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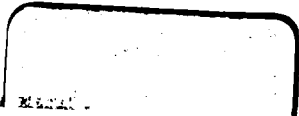
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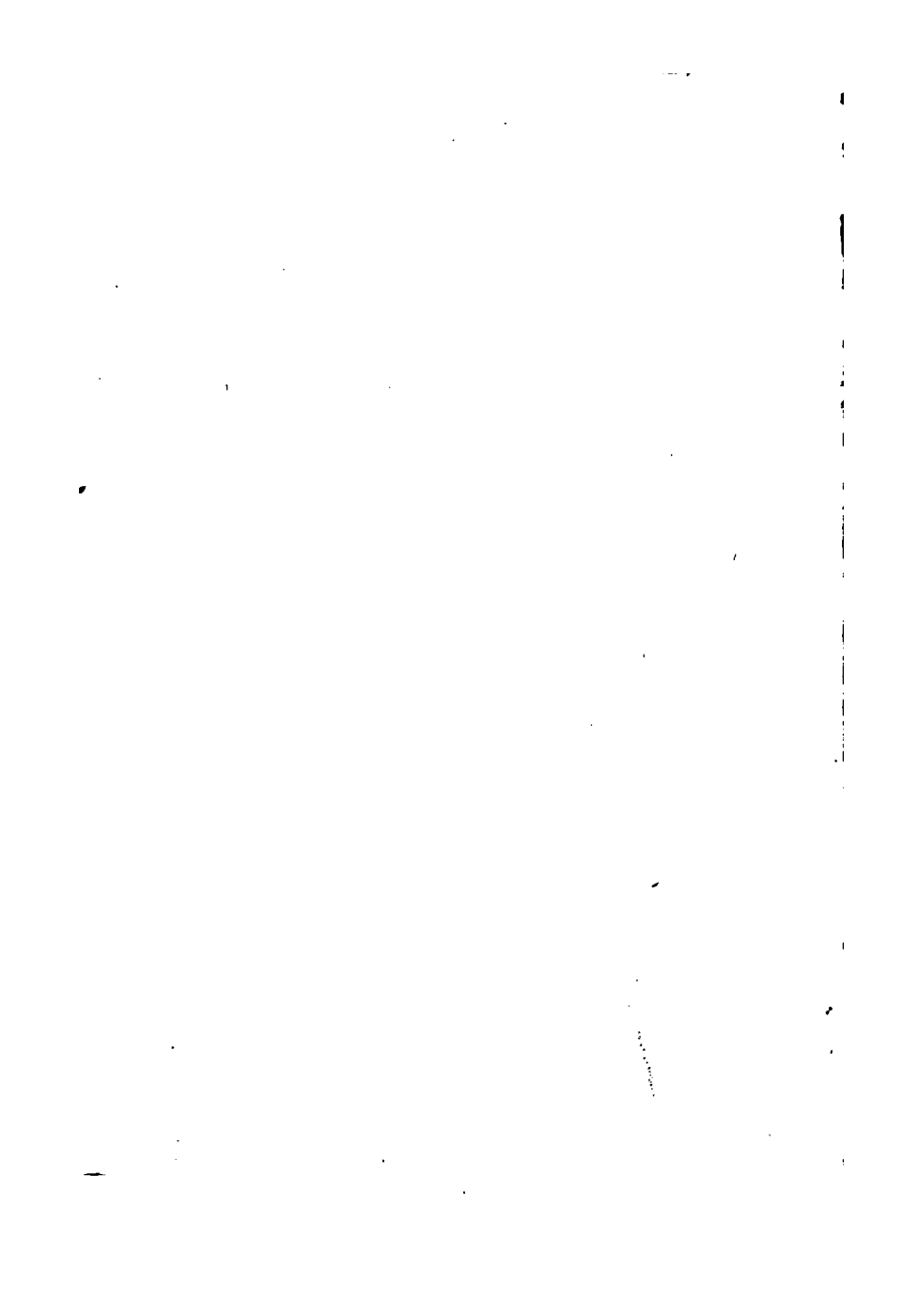
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BLACK'S GUIDE  
TO THE  
SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES  
OF ENGLAND.

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HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



# BLACK'S GUIDE

TO THE

## SOUTH-EASTERN COUNTIES OF ENGLAND.

HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

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WITH MAPS.

EDINBURGH:  
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK.  
1861.



PRINTED BY H. AND R. CLARK, EDINBURGH.

## P R E F A C E.

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THIS volume has been carefully compiled from the best topographical authorities, and from the results of the writer's own personal observation. In conjunction with its fellow-volumes, it presents a full and comprehensive Guide to the Southern Counties of England, and to the neighbouring islands: exploring a portion of our fatherland, which is eminently attractive from its natural beauties and historical associations. It has been the writer's aim to point out—not only the “shady bower” and the rippling stream, the sheltered cove and the “sunny spot of greenery,”—not only the picturesque and beautiful in nature—but all that is note-worthy in art and science; “whatsoever,” to adopt Lord Bacon's stately phrase, “is memorable in the places where we go: churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, colleges, shipping and navies, houses and gardens of state and pleasure, armouries, arsenals and magazines of state.” It is, therefore, presumed that this volume may be of some service in the library, as well as in the hands of tourist or excursionist.

Errors will doubtless have crept in, despite of the compiler's utmost care, and corrections afforded by competent persons will be gratefully acknowledged and adopted.

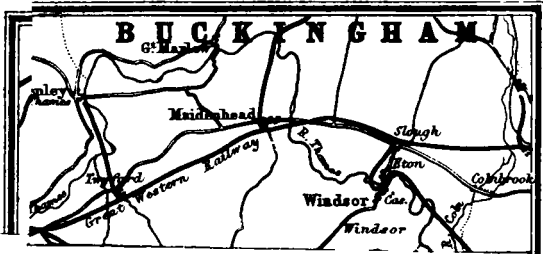
The system of Routes and Branch Routes, on which the volume is based, the compiler believes to be novel, and trusts will prove serviceable and intelligible to the traveller.

"Peregrination," says quaint old Burton, "charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that, from his cradle to his old age, he beholds the same—still, still the same, the same." An "unspeakable and sweet variety" is, indeed, presented to him whose "peregrinations" embrace the fair counties of South-Eastern England; and the writer heartily wishes to the tourist, who accepts him for a cicerone, that gratification and delight which he has himself enjoyed in viewing the scenes described in the present volume.

LONDON, July 1861.



Map catalogued



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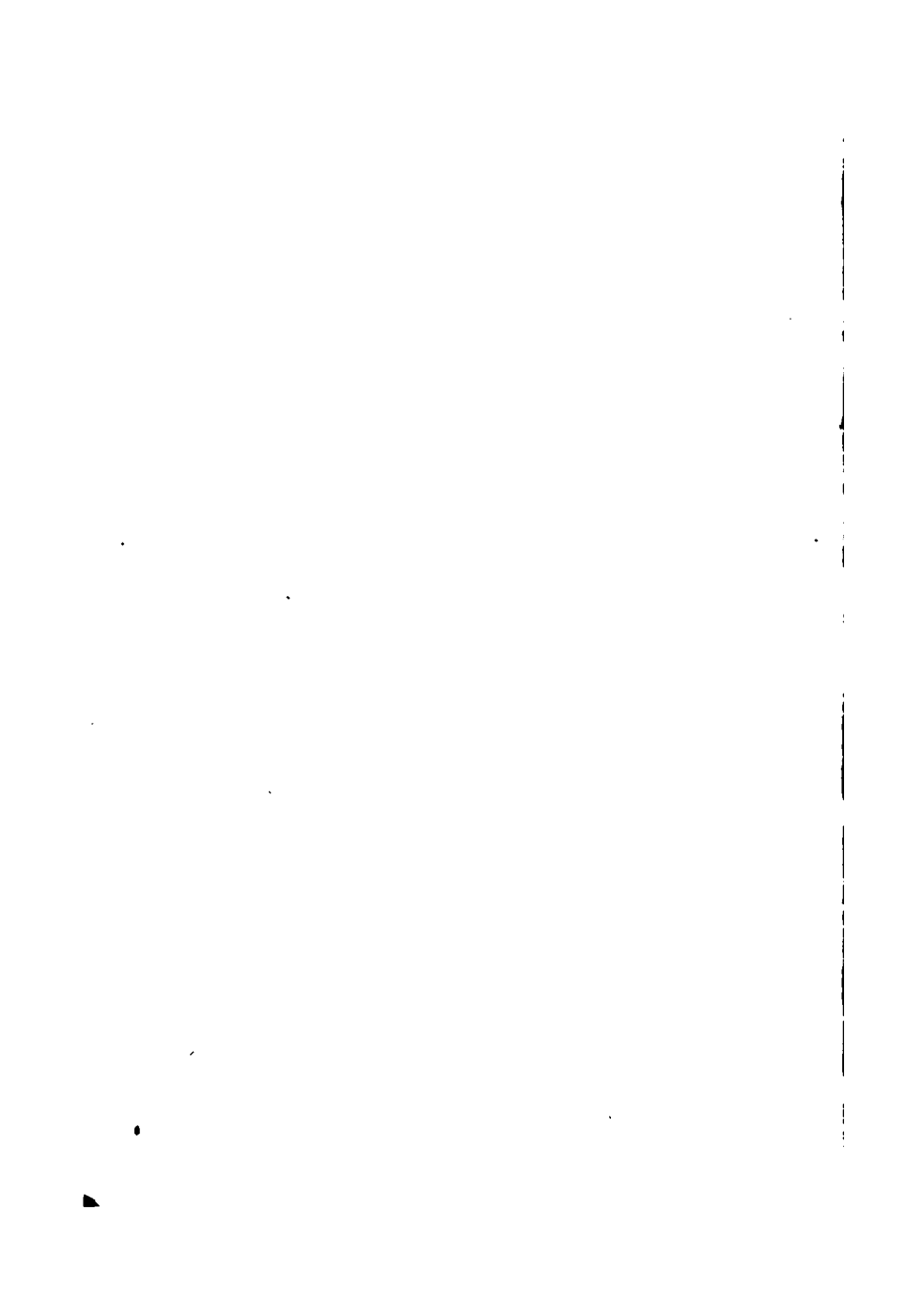
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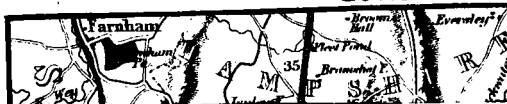
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A happy country in the four elements, if culinary fire in courtesy may pass for one, with plenty of the best wood for the fuel thereof. Most pure and piercing the air of this shire; and none in England hath more plenty of clear and fresh rivulets of troutful water; not to speak of the friendly sea conveniently distanced from London. As for the earth, it is both fair and fruitful, and may pass for an expedient betwixt pleasure and profit; where, by mutual consent, they are moderately accommodated.—FULLER.

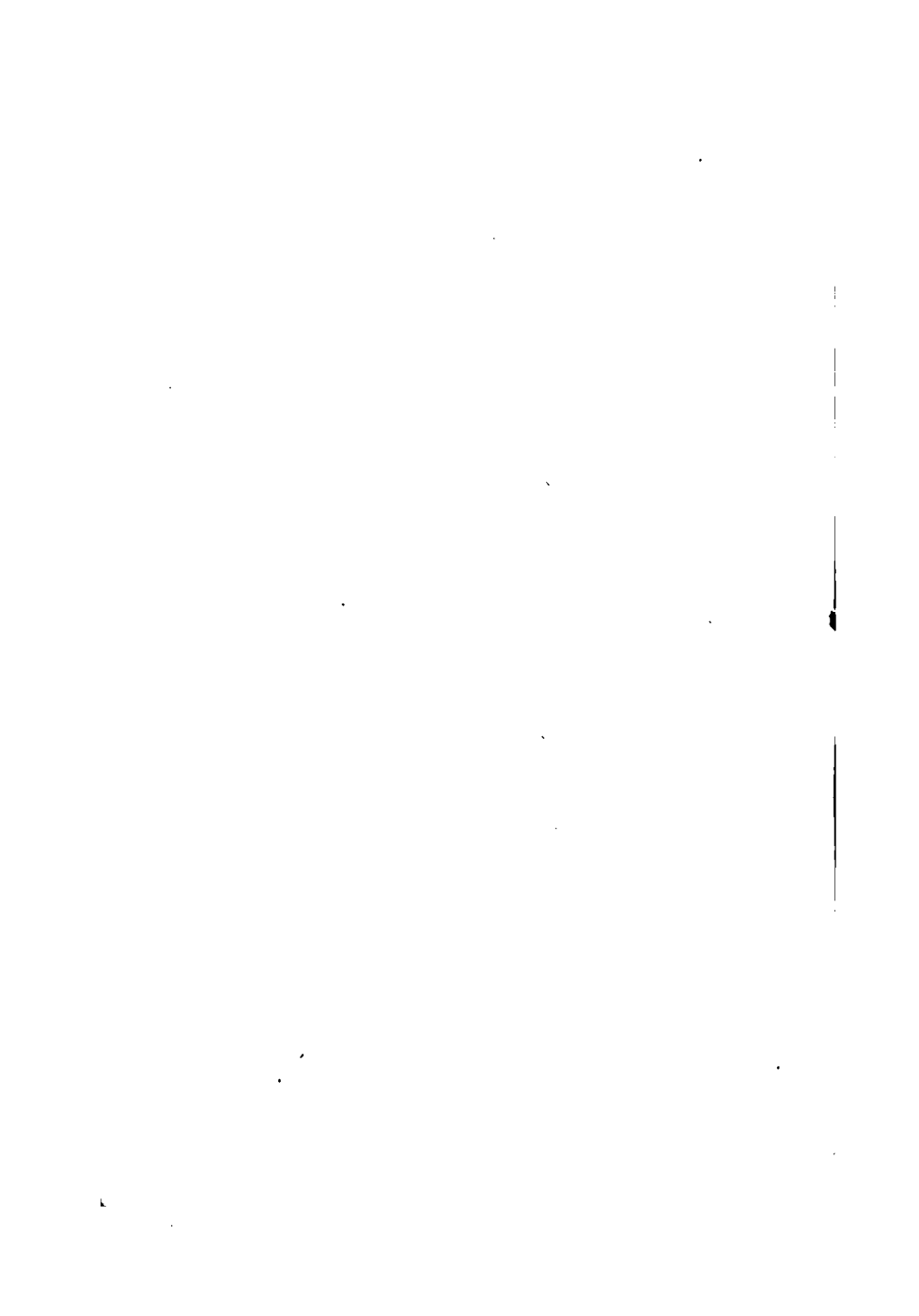




## SOUTH-WEST LONDON TO



... .., obtained this manor  
from Archbishop Stigand (Agilnoth ?), by a curious piece of fraud.  
“ He waited on the Archbishop, with a large train of nobility,  
and accosted him with great seeming civility, in these words, *da  
misi Boseam*, by which the prelate understood the *Basium*, or



# SOUTH-WES LONDON TO



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# **SEBEN RAILWAY.** **SOUTHAMPTON.**



## HAMPSHIRE.

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### ROUTE XII.—From CHICHESTER to PORTSMOUTH.

[Chichester to Bosham, 3 m. ; Emsworth, 4 m. ; Havant, 2 m. ; Cosham, 5 m. ; Portsmouth, 5 m.]

“ Verily the carrier flood  
Was like a lake or river bright and fair,  
A span of waters, yet what power is there ! ”

WORDSWORTH.

“ Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads,”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Bosham railway station, nearly 1 mile distant from the village (population, 1126), is the first between Chichester and Portsmouth. BOSHAM (Bosanham, Boss's meadow) is well worth a visit, and we should advise the tourist to walk thither from Chichester, and, after examining its objects of interest, to take at the Bosham station the Portsmouth train.

Bosham port or creek was the place whence Earl Harold sailed with two ships for Normandy, on the fatal embassy which resulted in his oath, to Duke William, his perjury, and the battle of Hastings. One of the compartments of the Bayeux tapestry represents him and his knights riding towards Bosham ; another shews him—a hawk upon his wrist—at his devotions in Bosham church, imploring a prosperous voyage ; and a third depicts his ships, his comrades, and his embarkation.

According to a story (whose authenticity we are not prepared to confirm), Harold's father, Earl Godwin, obtained this manor from Archbishop Stigand (Agilnoth ?), by a curious piece of fraud. “ He waited on the Archbishop, with a large train of nobility, and accosted him with great seeming civility, in these words, *da mihi Boseam*, by which the prelate understood the *Basium*, or

*osculum pacis* (kiss of peace). This he readily granted, and Godwin and his people fell at his feet, and made numbers of acknowledgments for so liberal a gift, declaring that he said *Boseam*; and thus, by a jingle of words, Stigand lost this valuable possession, which the earl instantly seized for his own use"—(*Pennant*).

The quaint old village, and its gray towered church, stand at the head of one of the numerous inlets of Chichester harbour, where the depth of water varies from 10 to 18 feet. The church stands on the brink of a grassy knoll, which slopes down to the margin of the waters. It is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and consists of chancel, nave, north and south aisles, and tower. The chancel arch, lofty and circular, is perhaps Early Norman; and the tower, with its triangular-headed window, may be Saxon. Probably both were erected towards the close of Edward the Confessor's reign, when Saxon architecture was already influenced by Norman art. Observe the exterior string-courses, and the corbel table, out of which the spire rises. The chancel itself is Early English, with a five-light window of some excellence. An earlier chancel was appropriated to a COLLEGE, founded at Bosham in 1120 by William Warlewast, Bishop of Exeter, who settled here a dean and five secular prebendaries. The window shafts are of Petworth marble. A figure in an arched niche in the north wall is erroneously said to be that of a daughter of King Kimb, who visited Godwin at his castle here (on the site of the ancient manor-house). It is certainly not older than the reign of Edward I. The prebendal stalls are Perpendicular. The nave, with its circular piers, is Early English, and under the south aisle is a small Early English crypt, with a groined roof. The font is Early English. The patrons of the vicarage are the Dean and Chapter of Chichester. Its yearly value is £220.

A small religious house existed at Bosham, which is mentioned by Bede. Archbishop Wilfrid, on his visit to the province of the South Saxons, found all its inhabitants strangers to the name and faith of Christ. "But," says Bede, "there dwelt among them a certain monk of the Scottish (Irish ?) nation, whose name was Dicul, and he had a very small monastery at the place called Bosanham, girt round with sea and woods, wherein five or six brothers served the Lord in poverty and humility, but no one of the natives cared to follow their mode of life, or hearken to their preaching."—(*Eccl. History*, b. iv., c. 13).

Bishop Warlewast's foundation may have occupied the site of this Saxon monastery. There are some remains of the later building near the church.

Herbert de Bosham, Thomas à Becket's secretary, and the author of the "Boke of Becket's Martyrdom," was either a native of the village, or an alumnus of Bishop Warlewast's college.

A picturesque tradition is associated with Bosham. It is said that the Danish sea-rovers once broke into the quiet village, and despoiled the church of its bells, but as they sailed away down the creek a fearful storm arose, and the heavily laden bark foundered, and was seen no more. Still, upon all holy festivals, when the chimes ring out from Bosham's venerable tower, a sweet music rises from the sunken bells, and floating over the waters, tenderly blends with the sacred melody.

A colossal head of marble, dug out of Bosham churchyard, is preserved at Chichester. Is it Woden, or Thor, or Jupiter, or Mars,—or some great saint whose fame was dear to the monks of Bosham?

[From Bosham a delightful ramble through Racton, and the two Mardens, to UP PARK, and thence to Petersfield, may be adventured, and from Petersfield to Havant the tourist may proceed by rail. At 4 miles from Chichester he will pass through KINGLY BOTTOM, which derives its name, it is said, from a battle between the men of the cathedral-city and the Danes, in which many of the Kings or leaders of the latter were slain. On the slope of the adjoining downs four large barrows may be discerned. At the foot of Stoke Down are numerous circular pits, similar to those at Gallibury in the Isle of Wight, which have been supposed to indicate the site of a Celtic settlement. Beyond RACTON (population, 96), lies STANSTEAD PARK (C. Dixon, Esq.), a wooded domain of about 1660 acres. The houses, erected in 1687 by the Earl of Scarborough, contains some good carving by Grinling Gibbons, and a suit of Flemish tapestry illustrating the Battle of Wynendaal.

Through Stanstead Forest, and under its leafy boughs, the tourist should press forward to UP PARK (Lady Featherstonehaugh), which is open to the wayfarer, and is thickly adorned with beech and oak and elm. The views are magnificent, and of great extent. The house was built towards the end of the seventeenth century, and contains a priceless collection of the rarest Sèvres china—purchased 50 years ago for £20,000.

Across the hills, north-east, lies TRAYFORD, whence the tourist may easily reach Midhurst. On the hill beyond Up Park is SOUTH HARLING. From this point, a road to the north-west, leads across Petersfield Heath to Petersfield.]

After leaving Bosham, the line crosses Hambrook Common, and keeping in view the level shores of Chichester Harbour, soon enters the County of HAMPSHIRE. Here we pause at EMSWORTH (population, 1524), a small fishing village at the head of an inlet of Chichester Harbour, facing Thorney Island. The

lover of the picturesque will scarcely rejoice in this peculiar district, but a London "mud-lark" would here find ample opportunities of pursuing his vocation. Nevertheless, the town is ancient, and its inhabitants, besides an extensive traffic in oysters and timber, have some large roperies, and a ship-building yard or two. Some remains of an ancient mansion may be seen at ROWLAND CASTLE, 5 miles north-west—the residence, according to the legend, of a certain "Rowland the Great"—whose ghost may now be scared from its haunts by the railway-whistle.

Between Emsworth and Havant, and on the low muddy shore which a narrow channel separates from HAYLING ISLAND (Helyngey, or Helinga's Island)—population, 1096—is WARBLINGTON (population, 655), whose ancient CHURCH, partly Early English, partly Perpendicular, will certainly interest the tourist. It is said to have been founded by two maiden ladies, the last descendants of the noble family of De Warblington. Early English arches separate the nave from the north aisle; on the south side are clustered shafts of notable shapeliness. An ancient altar-tomb (in the south chapel), with the effigy of a female recumbent, commemorates one of the foundresses; and 60 years ago, a stone coffin, 7 feet long, with a gray marble effigy upon it, was discovered in a niche on the outside wall, and probably contained the dust of the other sister. Numerous stone coffins are preserved in the church. The Rev. W. Norris is the patron of the living (a rectory), which is valued at £685.

A mouldering gateway-tower and turret are all that remains of WARBLINGTON CASTLE, and appear to date from the early Tudor times. It was a square pile of buildings surrounded by a quadrangular court, and a fosse ten feet deep. A bank nearly 8 feet high, and a moat of about the same depth, defend an encampment or outwork, of about 5 acres, placed at the north angle. From the De Warblingtons the manor and castle passed to the Montanetes, Earls of Salisbury, and thence to the Cottons, *temp.* Henry VIII. The Countess of Salisbury was arrested here previous to her execution in 1539. Sir Richard Cotton, Henry VIII's Comptroller of the Household, then obtained it. For his son Henry Queen Elizabeth stood godmother; and when, in later years, she promoted him to the see of Salisbury, she remarked that "formerly she had blessed many of her godsons, but never before had she a godson that should bless her." At the same



time she named Dr. William Cotton (of a different family), to the Bishopric of Exeter ; whereupon the great Gloriana condescended "punningly" to exclaim, "that she had now well *Cottoned* the West ; alluding to the plenty of clothing in those parts"—(*Fuller*).

HAVANT (population, 2197. *Inn*: The Bear), 10 miles from Chichester, is now a place of considerable importance from its proximity to the Railway Station—the point of junction of the South Coast and South Western lines. Its CHURCH is cruciform in plan, and Norman in origin, but almost every generation seems to have contributed towards its singular but not uninteresting patchwork. Its Perpendicular tower, embattled and massive, is 54 feet high. Early English arches separate the nave from the side aisles. The east window, with "its dim religious light" is the gift of Sir Thomas Staunton. A tomb, with effigy, in the north aisle, commemorates *Thomas Aylward*, William of Wykeham's secretary, and a former rector of the parish. The Bishop of Winchester is the patron of the rectory, valued at £489.

LEIGH PARK (Sir G. T. Staunton, Baronet), 2 miles north, was purchased by the late Sir George Staunton, who had accompanied Lord Macartney on his embassy to China, and published an entertaining account of that curious mission. The house is good ; the grounds are agreeably arranged ; and the hot-houses and conservatories here are famous for their exotics. To the north and north-west stretches the romantic woodland-tract of the ancient Forest of Bere.

About 1½ mile from Havant, the railway crosses the Fareham road, and passes the church and village of BEDHAMPTON (population, 586). The manor from 1330 to 1352 was held by John, Earl of Kent, and on his death, devolved upon his widow, who, at first, was inconsolable, but, in due time, was persuaded by Sir Eustace Dabrichecourt to renounce the veil she had assumed, and was clandestinely married to him. The curious penance inflicted on her has been already described in these pages. She died, at Bedhampton, in 1411. The rectory, valued at £328, is in the patronage of the Rev. W. John Alder.

[HAYLING ISLAND contains 3670 acres, and is 4 miles long by 2 miles broad. NORTH HAYLING (population, 272) is a perpetual curacy, and SOUTH HAYLING (population, 824) a vicarage; the two livings united are valued at £211, and in the patronage of W. Padwick, Esq. Near the north-west angle of this low mud-oasis, which we are fain to confess, despite its fish, and wildfowl, and marine views we never could endure, there is a circular encampment (area 7 acres) at high water, sea-encompassed, which the natives call Tunbury—or Tunorbury—a name which evidently refers to the Saxon God of the Hammer, *Thunor* or *Thor*. At SOUTH HAYLING, which looks across the waters to the beautiful Isle of Wight, there are some neat lodging-houses and half a dozen bathing-machines. An omnibus, we believe, runs between Havant and Hayling, in connection with the Ferry.


Three miles from Havant, and skirting a low range of hills which reaches its loftiest elevation at Rochester, we see FARLINGTON (population, 812) on our right. The church (on the Portsmouth road) is Early English, and contains a memorial to a nameless Knight Templar. The rectory is worth £529; patron, the Rev. E. T. Richards.

Across the hills, and partly on their northern slope, lies PURBROOK PARK (J. Deverell, Esq.), 2 miles north-west. A small but pretty Decorated church, designed by Harrison, has recently been erected for the convenience of the inhabitants of Purbrook.

The line now crosses the head of LANGSTON HARBOUR, a broad inlet of the sea, lying between Hayling Island and the Island of Portsea, and dotted at low-water with numerous mud-banks and shoals. Its mouth is very narrow, and defended by the powerful batteries of Cumberland Fort. Leaving the hamlet of Drayton on our right, we turn off suddenly across the narrow creek which forms the north boundary of Portsea Island, pass through the formidable fortifications of Hilsea, and striking due south, through a low uninteresting country—Portsea and Kingston rapidly fleeing from our startled gaze—enter the suburb of LANDPORT, and pause at the PORTSMOUTH TERMINUS.

## PORTSMOUTH.

[Population, 72,096. *Hotels and Inns*: George, Fountain, Blue Posts, and Pier. 94 m. from London, by rail (L. & S. C.); 69 m. by road; 21 m. from Winchester; 16 m. from Chichester; and 26 m. from Southampton.]

 Communication, by rail, with Southampton, Winchester, Chichester, Alton, etc. By steamboats, with Ryde, Cowes, and Southampton, (from the Royal Victoria Pier, Portsmouth, and Albert Pier, Portsea). A steam ferry is maintained between

Portsmouth and Gosport. Omnibuses to and from the station, and to and from Portchester and Hilssea.

Let us suppose ourselves on the summit of Portsdown Hill, and examine with interest the remarkable panorama spread out before and beneath us.

We see an island, 5568 acres in area, 3 miles in length and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles in width, formed on the north by a narrow channel which separates it from the mainland, by the broad expanse of Langstone Harbour on the east, by Portsmouth Harbour, on the west, and by the waters of Spithead on the south. Opposite, like a natural breakwater, lies the Isle of Wight. This island is crossed in half a dozen places by formidable lines and deep moats. Its south-west extremity is occupied by a large and busy town, quadrangular in shape, and occupying 110 acres ; its streets narrow and not particularly clean—its houses of an ordinary character—but its seaward side busy with ship-yards and bristling with ramparts. On the other side of the harbour lies another town, smaller in size, but cleaner in appearance : it is Gosport. Between these, the harbour which, at its greatest development is 2 miles wide, narrows into a species of *gueule*, not so broad as the Thames at London Bridge, but with a depth of water sufficient to float a man-of-war at any hour of the tide. This entrance is commanded by Fort Victoria and Southsea Castle on the east, by Fort Monkton on the west, and is considered impassable by a hostile force. Nearly up to the foot of the hill (4 miles) on which we stand, and which is about to be strongly entrenched, extends the harbour we speak of—curving eastward into a sheltered cove—running, to the north-west, far up into the mainland—its shores, at low water, a dreary expanse of brown, slimy mud—its waters thronged with men-of-war, frigates, brigs, sloops, steamers, some in ordinary, some all taut and ready for service, others apparently abandoned to a dismal and useless old age. In the roadstead beyond, the famous Spithead, many a noble man-of-war or light frigate is anchored ; to the west, off the Mother-bank, is moored a whole fleet of merchantmen.

