

great a spirit of independence, for they had refused to ask their way when they had the opportunity, and, consequently, they went two miles in the wrong direction. This caused another close examination of the map, over which arose a pleasant and amusing skirmish of words (which was of continual occurrence, the one having a practical, and the other a poetical and imaginative, turn of mind). They were, however, thankful at last to call in the aid of a passer-by, who put them in the right way, by sending them back to Buckfastleigh, through a very interesting old part of the town, which they had not seen before, where a characteristic Devonshire fair was being held, and where they were gazed at by the wondering natives, as something quite as well worth looking at, with their "kits" on their backs (as an old peasant woman called it), as anything at the fair. They had, by that time, however, become pretty well used to observation, and they passed through the "gaping crowd," and went on their way again right cheerily, in spite of small drawbacks.

All the way after that was up steep hills, as they were getting nearer and nearer to the moor, and farther and farther from the vale in which Buckfastleigh lies; so that they got more air to invigorate them as they went on, to lighten their now increasing fatigue, and by six o'clock in the evening they espied at the top of a steep hill a very small village—so small, indeed, that the all-important question was, Has it an inn, or a resting spot of any kind? and, Is it Holne, or is it not? Plucking up their fading courage, they asked an old woman, and waited breathless for the answer, for upon that answer very much depended.

Holne indeed it was, and a more picturesque, charming little village it is impossible to imagine. Situated on a hill, with an expanse of view in the front, looking over the valley from which they had come, and sheltered behind by the mighty moor, which was close at hand, within a few minutes' walk: an ideal spot to linger in for days; the birthplace, too, of Charles Kingsley, from whence he first drew his inspirations and his intense love of Nature; where, perhaps, he first learned the art of "helping lame dogs over stiles."

Fain as they were to stay there, the comfortable, old-fashioned little inn could only give them a shelter for one night, and only that after some special pleading on their part; and off they had to be early the next morning, whether they would or not, for a long day upon the moor, with their next resting place many miles ahead of them. A long and weary way it indeed proved to be, for directly they got upon the moor a mist came gradually spreading over the far distance, and coming nearer and nearer to them, until they

were at last completely enveloped in its grasp, and everything was hidden from their view. This, too, after they had left the safe road, for a ravishing path leading on by the side of an entrancing, rippling stream, which they felt convinced could not fail to lead them right. And possibly they might in the end have found their way, in spite of the wiles of the tempting stream, had the mist cleared away; but it did not clear by any means, but became thicker and thicker, and at length fell in soft but penetrating rain, and they had undoubtedly lost their way! This fact had been dawning upon them for some little time, but now it was a certainty, and could no longer admit of any doubt. They did not, however, yet lose courage, for they knew nothing of the dangers of the moor, nor of the persistency of the mist, nor of the horrors of the bogs; and wet through, they still went bravely on. At last the very climax of their despair was reached, when, unknowing which way to turn, they looked as usual to their well-tried friend, the compass, to help and enlighten them, when behold, they found it was *lost!* The horror of the situation was then felt to be very real, and must be faced and grappled with at once. There was only one course open to them now, and that they followed—just to go blindly on in a straight line until they should come upon a stream, however small, and then to follow it steadily down, until it became larger by conjunction with other streams that it would meet by the way, until at length it would bring them to a river—the dear familiar Dart, they fondly hoped; at any rate, it must some time or other bring them to something from which they could start afresh.

This plan they wisely adopted, and it did not prove them false. They came to a friendly little stream, after some anxious searching; they followed it closely down, and saw, with untold pleasure, other little streams join it from time to time, until it became quite a large one, and at last it brought them to a bridge, over which ran a good-sized road, from which, by again consulting the map, they could make out their route, and at last they did actually arrive at their destination—wet, weary and footsore, and many hours later than they should have done. They had undoubtedly had a very real adventure, as every one they met took pains to remind them, saying it was only a marvel they had not remained on the moor all the night, and if that had been the case, in all probability it would have been a very long night indeed; for they found later, on consulting a large map of the district, at the inn, that had they gone on instead of turning back when they did, they would have been landed eventually in one of the largest and most dangerous bogs on Dartmoor.

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