration by being enlarged, and a new west window put in, whilst the gable was surmounted by a handsome stone bell-cot. There remains still much that is interesting, for traces exist of the sacrilege committed by the rude soldiery of Cromwell, who defaced the sacred building, and probably, as was done in other churches, turned it into stables for their horses. The chief object of attraction is the communion table, which is well worth seeing, and is of seventeenth century date; it has a curious cross inlaid with different woods.

Under the present rector the place is properly kept, and the churchyard has been put in proper order. In it will be found tombs of the Brazier family, bearing the date 1750, and near these is a granite cross erected to the memory of Robert Monsey Rolfe, Baron Cranworth, who was interred here, as also his wife. On a marble slab, under

a fine old yew, is recorded the death of Francis Hastings Toone, Esq., of Keston Lodge; also of his sister, the Countess of Dysart, and of her son, William Felix Tolle-mache, otherwise known as Lord Huntingtower.

Not far from the church, and near to the Archdeacon's Well, is a spot bearing more than ordinary interest, and having the name Warbank given to it. The prevalent idea is, that this was the site of an ancient town, and this probability is strengthened by the fact that remains of houses, of bricks, and old pottery, and even human skeletons, have been unearthed. The name Warbank is possibly a corruption of Weard bank, meaning originally a kind of watch, or look-out station for the use of the Roman army. Mr. Kempe, the antiquarian, made some excavations here a few years since, and he positively asserts that he came upon the foundation of a circular building of flint, having a radius of fifteen feet, and walls of great thickness. Near to this were also discovered the remains of a square structure, which he supposed to be a tomb, as other graves and human bones were found in its immediate vicinity. The fields round Keston Court Farm contain evidences of the existence of a burial ground, as urns holding the ashes of former inhabitants have been brought to light, showing that the Roman custom of cremation was known and put into practice by the settlers. According to the rude idea of the time, when a person of distinction died his body was cremated, and the ashes buried with such possessions as the deceased was particularly fond of. Coins of various descriptions that have not seen the light for ages, and bearing the names and effigies of Claudius and Carausius, were also found at this spot. By some antiquarians this was supposed to be the veritable "Noviomagus" of the Romans, and an archæological

society was formed, under the title of the "Order of Noviomagians," for the purpose of elucidating its history.

Before concluding about Keston we would direct attention to the beautiful surroundings of the locality. Such scenery is unsurpassed anywhere in England, and the tourist will not regret having paid a visit to a place possessing such interesting historical associations.

DOWNE.

If the walk be continued through Holwood Park and the field beyond, a ramble of about a mile will bring us to this little, compact, but out-of-the-way village, the road thither leading past an old disused chalk-pit. Notice should be taken of the hedgerow botany on the way. The wild rose, of course, is prominent in summer, stretching out its branches laden with clusters of blossoms, while below it, in full bloom, is the Bladder Campion, whose sturdy buds and flowers make gay the hedge-rows. Skirting the wayside are the sulphur-tinted flowers of the Silverweed (*Potentilla anserina*), and close by is its companion, the creeping Cinque-foil. Trailing itself along the hedges is the Woodbine, with its sweet-scented and cream-tinted flowers, and in strong contrast near it are the pale yellow blossoms of the Mullein, or Aaron's Rod—a name peculiar to it in the midland counties. In Kent it is called the Flannel flower, from the softness of its leaves, and country people extract a species of ointment from it, which they use for chest complaints.

We must, however, pass on, and as we turn the corner at the top of the incline, the village comes into view. Its distance is about six miles from Bromley and sixteen from London, the parish being under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the diocese of Canterbury. The church

stands in the centre of the village, and is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. It is neatly constructed in the Gothic style of architecture, and has a shingle spire, which was added when the building was restored in 1872. From time to time stained-glass windows have been given by the wealthier members of the congregation, and in 1878 a handsome clock was erected in the tower by public subscription. Around the walls are tablets to various persons connected with the place, and under the nave are deposited the remains of members of the Petley family, who were lords of the manor from the time of Edward the Third till Henry the Eighth. Their mansion has long since disappeared, and the site is now occupied by Petley's Farm. In the churchyard is a very old yew tree, said to be at least seven hundred years old, but how this is reckoned we are unable to state. It is certainly a splendid specimen of its tribe, and bears the stamp of ages on its weather-beaten trunk.

