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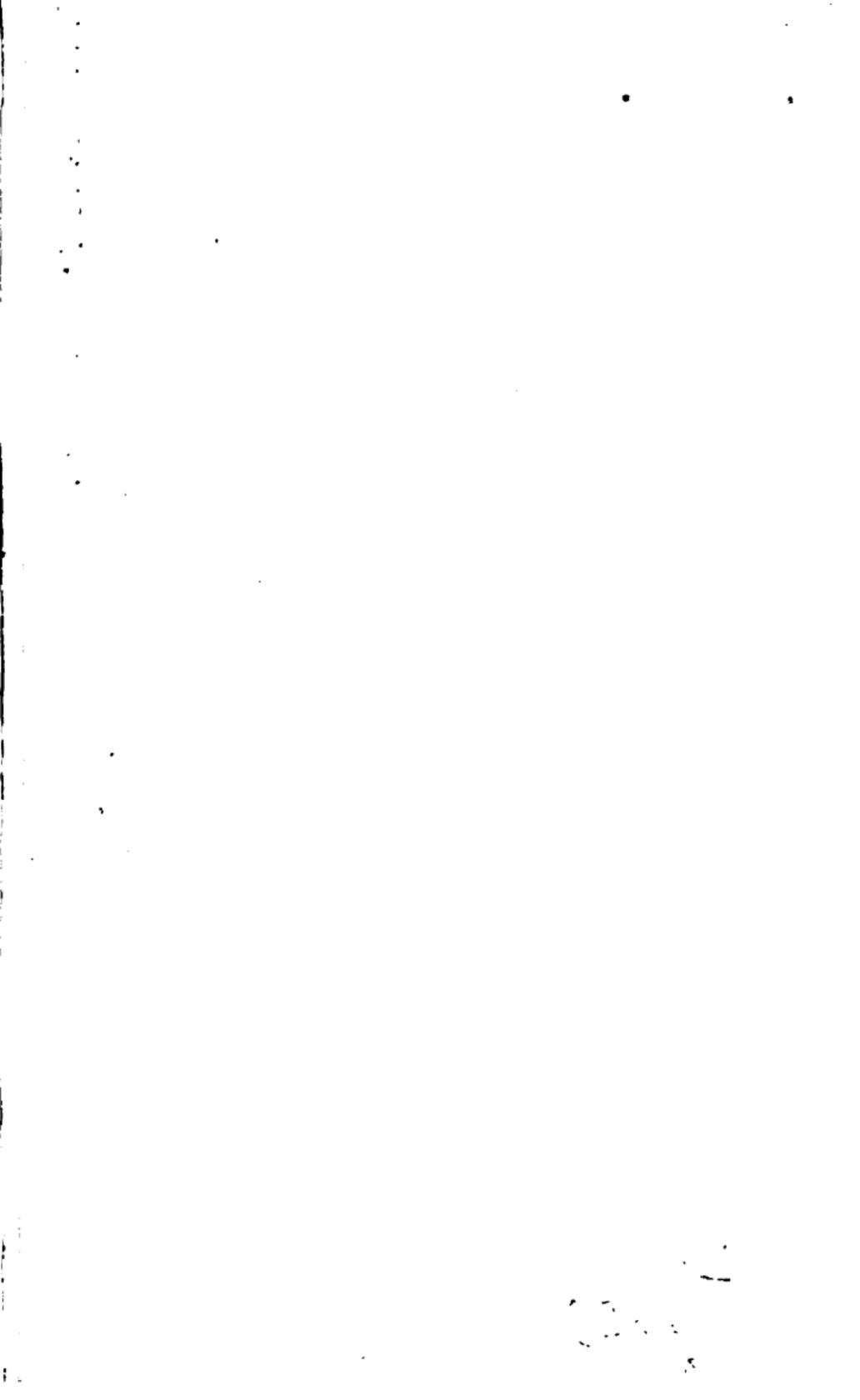


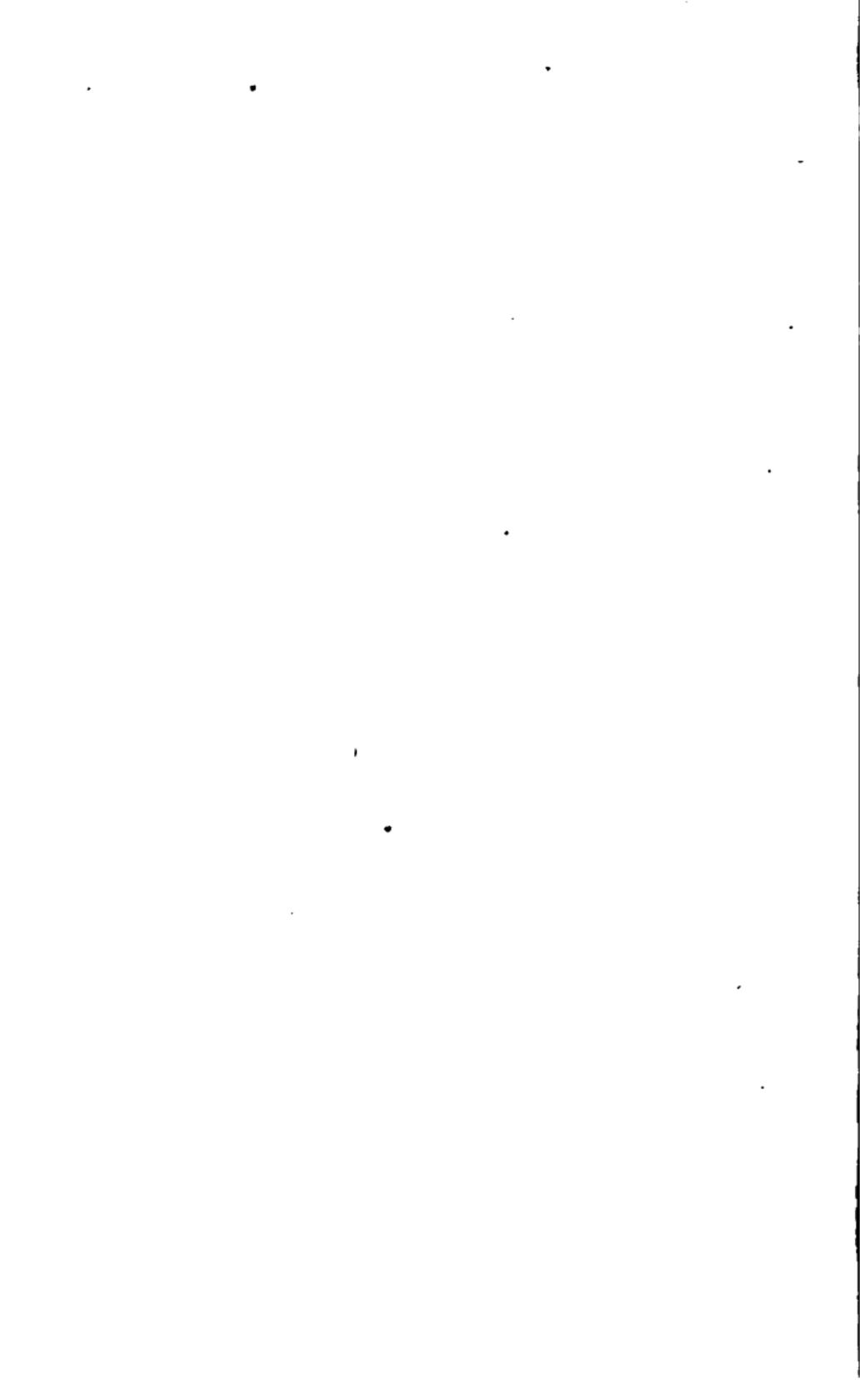
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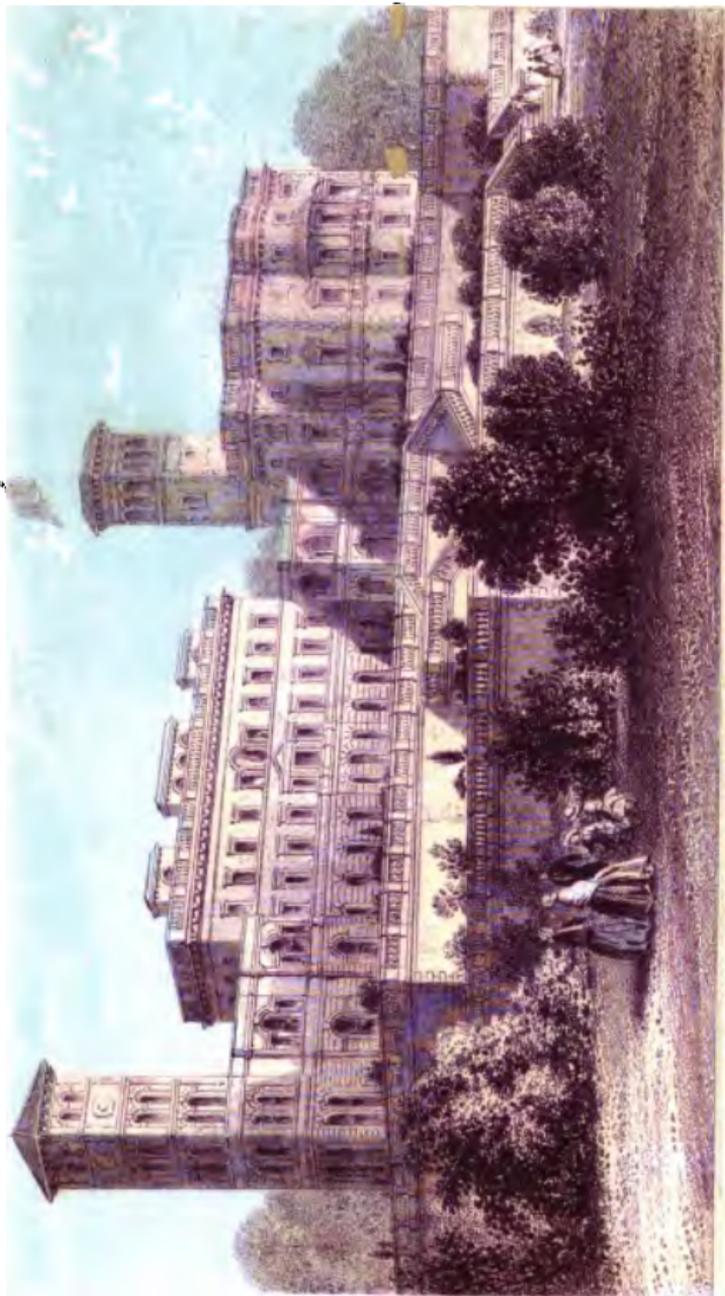
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OSBORNE HOUSE.

THE
ISLE OF WIGHT,

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE

GEOLOGY OF THE ISLAND.

"O lovely isle!

Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands, gentle swells,
Echo to the bleat of flocks;
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
Proudly ramparted with rocks)
And ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island child."

COLERIDGE.

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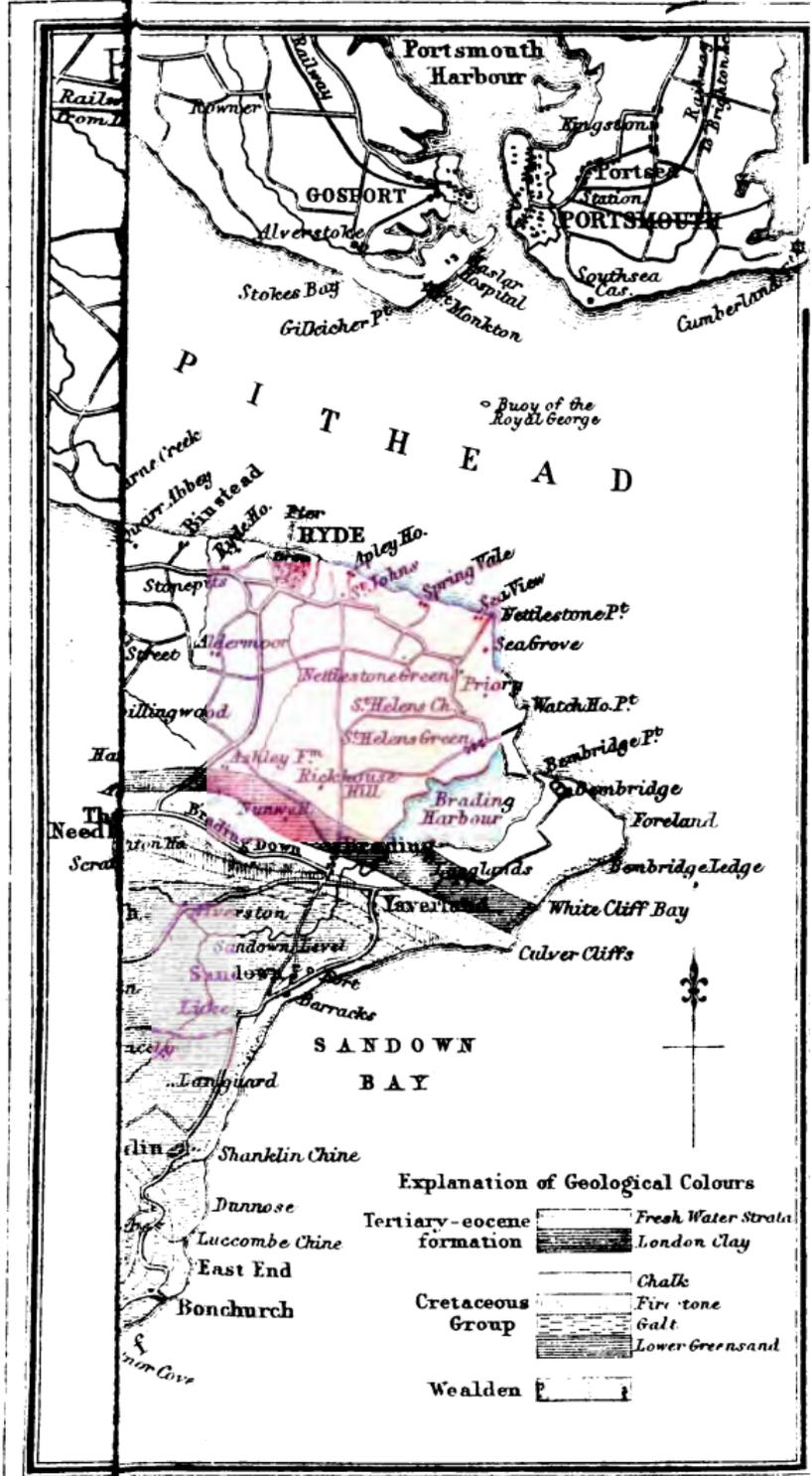
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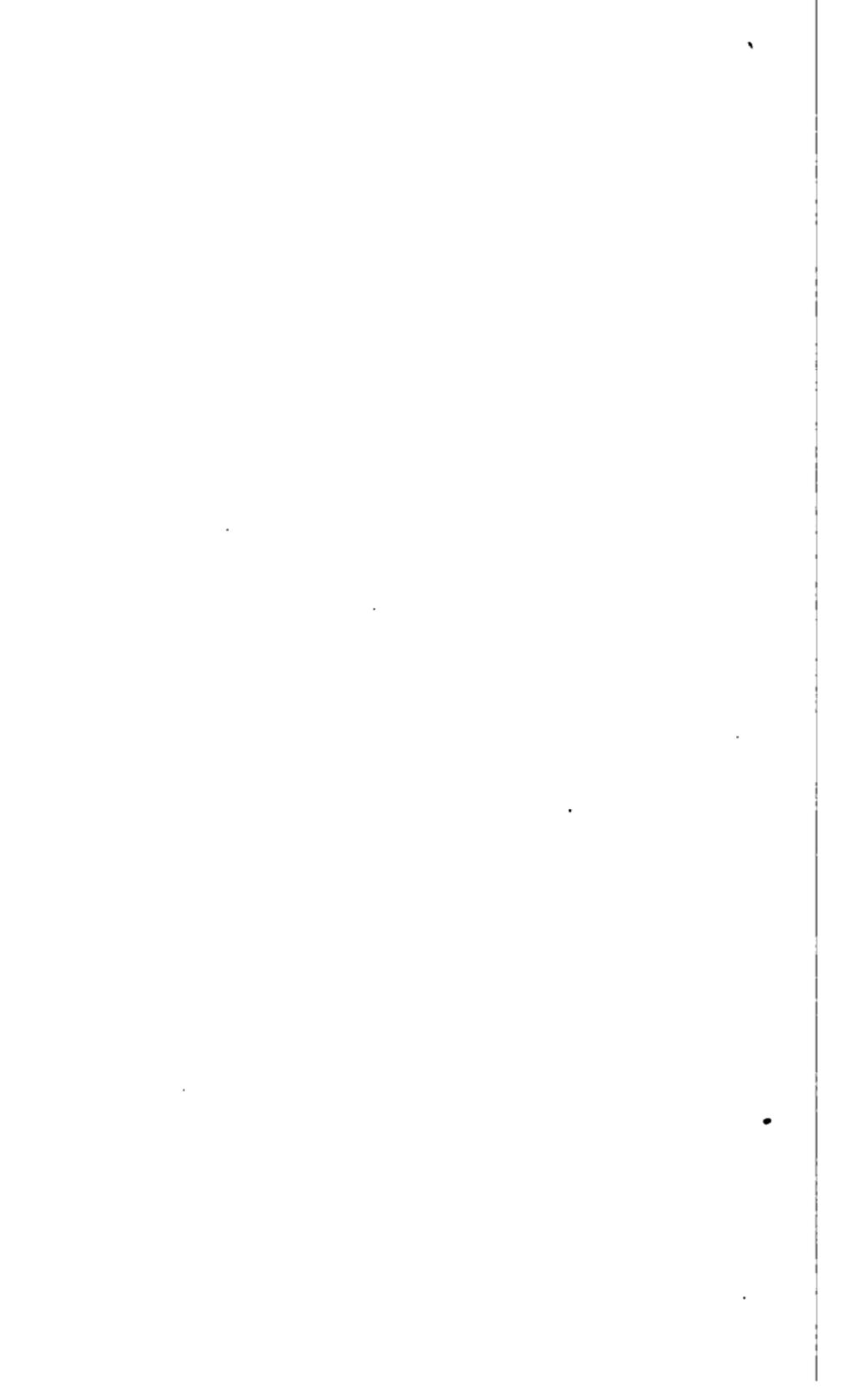
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FOUR DAYS' TOUR FROM RYDE.

FIRST DAY.		Miles	THIRD DAY.		Miles
St. Helen's.....	4 =	4	Alum Bay.....	2 =	2
Brading.....	2 =	6	Freshwater.....	2 =	4
Yaverland.....	1 =	7	Yarmouth.....	4 =	8
Bembridge.....	3 =	10	Shalfleet.....	4 =	12
Sandown.....	4 =	14	Newtown.....	1 =	13
Lake.....	1 =	15	Carisbrooke.....	5 =	18
Shanklin.....	2 =	17	Newport.....	1 =	19
Bonchurch.....	3 =	20	West Cowes.....	5 =	24
Ventnor.....	1 =	21			
SECOND DAY.			FOURTH DAY.		
Steephill.....	1 =	1	East Cowes, by ferry,		
St. Lawrence.....	1 =	2	thence to Whippingham	2 =	2
Sandrock and Niton.....	3 =	5	Newport.....	3 =	5
Blackgang.....	2 =	7	Shide.....	1 =	6
Kingston.....	2 =	9	Arreton.....	2 =	8
Shorwell.....	2 =	11	Godshill.....	4 =	12
Brixton.....	2 =	13	Appuldercombe.....	1 =	13
Mottestone.....	2 =	15	New Church.....	4 =	17
Brooke.....	2 =	17	Ashey Down.....	2 =	19
Freshwater Gate.....	4 =	21	Ryde.....	4 =	23

A rapid view of the principal parts of the Island may be obtained by the two following routes :—

FIRST ROUTE.		SECOND ROUTE.	
Ryde to Brading.....	4	Ryde to Gatcombe.....	4
... Sandown.....	2	... Ryde.....	9
... Shanklin Chine.....	3		
... Luccombe.....	2	Ryde to Wootton.....	3
... Bonchurch.....	1	... Newport.....	4
... Ventnor.....	1	... Carisbrooke.....	1
... St. Lawrence.....	2	... Calbourne.....	4½
... Niton.....	3	... Calbourne to Freshwater	6
... Blackgang Chine.....	2	... Alum Bay..	2
		... Needles.....	0½

The eastern route may be very nearly accomplished in the course of a day by the Ryde and Cowes coaches for 9s. or 10s. ; or, four combining can have a "fly" at £1, 1s. per day. There is no coach conveyance by the

western route, which is much to be regretted, considering the splendid views which might thus be obtained.

DISTANCES OF PLACES FROM RYDE.

	Miles		Miles
Appley.....	0 $\frac{3}{4}$	Fairlee.....	6
Bansley.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	The Needles.....	18 $\frac{1}{2}$
Binstead.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Portsmouth.....	5
Newport.....	7	West Cowes.....	8
(Coppin's Bridge is in Newport)		Whippingham.....	6
Fairy Hill.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$		

DISTANCES OF PLACES FROM VENTNOR.

St. Lawrence.....	2	Bonchurch.....	1
Nilton.....	5	Shanklin.....	4
Blackgang.....	7	Sandown.....	6
Appuldercombe.....	3	Brading.....	8
Godshill.....	5	Ryde.....	12
Arreton.....	7		

DISTANCES OF PLACES FROM NEWPORT.

Albany Barracks.....	0 $\frac{1}{2}$	West Cowes.....	5
Arreton.....	3	Osborne.....	4
Calbourne Church.....	6 $\frac{1}{4}$	Westover.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carisbrooke Castle.....	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Wootton Bridge.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
East Cowes.....	5		

DISTANCES OF PLACES FROM YARMOUTH.

Afton Down.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Hurst Castle.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Calbourne.....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lymington.....	5
East Hampstead.....	3	Newtown Harbour.....	4
Freshwater.....	2	Tapnel.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Freshwater Gate.....	4		

DISTANCES OF PLACES FROM FRESHWATER.

Alum Bay.....	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	Needles Cave.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Afton Downs.....	2	.. Rock.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Frenchman's Hole.....	3	Scratchell's Bay.....	2
High Down Cliff.....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	Watcombe Bay.....	2
Home's Parlour and Kitchen....	3 $\frac{1}{4}$	Wilmington.....	1
Lighthouse.....	2 $\frac{3}{4}$	Yarmouth.....	2

JOURNEYS OF ONE DAY FROM NEWPORT.

WEST.		SOUTH.	
	Miles		Miles
Carisbrooke.....	1	Arreton.....	4
Shorwell.....	4	Shanklin.....	6
Brixton.....	2	Luccombe Chine.....	2
Mottestone.....	1	Bonchurch.....	1
Freshwater Gate.....	6	Ventnor.....	1
Needles Light House.....	3½	Steephill.....	1
Alum Bay.....	1	St. Lawrence.....	1
Yarmouth.....	6	Niton.....	2½
Calbourne.....	6	St. Catherine's Lighthouse.....	0½
Swainstone.....	1½	Sandrock Spring.....	0½
Carisbrooke.....	1	Blackgang Chine.....	0½
Newport.....	1	Rookley.....	6
		Newport.....	5
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THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN the love of travel and locomotion which is characteristic of these modern days, and to which steam-boats and railways have given so remarkable an impulse, there are few places which have met with such general regard as that which we are now about to describe. There are manifold tastes in the matter of travelling ; and such is the variety of scenery and circumstance in our sea-girt home—the wealth of historical association and of classic fame—that none need despair of finding something suited to his taste, however peculiar that may be, and that, too, without the necessity of withdrawing his foot from the British shores. But the Isle of Wight, more than most other places, has capabilities of meeting the tastes and requirements of all ; so varied in its character, so changing in its aspect in different parts of its surface and outline,—ranging through all the degrees of the beautiful and picturesque, and not seldom passing into the region of the grand and the sublime. To the invalid it must ever be a welcome and friendly retreat. Possessing a climate softer and drier than any in England, and yet, from the influence

of the sea-breeze playing around it, bracing as well, it is not to be wondered at that it should have received the recommendation of the most eminent medical men, and become a sort of Madeira of England,—a sanatorium of the highest repute, and of daily growing acceptance with the valetudinarian. To the geologist, again, and the student of nature generally, it presents a fair field and the most ample attractions. What with its remarkable Chalk Ridge, giving, in its elevated points, magnificent prospects—running from the Needles Down to Culver Cliff,—its bed of marl and its plastic clay sands to the north,—its upper and lower green sands traversed by the Wealden clay, containing Saurian bones and other interesting deposits,—and numerous features besides, calculated to arrest the attention and to detain the eye of the geologist,—its chines, its landslips, its sea-looking caves, &c.,—it is difficult to imagine a richer field for scientific exploration and discovery than that which this island affords;—while to the more general tourist, who is abroad with his knapsack on his back and his guide-book in his hand, from the less rigid and pretentious, but perhaps scarcely less praiseworthy object, of delighting his eye with the ever-changing but ever-fresh beauties of nature, and bracing his frame for the stern work of life, by inhaling the breezes of “hill, and shore, and winding stream,” it cannot fail to prove all that he could have desired, and possibly more than he had expected; sending him back to his “town-world” again both stronger and wiser than when he came.

