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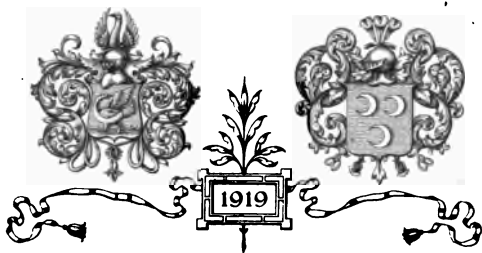
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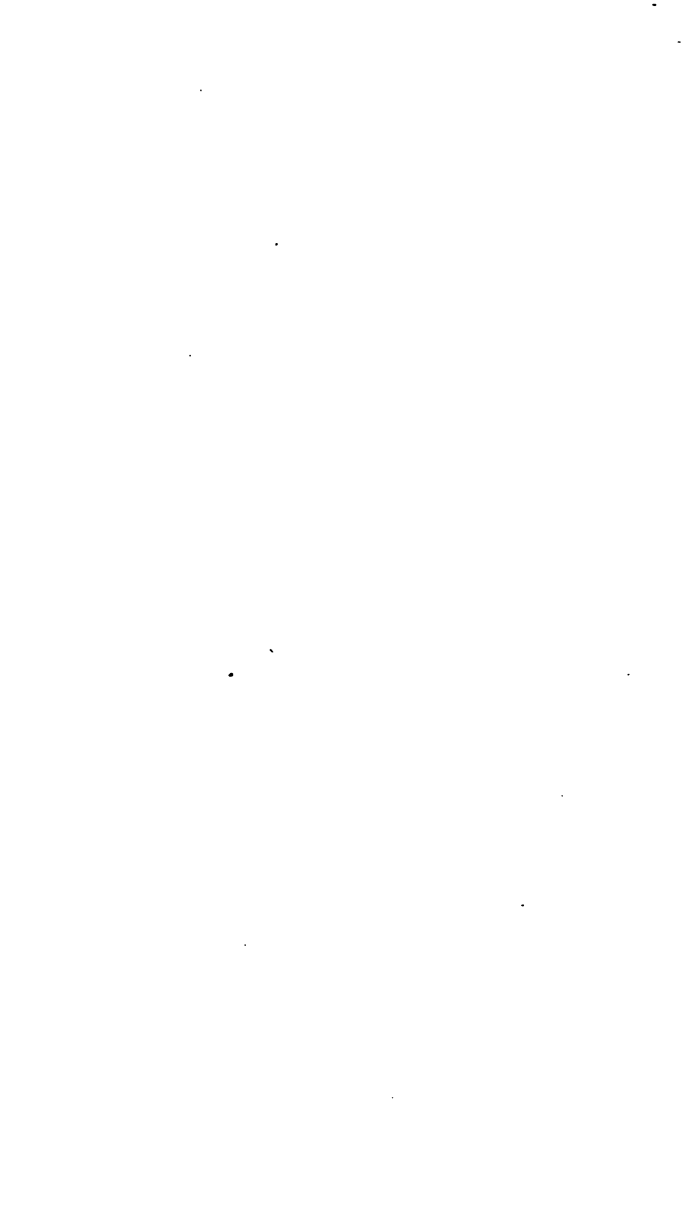
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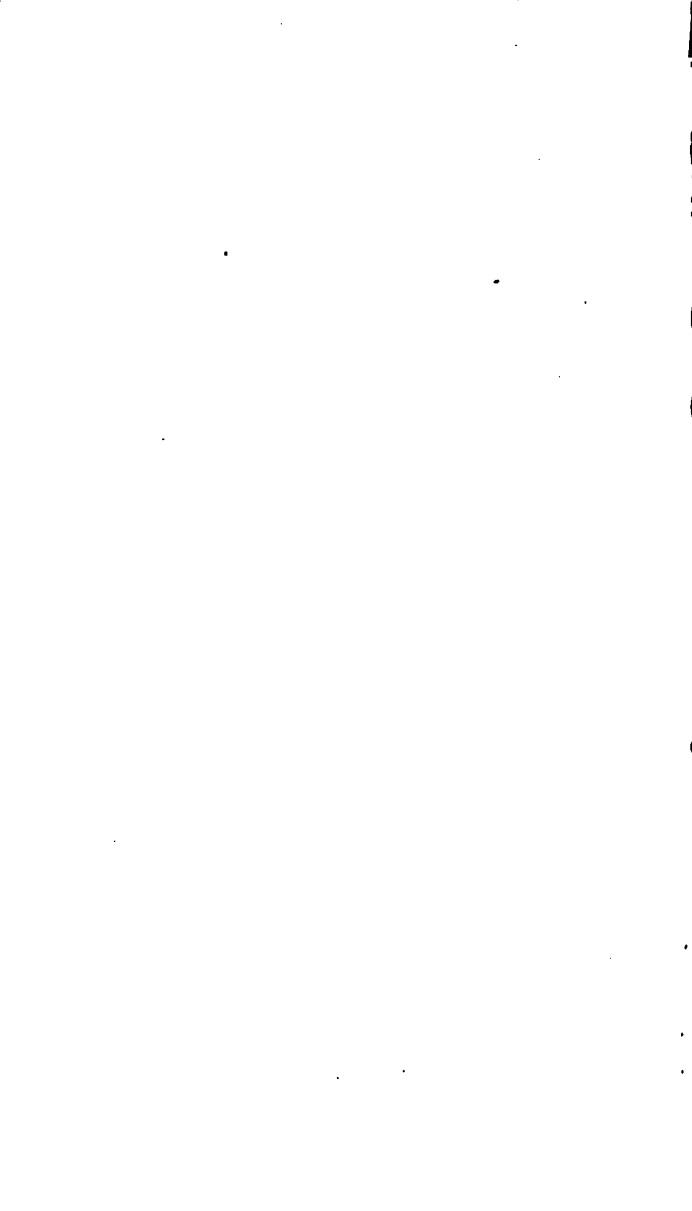
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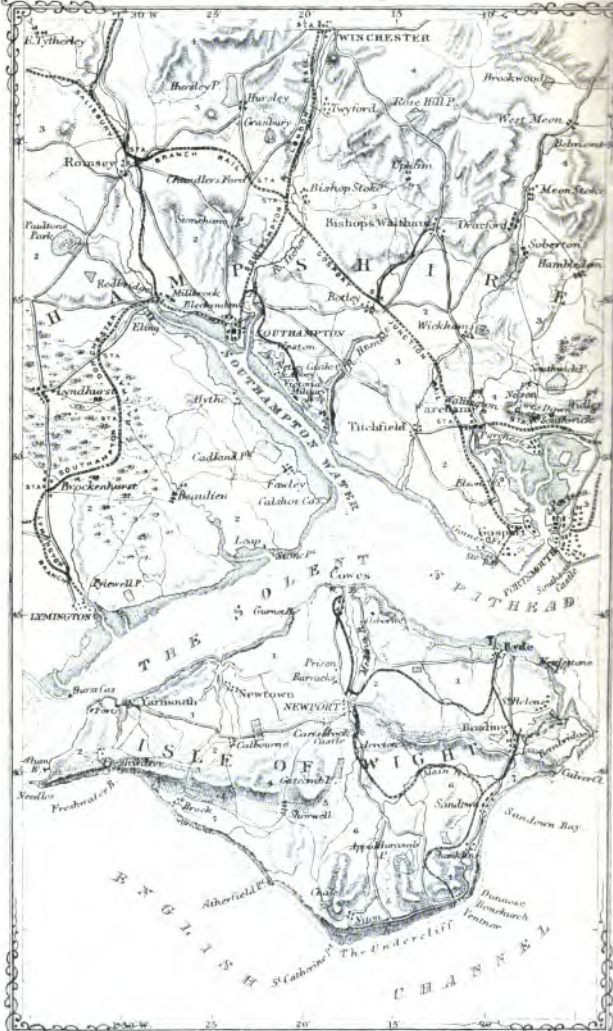
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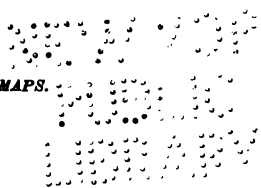
ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY

HENRY IRWIN JENKINSON, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO NORTH WALES,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ISLE OF MAN,' 'PRACTICAL GUIDE TO CARLISLE, GILSLAND, ROMAN WALL AND NEIGHBOURHOOD,' ETC.

SECOND EDITION, WITH TWO MAPS.



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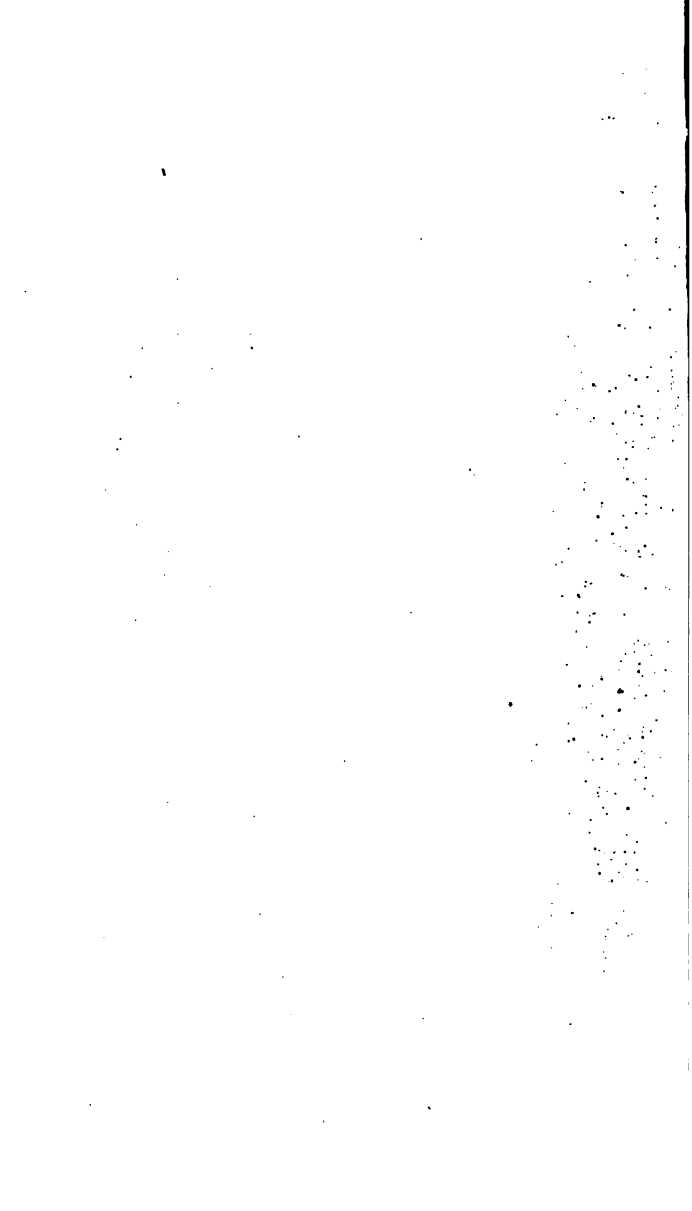
GREAT pains have been taken to make this book exhaustive, accurate, and practical.

Numerous works, both old and new, have been consulted; the whole of the manuscript has been submitted, in portions, to persons thoroughly conversant with the history and topography of different districts of the island; and the guiding matter is the result of a personal visit to every place mentioned and of memoranda made on the spot.

The author ventures to hope that the book will be found trustworthy, and prove instructive and useful to both strangers and residents.

The writer tenders his best thanks to the numerous gentlemen who have given him valuable assistance, especially the Rev. C. T. Fisher, of Yarmouth; J. Woodrow, Esq., of Brading; J. Withers, Esq., of Sandown; and A. G. More, Esq., of the Natural History Museum, Royal Dublin Society.

Letters containing suggestions for the improvement of future editions, and pointing out errors in the present issue, may be addressed to HENRY IRWIN JENKINSON, Keswick, Cumberland.



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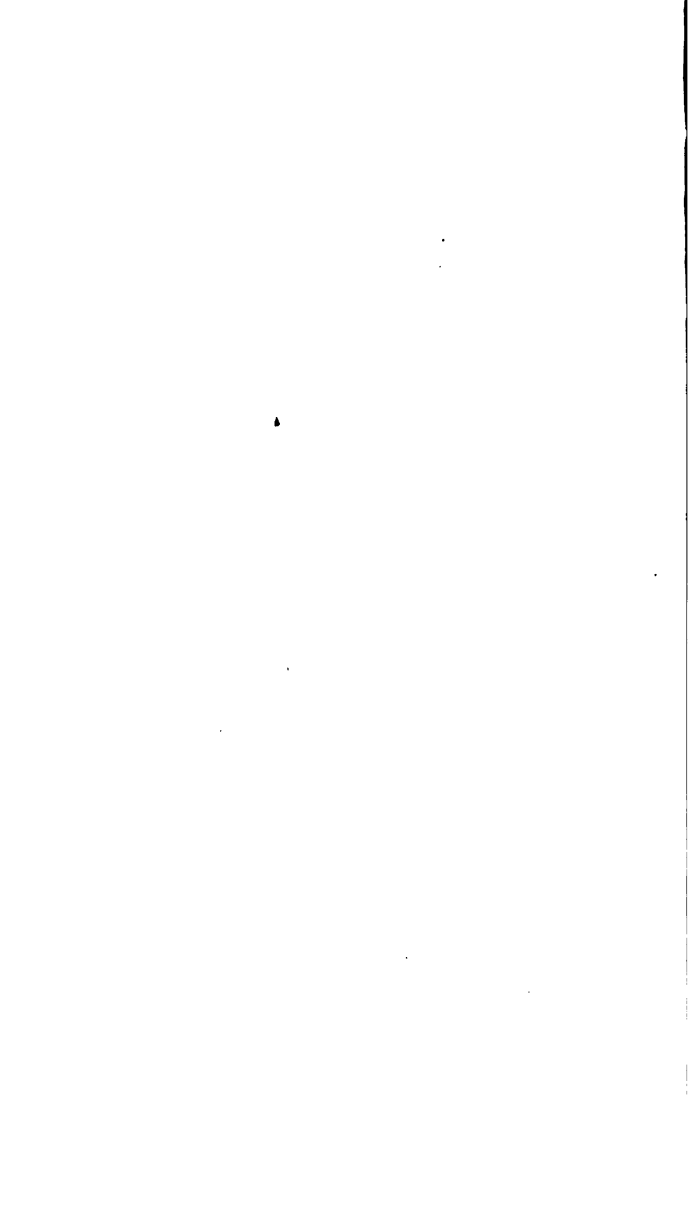
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INTRODUCTION.

THE Isle of Wight is separated from the coast of Hampshire by the river-like channel of the Solent Sea, which varies in breadth from 1 mile to 7 miles. The island is 23 miles long, its greatest breadth is 13 miles, and in shape it has been likened to a turbot, and to a bird with expanded wings. The area is 149 square miles, or about 100,000 acres, and the population in 1871 was 65,883. In its broadest part it is split into two nearly equal portions by the river Medina, and another great natural division is the range of chalk downs, averaging 600 feet in height, which extends from the Culver Cliffs on the east to the Needles on the west. For ecclesiastical purposes the island is included in the See of Winchester, and for all general purposes it forms part of the county of Hampshire. It returns two members to Parliament, one for the whole island, and another for the town of Newport.

Visitors enter the island at either Ryde, Cowes, or Yarmouth.

The traffic from London to the Isle of Wight is competed for by the London and South-Western, and the London, Brighton, and South Coast railways, and through tickets are issued; the fares by both routes being the same. The London and South-Western Railway runs from the Waterloo-road station to Stokes Bay, *via* Winchester, a distance of 83 miles. This company has just completed the doubling of this line, in order to facilitate the increasing traffic. Steamers are in waiting at the pier, close to the station, and the distance across the Solent to Ryde is 3 miles, the sail occupying twenty minutes. This Railway has also a direct line from London to Portsmouth Harbour station, measuring 76 miles. A few words in connection with this station may be of interest. Formerly passengers to the Isle of Wight arrived at the Landport station, which was then the terminus of the London and South-Western, and London, Brighton, and South Coast railways, and were conveyed by a tramway to Southsea pier, where they embarked for Ryde, or elsewhere. This arrangement involved much loss of time and inconvenience, and the joint companies, at considerable expense, extended their line to Portsmouth Harbour, where a handsome and commodious

station and pier was constructed, and opened for general traffic in October, 1876. By this means passengers and their luggage are transmitted from the London stations without change of carriage to the pier, from which the steamers can start at all states of tide or weather. The same companies having obtained parliamentary powers are now taking steps to extend the railway at Ryde in a similar manner, a considerable undertaking, which will take some time to complete, and which will have the effect of doing away with the inconvenience and loss of time consequent on the journey from the Pier Head to St. John's Road railway station. In course of time the joint companies will, we understand, establish a service of steamboats of their own, which will greatly tend to facilitate communication between the mainland and the island, the distance between which is about 4 miles, and is traversed in 25 minutes. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway runs from London Bridge station to the same station at Portsmouth, by what is known as the Mid Sussex route, in length 88 miles, affording some beautiful and interesting scenery *en route*, including Boxhill, the interesting ruins of Amberley Castle, Arundel Castle, the present seat of the Duke of Norfolk, and Chichester Cathedral. Some persons will reach Portsmouth by the more circuitous route *viâ* Brighton. Occasionally parties will stay a few hours at Portsmouth to inspect the dockyard, the gun wharf, and the men-of-war in the harbour. If it be not thought desirable to break the journey in order to inspect Portsmouth, a special visit might afterwards be made to the place from Ryde, either by the steamers or by a small boat. The voyage across to the Isle of Wight is very pleasant, the water in general being smooth, and sea-sickness of rare occurrence. The forts and ships at Portsmouth are no sooner left behind than the beautiful wooded shores of the island become more clearly spread to view, the town of Ryde being direct in front, rising steeply from the water, and on the left of it the ground of St. John, Appley, Spring Vale, Sea View, and Bembridge; and on the right Binstead, Wootton Creek, King's Quay, and the towers of Osborne house.

Those who enter the island at Cowes generally travel by the London and South-Western Railway to Southampton, distance 78 miles, from whence they have a pleasant sail of 14 miles; first down the Southampton Water, passing Netley Abbey and Netley Hospital on the left, and on the right the village of Hythe and Calshot Castle, and then across the Solent, with views on either hand of the shores of the Isle of

Wight, the mouth of the Medina river, with the houses of Cowes and the towers of Norris Castle.

Cowes may also be reached by steamers, which sail from Portsmouth.

Persons residing in the south-west of England often find it most convenient to enter the Isle of Wight at Yarmouth by steamer from Lymington (distant from London 97 miles), and it is also a good route for those from other parts who are anxious to visit the New Forest district, or to go direct to Freshwater or Alum Bay. One or two days may be spent agreeably in travelling from Southampton to Lymington, through the heart of the New Forest, *viâ* Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, or *viâ* Hythe and Beaulieu. Having entered the island at Ryde or Cowes, it would be a pleasant change to return by way of Yarmouth and Lymington, and thence through the New Forest. This is the shortest sail across the Solent, not being more than 2 miles, but the voyage is increased to 4 miles, owing to Lymington being some way up the river. During the summer months steamers sail regularly between Yarmouth, Cowes, and Ryde, and all the year round between the two latter places.

The Isle of Wight has been spoken of as "The Garden Isle;" "A gem set in the silver sea;" "The miniature abstract of all that is grand and lovely in England;" and the old poet, Drayton, says of it:

"Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace."

These remarks may seem high praise to those who have made only a partial acquaintance with the island, but not to one who has acquired a thorough knowledge of it by forsaking the familiar roads, mounting the hills in all directions, threading his way through the lanes and valleys, visiting the pretty cottage homes, stopping at wayside inns as well as the large hotels, and exploring the interesting coast scenery.

Some of the northern and central parts of the island are comparatively tame and uninteresting, and Englefield in his 'Picturesque Beauties of the Isle of Wight' speaks of those parts of the island as being "in general as destitute of beauty as any tract of the same extent in England;" but some may think this too low an estimate, for Dr. Arnold says, "I certainly was agreeably surprised rather than disappointed by all the scenery. I admired the interior of the island, which people affect to sneer at, but which I think is very superior

to most of the scenery of common counties." Whatever may be the tourist's opinion of this debatable part of the island, all will agree that the southern or "back part" is extremely lovely, and one of the most charming spots in Great Britain. Well may it be denominated "the Garden of England," for in some parts, especially in the district of the Undercliff, beautiful exotics flourish in the utmost luxuriance; almost every house, and garden, and hedge by the roadside being covered with vines, myrtles, fuchsias, or geraniums, which attain a great size, and live throughout the winter without protection. The climate is so mild and salubrious that the general invalid, and those far reduced by the insidious disease of consumption, hasten to it to regain strength or to stop the advance of disease; and although many go there too late for aught save to die, yet it has, notwithstanding, a lower death-rate than almost any other part of the kingdom; and this is attested by the many records of octogenarians, and of those of still greater age, met with in the village churchyards throughout the island.

Truly also may the island be denominated "a gem set in the silver sea," for the views of the wide expanse of ocean to the south, and the lovely winding Solent on the north side, impart to it that peculiar charm which makes it dwell so pleasantly in the memory in future years. Its surrounding waters also make it the first yachting rendezvous in the world, a perfect paradise for those fond of aquatic excursions. The geologist and the lovers of picturesque scenery will delight in the coast, especially in the southern part of the island; and the pedestrian will look on scenes truly enchanting by ascending the summits of the downs.

One noticeable feature of the island is the general absence of vulgarity, and the refinement of the residents and visitors, which probably arises partly from the subdued and lovely character of its scenery and the mildness of its climate, but principally from the aristocratic character of many of its visitors, the presence of royalty, and the absence of the manufacturing element, owing to the distance from the "noise and smoke of town." All these advantages combine to attract the visitor, who can hardly fail to leave the place with regret, and to agree with the opinion expressed by Sir Walter Scott, who described it as "that beautiful island which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may lead him."

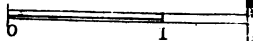


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PRACTICAL GUIDE

TO THE

ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE SECTION.

RYDE.

RYDE is a pleasant and fashionable watering-place, situated opposite Portsmouth, on wooded land rising steeply from the shore. The streets are clean, open, and well-paved, and the shops are good. Around the town are handsome villas, in the midst of beautiful grounds, occupied by many of the *élite* of the aristocracy. Although Ryde cannot boast of noble towns and grand coast scenery, such as is to be met with in the south, or what is denominated "the back of the island," it possesses some delightfully shady walks, and commands an attractive prospect towards Portsmouth, and the Hampshire and Sussex coasts, across an expanse of sea ever alive with ships of all sizes, from the swift and graceful yacht, to the huge unwieldy-looking man-of-war. As nine-tenths of the visitors to the island first land here, Ryde has rarely, if ever, a sleepy look; and, as the head-quarters of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, the trim craft of the members impart in summer extra life and animation to its waters, and during their annual regatta there is collected in the town much of the wealth and fashion of the land.

In 1871 Ryde contained a population of 12,576, being the largest town on the island; whereas near the end of the last century it only consisted of two tiny villages, there being a

few fishermen's huts on the beach, and a small group of houses on the top of the hill. On the intermediate ground, where Union Street now stands, there were fields and a thick grove of stately elms, the battle-ground of the lads of the two hamlets, between whom a bitter enmity existed, which broke out, as occasion offered, into open hostilities, when a party would sally forth from the lower town armed with sticks and stones to do battle with those of the upper town, or the upper would send down a detachment to take reprisals on their longshore enemies.

Fielding, the novelist, was detained here for some days in 1753, when on his voyage to Lisbon in quest of health, and he has left us a humorous and somewhat satirical, but vivid description of the place. He says: "As to its situation, I think it most delightful, and on the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantages of that beautiful river which leads from Newport to Cowes; but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helens, would be more than a recompense for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, though another Denham or another Pope should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it, and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced, and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in bricks, in stone, or in marble. This pleasant village is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have described. Its soil is a gravel, which, assisted with a declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberance greatly exceeds it." Little had at that time been done to overcome the difficulties of access, or render the village when reached agreeable to visitors. "Between the sea and the shore at low water," he continues, "there is an impassable gulf of mud and sand, which can neither be traversed by walking nor swimming, so that for near one half of the twenty-four hours

Ryde is inaccessible by friend or foe." At that time there was no pier or even landing-stage, and when the poor shattered novelist wished to land, he was hoisted into a small boat, and being rowed pretty near, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with him through the mud and placed him on a chair on the shore.

After landing, Fielding was lodged in a comfortless inn, "built with the materials of a wreck, sunk down with age on one side, and in the form of a ship with gunwales;" and here he had an extortionate virago as hostess, whose complaisant husband "wished not for anything, thought not of anything—indeed, scarce did anything or said anything," replying to all remonstrances with, "I don't know anything about it, sir, I leaves all that to my wife." The bills daily increased, "a pennyworth of fire rated to-day at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteenpence," "two dishes dressed for two shillings on Saturday, and half-a-crown charged for the cooking of one on Sunday." On Fielding remonstrating, he received an indignant retort from his extortionate and shrewish landlady. "Candles! why, yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pay for mine!" and then she closed with a lamentation at the smallness of her bill, after every charge which a landlady's ingenuity could invent or a landlady's conscience allow had been introduced; "she didn't know that she had omitted anything, *but it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.*" When the great satirist wanted a cup of tea he discovered that "the whole town could not supply a single leaf; for as to what his landlady and the shopman called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth, but a tobacco of the mundungus species." Fresh meat was not to be had, for "the butcher never killed ox or sheep during the beans and bacon season."

Captain Marryat, in his 'Poor Jack,' tells us: "The wherries came out as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground." Amusing tales are told of inconvenient accidents occasioned by jibbing or unruly horses, or the loss of the "cart pins," which involved the precipitation of the whole freight backwards into the ooze and slime.

Though so small, Ryde appears to have been considered a place of some importance. In the reign of Edward III., when a French invasion of the island was apprehended, in 1340, all ingress and egress was forbidden except at La Riche

(Ryde), Shamblord (East Cowes), and Yarmouth. A watch was ordered to be kept at Ryde to give notice of the approach of an enemy, the watchhouse standing on the site now occupied by the coffee-room of the Pier Hotel; but in spite of all precautions the island was seized by the French at the commencement of the reign of Richard II., and Ryde was burnt to the ground. In the reign of Henry VIII., when blockhouses were planted at Sandown, Cowes, and Yarmouth, a "bulwark," with a single gun, was mounted for the defence of Ryde.

From a view taken in 1796 we learn that a small stage had been erected for the convenience of shipping the lambs which then, as now, were exported in large numbers for the London market. In 1815 this rude jetty gave place to a pier 1740 feet in length, erected by a joint-stock company, and this has since been gradually increased until it reaches 2305 feet, with a wide pierhead, made convenient for access to and from the steamers at all states of the tide. A tramway, laid alongside for the conveyance of passengers and luggage, is continued through the town to the railway station, about one mile distant. Passengers to Ryde are booked through to the town end of the pier. Local passengers pay, first-class, 6*d.*, second-class, 5*d.* Those who are carried to the railway station, unless they are booked through to their destination, pay, first-class, 1*s.* 2*d.*, second-class, 1*s.*

The pier is a fashionable promenade, to which the public are admitted at 2*d.* each person. Yearly tickets, 10*s.* The view from the pierhead is very beautiful. The Solent, which appears like a wide river or estuary, has a pleasing effect with its vessels of all descriptions moving in every direction; and the opposite coasts are well displayed and charmingly diversified. The eye wanders along the well-wooded shores of the island, from the hamlet of Sea View to the towers of Osborne and Norris Castle. The town of Ryde is in full view directly in front, and to the left of it the attractive grounds of St. John's, Appley Towers, St. Clare, and Spring Vale, whilst to the right are Westfield, Ryde House, Binstead, and Wootton Estuary; and in a line with the latter, on the anchorage designated Motherbank, there are three warlike vessels, now used for quarantine purposes, which present picturesque objects in the foreground. Turning to the opposite coast, a long tract is visible, studded with houses, ships, and forts, and in the background the chalk

hills of Portsdown. In front are Stokes Bay, Portsmouth, and Southsea; with Southampton Water, Calshot Castle, and the New Forest to the left; and to the right Hayling Island, Chichester Cathedral, Selsey Bill, and the distant waters of the English Channel.

The new, or Victoria Pier, situated a little to the eastward of the other, was built by a rival company. It was designed to be of the same length as the old pier; but frequent litigation with the town commissioners impeded its progress, and serious damage having been done to the works by a gale, the shareholders became involved in difficulties and the pier was purchased by the original Ryde Pier Company, who have utilized it by erecting public baths at its extremity. Tickets for the baths are charged sixpence each. There is also a free bathing stage on the shore in front of the esplanade, and another bathing place where machines may be hired; and there are various bathing establishments in the town. "The shore of Ryde was, about the middle of the last century, little better than a continuous waste of mud, which is rather remarkable, as at present there is a thick and *increasing* layer of fine white sand, sufficiently firm to support wheel carriages. The descent, however, is so very little that at low water it becomes almost an extensive level, and after having been exposed seven or eight hours to a powerful sun, in calm weather the sea as it flows is rendered nearly equal to a warm bath."

To the right of the pier is the Royal Victoria Yacht Club House, a handsome building with a noble portico, erected in 1847, the foundation stone having been laid the previous year by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort. The club was established in 1845, and is under the patronage of Her Majesty and other distinguished personages. Its annual regatta and ball are generally held about the second week in August, and offer attractions equal to any in the kingdom. There is also a town regatta held shortly afterwards, for the purpose of giving encouragement to deserving watermen; the sailing matches are confined to wherries belonging to Ryde. The wherries are of a large size, and are said by nautical men to be as fine sea-boats as can be met with anywhere.

Leaving the pier we enter the *Esplanade*, which forms a delightful drive and promenade on the margin of the sea, and extends from the pier to Appley Point, a distance of about 1200 feet; this, and the adjoining mansions, cover ground which was formerly known as the Dover, and consisted of waste sandy shore, with a few grassy hillocks marking the

last resting place of many of the men who perished in the wreck of the Royal George, whose bodies came ashore here. Englefield, writing in 1801, says: "The footpath from Ryde to Appley and St. John's crosses a small and rather marshy meadow, with a streamlet passing through it, having a stone arched bridge, and a sluice to keep out the tides. Near this stream several rows of graves still rise above the general level of the turf. These I had often noticed without a suspicion of what they really were, till one day meeting an old fisherman, I asked him why these heaps so like graves had been thrown up. The man in a low tone, and with a sad look, said, 'They *are* graves; the bodies cast ashore after the loss of the Royal George were buried here. We did not much like drawing a net hereabout for some weeks afterwards; we were always bringing up a corpse.'" This magnificent man-of-war of 108 guns, the pride of the English nation in the time of George III., sank about half-way between Ryde and Portsmouth, August 29, 1782, by a sudden squall while undergoing careening, when nearly one thousand persons perished. Having been heeled too much on one side with her gunports open, a sudden squall threw her on her beam ends, so that the flag at her masthead actually dipped into the sea; then rolling in the opposite direction, her yardarms met the surface of the waves; she righted, but unfortunately had by this time shipped so much water, that it was only to sink almost immediately. All who were between decks, the Admiral included, were involved in one common fate; but the majority of those who happened to be on the upper deck, were rescued by the boats dispatched to their assistance. A victualler which had been quietly lying alongside shared in the calamity, being literally sucked to the bottom by the whirlpool occasioned through the sudden descent of so vast a fabric as the Royal George, at that time the leviathan of our navy. The sad event, it is scarcely needful to say, has been commemorated by Cowper in the following noble lines:—

"Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

"Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

- “ A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset ;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.
- “ Toll for the brave !
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
 His last sea-fight is fought,
 His work of glory done.
- “ It was not in the battle ;
 No tempest gave the shock ;
 She sprang no fatal leak ;
 She ran upon no rock.
- “ His sword was in its sheath,
 His finger held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down,
 With twice four hundred men.
- “ Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes !
 And mingle with our cup
 The tear that England owes.
- “ Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England’s thunder,
 And plough the distant main.
- “ But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o’er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the waves no more.”

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

All Saints’ Church, Queen’s Road.
 Holy Trinity Church, Dover Street.
 St. James’ Church, Lind Street.
 St. Thomas’ Church, St. Thomas Street.
 St. Michael and All Angels’ Church, Swanmore.
 St. John’s Church, District Church of St. Helens.
 Independent Chapel, George Street.
 Wesleyan Chapel, Nelson Street.
 Baptist Chapel, George Street.
 Baptist Chapel, Park Road.
 Primitive Methodist Chapel, Star Street.
 Bible Christian Chapel, Newport Street.
 Plymouth Brethren, Albert Street.
 Roman Catholic Chapel, High Street.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND OFFICES.

Town Hall and Market Place, Lind Street.
 Theatre, St. Thomas' Square, between High Street and Union Street.
 Post Office and Telegraph Office, Union Street.
 School of Art and Museum, George Street.
 Royal Victoria Arcade, Union Street.
 National Provincial Bank, Union Street.
 Hampshire Banking Company, Union Street.
 Yacht Clubhouse, Pier Street.
 Victoria Rooms, Lind Street.
 Masonic Hall, John Street.
 National Schools, Green Street.
 Holy Trinity School, Player Street.
 Young Men's Christian Association, Lind Street.
 Cemetery, south of the town.
 Infirmary, Swanmore Road.
 Conservative Club.

HOTELS.

Esplanade Hotel	Esplanade.
Pier	Close to the Pier.
Eagle	Opposite the Pier.
Sivier's	Pier Street, close to Clubhouse.
Royal Kent	Union Street.
Yelf's	Union Street.
York	George Street.
Belgrave	Nelson Street.
Crown	High Street.
Castle	High Street.
Strand	Strand.
Star Hotel	High Street.

LIVERY STABLES.

Pier Hotel	Close to the Pier.
Royal Kent Hotel	Union Street.
Young	Union Street.
Carter	John Street.
Cotton	Simeon's Arms.
Woodford	Strand.

NEWSPAPERS.

'Isle of Wight Observer.' Published on Fridays. Price $1\frac{1}{2}d.$
 'Isle of Wight Times.' Published on Wednesday evenings. Price $1\frac{1}{2}d.$
 'Ryde News.' Published on Saturdays. Price $1d.$
 'Ventilator.' Published on Saturdays. Price $1d.$

BATHS.

Kemp's Hotel	Esplanade.
Victoria Pier	Esplanade.

COACHES.

Coaches leave the Esplanade, and the Castle Inn, in John Street, many times daily, for Wootton Bridge, Newport, and Carisbrooke Castle; also for Shanklin, *viâ* Brading and Sandown.

An omnibus conveys passengers from the pier gates to the station. Fare, 3*d.*

STEAMERS.

Steamers leave the pierhead many times a day for Southsea, Portsmouth, and Stokes Bay, and less frequently for Cowes, Southampton, Yarmouth, and Lympington.

During the summer months steamers often make excursions round the Isle of Wight.

RAILWAY TRAINS.

Trains run many times daily to Newport, Ventnor, Sandown, Shanklin, Cowes, &c.

POST OFFICE DELIVERY.

Letters are delivered in Ryde three times a day.

BOATS.

One of the favourite recreations at Ryde is boating, for which the smoothness of the water and the beauty of the shores present great temptations. There is a perfect fleet of small rowing and sailing boats lying off the pier waiting to be hired; the usual charge for the former is 1*s.* 6*d.*, and for the latter 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour, including boatman. The usual excursions are round the men-of-war lying at Spithead, round the Nab Light, to Bembridge, Osborne, Cowes, or up the Southampton Water to Netley Abbey.

CARRIAGES.

There is no lack of carriages for hire, either for long or short excursions. The Bye-laws (a copy of which every driver is bound to carry with him, and which may be consulted in case of any dispute) fix the fares, including the driver's fee, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile for any distance not exceeding three miles, and 1*s.* 3*d.* per mile for any distance beyond three miles; or 2*s.* 6*d.* per hour for one-horse carriages, and 3*s.* 6*d.* per hour for two-horse carriages, the corresponding charges per day are 20*s.* and 27*s.*

For short distances in certain parts of Ryde the charge is 1*s.*, and for longer distances in the town 1*s.* 6*d.* There are also special bye-laws regulating the charges for wheel-chairs.

Ryde to Sea View and St. Helens, by the Seashore.

Spring Vale, 1½ miles; Sea View, 2½ miles; St. Helens, 5 miles.

This delightful walk may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure, and it is the one which the stranger will naturally first undertake after his arrival at Ryde.

Leaving the town by the esplanade, and continuing along the sea-wall, Appley house is passed, and the private pier of Sir William Hutt, Bart., of Appley Towers, is reached. Appley house, the residence of Mr. Clayton, is spoken of by one writer as being "the most enchanting of all the spots in this beautiful tract of country." It stands on the site of a house which was formerly occupied by a notorious smuggler named Boyce, who for a long series of years had been engaged in the illicit trade in the "back of the island," but having sufficiently increased his store, he purchased Appley, and retired there, seemingly far removed from his former connections and avocations; he even aspired to a seat in the legislature, smuggling not then being looked upon as a very heinous offence. Boyce was, however, induced to return to his former pursuits, in conjunction with a person living near Gosport; they arranged a code of signals, and many a cargo was successfully run on to his estate. He was for a time prosperous, but eventually falling into the hands of the executive he was exchequered, his ill-gotten wealth confiscated, and he himself confined to the King's Bench prison, where he died in 1740. While living at Appley one of his former associates applied to him for help, but he denied all knowledge of him, saying, when he attempted to refresh his memory by relating some story of their former acquaintance,—"Now's now, and then's then."

As the traveller proceeds the sea dashes, at high tide, close to his feet, and he has a fine view across the Solent to Portsmouth. Ships of all sizes are seen speeding in every direction, and the round forts of Horse and Noman are prominent objects in midchannel.

At Puckpool, 1½ miles from Ryde, formerly spoken of as "a spot that seemed marked by its mild and gentle beauties as the favourite resort of fairies," there is a mortar battery, being one of the outer forts for the protection of Portsmouth. The battery contains four guns and thirty mortars, and is occupied by some men of the Royal Artillery. Close by

there is the Battery Hotel, a coastguard station, and the pleasant villas of Spring Vale. Here the walk might be lessened to 3 miles by branching to the right, at the west end of the villas, and returning to Ryde by the road which passes the grounds of St. Clare. Another path leads to Ryde from the east end of the villas.

Proceeding along the shore for half a mile by a cart track across the Coney Dover, with a view inland over a level pasture to well-wooded ground, the Salterns are reached, where salt used to be manufactured from sea-water; but this process has been discontinued, and the houses are now let to visitors. Passing through a turnstile, and along a path by the sea-wall, the delightful little village of Sea View is quickly gained. This is a pleasant retreat for those who are fond of a quiet seaside nook away from the bustle and gaiety of Ryde. It is a clean picturesque place, principally inhabited by pilots; contains good lodging houses, a small church, Wesleyan and Baptist chapels, and a cosy inn, the Oak. The stump of the original old oak tree is still standing on the causeway in front of the house. There is also the Crown Hotel. Here are excellent sands, good bathing ground, numerous pleasure boats and canoes, and in the rear of the village is a charming sylvan country, with inviting rural walks and drives. The attractions are so varied that many persons will probably consider this one of the most delightful spots on the whole island. Those who do not wish to extend the walk may return hence to Ryde, *viâ* Nettlestone, by the road, a distance of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, thus making the whole journey a distance of 6 miles. The houses of Sea View cluster round a somewhat bold point, known as Nettlestone Point, or Old Fort, from a blockhouse that formerly stood here for the defence of the island. The French, in their attempted invasion under D'Annebault in 1545, landed here and attacked a fort which had annoyed their galleys. The garrison purposely abandoned the place on the approach of the enemy, and the fort was then destroyed.

Continuing along the seashore, a number of children will in all likelihood be seen in Sea Grove bay, building their mimic castles on the sands; and a fine view is had in front of the richly-wooded headlands as far as Bembridge Point. With the white-crested waves ever advancing and receding at the traveller's feet, and rank vegetation and thick coppices on his right, he becomes exhilarated, and wends his way with a feeling of health and freedom. Rounding Ore-stone Point,

where there are a few scattered masses of rock, Priory Bay is entered. The sea would quickly wash away the cliffs here were it not for the breakwater which has been built to protect them from its ravages, and even now it constantly makes openings, and is with great difficulty kept back. At high tide it is fine to see the strife between the advancing waves and those which have been thrown back from the mural barrier. Priory Bay is bounded by Watch House or Nodes Point, where in former days a watch of ten men by day, and four by night was stationed, with a beacon ready to be fired, to guard this exposed corner of the island from the attacks of the invader, the protected anchorage and easy landing rendering this point a favourite place of attack. After passing Watch House Point a lovely view is had of the village and finely-wooded promontory of Bembridge, and the round fort of St. Helens, which stands in the sea at a little distance from the land. The waves here beat with tremendous fury at the base of the stone wall, making the ground shake, while the spray occasionally reaches the traveller. It is in such places that we realize the power of the billows in washing away existing land. Miniature landslips clothed with vegetation are formed, and the geologist will have good opportunities afforded for studying the strata.

After passing Nodes bay the St. Helens Dover bay is entered. Here is all that remains of the St. Helens old church, a part of the tower, with the eastern end protected by a high brick wall, erected in a tasteless manner by the government, and coloured white, so as to afford a conspicuous mark for vessels in the St. Helens Roads. Below is a sea-wall, or this little relic would quickly be washed away. This was perhaps the oldest church in the Isle of Wight, having been planted by Hildila, Bishop Wilfrid's chaplain, one of the evangelists of the island, in order, we are told, to be as near as possible to his native land, and within easy reach of Wilfrid, then Bishop of Selsea, whose counsel must have often been required in the prosecution of his arduous work. The pulpit was filled for a long period by the monks of the neighbouring priory, and when canon law compelled the vicar to be resident, the parish was so poor that the bishops permitted mass to be celebrated and the sacraments to be administered by the superior of the priory. The site proved to be ill chosen. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the encroachments of the sea had undermined the foundations of the church, which had fallen into such complete ruin that "one might look in at one end

and out at the other," while there had been "never a curate and little service" for many years past, so that "the parishioners had been fain to bury their corpses themselves;" "but yet," adds an indignant commissioner, "they pay, nevertheless, their tithes." The position of St. Helens being in proximity to one of the chief naval roads of the south of England, where seamen of the Catholic nations were in the habit of touching for water and fresh provisions, rendered its ruined state a matter of national concern. "Foreign sailors," writes Mr. John Oglander, who made the presentment, "seeing the shameful using of the same, think that all other churches within the realm be like used, and what they have said and made report of in their own country God knoweth. It is a gazing stock to all foreign nations." A century later, 1656, Cromwell's commissioners reported "that the church is washed by the sea to its foundations; fearing the fall thereof there have been endeavours to secure it, with great charge;" but they recommended that "it be taken down ere it fall, and set up in the midst of the parish." Afterwards a church was built some distance inland, between St. Helens Green and Nettlestone.

A few hundred yards from the church is the Brading estuary, a mere mud swamp at ebb tide, but a beautiful expanse at high water, almost like an inland lake, with houses at each side and at the head embowered amongst trees, and high downs in the distance. Fishing smacks, yachts, and pleasure boats give animation to the scene. At the extremity of the land is the Ferry Boat Inn, and here the traveller can cross the bay by the ferry to Bembridge, which is a delightful looking place, with pleasant villas and church embosomed in trees from the water's edge to the summit of rising ground, backed by the Bembridge Down crowned with its fort and monument. The ferry is for foot passengers only. The charge for crossing is 2*d.* for each person, if three or more cross; if only one person, 6*d.* In very rough weather the ferry does not work.

The flat sandy ground between the old church and the estuary, known as the St. Helens Dover or Spit, is one of the best botanizing grounds in the whole island. "It is upon the tract of dunes or sandhills lying immediately below St. Helens that the principal harvest will be made. This small piece of ground, probably not exceeding 40 or 50 acres, has been ascertained to yield no fewer than two hundred and fifty species of flowering plants, being nearly one-third of the

whole Flora of the Isle of Wight; and among these, not the least interesting are twelve out of the thirteen indigenous trefoils. Indeed, the abundance of Leguminosæ and Caryophyllæ is the most striking feature of the sandhills, and brings to mind the use which has been made of the prevalence of these two families of plants to characterize a region warmer than our own. The two Stonecrops also might suggest a resemblance to the arid sands of the deserts, were it not for the reindeer moss, which is the next plant to meet the eye." From the old church the tourist proceeds along the margin of the haven to St. Helens Green, a pretty spot, with rustic cottages, picturesquely built round an ample village green.

Ryde to Sea View and St. Helens, by the Road.

Nettlestone, 3 miles; Sea View, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles; St. Helens Church, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles; St. Helens Village, 4 miles.

This is an agreeable drive through an undulating, well-timbered district. Entering the road which branches to the right at the east end of the esplanade, an ascent is made to the St. John's toll-gate and St. John's church, with neat villas on the one hand, and on the other the charming grounds of St. John's house (Mr. Gassiot). The church is pleasantly located under tall trees. It is in the parish of St. Helens; a small stream which flows near the railway station, and enters the sea under the esplanade, being the eastern boundary of the parish of Ryde. St. John's house commemorates the reduction of St. John's in New Brunswick. It was originally built by Lord Amherst, and afterwards belonged to Sir Richard Simeon, many years M.P. for the Isle of Wight. The grounds, which were laid out by the celebrated Repton, are very beautiful, and contain some venerable trees. A few yards beyond the toll-gate a road branches to the right and leads direct to Brading. Presently the fine palatial mansion of Appley Towers is passed, and a few yards beyond Little Appley the point is reached, 1 mile from Ryde, where a road branches to left for Spring Vale. The branch road passes the grounds of St. Clare, a mansion at one time spoken of as a probable marine residence for the Prince of Wales. It was built by Lord Vernon, and is a castellated edifice of the Tudor style of Gothic, the keep-tower commanding a view of no common beauty. Colonel F. V. Harcourt used to reside here, and then Her Majesty and the Prince Consort repeatedly

honoured St. Clare with their presence. The Princess Alice and the Prince Louis of Hesse spent their honeymoon here after their marriage at Osborne, July 1, 1862.

Proceeding along the direct road a descent is made, with the Cherrygin cottages and the mansion of Woodlands Vale (Colonel the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe) on the left, and at some distance on the right the mansion of Westridge (James Young, Esq.). The cottages are said to derive their name from having formerly been noted for the sale of illicit gin, and evading the law by putting cherries in the gin, and calling it "Cherry gin." After again slightly ascending, another road on the left branches to Spring Vale and the Salterns, and one on the right to the Brading road. Keeping straight forward a descent is made through a most delightful bit of ground with large trees on either hand over-arching the road. The country people call this the Dark lane. Dark though it may be at night, it is very lovely on a bright sunny day. Emerging from this sylvan shade, and passing Westbrook (Pakenham Mahon, Esq.) on the left, a beautiful view is had of undulating wooded ground, and a glimpse is caught of the sea and the Roman fort. After making an ascent past the grounds of Pownell (General Whimper), a mansion out of sight on the left, the farm and hamlet of Nettlestone are reached, where there are two or three lodging houses, and the Roadside Inn. This spot commands a good inland prospect, with Ashe Down and its landmark in the distance. Here a road on the left leads to Sea View, passing under the shade of tall trees, and between the grounds of Fairy Hill (W. A. Glynn, Esq.) and Sea Grove.

On leaving Nettlestone for St. Helens the traveller soon reaches the gates leading to the grounds of the Priory, the residence of the Marquis of Cholmondeley. All remains of the monastic buildings that formerly existed here have disappeared, and in the grounds, which are extensive, and slope gradually to the sea, there stands a plain modern mansion, built in the early part of this century by Sir Nash Grose, formerly a Judge of the Court of King's Bench. The Marquis, who is a member of the denomination of dissenters known as Plymouth Brethren, has erected an iron place of worship near his mansion, and when at home he generally preaches every Sunday morning and evening, the public being admitted. The grounds can also be entered from the seashore, about half a mile east of Sea View. Not much is known of the history of the Priory which formerly stood here.

