

SOMERSET NEIGHBOURS

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Somerset neighbours by Alfred Percivall

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ALFRED PERCIVALL

**SOMERSET
NEIGHBOURS**

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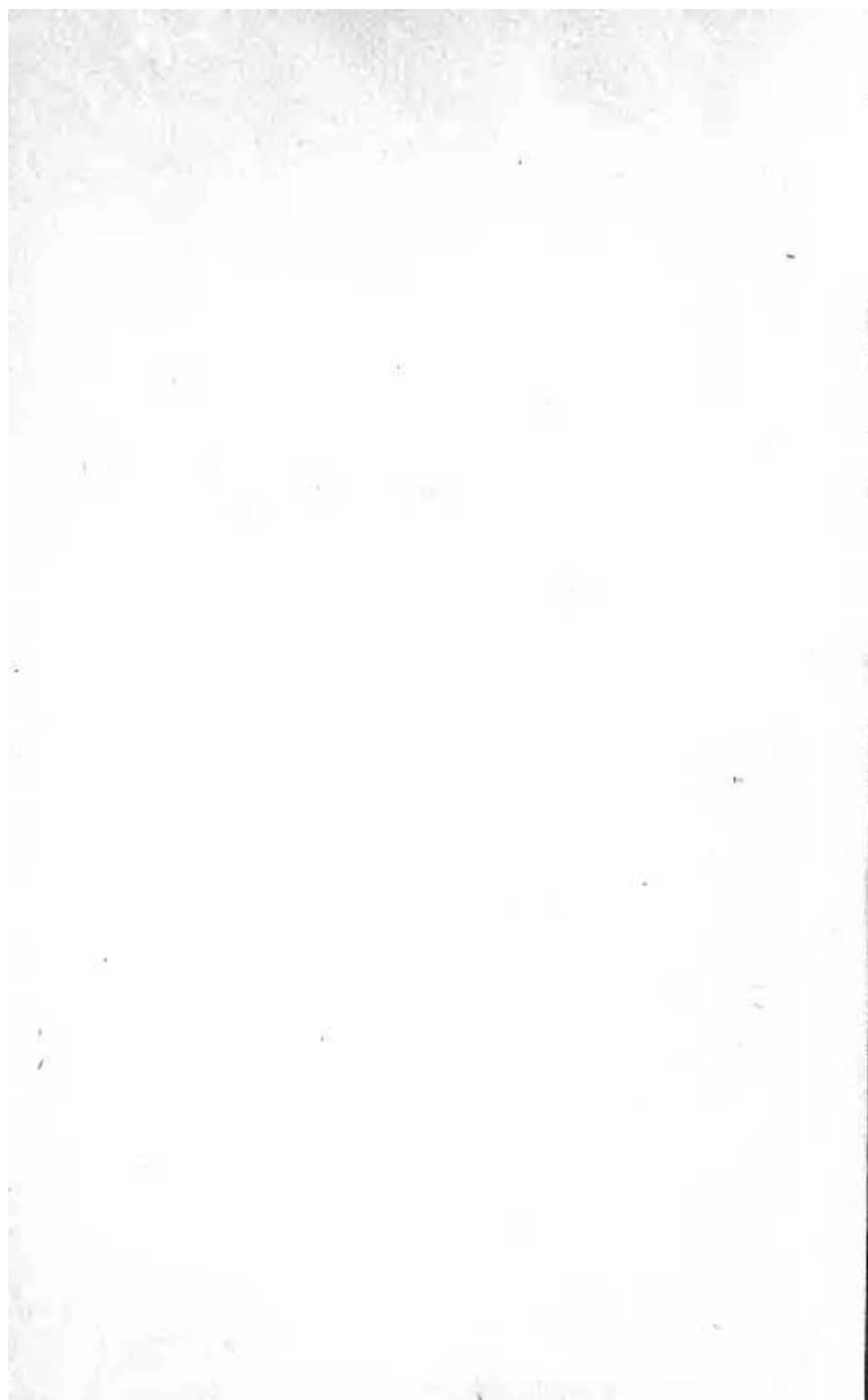
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ALFRED PERCIVALL