Owing to the elevated position of the village the inhabitants are compelled to drink rain water, which is drained from the church and schools into a large tank under the centre of the street. Here it goes through a filtering process before being used, so that all impurities are extracted. Many of the houses have small underground tanks attached to them for the same purpose; but the larger ones possess wells which are of great depth. A short time ago it was proposed to construct a railway from Bromley *via* Hayes and Downe to Cudham and Westerham; but the strong opposition shown by the farmers and landowners of the district caused the bill to be rejected, so that the inhabitants of this neighbourhood must be content to dwell four miles from the nearest railway station, and, in a sense, remain isolated from their town brethren.

Several well-known persons live here ; among these, at the time this guide was written, was Charles Darwin, the great naturalist and traveller, and author of the "Origin of Species," but who died on April 19th, 1882, at the ripe age of 73. With a body permanently enfeebled by his historic voyage in the *Beagle*, he possessed a most powerful mind ; the habit of most careful observation and thoroughly scientific investigation ; a rare power of generalisation, and withal a genial yet modest and retiring disposition. History will doubtless assign to Charles Darwin a foremost place among the scientists of Europe ; and, though his body lies in Westminster Abbey, his best monument will be that "Origin of Species" which, it has been declared, marks a new epoch in the history of scientific thought. His late residence is called Downe House, and is situated on the south of the village in Luxted Lane. The road on the north side of the church leads to High Elms, the country seat of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., famous for his "Bank Holidays Act" and for his solid contributions to Natural Science. Here Sir John, in the intervals snatched from his Parliamentary duties, pursues his favourite study of insect life. Attached to the house is a Museum, containing the owner's collections.

One would hardly imagine whilst rambling through these pleasant spots, that the great metropolis is so near ; yet the distance to town is very little over a dozen miles.

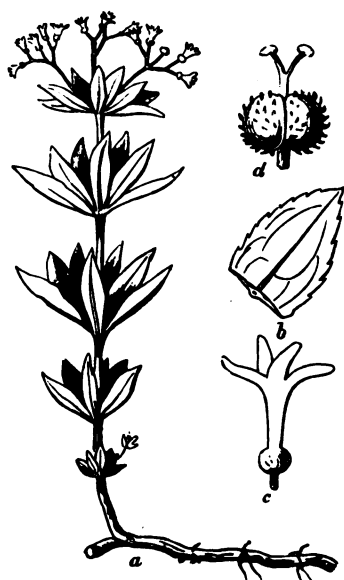
FARNBOROUGH.

A continuation of the road past High Elms leads on to this village, which is situated on the main London and Tunbridge turnpike, being distant about four miles from Bromley and fourteen from London. On the way from

Downe the parish church is passed, standing on a slight eminence, and nestling among a clump of fine old elm trees, which add greatly to its beauty. It is dedicated to St. Giles the Abbot, and is a very ancient structure, built of brick and flint with a square tower. The living is a vicarage in the gift of All Souls College, Oxford, and the parish register dates from 1558.

A walk round the village reveals the fact that we are in the midst of the fruit district; for out of the 1,411 acres which is the estimated area of the parish, about a quarter of it is devoted to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables to supply the London markets. Even the hedgerows abound in fruit trees, particularly the damson,

which here grows to perfection; and no prettier sight can be imagined than when these trees are laden with blossoms, and later on with fruit hanging temptingly overhead. A large portion of land is taken up with the culture of potatoes, most of them going to the Borough Market. A little farther down the road is Green Street Green, a locality frequented by pleasure parties, because of its proximity to the favourite resort of Knockholt Beeches, and Chevening Park, the seat of Earl Stanhope. To reach these



Woodruff.

picturesque spots, the tourist must take the first turning

on the right after passing the Green, and traversing the road for some little distance, the village of Knockholt appears. The centre of attraction is a fine clump of magnificent beech trees standing on a knoll, and forming a prominent landmark, conspicuous for many miles. The walk thither will be found full of interest, as each side of the road during the best months of the year is bright with many varieties of wild flowers, among which are Woodruff (generally found growing in shady places at the foot of trees); trailing Vetches sending out their small tendrils and elegant leaflets, set opposite to each other in rows on either side of the stalk; and that old English favourite the Foxglove, rearing its head far above its neighbours; with a host of other kinds.