A little beyond the Priory is St. Helens church, a small plain building, which stands in a quiet and retired situation. The chancel contains several memorials of the Grose family. Visitors staying in Ryde might enjoy a walk to the service here on a fine summer's day. A few yards past the church the Brading and Asheys downs come in view, and immediately after, the Bembridge Down, with its fort and monument. A corner of the road may be cut off by following a footpath through the fields from the church. Descending to St. Helens the views gradually improve, and embrace Bembridge, the sea, the St. Helens round fort, and the Brading harbour. On reaching a cluster of houses, and the pretty modern mansion, St. Helens Castle (Mr. Redley), there is a pleasing view of the haven, the sandy ground known as the Dover, and the Bembridge village. The ruins of the old church (see page 12) may be visited by following the road to the left for half a mile. Turning to the right the village is quickly entered. It is a quaint place, with a green in the centre, and rustic cottages all round. It contains two small inns and three dissenting places of worship. In the war time of George III.'s reign, outward bound vessels were in the habit of obtaining from St. Helens their supplies of poultry and fresh provisions. It is stated in an old work on the island that the water here procured was of so pure a nature, that it was carried to the East Indies and back again, and continued in as sweet a state as when taken from the spring.

From St. Helens the traveller has the choice of routes. He may proceed to Brading, 2 miles distant, and there catch the train, or he may return to Ryde by the Brading road; or by Nunwell, Ashley farm, and Smallbrook.

When through the village the prospect includes Bembridge, Brading, and Ashley downs, with Shanklin Down in the background. Not far from the village are some oyster beds, where formerly a large business was done. A short distance farther a good view is obtained to the left, comprising the downs, the harbour, Brading village, and Nunwell. A mile and a half from St. Helens the road leading between Ryde and Brading is entered close to the railway. Crossing the line by a bridge the way is pleasantly shaded by rows of elms, the branch road on the right leading to Nunwell is passed, and the tourist arrives at the church and village of Brading.

Ryde to Binstead Church, Quarr Abbey, Fishbourne, and Wootton; and back by Haven Street and Aldermoor Mill.

Binstead Church, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Quarr Abbey, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles; Fishbourne, 3 miles; Wootton, 4 miles; Haven Street, $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Aldermoor Mill, 7 miles; Ryde, $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

This is perhaps the most pleasant excursion in the vicinity of Ryde. The same places may be visited by the high road, but it is better to make the expedition on foot, more especially to Binstead church, Quarr Abbey, and Fishbourne.

Proceeding westward from the pier, the stranger on entering Spencer Road will be delighted with its sylvan character; hedges, large trees, and noble mansions embowered in woods being on either hand. Westfield, built by Lord Spencer, the grandfather of the present Earl, and now the seat of Vice-Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, contains a choice collection of paintings, marbles, and other articles of *vertu*. The gardens are in the Italian fashion, with terraces leading down to the seashore, from which a marvellous panorama of Spithead and the whole reach of the Solent is unfolded. The gateway is surmounted with the motto, "Qui si sana" (Here is health), and a beautiful figure of a stag from the first International Exhibition, which obtained special commendation from the late Prince Consort. Near to Westfield, though out of sight in the park on the right, is Ryde house, the residence of the Player family, the owners, by purchase, of the manor of Ryde. At the lodge gate, close to the Newport road, the tourist will enter a footpath leading between hedgerows, and having crossed a path conducting to the shore, and over the Binstead brook (which divides the parishes), a slight climb will bring him to Binstead church. At low water the traveller may return to Ryde by the shore, and gain Pier Street by a lane near the west side of the Clubhouse; or he may reach the shore by a path on the west side of Binstead church, and proceed close to the water all the way to Fishbourne.

Binstead church, which is beautifully situated amidst trees, has recently been rebuilt. An old Norman door, which has been preserved, and now forms a gateway of the churchyard, contains a grotesquely sculptured stone called "the idol," which has puzzled many antiquaries, and by some is supposed to have been an object of worship with the heathen Saxons.

It is said by one to "represent a human demi-figure supported on a ram's head." Another writes: "The upper part is plainly intended for a man, who appears seated with his feet resting upon a dog's or wolf's head. This relic may possibly be of Saxon origin, as may the keystone beneath, which represents a figure not uncommon with the barbarous sculptors of those and the Danish times, namely, a species of dragon in the act of biting his tail." The sculptured keystone which the above writer appears to have seen is now not to be found. Some singular emblems in stone, of Eternity, Sin, the Holy Dove, &c., from the old church are preserved in the walls of the new. The font, octagonal in shape, is noticeable, as it contains representations of Eve's Temptation, the Expulsion from Eden, the Doom of Labour, Death, Christ's Baptism, Crucifixion, Ascension, and the Last Judgment. The reading desk is supported by a figure of Moses with arms upheld by Aaron and Hur (Exodus xvii. 8-13). The communion table contains some curious and beautiful carving in wood.

The church was served before the Reformation by one of the monks of Quarr, and after the dissolution, the Abbot's privileges of marrying without license, proving wills, &c., were continued to the rector, who was styled Bishop of Binstead; but this usurped authority was taken away by the Bishop of Winchester about the year 1600.

The rectory stands to the south between the church and the high road, in grounds remarkable for their beauty and the views of the Solent they present. Other villas ornament the neighbourhood, some having beautiful gardens sloping down to the sea.

This part of the island consists entirely of fresh-water strata, principally limestones, full of fossil shells, which, in the vicinity of Ryde, have been quarried for centuries. Some modern quarries may be seen in the neighbourhood of Binstead, and will be examined with interest by the geologist. They may be reached by following the road in the direction of the village for a few hundred yards from the church. They are, however, now seldom worked, building stone being obtained chiefly from a quarry in the upper greensand strata close to Ventnor railway station. Speaking of stone similar to that found at Ventnor, Mantell says: "It is a bed of sandstone from 2 to 4 feet thick, which, though soft when first extracted, hardens by exposure to the air, and becomes an excellent building material. The ancient churches on the south side of the island have been constructed of this stone."

and it is being largely quarried for the edifices now in progress of erection." The uneven surface of the ground near Binstead church marks the site of the ancient quarries, from which much of the stone used for building Winchester Cathedral was procured. The Norman bishop, Walkelin (to whom William Rufus granted half a hide of land to search for stone, with the characteristic proviso that the wood must not be high enough to conceal the antlers of a stag), and William of Wykeham, both used this limestone, which was employed in the erection of Chichester Cathedral. The variety composed of comminuted shells held together by a sparry calcareous cement, was extensively used; it has frequently been mistaken for Caen stone by our antiquaries. In fissures and chasms of the Binstead quarries bones of extinct species of horse and ox have been discovered, as well as those of turtles and the skull of a reindeer. The fossils which occur in the strata here consist of shells of the common genera of mollusca that inhabit lakes and rivers; of seed vessels and stems of aquatic plants; bones of fresh-water turtles; and teeth and bones of land mammalia.

From Binstead church a short stroll leads to the ruins of Quarr Abbey, by a lane, and then a carriage road to the right, by some charming villas, and through low oak copses which fringe the shore. Until very lately the Abbey grounds were overshadowed by magnificent elms, almost coeval with the edifice itself; but even now, after the loss of these trees, it is a very pleasant quiet place, with extensive straggling remains of buildings and boundary walls, which are plain in structure and do not exhibit much architectural beauty. The principal church-like structure is now used as a farmhouse, and other parts have been turned into stables and barns. Most of the ruins may be seen by the visitor from the public path, but if he desires to wander about the grounds and scale the fences, he must obtain leave at the house.

The Abbey, said to derive its name from the neighbouring stone quarries, was founded during the reign of Henry I., in 1132, by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and Lord of the island, who liberally endowed it with lands, which were subsequently so increased by the gifts of opulent persons that the Abbey came to have a great power and influence. The Abbots of Quarr were often joined in commission with the Captain or Warden of the island, to regulate its military defences, and furnished four men-at-arms towards its militia. In 1340 one of the abbots held the office of Warden of the

island, and had charge of its defences. He obtained a license from Edward III. to fortify the Abbey and to surround it with the strong wall (enclosing an area of 40 acres) which may still be traced through the greater part of its circuit. The sea-gate was provided with a portcullis, and the walls were pierced with loop-holes. To the west of the Abbey a large circular mound was the post of one of the watches of the island, with a beacon, to be fired in case of apprehended danger. The monks were originally from Seigny in Normandy, and of the Benedictine order, but afterwards became Cistercians; and Quarr is said by some writers to be the first house of the latter order established in England; but the distinction really belongs to Waverley, in Surrey.

The Cistercian order was a reformed branch of the Benedictines, founded by Robert, Abbot of Molesme, at Cistercium or Cisteaux, whence the name, in the year 1098, and afterwards so augmented by the efforts of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, as within a century after its formation to number three thousand affiliated monasteries. In England the principal seats of the order were Waverley, Furness, Fountains, Kirkstall, Bolton, Tintern, Holy Cross, Roche, Sweetheart, Netley, and Buildwas. This order was considered especially under the protection of the Virgin Mary; its members were often called White monks, from their habits, which consisted of a white cassock with narrow scapulary, and over that a black gown when abroad, white when in church. They were especially devoted to agricultural pursuits, and to the duty and virtue of obedience. By the rules of their order they were bound to the strictest abstinence, eating no flesh, milk, cheese, or eggs; but it appears by the court rolls of the manor of Ashley that the monks of Quarr were notorious poachers, and were continually prosecuted for robbing the covers of their pheasants. The general characteristics of their churches were extreme simplicity of outline, absence of triforium, a single central tower, a simple west front, and plain undivided windows.

Quarr Abbey became the last resting place of many persons of distinction. The founder, his wife Adeliza, and their son Richard, were buried here with many of their descendants. Here also the body of Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., was brought from East Standen, near Newport, where she lived with her second husband, John Kyme, an English commoner, who, being beneath her station, Fuller says she had married "rather for comfort than credit." One William

de Vernon was also buried here, and a splendid monument is said to have been erected to his memory, for the cost of which he bequeathed 300*l.*, nearly 4500*l.* at the present value of money. Of these stately tombs no vestiges remain, reminding us by their absence that at best,

“Frail are our deeds, and frailer still ourselves—
That, like the rainbow of a weeping sky,
We rise, we shine, we change, and pass away.”

Leaden and stone coffins have at various times been found, and in 1857, three stone chests, supposed to contain the bones of the founder, his wife, and son, were discovered by some labourers, and are now in the museum at Ryde.

One writer tells us that near the Abbey there is a deep subterraneous passage, closed by a golden gate; and another says: “At a short distance south of the ruins of the Abbey is a wood, formerly thickly timbered, but now only consisting of a few decayed oaks and brushwood; it is called Eleanor’s Grove, from a tradition that Eleanor of Guienne, queen of Henry II., was imprisoned at Quarr, and frequented this secluded spot, where, after death, it is related, she was interred in a golden coffin, which is supposed still to be protected from sacrilegious cupidity by magical spells.” It is barely fifty years since search was made for this “golden coffin,” but the searchers only found the golden tresses of some long-departed fair one, whose nameless coffin was violated, and her remains dispersed.

At the suppression of religious houses by Henry VIII., the Abbey was purchased by Mr. John Mills, a rich Southampton merchant, who demolished it, and used the stone for building purposes. In the reign of James I., the estate came into the hands of Chief Justice Sir Thomas Fleming, a native of Newport in the Isle of Wight, to whose representatives it belongs.

On leaving the Abbey for the hamlet of Fishbourne, enter the park of Quarr Abbey house, by passing through the lodge gates and under an arch. A public footpath conducts through the park by the side of a private carriage road, a little distance to the south of Quarr Abbey house, the residence of Lady Cochrane, widow of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, who bought the house, and whose son is now member for the Isle of Wight. From the high ground a good view is obtained of the Solent, and the neighbouring undulating

woodlands, with the towers of Osborne house visible in the distance.

Presently Fishbourne, or Fishhouse, is reached, a hamlet containing a coastguard station, and a small ship-building yard where a considerable number of yachts and other small vessels are built. Formerly a larger ship-building yard existed a short distance farther down the creek, and ships of war were occasionally made there. At high tide the Fishbourne or Wootton creek, which winds some distance inland, is very beautiful, its sloping banks being clothed with wood to the water's edge, but at other times it is a mere unsightly bed of mud. Wootton Bridge is reached by following either the road or footpath running parallel with the creek. The tower of Fernhill, seen peering from amongst the trees, points out to the stranger the position of the village.

From Wootton Bridge the traveller, if weary, may return by coach to Ryde, or, after refreshment at the Sloop Inn, he may proceed to Haven Street, by the road which branches to the right close to Kite Hill house. A few yards beyond Kite Hill a commanding view is had of Fern Hill, Wootton creek, and a well-timbered country, with Ashey Down and its sea-mark in the distance. A few hundred yards farther a road branching to left leads to Ninham. Some persons will follow this road in order to shorten the journey, and see the curious stone image in the wall of the old farmhouse at Ninham, respecting which the following story is told: "The *Monks' Meads* near Ryde are so called because an Abbot of Quarr bestowed on the owner or holder of the farm at Ninham, where he had been a constant and welcome visitor, the right of taking the first crop of hay in alternate years from these very meadows, so long as a certain stone image was there preserved. The tenure is still maintained."

The direct road leads through the Firestone copses to high ground at Coppid Hall farm, close to Haven Street, where three roads meet. The right-hand road conducts to the village, being the old way between Ryde and Newport. If the tourist descend to the village he must return to this point and then take the road leading east. The Aldermoor windmill immediately comes in sight, picturesquely perched on high ground in front. Half a mile from Haven Street a road branches to right, leading over the downs to Newchurch, and on the left a lane, with telegraph wires by the side of it, leads direct to Ryde. During the remainder of the journey there is nothing of particular interest; some brickworks are

passed, and then a steep ascent is made to the mill, where the Ryde road is entered by bending to the left. The right-hand road leads to Ashe Down and railway station, and the straight road to Smallbrook. A view is had of Bembridge Down and the Solent in the direction of Portsmouth. The traveller proceeds through Swanmore, an outskirt of Ryde, and then through the upper and old part of the town, by the High Street to Union Street and the esplanade.

Ryde to Newport, by Wootton Bridge.

Wootton Bridge, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Newport, 7 miles.

Coaches run many times daily by this route, from Ryde to Wootton Bridge, Newport, and Carisbrooke, starting at the esplanade, and at the Castle Inn, John's Street, Upper Ryde. The scenery is pleasing, but neither wild nor romantic. Its charms arise from an undulating and well-wooded surface, many points presenting fine views of the strait which separates the island from the coast of Hampshire.

From the pier the traveller goes through Union Street, High Street, and John's Street, turns to the right at All Saints' parish church, then along Queen's Road, and Binstead Road, passing pleasant villas, and by a well-timbered district near Ryde house and Brookfield. A few yards beyond the Binstead toll-gate, a lane on the right leads to Binstead church. At Binstead village, one mile from Ryde, is the Fleming Arms Inn. From the village the road ascends steeply the Binstead Hill, presenting at every step a more extended view in the rear of an undulating and beautifully wooded district, with Binstead village at the traveller's feet, and pleasant villas sheltered by trees stretching to the houses of Upper Ryde. When at the foot of the hill, known on this side as Quarr Hill, Quarr Abbey is observed across a field on the right, and a road branches to it (see page 19). Another ascent is made to the top of Copse Hill, and as there is here less wood to obstruct the view, a fine glimpse is caught of the sea and the opposite coast near Portsmouth. After a steep descent the top of Kite Hill is gained, when the sea again appears, and the Wootton estuary is seen. Passing Kite Hill house a descent is made and the river crossed at the village of Wootton Bridge. Here is a small inn, the Sloop, and a cornmill worked by the waters of the inlet. It is a tidal stream for some distance above the bridge,

and at full tide it presents a pleasing aspect, looking like an inland lake, woods clothing its banks, and the heights of Kite Hill and Fern Hill rising on the opposite sides, whilst in the distance is Ashy Down, crowned with its landmark. The mansion of Fern Hill, the residence of J. Galt, Esq., was built by Lord Bolton, when governor of the island, about the end of the last century; a lofty and handsome tower rises from one end, with a large Gothic window near its base.

Leaving the village and ascending the hill, the park-like grounds of Wootton Lodge, the residence of F. White Popham, Esq., are passed, the old myrtle-covered house being almost hid by luxuriant shrubs. A cluster of trees, amongst which nestles Wootton church, is observed across the fields on the right, the view opens in front to the valley of the Medina, and the towers of Osborne house are visible. After a long gradual descent four roads meet. The direct road conducts to Newport, but a few yards farther it winds to the left near the Whippingham railway station, and passes the red brick buildings of the late Prince Consort's farm, which is now rented by a farmer, and is known as Alverstone. The Prince took an especial interest in farming operations, and had here a farm of 800 acres of arable and pasture land, which was "to be regarded not so much as a model as a scene for experiments, which others may see, and if they like imitate." The soil is thin and naturally poor, but has been brought into a state of the highest fertility by the excellent measures adopted by the Prince, under the most able, practical, and scientific guidance. A most competent authority (Rev. J. Wilkinson, 'Journal of Royal Agricultural Society,' vol. xxii.) states that "it is the farm which any unprejudiced person would select as the characteristic farm of the district, as exhibiting features to which all good husbandry will sooner or later conform."

The farm buildings form a square, with a field in the centre, and the house a few yards distant on the east side. On the west side the buildings consist of the following: room where day labourers can have their meals, cart shed, tool house, loose rack for sick horse, stables for eight horses, room for hay, stables for eight horses, place for colts, and cart shed. On the south side are, room where meal is kept for cattle, cowhouse for twenty head of cattle, room for pig wash with set pot. East side, pigsties. North side, fowlhouse, barns for straw, corn, &c., and close to these the stackyard.

After passing the farm, Carisbrooke Castle appears in front,

presenting its usual picturesque appearance; there are also seen the Parkhurst barracks and prison, the Medina river, the Medina cement works, and the spire of Northwood and Whippingham churches; but there is nothing more of particular interest until Newport is entered, by the Cemetery, Coppin's bridge, and High Street.

Ryde to Newport, by Haven Street and Stapler's Heath.

Haven Street, 3 miles; Stapler's Heath, 5½ miles; Newport, 7 miles.

This is the old road between Ryde and Newport, but it is now very little used. It will prove a pleasant change in the route for those who have previously travelled by Wootton Bridge.

At Aldermoor mill (called also Butler's mill and Upton mill) a mile and a half from Ryde, turn to right and make a steep descent, with a view of Ashe Down, and a wide tract of undulating woodland. When the tower of Fern Hill, and the woods around Wootton appear, the pleasant little village of Haven Street is entered. Here is a small inn, the White Hart, and a modern church, with pretty bell turret surmounted by a cross, peeping from amongst the trees. The name of the village is probably derived from the position at the head of a once considerable estuary. Passing under the Ryde and Newport railway, the road runs through thick copses, with here and there glimpses on the left of the Ashe and Messly downs. The direction of the road cannot be mistaken, as the telegraph wires run by the side of it all the way from Haven Street to Newport. Arrived at Stapler's Heath a charming scene is spread to view, the winding estuary of the Medina with the shipping at Cowes having a good effect. There are also the grounds and towers of Osborne, the woods of King's Quay, the silvery streak of the Solent, and the opposite coast. Englefield says of this spot, "A very beautiful view is obtained of the Medina river from Newport, quite to its mouth at Cowes. At high water this river is of considerable breadth, and winds with ample sweeps between banks, which, though of no great elevation, are of good shape, and varied with arable and coppices; the towns of East and West Cowes form a very interesting termination to its course, and there is generally

a sufficient number of vessels at anchor in the river and road opposite to its mouth to give animation to the scene. The Solent sea, like a noble lake, bounded by the luxuriant woods of the New Forest, with the very distant blue hills of the northern part of Hampshire, form a most beautiful termination to the view."

A long gradual descent is made to Newport, with good views of the town, backed by the downs of Bowcombe and Chillerton. Passing by Barton village, a suburb of Newport, and St. Paul's church, the town is entered by Coppin's bridge.

Ryde to Ashe Down and Nunwell, by Aldermoor Mill, and back by Smallbrook.

Ashey Down, 3½ miles; Nunwell, 4½ miles; Ryde, 8 miles.

This is a delightful excursion, and may be taken on foot, on horseback, or by carriage.

From Union Street proceed by High Street through the old upper town, and then along Swanmore, and straight past the Aldermoor mill. So soon as the mill is left behind a good prospect opens to the left, the Ashey, Brading, and Bembridge downs also appear in front, the former with its landmark, and the latter with its fort and monument. The road now assumes the character of a retired country lane, and presently there breaks forth an extensive wooded vale on the right, bounded by the Messly Down, with the Appuldurcombe height and the Worsley obelisk peering in the distance. At Gatehouse, 2½ miles from Ryde, the traveller has the choice of routes. He may follow the road to left, which descends and joins the high road from Ryde to Ashey, crossing which he can pass, by the lane known as Green Lane, to Nunwell, or turning to the right go to Ashey farm, and thence wind to the summit of Ashey Down; or he may proceed in a direct line past Gatehouse and descend to Ashey railway station. Of course this point may be gained by railway from Ryde. A road leads from the station to Ashey farm. Pedestrians may ascend Ashey Down direct from the station by a foot-path which runs by the side of the branch line past West Ashey farm to the chalk quarry at the base of the Down, and there enters the road which winds to the top of the hill and proceeds thence to Newchurch. At every step during the ascent the view gradually expands and the air becomes more bracing,

until, when the summit is gained, there is displayed a prospect considered one of the finest on the island. It is said that the distant spires of twelve churches can be seen from here. At the highest point of the road, not far from the seamount, three roads meet, and there is a guide-post stating 2 miles to Brading, 4 miles to Ryde, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Newport.

On the summit of the Down, 431 feet above the sea, there stands an old familiar friend to one who has travelled much on the island, for it is visible from a wide area ; it is a stone truncated cone called the seamount, and was erected in 1735 by the Trinity Board. The panorama spread to view is remarkably extensive and beautiful. Its particular attraction lies in the broad expanse of ocean, the English Channel and the river-like Solent, dotted with ships of all sizes moving in every direction. A long belt of the opposite coast is visible, from the New Forest in Hampshire, past Southampton Water and the many-masted harbour of Portsmouth, far away along the coast of Sussex, and, more distant, a range of downs, bounds the horizon. Nearer is a broad tract of the north-east part of the island, ornamented with wood and cultivated fields. The towers of Osborne are observed on the high ground beyond the small patch of the waters of Wootton estuary. The Brading Haven is well displayed, and Ryde appears almost within a stone's throw, spread from height to height across a hollow-like bay. Turning in the opposite direction there is another extensive tract of the island encircled by three ranges of downs, the Brading, Ashe, and Messy range on which the spectator is standing ; the western heights of Chillerton and Brixton ; and the bulky mass to the south, including St. Catherine's Down with its two disused light-houses, and Hoy's pillar, Appuldurcombe Down, with Worsley obelisk and the Shanklin Down. At the foot of the latter hill lies the town of Shanklin, and near the spectator is Sandown, close to the boundless ocean. Englefield speaks of this prospect as a scene which, in richness of tints, and variety of objects, surpasses anything he ever saw.

Near the top of the hill are some mounds, evidently barrows which have been rifled.

Descending to the waterworks, which are situated in the secluded hollow between Brading and Ashe downs, the Ryde road is entered close to Ashe farm, where was formerly a nunnery, the buildings of which are said to have been extensive, but no remains exist. It is recorded that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a widow named Agnes Porter, residing within the

jurisdiction of the Lord of the Manor of Ashey, was accused of practising witchcraft. The poor woman suffered the penalty by being burnt at the stake, and all her goods were forfeited.

The Ryde waterworks were erected in 1855. The water is pumped up by steam engines, each stroke throwing up $18\frac{1}{2}$ gallons; the reservoir is capable of containing 504,000 gallons; the length of the pipes is altogether 14 miles. The supply here not being found at all times equal to the demand, additional works have been erected on the south side of the hills, near Knighton.

Nunwell* is a plain modern mansion, standing in a commanding position on the north side of Brading Down, and in the midst of a beautifully undulating park of about two miles in circumference, and contains some venerable oaks of extraordinary size. It is the ancestral home of the Oglander family, who came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and had Nunwell granted to them by Henry I., which they held in uninterrupted descent until the year 1874, when the last representative of the family died without issue. It is now the residence of Lady Oglander, the widow of Sir Henry Oglander. There are living only two unmarried ladies of the name of Oglander, and on their death the name will become extinct. On the death of Lady Oglander the estate passes to John Oglander Glynn, Esq., cousin of the late Sir Henry, who will doubtless assume the name and arms of the Ogländers.

The cradle of the family was the castle of Orglandes in the parish of Valognes, in the Department of La Manche. The Marquis d'Orglandes, the chief of the French branch, was member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1825. As well as the most ancient, the Ogländers have also been among the leading inhabitants of the Isle of Wight, in whose annals their names are continually appearing, but none is more identified with them than Sir John Oglander, who left a MS. memoir giving a graphic description of the internal condition of the island in the early part of the seventeenth century. This has never been published *in extenso*, but was made much use of by Sir R. Worsley, in the compilation of his valuable history. Sir John was knighted by James I. (his son Sir William was created a baronet in 1665) and was not only Deputy Governor

* The place is believed to have derived its name from the nuns of Ashey monastery having resorted to a spring or well belonging to the estate.

of the Isle of Wight (1624) but also of Portsmouth (1620). In 1637 he served as sheriff of Hampshire. He was a staunch royalist, and had been twice honoured with a visit by Charles I., first as Prince in 1618, and afterwards as King to inspect the Scotch troops on their way to the Isle of Rhé. This transient intercourse led to momentous results. His personal knowledge of Oglander, together with his reputation for loyalty, and an exaggerated confidence in his influence in the island, weighed much with Charles I. in choosing the Isle of Wight as a refuge after his escape from Hampton Court, and he was the last subject whom the unhappy monarch, still enjoying the semblance of freedom, honoured with a visit. Sir John was in Brading church on Sunday, November 15th, 1647, when he heard the first news of the arrival of Charles I. in the island, "which news," he says, "truly troubled me much." The next morning at daybreak he started for Newport to offer his homage to the king. The following Thursday his Majesty visited him at Nunwell, and received from him a purse of gold, presented kneeling. Oglander's loyalty cost him dear. He was torn from his beloved island by the Committee of Parliament, kept a prisoner in London for many years, and was eventually obliged to pay a large sum of money to obtain his discharge.

Leaving Nunwell park and emerging into the Green Lane, the Smallbrook road is soon entered, the toll-gate passed, and Ryde gained by way of Swanmore church.

Ryde to Brading, Sandown, Shanklin, Bonchurch, and Ventnor.

Brading, 4 miles; Sandown, 6 miles; Shanklin, 8 miles;
Bonchurch, 11 miles; Ventnor, 12 miles.

The road between Ryde and Ventnor used to be more frequented than any other on the island, but now almost every stranger takes advantage of the facilities afforded by the railway, and speeds over the ground as quickly as possible.

Entering the Brading road near St. John's church (see page 14), a few houses are passed, and then the Brading and Ashley and Messly downs are seen, along with Aldermoor mill, Swanmore church, and part of Ryde. The thick copses of Whitefield partly hide the view for a short distance. These woods are said to be on the site of a manor given by Edward I., together with Freshwater and other lands, to his

daughter Mary, a nun of Ambresbury, whose unsaintly extravagance and love of pomp, good cheer, and gambling, had involved her in considerable pecuniary embarrassments.

On emerging into open ground, Bembridge Down, with its fort and monument, appears, and when over the railway bridge Brading Haven is seen, with the village of Bembridge close to the sea. The grounds and woods of Nunwell are on the right, and the traveller is conducted under a shaded avenue of elms to the church and town of *Brading*.

This is a small, sleepy place, picturesquely situate near the head of a broad, beautiful estuary, and on the lower slope of a high down. Though poor in size, it contains evidences of its former importance, and is enriched by historical and modern associations which will make it in the eyes of many the most hallowed spot on the island. With the doubtful exceptions of Carisbrooke and Newport, it may justly claim to be considered the oldest town. It was here that St. Wilfrid landed, and first converted and baptized the men of Wight. He erected a church, in 704, on the site of a heathen temple, which probably in later years often underwent renovation, and now, although there may be relics of the original building in its walls, the church, as we see it, is not older than Henry II.'s time. St. Wilfrid being called away by the Northumbrian king to resume charge of the bishopric of York, from which he had previously been driven, he left his nephew Beornwin and his chaplain Hildila to carry on the work; the former planted himself at Brading, and the latter built the church at St. Helens Spit and there took up his abode.

St. Wilfrid was an extraordinary personage, and one of the principal churchmen of those times. He was a Northumbrian by birth, of honourable parentage, educated as a monk in the convent of Lindisfarn, and had, by travelling to France and Rome, acquired the learning of that age, and a particular acquaintance with the rites and canons of the Roman Church. He also acquired a high relish for the riches, pomp, and splendour he had seen in the foreign churches. This education, concurring with a haughty, ambitious, and intractable spirit, rendered him a notorious troubler of the peace of the English Church, and a principal instrument of subjecting it to the usurpations of the Roman pontiffs. He was one of the chief disputants at the conference held by the Northumbrian king at Whitby in 664, respecting the observance of Easter. Being consecrated bishop of Northumberland, which then included all the district between the Humber and the Firth of Forth, he fixed the seat of his diocese at York, made great

additions to the cathedral there, the roof of which he covered with lead, and glazed the windows; he also built the cathedral at Ripon, and employed the most skilful artists he could procure from France and Italy. He had the government of nine abbeys; in his family the sons of many of the Northumbrian nobles resided for their education; his attendants were numerous; his fortune splendid; and at his table he is said to have been served on gold. His principal patroness was the queen of the Northumbrian king. From her he received Hexham and the adjacent lands, said to have been lands of her own dowry, for the support of the convent and of the magnificent church built by him in that town. When the Queen took the veil and retired into the Abbey of Coldingham, Wilfrid lost favour at court. His enemies persuaded the King to divide his immense diocese into two provinces, the see of one bishopric being fixed at York and the other at Hexham. Wilfrid went to Rome to obtain redress, and got a favourable decision. On his return the King committed him to prison, alleging that he had used bribes at Rome. After remaining prisoner about a year, the Bishop was set free upon condition that he should abandon the Northumbrian dominions. He retired to the south of England, was made Bishop of Selsey, visited the Isle of Wight, and employed his time in preaching until the death of the King, when he returned to his native country. Upon his return he was reinstated in the see of Hexham, and is said to have been afterwards restored to that of York, and to have obtained possession of his monastery of Ripon. Once more he offended the court, was expelled from his diocese, and obliged to seek refuge in the neighbouring kingdom of Mercia, where he was appointed to the see of Leicester. He again appealed to Rome, and made a journey to that city at the age of seventy. An agreement was concluded, and he was restored to the monasteries of Hexham and Ripon, and soon afterwards the famous St. John of Beverley, who was Bishop of Hexham, being translated to York, Wilfrid regained his diocese of Hexham, and four years afterwards died in peace at his monastery of Oundle and was buried in the church of St. Peter at Ripon. St. Wilfrid was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and with Bede the historian.

Brading being conveniently situated for provisioning the small ships of those times, gradually increased in importance, and is said to have sent members to some of our early parliaments, a privilege of which the inhabitants, we are told, finding the charge of fourpence a day, then paid to members, too

heavy a burden, were relieved upon their own petition. It is, however, very improbable that it was ever a parliamentary borough, for no writs or returns have been found to confirm the supposition. The inhabitants have always held very advanced political opinions, and the appellation of Radical is applied to them. They claim the honour of having sent the first petition to Parliament for a reform in the representation. Brading is an old corporate town, and has received many charters, the oldest that has escaped destruction being that of Edward VI., dated 1548, which styles the place "the Kyng's Towne of Brading." It is still governed by a senior and junior bailiff, a recorder, and thirteen jurats. Near the church is the town hall, recently rebuilt, and inside it are the whipping post, and the ancient stocks in which drunkards and evil-doers were formerly placed. Under the eaves of some of the houses may be observed iron rings as if for hanging tapestry, after the Italian fashion, on festivals. In an open place to the right, half-way up the town, is the bull-ring, a massive ring of iron firmly fixed in the ground, where, when bull-baiting was a favourite national sport, the animal was fastened and goaded by the dogs. Sir J. Oglander tells us that the mayor's feast at Newport was kept the first Sunday after May-day, when "it was the custom from time immemorial for the Governor of the Isle of Wight to give five guineas to buy a bull, to be baited and given to the poor. The mayor and corporation, before they went to the church to choose a new chief, attended at the bull-ring in their regalia, with their macebearers and constables; and after proclamation, a dog, called the mayor's dog, ornamented with ribbons, was in their presence set at the bull." Another relic of antiquity, the brass gun, was removed from the town to the neighbouring mansion of Nunwell, about eight years ago, having been presented to the late Sir Henry Oglander. It is the only relic of the pieces of ordnance provided by the parishes of the island in the days of Edward VI., for defence from invaders, and bears the inscription, "John and Robert Owine, brethren, made this Pese, 1549, Bradynd." The last time its brazen mouth spoke was at the passing of the Reform Bill, when the townspeople dragged it to the top of the Down to aid their rejoicings, but the old gun proved a staunch Tory, and signified its disapproval of the whole proceeding by bursting.

The church, the interior of which is worth inspection, is a spacious building, consisting of a tower, body, and chancel,

separated by an arch, north and south aisles, with Early English arches, and two small chapels at the eastern end. Within the altar rails is a curious and elaborately engraved slab, with effigy of knight in armour, his feet supported by two dogs, with delicate ornamental work comprising figures of the Blessed Virgin and Infant Saviour, and the Twelve Apostles. Upon it is the following inscription: "Here lies the renowned John Cherowin, Knight, while he lived Constable of the castle of Porchester, who died A.D. 1441, on the last day of the month of October. May his soul rest in peace, amen." At the east end of the south aisle is the Oglander chapel, containing some interesting tombs and effigies, the principal being wooden effigies of Sir William Oglander, who died 1608, and Sir John Oglander, who died in 1655. Under the tower is a large slab with a cross upon it, but all traces of an inscription have been obliterated by the constant tread of the worshippers. A few years ago Sir Henry Oglander renovated the church and his chapel, at a cost of several thousand pounds. The clock is not very old, having been presented in 1869 by Sir Walter Stirling, Bart.

With all Brading's claims to hoar antiquity, its principal distinction in the eyes of most people will be derived from its connection with the Rev. Leigh Richmond, who was curate of Brading and Yaverland from 1797 to 1805. Admirers of this good man's life and writings might spend a delightful day in visiting Brading and neighbourhood, with a copy of the 'Annals of the Poor' in hand. In a lane, half-way up the town, at the foot of the hill, stands a rustic dwelling, the home of Jane, the young cottager, and her grave will be found close to a footpath at the south-east angle of the churchyard, with the following inscription on the tombstone, believed to have been composed by Leigh Richmond himself. It is said, also, to have been written by the wife of a clergyman of Cowes.*

"Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave as ye explore
The short and simple *Annals of the Poor*.

* The deputy steward of Brading has in his possession a lock of the hair of the "Dairyman's Daughter." It was discovered wrapped up among the papers of a lady who died lately, and with it was a written statement which proves it to be genuine.

“A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, but shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, *the Young Cottager*, lies buried here.”

On another stone, in memory of Mr. Berry, will be observed the following epitaph, which we are told had a wonderful effect on Jane :

“It must be so ; our father Adam’s fall
And disobedience, brought this lot to all ;
All die in him. But hopeless should we be,
Blest Revelation ! were it not for thee.
Hail ! glorious Gospel, heavenly light, whereby
We live with comfort, and with comfort die ;
And view beyond this gloomy scene the tomb,
A life of endless happiness to come.”

Near the above, on the tomb of Mrs. Anne Berry, is the well-known inscription, which was set to music in 1794, by Dr. Calcott, the celebrated composer, when residing at St. John’s, near Ryde :

“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay’d thy progress to the seats of bliss.

“No more confined to grov’ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
We rather now should hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.”

These lines are generally ascribed to the Rev. W. Gill, a former curate of Newchurch, but one writer says : “They are adapted with slight alteration from Mrs. Steele’s ‘Lines on the Death of the Rev. James Harvey,’—see her ‘Poems by Eudoxia,’ 1760, vol. ii. p. 50.”

Leigh Richmond tells us : “My churchyard became a book of instruction, and every grave stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples. The church itself stood in the midst of the ground. It was a spacious antique structure. Within those very walls I first proclaimed the message of God to sinners . . . Many of the beauties of created nature appeared in view. Eastward extended a large river or lake of sea-water, chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly enclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small

sloop or cutter, to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundred sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water a large sloping extent of land was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stood, close to the edge of the sea cliff itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a seamark. Far beyond the bay, a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun."

The large "river or lake of sea-water" here mentioned, is *Brading Haven*, a broad tidal basin occupying an area of 840 acres; resembling at high water a noble lake embayed in hills, and at ebb tide presenting nothing but an expanse of mud, with a narrow channel through which the eastern Yar meanders to the sea.

Those who have time at command may find it worth while, if the tide serves, to take a boat and row or sail on this lake-like sheet of water, which "to one who has not seen, or can forget a lake among the mountains . . . will, if seen under favourable circumstances, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to everyone it must appear very beautiful. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sunset, eminently picturesque and striking."

Tradition tells us that where ships now sail were once wide green pastures with milk-white flocks and lowing herds, and that its submersion is due to the wilful neglect of the fatal terms on which an immense treasure that had been concealed in a well and discovered by sorcery, was to be drawn from its hiding place. There appears to be a grain of truth in the story, for during one of the various attempts to reclaim this large tract of land a well, cased with stone, was discovered near the middle of the haven, sufficiently demonstrating that it had once been dry land, and that the sea had overflowed it within the historical period.

A part was taken in by Sir William Russell, in the time of Edward I., and again portions in 1562 and 1594. The chief attempt, however, was made by Sir Hugh Myddelton, the projector of the New River, that great reservoir which supplies the north side of London with water (see Smiles' 'Lives of the Engineers'), in connection with Sir Bevis Thirlwall, who gave one Henry Gibbs two thousand pounds for the grant he had

obtained from James I. The embankment across the narrow mouth of the estuary was commenced in 1620, and occupied two years, with an expenditure of seven thousand pounds. For eight years longer the enclosure was kept free from the sea, but the soil proved a light running sand hardly worth cultivating; and the scheme proved abortive from the want of decision and energy on the part of its promoters. "In a wet season, when the inner part of the haven was full of fresh water, and there was a high spring tide, the waters met under the bank, and made a breach," and the whole was again overflowed by the sea. In 1699 the project was renewed and once more failed, fortunately so, when we reflect how greatly the prospect would have lost in beauty, and the haven still remains in its unproductive state, though Vancouver ('Survey of Agriculture,' 1808) expresses his opinion that 500 acres might be embanked with great advantage. A company have lately obtained an act of parliament to enclose the haven by the construction of an embankment from St. Helens mill to the opposite side, and it is not improbable it will be effected. This work is now in course of progress, with every probability of ultimate success. The entrance to the haven, tradition says, was formerly near to the old church at St. Helens, and one or two facts may be considered conclusive proof of this having been the case. The waste sandy ground, known as St. Helens Dover, separated by the mouth of the haven from the peninsula of Bembridge, is, with Bembridge, part of the parish of Brading, and was part of the peninsula of Bembridge; and there are some lands at Bembridge, the owner of which has, in respect of such ownership, a right of common of pasturage for cows on St. Helens Dover, but the new mouth of the haven has deprived him of access to the land. At the head of the haven, near to Brading station, a landing place has been erected, connected with the railway by a small branch line of rails, and here most of the coals used on the south coast of the island are unloaded. A railway is being constructed between Brading and Bembridge, which will most probably be completed during the summer of 1878. By this project one of the prettiest villages on the coast will be placed within easy access of visitors. A steam launch now runs, weather permitting, between Portsmouth harbour and Bembridge.

From Brading the traveller may proceed to Yarbridge either by road, which bends to the left at the foot of the hill, or he may ascend and pass through the new part of the town,

known as the Mall, where are some pretty villas commanding a beautiful and wide prospect. The air here is remarkably pure and bracing, and from the proximity to Sandown, and the facilities which the railway affords for visiting the different parts of the island, strangers will find this place a very pleasant resort. From the Mall a road branching to the right leads along the tops of the downs to Newport, and another, a little lower down, conducts to Alverston, Knighton, and Newchurch.

Yarbridge, half a mile from Brading, is a small hamlet close to the river Yar, consisting of a few houses, a brewery, and a little inn, the Angler's Arms. This was at one time a favourite spot with anglers, but now, owing partly to the alterations made in the course of the stream on the construction of the railway, we fear there is little to attract the lovers of the piscatorial art. The water which flows in a rather uninteresting course through an alluvial flat, contains eels, dace, carp, and a few trout. Close to the inn there is a bridge over the river, the road thence conducting to Bembridge, and also by Yaverland to Sandown. A bridge was built here by Sir William Russell in the time of Edward I. The spot reminds us of a bright page in the history of the island, for in 1545 the bridge was broken down by a gallant band as they retreated fighting before a superior force of the French invaders. "The French were no sooner on shore than they were charged by a body of cavalry. There was sharp fighting; and the soldiers in the nearest ships, excited at the spectacle of the skirmish and the rattle of the carbines, became unmanageable, seized the boats, and went off, without their officers, to join. The English, being now outnumbered, withdrew; the French straggled after them in loose order till they came out upon the downs, sloping up towards the Culver Cliffs, and here, being scattered in twos and threes, they were again charged with fatal effect. Many were cut in pieces, the rest fled, the English pursuing and sabreing them down to the shore; and but few would have escaped but that the disaster was perceived from the fleet; large masses of men were sent in, under shelter of the guns, to relieve the fugitives, and the English, being badly pressed in return, drew off, still fighting as they retreated, till they reached a stream, which they crossed, and broke down the bridge behind them."—Froude's 'History,' vol. iv. p. 428.

From Yarbridge the road runs across a flat tract, with the forts and Bembridge Down in sight on the left, and after

passing over the river and under the railway, the town of Sandown is entered, and the seashore gained close to the Sandown Hotel, a fine view being commanded of the Culver Cliffs. After passing through the principal streets, with here and there glimpses of the ocean and the headland of Dunnose, the barracks are left behind, and the road branches inland, runs under the railway, and affords a good view of Shanklin Down, Cook's Castle, Appuldurcombe Down, and the Worsley obelisk. When through the village of Lake, and over the bridge which crosses the railway, there is also a good view of the sea, the Culver Cliffs, the Bembridge Down, its fort and monument; the Brading, Ashe, Messly, and Arreton downs. Again, the sea cliffs are skirted, and on gaining the top of the high ground the town of Shanklin appears immediately below. After going through the eastern and newer part of the town, the traveller will be delighted with the charming thatched cottages and hotels at the west end, near the chine. Here the grounds are very beautiful and well wooded, and the waters of the upper part of the chine are heard close by on the left, and a pleasant retrospective view is had of the Culver Cliffs. Near to the pretty little church the streamlet is crossed, and then Shanklin Down appears in front presenting an apparently insurmountable barrier to carriages. The road makes a long steep ascent, and at every step the rearward prospect expands, and includes the towns of Shanklin and Sandown, with the beautiful bay bounded by the Bembridge Down and the white Culver Cliffs. Beyond appears the Brading Haven, and from it stretch the Brading, Ashe, Messly, and Arreton downs. Close below the traveller Shanklin church is seen, and old houses peeping prettily from amongst the trees, while in the far distance, over an expanse of ocean, is the opposite coast, in the direction of Chichester and Brighton. Englefield says: "From every part of this road the views as we ascend are eminently fine. The village with its groves forms a charming first distance, the bay of Sandown with the Culver Cliffs present a noble winding shore, and beyond the lowland of Sandown, in the direction of Brading Haven, a part of the anchorage of Portsmouth with its shipping is visible. From the top of the ascent the elevation of the ground is so much greater than the chalk hills of Yaverland, that the sea is visible over them; and the distant blue heights of Hampshire and Sussex form an uninterrupted line till, to the eastward, they are blended with the horizon of the sea;

emerging out of these waters the white cliffs near Beachy Head are distinctly visible, though from forty to sixty miles distant." After gaining the top of the hill the eastern part of the island is lost to sight, and a wide extent of the English Channel is spread to view. The road makes a long sweep by the side of the downs round the coombe or scooped out part of the hills, at the bottom of which is Luccombe Chine. The Luccombe farm is close below on the left, in a secluded recess, and at the head of the chine are two or three houses half hid in a patch of trees and brushwood. As the traveller proceeds he is invigorated by a fine breeze, and on gaining the western side of the coombe he obtains an excellent prospect of the Culver Cliffs, Bembridge Down, the sea, and opposite coast near Chichester.

During the descent to Bonchurch, by the steep hill called White Shute, the eastern landslip is close below on the left, though out of sight. Winding by the side of Bonchurch Down, a beautiful view is had of Bonchurch and part of Ventnor, with the sea on one side and the high down on the other. When going by Bonchurch Hotel the tourist will be gratified by a sight of the cliffs on the face of the down, which are charmingly covered with rank vegetation of ivy, thorn, &c. A steep descent is then made with the new church on the right, and after passing the road on the left leading to the old church, the walls, rocks, and houses on every hand are shaded by trees, and delightfully covered with a luxurious growth of a variety of plants. After passing the pond, upon which white swans may be seen sailing, and under the shade of luxuriant foliage, the road bends to the left, and the town of Ventnor is entered close to Holy Trinity church. Here, by glancing back, a superb view is had of the ivy-clad cliffs, the lovely wooded grounds, and the half-hidden mansions of Bonchurch. Ventnor, also, in front, has a fine effect, seated at the base and along the steep side of St. Boniface Down.

Ryde to Ventnor, by Railway.

Brading, 4 miles; Sandown, 6 miles; Shanklin, 8 miles;
Wroxall, 10 miles; Ventnor, 12 miles.

The railway between Ryde and Ventnor was opened in 1866. As soon as a start is made from Ryde station, Swanmore church is a prominent object, and one mile from Ryde the Newport and Ryde railway branches to the right. The train

then runs through low oak copses, the trees hiding the view but once or twice a glimpse is caught of Ashe Down and its landmark on the right. On emerging from the wood and passing under the bridge, over which runs the Ryde and Brading turnpike road, the scene opens to the left, including the large sheet of water known as Brading Haven, and at its mouth are seen a few ships and the houses of St. Helens and Bembridge. The line continues along the low ground at the head of the haven to Brading station, with Brading village and church a few yards on the right, and on the left the haven, St. Helens, Bembridge, and Bembridge Down, crowned with its fort. Quitting the station the rail passes a small cutting in the chalk at the eastern end of Brading Down, skirts the Yar river, and passes the hamlet of Yarbridge. On the left are the Bembridge Down, fort, and monument; Yaverland church and village; and across the level ground are the Yaverland and Sandown forts. Having passed over the river and the road, and across a level marshy tract of ground, the Sandown station is entered, where another line of rails branches to Newport.

At Sandown station are seen Cook's Castle, Appuldurcombe Down, Worsley obelisk, Hoy's pillar, Arreton, Messly, Ashe, and Brading downs, and a tract of level gorse-covered ground across to Alverston, Queen's Bower, and Borthwood. When one mile beyond Sandown the village of Lake is on the right, the line then approaches near the sea cliffs, and having crossed the turnpike road, leaves the coast and enters the back part of the town of Shanklin. The houses stretch a little way up the side of Shanklin Down on the left, but the old and most beautiful part of the town is out of sight in the hollow. Leaving the station and passing through a sandstone cutting, Cook's Castle appears close by overhead on the left, and in the distance on right the Brading, Ashe, Messly, Arreton, St. George's, and Chillerton downs; also a large tract of level country with Godshill church very prominent. Then come Worsley obelisk, Wroxall village, Appuldurcombe house and park. From Wroxall station the line runs into the heart of the downs and presently enters the tunnel, which is three-quarters of a mile long, and emerges between deep sandstone cuttings at the Ventnor station, where vehicles are in readiness to take the passengers down the steep hill into the town, hardly half a mile distant.