This beautiful and interesting island is situated in the

English Channel, and is separated from the mainland of Hampshire by a water-breadth varying from two to six miles. This water-breadth is called the Solent Sea, about the origin and etymology of which name, considerable variety of opinion exists. Founding upon the theory entertained by many, and not without considerable plausibility, that this island was at one time joined to the mainland, but in process of time became separated from it by the encroachments of the sea, it is considered by some to be a corruption of the word *solvent*, from the Latin verb *solvo*, to "loosen, to melt, to disengage;" and thus referring, of course, to the influence of the sea in disengaging or loosening this tract of land from the mainland, and converting it into an island. The ancient Roman name of the island, which was Vectis—"separated or divorced"—is quite in accordance with this idea; while the fact that the word is written "Solvent" in some editions of Bede's History, still further strengthens the supposition. The island is, generally speaking, of the form of the lozenge, or, to use a less elegant comparison, somewhat of the shape of the turbot or flounder, having its apices to the four points of the compass. But while this is its general form, it is with considerable irregularity of detail,—the outline being varied and broken in many parts by bays, creeks, and various other indentations. The length of the island from east to west is nearly twenty-three miles; its greatest breadth, thirteen miles; average breadth, six or seven; while in circumference, it takes up fully fifty-six miles. It has an area of 136 square miles, or 86,810 acres; and the population in 1851 was

50,324. It is, politically regarded, a part of Hampshire, which fronts it on the mainland. Until the passing of the Reform Act it returned six members to the Imperial Parliament ; but for the purposes of that act, the Isle of Wight now stands as a county by itself, and returns one member ; while of the towns, Newport only, the capital of the island, returns two : the Reform Act having thus reduced the number of representatives from six to the half of that number. The general character of the island has been properly described as undulating rather than hilly, although its remarkable Chalk Ridge, which has been already referred to as running the whole length of the island, may be considered as a range of hills, since in some parts they attain to a very considerable elevation, and give very extensive and imposing views of the island, with its surrounding features of both sea and land. Nothing can be more distinct and individual than the two sides of the island, north and south ; each of them possessing a scenery of its own, perfectly diverse in its leading characteristics, and yet nearly equally interesting, according to the idiosyncrasy of the visitor, or the state of mind in which he contemplates them. All that is beautiful and picturesque, fair and sunny, regales the eye and delights the imagination on the north side ; while the " Back of the Island," as the south side is familiarly termed, abounds in that wild and irregular grandeur of which rocks and precipices, ravines and chasms, are the component parts. The former will, perhaps, prove the more attractive to the stranger of gentler tastes and more timid and placid moods ; while

the latter will be more in accordance with the mind of him who searches for bold and startling effects, and whose converse with Nature finds its highest gratification in connection with its sterner forms, and those aspects which, though not unmarked with hints of the beautiful, are, as a general rule, suggestive rather of the terrible and the sublime. Along the south-eastern coast—that is to say, from Shanklin to Blackgang Chine—this is the character of the scenery in a remarkable degree,—the marvellous tract of the Undercliff being comprehended in this, than which nothing can be imagined more striking and peculiar. With regard to the interior, if less imposing and startling in the effect it produces, it is, nevertheless, scarcely less worthy of notice for its undulating diversity,—hill, and vale, and cultured fields, chequered by many beautiful hedgerows and gracefully waving trees, finding their way imperceptibly into the heart, and diffusing that tranquil and placid feeling which is inseparable from such scenes, at least to those who have any true sympathy with Nature in her more peaceful retreats. The climate has already been referred to as singularly fine. It may be proper here to notice the opinion of one whose authority in such a matter cannot well be set aside,—namely, Sir James Clark. In his treatise on the “Influence of Climate,” &c., he says: “This island, from the variety which it presents in point of elevation, soil, and aspect, and from the configuration of its hills and shores, possesses several peculiarities of climate and situation, which render it a very favourable and commodious residence throughout the year for a large

class of invalids." And again he observes: "The Undercliff bids fair to exceed all other winter residences in this country." Other eminent authorities have given similar testimony; and many have found the truth of it in their pleasant experience. It must be acknowledged, however, that if friendly to human life in one sense, there is another in which this island has proved the reverse: the formidable rocks and cliffs with which its coast abounds, west, east, and south, are chargeable with many a cruel shipwreck; and there are few places where a ship has less mercy to expect than when storm-driven and labouring on this coast. Every succeeding winter finds its own tale to tell of disaster and death in this respect.

The productive resources of the island are worthy of notice. The porcelain manufactories of London, Bristol, and Worcester are indebted to the sea-cliffs of Alum Bay for the fine white sand which they so largely employ. This important material is nowhere else in the kingdom to be obtained of such pure and excellent quality. Every facility for building exists, too, in the island, so far as beautiful and easily wrought freestone is concerned. The soil, although presenting numerous varieties, from the stiff clay of the north to the light open soil of the south, is admirably adapted for farming, as its proverbial fertility abundantly testifies. And the pastoral character of the Downs is most favourable for the rearing of sheep, the wool of which is perhaps inferior to none. Lambs are exported annually in great numbers to London from these sheep-walks. If ancient records are to be believed,—and there seems no reason to

doubt them,—wood must at one time have been uncommonly abundant; for so is the tradition, that squirrels might have passed from tree to tree from Gurnard to Carisbrooke,—and in many other parts of the island besides equally extended tours might have been taken by these nimble travellers, without their once needing to “set foot on the sward.” It is somewhat different now; for although there is still no scantiness of timber, the proximity of Portsmouth Dockyards, as well as those in the island itself, have contributed greatly to its diminution. Fish of all the ordinary varieties are to be obtained off the island, and in certain districts game abounds. The manufactories are very inconsiderable, with the exception of a lace factory at Newport, in connection with which several hundred individuals find occupation. Salt is made on the island to a very considerable extent, both for exportation and for home consumption. But the staple article of trade is corn.

The island is divided into two parts, to the east and west, by its principal river, the Medina, rising in the south and flowing almost due north, till it falls into the Solent Sea at Cowes. It is navigable as far up as Newport. The division of the island thus naturally effected by the river, has led to the names of East and West Medina, or Medene,—almost equal parts being represented by these terms. East Medina, however, contains only fourteen parishes, while West Medina comprehends sixteen. A list of these parishes may here be given:—

EAST MEDINA.

Arreton, Binstead, Bonchurch, Brading, Godshell,
B

Newchurch, Niton, St. Helen's, St. Lawrence, Shanklin, Whippingham, Whitwell, Wootton, Yaverland.

WEST MEDINA.

Brixton, Brooke, Calbourne, Carisbrooke, Chale, Freshwater, Gatcombe, Kingston, Mottistone, Newport, St. Nicholas, Northwood, Shalfleet, Shorwell, Thorley, Yarmouth. An idea of the progressive prosperity of the place may be gathered from the fact, that while the population of the island was in 1802 only 22,602, it had reached in 1851 to 50,324.

There is little of interest attaching to the history of this island, apart from its connection with the general history of Britain. It was invaded by the Romans in the year 43, probably with a view to facilitate further operations in the adjacent mainland. There is no reason to suppose that that warlike people met with anything like formidable resistance from the natives, or that the island ever was the centre of protracted warlike operations: indeed, the absence of all such marks or *vestigia*, in camps, roads, fortified places, &c., as that people invariably left behind them, is decisive on this point. It is supposed by some, indeed, that they had a stronghold at Carisbrooke, and that the deepest of the wells there, now filled up, was of Roman construction; but the probability is, that this was a point of reserve where resistance might be offered to possible assailants, rather than a centre of aggressive operations directed against the surrounding portions of the island itself. The only exception to the above remark is in the fact that a few coins of the Emperors Tiberius, Vespasian, and others,

were found some seventy years ago in the neighbourhood of Carisbrooke ; which, however, can be accounted for apart from the supposition above referred to. The next possessors of the island were the Saxons, who did not, however, make good their ground without suffering severely from the determined resistance of the inhabitants. They abolished the Roman name of Vectis, and gave it that of Wect or Wiht, the manifest origin of its present appellation. This Saxon invasion took place about the year A.D. 530. The inhabitants were greatly harassed by the invaders for a considerable period ; and, indeed, these troubles only yielded to those of a more remorseless and sanguinary character on the part of the Danes, who ravaged it, with all the attendant horrors of fire and bloodshed, on three several occasions, and whose attacks upon it extended from before the close of the 8th century down to the Norman Conquest. At this time it was given by William to his kinsman Fitz-osborne, whose valour at the battle of Hastings brought him great renown, and who had been mainly instrumental in reducing the island. This, together with the titular honour of Baron or Lord of Wight, was the kingly "guerdon" of his prowess. He was succeeded in the lordship by his youngest son, Roger Earl of Hereford, who did not retain it long, however, in consequence of his participation in a conspiracy against William the Conqueror. By Henry I. it was afterwards granted to Redvers Earl of Devon ; and from this family it by-and-by passed, by purchase, into the possession of Edward I. for the inconsiderable sum of 6000 marks. This was in 1303. It was under this monarch that

the island was annexed as a constituent part of the county of Hants. Frequently, anterior to this, the French had made predatory incursions into the island, but in the time of Richard II. they landed in force and attacked the Castle of Carisbrooke, which was under the command of Sir H. Tyrrel. The attempt, however, only terminated in their own complete discomfiture and ruin. A great number of them were slain. A considerable party fell into an ambuscade, and were there cut to pieces. The spot is still known by the appellation of "Dead Man's Lane," and a tumulus marks the spot where the bodies of the slain were interred. Similar after-attempts were followed by similar results. About 1420, it sustained two separate attacks, but on both occasions was enabled to repel them. In 1545, a rather formidable descent was again made upon the island, when Frenchmen to the number of two thousand effected a landing; beyond, however, pillaging and burning some of the villages, it had no result. The inhabitants, thoroughly exasperated, rose in force, and compelled them to retreat, with great loss, to their ships. It was in connection with such repeated annoyances, or rather as a consequence of them, that the various forts to be found in the island were erected; although, indeed, the protection which was needed came rather from the rapidly increasing naval power and equipments of England. The next event of great historical importance was the retreat of Charles I. to this island in 1647, after the unhappy dissensions which occurred between that monarch and his parliament. He was first of all lodged in Carisbrooke Castle,

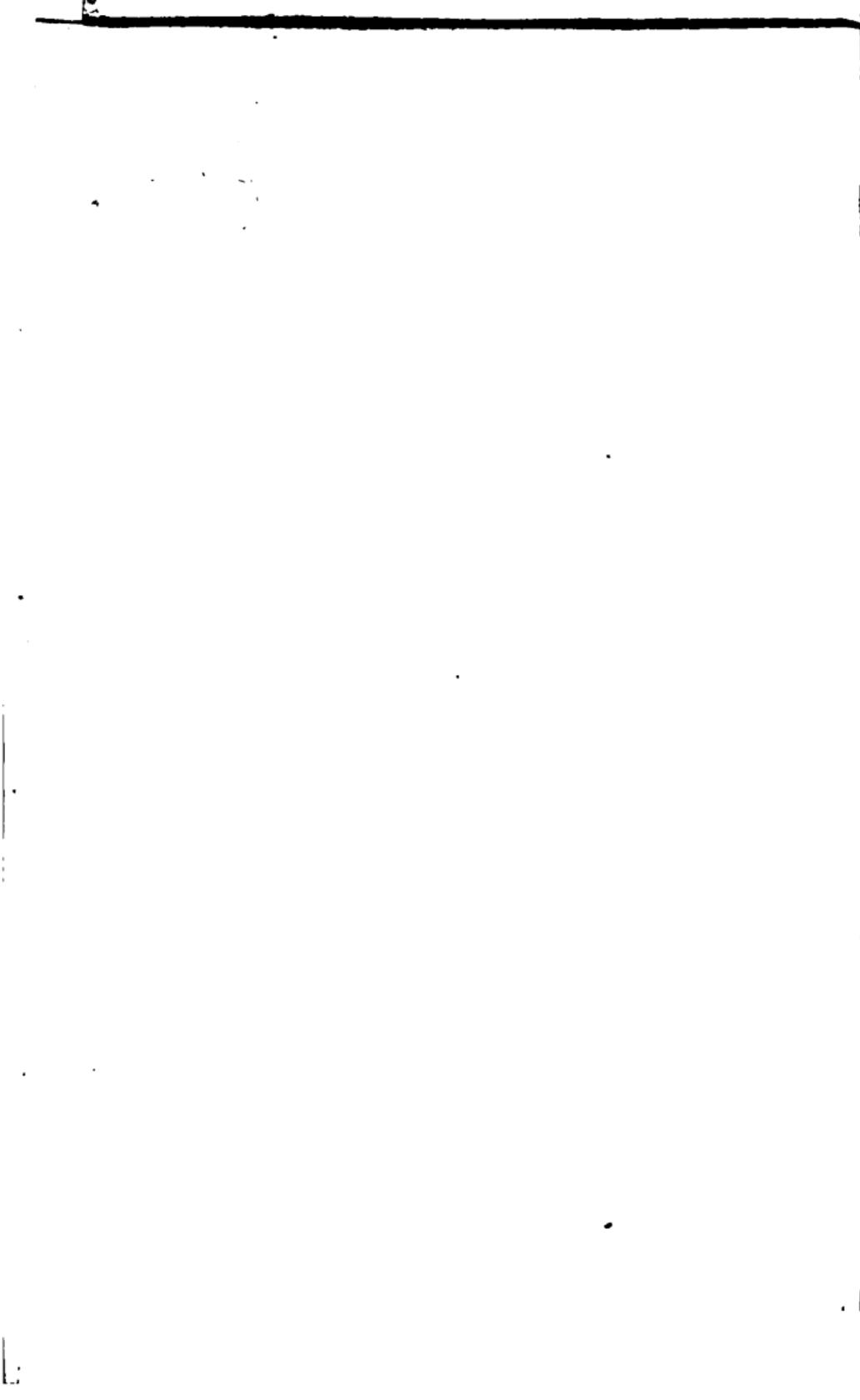
rather as a guest of the governor, Colonel Hammond, than as a prisoner in any sense of the word. It was not long, however, before all this was changed,—his freedom was restricted, until he was not permitted to pass beyond the walls of the castle. An attempt to release him only tended to increase the rigour of his captivity ; and from step to step the matter proceeded, till he was seized by the army and immured in Hurst Castle, the fatal “beginning of the end” of the career of that hapless monarch. It is perhaps worthy of notice, as a curious freak of royal favour or caprice, or whatever else it may be designated, that the Isle of Wight had once a king of its own, Henry VI. having conferred this honour upon the Duke of Warwick in 1444. It was but the “shadow of a shade,” in so far as any regal significance was concerned ; and it seems to have been brief as it was valueless, for the doughty Duke has found no successor even to the present day.

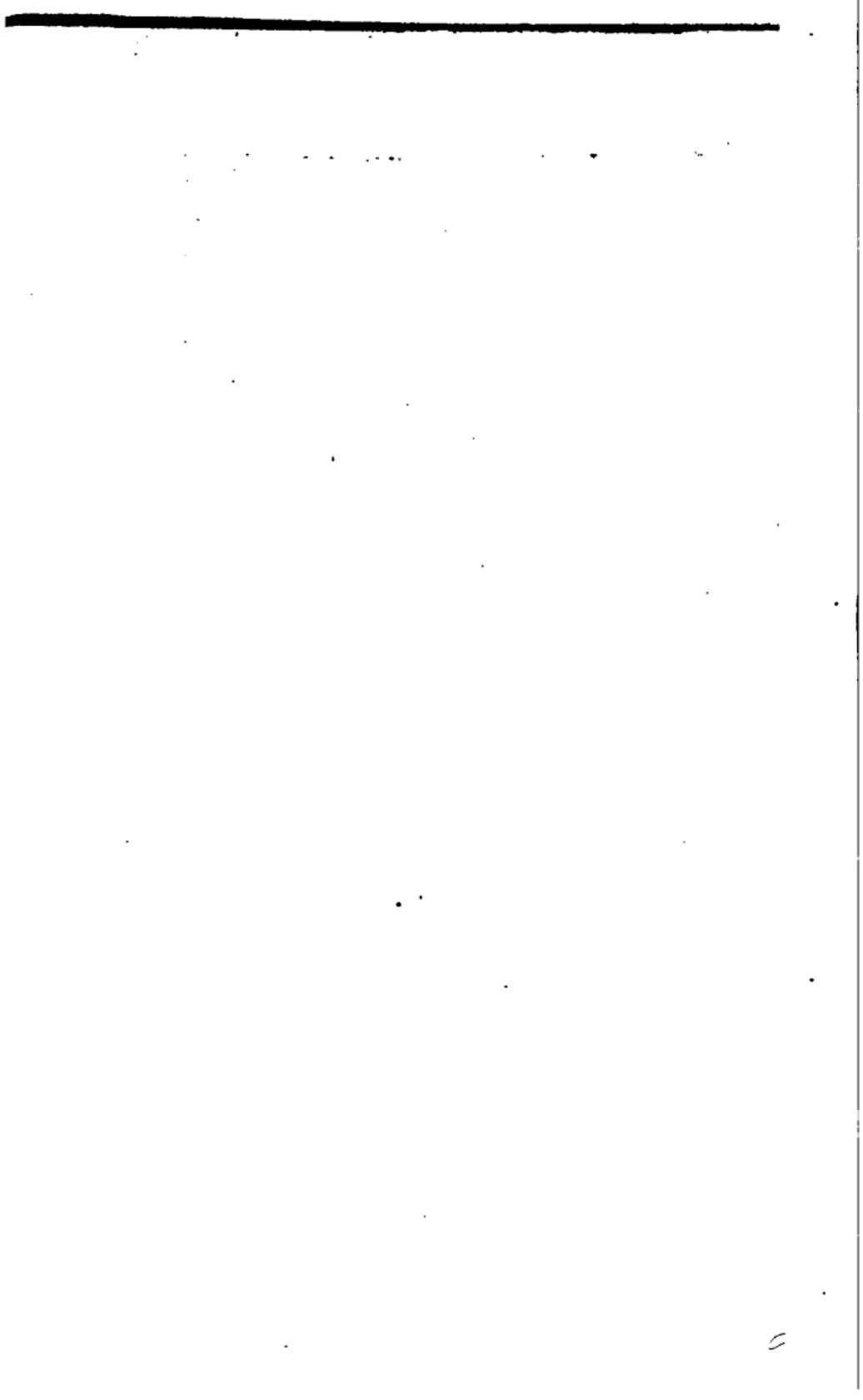
The Isle of Wight, although not particularly noteworthy for its eminent men, can nevertheless boast of having given birth to some of very considerable mark. Among these may be mentioned the learned and in all respects exemplary knight, Sir John Cheke, who acted as tutor for some time to Prince Edward VI. ; the Rev. Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul’s, eminent both as a theologian and in general literature—he was born at Godshill, early in the 16th century ; the celebrated antiquary and divine, Dr. Thomas James, whose erudition placed him in the foremost rank of the learned men of the 17th century ; Robert Hook, M.D., who was distinguished for his mechanical skill and ingenuity ; and

Admiral Hobson, who from very obscure beginnings rose by his energy of character and promptitude of action to be one of the most eminent naval heroes of Queen Anne's reign—he was born in the small village of Bonchurch.

Having thus endeavoured to group these various preliminary matters, and to present them in as condensed a form as possible, we shall now proceed to a more particular description of the places and objects of interest which the island contains, and which are worthy of the attention of every intelligent individual by whom it is visited.

There are various routes by which the Isle of Wight may be reached, and the frequency with which the steam-packets ply to the different points of debarkation, greatly facilitates the intercourse between the mainland and the island. Some prefer going from Southampton to Cowes, which route gives a very beautiful view of the town of Southampton and the Old Bar, with its grotesque figures in front of it; Victoria Pier also, and Netley Abbey, embracing a very pleasant sail through the Southampton Water. The distance between Southampton and Cowes is twelve miles. Others, again, still having Cowes for their landing-place, may sail from Gosport or Portsmouth—which is a sail of eleven miles. But the shortest route, and that most generally adopted, is by Portsmouth to Ryde, which is a distance of only five miles, and is easily accomplished in half an hour. Nothing can exceed the systematic regularity of the communication, and the traveller need not give himself any concern as to irritating and unnecessary delays.





RYDE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

In approaching the termination of his brief and pleasant voyage, the visitor is arrested by the extensive *Pier* which invades Neptune's dominions to the unwonted extent of 2226 feet. It juts out from the town in a due northerly direction, and has a neatly constructed entrance-arch and lodge, at which the charge of twopence is made on the passenger. The expense of the work was upwards of £12,000. The foundation-stone was laid on 29th June 1813, and the whole was completed and opened for traffic the following year. It is fenced by an iron railing over its entire length, and numerous seats are provided for the comfort of promenaders, some of which seats are canopied over, so as to give shelter from the occasional shower. This Pier secures the possibility of landing at all states of the tide—a privilege which we learn to appreciate when we remember the miseries of a landing under the old régime, when the small boat and the luggage-cart were in constant demand for that purpose. As a marine promenade, this Pier possesses unrivalled attractions, and it seems to be fully appreciated in this respect by the inhabitants and temporary sojourners in the town. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more varied, interesting, and extensive prospect than that which it commands. There is the long line of mainland coast which bounds the view to the north; Stoke's Bay and the Terrace of Anglesea in front; Southampton Water, with Calshot Castle, to the left; to the right, again, we have Portsmouth and Spithead; next, the eye passes to Southsea Castle and

Hayling Island; and onward still, to the far-stretching waters of the British Channel;—and all this in addition to a vast number of beautiful and interesting features of the north-east part of the island itself; such as the Priory, Sea View, the Castle of St. Clare, the Woods of Appley, St. John's, &c. Taking all this into account, together with the exhilarating effect of the sea-breezes which are here to be so freely enjoyed, we need not be surprised to find this Pier frequented by numbers of gay and fashionable promenaders at almost every part of the day.

With regard to the town itself, it invariably produces a pleasing, we may rather say a striking effect, when seen from the water, especially for the first time. The whiteness of the villas and houses, contrasted with the dark setting of the foliage so abundant around them—the terraced configuration of the whole, rising tier above tier, on the graceful hill-front—the elegant church-spires on either side, shooting upward as with heaven-pointing finger still higher to the empyrean—all these produce a most favourable impression on the visitor, and prepare him to expect no small enjoyment from his sojourn in the island. *Brigstocke Terrace* stands first, as the great modern improvement of Ryde—its architectural effect is exceedingly good, and the view which it embraces both extensive and pleasing. This range of buildings is usually called *par excellence* “The Terrace.”

The Royal Victoria Arcade is another architectural attraction of the town well worthy of notice. It contains fourteen shops, and a large room for art-exhibi-

tion purposes. It is after a design by Westmacott, and was erected at an expense of £10,000.

The Market-House and Town-Hall is an important and handsome building, with a frontage, including the wings, of 198 feet. There is a projection in the centre forming a vestibule, over which rises a pediment, both of elegant design. The Corn-market is in the basement of the building, and the area is appropriated to dealers in fish, poultry, &c.; although now indeed the application of the market to such practical uses has almost been discontinued. The Town-hall, which is in the upper part of the building, consists of two rooms, capable of being thrown into one, thus making a very elegant and spacious apartment of about sixty feet in length, by twenty-six in breadth. It is occasionally used as a ball-room.

The Ryde Yacht Club-House is a spacious and elegant building, having library, billiard-room, public dining-room, &c., and occupies a site on the shore, west from the Pier. The Club was established in 1845, and the foundation-stone of the building was laid by Prince Albert in the following year. As this is one of the most popular and established recreations of the island, the utmost prosperity has attended the Club. The Regatta season is in August, when the annual entertainment comes off with great éclat under the auspices of the Club. The Pier is crowded with spectators, and the entertainment winds up with fire-works, in the evening, and generally some public demonstration in the shape of a dinner or a ball.

The churches connected with the Establishment in

Ryde are properly chapels of ease,—they are three in number, that of *St. Thomas* being the most important. It is modern Gothic in its style, and, both without and within, is much to be admired. It has a tower and a lofty spire. It dates back to 1719, in which year it was erected, by Thomas Player, Esq., but was entirely rebuilt by George Player, Esq., in 1827. The Church of *The Holy Trinity* was opened in 1845. It was greatly indebted to the munificence of the family of Lind of Westmour, who, in land and in money together, contributed towards it the value of £2000. It is capable of accommodating eight hundred persons. *St. James's Chapel* is a very neat edifice, smaller than *St. Thomas's*; but, like it, Gothic in its style. The principal entrance is in the west front, beneath the clock, which an elegant cupola surmounts. There is an octagonal turret on either side of the principal entrance. The interior is exceedingly tasteful in its arrangements, and the altar-window of rare beauty. There are places for worship in Ryde besides these, belonging to other denominations,—Independent, for example, Baptist, Wesleyan, Plymouth Brethren, and Roman Catholic. *The Roman Catholic Chapel*, which is in High Street, was built in the years 1845–6, at the expense of the Countess Clare; the design having been furnished by Mr. Hanson, of “Patent-Safety-Cab” celebrity. Owing to the indefatigable exertions of the late Dr. Dodd of this place, *the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary* has been established. The last-named gentleman devoted his whole time to its interests; but he was well seconded by the benevolence of the island generally, as well as by cases of individual

liberality. The site, which is in Upper Ryde, was a gift by Miss Player and Captain Brigstoke, R.N. There can be no doubt of its being a great blessing to the island.