That portion of the great town which lies nearest to us is called Portsea ; beyond it stretches Landport ; and away to the south extends Portsmouth. On the south-east shore lies the pleasant suburb of Southsea. Ramparts, bastions, moats, drawbridges, intersect and encircle the whole in a manner peculiarly perplexing to the unprofessional eye. May they prove as difficult

of comprehension to an enemy, if England's first line of defence should ever fail her !

Let us now return to the town, but not to wander through its streets for any length of time. With the exception of the High Street they are mostly narrow, miry, and squalid ; crowded with small beer-shops and public houses ; and always thronged by soldiers, seamen, and marines. " The streets and open places, the buildings and visible objects generally, are not such as to induce one to linger amongst them. The town seems made for the arsenal, and not the arsenal for the town." The tourist, therefore, will do well to turn to the left at the bottom of High Street, and gain the pleasant beach of Southsea—a good esplanade has been formed there—while we glance, very briefly, at the most notable events in the chronicles of Portsmouth.

Portsmouth, as a town of any consideration, can claim no greater antiquity than the reign of Henry VIII. It takes its name from Porta, a Saxon Chief who effected a settlement here, and who has given his name to Portsea (Port's ey), and Por(t)-chester ; but it may also have some reference to its position at the entrance to a safe and commodious harbour. As a landing-place it has always been held in estimation :—Duke Robert disembarked here, in 1101, when he had resolved to contest the English crown with his brother Henry I. ; and the Empress Matilda disembarked here in February, 1140 ; in 1170, Henry II. landed here, and in 1177 held a review of his fleet off Spithead. In 1190, Richard I. sailed from Portsmouth with 100 ships on his last voyage to his French dominions. King John stationed a fleet here, and Henry III. in 1233, sailed from hence, after his famous quarrel with the faithful Hubert de Burgh, the noble servant of an unworthy master. The first oranges imported into England were brought hither by a Spanish trader, and sold to Edward the 1st's queen, Eleanor of Castile, who probably loved the golden fruit for the sake of her sunny native land. Among other sovereigns whose presence has occasionally enlivened the streets of " Portesmue " we may enumerate Edward I., in 1294, Edward II., 1324-5-6, Edward III., 1346, Queen Margaret of Anjou, 1445, when the townsmen spread rushes along the main highways, and escorted her with hearty cheers to the MAISON DIEU ; Henry VIII. in 1545 ; Edward VI., 1552 ; Prince Charles, in 1623 ; the lovely Henrietta Maria, as a fugitive, in 1641—as the triumphant mother of a restored king, in 1661 ;

unhappy Katherine of Braganza, in 1662; her saturnine spouse (why do they call him the "Merry Monarch?") in 1664, 1671, and 1672; James II. in 1685; William III. in 1692, and 1693; King George III. on more occasions than we care to mention; and Victoria on her frequent passages to and from Osborne, and on that memorable day, when, at the conclusion of the Russian War, she reviewed at Spithead the noblest fleet the world had ever seen.

The first church at Portsmouth was built by the canons of Southwick, about 1182, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, then recently elevated to a place in the calendar. It happily escaped destruction in 1337, when a French marauding force destroyed nearly all the town, and was equally fortunate in 1369 and 1372, when our good allies repeated their exploits. In 1374, the men of Portsmouth took their revenge: they crossed the Channel, and burnt five ships at Havre. On January 9, 1449-50, Adam de Moleynes, the Lancastrian Bishop of Chichester, was murdered in the *Maison Dieu* by some seamen whose wages he was paying—by order, it is said, of the Duke of York. Edward IV., for the defence of the harbour, whose excellence was beginning to be understood, built on each side a round tower, and between them a mighty chain or boom was extended, but the work was not completed until Henry VIII.'s reign. A great dock for ships was now commenced, and Portsmouth was regarded as an important arsenal and naval station.

In July 1545, Lord Lisle collected here the English fleet intended for a hostile expedition against the French shores, and was attacked by an enormous armament under the French admiral D'Annabault. Lord Lisle remained on the defensive, and endeavoured to draw his enemy into the shoals and narrows with which Nature has protected Portsmouth. Two days were occupied in skirmishes which had no decisive result, but the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George Carew—the boast of the English navy—a huge four-castled sixty-gun vessel—was overweighed with her own ordnance, heeled over, and the port-holes being open, sunk through the rush of water. Her gallant captain and 600 men were lost in her. The French afterwards landed at three places in the Isle of Wight—at Shanklin, Bembridge, and Sea View—but were repulsed with loss. A foray was also made on the Sussex coast, and then the great fleet which had threatened so much, and accomplished so little, retired to France, pursued and

harassed by Lord Lisle. King Henry viewed the engagement at Spithead from Southsea Castle (one of the round forts with which he dotted the southern shores in 1540-41). The watchword on board the English ships at night was "God save the king," and the reply, "Long to reign over us,"—the origin, probably, as Mr. Froude suggests, of our National Anthem.

Edward VI visited Portsmouth in 1522, and what he saw there has been recorded by his friend Barnaby Fitz-Patrick. "We find the bulwarks," he says, "chargeable, massy, and ramparted ; but ill-fashioned, ill flanked, and set in remote places ; the town great in comparison to what it ought to be, and within the walls there are fair and large closes and much vacant room. The haven is notable, great, and standing by nature easy to be fortified." Queen Elizabeth added to the fortifications, and Portsmouth became the great rendezvous of our fleet, and our principal dock-yard.

In 1628 it was at Portsmouth that the expedition intended for the relief of the Protestants of Rochelle was ordered to assemble, and its chief, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,—the "Steenie" of James the First, and the trusted counsellor of his son,—arrived here to hasten its preparation. It was here he was murdered, on the morning of August the 23d, and at an inn called the "Spotted Dog," now a private house, No. 10 in the High Street, opposite the Unitarian Chapel. "After a sharp debate with some of the French refugees, the Duke left his dressing-room to proceed to his carriage. He had entered the hall, when Colonel Friar whispered in his ear. He turned to listen, and at the moment received a wound in the left breast from a knife, which was left sticking in his heart. Exclaiming the word 'villain,' he plucked it out, staggered backwards a few steps, and, falling against a table, was caught in the arms of his attendants. They thought it had been a stroke of apoplexy ; but the blood which gushed from his mouth and from the wound convinced them of their mistake. The noise was heard by the Duchess in her bedchamber, who, with his sister, the Countess of Anglesea, ran into the gallery, and saw her lord below weltering in his blood"—(*Lingard*). Felton was executed at Tyburn, but his body was afterwards hung in chains on Southsea Common, and a portion of the gibbet is inclosed in the obelisk there. His dagger was exhibited at Manchester in 1857, and now belongs to the Earl of Denbigh (of Newnham Paddox, Warwickshire.) The

admirer of Dumas will remember the picturesque use he has made of Felton's crime in *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

On May 13, 1662, Katherine of Braganza arrived here in the "Royal Charles," attended by a large squadron, but her royal bridegroom did not make his appearance until the 20th, when the marriage was duly solemnized. William III. considerably increased the defences of the town and harbour, and reviewed here, in 1692, the English and Dutch fleets under Sir George Rooke. In 1757, Admiral Byng was tried on board "the St. George" in Portsmouth Harbour, on a charge of having neglected the relief of Minorca, and caused the loss of that island to the French. The admiral was unpopular, and the Ministry wanted a victim. After a long trial he was found guilty of not having done his utmost to destroy the enemy, but the court earnestly recommended him to mercy, and acquitted him of disaffection or cowardice. To this recommendation no effect was given, and the unfortunate admiral was shot on board "the Monarque" on Monday morning, March the 14th. He bandaged his eyes himself with a white handkerchief, and kneeling upon a cushion placed for the purpose, gave the signal to the marines, "a few minutes before twelve o'clock." Five bullets went through him, and he fell immediately—a common seaman exclaiming, "There lies the bravest and best officer of the navy."

The loss of the "Royal George" is an event too well known to need much elaboration here. She was a 108 gun-ship, and considered one of the finest vessels in the navy. Her loss took place on the 22d of August 1782, while she was undergoing some repairs at Spithead. It was necessary to lay her slightly on her side, but so little risk was apprehended that Admiral Kempenfeldt, her gallant commander, with his officers and men, remained on board. The admiral himself was very popular, and "was held, both abroad and at home, to be one of the best naval officers of his time." He was the son of a Swedish gentleman, portrayed by Addison in "the Spectator" as Captain Sentry. At the time of the accident upwards of 300 women and children were in the ill-fated vessel. It happened in this wise:—"About ten o'clock a sudden squall from the north-west threw her broadside on the water, and the lower deck ports not having been lashed down, she filled and sunk in about three minutes. A victualler which lay alongside was swallowed up in the whirlpool which the sudden plunge of so vast a body into the water occa-

sioned, and several small craft, though at some distance, were in imminent danger. Her gallant admiral, Kempenfelt, was at the time writing in his cabin, and he, with many of his officers and most of those who were between the decks, perished. As the ship had but lately returned home, there were a great number of women on board, and it is supposed that nearly seven hundred persons were drowned, though every assistance was rendered by the boats of the fleet"—(*Moody*). The wreck remained for years a dangerous obstacle in the roadstead, until its removal was effected in 1839 and the five following years, by a company of sappers and miners under the late General Pasley. The divers were six or seven hours daily under water, at a depth of 60 or 70 feet, and blew up the wreck by means of large cylindrical cases of powder fired from a voltaic battery.

On May the 1st, 1795, the *Boyne*, a fine 98-gun ship, was destroyed by fire in Portsmouth Harbour. "Most of the crew were saved by boats, but the heat at length became so excessive that no further assistance could be given, and on the return of the tide she drifted out of the harbour, the fire issuing through every port-hole. Her lower guns were shotted, and as these went off much damage was done, and some lives lost. After burning about seven hours, her powder magazine blew up, with an explosion which was sensibly felt over all Portsmouth. Shot, and pieces of timber, were thrown to a great distance; several boats were blown to atoms, and twenty of their hands perished"—(*Moody*).

Portsmouth obtained its first charter from Richard Cœur de Lion in 1171. It has returned two members of Parliament since 1298. In 1792, Portsea was declared a town, and its "lines" were completed in 1809. Portsmouth is now governed under the Municipal Reform Act, by a mayor, 14 aldermen, and 42 councillors. It has given birth, at the interval of a century, to two men of equal philanthropy, but widely contrasted in genius and character:—Jonas Hanway, born in 1712, and Charles Dickens, born at Landport in 1812.

The PARISH CHURCH, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, is situated in St. Thomas Street. The chancel and transepts date from 1180-8; the nave and aisles were rebuilt in 1693. A square central tower is surmounted by a cupola 120 feet in height. Out of its eight bells, five were presented by Prince George of Denmark. The most noticeable thing in the interior



is the pretentious cenotaph to George, Duke of Buckingham, and the urn which contains, it is said, his heart. Angels, and war-like instruments, and a phoenix, and figures of Fame and Sincerity, will here astound the spectator, but his astonishment will increase upon a perusal of the Latin inscription which ascribes to James the First's "Steenie" every imaginable virtue.

The parish register contains an illuminated entry of the marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza, May 22, 1622. The vicarage, valued at £555, is in the patronage of Winchester College.

ST. MARY'S, a neat building erected about 30 years ago, stands in Colewort Gardens, which, previous to the Reformation, were either the garden or cemetery of a house of Franciscan friars.

The GARRISON CHAPEL (near the grand parade) was originally attached to the MAISON DIEU or GOD'S HOUSE, an hospital dedicated to St. Nicholas, and founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus in 1238. Here Adam de Moleynes was slain in 1449-50. It was suppressed by Henry VIII., and the building adapted for the residence of the Governor of Portsmouth. In front of the chapel lies the "hero of Scinde," gallant Sir Charles Napier, d. 1853.

In PORTSEA there are several CHURCHES. The parish church, Early Perpendicular, and supposed to have been erected by William of Wykeham, is situated at Kingston, nearly 2 miles north-east. The vicarage, valued at £700, is in the patronage of Winchester College.

ST. GEORGE'S, erected in 1733, is a plain brick building; ST. JOHN'S was built in 1789; and HOLY TRINITY is a modern imitation of early English. ALL SAINTS', in Landport, erected in 1827 at an expense of £12,000, will probably find some admirers. The western point is surmounted by a campanile tower. SOUTHSEA boasts of "a handsome and spacious structure" in the Early English style, built in 1822 at a cost of £17,000. The altar-piece represents St. Paul's shipwreck at Malta. A small district church, in quasi Norman style, was erected in 1840 for the accommodation of the inhabitants of MILTON.

The great point of attraction in Portsmouth is its DOCKYARD, but before we wander thither, let us glance at those wonderful fortifications which are designed for the protection of our most important naval arsenal, and which—when armed with Armstrong guns, and enlarged by the additions recommended to Parliament by

Lord Palmerston's ministry, and sanctioned by Parliament in the session of 1860—may surely be considered impregnable. Starting from the Victoria Pier we pass, in succession—the PLATFORM or SALUTING BATTERY; the MAIN GUARD (and Garrison Chapel); the SPUR REDOUBT, an outwork where two ramparts meet at an angle, thus  $\wedge$ ; the KING'S BASTION  $\frown$  indicated by the garrison flag; the KING'S COUNTER GUARD, designed to defend the bastion; crossing the Spur Bridge, the KING'S RAVELIN, commanding the road to Southsea; the PEMBROKE BASTION, MONTAGUE RAVELIN, and EAST BASTION—their position shewn by a line of lofty elms; EAST RAVELIN, the TOWN MOUNT BASTION; the LANDPORT RAVELIN, protecting the Landport road, and Landport gate, built *temp.* George III.; GUY'S or GREY'S BASTION; and BEESTON'S BASTION. Crossing the MILL ROAD, between Portsmouth and Portsea, by a bridge which is defended by the MILL REDOUBT—(another bridge is overlooked by the AMHERST REDOUBT, connects Portsea and Landport, and leads out into green fields and fresh pastures, through the Lion and Unicorn Gates)—we pass the RIGHT DEMIE BASTION; the RIGHT RAVELIN, TOWNSEND BASTION (observe the Military Hospital); LION RAVELIN; DUKE OF YORK'S BASTION; UNICORN RAVELIN; LEFT DEMIE BASTION; and lastly the SLUICE BASTION, which abuts against the harbour near the dockyard, and thus completes the circumvallation of the two towns.

We now return to the HARD at Portsea—always a scene of no ordinary liveliness and bustle, and commanding a very picturesque view of the harbour, and Gosport on the opposite shore—and arriving at the dockyard gates (between 10 and 12 A.M., or 1½ and 3 P.M.,) are admitted, without delay, into the precincts of PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD, the largest in the kingdom (120 acres), and from its resources, the most important in the world. Its general features, however, sufficiently resemble those already described in the yards at Woolwich and Chatham to need no elaborate detail. Near the entrance observe the Port Admiral's House, built 1782-6; the Admiral Superintendent's; to the south, the Guard House, and Navy Pay Office; the Mast Pond, dating from 1779-97; and the Mast Houses. On the east is the Royal Naval College, built in 1817; and in a line with the Mast Houses, the Hemp and Sea-store Houses, 800 feet by 60 feet; the Rigging-House, with its clock-tower; the Sail Loft, 600 feet long; and the Sail Field.

Parallel with "the Lawn" run three ranges of long, low, dull-coloured buildings—the Store Houses, 600 feet long; the Chapel here was built in 1785, and its hours of service are proclaimed by a bell from the ROYAL GEORGE; the Ropery, 1094 feet in length, and 54 feet in breadth; and the Tarring House, with a "Seasoning Pond" for timber, and Shed for storing canvas.

The Ropery has been three times destroyed by fire: by accidental causes, July 3, 1760, and July 27, 1770; and by an incendiary, one James Aitken, a Scotchman, on December 7, 1776. "Jack the Painter," as he was popularly called, had been bribed to this act of treason by Silas Deane, the American agent at Paris, and was righteously hung at the Dockyard gate on the 10th March 1777. Here we may learn in what manner the rigging and cordage of the leviathans of the sea are made. "How the spinner wraps a bundle of hemp round his waist, and how, by fastening the hemp to hooks, which are made to revolve, and by walking backwards and drawing out the hemp, he causes the latter to assume the form of yarn, are matters which a little close attention will render clear to every intelligent observer. Then the further stages in the process: the spinning of many yarns into a 'strand,' the twisting of these strands into a 'rope,' and the ultimate twisting or 'laying' of these ropes into a 'cable,'—all are interesting. Captain Huddart's rope machinery has been brought so much into use that the hand-wrought rope is not now made in such large quantities as in former days; while the adoption of iron cables instead of hempen cables in large ships has further reduced the manufacture of the latter. Some of the largest hempen cables used to contain upwards of 15,000 pounds weight of hemp"—(*Knight*). In the TARRING-HOUSE the hanks of hempen yarn are dipped into cauldrons of boiling tar, and then passed between two rollers which force the tar into the innermost fibres of the yarn.

Alongside the Ropery lie several rows of anchors of all sizes and weights, from the huge iron man of the three-decker to the small grappling iron of the pigmy gun-brig.

Westward lie the great BASIN, occupying an area of 33,000 square yards, with six dry docks, each about 22 feet deep, which communicate with two jetties, and the CAMBER HEAD, and CAMBER STERN DOCKS. The mast for the sheers is 128 feet long, and weighs 44 tons. Here the visitor may penetrate, if he will,

into the whole "mysterie of ship-craft," and follow the growth of a man-of-war from the ribbed skeleton, gaunt and desolate, to the noble and perfect vessel which rides the water like a "thing of life." The expense of a screw man-of-war is calculated at nearly £2000 a gun.

Further north stands the building devoted to Sir Isambard Brunel's wonderful *block machinery*, which he introduced in 1802. The patent was purchased by Government for £20,000, and the present buildings, under the inventor's personal superintendence, were opened in 1808. They are, emphatically, *the lion* of Portsmouth Dockyard. Landsmen may be reminded that a block is a simple contrivance for suspending a small wheel with a grooved edge in which works the rope of a pulley. Blocks require to be strong enough to stand any weight, and it may be regarded as a general rule that they never do break down; the block itself, which is but a case for the wheel, is made of oak, the wheel is either of metal, first cast and then turned in a lathe, or of *lignum vitæ*. In the block-house we find machines sawing out the wood from the beams or planks, cutting it into sizes, rounding off the corners, excavating the centre of the mass for the reception of the wheel, plaining its convex surface perfectly smooth, drilling the tri-circular orifice for the bolt-sheath and the bolt on which the wheel revolves, cutting the discs of *lignum vitæ* from the tree, turning them into wheels of various diameters, drilling the wheels for the passage of the bolt, and fixing bolt, wheel, and case in one perfect block ready for use. The machinery consists of a series (44 in number) of circular saws, eccentric lathes, blades cutting perpendicularly, and rotating planes, etc. etc., all worked by steam, but each attended by a single operative, and adapted to the exact performance of a single operation. Ten men can now turn out as many blocks as 110 men could formerly manufacture, and 140,000 can be produced in a year. A two-decker requires about 1400 blocks. 200 different sizes are used in the Royal Navy.

The Smithy; Long Row, and its statue of William III. presented in 1698; the Timber Stacks; the Mould Loft; the Carvers and Joiners' Shops; and the Steam Saw Mills, may be duly inspected by the untiring visitor. The Naamyth Steam Hammer, which cracks a nut and welds an anchor, will, of course, be an attraction. The VICTORIA STEAM BASIN, with its three dry docks, built by Rolt, and opened by the Queen in 1848; the

Steam Factory ; the Steam Magazine Stores, 600 feet by 45 feet ; the Boiler Houses, and the five huge Building Slips, constructed in 1764, are all to be seen, inspected, and wondered at. Here the visitor may learn some facts in illustration of the great increase of expenditure necessitated by the introduction of steam as an agent of warfare. A 90-gun ship now will require the labour of 280 shipwrights and consume 4600 loads of timber. Her machinery will cost nearly £53,000 ; her hull, rigging, and machinery upwards of £160,000.

We may now bend our steps towards the GUN WHARF, which fronts the harbour at the junction of Portsea and Portsmouth, and occupies an area of 14 acres. Here are arranged pyramidal mountains of shot and shell—"instruments of death in holiday array"—and rows of guns of every calibre and weight, either unused, or removed from ships which are now laid up in ordinary. To the right of the entrance is the SMALL ARMS ARMOURY, containing 25,000 stand of arms for sea service ; and a variety of fanciful devices composed of halberds, pikes, cutlasses, and muskets.

"A sail up the HARBOUR" is the visitor's next enjoyment, and at high water, or near it, on a sunny summer-day when a fresh breeze comes up from the distant Channel, it is not to be despised even by the most epicurean of tourists. You thread your way in and out of a perfect *ambages* of ships and small craft, now steering under the bowsprit of a "Marlborough" which towers above you like a castle afloat, now getting out of the way of a mischievous quick little gunboat, now sailing round one of the royal yachts, now luffing astern of a monster screw steamer, now bearing up for the Victory, you may sail right up to Portchester Castle, if you like, or wind about among the vessels of the "steam reserve," or you may cross to Gosport, visit the Victualling Establishment, and glance at the private Station of the South Western Railway, erected especially for the accommodation of Her Majesty and suite. The gunboats hauled up on the new slips—where too many of them rotted—should also be inspected. But "the Victory" is, of course, the great point of attraction. It has been repaired and restored until little remains of the glorious ship that carried Nelson's flag at Trafalgar, but they still shew you on board the spot where he received his death-wound, and the corner in the cockpit where his gallant spirit passed away. The Victory was first launched in 1765, rebuilt in 1800, and her burthen is 2164 tons. The

“Victoria and Albert” is of 1033 tons, and 430 horse power. Her upper deck is 460 feet from bowsprit to sternpost.

We shall now cross the harbour, about 400 yards, by the floating bridge (fare 1d.), to

### GOSPORT (*i. e.*, God's PORT.)

[Population, 11,737. *Inns*: The Sussex, and Crown. 89 m. from London, by rail, 90 m. by road; 22 m. from Southampton.

☞ Communication by omnibus with Anglesea and Alverstoke by floating bridge, every quarter of an hour, with Portsmouth. Steamers several times daily, to Ryde, Cowes, and Southampton.]

GOSPORT, or GOD'S PORT, received its name from Bishop Henry de Blois, who put in here for shelter in a tremendous storm in 1158. Its church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, in the south-west quarter of the town, was erected, *temp.* William III., as a chapel of ease to the mother church at Alverstoke, and the rector of Alverstoke is the patron of the curacy, which is valued at £228 yearly. It was enlarged in 1830. A district church, of exemplary neatness, dedicated to St. John, was built about 40 years ago at Forton, a suburb of Gosport, but beyond the line of its fortifications. The RAILWAY TERMINUS, ROYAL MARINE BARRACKS, and MILITARY PRISON are also in Forton.

Gosport is placed on the shore of Portsmouth harbour, and occupies a sort of peninsula between Forton Lake, north, and Alverstoke Lake, south. The ROYAL VICTUALLING YARD lines the shore to the north of the town. Across Alverstoke Lake rises the dull red-brick pile of HASLAR HOSPITAL, and beyond it, the extreme south-west point of the Harbour is defended by FORT MONKTON (32 guns).

ANGLESEA, a pleasant watering-place, here faces the sea, its terraces rising up from the beach above Stokes Bay; and behind it stands a triangular beacon of stone and brick, called the GILLETTER, occupying the place of an old landmark, erected by the Earl of Warwick, the Parliamentary admiral, *temp.* Charles I. Further to the west extends the row of villas of ALVERBANK—one of which was built by the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, died 1854, the “Rigby” of D'Israeli's CONINGSBY, and became, in 1857, the marine residence of Prince Alfred and his tutors. Further inland, at the head of the Alverstoke inlet,

stands ALVERSTOKE (population, 2739, including Anglesea)—its CHURCH, a modern *rifacciamento*, with a memorial for the officers and men of the 44th Regiment, annihilated in the fatal Cabul war. The rectory, valued at £1287, is in the patronage of the Bishop of Winchester. Alverstokey is a corruption of the name of *Alwara*, a former lady of the manor, and *stoke*, a settlement in the marish-ground.

The ROYAL HASLAR HOSPITAL was begun in 1746, and completed in 1762, from the designs of Turner, and at the suggestion of the Earl of Sandwich. Its frontage is 567 feet; the wings are 553 feet long; there are four storeys, and 114 wards, each 60 feet by 20 feet, and able to accommodate 20 patients. On the west side is the CHAPEL, 72 feet by 36 feet, and built in 1793: it stands in the centre of an open area, 33 acres in extent, which is used by the patients for exercise and recreation. The view from this point, of the green downs and wooded slopes of the Isle of Wight, rising out of the blue deep like a Calypso's Bower, is exceedingly beautiful.

Adjoining are the HASLAR BARRACKS and the NEW GUN-BOAT SLIPWAY, where upwards of 100 boats are generally hauled up. By means of machinery, which is simple but ingenious, they can be lowered at any time of the tide, and in four and twenty hours.

The ROYAL CLARENCE VICTUALLING-YARD, WEOVILL, was formerly the residence of the Countess of Clancarty, and was purchased by Government in 1753. Here are stored the rum, cocoa, peas, wines, clothing, grain, and other necessaries made use of in the Navy, in such quantities that the visitor may be excused for wondering whether any but an army of Titans could ever demolish them. But the chief attraction is the BISCUIT BAKERY, invented by Mr. Grant. The process is so ingenious that a detailed description (adapted from a paper in "The Leisure Hour") may not be unacceptable:—"The biscuits made here contain no other ingredients than flour and water, but the wheat used is excellent, and the possibility of adulteration avoided by the entire process, from the cleaning of the wheat to the sacking of the biscuit, being done on the premises.

"The motive agent in the manufacture of the biscuit is a steam-engine of some sixty-horse power. The wheat, which on its arrival from the granaries is mixed with dust and other

impurities, is thrown into a cylinder of wire-gauze revolving in one direction, and containing a shaft armed with stiff brushes, which revolves in another. By internal apparatus the grains are brushed forward to a vent, whence they are conveyed to the grinding-stones through a hollow shaft. They are thus rendered exquisitely clean before they are ground. The grain which drops into the centre of the grinding-stone comes out as flour into a long wooden trough, along which it is forced slowly by the action of a revolving rod fitted through its whole length, with broad flanges wound spirally round it. From this trough it is discharged into a bolting-cylinder—which, by rapid revolutions, separates the bran from the flour, leaving however, a portion of what bakers call 'gurgians,' or fine bran—such a mixture being wholesomer than pure flour. When bolted, the flour is drawn in the same way through tubes, by a contrivance similar to that available for dredging the bed of a river, but on a minute scale, up through the ceiling, where we lose sight of it.

"On entering the room where the biscuit is made, we find a man standing in front of a large cistern cylindrically shaped, 5 feet long, and 3 feet in diameter, into which he can turn at his pleasure either flour or water. In the centre of the cistern revolves a shaft armed with instruments for mixing and kneading the dough. The operator lets in about a sack of flour and a proportionate quantity of water, and sets the shaft in motion; in a few minutes the mixture is complete and the mass propelled forth. Five cwt. are mixed up in two minutes. It is then received by boys, who pass it repeatedly beneath two heavy rollers, 15 cwt. each, swaying backwards and forwards under the impulsion of the steam-engine. By dexterous management the dough is kneaded out to the required thickness, 2 inches, and dimensions, a yard square, and then sent with its supporting iron tray along a series of rollers to another operative, who passes it once beneath a broad descending plate or die, which cuts it into about 60 hexagonal-shaped biscuits, stamping each one with the royal initials and arms. The hexagonal shape is chosen because it prevents even an atom of waste, and is the nearest practicable approach to the circle that could be effected without loss. All that now requires to be done is the baking; and the ovens being ranged in a row opposite the machinery, the biscuits are shovelled into them in sheets of about a yard square each. About 112 lbs., or 672 biscuits are put in at once, and they lose 12 lb. in



baking. They remain in the oven about a quarter of an hour, and are drawn forth into bags, the baker separating them from each other with a blow of his palm as he hauls them forth. There is yet, however, some moisture in them, and it would not do to pack them for service until properly dry; to accomplish this they are spread out in a warm chamber. It should be noticed that biscuit which has returned from a voyage in one of her majesty's ships is never sent out again, but is sold by auction under the denomination of biscuit-dust. Hundreds of sacks of it here lie ready for sale; some portion, it is conjectured, will find its way into merchant ships, but it is understood to be bought for consumption by hogs and dogs. The biscuit-sack is but a trumpery-looking article, not fitted for any great length of service; when done with as a bread-bag—and it can seldom serve that purpose twice—it is destined for the paper-makers, or is bought by gardeners to wrap round the trunks of young trees."

We now return to Portsmouth, with the view of pointing out what may be seen in its environs.

THE SOUTHSEA ESPLANADE was formed mainly through the exertions of the late Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and is ornamented with an obelisk which commemorates him, and statues to Wellington and Nelson. The beach is pebbly, and dotted with nurseries, perambulators, reflective marines, idling lineamen, and bathing-machines. The sea-view from it is of considerable extent, embracing "the Nab Light" at the extreme end of St. Helen's Roads, while the Isle of Wight rears its verdurous hills across the Solent, and the streets of Ryde may be plainly discerned, sparkling with trim white villas and shaded with pleasant clumps of trees. Here, too, is the famous roadstead of Spithead, so named from the *Spit*, a triangular sandbank, which forms a natural protection to the mouth of Portsmouth. How many victorious fleets have sailed from hence to assert the naval supremacy of England! We pass along the beach to SOUTHSEA CASTLE, one of the block-houses erected by Henry VIII. in 1540. Edward VI. stayed here one night on his visit to Portsmouth in 1552. Its garrison, *temp.* Queen Elizabeth, consisted of a captain, an under-captain, two porters, a master gunner, 14 gunners and 11 soldiers. In 1642 (September 3d) it was captured by a detachment of Roundheads, who immediately turned its guns against Portsmouth, and forced the town to capitulate. Since that time it has under-

gone so complete a transformation that not a Roundhead would recognise it, and it now forms an important point in the seaward defences of Portsmouth.