Ryde to Newport, by Railway.

Ashey Station, 2 miles ; Whippingham Station, 6 miles ;
Newport, 8 miles.

This line was opened for traffic on the 20th December, 1875, and joins the Cowes and Newport railway at Newport. Previously persons travelled between Ryde and Newport principally by coach, and sometimes by rail *viâ* Sandown, the latter being a circuitous route of 15 miles.

Leaving Ryde station the Swanmore church and Aldermoor windmill appear. For three-quarters of a mile the train runs by the side of the line leading to Brading and Ventnor, and then winds to the right. Emerging from the copse the Aldermoor mill is again seen, and the Brading and Ashey downs come in view. After passing under the Ryde and Ashey road the Ashey station is reached. A road runs hence to Ashey, Nunwell, and Brading; to Ryde by Gatehouse and Aldermoor, or by Smallbrook; and to Ashey Down, Knighton, Newchurch, &c. Ashey Down, with its seamark, is a prominent object, and on its summit may be obtained one of the most magnificent and extensive views of the island, and across the Solent to Portsmouth and Southampton Water.

Passing through a copse, a pleasant, open, and well-wooded district is entered; the houses and church at Haven Street being on the right, and on the left the Messly and Arreton downs. From Haven Street the line continues through thick copses and a beautifully wooded country to Whippingham station. Part of Osborne estate is close by, but Osborne house is 2 miles distant, and Whippingham church $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. From the station are visible West Cowes, a strip of the Medina estuary, Parkhurst barracks and prison, and from a point a few yards beyond the station the towers of Osborne. After leaving Whippingham station good views are obtained of the Medina; and Newport and Carisbrooke come in sight. A junction between the three railways, of which Newport is the terminus, is approaching completion, when all parts of the north and east side of the island will be in uninterrupted railway communication.

SANDOWN SECTION.

SANDOWN.

SANDOWN has increased more rapidly within the last few years than any other town on the island. This prosperity is partly owing to the place being a junction where the railway, equi-distant between Ryde and Ventnor, meets the one from Newport, but the principal cause is the beauty of the situation, and its proximity to the finest sea-bathing ground on the island. It stands nearly in the centre of a large semi-circular bay, bounded on the east by the magnificent chalk cliffs, known as the Culvers, and on the west by the dark sandstone promontory of Dunnose Point; the intermediate ground, 7 miles in extent, being a clean, hard, sandy shore, with high perpendicular cliffs of variously coloured sands and clays. Advantage has been taken of a break in the mural barrier facing the sea, and the town has been planted where the ground slopes gently to the shore. A local board of health was established in 1861, and during the fourteen years ending December, 1875, the rateable value had increased more than *fourfold*; whilst at the present time (1878) more houses are being simultaneously erected than at any former period. As a watering-place Sandown is becoming each year more extensively patronized. One of its recommendations is that the whole of the sewage of the town, instead of entering the sea, is filtered inland by an excellent process. It is almost universally the plan in other watering-places to discharge the sewage refuse into the sea—a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned. In order thoroughly to accomplish their design the local authorities, about ten years ago, spent nearly a thousand pounds in making a low-level sewer to drain about four houses, which were situated too low for the ordinary main sewer. That expenditure, deemed excessive by some, has yielded an abundant return, and has found favour from the Crown Prince of Germany and the Princess Royal of England (who enjoyed the Sandown bathing for two months) to the humble peasant who avails himself of the “bathing tickets to

Sandown," issued by the railway company from other towns at reduced fares.

Until the middle of this century Sandown consisted of a cluster of fishermen's huts and an humble wayside inn. Now there are handsome churches, chapels, hotels, and houses suitable for a fashionable seaside resort. Marine baths, bathing machines, pleasure and fishing boats, and horses for a gallop on the sands, can always be obtained. There is a spacious well-lighted town hall, being the second in point of size on the island. The ceiling has been greatly admired for its polychromatic colouring, subdued into very pleasing effects. A reading room and several croquet grounds for the use of the public are attached.

A light and elegant promenade pier has lately been erected, which is to be further extended into deep water for the accommodation of steam-packets. Facing the pier stands the newly-erected Esplanade Hotel, and but a few yards farther a skating and tennis rink has been built, beneath which is a fancy bazaar.

Away from the coast the country around Sandown is comparatively tame and uninteresting, although here and there are pleasant leafy lanes and shady copses, hiding attractive farms and villages. The river Yar meanders through this broad flat tract, which is bounded by the semi-circular belt of hills stretching from Bembridge and Brading downs, past Ashe and Arreton downs, to the bold face of Shanklin Down; and at the foot of the latter is the fast-increasing town of Shanklin, occupying a rival position on the western side of the bay.

In the time of Henry VIII., a fort was erected at Sandown, which was encroached upon by the waves, and had to be taken down, and removed farther inland in Charles the First's reign. Barracks were also erected, and the place was considered of military importance, being able to boast of its governor, who was often a man of some note. The barracks in course of time ceased to be occupied by soldiers, and were rented partly as a shop, partly by cottagers, and the post of governor having become a sinecure, was abolished, the fort being placed under the care of a pensioned gunner. The fort was lately taken down and a new and stronger one, faced with granite, and armed with twelve or more heavy guns, has been since erected nearer to the Bembridge Down, and one much larger on Bembridge Down, one on Sandown cliff, and two other forts near the Red Cliff.

Sandown is inseparably connected with the memory of

John Wilkes, of the 'North Briton,' who may be said to have discovered the place. He came in 1788, leased a cottage, which he fondly called his "Villakin," and spent here the latter years of his life, with occasional visits to London; writing his own 'Memoirs,' and entertaining with witty gossip and old wine his numerous visitors. His letters to his daughter are full of amusing descriptions of the place, and of his neighbours, his difficulty in obtaining provisions, his love for the feathered tribes, the kindness of the gentry of the neighbourhood in supplying his wants, his visits to them and their visits to him. He was a regular guest at Knighton and Appuldurcombe, and numbered the Hills of St. Boniface, the Bassetts, the Ogländers, and all the leading island gentry among his associates. We gather from his correspondence a very pleasing idea of the genial and refined hospitality which prevailed among them. He died in London in 1797, at the age of 70. His Villakin has been taken down and on its site is now a shop in the principal street. There may be seen at the residence of Mr. John Riddicks the deputy steward of Brading, a library chair which belonged to Wilkes. It was purchased at the sale of his furniture after his death.

Wilkes received a liberal education, made the grand tour, in those days the necessary finale to the education of a man of good family; he married a lady, who brought him a considerable fortune, became a colonel in the Buckingham militia, and entered Parliament in 1761 as the representative for Aylesbury. Becoming the proprietor and editor of a periodical paper, called the 'North Briton,' he published a coarse libel on the king and his government. A general warrant was issued by the secretary of state. He was seized and committed to the Tower, and brought up by writ of Habeas Corpus before chief justice Pratt of the Common Pleas; it was decided that general warrants were illegal, and Wilkes was accordingly discharged. Meanwhile he incurred a prosecution for publishing a poem called 'An Essay on Woman;' he did not appear to receive judgment and was outlawed. He removed to France, and resided there till 1768, when he was elected by a large majority over the ministerial candidate. The House refused to consider him elected; he was committed to the King's Bench prison. Dreadful riots thereupon broke out in the metropolis, and the demagogue rose to the height of his popularity; he became what in some respects he was not ill fitted for, a popular hero. A liberal subscription discharged his debts. In 1774 he was

elected Lord Mayor of London, and again returned member for Middlesex. The ministry withdrew their opposition, and he was permitted to take his seat. The remainder of his career was tranquil, and chiefly devoted to literary pursuits and the decoration of his little island villa. He had for several years been wont to pay occasional visits to the Isle of Wight, his acquaintance with its beauties commencing while, as colonel of the Buckingham militia, he was quartered at Winchester. In 1788 he obtained a lease of a cottage, where, weary with a dissolute career, he resolved to seek a retreat for his old age. Its decorations and the embellishments of its grounds became the amusement of his declining years. It stood in an enclosure of four acres. In his garden and shrubbery he chiefly cultivated the common shrubs and flowers, professing no admiration for exotics. He erected a memorial to his friend Churchill, the poet ; it was an imitation of Virgil's tomb, which bore a long Latin inscription on a Doric pillar. The interior he used as a receptacle of his choicest wines. He bequeathed the lease of his cottage to his natural daughter, Harriet Wilkes, but it has since passed into other hands.

On Sunday, March 24th, 1878, occurred a similar disaster to that of the 'Royal George.' The 'Eurydice,' training-frigate, with over 300 men and boys of the Naval Reserve, homeward-bound from the West Indies, was capsized in Sandown Bay, within one hour's sail of her destination. It was truly a national disaster. The afternoon was splendid, and she was admired by all spectators as she passed Ventnor under a heavy press of canvas. After rounding Dunnose Point a sudden squall, accompanied by rain and sleet, took her aback, and before the sails could be taken in she heeled over, the sea rushed into her open ports, and she sank in fourteen fathoms of water. Several futile efforts have been made to raise her. Only two survived to tell the story of the disaster.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Christ Church.
Independent Chapel.

Wesleyan Methodist Chapel.
Primitive Methodist Chapel.

HOTELS.

Sandown Hotel.
King's Head Hotel.
Esplanade Hotel.

York Hotel.
Station Hotel.

Sandown to Shanklin, by the Shore.

Visitors to Sandown and Shanklin will never weary of strolling along the hard firm sands of the magnificent bay, close to which both towns are situated. The perpendicular cliffs of variously coloured sand, from 100 to 150 feet high, arranged in horizontal layers, will interest alike the lovers of the picturesque, and the students of geology; and the bold headlands of the Culver Cliffs on one hand and the Dunnose Point on the other are fit bulwarks for this beautiful and extensive bay. The distance from town to town is little over two miles. The traveller must be careful to note the state of the tide, for at high water the waves wash against the base of Litter Stairs Point, a headland not far from Shanklin. While it is necessary at this projection of the stupendous cliff to make sure if the tide be rising that there is plenty of room to pass, no fear need be entertained at other times, and during the rest of the walk there is ample space for the pedestrian at any state of the tide. Immediately after leaving Sandown the cliffs rise sheer from the shore to a great height, and exhibit admirable sections of the lower beds of the lower greensand, displaying almost every variety from a calcareous rock, resembling the Kentish rag, to a stone composed almost entirely of green particles of silicate of iron. As the traveller proceeds, the different beds appear with beautiful distinctness, presenting alternations of clay and sand of varying degrees of hardness; sometimes rising in mural cliffs whose loamy surface is continually peeling off in large flakes, rendering it rather perilous to walk too close, especially after rain or frost; in other places broken by shelves covered with coarse vegetation. The views the whole way are very beautiful. The houses on the cliffs at Sandown and Shanklin here and there are seen; in the rear are the white Culver Cliffs, and above, on the summit of Bembridge Down, stands conspicuously the obelisk erected in honour of the late Earl of Yarborough, who was so greatly esteemed as the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In front are the Yellow Ledge and the high down of Shanklin.

Sandown to Shanklin, by the Cliffs.

The summit of the cliffs between Sandown and Shanklin is almost level the whole way, and therefore the walk may be undertaken without any fear of fatigue. The path in many

places is close to the precipice, and not safe at night, or in a mist; but at other times there is no danger if ordinary care be used. The cliff is gained at the west end of the town, near to Sandown battery, a fortification containing five 150-lb. guns. Close by are the barracks, now used as a convalescent hospital for soldiers. A few yards farther the cliff is high and precipitous. In one place, however, a path has been cut down to the shore. The views are very beautiful the whole way, and include Shanklin Down, Cook's Castle, Worsley obelisk, the intervening undulating tract to the Arreton, Messly, Ashe, and Brading downs. In the rear are Sandown and the Bembridge Down, the fort and monument, the Red Cliffs, and the Culver Cliffs. There is the broad expanse of ocean bounded on the west by the Yellow Ledge Point beyond Shanklin. The constant murmur of the waves is heard, but few will dare to look over the precipice to the shore below, and it would be unwise to approach too near the crumbling verge. This path, which has been long noted for the combined beauty of sea and land views, and the striking contrast of the often extremely blue water with the white cliffs of Culver, was a point of frequent attraction to the late Bishop Wilberforce, who used to leave the train at Sandown station to enjoy his favourite walk to Shanklin. From the rapid absorption of moisture by the sand, the path is proverbially dry in wet weather.

On reaching Shanklin a descent may be made to the shore at either end of the esplanade, or the cliff may be kept and a descent made by the Chine Inn to the mouth of the Chine.

Sandown to Red Cliff.

Red Cliff is seated between Sandown and the Culver Cliffs. At low water it may be reached after a pleasant walk of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, on tolerably smooth sands; but at high tide slow progress is made along the heavy shingle, and therefore it is well to follow the path on the cliffs for some distance. This short excursion will be especially interesting to the geologist, for it brings into view three formations, the Wealden near the town, the greensands of Red Cliff, and the chalk of the Culver Cliffs. "In the Wealden, bones of large reptiles, and fruits of coniferous plants have from time to time been discovered; and many colossal bones of the Iguanodon have been obtained from the shingle. Slabs of the paludina limestone, commonly called Sussex marble, and of indurated shale, full

of fresh-water bivalves, may generally be seen protruding from the clay." The cliffs for some distance are composed of land-slips of clay and sand partly covered with grass and gorse, and at their base a shingly beach of rounded flints. Near the Red Cliff fort a rough path, known as the Cuckoo Road, leads from the brow of the cliffs to the shore. Here the cliffs assume a bold aspect, presenting a perpendicular wall of red and yellow sand, about 150 feet high, seamed by the rains and honeycombed by the weather. Where the chalk cliff begins an ascent may be made by a winding path, called the Limpet Road, or the traveller may continue some distance farther amongst the boulders at the foot of the majestic headland of the Culver Cliffs.

Attempts have too often been made to round the point of Culver on foot, by toiling over the huge masses of rock which look comparatively small at a distance; but even at the lowest spring tides the sea strikes the perpendicular cliff, rendering it impossible to accomplish the journey. Great risk to life has several times been incurred in making the attempt, and the wearied explorer, after toiling over the rocks, has been surrounded by the tide, with an impassable cliff before him; his voice too distant to be heard, and his handkerchief-flag just providentially seen in time to secure the strong pull of the Sandown watermen.

Sandown to Bembridge Down, the Culver Cliffs, and Whitecliff Bay.

Bembridge Down, 355 feet high, is the eastern termination of the range of chalk hills which run hence through the centre of the island westward to the Needles. On its summit is a strong fort, and the Yarborough monument.

Leaving the town by the shore road, the traveller passes the Sandown Hotel, the coastguard station, and the site where in olden times stood the Sandown fort. The old historical fort has been entirely demolished, but in its place, a few yards distant, has been erected a powerful namesake, faced with granite, and armed with eight 18-ton guns for 300-lb. shot, and four 12-ton guns for 250-lb. shot; there are also ten smaller guns on the top of the fort. Close to the fort a footpath is entered, which runs along the brow of the cliffs and commands a fine view of the bay of Dunnose Point. Gradually as the higher ground is gained the view expands, and includes the towns of Sandown and Shanklin, Dunnose

Point, the Shanklin Down, Cook's Castle, Appuldurcombe Down, and Worsley obelisk, Hoy's monument, the Chillerton, St. George's, Arreton, and Brading downs, with the intermediate undulating country. The Red Cliffs and the white Culver Cliffs, with the long line of silver-crested waves, have also a pleasing effect. Yaverland battery, containing 8 guns for 110-lb. shot, is passed on the left, and then the Red Cliff battery of four guns for 110-lb. shot is on the right. Here the path divides, one branch continuing along the edge of the cliffs to the down and monument, and the other bending to the left and leading through a field or two direct to the fort on the summit of the hill. The fort contains six guns for 110-lb. shot, and as seen from the outside is apparently very strong, and well worth a visit. The view from this point is extensive and beautiful. There is a wide expanse of sea, and the fine bay of Sandown bounded by Dunnose Point. Then appear the towns of Sandown and Shanklin, and the Shanklin and Appuldurcombe downs, Worsley obelisk, and Hoy's monument, and an expansive undulating vale, terminated by the Chillerton Down. Close at hand are the church and houses of Bembridge half hid amongst trees; the Brading Haven, which at full tide has a pretty effect at the spectator's feet, with the houses of St. Helens and the St. Helens fort at one end, and at the other the Brading village and church; the mansion and woods of Nunwell and the hamlets of Yarbridge and Yaverland. A pleasant stretch of undulating woodland extends thence to the houses of Upper Ryde, Swanmore church and Aldermoor mill, and across the Solent is the coast at Southsea and Portsmouth.

About 600 yards from the fort is the Yarborough monument. It is an obelisk of solid granite, 75 feet high. Formerly it stood where the fort now stands, but the site being required by government it was removed. The monument was erected in 1849 by the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to the memory of their founder and first commodore, the Earl of Yarborough. Upon it is the following: "To the memory of Charles Anderson Pelham, Earl of Yarborough, Baron Yarborough, of Yarborough, in the county of Lincoln, Baron Worsley, of Appuldurcombe, in the Isle of Wight, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., &c.; whose benevolence, kindness of heart, and many virtues endeared him to all who knew him, this monument was erected, as a testimony of affection and respect, by public subscription. As the owner of large estates he was one of those most conspicuous for the

qualities which peculiarly adorn that station, and as the first Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron he was eminent in fostering and encouraging by his example and liberality all that was calculated to improve the science of naval architecture and the maritime interests of his country. He died on board his yacht the 'Kestrel' in the port of Vigo, in Spain, September 5th, 1846, aged 65."

From the monument there is a noble prospect, embracing the picturesque bay and cliffs from Sandown and Shanklin to Dunnose Point, backed by the southern range of downs; and in the opposite direction appear the Bembridge promontory, Brading Haven, and St. Helens, with a beautiful tract of woodland thence to the houses of Upper Ryde, whilst farther distant is the Solent, and the long line of coast stretching from Southampton Water, past Portsmouth, to Selsey Bill. The spectator hears the murmuring waves at the foot of the down on which he stands, and his eye glances over a vast expanse of the boundless ocean.

From the monument the smooth grassy down gradually slopes to the edge of a fearful precipice, where the Culver Cliffs rise perpendicularly from the sea to a height of 200 feet. Culver is said to be derived from the old English name for dove, and we are told that formerly pigeons built in the cliffs and were exceedingly numerous. The pigeons have disappeared, and it is also high time that this fanciful derivation of the name should become obsolete. The word is without doubt derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *cofa*, a cave or cove, hence the *cofa*, corrupted into Culver Cliffs—the cliffs by the cove. We find the same word amongst the mountains of the English Lake District—in Cofa Pike, Calva Pike, Keppel Cove.

The cliffs are composed of chalk, interspersed with streaks of flint, and they thus present a very fine appearance. At one point, not far from the monument, a narrow track leads down the face of the cliff a few yards to a small recess called the Hermit's Hole, where a good view is had of Sandown, Shanklin, and Dunnose Point. To those accustomed to steep places the descent is not in the least dangerous. It is said that once when a gentleman was descending by this track he met a sheep coming up, and fortunately had presence of mind to throw himself on his face, when the sheep immediately jumped over him, a result doubtless agreeable to both parties. The imagination of the peasant made this desolate spot the scene of dark traditions. Strange stories are told of a wizard

who dwelt in the cave and sallied out at nights to waylay strangers, and to slay and bewitch, but none knew whence he came.

No one ought to climb to the summit of Bembridge Down without also descending by a winding path among ferns and brushwood to White Cliff Bay, which is bounded on the west by the Culver Cliffs, and on the east by Bembridge Foreland. It is a lovely secluded place, with beautiful sands suitable for bathing, and variously coloured cliffs of sand, marl, and limestone, only inferior in beauty and geological interest to those of the same character met with in Alum Bay, at the opposite end of the island. The strata are eocene deposits of marine, brackish, and fresh-water formations resting on the chalk. Near Foreland Point the Bembridge limestone forms a great part of the floor of the shore, and extends for some distance out to sea in a reef known as the Bembridge Ledge. On the 14th November, 1877, the new iron barque 'Alphela' was driven on Bembridge Ledge, where she was lodged for five months, but was at last got off by Capt. Coppin (by whom she had been bought for a nominal sum), and towed into Portsmouth, where she was refitted for sea. The speculators cleared some thousands of pounds by the transaction.

The admirers of Leigh Richmond's writings will recall to mind his vivid description of the scenery here in his 'Negro Servant.'

"As I pursued the meditations which this magnificent and varied scenery excited in my mind I approached the edge of a tremendous perpendicular cliff, with which the down terminates. The breaking of the waves against the foot of the cliff at so great a distance beneath me produced an incessant and pleasing murmur. The seagulls were flying between the top of the cliff where I stood and the rocks below, attending upon their nests, built in the holes of the cliff. The whole scene in every direction was grand and impressive; it was suitable to devotion. . . . I cast my eye downwards a little to the left towards a small cove, the shore of which consists of fine hard sand. It is surrounded by fragments of rock, chalk cliffs, and steep banks of broken earth. Shut out from human intercourse and dwellings, it seems formed for retirement and contemplation. On one of these rocks I unexpectedly observed a man sitting with a book, which he was reading. The place was near two hundred yards perpendicularly below me, but I soon discovered, by his dress, and by the black colour of his features, contrasted with the white

rocks behind him, that it was no other than my negro disciple with, as I doubted not, a Bible in his hand. I rejoiced at this unlooked-for opportunity of meeting him in so solitary and interesting a situation. I descended a steep bank, winding by a kind of rude staircase, formed by fishermen and shepherds' boys in the side of the cliff, down to the shore. . . . The circumstances of the place in which we met together contributed much to the interesting effect which the conversation produced on my mind. The little cove or bay was beautiful in the extreme. The air was calm and serene. The sun shone, but we were sheltered from its rays by the cliffs. One of these was stupendously lofty and large. It was white as snow; its summit being directly over our heads. The sea fowls were flying around it. Its whiteness was occasionally chequered with dark-green masses of samphire, which grew there. On the other side, and behind us, was a more gradual declivity of many-coloured earths, interspersed with green patches of grass and bushes, and little streams of water trickling down the bank, and mingling with the sea at the bottom. At our feet the waves were advancing over shelves of rocks covered with a great variety of seaweeds, which swam in little fragments and displayed much beauty and elegance of form, as they were successively thrown upon the sand. Ships of war and commerce were seen at different distances. Fishermen were plying their trade in boats nearer the shore. The noise of the flowing tide, combined with the voices of the seagulls over our heads, and now and then a distant gun fired from the ships as they passed along added much to the peculiar sensations to which the scene gave birth. Occasionally, the striking of oars upon the waves, accompanied by the boatman's song, met the ear. The sheep aloft upon the down sometimes mingled their bleating with the other sounds. Thus all nature seemed to invite in impressing an attentive observer's heart with affecting thoughts."

Sandown to Yaverland and Bembridge, and back by the Seashore.

Yaverland, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Bembridge, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Leaving the town at the east end, the road runs close to the shore, and past the site of the old Sandown fort. On the left, across level land, are seen Asheys and Brading downs, with the houses at Brading Mall; in front are the hamlet

and fort of Yaverland, the Bembridge Down, and the Culver Cliffs, whilst in rear there is the sea stretching past Sandown and Shanklin to Dunnoose Point, and the Shanklin Down. Close past the Granite fort the road leads to left to Yaverland. This is a picturesque village, consisting of a few thatched cottages, an old church, and a manor house standing in a retired situation beneath shadowing elms, on the west side of Bembridge Down. It is a favourite subject with artists, the whole forming an attractive picture.

Leigh Richmond held the curacy along with that of Brading, and it was here that he made his first unsuccessful attempt at extempore preaching, though he was afterwards celebrated for the power and eloquence of his extemporaneous discourses. He thus describes the church :

“ It was pleasantly situated on a rising bank, at the foot of a considerable hill. It was surrounded by trees, and had a rural retired appearance. Close to the churchyard stood a large old mansion, which had formerly been the residence of an opulent and titled family ; but it had long since been appropriated to the use of the estate as a farmhouse. Its outward aspect bore considerable remains of grandeur, and gave a pleasing character to the spot of ground on which the church stood. In every direction the roads that led to this house of God possessed distinct but interesting features. One of them ascended between several rural cottages, from the seashore, which adjoined the lower part of the village street. Another winded round the curved sides of the adjacent hill, and was adorned both above and below, with numerous sheep feeding on the herbage of the down. A third road led to the church by a gently rising approach, between high banks, covered with young trees, bushes, ivy, hedge plants, and wild flowers.” The third road here mentioned is the one from Yarbridge, the course of which has been slightly altered since Leigh Richmond’s time.

The church was built in the reign of Edward I., by Sir William Russell, for the convenience of his family and tenants, who had been forced previously to attend the mother church at Brading, which was often inaccessible during floods, neither Yarbridge nor the causeway having been built. The south door and chancel arch are good specimens of the barbaric richness of the Norman style.

The Manor House, at present inhabited by the farmer of the estate, was erected in the reign of James I., after the manor had passed by purchase from the Russells, the pro-

genitors of the noble family of Bedford, who were Lords of Yaverland from the days of Edward I. to those of Mary. Sir Theobald Russell, one of the chief heroes of the island, commanded the inhabitants in 1340, when they successfully resisted a French invading force that landed at Bembridge, but unfortunately he was slain in the moment of victory. The house contains some grotesque wood carvings, two figures popularly known as Nero and Cleopatra, and other monstrous conceptions of the carver, in the shape of Moors' heads with wings; some playing on musical instruments, some as brackets to support the ceiling of the staircase.

A few yards beyond the church there is a view of Brading Haven, the village of St. Helens, and the Bembridge Down and fort. Here the road divides, the right-hand branch leading to Bembridge, and the left makes a steep descent by what is known as the Marsh Combe Shute,* to the hamlet of Yarbridge, and thence to Brading. The tourist will observe a guide post at the junction of the roads, on which is inscribed, 2 miles to Bembridge; but he must not be misled by this, for he will afterwards find that the distance is at least 3 miles. Many other guide posts on the island appear to have been erected in a similarly careless manner. A few yards farther the foot of the down is skirted, whence the summit might quickly be gained by a pleasant walk over the smooth green turf. The road winds pleasantly and slightly ascends the side of the down. If on horseback the tourist can have a fine gallop on the clean grassy carpet. The air here is pure and bracing, and there is a noble prospect which embraces the down, and town of Brading; the woods of Nunwell, Aldermoor mill, Swanmore church, and the houses in Upper Ryde; the Brading Haven, St. Helens, Bembridge, St. Helens fort, the sea, and the opposite coast. When close under the fort the road bends to left and leaves the down. Here the writer saw twelve oxen, in three teams, ploughing in an adjoining field. The custom is still not uncommon in the island. The oxen are considered all the better for being so employed from about two to three years of age. Proceeding a short distance farther the fort and monument come in full view on the right, and on the left the entrance to the haven, with St. Helens, Bem-

* Shute is a local word very common in the Isle of Wight, and is used to denote places where the road is steep. Some say it is a West Saxon or Wessex word, meaning a steep hill, or road down; others derive it from the French *chute*, a steep ascent, or fall.

bridge, and the white landmark of the St. Helens old church. The road ascends to the windmill and then the village is quickly entered.

Bembridge being situated away from the ordinary route of tourists is little known, but it is a favourite spot with the few who have become acquainted with its many attractions. It is pleasantly situated close to the sea at the mouth of Brading Haven, in the north-east side of Bembridge Down, 4 miles from Brading. With its modern church and villas, half hid by trees, it presents a cheerful aspect, and offers a charming retreat for those who are fond of seclusion. The air is pure; the walks are many and varied; there are fishing and boating in the haven and in the open sea; and the botanist and geologist will find the district specially favourable to their respective pursuits. Some gentlemen reside here to avail themselves of the facilities afforded for yachting. With all its advantages, however, the place has not been much visited, and a large hotel, which was at one time opened, is now converted into a private house, but there are still the Pilot Boat Hotel, the Prince of Wales Inn, Commercial Inn, and Marine Tavern. A footpath, which may be entered near the windmill, leads by the side of the haven from Bembridge to Brading—distance $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles. About half a mile distant on this path stood the cottage of Woolverton, lately burnt down, where dwelt John Wheeler, a farm labourer, who was clerk at Yaverland when the Rev. Legh Richmond was curate, and it was to this cottage that the latter often resorted. Some distance farther is the wood known as Centurion's Copse, preserving in its name a trace of the existence of the chapel of St. Urian, built by the Lords of the adjacent manor of Woolverton (Wulfhere's town), of which some shapeless ruins are said still to exist half hid in the brushwood.

The return journey to Sandown from Bembridge may be pleasantly varied by walking along the sands and cliffs by the seashore, a distance of 6 miles. Near Bembridge the coast consists of low cliffs of gravel and rounded pebbles, and close below them a pebbly shore, which is tedious to walk over at high tide, therefore it is well to follow the coastguard path that generally runs on the brow of the cliffs. The mansions and private grounds of Earl Fitzwilliam and others are passed on the right, and a fine view is had across the sea to Stokes Bay, Portsmouth, and Southsea. The spire of Chichester Cathedral is visible in the distance on a clear day. At ebb tide the traveller may walk on the sands, which are firm

and good, and will probably prove tempting for a bathe. Near a flag-staff, and a lifeboat station, the Lane End village, consisting of a few fishermen's cottages, stands a short distance from the shore in a rather bare and uninteresting part of the island. The lifeboat is often needed, for the Bembridge Ledge, which is very dangerous, and the scene of many shipwrecks, runs for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles into the sea, being covered at high water, but bare during ebb tide. After passing Foreland farm, the White Cliff and Dunnose Point become visible in front, along with the fort and monument on Brading Down; and across the water is displayed the Sussex coast from Chichester Harbour to Selsey Bill.

One and a half miles from Bembridge is the Foreland coastguard station, with a few fishermen's cottages and a small public-house, the Crab and Lobster Inn. Here are beautiful smooth sands, and the cliffs present fine sections for the geologist, being composed of horizontal layers of sand and pebbles. These give place to cliffs covered with grass and gorse, until at Black Rock Point a ledge of freshwater limestone appears. This limestone strata extends over most of the northern part of the island, and is known as the Bembridge limestone. Passing this point, the White Cliff Bay is entered, a lovely secluded nook, with a fine pebbly and sandy beach, and beautiful cliffs, composed of various coloured sands, similar to those in Alum Bay. At one point will be found a hole where is seen a layer of coal, which, however, has not been thought of sufficient value to pay for working.* The traveller presently finds himself directly beneath the Culver Cliffs, which rise perpendicularly from the ocean to a height of 200 feet, and are composed of chalk, with thin layers of flints. The pedestrian cannot get round these cliffs except during spring tides, but any time at low water he may proceed some little distance; and it is a fine sight to view the stupendous heights from below, whilst threading one's way amongst large rounded lumps of chalk and flints, the débris of masses which have fallen from above in previous years. The cliffs rise to a great height, their whitish-grey sides streaked with parallel lines of flints, the latter being at an

* Sir Richard Worsley in his history of the island, published in 1781, speaking of this coal says: "The late Sir Robert Worsley sunk a shaft for it on his estate at Bembridge, but found the vein so thin that, fearing it would not answer the expense, he desisted from the undertaking."

angle of about 45°. On rounding the first point a grand secluded cove is entered, on the west side of which stands the White Horse, a large semi-detached mass, partly covered with samphire. On its summit are rocks of fantastic shape presenting the appearance of a miniature castle. When round the White Horse, two cavern-like holes are gained, called the Nosters, and then by scrambling up a steep rock, known as the Shag Rock, a lovely view is had of the cliffs and coast to Dunnose Point; but farther progress is impossible. The tourist will probably not succeed even in gaining this point without now and again stepping off the slippery seaweed into some small pools of water, and wetting his feet. On retracing his steps for a short distance the top of the cliffs may be reached by a zigzag path close to where the sand begins to cover the chalk.

When on the Bembridge Down the smooth slope may be traversed at the very edge of the precipice, but few will dare to look over the horrid steep:

“How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.”

These cliffs were in former times famous for a valuable breed of hawks, which were considered of such value that Queen Elizabeth in 1564 issued a warrant to the captain of the island, to make diligent search after some that had been stolen, and also “for the persons faultie of this stealth and presumptuous attempt.”

From the Yarborough monument a path leads along the edge of the cliffs, with fine views of the lovely bay stretching past Sandown and Shanklin to Dunnose Point, but the traveller will be especially pleased with the beauty of the sands close below him, at the base of the perpendicular and variously coloured precipice, known as Red Cliff. On

feeding on its banks. Here and there, lesser eminences arose in the valley ; some covered with wood, others with corn or grass, and a few with heath or fern. One of these little hills was distinguished by a parish church at the top, presenting a striking feature in the landscape. Another of these elevations, situated in the centre of the valley, was adorned with a venerable holly tree, which has grown there for ages. Its singular height and wide-spreading dimensions not only render it an object of curiosity to the traveller, but of daily usefulness to the pilot, as a mark visible from the sea, whereby to direct his vessel safe into harbour. Villages, churches, country seats, farmhouses, and cottages were scattered over every part of the southern valley. In this direction also, at the foot of the hill where I was stationed, appeared the ancient mansion which I had just quitted, embellished with its woods, groves, and gardens. South-eastward, I saw the open ocean, bounded only by the horizon. The sun shone, and gilded the waves with a glittering light that sparkled in the most brilliant manner. More to the east, in continuation of that line of hills where I was placed, rose two downs, one beyond the other, both covered with sheep, and the sea just visible over the farthest of them, as a terminating boundary. In this point ships were seen, some sailing, others at anchor. Here the little river, which watered the southern valley, finished its course, and ran through meadows into the sea, in an eastward direction. On the north, the sea appeared like a noble river, varying from 3 to 7 miles in breadth, between the banks of the opposite coast and those of the island which I inhabited. Immediately underneath me was a fine woody district of country, diversified by many pleasing objects. Distant towns were visible on the opposite shore. Numbers of ships occupied the sheltered station which this northern channel afforded them. The eye roamed with delight over an expanse of near and remote beauties which alternately caught the observation, and which harmonized together, and produced a scene of peculiar interest. Westward, the hills followed each other, forming several intermediate and partial valleys, in a kind of undulations, like the waves of the sea, and, bending to the south, completed the boundary of the larger valley before described to the southward of the hill on which I sat. In many instances the hills were cultivated with corn to their very summits, and seemed to defy the inclemency of the weather, which, at these heights, usually

renders the ground incapable of bringing forth and ripening the crops of grain. One hill alone—the highest in elevation, and about 10 miles to the southward—was enveloped in a cloud, which just permitted a dim, hazy sight of a signal post, a lighthouse, and an ancient chantry, built on its summit.”

A few yards from the top of Ashe Down a road branches to Ryde, and there is a guide post which says Ryde, 4 miles; Brading, 2 miles; Newport, 4½ miles. A short distance farther another road branching to left leads down to Knighton, and thence to Newchurch.

From Ashe to Messly Down the road runs between hedges and fields. On Messly Down are two round barrows, probably ancient burial grounds, and here a fine view is obtained of the north of the island, with the houses at Cowes, the Wootton estuary, and the Ashe, Brading, and Bembridge downs. An easy descent might be made to Newchurch, distant three-quarters of a mile, whence Sandown can be reached by train. On leaving Messly Down the road runs on the south side of Arreton Down and is joined by one from Newchurch. Arreton church comes in sight, half hidden by the trees at the foot of the down, and in a line with it, in the distance, is Gatcombe house, at the base of Chillerton Down. The view on the right is partly obstructed by hedges and fields, but on the left is a fine grassy carpet of green turf sloping to the foot of the hill. Presently the prospect opens in front and includes Carisbrooke Castle, Newport, with its church tower prominent in its midst; Parkhurst forest and barracks, strip of the Solent, and opposite coast. More to the right is a lovely view of the Medina estuary, with Cowes, Osborne, the Solent, and the coast around Southampton Water. Still more to the right may be observed Haven Street, the upper part of Ryde, and the Aldermoor mill. At the point where are two mounds or barrows on left of road a fine prospect is had in the direction of Ryde, with the Solent and Portsmouth visible beyond. Arrived at the Hare and Hounds Inn, where four roads meet, the traveller has the choice of routes. He may descend to Arreton, 1 mile distant, and thence either to Newport, or the south-east of the island; he may continue along a road over St. George's Down; or he may turn to right and proceed to Cowes, Ryde, or Newport by Stapler's Heath.

Sandown to Alverstone, Knighton, and Newchurch.

Alverstone, 4 miles; Knighton, 6 miles; Newchurch, 7½ miles.

The railway from Sandown to Newport passes the Alverstone and Newchurch stations, but should the tourist walk, or travel by carriage, or on horseback, he will proceed to Yarbridge either by the direct road or by Yaverland. From Yarbridge a narrow lane is entered which passes under some chalk quarries along the south side of Brading Down. After going through the village of Adgeston a slight ascent is made, and a noble prospect opens in front, including the sea, the towns of Sandown and Shanklin, Shanklin Down, Appuldurcombe Down, Worsley obelisk, Hoy's monument, the Brixton, Chillerton, St. George's, Arreton, Messly, Ashe, and Brading downs, with the wide undulating country diversified by knolls of wood and cultivated fields. The village of Newchurch is a picturesque object on the top of a small hill. After making a slight descent and passing Grove farm, Alverstone farm and village are reached. A small bridge here crosses the river Yar, and close to the railway station is a mill, which is mentioned in Domesday Book. The neighbourhood is said to be a rich ground for the botanist. A footpath leads from the mill direct to Newchurch, 1½ miles distant; first by the side of the river, and then round a knoll and through a copse to the road. If the tourist proceed from Alverstone to Knighton he will follow a lane in the direction of Ashe Down by way of Kern farm. After passing through a hamlet, the site of the far-famed old mansion of Knighton is reached, but the stranger will probably be disappointed, for the old house has vanished, and the only traces of it are the entrance gates to the park, grass-covered mounds of stones, and old walls surrounding the gardens. Close by are a pond, a farmhouse, a cottage, and the engine for pumping water to the reservoir supplying Ryde. In the rear is the green slope of Ashe Down, and all around are clusters of trees, hills and glens, whilst in front may be seen the Shanklin Down, Appuldurcombe Down, and Worsley obelisk. The road which passes close by leads from Newchurch and over Ashe Down to Ryde.

The old manor house of Knighton was once one of the most considerable mansions in the island. It was built in the reign of James I. on the site of a much older structure. Although

the place is picturesque, and suitable for a ramble, it will be visited by the stranger chiefly on account of its associations. It was here that Leigh Richmond had his first interview with Elizabeth Walbridge, "The Dairyman's Daughter," who was at that time a servant in the establishment. We gather from the correspondence of John Wilkes, a very pleasing idea of the genial and refined hospitality which pervaded here, when, during his visits to Mr. Fitzmaurice, he often found assembled the leading gentry of the island, together with David Garrick, Mrs. Garrick, Sir Richard Worsley, and a number of foreigners.

Like many other mansions Knighton was reported to be haunted; but the exact nature of the unearthly visitant is not stated, though it was said to intimate its whereabouts by a noise resembling the clanking of heavy chains. In later times, however, this noise was confined to one room, which was never opened, and over its entrance was inscribed a Latin legend of such mystic power as to prevent the egress of the troubled spirit. There is a strange story current respecting the death of the last male of the Dillington family, who for many years possessed the manor and house of Knighton. Sir Tristram Dillington lost his wife and all his children in rapid succession, and finally he fell himself by his own hand through despair, leaving two sisters, who afterwards died single. To prevent the forfeiture of the estate by the suicide of his master, the steward directly he became aware of the tragedy, took the horse his master usually rode, and having so adjusted the saddle as to make it appear an accident had happened, drove it into the mill-pond close to the house. This countenanced a report which he immediately spread, that Sir Tristram, returning home late at night, inadvertently rode into the pond, and through the slackness of the saddle-girth fell from his horse and was drowned before assistance could be rendered. This occurred at least a century ago. It was easy to avoid an inquest, and the stratagem succeeded. The shadowy form of Sir Tristram is said to be seen sometimes wandering over the deserted terraced gardens of his demolished mansion holding his head in his hand.

Leigh Richmond says: "The house was a large and venerable mansion. It stood in a beautiful valley at the foot of a high hill. It was embowered in fine woods, which were interspersed in every direction with rising, falling, and swelling ground. The manor house had evidently descended through a long line of ancestry from a distant period of time.

The Gothic character of its original architecture was still preserved in the latticed windows, adorned with carved divisions and pillars of stonework. Several pointed terminations also, in the construction of the roof, according to the custom of our forefathers, fully corresponded with the general features of the building. One end of the house was entirely clothed with the thick foliage of an immense ivy, which climbed beyond customary limits, and embraced a lofty chimney up to its very summit. Such a tree seemed congenial to the walls that supported it, and conspired with the antique fashion of the place to carry imagination back to the days of our ancestors."

Knighton is sometimes spoken of as "Knighton-Gorges." It was held in the reign of Henry III. by John de Morville, and received the appellation of "Gorges" from Ralph de Gorges, who married a daughter of Morville.

Leaving the hamlet of Knighton for Newchurch, bend to the right; a short distance farther, where three roads meet, turn to the left. After crossing the railway and stream, Newchurch is entered by a road which ascends steeply between high sandbanks, covered with ivy and ferns. Thatched cottages are on either hand, and on the top of the hill is the Pointer Inn, a small comfortable hostelry. The church, standing on the brow of the wooded eminence, is a conspicuous object from all the neighbouring country. Though one of the most ancient on the island, and the mother church of Ryde and Ventnor, it bears no marks of extreme antiquity. The top of the tower is of wood. At the end of the north aisle is the burial place of the Dillington family, marked by a few inscriptions.

In returning from Newchurch to Sandown the traveller will have a pleasant change in the route if he proceed by Queen's Bower and Lake village, or by Winford, Apse Heath, and Lake.

Sandown to Queen's Bower.

A short pleasant stroll may be had by taking the train from Sandown to Alverstone, and then walking to Queen's Bower, and back by the hamlet of Lake; the distance thus travelled, on foot, being $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and by rail $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

On leaving Alverstone station the road crosses the bridge over the river Yar, and then slightly ascends between high hedges and sandbanks. The Borthwood farm is seen below

on the left, and opposite the road leading to the farm is the knoll, and slope of Queen's Bower. The tourist may follow a track to the top of the knoll, and have a good view of a wide extent of the adjacent country. The eye embraces the undulating ridge of the Chalk Downs from the Culver Cliffs to St. George's and Chillerton downs on one side, and on the other the St. Catherine's Down and the Alexandrian pillar, Appuldurcombe Down, with its shattered obelisk, and Shanklin Down. Portions of the towns of Shanklin and Sandown are in sight, also a strip of the sea, and the vale encircling the hill on which the spectator is standing. A small house formerly situated here has been removed. Queen's Bower is said to derive its name from having been the spot where the last "Lady of the Island," Isabella de Fortibus, was wont to station herself when she came from Carisbrooke to witness the chase in the forest of Borwood or Broadwood. The surrounding country anciently was a forest and hunting ground, "well stocked with red and fallow deer, heathcocks, and other game." In the time of Henry VIII. trees were cut down here for the building of Sandown fort, some of which were "30 feet in length; clean timber weighing 3 and 4 tons apiece." At present there is scarcely a tree to be found. A road leads hence to Newchurch.

The tourist may descend to Borthwood farm and return to Sandown by a footpath which passes near the waterworks by Black Pan Common; or he may continue on the road by the hamlet of Borthwood, and a small Methodist chapel to the village of Lake, passing the Lee and Merrygarden farms: the latter is a pleasant-looking place, said to have been once famous for its cherry gardens, hence its name from the French, *merise*—wild cherry.

SHANKLIN SECTION.

SHANKLIN.

SHANKLIN is rapidly increasing, and runs a hard race with its prosperous neighbour Sandown. There seems every probability that at no very remote date the two places will be joined, and form one large town, stretching along the cliffs around the bay from Shanklin Down to Bembridge Down. Shanklin may claim precedence on the score of age, for it was a favourite resort when Sandown was unknown. A chalybeate spring here was much frequented in the time of Charles II., and the place was a fashionable resort. We next read of it as being one of the strongholds of Jacobitism in the Isle of Wight. The old summer-house in the Manor House garden is still pointed out as that in which meetings of the adherents of the exiled royal family used to be held, and at which, with the old squire of Shanklin at their head, the island gentlemen would drink the health of Charles Edward on bended knee. Afterwards Shanklin appears for a time to have lost its popularity, but towards the end of the last century it began to regain esteem, and was a favourite resort for Oxford reading parties. Bishops Hampden and Hinds passed the long vacation of 1812 here, "occupied," writes the former, "with our books the greater part of every day, and having no recreation beyond a tête-à-tête walk along the seashore; never even making an excursion into other parts of the attractive scenery of the island." They had been preceded by their friend, Archbishop Whateley, who read here for his Oriel Fellowship. Keats was here in 1819, and during his stay he composed his fine poem of "Lamia," and the play of "Otho the Great." Writing to a friend, he spoke of Shanklin as a "most beautiful place." Another author describes it in the year 1790 as an Utopia of friendship and mutual goodwill. "The inhabitants were like one large family; ill nature was not known among them; obliging in the extreme, they seemed to be

happiest when their visitants were best pleased. The temporary absence of a neighbour caused a shade of gloom, and his return a ray of sunshine; the sickness or misfortune of one was felt by sympathy through the whole body. The habit of living among fine scenery had given a taste and an eye for the picturesque to the lowest classes, for the place was celebrated for its retired cottages beautifully adorned with roses, honeysuckles, and other flowering shrubs flourishing in the utmost luxuriance." Lord Jeffrey was a visitor in 1846, the year before his death, and he says: "This village is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying amongst sweet airy falls and swells of ground, which finally rise up behind to breezy downs 800 feet high, and sink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine which they call the Chine."

The old part of the town, with its Manor House, thatched cottages, homely hotels, and pleasant little church, situated at the base of a high down, and close to a tiny wooded ravine, presents a picturesque appearance; quite a contrast to the modern additions which stretch in the direction of the railway station. At a corner of the roads in front of the old houses, close to where a shady lane leads to the chine, there is a rustic fountain, ornamented with a small shield on which are designed the English and American flags, and bearing the following lines, written by Longfellow, when he was on a visit to Shanklin in 1868:

"O traveller, stay thy weary feet;
 Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;
 It flows for rich and poor the same;
 Then go thy way, remembering still
 The wayside well beneath the hill,
 The cup of water in His name."

The picturesque old church has undergone alterations which make the tracing of the ancient building difficult. It was dedicated to St. Blaize, and is denominated as such in old documents, and also as the chapel of St. John the Baptist. It is a manorial chapel, built by one of the family of Lisle, of Wootton, through whom it has passed to the present proprietor of Shanklin, by direct inheritance from the heiress of the elder branch of that family. The church contains memorials of the Popham and White families. The royal arms are curious, of the date of Charles I. The old oak chest is

worthy of notice, with the initials T. S., and date 1512. Silkstead was the last Prior of Winchester, and the chest became by accident the property of one of the Pophams, the old Jacobite squire, who brought it to Shanklin from Winchester. Burials of members of the proprietor's family were made within the church towards the middle of the last century, and about eighteen years ago interments were first allowed around the church. Previously the mother church of Brading was the burial place of the town.

On the shore, to the west of the chine, and directly under high vertical cliffs, is the Esplanade, a wide promenade and carriage drive, protected by a sea-wall about 600 yards in length, with a row of houses, an hotel, a bazaar, and the chalybeate spring.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

St. John the Baptist.	Wealeyan Chapel.
St. Saviour's on the Cliff.	Bible Christian Chapel.
Independent Chapel.	St. Paul's, Gatten.

HOTELS.

Hollier's Hotel.	Clarendon Hotel.
Daish's Hotel.	Madeira Hotel.
Hinton's Spa Hotel, on the shore.	Marine Hotel.

BATHS.

Moorman's Baths.	Sampson's Baths.
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Shanklin Chine.