As a bathing-place, Ryde has a high celebrity, and its artificial baths are well kept, and in great requisition. Indeed, there are few places in the kingdom better adapted than Ryde for all the healthful luxuries either of the sea-bath or the hot-bath. The beach is extensive, and from the narrowness of the strait there is less of that billowy sea which interferes so often with the comfort and safety of bathers elsewhere, and which often disappoints them of their bath altogether. For the above reason, *sailing* excursions may also be indulged in with safety, and there is excellent provision and arrangement for them here. There is no difficulty in obtaining conveyances for inland excursions, in the form of cars, chaises, sociables, gigs, &c. Assemblies, regattas, rowing-matches, &c., help to fill up the list of amusements during the season, and make the time fly past on rapid wing. This town is highly recommended to the invalid, Sir James Clark placing it in this respect above most other parts of the island.

The leading hotels in Ryde are *Pier Hotel*, Barnes'. Bed, 2s. 6d.; breakfast, 2s. 6d.; dinner, 2s. 6d., upwards; tea, 1s. 6d.; supper, 9d., upwards. *Yelf's*, and *the Royal Kent*, both in Union Street, where the charges are somewhat less. There are besides, the *Crown*, Woodrow; the *Star*, Elkin's; the *York*, James Oldfield; the *Royal Eagle*, Wood; and the *Vine*, Saunders. In these last named, charges are lower still.

Ryde is most admirable in its command of pleasant walks, and the individual who would really make the most of his visit, should make a point of visiting on foot the various interesting spots in its immediate vicinity. To the westward of the town, for example, a very pleasant walk may be taken to *Binstead*, passing *Stonepits*, *Brookfield Cottages*, the *Parsonage*, and other tasteful houses on our left. This walk may be extended, if we please, as far as to *Quarr Abbey*, which is reached by a pleasant footpath through the copse. At present, however, we will rather make our route in an easterly direction, and endeavour to pay a flying visit to the various objects of interest which we encounter as we make the circuit of the island; afterwards directing attention more to those parts of the interior which we may have omitted in this trip,—premissing that it is only the more important that can be condescended upon in such a work as the present.

A mile to the eastward of Ryde is the beautifully situated domain of *St. John's*, a well-wooded property, and commanding as fine a sea-view as could be desired. In the immediate neighbourhood, and very similarly situated, is the Elizabethan edifice of *Appley House*—a very marked feature in the landscape. *St. Clare*, also, is situated in this vicinity, a house of castellated form and of modern date; and *Puckpool*, with its beautiful villa of *Cliff Cottage*. *Springvale*, about two miles from Ryde, is a flourishing hamlet, pleasantly situated on the beach; and then we have the elegant cluster of villas, known as *Sea View*, or *Nettlestone*. From the rocky and elevated character of the coast in this dis-

trict, and from the fact that it is richly clothed with wood on the summit, and in some points down to the very water's edge, it has a very beautiful aspect from the sea, and pleases the eye while we are sailing leisurely along. Midway in the Channel here, was the scene of the great maritime disaster, which happened in the sudden and unexpected sinking of the *Royal George*, on 29th August 1782,—

“ When Kempenfeldt went down
With twice four hundred men.”

The bodies of the unfortunate sufferers were interred in the tract of common land called *The Dover*, very close upon Ryde. For some time after, the bodies continued to be washed ashore at this place; so much so, that the striking answer was given by a fisherman to Sir H. Englefield, when the latter was making some inquiry respecting their graves, that “ he did not like drawing a net thereabouts for some time, as they were always bringing up a corpse.” It was one of the most affecting incidents in British naval history. Their graves are now quite smoothed down by the tread of generations and the levelling hand of time.

The *Priory* is three miles from Ryde,—a beautiful mansion, with grounds in all respects worthy of it. The house is constructed of freestone, and has a fine sloping lawn in front, yielding to an extensive reach of sylvan scenery, for which, indeed, this part of the island is famed. It took its name from the lands which formerly belonged to a priory of Cluniac monks, of the twelfth century. Of the buildings connected with this establishment, no traces are now to be found, although the

site of them is supposed to have been in a field near the old church. This old church of St. Helen's is now a ruin, and serves the purpose of a sea-mark, but nothing more. The present church of St. Helen's was, with the exception of the chancel, entirely rebuilt in 1830, and even that dates no farther back than 1719. The village of *St. Helen's* is small, but commands a striking view of the British Channel, Bembridge Point, &c.

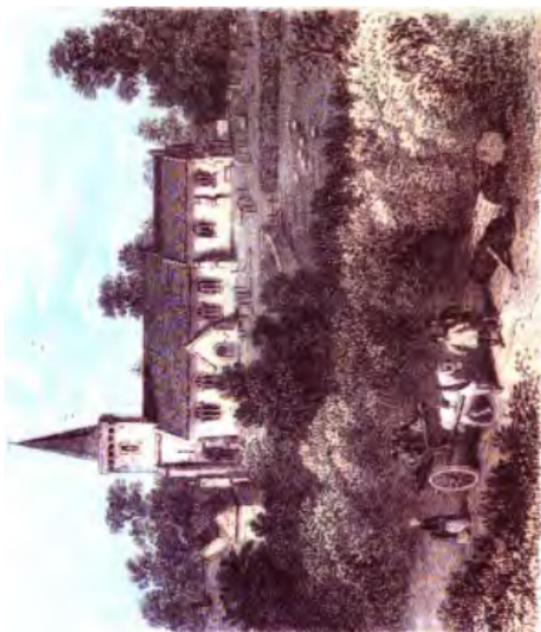
The last named place—namely, *Bembridge*—is a very considerable village at the end of the peninsula of that name,—it is the most easterly part of the island. There is easy access to it by the ferry, and since 1830 it has made rapid strides, both in magnitude and in general improvement; several villas have been erected, a spacious hotel and an elegant chapel (Episcopalian) have also been obtained. The most interesting feature in this part of the island, however, are the far-famed *Culver Cliffs*, than which nothing more striking and impressive is to be found, perhaps, throughout the whole circuit of our coast scenery. Whether in tempest or in calm, they rise with majestic grandeur before the eye. Towering upwards to an almost perpendicular height of more than 400 feet, while their chalk front glistens with the most dazzling whiteness, modified occasionally by the warmer hue of the samphire, they must ever be an object of surpassing interest to all who are capable of being impressed with the majesty of nature, while they tend to elevate and solemnize the mind that contemplates them aright. To the artistic eye, the effects of the broken lights and phan-

tastic shadows, produced by the salient points of the cliffs, and the endless irregularities of surface and outline, must ever be a source of delight. *White Cliff Bay*, in particular, is vastly admired, and well worthy of a near inspection, and it is of easy access to the pedestrian. He may also visit, if he is firm of step and sure in nerve, the small excavation called *Hermit's Hole*, about thirty feet from the top of the Cliff, though it must be confessed that it requires some little nerve to make the descent which is necessary in order to reach it. It is worthy of notice, that this part of the island is almost identical in its geological character with that of Freshwater, at the western extremity,—these being respectively the termini of the Chalk-down Range, which runs along the whole length of the island, as previously stated. Nothing can be more delightful to the visitor staying at Ryde, than a trip by sea to this interesting part of the coast,—the romance of which is greatly increased by his landing occasionally in some of those all but hidden sea-girt coves, which are to be found facing out to the deep, and in the calmness and coolness of which he may look forth “with pensive thought,” and with “thick-coming fancies,” on the face of the far blue sea. It is only necessary to notice further here, that on this extremity of the island there is a very handsome monumental obelisk, of great elevation, erected by the Royal Yacht Squadron in memory of Earl Yarborough, their late commodore.

We proceed now to mention the harbour and town of

BRADING.

The *Harbour* is situated between the Bembridge peninsula and the land on the St. Helen's side. At high water it presents a most beautiful appearance, somewhat resembling a land-locked bay,—the edges and slopes of which are richly adorned with various kinds of trees, in some places, even down to the water's edge; and not without the additional adornment of many fine houses, churches, &c. The surface of the lake is for the most part chequered with the glancing sail of many a wherry, while the fleet-winged sea-birds are performing their endless gyrations in the air above, and anon darting down in search of their prey. The sunsets to be witnessed here are frequently of the most impressive description. The absence of the tide, however, is a sad disenchanter of the scene, as at low water it is little better than a huge slimy swamp, with a small thread of water in the centre, alone keeping up its connection with the sea. Indeed, if we are to believe the wild tradition of the place, there was a time when there was no water here at all, but instead, a beautiful stretch of fertile valley; or, according to some, a forest of oaks, in which Druidical mystery found an appropriate home. The old legend hath it, that in the centre of the forest was a well, where a great magician kept a water-spirit fast bound under his cruel spell. Nothing was to be dreaded so long as the lid of the well was untouched, but the removal of that lid was to be productive of fearful disaster. Ages



BRADING CHURCH.



ARRETON CHURCH.

passed on, and the well was forgotten ; but in the days of William the Conqueror, Fitz-osborne gave it to one of his followers, Okelander, by name ; who, for the purposes of hunting, got the underwood of the forest cleared away, which led to the discovery of the well. The lid was removed, and the predicted calamity came in the form of a local deluge, which not only

"Drowned the knight, and covered the land,"

but has maintained its ground till the present day, and is not likely now ever to be dislodged. There are other versions of this story, for such traditions are generally Proteus-shaped ; but one is as good as another, and no doubt they are all equally true.

The *Town* of Brading is situated at the head of the haven—a town of considerable antiquity—a burgh town, indeed, and at one time holding the privilege of sending a member to parliament ; which privilege, however, the worthy burghers do not seem to have appreciated as it would be now-a-days, since they petitioned to be relieved from it as a "burthen." This smacks, indeed, of something like the time even *before* "the good old time," and argues a simplicity which it is almost refreshing to read about in these more stirring days on which our lot has fallen. Brading, indeed, has altogether the air and semblance of age, in some things running almost the length of decay. "The Kyng's Towne of Bradyng" is its designation on the common seal. It pays an annual fee-farm rent into the Exchequer, and is governed by bailiffs, recorder, and jurats. Its charter dates back as far as the reign of

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Edward VI. The *Church* is called the oldest in the island—at least, is said to occupy the site of the very first edifice for Christian worship erected here. It is not, however, the oldest—the neighbouring one of Yaverland being older. Still, Brading Church is very old, and interesting as well—it is of good dimensions, and together with body, chancel, and aisles, it can boast some grand round pillars, with fine Norman capitals and pointed arches supported by them, in the study of which the archæologist or architect will find an ample reward. There is a very sweet and pleasant association with Brading, from its connection with Legh Richmond, the gentle and pious author of “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” “The Young Cottager,” and other religious works, which have been always very popular and useful in our country, and which have lost nothing of their popularity even at the present day. This excellent man was for some time curate of Brading. The *Churchyard* of Brading is very often visited—not only for the fine prospect it commands, but also, and perhaps chiefly, for the sake of some of the inscriptions on its tombstones. One of these is to the memory of “Jane, the Young Cottager,” the heroine of Mr. Legh Richmond’s remarkably popular little tale—the sale of which was quite unprecedented in the history of religious literature. Another is to the memory of Mrs. Ann Berry, and contains the lines beginning—

“Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,”

which, having been wedded to exquisite music by Dr. Calcott, have thus obtained a celebrity which they

might not otherwise have reached. The heroine of "The Dairyman's Daughter," another equally popular little work by the same author, was also connected with this neighbourhood. We find, indeed, numerous passages in Mr. Richmond's works descriptive of the scenery in this locality. Notwithstanding all this, however, and notwithstanding the beauty of the situation of Brading, it has, somehow or other, never been a place of general resort, either to the *élite* of the island or to strangers making a temporary sojourn in it; and it must be confessed that, taking all things into account, it is scarcely so flourishing and progressive as we might expect it to be.

About a mile to the south-east of Brading is

Y AVERLAND.

We cross Brading Down to reach it. It is a small village, with no feature of interest but its little church, already mentioned as of great antiquity. The south door-way is of Norman construction. The parsonage is a tasteful erection; and the old manor-house, which is of the time of Elizabeth or her immediate successor, and which closely adjoins the church, together with some noble trees around, impart to the whole a very pleasing character of rural quiet and simplicity.

Before going further southward at present, we shall make a *détour* of four miles to the west, and look in upon the interesting little town, or perhaps rather village, of

ARRETON.

This place is interesting chiefly from its associations

with "The Dairyman's Daughter," and is visited by many on that account. It consists of little more than one long street, of rather straggling cottages, occupying the sides of the road for nearly two miles. It is sheltered by an elevated Down on the north, which opens into a spacious tract of land in the highest cultivation, and perhaps the most fertile in the island. The village is almost exclusively occupied by the tillers of the soil. The cottage of "the dairyman" stands south of the road, and is an object of great interest to many. The church is a structure of great antiquity, receiving a character of heaviness from the ponderous embattled tower at its west end. There is a dial over the door, which leads from the south side to the body of the church. This dial is very touchingly alluded to by Legh Richmond, in his account of the funeral of Elizabeth: "As I travelled onward," he says, "the first sound of a tolling bell struck my ear. It proceeded from a village church in the valley, directly beneath the ridge of a high hill over which I had taken my way. It was Elizabeth's funeral knell! The scenery was in unison with that tranquil frame of mind which is most suitable for holy meditation. . . . We at length arrived at the church. Looking upwards as I drew near the porch, I observed a dial on the wall. The sun's declining rays directed the shadow to the evening hour. As I passed underneath this simple but solemn monitor, I was reminded of the lapse of time, the uncertainty of life, and the sure approach of eternity." The interior contains a beautiful monumental erection to the memory of the late Sir L. W. Holmes, Bart. The tombstone of "The Dairyman's

Daughter," Elizabeth Wallbridge, stands on the north side of the cemetery, bearing an inscription which, although perhaps rather long, is thoroughly imbued with deep Christian feeling, and fitted to produce a salutary impression on the reader.

To the Memory of
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
 THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,
 WHO DIED MAY 20, 1801.
 AGED 51 YEARS.

"SHE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
 Upon this hallowed 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 blessings to the poor,
 Gave her His truth and faithfulness to prove
 The choicest treasures of His boundless love—
 (Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
 Hope that could cheer her passage to the tomb,
 Peace that not hell's dark legions could destroy,
 And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.)
 Death, of its sting disarmed, 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!

The view from the *Down* of Arreton vale and village is justly celebrated, both for the beauty of the foreground, and the more distant scenes which fall within its range.

NEWCHURCH.

In this vicinity is a secluded village, but of very picturesque appearance, from the declivity of the road sunk between banks of sandstone rock, on the summit of which is the old church, several cottages, &c. It is the parish church to which the chapelry of Ryde is attached. Cruciform in its structure, and very commanding in its site—it contains some sepulchral memorials to various members of the ancient family of Dillington. We now return farther south and eastward to the coast, and proceed on our journey round the “Back of the Island.”

SANDOWN,

distinguished for its FORT and its spacious BAY, is a locality of rapidly growing popularity. It has a firm sandy beach, and the sea-views are remarkably fine. As a sea-bathing place it is second to none in the island. There is an Episcopal chapel, which was erected in 1845, and the hotel accommodation is excellent. The fort is quadrangular in form, with a bastion at each angle. It was built in the time of Henry VIII., but required to be taken down and constructed anew on account of the encroachments of the sea, in the time of Charles I. In the neighbourhood of the fort is pointed out a cottage as having been once the residence of John Wilkes, of political notoriety. This beautiful spot is well worthy of a visit.

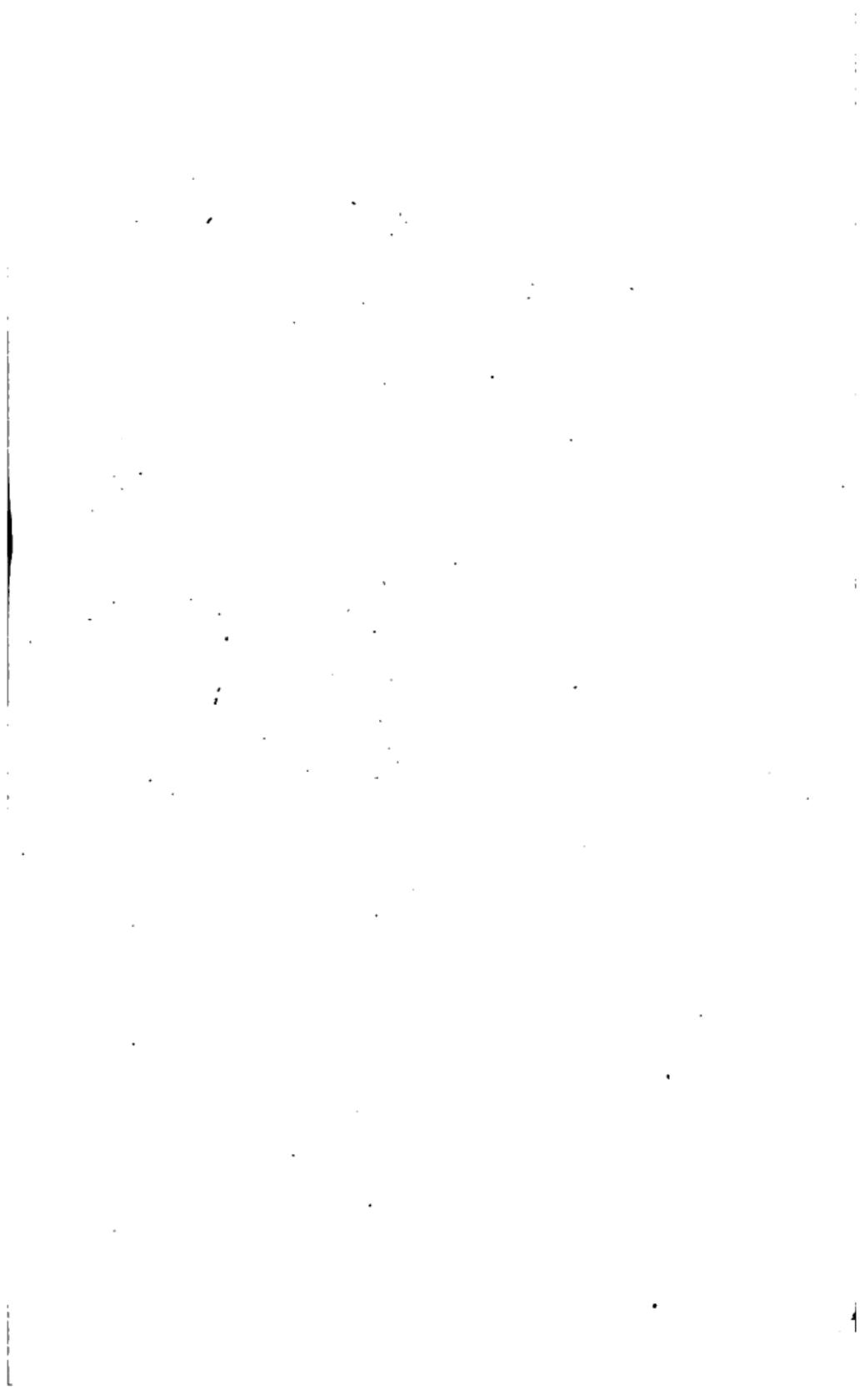
From this we proceed to

SHANKLIN.

The *Village* is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, lying as it does in a sweet part in the curve of Sandown Bay, and sheltered by the Shanklin Down. The locality has much of the feeling of rural quiet and seclusion, undulating in its outline, and with a fine setting of trees and of flowering shrubs. The soil is good, and cultivation is high: the protection of the downs more than neutralises the effect of its own elevation, which is such as to secure for it a splendid prospect both of sea and land. In the upper part of the village a considerable number of commodious houses for strangers have been erected of late. In the lower part the houses are not so commodious, but are warmer, from the superior shelter which they enjoy. The climate, indeed, in this place is exceedingly mild and fine. The *Church* is old and uninteresting, and, as has been previously suggested, might well give place now to a new and more comfortable edifice. Such would add, no doubt, to the general attractions and growing popularity of the place. A very neat Independent chapel was erected in 1855. There is very superior hotel accommodation, and strangers will find that, in addition to the extraordinary scenic attractions of the locality, they can calculate on their *in-door* comforts, when they return satiated with the beauties of nature, and wearied in body, though perhaps still willing in mind. We come now, however, to the great attraction of the place, and indeed one of the most striking and interesting scenes in the

island—namely, the singularly wild and beautiful chasm called

Shanklin Chine. It may be advantageous, or even necessary, here to premise that the word *chine* is a local epithet, applied to a chasm of any considerable magnitude in the cliffs of the island. The etymology of the word has been matter of some speculation. Sir R. Worsley remarks, that the term is applied to the backbone of an animal, which forms the highest ridge of the body—*echine*, in French, is similarly used, and *chinfreneau* stands for a great cut or slash. This comes very near the idea of “a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down,” which is just the condition of those parts, in the southern curve of the island, called chines. We might also associate the word with the Greek $\chi\alpha\omega\omega$ (*chaino*), to cleave asunder; a word and meaning which, when the soft pronunciation of the *ch*, adopted by the modern Greeks, is taken into view, would give us something very like *chine*, while its meaning would be exactly descriptive of the sort of natural appearance which is indicated here. It may be noticed also that all these remarkable chasms, or, as they might be termed, “gashes,” known as *chines*, have an inconsiderable stream flowing through them “from cliff to shore,” which has led to the supposition that to such tiny water-courses they owe their primary formation. Taking, however, the magnitude of these chasms into account, it seems difficult to assign their formation to that cause alone. It is generally considered that, in addition to this, landslips must have contributed greatly towards the result; while, undoubtedly, the action of the waves





SHANKLIN CHINE.

in violent states of the sea, driven up by fierce winds against the face of the land, has tended materially to expand the mouths of the chines. Still, however, the originating and most influential cause is the stream incessantly flowing, wearing and deepening, sapping and softening, and preparing the land for those very slips which have given such a character of vastness and grandeur to the whole. Shanklin Chine, the most celebrated of them all, and the most easterly in the island, has been often described; but it is one of those singular scenes, or freaks of nature (beauty in the lap of horror) which no mere word-painting, or colour-painting either, can adequately set forth. Legh Richmond gives a very pleasant description of it, and accurate too, in his popular tale of "The Young Cottager," part of which we may now quote. "In a widely sweeping curve of a beautiful 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, and flows through the bottom, winding in a varied course of about a quarter of a mile in length; and then runs

* Sandown Bay.

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.

“I walked up by a steep pathway, that winded through the trees and shrubs on the side 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, and arrived at the top of the precipice. From this point the abyss, occasioned by the great fissure in the cliff, appeared grand and interesting. Trees hung over it on each side, projecting not only their branches, but many of their roots in wild and fantastic forms. Masses of earth had recently fallen from the upper to the lower part of the precipice, carrying trees and plants down the steep descent. The character of the soil, and the unceasing influence of the stream at bottom, seemed to threaten further slips of the land from the summit. From hence the gentle murmur of the cascade at the head of the chine, stole upon the ear without much interruption to the quietness of the scene. Every object combined to please the eye, and direct the traveller's heart to admire and love the Author and Creator of all that is beautiful to sense, and edifying to the soul.”

The little stream to which we are mainly indebted for all this magnificence, takes its rise in the higher

part of the valley, beyond the church. Its path may be traced for nearly a mile by the beautiful elms, ashes, and oaks, by which it is lined, till it arrives at the head of the chine, and takes its bold leap over the sand-cliff, some twenty or thirty feet. The chine then winds away seaward nearly a quarter of a mile, expanding, and in all respects assuming more imposing dimensions as it nears the ocean, where it is about 200 feet high, and at the summit about 300 wide, narrowing downwards to the river course. The two sides of the chine present a very different appearance,—the one having all the gloomy sternness of an almost perpendicular sandstone cliff, with very meagre adornment of vegetation; while the other is more of a shelving character, of greater variety of surface and outline, with the richest luxuriance of clinging trees and brushwood, imparting to it both warmth and beauty. On this side also are three rustic cottages, one of them pointing the very edge of the precipice, and consequently in a situation, commanding and picturesque. There are also several cottages let to visitors on the beach, not exempt altogether, one would think, from the perils of the capricious sea, nor yet from those of the, perhaps in this place, equally capricious shore. The various points of this remarkable place may be examined at leisure, and in perfect safety. The ordinary descent is by a rude winding-path in the sea-cliffs, contiguous to the *Chine Inn*,—one of the cottages just referred to. But it ought to be examined from various points of view, as, like all such phantastic formations, it has very varying aspects from different stand-points. These changing views being greatly helped, moreover,

by the curved form of the ravine, which throws out into prominence a different combination of features as we proceed, while ever and anon our eye is carried out to the ocean, which, looked at from the heart of the chine, receives a setting, as it were, from cliff and foliage, which is both striking and beautiful. The rude stone-steps, referred to in Mr. Richmond's account, are kept in repair by a fisherman, who pays rent for the chine, and lives in a cottage beside it. The chine is enclosed, but a small fee secures an entrance, and full liberty to wander over the locality, and enjoy it at leisure. The three most marked views of the chine perhaps are—one from the beach; one from half-way up the chine; and one looking down from the chine, seaward.

