

## **John Weir**

### **Eden Phillpotts**

Writing in the 1930s Eden Phillpotts, who wrote a lot of novels on Dartmoor, and in fact he was Dartmoor's equivalent to Dorset's Thomas Hardy, describes this abandoned quarry here at Haytor and the power of nature to reclaim the works of human beings back.

*'The quarry lies like a gash in the slopes of the hills, to the dizzy edges of it creep heather and the bracken, beneath, upon it's precipices a stout rowan or two rise and everywhere nature has fought and laboured to hide this wound driven so deep into her mountainside by man. A cicatrix of moss and fern and many grasses conceal the scars of pick and gunpowder, time has weathered the harsh edges of the riven stone, the depths of the quarry are covered by pools of clear water, one must drink from this cup all the mystery that fills a deserted theatre of man's work and feel that loneliness that only human ruins tell.'*