Beyond it, and still upon the shore, are the forts of **LUMPS** and **EASTNEY**; and on the point of land which forms the western headland of Langston Harbour is the formidable stronghold, known as **FORT CUMBERLAND**—commenced in 1744, but not completed until 1820. It has barrack-room for 3000 men, and can mount 100 heavy guns.

[From Portsmouth the tourist may conveniently cross to **RYDE**, the principal watering-place in the Isle of Wight—or to **WEST COWES**—and thence proceed on his exploration of that beautiful island which poets have sung and artists painted with so lavish a delight.]

### **ROUTE XIII.—PORTSMOUTH, via FAREHAM and ALTON, to WINCHFIELD.**

[Portsmouth to Cosham, 5 m.; Portchester, 3 m.; Fareham, 8½ m.; Wickham, 4 m.; Soberton, 5 m.; Meonstoke, 3 m.; West Meon, 3 m.; East Tisted, 3 m.; Alton, 5 m.; South Warnborough, 6 m.; Winchfield, 6 m.]

" The noblest way  
Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,  
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,  
And all the blazon of a gentleman?  
Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,  
To move his body gracefuller, to speak  
His language purer, or to tune his mind,  
Or manners, more to the harmony of nature,  
Than in these nurseries of nobility?"

**BEN JONSON.**

There is nothing to detain the tourist at the village of **COSHAM**. Its sole importance is derived from its railway station—the junction point of the South Coast and South-Western lines—and in the surrounding country the landscapes are of a very limited character. Southward, it is true, the broad expanse of Portsmouth harbour must always possess a certain and not inconsiderable attraction; but northward the prospect is bounded by the green barrier of Portsdown Hill. At **WYMERING** (population, 751), which lies half a mile beyond, the village boasts of

a Norman church, whose massive square tower forms a noticeable object from the railway. The living is a vicarage attached to the rectory of Widley; value, £678; patron, F. J. Rugee, Esq. WIDLEY (population, 565) is situated on the southern slope of Portsdown, and on the 26th of July is the scene of a famous fair, held on the hill, and frequented by merry Hampshire lads and lasses. The prospect from this elevation includes the leafy enclosures and pleasant parks of the Bere; the wolds of Sussex and the spires of Colchester; the wooded uplands and deep shadowy combs of the New Forest; the ramparts and towers of Portsmouth and its sister towns; the mast-thronged roadsteads of the Solent; the swelling beauties of the Isle of Wight; and that

"broad-arm'd port,  
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride."

At the PORTCHESTER STATION the tourist will do well to quit his train for the sake of a visit to the famous old castle, which, centuries ago, looked down upon the Roman galleys moored in the haven at its feet. It stands upon a spur of land sharply projecting into the estuary, and from its position must anciently have been a stronghold of considerable importance.

Portchester was the Roman *Portus Magnus*, and was linked with Winchester (*Venta Belgarum*) by a great highway, or *via*, of which abundant traces may yet be discerned. Another road connected it with Chichester (*Regnum*), and a third with Bittern, near Southampton (*Clausentum*). Its form is quadrangular, and its walls are strengthened by hollow circular towers, eighteen in number. These walls are from 8 to 12 feet thick, and about 18 feet in height. Of Roman tiles, or the Roman red mortar, there is but little; the bonding-courses, however, are formed of that rough but tenacious limestone which the Roman builders so much affected. Portions of damaged Roman inscriptions have been inserted into the barbican wall.

The Saxons, under Port, or Porta, landed here in 501, and soon spread the terror of their swords for miles around. Their leader's name was given to the stronghold which they erected,—probably within the Roman walls,—to the low dreary island which they planted,—and to the harbour which sheltered their vessels. The Normans in their turn dispossessed the Saxons, and built the present KEEP, at the north-west corner of the Roman walls. Additions were made at various periods, and

exhibit specimens of Decorated, Perpendicular, and Tudor architecture.

Passing through the barbican, with its grooves for two portcullises, we cross the inner **BALLIUM**, and gain the **KEEP**, which closely resembles that of Rochester, is square in construction, and separated into two divisions by a wall which runs from top to bottom. The walls are  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick, and composed of flints and mortar, faced by Caen stone. In the interior there are four storeys, lighted by the narrowest of loop-holes, so that the lords of Portchester, their ladies, squires, and minstrels, must have been content with an obscurity better fitted for owls. From the summit a rich and sudden change of seascape and landscape may be constantly observed.

A priory of Augustine canons was founded within the castle-walls, about 1133, but forty years afterwards removed to Southwick. The **CHURCH** which we are now looking at was the priory church, and possibly occupies the site of the Roman *sacellum*. It was cruciform in plan, but one of its arms or transepts has been pulled down. Portions of it have been rebuilt, but nevertheless some fragments of original Norman may be picked out of the modern patchwork. Especially the western front, with its three circular-headed windows, is to be noticed. The doorway is enriched with a double dog's-tooth moulding.

The Lord Chancellor is the patron of the vicarage, valued at £171. The lord of the manor and owner of the castle (which occupies an area of about five acres) is J. Thistlethwayte, Esq. of **SOUTHWICK PARK**, whither we shall now repair. We pass through Portchester village (population, 729), cross Portadown Hill (observe the Nelson memorial-column), and descend into **SOUTHWICK** (population, 596). To the east, along the old Salisbury road, stretch the undulating grounds of the **PARK**, commanding extensive views of Portsmouth, Spithead, and the Isle of Wight. The remains—a few mouldering walls—of the ancient priory are about a quarter of a mile from the house, which was erected on the site of a noble mansion destroyed by fire in 1840.

The Priory and Church of "St. Mary of Southwyk," after its removal from Portchester, rapidly increased in wealth and consideration, and many a fat estate was bestowed upon it. William of Wykeham founded here five chantries: for the souls of his father and mother, John and Sibylla, who were buried in the

Priory ; for his own soul ; for the prosperity of Edward III. ; and for the soul of Edward III. The churches of Portsea, Portsmouth, and Southwick were established by the canons,—Wymering, Portchester, Candover, Nutley, Swindon, Boarhunt, Shalden, and Wansted were among their possessions. Here Henry VI., in 1445, was married to Margaret of Anjou, and in memory of that event the sovereign granted them extraordinary “privileges and immunities”—free chase in all the royal forests in the vicinity of their lands, and an entire exemption from “every sort of toll, custom, and burthens in public works.” The wealthy foundation, however, fell at the nod of “Bluff King Hal,” and its site and adjoining manors were granted to John and Catharine White. It afterwards passed to the Nortons, by whom a stately mansion was erected, where Charles the First was entertained by Sir Daniel Norton in 1628. While at prayers in the Chapel, Sir John Hippisley arrived from Portsmouth, and whispered to him the news of the Duke of Buckingham’s assassination by Felton. The pious sovereign remained unmoved until his devotions were ended ; he then retired, and surrendered himself to the most passionate grief.

The last male heir of the Nortons bequeathed his property, £6000 per annum in real estates, and £6000 in money, in trust to the British Parliament, for the use and benefit of “the poor, hungry, and thirsty, naked and strangers, sick and wounded, and prisoners, to the end of the world,” but his will was set aside on the ground of the testator’s insanity. The present owner, T. Thistlethwayte Esq., is lineally descended from the Nortons on the female side.


The parish CHURCH is dedicated to St. James, and stands at a short distance from the priory ruins. It was founded by the monks, *temp.* Henry II. The living, a donative, is united with that of Boarhunt. Yearly income, £154 ; patron, T. Thistlethwayte, Esq., population of Boarhunt, 283. The church resembles that of Southwick, and dates from the same period. We pass it on our return to the railway line at

FAREHAM (population, 5842. *Inn.*: the Red Lion), 3 miles from Portchester, 84½ miles from London, a town of considerable trade in “coal, corn, canvas, and ropes ;” a town with some good houses, a large pottery manufactory, and a quay where ships of 300 tons burthen can load or unload ; a town with a Literary

Institute, sheltered in an Ionic building; a Market Hall, and a Custom House; a town which, 50 years ago, was a mere aggregate of thatch-roofed cottages, and owes its present prosperity to the intelligent enterprise of certain of its inhabitants who appreciated the value of its position on a gentle slope, washed by a lake, at the north-west extremity of Portsmouth Harbour. The CHURCH, rebuilt in 1812—except the chancel which is Early English—calls for no particular notice. The vicarage, valued at £530, is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester.

A good district-church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, was built, about 15 years ago, in pursuance of the directors of Lady Thompson's will. The incumbent is the Rev. S. L. Berthon, favourably known for his exertions in the improvement of life boats and his general scientific attainments.

The seats in this neighbourhood are numerous. On the east side of the town, in a fine park stands CAM'S HALL (H. P. Delmè, Esq.), with sea-views which are to be envied; LOCKE COURT (Sir J. Smythe Gardiner) is on the north; UPLANDS (J. Breadmore, Esq.) is situated on rising ground near North Fareham; BLACKBROOK (Colonel Le Blanc), and HEATHFIELD (Captain Bigland) are north-west of Fareham. Behind the town rises the lofty ridge of Portsdown Hill, 7 miles from east to west.

 Fareham is a convenient point from which to visit TITCHFIELD (population, including CROFTON, a hamlet 1 mile south, 2832), 2½ miles west. The town, ancient but decayed, is situated on the navigable river Arle, which rolls through a pleasant valley to its junction with the Solent, nearly opposite the mouth of the Medina. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is one of which the townsmen may be justly proud. The south wall of the nave, the chancel walls, and the richly-moulded west doorway, are Norman; the north-aisle is late Perpendicular; two Early English arches open from the nave into a Decorated chapel on the south side, and yet, despite of this diversity of styles, the general effect is particularly impressive. The south chapel is filled with memorials of the Southampton family; remark the stately mausoleum erected by Henry, second Earl of Southampton, died 1581, for himself, his mother, and his father, SIR THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY, died, 1550, chancellor to Henry VIII. On the summit lies recumbent, in robes of state, the effigy of the Countess; on either side, upon a lower slab, is placed an effigy of one of the Earls. The great

chancellor's body was removed hither from the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1552.

A monument to MISS HORNBY can hardly be regarded as one of the best specimens of Chantrey's genius.

The vicarage of Titchfield (and curacy of Crofton) is valued at £230, and presented to by the Dean and Chapter of Winchester. There are two neat churches in this parish, at Crofton and Sainbury: the latter on the brow of the hill which rises from the river at Bursledon Bridge.

The remains of TITCHFIELD HOUSE—or Funtley Abbey, as it is locally called—lie about 2½ miles north-east of the village, on a breadth of rich green sward which slopes to the river-bank. It occupies the site of a Priory of Præmonstratensian Canons, founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus, *temp.* Henry III., whose lands and revenues fell, at the Dissolution, to the share of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, the builder of the house whose picturesque ruins have been so often transferred to the sketcher's note-book. In Leland's time it was "a right statlie house, embattled, and having a goodlie gate, and a conducte castelid in the middle of the court of it, in the very place where the late monasterie stode."

Edward VI. visited it in 1552 on his western progress, but its chief historical interest centres in the shelter it afforded, in 1647, to Charles I., on his escape from Hampton Court. Here he was received by the Dowager Countess with a joyous loyalty, and from hence he might have removed to the continent had not Ashburnham undone him by seeking Colonel Hammond's protection. The king left Titchfield House for Carisbrooke Castle. The first step in a sure journey to the scaffold.

Our route now lies to the north-east, and passing Funtley Mill, we regain the main London road at a point below ROCKE COURT. We leave its pleasant grounds on our right—pass the hamlet of Crockerhill on our left—and keep due north to WICKHAM (population, 1069). Away to the east lies ROOKSBURY PARK (W. Garnier, Esq.), a well-wooded demesne, encircling a handsome modern mansion.

For us the chief interest of Wickham, as it lies all peaceful and still among the rich meadows and pleasant groves of the valley of the Arle, is connected with the birth of the great priest-architect, the founder of the glory of Winchester, the creator of Windsor Castle—William of Wickham (Wykeham). He was

born here of humble parents, John and Sibylla Perot, in 1324; sent at an early age to Winchester School, and afterwards to Oxford, at the expense of Sir Nicholas Avedale, lord of Wickham, who had the sagacity to discern and appreciate his protégé's genius; and presented by him to Edward III. who appointed him Surveyor of the Royal Castle. At this time he was noted for his architectural skill and comely person. "He was called *Long*," says Fuller, "from the height of his stature, though since it may apply to the perpetuity of his memory, which will last as long as the world endureth, for his two fair foundations at OXFORD, begun 1379; finished 1386; and WINCHESTER, begun 1387; finished 1393." He became successively Secretary of State, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Lord Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Winchester. The shadow of the royal disfavour rested upon his later years, but Bishop Wykeham not the less pursued those great "benefactions to learning" which are "not to be paralleled by any British subject in all particulars." He died at the age of 80, at his castle at Waltham, September 20, 1404, and was buried with great splendour at Winchester Cathedral.

WICKHAM CHURCH has a Norman west doorway. The rectory, valued at £578, is in the patronage of W. Rashleigh, Esq.

The railway which, as far as Wickham, we have kept within sight and hearing, now diverges abruptly to the north-west, and proceeds through Bootey to Salisbury. Southampton lies, by road, about 10 miles west.

Leaving Wickham, and its woodlands, behind him, the stalwart pedestrian proceeds up gentle hills, and down into shadowy dells, and crosses a patch or so of fuzzy heath—the river Arle, "a troutful stream," keeping him company with its light and music—to SOBERTON (population, 555), while its Early English church will detain him a while. Tradition asserts that its low square tower was built by an industrious serving-man and maid, who had long lived as "domestics" in the "great house." Their devices—the butler's head and key, and the dairymaid's pail, separated by a grisly skull—are certainly sculptured on the west front. The nave terminates in three good Early English arches. The curacy is united with the rectory of Meonstoke.

After passing, left, MIDLINGTON PLACE (P. Barfort, Esq.) we



soon reach DROXFORD (population, 615). The village is large and surrounded by numerous farms. The parish church has some Norman portions, but is uninteresting. At SHEDFIELD, 4 miles south-west, and Swanmore, 3 miles south-west, there are district churches, both of nondescript architecture, and erected within the last 40 years. The Bishop of Winchester is the patron of the rectory, which is valued at £744.

[Either from Droxford or Soberton may be visited the Early English Church of HAMBLEDON (population, 1944). Its situation is picturesque. It contains 4 Norman arches, and a high altar, dedicated by Bishop de Orleton in 1334. At DEANSEND, 1 mile south, an ancient chapel has been converted into a farm-house. Numerous excellent "gentlemen's seats" enliven the neighbourhood, and the Hambleton Fox-hounds (established in 1767) have gained a deserved celebrity.]

Two miles north of Droxford we reach MEONSTOKE (population, 431), 62 miles from London, and penetrate into the very heart of the ancient province of the MEONWARE, a pictish tribe, whose country, together with the Isle of Wight, was bestowed by Wulfhere of Mercia upon Edilwalch, King of the South Saxons, about 681, when Archbishop Wilfrid preached to them the Christian faith. The Church is an interesting Decorated structure, with a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and west tower. The chancel has been ascribed to William of Wykeham, whose "rose" encircles the east window. A canopied niche on each side is similarly "marked." Two coffins of Purbeck marble, sculptured with a processional cross, are here preserved. The font is Norman and curious. Of the rectory, valued at £568, the Bishop of Winchester is patron.

"There exists in the churchyard, about three feet below the surface, a curious deposit or petrefaction, specimens of which are kept in the church. The water of the brook near at hand encrusts with a coarse accretion the pebbles and edges of brick-work in contact with it. In a meadow on the bank of this stream grows one of the noblest willow-trees that ever flourished by the water-courses. The girth is 23 feet, and it contains 10 loads of timber, of which 5 are in the trunk"—(Murray).

On the opposite bank of the river is CORHAMPTON (population, 225), and about 1 mile further north stands EXTON (population, 283). CORHAMPTON Church is undoubtedly Saxon, and sanguine antiquaries would ascribe some portions of it to the days of St. Wilfrid, who first preached the gospel of Christianity

to the Meonware. The observer should remark the peculiarities of workmanship which distinguish the exterior; the narrow pilasters springing from a basement of stone—the two rude corbels on the south side, and another on the north which is set upon the keystone of a projecting arch—and the singularly imperfect sun-dial, roughly enriched at the angles with a trefoil ornament. The chancel-arch is semicircular, and of the rudest construction. On one side is an ancient pulpit; on the other, a white marble monument to Walter Long, of Preshaw House, and his family. A stone chair stands within the altar-rails, and the ancient altar-slab, engraved with five rude crosses, is inserted in the chancel-pavement. The curacy, valued at £39, is in the patronage of J. Wyndham, Esq.

EXTON CHURCH is Early English, with later additions. It was rebuilt in 1847. The Bishop of Winchester is patron of the rectory (£420).

While in this pleasant neighbourhood the tourist may climb the lofty chalk mass of OLD WINCHESTER HILL, for the sake of the prospects which it commands, and the old Roman *castriva castra* on its summit. The slopes are covered with barrows, where Roman relics have occasionally been found. It was here that Charles II. passed a day with Colonel Wyndham before his escape from Shoreham. The hill is traditionally supposed to have been the site of ancient Winchester. It is best reached by a path which turns off to the right below Meonstoke Church. You then ascend its south-western slope, and keep along the ridge for about 2 miles, descending into the stream-enlivened valley where WARNFORD (population, 414) peacefully nestles. BEACON HILL then rises before us on the opposite bank of the river, like a watch-tower designed to overlook the fair lands which stretch away to the surge of the Solent—the leafy masses of the New Forest—and the picturesque wolds of Sussex. On *this* side of the Arle lies the luxuriantly-wooded expanse of WARNFORD PARK (E. R. Turner, Esq.), with its quaint modernized Elizabethan mansion—its venerable ruins—its ancient parish church. By all means, pass an hour or two in this pleasant place—this true English park, which would have delighted the heart of brave Washington Irving—this happy combination of glade and upland, and shaw, and furzy hollow, and smooth-shaven lawn, brightened by the silver and made musical by the ripple of the brawling

Arle. Visit the ruins first ; that vaulted roof, those flint walls, those semicircular-arched doors and windows belong to the old manorial mansion of the St. Johns, Lords of Basing—whence the popular name “King John’s House”—who inherited it from Adam de Port. His son William assumed the surname of St. John, as representative of his mother, the daughter and heiress of Roger de St. John, *temp.* Richard I. The St. Johns had their lines in pleasant places, had they not ? The CHURCH was built by the same Adam de Port, and at the same time as the manor-house, on the site of St. Wilfrid’s older structure, whose Saxon font is still extant. Read these inscriptions—one within the south porch, the other on the wall :—

## ON THE WALL.

“ Ade hic de portu, solis benedicat ab ortu  
Gens cruce signata, per quem sum sic renovata.”

## WITHIN THE PORCH.

“ Fratres orate, prece vestra sanctificate  
Templi factores, seniores et juniores.  
Wilfrid fundavit, bonus Adam sic renovavit.”

The tower is Norman, the rest is Early English. A sun-dial on the south wall is probably Saxon. It resembles that at Corhampton. Remark, in the interior, the confessional seats, and the recessed niche for the sacred vessels. A stately marble monument, with effigies, commemorates certain members of the Neale family. The Rev. J. Wynne is patron of the vicarage (£502).

WEST MEON is 2 miles from Warnford Church, at the base of a considerable hill, which is “clapped down upon the level of the valley, just as you would put a goblet, with the foot and stem broken off, and turned upside down, upon a table”—(*Cobbett*). The church was rebuilt in 1843 at the expense of the late Archdeacon Bailey, in the Decorated style, with an embattled tower, much stained glass, and some good oaken carvings. The living is a rectory, valued at £729, in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester.

[EAST MEON (population, 1548), lies about 3 miles south-east, beyond Westbury House (Hon. T. Gage), and on a branch of the Titchfield river. The chalk hills rise up on either side of the valley in which it is situated, with a noble swell. The tourist must not fail to visit its Norman CHURCH: cruciform in plan, with a central tower, and a spire of later date. The chancel and south aisles are Early

English. To Bishop Walkelyn, cousin of William the Conqueror, is ascribed the Norman portion. The font is very remarkable, and strongly resembles in character and material the famous one in Winchester Cathedral: its sculpture represents the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and "their subsequent instruction in the arts of husbandry and spinning." The stone pulpit is Perpendicular. The Saints or Sancte Bell still hangs in the south-west window of the tower. The vicarage, valued at £908, and in the patronage of the Bishop of Winchester, has annexed to it the chapelry of FROXFIELD (population, 729), and SLEEP (population, 870). The former village is 4 miles north-east of East Meon. SLEEP lies about 1 mile farther east of East Meon, in the hilly country north of Porterfield, and near the Godalming branch of the South Western Railway.]

The road crosses West Meon Hill, descends into the bottom, and winds up Filmer Hill—the landscapes on either side possessing a certain romance of character which will commend itself to the tourist. PRIVETT (population, 281), with its neat towered church, is placed on the eastern ridge, looking afar into the Weald of Sussex. BASING PARK (J. Martineau, Esq.), formerly an estate of the St. Johns, Lords Basing, lies to the right of the main road. Nearly 2 miles to the left, and beyond the hill, is situated WEST TISTED (population, 268). Its church is ancient, with Early English characteristics. Crossing West Tisted common, where Roundheads and Cavaliers crossed swords in the stormy days of the Civil War, we duly reach ROTHERFIELD PARK (J. W. Scott, Esq.), and soon afterwards enter the village of EAST TISTED (population, 229). The church was rebuilt in 1845 at the expense of J. W. Scott, Esq. The pulpit and recesses exhibit some good carved work. Mr. Scott is the patron of the rectory, which is valued at £333.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—EAST TISTED TO PETERSFIELD.

The first point for which the indefatigable tourist should make is the famous village of SELBORNE (population, 1114), 2½ miles from East Tisted—immortalized in the delightful pages of Gilbert White. Here at "the Queen's Arms" he may obtain what refreshment he needeth, before he commences his exploration of a peculiarly interesting district. Of course, the great attraction will be the old naturalist's house, which is now inhabited by Professor Bell, a not unworthy successor of Gilbert White, whose courtesy, after having been tested by thousands of pilgrims, has never been found wanting, and whose edition of "the Natural

History" is one to be well thumbed by every tourist. The quaint old house, with the exception of a new "wing," remains as Gilbert White last saw it; covered with ivy and flowering creepers, and placed at the head of a lawn which is encircled in blossoms, a sundial at the end of it, a large hornbeam, a vigorous juniper, and a noble oak among the trees which overshadow it. A narrow brick path, made by the naturalist's father, leads to the summer-house, girt about with maples, and lined with moss and dried heather, which was the philosopher's favourite retreat. Beyond it stretch some broad grassy meadows, which in their turn are bounded by the famous "Hanger" of beeches—those glorious children of the forest White delighted in, as "the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider their smooth rind or bark, their glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs."

Everything here reminds us of "the old man eloquent," who learned so well the great Shakspearean lesson, that there are

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The American juniper he has commemorated for its hardihood in withstanding the rugged Siberian winter of 1776; the fern owls were wont "to show off" around the "spreading oak" in a very "unusual and entertaining manner;" the sundial was resorted to daily by the inquisitive naturalist. The rooms which he made use of are little altered. There is a bust of zoological Ray in the hall; a bookcase, Gilbert White's own handiwork, in the old parlour; an exact copy of his famous hybrid pheasant, made by Mr. Elmer of Farnham, the famous game painter, over the door. The pheasant was shot by Lord Stowell in Alice Holt Forest, submitted to White's inspection, and afterwards presented to the Petworth Museum, where it went the way of all things. Observe, too, the shell of the summer tortoise, whose daily life has been so pleasantly recorded by the Selborne historian. The great parlour has been converted into a drawing-room, and is much more modish than White would have approved of; but its walls are adorned with water-colour sketches of those scenes in the neighbourhood which his pen has so graphically depicted.

Gilbert White was born here July 18, 1720. His grandfather was vicar of Selborne; his father, a barrister. Gilbert was sent to Oxford, where he was elected Fellow of Oriel; took orders, and retreated to the shades of Selborne—to the observation of

nature, and the study of what are inaptly called "Common Things,"—to a life of simple piety and primitive plainness, from which he passed away, June 26, 1793. His "Natural History of Selborne" was published in 1789, in the form of Letters to Daines Barrington and Thomas Pennant. It immediately acquired a popularity which it has never lost.

We proceed from the naturalist's house to the CHURCH. On our way we cross a small piece of ground (132 feet by 36), with some houses around it, called the PLAY-STOW, or PLAY-PLACE, now corrupted with "the Plester," originally bestowed upon Selborne Priory by Adam de Gurdon in 1721. In its centre there formerly stood a huge and venerable oak, under whose branches monks had counted their beads, and which, for centuries, "was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in the summer evenings, where the former sat in grave debate, whilst the latter frolicked and danced before them." The veteran succumbed to the storms of 1703, but a younger tree bids fair to reach as venerable an age, if not to acquire so wide a celebrity.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is partly Early English, and partly Perpendicular. The nave is supported by many Saxon columns. The altar-piece is a German painting, in two compartments, representing the offerings of the Magi to the Infant Saviour, and was presented, in 1793, by Benjamin White, the London publisher, and the naturalist's brother. A small marble tablet in the chancel commemorates the historian, but he is actually interred in the graveyard. A roughly-sculptured headstone with initials and date, indicates the spot. The Churchyard is indeed more attractive than the church. It is a quiet, lonely, but picturesque nook, and adorned by a glorious yew, 24 feet in girth, "a male tree," says White, "which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina." The white owls, to whose "manner of life" he paid so sedulous an attention, or their representatives, still frequent the projecting eaves of the church, and the swifts still wheel around its gray old tower.

At the end of the grassy lea which stretches in the rear of Gilbert White's house, rises the beech-crowned eminence of "the Hanger" (Saxon, *angra* a corner). Ascending by a peculiarly circuitous path, through masses of foliage, dark and shadowy, the tourist reaches a sort of plateau—"a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of

the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water." From its summit we look down into the depths of the fair valley, where the village so picturesquely reposes; we see the tree-covered slopes of the Nore hill—the gabled roof of the vicarage—the low gray tower of the church—the gardens and meadows of the naturalist's house, the ferny, leafy, deep-banked lanes which stretch far away into the wild heathy wastes of Woolmer Forest—and "the steep abrupt pasture-field, interspersed with furze, close to the back of the village, and well-known by the name of 'Short Lithe'" (Saxon, *hlitthe*, a hill.) Around and beneath us circle to and fro the rocks, whose "evening proceedings and manœuvres" proved so "amusing" to the simple-hearted philosopher. They "rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down," and finally, "with the last gleam of day retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley."

Through the Bourne valley we move onwards to the PRIORY FARM, occupying part of the site of the once famous Priory of Selborne, which Bishop Peter de Rupibus, *temp.* Henry III., founded for a prior and fourteen canons, and which was endowed by the king with numerous immunities and privileges. Among the latter we must, we suppose, include the right to try and execute offenders; and prior and monks had their own gibbet set up, to the great benefit of the neighbourhood, on the hillock still known as "Gally" or "Gallows Hill." They were not the devout and austere monks who built beautiful churches, and illuminated precious manuscript, and kept alight the lamp of learning through the darkness of mediæval times, but riotous "brothers," who loved the merry greenwood, and the ringing horn better than cloister dim or vesper chime. So Bishop William of Wykeham reprimanded them, and a century later, Bishop Waynflete removed them to Magdalene College, Oxford, his new foundation. An old stone coffin and a few encaustic tiles are the only relics of the Priory which have descended to "posterity."

At TEMPLE, in this parish (1 mile east), resided Adam de Gurdon, a sturdy supporter of the great Earl, Simon de Montfort; after his leader's death at Evesham he defended the pass at Alton against Prince Edward, when the gallant Plantagenet leapt over the entrenchments and crossed swords with him in single

combat. Wounded, and smitten to the ground, he was taken prisoner. The Prince immediately sent him off to the Queen at Guildford, begging her to treat him mercifully, and eulogizing his valour and constancy. His lands were accordingly restored to him; a free pardon given him; he was appointed keeper of Woolmer Forest, and Warden of the Isle of Wight; and died in the very odour of loyalty.

SELBORNE (*i. e.*, the woodland-stream) existed as a village before the Roman conquest, and was a portion of the dowry of Edith the Fair, Queen of Edward the Confessor. It lies in a deep, sequestered valley, 5 miles south-east of Alton, surrounded by green, and well-wooded hills. The parish is very rich in its natural history—an attraction which it owes to its variety of soils: chalk in the south—to the north and north-east, the upper greensand, with underlying strata of gault and lower greensand.