About a mile to the south of Shanklin Chine is another of those singular features of the island, although on a considerably smaller scale. This is

Luccombe Chine. Though much inferior in many respects to the former, it has the advantage, perhaps, in having a less pretentious air; the near neighbourhood of Shanklin has led to its being, as regards artificial trimming and care, comparatively neglected; and the neglect has been rather in its favour, for nature has "had her way;" and although there is less of the bold and picturesque about Luccombe, yet, as there is at the same time less assumption, one feels well content to contemplate with satisfaction its more humble beauties. The truth is, that Shanklin Chine does the "Lion's part" for the district, and has enjoyed such a monopoly of trimming and culture as to have almost interfered

with its native wildness and magnificence, and given it a sort of *self-conscious* look, as if it were aware of its own importance. Luccombe Chine, however, is well worthy of a visit. The rock over which the stream dashes boldly is of dark brown shade, chequered with patches of greenery and hanging wood, and has a very interesting appearance,—the stately trees in the deep hollow, the song of the stream as it goes murmuring onward and downward to the shore, and the few small cottages adjacent—make together a very pleasing impression on the mind of the visitor. The walk from Shanklin to Luccombe is remarkably beautiful, whether the higher line which leads over Dunnose Head is taken, or the lower and more secluded footway-approach by the fields and the beach. The former has the more extensive prospects, but the latter is the more interesting to the lover of the more quiet and half-hidden beauties of nature.

We have now reached what may be called the beginning of the

UNDERCLIFF,

one of the most remarkable tracts of country anywhere to be seen. A few words explanatory of its nature and its cause are necessary here. This is a strip of land which has at some time immemorial slid away from the high ground of the island to which it was attached, down towards the sea ; so that, as its name implies, it is a sort of “under, or lower cliff between the hills and the sea.” It reaches from Luccombe to Blackgang Chine, a range of nearly seven miles, varying in breadth from a quarter to half a mile. They are such miles,

however, to use the words of a late authority on the matter, "as are not to be paralleled for their singularity perhaps in the whole world." This is possibly strong enough, and yet is seldom thought so by him who visits it, especially for the first time. The cause of this singular configuration it is not difficult to determine: the nature of the strata, and the natural forces in constant operation, are sufficient to explain it. The stratum at the basement of all, is red ferruginous sand; the next, blue marl, followed by green sandstone; and the whole topped by chalk and chalk-marl. It is quite evident that as the land-springs, which abound there, soften the blue marl, and it becomes of a muddy consistence, and oozes out, the whole superincumbent mass will sink down to a lower level, while the constant action of the tidal wave on the other strata will extend the undermining process still further, till having washed out the already loosened sand and marl, the weight of the superincumbent mass will become too great for its connection with the back-lying land to sustain, and will thus be disengaged and thrown forward in that wild and grotesque confusion by which the whole of the Undercliff is characterised. The date of such landslips—that is, of such as actually produced this condition to its present extent—cannot be known; but from the antiquity of certain churches, and other structures found upon it, we know that several centuries at least must have elapsed since they took place. Not that they have been unknown in more modern times, for there was a considerably formidable one at Niton in February 1799, when above one hundred acres of

land and a small farm-house were destroyed. There was one also at East End in 1810, which destroyed about thirty acres; one in 1818, more than equally destructive, besides several of minor importance. It is scarcely possible to give an exaggerated account or representation of this singular tract of country. Not only are its leading features—the result of a succession of landslips, as stated above, on a stupendous scale—of that unique and marked peculiarity which, in such circumstances, we might have expected; the vast wall from which it has been detached, rising sheer and unscalable as a majestic buttress behind; and the torn and disrupted masses, which having slid away from their old foundations, together with the deep indentations with which they alternate, fill up the whole space in front of the scene—not only have we the striking impressions connected with these, but there is also the effects of the soothing and slowly repairing or adorning hand of time, which loves evermore to draw its many-coloured veil of flower and of foliage over the scars which Nature in her moods of violence often inflicts upon herself, and which, in this case helped by the readiness of the soil, and the geniality of the climate, (probably unequalled here by any in the British Isles), has continued to soften the hard edges of the crags with greenery, and to elicit an almost tropical luxuriance in the dells and valleys intermediate between the disrupted fragments of rock. And thus it is that a combination of beauty and of grandeur in all its various elements is obtained—a succession of rocks and vales, of streams and meads, of jutting cliffs or darkling

hollows, of sweet cascades leaping from crag to crag, and hastening on, to the sound of their own music, to the shore and to the sea—while ever and anon some solitary hut perched on its airy cliff catches the eye, with its water-hewn chasm in front, and the vast rock wall behind—or some modern villa perhaps, doing what it can to soften the “horror” of the place by its more recent style of adornments, and its shrubbery half-hiding it from the face of day. Such objects and features as these, and many more than these, which we cannot now wait to mention, give to the whole of this wild strange sea-looking land a most marvellous charm, and leave an impression on the mind which the visitor, “if he has any music in his soul” at all, “would not (if he could) willingly let die.”

We now proceed to a more detailed account of the more prominent points and places of the Undercliff. The beginning of this singular configuration of ground, and not the least characteristic portion of it, is—

EAST END,

which being quite concealed from the highway, which runs a little above it, is apt to be overlooked by the visitor ignorant of the localities. It will amply repay, however, a careful examination. The wild confusion of rocks, in broken and piled up masses of every variety of size and outline, which fills up the picture here, is imposing in the extreme. The effects of a landslip are most powerfully displayed, and the manner of the operation of their causes may also be accurately observed. If the visitor betakes himself to a foot progress at Shank-

lin, and sends forward his vehicle to wait for him at Bonchurch, he will find his facilities for visiting this part of the island greatly increased. In this case he will follow the footpath through East End to Bonchurch, and will have every advantage for viewing the locality, without inducing fatigue (since the distance is only a mile), which he could possibly desire. The masses of broken rocks are not indeed so great as at the other extremity of the Undercliff called Rocken End, yet the whole is more marked by a character of wildness and severity than perhaps at any other part of the island. Proceeding from this we come to

BONCHURCH,

where all the richest peculiarities of the Undercliff centre. The village in itself is very inconsiderable, but its situation is the very "heart and home" of wild luxurious beauty, although some have imagined that this has been somewhat interfered with by the progress of *building* improvements, and otherwise. Still, however, there is little of loss to lament, while we are reconciled to the building by the fact, that it indicates a growing appreciation of the attractions of the place. There is a considerable number of modern villas scattered about, although prevented from assuming an over-obtrusiveness by the changing nature of the ground, and the masses of shrubbery and other foliage by which they are surrounded. The climate here is remarkably pleasant and salubrious, and is considered by some competent judges to be the most so in the island, and consequently holds out many inducements to health-seekers

and pleasure-seekers alike. The *Parish Church* is of rude and simple character, and of ancient date. Like the village, it derives its name from St. Boniface—*Boniface Church*, of which *Bonchurch* is evidently a contraction. It stands on a steep, leading down to the sea, and is interestingly shaded by some venerable elms. It is of Norman architecture, having been reared shortly after the Conquest by some monks from the abbey of Syra, whose object is supposed to have been the spiritual good of the fishermen along the coast.

Notwithstanding the interest which attaches to this structure, both from its great antiquity and the beauty of its situation, it was found insufficient to meet the growing demands of the time, and the consequence was the erection of a new church of more elegant appearance, and better in accordance with the refinements of modern taste. This was mainly accomplished by the benevolent exertions and liberality of the late Rev. W. Adams, whose designation by the villagers of "the Good Gentleman" is the best memorial of his excellence which could be desired. It is of Norman design, and is also beautifully situated in the upper part of the valley, in the midst of rocks and foliage. There is excellent hotel accommodation at Bonchurch, and the sea-bathing attractions are amply sustained by the fine, smooth, sandy beach which here lines the coast. It may be proper to mention the splendid villa of *East Dene*, pleasantly situated near the church, and the interior of which is fitted up in the best style of the Elizabethan age.



BONCHURCH POND.

The *Pond* is a beautifully transparent sheet of water here, with a setting of umbrageous elms which overhang its sides, and are reflected from its surface. A rich variety of trees clothes the steep bank on the other side, from which the eye is carried up to *St. Boniface Down*, which rises in mountain grandeur above the whole. There is a sweetly sequestered spot to which the entrance is obtained near the grove, and where some fine villas have been erected by private individuals. It is worth the trouble which it may cost for the visitor to ascend by the series of steps which he will find near the Pond, and approach the vicinity of the crag, in the face of the highest cliff known as the *Pulpit Rock*, and which is ornamented with a rude cross, though whether the cross is the cause of the name or the name of the cross, doth not appear. *Hadfield's Look-out*, too, another rather singular crag on the roadside near the church, is worthy of notice. It is marked by a flag-staff. Bonchurch was the birth-place of one of our great naval heroes—Admiral Hobson. His story is well known, and need only be glanced at here. He was left an orphan while yet a boy, and had been apprenticed to a tailor at Niton, seven miles distant. He was received as a volunteer aboard the admiral's ship, a British squadron being at that time off the shore. His hat having been found on the shore, it was concluded that he had met with a watery grave. The squadron soon after fell in with a French fleet, when an engagement took place. Young Hobson, growing impatient for the result, asked some one near him what the exact object of the fighting was. On

being told that the battle must last till the "*white rag* at the enemy's mast-head was struck," he exclaimed, "Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!" Accordingly, while the ships were in close conflict and shrouded in smoke, he clamb to the mast-head of the French ship, seized its flag, and returned with it in triumph to his own. The confusion which ensued among the French on noticing this, together with the shouting huzzas of the English sailors, settled the victory. The Admiral was struck with the courage and promptitude of the action, and seeing under it the qualities which, if better directed, would be of invaluable service, promoted him forthwith. He speedily rose in the profession, and acquired both name and fame. He was afterwards knighted, and received still more substantial marks of his sovereign's approbation. Nor was he then ashamed to let his mind back on his humble beginnings, for having visited Niton while in the zenith of his fame, he sought out his former employers, the tailor and his wife; and after failing to secure her recognition of him by less direct means, he at last sung a verse of a ballad which he had often been accustomed to sing in her presence in former days. This was enough. "For all the world like our poor Hobby!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes. It is needless to dwell on the scene that followed; all was surprise and joy, followed, no doubt, on the part of the admiral by such substantial tokens of his regard as would still more contribute to embalm the revived memory of their old apprenticeship. Such is a brief outline of the rise and triumph of one of the great naval lights of the reign of Queen Anne.

From this place it may be convenient to visit the magnificent mansion and domain of the Earl of Yarborough,

APPULDERCOMBE,

the most important gentleman's seat in the island. It is supposed to derive its name from its situation, indicated in the old British words *y pull y dwr y cwn*, which signify a pool of water in the hollow of a hill. The foundation of this splendid mansion was laid by Sir R. Worsley in 1710. It was originally the site of a small priory or cell of Benedictine monks, dependant upon the Abbey of St. Mary de Montsburg, in Normandy, and afterwards on the nuns of St. Clare, Aldgate, London. This priory was demolished by the founder of the present mansion, to make way for the realisation of his more extended projects, and the splendid residence of the present day is the result. It has four regular fronts of freestone of the Corinthian order. The pilasters, balustrades, &c., are of Portland stone. Its principal or grand entrance is in the east front. The entrance-hall is of imposing dimensions, being 54 feet long and 24 wide, adorned by eight fine Ionic columns made in imitation of porphyry. Nothing could be more striking than the effect of this hall under the old *régime*. Sculpture and painting, ancient and modern—antiques, the most rare and valuable, from various parts of Italy and the East—were contained in it. Among the paintings in this mansion (for the rooms were also richly furnished with such) were several of great historic interest. All this, however, has ceased—

the present earl not having the same taste for art; insomuch that the estate was sold in the year 1856, and the furniture and pictures dispersed. The surrounding park is very spacious, and, in its situation, exceedingly picturesque. Some noble specimens of the oak and elm are to be seen in it. It is partly formed from one of the lofty *downs*, the summit of which is crowned by an obelisk of Cornish granite, nearly seventy feet high, and which was raised to the memory of Sir Richard Worsley.

A little to the south of Appuldercombe is situated the small village of

Whitwell. The fact that it levies distinct rates has led to its being commonly regarded as a parish, while, in point of fact, it is nothing more than a chapelry to Godshill. Its *Church* is a somewhat curious structure, and not without some traditional interest. It was founded by De Estur, one of the barons of Gatcombe, and is formed from two ancient chapels, dedicated to our Lady of Whitwell and to St. Radgegund—that of the last mentioned now constitutes the chancel.

VENTNOR,

which has been designated the metropolis of the Undercliff, is a remarkable instance of rapid progress. In 1830, it consisted of nothing more than a few fishermen's cottages, a mill, and a small inn. It has had a great run of popularity since then, and has been greatly extended. Whole streets have been recently added,



VENTNOR.

while others are in progress; so that, what with villas and other isolated structures, it bids fair to become, ere long, a place of considerable importance. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the medical faculty hold the Undercliff in such high repute, considering it as the most favourable winter residence in Britain for those invalids who require mildness and dryness of climate. It is peculiarly adapted for the relief of all pulmonary and bronchial affections.

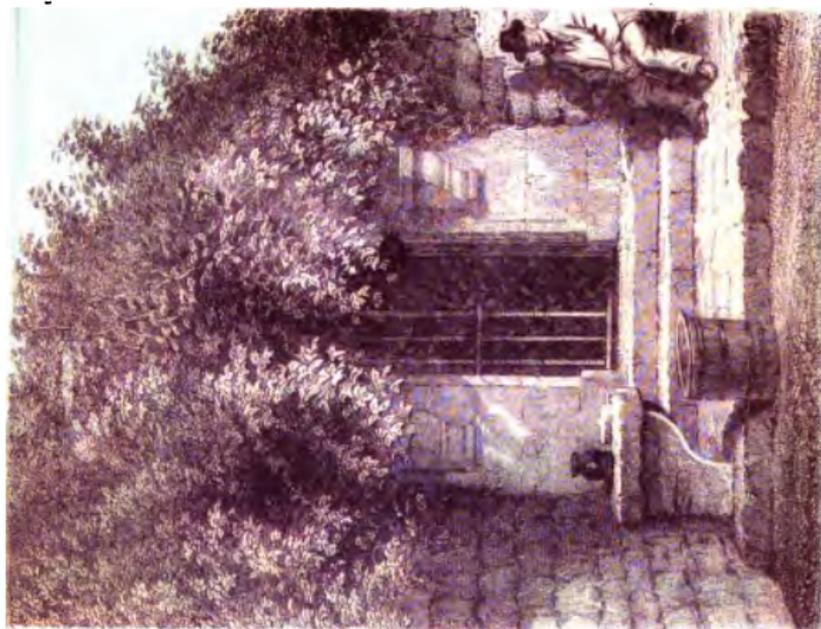
St. Catherine's Church is, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the town. The expense of it was £3500, and was entirely defrayed by J. Hambrough, Esq. of Steepphill. It is remarkably elegant and neat, in the early English manner, and has a spire 103 feet high. The same gentleman who built, also endowed it; and to him also are the inhabitants still further indebted for the rebuilding of the National School—a fact which is recorded on the inscription over the door—from which it appears that the school was first built by public subscription in 1835, but afterwards “rebuilt and greatly enlarged at the sole expense” of J. Hambrough, Esq. of Steepphill, A.D. 1837. There are, besides this, an Independent Chapel of very handsome design, lately rebuilt; and also two belonging to the Wesleyans. The local improvements have kept pace pretty well with the growth of the town and the increase of the population. Several important steps in this direction have been already taken, such as the paving of the streets, the introduction of gas, &c. Those which remain, chiefly connected with the sea communication and harbourage, will, no doubt, be carried out in due time. There are

several excellent hotels in Ventnor, such as the *Royal*, the *Marine*, the *Esplanade Hotel*, the *Crab and Lobster*. The accommodation is good, and the comfort of the visitor well attended to. There are several resident medical practitioners. There are baths also established; and a walk from the latter along the beach to the *mill* and the *waterfall* is interesting, and brings the visitor to a point from which he obtains a much-admired view of

Ventnor Cove. This will amply repay a visit, as a spot of interest in the locality. There is a striking boldness and picturesque character in the line of coast here, and what with the plying of the fishermen's craft, and the number of visitors variously engaged, the beach frequently presents a lively and interesting appearance. The fine shingly shore is not without its health-seekers, and its "treasure-seekers" too—the treasure being in the form of "Isle of Wight diamonds,"—the peculiar brilliancy of a particular pebble found in this locality having given them the name. It is a source of amusement to seek them out; it constitutes an object not over-engrossing, and, by pleasantly and easily beguiling the time, it helps the searcher in his search for a more precious treasure,—the treasure of health. About a mile from Ventnor we reach

STEEPHILL.

In point of romantic character it is not much inferior to Bonchurch. The simple natural beauty of the place has been somewhat interfered with in the course of modern improvements, but still it is worthy



ST. LAWRENCE WELL.



ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH.

5

of great admiration, and, indeed, in the estimation of some, not a little improved. The principal feature of change, perhaps, is in the removal of the celebrated cottage-villa of the Earl of Dysart, his favourite retreat, and the substitution in its place, of a castle, of elegant and stately proportions, with extensive grounds laid out around it, and kept in the highest state of culture and adornment. This *castle* was built in the year 1833 by the well-known John Hambrough, Esq. It is an exceedingly commodious as well as an imposing structure. Its situation is excellent. It is oblong in its general form, and it embraces, as among its more salient features, a grand square tower on the north side; an octagon tower at the south-eastern angle; and to the east, a fine hall-entrance. The summit commands a beautiful and extensive prospect. As already stated, the garden-grounds are beautifully laid out and kept with taste; the public, however, are not admitted. Steephill long enjoyed the honourable designation of "Queen of the Undercliff." Whether the recent changes it has undergone may be considered sufficient to invalidate the title, we cannot say. It has certainly many features and elements of the beautiful about it still. Next we come to the pleasant village of

ST. LAWRENCE,

which, of all the villages of the Undercliff, has most preserved its original, native simplicity, wildness, and quiet beauty. How it has hitherto escaped the sacrilegious hand of "improvement," which substitutes metropolitan neatness and formality for the beautiful irregu-

larity of nature, and trims all up into squares, and oblongs, and other shapes, to the utter extinction of the very spirit of the picturesque,—how this little place has hitherto escaped, cannot well be explained. It is to be feared that, in the growing popularity of the Undercliff, and increasing acknowledgment of its value as a residence for invalids, it will not long enjoy its happy exemption. St. Lawrence may be regarded almost as a continuation of the romantic beauties of Steeplehill. The villa of the Earl of Yarborough is an important object in the landscape here; but, both as regards house and environs, it is in the same category—that of “forbidden grounds”—with most of the other seats in the island. The more modern villa of the late Hon. Captain Pelham is in the immediate vicinity.

The *Well* is an interesting object, and well worthy of a passing glance. It is by the road-side, nearly opposite the entrance of the villa. It is sheltered and overcanopied by a tasteful Gothic shrine, as it were; the arched entrance, the groined roof, the ivy-festooned walls, and the rustic seat within it, all combine in producing a very pleasing effect. From a dolphin's head the fountain discharges its pure, clear stream into a wide grooved shell: all the accessories of this “sweet, cool grot” are in keeping with the sentiment of the place, and many an artist has felt irresistibly impelled to transfer it to his canvas, as one of those choice little subjects of half nature, half art, which find their way straight to the heart.

The *Church* of St. Lawrence has always been an object of interest and attention to strangers, chiefly

from its remarkable smallness. These dimensions are set forth in some lines by the sexton and clerk, as follows :—

“ This church has often drawn the curious eye,
To see its length and breadth, to see how high;
At length to measure it 'twas my intent,
That I might certify its full extent.
Its breadth from side to side, above the bench,
Is just eleven feet, and half an inch;
Its height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,
Eleven feet, four inches, and a quarter;
And its length from east to the west end—
I tell the truth to you, you may depend—
Twenty-five feet, four inches, quarters three,
Is just its measurement, as you may see.
And situated close to the high road,
Here you may join in pray'r, and worship God.”

Since the time of the above description, however, it has been somewhat enlarged,—an enlargement which has taken from the interest attaching to it as one of the smallest, if not actually *the* smallest, place of public worship in Britain, while little has been gained by the change in any other respect. The population of the village is inconsiderable, and the few simple-looking cottages which it contains are sometimes difficult to be perceived amid the knolls and the foliage among which they are placed. It is to be hoped that any modern enlargement or improvements which may take place here will be guided by the hand of true taste, and be kept as far as possible in accordance with the natural configuration of the place and sentiment of the scene—a matter which has not been sufficiently regarded in other parts of the Undercliff. Leaving St. Lawrence, an opportunity is speedily obtained, without much diffi-

culty, of ascending to the Upper Cliff. From this elevation a commanding and uninterrupted prospect of the sea is obtained, with all the varied scenery of the Undercliff, studded with its beautiful seats and rustic villas in the foreground, a little beneath. It is not long before the mansion of

Old Park is brought into view. It is a modern building of elegant design, the attractions of which may be expected to increase as the young wood about it gradually assumes breadth and elevation. In order to enjoy a more extensive view of the Undercliff spreading out in the full range of its varied beauty beneath him, the visitor would do well to pass from the highway, and walk about a mile towards Niton by the edge of the cliff.

Mirables is a villa situated in the route by the carriage-road, remarkably well placed, with its front to the sea, on which it looks forth from a sort of terrace, to which a winding ascent from the shore conducts. All the attendant features of this desirable mansion are such as to enhance its attractions. The plantations by which it is environed are rich and luxuriant.

The *Orchard* villa is the next object which attracts our attention. It is somewhat irregular in its form, but picturesque withal. A mixture of brick and the native stone enters into its construction; and it is beautifully decorated in front by a succession of terraces supporting a choice variety of flowers and fruit-
ergreens, &c. On the opposite side of the
the Orchard is another fine residence,
lamp. A very dense plantation affords it a

grateful shade, and it possesses much of the air of taste and refinement. But the handsomest of the villas in this vicinity is in the neighbourhood of *Puckaster Cove*, from which it receives its appellation of *Puckaster Cottage*. The design is remarkably good, and suited to the configuration of the ground. It presents a sort of crescent front to the sea, and has a background of two immense fragments of rock dislodged in some remote age from the cliff above. Puckaster is famous as the landing-place of Charles II. on July 1, 1675, after emerging from the terrors of a perilous storm at sea, as may be found duly recorded in the parish register of Niton. The natural picturesqueness of the locality of Puckaster Cottage has been well preserved in the adornment which the grounds have received from the hand of art. The small Cove of Puckaster, which is reached by a lane, may be visited, if time permit. Turning our view and our steps in a landward direction, we speedily arrive at a cross-road; the left-hand road going to Blackgang Chine, and the right northwards to Niton. In the direction of Niton stands a handsome villa called *Westcliff House*. This calls, however, for no particular remarks.

NITON,

or, as it is sometimes called, *Crab Niton*, occupies a very secluded situation little more than half a mile from the shore. Supposing that we have reached it by the path on the Cliff, it may be as well to introduce some description of it here. Its position is at the foot of St. Catherine's Hill, at the south-eastern point. It is a village of considerable antiquity, consisting in the

main of two small streets of stone houses, some with thatched roofs, and having, for the most part, orchards attached. It has, moreover, several excellent houses, and a considerable population. There is a small inn in the village, and a number of cottages furnished for lodgings; while the more important accommodation of the Sandrock Hotel, in the direction of which the village extends, is easily available for those visiting the place. The Church has two aisles, with a tower and spire, and was one of those gifted by Fitz-osborne to the monks of Syra, and afterwards passed into the possession of the crown. Returning now to our route, we approach the

Sandrock Hotel, referred to above. It occupies a prominent and delightful situation, overtopping the road, and has rather the appearance of a gentleman's seat than a house of public entertainment. It is distinguished by great taste in its style, and has about it a very pleasant air of rural simplicity and beauty. It commands a bold and extensive sea-view. A little to the west of this is a modern residence called *Mount Cleeves*. The next striking object to be mentioned here is

St. Catherine's Lighthouse. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the great majority of tourists are accustomed to step down to the beach in order to inspect this work, and to ascend to the top of it, which may be done if wished. It contains apartments for the keepers, and consists, besides, of a strong stone tower rising to an altitude (inclusive of the lantern, which is 30 feet) of 130 feet from the ground. What adds to the striking effect of this elevation is the fact, that it is

built close to the edge of the sea-cliffs between Puckaster Cove and Sandrock Spring, and which are, at this point, about 50 feet high. It was completed in 1839. The occasion of its being erected was the disastrous shipwreck of the *Clarendon* in 1836 on this dangerous coast, and to which more particular reference may be made when we come to speak of Blackgang Chine, immediately opposite which the wreck took place.