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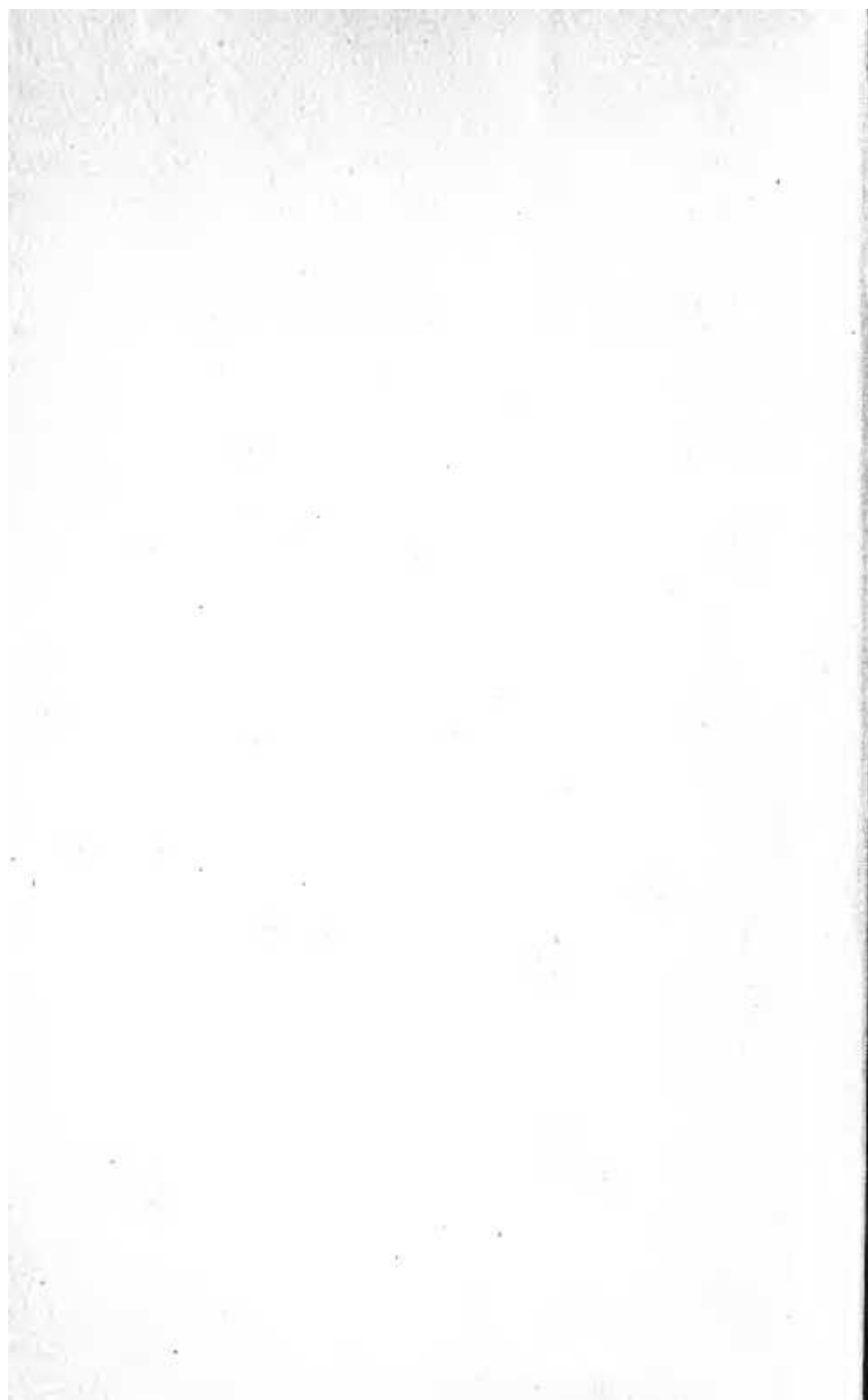


TO
MY WIFE



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CHAPTER I

I COME TO HAWKESCOMBE

IN Somerset there are miles and miles of wild country high on the hills which seem too remote for the ordinary visitor to reach. But the tiny villages which nestle in its combes hold treasures of beauty little dreamed of by those who pass them by. I speak not only of things, but of human lives, and think of my own village, Hawkescombe.

From the summit of its highest hill, some nine hundred feet above sea-level, over which buzzards often circle, the view is wonderful. The range of which this height forms part is in the shape of a crescent, or sickle, with its back humped up against north and north-east winds which otherwise would sweep upon the village without a check over miles and miles of lowlands. To the east are the Mendips, many miles away, and north-west lie the Blackdowns with the Vale of