☞ A pleasant "diversion" may be made from Selborne to WOOLMER FOREST, about 3 miles north-east. It is a breezy, open, tract of sand, 7 miles long by  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide, covered with heath and fern, somewhat diversified with hills and dales, but without having one standing tree in the whole extent. The great pond, at its south-west extremity, is nearly a mile and a half in circuit, and, *in winter*, abounds in water and wild fowl. The Forest "once" had a noble growth of trees, and was specially famous for its red deer. Concerning the latter the story runs that Queen Anne, "as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, came out of it at Liphook, which is just by, and reposing herself on a bank smooth for that purpose, lying about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the East of Woolmer Pond, and still called 'Queen's Bank,' saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of them brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting of about 500 head."

Upon leaving Selborne we strike into the country in a south-eastern direction, and in half an hour arrive at EMPSHOTT (population, 165), a pretty secluded village, with a pretty Early English Church, but otherwise nothing noticeable. Of a similar character is GREATHAM (population, 212), lying about one mile further east, and almost on the borders of Woolmer Forest. But from Empshott we keep southward to HAWKLEY (population, 329), whose neat little church was restored in 1844. Not for the sake of its church, however, do we visit Hawkley, but for a climb up the steep ascent of the HAWKLEY HANGER, one of the



finest view-points in Hampshire. After winding up a difficult lane, buried between high precipitous banks which are scantily patched with brushwood, we come out suddenly upon the brink of the Hanger, and gaze astonished upon a landscape which Cobbett shall describe for us :—"Never in all my life," he exclaims, "was I so surprised and so delighted. It was like looking from the top of a castle down into the sea, except that the valley was land and not water. . . . These hangers are woods on the sides of very steep hills. The trees and underwood hang, in some sort, to the ground, instead of standing on it. Hence these places are called hangers. From the summit of that which I had now to descend I looked down upon the villages of Hawkley, Greatham, Selborne, and some others. From the south-east, round southward to the north-west, the main valley has cross valleys running out of it, the hills on the sides of which are very steep, and in many parts covered with wood. The hills that form these cross valleys run out into the main valley like piers into the sea. Two of these promontories, of great height, are on the west side of the main valley, and were the first objects that struck my sight when I came to the edge of the hanger, which was on the south. The ends of these promontories are nearly perpendicular, and their tops so high in the air that you cannot look at the village below without something like a feeling of apprehension. From the south-west, round eastward to the north, lie the heaths, of which Woolmer Forest makes a part, and these go gradually rising up to Hindhead, the crown of which is to the north-west, leaving the rest of the circle (the part from north to north-west) to be occupied by a continuation of the valley, towards Headley, Binstead, Frensham, and the Holt Forest ; so that even the contrast in the view from the top of the hanger is as great as can possibly be imagined." A landslip of about 50 acres occurred here in March 1774, leaving a high freestone cliff naked and bare, like the sides of a chalk pit.

From the Hanger we descend into a green and leafy lane which opens out upon the high road from Winchester to Petersfield.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—EAST TISTED TO ALTON.

About half a mile from East Tisted we pass, on our left, PELHAM PLACE (Captain Lempriere), and just beyond it a road en

the right, which leads to NEWTON VALENCE (population, 368), an old mansion of the Valence family. The MANOR HOUSE (Captain Chawner) was formerly the seat of the fashionable traveller and aristocratic dilettante, Earl Mountmorris, better known by the title which he derived from his estate here, Lord Valentia. The old house has been converted into domestic offices, and a new villa erected by the present proprietor, who has a good collection of works of art and objects of *vertu*. Its great boast and glory is the Angoulême China Vase, rejected by George IV. on account of a small fire-flaw in the burning. It is mounted in ormolu, and the painting (the Rape of the Sabines) is by *David*.

The Church stands within the park ; has a nave, chancel, and south aisle ; and contains a memorial, in marble, to Captain *Nicholas*, of the Thunderer, a seventy-four gun-ship, lost, with all hands, off Hispaniola, in 1780. The living, annexed to Burghclere, is in the gift of the Earl of Caernarvon.

Without returning into the high road we can move northward to FARRINGDON (population, 565), an oddly built village, its four streets meeting in the centre, in a sort of oval, surrounded by houses. The church is dedicated to All Saints, and has Early English portions. The rectory is valued at £476.

A road beyond the village turns to the left, and leads to WEST WORLDHAM (population, 98) and HARTLEY MAUDITT (population, 87), 3 miles. Through the former the tourist may pass with what speed he will ; at the latter he should pause to examine the curious CHURCH, and pick out of its modern piece-work some indications of the original Norman character. The manor, according to Domesday, was held by one William de Maldoit, corrupted into Mauditt. "Hartley" signifies, of course, a pasturage for deer, but not a single pair of branching antlers now waves to and fro in the shadow of the pleasant trees.

We regain the high road at CHAWTON (population, 476), 49 miles from London, on the skirts of the well-wooded grounds of CHAWTON PARK (E. Knight, Esq.), whose quaint Elizabethan house—the recent additions have not spoiled it—stands on a bold knoll, rising out of thick and leafy groves. The downs of the Isle of Wight are visible from the higher points of the demeane. Chawton village (*Inn* : The French Horn) is delightfully situated

in a picturesque valley, which brightens with many water-courses, at the junction-point of the Gosport and Southampton roads. The CHURCH was enlarged in 1837, and contains a monument in black and white marble, with a recumbent effigy in full armour of Sir *Richard Knight*, temp. 1550-80. The rectory, valued at £353, is in the patronage of E. Knight, Esq.

One mile further, and we enter the luxuriant vale of ALTON (population, 4121. *Inns*: Crown, and Swan), 47 miles from London by road, about 60 miles by rail; 9 miles from Farnham; 5 miles from Selborne; and 12 miles from Petersfield, to which there is an omnibus daily. It is the centre of a great agricultural district, and its Saturday markets are always largely attended. Of its ales every disciple of John Barleycorn has heard, and of its Quakers the tourist will doubtlessly form a very favourable opinion. Its CHURCH, a spacious and stately pile, dedicated to St. Nicholas, stands upon an eminence, and dates from the early part of the twelfth century, when the plainness of the Norman style was modified by the gradually-increasing influence of the Early English. Its frescoes—fifteenth century—illustrate events in the history of our Saviour, and there is also a curious portrait of Henry VI., brought to light some years ago during a partial restoration of the church. A door, riddled by shot, will recall to the visitor's memory a stirring passage of the Civil Wars. In 1643 Colonel Boles, a royalist, was stationed at Alton with 1800 infantry and two troops of horse. Sir William Waller, who was besieging Farnham Castle, suddenly marched hither with a strong detachment, and before daylight entirely surrounded the town. The royalist leader, however, succeeded in despatching tidings of his peril to Lord Hopton at Winchester, and meanwhile prepared for a desperate resistance. He was gradually beaten back, and at length, with about eighty men, took shelter in the church, which he held for six or seven hours, resolutely refusing quarter, and slaying many of his foes with his own hand, until he received his death-wound. Sixty of his followers were also slain. When Charles the First heard of his defeat and death, he exclaimed,—“Bring me a mourning scarf, for I have lost one of my best commanders.”

The living is a vicarage, with the curacy of Holybourne attached, valued at £728, and included in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester.

Alton (*i. e.*, the old town), notwithstanding its steep High Street, its town-hall (rebuilt in 1812), its Quakers, and its breweries, is an uninteresting town; but the neighbourhood is rich in landscapes of the most attractive character. It lies at the mouth of the famous "pass" of Alton, kept by Adam de Gurdon against Prince Edward's forces in 1265, and a favourite resort of those "minions of the moon" who, in the neighbouring forests, found shelter from the arms of the law. "In the sixteenth century, the wardens of the great Winchester Fair of St. Giles' paid five mounted sergeants-at-arms to keep the pass at Alton during the fair." It is narrow at the entrance, but rapidly broadens into an ample and fertile valley, well wooded, watered by a branch of the Wey, and opening, at the north-east, upon the hop-gardens of Farnham.

The CELEBRITIES of ALTON are,—William de Alton, a "Dominican or preaching friar, famous even amongst foreigners for his sermons and sound judgment," who flourished about 1330; John Pitts, born 1560, died 1616, author of a treatise, "*De Illustribus Angliæ Scriptoribus*;" and William Curtis, born 1746, died 1798, whose "*Flora Londinensis*" is still held in deserved repute.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—ALTON TO FARNHAM.

About  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the north-east of Alton we pass through the pleasant village of HOLYBOURNE, on the Wey. The Early English Church, dedicated to the Holy Rood, stands on the left, near HOLYBOURNE LODGE (R. Cole, Esq). A free Grammar School was established here by Thomas Andrews in 1719.

Still onward through the valley—"the finest ten miles in England," says agricultural Arthur Young—and soon the grassy glades and overhanging woods of FROYLE PARK (Rev. Sir Thomas Miller), rise upon our view. Among them stands a stately old sixteenth century mansion, with quoins and dressings of stone, and numerous gables, casting the most fantastic of shadows. Both the church and the house are placed on the western side of the park, and are best reached by a lane turning (on the left) out of the main road. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, was restored in 1842. The vicarage is worth £254 yearly. Population of the parish, 826.

Through pleasant hop-grounds, and within sight of "the

milky Wey," we proceed to BENTLEY (population, 752), "one of the prettiest places of the kind," says Mr. Thorne, "I know of, and one which would have made the fortune of any Dutch painter who should have been so lucky as to light upon it." A picturesque avenue of sombre yew-trees winds up the hill to the CHURCH, which is a quaint old Norman structure, dedicated to "the Blessed Virgin." The living is a curacy, valued at £106, in the Archdeacon of Surrey's patronage.

The village clusters round a pleasant green. A Roman encampment may be seen at Powderham, where fragments of tessellated pavement are often discovered.

[The Bentley Railway station is about 1 mile south, across the Wey, and is passed by the pedestrian who cares to penetrate into the coppices and brushwood of ALICE or ATLES HOLT (Alaholt, the Ash-wood), or Alder Holt Forest, as it is sometimes called. "It was probably here and in Woolmer Forest that the Emperor Charles V. 'hunted the hart' on his way from Windsor by Farnham to Winchester." Some clearances have been made here, and enclosures formed, but there remain many picturesque bits of forest scenery to be commended to the sketcher's attention. On its western borders lie the villages of BINSTEAD (population, 1152), 3 miles from Alton, north-east, and KINGSLEY (population, 387), 4 miles east. HEADLEY PARK, south of the forest, on a branch of the Wey, is 5½ miles south-east of Alton. HEADLEY (population, 1424), has an ancient CHURCH, partly rebuilt in 1838.]

Two miles beyond Bentley we cross the borders of Surrey, and soon plunge into the famous hop-grounds of FARNHAM (9 miles from Alton), described in our "Guide to Surrey."

#### BRANCH ROUTE—ALTON to BASINGSTOKE.

We quit Alton by a road which at first leads in a south-westerly direction, and afterwards, at about one mile from the town, turns due east, and winds through rich meadows and waving cornfields to BENTWORTH (population, 610), 3¼ miles, the birthplace of a true English poet, *George Wither* (1588-1667), whose father was lord of the manor here, and whose "beechy shadows" he has immortalized in his verse. While incarcerated in the Marshalsea his fancy often returned to Bentworth. At the commencement of the Civil War he disposed of his patrimony to raise a troop of horse for the service of the Parliament.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, is partly Early English. BENTWORTH COURT (J. R. Ives, Esq.) is the pleasant seat of the lord of the manor.

From Bentworth we cross northward, leaving a windmill—a conspicuous landmark—on our right, to SHALDEAN (population, 200), where there is a small Early English Church, and thence, up the valley to the north-east, until (at one mile from Shaldean) we reach LASSHAM (population, 258). The church is noticeably hideous. Remark the fertility of this rich and agreeable district. The road we now pursue (turning neither to the right nor the left) passes through several clusters of little cottages—one of which, we believe, is euphoniouly called *Cabbage Garden*—to HERRIARD (population, 515),  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles north-west from Alton by the direct road, but nearly 10 miles by the route we have adopted. We skirt the really beautiful grounds of HERRIARD PARK (G. P. Jervoise, Esq.)—which lie in three parishes, Herriard, Tunworth, and Winslade, and are about 7 miles in circumference—for some time before we reach the village. A public path crosses the park, and opens up some charming vistas of leafy avenue and tufty glade. The mansion dates from the reign of Queen Anne, and has a Vanburgh solidity about it. The CHURCH, an Early English structure, dedicated to the Virgin, stands within the park, and Mr. Jervoise is the patron of the vicarage, which is valued at £200 per annum.

[From Herriard we may diverge east to ELLISFIELD (population, 279), 3 miles. TUNWORTH (population, 183), 3 miles north, or WESTON PATRICK (population, 215), 3 miles north. We forbear from indicating to the tourist the particular roads to be pursued, as the field-paths frequently to be met with will afford pleasanter and shorter rambles than the regular highways.]

ELLISFIELD (it is said) derives its name from Ella, the ubiquitous leader of the South Saxons, who here defeated the Britons. There are remains of entrenchments in the neighbourhood, and a moated camp, occupying three acres, and now picturesquely covered with wood, is traditionally reputed to have been the site of a regal residence. There were two churches here up to the reign of Edward III., when the decadence of Ellisfield seems to have begun. The present structure is ancient, and dedicated to St. Andrew. The rectory is valued at £402.

TUNWORTH has an old church, with a new spire and oaken porch. The rectory, valued at £200, is in the patronage of G. Jervoise, Esq.

WESTON PATRICK is a simple little village, with a very uninteresting church. The Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral is the patron of the curacy, which is worth £48 per annum.]

Half-an-hour's pleasant rambling through a country side which is pleasantly wooded brings us to WINSLADE (population, 174), on the southern borders of Hackwood Park. KEMPSHOT HOUSE (E. W. Blount, Esq.) is in this parish, but in a totally different direction. It fronts the Southampton road at about 3 miles

south-west of Basingstoke, and certainly 5 miles from Winslade village. For several centuries it was the seat of the Pinke family, —one of whom, Robert Pinke, died 1647, was warden of New College, Oxon. George IV., when Prince of Wales, occupied it as a hunting seat. In 1822 it was purchased by the present owner, who has considerably improved both the house and the estate.

The road to Basingstoke from this village crosses HACKWOOD PARK (Sir Richard Bethell, who leases it of Lord Bolton), and assuredly a more delightful stroll the enthusiastic tourist need not wish for. The original name was *Hawk*, or *Hawking Wood*, and "when Basing House was in its glory," it was here the chivalrous Pawletts flew their hawks, retiring, when the sport was done, to a pleasant lodge upon the site of the present mansion. When Basing House was destroyed by the Roundheads, hither the Marquis of Winchester, and his son, the first Duke of Bolton, retired, and the lodge was enlarged and improved into a suitable residence for such puissant nobles. It assumed its present form about 1688, but has at different periods undergone considerable alterations and "embellishments." Fronting the house stands an equestrian statue of George I. (who looks as little like a centaur as can be imagined), presented by that monarch to the first Duke of Bolton, a staunch and prudent Hanoverian. The delicate carving of Grinling Gibbons enriches the Hall, and there are some good family portraits.

A picturesque nook in the park (the grounds are 8 miles in circumference), where Nature has been tricked out by Art with an effect which is not unpleasing, is called SPRING WOOD. The elms are garlanded with ivy in a most luxuriant fashion, and an amphitheatre has been formed out of the turf, and shadowed by a background of trees, where Titania and Oberon might summon their imps to amuse them with elfin masques. The stage is turf, and the terraced seats are turf. The ceiling is "the fretted firmament." It were a pity to have other orchestra than "feathered minstrels," other lights than moon or sun, and only fairy legends should ever be presented in a spot where a "Midsummer's Night Dream" becomes almost a reality.

A retiring-room, or summer-house, in the French Gardens, was (it is said) Lavinia Fenton's favourite *salon de musique*. Lavinia was the original "Polly" of Gay's "Beggars' Opera," and after having been the Duke of Bolton's mistress for some years, became his wife.

The Park is very extensive, its surface agreeably varied, its woods of the finest foliage ; and there are delicious glades and della, ferny, leafy, and blossomy, which have happily replaced the formal avenues wherein Queen Anne's gentlemen and gentlewomen delighted. We regret, however, the two long walks of chesnut trees which linked Hawkwood to Old Basing in the days of farthingales and hoops, sword-knots and clouded canes. About 500 head of deer find pasturage on the estate.

Of BASINGSTOKE and its environs we shall speak hereafter. (See p. 687.)

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—ALTON to WINCHFELD.

Our main route runs northward through a true Hampshire district—pleasantly diversified and richly cultivated—a district of large farms, of cornfields and broad pastures, but without a village of any dimensions or interest until, at 6 miles from the town of pretty Quakeresses, we reach SOUTH WARNBOROUGH (population, 410), so named, we are told, from its sheltered position among the hills. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, is ancient, with a rich Norman doorway, and a monument in the chancel to Sir Thomas White, a former lord of the manor. "It is said of his son that Queen Elizabeth, soon after her accession, rode hither one morning on horseback to visit him, and, after being entertained at breakfast, unexpectedly knighted him in his saloon"—(*Moody*). The rectory, valued at £420, is in the patronage of St. John's College, Cambridge.

We now cross a range of hills of no considerable elevation to the market town of ODIHAM (population, 289. *Inns*: The George, New Inn, The Tuns), the birth-place, in 1466, of the grammarian *William Lilly*, the friend and correspondent of Sir Thomas More and Erasmus, and for 15 years under Dean Cobb, master of St. Paul's school. "Here he made his Latin grammar, which this great schoolmaster modestly submitted to the correction of Erasmus ; and therefore such who will not take it on the single bond of Lillie, may trust on the security of Erasmus"—(*Fuller*). He died of the plague in 1622.

The situation of Odiham is very pleasant, and its name, a corruption of Woodyham, indicates its character. It occupies the



slope of a chalk-hill, in the heart of a leafy country side, which still retains a considerable portion of that ancient forest where our Saxon monarchs "aroused the hart." Let it here be noted that the parish churches in this neighbourhood are raised upon bold knolls, to render them useful as landmarks to wayfarers struggling through the dense masses of the Weald. Odiham was the marriage-portion of two queens—both named Margaret,—the wife of Edward the First, and the wife of Henry the Sixth. A royal palace, of which some traces may perhaps be detected in the farm-house now occupying its site, was inhabited by King John prior to the famous meeting at Runnymede.

The CHURCH is an illustrated history of English architecture, with Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular portions, much defaced by an external coat of brickwork. The chancel and aisle were "restored" in 1851. There is a pillar-piscina.

The vicarage, with Grewall curacy annexed, is valued at £537, and included in the patronage of the Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral.

About a mile beyond the town, at a place called North Warnborough, stands an octagonal tower, *temp.* Edward I., the solitary memorial and remains of a stronghold erected here soon after the Conquest. For fifteen days, in 1216, its garrison of three officers and ten men defied the strength of Louis of France, and when they at last capitulated, obtained their freedom, horses, and arms. Simon de Montfort supported here an extensive hunting "stud and kennel," and during the baronial war it afforded shelter to his wife, and daughter Eleanor, who was twice "let blood" by "the barber of Reading," as appears from the Countess's household book. David, King of Scotland, was here confined for eleven years, until his subjects ransomed him for 100,000 marks. James I. bestowed it on Lord Zouch, and from his representatives it passed to the St. Johns, and thence to the Mildmays.

[CRONDALE (population, 2431) lies 5 miles south-east of Odiham. The CHURCH has Norman indications, but is mainly Transition-Norman and Early English. It was carefully restored in 1845. About 1 mile from the church, at Barley Pound, some mosaic pavements have been found; and, in 1828, a hundred gold coins of the Merovingian kings of France were discovered on the south-east edge of the heath, where a camp with a double fosse is traditionally ascribed to Cæsar. North of Crondale, on the edge of Alderhott Common, rises the bold abrupt bluff of TUCKSWAY HILL. Alderhott camp may easily be gained from this point.

Turning to the west of Odiham, we find on the Basingstoke road the villages of GREWALL (population, 297), NATELEY (population, 116), SCURES (population,

945), and MAPLEDURWELL (population, 206). The road follows, with some variation, the course of the Basingstoke Canal, and at 2 miles from Basingstoke passes over much hilly ground. The Basingstoke Canal at Grewall (Grey-well) passes under the hill by a tunnel three quarters of a mile in length. Grewall church dates from the reign of Henry III. Nateley Church is Norman, and the rectory, valued at £178, is in the patronage of Lord Dorchester. NATELEY SCURES— from acorn, a coppice, lies 1 mile north across the canal, and has a Norman church, dedicated to St. Swithin, with a circular apse and rich northern doorway. It is but 18 paces long,—the smallest church, perhaps, in England. MAPLEDURWELL Church is dedicated to St. Mary. The chapelry is annexed to the rectory of NEWNHAM (population, 360), valued at £240, and in the patronage of Queen's College, Oxon.]

After leaving Odiham we take the road which runs eastward, passing Hatchet House, and crossing right through Dogmersfield Park to Winchfield, 3 miles.

DOGMEERSFIELD PARK (Lady Mildmay), 900 acres in area, possesses all the charms of wood and water, hollow and knoll, and broad patches of blossomed sward. A lake covers 36 acres. The house, imposing for its size and elevated position, commands some good views. In the HALL hangs a full-length of Prince Rupert, by *Sir Peter Lely*; in the DINING-ROOM, portraits of Gustavus Adolphus; James I. by *Rubens*; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, *Jansen*; and Sir Horace Vere, Lord Tilbury—presented to one of the Paulet St. Johns by Charles I.; in the DRAWING-ROOM, some specimens of the Dutch and Italian schools. In the dining-room there is a bust of Pitt, by Nollekens; and in the Library, a finely sculptured marble vase from Italy.

Dogmersfield was originally attached to the See of Canterbury, and there was an archiepiscopal palace here, where Archbishop Fitzjocelyn died in 1191. It fell into the hands of Sir Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, *temp.* Henry VIII., and afterwards passed into the family of St. John, whose representative, Sir Henry, assumed the name of Mildmay, on his marriage with the heiress of the Mildmays in 1790.

DOGMEERSFIELD CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, stands within the park. It was built in 1843. The rectory, valued at £331, is in Lady Mildmay's patronage. Population of the parish, 304.

We pass through the park, cross the canal, and soon arrive at WINCHFIELD (population, 347. *Inn*: The Beauclerk Arms), a station on the London and South-Western Railway, 39 miles from London. (There are omnibuses daily to and from Odiham,

Hantry, Heckfield, Strathfieldsaye, and Wokingham). The CHURCH is a fine cruciform structure, probably erected by the monks of Chertsey, who held the manor soon after the Conquest. Remark the solidity of its Norman tower, and the rich workmanship of the deeply recessed doorway on the western side. The latter may aptly be compared with the Early English entrance on the north. The chancel is altogether Early English, but opens on the nave with a Norman triple arch. The walls are covered with mediæval frescoes, brought to the light of day during the restoration of the church in 1858. Value of the rectory, £247; patron, Lady Mildmay.

WINCHFIELD HOUSE (G. Barnbrige, Esq.) lies on the other side of the railway. There are bits of scenery here which seem transferred from the canvas of Creswick and Inskipp.

[While taking up his quarters at "the Beauclerk Arms" there are certain excursions which the tourist may adventure in a summer-day's sweet sunshine, or, better still, in an autumn's genial warmth. He may cross Aldersholt Common to "the Camp," and thence take the rail to Farnham, returning through Crondale and Dogmersfield Park. Or he may proceed through Farnborough and Trimley to Bagshot. Or he may adopt the route we are about very briefly to indicate:—through Elvetham, and across Eversley Common to Bramshill Park. Through the park to Eversley. Take the western road which traverses Bramshill Common to Strathfieldsaye; thence, south, to Heckfield, and return through Mattingley.

ELVETHAM (population, 497) is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Winchfield village—there is nothing in the CHURCH to delay the tourist. The rectory, valued at £335, is in Lord Calthorpe's patronage. ELVETHAM PARK (Lord Calthorpe) passed at the Reformation from the monks of Chertsey to the haughty Seymours, and became, in 1591, the scene of a curious but magnificent entertainment offered to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Hertford. To do Gloriana honour, the house was enlarged and a lake was formed. Rooms of state were erected in the grounds, and enriched with hazel and ivy. Three islands were constructed in the lake: a ship isle, a fort isle, and a "small isle." Musicians were seated in trim wherries, and in a properly fitted pinnacle, three virgins disported themselves. Classical allegories were not forgotten:—the Tritons blew their "many-wreathed horns;" Neptune and Oceanus, Nereus "the prophet of the sea," ocean-monsters, the three Graces "attired in gowns of tafeta sarsenet of divers colours," all figured in the splendid scene. Sylvanus, with his fauns and satyrs, came from the park to address the magnificent Elizabeth; and finally, the Fairy Queen and her woodland-nymphs danced a gay measure around her.

The memory of the splendid nobleman who thus sumptuously received his "sovereign lady"—the "beauteous Queen of second Troy"—is preserved in the name of the hamlet we pass on our way to Bramshill, Hertford Bridge. From this point, a mile across the heathery wastes of Eversley Common brings us to

BRAMSHILL PARK (Sir William Cope), a scene of the most picturesque and delightful character; so veritably ancient and venerable in all its "belongings" that one momentarily expects a fair Amoret, in ruff and farthingale, to sweep across its

stately terraces,—a cavalier, hot with memories of the fight at Cheriton or the discomfiture at Alton, to stride through its avenues of branching oaks—a love-sick Waller to murmur sweet verses to a disdainful Saccharissa among its shadowy garden-bowers! Hume, Lingard, Rushworth, Clarendon, Macaulay—here is your commentary upon them, your vivid pictorial illustration of them! Walk along those “pleached alleys,” those quaintly-fashioned trees, those gay parterres of blooming flowers; ramble about these noble balustraded terraces; dream awhile in the antique hall; and you will instinctively understand what manner of men were those stout-hearted, fine-souled gentlemen who fought for loyalty and King Charles. What wonder that England is “conservative?” Has she not something to treasure up, to preserve, to defend? Who, for half a dozen patent reform-theories, would lose Bramshill, and all that it symbolizes?

The house is one of the finest Jacobean structures remaining in England. It was built, it is said, for Prince Harry; he died before it was completed, and so it was occupied by the builder, the 11th Lord Zouch. From the Zouch family it passed to the Copes, and its successive owners have had the taste and feeling to deal gently with its admirable antiquity. The wings are built of brick, with stone quoins and dressings; the centre is all of stone, elaborately carved and decorated in the Inigo Jones fashion. Each storey is divided by pilasters into richly decorated compartments, and the whole is crowned by an elaborate pediment, bearing the Prince of Wales's coronet.

The interior is equally in keeping. The old Hall has its flooring and wainscoting of polished oak,—an enriched ceiling,—and walls hung with family portraits in antique frames. The tapestry is rich and quaint; the fire-places are huge and massive; the fittings and furnishings are all of other days. One is only recalled to the present by a picture in the hall which represents a “meet” at Bramshill, and contains portraits of the late Duke of Wellington—a frequent visitor—the late Sir John Cope, and other “squires and gentlemen” who loved to “hunt with the hounds.” The Queen visited Bramshill, while a guest of the Great Duke's at Strathfieldsaye, in 1847.

It was in Bramshill Park that Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, while hunting with Lord Zouch, slew one Thomas Hawkins, a keeper, by an accidental shot with a crossbow (A. D. 1621). The “humbled” prelate never forgot the unintentional homicide, and during the remainder of his life always fasted once a month, on a Tuesday, the day which had proved so disastrous to him. His enemies made satisfactory “political capital” out of the unfortunate event, and it was thought necessary to publish a sort of “official narrative” of the circumstances.

A road to the north-east leads to **EVERSLEY** (population, 789), which has given a viscounty to the late distinguished Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. C. Shaw Lefevre, now Lord Viscount Eversley. It has another association which has endeared it to thousands of Englishmen: “the rector of Eversley” is the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of “Hypatia,” “Alton Locke,” “Westward Ho!” and other books which have become part and parcel of classic English literature. The village is very picturesque and secluded. The rectory is valued at £475. Sir William Cope of Bramshill is the patron.

Beyond Eversley flows the fish-abounding stream of the Blackwater, dividing Hampshire from Berkshire. **SANDEURST**, the Royal Military College, and the **WEXLINGTON MEMORIAL COLLEGE**, founded in 1856, are easily to be reached from this point. But for the present we turn our faces to the west, cross the heathy hills which rise beyond the village of Eversley, and reach at about 5 miles from that place, **STRATHFIELDSAYE** (population, 864), memorable from its associations

with "the Iron Duke." The Roman road from London to Silchester passed through this district, hence its name—the field on the *street* or road. The estate was purchased of Lord Rivers, in 1814, by Parliament, and presented to the Duke of Wellington, to be held on the same tenure as Blenheim is held by the Marlboroughs,—that of presenting to the Sovereign, on each anniversary of Waterloo, a flag bearing the royal arms. The park is extensive (1000 acres) and richly planted, and through it flows Pope's Lodon,—"the Loddon slow with silver alders crowned," forming near the mansion a broad ornamental lake. An avenue of Cornish elms, 1 mile in length, each tree about 140 years old, runs straight up to the house with an edifying degree of accuracy. The exterior of the house itself nobody will stop to examine; its interior will interest us all, rather from its associations than its architectural merits. There are two Fusell-paintings in the Hall, and in the Dining and Drawing-rooms a series of portraits of the Spanish Bourbons, and a portrait of the Duke of York, by *Sir Thomas Lawrence*. There are numerous engravings of historical pictures scattered through the different rooms. Their frames are from a pattern which the Duke himself selected.