Directing our steps westward, we are speedily called to survey a most striking and remarkable scene, being the remanent appearance of the great land-slip which happened in 1799,—an occurrence which dislodged about a hundred acres of the cliff from the general mass, hurling it downwards to the sea, and carrying havoc and ruin in its path. The condition of the ground sufficiently indicates the dread and terrific nature of the convulsion. The wild disorder—the abrupt knolls and deep dells—the vast fragments of rock half-buried in the earth—the shattered cliffs scattered in fragments here and there over the surface—all together make up a most striking scene, and speak of it as a place which had one day been given over to the demon of misrule.

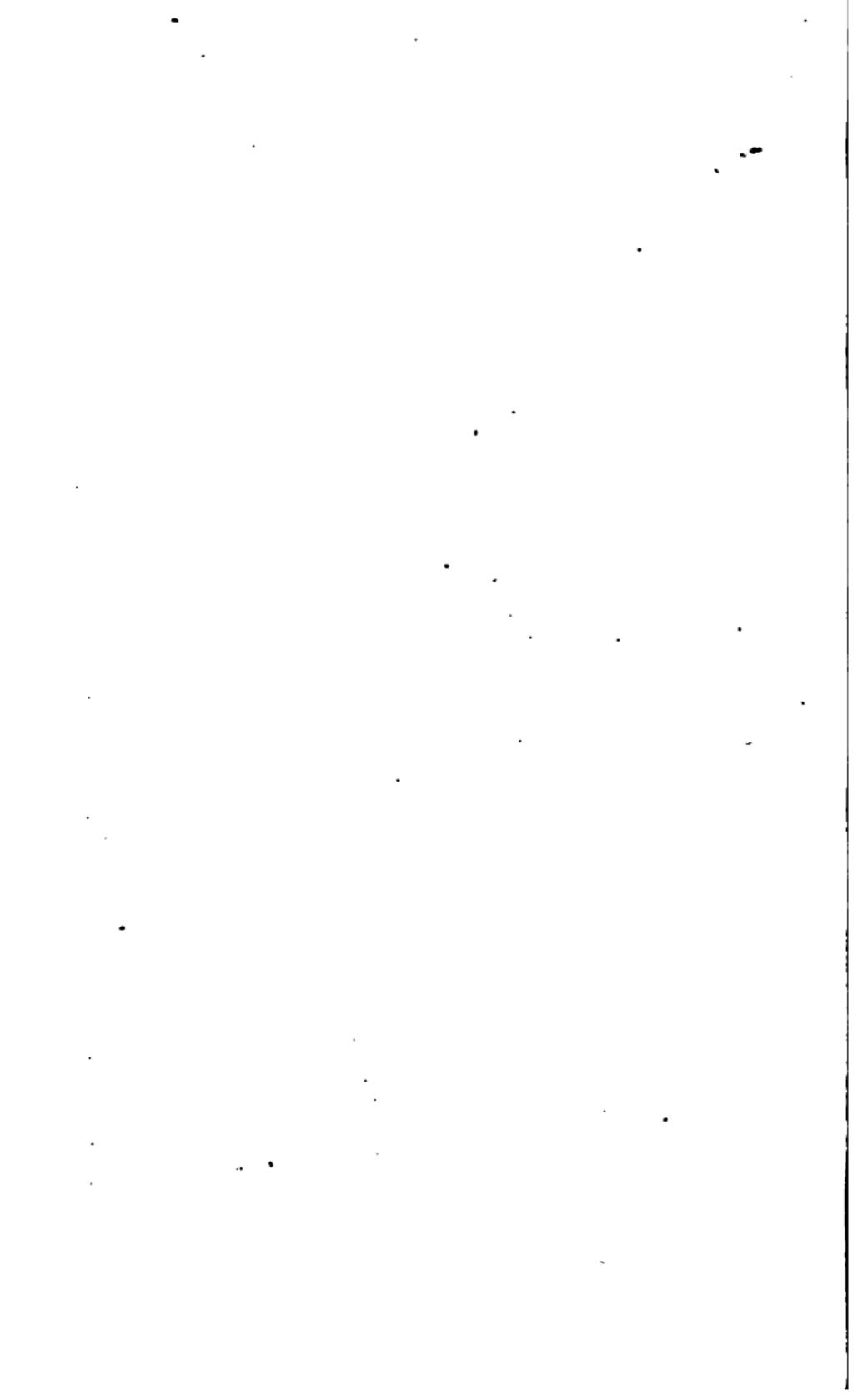
The Sandrock Spring, which is situated here, is a chalybeate water of great celebrity. Dr. Waterworth of Newport discovered it in 1809. It has been found, on analysis, to be strongly impregnated with iron and alumina; and being of a very bracing and strengthening tendency, is of the utmost value in all cases of general relaxed, nervous, and debilitated conditions. It is in the face of a stern, sombre cliff, of dark-coloured clayey earth, with rock interspersed, at a considerable eleva-

tion above the sea, and about 500 yards from the shore. The discoverer of the spring established a sort of dispensary-cottage, which occupies a position on the cliff above. There is a rude and precipitous path from the spring to the shore. On reaching the base of the cliff we are again amid the effects of a land-slip, which took place in the winter of 1832-33, and which has left an air of wild turbulence and irregularity over the scene. A very little farther and we reach

Rocken-End, the termination of the Undercliff to the west, and presenting some of its most striking features. The rocks are here of vast dimensions, broken and scattered in the most extraordinary manner; of which, besides, there is a most dangerous continuation far into the sea, known as the ledge of

Rocken-End Race. The gigantic masses which have thus been torn from their old foundations and thrown forward into the ocean, give evidence of the great powers of nature which have been in operation to produce such a change, while in their turn they threaten destruction to the mariner, who, ignorant perhaps of the fact that they are invisible in many instances except at low water, may be drifted upon them by the beating of the storms which sweep the coast. Similarly dangerous ledges, known by the names of Atherfield, Chilton, and Brooke, are found a little to the westward of this spot. The visitor has now made a tolerably complete survey of the Undercliff, the minuteness of which will, of course, depend on his own individual taste, and the time he may have at his command. Even in a cursory examination of its general outline, it will far more





than repay him for the trouble, while new features of interest will arise the longer he continues to explore it.

BLACKGANG CHINE.

About half a mile to the westward of Rocken-End is the tremendous chasm called Blackgang Chine,—a name somewhat suggestive of gloomy horror, but on that account only the more appropriate to the dark and ominous spot to which it is applied. The appellation is supposed to have been derived from the prevailing colour of the face of the cleft sand-rocks here, which is almost uniformly very dark; and the Saxon word *gange*, which signifies any aperture or *way*, in a sea-cliff. At all events, the name is well chosen, being highly descriptive of the stern and inexorable grandeur of the place. It entirely wants the rich luxuriance of Shanklin, nor does it even pretend to the more simple beauties of Luccombe; but it seems to rejoice in its own peculiar domain of savage grandeur, which disdains all the softening effects of shrub and foliage, and refuses a place of tenure to a single tuft or tree. This is the case with its shelving, precipitous sides, which rise some 500 feet into the air, and which, with their dark-faced soil, interrupted occasionally by horizontal strata of freestone, have been compared to “vast courses of masonry built at different heights to sustain the mouldering hill.” The stream, which has no doubt been the main operative cause of this hideous chasm, falls over a projecting ledge about 70 feet in height, and is received by a large cavity on the beach,—one of the most imposing features of the

scene. The body of water thus precipitated varies, of course, with the state of the weather; sometimes it shrinks into a "tiny thread," while at other times, when swollen by heavy rains, it assumes an aspect which is really grand. The view from the top of the Chine is exceedingly fine, embracing the westward coast on to the Needles, with the Dorsetshire coast lying "dream-like" in the far distance. All are agreed, however, that the most memorable view of the Chine itself is to be obtained from the water, when the distance is regulated so as to bring the whole chasm, with the tower-topped hill which surmounts it, properly within the scope of the eye. It is such a place as "we cannot choose but fear to look upon,"—a fitting throne for the wild forces of nature, and nothing too fierce for the nightly resort of

"Gorgons and harpies and chimeras dire."

All these dread feelings, however, begin to take wing as we proceed to observe that it is not without its human habitations and other signs of civilization and life. There is a range of lodging-houses, some marine villas to the eastward, and a very sweet residence on the west of the Chine. At the head of the Chine is the hotel, and in its immediate vicinity several cottages. As previously stated, the wreck of the *Clarendon* (350 tons), with sugar and rum from the West Indies, took place here, immediately opposite the cavern. There were seventeen of a crew and ten passengers, four of them females. It was on the 11th of October 1836 that, encountering a heavy tempest, it was driven in upon these rocks and went to pieces, when all

on board perished, with the exception of the mate and two sailors. This sad disaster led to the erection, as previously stated, of St. Catherine's Lighthouse.

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL

is the highest land in the island, being 830 feet above the sea at high-water. It is in the south side of this hill that Blackgang Chine is situated, it being just a great fissure in the sea-cliffs there. The hill is marked by an octagon tower, the remains of an inconsiderable chapel. There was also a round tower erected, intended to serve as a lighthouse for the coast, but was found to be all but useless for this purpose, on account of the thick sea-fogs which envelop it, chiefly at those seasons of the year when its service was most required. Those who ascend to the summit of the hill will have good "guerdon for their toil," in the magnificent prospect and "almost illimitable" which it commands. The whole circuit of the island is embraced, except in the direction where Brixton Downs interfere. Away in the distance may be even perceived, if the atmosphere is peculiarly favourable, some part of the French coast in the vicinity of Cherbourg, the scene of Her Majesty's recent reception by the Emperor of the French. To the west may be seen the islands of Portland and Purbeck. The Solent, diminished "to a thread," guides the eye to the Hampshire coast, near Lymington, where it seems almost connected with the island; while to the north-west a variety of interesting objects, filling up a proportionate extent of space by both land and water, bound the splendid prospect.

CHALE

is a village in the immediate vicinity of Blackgang Chine, and deriving its importance exclusively from that fact. It is irregular and straggling. The *Church* is an edifice of considerable antiquity. Its old, grey, time-honoured tower cannot be contemplated without a feeling of veneration and respect. In the burial-ground here are many touching mementoes of hapless deaths,—strangers finding a resting-place, after their bodies were “given up” by the cruel sea, far from their kindred, in this lonely spot. Those connected with the *Clarendon*, in particular, are here interred, and the fact recorded.

KINGSTON

consists of a few cottages, occupied by the peasants engaged in labouring on the adjacent farm. It is the smallest parish in the island, and adjoins that of Shorwell. It has a small Church, pleasantly situated on an eminence, commanding a good view of the country. In this part of the island we have passed from the region of the romantic and striking to that of the useful and productive. The soil is excellent, and the crops proportionally good.

SHORWELL

is a very pretty village, about two miles from Kingston, and four and a-half south-east of Newport. There is considerable taste displayed in the cottages and their flower-adornments. Originally, it was a chapelry of Carisbrooke; but in the time of Edward III. it became a

separate parish. The *Church* is dedicated to St. Paul, and dates back to the reign of Henry VIII. The inner door-way of the south porch is of Norman form, and is decorated with chevron-work. Its greatest attraction, however, is *Northcourt House*, the seat of Sir H. P. Gordon, Bart. This, with its "Dairy," its "Mausoleum," its "Alpine Bridge," and its "Temple of the Sun," &c., was accustomed to be the pride of Shorwell. It was allowed for some time to fall into a state of neglect, but has again been restored to more than its pristine order and beauty. The house itself is of the time of James I., and is an excellent specimen of the house-architecture of the period. Armorial-bearings are seen over a porch in the centre, with the date 1619. A considerable part of the building, however, is modern. It has a fine setting of wood—an avenue of elms, shading a fine lawn, adds greatly to its beauty on the north side; while everywhere around, it is engirt with picturesque and finely clad hills, and a thick grove in the west "makes day into dawn" with its sombre countenance and its silent shadows.

BRIXTON,

familiarly called *Brison*, lies about two miles to the west of Shorwell, and is a considerable village. Some of the better houses are occupied by "lodgers" in the summer season. The manors of Uggeton and Lemerston are contained in the parish. A massive tower, passing off into a low spire of lead, gives to the Church a character, with its other features, of primitive simplicity. "The living is a rectory, under the Bishop of

Winchester, the tithes of which have been commuted at £670." The land in this parish is very productive. This village is just about a mile from the sea, on the road between Blackgang Chine and Freshwater Gate. The bay of the same name is one of the most dangerous parts of the coast. The cliffs are broken by a considerable number of chines on a small scale, such as Walpen Whale, Cowlease, Barnes, Grange, Chilton, &c. There is one called *Jackman's Chine*, which may be said to lead from the village to the bay. *Barnes' Hole* is a cavern of amazing height and "deep portentous gloom." And the disastrous running of a Dutch ship into another cavernous aperture of a similar kind, gave to it the name of the *Dutchman's Hole*.

Two miles to the north-west of Brixton, and we come to

MOTTESTONE.

This is a very pleasantly situated village, and of considerable interest on several accounts. Some supposed Druidical remains, called *Longstone*, are here found. Beside this, there is another mass somewhat similar, though not so extensive, lying on the ground, and partly hidden by the earth. *Mottestone Church* is an interesting structure, with body, tower, chancel, and aisle; part of it is evidently of very early date—prior to the time of Edward IV. Sir John Cheke, tutor to Prince Edward VI., and one of the most learned men of his day, especially in the Greek language, was born in the manor-house near the church. He was appointed first Greek professor at Cambridge at the age of twenty-six. At forty he became tutor to the young Prince Edward,

from whom, as sovereign, he afterwards received the honour of knighthood, besides other more material marks of his favour. After the death of Edward, however, he fell on evil days, in connection with the cause of Lady Jane Grey, with whom he sympathized, and whose secretary he became. He was arraigned, and found guilty of high treason; and although his sentence was remitted by Mary, he was afterwards brought from the Continent, and subjected to cruel wrongs and sufferings on account of his attachment to the Protestant faith. There can be no doubt that he was a good and virtuous man; and although he had not that firmness of nerve and sternness of will which would have enabled him to choose the sublimely honourable alternative, when it was savagely said to him that he must either "turn or burn," there can be no doubt that his recantation was a step which was to be ascribed solely to the "weakness of the flesh," for taking which he suffered more than can well be imagined from the reproaches of his conscience, and all the instincts and pleadings of his higher self. The *Carn-Brea Castle*, East Indiaman, went to pieces on the rocks opposite the village of Mottestone, in July 1829, although the crew and all the passengers were saved. About a mile to the westward is the village of

BROOKE.

It occupies a retired situation close to the beach. At one time it was annexed as a chapelry to Freshwater, although now it represents a separate parish. The *Church* is an isolated structure, placed on an eminence at the base of the downs, in the direction of Freshwater

Gate. The most prominent feature of the locality is *Brooke House*, which constitutes the residence of the lord of the manor.

Leaving Brooke, there are two separate routes by which we may proceed towards Freshwater Gate. One of these is a footpath by the top of the cliffs; the other a carriage-way by the downs of Shalcombe, Compton, and Afton. The latter is the preferable of the two, since it commands a series of views of a most extensive and imposing description. Afton Down reaches an elevation of 500 feet above the sea-level, and, as might be expected, brings under cognisance of the eye a great part of the island.

FRESHWATER GATE

is approached as we descend the western side of the down. It stands near to the beach, being the gateway or access between the downs to the village of the same name, a little farther inland. The village of

FRESHWATER

itself is of no great importance. It has a considerable number of dwellings, some in the immediate vicinity of the Church, but many of them considerably dispersed. The *Church* is dedicated to All Saints. It has derived most of its importance from having been the incumbency of the father of one of the eminent men of the island, Dr. R. Hooke, who drew his first breath here in 1635. He was distinguished for his mechanical genius and his extensive acquaintance with Natural Philosophy. When the Royal Society was founded, he became one of



FRESHWATER BAY.

66

its most prominent members, and continued devoted to his studies to the very close of his long and honourable life. The river Yar, which takes its rise in this parish, is supposed to have originated the name—since in this way there is a fresh spring of water in immediate juxtaposition to the ocean. There are two excellent hotels here, the *Albion* and *Plumbley*.

FRESHWATER BAY

is a very interesting section of the sea-board, offering ground in all respects admirably adapted for sea-bathing purposes. By taking a boat here, and directing our course to the east, we can visit the *Arched Rock*, showing a remarkable perforation caused by the waves. It is worth while also to visit the *Afton Down Caverns*, and *Compton Bay*. Having made this little *détour*, we now suppose ourselves to have returned to the *Gate*. At this place it is highly important that tourists should hire a boat, in order to make a proper survey of the coast, and obtain a satisfactory view of the interesting objects which it presents. The proper places to land are first *Scratchell's Bay*, then *Alum Bay*; from this they should visit the *Lighthouse* and return by the *Beacon*. The lighthouse and beacon are reared upon the lofty down to which the land rises from *Freshwater Gate*. The chalk elevations here are of great altitude, and produce upon the spectator a very striking effect. The words of Sir R. Worsley are not overstrained when he says, "To form a just conception of their magnitude, they should be viewed from the sea, about a quarter of a mile off; when the most lofty and magnificent fabrics

of art compared with those stupendous works of nature, sink in idea to Lilliputian size."

LORD HOME'S PARLOUR AND KITCHEN

are the whimsical designations given to two very strange-looking caverns found in this grand succession of precipices—the names having, according to tradition, originated in the circumstance that his lordship was accustomed to make these cavernous retreats the scene of occasional social entertainments with his friends. The next object of interest here is that strange configuration,

THE WEDGE ROCK,

so called from the appearance of an immense chalk stone driven in between the cliff and a huge pyramidal rock, as if to force them asunder. Some idea of this strange "accident" of nature may be gathered from the fact, that the wedge is from 10 to 12 feet square, while the pyramidal rock is 50 feet in height, 100 feet long, and 40 wide at the base. This is a very striking object, and well worthy of a careful inspection.

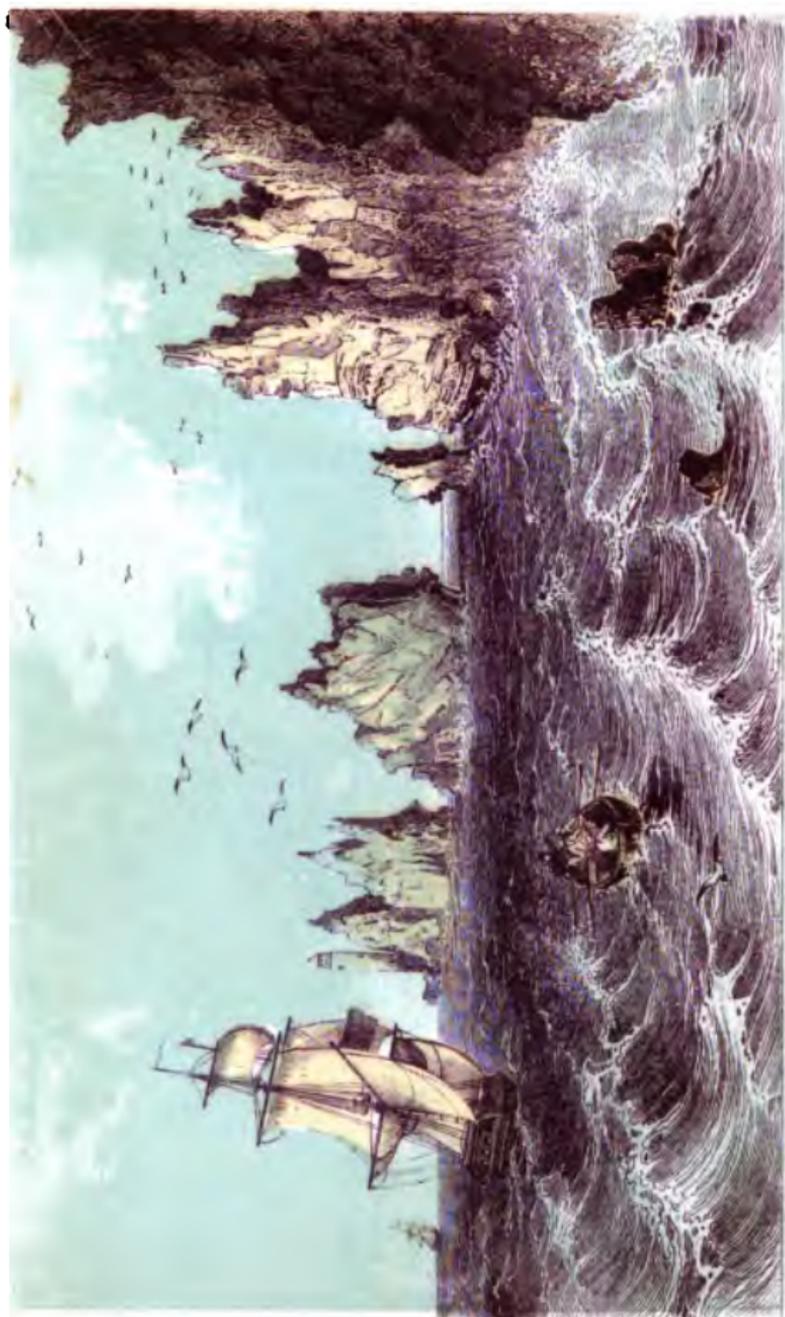
We have only to pass now round a salient angle of the cliff, called *Sun's Corner*, when we find ourselves in

SCRATCHELL'S BAY,

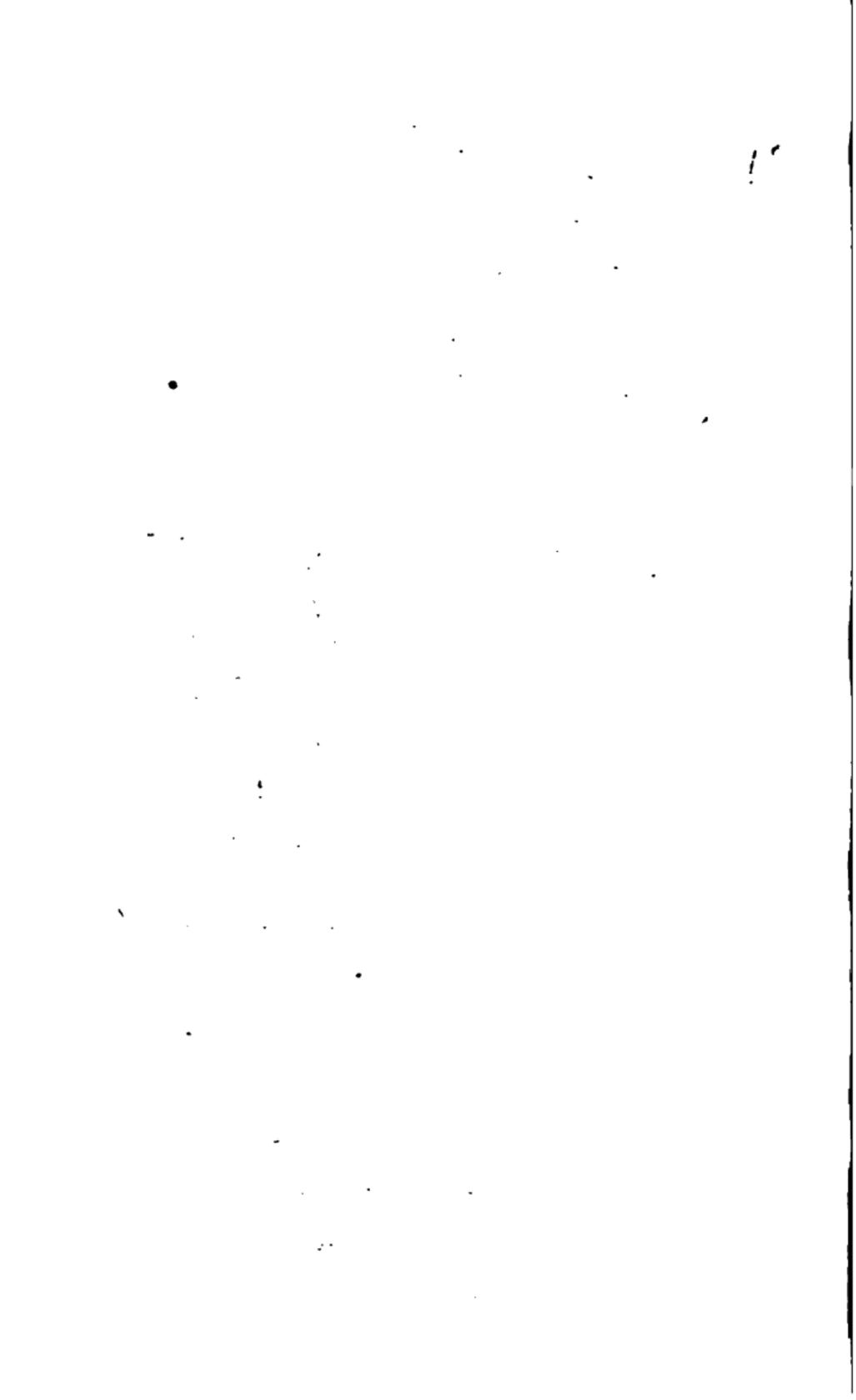
one of the most remarkable parts of the island, and containing individual objects of the most striking grandeur and magnificence. Such, for example, is the great

ARCH-CAVE,

a vast and spacious recess in the front of the cliff, which



THE NEEDLES FROM SCRATCHELL'S BAY.



presents to the spectator the appearance of a splendid arch of most elegant and artistic proportions. The softer parts of the chalk having in process of time been washed away, this most wonderful phenomenon is the result. Its roof is vaulted, and is nearly 300 feet in height, while the mouth of the cavern is raised from the beach about 200 feet. It is impossible to contemplate such an object as this without emotion. The grandeur of nature thus exhibited almost oppresses the mind. Precisely to the north of Scratchell's Bay, and at the southern extremity of Alum Bay, are the famous rocks off the extreme western point of the island, known as

THE NEEDLES.