Chevening Park is a place of indescribable beauty, for in the words of the poet:—

“ The trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes ;
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sombre yew ;
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad spread boughs.”

Many an hour might be spent in rambling over its glades, where wild flowers spring up everywhere in profusion, and as foot-paths run in all directions there is little fear of molestation. An attempt was made a few years ago by Lord Stanhope to close these paths to the public, but thanks to the exertions of Mr. Darwin the attempt was frustrated.

ORPINGTON.

While the visitor is at Farnborough, he might as well go on to Orpington, which is the next village, and the road that branches to the left after passing the George

Inn is the most direct, as well as the pleasantest way. This is an ideal country lane where innumerable flowers mingle their gorgeous colours with the many shades of green. There wild clematis climbs the hedges, trailing its long arms loaded with blossoms. Here and there are damson trees laden with fruit, while on each hand is heard the sounds of rural labour, pleasantly mingling with the hum of insects. As we approach the end of the lane, our view is obstructed by the embankment of the main line to Dover, on the South Eastern Railway. Leaving the station on the left, and passing through the archway, we come in sight of Orpington. The name is a corruption of the original Dorpentine, a title partly British, and partly Saxon, signifying the village or street where the head or spring of water rises. The Manor of Orpington extends over the parishes of Downe, Knockholt, and St. Mary Cray, and in the Domesday Book it is entered as "The land of the Monks of the Archbishop."

This village is about a mile from St. Mary Cray, and contains the source of the river that gives the latter place its name. It rises in a large pond beautifully situated amid a clump of trees, and gently makes its way through the valley, gradually widening in its course. A road on the left leads up to the church, which stands on an eminence, and is dedicated to All Saints. From the main street this would appear to be an uninteresting building; such however is not the case, as on closer inspection the remaining portions of the ancient structure are sufficient to compensate for any trouble taken. At the entrance to the porch is the original inner doorway of the church, which, owing to its being enclosed, is in very good preservation. On the right is a recess for holy water, and opposite a beautiful seat let in the wall. The windows are in the pointed Gothic style, filled with stained glass

of modern design, and surmounting the sacred edifice is an embattled tower restored in 1872, at a cost of £2,000.

Leading from the church is a very pretty lane, and when the school children are playing here beneath the spreading elm trees, it reminds us of one of Constable's rural scenes. Up this road is the source of the river Cray, at a spot admirably suited for the artist. Amongst the various patches of weeds growing in the pond are quantities of the white three-petalled flowers of the Frog-bit, appearing like masses of snow on the surface of the water. This, with the other overhanging trees, and an old mill beyond, present a view that would charm the eye of many a painter in search of a subject for his picture. Continuing the walk up the village street, on the left are some old half-timbered cottages bearing the date 1635, which are very good specimens of English domestic architecture, and are in unusually fine preservation.

CUDHAM.

To reach this village from Bromley the tourist must be prepared for a long but pleasant walk by way of Hayes as far as Keston Church, where a sign post at the junction of two roads will direct him in his course. Following the main Westerham road, a brief journey will bring him to Leaves Green, round which are scattered a few cottages and farmhouses. Attention must be directed to the scenery during the walk, for the surrounding views of the country show the route to lie through one of the most charming parts of this county. As we traverse the road, and glance into the valley beneath, a strangely diversified mixture of colours pre-

sents itself. The beauty of the various tints contrast with the arable land, and even in winter time the gradation of colour of the chalk soil from white to a deep brown is very striking. In spring it is even more so, as the young corn and clover, with patches of the farmer's enemy, the yellow charlock, and here and there a newly ploughed field, form a fine study for the artist ; while in autumn the ripe corn gives the appearance of a valley of gold. About a mile along the road from Leaves Green is a cottage known by the appropriate name of the Salt Box, from its being shaped like that article ; and opposite this are two lanes—one leading down a steep hill into the valley, the other called Jewer's Hill, offering a shady retreat where beech trees grow on either side, their branches meeting overhead, and forming a leafy tunnel. This road leads to Croydon and Chelsham, and should the tourist feel inclined to penetrate its recesses, he will be amply repaid by the rich harvest of wild flowers awaiting him. A pleasant ramble on the chalk hills and slopes in search of these, will enable him to pluck specimens of the hoary Mullein that grows here to the height of four or five feet, its yellow flowers clustered round the stem making it a very conspicuous object. The sulphur-coloured blossom of the Toad Flax, the purple of the Foxglove, the sweet aromatic-scented wild Thyme, the Bladder Campion, the pretty yellow *cistus*, or Rock Rose, and Milkwort, all lend by their gay hues a charm for these chalky slopes.