The word chine, of very common use in the Isle of Wight and the south-west coast of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "Cine," or "Cyne," a cleft; and is the name given to deep fissures or gullies scooped out of the soft strata of the cliffs by the action of running water. The verb "to chine" is used by Spenser in the 'Faerie Queene,' b. iv., c. 6:

"Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest
That quite it chyned his backe behind the sell."

Also by Dryden:

"He that in his day did chine the long-rib'd Apennine."

The chines in the island have received such exaggerated praise that most visitors who have had their expectations raised by these glowing accounts will not find them realized, especially if they are acquainted with the wild gullies and rocks of mountainous districts. The Shanklin Chine is the most beautiful of any on the island. It is a deep ravine about a quarter of a mile in length, and thickly clothed with trees, and a luxuriant growth of shrubs, ferns, and mosses, from the banks of a tiny rill to the tops of the vertical cliffs of sandstone which tower to the height of more than 200 feet. The glen, at the mouth, by the seashore, is 300 feet wide, and it gradually decreases in breadth until it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill falls about 30 feet, where, after heavy rains, it forms a pleasing cascade, but at other times the fall hardly deserves the name.

The chine is rented by the owners of the inn picturesquely perched on the eastern side of the ravine near the shore, and is guarded at either end by locked gates, where, during the summer, persons attend who admit visitors, and then allow them to wander alone and make their exit at either gate. No stated charge is made, but the stranger generally gives a gratuity when leaving. During the winter the key may be obtained at the inn. The path leads by the side of the winding streamlet, which it crosses here and there by rustic bridges. At the head of the chine stands the Tower House, a picturesque gabled mansion, which peers above the trees, and adds greatly to the view, as seen from below. At the mouth of the ravine are fine sands and high cliffs; also a marine bathing house, bathing machines, and the esplanade. Froude's 'History,' vol. iv. p. 431, gives an account of a skirmish with a party of Frenchmen who landed at Shanklin Chine, in 1545. He says: "On leaving St. Helens the commander, D'Annehault, went round with the fleet into Shanklin Bay, where he sent his boats to fill their casks at the rivulet which runs down the chine. The stream was small, the task was tedious, and the Chevalier d'Eulx, who, with a few companions, was appointed to guard the watering parties, seeing no signs of danger, wandered inland, attended by some of his men, to the top of the high down adjoining. The English, who had been engaged with the other detachments two days before, had kept on the hills, watching the motions of the fleet. The chevalier was caught in an ambuscade, and, after defending himself like a hero, he was killed, with most of his followers."

Leigh Richmond, in the 'Young Cottager,' thus speaks of the chine: "I rode in the afternoon to a favourite spot where I sometimes indulged in solitary meditation. It was a place well suited for such a purpose. In the widely sweeping curve of a beautiful bay (Sandown Bay) there is a kind of chasm or opening in one of the lofty cliffs which bound it. This produces a very romantic and striking effect. The steep-descending sides of this opening in the cliff are covered with trees, bushes, wild flowers, fern, wormwood, and many other herbs, here and there contrasted with bold masses of rock or brown earth. In the higher part of one of these declivities two or three picturesque cottages are fixed, and seem half suspended in the air. From the upper extremity of this great fissure or opening in the cliff a small stream of water enters by a cascade, flows through the bottom, winding in a varied course of about a quarter of a mile in length, and then runs into the sea across a smooth expanse of firm, hard sand, at the lower extremity of the chasm. At this point the sides of the woody banks are very lofty, and, to a spectator from the bottom, exhibit a mixture of the grand and beautiful not often exceeded. Near the mouth of this opening was a little hollow recess, or cave, in the cliff, from whence, on one hand, I could see the above-described romantic scene; on the other, a long train of perpendicular cliffs, terminating in a bold and well-shaped promontory, which closed the bay at one end, while a conspicuous white cliff stood directly opposite, about four miles distant, at the farther point of the bay. The shore, between the different cliffs and the edge of the waves, was in some parts covered with stones and shingle, in some with firm hard sand, and in others with irregular heaps of little rocks fringed with seaweed, and ornamented with small yellow shells. The cliffs themselves were diversified with strata of variously-coloured earth, black, yellow, brown, and orange. The effects of iron ore, producing very manifest changes of hue, were everywhere seen in trickling drops and streamlets down the sides. The huts in which the fishermen kept their baskets, nets, boats, and other implements, occupied a few retired spots on the shore. The open sea, in full magnificence, occupied the centre of the prospect; bounded, indeed, in one small part, by a very distant shore, on the rising ascent from which the rays of the sun rendered visible a cathedral church, with its towering spire, at near 30 miles distance. Everywhere else the sea beyond was limited only by the sky. A frigate

was standing into the bay, not very far from my recess; other vessels of every size, sailing in many directions, varied the scene, and furnished matter for a thousand sources of contemplation. At my feet the little rivulet, gently rippling over pebbles, soon mingled with the sand, and was lost in the waters of the mighty ocean. The murmuring of the waves, as the tide ebbed or flowed, on the sand; their dashing against some more distant rocks, which were covered fantastically with seaweed and shells; seabirds floating in the air aloft, or occasionally screaming from the holes in the cliffs; the hum of human voices in the ships and boats, borne along the water; all these sounds served to promote, rather than interrupt, meditation. They were soothingly blended together, and entered the ear in a kind of natural harmony. . . . I quitted my retreat in the cliff with some reluctance, and walked up by a steep pathway, that winded through the trees and shrubs on the sides of one of the precipices. At every step the extent of prospect enlarged, and acquired a new and varying character, by being seen through the trees on each side. Climbing up a kind of rude, inartificial set of stone stairs in the bank, I passed by the singularly situated cottages which I had viewed from beneath, received and returned the evening salutation of the inhabitants, sitting at their doors, and just come home from labour, and then arrived at the top of the precipice, where there is a noble prospect in every direction."

Luccombe Chine.

Luccombe Chine is situated $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Shanklin, and may be reached either by the shore or the cliffs. The best plan is to go one way and return by the other.

From the mouth of Shanklin Chine, by the sands, the distance does not much exceed a mile. The cliffs the whole way are very high and quite perpendicular, presenting an aspect wild and frowning. Care must be taken to note the state of the tide, for at high water it is impossible to pass the Horse and Yellow Ledge points. Lovely retrospective views are had of the Sandown Bay, and the Culver Cliffs. When Luccombe Bay is reached it is found to be a wild and secluded place, with two or three fishermen's cottages perched at the west side, on a loamy ledge, a few yards above the sands, and at the mouth of the chine.

If the tourist walk from Shanklin by the cliffs he will turn

to the left out of the Ventnor road a few yards beyond Hollier's Hotel, or gain the same point from the shore by a path which winds up the face of the cliffs a few yards west of Shanklin Chine. The road ascends steeply, and commands a fine view of Shanklin and the shore past Sandown to the Culver Cliffs, with the Bembridge, Brading, Ashe, Messly, and Arreton downs, and the intervening level country. On leaving the houses the path crosses through fields a few yards from the cliffs, and when Shanklin is lost to view a descent is at once made to the cottages at the head of Luccombe Chine. A path leads thence down the east side of the gully to the shore.

Luccombe Chine is a deep cleft or coombe, about 100 yards broad at its mouth, and thence gradually narrowing and stretching 200 yards inland, scooped out of the sandstone cliffs by the constant action of a tiny rill which forms one or two miniature cascades. The cliffs rise steeply from the streamlet, and are partly covered with grass, ferns, shrubs, and stunted trees, which are weather-beaten and festooned by ivy. Near the mouth of the chine are, as we have already mentioned, two or three fishermen's huts, whilst at the head is a villa, with pleasant winding paths leading through the private grounds on the west side of the ravine.

Shanklin to Cook's Castle, and Shanklin Down.

This is the most pleasant inland walk in the vicinity of Shanklin. The path rises rapidly from the churchyard, and passes through one or two fields to a cluster of trees, where a charming scene is spread to view. Perhaps in no other part of the island can such an extensive and pleasing prospect be obtained with so little labour. Close below the spectator are the church, the houses, and the well-timbered grounds of the old part of Shanklin, the modern portion stretching away inland to the railway station. Farther distant, on the edge of the white-crested waves, is Sandown, and beyond are the Culver Cliffs and the Bembridge Down, its fort and monument; whilst to the left of the down are Brading Haven, St. Helens, the sea, and the opposite coast. Then come the Brading, Ashe, Messly, and Arreton downs, with a wide plain between them and the spectator.

The path runs close behind trees and brushwood which clothe the precipitous inland cliff at the eastern end of the Shanklin range of downs. The top of the down might be

gained in a few minutes by striking up the green slope on the left, and from this height a view is unfolded of Sandown Bay and the Culver Cliffs, the Solent, and the opposite coast, forming a scene surpassingly grand and beautiful. When on the summit the traveller may proceed in any direction, either on the left to Luccombe, straight forward to Bonchurch and Ventnor, or on the right to St. Martin's Down, passing near a reservoir, to Wroxall and Appuldurcombe. The views are fine in every direction, and constantly varying in aspect. In addition to what has been already mentioned there are seen the St. Catherine's Down, the Freshwater Cliffs, and the high central range of downs stretching from the Needles across the whole length of the island to Bembridge, Carisbrooke Castle, Osborne towers, the houses of Upper Ryde, and the wide level valley in which are seen the churches of Godshill, Newchurch, and Arreton. From St. Martin's Down the descent may be made to Cook's Castle.

Those who continue on the path all the way from Shanklin will reach Cook's Castle by bending to the right soon after the Worsley obelisk comes in sight, and then entering a wood, by a stile at the south-east corner. The castle is nothing more than a modern turreted tower, said to have been built in order to enrich the view from the windows at Appuldurcombe house. It is deeply embowered in trees and is a favourite place of resort for picnic parties. A person lives on the spot, who, for a small remuneration, is glad to supply hot water, &c. There are two small guns which were brought here from the late Earl of Yarborough's yacht. The visitor is allowed to ascend to the top of the tower, where he will obtain an extensive prospect; including the wide valley containing the churches of Godshill, Newchurch, and Arreton; the towns of Shanklin and Sandown, a wide extent of sea, Brading Haven, the Solent, and the opposite coast. The central range of chalk downs is seen stretching from Bembridge to the High Down and Freshwater Cliffs. Near at hand are Appuldurcombe house and down, Worsley obelisk, and in the distance the ruins of Carisbrooke and the towers of Osborne house.

From Cook's Castle a descent may be made to Wroxall railway station, or Shanklin may be reached by way of Apse Reach cottages and Cliff farm, which are situated below the trees at the base of the inland cliff.

Shanklin to Apse, America, Ninham, and Languard.

This is an agreeable country walk of 3 or 4 miles, and may be lengthened or shortened at pleasure. Crossing the railway by the road a few yards to the west of the station the Hide farm is passed, and presently there is seen on the right a secluded dell, called Tinker's Lane, a delicious shady retreat, along which the traveller may wander through the America woods to Ninham. Or he may reach the latter place by following the road to the old gabled manor house of Apse farm, and thence through the coppice by a footpath. One writer tells us: "Round the old manor house of Apse in April and May the profusion of wild flowers makes this one of the most attractive spots in the neighbourhood of Ventnor and Shanklin. Primroses, wood-anemones, hyacinths, violets, wood-sponge, purple orchis, wake-robin, and other bright and sweet spring flowers, edged in by fern banks and shelving thickets, all combine to enhance the charms of the beautiful scenery in which it is placed." From Ninham a road conducts to Languard, an ancient manor house, now simply a farmhouse, but the broken avenue of venerable yews, and the remains of walls around the grounds indicate that it was a place of considerable importance. The main road is entered at Merrygarden, and the traveller may return to Shanklin by Lake village, or continue to Sandown, or to Queen's Bower and Alverstone. See page 64.

VENTNOR SECTION.

VENTNOR.

VENTNOR is one of the most popular and best-known watering-places in the south of England, and although it has many rivals it is likely to retain a high position in public favour. Its situation is most romantic, the houses being built one above another in hanging terraces on shelves of rock which gradually rise from a rugged shore to the steep smooth side of a high chalk down. Fifty years ago it was one of the smallest of fishing hamlets. A group of low-thatched cottages on the shore of the cove; a picturesque mill hanging on the steep cliff above, down which the millstream dashed in a pretty cascade; a little thatched wayside inn, still known as the Crab and Lobster, which has lately been greatly enlarged; and a humble dwelling or two hard by, formed the whole of Ventnor. In 1871 it contained a population of 4841 (at present nearer 6000), and now it claims to be considered the metropolis of the Undercliff. It is often denominated the "English Madeira," owing to the curative power of its genial climate in pulmonary diseases. It is more fortunate than most places of seaside resort in having two seasons during the year, the regular tourists visiting it in summer, and consumptive patients resorting to it chiefly during the winter months. The late distinguished physician, Sir James Clark, was the first who called public attention to the many advantages of the spot. In his treatise on the Influence of Climate, &c., he says: "From the variety which the Isle of Wight presents in point of elevation, soil, and aspect, and from the configuration of its hills and shores, it possesses several peculiarities of climate and position that render it a highly favourable residence for invalids throughout the year. The part most recommended is that denominated the Undercliff, on the south-east coast, about 6 miles in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth. The whole tract is singularly well protected from the cold, and it would be difficult to find in any north-

country a district of equal extent and variety of surface—and it may be added, of equal beauty in point of scenery—so completely screened from the cutting N.E. winds of the spring on the one hand, and from the boisterous southerly gales of the autumn and winter on the other. It is a matter of surprise to me, after having fully examined that favoured spot, that the advantages it possesses in so eminent a degree, in point of shelter and position, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants during the last century have been traversing half the globe in search of climate. The physical structure of this singular district has been carefully investigated and described by the geologist, and the beauties of its scenery have been often dwelt upon by the tourist; but its far more important qualities as a winter residence for the delicate invalid seem scarcely to have attracted attention, even from the medical philosopher. Nothing along the south coast will bear a comparison with it, and Torquay is the only place on the south-west coast which will do so. With a temperature nearly the same, the climate of Torquay will be softer, more humid, and relaxing, while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing.”

Ventnor, being a modern town, without a history, cannot boast of any ancient ruins, and it possesses few buildings of architectural beauty. The shops, however, are good, and there are the usual libraries, bazaars, and billiard rooms for the amusements of the visitor. The two churches, with their tall spires, are pleasing objects in the landscape from many points of view. St. Catherine's, standing at the west end of the town, was erected in 1837 at the sole expense of the late J. Hambrough, Esq., of Steephill Castle, who also provided an endowment and built the parsonage. Holy Trinity, at the east end of the town, was founded in 1861 at the cost of an unknown benefactor, on condition that the seats should be free, and a daily service performed. In 1848 a wide and agreeable esplanade was constructed on the sea-beach in the cove. Before the railway was opened a small pier and harbour were made; and for a time steamers came here direct, but the project did not answer the expectations of its promoters. The harbour having been seriously damaged by a storm in the spring of 1866, the remainder of the materials was sold, and a new pier erected in 1871, which is a favourite promenade. The charge for admittance is 2*d.* each person. Periodical tickets are also issued. A band of music usually plays at the end of the pier during the summer

months. Should the tourist be so fortunate as to visit the spot on a beautiful moonlight night, he will be entranced by the lovely, fairy-like scene, the lights in the houses dotted on every hand, from the shore high up the side of the lofty down, having a charming effect. The beach consists of a very fine shingle, among which are sometimes found small fragments of transparent quartz, susceptible of a fine polish, known as *Ventnor diamonds*. There is a supply of bathing machines, and strangers ought not to bathe here without the knowledge of the attendants, for the back draught is sometimes strong enough to carry persons off their legs, and place them in considerable peril.

Pleasure boats and fishing boats can always be hired on the beach, at the following charges: sailing boat, 2s. 6d. per hour; rowing boat, without man, 1s. per hour, with man, 1s. 6d. per hour. Special arrangements are made for long excursions. The railway station is high up the side of the down, and more than a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town. The ascent is very steep. Omnibuses from the different hotels meet every train. Coaches leave daily for Black Gang, and, during summer, for Freshwater, Carisbrooke, &c. There is a good supply of carriages and saddle-horses to be had in the town. The charges are, for carriage, 2s. 6d. per hour; saddle-horses, 2s. 6d. per hour. Also, arrangements are made for parties taking waggonettes for the day, or otherwise, at reduced fares.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Parish Church, St. Catherine's	..	Church Street.
Trinity Church	Trinity Road.
Congregational Chapel	High Street.
Wesleyan Chapel	High Street.
Baptist Chapel	Mill Street.
Primitive Methodist Chapel	Albert Street.
Bible Christian Chapel	St. Catherine's Street.
Roman Catholic Church	Trinity Road.
Royal National Hospital Church	Steeple Hill Road.

HOTELS.

Royal Hotel	Belgrave Road.
Marine Hotel	Belgrave Road.
Esplanade Hotel	Esplanade.
Crab and Lobster Hotel	Spring Hill.
Commercial Hotel	High Street.
Rayner's Temperance Hotel	Victoria Street.
Globe Inn	High Street.
Crown Inn	High Street.
Queen's Hotel	Esplanade.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Literary and Scientific Institution, High Street. '

Undercliff Skating Rink, Hambrough Road.

Rifle Drill Hall, South Street.

Ventnor Sanatorium, Madeira Road.

Victoria Hall Auction Mart, High Street.

London City Mission Seaside Home, Station Road.

Hampshire Banking Company, Church Street.

National Schools, Albert Street.

Post Office, High Street, corner of Spring Hill.

Literary Institute, Albert Street.

Letters delivered at 7 A.M. and 2.30 P.M.

„ forwarded at 11.30 A.M. and 6.45 P.M.

Bonchurch.

The village of Bonchurch is situated on the Undercliff, 1 mile to the east of Ventnor, but houses now line the road between the two places, so that they appear like one. Close behind the village rises the St. Boniface Down, presenting a bold vertical cliff, the horizontal layers of sandstone being weathered into picturesque ledges which are richly clothed with moss and ivy. Between the down and the sea, about a quarter of a mile, the ground is thickly wooded, and the houses peer above the trees, being "without exception in the very style a poet would have imagined, and a painter designed." In the beautiful gardens which environ the mansions, and in almost every nook and corner around the village, there is a luxuriant growth of the myrtle and fuchsia, of the verbena and cianthus, and of various other exotic plants. In 1828 Sterling characterized the place as "the best possible earthly fairyland, combining all the varied and fanciful beauty of enchantment, with the highest degree of domestic comfortable reality." Although the low thatched cottages, and much that was picturesque in Sterling's time have vanished and made way for elegant buildings, the stranger will probably still consider the village of Bonchurch unsurpassed in loveliness by any other on the island, and will be ready to think that perhaps Dr. Arnold was right in terming it "the most beautiful place on the sea coast on this side Genoa."

The village has been the permanent or occasional residence of many persons of literary celebrity. The Rev. William Adams, the author of 'The Shadow of the Cross,' 'The Old Man's Home,' 'The Distant Hills,' &c., resided at Winter-

bourne, immediately behind the old church. He removed from Oxford to Bonchurch in a consumptive state in 1842, and during his brief residence endeared himself to all its inhabitants, who used to speak of him as the "good gentleman." He died January 17th, 1848, at the age of thirty-three. Miss Elizabeth Sewell, so well known by her tales, 'Amy Herbert,' 'Ursula,' 'Laneton Parsonage,' 'The Experience of Life,' &c., resides at Ashcliff, and is still busy with her pen. She is the daughter of a solicitor of Newport, and sister of the Rev. William Sewell, Vicar of St. Nicholas, Carisbrooke, and of Dr. James E. Sewell, the Warden of New College, Oxford. Her writings have exercised a beneficial influence over the minds and hearts of the young, not here only, but in America, and wherever the English language is known. Underrock was the home of Mr. Edmund Peel, whose poem, 'The Fair Island,' illustrates the scenery and traditions of the Isle of Wight. Uppermount was the abode of the Rev. James White, a writer in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the fat contributor of 'Punch,' and the author of the 'King of the Commons,' 'The Eighteen Christian Centuries,' 'History of France,' &c. Mr. Tennyson, long before he established himself at Freshwater, was a constant guest at Mr. White's hospitable house, and once when at Bonchurch the laureate's old hat was seized and cut up into memorials by some enthusiastic young ladies of the neighbourhood. Through Mr. White's means too the village of Bonchurch was made familiar with Leech, and Richard Doyle, and Thackeray, and numerous other artists and literary men of the day, including Charles Dickens, whose morning shower-bath whilst he was here was often taken under the little sparkling waterfall, that leaps from the cliff below the old church. Professor Wilson (Christopher North) is said also to have once visited Mr. White. Here it is well to mention that John Sterling, Carlyle's 'John Sterling,' spent the last months of his life at Hill Side, Ventnor.

John Sterling and the Rev. William Adams are both buried in the secluded graveyard of the old church of Bonchurch, picturesquely seated on the sea cliffs, shaded by trees, and within hearing of the unceasing murmurs of the ocean. The grave of the author of 'The Shadow of the Cross' is covered with a coffin-shaped stone, and a cross of iron placed horizontally, so that the shadow is cast upon it, in allusion to his pathetic allegory. Sterling's tombstone consists of a plain slab with the inscription, "John Sterling, died at Ventnor,

18th September, 1844, aged 38." Carlyle says of him: "A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. . . . Here, visible to myself for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable, and lovable, amid the dim common population; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul, whom I, among others, recognized, and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were. . . . A man of infinite susceptibility, who caught everywhere, more than others, the colour of the element he lived in, the infection of all that was or appeared honourable, beautiful, and manful in the tendencies of his time; whose history therefore is, beyond others, emblematic of his time. . . . He sleeps now in the little burying ground of Bonchurch; bright, ever young in the memory of others that must grow old; and was honourably released from his toils before the hottest of the day."

The church, dedicated to St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mentz, hence the name Bonchurch, is a small ancient building, partly covered with ivy. It is now pewless, and is only used for burials. In the interior are the remains of mural paintings, supposed to represent the Last Judgment; and on the altar there is a cross carved in black oak, purchased and placed there a few years ago—some say it was brought from the Norman Abbey of Lire. The adjoining cove, called Monks' Bay, from the tradition of the monks of Lire having used it as a landing place when visiting their possessions on the island, or, as some say, from St. Boniface having landed there, is of some historical interest. Here, according to Sir J. Oglander, a landing was effected by the French during their attempted invasion in 1545, and it is thus described by Froude: "M. de Thais, landing without resistance, advanced into the island to reconnoitre. He went forward till he had entangled his party in a glen surrounded by thickets, and here he was checked by a shower of arrows from invisible hands. The English, few in number, but on their own ground, hovered about him, giving way when they were attacked, but hanging on his skirts, and pouring death into his ranks from their silent bows, till prudence warned him to withdraw to the open sands." Oglander, however, asserts that the commander of the English force, when his men gave way, being short and fat, and unable to mount the steep slopes with sufficient speed, fell into the enemy's hands, and was carried on board their vessel, where he died of the plague, which speedily broke out among the number cooped up in the ill-ventilated hold.

The landing of Charles d'Eulx for a supply of fresh water, stated by Froude to have occurred at Shanklin Chine, took place, according to the same authority, at Bonchurch, where the ground is equally well fitted for the ambuscade in which he was caught, and, with most of his party, slain. Oglander asserts also that the chevalier was buried in the churchyard at Bonchurch.

The new church of Bonchurch, erected in 1847-48, is a plain but pleasing edifice in the Norman style. The foundation stone was laid by the Rev. William Adams, and the site was given by the Rev. James White. The west and transept windows contain some good ancient stained glass, the gift of the Rev. W. Sewell, D.D. The font is a memorial of the Rev. W. Adams. The churchyard is generally considered one of the loveliest in England. The white crosses, bright flowers, and grey masses of rock, form so exquisite a picture, that, in Shelley's words, "it might make one in love with death to think one would be buried in so sweet a place." It is much to be regretted that the inconsiderate conduct of tourists has led to the closing of the gates of this cemetery.

Close above the church is the Bonchurch Hotel, a pleasant, comfortable house, commanding in front a view of the sea, and at the back are secluded grounds which reach to the inland cliff, where an ascent may be made to the down by rough stone steps. From the hotel a path leads in the direction of Ventnor, and descends by a flight of one hundred and one steps to the high road near the pond. This sheet of water was formed a few years ago, from a swamp where willows were cultivated for the purpose of supplying the fishermen with the materials of the crabpots. The view here forms a beautiful picture, the road being over-arched by stately elms, and the overhanging bank on the opposite side of the tiny lake being luxuriantly clothed with trees and shrubs, whilst in the water are swans, which add a charm to the scene. Near the pond is a drinking fountain in memory of the late Captain Huish.

Between the pond and Ventnor, in the lovely grounds of Maples, is the Pulpit rock, a rugged mass boldly jutting from the inland cliff, and surmounted by a rustic wooden cross. It is a striking object in most of the views of Bonchurch, and it commands a charming prospect. It was formerly called Shakspeare rock, and the present name was given to it and the cross erected in the early part of this century by Sir W. Heathcote and the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Percival when

passing a vacation here. At the other end of Bonchurch, in the grounds of Undermount, is another isolated mass known as the Flagstaff rock, or, from the former owner of the property, Hadfield's lookout.

At Bonchurch was born one of our naval heroes, Admiral Sir Thomas Hobson. He was a poor orphan boy, apprenticed by the parish to a tailor at Niton. One day, while seated on his master's shopboard, a squadron of men-of-war was seen cruising near, and the lad, in company with many of the villagers, ran down to the beach to view the spectacle. In a moment of enthusiasm he jumped into a boat, rowed towards the admiral's ship, and was received on board as a volunteer. His hat, and the small boat which he had cast adrift, having been washed on shore, it was believed by those on land that he had been drowned. But the youth was now upon the element, and in the line of life that exactly accorded with the native bias of his mind ; and the very next day he was destined to exhibit his true character. The squadron fell in with a French fleet ; an engagement took place, in which for some time the victory appeared doubtful ; and Hobson, after bearing cheerful share in two hours' hard fighting, began to grow impatient, and asked a sailor near him for what object the two fleets were contending. Being told that the action must last till the white *rag* at the enemy's masthead was struck, he exclaimed, "Oh ! if that's all, I'll see what I can do." At this moment the ships of the admirals being closely engaged and shrouded by smoke, the daring youth was seized with the extraordinary resolution to attempt hauling down the enemy's flag with his own hands. Accordingly, he climbed the shrouds, walked across the mainyard, and unperceived gained that of the French admiral ; when, mounting with the utmost celerity to the main top-gallant masthead, carried off the French flag. The disappearance of the flag was soon noticed ; the British tars shouted "Victory," the French crew were thrown into confusion, and forsook their guns ; and, before their officers could succeed in their attempts to rally them, the English sailors boarded, and became triumphant. At this juncture Hobson descended to the main-deck from the shrouds, with the French flag wound round his arm, to the astonishment of all who beheld him. He was ordered to the quarterdeck, where some of the officers seemed disposed to view with more indignation than applause this very irregular method of "striking the flag." But the admiral, entertaining different notions of the exploit, imme-

diately promoted its author, and he speedily rose in the service, becoming a lieutenant in 1672, a captain in 1678, and hoisting his admiral's pennant on board the 'Breda' in 1689, being nicknamed "Admiral Snip" by those who knew his history. He was a gallant fellow, esteemed by James II., promoted by William, and knighted by Anne. In triumphs he heightened the glory of his country, in reverses he saved her from disgrace; and finally, in 1702, in the ship 'Torbay,' alone and unsupported, amid the fire from the French and Spanish ships, broke the famous Vigo Boom. On this occasion a fireship was sent against him, but, having been prepared hastily, many barrels of snuff had been left on board, which, when she blew up, smothered the flames, and saved the gallant admiral. On returning home from this exploit he was knighted, and retired from the service, and was returned M.P. for Newtown in 1705. None of those who had known the poor 'prentice boy at Niton, had any idea that they could claim acquaintance with the gallant hero who was at length become so celebrated. One day, however, he resolved to visit his former master, the tailor, and on entering the house and finding both him and his wife alive, inquired if they had ever lost an apprentice boy. He was assured they had; but that he had been drowned "years ago." Soon, as the old woman was preparing some refreshment, she heard her guest singing a song, it was the favourite song of the poor boy so long lost. She ran towards him, examined his features with the surest scrutiny, and recognized her poor Jack in the person of the grand admiral. With the generosity so characteristic of a British sailor, the admiral gave solid proofs that he had not forgotten her former care of the orphan apprentice boy.

Ventnor to Shanklin, by the Sea Cliffs and the Landslip.

Distance, 3½ miles.

From the esplanade the cliffs are gained by the steps ascending close to the millstream. Here a good view is had of the coast in the direction of St. Lawrence, the small headlands called the Western Lines, and as far as Hoody Point assuming fantastic shapes, backed by the Undercliff and the Chalk Downs. After proceeding a few yards the gasworks come in sight on the shore, and the chalk cliffs in front are seen rising out of the water. There is also a fine view

of the east part of Ventnor; and the wooded grounds of Bonchurch backed by the high down of St. Boniface. Leaving the streets and houses the path runs along the brow of the cliffs, close to a wall with seats placed here and there. It is a pleasant quiet spot, the sea dashing on the pebbly beach directly below, and a broad expanse of ocean in front. From two or three points charming views are had of Bonchurch, the tops of the villas rising out of the dense foliage, and above them the ivy-mantled cliff and noble downs.

Directly above Horseshoe Bay, or Bonchurch Cove, where there is a sea-wall and a coal wharf, the old church of Bonchurch will be observed on the left close to a tiny streamlet, and will be glanced at with interest. (See page 79.) The landslip generally called East End Landslip, begins a few yards beyond the church, at the point where the Bembridge Down, with its fort and monument, the Culver Cliffs, and the Foreland Point appear. It is a tract of ground about half a mile long and 600 yards broad, resting on the top of the sea cliffs and at the base of the down, close below a bold rocky precipice or sandstone. It is a lovely wilderness of uneven ground bestrewed with rocky hillocks, every nook and corner luxuriantly clothed with a dense growth of underwood. The path runs parallel with the sea cliffs but a few hundred yards inland, and other rugged and shaded tracks branch in every direction, along which the lover of nature may wander at will over the rifted rocks and tangled hazel thickets, discovering fresh beauties at every step. Ever and anon there are fine views of the mural barrier, the wilderness of rocky hillocks and hollows adorned with trees and shrubs, ferns and wild flowers; and as the traveller wanders about, or sits in the shaded nooks, he is soothed by the "slumb'rous murmur" of the waves below.

The Rev. William Adams, in his beautiful tale of 'The Old Man's Home,' has given additional charms to the Landslip, for it was here that he met "Old Robin," the hero of the story. The book opens with the following description of the place: "There is a scene on the coast of the Isle of Wight with which I have long since become familiar, but which never fails to exercise a soothing influence on my mind. It is at the eastern extremity of the Landslip. Large portions of the cliff have fallen away, and formed a dell so broken and irregular, that the ground has the appearance of having at one time been agitated by an earthquake. But Nature has only suffered the convulsion to take place in order that afterwards

she might bestow her gifts upon this favoured spot with a more unsparing hand. The wild and picturesque character of the landscape is now almost lost sight of in its richness and repose. The new soil is protected from the storms of winter by the cliff from which it has fallen, and, sloping towards the south, is open to the full warmth and radiance of the sun. In consequence of this, the Landslip has, as it were, a climate of its own; and often when the more exposed parts of the country still look dreary and desolate is in the enjoyment of the blessings of an early spring. Such was the season at which I first visited it. The grey fragments of rock which lay scattered on the ground were almost hid by the luxuriance of the underwood, and countless wild flowers were growing beneath their shade. Below, the eye rested upon a little bay, formed by the gradual advance of the sea; and all was so calm and peaceful, that as I watched the gentle undulation of the waters, I could fancy them to be moving to and fro with a stealthy step lest they should disturb the tranquillity of the scene."

The romantic wildness of this tract is due to a series of landslips, the latest of which took place in 1810 and 1818, when there were carried away 30 and 50 acres respectively. "I was surprised," says one who visited it in 1811, "at the scene of devastation, which seemed to have been occasioned by some recent convulsion of nature. A considerable portion of the cliff had fallen down, strewing the whole ground between it and the sea with its ruins; huge masses of solid rock started up amidst heaps of smaller fragments, whilst immense quantities of loose marl, mixed with stones, and even the soil above with the wheat still growing on it, filled up the spaces between, and formed hills of rubbish which are scarcely accessible. Nothing had resisted the force of the falling rocks. Trees were levelled with the ground, and many lay half buried in the ruins. The streams were choked up, and pools of water were formed in many places. Whatever road or path formerly existed through this place had been effaced, and with some difficulty I passed over this avalanche, which extended many hundred yards. Proceeding eastwards, the whole of the soil seemed to have been moved, and was filled with chasms and bushes lying in every direction. The intricate and rugged path became gradually less distinct, and soon divided into mere sheep tracks, leading into an almost impenetrable thicket. I perceived, however, on my left hand the lofty wall of rock

which belonged to the same stratum as the Undercliff, softened in its rugged character by the foliage which grew in its fissures, and still preserving some remains of its former picturesque beauty. Neglect and the unfortunate accident which had lately happened had now altered the features of this once delightful spot, and I was soon bewildered among rocks, streams of water, tangling rocks and briars." It is almost needless to say that "this once delightful spot" has regained all its former beauty—

"Wide as was here the desolation, wide
Is now the beauty showered from side to side."

Nature,

"softening and concealing,
And busy with her hand of healing,"

has clad the ruins in a garment of loveliness.

Emerging from the thicket, the Culver Cliffs, and the Bembridge Down reappear, and the traveller finds himself in the secluded vale of Luccombe, with the hollow of the chine below on the right. On the left, close to the road, a path will be observed which leads over a stile, ascends through the fields, and enters the carriage road leading between Ventnor and Shanklin. Tourists who do not desire to continue the journey can return hence either by road or shore.

Passing the cottages by a path at the head of the chine (see page 72) the top of the hill on the east side of the valley is gained, and then there is beheld a delightful prospect; Shanklin being close below and Sandown more distant at the edge of the grand bay which is bounded by the Culver Cliffs; whilst far away is seen the coast of Sussex. Descending through the fields a road is reached, which enters Shanklin by the church, and the old part of the town, near the head of the chine.

Ventnor to Shanklin, by the Seashore.

Distance, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Commencing at the esplanade the traveller passes Mill Bay, which, by its name, records that until recently there was a cornmill directly above, worked by the adjoining stream. When beyond the gasworks, a point best reached direct from the town, the chalk cliffs, called High Port Cliffs, assume a fine appearance, rising almost perpendicularly from the shore

to a height of about 100 feet, with sand, shingle, and rounded boulders at their feet. In one place these cliffs may be ascended by a winding path to the footway above, and some persons will adopt this course, for it is heavy walking here along the shore.

When round the small projection of High Port or White-stone Point, the Horseshoe Bay or Bonchurch Cove is entered, where a sea-wall and a coal wharf have been erected. Here are two or three bathing machines for the accommodation of residents in Bonchurch. The old church is on the cliff directly above. The chalk cliffs now disappear, and dark clays and sands compose the headland of Dunnose Point. These strata underlie the chalk, and are known as the firestone, gault, and greensand. Immediately above the traveller, though, of course, out of sight, is the beautiful tract of the Landslip. Presently the Culver Cliffs, with Bembridge Down and Foreland Point, burst into view in the distance, and half a mile in front may be seen the top of a house which is not many yards from Luccombe Chine. This latter is reached after leaving Steel Bay, where a path ascends the cliffs to the Landslip.

Passing the secluded and wildly picturesque bay of Luccombe, with its weird-like chine, high cliffs, and fishermen's cottages (see page 71), the Yellow Ledge and Horse Ledge points are rounded, and then the houses at Shanklin and Sandown appear, along with the whole of the grand reach of Sandown Bay, the Culver Cliffs, and the fort and monument on Bembridge Down. The vertical sandstone cliffs at Horse Ledge, and thence to Shanklin Chine and the esplanade, present a majestic front rising to a height of 250 feet.

Ascent of St. Boniface Down.

St. Boniface* Down, the noble chalk hill which rises steeply close behind Ventnor, sheltering the town from the cold north winds, may justly claim to be considered the presiding genius of the place. It is 784 feet high, the highest point on the island, and commands most extensive and beautiful prospects.

* St. Boniface was an Englishman by birth. He became Archbishop of Mentz, and in 752 placed the crown on the head of Pepin, King of France, father of the great Charlemagne. He perished by martyrdom in 755, and was appointed an illustrious place among the saints of the Romish calendar.

The down, named after St. Boniface, the apostle of Central Germany, was looked upon in some degree as sacred ground in former times. A small white patch may still be seen two-thirds of the way up the hill, nearly opposite Trinity church, marking the site of an ancient and famous well, now a mere puddle, known as Bonny's or the Wishing Well. It was formerly the custom for the boys and girls of the neighbourhood to make merry and resort here on St. Boniface's day, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and it was the popular belief that if the well were reached without once looking back during the ascent any wish formed while drinking the water would be certainly granted. Vessels were also wont to lower their topmasts as they passed in view of the sacred spot. Directly below the well, close to St. Boniface terrace, is a small plot of ground known as Parson's or Bishop's Acre, concerning which a legend is told that a certain bishop, when riding over the downs, lost his way in a thick mist. After wandering about hopelessly for some time he in despair threw the reins on the horse's neck, and then, to his dismay, found the steed slowly sliding down the precipitous face of the hill. Giving himself up for lost, he invoked the aid of St. Boniface, and vowed that if he reached the bottom in safety he would give an acre of ground to the church that bore his name. Immediately afterwards the horse stopped abruptly with his hoofs planted in the well of the saint, and the prelate reached the bottom unharmed. The Bishop's Acre still belongs to the glebe of Bonchurch, and is a lasting memorial of the perilous descent. In commemoration of this tradition it used to be the practice for the peasant lads to descend the down seated on the skull of a horse, a custom now obsolete.

Although St. Boniface Down is the name generally given to the entire bulky mass of chalk hills rising behind Ventnor and Bonchurch, the inhabitants rarely use this title, but speak of the separate parts of the mass by more local and individual names. The hill rising from Ventnor is known as Little Town Down; the hollow behind it, over-looking the railway and containing the rifle targets, is Coombe Bottom; at the head of this Ventnor down, and on the north side of it, Wroxall Down. Above Bonchurch rises Bonchurch Down, which curves round and ends in Dunnose Point, near the East End Landslip. More to the east are Luccombe Down, above Luccombe Coombe and chine; Shanklin Down, over-looking Shanklin town; St. Martin's Down and Cook's Castle

being the northern spur, leading thence to Wroxall village. The summit being almost level, and the whole a continuous mass, the stranger will sometimes have difficulty in naming the part on which he is standing.

The ascent may be made from Trinity church by the path which leads past the Wishing Well, or a few yards farther east, up the green slope of the hollow called Ramskin Bottom ; but the best plan is to commence at the railway station, just behind the booking office, and walk up the ridge of Little Town Down, past the reservoir, with the Coombe Bottom on the left. At every step the prospect enlarges and includes a broad expanse of ocean, with the jagged coast and undercliff as far as Hoody Point and St. Lawrence. When the top is reached, the town of Ventnor, close below the traveller, and the sylvan grounds and houses at Bonchurch, present a most enchanting picture. When at the head of the coombe, on the top of Ventnor Down, which is covered with thick bushes of furze, the eye ranges as far as St. Catherine's Down, with its twin lighthouses and Hoy's pillar, a hill on the Dorsetshire coast, the Needles, and the Freshwater Cliffs, Appuldurcombe Down, Worsley obelisk, Brixton, and Chillerton downs.

A few yards farther there opens to view the level central part of the island as far as Carisbrooke and West Cowes, and farther away are beautiful patches of the Solent with the opposite coast, the more distant downs of Hampshire and Sussex bounding the horizon. A rugged cartroad, which runs in a straight line over the summit of these heights from Ventnor to Shanklin, enters the Wroxall Down from the Newport road at the Ventnor cemetery above the railway station. Persons on horseback ought to take this route. At a little expense it could be made fit for carriages, and would prove one of the finest drives in the Isle of Wight. Whether as a walk or ride it is truly glorious ; there is an exhilarating feeling aroused at these elevations, while the ever-changing prospects are such as would take away all sense of weariness were the distance far greater and the ascent more toilsome. After passing through a fence at a gate, the Appuldurcombe house and the villages of Wroxall and Godshill appear, and the Freshwater Cliffs are seen over Appuldurcombe Down ; then suddenly there bursts forth a brilliant prospect, including the Culver Cliffs, Sandown town and bay, the Bembridge, Brading, and Asheys downs, Brading Haven, the Solent, and a long stretch of the opposite coast.

Near the spot where the road divides, that to the right leading to Shanklin, and the left to Cook's Castle and Wroxall, the view is surpassingly beautiful, and embraces all that has been named, along with the town of Shanklin. It is thus described in Englefield's 'Isle of Wight': "The prospect is very extensive. To the north is a full view of the vale of Newchurch; and in the distance, over the summits of Arreton and Ashey downs, is seen the northern part of the island, richly clothed with wood. The fleets at Spithead and Portsmouth are distinguished, and the horizon on this side is bounded by the long line of the Hampshire and Sussex hills, extending to Beachy Head. Towards the west, appear St. Catherine's hill with its tower, and Appuldurcombe with its fine woods. To the north-west are the Medina, the Solent, and the coast of Hampshire. Below, to the east, is expanded the beautiful bay of Sandown, sheltered by the chalky promontory of the Culver, which stretches far out into the sea; and nearer is the village of Shanklin, embosomed in trees; an extensive view of the Channel, with its numerous sparkling vessels, completing this magnificent prospect." The traveller has here the choice of routes. He may descend to Shanklin or Wroxall, and there catch the train (see page 40); or he may bend to right in the direction of Luccombe and Dunnose Point, and descend at the east end of Bonchurch into a road which runs along the side of the down, above the bold inland escarpment, with the villas and lovely grounds of Bonchurch close below on the left. After passing the Pulpit rock, Ventnor is entered a few yards below the Wishing Well, close to Trinity church.

Ventnor to Freshwater, Alum Bay, and The Needles; by the Undercliff, Black Gang, and Brixton.

St. Lawrence, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Black Gang, 6 miles; Chale, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Kingston, 9 miles; Shorwell, 11 miles; Brixton, 13 miles; Mottistone, 15 miles; Brook, 16 miles; Freshwater, 20 miles; Alum Bay, 24 miles.

This is generally considered the choicest excursion in the Isle of Wight, the scenery almost the whole way being especially beautiful.

Coaches run daily, Sundays excepted, from Ventnor to Black Gang in the morning and return in the afternoon.

During the summer months there are also coaches and charrs à banc from Ventnor to Freshwater and Alum Bay, which start after the arrival of the 10 A.M. train, and return in time for the 8 P.M. train. The fares are usually as under, though alterations are sometimes made.

				Single.		Return.	
				s.	d.	s.	d.
Black Gang	2	0	3	0
Freshwater	5	0	8	6
Alum Bay	5	6	9	6

Parties taking return tickets to Freshwater and Alum Bay are generally allowed to return the following day.

During the first few miles of the journey the traveller passes along the Undercliff, a lovely and far-famed district; but unfortunately the views are often obstructed by the high walls and hedges which surround the private grounds and mansions. Sterling, writing in 1828, says: "The road traverses a broad terrace at a considerable height above the sea, but very much lower than a range of cliffs which runs behind it. You therefore have on one hand, rising to a great elevation, a rugged wall of sandstone, and on the other a broken surface, in many parts half a mile wide, at the foot of which the sea dashes. This has been produced by the fall of a large portion of the cliff above; but all marks of ruin, except the picturesque variety of outline, have been effaced by the luxuriant growth of trees and creepers. The latter in many places have clambered up the face of the highest part of the cliff, and draped it from top to bottom with a mantle of brilliant green. Almost all of the Undercliff is divided into grounds for the cottages of peasants or gentlemen; and these grounds are planted into the most delightful woodland, opening at every turn, from the perpetual fluctuations of their surface, into glorious visions of the sea; while on the other side they almost as often spread themselves up some inclined portion of the cliff so as to interpose a mound of mossy and graceful foliage between the road and the height above. The surface of the lower terrace traversed by the road is varied by a constant succession of glens, crags, and gullies, gently swelling elevations and broken valleys." Canon Venables writes: "There can hardly be anywhere found 5 miles which combine so many elements of the picturesque—noble hills rising to an almost mountainous height, a rugged wall of cliffs, stained with a thousand hues, and draped with luxuriant foliage; huge masses of grey rock starting from the tu"

the Queen, in July, 1869; and that of the chapel by the late Bishop of Winchester, in December, 1871. A memorial tree, planted by the princess in the garden, commemorates her visit.

When beyond the hospital, the walls and hedges on either hand are thickly covered with ivy, trees, and briars; and through this rank vegetation glimpses are here and there caught of the sea, which may be heard murmuring on the shore a few hundred yards distant. The St. Lawrence well, with its picturesque Gothic arch, which used to stand here by the wayside, is now, owing to an alteration in the road, situated behind the high wall on the left, in the grounds of St. Lawrence cottage, the residence of the Hon. E. C. Anderson Pelham. This cottage was erected in 1781 by Sir Richard Worsley, the historian of the island, and he is said to have brought an entrance gateway from Hampton Court, which was originally designed by Inigo Jones. Sir Richard planted a vineyard here, but the wine made from its produce proving "scanty in quantity and rough and inferior in quality," it was, after a few years, discontinued.

A few yards farther the road divides, the left-hand branch having been made recently to avoid the steep ascent. The one on the right goes past the little church of St. Lawrence, formerly considered the smallest in England, but there are churches in the mountainous districts of Cumberland and Westmorland which claim the same distinction. The original dimensions were 20 feet by 11 feet and 6 feet to the eaves. The first Earl of Yarborough lengthened it 10 feet by the addition of a chancel, and he also added a porch and bell turret. It is said that the bell, which was brought from Appuldurcombe, was in ancient times used to summon the monks there to dinner. The church stands directly under the inland cliff, and from it a branch road ascends the cliff, by what is known as the St. Lawrence or Whitwell Shute, and leads thence to Whitwell and the centre of the island. Between the church and the seashore is an ivy-clad ruin, called Woolverton chapel, said by some to have been a private chapel, owing, perhaps, to its Gothic character, but it is now generally considered to be the remains of a manor house of the thirteenth century, and as such most interesting to the antiquary. A new church is being built at St. Lawrence, on the left-hand side of the lower road, as the tourist approaches from Ventnor.

Presently the roads again unite at the tollgate, and then the traveller proceeds on elevated ground, commanding fine

views of the sea, and close by on his right is the bold face of the inland cliff, with weather-worn horizontal layers of sandstone, clothed in places with ivy and shrubs, and all alive with countless jackdaws. Should he be on foot or in a private carriage he ought to walk to the summit of the cliffs by the Red Gun path, or a little farther on, by Cripple path, which he will observe on the face of the crags. The prospect obtained from the height amply repays for the slight toil of the ascent. The ground is very beautiful around the mansions of Old Park, Mirables, and Orchard, and the whole way as far as Undercliff Niton, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Ventnor, where a road branches to Crab Niton, which is situated on the high ground half a mile farther inland. At the junction of the Niton road there is the handsome villa of Varlands, the residence of Mrs. Velvet, with grounds tastefully laid out on the slope of the small hill adjoining. Here are also other good residences on either hand, and nearer to the sea are lodging houses, with a road branching to them, and thence to Puckaster Cove and Reeth Bay.

After proceeding a few hundred yards farther the Royal Sandrock Hotel is passed. It is a delightfully quiet spot, and the grounds are very lovely. The front of the building has a picturesque appearance, being shaded by a thick covering of ivy, whilst the windows command a good view of the sea. Dr. Arnold, in a letter dated July 28, 1836, and written soon after a visit to the Isle of Wight, exclaims: "As for the Sandrock Hotel, it is most beautiful."

Another road is presently observed on the left, leading to the St. Catherine's lighthouse and the shore. It also conducts to the Black Gang chine, crossing the ravine about half-way up, and thence leading to Chale. In consequence of a very recent landslip it is now only fit for foot passengers.