These rocks are five in number, although only three of them are distinctly seen rearing their sharp, craggy points above the surface of the ocean. They stretch, almost in a straight line, far out to sea, and are a considerable source of apprehension to mariners under a heavy westerly gale. It seems beyond all question that they were at one time a part of the mainland, and that they were gradually disengaged from it by the action of the sea. It is impossible to trace the date of the isolation of the two furthest to the west, but it is certain that the third one was separated entirely about the year 1820; a process of previous trituration being visible in a large concavity and otherwise—a process, indeed, which is going on continually, and which may lead to the formation of other such rocks at some distant day. The rock which most accorded in appearance with the name they have received, and from which in all likeli-

hood that name was taken, was gradually undermined by the action of the waves, till at last it fell, with a tremendous crash, about eighty years since. The base of it can still be seen. It rose to the height of 120 feet above low water-mark, and was known among seamen under the appellation of *Lot's Wife*. It is not very easy to overstate the grandeur of this scene, and the combination of objects which it commands. Some have remarked, that "it is one of the most uncommon, and at the same time one of the most magnificent scenes in Great Britain;" while others have spoken of it as "the most imposing access to England that is to be found." Anything more extensive or splendid than the prospect from the Needles Point it is scarcely possible to imagine.

The *Needles Lighthouse* is near the extremity of what is called the Needles Down. Its light, which is by Argand lamps, carries to the distance of eleven leagues, but is often obscured by fogs. In 1858, a new lighthouse was erected on the outer part of the most westerly rock, which was previously cut down close to the water's edge. The next section of the coast which solicits our notice is the beautiful and deservedly popular resort of

ALUM BAY.

There are very few places more worthy of a careful inspection than this; and whether the visitor is a lover of science, or is merely in pursuit of the striking and the picturesque, he will be more than gratified by his visit to this singular and beautiful bay. It takes its name from the circumstance of alum being found on the beach. But it is from the remarkable aspect of its

cliffs—the lines of their configuration, and the variety of their tints—that the principal interest is derived. We have many learned descriptions of these. Sir H. Englefield thus describes it as seen from the boat,—which indeed is the best way of viewing the bay: “The chalk forms an unbroken face, everywhere nearly perpendicular, and in some parts formidably projecting; and the tenderest stains of ochrean yellow, and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is hardly less than 400 feet in height. . . . The chalk rising from the sea nearly perpendicular, being totally in shadow, while opposed to the blue sky above and the pellucid green of the sea at its foot, it has an aerial tint, as if it were semi-transparent; while here and there a projecting point of the edge of the cliff, catching the sunshine, is of a whiteness so resplendent that it seems to shine with its own native white. The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not present rounded headlands covered with turf and shrubs, as in some other parts of the coast; but offer a series of points which are often quite sharp and spiry. . . . 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 and black, succeed one another as sharply defined as the stripes in silk.” This representation, seemingly strong and vivid though it be, is fully borne out by the reality. The white sand of the bay is of great impor-

tance, and of commercial value, being much used in the manufactories of the finer kinds of china and glass. The *débris*, which through various loosening gathers at the foot of the cliffs, presents a very strange mingling of colours; and is collected by children and others, and put in phials with some fanciful arrangement, or made into little articles of ornament, and sold to strangers visiting the place. Some shafts were opened in the cliffs here in the hope of obtaining coal; but the experiment has not been successful—a certain carbonized wood has been obtained, but no real coal. The *Needles Hotel*, offering excellent accommodation, is in Alum Bay, about half a mile from the beach. This place forms a good starting-point from which to visit

HEADON HILL,

on the north side of the bay, which eminence rises to an elevation of about 400 feet. The geologist finds this hill of peculiar interest, from the facilities which it yields for examining the strata, owing to the vertical configuration of its lofty cliffs. The white sand here, which is the lowest stratum, is upwards of 30 feet in thickness.

We now proceed on our way to Yarmouth by the road from the *Needles Hotel*. On the left, we have a view over Totland and Colwell Bays, marked conspicuously by Hurst Castle over against us on the Hampshire coast. *Farringford Hill* appears to the right. *Freshwater village*, which was previously noticed, is now reached. There are two ways of reaching Yarmouth from this. One by a bridge across the Yar, near

to the church, which joins the road northward, to Yarmouth. The other, and that which is to be preferred, is that which leads through the beautiful and quiet little village of Norton. This village is richly ornamented with gardens, and has several fine residences in its neighbourhood.

Crossing by means of a ferry-boat to the opposite side of the Yar, at its mouth, we reach the ancient town of

YARMOUTH.

It is an inconsiderable place, but convenient as a centre from which to explore the western part of the island. It is a corporate town, with its mayor and burgesses, &c. ; and, up to the passing of the Reform Act, had the privilege of sending two members to Parliament. This privilege was first granted under Edward I., in 1304, although it scarcely came into regular practice till the year 1584, in the time of Elizabeth. In its ancient charters it is styled *Eremuth*—the name of the river having originally been *Ere*, from which it has been changed into Yar. It was destroyed by the French in 1377, who committed other devastations on the island besides. And as in its rebuilding somewhat different sites had been chosen, an appearance of decay has been left where traces of former streets are discerned, but on which no houses now stand. Its *Town Hall* is a brick building of very small pretensions. The lower part of it is the Market House. Its market-day is Wednesday, and it has an annual fair of three days' duration. The *Castle*, which is placed at the entrance of the river, is one of the "Block-houses" of Henry VIII., very plain in its style. The

Church is old, but underwent a complete repair in 1831. There are besides this, a Methodist Chapel, and one connected with the Baptist persuasion, in the town.

There are three Inns, the principal of which is the *George*, occupying a good situation near the quay. It was built by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, who had the honour of entertaining royalty within its walls in the person of Charles II., on occasion of his visit to the island. The *Bugle* is also an inn of good reputation. The chief business of Yarmouth is derived from the anchorage for shipping, which its superior roadstead affords; together with its steam-communication with the opposite shore at Lymington, which is very frequent.

Having thus conducted the visitor round the principal coast scenery of the island, we must now proceed in an easterly direction, and call his attention to the more interesting places in the interior. For this purpose we take the road by Shalfleet, towards Calbourne and Carisbrooke, thence northward to Newport, the capital of the island, and from that to Cowes, Osborne, &c., finishing at Ryde, where our journey began, and by which we shall have made a complete circuit of the island. Some distance to the right is

THORLEY,

a small village of no celebrity, and calling for no lengthened remarks. It is situated in a very fertile district. Its parish church is so very mean and barn-like as to be on that account the subject of general remark. This place lies off the road which we are now taking, although we have given it a passing notice here.

SHALFLEET

is a considerable village, about six miles from Newport. Its church is large, ancient, and curious. It has a rather remarkable Norman door-way, with interesting though rude sculpture. The tower, although it has been called Saxon, is undoubtedly a Norman work. The principles of symmetry have been quite forgotten in its construction. At a short distance from this, on the road to the left,—which, however, we do not follow in our present route,—is the village of

NEWTOWN.

Up to 1377, when it was despoiled by the French, it is said to have borne the name of *Francheville*. It is much reduced from its former importance. A church, displaying considerable taste, has been recently erected. It has a capacious harbour, formed by an arm of the sea, at the head of which the village stands. Turning southwards from Shalfleet,

CALBOURNE

is speedily reached. It is a small village, the most noteworthy feature of which is its church, a very good specimen of the church architecture of its time, which could not have been later than that of Henry III. or Edward I. It has a comfortable inn, and boasts of the very superior residence of *Westover*, in its immediate vicinity,—which indeed gives an added importance to the place. About a mile farther on is the splendid residence of *Swainston*, the seat of Sir J. Simeon, Bart. This large and elegant mansion, with its grounds luxu-

riantly wooded and beautifully undulating, occupies the site of a palace at one time belonging to the Bishopric of Winchester, of which there is a memorial surviving in the ruins of a chapel attached to the see, and which are still extant. About three miles to the east of this we reach a place of considerable mark,—

CARISBROOKE.

The venerable Castle of Carisbrooke has been long no more than a ruin, but it is a ruin of most interesting and picturesque character; and in all points of view will prove an object of engrossing interest to the visitor. It stands on a sort of circular hill which is both high and steep, thus giving all the greater prominence and effect to the "ruins hoar" by which it is crowned. As is usual with such structures, the ivy has established itself on its towers and battlements, and does what "in it lies" to draw its green mantle over the scars and crannies of time, and to help it to make a fair show amid the decrepitude and gathering shadows of age. The oldest part of this interesting pile is the Keep—which stands on a mound at the north-east angle, and by which it is elevated considerably above the rest of the buildings. This has been regarded by some as of Saxon origin, and to have been built so far back as the sixth century. The ascent to this keep is made by a flight of steps between seventy and eighty in number: and though it is not achieved without some fatigue, the reward is great in the varied and magnificent prospect which the summit commands. The original castle embraced a space of about two acres of ground, but



CARISBROOKE CASTLE

as subsequently enlarged and improved, especially in the time of Queen Elizabeth, its outer walls embrace an area of twenty acres, the whole of which is surrounded by a moat, long since drained. From the road, the entrance is by *Queen Elizabeth's Gate*; but the most important entrance is by *Woodville's Gateway*, on the other side of the bridge. This is a very imposing, indeed the *most* imposing remaining part of the old castle. Here a portcullis and machicolations give added strength to the gateway, while the round towers, by which it is flanked, contribute vastly to the grandeur of the whole. On your left hand, on passing through it, attention is directed by the cicerone to the prison of Charles I., when he was held in durance here; and the very window is shown from which he attempted to escape, but with such awkward results. On the opposite side is the castle Chapel, in which the Newport municipal authorities, its mayor and its constables, receive the oath of office from the governor of the island. One unfailing object of interest and amusement to strangers, is a *Well* some 300 feet deep within the grounds of the castle, valuable both for the quality and quantity of the water it produces, but to the stranger most valuable from the amusement and interest it affords. He is first of all shown into the Well-room, and while endeavouring to make himself acquainted with its rather peculiar appearance, a lamp is lighted and lowered to the surface of the water till its contact with it is announced by a sharp report from the cavernous hollows of the well, and a depth is revealed to the eye which makes one almost giddy to look at. The

venerable "drawer of water" is then introduced, in the form of a sedate, patriarchal-looking donkey, which walking into the huge tread-wheel, and causing it to revolve, conducts the whole process of lowering the bucket and bringing it up full. This important office has been in the "donkey" family for many long years, and the members who have filled the office seem to have thriven in it, since one of them continued in office upwards of thirty years, while his predecessor reached his "jubilee," and might have even added other ten to the fifty, but for the fact that, in some moment of rash despondency, he grew weary of his rather "too limited life," and threw himself from the ramparts. The apartments of the castle are spacious and symmetrical, this venerable pile having been at one time the seat of the government of the island—Change, however, has now marked it with its signet, and dilapidations and decay are too easily traced. "Alas! how sadly altered is the scene!" While we gaze, the past rushes up on "the silent wing," and we cannot "choose but weep" when we think of the difference between the "now" and the "then" of its history. Reference has already been made to the confinement of Charles I. within the walls of this castle. The facts are so well known as scarcely to require to be stated here. On his breach with his Parliament, he took refuge here; and although received at first by Hammond, the governor of the island, rather as a guest than in any other way, this was speedily departed from,—his personal liberty was more and more straitened, till he was detained as a prisoner or captive in the full sense of the word.

Attempts were made to effect his escape, but they did not succeed. He was imprisoned here rather more than a year; one or two steps more, and his hapless life was closed in the manner which all know—constituting, whatever our political theories may be, one of the saddest passages connected with British royalty.

The *Village* of Carisbrooke is situated along the side of an eminence, which is separated by a narrow dell from the hill on which the castle stands, which dell is enlivened by a tiny brook. It is a picturesque and beautifully rural village, but, if we except the castle and the church, carries few signs of antiquity about it.

The *Church* is a large and handsome building, though it is not so large now as it once was, part of it having been pulled down—namely, the chancel and aisle—in order to save the expense which the repairing of them would have incurred. It dates back as far as the eleventh century. The tower is Gothic, and a good specimen of that style; and, having a fine setting of trees and surrounding habitations, it has a decidedly imposing appearance. There are good residences in the village, which indeed still boasts a numerous population, although not by any means so great as in its palmy days, when it not only possessed the importance of a *city*, but was at the same time the capital of the island.

Very closely adjoining Carisbrooke stands the capital town of the island—

NEWPORT.

As a chief town, it possesses several advantages of

position. It is not only central, but has a fine navigable river, the advantages of which are obvious enough. It lies in a valley, and has finely cultivated rising grounds about it, with excellent streams watering it from the east and west. The town has been planned and laid out with regularity and taste,—having eight streets, and these for the most part spacious and clean: the houses are good, and well constructed; and, indeed, everything considered, there are few towns of its size possessed of more numerous attractions. In 1851, the population was 8047. It is a town of great antiquity,—having been incorporated since the commencement of the reign of James I. It is to Charles II., however, that the existing corporation is to be traced. The town is divided into two wards, and is ruled by a mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen councillors. It returns two members to Parliament, being the only separate place on the island to which such a privilege was accorded under the Reform Act,—the number of representatives previous to that time—six—having then been reduced to three, one for the island, and two for Newport.

Its *Church* was the most ancient building of any public mark in the town. It was dedicated to Thomas à Becket, and hence was called *St. Thomas's*. There is ground to suppose that it was founded in the later years of Henry II., somewhere about 1172; but, of course, since then it has undergone many changes, alterations, and additions. The interior contained a very elaborately carved pulpit of oak, of date 1636. It contained also the ashes of Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. She died in her captivity at Carisbrooke Castle in 1650. In 1723,

her coffin was discovered, having upon it the following inscription :—

ELIZABETH 2D DAUGHTER
OF YE LATE KING CHARLES
DECE'D SEPT 8 MDCL

This church having been in a very dilapidated condition, it was considered necessary to rebuild it; and the requisite funds being provided by liberal public subscriptions and a bazaar of fancy articles held at Carisbrooke Castle on a large scale, the foundation-stone of the new edifice was laid by his Royal Highness Prince Albert in 1854, and consecrated and opened for public worship in 1857, and is one of the finest buildings in the island. Her Majesty has had a suitable monument placed, in memory of the Princess Elizabeth, at her own expense. There are also two other churches, *St. Paul's* and *St. John's*; and various religious denominations, such as Independents, Baptists, Methodists, Roman Catholics, &c., are represented here.

The *Market House* and *Town Hall* are included in one structure, of very considerable appearance and dimensions. It is supported by a colonnade of Ionic pillars, surmounted by a pediment in front. The cost of the structure was £10,000. The principal apartments are the magistrates' room and the council-chamber—the former being 70 feet long by 30 wide, and the latter 30 by 28. Here are held the Borough Quarter Sessions, and various other courts. The market is on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The *Curia Militum*, or Knights' Court, a sort of relic of the feudal times, is also observed here.

The *Isle of Wight Institution*, which is the finest ornament to Newport of an architectural kind, was erected in 1811, by subscription, at the cost of £3000, and receives very general and well-merited support. Its leading features are a reading-room, library, and museum. This building faces on St. James's Square, and has a very handsome front of Swanage stone. Newport can also boast of a *Mechanics' Institution*, with a good library, and a course of interesting lectures during the season. There are also several important public schools,—the Free Grammar School being a place of historic interest, from the fact that it was chosen as the scene of the memorable conference between Charles I. and his Parliament, which has been designated by historians "The Treaty of Newport." The Theatre and the Jail are in Holyrood Street. The leading hotels are—the *Bugle*, the *Green Dragon*, the *Star*, the *Wheat Sheaf*, and the *Swan*. The season of greatest wassail and rustic gaiety is at Michaelmas, during the three Bargain Fair Saturdays; on which occasion the country servants, both male and female, turn out in quest of new situations,—the two sexes having separate parts of the town assigned to them as stances on the occasion. These correspond to the *Feeing-Saturdays* in some parts of Scotland,—usages which, however convenient for parties, cannot be said to be promotive of general morality.

From the municipal and general importance of Newport as the capital of the island, it does not depend to any great extent on the periodical influx of visitors. Still there are times when it receives considerable tem-

porary accessions, especially when *Albany Barracks* are fully occupied by soldiers, as in time of war; the influx then of the friends of the military is usually very great, and lodging-houses are proportionally in demand. The walk to the southward, over *Mount Joy*, should not be omitted, for the sake of the wide and magnificent prospect which it commands. In the immediate neighbourhood of Newport, and more or less closely connected with it, are several objects of interest, which may be merely glanced at, under the appellation of—

THE ENVIRONS OF NEWPORT.

To the south, for example, is the neat hamlet of *Shide*; on the east is *Barton's Village*, environed by meadows; *New Village*, a very elegant range of houses, is to the west; while *Hunny Hill*, at the north, boasts also of its hamlet. At the eastern side of the town, on the Ryde road, is the Lace-factory of Mr. Nunn; and not far beyond it is the beautiful residence of *Bellecroft*.

The beautiful seat of *Fairlee* is on the east side of the Medina, about half a mile to the north of Newport; and that of *St. Cross*, once a priory, on the west side. On the road to West Cowes, also, about a mile distant, we have, on our right, the general receptacle for paupers from all parts of the island, called the *House of Industry*,—a very extensive institution of the kind, and generally having within it somewhere above five hundred persons.

Parkhurst or *Albany Barracks* stand opposite the last-mentioned institution—an extensive military depôt, capable of affording accommodation to nearly two thou-

sand men. They were disused for a considerable period, but since 1842 their use has been revived.

To the north of the barracks is an extensive reformatory asylum for juvenile culprits, known as

Parkhurst Prison.—There are two buildings devoted to this purpose, the first having been found remarkably successful; and the two combined can receive between six and seven hundred offenders. The object of this institution is not merely, and not *chiefly*, to punish, but, by teaching trades, &c., to the inmates, to endeavour to form them to better habits, and reclaim them to lives of honesty and industry. An order from the Secretary of State is necessary to gain admission; but a very good *general* view is obtained from the high road, which is within a few hundred yards of them.

The next place of importance to which we are brought in our present route (passing in the meantime some villas worthy of note) is the town of

COWES,

known as East and West Cowes, according to the side of the river on which they respectively stand. This place has obtained great and deserved popularity as a fashionable summer retreat, chiefly in consequence of the facilities it presents for aquatic exercise and amusement, and its general excellence as a sea-bathing resort. It is scarcely necessary to mention that these towns are situated at the mouth of the Medina River, and are at the most northerly part of the island.

West Cowes is the larger and more populous of the two, and has a fine effect from the water, from the ter-

enced position of the houses, and the beautiful inter-blending of foliage and shrubberies. The first view on landing, however, scarcely sustains this distant impression,—the streets verging on the water being confined and irregular, space being of proportional value from its nearness to the quays, especially at a time when the whole importance of the town lay in its character as a maritime port. The higher part of the town, however, is more elegant in its style, and of much more pleasing appearance, commanding, as it does, in its numerous lodging-houses, not only a view of the harbour, but of the Solent Sea, the Southampton Water, and the New Forest. There is considerable traffic in Cowes, and various circumstances contribute to its cheerful bustle and liveliness, and consequently to its popularity. Not only is it the principal port of the island, but it has a considerable trade inland; while its ship-building fame is well known,—some of the crafts which have been constructed for the Royal Yacht Squadron being second to none in the properties of fast sailing and general seaworthiness which they possess. There can be no doubt that to the Yacht Squadron, which has a fine club-room here, Cowes is indebted for no small share of its prosperity. The anchorage of Cowes, which is from eight to eleven fathoms water, is remarkably good, and shipping is carried on to a very considerable extent. It is a safe retreat for weather-stressed ships, and many such seek here a temporary shelter. One great attraction of West Cowes is—

The *Parade*, which is situated to the west of the town, and is a favourite and delightful promenade to

both residents and strangers. It is distinguished by the varied apparatuses for the display of the Yacht Club signals to their vessels in the roadstead, for which it is admirably adapted, from the circumstance of its commanding an uninterrupted view of the water.

The *Castle*, which was built by Henry VIII., is of comparatively little interest in itself. It mounted seventeen nine-pounders on a semi-lunar battery, but is now occupied as the Club-house of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Recent alterations and improvements of various kinds have modernized the whole to a considerable extent, and imparted to it something of the aspect of a private residence. A "Gothic villa," of some pretensions, stands immediately behind the Fort, flanked on the east by the erection which was recently employed as the Club-house of the Yacht Squadron. Beyond this, again, is the *Terrace*—a range of houses of a very superior description.

The places of worship are seven in number—two of them Episcopalian, one Independent, two Methodist, one Catholic, and one Primitive Methodist.

Cowes Church, or rather *Chapel*, is a dependency of that of Northwood,—this being the name of the parish in which Cowes is situated. It was built in the year 1653, and is one of the few of which the origin can be traced to the time of Oliver Cromwell. The dominant sentiment of that age prevented it from being consecrated till after the Restoration, and even then it was not associated with the name of any particular saint. The building received considerable enlargement and

improvement in 1811 at a great expense, which was borne by the late George Ward, Esq. The monument in the interior to the memory of Mrs. Ward is well worthy of inspection. This church furnishes a curious instance of lapsed privilege; for, although the right of presentation is confidently asserted, on good authority, to belong to the inhabitants, it has somehow fallen into the hands of the vicar of Northwood.

Trinity Church or Chapel is a much more modern and elegant structure. It was erected at the sole expense of a lady, Mrs Goodwin, who moreover endowed it with a sum of £1000, and set aside an additional fund to meet necessary repairs. It was consecrated in June 1832. It occupies a commanding site on the part of a hill known as the West Cliff, and which overlooks the Baths. It is Gothic in its style, and the peculiarities of that style are well sustained. It is built of white brick, with facings of Bath-stone, and is altogether a singularly graceful and elegant structure, reflecting much credit upon the taste of the architect, Mr. Bramble of Portsmouth.

The *Roman Catholic Chapel* stands in Carvel Lane, of brick exterior, and lofty within,—aiming in its internal arrangements at a solemn and imposing effect.

The *Wesleyan Chapel* is in Medina Road. It has a pleasing front of Swanage-stone.

The *Independent Chapel* is on Sun Hill,—a brick edifice of little or no pretensions.

There are few other public buildings requiring particular notice, although it may be as well simply to mention The *Town Hall*, *Market*, *Baths*, and *Post*

Office. There is a plentiful sprinkling of elegant villas in the environs of the town, which impart an air of refinement, elegance, and wealth, and which it is proper simply to notice here. To the west of the town are those of the Marquis of Donegal, and Earl de Grey, and Sir John Hippeley, Bart. Farther to the westward is *West Cliff* or *Egypt*, occupying a small green plateau on the shore. Returning by the new church, and the road which ascends from the back of the Castle, we arrive at the enclosure of *Northwood Park*, laid out in a very elegant manner, and fittingly surrounding the house, which is a splendid building in the Grecian style.

Westhill is on the slope of the hill where the road takes the direction of Newport,—a fine villa. *Moorhouse* is also worthy of notice, and the secluded residence of *Woodvale*, near Gurnard Bay.

The great gala-time of Cowes is the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in August or September. Cowes Harbour is their place of rendezvous, and what with the number and variety of sail collected on the occasion—the multitude of visitors flocking to the spot to witness, or to take part in, the stirring amusements of the regatta—the public dinner and ball—the magnificent pyrotechnic display, and various other accompaniments of the occasion—one may easily imagine an amount of pleasurable excitement and holiday bustle sufficient to give an adventitious importance even to a less considerable place.

The hotels in West Cowes are the *Fountain*, *Vine*, *Marine*, and *Globe*.

EAST COWES,

which lies on the east side of the Medina, and is reached by a ferry, is small and unimportant compared with its sister town on the other side of the river. It is almost entirely dependent on its shipping. It has a hotel, baths, and other accommodations proper to a watering-place. There is a chapel of ease to Whippingham Church here, the latter being the church of the parish, and standing at the distance from East Cowes of about two and a half miles.