A conservatory with some good orange-trees, originally brought from Spain, occupies a portion of the south side of the house, and opens into the late Duke's private rooms. These are furnished with almost the simplicity of a barrack, but arranged with military precision.

The gardens are large, and beautifully ordered, with some good cedars of Lebanon, some immense tulip-trees, pineries, forcing-houses, and the usual appurtenances. From these the visitor passes into a small paddock, where a railed-in work, shadowed with many trees, is pointed out as the grave of the Duke's famous charger *Copenhagen*, which bore him through the battle storms of Vittoria and Waterloo. He was the grandson of the noted racer *Eclipse*; was bred by Field Marshal Grosvenor, who sold him to the Marquis of Londonderry, and from his hands he passed, at the price of 400 guineas, to the Duke, in 1808. His colour was a dark chestnut, and he stood 15 hands high. After an old age of dignified leisure he died in 1825, and was buried with military honour—leaving a name to be remembered among those of the world's "celebrated horses."

"Stratfield is mentioned in Domesday Book as being held with Silchester by Ralph de Mortimer, the favourite officer of William the Conqueror"—(*Moody*). Here is a coincidence to be commended to the notice of those who delight in historical parallelisms. The Church of Strathfieldsaye is within the park, and its rectory in the patronage of the Duke of Wellington. There is nothing noticeable in it but a monument, with effigies, to *Sir William Pitt*, d. 1686.

STRATHFIELD TURGIS (population, 245) lies south of the park. The inn here, the *Wellington Arms*, was long kept by Mr. Carter, the Duke's groom, who accompanied him throughout the Peninsular War, and was with him at Waterloo. If this should prove an attraction to the tourist, he will find nothing else to detain or interest him in this quietest of little villages.

We return to Winchfield through HECKFIELD (population, 1321), which is situated in a wild dreary expanse of furze-patched common. Its oasis is HECKFIELD PLACE (Lord Eversley), a goodly house in a goodly park, enriched with luxuriant woodlands, and enlivened with some beautiful sheets of ornamental water. The Church is ancient; its aisles date from 1500; its Perpendicular tower is massive and stately. The vicarage, with the cure of MATTINGLEY annexed, is valued at £396, and included in the patronage of New College, Oxon.

From Heckfield to Winchfield is a pleasant five miles' walk.]

**ROUTE XIV.—From WINCHFIELD, via BASINGSTOKE and WINCHESTER, to SOUTHAMPTON.**

[FARNBOROUGH to FLEETPOND,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. ; FLEETPOND to WINCHFIELD,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. ; Basingstoke, 8 m. ; Mitcheldever,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  m. ; WINCHESTER, 8 m. ; Biahopstoke, 7 m. ; Southampton, 5 m. ]

**BY LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.**

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,  
 Olde monuments, which of so famous sprights  
 The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine . . .  
 Who lests to see, whatever nature, arte,  
 And heaven could doo ?

SPENSER.

For the convenience of the tourist we shall commence our journey at the point where the London and South-Western Railway crosses the borders of Hampshire, and suppose that we have arrived, on our route from London, at

FARNBOROUGH (population, 477), 33 miles from the metropolis, one of the principal channels of communication with ALDERSHOTT CAMP (2 miles south). On each side of the line stretches the wild uncultivated expanse of Peat Moor, bounded towards the north by a range of inconsiderable hills which seem crowned with clumps of vigorous firs. There is nothing in Farnborough to delay us. It is occasionally enlivened by the presence of some red coats from Aldershott, but they can find, we fancy, very little to amuse them.

We now emerge from the cutting wherein we have travelled, for a mile or so, to cross the common on an embankment which enables us to look down on the few farmsteads scattered on either side. At  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Farnborough we pause at FLEETPOND, which we traverse on a high bank of sand, firmly held together by a thatching of turf, hazel rods, and willows. When the sunshine dimples on this broad reach of water, the contrast presented by the dark brown slopes of the neighbouring hills has in it an effect of light and shade quite Rembrandtish in character.

BROOM HALL here lies on our right, and on our left, about a

mile distant, rises the gloomy peak of FOX HALL. ELVETHAM (Lord Calthorpe) is also situated on our right, about three-quarters of a mile distant. Our recollections of Queen Elizabeth may amuse us, as through rich green woodlands we are borne along on an embankment of considerable height. WINCHFIELD is our next resting-place. WINCHFIELD HOUSE lies on our right—the village and its quaint old CHURCH on our left. DOGMERSFIELD PARK rears its masses of tree behind Winchfield.

A deep cutting now carries us through Shapley Heath, and a short tunnel under the road to ODIHAM, 2 miles south. To the right lies ROTHERWICK (population, 454), and beyond it, TILNEY HALL, which may remind the tourist of Tom Hood's humorous and characteristic novel. We are now flying through the exquisite valley which glistens with the ripple of the WHITE WATER, a stream issuing from the chalk hills on the north, and traversing the freshest of fresh green pastures. Now we enter the shadow of a deep cutting, nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile long; now another leafy dell opens out before us; yet another cutting, whose green turfen sides effectually shut out the neighbouring country; and now we are in the beautiful valley of the Loddon, rolling on her way "to swell with tributary urn the flood" of the Thames, below Shiplake—contributing her store to that mighty river,

"As still we see the much runs over to the more."

OLD BASING is now passed on the right, and the ruins of BASING HOUSE on the left, and following pretty closely the course of the Basingstoke canal, we soon arrive at that junction of many railways, the old but lively and busy town of the Saxon *Basingas*.

BASINGSTOKE (population, 4066. *Inns*: Angel, Red Lion, Wheatsheaf), 46 miles from London, in the centre of a populous agricultural district. From hence a branch of the SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY diverges, through Andover to Salisbury; and the GREAT WESTERN stretches hither an iron arm from Reading. This, too, is the terminus of the BASINGSTOKE CANAL, which, joining the Wey at Weybridge, connects the Hampshire farmers with the Thames. The town, therefore, is the DEPOT of a considerable trade, and has a prosperous flourishing air about it. Evidently it has thrown off its antiquity, and come out fresh, young, and vigorous as a great railway feeder. It rejoices in a mayor, four

aldermen, and twelve town-councillors ; in a spacious Townhall, erected in 1832 ; in a flourishing Wednesday market for corn, cattle, and vegetable produce ; in a Saturday market for vegetables, meat, and poultry ; in an ancient Free Grammar School, and a Blue Coat School, founded by one Richard Aldworth.

Nor is it without these associations which have a peculiar charm for the man of letters and for educated minds generally. *Walter de Merton*, the founder of Merton College, was born here circa 1210 ; so were *John of Basingstoke*, died 1252 (the friend of Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln—Butler's "Bob Grosted"), "who had good skill in the Greek tongue (whereof he wrote a grammar), and is justly reputed the first restorer thereof in England"—(*Fuller*) ; *vir in trivio et quadrvio ad plenum eruditus* (*Matt. Paris*) ; *Richard White*, temp. James I., Regius Professor at Douay, and author of a "History of Britain," which Selden commended ; *Sir James Lancaster*, died 1607, one of the great Elizabethan adventurers, and the discoverer of the Sound (in Baffin's Bay) named after him ; and the two Wartons, *Joseph*, born in 1722, and *Thomas*, in 1728, the historian of English poetry and himself a poet of no mean order. *Sir George Wheeler*, the Oriental traveller, was formerly vicar here, and founded the *Parochial Library*, now preserved in the Church. *Walter de Merton*, in 1261, established an *Hospital for Aged Priests*, on a site near the churchyard, but there are no remains of it. The NATIONAL SCHOOL was established in 1618, in accordance with certain provisions in the will of Sir James Lancaster.

Let us now turn to BASINGSTOKE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, a goodly building in the Perpendicular style, erected "under the auspices of Bishop Fox, temp. Henry VIII. It has a nave and chancel, north and south aisles, and low embattled tower. The chancel arch was restored in 1850, and on the wall were found some Elizabethan frescoes, the Prince of Wales' feathers, the red and white rose of the Tudors, the mottoes "Deum time" and "regem honora." A drawing of them may be examined in the tower doorway. The Lady Chapel is now used as a school-room, and contains Sir George Wheeler's library. To the vicarage are annexed the vicarages of Upper Hateley and Basing ; their united value is £572 ; and their patrons, the Fellows of Magdalene College, Oxon.

The poplar-encircled VICARAGE, near the Church, was the birthplace of the two Wartons, whose father was vicar here, and



is commemorated by a tablet in the church to *Thomas Warton*, d. 1745.

BRANCH ROUTE—BASINGSTOKE TO SILCHESTER.

The direct route would take us duly past the Basingstoke Station, following the course of the Reading and Henley road ; but having no fear before our eyes of

“Those wholesale critics that in coffee-  
Houses cry down all phil-o-sophy,”

and being of opinion with Burton that digressions are commendable, we shall even turn aside to visit the histrionic remains of BASING HOUSE.

A “strong castle” was built here by Hugh de Port soon after the Conquest, and upon its site, or in its neighbourhood, the magnificent Pawlett, his descendant, and the first Marquis of Winchester, erected so stately a mansion that Camden declares it was overcharged with his own weight, and his posterity were obliged to pull down a part of it. This was the splendid noble who, “upon the bare stock of his wit, trafficked so wisely and so well, that he got, spent, and left, more than any subject since the Conquest. He was servant to King Henry the Seventh, and for thirty years together treasurer to King Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. The latter, in some sort, owed their crowns to his counsel ; his policy being the principal defeater of Duke Dudley’s design to disinherit them”—(*Fuller*). Men asked how he was able to hold his own in such mutable times ; he replied, that it was because he was “no oak, but an osier.” He entertained Elizabeth at Basing, in 1560, with so courtly a magnificence that she exclaimed, “By my host, if my Lord Treasurer were but a young man, I could find it in my heart to have him for a husband before any man in England.” This mighty lord “had the rare happiness of *ωβρωσία*, setting in his full splendour, having lived 97 years, and seen 103 out of his body. He died A.D. 1572.”

It was during the lifetime of John, the fifth Marquis, whom Dryden has immortalized as

“He who in impious times undaunted stood,  
And ’midst rebellion durst be just and good,”

that the famous Siege of Basing House became one of the most stirring passages of the History of the Civil War.

Immediately on the opening of the great struggle the loyal Marquis put his mansion in a state of thorough defence, and garrisoned it with a hundred trusty musqueteers from Oxford. The area of the works was 14½ acres; the ditches were steep, the walls were high and strong. In August 1643, Sir William Waller invested this "pestilent" stronghold, which from its position afforded a ready shelter to the royalists, and was a constant thorn in the side of the Hampshire roundhead. Thrice in nine days Sir William attempted to take it by assault, and each time was shamefully beaten back. The command of the beleaguering force was then intrusted to Colonel Norton, and after a while another leader took *his* place. So many were the repulses undergone by the Roundheads that the Royalists boasting called this stronghold "BASTING HOUSE." Not but that the garrison was sometimes reduced to severe extremities, and on one occasion the Marquis sent word to Charles that unless relieved in ten days, famine would compel him to surrender. Troops were constantly thrown in by the King, and Colonel Gage forced his way through the besieging army with 1000 horsemen, each having a sack of corn or other provision before him, depositing their burthens at the gates, and then effecting their retreat to Oxford. Elated with his success the Marquis wrote,—“If the king had no more ground in England than Basing House, I would hold it out to the last extremity.”

But a greater spirit was to appear upon the scene. Early in October 1645, the roll of the solemn music of the Ironsides was heard in the valley, and men whispered that Cromwell was at hand. He came with three regiments of foot and three of horse, and on the 14th of October he piously thanked God, in a letter to Speaker Lenthall, that he could give “a good account” of Basing. Truly, a good account! His Ironsides had stormed the old house on that day; slain a hundred of the garrison, and made 400 prisoners. It is traditionally said that the outworks were taken by surprise while many of the Cavaliers were playing at cards; hence, the Hampshire adage,—“Clubs are trumps, as when Basing House was taken!”

An account of “the taking” was reported to Parliament by Hugh Peters, who, on this as on other occasions, proved his devotion to the church militant. So great an effect had the splendour of

the stately pile upon him that he wrote it was fit for an emperor to dwell in, it was "so spacious and beautiful." It was provisioned, he represents, for years; 400 quarters of wheat, divers rooms full of bacon, cheese proportionable, cellars stored with excellent beer,—of whose merits the warlike priest could speak from experience,—and, alas! "popish books many, with copes and such utensils." Goodly pickings had the Roundhead soldiers out of Basing House! Not only cheese, and strong beer, and bacon, but one soldier got "120 gold pieces for his share, others plate, others jewels. Among the rest, one got three bags of silver, which (he not being able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common pilage among the rest." The whole booty amounted, it is said, to £200,000, and each soldier got £300. The brave Marquis was, of course, among the captured,—his life being saved by Colonel Hammond; Inigo Jones; Hollar the engraver; and Sir Robert Peake, the Marquis's deputy-governor. Six priests were killed, and Robinson "a player," whom Fifth-Monarchy Harrison shot, after he had asked for quarter, with the usual blasphemy,— "Cursed be he that doeth the Lord's work negligently." Quaint old Fuller had escaped from Basing some time before, or we might have been deprived of the "Worthies of England." Dr. William Griffith was among the prisoners, and his daughter was slain in the assault,—having, "by her railing against the soldiers for their rough carriage towards her father, provoked them into a further passion."

On every window in Basing the loyal noble had written with a diamond, *Aimez Loyauté*, whence it was called by the Royalists "Loyalty House." In revenge the Roundheads set it on fire, though, according to other authorities, the conflagration was accidental, and arose through neglect in "quenching a fire-ball." In less than twenty hours only bare walls and chimneys remained, and the materials which escaped were afterwards, to a great extent, carted away by the common people. The north gateway has been marvellously preserved, and still exhibits the Paulet device of "the Three Swords." A few fragments of ivy-shrouded walls, and a terrace or so, obscured in hazel-growth, mark out the site of the stately palace. Cannon-balls, swords, coins, human bones have been found in excavating the neighbouring canal. A field near the bridge is called SLAUGHTER CLOSE, and a chalk-pit, beyond the village, OLIVER CROMWELL'S DELL. Of a second house which rose near the ruins of the old one there are no remains.

The Parliament liberally rewarded the victors at Basing. Peters got a yearly pension of £200 ; Cromwell was largely rewarded out of the spoil ; his letter was read in the English pulpits on the following Sunday, and a sort of Te Deum was uttered in Puritanic fashion. His success completely cowed the southern counties.

OLD BASING CHURCH is a Norman building, repaired in the later Perpendicular style by Sir John Paulet in 1519. It contains the arched tombs of the said Sir John and his father, and the mausoleum of the six Dukes of Bolton—*Charles*, the first duke, a staunch adherent of Deliverer Williams ; *Charles*, the second duke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ; *Charles*, third duke, the husband of Lavinia Fenton, d. 1754 ; *Harry*, fourth duke ; *Charles*, fifth duke, d. 1765 ; and *Harry*, sixth and last duke, d. —. Over the west window, in a niche, there is a figure of the Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated, which escaped the iconoclastic fury of Cromwell's troopers. The vicarage, valued at £476, is in the patronage of Queen's College, Oxon.

One more historical recollection, and we resume our rambles. In a battle, near Basing, Ethelred and Alfred were defeated by the Danes, in A.D. 871. This was about fourteen days after the great fight at Ashdown—(*Saxon Chronicle*). About 2 miles north-east of the town is placed an ancient circular camp, apparently British, 1100 yards in circumference, it is called WINKLESBURY CIRCLE. Here Cromwell stood, and surveyed Basing House, before he ordered the assault.

We return now into the Reading road ; keep south-west to CHINHAM, and then strike through a pleasant lane at the base of the hills to SHERBORNE. ST. JOHN'S (population, 796), which formerly was included in the possession of the Paulet St. John's of Basing. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, was restored some years ago. Of the rectory, valued at £491, J. Chute, Esq. is patron.

THE VINE (J. Chute, Esq.) is an estate nearly 2 miles north of the village, but should be visited on account of its charming grounds, its interesting domestic chapel, and the mansion itself. The latter was enlarged and improved by Inigo Jones, and his son-in-law Webb, during the lifetime of its owner, Chaloner Chute, one of the great parliamentarian lawyers, who had purchased it (in 1654) of the representatives of the Sandys family.

It is a low brick building of considerable extent, originally built by Lord Sandys in 1550, which is said to derive its name from some vines planted here before the Saxon had learnt to appreciate the value of the grape. Attached to it is a CHAPEL, erected by the first Lord Sandys, *temp.* Henry VIII., on the site of an earlier foundation. Walpole pronounced it the "most heavenly chapel in the world"—"it only wants," he adds, "a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air." Well: imagination can always supply the mass-music, the stoled priests, the circling incense; while the blazoned windows—pictured with figures of Francis I. of France, his queens, and tutelar saints—will afford that "dim religious light" in which the relics of the past may be viewed. Lord Sandys brought these windows, and the figured tiles which form the pavement, from Boulogne, after its surrender to the English. The richly wrought stalls are still extant; and adjoining the chapel there is a tomb-room, erected by John Chute, the friend of Gray and Walpole, containing a marble effigy of Mr. Speaker Chute, by Banks, from a portrait by Vandyck.

[On the hills, 1 mile south-west, lies MONK SHERBORNE (population, 589), where Henry de Port, *temp.* Henry I. established a cell to the Benedictine Abbey of Cerisy, in Normandy. The CHURCH is partly Norman, and contains a curious Norman font. The porch is Early English. The Priory Chapel, which is in tolerable preservation, should be visited for the sake of its altar-tomb and effigy of a knight-templar—one, perhaps, of the De Porta. The vicarage, valued at £50, is in the gift of Queen's College, Oxon.]

Passing the grounds of "The Vine," we duly reach BRAMLEY (population, 495), after half an hour's pleasant ramble through the wooded pastures from which the pretty village derives its name. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, contains memorials to *Bernard Brocas*, and *Dr. Shaw*, the Eastern traveller. The vicarage, valued at £150, is attached to Queen's College, Oxon.

Three miles north-west of Bramley, 8 miles from Basingstoke, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the MORTIMER STATION, on the Basingstoke and Reading branch of the Great Western railway, is

SILCHESTER (population, 456), the *Caer Segont* of the Britons, the *Calleva* of the Romans. The Saxon name indicates its position: *sel* and *ceaster*, the camp in the forest depths. It commanded the direct road from Bath (west) to London (east), and the routes which found their local termini at Sorbiodunum (Salisbury),

and Venta Belgarum (Winchester). Here Constantine (407-411) was crowned—he, or his son Constantine, planting at the time three grains of wheat within its walls, which acted as a talisman against the approach of poverty. (For the first statement Nennius is responsible, for the second, Old Tradition). King Arthur, so runs the legend, was also crowned at Silchester. In 490, after the capture of Pevensey, Ella and his Saxons moved to the north-west, through Sussex and Hampshire, and captured the city of the old Segontaici—probably under circumstances of great ferocity, as it appears to have fallen into decay immediately afterwards.

Alas for the famous city, where Briton and Roman successively held their state! Irvied walls, thick brushwood, marshy cop-pice,—these are its *Hic jacet* :

“Triumphant arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie ;  
That you to see doth th’ Heaven itselfe appall ;  
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,  
The people’s fable, and the spoyle of all !” —*Spenser.*

There is something singularly impressive in these burial-places of the dead past. We wander amongst the ashes of a ruined city with a peculiar conviction of man’s littleness. Palace, and fort, and forum, have vanished from the earth, but the wild flower still blossoms amid the herbage, and the blue sky still trends lovingly over all. So man passes, but nature *is*. Lord Jeffrey visited these ruins in 1817, and wrote of them,—“It is about the most striking thing I ever saw ; and the effect of that grand stretch of shaded wall, with all its antique roughness and overhanging wood, lighted by a low autumnal sun, and the sheep and cattle feeding in the green solitude at its feet, made a picture not to be soon forgotten.” But, with all deference to Lord Jeffrey, we fancy the picture is most memorable when seen in “the pale moonlight”—the silvery splendour resting upon gray wall, and dark ivy, and leafy copse, with a magical effect. And then the silence—so deep—so profound ! We momentarily expect to hear the challenge of the Roman centinel, or to discover in some sequestered nook one of the Roman youth whispering “soft nothings” in the ear of a British beauty !

Its walls are three miles in circumference, and enclose an area of about 120 acres, which only a church and a farm-stead now occupy, the remainder being separated into woodland and meadow. The lines of the four main streets may still be traced, running

north, south, east, and west, and the site of a public building in their centre. The walls, which assume an irregular octagonal form and not the Roman square, are formed of rough carstone and flint, with courses of limestone, and are of wonderful solidity and strength. A small gateway in the south wall, which, by the way, is the most perfect portion, was formerly called "Orion's Hole," and the coins occasionally discovered, "Orion's pennies," in allusion to a traditional giant who found here a befitting habitation. A deep broad moat, partly filled with water from a small spring which rises near the farm-house, encircles the whole.

At the north-east corner, and really in Berkshire, though best to be described here, are the interesting remains of an AMPHITHEATRE—the scene, it may be, of many a bloody defeat and hard-won victory. It is the largest but one in Britain. Dorchester has a square area of 3380 yards, Silchester of 2000. The double gateways, and the five tiers of seats, six feet above each other, may just be traced among the thick foliage which so luxuriantly decks these ruins; but a careful exploration will perhaps reward the archæologist with further discoveries. Some extensive BATHS were found in 1833, at the opposite corner, and nine apartments excavated. In one, the skeleton of a dog was discovered. Roman coins (from Augustus to Maximus), rings, armlets, brooches, seals, have also been found here, and a fragment of an altar dedicated to "Hercules of the Segontiaci;" but how complete must have been the desolation which overwhelmed the city when these are the only memorials of its wealth, splendour, and importance?

The CHURCH is Norman, with later additions. There is some stained glass, and the effigy of an unknown knight should be examined. It is dedicated to St. Mary. The rectory, valued at £424, is in the Duke of Wellington's patronage.

By keeping to the north of Silchester, towards the Berkshire boundaries, we shall reach MORTIMER HEATH, and come upon a small square camp, whose northern side actually touches upon Berkshire. "The boundary is marked farther on by a stone called the 'Imp Stone' (formerly Nymph Stone), said to have been thrown from Silchester by a giant, whose finger marks may still be seen on it. Two farms in this neighbourhood, called 'Danes' and 'Alfred's Acres,' perhaps indicate the site of a battle. A remarkable cottage, formerly known as 'Dane's House,' and built of oaken ribs, meeting in the centre like the reversed keel of a ship, should be inquired for."

From Silchester we may strike across the common (south-west) to BANGHURST (population, 568), where there is an Early English church, built in 1846, with a spire 100 feet high, to TADLEY (population, 876). We shall next descend into PAMBER (population, 644), and crossing the hills between the two Sherbornes, enter Basingstoke on the north, and have an opportunity of examining the remains of CHAPEL LITTON (a localism from the Saxon *lic*, a corpse, and *tun*, an enclosure), or the HOLY GHOST CHAPEL,—the chapel of a brotherhood of the Holy Ghost,—founded by the first Lord Sandys and Bishop Fox, *temp.* Henry VIII.—“*religiosè, sed non religiosi*,”—for men vowed to the promotion of “works of piety, religion, and charity,” but bound by no monastic ties. It was suppressed under Edward VI., re-established under Queen Mary, and finally dissolved by James I. During the Civil War, the Parliament seized upon its estates, but Bishop Morley obtained their restoration in 1670, and appropriated them, as the founder partly designed, to the support of the Free Grammar School. They produce an income of about £250.

Parts of the east and south walls of the chapel (which Lord Sandys erected on the site of an ancient Saxon building) are extant, and a hexagonal tower. Canopied niches remain between the windows, and at the angles of the tower. The leaden roof was used by the Roundhead soldiers for casting bullets during the siege of Basing House. There are some memorials in the churchyard, which was used for purposes of interment up to the eighteenth century. Some relics of the chapel—the most important, book-covers emblazoned with the Sandys' arms, an altar-cloth of purple velvet embroidered in gold and silver, and some pulpit-hangings, marked 1633—are preserved at Mottisfont, near Dunbridge, the seat of Sir John B. Mill, a lineal descendant of the Sandys family.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—BASINGSTOKE TO WINCHESTER.

The railway from Basingstoke to Winchester runs through the chalk-district, and occasionally opens up some charming vistas of scenery. At about 1½ mile from Basingstoke the entrenched peak of WINKLESBURY HILL (see p. 692) rears its lofty head upon our right, and at the fiftieth mile from London



we cross the road from WORTING to KEMPSHOT PARK,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south-east. WORTING (population, 158) has a small but good church, recently restored with commendable taste and care. The rectory, valued at £280, is in the gift of the Rev. L. B. Wither.

ROOKS DOWN lies 1 mile right. Through glittering chalk-cuttings and upon pleasant green embankments, we pass on to CHURCH OAKLEY (population, 303), lying between the Winchester line and the Andover and Salisbury branch. At MALSHANGER HOUSE (W. J. Portal, Esq.), on the right, was born Warham, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chancellor of England, a wary but virtuous prelate, commended by Erasmus as an exemplar of what a bishop *should* be. He died in 1532, and was interred at Canterbury. OAKLEY CHURCH, dedicated to St. Leonard, is late Perpendicular, and contains a memorial to the Warham family. The Warham armorial bearings are blazoned over the spandrils of the door. The church has been recently restored.

The line now crosses the pleasant leas of OAKLEY PARK (W. Beach, Esq.), and enters the Oakley cutting, 1 mile long, and at some places 50 feet deep. We next pass ASH PARK, an agreeable demesne, on our right, near the source of the river Test, and on our left, in a wooded valley, lies the village of STEVENTON (population, 187), with its Perpendicular church, dedicated to St. Nicholas. Through a deep cutting we pass into the LEICHTFIELD TUNNEL, 200 yards long,—the village of Leichfield lying among grassy meadows to the right. The fresh green boughs of Cotley wood now skirt the line, and Popham Hill, 460 feet in height, soon rises upon our gaze. POPHAM (population, 104) itself is situated on the Winchester road, surrounded by richly-wooded hills. Its church is small, antique, and uninteresting. Lord Ashburton is lord of the manor and patron of the curacy, which is valued at £99.

Through two short tunnels, and a cutting, we reach MITCHELDEVER or ANDOVER ROAD STATION, 13 miles from Andover. On our left spreads the noble demesne of STRATTON PARK (Sir T. F. Baring, Bart.), with EAST STRATTON (population, 387) placed at its south-east extremity and the London road forming its western boundary. It was formerly part of the possessions of Hyde Abbey; was granted to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton;

passed into the Bedford family, *temp.* Charles II., by the marriage of the famous Lady Rachel Wriothealey (who wrote here her beautiful letters) with Lord William Russell "the patriot," beheaded in 1683, and afterwards by purchase into the hands of Francis Baring, the grandfather of its present owner. There was formerly a fine collection of pictures here, but it has unfortunately been dispersed. The mansion is stuccoed to imitate stone, and has on the south an "imposing Doric portico." The park covers about 500 acres.

East STRATTON CHURCH, dedicated to St Katherine, is an ancient structure with a square tower, placed within Stratton Park. The windows are filled with stained glass.

Following the course of the stream, an east branch of the Test, through a pleasant country, we reach MITCHELDEVER (population, 1082), nearly 3 miles from the Railway Station, a remarkable combination of quaint-gabled houses and bran-new brick and stucco villas.

MITCHELDEVER'S curious octangular CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, was rebuilt in 1807 by Sir Francis Baring, at a cost of £10,000. The Perpendicular embattled tower is part of the ancient building. It contains a fine monument by Flaxman, to members of the Baring family. The vicarage is valued at £326.

☞ Beyond Mitcheldever Wood, and upon the boundaries of Northington and Swanston, is THE GRANGE, Lord Ashburton's noble seat, which we shall most readily visit in ROUTE 15.

We are now borne along a magnificent embankment, 100 feet above the meadow-level,—open, breezy hills on our right,—rich pastures, pleasant clumps of trees, and picturesque villages upon our left. HERTON (R. Pitter, Esq.), and STOKE CHARITY (population, 151), are situated on our right. MITCHELDEVER, and its singular church, are conspicuous, left. STOKE CHARITY CHURCH is a stately structure of some antiquity, dedicated to St. Michael—its wooden tower surmounted by a shingled spire. It contains a fine Perpendicular tomb, in a richly-panelled recess.

We now enter—to adopt the language of the *Official Guide*—an excavation of 2 miles in length, in the centre of which is Lanway's Inn Tunnel; then we have an excavation of 1 mile long, and HOOK PIT EMBANKMENT, that forms (with the interruption

of two short cuts only) an artificial terrace of 2 miles. WORTHY DOWN (the site of the Winchester race-course) rises on our right; on our left we pass KING'S WORTHY, beyond which, to the north-east, spreads a complete *congeries* of villages, united by the stream of the Itchen, and best to be spoken of hereafter—ABBOT'S WORTHY, EASTON, MARTHYR WORTHY, ITCHEN ABBOTS, AVINGTON, and OVINGTON. The line next passes HEADBORNE WORTHY (population, 193), 65 miles from London, whose ancient CHURCH, dedicated to St. Martin, should be visited by the tourist. Its west doorway, chancel-arch, and part of its outer walls are Saxon. Remark the mutilated sculpture of the Saviour on the Cross, attended by the two Marys. The figures have been deplorably defaced. There are encaustic tiles here, and a small upper room which may have been dwelt in by an anchorite. A brass of the fifteenth century presents a Winchester scholar in his collegiate costume. In the churchyard, observe the plain raised tomb of the antiquarian *Bingham*, author of the *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, and formerly rector; he died in 1723. The living, valued at £44, is in the gift of University College, Oxon.