Continuing along the main road beyond the Salt Box Cottage is a small hamlet called Biggin Hill, consisting of a few cottages tenanted by the farm labourers ; and on the left, the road leads to Cudham village, which is about three miles distant. The route thither lies through fruit plantations, which are in the summer months scenes

of great activity, for shoals of the London poor migrate to the locality for the purpose of earning a few shillings by fruit picking. One is struck with the wild and romantic picturesqueness of the place, and many would scarcely believe such a spot existed so few miles from the metropolis. A few years ago this region was covered with trees, and formed an immense wood ; but the suitability of the soil for the growth of fruit was perceived, and a few growers turned their attention to the cultivation of strawberries, many acres of which are now raised. The roots of the trees were grubbed up, and year after year several acres are added by the same process. Most of the crops find their way into the London markets ; and when the season is on long strings of vans heavily laden pass through Bromley during the evening ready for the next morning's market.

The village of Cudham stands on a hill, the ascent being rather steep and difficult for vehicles to get up. The numerous bye-lanes about here will form an inexhaustible source of interest to the botanist, who will find ample opportunities for the pursuit of his study. The Church, which was erected early in the twelfth century, is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, and is built of brick and flint with a steeple in the centre. It is in rather a dilapidated state, and bears traces of having undergone numerous restorations, though its few remaining relics make it interesting to the antiquary. In the churchyard are two very old yew trees, and these alone are worthy of a visit, for the stems are of enormous size, being upwards of twenty-seven feet in circumference. Their great age has not obtained for them the respect due to such venerable giants, as one is entirely hollow and contains an aperture in its trunk about eighteen inches wide, much to the delight of the village children,

who used it as a hiding place. This desecration has now been stopped by the insertion of an iron grating which we hope will be allowed to remain. The earliest recognizable tombstone bears the date 1622, and several others quite as ancient are in close proximity. The population of this extensive parish is only about 3,000, spread over an area of 5,923 acres, and the rateable value is nearly £6,400.

The route from Biggin Hill along the Westerham Road is very picturesque, and the inns are selected as the rendezvous for many bean-feasts and picnic parties. During the summer months a coach runs daily from Piccadilly to Westerham, and very seldom has a slight load, as so many avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for enjoying a ride through one of the most charming districts of the Weald of Kent. When the visitor reaches the summit of Westerham Hill and looks down into the valley beneath, a fair picture meets his view. The hop gardens alternating with cornfields and meadows present a most delightful scene. A lane on the left at the top of the hill leads to the village of Brasted—one of those old-fashioned country places now, unfortunately, too rapidly passing away. At a short distance down this road is Woodside, better known as Little Grays, rendered notorious for the scandalous affair perpetrated by the Stauntons, which ultimately developed into the Penge murder. It is a lonely spot ; and one of the learned counsel engaged on the case, when describing the locality to the judge, declared it to be “one of the wildest but most romantic districts in the country, and that any one could hardly imagine such a spot existed in this beautiful county.” The woods around abound in all manner of wild flowers, while here and there are decayed stumps of trees covered with the common polypody and

other ferns, giving the whole scene an air of enchantment, closely resembling some of those lovely spots in Devonshire. In summer these recesses look matronly and sombre ; the foliage is full and dark—

“ Shade above shade the aerial pines ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end ; ”

and invite us to avoid the glare of the midsummer sun. The birds sing but little, and there is nought but the humming of the bee to disturb the deep silence of these woods. To tell in a few words the beauties of this neighbourhood is impossible, and no description, however vivid, could adequately convey a correct idea of the charms which nature has bestowed on all sides. To see is to believe, and we can confidently recommend a trip by the Westerham coach as one that would impart an invigorating love for our own country without going abroad to find beautiful scenery. Many people are apt to despise old England after paying a visit to the continent, but we venture to assert that few if any European countries possess a more magnificent landscape than can be seen from the top of Westerham Hill.