On the face of the hill, looking towards West Cowes, stands

East Cowes Castle. It is a picturesque residence in the Gothic manner, and seems to unite the characteristics of the modern castellated mansion with those of the feudal stronghold of more ancient date,—an attempted union which has not met with the cordial approbation of critics and connoisseurs in the architectural art. Ascending the hill by the old carriage-road, we encounter the villa of Mr. Auldjo on our right, and Slatwoods, Springhill, and St. Thomas on our left—the three last having a dense environment of trees and shrubberies. At the lodge-entrance to East Cowes Castle a line of road leads to

Norris Castle, a very prominent and interesting feature on this part of the coast. It may be approached, also, when the tide suits, by the shore. It was erected for the late Lord Seymour, to whom it was a residence of constant interest and attraction, where he was accustomed to have frequent gatherings of his friends, and

where the visits of strangers also gave him great pleasure. It is a remarkably good imitation of the antique Norman in its style—simple and imposing in its general effect. There has been displayed a rare ingenuity in giving to the whole an air of venerable antiquity—the hand of Time has been forestalled quite marvellously in this respect, for what with the weather-worn aspect of the walls, and the luxuriance of ivy which has been woven round the towers, an individual ignorant of its origin would readily assign to it a few centuries at least. Its position, on a steep slope on the most northerly part of the island, contributes greatly to its effect as seen from a distance, while it secures for it a wide and commanding prospect. The stables are on a magnificent scale, and, together with the Pier, the Bathing House, and the Sea Walls, are well worthy of attention. During the summers of 1831–32, it was selected as the residence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent and the then Princess Victoria. The first proprietor, Lord Henry Seymour, died in 1831, and it has since become the property of R. Bell, Esq. There can be little doubt that East Cowes is destined to great advance and enlargement in process of time. The building projects already begun give promise of this; and no doubt the patronage of royalty, appearing already in the case of the *Park*, which has been beautifully laid out and adorned by numerous mansions, will in no small degree contribute to this result.

The next place of mark in this part of the island is the magnificent marine residence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria—

OSBORNE.

This favourite resort of the Queen and the Royal Family originally belonged to Lady Isabella Blachford, and during the troubles of Charles I.'s time the old mansion was in the occupation of Eustace Mann, Esq. Under the alterations and improvements it has recently received, Osborne has lost its original appearance altogether, so far as the house is concerned, and now presents a large and commodious *palace*, as it may be termed, somewhat befitting the Sovereign of the British Isles. The range of this splendid estate and royal domain is two and a half miles from north to south, and nearly two miles from east to west. The views which it commands are very extensive, embracing the whole reach of the Solent and opposite coast, with Portsmouth and Spithead in the distance; while its more detailed and immediate scenery possesses all the beauty and variety which could be desired. The most beautiful features of Palladian architecture appear in the structure, which, as enlarged and renewed, reflects great credit on the architect, T. Cubitt, Esq., and still more upon His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who had no small share in furnishing the design, and whose taste and knowledge in art have here found a genial and successful field. The apartments occupied by the Queen and the Royal Family are in the highest part of the building; they are elegant and spacious, and command a prospect of the most magnificent description. The flag-tower, or Campanile, is 107 feet in height; the clock-tower, 90; the first terrace wall, 17; and the

second, 10. The best view of the house, perhaps, is from the Solent, although it is also well seen from the elevated grounds on the opposite side of the Medina. There is a delightful promenade, in fine weather, within the balustrade of the roof, which is flat. It is scarcely necessary to add, that both house and grounds are strictly private, no stranger being admitted. A park-fence encloses a large portion of the estate, and several miles of carriage-roads have been formed. Altogether, it is a residence of the most commodious and splendid description, and one which has contributed, in no small degree, to the health and enjoyment of the Royal Family.

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH

is the parish church of East Cowes, and is situated rather more than two miles distant. It is small, but tasteful and neat, having body, chancel, transept, tower, and spire. It is in this church that Her Majesty and the Royal Family attend Divine service when at Osborne. The road to Whippingham, looking back, gives an imposing view of West Cowes, the Medina, the Solent, East Cowes Castle, and other prominent features in the landscape. A very short distance beyond the village is *Padmore House*, the seat of the Rev. J. Jolliffe. Originally a farm-house, it was converted into a seat by a former proprietor. It is well situated, having a fine command of the view up the Medina on both sides, and of the downs in the distance. About two miles, or rather less, farther on, and we come to the beautiful little village of

WOOTTON BRIDGE,

sometimes written *Wotton*. It is built on both sides of the indentation here, called Fishbourne Creek, which penetrates the land to a considerable extent. On the north-west side of the creek delightful drives may be taken along the roads recently formed there. The Wootton River, which flows through the hollow, has a most beautiful appearance, especially at high tide. Looking southwards of the village, the effect is remarkably fine; the river expands into something like a lake; the wooded, but wild and irregular banks on the one side, and the more graceful and ornate grounds of Fernhill, the seat of the late S. Saunders, Esq., on the other, besides other accompaniments of the scene, contribute to render it a prospect of peculiar interest and beauty. There is daily communication between this village and Portsmouth. *Wootton Common*, which is now enclosed, is a mile nearer Newport. The very neat cottage is here of the self-taught artist, George Brannon, not inappropriately designated *Landscape Cottage*. We should have mentioned that, about two miles from the village of Wootton Bridge, is *King's Quay*, the part of the island where King John kept himself in seclusion, and meditated revenge on the barons after they had extorted from him the famous Magna Charta; a course of conduct which was not over-kingly, and which led to many speculations and opinions not very favourable to his kingly dignity—that is to say, if old chroniclers are to be believed.

About a mile and a half from this is the interesting ruin of

QUARR ABBEY,

so named, it is supposed, from the stone quarries in the vicinity, out of which it was built, and which also furnished materials for the rebuilding of the body of Winchester Cathedral,—at least such is the voice of the registers of Winchester on the subject. This abbey was once a renowned and extensive establishment, and would have shown a splendid appearance to this day, but for the ruthless iconoclasticism of trade and mammon, sometimes as relentless as that of bigotry itself. It fell into the hands of one George Mills, a Southampton merchant, who purchased it on account of its materials, and who hesitated not to pull it to pieces for the purpose of gain. It was founded by Baldwin, in the reign of Henry V., and dedicated to St. Mary. It was of the Cistercian order, and one of the first of that class in England. After enjoying a long period of prosperity, it fell before the spirit of change and reform which went abroad under Henry VIII. Of this magnificent monastic establishment, in the days of its pride enclosing by its walls an area of thirty acres, scarcely a vestige is left, if we except some portion of the outer walls, and some trifling appendant offices, which have long since reached the usual destiny of such places—that of being used as barns, cow-sheds, &c. There are few architectural memorials of the past which present so much to regret and to condemn in the treatment they have experienced as this one. The estate was sold by the merchant's son to Sir Thomas Fleming, Lord Chief-Justice, in whose family it still remains. About a mile from this is

BINSTEAD.

The old *Church* was renovated with good effect by Mr. Hellyer of Ryde in 1845, and is worthy of inspection. The old stone figure, which was usually called "the Idol," was then removed from the porch on the south, and placed over the lower doorway of the churchyard. North of the church may be observed the seat of Lord Downs, with grounds displaying considerable taste, and sloping sharply, in some places, down to the beach. In close juxtaposition with this seat on the west is the beautiful *parsonage* of Binstead, belonging to the Rev. P. Hewett, and to the grounds about which, he courteously grants admission on Fridays and Mondays, to strangers visiting the place. The pleasing combination here of knolls and lawns, foliage, rock-work, and other forms of ornamentation, is such as well entitles it to the attention of the stranger.

This brings us to Ryde, the point from which we set out, and completes our excursion over this beautiful island. It is impossible to do justice to the various features of its scenery, and its manifold objects of interest by mere description; but enough has been done to enable the tourist to examine for himself, and to put him into a proper position to be delighted and impressed as he threads his way through the interesting localities which it contains. It is scarcely necessary to say, that although we have made Ryde our starting-point, it is not *necessary* that this should be adhered to; many other routes may be taken, as from Cowes westward, for example, according to the taste or convenience of the traveller. There may be particular advantages

attaching to particular routes, but, on the whole, it is not easy to go materially wrong; and any route that he chooses, he will find much to arrest his attention and to please his eye; for here, if anywhere, it may be said, that

“ Flowers *will* spring where'er we deign to stray.”

It only remains to be added, that it is not uncommon for visitors to make a voyage round the island, which may be done either by steam-boat or sailing craft, starting from Cowes or Ryde. The succession of interesting objects and views thus brought under the eye is a source of constant enjoyment, and far more than repays the voyager for the time and trouble which it involves. A steam-boat accomplishes the circuit in from five to six hours. A sailing-boat will require time, of course, in proportion to the favourable or unfavourable state of the wind and weather.

VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND.

Probably the best starting-point for this interesting tour, as being the most central part of the island, is Cowes. Leaving the mouth of the Medina, and proceeding in an easterly direction, the first object of interest, after rounding Old Castle Point, is Norris Castle, famous as a successful modern imitation of the antique castellated style. Then we have the splendid marine residence of royalty, Osborne, rising into view; a line of coast beautifully wooded comes under observation; and after passing King's Quay, the opening to the Wootton River, we discern in the distance, the outline of Fernhill and

Wootton Church. Quarr Wood next wakes up the image of the ancient ecclesiastical ruins which it embosoms, but which at this point it successfully hides; and after passing Binstead parsonage, and a number of elegant villas, the town of Ryde, with its famous pier, its terrace, and other prominent objects, takes possession of the eye. Onward now, until we reach St. Helen's, is a splendid succession of wooded coast, through which we may catch an occasional glimpse of Appley, St. Clair, Seagrove, and such like, although, of course, the distance is such, and the density of the foliage, that we must be content with little more than partial and occasional glimpses. Previous to our passing the mouth of Brading Harbour, our attention is called to Sea View, or Nettlestone, and the sea-mark of St. Helen's Church, immediately beyond which is the beautiful and fertile valley which stretches between the town of Brading and the magnificent grounds of Appuldercombe. The formidable reef of rocks called Bembridge Ledge is now passed; the Culver Cliff succeeds; rounding which, we open the spacious sweep of Sandown Bay, with its village of the same name, and the picturesque features of Shanklin and Luccombe Chine; the bold eminence of Dunnose next catches the eye, the romantic confusion of the ground at East End follows, the first step towards introducing us to the peculiar and magnificent scenery of the Undercliff. After the minute descriptions of this which have been already given, it is unnecessary here to expatiate upon it, the simple mention of the leading names is sufficient to bring up the feeling appropriate to the locality—

Ventnor, Steephill, St. Lawrence, Old Park, Mirables, Puckaster, and Rocken-End, are among the principal of these. Passing from this marvellous region, the eye is arrested by the towering heights of St. Catherine's, yielding in its turn to the dismal features of Blackgang Chine. We next traverse the bays of Chale and Brixton, till by-and-by Freshwater Bay, with its magnificent line of cliffs, arrests the attention, and delights the eye. The other and kindred features of this part of the coast, Scratchell's Bay, Needle Rock, and Alum Bay are then brought into view. The two new forts and Hurst Castle, soon occur to the eye, and Yarmouth succeeds; Thorney Bay and the river of Newton passed, we speedily arrive at the point whence we set out—the busy harbour of Cowea.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that although this beautiful island can only be properly understood and appreciated by a careful examination of its various parts, the "sail round the island" has its particular advantages—giving a definite idea of its configuration, and of its endlessly varying aspects to the sea; and should by no means be omitted by the visitor who has the necessary time at his command. And indeed the facilities are so numerous, by means of the steamboats and otherwise—the time spent so short—and the enjoyment, if the weather is at all propitious, so great—that such an objection is not likely to stand in the way.

THE JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

SINCE the opening of the direct Portsmouth Railway, which is just a continuation of the branch of the South-Western from Woking to Guildford, almost due south, the distance between London and the Isle of Wight has been very much shortened. The starting-point is the Waterloo Station. After passing Vauxhall and Clapham, the first place of importance which occurs is *Wimbledon*, which is $7\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Waterloo Bridge. Wimbledon Park, the beautiful seat of the Duke of Somerset, is on the right; it has been the property of various personages of note, such as Queen Catherine Parr, the Cecils, the Duchess of Marlborough, &c. Wilberforce lived here at one time, and here also Horne Tooke died. *Merton* appears three-quarters of a mile from the station, to the left, associated, as his birth-place, with Walter-de-Merton, founder of Merton College, Oxford. Merton House came by bequest of Lord Nelson into the possession of Lady Hamilton. The next station is *Malden*, in approaching which we have Richmond Park on our right. Ruding, the author of an able work on the Coinage, resided at the vicarage of

Malden. The next station is *Kingston*. Here we have a small town which has sprung up in connection with the railway, with every convenience and accommodation for visitors. The old town of *Kingston-upon-Thames* is about a mile from the station. It is a place of great antiquity, having been a Roman station, and a Saxon royal seat. The stone on which the coronation of the kings of the West Saxons was inaugurated, is still to be seen, being railed in opposite the Town Hall. *Kingston* is a market town of some 7000 inhabitants. After proceeding 2½ miles from this we arrive at *Esher* and *Claremont Station*, the former, namely, *Esher*, being 1 mile, and *Claremont* 2 from the station. The village of *Esher* is somewhat dull. The palace belonged to the Bishops of Winchester, and was rebuilt by *Wolsey*. *Claremont* was built by *Lord Clive*. At this place *Louis Philippe* died in 1850; and, what gives it a more tender interest to the English, here also the much beloved *Princess Charlotte* lived for a time, and died in 1817. Leaving *Esher*, the next station is at *Walton*, marked in the time-tables as *Walton and Hersham Station*. The parish of *Walton* contains a population of about 3000; it embraces the three divisions of *Commonside*, *Horsham*, and *Burnwood*. The village of *Walton* is about 1½ mile from the station. The view from the bridge here is very fine, and parts of the scenery in this locality have often been painted. The neighbourhood of *Coway Stakes* gives an interest to the place, where it is asserted by *Bede* and others that *Cæsar* on one occasion crossed the *Thames*. *Walton Church* is a building curious in itself, and replete with

historic interest. This is the burial-place of Lilly the astrologer. Here also is a fine monument to the memory of Viscount Shannon, by Roubilliac. Hersham Green and Hersham House, once the residence of Lilly the astrologer, are to the left of Walton Station.

Weybridge is the next station which occurs in our journey. It is situated on the pleasant little river, the *Wey*, which flows into the Thames at this point. Here is a small Roman Catholic chapel, in which are deposited the remains of the late Louis Philippe. After leaving this station the railway enters on an embankment, and crosses the seven-arched bridge over the *Wey*, at this point a very inconsiderable stream, and after traversing a district which shows, at some points, great fertility, it holds on in its way, giving some fine open views of the country, and brings us to

Woking Station. The village lies about one mile from the station on the left, and chiefly consists of one long and rather picturesque street, running along the north bank of one of the branches of the *Wey*. The country in the neighbourhood is very attractive, and the river holds out considerable inducements to the angler. The *Church* is well worthy of notice. It possesses indeed no monuments of importance, but is interesting from the specimens it contains of a style of architecture of a former age. About a mile below the town are the foundations of an ancient *palace*. It was a place of some mark in the olden time. Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., died here in 1509. It was the frequent residence of Henry VIII. About

2 miles down the Wey are to be seen the remains of *Newark Priory*, founded in the time of Cœur de Lion, and dedicated to the Virgin and St. Thomas of Canterbury. The walk to it down the banks of the Wey is very agreeable. There are many other pleasant spots in this vicinity. We should have stated that at Woking the direct Portsmouth branch commences. But we hasten on with the train which, after a run of other 6 miles, brings us to *Guildford Station*. Nothing can be imagined more romantic and beautiful than the locality of Guildford; and the view of the town from the station is exceedingly striking, with its ancient castle rising conspicuously into view amid the multitude of houses. Guildford is the county town of Surrey. It occupies either side of the river Wey, standing on the declivity of a chalk hill. It consists for the most part of one main street—the High Street, which is universally acknowledged as one of the most quaint and picturesque anywhere to be seen. It runs up the steep bank of the river, and exhibits numerous specimens of curious old gables, long latticed windows, &c. The *Castle* catches the eye from many points, towering above all surrounding objects. Its *keep* is square, and of Norman character. The extent of the area once embraced by the castle may be partially gathered from the fragments of old shattered walls, and other outworks, shapeless enough, which still survive. *Abbot's Hospital* is another interesting feature of the town, occupying ground at the head of the High Street, and dating back to 1619. The *Church of the Holy Trinity* stands opposite the hospital, and is interesting from the numerous monu-

ments it contains. The other churches are also well worthy of a visit. The *Guild* or *Town Hall* is in the centre of High Street, which may be easily recognised by its glittering, projecting clock. The Grammar School is at the upper extremity of the High Street.

Guildford has a population of 8084. A person wishing a good view of the town and surrounding scenery, should repair to St. Catherine's Chapel, situated on a small eminence close to the town. A more extensive view, however, may be obtained from the summit of Booker's Tower. Leaving Guildford and holding on by the direct Portsmouth line, the next station which occurs is *Godalming*. It is a place of comparatively little interest in itself, but is important from its vicinity to much beautiful scenery. It has a population of 2300. The church is on the outskirts of the town. It is not of particular interest; it underwent renovation and enlargement in 1840. The next station is *Milford*, the church of which, presenting some good features of Norman architecture, is worthy of inspection. After this, we arrive at the station of *Witley*, (*for Petworth*). Petworth is a rather considerable place, having a population of between 3000 and 4000—nearer the latter. It consists of a number of narrow and rather irregular streets. The Market House is in the centre of the town; it was built by George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont. The spire of the church was one of Sir C. Barry's early works. The great attraction of Petworth, however, is the magnificent Art-collection it contains in the *Park*, the seat of Colonel Wyndham, to whom this "honour" has descended from the powerful family of the Percies.

Earls of Northumberland. This splendid collection is accessible to strangers. Application should be made at the porter's lodge in the higher part of the town. The splendid Park, with 14 miles of walls around it, should by all means be visited. Leaving Petworth, or rather Witley, we hasten on to the next station, *Haslemere*, (for *Midhurst*). The first named has about 900 inhabitants. There is a monster beech-tree in the neighbourhood, girth (5 feet from the ground), 18 feet. The country round is varied and undulating. The old town of Midhurst has a population of about 1474, and occupies an elevation above the Rother. Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, received his early education at the Grammar School here. The ruins of Cowdray, once belonging to the Bohuns, now to the Earl of Egmont, are well worthy of a visit. In the immediate vicinity of Midhurst is *Dunford House*, and the estate attached, which the friends of the Anti-Corn-Law League presented to Richard Cobden, Esq. *Liphook* Station, which next occurs, does not call for particular notice. In the bed of Woolmer Pond, about 1½ mile from Liphook, there was made, in 1741, a very remarkable discovery of Roman coins of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina. Foley House, the seat of J. Greig, Esq., is at Liphook. After touching at *Liss*, which need not detain us, we shortly arrive at *Petersfield*, a good resting-place for the tourist who may wish to explore the country in this neighbourhood, but not possessing any particular attractions in itself. *Rowland's Castle* Station succeeds next, famous for the Roman coins which have been found in its vicinity. There is a small inn at Rowland's Castle,

where the tourist will find himself comfortable during a short stay. *Havant* (new station) is the next. The parish of *Havant* has a population of 2101. The church is full of interest, and well worthy of a visit. *Leigh Park*, the estate of Sir G. T. Staunton, is to the north of *Havant*, on the border of the forest of Bere. We now pass on to the termination of the land part of the journey at *Portsmouth*. It has a population, including *Portsea*, of 55,000. It is the greatest naval arsenal of England. It is composed of two parts connected with each other, but each having distinct lines of fortification on the land side. Gosport is at the other side of the creek. The Dockyard occupies, apart from recent additions, an area of 120 acres. It is at the east side of the harbour, and is remarkably well appointed in all respects. The principal church is that of *St. Thomas*, part of which dates back to the end of the twelfth century. The *Garrison Chapel* is situated near the Grand Parade. The Harbour, 420 yards wide at the entrance, expands into a magnificent basin. The flagship of Nelson, the *Victory*, lies in the harbour, and may be visited by strangers. It was the death-scene of Nelson at Trafalgar, on the anniversary of which battle it is decorated with laurel. There are numerous objects of interest in and about Portsmouth which will reward inspection. Portsmouth was the birthplace of the popular novelist, Charles Dickens.

The other routes from London to Portsmouth are considerably longer, although this is compensated for by the additional interest of the district and towns through which they pass. Instead of leaving the South-

Western at Woking, we may hold on by Aldershott, towards Basingstoke, and thence by Winchester, Bishopstoke, and Porchester. Or taking the line due south to Brighton, we then hold westward by the South Coast Railway by Worthing, Arundel, Chichester, and Havant. The line of which we have given a short description above is the most direct, and the shortest by 21 miles. The part of it from Guildford has been only recently opened. There are frequent steamers from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight; those to Ryde and Cowes ply several times each day. Steamers also may be had during summer to Southampton, Plymouth, Falmouth, and Dublin.

GEOLOGY OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN its geological aspect, the Isle of Wight possesses many and superior attractions. The interesting nature of the phenomena it evidences, the numerous formations that occur within its narrow limits, and the peculiar interest which attaches to these formations, all serve to characterise the "beautiful island" as also an important field for geological investigation.

On glancing at a map of the Isle of Wight, it will be seen that its northern line of boundary presents a striking similarity to the southern coast-line of the mainland. The very evident promontory in the vicinity of Cowes shows a line in decided conformity to that which bounds Southampton Water; while there is also an indication of headland near Yarmouth to correspond to the lesser indentation of the mainland near Lyminster. Now, it is obvious that the Isle of Wight at one period was joined to the mainland, for the strata on both sides of the Solent are identical in their nature. The appearance of an inferior bed of deposit between the north and south downs, and the anticlinal position of the surrounding strata towards this bed, has led to the hypothesis that the downs were originally split asunder by subterranean agency; and that the separation of the island from the mother country resulted from a depres-

sion of strata consequent on the above-named elevation. The correctness of this hypothesis is also sufficiently established by the fact, that the strata on the island dip towards the same point beneath the Solent as do those on the opposite coast.

The Isle of Wight is of an irregular rhomboidal form, whose corners point respectively to the north, south, east, and west. Its whole northern portion consists of a triangular plain, which has for its base a chain of chalk downs extending from the eastern to the western extremity, and forming the *back-bone* of the island. Towards the south of these downs, the regularity of surface is but little disturbed, till another group of downs appears towering above the sea, in the whole southern promontory, to a height of 800 or 900 feet. At the foot of this group reposes the Undercliff; and it is from the protection it derives from this sheltering wall of downs in its background, that it has become celebrated as a salubrious resort for invalids. The island is geographically divided into East and West Medina; accordingly it is situated to the east or the west of the river of that name. The river Medina takes its rise at the north-eastern base of St. Catherine's Down, on the south; wends its way towards the central town of Newport in a nearly straight line; and then, still pursuing its northward course, gradually expands into the wide estuary that separates Cowes into East and West.

The lowest formation of rocks which is visible in the Isle of Wight, is the wealden, belonging to the same delta as the wealds of Kent and Surrey; for at the time of its deposition by fluviate agency, the island

must have formed the bed of the same river as did parts of Kent and Surrey. Above the wealden lies the cretaceous group. The first deposited of these is the lower greensand. Above this lies the treacherous gault, or blue slipper. Next come the numerous beds of the upper greensand, or firestone, followed by the chalk-marl and lower chalk, whose lapse into one another is not very obvious. Above this appears the upper chalk, with its veins and nodules of flint. Over the cretaceous group lies the tertiary-eocene formation, divided into three groups: first and lowest, London clay; then fresh-water strata; then Bagshot sand. Above these, again, appears the drift, or alluvium, post-tertiary, or post-Adamite deposits. We see, then, that the Isle of Wight offers opportunity for studying three different species of deposits: the Wealden, or fluviatile; the Cretaceous, or oceanic; and the Tertiary, or fluviomarine.

Let our first study, then, be the wealden formation. There are two points of the island at which this stratum crops out,—at Sandown, on the south-east coast; and between Blackgang and Brooke, on the south-west. The wealden was, undoubtedly, tilted into view by the depression of strata that separated the island from the mainland. That the wealden is of lacustrine or fluviatile origin, is obvious from the organic remains found therein. Its shells are mostly fresh water; its plants, either terrestrial or corresponding to those found on rivers, and such as sometimes adorn our fresh-water aquaria; while its mammalia, though extinct, are determined as totally disconnected with the sea. Some shells, however, of a marine origin are found; but these are such as could bear

the diluted salt water of the river's mouth. The section of the wealden strata is rather unsatisfactory, however, as only a small portion of the upper series of this formation is exposed to view. At its junction with the greensand, the wealden "principally consists of clay, with seams of shell and sand, and layers of shelly limestone." The small portion of the wealden, visible in the island, is of a particularly interesting character. At Brooke Point are to be seen the remains of some magnificent fossil-trees. These trees seem to have arrived at their full state of maturity, and to have been borne down the wealden river in the same manner as are the celebrated "rafts" of the Mississippi, which, when drifted beyond the influence of the currents, become entangled with extraneous matter, and engulfed in the bed of the delta. The general appearance of these trees is that of a coaly blackness, but in some parts the ligneous fibre is still discernible. Unfortunately, the fossil-trees are fast perishing under the influence of the atmosphere; and for the same reason, detached portions are useless in a cabinet. A section of the wood from these trees, examined under a microscope, proves them to belong to the coniferæ. The beds which overlay that in which lie the trees, contain an interesting collection of shells. Numerous bones of the wealden reptiles have been found both at Brooke Point and at Sandown, principally belonging to that enormous lizard the iguanodon, which, together with the megalosaurus, and hylæosaurus, passed its life on the banks of the wealden river. Remains of vegetables and fishes have also been obtained from the wealden of the Isle of

Wight ; but our space will not allow us to describe them minutely.