From the Sandrock Hotel a slight ascent is made, and then a magnificent district is reached, the cliffs on the right looking very grand, with large blocks strewn about, and on the left wild ground stretching down to the sea. Miss Sewell, in 'Ursula,' describes it as "a broad tract of land, tossed up and down in little hills and valleys. It is scattered all over with huge rocks, which look as though giants had thrown them about in their play, and it slopes down in a steep descent towards the sea. A dreary-looking country it is, but it has a charm even for that very reason. As a child I only saw it occasionally, and always thought of it as connected with haunts of smugglers and wild storms; roaring waves and shipwrecks, and heavy sea-mists, gathering over +"

hills and shutting out the light, which was the only hope of the seaman's safety. It must have been a fierce time on earth when the land sank away from the upper cliffs, and the rocks were hurled down, and the streams, which have now worked their way through the lower cliffs, and formed deep chasms, first began to flow. But those days are not within the memory of man that I ever heard; yet even now it is solemn to stand and think of what once has been. When I first remember that part of the country it was, so to say, unknown and untraversed. There was no road through it. Persons had to go by the road over the hill; only foot passengers went over the cliffs, and with them it was a difficult task to find their way, especially on a dark night. They might stumble among the rocks or wander to the edge of the cliffs, and be over before they were aware of it. Some people at that time thought it an unsafe country to live in, and said that the rocks would fall again; but there was little enough really to fear, though certainly things did seem terrible to those who were unaccustomed to them." This desolate region was the scene of a great landslip in February, 1799. The then rector of Niton, an eye-witness, says: "The whole effect was produced by a silent and quiet settlement . . . which carried with it the surface of nearly 100 acres, breaking and tossing the whole about into innumerable fragments." Pitlands farm was situated on the ground thus disturbed, and another eye-witness wrote to the unlucky proprietor to inform him of the occurrence. He writes: "The whole of the ground from the cliff above was seen in motion, which motion was directed towards the sea nearly in a straight line. The ground above, beginning with a great founder from the base of the cliff, kept gliding down, and at last rushed on with violence, and totally changed the surface of all the ground to the west of the brook that runs into the sea, so that now the whole is convulsed and scattered about as if it had been done by an earthquake; of all the rough ground from the cottage upwards to the cliff there is scarcely a foot of land which has not changed its situation; the whole may be called one grand and awful ruin—there are everywhere chasms that a horse or cow might sink into and disappear."

To understand the cause of these landslips it is only necessary to note the geological structure of the strata. The inland escarpment, here presenting a bold vertical front, called Yore Cliffs, is composed of the series known by

geologists as the Upper Greensand ; above it are the chalk and marl, and below is blue clay or gault. The waves of the sea and the land springs, acting on the marl and gault, carry it away, and then the sandstone and chalk sink, slide, or roll over in greater or less patches. In this manner has been formed the beautiful district of the Undercliff, but some parts of that area have evidently been in comparative repose for many centuries, as evidenced by the positions of the old churches of St. Lawrence and Bonchurch. Mantell says : "The chalk-marl forms the upper part of the series, and passes downwards into greenish-grey sands and calcareous strata, in which are layers of bluish-marl rock. Strata of chert sandstone, alternating with layers of sandy marl, occur in the lower part, and from the disintegration and removal of the intermediate earthy beds the chert appears in projecting ledges, along the face of the southern escarpment of the downs, through a considerable extent of the Undercliff. This circumstance imparts a peculiar feature to the landscape, and, under certain combinations of rock and vegetation, contributes greatly to the picturesque character of the local scenery."

Between Gore Cliff and the sea, near a Swiss cottage, is a chalybeate spring, which was much frequented forty or fifty years ago, but is now almost forgotten. The Sandrock Hotel was built principally for the accommodation of visitors who came to drink the waters. Dr. Martin, in his book on the 'Undercliff,' speaks of it as rivalling in general properties the most celebrated in Great Britain, and he says : "I feel assured that if the knowledge of its beneficial effects were more generally known, Black Gang and its neighbourhood would become much more resorted to in the summer."

On the right of the road the tourist will notice a pretty little temple-like edifice, containing a bust of Shakespeare, and called "the Shakespeare memorial." It was erected by Mr. Letts, the publisher of diaries. Upon it is the following :

"He sits 'mongst men like a descended god ;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than mortal seeming."

Below there is a spring of pure water, with the following inscription on a stone :

"The water, nectar, and the rocks, pure gold."

In the hollow on the left is the secluded villa of Southlands, which was for some time the residence of Dr. Pusey.

The view here opens in front, and embraces a wide extent of sea, and the bold headlands and beautiful cliffs and bays, as far as Freshwater and the Needles; and more distant is the Dorsetshire coast around Purbeck Isle and St. Alban's Head. It is a charming and extensive prospect, and one that will please some persons better than the lovely but more confined scenery of the Undercliff.

Presently the coastguard station and Black Gang hotel are reached. Here it is usual to halt for a few minutes, but not long enough to allow the tourist to descend to the chine, the day's journey being too extensive to admit of so great a delay. It is therefore advisable to make a special visit to the place at another time, the cliffs and coast being remarkably wild, and well worth seeing.

Black Gang Chine is so unlike Shanklin Chine, so unlike the deep narrow clefts in the rocks which the word "chine" usually denotes, and has been so lionized, and received such exaggerated praise, that the stranger's first feeling on visiting the place is usually one of disappointment. What also militates against the attractions of the spot, is, that it has been made common by the direct approach from the hotel being through a bazaar, where the tourist is expected to enter and make a purchase, or to pay 6d. In the bazaar is the skeleton of a whale which was caught near Alum Bay and the Needles in 1842. The whale when alive was 82 feet, and now the skeleton is 65 feet, long. In 1814 also a large whale was left by the ebbing tide on the shingles west of the Needles rocks. The owners of the bazaar are at some expense in keeping the paths in order, the rain constantly washing away the clay and sand of which the soil is composed, and therefore there is some excuse for levying blackmail. The shore, and the lower and best part of the chine, may be visited without payment, by following a road which leads from near Chale church, past Southlands, in the direction of St. Catherine's lighthouse and the Sandrock hotel. Respecting the origin of the term Black Gang, the tradition is that the place was formerly the haunt of a desperate gang of pirates, but the original meaning of the name was probably the *black path*.

From the bazaar the traveller descends by a steep path in a winding course near the tiniest of driblets, with desolate, uneven, dark-clayey ground on his right, entirely bare of

vegetation, and constantly subject to landslips; and on his left a bold irregular precipice composed of layers of sand and dark clay, interspersed with layers of freestone, which latter have been likened to different courses of masonry. Close to the sea, the drops of water which constitute the dribble fall perpendicularly for about 50 feet into a large semi-circular cove or cave-like recess, formed by cliffs of dark sand and clay. The sea, by constantly washing away the cliffs, is yearly varying the aspect of the scene, and from accounts of old authors one is led to think that this cove and cascade formerly presented an aspect much more wild and imposing than at present. Although the chine itself has little to recommend it to special notice, and will probably disappoint the traveller, yet no visitor to the island ought to omit descending to the shore, where the scene is one of wild desolation and grandeur. The sea, at all times, but especially in a storm, washes on the shingly strand with such fury as of itself to present a spectacle truly imposing, and the high bare walls of the adjoining cliffs, with the varied and picturesque face of the more distant coastline, bounded by the remote hills of Dorsetshire, form a picture both sublime and beautiful. One writer says: "It is not in a state of repose that this scene should be visited in order to realize it in all its terrific grandeur. It is when the spirit of the storm sweeps with desolating fury this rock-bound coast, and when the howlings of the tempest strive for mastery over the roar of the world of waters beneath, that Black Gang Chine is exhibited in the character well qualified to earn its name."

Half a mile from Black Gang hotel the traveller enters Chale village, which is situated in a rather bleak situation to the west of St. Catherine's Down. Here is a comfortable family hotel and boarding house, the Clarendon.

The church was built in the reign of Henry I. It contains a handsome marble monument, surmounted with an escutcheon supported by two soldiers, to the memory of Major-General Sir Henry Worsley, G.C.B., of the Bengal Army, *ætat.* 73, 17th January, 1841. Over the vestry door are remains of a mural painting, with the words—"And Jacob awakened out of his sleep."

The churchyard has been the last resting-place of many persons wrecked on the coast, and more than one gravestone tells of the loss of the 'Clarendon,' a fine West Indiaman, that was driven ashore close to Black Gang, on the morning of October 11th, 1836. The previous evening was fine, the

wind fair, and the passengers had retired to rest. After midnight the wind increased; and the ship drove rapidly, but no danger was perceived till daybreak, when, already in the midst of breakers, escape was next to hopeless. The crew set sail, in hopes of weathering the point, but their efforts were fruitless; she struck about six o'clock, and within five minutes was a complete wreck. Of a crew of seventeen men and boys, and eleven passengers, only three lives were saved. All that could be gathered from the survivors was that she twice touched the ground lightly, at which time everyone was on deck; and presently a mountain wave hurled her broadside on the beach with such force that the huge hull shivered into a thousand fragments. The awful suddenness of the catastrophe prevented relief, although the ship was scarcely twice her own length from the cliff; and all perished except the mate and two seamen, who were saved by the courage of some countrymen, who had hastened to the spot as soon as dawn disclosed the impending fate of the vessel. For hours afterwards the naked and mangled bodies of the unfortunate sufferers, with the remains of the vessel and cargo, were tossed about by the boiling waves, or strewed on the beach. Six of the passengers (an officer named Shore, his wife and daughters) were buried in Newport graveyard, where a monument is erected to their memory. Most of the others were interred at Chale.

Between the village and St. Catherine's Down is the Chale Abbey farm, an ancient building. The barn, with its heavy buttresses, looks as though it had been part of some religious house, but no one appears to know its history. In all probability it was originally a monastery, with the chapel and beacon light on the summit of the adjoining down under its care. We are borne out in this supposition by the following note in Worsley's History: "Sir John Oglander, in his manuscript, observes, that he had heard there were above a hundred churches, chapels, abbeys, priories, nunneries, and oratories in the island, in the tenth year of the reign of Edward III." Englefield remarks: "It is rather extraordinary that this ancient house, whose remains are as picturesque as they are curious, should not have been even mentioned by any of the numerous describers of the island."

From Chale church there are two routes to Shorwell, one by Chale Green and Kingston; and the other nearer the coast, through Atherfield, in the direction of the military road. The military way is not open to the public. It was

made to move troops from Freshwater in case of a landing being effected in any of the Chines. Both routes are comparatively unattractive. That by Atherfield approaches to within a short distance of Whale Chine, which is worth a visit if time permit; and from different points are obtained views of St. Catherine's Down, in the rear, and of the white chalk cliffs of Freshwater, in front. By the inland route a bend is made to left after passing through Chale Green, then a slight ascent, with views in rear of St. Catherine's Down, Hoy's pillar, Week Down, and Worsley obelisk.

Kingston is a very little village, and one of the smallest parishes in the Isle of Wight. The church is also a diminutive edifice, occupying an eminence shaded by elm trees. It contains a brass, with effigies of Sir Richard Mewys and his three sons, dated 1435. Close by is an old manor house.

Beyond Kingston the country for some distance is bleak, and rather monotonous, until are seen the village of Shorwell, and in the distance the chalk cliffs at Freshwater.

Shorwell is a pretty secluded village lying in a wooded hollow at the south side of the chalk downs. A road leads hence over the downs and by the vale of Idlecombe to Carisbrooke and Newport, distant 5 miles. The three handsome seats of Northcourt, Woolverton, and Westcourt, are in the neighbourhood, and the church is one of the largest and best on the island. The parish was taken out of Carisbrooke, and the church built in consequence of the parishioners having complained, during the reign of Edward III., "that they had to convey their dead 4 miles to burial, and in winter when they were obliged to pass through the water in Idlecombe Lane, the death of one person was the occasion of many more." In the interior of the building is a stone pulpit, with the iron frame which used to hold the hour-glass, approached by a staircase through one of the piers. On the north wall is a fresco of St. Christopher bearing the infant Jesus upon his shoulders; and over the south door are the scanty relics of a painting of "the Last Judgment." There are many monuments and epitaphs, principally in memory of the Leighs, of Northcourt. One is a stone altar-tomb, raised on three steps, with the effigy of a knight kneeling and praying before a desk, upon which an open book is laid. Behind him kneels a child, also in the attitude of devotion. In the compartments underneath are inscriptions to the memory of Sir John Leigh, of Northcourt, died January 18, 1629, *ætat.* 83, and of Barnabas Leigh, his great grand-

son, died January 25, 1629, ætat. nine months, and "was laide in the tomb of his great grandfather, who saw his heir of the fourth generation." Then follows:

"Inmate in grieve, he tooke his grandchilde heire,
Whose soul did haste to make him repaire;
And so to heaven along as little page,
With him did poast to wait upon his age."

At the west-end of the south aisle a blocked-up archway marks the place of the piece of ordnance (now sold) provided by Shorwell, in common with the other parishes in the island, for its defence in the reign of Edward VI.

Northcourt is a fine old mansion, standing to the north of the church, on the slope of the down, in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds, which are clothed with wood, and command an admirable view of the English Channel. It was built in the time of James I. by Sir John Leigh, and afterwards passed by female line to the Bulls and Bennetts, and thence in right of his wife to Sir Willoughby Gordon, a Peninsular hero, who died in 1851, and now it is in the possession of Sir H. P. Gordon, Bart. Near the house is a small ornamental building, like a Gothic chapel, erected by a former proprietor, a Mr. Bull, to the memory of his daughter, Miss Catherine Bull, and on one of the smaller neighbouring downs there is a stone monument, locally termed "Miss Bull's Folly," also dedicated to this lady's memory.

Westcourt, another old manor house, clad with ivy, stands a short way from the village on the left of the road leading to Brixton.

Woolverton, less than a mile south of Shorwell, is a large Jacobite mansion containing some good carving. Near it may be traced the site of a more ancient house. No buildings are visible, but a "broad and deep moat, enclosing a square area," is entire. This was evidently once the principal seat in the parish.

Leaving Shorwell, and passing Westcourt, the Freshwater Cliffs appear in front, also a broad expanse of ocean, and in rear the St. Catherine's Down, with its two disused lighthouses and Hoy's pillar.

A mile and a quarter from Shorwell is the hamlet of Lemerston, where, at a turn in the road, stands the ancient manor house. Formerly there was a chapel of the "Holy Ghost," served by three priests. The manor was carried to the Tichborne family during the reign of Henry I., by the

marriage of Sir Roger with Isabella, the heiress of the Lemerstons, the heroine of the 'Legend of the Tichborne Dole.' The charities of this lady were unbounded, and when she lay on her deathbed, at the end of an unusually lengthened life, she prayed her husband to grant her so much land as would enable her to establish a dole of bread to all comers at the gates of Tichborne on every succeeding Lady-day. Sir Roger took a flaming brand from the hearth, and promised his wife as much land as she could herself encircle whilst it continued burning. She caused herself to be carried from her bed to a spot pointed out near the present house, and began creeping round it on her hands and knees. Before the brand was consumed she had encircled several acres, still known by the name of "Crawls." The house, says an ancient prophecy, will fall, and the family of Tichborne become extinct, should any of the Lady Isabella's descendants be daring enough to divert her charity. The "Tichborne dole," in the shape of nineteen hundred small loaves, was regularly distributed until the end of the last century, when the loaves were discontinued, on account of the idle rabble that gathered together to receive them. Morsels of the bread were kept as a sovereign remedy against ague and other ailments. Money of the same value has since been annually given to the poor. The Lemerston estate continued in the hands of the Tichbornes until the close of the last century, when the ancestor of the present baronet sold it.

The road now runs at the foot of the chalk downs, which rise high on the right (a small tower crowning an isolated knoll, known, as before said, by the name of "Miss Bull's Folly," is a conspicuous object in the view), and soon the village of Brixton, or Brighstone, is entered. Few strangers will pass through this village during summer without a desire to return to it at some future time, it has such a cheerful retired look about it, situated as it is "on the sunny side of the island, sheltered from the cold winds by overhanging hills, with a goodly church, and a near prospect of the sea." It is noted for having given to the English Church those distinguished prelates, Dr. Moberly, the present Bishop of Salisbury; Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, late Bishop of Winchester; and Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose well-known Morning and Evening Hymns have kept his memory green for nearly two centuries. While Wilberforce, who was the rector for ten years, resided here, it was

the favourite home of his father, the illustrious William Wilberforce. The latter, after the pecuniary troubles which in 1831 compelled him to give up his establishment at Highwood Hill, spent here the closing days of that "calm old age on which he entered with the elasticity of youth, and the simplicity of childhood, climbing with delight to the top of the chalk downs, or of an intermediate terrace, or walking along on the unfrequented shore." A walk under Rough Down is still associated with his name. There is also shown at the bottom of the rectory garden a yew hedge as a "cherished memorial" of the saintly Ken, the honest prelate who, whilst canon of Winchester, refused to receive Nell Gwynne into his house in the Close, when directed to do so by his royal master. He held the rectory from 1667 to 1669.

In the tower of the church is a stained glass window, the gift of Bishop Wilberforce, and the floor within the communion rails is paved with encaustic tiles, which were presented by Winchester College in commemoration of Bishop Ken.

Brixton is said to be a corruption of Ecbright's or Egbert's town, the manor having been given, together with Calbourne and Swainston, to the see of Winchester by King Egbert in 826.

From Brixton a road runs over the downs to Calbourne, 3 miles distant.

Half a mile beyond the village high ground is gained, and then the sea and the Freshwater cliffs burst prominently into view, the latter presenting a weird-like aspect. There is nothing more of particular interest until the traveller reaches Mottistone, a pleasant hamlet clustered round a quaint little church perched on an eminence. In the churchyard close to the north gate is a dilapidated and weather-beaten pair of stocks. The old manor house, built in 1557, was the residence of the Cheke family, of which Sir John Cheke was a member. He was born in Cambridge in 1514, and has been immortalized by Milton in the following lines :

"Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheke,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taughtest Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek."
Milton's 'Sonnets,'

He was tutor to King Edward VI., and the reviver of Greek learning at the University of Cambridge. Sir John's sister,

Mary Cheke, became the wife of his pupil Cecil, Lord Burghley.

A steep narrow lane leads direct from the church up the hillside to the Longstone or Mote-stone, distant about five minutes' walk. This relic of unknown antiquity is 10 feet high, 6 feet wide in its broadest part, and is said to weigh about 30 tons. It is composed of hard sandstone from the lower greensand formation. By the side of it lies another stone 7 feet long and 4 feet broad.

“Tinted by time, the solitary stone
On the green hill of Mote each storm withstood,
Grows dim with hoary lichen overgrown.”
Peel, 'The Fair Island.'

Some persons have considered it to be simply a landmark, others have looked at it as the remains of a Druidical circle, or an ancient cromlech or sepulchral chamber. It would appear, from the name of the village, *mote* being the Saxon word for a public assembly, that the stone marked the place of public meetings during the Saxon times. Near the stone is Castle Hill, upon which may be traced an ancient earthwork or fort nearly square. There are other earthworks and numerous barrows close by, and on the downs above. Only a few yards from the stone is a colossal tumulus behind Castle Hill, known as *Black Barrow*.

Beyond Mottistone village the turnpike of Hulverstone is passed, and then there is a magnificent view of the Freshwater Cliffs: hardly from any point do they present a more noble appearance.

Without entering the little scattered village of Brook the road bends to right close to the manor house, a fine building, the residence of C. Seely, Esq., M.P., who entertained Garibaldi here on his first arrival in England in 1863. This mansion occupies the site of an old house where Henry VII. was entertained in 1499, by its owner Dame Joanna Bowerman. The king was so pleased with his entertainment that he presented his hostess with his drinking-horn, and made her a grant of a fat buck yearly from Parkhurst forest.

From the manor house the road makes a steep ascent, and runs through a hollow and deep cutting in the downs to the northern side of the island. Brook church, which is passed on the right, contains a handsome font and pulpit, and is well worth a visit. It was built in 1864, the old church having been destroyed by fire. The Brook and Chessel downs are on

one hand, and on the other Dunsbury and Shalcombe downs. The geologist will look with interest at the series of strata developed in the sides of the cutting. Mantell says: "As we pass Brook manor house the ferruginous beds of greensand may be traced in the banks on the roadside, and Brook church is seen standing high up the hill on a terrace of those deposits. The relative positions of the strata in this district are displayed in the cuttings on the sides of the road from Shalcombe Down through the village of Brook to the seashore. If we proceed from the coast at Brook chine through the village, and ascend the road by the church and over Shalcombe Down, we pass in succession the Wealden, the greensand, the gault, the firestone; and then cross the ridge formed by the highly-inclined strata of the white chalk."

When through the hills the road turns to the left at the Shalcombe farm, the house with the pond in front, and commands a view of the Solent, the Hampshire coast, and the north-western part of the island. Another turn to the left brings the houses and wooded grounds at Freshwater in sight, which present a pretty effect combined with the sea and distant coast. Gradually appear the High Down and chalk cliffs, the Freshwater church, and the town of Yarmouth. After passing Afton farm and Afton house, the houses of Middleton Green are reached, close to the grounds of Faringford, the seat of Mr. Tennyson. Freshwater gate is distant a few hundred yards on the left, one of the most charming little spots on the island, and possessing excellent hotel accommodation. For Alum Bay a turn is made to the right at Middleton Green, and, having passed the grounds of Faringford, the road bends to left at the village of Freshwater. A steep ascent having been made, Weston manor house, the residence of — Ward, Esq., is on the right, and when through the hamlet of Weston the road runs between the High Down and Headon Hill, with fine views of the Solent across to Lymington, Hurst Castle, Christchurch Bay, and the Isle of Purbeck. Presently the Needles appear, and then Alum Bay hotel is reached. During the short stay here the stranger will obtain some refreshment, and occupy his time very pleasantly by strolling down to the shore in Alum Bay, and then along the side of the High Down to the fort at the Needles, where he will obtain a view of the Needles rocks and Scratchell's Bay. He may then ascend Headon Hill, or walk along the High Down to Freshwater Gate, after arranging with the driver so that he may there catch the return coach. (See pages 137 and 150.)

If in a private conveyance, the return journey might be varied by going viâ Yarmouth or Calbourne, and thence through Carisbrooke and Newport.

Ventnor to Black Gang, by the Sea-cliffs.

7 miles.

Leaving the esplanade, a slight ascent is made to the top of the low cliffs, and then a path is entered which runs along the brow the entire way. Hodnish Bank hides the view to the right for a short distance, but in front the headlands and coves as far as Hoody Head present a picturesque appearance, with a rough boulder-strewn shore. When past Hodnish Bank, and over a rill, Steephill Castle appears close by on the right, and a long stretch of the Undercliff is seen, with the houses of St. Lawrence in the distance. Below the traveller is the Grasspool Cove, with three or four boats, and in rear are the houses and churches of Ventnor. Proceeding a few yards farther, the pretty little bay, called Steephill Cove, with its picturesque cottages, is reached. Here a path branches into the main road. The hospital is now a prominent object close by on the right, and a view is had of the Undercliff to St. Lawrence. Ascending from Steephill Cove, the prospect in the rear includes Steephill Castle, houses on the side of Steephill Down, Little Town Down, the pier, Mill Bay, and most of the town of Ventnor. After descending into a slight hollow, with a miniature undercliff on the right, Orchard Bay is reached, where there are hard sands and a row of cottages. A few yards farther is Pelham Bay, well known by its miniature forts, one containing eight guns and two mortars, and the other three guns, placed here merely as ornaments, being too small to be of service against a foe. On making a slight descent a point is gained in a secluded and sheltered part of the cliff where the traveller sees the waves dashing directly below him, and the spray along the shore in almost every cove to Ventnor; the headlands presenting a beautiful appearance. Most of Ventnor is in sight, and nearer are Steephill Castle and part of the hospital, with the downs in the background. Gaining the top of Hoody Head, 2 miles from Ventnor, which is situated directly opposite St. Lawrence church and shute, the view is remarkably good, embracing the whole of the Undercliff from Ventnor to Undercliff Niton and St. Catherine's lighthouse,

tiful, and worth travelling many miles purposely to see. It is, perhaps, the most extensive, and the most charming view of the coast to be met with on the island. Many miles of variously-coloured sandstone cliffs, with the bold chalk cliffs beyond, form one magnificent bay, which is subdivided by headlands into a number of smaller but still large and lovely bays. Beyond these are the Needles, and still farther rise the hills on the opposite coast at Purbeck Isle and St. Alban's Head.

Passing Watershoot Bay, Rocken End is reached, and here the land around becomes utterly desolate, chaos seems to reign supreme. The waves, lashed to fury, dash with terrific force amongst the huge masses of rock, which lie scattered at the base of the dark sand cliffs. The traveller wanders over the débris of recent landslips, almost entirely devoid of vegetation, and high above him on the right is the wild face of the inland cliff. After entering a carriage road, the grounds and mansion of Southlands are passed. This carriage route, leading across Black Gang Chine to Chale, has given way, and now the road is only safe for foot passengers. The chine is gained about half-way up. The traveller may descend by the path to the shore, or ascend to the hotel or to Chale village.

Ventnor to Black Gang, by the Seashore.

7 miles.

From the esplanade proceed past a house, and then descend to the shore. The ground is rough, being covered with large rounded boulders, and the jagged cliffs are composed of chalk and picturesque masses of sandstone, storm-beaten into the appearance of a conglomerate. Although the walk is a rough one the tourist is not likely to regret the toil of the journey, for he will be well repaid by the sight of the waves dashing amongst the rocks, and if he be a student of geology he will find in this wild coast walk several fresh subjects of interest. On passing one or two headlands, and the bay of Foxes' Hole, Grasspool Cove is entered, a favourite resort with the Empress of Austria, for sea-bathing, during her sojourn at Steephill Castle in 1874. Here is a good beach and a few fishing boats; and a view is had of the tower of Steephill Castle. Rounding a small point, Steephill Cove is gained, a

pretty spot, with excellent sands, and containing bathing machines and fishermen's thatched cottages. The rocky promontories in front have now a bold look, and the retrospective views are attractive. Here and there the traveller may find pleasant secluded spots, where he may perch himself amongst the crags, and from his secure vantage points watch the billows dash and foam amongst the boulders at his feet. Such scenes never weary, but always afford subjects for contemplation. After threading along rough ground the Orchard Bay is gained—distinguished by a smooth beach and a row of cottages. Presently Pelham's Bay is entered, where are two mimic forts with small cannon. Glimpses are occasionally caught of the Undercliff, and a few hundred yards beyond the forts there is a lovely view in the direction of Ventnor. The rocky shore and the headlands have a peculiarly fantastic look, and through the gaps are seen the hospital, Steephill Castle, the churches, houses, and pier at Ventnor; and above the whole are the high downs. The blocks of greensand strewn about contain a large number of fossils, and the layers of strata in the cliffs lie at every possible angle, having, during their descent, along with the landslips from above, turned in some instances topsy-turvy.

On gaining the west side of the rough rocky promontory of Hoody Head, the tourist enters another cove, called Hoody Bay, where there is a boathouse, and a few yards inland are cottages of the coastguard. The shore for some distance farther continues very wild, with masses of rock of all sizes and shapes strewn in every direction at the base of the chalk cliffs. When beyond Tenacres Bay, and Binnel Point, the Mirables Bay is entered, where a villa stands close to the shore. Here the cliffs subside and slope from the water in low, uneven ground, covered with grass, shrubs, and trees for a few hundred yards to the bold escarpment of the Undercliff, and in front is seen the St. Catherine's lighthouse and the tops of the houses of Undercliff Niton. At the farther end of this low ground is Puckaster Cove, at which are three fishermen's huts, not inhabited, but used as storerooms for nets, &c. After skirting the Reeth, or Castle Bay, where are two or three bathing machines, the St. Catherine's lighthouse is passed, and then the cliffs reappear, a rugged shore lying at their feet. Leaving Watershoot Bay, containing a patch of fine sand, the traveller passes the wild promontory of Rocken End, the most southern part of the island. The cliffs here are high and composed of the greensand, the cha¹¹-

having been left behind, and not again coming in sight until near Freshwater. Large blocks are strewn on every hand at the foot of the cliff, amongst which immense ocean waves dash with loud deafening roar. This is the wildest and most dangerous part of the coast, and has been the scene of many shipwrecks. West of Roken End is Chale Bay, stretching past Black Gang to Atherfield Point. The shore is smooth, though unsafe for bathing, owing to the back draught, and when the tide is out Black Gang chine may be reached by walking at the base of the cliffs, which are composed of dark clay and discoloured sandstones, presenting a wild desolate look. These cliffs are constantly forming land-slips and being washed away by the waves.

**Ventnor to Black Gang and St. Catherine's Down,
by the Inland Cliff; and back by Niton and
Whitwell.**

St. Catherine's Down, 6 miles; Niton, 7½ miles; Whitwell, 9 miles;
Ventnor, 13 miles.

Walking westward from the railway station, along the Newport road, a good view is obtained of Ventnor and the sea. When the town disappears the Steephill Down is entered by branching to the left and passing just below the cemetery and some lime kilns. This point may be gained by other roads from the west-end of the town near the Royal Hotel. From Steephill Down the path crosses a field to the edge of the cliff, and then the traveller has a view of the Undercliff from Steephill and the hospital to St. Lawrence. A short distance beyond the hospital a winding cart-road descends the cliffs through the Pelham woods to the Ventnor and St. Lawrence road. The tourist has now spread below him the whole of the ground from Ventnor to St. Lawrence, with the mansions peeping out of the trees, and the bays and headlands of the coast, the limitless ocean bounding the horizon. When St. Lawrence shute is reached, the little church is seen close below on the left, and the road is crossed which leads to Whitwell, and thence to the centre and north of the island. A few yards beyond the shute, the St. Catherine's Down, with its two towers and Hoy's pillar, comes in sight; and the St. Catherine's lighthouse is observed close to the shore, in the distance. The Red Gun path (a corruption of St. Rhadegund, the patron saint of

Whitwell church) is then crossed, leading from St. Lawrence to Whitwell. On passing over the rising ground known as the *High Hat*, Ventnor is lost to sight in the rear, but the view opens to right as far as St. George's Down. The cliffs, which gradually become higher, more perpendicular, and picturesque, are tenanted by many hundreds of jackdaws; and the ground below has a beautiful appearance, covered with trees and large rounded thorn bushes, with here and there a pretty mansion and well ordered grounds. Care must be taken not to walk thoughtlessly too near the edge of the precipice. A man once stepped over the cliff in the dark, and though badly injured shortly afterwards recovered; and in 1831 a young girl, of about fourteen, was proceeding along the path on a windy day when she dropped a basket which she was carrying, and in her anxiety to save it from going over the height, she fell over herself, but fortunately alighted on some soft brushwood, and was so little injured that she was able to walk home. At the point where the traveller reaches a hedge upon his right, he will find a zigzag path descending the face of the cliff to the road below, called "Cripple Path." It runs on the top through fields to Niton. Looking back the Worsley obelisk is seen. On arriving at the point where a wall runs from the cliff, a good view is had of the villas of Undercliff Niton, with the Sandrock Hotel, and the St. Catherine's lighthouse; also the down with its two disused lighthouses. Here a rugged descent might be made to the road. Following the wall a few yards inland, the village of (Crab) Niton is seen close by, and in the distance the tower of Godshill church, with Arreton Down in the background.

After crossing the road leading from Undercliff Niton to Upper or Crab Niton, a lane is entered which conducts to the top of the cliff, whence a fine view is had of the beautiful grounds and mansions near the Sandrock Hotel. In the far distance, to the left of the Worsley obelisk, may be seen Ashy landmark. A few yards inland Niton church and village nestle in a slight hollow. Proceeding a little farther, there suddenly burst into sight the white chalk cliffs at Freshwater bay, and the Needles, with the fine intermediate bays and headlands of Compton, Brook, Brixton, and Chale. By branching to the right an easy gradual ascent might be made in eight or ten minutes to the summit of St. Catherine's Down. Continuing on the cliff, the ground below is composed of bare hillocks and hollows, having a

wild and desolate look. When over a stile, and on Gore Cliff, the two ruined lighthouses on the down close by on the right reappear and present an attractive aspect. The houses of Black Gang and Chale are in sight close below the cliff in front of the traveller, with the top of the tower of Chale church. There is spread before the eye, as if on a map, a wide extent of sea, and the bays and headlands beyond Chale, Brixton, Brook, and Compton, to the High Down, and the bold white chalk cliffs at Freshwater and the Needles. There is also the wide, level, cultivated ground from the coast to the downs which stretch from Freshwater in the direction of the centre of the island. The traveller may make a quick descent hence to Black Gang hotel and chine, or he may climb in a few minutes to the summit of St. Catherine's Down, which is 775 feet high, and commands an extensive panorama.

On the top of the down there stand the ruins of a lighthouse, and a picturesque stone tower which acts as a landmark for vessels at sea. The lighthouse was commenced by the Trinity Board in 1785, but before it was finished it was abandoned as useless, owing to the mists which frequently envelop the hill, and in its place a lighthouse was erected on the sea-cliff beneath. The landmark, a lantern-like tower, 35 feet high was repaired some years ago by the lord of the manor. It was formerly part of an ancient chapel, which was built here by Walter de Godyton in 1323, and dedicated to St. Catherine. Certain endowments were annexed to it for a chantry priest to say mass, and to provide lights for the safety of vessels passing this dangerous coast during the night. Prior to the erection of the chapel, there was a hermitage on the summit of the down, where Walter de Langstrell, a solitary recluse, passed away his life in the gloomy austerities of ascetic devotion.

The view from the summit of the down is extensive, and although most beautiful, perhaps not equal to that which is obtained from some other heights. The village of Niton appears within a stone's throw, and a little farther distant is Whitwell, both pleasantly situated in a quiet and secluded, but open and high part of the downs, from 1 to 2 miles distant from the sea. Beyond these villages are the hills which hide Ventnor, and run from Steephill and St. Boniface downs, by Wroxall and Week downs to the Worsley obelisk. A wide valley, with Godshill church prominent in the centre, stretches from the spectator to the

north-eastern chalk range, including St. George's, Arreton, Messly, Ashe, and Brading downs. To the right of these hills is the Brading Haven, and on the left may be seen the towers of Osborne, the tops of the houses at Newport, the smoke rising from the Medina cement works, and part of West Cowes, and the Medina estuary. More distant is the long silvery streak of the Solent, with the opposite coasts of Sussex, Hampshire, and Dorsetshire, from Selsey Bill to St. Alban's Head. To the west are the downs of Chillerton, Brixton, and Afton, ending with High Down; the white cliffs at Freshwater and the Needles present a noble appearance. At the feet of these hills there is an extensive cultivated plain, bounded by the beautiful line of coast which includes the Chale, Brixton, Brook, Compton, and Freshwater bays. To the south, close below the spectator, is the English Channel, the waters of which form a broad expanse of ocean, bounded only by the horizon. It is said, probably without foundation, that in clear weather the opposite coast of France near Cherbourg may be discerned.

Miss Sewell, in 'Ursula,' when describing the view westward from St. Catherine's, says: "The coast forms part of a great bay indented by smaller ones. The shore is closed in with red sandcliffs, rather low, broken, and jagged; but away to the west the red sand changes into chalk, and the cliffs become very steep, and rise to a great height; standing out against the sky when the sun shines on them, until they almost dazzle the eye; and at other times covering themselves, as it were, with a bluish veil of mist, and looking out proudly from behind it. I always liked the white cliffs very much, yet my eye never rested upon them long, but wandered still farther, to a distant stretch of grey land looking like a cloud, which could be seen just where the sea and sky met."

Hoy's pillar is observed standing about three-quarters of a mile distant, on Chale Down, the northern spur of the eminence. During the walk to it, pleasant views are obtained on either hand. On the left are seen Chale, Kingston, and the south-western part of the island to Freshwater; and on the right, in the distance, appear Brading Haven, Bembridge Down, and the Culver Cliffs. The column, 72 feet in height, was erected by Michael Hoy, a Russian merchant, who resided at the Hermitage, a mansion situated a few yards distant on the northern slope of the hill. The situation of the column renders it a conspicuous object from a very large

portion of the island. It bears the following inscription: "In commemoration of the visit of His Imperial Majesty, Alexander I., Emperor of all the Russias, to Great Britain, in the year 1814. In remembrance of many happy years' residence in his dominions this pillar was erected by Michael Hoy."

Another tablet has been placed on the opposite side of the column, bearing the following inscription: "Erected by William Henry Dawes, late lieutenant of H.M. 22nd Regiment, in honour of those brave men of the allied armies who fell on the Alma, at Inkerman, and at the siege of Sebastopol, A.D. 1857."

The Hermitage is the "Dene" of Miss Sewell's 'Ursula,' the scene of which is laid here.

Returning to St. Catherine's Down, a rugged cart-road may be entered which runs direct to Niton, over high, furze-clad ground; or the village may be gained by a footpath from the south side of the hill, near the inland cliff.

Niton is sometimes called Crab Niton, from the abundance of these and other crustaceans on the coast, and to distinguish it from Knighton, near Ashe Down. Hassell, writing in 1790, tells us that this term gives great offence to the inhabitants, who generally conceive that it is meant to denote their being *crabbed* or ill-natured. The village is about 1 mile from the sea, on the ground above the Undercliff, close to the eastern slope of St. Catherine's Down. The situation is good, but being secluded and somewhat out of the way, is little visited, although if better known many persons would be pleased with the character of the place, and might make it the centre for many walks and drives. It seems to have been inhabited in very remote times, for in one or two spots close to the village are said to be traced artificial mounds, apparently the remains of fortified camps, supposed to be the sites of ancient Celtic settlements. The church, one of the oldest in the island, contains a monument to Mr. Arnold of Mirables, with a medallion by Flaxman, and bas-reliefs by Rion. The opening of the rood-loft and a plain piscina will be noticed. The present north aisle dates from 1864. The arcade, however, which separates it from the nave, is ancient, having been built up centuries ago on the demolition of the original aisle. Against the north face of the tower there stood until 1864 a ruinous old gunhouse, built at the time when the seaside parishes were bound to provide guns for the defence of the coast against foreign

invasion. The old churchwardens' accounts make constant mention of the purchase of gunpowder out of church rates. In the churchyard are the original steps and base of an ancient cross, upon which was erected, in 1873, a cross of Cornish character, designed by J. Clark, F.S.A. The registers date from 1560, and contain the following entry: "July the 1st, anno domini, 1675, Charles II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, &c., came safely ashore at Puckaster, after he had endured a great and dangerous storm at sea.

" Ut regnet diu et feliciter
Vovit et exoptat Thomas Collinson,
Rector de Nighton."

(That he may reign long and happily Thomas Collinson prays and ardently desires.)

In the village is a small inn, the White Lion. Whitwell is 1½ miles east of Niton, in a similarly secluded position. The church possesses some singular features, having originally consisted of two distinct chapels, which have since been converted into one building. One of these chapels was built and endowed by a Lord of Gatcombe, in which manor Whitwell was at one time included. The other belonged to the parishioners of Whitwell. In the church is a neat pulpit of the time of James I. Recently some frescoes have been discovered on the south wall, supposed to represent the disembowelling of Erasmus. A document much decayed but quite decipherable yet remains among the parish records to testify that in the year of our Lord 1314, a dispute having arisen about the performance of divine offices by the Rector of Gatcombe and the Vicar of Godshill (of which Whitwell was a quarter) respectively, the judgment of the Bishop of Winchester is that henceforth the Vicar of Godshill shall take the whole responsibility in consideration of an annual payment to him by the Rector of Gatcombe, of 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The payment continues unchanged to this day, and the Rector of Gatcombe continues to repair one of the chancels.

Near to Whitwell is Stenbury, a venerable Jacobite manor house, once the seat of the De Heynos, and afterwards of a branch of the Worsleys.

From Whitwell, or Stenbury, the traveller may reach Ventnor by crossing over Week Down, or he may follow the road and gain the Undercliff close to St. Lawrence church.

Ventnor to Carisbrooke and Newport; by Black Gang, Chale, and Gatcombe; and back by Arreton, Godshill, and Appuldurcombe.

Black Gang, 6 miles; Chale, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Gatcombe, 12 miles; Carisbrooke, 14 miles; Newport, 15 miles; Arreton, 19 miles; Godshill, 21 miles; Appuldurcombe, 24 miles; Ventnor, 26 miles.

During the summer months coaches and charrs-à-banc leave Ventnor railway station for the above places every morning (Sundays excepted) after the arrival of the 10 o'clock train. Fare for the whole journey, 5s. After calling at the different hotels in the town a start is made from the Royal at 11 o'clock. For a description of the road from Ventnor to Black Gang, by the Undercliff, see page 90. At Black Gang there is a delay of an hour and a half in order to allow parties time to visit the chine. Those who have been here before, and seen the chine, may while away the time very pleasantly by ascending St. Catherine's Down, whence they can either return to the hotel, or descend on the opposite side of the hill and catch the coach beyond the village of Chale.

After passing through Chale, and Chale Green, described at page 99, the road to Freshwater branches to left, by Kingston village, visible a few yards distant. On the right are presently seen Shanklin Down, Cook's Castle, Appuldurcombe Down, and Worsley obelisk. Three quarters of a mile farther, Billingham House stands amongst a cluster of trees on the right. It was once the seat of a branch of the Worsley family. Presently high ground is gained, and a view is had in the rear of St. Catherine's Down, and the sea; then a descent is made to the base of Chillerton Down, and a prospect obtained of Arreton and St. George's downs. Passing Chillerton farm, there are on the roadside for some distance the straggling houses of the hamlet of Chillerton, and then Sheat manor house, a fine old gabled mansion (now used as a farmhouse) has a pretty effect, with its pond and swans in front, and surrounding foliage. It contains some interesting Jacobite carving. Sheat was one of the few properties whose Saxon possessor, Alaric, was not disturbed by the Norman invasion.

A short distance farther is Gatcombe house on left, in the midst of a park, with woods and downs behind. A road through the park leads past the house to the church and village of Gatcombe. Gatcombe house is a large stone

mansion erected in 1750 by one of the younger branches of the Worsleys, who were long settled here. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Edward Worsley of this family was one of the most devoted adherents of Charles I. during his imprisonment in the island, and an active and zealous agent in the king's various endeavours to escape. On the failure of the second attempt, May 28th, 1648, Worsley and his companion Osborn, in riding off from the castle, received the fire of the musketeers unhurt, and succeeded in reaching the boat, but the master refused to let them embark, as they had come without the king, and they were compelled to conceal themselves in the adjacent woods for some days, procuring sustenance in the night by the aid of a kinsman of Mr. Worsley, who eventually provided a vessel to take them off from the south side of the island. Another more romantic version of Worsley's escape is, that he was put into a large chest, which was placed under a load of fagots and conveyed to Wootton park, whence he got safe to King's quay, and passed into Holland. The former tale is probably more authentic. The watch presented to him by the king as a token of his gratitude is in the possession of his descendant Miss Rosetta Worsley, of Shorwell.

The village of Gatcombe offers a charming picture of rural retirement. Its cottages, rectory, and manor house are snugly ensconced at the foot of Ganson down, and pleasantly shrouded by trees; whilst above a luxuriant grove peer the tower and pinnacles of the church. In the church is a wooden effigy of a man in armour, called by the villagers the "Saint." It bears no inscription, but probably represents one of the family of Estur, or of the Lises of Wootton, to whom the manor belonged before it was purchased by the Worsleys. The Isle of Wight steeple chases were formerly annually held at Gatcombe about the end of April, but they have recently been removed.

Leaving Gatcombe behind, and emerging from the shade of the large elm trees at Whitcombe house, we catch sight of Carisbrooke Castle and nunnery in front. In the distance on the right are observed the houses of Stapler's Heath, between Mount Joy and St. George's Down. From Little Whitcombe a slight ascent is made, and then Carisbrooke Castle bursts into view close in front. This is the least interesting side of the ruin. Turning to the right and passing the nunnery and cemetery, a descent is made to the pleasant looking village of Carisbrooke, and across the vale are seen Parkhurst forest and barracks, and Northwood church.

After staying at Carisbrooke two hours, in order to all-

time for refreshment (hot and cold joints are generally in readiness at the hotels) and to visit the castle, the Roman villa, and the church, see page 179, the journey is continued, and a pleasant drive leads along a shaded road, past trees, gardens, and villas, to the town of Newport, the Bugle Inn being reached after passing along the Mall and High Street. Here it is usual to remain long enough to allow the stranger to visit the church. Some persons will walk from Carisbrooke to Newport by the path described at page 184.

From Newport, Arreton is generally reached by way of Shide, but occasionally the Stapler's Heath route is taken, as it allows of much superior views, but is more hilly, and consequently harder work for the horses. If the passengers do not desire to travel viâ Arreton the driver sometimes goes through Godshill, thereby saving a mile.

For Godshill the road leads from the Bugle Inn through St. James's Square, Upper St. James's Street, and Node Hill tollgate, and then bends to the left for Shide, with Stapler's Heath, Pan Down, and St. George's Down in front. Passing Shide railway station, the road runs by the base of Pan Down and St. George's Down, and commands pleasant views on the right of small wooded hills and the nunnery and Carisbrooke Castle, whilst in front appear St. Catherine's Down and Appuldurcombe Down, crowned with their monuments. Turning to right at Blackwater station, and leaving the Arreton road to the left, the railway is crossed, and a long gradual ascent made. Then the St. George's, Arreton, Messly, Ashey, Brading, and Bembridge downs appear, with the white Culver cliffs; and on proceeding a little farther the Shanklin, Wroxall, and Appuldurcombe downs are visible. To the right are seen Chillerton down, the tower of Gatcombe church, the nunnery, and Carisbrooke Castle. Also just before entering the village of Rookly Gatcombe house comes in sight. As the traveller proceeds these objects vanish, and then reappear at different points, and the Godshill church gradually becomes prominent in front.

On arriving at the pretty village of Godshill, with its thatched cottages clustered round a small isolated hill, upon the top of which stands the church, a prominent object from the surrounding country, the traveller will do well to rest at the substantial comfortable inn, the Griffin, and take a stroll to the top of the knoll. According to tradition the church was originally being built at the foot of the hill, but every night the work of the previous day was undone by invisible hands, and the materials carried to the summit. At last it

was resolved to obey so clear an omen and erect it in its present elevated position. The name of the village appears to be derived from this tradition. Godshill was the birthplace of Dr. Henry Cole, Provost of Eton, and Dean of St. Paul's, a true "Vicar of Bray," who changed from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, and back again, according as a Protestant or Roman Catholic sat upon the throne, and who "damn'd himself to everlasting fame" by consenting to preach the sermon when Cranmer was burnt. It is said that he was once charged with a commission against the Protestants in Ireland. In his way to Dublin he stopped at Chester, and made known to the mayor of the city the business with which he was entrusted; but being overheard by his hostess, who had a brother a clergyman in Ireland, she found means to obtain the box which contained his commission, from which she removed the document, substituting for it a pack of cards. On his arrival in Ireland he was introduced to the Lord Lieutenant; when he began, with all due form, to disclose his momentous business; but on opening his box, to his utter dismay he found nothing but the cards. Mortified at the circumstance, he immediately took steps to procure a fresh commission; but it was too late, Mary died, and the spirit of persecution came to a close. The fact having reached Elizabeth, it is said she rewarded the ingenious hostess with a yearly pension of 40*l*.

There is evidence that a church existed at Godshill before the Norman conquest, but the present edifice, though ancient, appears to be of later date. It has a picturesque interior, adorned by several stately memorials of the dead. There is also a large painting of Daniel in the lions' den, said by some to be by Rubens. It came from the celebrated collection of Sir R. Worsley at Appuldurcombe. Hassel writing in 1790 thus refers to this painting when describing the objects of interest at Appuldurcombe; he says: "The picture of Daniel in the lions' den, after the original, in the possession of his Grace of Hamilton, is here. The original is accounted one of Rubens' masterpieces. Several prints have been engraved from it."