We now reach the Hyde Embankment, and before us the glorious old city of WINCHESTER rises out of the valley of the Itchen with an almost magical effect; its grand cathedral, "a thing of beauty" to the eye; and the green slopes of St. Giles' Hill forming a picturesque and appropriate background to a picture which is of no ordinary character. To this historic city, the city of the saints, the city of Alfred the Great, the city of the Saxon Kings, we now welcome the eager tourist.

### WINCHESTER—(i. e., THE CAMP ON THE DOWNS).

[Population, 13,704.—*Inns*: George, White Hart, Black Swan, Eagle, and White Swan.

63 m. by road; 66½ m. by rail, from London; 13 m. from Southampton; 29 m. from Salisbury; 27 m. from Portsmouth; 19 m. from Basingstoke; 14 m. from Andover; 7 m. from Bishopsstoke; 5 m. from Mitcheldever; 7 m. from New Alresford.

omnibus to Alresford daily; and Van, on Wednesday and Saturday, to Andover.

BANKS.—Bulpett and Co., and Hampshire Banking Company.]

Brave old city of Winchester! Richer in historical associa-

tions, in memories of the great and good, in traces of all that is sublimest and grandest in the life of England, than any other spot : with dim yet glorious shadows of the past surrounding thee, and investing with a certain sacred character every stone ! City where Saxon and Norman sovereigns in the stormy times of old held barbaric state, where Alfred was born, and where his dust reposes—where Canute lies, that old Norse king with his wild but generous sympathies—and William the Red, smitten down in the pride of manhood by a chance arrow ! City, with which the names of William of Wykeham, and Cardinal Beaufort, and Wolsey, and Bishop Kenn are eternally connected ; which glories in one of the most magnificent of our glorious cathedrals ! As we have gazed upon thy ancient streets in the still soft twilight of a summer evening ; as from the green summit of St. Giles' Hill we have looked down upon Cathedral, and Castle, the Norman Hospital, and the Gothic College, on venerable gateway and gray old church towers, while the music of the chimes went up softly and tenderly to heaven ; we have dreamed as in a dream that the ancient streets were once more alive with knights and nobles ; that kings once more gathered the Beauty and Valour of England within its walls ; that again " deep organs shouted with a trumpet's tongue," while " in choral ranks the palled procession trod," and men and women humbled themselves before the glorious shrine.

Winchester might not inaptly be termed the City of Saints ; its hills bear the sacred names of St. Catherine and St. Magdalene ; its streets those of St. Swithin, St. John, St. Thomas, St. James, St. Peter, and St. George.

The view of the city obtained from the summit of the adjacent hills is not to be rivalled by anything of the kind in England. Treeless but grassy downs spring up somewhat abruptly from the depths of a fair open valley, and broad fresh meadows, watered by the meandering Itchen, stretch far away into the dim blue heavens. The grand old Cathedral, in the midst of the town, stands eminent as an everlasting memorial of Gothic art ; the pinnacled tower of the College of William of Wykeham, and the massy pile of the Hospital of St. Cross, may be seen further to the south, while the ivied walls and venerable ruins of Wolvesley Castle lie beneath us and the cathedral. Yonder rise the downs of St. Magdalene, the beech-crowned height of St. Catherine, and St. Giles' Hill, where was formerly held a grand annual fair

which lasted sixteen days. On this height, as on that of St. Catherine's, stood a famous chapel—small trace of either now remaining; and here was beheaded the Saxon patriot, Earl Waltheof, at the stern bidding of William the Conqueror. Other notable scenes attract our attention; but we can only pause to point out Hyde Meadow, where gallant Guy of Warwick, on behalf of his Saxon brothers, contended with, and overpowered, the Dane giant, Colbrand:—

“And afterwards he offered up  
The use of weapons solemnlie,  
At Winchester, whereat he fought,  
In sight of many far and nye.”

In Hyde Meadow—Leland calls it “Denmark” Meadow—once reposed the dust of our glorious Alfred, that true King of Men, on whose brow a Divine hand had stamped the mark of greatness. But enough of the general character of the picture: we shall shortly linger lovingly over every detail.

The City Tables assert that Winchester was founded by a monarch named Ludor Rous Hudibras, 892 years before the birth of our Saviour. This is undoubtedly an idle fiction, but we are justified in believing that it was founded long before the invasion of Britain by the Roman Eagles, and was known as *Caer Gwent*—the White City, or City of Chalk, which the Romans latinized into *Venta*, an appellation still discernible in the modern name. “There were several *Gwents* in Britain,” says Dr. Guest, “and the Romans obtained their name for the capital town by turning *Gwent* into a feminine substantive, and then adding the name of the race which inhabited the particular district; as *Venta Belgarum*, *Venta Icenorum*, *Venta Silurum*,” etc. **VENTA BELGARUM** was linked by Roman roads, which still exist, with the stronghold at **PORTUS MAGNUS**, the opulent city of **CALLEVA**, the harbour of **CLAUSENTUM**, and the fair inland town of **SORBIODUNUM**.

Numerous traces of the massive system of Roman polity have here been discovered, and there are undoubted proofs that in the days of Roman Imperialism “*Venta*” was a city of mark and opulence. A temple to Apollo occupied the site of the present Cathedral; a temple to Concord stood where now stands Wykeham's College. The pavements were gorgeously tessellated and the villas exquisitely adorned, so as to remind the *Lalages* and

the Cornelias, the Scipios and the Lentuli of the fair Italian cities whence their ancestors had long ago set forth to follow their irresistible eagles into the depths of the distant western isles.

Cerdic and his Saxons, the founders of the kingdom of Wessex, seized upon Winchester about A.D. 500; and from that time it became the seat of the regal power until Wessex was swallowed up in the general amalgamation of the states of the Heptarchy. In 635 Birinus was sent over here by Pope Honorius as Bishop of Winchester—the founder of an Episcopate which has contributed more great names to the English hierarchy than any other, and whose mitre is not less honoured even now than those of the two archbishops. Kynegils was then King of Wessex. He embraced Christianity as set forth by the good and adventurous priest, appointed him a residence at Dorchester, and commenced in his own royal city the church or cathedral under whose roof, at a later period, Egbert assumed the crown as First King of Angleland.

The Saxons softened and coalesced the latin *Venta* into *Winte*, and added *ceaster*, so that “Winte-ceaster” became “the city, or camp, upon the Downs.” Alfred here held his Witan, and issued his wise decrees. Athelstane established six mints, while London had but three. Edgar ordered the “Winchester measure” to be accepted by all England; and Knut hung up his crown in its Cathedral, after the celebrated scene on the sea-shore at Southampton.

The Danes assaulted the town in 862, but were soon repulsed. They returned in 871 with larger forces, and completely sacked it; but by the conquest it must have regained its original importance, for William regarded it as second only to London in influence and wealth, and built a strong city to overawe it, which he intrusted to his kinsman and chief counsellor, William Fitz-Osbert, Earl of Hereford.

A recent historical writer tells us that “it was during the reign of the Conqueror’s youngest son, Henry I., and somewhat more than 700 years ago, that Winchester is said to have attained the zenith of its prosperity. Here was a royal palace, two noble castles—one on the site of the present barrack, and the other at Wolvesley; three monasteries founded by royalty, besides other religious houses of less note, with an incredible number of churches and chapels. We are further told that the city extended to

Worthy on the north, to Magdalene Hill on the east, to St. Cross on the south, and to Week on the west, or, in other words, a mile further every way than it does at present."

At this time seventy churches, chapels, and chantries, it is said, attested to the pious liberality of the burghers of the royal city. In the fiery struggles between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda it suffered greatly, but again sprung up with wonderful elasticity under Henry II., by whom a mayor was appointed in 1184, twenty years before the metropolis itself received such a distinction. Here, with extraordinary pomp, Richard the Lion-heart was a second time crowned, on his return from his captivity. Here, too, his successor, John Lackland, degraded himself and England by his servile submission to the menaces of the papal legate, Pandulph. At the sight of the priestly train he fell upon his knees, and shed many tears. The prelates raised him from the ground, and they marched in sad procession to the chapterhouse of the Cathedral, where the degraded monarch received absolution, and was once more reconciled to the Holy Church.

At Winchester Henry III. was born, and here Henry IV. was wedded to the fair Joan of Brittany. The meek and virtuous Henry VI. often visited its "hallowed shades." Arthur Prince of Wales, the hopeful son of Henry VII., first saw the light at Winchester (A.D. 1487). Bluff King Hal brought hither his guest, Charles V. of Germany, and spent a week in close examination of its glorious antiquities (A.D. 1522). His admiration did not prevent him from striking a heavy blow at the wealthy city. When the dissolution of religious houses took place, Winchester lost a noble income, equal to £25,000 of our present money.

In 1554 the cathedral became the scene of the marriage between Philip of Spain and Queen Mary. Sir Walter Raleigh was tried here; and many other noble gentlemen, at the command of that tyrannical pedant James I. On the Castle Hill fell the heads of three of his victims—George Brooke, and the priests Clarke and Watson.

In 1644, after the victory at Cheriton, the city was captured by Sir William Waller; and Cromwell visited Winchester in 1645; and here, as at all other places, made his mark in a most legible manner. Wolvesley Castle, the Norman tower at the Westgate, the fortifications, many a goodly church and public building crumbled away beneath his ordnance. In the cathedral

his troopers stabled their horses, and many a saint of stone was cast down from his pride of place by these rude iconoclasts.

Charles II. had a great affection for this picturesque city. Moody says—"Charles was so pleased with its situation that he resolved to erect a magnificent-palace, as his summer residence, on the site of the ancient castle. Sir Christopher Wren was appointed architect, and drew a plan and elevation of the whole building, partly on the model of Versailles, of which the first stone was laid at the commencement of 1683. His Majesty, in order to expedite the work, took up his residence at the Deanery, whilst his courtiers and mistresses had houses erected for them in various parts of the city. The residence of the Duchess of Portsmouth was in St. Peter Street, and that of the celebrated Nell Gwynne in Colebrook Street. For the latter the King applied for the prebendal house of Dr. Kenn, the author of the well-known 'Evening Hymn,' afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells; but was manfully refused by the reverend occupant. For two years the work was carried on with great spirit; but the untimely death of the King put an entire stop to it, and the unfinished building, after being several times used as a prison of war, was in the year 1810 converted into a permanent barrack."

The decay of Winchester has been gradual. Its prosperity was at its height when the "Great Fair" on the hill of St. Giles attracted thither the traders of Genoa, Ghent, Antwerp, Limoges, and Lyons, and the opulent merchants of London. Guards were then stationed at suitable points in the surrounding country for their protection. In 1285, a Parliament was held within its walls, and issued the Statutes of Winchester. Edward the Third made it the "Wool-mart" of the kingdom, and then, indeed, the old city could ruffle it bravely, and its burghers were as princes; but, thirty years afterwards, the mart was removed to Calais, and from that date to this it has been principally supported by its Cathedral Establishment and College. Something, too, of galvanic life is occasionally communicated to it by its Assizes and general country business.

Let us now make our way to its CATHEDRAL. William Howitt has well expressed the emotions with which, we think, every intelligent mind must gaze upon so admirable a structure:—

"When we walk," he says, "in a fabric like this, venerable with the flight of nearly a thousand years, and build up again in



imagination its jewelled shrines, rear aloft its glittering rood, replace all its statues of gold, and silver, and chiselled stone, and see once more—with the mind's eye—there assembled the stately kings and queens, mitred prelates, and throngs of proud warriors and nobles of past times, amidst the magic tide of music and the imposing drama of high mass, we must prepare to confess that if the people were superstitious it was not without great temptation; for never did human wit achieve so fair temples, or animate them with a pageantry of worship so seducing to the imagination.”

Winchester Cathedral was originally founded in the second, was destroyed early in the fourth century, and rebuilt in 1313. Kynegils, king of the West Saxons, converted, as we have shewn, by Birinus, attested the sincerity of his devotion to the new creed by commencing the minster wherein its solemn rites were to be performed. Kenelwalch, his son, completed it. King Ethelwald found it necessary to erect a new edifice in 980; but *his* work was also overthrown, and the outline of the present structure was designed by Bishop Walkelin, a cousin of William the Conqueror, making use of the oak timber of Humpage Forest. The low but massive tower in the centre, with its Norman round-headed windows, and the transepts, plain but stalwart, perpetuate his memory. The Western Front, in all its magnificence—“its great central doorway, with its two smaller side doors; the fretted gallery over it, where the Bishop in his pontificals was wont to stand and bless the people, or absolve them from the censures of the church; its noble window, rich with perpendicular tracery; its two slender lantern turrets; its crowning tabernacle, with its statue of the builder; and its pinnacled side aisles”—in all the pomp and pride of ecclesiastical art, was the grand conception of Bishop Edingdon (1345-66), completed by William of Wykeham (1404-47). The eastern end was rebuilt in 1500 by Bishop Fox. The Lady Chapel attests the genius and piety of Prior Silkestede. Additions and improvements were also made by Cardinal Beaufort (1404-47), and Waynflete (1447-86).

Before proceeding to notice in detail the principal features of the Cathedral, we call the attention of our readers to the following table, which will enable them to form some idea of its grandeur in comparison with the extent of the other English Cathedrals:—

NAME OF THE CATHEDRAL.	Length from East to West, in feet.	North to South.	Length of Nave.	Length of Choir.	Height of Nave.	Breadth of Nave.	Height of Centre Tower.	Height of West Tower.
Winchester.....	560	208	250	138	78	86	140	...
York .....	524	222	261	157	99	109	213	196
Ely .....	517	178	327	101	70	73	113	270
Canterbury .....	514	140	214	150	80	74	235	130
St Paul's.....	500	248	306	105	88	107	356	221
Lincoln .....	498	227	272	158	83	83	288	270
Westminster .....	489	189	130	152	101	96	...	...
Salisbury .....	452	210	246	140	84	76	400	...
Darham .....	420	176	240	117	70	80	212	143
Gloucester .....	420	144	174	130	67	84	261	...
Norwich .....	412	177	212	170	73	72	313	...

The WEST FRONT (118 feet broad) was designed by Bishop Edingdon ; he pulled down the ancient Norman work, which extended about 40 feet further. In the niche, above the Perpendicular window, stands a statue of William of Wykeham. The vacant brackets were formerly occupied with figures of Saints Peter and Paul.

Let us now enter the awful pile by the WESTERN DOORWAY—the nave and choir stretch before us in all the beauty of their unequalled perspective, nearly 400 feet in length, and thronged with objects of wonderful beauty. It is difficult, nay, it is impossible, to convey in words any adequate idea of this magnificent vista. The exterior of Winchester Cathedral is surpassed by that of Salisbury, York, and Chichester ; but this grand effect, this *coup d'œil* of architectural splendour, is unequalled by any other ecclesiastical edifice, English or continental. When the tourist gazes upon it, let him do silent homage, but sincere, to the memory of William of Wykeham.

The CHANTRIES or chapels, containing the tombs of certain potent prelates, are not the least notable of the wonders of Winchester. Adjoining the nave are the Chantries of Bishop Wykeham (1366-1404) and Bishop Edingdon (1345-66). The former is marvellous in the beauty of its details. A central pedestal supports a recumbent figure of the Good Bishop in his pontifical robes,

attended by watchful angels, and guarded by three prayerful monks, who, it is said, represent his three assistants—John Wayte, his controller, Simon de Membury, his surveyor, and William Wynford, his architect. The sides are blazoned with trefoil arches, crocketed spandrils, mitres, and armorial bearings.

In the nave, on the left side, stands the famous FONT, sculptured some eight hundred years ago, in blue lias stone, and decorated with the quaintest conceivable designs of human figures and doves, embodying the acts of St. Nicholas of Bryza. In the nave, too (about the walls), are numerous monuments:—Mrs. *Montague*, d. 1800, the wit and “blue stocking;” Bishop *Willis*, a worthy but little-noted priest; the elder *Warton*, kindly Joseph Warton, excellent poet Warton, genial schoolmaster Warton, d. 1800, by Flaxman; good Bishop *Morley*; liberal Bishop *Headley*, d. 1761, a controversialist, yet never a satirist; Sir *George Prevost*, d. 1816, by Chantrey; and Bishop *Tomline*, d. 1820, by Westmacott.

Over the north-west door is the TRIBUNE, formerly made use of by the musicians on important festivals. Professor Willis observes, that the nave of Winchester Cathedral exhibits “one of the most curious instances of transformation from one style of architecture to another that has been preserved to us; for although at present a complete and perfect specimen of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it is yet in the heart and core of its structure, from the ground to the roof, the original *Norman* building commenced, if not completed, by Bishop Walkelin.” Bishop Edingdon commenced this transformation, and William of Wykeham carried it out, employing the stone of the Binstead quarries, near Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. The north side was finished by Cardinal Beaufort (1404-47) and Bishop Waynfilet (1447-86). The bosses of the vault of the nave exhibit William of Wykeham’s arms and the devices of Beaufort—a white hart chained, and Waynfilet—the lily. Observe the Norman arches behind the triforium, and other Norman indications at various points. The stone Screen, at the choir-entrance, is modern. It was designed by Garbett. The bronze statues are those of James I. and Charles I., removed from an earlier screen, by Inigo Jones. The Roundhead soldiers, during the Civil War, mutilated that of “Charles Stuart.”

Note in the SOUTH AISLE the elaborate chantry of Bishop *Fox*, whilom premier of England; and Flaxman’s eloquent marble of

Bishop North's wife; and Dean Cheyne's jasper monument. Note, too, opposite to you, the PRESBYTERY erected by Bishop de Lucy about 1190, and the chantries of the great Cardinal Beaufort, on the south side, and the liberal Waynflete, who founded Magdalene College, Oxford, on the north.

Enter the TRANSEPTS, and mark you on the floor of Prior Silkstede's Chapel—it is, if we mistake not, in the south transept—a stone which bears the name of one of the most cheerful-minded of men, the Prince of Anglers, the friend of poets—himself blessed with a poetic temperament, if not poetic genius—*Izaak Walton*, d. 1683. Peace and honour to him! Great thanks should we owe him—says a kindred spirit—had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingale singing as he sat angling—“Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!” We quote the inscription on his slab, written, perhaps, by Bishop Kenn:—

“Alas! he's gone before,  
Gone to return no more;  
Our panting breasts aspire  
After their aged sire,  
Whose well-spent life did last  
Full 90 years and past;  
But now he had begun  
That which will ne'er be done.  
Crown'd with eternal bliss,  
We wish our souls with his.”

—  
“*Votis modestis sic fierunt liberi.*”

We pass into the CHOIR, 138 feet in length. Deep, swarthy, oaken stalls; a richly-wrought pontifical throne; a noticeable pulpit, the gift of that prior Silkstede, of whom we have already spoken; a simple stone which marks the spot where William the Red King (d. 1100) was buried—his bones were removed by Henry de Blois in the twelfth century, and are enshrined in two of the mortuary chests above the Screen, with the dust of Knut, Queen Emma, and two Saxon prelates; and ranges of stone coffins, containing the regal dust of Kynegils, and Kenelwalch, and Egbert, and Ethelwulph, Edmund, Edred, and Knut, and his good queen, Emma; these are the objects which we gaze at, and reluctantly pass by.

The ALTAR-SCREEN is perhaps the richest and most exquisite specimen of the Pointed style in England. Previous to the Reformation the niches were occupied by figures of saints. West's famous production, the "Raising of Lazarus from the Dead," is the altar-piece, and has been celebrated in a prize poem by Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1848. The east window, over the altar-screen, is filled up with fragments of painted glass. Figures of Christ, the Virgin, St. Bartholomew, St. Ethelwold, a bishop of Winchester in the tenth century, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Swithin, and the prophets Joel and Malachi, may easily be traced.

The LADY CHAPEL, or Chapel consecrated to the Virgin Mary, built by Prior Silkstede, has been so well described by Moody, that no apology is necessary for quoting his language :—

"The walls are covered by mutilated remains of some ancient fresco paintings, illustrative of legendary tales relating to the miracles of the Virgin ; one only, 'The Annunciation,' is from Scripture. They are twenty-four in number, and are arranged as architectural compartments. Among the most striking are that of St. Gregory's procession during the plague in Rome in his pontificate, in which he bore a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke ; that of a drowning monk saved by the Virgin ; and of a woman who died without confession, and by the intercession of the Virgin was restored to life till she had confessed her sins. Of the tales, the most curious are those of the thief, who prayed to the Virgin even in the commission of theft, and who, in consequence, was saved from hanging ; and of the painter, who, for depicting the devil in his proper ugliness, had his scaffold overturned while painting the figure of the Virgin, and was saved by an arm from the picture sustaining him until assistance arrived. Originally all the subjects had an inscription beneath, describing them in full. Many of them still remain with reference to a collection of legends, giving chapter, book, and page." Here Mary of England was wedded to Philip of Spain, July 25, 1554. The faldstool on which she sat is still preserved. Observe here Chantrey's statue of Bishop *North*, d. 1820.

To the north of this Chapel is that of the GUARDIAN ANGELS, its ceiling still glowing with the colours of old paintings of angels and legendary saints. LANGTON'S CHAPEL contains the tomb of Bishop *Langton*, who died of the plague in 1500. Remark the rebuses sculptured on the vault : a semibreve, or

long, with a "ton," for *Langton*; a hen and a ton, for his prior, *Henton*; and a vine and ton, for the see of *Winton*, or Winchester. The CRYPT and the CHAPEL OF THE SEPULCHRE are portions of the ancient pile, which possess little interest for the casual visitor.

[The first bishop of Winchester was *Birinus* (634-50), the Apostle of the West Saxons. Nineteenth bishop was *St. Swithin* (852-68), whose name is of such ill omen to the weather-wise rustic. His remains were at first buried in the churchyard, and their removal into the *feretory* of the Cathedral was delayed by forty days of incessant rain, hence the popular superstition that

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 't will rain na mair."

So Gay sings, in his *Trivia* :—

"If on St. Swithin's feast the welkin towers,  
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
And wash the welkin with incessant rain."

Twenty-ninth was *Ethelwald*, who rebuilt the cathedral, and sold all its plate and all his own, in a bitter famine, for the good of the poor. *Henry de Blois* was the thirty-eighth. He was a brother of King *Stephen*, and had in him something of that warrior-sovereign's stormy spirit. Forty-four years did he enjoy the revenues of his see, and he founded *Wolvesley Castle*, and *Farnham Castle*—the present episcopal palace—and *St. Cross Hospital*. He died in 1174, leaving behind him a memory and a name.

*William of Wykeham*, priest, architect, and statesman, to whom Winchester is so deeply indebted, both in regard to her cathedral and her college, was the fifty-third bishop.

*Beaufort*, brother of *Bolingbroke* (afterwards *Henry IV.*) and son of the famous *John of Gaunt*, was translated from *Lincoln* to Winchester in 1404, and at no distant date was honoured with a cardinal's hat. He has made his mark—this restless and aspiring prelate—on the page of history, and he lives for ever in the deathless verse of *Shakspeare*. Here is his character :—

"Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—  
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,  
As stout and proud as he were lord of all—  
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself,  
Unlike the ruler of a common weal."

The haughty cardinal held the see of Winchester three and forty years, and was buried in the cathedral. His death-scene, as pictured by the poet of all time, let us read in silence and in awe. [Note, that good King *Henry Sixth*, and certain of his nobles, are watching around the death-bed of the stormy son of *Gaunt* ]—

"*K. Henry*. How fares, my lord? Speak, *Beaufort*, to thy sovereign.

*Cardinal*. If thou be'st *Death*, I'll give thee *England's treasure*,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

*K. Henry*. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,  
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

*Warwick*. *Beaufort*, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

*Cardinal*. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
 Can I make men live wh'er they will or no?  
 O! torture me no more, I will confess.  
 Alive again? then shew me where he is:  
 I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—  
 He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them—  
 Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,  
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—  
 Give me some drink, and bid the apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Henry.* O thou eternal mover of the heavens,  
 Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!  
 O, beat away the busy meddling fiend  
 That lays strong siege unto the wretch's soul,  
 And from his bosom purge this black despair.

*Warwick.* See how the pangs of death do make him grin.  
*Salisbury.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably."

But powerful as is this sombre picture, there is little doubt that it is historically false, and that the Cardinal died "as good men die." (See the "Chronicles of Croyland Abbey," under the year 1486, where we are told that his end was "mirandum, factum gloriosum et catholicum viri.")

Greatest of all who ever occupied this bishopric was *Thomas Wolsey*, the butcher's son of Ipswich, but not the less a cardinal legate, an archbishop (of York), a bishop (of Winchester, Durham, Bath, and Wells), and second in the wealthy English realm only to Henry the King.

Next to Wolsey came *Stephen Gardiner*, appointed in 1584, died 1585, buried at Winchester, and remembered for his persevering hatred of the converts to Protestantism. On his death-couch he exclaimed, it is said, "*Erravi cum Petro, sed non flevi cum Petro*" (I have erred with Peter, but have not wept with him). Lancelot Andrews occupied the see from 1618-82; Hoadley, from 1784 to 1761. Its present occupant was consecrated in 1827.

The Cathedral establishment consists of a dean and five canons, four minor canons, one organist, one deputy-organist, and ten choristers. The yearly revenue averages £22,000. There are two choral services daily: at 10 and 4 in summer, 10 and 8 in the winter.

¶ To our general view of the Cathedral we may add the following details, for the convenience of the tourists who may wish to examine it more closely:—

*Inscription on William of Wykeham's Tomb.*

"*Wilhelmus dictus Wykeham, jacet hic nece victus;  
 Istius ecclesie Præsul, reparavit eamque.  
 Longus erat dapifer, probat hoc cum divite pauper;  
 Consiliis pariter regni fuerat bene dexter.  
 Hunc docet esse plium fundatio collegiorum,  
 Oxoniæ primum stat, Wintoniæque secundum.  
 Jugiter oreis tumultum quicunque videtis,  
 Pro tantis meritis quod sit sibi vita perennis."*

"Here, overthrown by death, lies William surnamed Wykeham;  
 He was bishop of this church, which he repaired,  
 He was unbounded in hospitality, as the rich and poor alike can prove,  
 He was also an able politician, and a counsellor of the state;  
 By the colleges which he founded, his piety is made known;

The first of which is at Oxford, and the second at Winchester.  
 You, who behold this tomb, cease not to pray  
 That, for such great merits, he may enjoy life everlasting."

*List of the principal Monuments not previously noticed:—*

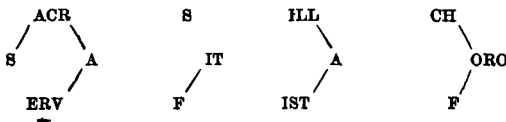
Audley, Earl, Presbytery, S. aisle.	Morley, Bishop, nave, N. aisle.
Balguy, Dr. Thos., nave, S. aisle.	Naylor, Dean, nave, S. aisle.
Banbury, Earl, nave, N. aisle.	Nicholas, De Ely, Bishop, Presbytery, S. aisle.
Cheney, Dean, nave, S. aisle.	North, Henrietta, nave, S. aisle.
Chernocke, V., Sir, nave, N. aisle.	Ogle, Chaloner, N. transept, S. side.
Coker, W., Dr., Presbytery, N. aisle.	Poulter, Brownlow, Rev., nave, N. aisle.
Combe, M., Dr., nave, N. aisle.	Pyle, Dr., nave, S. aisle.
Crawford, A., Dr., nave, N. aisle.	Rennell, Dean, N. transept.
Davies, Mary, Mrs., S. transept.	Richards, Chas., Rev., nave, N. aisle.
Exeter, Countess, nave, central aisle.	Serres, John, N. transept.
Fell, Captain, nave, S. aisle.	Stanley, Dr., nave, S. aisle.
Garbett, W., N. transept, east side.	Symonds, Wm. (founder of Christ's Hos- pital, Winton), Presbytery, N. aisle.
Harris, Dr., nave, S. aisle.	Thomas, Bishop, nave, S. aisle.
Horne, Bishop, nave, central aisle.	Townshend, Sir Isaac, S. transept.
Iremonger, F. Rev., with an effigy, N. transept.	Trimwell, Bp., nave, central aisle.
Knollys, Thos., nave, S. aisle.	Turner, Dr., Presbytery, S. aisle.
Langton, Bp., Presbytery, S. aisle.	Two Brothers, nave, N. aisle.
Leving, Bp., Presbytery, S. aisle.	Walkelin, Bp., S. transept.
Littlehales, Dr., nave, N. aisle.	Watson, Bp., nave, central aisle.
Mews, Bishop, Presbytery, N. aisle.	
Morgan, Col., nave, N. aisle.	

There are also two Crimean memorials: one, of black and white marble, with military figures, to Major-General Sir *John Campbell*, Bart., d. 1855, erected by the officers and soldiers of the 80th regiment; and another of white Carrara marble, with a bas-relief of an angel mourning over the body of a dead soldier, to those officers and soldiers of the 7th Fusiliers who fell in the campaigns of 1854-55.]