A large portion of the cliffs which erect their heads above the southern shores of the Isle of Wight are composed of the lower greensand formation. The lower greensand is found in the same localities as the wealden, arranged above it, and stretching a considerable distance on either side of it. The greensand, from the wealden to the gault, contains sixty-three distinct beds, making a total distance of 843 feet. The junction of the wealden with the lower greensand is so defined, that, in some places, we may detach a piece of rock, the lower part of which will contain fluviatile, and the upper marine shells. The cliffs between Dunnose and Shanklin are composed of the higher beds of the lower greensand. These cliffs are abundantly charged with iron, which imparts to them a great variety of colours, varying from a reddish brown to a pale yellow ; so that they present a very striking and beautiful appearance, especially when lighted up by the rays of the sun. An interesting feature in connection with these cliffs is, that at their base, near Shanklin, is situated the remains of a large oyster bed. The petrified oysters, that appear here in abundance, are of such dimensions as to utterly dwarf those which now figure at our oyster stalls. A little nearer to Shanklin, there are also some nodules from the ferruginous greensand beds, which are literally masses of shells, or rather casts of shells. The shell itself has become decomposed, and, in combination with clayey matter, has formed the hard material of which the cast is composed. These casts are usually

surrounded by an empty space, about the thickness of the original shell; and on the other side of the space may be observed the mould of the shell, to testify of its original appearance. These remains are chiefly of the *Trigonia caudata*, and *Thetis minor*, though numerous other species are occasionally found. *Terebratulæ*, *Rhynchocellæ*, and *Gryphææ* are also here abundant among the rocks of the ancient oyster-bed.

The most interesting fossils of the lower greensand, however, are to be found at Atherfield. Very few vegetable remains are to be met with in the lower greensand, but shells and crustaceans are abundant. Among the shells, at the base of the cliff at Atherfield, may be found that splendid cephalopod the *Scaphites gigas*. There is also a thin bed of clay at the bottom of these cliffs, from which may be obtained some very beautiful fossil lobsters. At one part, too, between Walpen High Cliff and Whale Chine, are to be found what are locally termed the "cracker rocks." These rocks are like nuts: they are worth the trouble of cracking, for many a pretty shell lies hidden in their interior. A few specimens of fossil fish, of the shark family, have also been discovered at Atherfield.

At Blackgang, a fine section of some other beds of the lower greensand appears. These are for the most part unfossiliferous; but are remarkable for their singular banded appearance, which is caused by the action of the weather on the softer portions, leaving the harder exposed. Here, too, are some curious chalybeate springs, whose nauseous inky taste is imparted to the water by the iron in the cliffs through which it percolates.

Above the lower greensand, and forming a striking contrast to its sombre brown, appears the blue gault. This stratum is, perhaps, seen to the greatest advantage in the Undercliff. It is found as far east as Sandown, and to the west, as far as Blackgang Chine. A casual observer would, probably, pronounce this rock to be of clay formation, but in that he would be mistaken; for the metal aluminium, which forms the chief constituent of clay, is almost entirely wanting. Most of the springs in the Undercliff are formed in the basin of the gault; for though the rain contrives to percolate through the upper cretaceous strata, it is arrested in its progress by the gault; and it is by this constant presence of water in its upper beds, which makes the gault so dangerous, and thence gives to it its local appellation of the "blue slipper." The lower bed of the gault is termed "malm;" and this, till exposed to the action of the atmosphere, is very hard, and somewhat resembles rag in its texture. The toughest beds, however, are soon disintegrated by the action of the frost, when, owing to the phosphates they contain, they form an admirable dressing for grazing-land. The fossils of the gault are here neither very various nor abundant. The *Inoceramus sulcatus*, and *I. concentricus*, together with a few ammonites and pectens, form, in this locality, its chief stores of organic remains.

There is no locality in England in which a finer section of the upper greensand lies open to investigation, than in the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight. The term "Undercliff" applies, indeed, to that long strip of table-land which extends from Niton to Luccombe, and whic

lies under the cliffs of greensand-rock. The thickness of the upper greensand is not uniform; but at the maximum it has been computed to be, in this locality, about 109 feet, while at Cambridge it thins out to about 18 inches. The uppermost bed of the upper greensand is about 6 feet in thickness, and is full of phosphatic deposits, which are invaluable for agricultural purposes. This stratum is one of the most fossiliferous of the upper greensand. The next bed consists of about 20 feet of siliceous sandstone, termed by the quarrymen of the district "chert" or "shotterwit." This stratum is but sparingly fossiliferous. Next comes the valuable freestone, so called because it works freely under the tool of the mason. It is this stone that composes the facings of all the stone buildings of the Undercliff. Its thickness scarcely ever varies, in this locality, from an accurate depth of 4 feet. It is also remarkable for the abundance of coprolites it contains. Beneath the freestone there is deposited about 30 feet of a sandy bed, in which occur several layers of rag. We now come to the lowest bed of the upper greensand, sometimes called "malm." This is about 30 feet thick. The malm is the connecting link between the gale and the greensand, partaking somewhat of the mineral character of both.

To the fossil collector, the greatest point of interest, with respect to the upper greensand, is the summit of Gore Cliff, near Niton. It is here that the phosphatic bed is most open to view; and here may be also observed its union with the chalk-marl. There are many portions of this bed scattered about the sea-shore of the whole Undercliff; and when the collector is once familiar with

their appearance, he will know where he may expect to apply his hammer with success. The fossils of the upper greensand, as well as of the chalk-marl, of which we shall treat presently, are sharks' teeth, ammonites, saphites, nautili, turrilites, and minor shells too numerous to mention. These strata, however, are chiefly famous for their ammonites. Some specimens of these cephalopods have been found at Bonchurch with the beak entire, varying from one to two feet in diameter.

We have already spoken of three divisions of the cretaceous system, but we now, for the first time, come to a genuine bed of cretaceous deposit. Geologists were puzzled to know what general term to apply to the series commencing with the lower greensand, and ending with the upper chalk; and, as the chalk was decidedly the principal feature of the series, they at last decided on the term "cretaceous." The chalk-marl is another of those beds which are largely developed in the Undercliff. It may be seen cropping out here and there at the bases of all the downs of this part of the island; and at Ventnor and Bonchurch it occurs at all altitudes, from the sea level to its more correct position of four or five hundred feet above it. Indeed, on the shore, between Bonchurch and Ventnor, there occur, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, cliffs of four different species of deposits—the galt, the upper greensand, the chalk-marl, and the flinty gravel. Now this singular disturbance of strata seems to be owing to the slippery foundation of galt being unable to sustain the overlying beds, during the fearful convulsions to which they have been subjected; and it is undoubtedly owing

to the same cause, that so fine a section of the upper greensand is open to view in the Undercliff. The chalk-marl here, as elsewhere, contains numerous nodules of iron pyrites, or sulphuret of iron, some of the larger and more rounded specimens of which contain a terebratula or rhynocella as the nucleus. The chalk-marl is singularly prolific in organic remains; for though it is the shallowest division of the cretaceous system, it contains the most numerous species. Its fossils are nearly identical with those of the upper greensand. It has, however, the advantage over that formation in the numerous species of ammonites it discloses. The ammonites are the most characteristic fossils of the cretaceous group; and at the time the chalk-marl was deposited, they seem to have gained their climax, both in size and numbers. These cephalopods, armed as they were with a prodigious beak, must have been formidable monsters in the cretaceous ocean.

The chalk is divided into two sections—upper and lower. The lower, hard and destitute of flints; the upper, of a softer nature, and traversed by parallel rows of siliceous nodules, which are most useful in determining the dip of the strata. In the Isle of Wight, the lower chalk has by far the wider range, forming the larger portion of most of the downs.* The upper chalk of our island is presented in fine sections at either extreme of its longest diagonal—viz., at Bembridge and Scratchell's Bay. It is, however, at the latter point that its sections are the most magnificent. The strata in this locality

* The chalk formation extends from Ireland to the Crimea, so that the cretaceous ocean must have occupied the site of a large portion of Europe.

seem to have undergone much pressure when in a plastic state, so that in some parts they assume a curved direction; and that magnificent arch, which, together with the Needles Rocks, so frequently meet the eye of the tourist, is produced by the destruction of the lower beds of the bent strata. The chalk of the Isle of Wight has been subject to vast mutations. In nearly all cases, it has an inclination of upwards of 50 degrees, and in some parts it actually assumes a vertical direction. Added to this, the flint nodules of most of these highly inclined cliffs are shivered to atoms, as if by a blow of inconceivable force. These flints are held closely together by the surrounding chalk; but immediately they are detached therefrom, they separate into sharp and irregular fragments. The fact of these shattered flints is most difficult to account for, but it is usually supposed that it resulted from the fearful wrackings which must have attended the disruption of the once horizontal cretaceous deposits.

The chalk strata at the eastern extremity of the island, though not so attractive to the general tourist as those at Alum Bay, are highly interesting to the practised observer. The Culver Cliff, in a geological point of view, can only be seen to advantage from the sea; but, as an object of beauty, it also stands visible from the land for many miles round, and is the oft recurring, and as often admired object in the pleasant stage-coach journey from Ventnor to Ryde.

As the chalk is found in so many localities in England, the chalk fossils of the Isle of Wight have rather suffered neglect, in favour of those of less frequently re-

curing strata. No doubt, however, most of the fossils found in the chalk of the mainland would be discovered in the island. The remains of the chalk are somewhat similar to those of the chalk-marl. Its predominating fossils, however, belong to the *Echinidæ*, or sea-urchins, while the most prominent of its *Cephalopoda* is the *Belemnite*. These singular animals are allied to the *Sepia*, or cuttle-fish; and, strange to say, their ink has been discovered, which, though of course not in a fluid state, is such, that when ground and formed into a cake with gum, it equals the sepia of the best colourmen.

It is well known that the tertiary, or third division of the earlier geologists, is divided into four primary divisions,—lowermost, the eocene; next, miocene; followed by pleiocene and pleistocene. Now, it is only the eocene division that appears in the Isle of Wight, and, indeed, only the two lower divisions of this; for the eocene is divided into upper, middle, and lower. The whole northern division of the island is occupied by the middle and lower eocene. These strata are of a fluviomarine origin, which fact is distinctly asserted by the mixed nature of their fossils. Some of the beds, however, are more distinctly marine than others, and each has a stronger tendency one way or the other. Thus the lowest bed, the London clay, is rather more marine than fluviatile, while in the lower bed of the middle eocene, the fresh-water strata, the fresh-water shells predominate. The former bed partaking more of the nature of a sea sandbank off the mouth of a river: the latter, of a river's estuary. On the other hand, the upper bed of the middle eocene—viz., the Bagshot sand—is almost entirely of

marine origin. The lower eocene extends in a narrow line from Alum Bay to White Cliff Bay, taking the course of the northern face of the chalk downs. Outside, and to the north of this, again, we trace the middle eocene, commencing at Headon Hill, and extending along the whole northern shores, till the sea terminates it at White Cliff Bay, where it is seen cropping out at the top of the London clay.

The two best sections of the eocene deposits are to be viewed at Alum and White Cliff Bays. At White Cliff Bay, the section is less disturbed than at the other extremity of the island, where, owing to the sea's action, it has become sadly confused. The London clay is a somewhat ambiguous term, as it is sometimes applied to one bed alone, and at others to a series of beds which have the more appropriate name of "plastic clays," and comprise, first, the unfossiliferous mottled clays, followed by the Bognor strata, consisting of fossiliferous sandy clays; and, lastly, the London clay proper—a stiff, bluish clay, very fossiliferous, containing remains of mammalia, reptiles, crustacea, marine shells, plants, and fruits,—most of the species extinct. The shells, and leaves of plants, however, form the larger part of the fossils of the London clay of the Isle of Wight, the bones of animals being comparatively rare.

The "fresh-water strata" may be studied with great advantage at Headon Hill. They consist of loam, marl, sand, and beds of limestone, and abound in fresh-water shells and plants. A few mammalia and turtles are occasionally met with, and a sprinkling of marine estuary shells. The limestone is of a buff colour; and,

like all carbonates of lime, is a mass of organic remains; but in this case the fossils require no microscopic eye to discover them.

The highest bed of the Isle of Wight eocene is the Bagshot sand; and one who has travelled by the South-Western Railway has, no doubt, noticed the sterility of Bagshot Common, and been inconvenienced by the siliceous dust that penetrated his very pores, even after he had shut the carriage window. Now, the fact of the sterility of the soil, and the fact of the irritability ensuing the plague of dust, have both a common origin in that system of beds known as the Bagshot sands. Dr. Mantell observes of this stratum, "Some of the Bagshot sandstone is remarkable for its structure, which partakes more of the character of a peculiar crystallization, than of a mere aggregation of siliceous particles: a mass of the whole variety, recently broken, strikingly resembles the surface of lump sugar." The fossils of the Bagshot series consist of the teeth of sharks, rays, &c., and in a few marine shells.

We have now only to add a few remarks on the drift formation of the island. The drift, as the name would suggest, consists of materials transported from one place to another by the sea, river currents, floating ice, and other agencies. The drift, therefore, comprehends a great variety of *débris* borne away from various other formations. In the Isle of Wight the drift is represented by beds of flinty gravel, that occur in several parts of the Downs. The reader will remember that, in our remarks on the chalk-marl, we encountered part of one of these beds transformed into a sea-cliff. It

appears, from observations made in different localities of England, that the gravel is a deposit contemporaneous with the Bagshot sand, of which we have already treated.

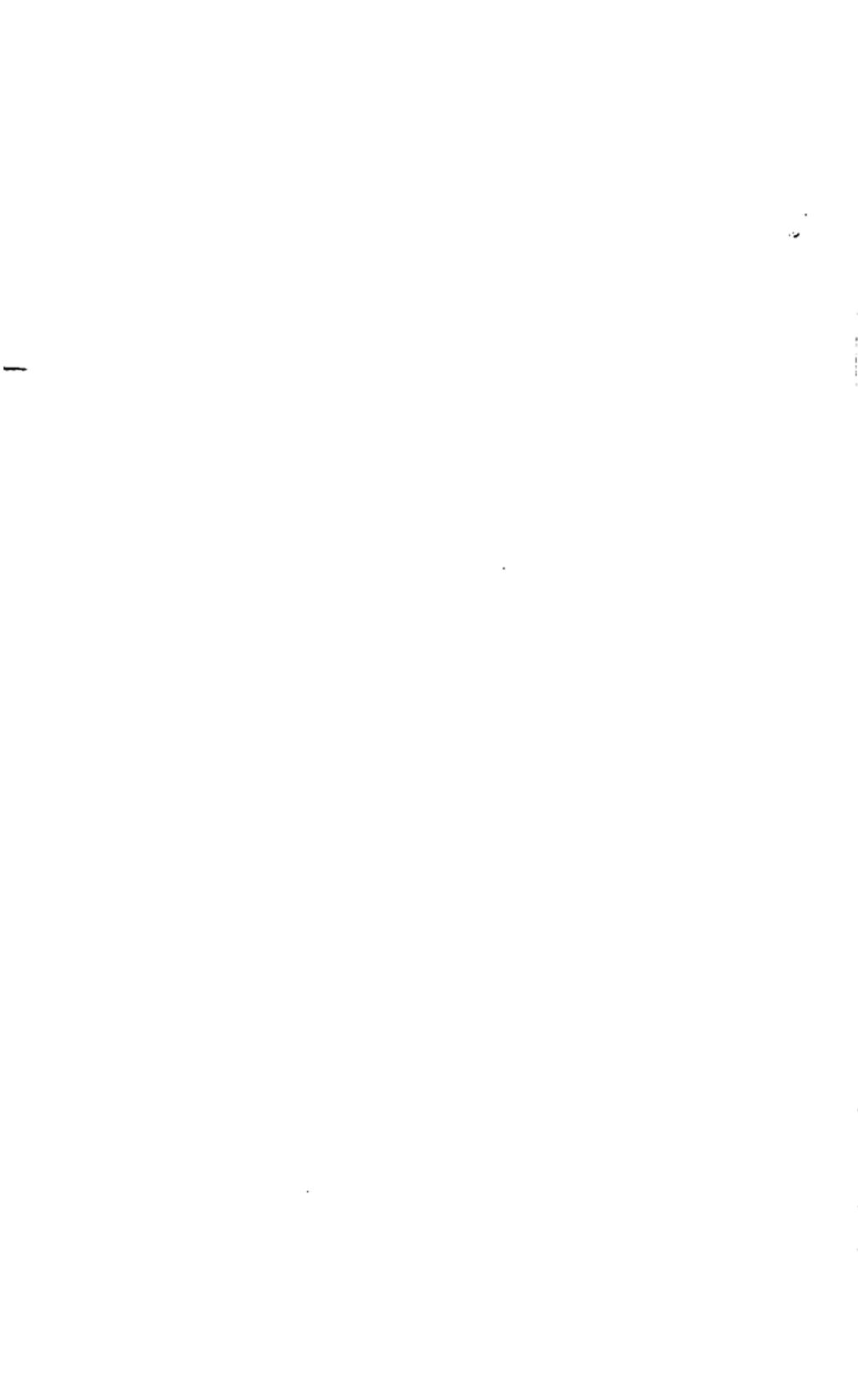
Our slight geological sketch has thus led us in contemplation through the several strata disclosed in the island. Our present limits, of course, only admit of a cursory glance at each formation; but if the reader wishes to become acquainted with the subject in scientific detail, we cannot do better than recommend the perusal of Dr. Mantell's admirable work thereon, which contains the result of minute investigations of the many points of interest in which the island abounds.

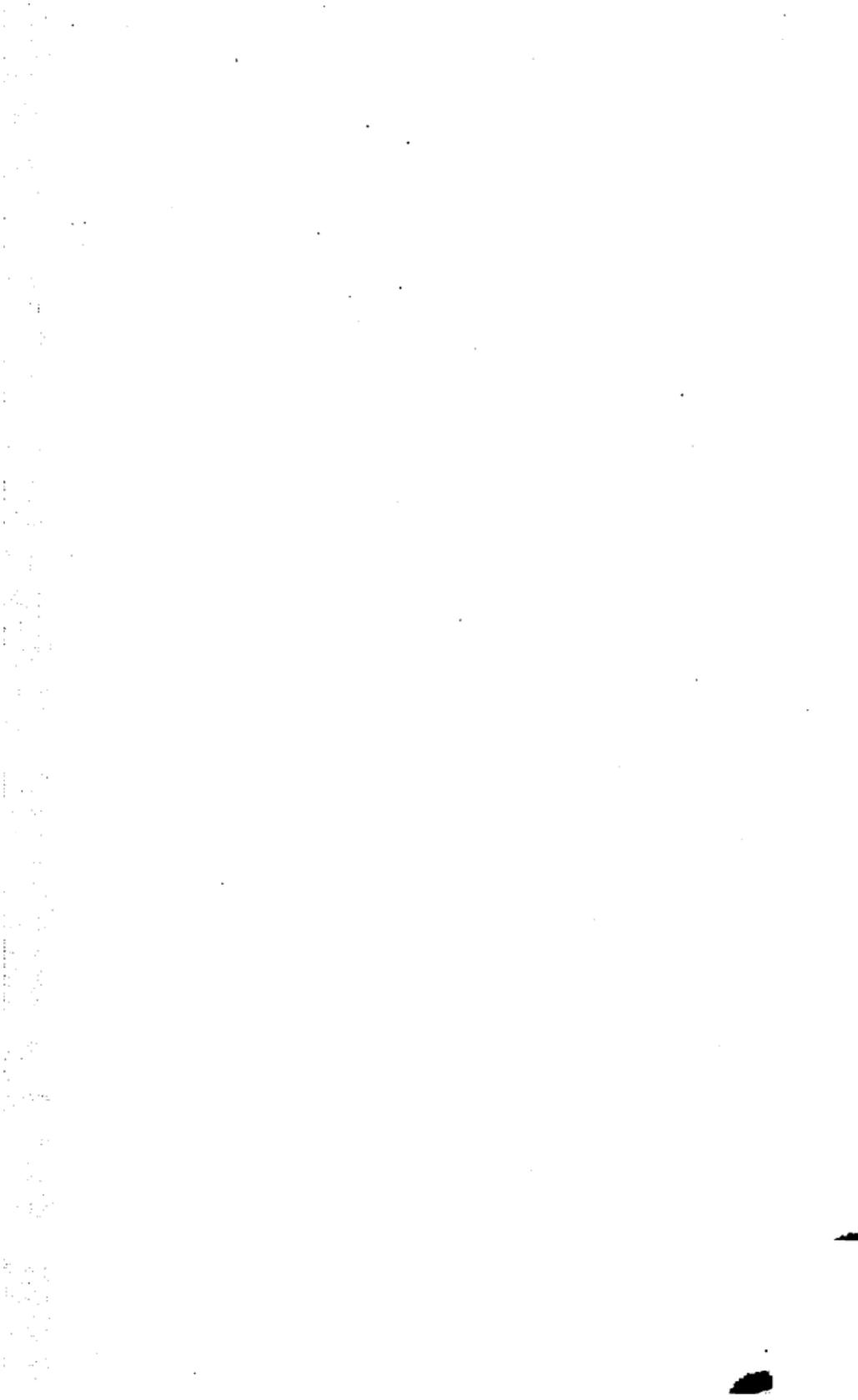
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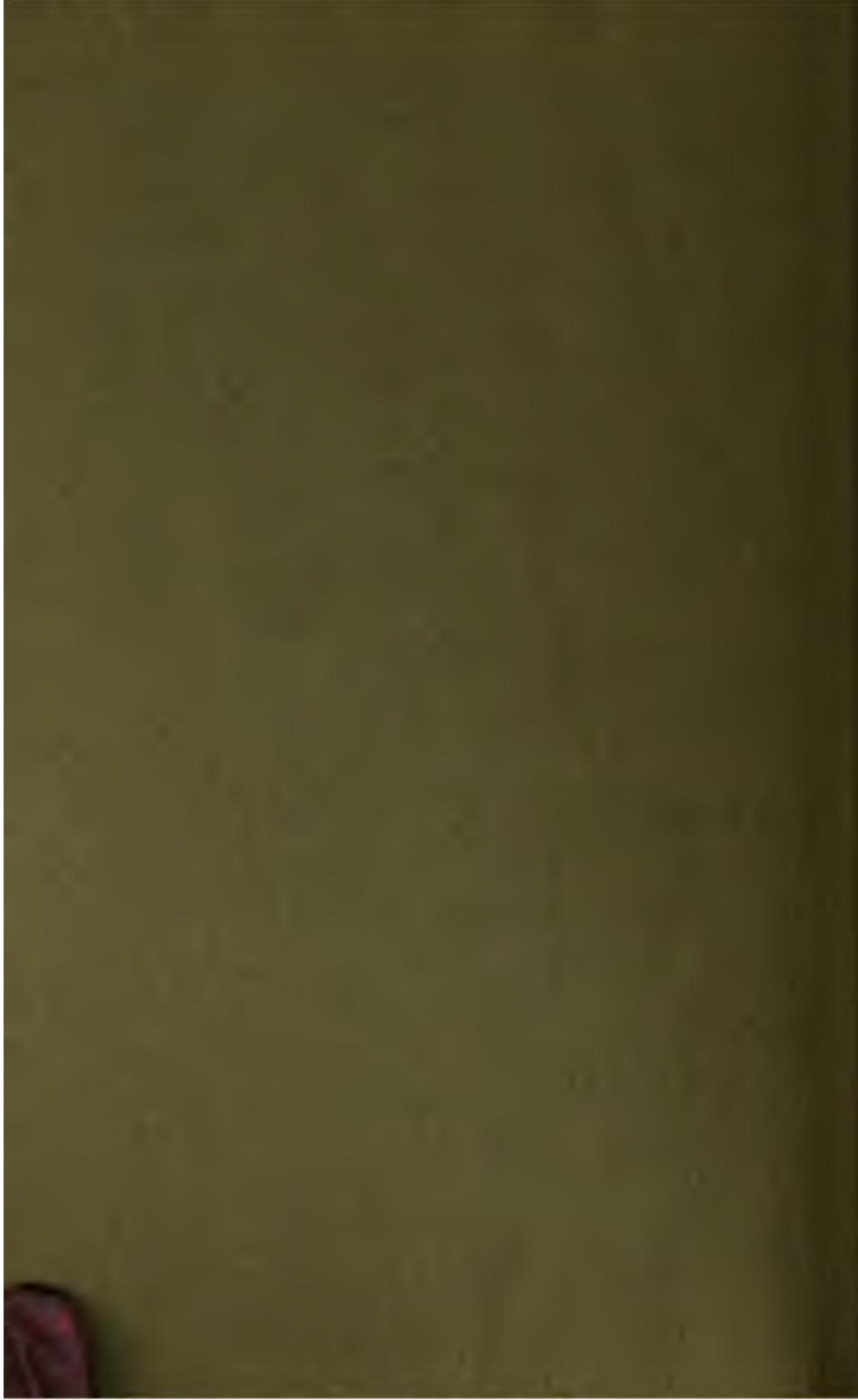
It is proper to state that all the Views given in this volume, with the exception of The Needles and Osborne House, are from photographs taken expressly for the Publishers by the eminent photographer Mr. Cannon of Ventnor.

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