On the gable of the south transeptal chapel is a saints or sancte bell turret, containing a bell which was rung when the Host was lifted up, and at the verse, "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth." The greater part of the monuments are to various members of the Worsleys, of Appuldurcombe, from "Sir John," captain of the isle, the first of the family of note in the island, to "Sir Richard," the last of his famous l'

who died in 1805. A rich altar-tomb, spoken of by Sir J. Oglander as "the finest tomb in our island," stands to the south of the communion table, under a richly-worked canopy of the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, bearing the effigies, in alabaster, of Sir John Leigh, of More, in Dorsetshire, and his wife Mary, the heiress of the Hackets, of Woolverton, and widow of the last of the Frys, of Appuldurcombe. The knight lies in complete armour, with a collar round his neck; the dress of the lady displays the armorial bearings of her family. During the fourteenth century Godshill church was the scene of some unseemly disputes between the seculars and regulars, then so common. Letters from two successive bishops of Winchester, A.D. 1307, 1340, are given in Worsley's History complaining that the monks had taken violent possession of the church, and fortified themselves therein, holding it by force of arms against the bishop, and begging the king to interpose his authority on their behalf. The bishops won the victory. In the church, near the south door, is a tablet recording the virtues of one Richard Gard; but this said Richard, according to Sir J. Oglander, was a shrewd dishonest French refugee, who amassed considerable property by various base practices; getting possession of title deeds of estates under colour of examining them, he would discover some flaw, and by base and fraudulent representations drive the parties to a composition. Among other of his vicious practices he was known to steal a cow, and put hot loaves just taken from the oven upon her horns to make them supple, and by that means he would turn them the contrary way, and so disfigure the poor beast that the owner of her might not know her again. A grammar school of some note in the district formerly existed here. It is variously stated to have been built by one Richard Andrews, in 1595; by Lady Ann Worsley, before 1604; and by Sir Richard Worsley, in 1614. The endowment having proved entirely inadequate the intentions of the founder have ceased to take effect, and it has dwindled to an elementary school.

From Godshill a long circuit is made to Wroxall, and some persons who may have a private conveyance will prefer to alight a short distance from Godshill, and walk through the park of Appuldurcombe, meeting the carriage again at Wroxall. The road passes through the hamlet of Sandford, and the Worsley obelisk on one side and Cook's Castle on the other are prominent objects. After leaving on the left the road leading to Arreton, Wroxall village is entered.

Those who travel from Newport by way of Arreton will branch to the left at Blackwater (see page 120) and continue on the road winding round the base of St. George's Down. After a slight ascent there is an extensive view embracing Chillerton Down, Gatcombe house and church, St. Catherine's Down, with its twin pharos and slender Alexandrian pillar, Appuldurcombe Down, with its shattered obelisk, and Shanklin Down. Three miles and a half from Newport the road bends to left and then burst into view the Arreton, Messly, Ashe, Brading, and Bembridge downs, the latter with its fort and monument, the top of the Culver Cliffs, the spire at Newchurch; and Godshill church is a prominent object. A few hundred yards farther the lane on the right is entered, and immediately the traveller arrives at the village of Arreton, which is pleasantly situated at the foot of Arreton Down, and is often visited by strangers in the Isle of Wight, owing to its churchyard being the last resting place of Elizabeth Walbridge, the dairyman's daughter, the subject of Leigh Richmond's narrative. By her side repose her sister and her aged parents. The following epitaph on her gravestone is said by some writers to be from the pen of her biographer, but this is a mistake; it was written by Mrs. W. C. Bousfield, well known as a poetess among her own friends:

“Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
 Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread;
 Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
 And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
 Lowly her lot on earth,—but He who bore
 Tidings of grace and blessing to the poor,
 Gave her, His truth and faithfulness to prove,
 The choicest treasures of His boundless love—
 (Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom;
 Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb;
 Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy;
 And love that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy).
 Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
 But tasted Heaven e'en while she lingered here.
 Oh, happy saint! may we like thee be blest,
 In life be faithful, and in death find rest.”

A recent proposal to substitute an elaborate tomb for the present simple gravestone, which bears the above inscription, was very properly negatived by the surviving relatives of the dairyman's daughter. An endeavour is now being made,

which is entirely congenial to their feelings, to erect a memorial window in the church in her honour, from an admirable design by Hardman; and those who visit her grave are invited to contribute to this object, on the inducement expressed by this quaint triplet:

“The living spirits of the happy dead
Care not so much their bones be honoured,
As that God’s shrine be beautified instead.”

An alms-box is placed in a window of the chancel to receive offerings for this purpose.

The church, said to have been built A.D. 1141, is an interesting edifice, with an embattled tower belonging to the Early English period. One Norman window has been opened in the north wall of the chancel, and traces of three other similar windows in the west gable, half hidden by the tower, are distinctly visible. A low arch, opening from the tower into the church may even be of Saxon origin, and if so may be the one surviving fragment of an earlier building on the same site, in which the rude forefathers of the hamlet worshipped before the Conquest. There is a desk erected for the purpose of supporting an illustrated copy of Foxe’s ‘Book of Martyrs,’ sixth edition, 1631. There are several mural tablets and monumental brasses—one of the latter dated 1430, and a bas-relief by Westmacott. The church is dedicated to St. George, which probably accounts for the neighbouring down being distinguished by the same name.

Near the church stands a large Jacobite manor house, containing some grotesque carving, the high relief of which proves it to belong to an early period of xylography.

Leaving Arreton, the church spire of Newchurch gradually comes in view, and the railway is crossed at Horryngford station, three-quarters of a mile distant. Close to the station is the old Hasely manor house, which formerly belonged to the monks of Quarr Abbey. Edward Horsey, who was governor of the island from 1565 to 1582, and whose monument is in Newport church, died here of the plague. It is reported of him that he took great interest in the preservation of game, and gave a lamb for every hare brought into the island.* Three-quarters of a mile beyond the station the

* Foxes are of more recent introduction, dating from the present century. At present there is a pack of foxhounds on the island, kept by subscription, and one private pack of harriers.

dairyman's cottage may be noticed on the right, nearly opposite a small Methodist chapel. It is a low thatched building, whitewashed, and with a red brick portion lately added. A short distance past the cottage is a small inn, and some yards farther a road on the right might be followed by the pedestrian, and a footpath entered leading by French Mill to Wroxall. The name of this little corn mill keeps up the memory of the time when the French monks of Montebourg, of which Appuldurcombe was a branch, owned the manor of Godshill.

Following the direct main road a turn is made to the right where stands the guide-post 5 miles to Ventnor. The Shanklin Down is in front, and part of the town named after it is visible. The Worsley obelisk and Cook's Castle also appear. Three and a half miles from Ventnor the road joins the one from Godshill. As the village of Wroxall is entered the park and house of Appuldurcombe have a noble appearance resting at the base of the down. This large mansion was once considered the principal residence on the island. It was commenced in 1710, by Sir Robert Worsley, and completed by his successor, Sir Richard, the author of the 'History of the Island,' who, during his travels in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor, got together a gallery of pictures, and a fine collection of ancient marbles, figured in his 'Museum Worsleianum,' a rare and costly book. The Rev. W. Gilpin in his 'Picturesque Beauty,' speaking of this building, says: "Here everything is uniformly grand, the house is magnificent, and it is magnificently furnished. The grounds too are laid out in a style of greatness equal to the mansion." Though still a stately structure, its chief glory has departed. On the death of Sir Richard Worsley in 1805, the estates came into the possession of his sister, Henrietta Frances, who married the Hon. John Bridgman Simpson. Their daughter and heiress, Anne Maria Charlotte, became the wife of Charles Anderson Pelham, created Earl of Yarborough in 1837. The Earl was founder of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and his monument stands on Bembridge Down. He kept up a splendid hospitality at Appuldurcombe, and interested himself zealously in all that appertained to the welfare of the island. After his death, his son, the second Earl, removed the chief pictures and ancient marbles to his residences in London and Lincolnshire, sold the remainder in 1855, along with the furniture, took away or shot the deer in the park, disposed of the mansion and

park, and in fact the greater portion of the property, to different persons. The house was for a short time let to a company for an hotel. On the failure of the latter scheme the mansion remained untenanted for some time, but has been for ten years, and is now, occupied as a school for gentlemen's sons. The house stands on the site of an antique building, in which Henry VIII. and his minister, Cromwell, were entertained in 1538 by the then owner, Richard Worsley.

Originally there existed here a priory, with a prior and two monks, bestowed by Isabella de Fortibus in Henry III.'s reign on the Abbey of Montebourg. During the wars with France it was seized by Henry V. as an alien priory, and dissolved. Henry VI. granted it to the nuns of "The Minories without Aldgate," who leased it to the family of Fry. Agnes Fry, an heiress, married Sir John Leigh, of the Isle of Wight, and their daughter, Anne, conveyed the manor of Appuldurcombe to Sir James Worsley, with her hand. Lady Anne Worsley was one of the last pilgrims to the shrine of St. Iago at Compostella, once so fashionable a resort for English ladies. She carried with her a large train of female companions, old and young, some of whom Sir J. Oglander had seen and conversed with.

The Worsleys were a Lancashire family, and Sir James, a favourite of Henry VII. and boyish friend of Henry VIII., was appointed Captain of the island in 1517. When a youth he had been page to Henry's brother, Prince Arthur.

On the summit of the down, behind Appuldurcombe, stands an obelisk of Cornish granite, erected in 1774 by Sir Richard Worsley, in memory of his kinsman Sir Robert. It was originally 70 feet high, but was struck by lightning in 1831, and lost several feet of its elevation. The displaced stones lie scattered about the base. The view from this point is very beautiful.

On leaving Wroxall village the road winds pleasantly along the side of Wroxall Down, making a gradual ascent, and commanding a good view across the small valley to the Appuldurcombe Down and house, Worsley obelisk, and the Span and Rew farms and downs. After passing the toll-gate, a climb is made to the cemetery, a point formerly known as Sloven's Bush (one writer names it Steven's Bush), and then a steep descent is made down Ventnor shute, with a glorious prospect of the town of Ventnor close below; also the Steephill Castle, and a grand expanse of sea, the waves dashing on the indented shore as far as Hoody Point.

Ascent of Steephill, Week, and Appuldurcombe Downs.

The range of downs which runs from the west end of Ventnor to Appuldurcombe and the Worsley monument is one well worth ascending. The summit is gained with very little trouble, and there the stranger may wander at will, or ride on horseback, on soft green turf, being braced by the pure and invigorating breeze, and obtaining lovely and ever-varying prospects. Without any particular natural division, the different parts of the downs have obtained separate names, which are generally derived from the adjoining farms. The part rising from Ventnor on the west side of the Newport road is called Steephill Down; to the west of this is Week Down, and to the north-west Stenbury Down; whilst to the east is Rew Down, and north-east is Span Down; the northern end, on which stands the Worsley obelisk, is Appuldurcombe Down, at the base of which is situated Appuldurcombe house.

Climbing past the cemetery, up the smooth slope of Steephill Down, by a bridle path, a fine view is obtained of Ventnor, Steephill Castle, and St. Lawrence, with a broad expanse of ocean.

Passing through a hedge at a gate, Rew Down is entered; and on the right gradually appears the Rew and Span farms, the vale of Appuldurcombe, with the Wroxall Down, Ventnor Down and coombe and Little Town Down. In front are the Worsley obelisk, St. George's and Arreton downs; and, as the traveller proceeds, there rise the Ashley down and landmark over the cluster of trees, amidst which stand Cook's Castle, and in the distance are observed the sea and the opposite coast.

Crossing a fence on the left to Week Down, the prospect opens in the direction of Week farm, and the villages of Whitwell and Niton, with St. Catherine's Down, its twin lighthouses and Hoy's pillar, prominent; the downs of Chilberton and Brixton carry the eye farther west, where presently appear the High Down, with the chalk cliffs at Freshwater and the Needles; a hill at St. Albaus Head, on the opposite coast, appearing in the distance like a cloud.

Passing through a gate, close to the telegraph wires, Span Down is gained, and a stile and footway are observed leading from Wroxall to Whitwell. A dozen yards farther is another stile, conducting to Stenbury farm, whence a bridle path

may be followed to the Hermitage and Hoy's pillar. As the traveller proceeds along Span Down the prospect on the right widens and becomes extremely lovely. The Sandown Bay, with its red cliffs and the Culver Cliffs, has a magnificent appearance; the town of Sandown is in sight, also Cook's Castle, Bembridge Down, with its monument and fort, Brading Haven, the houses of St. Helens and Bembridge, the sea, and the opposite coast in the direction of Chichester the spire of the cathedral being visible on a clear day.

Leaving Span Down, at a gate in a stone wall the Appuldurcombe Down is entered, and the Worsley obelisk appears full in front. A gate on the left leads to the farms of Little Stenbury and Sheepwash, also to the road from Whitwell to Newport. It is a fine walk hence to the obelisk over carpet-like turf, with bracing air, and extensive and charming views in every direction. Close below, on the right, is Appuldurcombe house and Wroxall village, with the heights over which the spectator has just travelled, and the Wroxall and St. Martin's downs, and Cook's Castle. In the opposite direction are Whitwell and Niton, a strip of sea, and St. Catherine's Down, its lighthouses and the Alexandrian pillar. Far away to the west may be discerned the coast of Dorsetshire, the chalk cliffs at the Needles, and Freshwater. Immediately at the feet of the spectator, spread as if on a map, is a wide vale, containing the churches of Arreton, Newchurch, and Godshill, the latter being very prominently perched on the top of a small hill, and forming a pretty object, with the houses of the village clustered round it. Beyond the vale is a long range of chalk hills, including Chillerton, St. George's, Arreton, Messly, Ashe, Brading, and Bembridge downs. To the north-west of these may be seen the church at Newport, Carisbrooke Castle, the towers of Osborne house, and Cowes harbour. To the east, however, there is the most charming portion of the whole prospect, including the towns of Shanklin and Sandown, the noble bay of Sandown, the white Culver Cliffs, the Brading Haven, the Solent, and the opposite coast.

A descent may be made direct to Appuldurcombe house, and Ventnor reached by a road passing Span and Rew farms, and the cemetery; thus making the walk from Ventnor to Worsley obelisk and back 5 miles. From Wroxall the tourist might return by train. Another plan would be to descend from the obelisk by the precipice known as Gatcliff to Godshill, and thence travel in the direction of Whitwell or Newport.

Black Gang to Freshwater Gate, by the Sea Cliffs.

14 miles.

The coastguard path runs along the brow of the cliffs the whole way from Black Gang to Freshwater Gate, and the pedestrian will find it a most delightful walk, and not too fatiguing, the ground being tolerably level and composed of springy turf covered with short grass. During the journey there is always a grand prospect of the sea, the inland view is pleasing, and the cliffs and breakers on the shore add a special charm, whilst pure fresh breezes invigorate the traveller and take away all sense of lassitude.

The cliffs are gained near Black Gang Terrace, and then the path continues close to the edge of the precipice. Presently a knoll is reached commanding a fine view of the bays of Chale, Brixton, and Compton, and the headlands of Atherfield, Brook, and the Needles, with the Dorsetshire coast around the Purbeck Isle; the varied colours of the sandstone cliffs, and the bold white chalk ones in the distance having a fine effect. Close by are the Black Gang chine, Rocken End, St. Catherine's Down and lighthouse, Hoy's pillar, the church and village of Chale, and a broad tract of level land backed by the chalk downs. The cliffs being perpendicular and lofty, it is a fine sight to look over and see and hear the waves beating on the shore, the spray being visible for miles. Three-quarters of a mile from Black Gang is Walpen chine, a cleft in the dark sandstone cliffs formed by a tiny rill from Chale. Some distance farther is Ladder chine, which is very narrow. Here is a path leading down to the shore, where are a few fishermen's boats and thatched huts. A quarter of a mile beyond is Whale chine, presenting fine perpendicular walls of sand, bare of vegetation—

“Like a mighty gash inflicted by the sword of an Orlando.”

This is the boldest and most picturesque of the chines between Black Gang and Freshwater. To cross it the tourist must branch inland for a few hundred yards, and gain the other side close to the Military road. From Chale this ravine may easily be visited by following the road for 1 mile to Walpen farm, and then by continuing along a path across the fields. Presently fine retrospective views are had of the cliffs to Rocken End, with the white-crested breakers thundering

at their feet, the sea having here almost always a very heavy swell. At Atherfield Point, 3 miles from Black Gang, is a coastguard station, where there is a fine view of Chale bay; and the different layers of the lower greensand rocks are seen in beautiful order from Rocken End to the point where the Wealden series begins.

Soon Chale bay disappears and Brixton bay comes in view. The cliffs, though high, are not so wild and perpendicular as those which have been left, and here and there they subside a little, sloping down to the shore with grass-covered mounds of clay. In the rear are seen Appuldurcombe Down and the Worsley obelisk, to the left of Hoy's pillar. Three-quarters of a mile distant is Shepherd's or White's chine. This ravine is formed by a stream which rises near Kingston, and the banks are composed of dark wealden clay. It is crossed by a wooden footbridge a little distance from the shore. There are two or three small houses near, and some fishermen's huts on the beach. Cowlease chine is soon reached, at the head of which the cliffs present layers of sandstone of the Hastings series. The stream that flows through Shepherd's chine is said to have formerly entered the sea by Cowlease chine, but a shepherd desiring to secure the eels which were to be found in the mud at the bottom, cut through the soft and narrow barrier which divides the ravines and diverted the water, with the full intention of restoring the stream to its old bed when he had filled his creels, but heavy rains coming on, the brook soon deepened its new channel beyond the possibility of restoration, and has, by degrees, formed a new chine, named from its unintentional creator, leaving its former course deserted and dry.

The cliffs are now composed entirely of the Wealden formation which continues to Compton bay, and although they in places present a fine vertical front there is nothing of special interest for some distance. Passing Barnes chine, which is very small and hardly deserves the name, the Tarbarrel Hill is gained, $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Black Gang, where the coastguard have a signal station. Off this point is the dangerous reef of Shipledge, "of melancholy notoriety in the annals of wrecks—the traditional loss of a Dutch vessel in this locality has given its name to Dutchman's Hole, where to this day, at particular states of the tide, when a ground swell has laid the rocks bare gold coins are found." Beyond the signal station is Grange chine, where there are two or three houses and a lifeboat. The arches by which the

Military road spans the ravine are observed a short distance from the coast. A road runs from the head of the chine to the village of Brixton, situated at the base of the downs, 1 mile distant. Three-quarters of a mile from Grange chine is Chilton chine, where there are fishermen's boats; and 2 miles farther is Brook bay, and chine. Brixton, Mottistone and Brook downs are on the right; and in front the Compton, Afton, and Freshwater cliffs, which have been in sight ever since leaving Black Gang, now present a fine bold front. In Brook bay is a lifeboat, a coast-guard station, and some cottages.

Rounding Brook Point the pleasant and secluded bay of Compton is skirted. Here the Freshwater bay and the white chalk cliffs present a noble appearance. On passing Compton chine, a small and narrow but deep crevice, the ascent of Compton or Afton Down is commenced. The path can be followed which runs as near to the sloping edge of the cliff as it is safe to venture. A few yards higher is the Military road. There is a fine view of Compton bay and Brook Point, and beyond is St. Catherine's Down presenting a picturesque appearance. The perpendicular chalk cliffs in front rise majestically from the water, and beyond are the Needles and the Dorsetshire coast. The cliffs upon which the tourist is travelling descend hundreds of feet, and as the traveller approaches Freshwater Bay he will stay for a moment to read the following sad memorial inscribed upon a stone that stands upon the slope of the down a few yards from the brink of the precipice: "In the midst of life we are in death. E. L. M., aged 15. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. Jesus said, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' Erected in remembrance of a most dear and only child who was suddenly removed into eternity by a fall from the adjacent cliff on to the rocks beneath, 28th August, 1846. Reader prepare to meet thy God, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Freshwater Gate now comes in sight close by and is found to be a delightful place, with pleasant villas and two large hotels close to a charming little bay.

Black Gang to Freshwater Gate, by the Seashore.

14 miles.

The shore for some miles to the west of Black Gang is so tedious to walk along, being composed of a thick shingly bed of small rounded pebbles in which the foot sinks at every step, that few will think of undertaking the task. The cliffs are, however, so magnificent, and present such a bold and picturesque front, that those who undergo the fatigue of the journey will be amply rewarded, and to the geologist the walk will be especially interesting. On no account must an attempt be made to bathe near Black Gang, the back draught being very strong and extremely dangerous. "The surf which beats on this coast in stormy weather very much reminds one of the Madras surf, and is as impracticable to boats as is its prototype; indeed it may be doubted if even the peculiar make of the Massoulah boat would save it from destruction when a fresh breeze from the south-west occurs. It may be as well here to warn visitors against approaching too near the breaking waves, even when only exhibiting their ordinary grandeur. After bursting, they rush up the beach to some distance, and the *back draught* is so powerful as to throw down an individual who may be taken by surprise, and whose footing upon the loose shingle is necessarily so uncertain as to render him but ill able to withstand its force. Should a wave overtake a person in this manner, during tempestuous weather, he would probably be drawn into the boiling surge, and almost certain destruction would be the result. A providential escape occurred in the summer of 1848 to a lady resident near the spot. She was walking with a female friend along the shore, far removed as they imagined from the dangerous influence of the waves, when one, bursting with more than usual violence, dashed up to them, and bore away the lady above alluded to, in its retiring surge. Her struggles to escape so horrible a death were not those of an unnerved person, but of one who could, even at such a moment, call all her faculties to her aid; her struggles for existence, however, were in vain, and certain death appeared before her. With equal heroism and judgment her companion, instead of rushing immediately to her aid, and involving the loss of her own life, watched the opportunity of the return of a wave of less force than the others, ran

to her assistance, and by an almost superhuman effort succeeded in rescuing her now almost lifeless friend, and in placing her in safety on the cliff above. Persons who may be thus overtaken by the waves are not always so fortunate as the lady just mentioned, as the following anecdote will show: One Sunday morning, in 1844, some lads were engaged in picking up oranges which had been washed on shore from a wreck in the neighbourhood, and, while thus occupied, one of them, a fine young man about nineteen years of age, was overtaken by a wave, carried out a short distance, and within ten minutes cast up at the feet of his horror-struck companions a lifeless corpse."

Leaving the dark sand and mud cliffs on the west side of the chine, with the ever-shifting landslips, presenting a scene of wild ruin, the cliffs for three-quarters of a mile are high and vertical, with pieces often tumbling from above, so that unless the tide be ebbing it is not safe to attempt the walk, and even then the traveller ought not to keep too near the precipice. Passing Walpen chine, a small recess in the dark sand cliffs, there are a few boats and huts perched on a grassy ledge close to the narrow opening of Ladder chine, where a path ascends from the shore. One mile from Black Gang is Whale chine, a wide and deep aperture with high perpendicular walls of sand, which gradually narrow and run some distance inland. A stream flows through it, over blocks of clay and sandstone. In front is Atherfield Point, and the coastguard station on the top of it, and in the distance the chalk cliffs of Freshwater, with the Needles and opposite coast of Dorsetshire, whilst in rear are Black Gang and Rocken End. It is delightful to hear the deep roll of the ocean, and to see the silvery spray curling along the shore for many miles. At Atherfield Point there is a noble retrospective view of Chale bay and St. Catherine's Down, and then appears in front the bay of Brixton, with its low red-clay cliffs, and more distant the white chalk cliffs of Freshwater.

Half a mile from Atherfield Point are huts and fishing boats, and a few yards farther are Shepherd and Cowlease chines. The shingle here is so heavy that the traveller would do well to ascend the cliffs and continue on the top for some distance past a signal post to Grange chine, where the sands become smooth and hard and pleasant to walk upon. A ledge of hard red clay stretches out for some distance into the sea, forming the perilous reefs of Bull Rocks. Passing

Chilton chine, and the huts and boats at Sudmore, Crab Point is rounded and Brook bay entered. Here the rearward view is lost, but the white cliffs of Compton and Freshwater again come in sight, and present a striking contrast to the red-sand cliffs we have left behind. At the west side of Brook bay is Brook Point, separating it from Compton bay. Here, at low water, the tourist will find fossil wood on the shore, and there is also some on the coast side of Compton bay. Mantell says, "the accumulation of fossil trees at Brook Point evidently originated in a raft composed of prostrate pine forest, transported from a distance by the river which flowed through the country whence the Wealden deposits were derived, and became submerged in the sand and mud of the delta, burying with it the bones of reptiles, mussel shells, and other extraneous bodies it had gathered in its course."

Compton bay is a beautiful spot, open, but quiet and secluded, with a long stretch of firm smooth sand, suitable for bathing, and bounded on the west by high chalk cliffs. The bay is interesting alike to the lover of the picturesque and to the man of science. Sir Charles Lyell writes: "The section from Compton chine to Brook is superb. We there see at one view the whole geology of the district, from the chalk with flints down to the battel beds, and all within an hour's walk. This is so beautiful a key, that I am at a loss to conceive how so much confusion has arisen." The fort and hotel at Freshwater Gate are in sight, but cannot be reached by the shore as the sea washes against the high rocks on the west end of the bay at all states of the tide. The traveller must therefore ascend near Compton chine, and walk along Afton Down by the path described at page 131.

FRESHWATER SECTION.

FRESHWATER.

THE Freshwater district is the extreme western part, and contains some of the most beautiful and magnificent scenery in the Isle of Wight. It is bounded by the little river Yar, and has narrowly escaped being formed into a separate island, for the source of the stream is within a few yards of the sea at Freshwater Gate, the waves having, it is said, in stormy weather, burst over the narrow ridge of division and mingled with the fresh waters of the river head. The stream, after a winding course of less than 4 miles, forms a broad tidal estuary, and empties its waters into the Solent, close to the town of Yarmouth. In a map of the island, published in 1610, this peninsula is marked the "Isle of Freshwater;" and in 1629 a proposal was made to government to convert it into a place of secure retreat for the inhabitants and their cattle in the event of an invasion of Wight by a foreign foe. It was to be insulated by cutting through the neck of land at Freshwater Gate, and the passages were to be secured by drawbridges and batteries. These solicitations, however, were answered only by fair words and promises.

Almost equidistant between the two seas are the church and village of Freshwater, where a bridge crosses the river. The church is a very old edifice, and it has recently been restored at a cost of over 3000*l*. It is not particularly interesting to the stranger, but in the graveyard it is astonishing to note the number of headstones of very old people—many of the ages recorded being between ninety and one hundred years, a fact which goes a long way to prove that this part of the isle is more healthy than any other. The famous natural philosopher, Dr. Robert Hooke, was born at the rectory in 1635. He was a great improver of the pendulum, and one of the leading members of the Royal Society, when that learned body was founded. Dr. Wood, the well-known

mathematician, died rector of Freshwater. It is reported that when he first went to college he was so poor he was fain to work his problems by the light of the stair-lamp, and he afterwards achieved the high positions of Master of St. John's and Dean of Ely.

Freshwater Gate will by many persons be considered the most favoured spot on the whole island. The adjacent scenery is of the grandest character, a combination of the sublime and the beautiful rarely equalled. The little bay is perfectly unique, with its pebbly shore and fine chalk cliffs. Two detached masses of rock on the eastern side of the cove stand in the waves like weird sentinels; one is known as the Arched Rock, and the other as the Stag or Deer Pound Rock. The Arched Rock is very picturesque, the waters having worn a natural Gothic-like opening at the base of the mass. The Stag Rock is supposed to derive its name from the tradition that a stag, hard pressed by the hunters, leaped upon it from the summit of the neighbouring cliffs. These heights have undoubtedly in recent years been greatly wasted by the waves, for the Military road is now partly gone, although it was, when made, many yards from the precipice. It is not possible to walk round the rocks into Compton bay owing to the sea washing the base of the cliffs for a few yards at all states of the tide. In the cove are a few boats and bathing machines, also a small marine bathing house. There are two large hotels, Lambert's Freshwater Bay Hotel and the Albion Hotel, the former being delightfully situated on the slope of the down, and exceedingly comfortable. These hotels are in the hands of one proprietor. At a little distance are various lodging houses, and Stark's Family Hotel. Overlooking the bay is a small fort containing seven guns and less than twenty soldiers. It was completed in 1856, and is constructed principally beneath the surface of the ground.

At Freshwater Gate there formerly stood a small inn, called "The Cabin," a favourite resort of smugglers and hardy fishermen. Here, in 1799, George Morland was a frequent visitor. He enjoyed the rough company and introduced them into many of his best sketches. His picture of the "Taproom" is a faithful representation of the interior of this hostelry. From the romantic scenery of the neighbourhood he derived subjects for his "View near the Isle of Wight," "View of the Needles," "Fishermen," "The Smugglers," "A Storm piece," "The Castle," "Sea View from the Isle of Wight and Freshwater Gate, at moonlight, with a

group of Smugglers." On one occasion while he was sketching at Yarmouth with two friends they were arrested as spies, and a report of their capture forwarded to General Don, then commandant of the military forces of the island. They were removed, well guarded, to Newport, where, after examination before the magistrates, they were set at liberty. Morland often related his island adventures with boisterous glee.

Half a mile west of Freshwater Gate is Faringford house, the residence of Mr. Tennyson, the Poet-Laureate, whose name in future years will be for ever associated with the island. The grounds, though near the road, are very secluded, being surrounded by a thick fence and high trees, and few visitors will so far forget themselves as to intrude in any way on the privacy of the poet. Mr. Tennyson thus describes the place in his invitation to the Rev. F. D. Maurice:—

"Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

"You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip,
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

"For groves of pine on either hand
To break the blasts of winter stand;
And farther on the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand."

A Walk over the High Down to Scratchell's Bay, The Needles, and Alum Bay.

The High Down is the noble chalk hill which extends from Freshwater Gate to the Needles, a distance of 4 miles. It is 490 feet high, and presents along the whole length of its southern side a magnificent perpendicular wall of white cliffs, rising from the ocean to a height of 400 feet; whilst on its summit is soft green turf, and on the north side a smooth verdant slope. Although not so lofty as some of the other downs, its isolated character, its bracing atmosphere, its grand mural precipice, and the glorious prospect of sea and land obtained from every part give it an air of proud superiority, and make it the special favourite of those who are imbued

with the spirit of the true mountaineer. The grounds of Faringford, screened by trees from public view, are separated from this mountain mass merely by one or two fields. As the stranger glances across to the little summer-house and the secluded mansion of the Poet-Laureate, he will not need to be reminded that the down on which he is standing is the favourite resort of the author of 'In Memoriam,' and 'The Idylls of the King'; and he will probably feel that to the spirit of the place the poet is indebted for much of his inspiration.

Following the path for a few yards in the rear of the hotel the cliffs are gained close to the fort. Here there are visible a wide extent of sea, the Compton and Brook bays, and in the distance St. Catherine's Down. Nearer are Afton, Compton, Dunsbury, and Brook downs. There is also a prospect across the level land to Freshwater church, Yarmouth, the Golden Hill fort, and the Hampshire coast. The most interesting view is that of Watcombe bay, close below the spectator, and the fine picturesque cliffs of the High Down, with the sea dashing at their base.

A path will be observed descending the face of the rock into Watcombe bay, a charming little cove with caverns and detached mass of chalk tunnelled by the waves, a favourite resort of those staying at Freshwater Gate who are fond of seclusion, and the wild beauties and sublimities of nature. Pleasant it is on a moonlight night to stroll from the hotel, enter this recess, and have an hour's commune with the voices from the boundless deep.

Ascending the smooth green turf for two or three hundred yards, until a fence is reached, a fine view is obtained of a long stretch of the cliffs, which present a bold appearance, the spray curling amongst the large blocks at their feet. In the rear the eye ranges along the lovely coast past the white cliffs of Afton Downs to the Compton, Brook, Brixton, and Chale bays, as far as Rocken End, and St. Catherine's Down. Beyond the latter is Week Down, and nearer the Brook and Dunsbury downs. There is also an extensive prospect of Freshwater, Yarmouth, the river Yar, the Solent, and the opposite coast. Following the path marked by the small lumps of chalk, placed by the coastguard as guides when dark or misty; or keep a little nearer the precipice, where vantage points may be obtained for overlooking the cliffs, which are here composed of chalk interlined with dark layers of flints, sometimes horizontal and at others at all angles, and

present a pleasing and varied appearance. Perhaps the best plan is to bend to the right a little after passing through the fence, and then a point overlooking Faringford is quickly gained, where there is a charming view of the whole of the Freshwater district; the hamlets, mansions, and forts, glancing from amidst the trees, or standing on the elevated ground. The town of Yarmouth is a prominent object, and there is a lovely view of the Solent, and Christchurch bay, Hurst Castle, and the opposite coast which is visible for many miles on either side of Lymington. The pure healthy breeze always to be had on this down, the freedom to run about anywhere on the smooth sloping surface, the magnificent and attractive views to be had by varying the position, all combine to fill the traveller

“ . . . not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years.”

On a fine sunny day the view of Freshwater, the Solent, Christchurch bay, and the opposite coast are perfectly enchanting and fairy-like. Those who remain some time in the neighbourhood ought to ascend the hill to view the various effects of the scenery at different hours of the day, morning, noon, and evening; also, if possible, on moonlight and starlight nights.

Near the edge of the precipice slight hollows have been formed here and there by the sinking of the cliffs, owing to their being undermined by the waves, and there are warm secluded nooks commanding views of the cliffs and the coast to Rocken End. On arriving at the top of the down, where is a beacon now only used as a landmark, on a clear day the opposite coast is visible, with the waves dashing on the shore, past Pool bay to the isle of Purbeck, the low chalk cliffs there, which are in a straight line with those of the Needles, being apparently as well defined as if close by. In the opposite direction are Compton, Brook, Brixton, and Chale bays, with the headlands of Brook, Atherfield, and Rocken End. There is also in sight a long range of hills, including Afton, Compton, Dunsbury, and Brook downs, with Castle Hill and other small hills on the right, also St. Catherine's, Week, Appuldurcombe, and Wroxall downs. To the north of these is a wide extent of level land and the coast to Gurnard Bay. Near the spectator are Fresh-

water, Yarmouth, Headon Hill, the houses directly above Alum bay, a wide stretch of sea, the lovely Solent, and the opposite coast from Purbeck Isle, past Poole bay, Christchurch bay, Hurst Castle, Lyminster, and New Forest to Southampton Water.

From the beacon, by descending to the edge of the precipice, a point is gained commanding a superb view of the cliffs over which the traveller has passed, with the Stag Rock in the tiny bay of Freshwater Gate, the Compton cliffs, and the coast stretching away to Rocken End. Here, in a slight hollow of the down, the Main Bench cliffs in front burst into sight, and present a wall of chalk rising from the waves hundreds of feet, and beautifully streaked with horizontal layers of flint. If the tourist keep slightly on the north side of the down, away from the cliffs, he will gradually lose sight of Freshwater, and then Alum bay is visible with the hotel in the hollow between the High Down and Headon Hill. Hurst Castle becomes prominent, and the opposite coast with the Solent is very charming. The down here, sometimes called St. Christopher's, ends abruptly in a precipice overhanging Scratchell's bay, and on the north side of this bay a strip about 40 yards wide of the down, juts a few hundred yards into the sea, with a fort perched upon it, and in advance of this point are the Needles rocks, four wedge-shaped isolated cliffs of chalk ranged in a straight line due west, varying from 40 to 100 feet in height, with the sea rushing between them, and at the western extremity of the farthest rock is a lighthouse.

Descending to the rails close to the fort, a peep is had over the precipice on the left into Scratchell's bay, a wonderfully attractive and weird-like spot. The chalk cliffs, forming a semicircular cove, rise to a great height and are beautifully streaked with thousands of curved lines of thin parallel layers of flints. At the base of the cliffs is a small sandy shore, and a large arched recess in the rocks adds a charm to this secluded nook, which may justly lay claim to be considered the most magnificent and striking spot on the island. A narrow winding track descends the steep face of the steep declivity to the shore of the cove, but few dare to track its course. Occasionally persons will do so with the assistance of one of the gunners resident at the fort.

By changing the standpoint a few yards, and overlooking the precipice on the right, a charming view is had of Alum bay, with its beautifully coloured cliffs.

Should the tourist gain admission * to the fort, which contains six 230-lb. guns, weighing 12 tons each, he may walk to the edge of the tapering headland, and standing on ground two or three yards wide, with a shear descent on either hand, have a view close below him in front of the four rocks which compose the Needles. The name of these rocks has no doubt been given to them owing to their needle-like sharpness, but it has usually been traced to the lofty conical pinnacle, about 120 feet high, which became undermined by the waves and fell in 1764, with a concussion *said* to have been felt many miles.

From the fort, the Alum Bay Hotel, 1 mile distant, is reached by a road running in a romantic manner on the north slope of the down, a few yards above the chalk cliffs. When near the hotel the richly coloured sand cliffs in Alum bay, along with the white chalk cliffs terminated by the Needles, and the lighthouse produce a fine effect. At low spring tides, on rare occasions, and with the chance of a ducking, it is possible to walk along the boulders at the base of the cliffs under the fort, and around by the Needles into Scratchell's bay.

Descending from the hotel by a winding path, Alum bay is reached in two or three minutes. Here is a small pier for landing passengers from steamers, a few boats, one or two bathing machines, and a wood hut used as a bazaar, where may be purchased glasses filled with coloured sands from the adjoining cliffs, arranged in various designs. The shore consists of smooth hard sand and is well adapted for bathing. The spot is most lovely and secluded. The Needles present a fine aspect and from them the bold chalk cliffs stretch for three-quarters of a mile by the side of the down, whilst in the distance is seen Purbeck Isle on the opposite coast and the waves are observed dashing on the shore in Christchurch bay. The Alum bay cliffs are indescribably picturesque and beautiful, being weathered and worn into innumerable miniature gullies and peaks which stand out boldly and assume fantastic shapes, in places presenting the appearance of a miniature Alpine region in all the brilliant colours of the rainbow.

In Worsley's 'History' we read that the bay derived its name from the native alum found there, and that in 1561 Queen Elizabeth granted to Richard Worsley, Esq., the

* Permission can always be obtained by sending in a card with request for an order, to the officer commanding at Golden Hill Fort or Cliff End Fort.

captain of the island, a warrant to search for that mineral. It is said that Wedgwood tried to use the fine white sand in his porcelain manufacture, but the experiment was unsuccessful; in late years considerable quantities have been taken away for the supply of the glasshouses of London and Bristol.

To the geologist the vertical strata in Alum bay is supremely interesting. It is of the same character as that met with in White Cliff bay on the eastern end of the island. "At both places the chalk joins the fresh-water deposits and the London clay, and although the strata is strangely dislocated and contorted at Headon Hill, thereby presenting a different landscape from that of the turf-covered slopes of White Cliff bay, the order of the deposits will be found to be the same. In both cases the fresh-water deposits (farthest north, forming Headon Hill itself) are the uppermost series; then follow south, the upper, middle, and lower Bagshot beds. The fine white sands belong to the upper series. The dark clays of the middle series follow, including the strata known as the Barton and Bracklesham beds, with solid beds of lignite or coal, from 15 to 27 inches thick; layers of septaria or cement stones; and a great variety of fossil shells and corals. These are succeeded by the lower series, a succession of vertical sections of varied and brilliantly coloured sands and clays. There are no mineral remains in this series, but there are frequent beds of lignite and other vegetable matters, and one thin bed of pipeclay is crowded with leaves of land plants of subtropical genera in exquisite preservation. Next come the London clays, or Bognor beds, of dark clay, or sand of marine origin, divided by a band of flint pebbles from the plastic clays, consisting of mottled clays without fossils, in immediate contact with the chalk. The variegated and deeply tinted sands, marls, and clays which render the cliff so remarkable, belong to the middle and lower Bagshot series, including the Barton and Bracklesham beds. The variety of the vertical layers is endless, and may be compared to the vivid stripes of a parti-coloured tulip. On cutting down pieces of the cliff it is astonishing to see the extreme brightness of the colours and the delicacy and thinness of the several layers of white and red sands, shale and white sand, yellow clay and white and red sand, and indeed almost every imaginable combination of these materials."

Sir H. C. Englefield, in his 'Picturesque Beauties of the Isle of Wight,' says: "The scenery of Alum bay is very

superior in magnificence to that of any other part of the island. The chalk forms an unbroken face everywhere nearly perpendicular, and in some parts formidably projecting, and the tenderest stains of ochreous yellow and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile and is probably near 400 feet in height; it terminates by a thin projection of a bold broken outline, and the wedge-shaped Needles rocks rising out of the blue waters continue the cliff in idea beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The pearly hue of the chalk under certain conditions of the atmosphere and light is beyond description by words, and probably out of the power even of the pencil to portray. The magical repose of this side of the bay is most wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not, as at White Cliff, present rounded headlands clothed with turf and shrubs, but offer a series of points of a sort of scalloped form which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part. All is wild ruin. The tints of the cliffs are so bright and so varied that they have not the appearance of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, grey nearly approaching to white, and absolute black, succeed each other, as sharply defined as the stripes in silk, and after rain the sun, which from about noon till his setting in summer, illuminates them more and more, gives a brilliancy to some of these nearly as resplendent as the high lights on real silk. Small vessels often lie in this bay for the purpose of loading chalk, and they most admirably show the majestic size of the cliffs under whose shade they lie diminished almost to nothing."

A Sail from Freshwater Gate to the Caves under the Main Bench Cliffs, and thence to Scratchell's Bay, The Needles, and Alum Bay.

Scratchell's Bay, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles; Needles, 4 miles; Alum Bay, 5 miles.

This is the most romantic excursion that can be taken in the Isle of Wight. During the whole of the way the traveller passes at the base of the most magnificent cliffs in the island, the chalk rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea to a height of 400 feet, and being in many places honeycombed by the

waves into wild caverns. Only at rare intervals and in fine weather can the caves be visited, but if circumstances are favourable, the stranger ought not to miss the excursion, for it is one which is in the highest degree pleasing. The charge for boat and two men to Alum bay and back is 10s. Those who do not care to return by water might land at this bay, and have a carriage there to meet them, or walk back over the High Down.

On leaving Freshwater Gate, one or two interesting recesses might be visited close by the Arched and Stag rocks, beneath the cliffs of Afton Down. In the opposite direction the point is passed on the top of which stands the fort, and then the charming little bay of Watcombe is reached. The cliffs continue to increase in perpendicular height until they attain their greatest elevation beneath the beacon on the High Down. Ledges, arches, and pillars occur on the face of the rocks to which fantastic names have been applied, and all along the irregular base are caverns, "where sea-monsters might retire to sleep, or tritons come to meditate." Neptune's Cave, which is the largest, is said to be 200 feet deep, there is Bar Cave 90 feet deep, and Frenchman's Hole, the same size, where tradition relates that a French prisoner concealed himself, and was starved to death. The next darksome recesses are Lord Holme's parlour, cellar, and kitchen, named after a governor of the island who, we are told, was in the habit of entertaining his friends in this wild spot, and where he kept his wines cool and safe. Next come in view Roe's Hall, high up in the face of the cliff, the old Pepper Rock, a detached mass of chalk, and then the tourist finds himself beneath the Main Bench, the finest part of the range, rising almost vertically to a great elevation, its white face being beautifully streaked with layers of flints running obliquely from base to summit. These heights are the resort of myriads of sea birds, puffins, razorbills, cormorants, gulls, guillemots, and daws, sitting during the breeding season tier above tier on the face of the cliff. The birds are nearly all migratory, and only seen here during the summer months. Previous to the passing of the Sea Birds Preservation Bill, the eggs and feathers were the plunder of the country people, who resorted to a daring feat in order to obtain them. First, driving a strong stake or iron bar into the top of the cliff, near its edge, the adventurer secured one end of a rope to it, and the other to a piece of wood placed crosswise so as to resemble a rude seat. By means of this simple apparatus he descended the

front of the precipice, hallooing on his way to scare the birds from their holes in the rocks, when the eggs were his chief object, but when the feathers were his principal concern, he silently secured his prey as they sat within their nests, or seized them in the act of flying from their lurking places. In the latter case the plumage was his only prize, for the flesh of these birds is too rank for human food, though it is used as a bait by the fishermen for lobster and shrimp-pots. Although apparently so perilous an occupation, an accident was of rare occurrence. There is a story told of a youth who had a wonderful escape, when his fate appeared almost hopeless. He had entered a recess several feet from the perpendicular hanging of the rope. While employed in securing his footing the rope escaped from his hold, its vibration diminished and at every return became more beyond his reach. In this emergency, nothing remained for him except to die of starvation, or to make a desperate leap to regain the rope; not a moment was to be lost, and on its next revolution he sprang to meet it. Happily he regained his grasp, and was drawn up safely to the summit of the cliff.

The Main Bench ends in a stern wave-worn bluff called Sun Corner, and then enters a deep hollow curve of extreme magnificence, called Scratchell's bay, bounded northwards by the high masses of glittering rocks, so widely celebrated as the Needles. Landing in the bay on the strip of shingle, the tourist obtains a most wild and striking view, one which he must travel many miles to match. The lofty cliffs are beautifully scored by innumerable layers of flints, and in one place has been created a grand arch overhanging the beach in a noble canopy of at least 180 feet span, which, though insignificant from the water, offers a spectacle of wondrous beauty to those who stand beneath it and look out on the ocean, "with all its solemn breadth and sparkling points rolling away till it seems piled up against the sky." There is an association connected with this spot which somewhat savours of the ludicrous. One John Baldwin, of Lymington, having heard his wife threaten "to dance over his grave," gave directions in his will that he should be buried out at sea, and accordingly his body was submerged in Scratchell's bay. Between the bay and the Needles the waves have tunnelled a low gloomy cavern, which runs as much as 300 feet into the cliff, known as the Needles' Cave.

From Scratchell's bay experienced boatmen take the visitors at high water through the Needles, the grandeur of

whose wedge-shaped outlines rising out of the blue waves cannot be justly appreciated except from the sea. Englefield says: "The view of the end of the Isle of Wight from the Needles at any time is one of the most uncommon, and one of the most magnificent scenes in Great Britain. Nothing can be more interesting, particularly to those fond of aquatic excursions, than to sail between and around these rocks. The wonderfully coloured cliffs of Alum bay, the lofty towering chalk precipices of Scratchell's bay of the most dazzling whiteness, and the most elegant forms; the magnitude and singularity of the spiry insulated masses which seem at every instant to be shifting their situation, and give a mazy perplexity to the place; the screaming of the aquatic birds, the agitation of the sea, and the rapidity of the tide, occasioning not unfrequently a slight degree of danger. All these circumstances combine to raise in the mind unusual emotions, and to give to the scene a character highly singular and even romantic."

The dangers of the Needles passage have long been felt by mariners, but that it is the grandest and most fitting approach to England foreigners unanimously acknowledge. Mr. Rush, the American, writes of it enthusiastically: "In due time we approached the Needles. The spectacle was grand. Our officers gazed in admiration. The very men who swarmed upon the deck made a pause to look upon the giddy height. . . . There is something imposing in entering England by this access. I afterwards entered at Dover in a packet from Calais, my eye fixed upon the sentinels as they slowly paced the heights. But these cliffs, bold as they are, and immortalized by Shakespeare, did not equal the passage through the Needles."

The visitor may land on the outermost rock and examine the lighthouse erected by the Trinity Board, in 1858. The view from the lantern is most remarkable, and well deserves attention. Previous to 1858 there was a lighthouse above the cliffs overhanging Scratchell's bay, but it was often enveloped in mist.

Having passed the Needles, Alum bay bursts into view, presenting at all times a scene of enchantment, but especially if the rays of the setting sun fall on its beautifully coloured cliffs. Passing a long line of chalk cliffs the bay is gained and a landing effected on the shore, directly below the cliffs and the hotel.

The sail should be continued on to Yarmouth. It is most

enjoyable of an evening with a tide, especially if the wind is east, and necessitates standing across to the Shingles. The Shingles is the name of a belt of beach running out from near Hurst (there being, however, a channel between it and the mainland) for 3 or 4 miles westward—sometimes there are no traces of it, at other times the beach stands out of the sea several feet at high water, and parties have had picnics there. Three buoys are placed on the Shingles, and it is almost as dangerous a bank as the Goodwins, only it is well marked. Hurst Castle should be visited, both for a sight of King Charles' room, where the king was confined for twenty-seven days after his seizure by the army at Newport, December 1, 1648, and the wonders of the modern fort. Behind the Castle is good anchorage. During the sail fine views are obtained of Hatherwood Point, which in August and September is a brilliant blaze of heather, and the view of Yarmouth, especially if the tide is up, is very picturesque.