WEST WICKHAM.

This village lies in quite an opposite direction to those already described, and can be reached by a footpath across the fields, turning off the road by Masons Hill Schools, Bromley. It will be found a pleasanter route than along the dusty roads, and a walk of about two miles will bring the visitor to Pickhurst Green ; thence crossing a stile at the further end, the footpath leads over alternate meadows and ploughed fields, finally terminating in the Beckenham Road near to the Swan Hotel.

The name of the place is derived from the Saxon,

Wic, a street or way, and *Ham*, a dwelling. This village lies about three miles from Croydon, and four from Bromley, consisting of one long street with rows of neatly built houses on each side. In the reign of King Edward II. a market was held here weekly, but time deprived it of its importance, and it now no longer exists. The Church, as is not unusual in country places, stands out of the main road, half-a-mile distant from the village, on the brow of a hill, embowered among a cluster of stately elm trees and surrounded by very fine scenery. It is the ideal of a village place of worship, and just such a spot as one would like to select for his last resting-place on earth. By the old lych-gate is a pond skirted with trees, their reflected shadows on the still, placid waters seeming to point to those lying peacefully beneath the sod. There is a very interesting collection of old tombstones in the churchyard, dating from the year 1600. The architecture of the building is unimportant, though the structure is ancient, having been built in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir Henry Heydon, Bart., who was Lord of the Manor at that period. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and in 1844 an addition was made; the whole edifice being re-arranged in its interior, and a peal of five bells hung in the tower. There are some very good old stained-glass windows depicting scenes from the Saviour's life, and at the east end is a marble tomb to John Lennard, Esq., dated 1618. Another relict of the same family has a tablet recording his decease in 1608; while near the same spot is an alabaster slab on the wall, architectural in form, having in its centre a niche wherein is seated a lady, with one hand resting on a Bible, and the other pointing to a child in swaddling clothes lying at her feet. On one of the walls is a brass-plate to the memory of John Lang, M.A.,

on which is stated that "he was lawfully and freely called to be parson of this parish of West Wickham, where he continued resident the whole time of 37 yeares and more." This memorial of him was made in A.D. 1619. In front of the altar are the remains of an old tiled floor, and near are some ancient stone slabs with brass effigies let in, all in good preservation except the stones, which are the worse for wear.

Wickham Court, the residence of Sir John Farnaby Lennard, Bart., is a curious square structure built of red bricks, with an angular tower at each corner. It possesses historical interest from the fact that Henry VIII. rested here on his way from Greenwich to Hever Castle, previous to his marriage with Anne Boleyn. This is not a show house, but the tourist can approach quite close to it, and admire the softness of the red-coloured bricks amid stately green trees.

Wickham is one of the most celebrated of the London entomologists' "happy hunting grounds." The district seems one vast repository of insect life, and many "good things" are still found here. West Wickham Wood has enjoyed a reputation extending back to the very infancy of the science—perhaps further. Shirley Common, too, hard by, and the palings of the Archbishop's Palace are included in the good account the entomologist retains of Wickham.

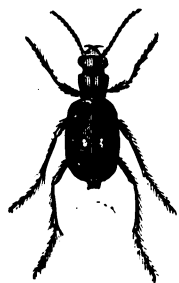
An extension of the South Eastern Railway has recently been made from Beckenham, with stations at Eden Park, West Wickham, and Hayes, and will be opened for traffic by the time this handbook is published. It is to be hoped that this new branch, whilst supplying the means of access to the city, will not be instrumental in introducing hordes of the London "rough." In some beautiful localities it has been found that bringing the

railway right up to it, and planting a commodious "Railway Inn" in close proximity, has been the means of closing the locality to the lover of nature and rural scenery by the wholesale introduction of the rough aforesaid, who does not care to visit a district if it entails a walk of four or five miles.