From the Cathedral we wander into the CLOSE, whose air of monastic seclusion has for the weary mind a wonderful charm; and notice, on the south-west buttress, a curious anagram, forming the words, "*Illac, precator; hac viator, ambula,*" in this wise:—



In the slype, or narrow way in front, a similar fancy gives us—  
 "*Sacra sit illa choro, serva fit ista foro,*" as thus:—





The Close occupies the site of the old Priory cloisters, pulled down by Bishop Horne in 1563. This Benedictine House consisted of a prior and forty monks, and at the epoch of the Dissolution, their revenues, amounting to £1500 per annum, were appropriated to the maintenance of the new chapter. The PRIOR'S HOUSE is now the DEANERY; its arched entrance, *temp.* Henry III., remains, and the Hall, though now divided into several apartments. Here Charles II. frequently lodged on his visits to Winchester to watch the progress of his new palace. On one occasion he was accompanied by Nell Gwynne, for whom the prebendal house, then inhabited by Kenn, was set apart. The good man refused admission to so lewd a woman, and King Charles had the sense to appreciate his virtuous courage. When the see of Bath and Wells soon afterwards became vacant, he asked, "Where is the good little man who refused his lodging to poor Nell?" and bestowed the bishopric upon him.

A "curious wooden structure" with an Edwardian roof, and corbels fashioned into the heads of a king and bishop—Church and State—is now made use of for the DEAN'S STABLE. Opposite the Deanery some apartments with groined roofs, and thirteenth century work, are said to form a portion of the STRANGERS' HALL; and a passage, by the old Chapter House, leads to the CATHEDRAL LIBRARY, whose boast and pride is a gloriously illuminated copy of the Vulgate, dating from the first half of the twelfth century.

Our next ramble must conduct us to "the parent of Eton, and the model of Westminster,"

WILLIAM of WYKEHAM'S COLLEGE, founded by that great man in 1387, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. On the 24th of March 1393 it was solemnly opened, to the infinite joy of its founder, and the exceeding admiration of the people. It occupied the site of an earlier school where (it is said) four Saxon kings were educated, and where Wykeham himself first "drank deep" at "the Pierian spring." His design was a great one, and enlarged the principles of education hitherto accepted in England. It was, in fact, the institution of a preparatory school, to which his New College at Oxford was intended to be the supplement.

He appointed a warden and ten fellows, representing the eleven apostles; two masters, and seventy scholars, the number

of our Saviour's disciples ; three chaplains, and three clerks, the six faithful deacons—Nicholas the apostate not being considered ; and sixteen choristers, who indicated the four greater and twelve lesser prophets. The original foundation remains as Wykeham established it ; but, in addition, a considerable number of "commoners" are received and educated. For years it has held an honourable place among our great public schools, and it has contributed to the literature and history of England—Archbishop Chicheley ; Bishops Waynflete and Fox ; Archbishop Warham ; Bishops Bilson, Kenn, Lowth, Burgess, Huntingford, and Maud ; Admirals Sir J. Keats, and Sir J. Borlase Warren ; General Lord Seaton, General Sir R. England, Sir Henry Wotton ; Speakers Onslow, Cornwall, Sidmouth, and Lord Eversley, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Sir Thomas Browne, Harris the essayist ; the poets Otway, Collins, Somerville, Young, Dibdin, Ambrose Phillips, and Lisle Bowles, Archbishop Howley, Sidney Smith, *et cum multis aliis*. What a vast but silent influence upon our laws, letters, and fame has Wykeham's college exercised !

The corporation consists of the warden and fellows, to whom the entire management is intrusted. The scholars are chosen annually at an election in July, and as vacancies occur in New College, Oxford, they are filled up from this school. They receive annually a black college gown, in which they must at all times appear, and those who can prove their relation to the family of Wykeham, receive annually forty shillings. After the annual midsummer examination, the celebrated song of "Dulce Domum" is sung by the boys in the courts and grounds of the college, and produces a fine effect. It was written, we are told, by a boy who was detained at the college during the holidays, and who also amused himself by cutting the "misemaze" or labyrinth on St. Catherine's hill. When his self-imposed task was completed he fell into a despondency and died,—died beneath a wide-branching elm, which for years was known as the "Domum tree."

The buildings form two quadrangles and a cloister, besides the recent additions to which we shall presently refer. In the centre stands a noble gateway tower, ornamented with a niched statue of the Virgin. Entering through it into the outer court, we notice on the east the warden's house, a modern addition ; west, his stables ; south, the second master's residence ; and north, the brew-house. A second tower opens into the inner

court. It is enriched with fine canopied niches, occupied by figures of the Virgin, Wykeham, and the archangel Gabriel. Similar statues are placed on the other side. The chapel and hall occupy the south of this quadrangle; the buildings appropriated to the scholars are placed on the north, east, and west. The CHAPEL is a noble pile. We approach it through an anti-chapel, which is surmounted by a tower, added by Warden Thorburn towards the close of the fifteenth century. Here are the brasses and stalls, removed from the chapel itself in 1681. Among the former observe the memorials to *John Monys*, the first warden, and Bishop *White*, 1559.

The CHAPEL is 102 feet long and 33 broad. It is lofty; its roof is bold and magnificent, its windows are richly emblazoned. The tourist must suppose "the removal of the obtrusive screen and wainscoting of the reformers, and in imagination restore the high altar and canopies over the stalls, carved in stone," if he would realize the full beauty of Wykeham's design. Then let him note the exquisite ceiling, and curious "fan tracery in wood," afterwards imitated by Close, Henry the Sixth's architect, at King's College, Cambridge. The grand east window, 40 feet by 24 feet, he cannot fail to admire. It represents our Saviour's genealogical tree. At the bottom you see Jesse lying, and the tree, taking root in him, spreads itself upwards full of kings and sages, the crucifixion in the centre, and the resurrection at the summit. This painted glass, however, is almost all modern. Its merits are considerable. The figures are good, and the colouring is rich and broad.

The altar-piece, representing the "Salutation of the Virgin," by Le Moyne, was presented by Dr. Burton, a former warden.

The SACRISTY, and MUMENTOWER above it, adjoin the north side of the chapel. Their fittings are left in their true mediæval condition, worm-eaten lockers, rude and curious drawers, just as they were touched five centuries ago by William of Wykeham's fingers.

The CLOISTERS are 132 feet square, are roofed with Irish oak, and contain many brasses. In the enclosed area is a library, erected in 1430 by *John Fromond*, who was a liberal benefactor to both of Wykeham's colleges. Here is preserved William of Wykeham's pedigree, traced up to Adam. Turning back to the quadrangle, a flight of stone steps conducts to the HALL, which is 63 feet long, 33 feet broad, and proportionately

lofty. It is finished with a rich open roof, the timbers of which are curiously carved and arranged, with coloured busts of kings and bishops for corbels. Along the sides are the tables of the scholars, at the upper end is the dais, for the table of the warden and prefects. The daily dinners consist of mutton, except on Wednesdays, when beef is the fare. The scholars call their meals *dispers*. Descending the stairs, we proceed to a small room adjoining the kitchen, to view a curious painting of a hircocervus, or man-animal—French in origin—called the “Trusty Servant,” partly resembling an ass, a deer, a hog, and a man. It is thus explained (we omit the Latin):—

“ A trusty servant’s portrait would you see,  
This emblematic figure well survey :  
The porker’s snout, not nice in diet shews ;  
The padlock shut, no secret he’ll disclose ;  
Patient, the ass, his master’s rage will bear ;  
Swiftness in errand, the stag’s feet declare ;  
Loaden his left hand, apt to labour saith ;  
The vest, his neatness ; open hand his faith ;  
Girt with his sword ; his shield upon his arm :  
Himself and master he’ll protect from harm.”

Between the hall stairs and the porch of the chapel is a passage which leads to a fourth court. In this court is the School, 90 feet by 36 feet, which was erected chiefly at the expense of gentlemen who have been educated in the college, *temp.* Charles II. Over the entrance is a noble statue of Wykeham, by Gabriel Cibber, with a suitable inscription. At the east end are certain rules to be observed by the scholars ; whilst at the opposite extremity are the following inscriptions and devices :—

AUT DISCE,	{ A mitre, and crozier, }	The expected reward of learning.
AUT DISCEDE,	{ An inkhorn, a case of mathe- matical instru- ments, and a sword. }	The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life.
MANET SORS TERTIA CÆDI,	{ A scourge, }	The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither.

“ At each end stands an old-fashioned chair, one for the master, and one for the second master—with their crimson cushions ; and on the floor, instead of that succession of desks and benches, which is found in modern schools, there is here and there a sort

of massy square frame-work of oak, raised on as many square posts about a foot, or something more, from the ground. This serves the scholars for seats, every one having on this rude kind of frame his school-box standing by him, which having an upper lid, supplies him at once with a reading-desk, and a depository for his books. These boxes are termed *Scobs*—(*Howitt*).

The DORMITORIES, seven in number, are on the ground-floor. The walls are inscribed, in white letters on a black ground, with the names of the scholars who have gone hence to New College, Oxford. The INFIRMARY, *temp.* Charles II., adjoins the playground. The COMMONERS' HALL and APARTMENTS, rebuilt in 1841, occupy a site behind the head-master's house, and near the school.

We turn now to the other objects of interest in Winchester—objects, indeed, of such surpassing interest that we would fain gossip about them through many a closely printed page—and we shall notice them in the order of their importance, not according to their position in or near the city, that the tourist may visit either, or all of them, when and how he pleases.

Next in importance to the Cathedral is, certainly, the HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS (graphically depicted by Anthony Trollope in his "Barchester Towers"), to which that interest attaches "which belongs to whatever is first of its own class." It is about 1 mile from the town, and may best be reached by a footpath through the meadows of the Itchen. William Howitt has pleasantly related his "Experiences" on the occasion of a visit to it, and a quotation from his lively pages will amuse the tourist:—"We passed on our left the old refectory, called 'Hundred-mennes-Hall,' because there a hundred poor men were daily entertained; on our right having the kitchen where the cookery was done for such a company; and if the hundred men were there no longer, we had no sooner presented ourselves at the porter's lodge than we found the porter still at his post; and as bound by the rules of St. Blois, the founder, and just as was the wont of the olden time, he immediately craved us to partake of the hospitality of the house. Not a stranger, from the days of King Stephen to the present hour, on presenting himself at that wicket, but was, and is, entitled to receive bread and beer. Accordingly, the horn, a genuine vessel of the good old times, no glass or crockery of these artificial days, was produced, and the eleemosynary bread; and we ate and drank, and praised great Harry de Blois, and the porter,

that the bread they gave was good bread, and the beer good beer, for, sober itself, it would keep all who drank it sober, so that even a teetotaler, though a kind of creature unknown to De Blois and his times, might taste it with a conscience, and no weary wayfarer need dread its bewildering him on his journey. Two gallons of beer and two loaves of bread are daily distributed to those who seek relief; another fact testifying to the wisdom of the brewer, and the moderation of the poor, who scorn to take undue advantage of such generous hospitality."

This famous hospital, like most mediæval buildings, was of quadrangular form, enclosing a court. Three sides of the square remain; the fourth being removed, has opened "a cheerful prospect into the green fields." A massive gateway-tower admits into the court, and above, on its outer front, in a fair niche, kneels, not De Blois, but the second founder of this hospital and builder of this tower, the notorious Cardinal Beaufort, in his cardinal's hat and robes. Two other niches in a line with this are empty; one is supposed to have contained the Holy Cross, the other St. John, the patron saint of hospitaliers.

Entering the court we have on our left a cloister-portico, or ambulatory, where the brethren exercise in bad weather. In a projecting recess stands a table said to have been used by Charles II. when encamped on St. Catherine's Hill. Over the cloister are the men's room, and a room where the sick brethren were formerly lodged. The opposite side of the court consists of the house of the brethren, who have each three small chambers and a garden; must be single men; and wear a black gown with a silver cross on the breast. The porter is allowed to have his wife to reside with him, and she cooks for the establishment.

[When De Blois founded his Hospital in 1186, he intended it for thirteen poor men, "decayed, and past their strength," while a hundred "out-pensioners" were to receive a daily allowance, and the residue of the income was to be appropriated to general charity. William of Wykeham duly restored and reformed the establishment during his episcopate, and Cardinal Beaufort added a separate foundation, "The Almshouse of Noble Poverty," for the support of two priests, 35 brethren, and three nuns, who were to attend upon the sick. But Edward IV., in 1461-4, resumed the lands bestowed by the Lancastrian bishop, and the Hospital returned to the plan laid down by its original founder. Of late years, as the tourist will remember, the law has stepped in to divide its revenues more equally, and deprived the Master (the late Earl of Guildford) of the lion's share which he had hitherto enjoyed. There are now 18 brethren; a weekly donation is bestowed upon the poor of the city; the "Wayfarer's Dole" is duly given when claimed by a stranger; and upon the Feast of the Holy Cross (May 8d), and the anniversary of the founder's death

(August 10), and on the Eves recognised by the Church of England, public charities are distributed.]

On the south side of the quadrangle is the HALL. Here the tourist's attention should be directed to the portable Shrine, "which, when closed, has the appearance of a cupboard, but when opened reveals the Virgin and Child, and other holy personages;" to the Minstrels' Gallery, surmounting the old-fashioned dais and screen; to black jacks and candlesticks of the most primitive character; to the high-pitched roof of Irish oak; and the two-light windows emblazoned with Beaufort's escutcheon. At the east end of the hall there hangs an early German design, "The Adoration of the Magi," which has been erroneously ascribed to Durer.

Beyond the Founder's room (to which we climb by a curious old staircase) may be visited a second chamber, which contains some presses of carved oak, and on its west wall, the initials and motto of *Roger Sherborne*, Master of the Hospital in 1403.

The glory of St. Cross, however, is its CHURCH. With the exception of the front and upper storey of the west end, which are ascribed to Wykeham and Beaufort, the greater portion is due to Henry de Blois, and is one of the finest examples of Transition-Norman extant in England. Its ground-plan is cruciform, with aisles to the nave and choir, but not to the transepts. Length, 160 feet, breadth 120 feet. A massive stately square tower rises in the centre. The clerestory, and the great west window, are in the finest Decorated style imaginable. It should be remarked that scarcely two pillars, two corbels, or two arches are alike. All are beautiful, but differ in their beauty; shewing a wonderful affluence of fancy and singular facility of execution. The choir, and some other parts of the church are paved with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with gigantic figures of animals and fantastic emblems, others with the words in old English capitals, *WUOTU WUOTU!* designed, doubtlessly, to recal the wandering thoughts of a brother to the purposes of devotion. The piscina and bracket at the east end of the north aisle should be noticed; the exquisite carved woodwork of the stalls, *temp.* Henry VIII.; the credence table, ornamented with the symbolic "eagle and scroll" of the Evangelist John; the stone screens each side of the altar; the intersecting arches of the triforium, erroneously supposed to have suggested the Pointed style; the clustered vaulting shafts; the rich mould-

ings of the windows ; the general Early English character of the nave ; here are points of the highest importance for the architectural student. The gradual development of the Pointed style may here be studied with the fullest advantage. The building before you seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of equal dimensions in its circumference and its length, which, however, supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semi-circular heads, and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance. Others are in the horse-shoe form, of which the entrance into the north porch is the most antique specimen. In one place we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns alternately vary in their form, as well as in their ornaments. The same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles ; some of them being plain, and others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornament—the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pellet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, the wavy, all superbly executed”—(Milner).

Remark the monument in the south aisle to Mr. Speaker Cornwall, d. 1780 ; and the brass, under the tower-arch, of John de Campden, warden, d. 1382.

WOLVESLEY CASTLE, in College Street, was the ancient episcopal palace, built by Bishop Henry de Blois in 1138. Its name is traditionally derived from the tribute of wolves' heads which the Welsh chieftains every year delivered on this spot to King Edgar ; more probably, it commemorates some Saxon "Ulf" or "Wulph" to whom the "ey" or island here belonged. The walls of the keep (Norman in character), and a portion of the outer walls ; the Perpendicular Chapel erected by Bishop Langton, and now attached to the Diocesan Training School ; an arch—a window—some venerable time-worn stones ; these are all that remain of the splendid palatial stronghold where Queen Mary first welcomed Philip of Spain ; where that famous marriage-dance took place after the fatal bridal, at which the English ladies outshone the dark-eyed beauties of Spain ; which in the reign of Stephen "endured a severe siege," which, after the surrender of the city to Cromwell, was terribly shat-



tered and devastated. Twenty years after its fall, Bishop Morley, the founder of the Widows' College, in the College Yard, erected "a spacious and noble house" on the site, which was known as the Bishop's Palace, and which Bishop Brownlow North pulled down towards the close of the eighteenth century.

Between Bishop Morley's College, founded in 1672 for the widows of clergymen, and the Cathedral itself, was the site of HYDE ABBEY, the "Newan Mynstre," which the Great Alfred erected as a mausoleum for himself and his successors. He was interred within its walls, and his design was carried out by his son, Edward the Elder. The abbey, however, its "mitred abbot," its monks and treasures, were removed, *temp.* Henry I., to the present site of the "County Bridewell," without the walls. At the Dissolution, its yearly revenue was estimated at £865. When the foundations of the bridewell were being excavated, a grave-slab inscribed with the name of Alfred the Great was discovered, and removed to Corby Castle. How is it that Winchester contains no public memorial of this illustrious prince, "the wonder and astonishment of all ages," who "has never had a defect imputed to him as a sovereign, or a fault as a man?" A gateway and some portions of the walls still perpetuate the memory of Hyde Abbey.

The site of the ROYAL PALACE, built in the thirteenth century by Henry III., is now known as the Castle Hill. ST. STEPHEN'S HALL is occupied by the Winchester County Court, and its pillared aisles, once resonant with kingly music and the voices of squires and nobles, now echoes with the shrill declamation of Hampshire lawyers. It is 110 feet in length and 55 feet in breadth, and divided by double rows of clustered columns into three aisles. Its most interesting feature is the famous "Round Table of King Arthur," suspended over the judge's seat in the Nisi Prius Court. It is not older, however, than the early part of the sixteenth century. A double rose forms the centre, and over it sits the son of Pendragon, throned and crowned. From this point shoot out to the circumference four and twenty party-coloured rays, each lettered with the name of one of Arthur's knights. Observe the bullet-marks of Cromwell's soldiers. It is said that the table was repainted when Henry VIII. and Charles V. visited Winchester in 1522, and that the following legend was placed underneath it:—

"Carolus et Henricus vivant; defensor uterque  
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesie,"—

a somewhat ambiguous compliment. The first mention of this Table in English literature occurs in Harding's Chronicle, but a "rota fortunæ" is said to have existed here as early as the reign of Henry III.

Winchester Castle was built by William the Conqueror to overawe the stout Hampshire hinds, and was frequently resorted to by his successors until the end of the reign of Edward III. That sovereign was born here in 1206, and in 1232 rebuilt the present Hall, and some other parts of the Castle. Here Queen Isabella ordered the execution of her husband's champion, the nonagenarian but gallant Earl of Winchester. In the open area before it, Edmund Earl of Kent was beheaded in March 1330. He was so beloved by the commonalty that nearly the whole day elapsed before a headsman, and he a wretch from the Marshalsea Prison, could be bribed to perform his office. The Castle was dismantled by Cromwell in 1640.

Close at hand is the WEST GATE, built in the reign of Henry III. The chamber above it is used as the muniment-room of the corporation, and contains a Winchester bushel of Henry VII.'s reign, a standard yard, and a weight, *temp.* Elizabeth, and several standard gallon and quart measures. The upper part of the KING'S GATE, thirteenth century, is occupied by LITTLE ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH, rebuilt in the sixteenth century.

The CITY CROSS is the great ornament of the High Street. It is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI., is 44 feet high, and composed of three tiers of pointed arches, with canopied niches, originally adorned with statues. The figure which remains is either that of a St. Amphibalus, to whom, it is said, the second church erected in Winchester was dedicated, or to St. Lawrence. It may be remarked, that in the rear of the cross stands ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH.

The BARRACKS—on the hill overlooking the fair valley of the Itchen, brightest and purest of the Hampshire water-courses!—are the only portion of the great palace contemplated by Charles II., and modelled upon that of Versailles, which reached completion. It was converted to its present purpose in 1810—the architect employed was Wren,—and the site chosen commands a grand view of the city. The foundation stone was laid in 1683. The king's death in 1685 put a stop to the works, which were never afterwards resumed. "Wren, with his usual magnificent ideas, intended to have added two vast wings to the

building, to have laid out the down behind as a park where the king might have enjoyed the pleasures of the chase, and to have run a magnificent street, 70 feet wide, direct from the palace to the Cathedral. If Charles had lived, Winchester might once more have held up its head. The influence his two years' residence had upon the city is still apparent. The courtiers flocked here and built houses for themselves in great numbers. Peter Street, which runs in the direction of the palace, is full of the rich old brick houses of the period, the most prominent of which is the one built by the Duchess of Portsmouth. In the High Street the architecture of the period is also apparent, and Bishop Morley built his palace under the direction of Wren"—*Thorne*.

Winchester Bridge crosses the Itchen at the end of the High Street. St. Swithin built the first, and when his workmen roughly upset an old woman's basket of eggs, kindly exercised his miraculous powers and made them whole again. The legend attached to the old Bridge is as wild and eerie as any of Hoffman's fancies:—"According to the Monk Wolstern (who lived in the middle of the tenth century), a citizen of Winchester, who had gone to visit his farm without the walls, was returning late to his home when—near the river, without the eastern gate—he was stopped by two dark and unclothed women (*piceas totas, obsceno et corpore nudas*). They desired to speak to him, but the man, alarmed, ran from them in spite of their threats. A third female, however, of gigantic size and robed in white, rushed down the hill side, stopped, and struck him senseless to the ground. The three then disappeared in the waters of the river. On his recovery the man found himself a cripple, and crawled with difficulty to the east gate, which was close at hand. Mr. Wright (and no doubt justly) regards these mysterious ladies as an apparition of the 'Dea Matres,' whose altars are common in the North of England and in Belgic Gaul, and who are in fact identical with the Fates, or 'Wælcyræn' of our Saxon ancestors. The introduction of Christianity had banished these old divinities in their loftier form, but they still held their ground in the shape of popular superstition"—(*Murray*).

Of the CHURCHES of WINCHESTER our notes must necessarily be brief to a degree:—

St. JOHN'S has a Perpendicular tower projecting at the end of the south aisle. The arches of the nave are Transition-Norman,

the walls Early English. The screen, which crosses the nave and aisles, is Perpendicular. Remark the piscina, and the hagioscopes north and south of the chancel arch. There is an Easter sepulchre, with sculptured shield-like emblems of our Saviour's passion. The perpetual curacy, valued at £82, is in the Bishop of Winchester's patronage.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, at the end of the High Street, is late Early English, and was attached to the HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, founded in 1304 for poor men and women. The walls and roof of the latter belong to the ancient refectory. The main apartment has been fitted up as an assembly room. The hospital trustees are patrons of the living, which is valued at £100.

LITTLE ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH is situated over the King's Gate, and was designed for the accommodation of the Cathedral servants. The Lord Chancellor is patron of the rectory, which is valued at £80.

ST. LAWRENCE CHURCH, in the Square, consists of a nave and chancel only. The Bishops of Winchester inaugurate themselves by tolling the bell of the church. The rectory, worth £56, is in the patronage of the Lord Chancellor.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, in Hyde Street, has a nave and chancel. The west doorway is Norman, and very fine. The font is ancient. Patron, the Lord Chancellor. Value of the vicarage, £100.

ST. PETER'S, Cheese Hill, consists of a nave and aisle, separated by Transition-Norman arches springing from many columns. At the east end are three Perpendicular windows. Observe the curiously carved corbels of the roof. Patron, the Lord Chancellor. Value of the rectory, £100.

ST. MAURICE'S, High Street, is modern and Early English. The tower, however, enriched with zigzag ornaments, is partly Norman. Patron, the Bishop of Winchester. Value of the rectory (with St. Mary Kalendar, rectory, and St. Peter Colebrook, rectory, which have no existing churches), £145.

ST. THOMAS', Southgate Street, a good Early Decorated building with a shapely spire, recently erected. The rectory, valued at £145, is in the bishop's patronage.

ST. MICHAEL'S; Kingsgate Street, is modern and bad. The bishop is patron of the rectory, which is valued at £104.

THE CITY LIBRARY and MUSEUM, in Jewry Street (admission free; Curator, Henry Moody), should certainly be visited. A

good catalogue has been compiled by the curator, an archæologist of repute, to whose "Sketches of Hampshire" we have been frequently indebted. We extract a few of the local *memorabilia* :—

- "The original Winchester Bushel, presented to the city by King Henry VII., 1487.
- Horn of the Warder of the ancient Castle, age probably 600 years.
- Three Taper-stands of the fifteenth century, discovered on the site of the ancient chapel on St. Giles' Hill.
- Ancient Bone-pins, found in Winchester.
- An ancient Battle-axe, found in the Lawn, Winchester.
- Ancient Steelyard Weight, found at Hyde Abbey.
- Portion of an ancient Rosary, found at Hyde Abbey.
- Anglo-Saxon enamelled Fibula, found at Hyde Abbey.
- Two Roman Mill-stones, discovered without Westgate.
- Cannon-balls, 4 lbs. weight, taken out of the south wall of the city, and probably fired when the castle was besieged and taken by Oliver Cromwell.
- Swords, discovered several feet under the surface without Westgate, apparently made in an emergency, probably in the reign of King Charles I.
- Roman Urn, found in Hyde Field.
- Athenian Vase, found in Winchester.
- Roman Urn, containing burnt bones, discovered in Water Lane.
- Another found on the site of the old museum.
- English Pottery, found in Winchester.
- Tesselated Pavement and Encaustic Tiles, found in Winchester.
- Consent of the Mayor and Aldermen of Winchester to the union of the churches of St. Maurice and St. Kalendar, 1688, in a frame ornamented with Scripture representations in straw work.
- Armour from Winchester College."

There is also a good collection of casts of seals, royal, ecclesiastical, and municipal—the major part belonging to the churches, abbeys, and corporations of Hampshire. They are nearly eighty in number.

The best *view-points* are, of course, from the Downs, which almost encircle the old historic city, especially from the elevation crowned by the Barracks; from St. Catherine's Hill, where may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel, and the outline of a labyrinth, or mise-maze; from St. Giles' Hill,—the great Fair has dwindled down to a sorry exhibition; and Compton Down, where some venerable trees mark the site of "Oliver's Battery," the observation-camp occupied by Cromwell.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLERS.—1. From St. Cross, over the Itchen, and climb St. Catherine's Hill. Return by the meadow-path along the river.—2. From the ruins of Hyde Abbey to Headbourne Worthy. Then to King's Worthy, Martyr's Worthy, and Easton. Return to the town by Winnal Magdalene.—3. To Week, and thence, north-east, to Littleton. Cross to Sparsholt. Visit Pitt Down, and return by the old Roman road from Sarum; Oliver's Battery lies to the right about 1 mile. Enter the town by Castle Hill.—4. To St. Catherine's Hill, and by way of Twyford Down

to Twyford. Cross the Itchen at Shawford, and so to Compton. Return by St. Cross.—5. To Worthy Down, and thence, north, to Stoke Charity. Cross eastward to Micheldever, and return by the Roman road, now known as Popham Lane, through King's Worthy and Headbourne Worthy.—6. Through Winnal Magdalene to Easton, and thence through Martyr's Worthy, Itching Abbots, and Itching Stoke, to Old Alresford. Cross to New Alresford, and return by the Alton and Winchester road.]

#### BRANCH ROUTE—WINCHESTER TO ALTON.

As we leave the city, WINNALL MAGDALENE (population, 117), partly included in the city boundaries, lies on our left. The rectory, valued at £170, is in the bishop's patronage; the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, we shall not turn aside to visit. A pleasant road, following with tolerable accuracy the course of the crystal Itchen, divides, near Lone Farm, into two branches;—that to the left leads us through ABBOT'S WORTHY into KING'S WORTHY; that to the right goes directly to EASTON. But as the former road also winds round to Easton, we shall prefer it for our present purpose.

The tourist, therefore, is requested to consider himself in the meadow-encircled village of KING'S WORTHY (population, 382)—*Fr., weorth*, Saxon, a *farm*—which derives its regal prefix from its ownership by the Conqueror at the time of the compilation of Domesday Book. The CHURCH is mainly Perpendicular, with a Perpendicular font, and an ancient stone cross inserted in the east wall. ABBOT'S WORTHY is a tything, which formerly belonged to the Abbey of Hyde. Between the two (and skirting the road to Micheldever as well as that to Martyr's Worthy) lies the fair demeasne of WORTHY PARK (J. Hardy, Esq.) The house, built in 1816, looks down upon the sweet vale of the Itchen.

One mile east we reach MARTYR'S WORTHY (population, 251). Whence it derives its peculiar appellation is unknown. The CHURCH has been fearfully "restored," but retains two fine Norman doorways. It has a wooden tower, and is dedicated to St. James. Patron of the rectory the bishop; value, £484.

☞ Across the Itchen lies EASTON (population, 485), which should be visited for the sake of its CHURCH, Transition-Norman, and dedicated to St. Mary. Observe the apsidal termination of

the chancel, and the recessed and richly decorated arch of the south doorway. A monument to *Agatha*, relict of Bishop Barlow of Chichester, records that her five daughters were all married to bishops. The rectory, attached to the episcopal patronage, is valued at £485.

Passing the little hamlet of Chilland, and still ascending the river-valley,—the chalk hills raising their rounded crests on either hand,—we arrive at ITCHEN ABBAS, or ABBOTS (population, 256), picturesquely clustered on the Itchen's bank. The CHURCH is small, with Norman doorways and Perpendicular additions. Of the staircase and entrance to the rood-loft there are remains. It belonged to the Abbey of Romsey, which maintained here a prebend to preach to its abbess and her flock of nuns. The rectory is valued at £518.