A Walk along the Seashore from Alum Bay to Yarmouth, and thence to Cowes.

The seashore between Alum bay and Yarmouth (5½ miles), which includes the Tolland and Colwell bays, is secluded and little visited, though very pleasant, and from every point commanding charming views across the sea to the opposite coasts of Dorsetshire and Hampshire.

The walk from Alum bay to Tolland bay, round Hatherwood Point, is rather tedious, the shore being strewn with masses of sandstone, clay, and flint; and unless at ebb tide it is not well to attempt it, for the slope from the shore to the top of Headon Hill is composed of landslips of soft treacherous clay, in which the traveller may find himself, without previous warning, up to the knees in mud. The geologist will, however, find the ground specially interesting, there being innumerable fossils in the surrounding débris. The cliffs are composed of eocene strata deposited on the London clay. Mantell says: "Here the lowermost stratum visible on the beach is a pure white sand, which is largely exported for the glass manufactories; this is covered by a bed of yellowish clay. A series of variously coloured sands, marls, and clays, with layers of friable limestone succeed. The predominating fossils are species of fresh-water genera, but there are in some of the beds a few marine and estuary shells,

and a layer of oyster shells similar to one in Colwell bay. Within 50 feet of the top of the hill there is a stratum of reddish brown and mottled clay with seams of lignite; and on this is superimposed whitish sand and marl, with interstratified layers of concretionary limestone, full of fresh-water shells. A thick bed of gravel forms the alluvial covering on the summit of the hill."

As the traveller proceeds, the Needles disappear, Hurst Castle becomes prominent opposite, and the view opens to the Albert fort, a square brick building standing at Cliff End close to the water on the farther side of Colwell bay. When round Hatherwood Point, Tolland bay is entered, where there are beautiful smooth sands suitable for bathing, a lifeboat, fishing boats, bathing machines, and an old wooden pier, which was erected for purposes connected with the building of the Needles lighthouse, the granite blocks for the edifice having been put together here. On passing the sea-wall in front of Warden battery, Colwell bay is gained, which is 1 mile in extent, and bounded on the east by the Albert fort and Cliff End battery. The whole of this bay consists of hard level sand, affording excellent bathing ground, and the cliffs are low and composed of layers of clay, and sandstone full of fossil shells, and partially covered with long grass. The air is remarkably pure and bracing, and the views across the Solent, including the Needles, the Dorset and Hants coasts, and Hurst Castle, are truly magical in effect. The wonder is that so sweet and attractive a spot should be so little visited. When better known it will, no doubt, become a favourite resort.

The old square brick fort at Cliff End, the Albert fort, contains twenty-nine guns, and is also used as a barracks. Betwixt it and Hurst Castle is the narrowest part of the Solent, which is here only 1460 yards wide. The granite fort recently erected at Hurst Castle, is said to be one of the strongest, if not the strongest, in Great Britain. On the top of the headland where Cliff End battery now stands, there was formerly an old fort called Worsley's tower, erected in the reign of Henry VIII. by Worsley, the governor of the island. On passing Cliff End, Lymington comes in sight on the opposite shore, and when the sun is shining on the houses it has a pretty effect. Presently the Victoria fort is reached, at Sconce Point. It contains about thirty heavy guns, and on the ground close by are a number of guns for saluting purposes. The telegraph wires here enter the island from the opposite coast. On the site of the fort formerly

stood an old battery erected by Sir George Carey, a governor of the island, in place of Worsley's fort a little farther west, which had then fallen to decay. The view now opens in front to Gurnard bay, the Solent having a beautiful appearance, being like a wide river, with vessels of all sizes moving in every direction. Yarmouth comes in sight half a mile distant, having a picturesque aspect. The traveller may continue on the sands, or on the adjoining raised causeway. The cliffs have now vanished and been succeeded by villas in the midst of richly wooded ground. The river Yar is crossed at its mouth by a wooden bridge, where a toll of 1*d.* is charged, and the town of Yarmouth is entered.

The coast between Yarmouth and Cowes (distance 12 or 13 miles) is low and comparatively uninteresting, although there are always pleasant views across the Solent to the Hampshire coast. The walk in many places is difficult and tedious, the shore being of a soft clayey substance, and the low cliffs being composed of similar material covered in many places to the water's edge with hawthorn, coppice, and furze, and subject to innumerable landslips. One and a quarter mile from Yarmouth a small pier has been erected, and close to it is a board stating—"Site of Bouldner Pier and hotel." At one time it was intended to build a little town here with money raised by a limited liability company, but the scheme has never arrived at maturity. Four miles from Yarmouth the Hampstead cliffs are passed, which have especial interest for the geologist owing to their being the highest members of the eocene strata to be found on the island.

Instead of continuing close to the shore the traveller would do well to ascend close to the pier and walk along an ill-defined path through the whin and along the top of the Bouldner and Hampstead cliffs, where the view is very fine. The cliffs are continually slipping, and exhibit a series of landslips and terraces, which, when seen from above, especially if it be winter, and the wind N.E., with the sea a sickly olive-green, give an idea of utter desolation, the ground crumbling at the spectator's feet, and presenting the appearance of a glacier of dirt below, which moves seawards, and carries with it fences, whin, and whole trees.

Two miles farther, the inlet of Newtown is reached. Here are oyster beds and old disused salterns, also brickyard, and coastguard station. The other side of the bay must be gained by a boat, a boatman generally being at hand to ferry the traveller across. The ground between Newton and Cowes

(8 miles), though not presenting any marked features for some distance, gradually becomes more agreeable for walking exercise. The Thorness bay is skirted and then the Gurnard bay is passed (see page 189) and Cowes entered by the lovely grounds around Egypt House and the Green.

Headon Hill.

Headon Hill is the height on the north side of Alum bay. The country people sometimes speak of it as the Rabbit Warren. On the side overlooking the hotel is a small fort mounting half-a-dozen guns. The hill may be ascended in a few minutes, and though not lofty it commands an extensive and beautiful prospect. The eye ranges past Yarmouth and the hamlets at Freshwater across an extent of level land to Hampstead Hill, Parkhurst Forest, and the towers of Osborne house; the range of vision being bounded on the south by the heights extending from Wroxall Down, past Brook, Dunsbury, and Afton downs. Close at the feet of the spectator are the Colwell, Tolland, and Alum bays, with a noble ridge of chalk cliffs extending to the Needles, whilst over an expanse of ocean are Purbeck Isle, Poole bay, and Christchurch bay. The Solent is here extremely lovely, with vessels walking its waters like things of life, and the opposite side affords a pleasant prospect of winding shores, studded with houses, and richly clothed with wood.

Alum Bay to Yarmouth, by the Road.

4 miles.

The road between Alum bay and Yarmouth commands lovely and extensive prospects. Soon after leaving the hotel the Needles and Alum bay disappear, and the path turns to the left round Headon Hill, and attains high ground, with a view of Afton and Brook downs, and a wide extent of the north-west part of the island. The Golden Hill fort hides Yarmouth, but there is visible a long stretch of the Solent, with Christchurch bay, Hurst Castle, Lymington, and the New Forest; nearer are the Warden and Cliff End batteries, and the Tolland and Colwell bays. The traveller passes Tolland church, the Tolland and Colwell hamlets, and over gorse-clad ground with the prospect of one or two batteries perched on the cliffs to the left, and on the right the hamlet of Norton Green, and the Golden fort the latter well

meriting a visit. When opposite the Golden Hill, Yarmouth is visible in front, and an excellent view is had of the Solent, in one direction to Gurnard bay, and on the other side to Purbeck Isle. Passing a road leading to Freshwater church and Freshwater Gate, a descent is made to the hamlet and wooded villas of Norton, and the river Yar is crossed at the bridge, and the town of Yarmouth entered.

Yarmouth.

Yarmouth is a small sleepy-looking town, situated on a projecting point on the east side of the mouth or estuary of the Yar. Formerly it was cut off from the island by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. Though small it was in ancient times a place of some note, and is said to have been much larger than at present, and to have contained seven churches. In 1135 Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and lord of the island, gave it a charter of incorporation, thus creating the first municipality in the Isle of Wight. Not having been affected by the Municipal Reform act it is at present governed by a mayor and twelve burgesses, a distinction granted to the town by James I. There is still in the possession of the mayor a very handsome mace, the gift of King Charles II. In Edward I.'s reign it sent a representative to Parliament, but this privilege appears to have been suspended until the 27th Elizabeth, when it returned two members, and continued to do so until it was disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832. Philip Lord Lisle, the gallant brother of Algernon Sidney, represented it in the Long Parliament. The number of electors rarely exceeded nine, who were the nominees of the Holmes family, who sprang from the bluff old sea-rover, half pirate, half naval commander, Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, "the cursed beginner of the two Dutch wars." He captured New Amsterdam, the name of which, in honour of his royal patron, James, Duke of York, he changed to New York. From his prize of guinea gold the first guineas were coined, thus leaving a permanent record on our language.

"Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight,
Who first bewitched our eyes with guinea gold."
Dryden's 'Annus Mirabilis.'

He was governor of the island from 1667 to 1692, and resided at Yarmouth in the Government House, which is now the George Hotel, the property of the Holmes family. Here he

entertained Charles II. in 1671 and 1675. He was an Irishman, and in the early part of his life had served under the standard of Charles I. and Prince Rupert, and had entered the service of foreign powers, gaining celebrity in France, Germany, and Flanders. His monument, which stands in the church at Yarmouth, is a work of art well worth seeing. It is a statue, life size, in complete armour, placed beneath an arched canopy resting on heavy Ionic columns of porphyry. It is said that the statue was originally intended to represent Louis XIV. of France, and was being conveyed by the sculptor in an unfinished state in a French ship to Paris, in order that the head might be modelled from the living subject, when the ship was captured by Holmes, who took possession of both the artist and his work, and compelled the sculptor to receive him as a sitter instead of the Grand Monarque. Another story is that it was part of the cargo of a ship *en route* for France which was wrecked at the "back of the island," and that it was finished by an English artist. Certainly the execution of the head is inferior to the rest of the figure, and the reason must be either that it was done by another person, or the Italian artist must have punished the buccaneer by finishing it off roughly.

In front of the George Hotel there were formerly some iron railings, over which the king held his hands to be kissed by the populace. These have lately been removed and are now at the back of the hotel, where there is also a very remarkable coat-of-arms, the "winged griffins," which the late Lord Palmerston wished to be removed to the British Museum. They are placed over what there can be no doubt was the original entrance into the Castle, and are said to be the only coat-of-arms of that period remaining in England. The ground forming a square from the castle wall at the quay to Bank Street, was evidently at one time government property, the Government House, now the George Hotel, having been built in the middle of it. "In pulling down recently several old houses at Yarmouth, a curious illustration was afforded of the 'free trade' propensities of the good burgesses: almost every house had secret recesses, underground passages, and hearthstones which had served as trap-doors; and some of the hiding places still contained spirits, tobacco, and lace, but of course all was 'mouldy for lack of use.'"

Yarmouth being situated in such an exposed point was often devastated by the French. It was wholly burnt in 1277 and 1524, but after the erection of a fort or blockhouse

in 1537 by Henry VIII., its peace was never again disturbed by a foreign foe. The French were over again much later, but not having time to burn the town, they carried off the church bells, which are still to be seen in Cherbourg stamped "Yarmouth." The fortification erected by Henry VIII., which is standing, contained eight guns until 1862, when it was disarmed by government. On the other side of the Solent, about half a mile to the westward, at the head of a projecting point of land, was erected another blockhouse called Hurst Castle, where Charles I. was afterwards imprisoned. Upon its site has recently been built, as we have already observed, one of the strongest forts in England, in connection with the plan for the protection of Portsmouth.

The church is worth a visit. It was erected in 1614, partially restored 1831, and more completely in 1873. Besides the Holmes monument and chapel, there is the clepsydra, or water-glass, at least its frame, which used to be fixed on the old oak pulpit. Both it and the pulpit were sold at the last restoration, but the clepsydra was rescued from destruction by the landlord of the Bugle, who was then churchwarden, and who had it refixed on one of the pillars. It is a great rarity, and said to be the only one in England. The lectern also is well worth seeing, being of very elaborate workmanship, and enriched with jewels, as are the books. Older churches which had existed in the town had been destroyed by the French.

Steamers sail regularly between Yarmouth and Lymington, which stands directly opposite on the other side of the Solent, and also at stated times to and from Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth. There is also at Yarmouth a good supply of safe rowing and sailing boats, and few places are better adapted for aquatic excursions. In the Bugle Inn is a fine collection of birds, fossils, and curiosities of the island, collected by the landlord.

Yarmouth to Newport, by Shalfleet.

10 miles.

This journey is one of the least interesting on the island. On leaving Yarmouth the road runs past the common, and for half a mile pleasantly by the side of the Solent sea with fine views across to Lymington and the New Forest, and on the right the inland prospect ranges to the south-western chalk downs. Presently the road trends from the shore and runs

through a flat tame country, past Ningwood Common to Shalfleet, with Hampstead height on the left, and in one or two places a glimpse of the Newtown estuary. The pedestrian may add to the interest of the journey by leaving the road 2 miles from Yarmouth, and walking to the left over Ningwood Common to Hampstead, thence by a bridge over Ningwood creek to Shalfleet.

The church at Shalfleet is an interesting structure, chiefly on account of its massive Norman tower, which appears as though it had originally been a keep or stronghold, and the other parts of the building added at a later date. It is now surmounted by a wooden spire, the cost of which was raised by the sale of the bells, and the gun belonging to the church, and in allusion to this transaction there is an old distich which says :

“The Shalfleet people, poor and simple,
Sold the bells to build the steeple.”

According to tradition, the church was built by William Fitz-Osbert. The tympanum of the north doorway is filled up with a curious sculpture which puzzles antiquaries. It is said to be a figure of the Saviour ; others think it represents David contending with the lion and the bear ; and some maintain it is the effigy of a bishop or priest, resting his hands on two heraldic griffins. Inside the church are two monumental slabs, each bearing the spear and shield of some unknown warrior of the eleventh or twelfth century. One was found beneath the floor of the south aisle, and the other beneath the floor of the nave near the pulpit.

A few yards beyond Shalfleet a road branches to left and leads to Newtown, 1 mile distant, which was once the capital of the island, a corporate town with its mayor, burgesses, and common seal, and a parliamentary borough returning two representatives, until disfranchised by the Reform Bill in 1832. It is now a small straggling village, with a church and a score of houses. It is a quiet rural place, with pleasant leafy lanes and orchards that still by their names, High Street, Gold Street, Quay Street, Draper's Alley, &c., tell of more prosperous times. The small townhall is the only relic of the old town. It was built in 1699, and formerly contained some curious chairs, and the silver mace of the time of Edward IV., which, together with the corporation seal, have now been removed to Swainston. The old oak table is at Yarmouth. The church, being dilapidated, was rebuilt in 1837, its outlay having been defrayed

from the proceeds of the municipal property—the last act of the expiring corporation. The ancient name of the place is said to have been Francheville (or the *free town*). It was destroyed by the Danes in 1001, and again by the French in 1377, during the reign of Richard II. After the latter devastation it was rebuilt and called Newtown, but does not appear to have ever regained its former prosperity, although, in 1585, it was of sufficient importance to have bestowed on it the privilege of sending two members to Parliament.

The first charter was granted by Aymer, Bishop of Winchester, lord of the manor, and was subsequently confirmed by several monarchs after the manor had passed from the prelate to the crown in the reign of Edward I. It held a weekly market and annual fair of three days' duration under a charter granted by Edward II. to his son Edward III. when Earl of Chester.

Two generations ago this fair was kept up with some traces of its former glory, and was locally known as Newtown Randy. The 22nd July (St. Mary Magdalene) was then a great occasion for the usually quiet little hamlet. Old folks still living (and in Newtown ninety and upwards is no uncommon age) remember how on this day the two sides of the road leading from the Court-house were lined with booths for the sale of hosiery and other less useful commodities; and their fathers told of the time when the main street of the borough was crowded with horses brought for sale; but the fair has long ceased to exist, and now lives only in the recollection of a generation which will soon have passed away.

The borough was represented in 1678–81 by John Churchill, Esq., who became Duke of Marlborough, in 1705 by the hero of Vigo Bay, Admiral Sir Thomas Hobson, a native of the Isle of Wight. Canning at the commencement of his political career, when first brought into Parliament by Pitt, sat for this borough in 1793; for which he was again returned in 1806 and 1807.

Newtown is situated close to a broad estuary or haven, and has the best natural harbour in the island, the depth being sufficient to float vessels of 500 tons. The estuary is now rented by a company, which has gone to a considerable expense in forming ponds for the breeding of oysters, and the undertaking seems to have been fairly successful. It is worth noting as an example of the increase in price of such commodities, that whereas a few years ago excellent oysters might be had at Newtown for two shillings or half-a-crown a

hundred, the company sells them at twelve shillings a hundred on the spot. On the east side of the estuary are some salterns which were worked until within the last few years. The salt was obtained by allowing the sea-water to run into square shallow pools or pans, where it was exposed to the sun and wind, and changed from pan to pan six times successively. When the work of evaporation had gone far enough, the brine was pumped up into large iron pans in which the remaining water was thrown off by boiling, and the salt then crystallized. Close to the salterns is a coastguard station. Some trout fishing may be had in a small stream which rises at Calbourne and flows into the Newtown river.

From Shalfleet the road runs through an uninteresting district, the whole of which was formerly included in Parkhurst Forest, the earliest recorded royal park, appearing as the King's Park in Domesday Book. Most of the forest was enclosed in 1815, a portion being reserved by the crown as a nursery for dockyard timber, which now contains principally Scotch firs and young oaks. In ancient times the park contained 3000 acres, and extended from the Medina to Newtown river, and from the chalk downs to near the Solent. Many of our sovereigns visited the island in order to have the pleasure of buck-hunting in this park.

Leaving Carisbrooke in the hollow on the right, and Parkhurst barracks on the left, the Cowes and Newport road is entered close to the poorhouse or house of industry, and there, turning to right, a descent is made down Honey Hill to the town of Newport.

Freshwater Gate to Newport, by Calbourne.

11 miles.

Entering the road on the right close to Stark's Hotel, the traveller presently emerges from the wooded ground, and has an open view across the fields to the fort at Freshwater Gate, the High Down, and Afton Down. After passing Afton house, the residence of B. Cotton, Esq., and Afton farm, and through a tollgate, where a road branches to left for Yarmouth, the view in rear becomes very pleasing, and includes the High Down, Headon Hill, the Golden fort, the houses and trees around Freshwater, the town of Yarmouth, the Solent, and the opposite coast in the direction of Lymington. Three miles from Freshwater the rearward view is lost, and the

scene opens in front to the Brook and Brixton downs, and the Newtown estuary; but there is nothing of particular interest until Calbourne is reached, 6 miles from Freshwater Gate.

The village of Calbourne is situated at the base of the Chalk Down, in a pleasant wooded ravine through which flows the Caul-Bourne streamlet. The village inn, the Sun, offers comfortable but modest accommodation. Being out of the ordinary route of tourists, the spot is little visited, although it is perhaps the most delightful district to be met with in the interior of the island. Beautiful sylvan scenes are on every side, but especially around the noble mansions of Swainston and Westover; and close at hand to the south and east rises a range of downs which may be quickly ascended, and views obtained embracing the sea on each side and a wide extent of hill and dale. A road, known as Lynch Lane, leads from the village by Calbourne Bottom and over the downs to Brixton, 3 miles distant.

A church existed at Calbourne anterior to the Norman Conquest, but the present building does not appear to be of later date than the thirteenth century. The tower is massive, and was evidently built for defence. It is surmounted by a wooden spire. The transept and porch were erected, and other alterations made by Sir R. Simeon in 1836. The transept is used as a mortuary chapel of the Simeon family. A window and a monumental brass are worth the attention of the stranger.

Near the village is *Westover*, a large mansion pleasantly situated on a gentle eminence overlooking a beautiful intermixture of wood and lawn. The south front has a Doric colonnade in the centre, with verandahs above and on each side of it. The manor, formerly a possession of the Dillington's, was sold by one of the Urry family to Lord Holmes, and so descended to Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes, whose daughter and heiress married, in 1833, the Hon. William Ashe A'Court, eldest son of the Earl of Heytesbury, and the present proprietor of Westover. This gentleman thereupon assumed the name and arms of Holmes. He represented the Isle of Wight from 1837 to 1847 on Conservative principles, and succeeded to the earldom of Heytesbury on his father's death in 1859.

Swainston, the seat of the Simeon family, stands $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of Calbourne. It is a large mansion, delightfully situated, and occupies the site of an ancient palace of the bishops of Winchester. Some slight remains are yet to be traced of the chapel attached to it in former times. The manor was granted

by King Egbert, 826, to the bishops of Winchester, and they afterwards, probably in exchange, resigned it to Edward I. It was once visited by Edward II., and he granted it to his sister Mary, a nun of Ambresbury, but the king subsequently gave it to his son Edward III., then Earl of Chester, whom he had recently invested with the lordship of the island. Edward III. bestowed it on William de Montacute. It afterwards belonged to Warwick, "the king maker," "false, fleeing, perjured Clarence," and his daughter Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury; and passed by marriage to the Barringtons and Simeons. Sir John Simeon represented the island in Parliament from 1847 to 1851, in the Liberal interest, when he resigned on becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. After his resignation he was re-elected, and represented the island to the day of his death. The present baronet, Sir Barrington Simeon, is a member of the Church of England.

Leaving Calbourne there is a good prospect across to the Newtown river, the Solent, and the opposite coast of Hampshire; and then the road runs through the pleasant wooded grounds of Swainston, with the mansion on one side, and on the other a summer-house with a Doric portico. After making a slight ascent there is a striking view of the north-western part of the island, with the Solent appearing like a broad river stretching between the spectator and the shores of Hampshire. On passing through a deep cutting on the slope of Apes Down the geologist will be interested in seeing displayed in the sections the same formation as is developed in a more striking manner in Alum bay, the chalk being on one side of the road, and the different coloured clays on the other.

The road continues on high ground the whole of the way to Carisbrooke, with an extensive prospect. Gradually appear the towers of Osborne house, the Parkhurst Forest, the houses on Stapler's Heath, the houses and churches of Carisbrooke and Newport, and the cemetery on Mount Joy; but the Castle is hid by the Alvington Down, until the traveller is within a few yards of it. Then the whole scene has a very beautiful effect. After a steep descent the road runs through Carisbrooke to Newport.

**Freshwater Gate to Carisbrooke and Newport,
along the tops of the Downs.**

13 miles.

This is one of the most charming excursions on the island. The downs from every point command extensive and beautiful prospects, and the pure breezes, fresh from the sea, combined with the fine air of the hills, will invigorate the traveller and impart elasticity to his step. A rugged cart-road runs for many miles along the summit of these downs, which, with trifling expense, might be made into an excellent carriage-road from Freshwater Gate to Carisbrooke, and in this way the attractions of the island might be infinitely increased. Those who neglect having a scamper on horseback over the smooth grassy slopes of these hills miss a delightful treat.

The ascent of Afton Down is made direct from the hotel in the bay, up a gradual slope along smooth carpet-like turf, and at every step the view expands with good effect, and includes the English Channel, the chalk cliffs of the High Down, the river Yar, the trees and houses extending past Freshwater to Yarmouth, the Solent sea, and the opposite coasts of Hampshire and Dorsetshire. Passing the numerous mounds or barrows which are seen on the slopes and tops of this and the neighbouring hills, the traveller will be reminded that they are burying grounds of the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, who would appear from the choice of such picturesque spots for their long sleep to have had a keen relish for the grandeur and beauty of nature. On passing through a fence at a gate and gaining the summit of East Afton Down, where are two large barrows and other smaller ones, there is a lovely panorama. Close below are the noble cliffs of the High Down, the houses and church of Freshwater embowered in trees, and the river winding its short course to the small town of Yarmouth. In front of the chalk cliff of the High Down is a broad field of ocean with the breakers thundering at their base, and on the other side is the beautiful fluvial Solent, with the opposite coast stretching in a sinuous course for many miles from the St. Alban's Head to the mouth of Southampton Water; the low ground around the New Forest, Lymington, and away into Dorsetshire, being visible for many miles. The white houses on the opposite sides of this belt of sea, with sails of every kind of craft on its bosom, produce a pretty effect, and Hurst Castle, with its low winding

promontory, by appearing to join the two coasts, gives to the waters the aspect of an inland lake. A wide level tract of the north-west part of the island is spread to view, with the Newtown estuary, bounded by the Parkhurst Forest. On the opposite side, close to the spectator's feet, the white spray of the waves is seen in Compton and Brook bays, and away along Brixton and Chale bays, past Atherfield to Rocken End and St. Catherine's Down.

Presently the Freshwater district disappears, but there are beautiful views on either hand embracing wide areas of land and sea. Close below, on the right, are seen the secluded farms of Compton and Dunsbury. Following the wire fence, which runs for some distance on the summit of the hill in a straight line from west to east, and divides the Compton and Tapnel downs, the summit of Dunsbury Down is soon gained, where are six barrows, five of which being visible from the village of Brook, the people call the down the Five Barrow Down. The slope on the north side is known as Shalcombe Down. The scenery from this elevation is of the same lovely nature as that just described from Afton Down, with the exception of the houses of Freshwater, which are hidden from view. There are now also seen Shalfleet church, Calbourne village, the Brook Down, and the Mottistone and Brook churches. The English Channel on one side, and the Solent and Hampshire coast on the other, present a perfect picture.

Descending the hill the road is crossed leading from Brook to Freshwater and Yarmouth, and a steep ascent is made up Brook Down, with Chessel Down on the left. On gaining the furze-clad summit of the hill, where are two large barrows, 669 feet above the sea, the highest point on the west end of the island, the prospect is extensive and beautiful. The Freshwater Cliffs and the High Down, stand forth boldly, and beyond them is the opposite coast at Purbeck Isle, Poole Bay, and Christchurch Bay. At Hurst Castle and Yarmouth, commences the Solent, with both its shores studded with houses and trees, as far as Southampton Water, Calshot Castle, Portsdown hills, and the houses at Southsea; in the latter direction are the towers of Osborne house. On either hand is a wide level tract of the island, with hamlets, farmsteads, and cottages. In front are Brixton, Week, and St. Catherine's downs; and on the right the boundless ocean.

Passing through a fence at a gate and entering Mottistone Down, a view of the Longstone is had on the right, by bending

from the tract a dozen yards, and close to it is a cottage with a small pond adjacent; still farther below, on a line with the stone, is Mottistone church and village. Brixton village is also seen, and in the hollow to the north of the hills is Calbourne. On descending Mottistone Down the road is crossed which runs from Brixton to Calbourne, and then an ascent is made along a cart-road up Brixton Down. On the left is a hollow called Calbourne Bottom. On the top of Brixton Down, just past a small gravel quarry, the path divides. The left hand is the shorter way to Carisbrooke. It skirts the head of Calbourne Bottom, and commands a view of St. Catherine's, Week, Wroxall, Arreton, Ashe, Brading, and Bembridge Downs, and the top of the Culver Cliffs. Presently a long stretch of the Solent appears, with the Newtown estuary, Southampton Water, the north-west part of the island, and the opposite coast from Purbeck Isle to near Portsmouth. The Freshwater Cliffs and the High Down are also in sight. The Westover mansion is a prominent object below on the left. The spot which the traveller is passing, used to be known as the Gallibarrow Bush, but the bush is now a thing of the past. In the Newbarn Bottom, on the left, and in the Rowborough and Westcourt bottoms on the right, are rows of distinct pit-holes, which are considered by antiquaries to be remains of ancient Pictish villages. Near a wire fence the path enters the fields, and by keeping the top of Bowcombe Down, along a track that is supposed to be the remains of a Roman road, a direct descent may be made to Carisbrooke Castle; or down one of the long deep lanes on the right, into the road leading from Shorwell by Idlecombe and Plash to Carisbrooke and Newport. Bowcombe Down was ascended in 1618, by Charles I., then Prince of Wales, to take a survey of the island. The views from its summit are very beautiful and extensive.

Those who enter the right-hand road on the summit of Brixton Down will leave Westcourt Bottom, with its traces of a Pictish village, on the left, and presently pass through a gate and enter Lemerston Down. Here is a fine view of the Freshwater Cliffs in rear, and in front St. Catherine's Down, with its three monuments, Week, Appuldurcombe, and Wroxall downs; the tops of the Culver Cliffs: the Bembridge, Brading, Ashe, Messly, and Arreton downs; with Stapler's Heath, Carisbrooke Castle, the nunnery, Mount Joy, and the towers of Osborne house. When through another gate Chertverton Down is entered, the view down the Idlecombe vale

to Carisbrooke Castle having a pretty effect. In the hollow on the right will be seen North court and Shorwell church and village.

Crossing the road from Shorwell to Carisbrooke, the Cheverton and Rowborough farms are seen below on the left. When past Lorton copse, and a patch of enclosed land, the smooth open Down of Newbarn is entered, close to the farm of that name, which stands in a secluded combe on the right. There is a magnificent panorama of the north-eastern part of the island. The whole of the vale where Godshill church is situated is in sight, bounded by the St. Catherine's, Week, Appuldurcombe, and Shanklin downs; the sea, the Culver Cliffs, the Bembridge, Brading, Ashe, Messly, Arreton, and St. George's downs. There are also the towers of Osborne, strips of the sea, and the opposite coast in the direction of Cowes and Southsea. Leaving Chillerton Down on the right, and bending to the left, the traveller will have a fine walk on the smooth top of Ganson Down, which commands a beautiful prospect extending from St. Catherine's Down round to East Cowes, and all the intermediate valleys and hills, with the Solent and the English Channel. It is little known, but it is certainly one of the finest views on the island. From the north end of Ganson Down there is also a lovely and extensive prospect, embracing all that has been named, along with a charming picture, including Carisbrooke Castle, village, and church; the nunnery and cemetery on Mount Joy; Stapler's Heath, Osborne, East Cowes, Gurnard Bay, and the Medina river, with the Solent and opposite coast. Descending to Ganson farmhouse, a deep narrow lane, known as Love Lane, which is very cool and pleasant in summer, leads direct to Carisbrooke Castle and the nunnery; the traveller emerging from the shade at the point where the road runs from the latter to Gatcombe.

COWES SECTION.

COWES.

COWES is pleasantly situated at the mouth of the river Medina,* on the shore of the Solent, directly opposite Southampton Water, and is the chief port of the island, and the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Steamers from Portsmouth, Ryde, and Southampton, call many times daily throughout the year, and also during the summer months from Yarmouth and Lymington. The harbour has usually an animated appearance, and the town, when approached from the water, has a pretty effect, many of the houses being built on well-timbered ground rising in a gentle slope from the shore. The stranger, who has been thus favourably impressed by the general view of the place, will be slightly disappointed on landing; for the streets are narrow, there are no buildings of any architectural pretensions, and the town, except at the height of the yachting season, has fewer visitors than most of the other watering-places on the island. But though Cowes is not so attractive to the general tourist as Ryde, or the towns at the "back of the island," it can boast of having often among its visitors a greater number of the nobility than any of its rivals. This is owing partly to its proximity to Osborne house, the favourite marine residence of the Queen; but more especially to the excellent anchorage afforded by the waters of the Solent and the Medina, which have made it the natural and principal yachting rendezvous. The yachting season lasts from May 1 to November 1; a regatta takes place annually on August 21 and two following days, when a plate of the value of 100 guineas, given by Her Majesty, is competed

* The houses on the west side of the river are known as West Cowes, and those on the east side as East Cowes: the communication across the estuary of the Medina, here about 600 yards broad, being by steam-ferry.

for. The town owes much of its prosperity to the ship-building yards, where some hundreds of men are employed in making yachts, lifeboats, and small vessels of our own and foreign navies. Large men-of-war have also at times been built here.

Cowes, which now contains a population of 7500, and is such a suitable port for the island, was of little note in ancient times, for most vessels being then small and of light draught, were able to sail with the tide up the Medina to Newport. The earliest record of it dates from 1340, during the reign of Edward III., when East Cowes (then known by the name of Shamblord), Ryde, and Yarmouth, were the only places at which persons were allowed to enter or leave the island during the threatened invasion by the French. Cowes (East and West) may be said to derive their existence, as we are told they do their name, to the construction by Henry VIII., in 1540, of two round forts for the defence of the coast, one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the mouth of the Medina river, which Leland speaks of as :

“The two great Cowes that in loud thunder roar,
This on the eastern, that on the western shore,
Where Newport enters stately Wight.”

East Cowes Castle, formed out of the ruins of a religious house which existed on the spot, has entirely vanished, but no vestige remains, although its site is still known as “Old Castle Point.” West Cowes Castle was built with materials brought across the Solent from Beaulieu Abbey. It was found a convenient place of confinement for Channel pirates, and was subsequently used as a state prison. Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare’s godson, is said to have been confined here by the Parliament in 1651, and to have dated thence a portion of “Gondibert.” It was under a governor until the death of the late Marquis of Anglesey, who held the office and used to reside within its walls during the yachting season. The members of the Royal Yacht Squadron lease it from the Crown, and have fitted it up as a clubhouse. Previously they occupied the adjoining building, now the Gloucester Hotel. The castle mounts a semicircular battery, used merely for saluting purposes, but the aspect of the building is by no means attractive or picturesque.

Close to the castle is the Marine Parade, and a rather formal-looking block of houses, built by the late Sir Charles

Fellows, the antiquary and traveller, who lived near the town. From the Parade the entrance of the Medina river, with the shipping, and the houses and trees of East Cowes, present a pretty effect. Across the Solent are seen Eaglehurst and Calshot castles, Southampton Water, Stokes Bay, and a stretch of the Hampshire coast. A path close to the shore leads past the Castle, and for a few hundred yards westward, to the Green, a delightful plot which slopes to the beach, and is used as a public promenade and recreation ground, having been presented to the town by a resident, Mr. R. Stephenson, nephew of the great Robert Stephenson, the engineer. It is provided with seats, an elegant drinking fountain, and an orchestra. On one side are charming villas embowered in trees, whilst on the other a fine view is commanded across the Solent to the New Forest, Eaglehurst, Calshot, Southampton Water, and thence to Stokes Bay, and away past Spithead. A few yards beyond the Green are baths and bathing machines, and an excellent beach. So far back as 1760 Cowes was a favourite bathing place, to which a bard thus alludes :

“ No more to foreign baths shall Britain roam,
But plunge at Cowes, and find rich health at home.”

Cowes being in the parish of Northwood its ecclesiastical buildings are modern, and possess little interest. St. Mary's church, on the top of the hill, built in 1653, and consecrated, but without a dedication, in 1662, is remarkable as one of the few episcopal churches built during the Commonwealth. The “hideous” tower, erected in 1811 by the famous architect Nash, is used as a mausoleum for the Wards. The family seat is the adjoining mansion Northwood Park. The church was partly rebuilt in 1867, and then received its present name.

Holy Trinity church, situated near the water, in a prominent position on the west cliff, was founded in 1832, and has recently been improved by the addition of a chancel.

St. James' church, at East Cowes, in the parish of Whippingham, is a plain Gothic edifice, after the designs of Nash. The first stone was laid by the Princess Victoria, Sept. 6th, 1831, whilst residing with her mother the Duchess of Kent, at Norris Castle. In 1870 the building was enlarged and a stained-glass window inserted at the cost of Lady Gort, and it was re-consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester.

There are also in West Cowes places of worship belonging to the Roman Catholics, Independents, Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists; and others in East Cowes.

HOTELS.

Gloucester, on the Parade, West Cowes.	
Marine	" "
Dolphin, High Street	" "
Vine	" "
Fountain	" "
Globe, on the Parade	" "
George, High Street	" "
Commercial	" "
East Medina Hotel, East Cowes.	

Slatwoods; Norris Castle; East Cowes Castle; Osborne House; Whippingham Church; and Northwood Church.

After crossing the river to East Cowes, by the steam-ferry, the tourist may proceed along the wide public carriage-way which ascends direct to East Cowes Castle, and to the gates of the Osborne estate (and goes thence to Whippingham, and Ryde or Newport), passing through the beautiful sylvan grounds known as East Cowes Park. This is an extensive plot of land which some unfortunate speculators once purchased with the view of forming a pleasant town, botanic gardens, and picturesque villas. During the ascent through the Park charming retrospective views are had of West Cowes, the Medina river, the Solent, and the Hampshire coast.

Those who desire to see *Slatwoods*, will, after crossing the ferry, proceed to the left-hand along a promenade close to the estuary, and pass the buildings of the Trinity Board, and the Coast Guard, the Queen's private landing place, the East Medina Hotel, and the small barracks, where a few soldiers are billeted during her Majesty's sojourn at Osborne. When at the end of the promenade a pleasant shaded road is entered on the right, and then *Slatwoods* is observed on the left, an old plain villa, surrounded by shrubberies. This will be looked at by many with especial interest, for it was the

birthplace of that great and good man, Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, "the regenerator of public school education in England, who first taught preceptors to look upon their pupils as moral and spiritual beings, with characters to be moulded, and souls to be trained; the most truly great name in the annals of the Isle of Wight." He was born June 13th, 1795; his father was collector of customs at East Cowes. "Slatwoods," he writes to his sister "was deeply interesting. I thought what Fox How would be to my children forty years hence . . . , but Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me, the only home of my childhood." Dean Stanley records, in his biography, that "slips of a great willow tree, remaining here, were transplanted by Dr. Arnold successively to Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How."

Proceeding a few yards farther, East Cowes Castle is seen on the right, and on the left the top of the towers of Norris Castle is visible; then the grounds of Osborne house are skirted, and the lodge gates are passed.

East Cowes Castle is a handsome castellated edifice, the residence of Dowager Viscountess Gort. Nash, the favourite architect of George IV., who built Regent Street, erected it in 1798 for his own residence. Englefield says: "It is most fortunately situated, and commands the best view of the Medina of any spot in the neighbourhood."

Norris Castle, with its ivy-mantled towers, has the aspect of an ancient baronial residence. It stands in a delightful and commanding position, in the midst of woods on rising ground which slopes to the shore of the Solent. As the grounds are kept strictly private it can only be seen to advantage from a boat on the sea. Englefield writes: "It commands a view of the Solent superior in beauty to any other point in the island. To the east, Portsmouth, crowded with shipping, is in full view; and the richest line of the woody coast of the island from Barton to Nettlestone, appears in long and varied perspective. To the north, the Southampton river is seen to its whole extent, and the town of Southampton, with its spires and towers, though at 10 miles distance, is no inconsiderable object. The woods of the New Forest clothe the view to the west, while Calshot Castle on the point of its long bank of shingle, stands boldly out amidst the waves, and marks the separation between the Solent sea and Southampton river. The house is of a very noble general form, and its clustering towers in every point of view, particularly when seen from the sea, form a commanding object, and a most

splendid addition to the general scenery of the coast." It was built in 1799, for Lord Henry Seymour, from designs by Sir J. Wyattville, then Mr. Wyatt, in imitation of an ancient castle. George IV. was entertained here by Lord Henry Seymour in 1819, and in 1831 and 1832 it was for a time the residence of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria. The Duchess of Kent again occupied it in the summer of 1859. The estate was more than once submitted to public auction without finding a purchaser. On one occasion it was bought in at 20,000*l*. After remaining in hand for a long time, it was sold, it is said, for considerably less to its present proprietor, Robert Bell, Esq. A stout sea-wall has been built in front of the grounds, and this makes it impossible for strangers to see the Castle by walking on the shore.

Osborne house, the residence of Her Majesty the Queen, is kept strictly private, and strangers are never admitted within the grounds. Its two square towers are prominent objects from many points of the island, but the rest of the building is almost entirely screened from view by the surrounding trees, and there is no way of seeing the front of the edifice except by boat from the Solent, or on the voyage between Cowes and Ryde. Her Majesty appears to have a great attachment to the place, which probably arises from the fact that when here she can throw away many of the cares of state, and what must often be the tedious monotony of etiquette, and retire as it were into private life, and enjoy the unobtrusive love of her subjects. When sojourning here, Her Majesty almost daily drives out, with only one or two attendants; and the inhabitants on those occasions have the good taste to show their respect without any undue intrusion. Probably it was the recollection of happy days spent at the adjoining mansion of Norris Castle, in 1831 and 1832, during her girlhood, that caused the Queen to look on Osborne as a suitable residence. In 1840 the estate and a plain old mansion which then existed there, were bought from Lady Isabella Blachford. The estate has been enlarged by later purchases until it now comprises 5000 acres, stretching in one direction from the high road between East Cowes and Newport to the wooded inlet of King's Quay, and in the other from the shores of the Solent to near Newport. A considerable portion is under cultivation, and the soil, naturally poor, has been greatly improved by drainage and other measures adopted by the late Prince Consort, who took great pleasure

in agricultural experiments. The lodges and the cottages for labourers, dotted over the estate, are very neat, and schools have been erected for the education of the children. In 1845 the old house was pulled down and the present mansion built, from the designs of the late T. Cubitt, assisted, it is said, by the Prince Consort. The style is Domestic Italian, and it consists of a basement, with two stories above, surmounted by a cornice and balustraded parapet. The western wing contains the royal apartments, and stands altogether in advance of the main portion of the palace. At its rear is the principal entrance, and also a massive flag-tower 107 feet in height. An open corridor extends along the whole north-west front of the building, and a clock-tower 90 feet high occupies the south-eastern corner. The rooms are crowded with objects of taste and *vertu*; sculptures by our most eminent artists, rare specimens of the modern painters, and all the refinements which a cultivated taste could suggest. The gardens are arranged in terraces, with a lawn sloping to the water's edge, where there is a small pier for Her Majesty's convenience. Here the Emperor, Napoleon III., landed on his visit to the Queen in 1857.

The manor of Osborne in old times is said to have been called Austerbourne, or Oysterbourne, from the oyster beds of the Medina. Others derive the name from East Bourne, or the Eastern Brook. Another supposition is that it was named after William Fitz-Osborne, the lord of the island, who is said to have given the neighbouring church of Whippingham to the abbey of Lire, in Normandy, soon after the Conquest. Whatever be the origin of the name, there is clear evidence that the manor was long held by the Bowermans, an island family, and after changing hands it was purchased in the reign of Charles I. by one Eustace Man, who, according to tradition, buried a large sum of money, during the civil wars, in an adjacent wood, still known as "Money Coppice," and not marking the spot was never able to recover his treasure. Mr. Man's granddaughter and heiress married a Mr. Blachford, whose son erected the house which was standing when Her Majesty purchased the estate.

On the Osborne estate, a short distance south of the palace, stands Barton farmhouse, the residence of the Queen's principal steward. Here was formerly a small Augustine convent or oratory, some traces of which are visible. The monastery was founded in 1282, and endowed

with the manors of Whippingham and Barton. In 1439 it was surrendered to the See of Winchester, and its lands granted by the Bishop to Winchester College, to which they belonged until the sale to Her Majesty. When the religious foundation was suppressed a picturesque gabled mansion, known as Barton Court house, was erected, and in recent renovations great care has been taken to preserve its principal features unaltered. Hassell, writing in 1790, tells us the chapel remained, used as a wool warehouse, and the principal rooms were handsomely panelled in oak. It had a few years previously been the usual residence of Lord Clanricarde. Not far from Barton farm is a neat Swiss cottage, where the princesses are said to have been practically initiated into domestic economy.

Whippingham church, where the Queen is a frequent worshipper, is situated on the east side of the Medina river, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from East Cowes. It is reached by turning to the right, after passing the entrance gates of the palace, the hostelry, called the Prince of Wales Hotel, and the tollgate. The road leading to it commands an excellent view in the rear of West Cowes, the estuary of the Medina, and across the Solent to Eaglehurst Castle, the New Forest, Calshot Castle, Southampton Water, and Netley Hospital; whilst in front is seen the Medina river as far as Newport and Carisbrooke, with St. Catherine's, St. George's, Chillerton, and Brixton downs in the distance.

A church existed at Whippingham at the time of the Conquest, which was given by William Fitz-Osborne to the Abbey of Lire. A new edifice was erected in 1804 by Nash, but this was rebuilt in 1861 by Her Majesty in the Transition Norman style, with the admixture of some continental features. The late Prince Consort devoted much care and attention to the building in all its details. "The tower is open to the top of the lantern, which is richly coloured, and colour is freely used in other parts of the building. All the windows are filled with stained glass. The chancel is divided from the side aisles by a range of small pointed arches, richly decorated with zigzag and other moulding, standing on a plinth, and forming a screen to the portions of the church occupied by Her Majesty and her household." The royal pew, which is on the south side of the chancel, contains a richly decorated monumental tablet, with medallion bust by Theed, in memory of the Prince Consort. The inscription is as follows :

“TO THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF

FRANCIS ALBERT CHARLES AUGUSTUS EMMANUEL,
PRINCE CONSORT,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DEC. 14TH, 1861,
IN HIS 43RD YEAR.

‘Be thou faithful unto death, and
I will give thee a crown of life.’

Rev. ii. 10.

THIS MONUMENT IS PLACED
IN THE CHURCH, ERECTED UNDER HIS DIRECTION,
BY
HIS BROKENHEARTED AND DEVOTED WIDOW,
QUEEN VICTORIA,
1864.”

The font, presented by Her Majesty, is also a memorial of the Prince Consort, and is after designs by their Royal Highnesses, Princesses Christian and Louise.

On the wall of the church there is a tablet in memory of Dr. Arnold's father.

Close by are the Victoria and Albert almshouses—pretty cottages—recently erected by the Queen.

The rectory is pleasantly shaded by trees, and commands a beautiful landscape. The grounds slope gently through two fields to the river, and on the opposite rising ground is Northwood church. “The large-hearted Dean of Chichester, Dr. Hook, who, as Vicar of Leeds, first taught the Church of England how to deal effectively with the huge populations massed together in our great manufacturing towns, commenced his clerical life as Curate of Whippingham, of which his uncle, Dean Hook of Worcester, was rector.” The traveller may cross the river by a ferry close to the Folly Inn, and return thence to West Cowes by way of *Northwood church*. This is the mother church of Cowes, and was originally a chapel of ease to Carisbrooke, but in the time of Henry VIII. it obtained parochial privileges. It contains nothing of special interest, except a monument to Rev. Thos. Smith, formerly a minister of the parish, who died in 1681, which is formed of one entire piece of chalk, 3 feet long and 4 feet high, curiously carved with a variety of hieroglyphic characters. Near Northwood, about 1513, was established a

religious brotherhood, styled "Brothers and Sisters of the Fraternity of St. John the Baptist." Its existence was of the shortest, as the dissolution of the religious houses took place soon afterwards. The ruins were standing in the seventeenth century, but not a stone is now discernible.

Newport.

Newport, with a population of 7976, is the capital of the Isle of Wight, and is situated almost in the centre of the island, on the Medina, which is navigable up to this point. To the ordinary tourist the place is of little interest, and the vicinity would be seldom visited, were it not for Carisbrooke Castle. It is a clean town, with regularly built streets, and has an air of quiet respectability. The officers and soldiers from Parkhurst barracks, in their gay uniforms, enliven the place, and often give it the look of a garrison town. On Saturday it is thronged with country people attending the market, and the stranger ought if possible to select that day for his visit. It is probably older than any other town on the island, with the exception of Carisbrooke, but it has now few ancient buildings. In the Roman and Saxon eras it would most likely be the port for the town and fort of Carisbrooke, but there is no historical record of the place, until the reign of Henry I, when Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, and lord of the island, planned the town (then called Meda), and it received its first charter from his great-grandson and namesake, and obtained continually increasing privileges from its subsequent lords. A charter, very liberal in its provisions, was given by Isabella de Fortibus, and fifteen charters confirming and amplifying the same, were granted by various English sovereigns from Richard II. to Charles II. They are in excellent preservation among the muniments of the borough, and many are adorned with portraits of the kings who bestowed them. The first charter of incorporation was given by James I., and substituted for the bailiff of the town, a mayor, twenty-four burgesses, and a recorder. A second charter of incorporation was granted by Charles II., and constituted a corporation of mayor, aldermen, and burgesses; the twelve aldermen elected from the twenty-four burgesses. A recorder was also appointed.