A good way by which the entomologist may reach West Wickham is to go by rail to Beckenham Junction (L. C. & D. R., or S. E. R.). On leaving the "down" platform the Rambler should turn to the right and make for Beckenham Church, with its curious old lych-gate. Turning to the left, and passing the Almshouses, he is right for West Wickham, about three miles distant. Just past the Almshouses, on the right-hand side of the road, is an old fence which should be closely scanned for insects. Here we may find an occasional *Smerinthus populi*, an *E. angularia*, or the golden-spotted pupæ of *Vanessa urticæ* et *Atalanta*, which usually choose a niche in the palings in which to undergo pupation, after becoming full fed on the nettles which grow below. Beyond the Beckenham Coffee-room the road widens, and here we may find at rest on the palings specimens of *A. plagiata*, *L. testacea*, *O. dilutata*, and *A. aceris*. On the hedge we obtain the larvæ of *Liparis auriflua* and *M. oxyacantha*, in company with many *Geometræ*. The road bends, and discovers a sign-post informing us that we have still two miles between Wickham and ourselves. The fence continues, but beyond this point it will scarcely be found worth working until another mile is reached. When we reach where the new railway crosses the road we may again bestow our attention upon the fence, and shall probably take, at rest on it, *C. flavicornis*, *C. Nupta*, *Notodonta camelina*, *H. proteus*, and *H. pennaria*, with many others. *G. Rhamni* and *E. Cardamines* frequent

the road hereabouts. Passing the "White Swan," we take the left-hand road, and about forty yards up on the right observe a lane. A notice informs us that this is the "Footway to Addington; carriages cannot pass." It is the direct road to Spring Park, erroneously called West Wickham Woods. Now we commence collecting in real earnest, but are obliged to keep a sharp look-out lest the keepers suspect us of trespassing in search of larger game. About the open copse we take *C. flavicornis*, *A. Euphrosyne*, *P. sylvanus*, whilst *Stauropus fagi* has more than once been taken off these pines. If we "sugar" the trees in the evening we may get *Tryphæna fimbria*, *C. duplaris*, *C. fluctuosa*, *T. consortaria*, *T. batis*, *T. derasa*, *Catocala nupta*, *C. diluta*, *G. libatrix*, *C. diffinis*, etc.

A little further the undergrowth becomes thicker, and here is the border line between Kent and Surrey—the properties of Colonel Lennard and the Archbishop of Canterbury being divided by it. It is rather hard work to get through this copse, but here we may take, at Sallowbloom, the *Tæniocampæ* in plenty, maybe with a chance *H. croceago* thrown in. Further on we reach an open heathy spot, where we may take *B. parthenias*, various *Plusiadae*, and in the sunshine many bright green Tiger beetles run and fly. Beyond is a fine plantation of fir trees, where we may get *T. piniperda*, *T. crepuscularia* and *biundularia*. Still further on we come to the famed Bishop's fence, on which many varieties have been taken.



Tiger Beetle.

Here is the headquarters of *Notodonta carmelita*. Beating the nettles will produce the larvæ of *Plusia iota* and *chrysitis*, whilst an eye should be kept

on the overhanging pines for *F. piniaria*. Retracing our steps, we descend the steep hill marked "dangerous" by the Sydenham Bicycle Club, and at the bottom turn to the right towards the "Cricketers," where we may enjoy a good tea previous to an evening's "sugaring," or our walk home. Much has been done, and there is still much to be done at Wickham. *Carmelita* still rests upon the Bishop's fence with several other *Notodontidæ*, while the rare *Ophiodes lunaris* was once taken at sugar near the open copse.¹

In Church Field Mr. George Clinch, of Hayes, has recently had the good fortune to discover a large number of palæolithic flint weapons and implements, which he has described and illustrated in "Natural History Notes." We have not space here to borrow his descriptions, but it may be useful to transcribe his remarks on the locality where they were found. He says :

"The palæolithic weapons and instruments were all found near together and occupying a space about 100 yards across. The soil in which they were imbedded is a stiff ferruginous clay, which has stained the flints described. The group of wrought flints was situated upon the side of the western bank of a small valley which runs through the field N. and S., and towards the S.W. corner of the field. Exactly *in* the S.W. corner there is a small patch of sand with Tertiary pebbles, in which I have found only a few neolithic flakes and cores. Although the whole surface of the field is more or less thickly covered with flints, yet I have only met with *wrought* flints in those parts of it above mentioned. This, in my humble opinion, seems to indicate that the area covered by wrought flint weapons and instruments may have been at some time the site of a dwelling or dwellings, or at least a shelter of some kind (perhaps among the shades of the forest trees which, doubtless, covered this

¹ The Publisher desires to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. Paul J. Lowrey, of Brixton, for the entomological information concerning West Wickham.

spot in days of yore), where the wild men and their families sought protection from the weather or from enemies.