In 1377, Newport was captured by the French who had invaded the island, and was so ruthlessly devastated that it

remained unoccupied for two years afterwards. They next proceeded to assault the castle of Carisbrooke, but were repulsed by Sir Hugh Tyrrel with such signal success that the localities where the slaughter chiefly occurred were named (it is said) by the exulting islanders *Note* (or Noddies') Hill, and *Deadman's Lane*. Newport was again set on fire by the French in the reign of Edward IV., when its church was injured. It was almost decimated by the plague in 1582, and two following years, when the captain of the island, Sir Edward Horsey, was one of the victims. The road to Carisbrooke was blocked up by the dead carts, and so crowded was the burial ground, that license was accorded to the inhabitants of Newport, to form a graveyard near their own church.

On the outbreak of the civil wars, Newport espoused the interests of the Parliament against Charles I., whose cause was generally popular with the island gentry and their tenants. Puritan rule was established in the town, and having obtained the authority of Parliament, the trainbands, assisted by the crews of the ships in the river, were marched against Carisbrooke Castle, then held by Col. Brett, and the Countess of Portland; and the little garrison surrendered. On Sunday, November 23, 1647, Charles I. rode through Newport from Cowes to Carisbrooke Castle. A month later the peace of the town was disturbed by the vain attempt of Capt. Burley, a gentleman of good family at Yarmouth, to raise the people by the sound of a drum, and the cry "for God, King Charles, and the People!" to march to the castle and rescue their lawful sovereign. Few, except women and boys, obeyed his summons; and the feeble band, which had but one musket among them, was speedily dispersed by the soldiers from Carisbrooke. The leader was seized, and subsequently tried and condemned on a charge of high treason, and executed at Winchester, February 2, 1647-8.

In September and October, 1648, the negotiations between Charles and the parliamentary commissioners filled the quiet town with bustle and excitement, and made it the temporary scene of a mimic court. The king selected the grammar school, then recently erected, for his own residence; the Bull Inn (now the Bugle)* was occupied by the commissioners

* "The word *bugle* does not signify the musical instrument usually known by that name, but *a young ox, buculus*; in which sense it was used in the translation of the Bible in 1551, and which Tyrwhit heard was still current in his day in the North. The old sign of the inn was an ox."

from the Parliament, and the old townhall was the theatre of the fruitless deliberations protracted for nearly three months. The George Tavern which stood on the south side of High Street, and has since been pulled down, was the royalists' place of assemblage; where, on the night of the 11th of October, an affray took place, resulting in the death of two royalists, and three of the musketeers who had been sent to apprehend the combatants. The conferences began, after the observance of a solemn fast by both parties, on Monday, October 2, 1648, in the old townhall, then lately built. The king with his hair and beard prematurely blanched with sorrow, hanging dishevelled and neglected, sat under a canopy of state, or a raised chair, with his lords in waiting and chaplains standing behind; the commissioners were seated on either side of a long table. When the king wished to consult his friends, he retired to a private apartment. On the 27th of October, the vain discussions terminated and the treaty was signed.

Charles occupied his apartments at the new grammar school for sixty-one days, dating his correspondence "from our court at Newport." Here, on the 7th October, he touched a young woman for the "evil," who, Oudart informs us, had the sight of a blind eye immediately restored; and here too, on the 30th of November, he was seized in his bed-chamber, a little before daybreak, by emissaries of the army, and abruptly removed to Hurst Castle, travelling by coach across the island to Worsley's tower, over the present Victoria or Sconce Fort, a little to the west of Yarmouth, whence he embarked for his new prison.

On the restoration of Charles II., Moses Reid, the mayor of Newport, was one of the earliest to recognize the new order of things, and take the oath of allegiance to the sovereign. The corporation maces, which had been altered to the arms of the Commonwealth, were sent to London, even before the king landed, to have the royal insignia replaced, as a visible emblem of loyalty. Perhaps, as a reward for their timely expressions of allegiance, the town obtained a new charter with additional privileges from Charles II., the first year after he regained the throne. The subsequent history of Newport contains no events of special interest.

In 1585, during Queen Elizabeth's reign, Newport obtained the privilege of sending two representatives to Parliament, which they exercised till the passing of the Repe-

sensation of the People Act in 1867, under which one was taken from them. The nomination, which was ostensibly in the aldermen and burgesses, was really exercised by the governor until the middle of last century, after which the principal patronage centred in the Holmes family. Among its representatives have been Lord Falkland (1640), Lord Palmerston, General Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington), and the Right Hon. George Canning.

Newport has not been prolific in great men. The only names recorded in the rolls of fame are those of the two Jameses, uncle and nephew, antiquarian and controversial divines, and Sir Thomas Fleming, Lord Chief Justice of England.

The elder Dr. Thomas James assisted Sir Thomas Bodley materially in the formation of the library at Oxford that immortalizes the latter's name, and of which he was the first keeper, in drawing up, in 1605, the original catalogue. His nephew Robert did like service to Selden, in illustrating the 'Arundel Marbles,' and to Sir Robert Cotton in the arrangement of his famous MS. library. Newport at the same time furnished Queen Elizabeth with three of her most trusted servants—"one," as she was wont to say, "for her soul, one for her body, and one for her goods"—all sons of tradesmen. Dr. Edes, Dean of Worcester, her chaplain; Dr. James, her physician in ordinary: and Sir Thomas Fleming, her Solicitor-General. They owed their promotion to the influence of Ursula, Lady Walsingham, the widow of Richard Worsley. Sir Thomas Fleming, whose base sycophancy, and the readiness with which he lent himself as a tool of the Crown in its illegal exactions, raised him to the high place of Lord Chief Justice of England, was the son of a mercer. Fleming is chiefly and infamously notorious for his judgment in the great case of impositions, fully as important (in the opinion of the late Lord Campbell) as Hampden's case of Ship-money, though not so celebrated, from having been long acquiesced in to the destruction of public liberty. It was laid down that the king might impose whatever duties he pleased on imports. James I., on hearing of this judgment, declared that he was "a judge to his heart's content." Fleming amassed a large fortune, and purchased the monastic estates of Quarr and Carisbrooke, in his native isle, the first of which is still enjoyed by his descendants.

The principal, in fact almost the only object which most tourists will care to visit at Newport, is the church of

St. Thomas. It is an elegant building, the chief ecclesiastical edifice on the island, and contains a beautiful recumbent statue by Baron Marochetti, presented by Queen Victoria, in memory of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who lies buried here.

The foundation-stone of the church, which occupies the site of a former edifice, erected in 1175, was laid by the late Prince Consort, in the presence of the Queen, the Bishop of Winchester, and the principal inhabitants of the island, on the 24th of August, 1854. It consists of a nave, with clerestory, side aisles, north and south porches and chapels, chancel, sacristy, grand west entrance arch, and tower, in Decorated Early English, from the designs of Mr. Daukes, and was completed in 1856, at a cost of 12,000*l.* The roof is open, of timber, with moulded ribs and sculptured corbels. The east window is filled with stained glass. On a memorial window to the south of the chancel an angel is depicted visiting a battle-field strewn with slain; and it commemorates the officers and men, formerly stationed at Parkhurst barracks, who fell in the Crimean war. In the church hang the tattered colours of the 103rd Regiment, which, torn to pieces by "shot and shell," were replaced by new ones, at the hands of the Duke of Connaught. The window above the Horsey monument is coloured, and contains the effigies of the Saviour, St. James, and St. John. It was executed at Bourdeaux, and presented by W. B. Rutherford, Esq. The pulpit is from the old church, and very fine. It is all in oak, varnished, and was the donation of Stephen March. It bears the date 1636. The sounding board is ornamented, among other emblems, with reclining figures of Justice and Mercy, and has this inscription round it in gilt letters: "Cry aloud and spare not. Lift up thy voice like a trumpet." The pulpit itself is divided into two rows of carved images in bas-relief. On the uppermost row are described the four cardinal virtues and the three Graces, with their types; and on the lower rank the seven liberal sciences—namely, "Grammar, Dialectics, Rhetoric, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry, Astrology." This was the work of "Thomas Caper, carver, who lies buried in Salisbury," and his symbol, the Goat, is against the back of the pulpit. The reading desk is also good, and made of oak. The enriched cornice above, as well as the pilasters, are formed out of the old screen, which in the old church separated the nave from the chancel.

At the east end of the south chapel is the well-executed

monument of Sir Edward Horsey, Knt., who was buried here. He was captain of the island in the reign of Elizabeth (1565-82). A marble effigy of the knight, clad in armour, reposes beneath a rich painted and gilt canopy.

The Lady Elizabeth, second daughter and fifth child of King Charles I., died in the castle of Carisbrooke, September 8, 1650. Her body was first embalmed, and then carefully placed in a leaden coffin. It lay open to the sorrowing gaze of her attendants for some fourteen days, and on Wednesday the 24th of September, "was brought (in a borrowed coach) from the castle," says Fuller, "to the town of Newport, attended thither with her few late servants. At the end of the town the corpse was met and waited on by the mayor and aldermen thereof, in their formalities to the church, whereabout the middle of the east part of the chancel, in St. Thomas' chapel, her highness was interred in a small vault purposely made, with an inscription of the date of her death engraved on her coffin." The coffin was placed in a small arched vault in the middle of the east part of the chancel, and the letters E. S. were cut in the adjacent wall. But in the course of time the vault became forgotten, until, in October, 1793, some workmen employed in making a new grave, discovered the coffin; which was of lead and perfect, with the following inscription: "Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of the late King Charles, died September 8th, 1650." In order that the spot might not be again overlooked, a plate bearing a simple inscription was placed on the stone covering the vault. In the present church the vault is underneath the steps leading to the communion rails.

At the east end of the north chapel is a very beautiful and touching monument, erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of the princess. Sunk 2 feet 6 inches in the wall is a space, with its stone back carved to represent the perpendicular and horizontal bars of a prison grating. In front, iron bars depend about a foot from the Gothic arch, and have been broken off there, leaving the tomb, and its effigy below, open to view. This is in Carrara marble, and represents the Lady Elizabeth recumbent on a mattress. The dress is that of the Stuart period, low at the bosom, with a lace fringe and breast knot, short sleeves also edged with lace, and a deep stomacher, terminating in looped ribbon at the skirt, from the end of whose graceful folds the feet are just discernible. One arm and hand rest on the waist, the other arm is extended by the left side, with the hand partly open. The

neck is bare, and the left cheek reclines upon a Bible, which is open at the text "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Long ringlets stray in abundant profusion on its sacred pages, the chin is slender, with thin parted lips, and the eyelids are closed. The effigy is a likeness, and was taken from a portrait in Her Majesty's possession. History records that "she expired alone, at Carisbrooke Castle, her fair cheek resting on a Bible—the last gift of her murdered father, and which had been her only consolation in the last sad months of her life." The tomb is plain and raised three steps. Its panel bears the following inscription :

"TO THE MEMORY OF
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF KING CHARLES I.,
WHO DIED AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ON SUNDAY,
SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1650,
AND IS INTERRED BENEATH THE CHANCEL OF THIS CHURCH.
THE MONUMENT IS ERECTED
AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES, AND OF SYMPATHY
FOR HER MISFORTUNES,
BY VICTORIA R. 1856."

The monument is considered one of the late Baron Marochetti's finest productions.

There are three memorial windows of stained glass here in memory of the Lady Elizabeth. The first at the side, was placed there by Her Majesty, and has the royal arms at the top in the centre. It also bears two texts, which are as follows: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and "Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." The lower side window was presented by the Prince Consort, and they are both very beautiful. The fine window above the monument was given by the young ladies of the congregation, and is known as "The Maidens' Window."

On the wall, between the two side windows, is a medallion, put up by the inhabitants of Newport, in memory of "Albert" the Prince Consort. It is a profile, looking to the east, and is formed of white marble. An inscription placed on the wall in the corner, close to the monument, records the fact of the Prince's having laid the foundation stone of the present church.

There are many other places of worship in the town. The

Roman Catholic chapel in Pyle Street, was attended in 1857 by the Emperor and Empress of the French, and in 1861 by the unfortunate Archduke Maximilian, of Austria, and his wife.

The Rev. Thomas Binney was the pastor at the Congregational church in St. James' Street, from 1824 to 1829, when he was called to King's Weigh House chapel, London.

The free grammar school in St. James' Street, a plain stone mansion of the Tudor era, is noteworthy for its historical associations. Here Charles I. resided during the time occupied by the Treaty of Newport, in the autumn of 1648, and in the room, now used as the schoolroom, divine service was performed every Sunday before him and his suite. The school was established in 1614-19 by Sir Thomas Fleming, Sir John Oglander, Edward Cheke, of Mottistone, and others.

The townhall is situated in the High Street. It was erected in 1816, from the designs of the architect Nash, at a cost of 10,000*l.*, and occupies the ground of the old townhall, where the conferences were held between Charles I. and the parliamentary commissioners. In one room there is a fine portrait of the late Sir Leonard Thomas Worsley Holmes, Bart., by Owen: he is represented in his robes, as recorder of the town. There is also a plaster of Paris statue of Lord Chief Justice Fleming, seated in his robes; on the pedestal are three bas-reliefs, representing him in the House of Commons; sitting at the trial of Guy Fawkes; and as being introduced to Queen Elizabeth. The statue was given to the corporation by T. W. Fleming, Esq., of Stoneham house. The lower portion of the townhall is used for the butter market, &c.

The Isle of Wight Literary Institution, in St. James' Square, was established in 1810, and the present building erected, after plans by Nash, at a cost of 3000*l.* It possesses a large library, reading room, &c.

In the museum is a valuable collection of ancient coins, fossils, Anglo-Saxon, British, and Roman antiquities, throwing light on the early history as well as the natural phenomena of the island.

During the present season a junction will be effected between the Isle of Wight Railway and the Cowes and Newport Railway, thus making a direct line of rail from Ventnor to Cowes.

A new railway is also projected between Horringford on the Newport line and Ventnor *viâ* the Undercliff, thus avoiding the steep ascent to the station at Ventnor.

Carisbrooke : the Castle, Roman Villa, Church, and Priory.

Carisbrooke Castle, one mile west of Newport, is an object of attraction to almost every visitor to the island, chiefly on account of its having been the scene of Charles I.'s imprisonment. Many historical associations also attach to it, for in ancient days there dwelt within its walls the lords and governors of Wight, and it was the one point of retreat for the islanders in case of an attack by a foreign foe. Situated on a small isolated chalk hill, 239 feet above the sea, with its walls thickly clothed with ivy, it has a picturesque appearance; but the interior of the structure offers little of interest, and "the want of height prevents it from bearing that look of indomitable command, which in some cases make an ancient fortress resemble the last of the Anakim, bidding defiance to the feebler race that crawl around its feet."

It probably stands on the site of a Roman fort, or camp, which appears to have been occupied afterwards by the Anglo-Saxons who are thought to have erected the massive keep upon an artificial mound. Soon after the conquest it was rebuilt and considerably enlarged by William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, the first lord of the island. Baldwin de Redvers, a zealous partisan of the empress Maud, having taken refuge within its walls, was besieged by King Stephen, and, on the failure of the well, he was forced to surrender. This well is the one in the keep, now filled with rubbish. On the establishment of peace Baldwin de Redvers was reinstated in his honours and erected the great hall of the castle, and, to avoid the recurrence of the former misfortune, sank the well, which has since become so celebrated.

Isabella de Fortibus, the last lady of the island, lived in the castle in great state, but on her death the island passed into the hands of King Edward I., and Carisbrooke lost much of its importance, and sank into the rank of an ordinary royal castle, the seat of the governor for the time being. In 1377 it was ineffectually besieged by French invaders who were forced to retire with the loss of their commander. Additions to the castle were made by Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in Richard II.'s reign; and by Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, Edward IV.'s queen, by whom the noble entrance gateway was erected, his arms being carved on a stone at the top, and the roses of York on each

side. The castle was thoroughly repaired by order of Henry VIII., and the Mount Joy tower at the south-east angle of the keep was erected. On the alarm of invasion by the Spanish Armada in Elizabeth's reign, the fortifications were completely remodelled on the plan of those of Antwerp, by Gianibelli, the Italian engineer, who constructed Tilbury fort. The queen contributed 4000*l.* towards the expenses, the gentry of the island 400*l.*, and the people entered with zeal into the work, and dug the outward ditch without payment. On the outbreak of the parliamentary war, the Earl of Portland, the governor of the island, a devoted adherent of Charles I., was removed from his office. The countess, who had taken refuge in the castle, was besieged by the trainbands from Newport, assisted by the crews of the ships in the river. The garrison did not consist of more than twenty men, and, being short of provisions, they surrendered on favourable terms, after a display of heroic spirit on the part of the countess, who threatened to fire the first gun against the assailants. Henceforward the castle continued in the power of the Parliament.

Charles I. entered the venerable gateway of the castle on Sunday, November 23, 1647, after his escape from Hampton Court, and he remained there a prisoner until September 15, 1648, when he removed to Newport to meet the parliamentary commissioners, and was subsequently forcibly taken to Hurst Castle. For some time after his arrival at Carisbrooke he was allowed comparative freedom, and in company with the governor, Colonel Hammond, he hunted in Parkhurst forest. His majesty's apartments were made as comfortable as possible by the arrival of furniture from Hampton Court. The gentry of the island were freely allowed to visit the castle, and many of them were admitted to kiss the king's hand.

The Tilt yard, or Place-at-arms, outside the castle walls, was made into a bowling green, with a summer-house attached, and was a favourite resort of his majesty. This bowling green is now almost as perfect as on the day it was made.

This semblance of liberty had gradually to be changed for one of restraint, for Charles was known to be most anxiously endeavouring to escape. The king was at first confined in the loftiest portion of the group of buildings opposite the great gate, and a plan was formed by one of the king's pages to break through the ceiling of the bedchamber and

the floor of the room above, and let his majesty escape by a part of the castle where no strict watch was kept. This design was never attempted, but a new plan was formed by some gentlemen of the island. It was determined that Charles should let himself down by a cord from his chamber-window, and again from the top of the ramparts, under which a swift horse, with a guide, were to be placed in readiness to convey him to a vessel purposely stationed at the seaside. The chief difficulty in the scheme was the narrow space between the bar; but Charles affirmed that he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but that it was sufficiently large. The preparations were therefore completed, the hour of enterprise was come, the concerted signal was given, and Charles attempted to force himself through the window; but though he found an easy passage for his head, he stuck fast in endeavouring to protrude his neck and shoulders, and for some time could neither advance nor retreat. His groans were heard by his friends below, but nothing could be done to relieve him; at length, by repeated efforts, he forced himself back, and immediately placed a candle in the window, as an intimation that the design was frustrated. Though the secret was well kept, the governor, Hammond, received some hint which induced him to remove Charles' lodgings to the line of apartments on the left of the entrance, which have ever since been connected with the name of the monarch. It was from a window in this range of buildings, though not that usually pointed out, that the next escape was projected. The bars were to be corroded by aquafortis, and cut through with files and saws, which Charles was to form out of two knives. Some intelligence had, however, been received by Hammond, which occasioned a more strict degree of watchfulness, and Major Rolfe, by pretending to be in the king's interest, obtained the confidence of some of the persons concerned, and of course was made acquainted with the plan. The night was however fixed, and Charles was getting through the window, when perceiving more persons beneath it than he expected, he drew back and retired to bed. Soon afterwards the governor entered the chamber, and Charles found that the scheme had miscarried. The gentlemen who had been concerned, escaped with much difficulty, and Charles himself appears to have been in great danger, as Major Rolfe exhibited a charged pistol, declaring he had resolved to shoot the king with it as he descended from the window. The king was afterwards more closely watched, and treated with

increased rigour. His only exercise was a walk on the castle walls in company with the governor. The books that served for the amusement of his leisure hours were 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity,' Tasso's 'Jerusalem,' and Spenser's 'Faerie Queene'; these, with the Sacred Scriptures, and some works on religious subjects, formed nearly the whole of his library.

Two of the children of Charles were brought to the castle after the removal of the king. Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth landed at Cowes, August 13, 1650, and were conveyed to Carisbrooke three days later. It was ordered that they were to be treated as the children of a gentleman. A yearly allowance of 1000*l.* each was voted by Parliament. The princess caught cold at bowls, within a week of her arrival, and died September 8, 1650. The Duke of Gloucester, or, as he was called, "Mr. Harry," remained in the castle till March, 1653, when Cromwell allowed him to join his sister, the Princess of Orange, in Holland.

The entrance to the castle is by an archway, of the time of Elizabeth, connected with the outer works, and bearing the initials E. R. and date 1598, and then over a stone bridge which spans the moat now covered with green turf. This leads to a second portal of much greater antiquity with a round tower on either side, and presenting a noble and picturesque appearance. Having entered the castle area* the tourist sees on the left the remains of buildings in which Charles I. spent the latter portion of his imprisonment. In front are the plain buildings now occupied by those in charge of the ruins. They have been modernized out of the original *hall*, which was formerly connected with the keep by a strong wall. In one of the rooms the Princess Elizabeth died. Attached to this block of buildings is the well-house, where a donkey draws up the water bucket, by working a huge tread-wheel as curs in former days turned spits. The well, to the bottom of the water, is 240 feet deep. The keep is ascended by a flight of steps. From the summit is obtained an extensive prospect. Close below, the houses and churches of Carisbrooke and Newport, and the cemetery on Mount Joy have a pretty effect. More distant are St. George's, Arreton, Shanklin, Appuldurcombe, St. Catherine's, and Brixton downs. In the direction of Parkhurst forest are the barracks, Northwood church, East Cowes, and the towers of Osborne house.

The *Roman Villa* was discovered in 1859, when some workmen were excavating in the vicarage grounds. It is

* Each visitor is charged 4*d.* The castle is not open on Sundays.

situated near the castle on the opposite bank of the streamlet which winds round the stronghold. The walls remaining are from 1 to 3 feet high, and built of chalk with inferior mortar, the exterior portions being faced with flints. On many parts of them the painted plaster of the interior was, when first uncovered, tolerably perfect, and a cement moulding ran round several of the rooms. The floor of the hall and the dormitories is covered with a coarse tessellated pavement. The flooring of the best apartment is of superior design and workmanship. In the centre is figured a well-shaped vase and flowers. At the south-west corner of the building are tolerably perfect remains of the bath. A few coins and fragments of Samian ware were found among the débris.

Carisbrooke church is an ancient edifice, and was originally much more extensive than at present. The north aisle and chancel were pulled down in Elizabeth's reign. The old pulpit, with the date 1658, remains a monument of the Puritan ascendancy. The tower is massive and handsome, and rises proudly above the surrounding buildings. In the interior of the building is a tablet to the memory of William Keeling, General for the Hon. East India Adventurers in the reign of James I. There is also a monument representing a lady kneeling, her hands folded in prayer; in the background are six niches, each containing a rude sculpture of a cripple, pointing to her charitable exertions on behalf of the deformed. It is in memory of Lady Wadham, who is incorrectly said to have been the sister of Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII. She was aunt of Jane Seymour, and the second wife of Nicholas Wadham.

Carisbrooke Priory formerly existed close by the north side of the church and was joined to it. Not a vestige remains, and a farmhouse occupies its site. It was founded in 1071, by William Fitz-Osborne, and with the exception of Quarr Abbey, was the most important religious edifice on the island.

Carisbrooke is now the headquarters of the Isle of Wight Artillery Militia.

The walk from Carisbrooke to Newport might be pleasantly varied by going over Mount Joy. The path is entered close to the cemetery, and on gaining the top of the hill a charming prospect is unfolded to view. Carisbrooke Castle and village, the town of Newport, and the river Medina are at the spectator's feet; and more remote are Parkhurst forest, barracks, and prison, the towers of Osborne house, Stapler's Heath, Arreton, Pan, St. George's, Shanklin, Aldurcombe, and St. Catherine's downs.

Newport to West Cowes, by Parkhurst Barracks and Prison.

5 miles.

Most tourists travel from Newport to Cowes by rail, but some avail themselves of the coaches, which run often daily between these two towns. Occasionally a third plan is adopted, and a sail is had along the Medina, in a boat which plies two or three times a week. The coaches leave the square, run along St. James' Street, passing the grammar school, and when over the Lugeley or Carisbrooke streamlet ascend Honey hill. Presently a road on the left branches to Yarmouth, and opposite this is the poorhouse, or House of Industry. This building is for the accommodation of the poor of the whole island, and was erected in 1770, on land given by government. It claims to have been the first institution in England where the present system of poor-law unions was adopted.

Beyond the workhouse the road passes on the left the parade grounds, the Parkhurst barracks, and the Parkhurst prison.

The barracks, now called Parkhurst barracks, were erected in 1798, and were originally named Albany barracks, out of compliment to the Duke of York and Albany, then Commander-in-Chief of the British army. They contain accommodation for between 2000 and 3000 soldiers, and, on account of the salubrity of the place, troops on their arrival from abroad are frequently stationed here. The parade ground is extensive, and the barracks themselves are considered almost as complete as any in England.

The hospital portion of the barracks was, in 1838, converted into a model prison, or general penitentiary for juvenile offenders, and the experiment answered so well that a second gaol was soon afterwards constructed close to the first. At present the building is used as a general prison for convicts, of whom it will accommodate about 700. Trades are worked at in the establishment, and 100 acres of land cultivated by spade husbandry.

Leaving the prison and a small hamlet, the traveller attains high ground, and a view is had of the Medina river, with the cement works close below on the right, and in the rear Newport is visible. The towers of Osborne house and Whippingham and Northwood churches, are in sight almost

the whole way. Near the Horse Shoe inn, 3 miles from Newport, there is said to be one of the most extensive views on the island. Across the Medina are seen East Cowes, Osborne house, and Whippingham church. In the distance Aldermoor mill, near Ryde; the Bembridge Down, Ashev Down, with its landmark; Stapler's Heath, St. George's Down, Pan Down, Shanklin and Wroxall downs, Appuldurcombe Down and its obelisk, St. Catherine's Down, with the three monuments; High Down, Headon hill, Golden hill, the Solent by Gurnard Bay, the New Forest, Southampton Water, and Stokes Bay.

After passing the tollgate a pleasant view is had of West and East Cowes, and the estuary of the Medina, and a quick descent is made into the town.

Newport to Shorwell.

5 miles.

This road goes past Carisbrooke, and then through a secluded vale almost surrounded by hills, and over the western chalk downs to the southern part of the island. It will be traversed by the tourist principally on account of the remains of ancient Pictish villages to be seen by visiting on the way Rowborough and Westcourt bottoms.

Turning to the left at the top of Carisbrooke village, the road conducts through the hamlet of Clatterford and Plash, and to Bowcombe farm, with Alvington and Bowcombe downs on the right. Carisbrooke Castle is passed on the left, and is a pleasing object in the rear during most part of the journey. The next farm is Idlecombe, and then Rowborough. Here, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Newport, by turning up a lane on the right, the small vale is reached in which are the remains of the Pictish village, and by crossing over the high ground to the left of the vale, other similar, and even more perfect vestiges are seen in the hollow known as Westcourt Bottom; on the other side of the Brixton hill are more traces in the Newbarn Bottom leading to Calbourne, and in fact, in most of the secluded recesses around, are equally interesting remains to be found.

Upon the hills are barrows, or ancient burial grounds; and on many may be seen relics of old earthworks or forts, to which, in all probability, the inhabitants resorted in case of an attack by an enemy. These sites of ancient villages are circular pit holes some yards in diameter, of a saucer shape,

and in a regular row right up the vale, forming as it were one long street. There are no walls, but around the holes the grass evidently covers foundations of such, composed of the flints of the district. At the bottom of the vale there are signs of a mound which has been run up the sides of the opposite hills and across the vale, so as to protect the village from the approach of a foe.

A quarter of a mile beyond Rowborough farm is Cheverton farm, and then a steep ascent is made up Cheverton shute, and a quick descent leads under a rustic wooden bridge, and past the well-wooded grounds of Northcourt to Shorwell village.

Ascent of Pan Down and St. George's Down, from Newport.

Pan Down is the hill situated close to Shide railway station, 1 mile from Newport, and the ascent can be made from the station in six or seven minutes. It commands a view of the town of Newport, the Parkhurst barracks and prison, the woods of Parkhurst forest, and a strip of the sea in the direction of Newtown, with the opposite coast. Carrying the eye in a south-east direction, we see Mount Joy, Carisbrooke Castle, Bowcombe, Chillerton, and St. Catherine's downs, the latter being well-defined by the two towers on its summit. In the opposite direction appear Arreton Down, and the towers of Osborne house. The most lovely picture, however, is that presented by the combination of the Medina estuary, with the ships at Cowes, the Solent, appearing like an inland lake, and the Hampshire coast in the background.

Pan Down and St. George's Down being attached, and about the same height, it is an easy walk from one to the other. A road ascends from Shide, winds round Pan Down to the top of St. George's Down, and then continues along the broad flat summit, past some gravel pits, until near the farmhouse of East Standen, and then descends to Arreton by a lane picturesquely sunk between rocky masses of conglomerate, profusely covered with shrubs, ferns, woodbine, and ivy.

St. George's Down may justly claim to be considered classic ground, for East Standen covers the ground once occupied by a manor house, formerly the residence of Princess Cicely, or Cecilia, the third daughter of Edward IV.; and a century

later, the Earl of Southampton, the friend and patron of Shakespeare, took up his residence here when governor of the island. Sir John Oglander, an eye-witness, draws a beautiful picture of the accomplished peer gathering the island gentry about him here, and spreading around the refining influence of his high character. He says: "This island, full of knights and gentry beyond compare, was then the Paradise of England." A bowling green was laid out on the summit of the down, and a summer-house erected and maintained in bountiful fashion, where the governor and the gentry were accustomed to assemble and dine together every Tuesday and Thursday; occasionally as many as thirty being present at one time.

The Princess Cicely was born in 1469, and betrothed by proxy in her fifth year to James, the son of James III., of Scotland. Political changes prevented the marriage, and she afterwards became the wife of Lord Wells, a favourite at court, and a maternal cousin of Henry VII. She is reported to have been very beautiful, and the observed of all observers, when present at her elder sister's coronation as Queen of Henry VII. Having lost her husband and her two daughters, she was two years a widow, and then suddenly retired from the splendour of the court into the obscurity of private life, and married Sir John Kyme of the Isle of Wight, "rather for comfort than credit," says Fuller. Sir John was a gentleman by birth, of the Lincolnshire family of that name, but some of the old chroniclers speak of him, as "a man of mean degree," and of her as a lady "not so fortunate as fair," who "lived not in great wealth." Her second marriage was never recognized by the king. She lived about four years at East Standen, where she is reported to have had two children, Richard and Margerie, and to have died August 24th, 1507. She was buried in the Abbey of Quarr, and a stately monument erected to her memory, but of this no vestige remains. At Standen was a chapel, the foundations of which were to be traced in the orchard behind the house in Sir R. Worsley's day.

At Sullons, a sequestered hamlet close by, there is the singular phenomenon of the sudden disappearance of a stream, which gurgles down to a subterranean channel. It is believed to re-issue at a spot 2 miles distant, on the side of Pan Down, near Shide.

A Walk from West Cowes, round Northwood Park Wall.

This is a pleasant stroll, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and should be taken by the stranger soon after his arrival at Cowes. The Northwood park occupies most of the high ground west of the town, and is a barrier against the enlargement and improvement of the place. It is the seat of — Ward, Esq., and is surrounded by a high wall, with here and there a lodge gate; but strangers are not admitted. A carriage-drive outside the wall runs quite round the park, and commands some extensive prospects. It is entered from the parade, after a slight ascent behind the castle, and presently the traveller has a fine view across the Solent to the New Forest, Eagleshurst Castle, Calshot Castle, Southampton Water, Netley hospital, and in the direction of Stokes Bay to the heights of Portsdown. After passing on the right the road leading down to Egypt house, and to the shore, a long line of coast appears in front, stretching from Gurnard Bay, past Newtown estuary, Hampstead hill, and Old Fort Point, to Hurst Castle.

When beyond Grange school, Gurnard village appears close by, on the right, and in the distance are the High Down, Headon hill, Afton, Brook, and Brixton downs. At Gurnard tollgate, 1 mile from Cowes, a road on the right leads down to Gurnard, another, straightforward, conducts into the Newport road, and one on the left, by the wall, conducts to Cowes. Following the latter, the towers of Osborne house appear, and then the buildings at East Cowes, the Ashy, and adjacent downs; and the Solent is seen again in the direction of Stokes Bay. During the descent into the town, one or two good views are had of the bay and across to Gosport, and to the Portsdown hills.

West Cowes to Gurnard Bay and Newtown, and to Newport through Parkhurst Forest.

Cowes is placed at a great disadvantage with respect to pleasant walks in the country and by the seashore, being hemmed in on one side by Northwood park, and on the other by the grounds of Osborne house and Norris Castle. There is one agreeable outlet, and those who are fond of a quiet ramble, free from intrusion, and away from dusty

roads, will do well to direct their steps westward in the direction of Gurnard Bay.

After leaving the parade and the green, the traveller proceeds along Queen's road, past the baths, and the ivy-clad mansion of Egypt house, the residence of the Earl of Hardwicke, and then continues for three-quarters of a mile by a path close to the shore, with good views across the Solent to the New Forest, and in front the prospect opens to Gurnard Bay, Thorness Bay, Hampstead hill, Yarmouth, Old Fort Point, and Hurst Castle. On arriving at Gurnard Bay, Gurnard village and hotel may be visited. They stand on high ground, and well overlook the surrounding country, including Headon hill, High Down, Afton, Compton, Chessel, Mottistone, and Brixton downs, Parkhurst forest, Hampstead hill, the Solent and opposite coast.

On the west side of the bay, across the level plot of land, known as the Marsh, will be observed a single cottage, and in the garden may be seen very slight traces of a Roman villa, discovered in 1864, and said to be close to where once stood a fort, called Gurnard Castle. The villa when first seen was unfortunately on the very edge of the crumbling cliff, and the sea waves quickly washed away almost every vestige. There were the foundations of three rooms with tessellated pavement, without patterns, composed of small square pieces of broken tile. Among the relics were found Samian ware, Roman coins, a figure of Mercury, two fibulæ, &c., some of which are still preserved by Mr. E. J. Smith, who resides at Gurnard village.

According to tradition, Gurnard Bay was the site of a Roman harbour; and there appears to be some truth in the tradition when we take into account the existence of the remains of the villa, the foundation-stones of buildings, which are still occasionally discovered in the neighbourhood, and the road called Rew Street, which leads direct from the bay to Carisbrooke Castle. Even in comparatively modern times the place appears to have been used as a harbour, for Charles II. landed here in 1671, on his visit to Sir Robert Holmes, of Yarmouth, and in 1583 it was said to be a "common passage of the isle." No doubt the sea, which yearly washes away large patches of the land on the coast hereabouts, has made inroads, and now covers the ancient seaport. Hassell, writing in 1790, says there were stone quarries here, from which most of the houses on the island and the works at Portsmouth were constructed, and three or

four sloops were generally in the bay waiting to be loaded. The quarries, which were worked in a band of the Bembridge limestone, do not now exist.

From Gurnard Bay an agreeable walk may be had still farther westward along the cliffs, with clayey landslips on the right and fine views across the Solent from Hurst Castle to Stokes Bay. When Thorness Bay is reached the shore will be found to consist of soft clay and mud, which at times is almost impassable, and therefore the traveller will bend to the left, and after leaving one or two farmhouses, enter the road leading from Cowes to Newtown, Shalfleet, and Yarmouth. Here he has the choice of routes; he may continue to Newtown, &c., return to Cowes by the village of Tinker's Lane, or proceed in a south direction through Parkhurst forest to Carisbrooke and Newport, by Rew Street, a road leading from Gurnard Bay, and supposed to have been originally a Roman road. Pleasant solitary walks may be had in any direction through the forest, along roads overarched by the trees, the only denizens of the place being squirrels and warbling birds, or the woodman from the lodge in the centre of the forest. Pic-nic parties might while away a few hours agreeably in gathering blackberries and nuts from the thick growth of underwood.

Cowes to Ryde, by Wootton Bridge.

7 miles.

After crossing the river from West to East Cowes, by the steam ferry, an ascent is made through beautiful park-like grounds to the road which runs by the side of the Osborne estate. As the traveller proceeds he obtains views of the Solent, the Hampshire coast, East and West Cowes, and the Medina river. The towers of Osborne are seen on the left, and on the right the spire of Whippingham church. After passing the lodge gate leading to Barton, some schools are reached, and here is a fine panorama. The upper part of the Medina has a pretty effect with Newport church, and Carisbrooke church and castle prominent. There are also in sight the Parkhurst barracks and prison with part of the Parkhurst forest. In the distance are the Asheys, St. George's, St. Catherine's, Chillerton, Brixton, Mottistone, Bowcombe, and Alvington downs. A few yards farther, close to a blacksmith's shop, the road divides, one leading direct to Newport and the other, bending to left, for Wootton bridge. Following the

latter, extensive prospects are obtained on the right, and on the left are the towers of Osborne. One or two glimpses are also gained of the Solent, in the direction of Spithead and Portsmouth. The road descends and passes through thick copses, and over a tiny streamlet which flows into the sea at King's Quay, a quiet secluded creek half a mile distant on the left. Its name is connected with a tradition that King John dwelt in its retired neighbourhood for three months, after the signature of Magna Charta (A.D. 1215). "Here he led," says Grafton, "a solitarie lyfe among reivers and fishermen;" but the king's 'Itinerary or Journey Book,' lately edited by Mr. Hardy, satisfactorily proves that the tradition cannot be supported by historical evidence. Another tradition, said to be equally groundless, derives the name from Charles I. having landed here from Titchfield, after his escape from Hampton Court. The name, whencesoever derived, is of modern origin. The place was formerly known as Shofleet Creek, and was a favourite resort of the sea-rovers in Elizabeth's reign.

Ascending and gaining ground clear of the copses, a strip of the Solent with the opposite coast is seen in the direction of King's Quay, and on the right are the Medina and the hills beyond Carisbrooke and Newport. When on the high ground, a road is entered which leads on the left to Wootton church, situated a few hundred yards distant, and on the right into the Ryde and Newport road. A path across the fields conducts to Wootton village. Here is seen the Solent, with the quarantine vessels on the Mother Bank, near Ryde; and inland are Ashe Down with its landmark, Messly, Arreton, St. George's and Brixton downs, and Northwood church.

Wootton church is small, with an old Norman door, evidently part of a former building. The carved oak pulpit is of the time of James I., and there is a monumental slab to "Sir William Lisle, Master in Chancery, 1665," as well as to Izaak Walton's cousin and namesake. A farmhouse close to the church stands on the site of the manor house, where Henry VII. rested one night in 1499. It was the seat of the powerful island family of De Insula or Lisle. Two brothers of this family played prominent parts on opposite sides in the great civil struggles of the seventeenth century,—Sir John Lisle, one of the judges at the trial of Charles I., and afterwards member of Cromwell's House of Lords; and William, who, after suffering great hardships, accompanied Charles II.

in his exile, and shared in the triumph of his return. The latter lies buried at Wootton; the regicide was assassinated by two Irishmen at Lausanne, where he had taken refuge at the Restoration. The name of his widow, the Lady Alice, is familiar to all, from the unrighteous sentence passed on her by the infamous Judge Jefferies for affording refuge to Monmouth's adherents after the battle of Sedgemoor. She was cruelly beheaded at Winchester, though an aged, grey-haired woman. The tragic tale is well told by Lord Macaulay.

Wootton Lodge, the residence of Francis White Popham, Esq., was formerly the Parsonage. The present building is chiefly modern, and contains few traces of the old house, which was said to be haunted, and had a strange midnight visitor in the ghost of Dr. Thomas Lisle, a former rector, who regularly, at the still hour of twelve at night, used to rustle down the staircase in a sweeping silk gown and cassock. More pleasing associations are, however, connected with the spot; for here once lived a rector who was a cousin and a namesake of Izaak Walton, and books inherited from the rector, bearing the angler's autograph, are now religiously preserved in the house.

For a description of the village of Wootton bridge and the road thence to Ryde, see page 23.



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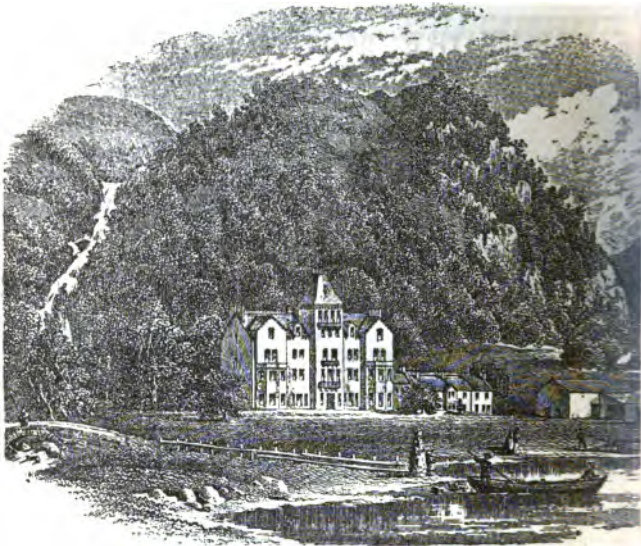
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| South Shields ..                   | 33 3         | 24 9  | 15 6  | 28 6    | 17 6  | 10 9  | 34 0   | 25 6  | 15 9  | 36 0         | 27 3  | 16 9  | 40 0                   | 30 0  | 18 9  | 24 0       | 18 0  | 11 0  |
| Stockton ..                        | 22 6         | 17 0  | 10 9  | 11 9    | 9 0   | 5 9   | 28 6   | 17 6  | 11 3  | 29 9         | 19 3  | 12 3  | 30 0                   | 22 6  | 14 3  | 13 6       | 10 0  | 6 0   |
| Standerland ..                     | 31 3         | 23 6  | 14 9  | 21 9    | 16 6  | 10 3  | 34 3   | 24 3  | 16 3  | 34 3         | 26 0  | 16 3  | 38 6                   | 29 0  | 18 3  | 23 3       | 16 9  | 10 6  |
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| West Hartlepool ..                 | 28 3         | 19 9  | 12 3  | 15 0    | 11 6  | 7 3   | 27 0   | 20 6  | 13 0  | 29 3         | 21 9  | 13 9  | 33 6                   | 25 0  | 16 0  | 17 0       | 13 0  | 7 9   |
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| York ..                            | 13 6         | 9 6   | 6 0   | 16 9    | 12 6  | 8 0   | 13 9   | 10 6  | 6 6   | 16 0         | 12 0  | 7 6   | 16 0                   | 12 0  | 7 9   | —          | —     | —     |

\* Passengers leaving Edinburgh at 2.50 and 7.30 P.M. break the journey at Newcastle or York.

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The Hotel stands in the midst of several acres of Pleasure and Recreation Grounds, extending to the margin of the lake, where are numerous Pleasure Boats and Private Landings. The Steamer starts from the pier in front of the Hotel daily, affording an easy and delightful means of seeing all the magnificent scenery bordering Ullswater.

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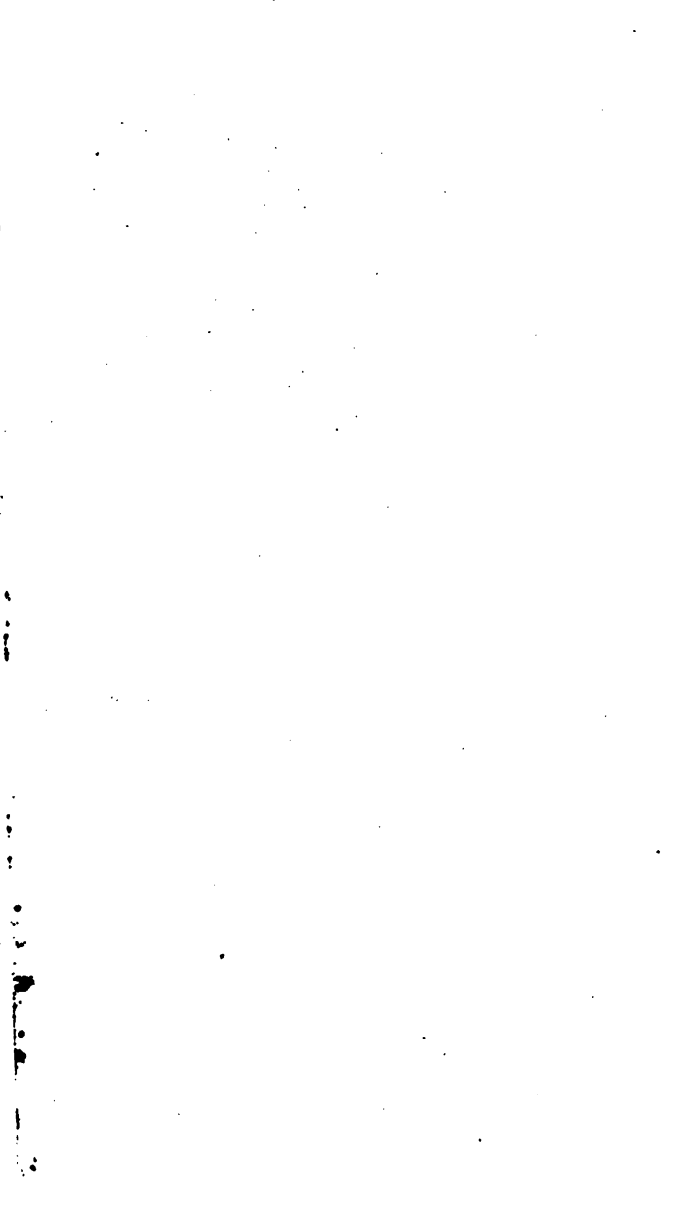
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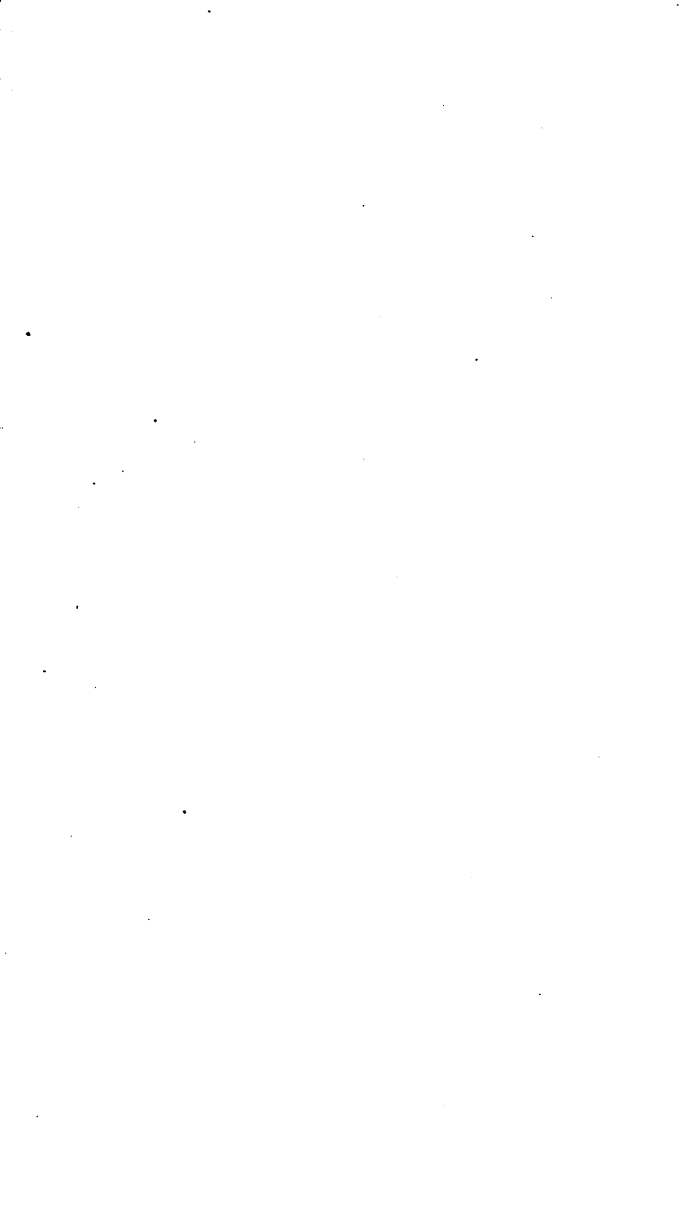


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