"After a consideration of these antique relics, one is naturally curious to know something of the occupation and mode of life of the men by whom they were made and used. Beyond the evidence of the wrought flints themselves, we have no data upon which to found an opinion, yet they seem to indicate that their former possessors were not unacquainted with warlike practices; and if the workmanship of their implements of bone and wood bore any resemblance to that of some of the wrought flints, we may fairly assume that, taking into consideration the immense space of time which has elapsed, the condition of these people was not worse than what we might expect. The absence of pottery should remind us, however, that their condition must have been one of great wretchedness.

"It would be interesting if the former possessors of Church Field could be proved to have had any connection with the important tribe which formerly occupied the British Camp in Holwood Park, Keston, but in order to do this a thorough examination of that camp would be necessary."¹

The road by Wickham Court leads through beautiful scenery to Cudham and Westerham; but turning to the left at the foot of the hill on which Wickham Church is situated, the road goes on to Coney Hall Hill; an eminence shut in on each side with woods. A group of oak trees at the base will attract attention by their remarkable size; and it was at one of the hollow old oaks in this wood that Mr. Millais painted his celebrated picture of "The Proscribed Royalist." On the left side of the road running through the wood stands the finest specimen of the oak tribe to be seen in the neighbourhood. It measures round the bottom of the trunk nearly thirty-six feet. Unfortunately this tree has been set on fire, and thus partially destroyed. It is to be deplored that its grand giant-looking form, which if left would

¹ "Nat. Hist. Notes," Second Series, vol. i. p. 62.

undoubtedly have stood for centuries, should be doomed to such wanton destruction. There are many other fine trees ranged around, and this has gained for the spot the characteristic title of "The Oaks." The hill itself is charming: high banks rise on either side, from which silver birches rear their tall and elegant forms, and at their feet the wild brake waves gracefully in the breeze. Near to the summit stands a splendid oak, its branches overhanging the road and affording shade to many a weary traveller. We have all heard of the beautiful tropical autumn tints, but to pass up this hill on a fine autumnal day, surrounded by the glorious colours of the birches, maple, and oak, intermingling with those of the dying brake, reminds us of the golden age, and these charms alone are sufficient to render the spot an attractive one. Following the road the visitor will presently find himself at the top of Hayes Common, and a brief walk will bring him again into Bromley.

The following list of routes may be found useful to the tourist as he wends his way over the neighbourhood.

1. From Bromley to Sundridge Park, by Camden Park on to Chislehurst Common, thence to St. Pauls Cray, and back by way of Orpington, Farnborough, and Bromley Common. About 12 miles.

2. By Bromley Cottage Hospital, over Hayes Common to Coney Hall Hill. At its foot turn to the right on to Pickhurst Green, and back by Shortlands Church to Bromley. 7 miles. Or, turning to the left, back to the top of Hayes Common, across the fields to the Fish Ponds, through Holwood Park to Downe, and back by way of Farnborough. 11 miles.

3. Across Hayes Common to Keston Church and along the high road to Westerham Hill. Back through Knockholt, Cudham, and Green Street Green. 16 miles.

4. From Bromley New Station through Plaistow, down Burnt Ash Lane, and thence to Southend, and back by main road to Bromley. 5 miles.

5. Take the road to Bromley Common, turn off to Southborough, along to Chislehurst Station, and home through Sundridge Park. About 6 miles.

6. From New Station across the fields to Scott's Lodge, along the Grove Park Lane, and home by Farwig. 4 miles.

7. From Mason's Hill across the fields to Pickhurst Green, and thence to West Wickham, on to Coney Hall Hill, and home through Hayes. 8 miles.

8. From Martin's Hill round Shortlands to the Ravensbourne Stream, follow this back to Bromley.

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