The road across the river leads to AVINGTON (population, 176), and traversing AVINGTON PARK (J. Shelley, Esq.), joins the lower Winchester road. In the reign of Elizabeth this fine estate was purchased by an ancestor of the late Duchess of Buckingham. It passed into the hands of its present owner when the Duke's estates came "to the hammer." The house, near a noble sheet of water fed by the river Arle, was built by the late Duke of Chandos, and occupies the site of a mansion in which Charles II. visited that infamous Countess of Shrewsbury who held the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he fought and mortally wounded her husband. (See *Pepys' Diary* and *De Grammont's Memoirs* for details of this shameful scandal.)

☞ South is HUMPHAGE, or HUMPAGE WOOD. It was a forest attached to the Crown, and the Conqueror gave Bishop Walkelyn, when engaged in rebuilding Winchester Cathedral, permission to collect as much timber as he could fell in four days and nights. The Bishop got together a wonderful number of carpenters, and within the time allowed him, cut down the whole forest, so that the king, passing near the spot a short time afterwards, cried out, "Have I lost my wits? or am I bewitched? Surely I had here a most delightful wood!" Great indeed was his wrath when he understood the trick that had been played upon him. But the Bishop clothed himself in sorry attire, and throwing himself at the king's feet, begged to be allowed to resign his mitre so that he retained his sovereign's friendship: and the Conqueror was

pacified, observing,—“ I was as much too lavish in my gift as you were greedy in availing yourself of it.”

AVINGTON (population, 163) lies in the valley of the Arle, looking out upon the verdurous hills. Its CHURCH, or so much of it as has escaped the churchwarden and the carpenter, is Norman. Value of the rectory, £219. Patron, the Bishop. The Arle here swells “ with tributary flood ” the pleasant Itchen.

Re-crossing the river, we arrive at ITCHEN STOKE (population, 348), 6 miles from Winchester, with a CHURCH erected in 1831 at the cost of Lord Ashburton. The Dean of Westminster holds the vicarage, which is in Lord Ashburton’s patronage, and valued at £320.

We must once more seek the south bank of the stream, and keep through the pasture and the corn-field to TITCHBORNE (population, 378), so named from its position at the source of the Itchen. From a period anterior to the Conquest the manor has been held by a family of the same name. About eighty or ninety years after that memorable epoch, Sir Roger de Tychborne founded the Parish CHURCH—an interesting Norman edifice, which stands upon a distant hill, a notable and conspicuous landmark. In its north aisle are several ancient memorials of the old Saxon family ; amongst others, a monument to the *Lady Mabella*, the foundress of “ the Tichborne Dole.”

Of “ the Tichborne Dole ” the following legend is narrated :—  
“ When the Lady Mabella, worn out with age and infirmity, was lying on her deathbed, she besought her loving husband, Sir Roger de Tychborne, as her last request, that he would grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest, in a dole of bread to be distributed to all who should apply for it annually, on the feast of the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary. Sir Roger readily acceded to the request, by promising the produce of as much land as she could go over in the vicinity of the park, while a certain brand or billet was burning, supposing, that from her long infirmity (as she had been bedridden for some years), she would be able to go round a small portion only of his property. The venerable dame, however, ordered her attendants to convey her to the corner of the park, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to acquire a renovation of strength,



and, to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord, who began to wonder where this pilgrimage might end, she crawled round several rich and goodly acres. The field which was the scene of her extraordinary feat retains the name of *Crawls* to this day. It is situated near the entrance of the park, and contains an area of 23 acres. Her task being completed, she was reconveyed to her chamber, when, summoning her family to her bedside, she predicted the prosperity of the family while that annual dole existed, and left her malediction on any one of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue it; prophesying that when this happened, the family would become extinct, from the failure of heirs-male, and that this would be foretold by a generation of seven sons being followed immediately after by a generation of seven daughters, and no son"—(*Journal, British Archaeol. Assoc.*, xi). The dole consisted of 1900 small loaves, but its distribution was the cause of so much disturbance that a sum of money is now, in lieu of it, divided among the neighbouring poor.

The ancient moated HOUSE of the Tichbornes was pulled down in 1803, and the present building erected. Its architectural merits are scanty, but its situation is picturesque.

Two miles south is CHERITON (population, 668), the scene of a hot fight, on the 29th of March 1644, between the Royalists under Lord Hopton and the Earl of Forth, and the Roundheads, led by gallant Sir William Waller. Each army consisted of about 10,000 men; the Parliamentarians lost 900, the Royalists, 1400. Its consequences were serious; "it broke all the measures, and altered the whole scheme of the King's Council"—(*Clarendon*). Winchester fell into the hands of the Parliament, and the Royal party never again recovered their ground in the western counties.

CHERITON CHURCH, dedicated to St. Michael, is Early English, but has suffered much from *improvements*. The altar-floor is paved with rich encaustic tiles. The font is ancient; the chancel-arch of excellent span. The rectory, valued at £1500, is in the bishop's patronage.

We return from CHERITON to TITCHBORNE, and leaving TITCHBORNE HOUSE on our left, keep northward, through a fertile and sequestered valley, to NEW ALRESFORD (population,

1618. *Inn*: The Swan)—*i.e.*, the ford over the Arle—7 miles from Winchester and 10 miles from Alton. The tourist will remember, with the gratitude which is due to a great writer, that New Alresford was the birthplace of Miss Mitford. It is not a large town; it is not a busy town; its houses are not of much pretension; its main street is hilly and not specially picturesque; but it is considerable when contrasted with OLD ALRESFORD (population, 523), which lies across the Arle, and there, apparently, lives upon its antiquity. New Alresford returned representatives to the Parliaments of Edward I., and, at a later period, "teemed with fullers, dyers, and clothiers;" but it was burnt by the Royalists after Cheriton fight, and in 1689 suffered from an accidental conflagration, so that for fulling mills now one might look in vain.

ALRESFORD POND was formed by Bishop de Lucy, *temp.* Richard I., and acts as a reservoir for the river Itchen. It originally covered about 200, now occupies 60 acres. The Arle, one of the tributaries of the Itchen, rises near Ripley Dean, and unites, below Avington, with the greater stream.

NEW ALRESFORD CHURCH was rebuilt after the fire in 1689, and has justly been characterized as "more commodious than handsome." It is a chapelry to OLD ALRESFORD CHURCH, which may be commended as a decent modern body, with a fine ancient tower.

The great Admiral Lord Rodney, who, in his action with De Grasse, first attempted the manoeuvre of "breaking the line," was interred at Old Alresford in 1792.

Our next resting-place may be at BISHOPS SUTTON (population, 829), where, in the old times, the bishops of Winchester had a summer palace and an extensive KENNEL. Their remains have been converted into a malt-house. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is chiefly Norman, with an Early English chancel. On the floor of the latter should be noticed a fine *brass* of a knight and lady, standing, with their hands clasped as if in prayer. The costume is that of the fifteenth century.

Two miles north lies BIGHTON (population, 285), with a gray old Norman CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, which has received some Early English additions. Beyond it, at GODSFIELD, are the remains of an ancient CHAPEL, 26 feet by 13 feet, and a

small apartment adjoining, originally attached to a Preceptory of the Knights of St. John.

The road from Bishops Sutton descends into leafy Ropley Dean, and at about 11 miles from Winchester, passes to the left of ROPLEY (population, 818), where the present Archbishop of Canterbury was born. His father held the vicarage of Bishops Sutton, to which the cure of Ropley is annexed, for about forty years. These benefices were afterwards filled by the primate himself. The CHURCH is ancient, but uninteresting. It was repaired in 1848. In a field near the village, about a dozen years ago, a ploughman discovered some fine Roman torques. They may be inspected by the curious tourist.

The road now trends somewhat abruptly to the north-east; winds through wooded vales and up breezy hills; and crosses many a bountiful pasture and teeming cornfield, and reaches ALTON, at 17 miles from Winchester. The whole route may be commended to the tourist for the picturesque scenery it opens up. He will pass near no village after Ropley is left behind him—MEADSTEAD (population, 482), with its partly Norman, partly Early English CHURCH, lying 2 miles to the left—until CHAWTOR is reached, and from that point a twenty minutes' walk will place him in the town already panegyrised for its ales and quakerism.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—WINCHESTER to BISHOPS WALTHAM.

A pleasant ramble, through no ordinary variety of scenery, is afforded by the road from Winchester to Bishops Waltham, 10 miles. At first, the country is somewhat wild and rugged, but it soon softens into a rich woodland beauty, and closes at length in the bravest of pastures and the most fertile of corn fields. At about half a mile from the Cathedral City we turn to the left, and cross the bare bleak hills to CHILCOMBE (population, 291), *i.e.*, the hollow in the chalk, a village so sequestered in the depths of solitary downs that it seems to have no part or portion in the ordinary life of busy England. Its small CHURCH is Norman, with a very curious English window; "two square-headed lights,

with a quatrefoil over them, inserted in the original Norman opening." The pavement retains a few encaustic tiles. No visitor to Winchester should fail to stroll into Chilcombe that he may enjoy a new sensation—that of the most entire solitude within 2 miles of a famous city, and at about the same distance from an important line of railway. The small *Inn* here bears the peculiar sign of the "Heart in Hand."

Returning into the main road, we now cross Longwood Warren, following the old Roman *via* to Portchester, until we reach MORESTED (population, 107), a small cluster of houses round a small church, 3 miles from Winchester. The bare hills and rugged heaths now merge into fresh cool copses and leafy vales—the hamlets we pass generally rejoicing in the Hampshire affix of *shaw* or *how*, a small wood—and on a pleasant ascent, in the centre of much delectable scenery, rises UPHAM (population, 551), the birthplace (in 1681) of Edward Young the poet, whose father at that time enjoyed the rectory. The CHURCH is of stone, with a square tower, nave, chancel, and aisle. In 1642 it was used by the Roundhead troopers as a stable for their horses. The bishop is the patron of the rectory, which is valued at £625.

From Upham we descend into BISHOPS WALTHAM (population, 2265. *Inns*: Crown, Railway, Dolphin), *i. e.*, the Bishop's town in the woodlands, where, for four centuries, the bishops of Winchester had a palace or castle originally founded by Henry de Blois. Around the stronghold spread a picturesque park nearly 1000 acres in extent, and a broad tract of open country still called WALTHAM CHACE, was also appropriated to their pleasure. Henry II. dismantled the castle here, but shortly afterwards restored it to the bishop. It was within its stately walls that King Henry, in 1182, held his great council of the nobles, and obtained, as supplies for his projected crusade, 500 marks of gold and 42,000 marks of silver. Richard I. was royally entertained here after his relief from his Austrian prison and his second coronation at Winchester. It was the favourite residence, in his later years, of William of Wykeham, who expended much money on its embellishment, and died here in 1404, aged eighty. Cardinal Beaufort bequeathed to Margaret of Anjou his "blue bed of gold and damask, wherein the queen used to lie when she was at the palace, and three suits of arras hanging in the same

room. Bishop Langton made alterations and additions, and Bishop Poynt, *temp.* Edward VI., surrendered it to Pawlett, Marquis of Winchester. During the Civil War the manor was sequestrated and sold for £7999, and heavy blows were dealt to the palatial stronghold. The manor was returned to the see of Winton at the Restoration, but the castle has never been "rehabilitated." The park is now divided into farms.

The ruins lie south-west of the town, and present the front of the great hall, with five large windows richly clothed in ivy,—the remains of a tower 17 feet square, and a portion of the offices now used as a barn. These are chiefly William of Wykeham's work. The original design was that of a parallelogram, with square towers at the angles, and two courts. The hall, 66 feet by 27, and 25 feet high, on the right, and the chapel, of the same dimensions, on the left. In the front of the building there is a large sheet of water, artificially formed, into which several small streams have been directed, and which supplies a river passing through Daily and Botley into the Southampton Water, below Bursledon.

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Peter, is mostly late Perpendicular in style, but the church was probably built by William of Wykeham, whose well known "rose" adorns the east window. The north aisle was built in 1637, the south aisle in 1652. The rectory, valued at £915, is in the Bishop of Winchester's patronage.

South-east of the town (which has a considerable Friday market) stretches the picturesque heathery tract of WALTHAM CHACE, occupying nearly 2000 acres. Traditions attach to it of a gang of deer-stealers, who, from their blackened faces, were known as the *Waltham Blacks*, and whose atrocities at last provoked the special interference of Parliament, and produced the famous *Black Act*—a statute of more than ordinary severity. It effected, however, a cure of these disorders, but not without loss of life, so that Bishop Hoadley, when urged to restock the chace with deer, replied, "it had done mischief enough already"—(*Moody*).

The Free Grammar School was established by Bishop Morley in the reign of Charles II.

The tourist may now keep south to Fareham, or north-east to Alton, or cross to the Botley railway station and return to Winchester by rail.

## BRANCH ROUTE—WINCHESTER TO STOCKBRIDGE.

About one mile north-west of Winchester lies WEEK (population, 446), *i. e.*, wic, Saxon, a dwelling, where there is a small Norman CHURCH, containing a curious brass to *William Complyn*, d. 1497, and *Ann* his wife, with figures of St. Christopher carrying the Saviour. The rectory is valued at £260.

A mile further and we reach LAINSTON, in whose church—the ruins lie near Lainston House—was married the coarse but handsome Miss Chudleigh to Captain Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. She afterwards married the Duke of Kingston, and was tried by the House of Lords for bigamy in 1776. The whole story is related by Sir Bernard Burke in his “Romance of the Aristocracy.”

SPARSHOLT (population, 419) lies about one mile to the left. Roman remains have been discovered at Mere Farm (near the Church), indicating the site of a Roman villa.

After passing DELUGE HILL,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles, a road on the right turns off to CRAWLEY (population, 403), where the CHURCH has some Early English portions. At Deluge Hill a bye-lane on the left branches off to LITTLE SOMBOURNE (population, 101), a picturesque little village lying on the southern border of Sombourne NORTH PARK. KING'S SOMBOURNE (population, 1242) is situated two miles south-west. John of Gaunt, “time-honor'd Lancaster,” had a palace here, whose venerable ruins lie in the shadow of some ancient yews which furnished the Hampshire bowmen with stout bows and yard-long shafts in the old chivalric days. Near the church there stands an embankment which is traditionally reported to have been raised as a butt for the archers; and within a mile distant, about 30 acres, now flourishing with meadow grass, formed the great Duke's fish-ponds.

The CHURCH is Transition-Norman, with a Decorated chancel, which contains two small brasses of priests, and a stone coffin, with an effigy in clerical robes, enclosed in “a sepulchral recess.” Round the edge is inscribed, *William de Bras*, 1186. The tower is of wood on three sides, but the west side stone. The Transition-Norman font is octagonal, and not remarkable for beauty

of design. Sir J. B. Mill is the patron of the rectory, which is valued at £696.

Between the two Sombournes, but nearly 2 miles to the east, lies ASHLEY (population, 98),—*i. e.*, the ash-fields—with a Norman CHURCH, retaining its original lancets. Remark the niches for bells in the west gable, and the chancel arch, which is of unusually small space. There are traces of an ancient circular entrenchment near the Roman road from Sarum to Winchester, which crosses the parish in a north-easterly direction.

Regaining the high road at 7 miles from Winchester, we may notice on our right the chalk-mass of WORLBURY HILL, and the figure of a white horse cut out on its southern slope. The summit is crowned with a British camp, enclosing an area of about 20 acres.

The road now descends into the valley of the Test, crosses the Andover Canal, and reaches STOCKBRIDGE, at  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles north-west of Winchester.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—WINCHESTER TO SOUTHAMPTON.

We once more intrust ourselves to the care of the London and South-Western Railway Company, and abandon old historic Winchester for "fresh fields and pastures new." We wish it were possible to pass at once from the quiet, grave, old-world air of the cathedral city to the life, and motion, and enterprise of prosperous Southampton. The contrast would not be without its lessons, and would illustrate in a remarkable degree the peculiarities of the English character; its cautious conservatism, which clings so closely to the traditions of the past,—its restless energy, which makes so much of the present. As Bulwer Lytton has justly said,—this England of ours is so old, and yet its people are so young! Abundant is the life which seethes, and toils, and flourishes in the shadow of the mediæval abbey and Norman castle! We do not live upon our past, though its glory might well content us: we are always looking forwards to a future, which shall add new triumphs to our imperishable chronicle of mighty enterprises and heroic deeds. We know that

"In our halls are hung  
The armoury of th' invincible knights of old,"

and to that armoury we will, with God's help, add new trophies and enrich it with unsullied shields!

We pass, with due rapidity, the barracks of Castle Hill, and are borne along an embankment which enables us, from its elevation, to secure some picturesque glimpses of the brave old city we are leaving behind. Following the course of the Itchen we soon arrive at TWYFORD (population, 958), on our left, deriving its name from its fords across the river which here divides into two streams, and encloses a long narrow island of meadow-grass. Its situation is so delectable that it has long been crowned (with leaves and blossoms) as "the Queen of Hampshire villages." The gray embattled tower of its antique CHURCH rises upon a knoll, surrounded by branching elms, and overlooking the crystal river. It contains a bust, by Nollekens, of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, d. 1788, who, while he held this vicarage, entertained Benjamin Franklin at his residence, Shipley House. The wise old American there wrote his "Autobiography." Pope went to school in the village, but we remember no allusion to it in his poems. The Mildmays have held the manor since the reign of Charles I.

In this neighbourhood are many pleasant seats:—SHAWFORD HOUSE (Lady Mildmay) was built, *temp.* Charles II. The grounds are rich in timber, and intersected by numerous water-courses. It lies close to the railway. TWYFORD LODGE (J. T. Waddington, Esq.) is situated north of the village. BRAMBRIDGE (Sir J. Hanbury),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles south, on a branch of the Itchen, is approached by a glorious beechen avenue.

On our right lies COMPTON (population, 275), in a quiet sheltered COOMBE of the chalk hills, opening towards the rising sun. The down which overlooks the village is known as "Oliver's Battery" (see p. 725), and is easily recognized by the crown of vigorous firs on its north-west edge. Its CHURCH is Norman, with late additions. In the churchyard is interred Dr. G. Huntingford, bishop of Hereford, who commenced his career here as "a humble curate," and in Compton church preached his first sermon. The rectory is valued at £394.

Beyond Compton is situated,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south-west, the village of HURSLEY (population, 1001), *i. e.*, the wooded pasture,



where the archæologist may interest himself in the scanty ruins of MERDON, one of the many castle-palaces of the Bishop of Winchester. They lie at the northern extremity of HURSLEY PARK, and consist of a deep well, a portion of the venerable keep, and some traces of the exterior fosse. They command, from their elevated position, a goodly prospect. The founder was Bishop Henry de Blois. The manor was surrendered to Edward VI. by Bishop Poynt, and afterwards, by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Richard Major, Esq., became the property of Richard Cromwell. Here, when he had inspirited himself with generous potations, he would sit down upon an oaken chest, and boast that he sat on the lives and properties of the best men in England, alluding to its containing the addresses presented to him on his accession to the protectorate. He retired to the continent at the Restoration, and did not return to Hensley until 1680, when his daughters refused to give up the estate. A lawsuit was the result, and during the trial he visited the House of Lords, where the different objects of interest were described by one of the officers, who inquired if he had ever been in the house before? "Not since I sat in that chair," was Cromwell's reply, as he pointed to the throne. At his death, in 1712, the estate was sold to Sir William Heathcote, who found the old house in a ruinous condition, and pulled it down. He is said to have vowed, "because the house had belonged to the Cromwells," not to suffer one brick to remain upon another. The present mansion is stately and commodious, and among its curiosities are numerous letters of the Cromwell family, the great seal of the Long Parliament; a beechen snuff-rasp or grater, bearing the initials R. C. and the commonwealth arms; and an ancient drinking-cup of ash wood, found in the well at Merdon Castle. There are two good originals of Sir Thomas Fairfax and the great Lord Protector.

The park is of considerable extent, beautifully diversified, and liberally adorned with fine old trees.

HURSLEY CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, has recently been rebuilt in the Decorated style. The stained windows are good. It contains a plain gravestone commemorating *Richard Cromwell*, died 12th July 1712, and a memorial to the widow of Thomas Sternhold (one of the authors of the old version of the Psalms)—

" If ever chaste or honest godly life  
 Myghte meryte prayse of everlasting fame,  
 Forget not then the worthie Sternhold's wife,  
 Our Hobbie's wake, Ann Horsiwell call'd by name.  
 Frome wohme alas, to some for her here's left,  
 Hath God her soule : and doth her lyfe byrest.  
 Anno 1550."

The vicar of Hursley is the Rev. John Keble, the poet of "the Christian Year." Sir W. Heathcote is the lord of the manor, and to him this delightful "angle of the isle" is indebted for a wisely-directed liberality. Pretty cottages, neat village-schools, goodly new churches (at PITT,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles north, AMPFIELD, 3 miles south-west, HURSLEY, and OTTERBOURNE) surround us, and interest us on every side, and if we ask who has been foremost in the noble work, we are invariably answered, "Sir William Heathcote."

Resuming our railway route we ascend the Otterbourne embankment, carried for two miles through the river valley. On our left lies Bainbridge, on our right OTTERBOURNE (population, 596), said to derive its name from the number of otters that formerly infested its water; but the word probably signifies the *other bourne*, in contradistinction to that portion of the Itchen vale above Winchester. Its CHURCH stands upon a pleasant eminence, and is a pretty Early English structure, cruciform in plan—designed by Carter of Winchester, and erected at Sir William Heathcote's expense. The churchyard is admirably ordered.

CRANBURY PARK (J. Chamberlayne, Esq.) lies three-quarters of a mile south-west. On Cranbury Down are several TUMULI and traces of an ancient encampment.

Passing through an extensive excavation in the gravel we reach, at  $73\frac{1}{2}$  miles from London, and 7 from Winchester, the town of

BISHOPSTOKE (population, 1249. *Inn*: The George)—an ancient manor of the bishops of Winchester—agreeably situated on the east bank of the Itchen, at about half a mile from the station. Its main attraction is the admirable gardens of the venerable Dean of Winchester (Dr. Garnier) where masses of azaleas and rhododendrons present the most glorious variations of colour. The winter evergreens are of the rarest beauty. The

CHURCH, of stone, is modern, and contains a large number of memorials. The rectory, valued at £437, has been held by Dr. Garnier since 1807. The Bishop of Winchester is the patron.

The Gosport branch, and the line through Romsey to Salisbury, diverge left and right from this busy station. The main line proceeds to Winchester.

On our right, at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Bishopstoke, we pass NORTH STONEHAM, on the west boundary of NORTH STONEHAM PARK (J. Willis Fleming, Esq.), and on the left, at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, SOUTH STONEHAM, beyond which, 2 miles south-east, lies BITTERN. Though these localities may best be visited from Southampton, we may introduce their description here, to amuse the tourist as he continues his railway route.

[NORTH STONEHAM (population, 726) is supposed by some authorities to be the site of the intermediate Roman station of *Ad Lapidem*, between Clausentum and Venta Belgarum. It was known by its Roman name in the days of Bede, and the younger brothers of Arvald, king of the Isle of Wight, who had accepted the Christian faith, were here for a time concealed from their enemies. But being betrayed to Cadwalla, they were put to death—(Bede, *Ecclesiastical History*, IV. 16). Upon the suppression of Hyde Abbey the manor was obtained by Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and from his representatives, *temp.* Elizabeth, purchased by Sir Thomas Fleming, who, born in a comparatively humble position at Newport in 1554, rose to the Lord Chief Justiceship of England (1609), and founded the family which still enjoys this lordship. In 1737 the male line became extinct, and the estates passed by marriage to Dr. Browne Willis, the antiquary, whose successors assumed the name of Fleming.

STONEHAM PARK (J. Willis Fleming, Esq.) is a pleasant open demeane, with good timber, and rich full clumps of American blossoms. The house is large and commodious. The CHURCH, at the west edge of the park, is a neat modern structure, with a white marble monument to Admiral Lord Hawke, d. 1781, adorned with a relief of his victory at Quiberon Bay; and an imposing memorial, with effigies of the Lord Chief Justice in his robes, and his wife in the costume of the period, to Sir Thomas Fleming, d. 1618. "Great was his Learning, Many were his Virtues. He always feared God, and God still blessed him, and ye Love and Favour both of God and Man was Daylie upon Him."

SOUTH STONEHAM (population, 4961) belonged to the monks of Winchester, and its revenues provided their clothing. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, contains a curious recessed monument to Edmund Clerke, d. 1673, with figures of that worthy "Clerke of her Majesty's Privy Seal" and his wife, and small effigies of their twelve children.

BITTERN (population, 1573) will be visited by the tourist for the sake of the remains of the ancient *Clausentum*. The Romans were quick to appreciate the advantages of the sheltered estuary of the Itchen, which afforded a direct water-way to Winchester, one of their principal cities, and erected here on the high ground a *castellum*, or out-post, to overlook and guard it. Warner derives its name—*Clausentum*—from the Latin *clausus* and *intrus*, alluding to its "land-locked" position. The ruins of this military station are now included within the grounds of BITTERN

**MANOR** (Mrs. Stuart Hall), and mainly consist of shattered walls, composed of flint, stones, and mortar, about 9 feet thick, and remains of ancient embankments and fosses. Inscriptions are preserved here which, for the most part, have some reference to Tetricus (one of the British usurpers of the imperial purple), who may possibly have made Clausentum his principal station. The Bishop of Winchester had a house here, and a chapel adjoining it, which in Leland's time were in ruins.

A bridge across the Itchen communicates with Northam dockyard.]

The railway, in its course from South Stoneham, crosses the Itchen twice, sweeps through the wooded glades of Southampton Park, penetrates into a populous and busy suburb, and finally terminates on the shore of Southampton Water.

**SOUTHAMPTON**—(*i. e.*, SOUTH-ANTON—the old name of the Test).

[Population, 34,098.—*Inns*: Radley's, the Royal, Dolphin, Star, and Royal York.

77 m. from London by rail, 74 m. by road; 12 m. from Winchester; 27 m. from Salisbury; 18 m. from Portsmouth; 16 m. from Lyminster; 7 m. from Romsey, by road; 20 m. from Ringwood; 16 m. from Cowes; 6 m. from Beaulieu; 7 m. from Broadlands; 3 m. from Netley Abbey; 7½ m. from Lyndhurst (New Forest).

**OMNIBUSES** daily to and from Shirley, Millbrook, Stoneham, and Bittern. A ferry to Hythe. Communication, by steam, with Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth. Steamers to the Channel Islands. The following great **STEAM COMPANIES** start their packets from Southampton:—the Royal West India Mail; the Ocean Steam Navigation; Peninsular and Oriental; General Screw Steam; and New South-Western.

**BANKS**.—Hampshire Banking Company, and National Provincial.]

Celt, Roman, Saxon, Norman; each race has associated itself with the history of Southampton, which, lying at the head of a sheltered and navigable estuary, seems to have been destined by nature for a career of prosperity and pride. It stands upon a gravelly soil and rising ground. The Itchen ripples past it on the east, and the Test or Anton on the west, uniting their streams in the great basin of the Southampton Water, which ebbs and flows with the tide through a pleasantly wooded country for seven miles from its mouth at Calshot Castle. Opposite that mouth rises the beautiful Isle of Wight, sheltering it from the rough gales and stormy seas of the south. The air is mild and genial; the hills in its rear are rich in vigorous leafy growth; and few cities can boast a fairer landscape than that which greets the tourist when, standing on Southampton Pier, he looks out afar over the broad waters of the estuary, and the swelling uplands and ample mea-

dows which stretch beyond, even to the waving masses of the New Forest.

With its earlier annals we cannot here concern ourselves. We know that the Norse rovers often sailed up its noble river; that it often bore the brazen-beaked galleys of the Romans. In 514, the Jutes, under Stuf and Whitgar, with three ships, terrified its banks, and it soon became a favourite Saxon port. They named it Southampton, either from its position on the river Anton (the *Antona* of Tacitus), or its relation to Clausentum, which made it the *South-hams*, or *homes*. When it gave its name to the county is uncertain, but the first mention of "Hamtun-scyre" appears in the Saxon Chronicle, *anno* 755. King Athelstane established here two mints in 928, and it had already excited the cupidity of the Danish marauders who, both in 838 and 860, made descents upon it, but were repulsed in the former case by Wulfurth—in the latter by Osric and Ethelwulf. Twice during the reign of Ethelred the Unready it was captured by them, and was held by Sweyn of Denmark and Olaus of Norway as a security for a ransom of £16,000 which Ethelred had promised them. The beach at Southampton was the scene of King Knut's famous rebuke of his adulatory courtiers. (Are we to accept the public-house called "the Canute Arms," as a memorial of this notable incident)? In 1016, he held here a Great Council of the nobles and prelates of the realm.

At the epoch of the Norman Conquest Southampton produced (says old tradition) a notable hero, Sir Bevis the Saxon, who retreated to Wales, gathered together an army, was defeated at Cardiff, and finally fled to Carlisle. The early ballad-writers have surrounded this mythic warrior with an atmosphere of wonderful fable. In single combat he subdued the giant Ascard:—

"This giant was mighty and strong,  
And full thirty foot was long.  
He was bristled like a sow;  
A foot he had between each brow;  
His lips were great, and hung aside;  
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;  
Lothly he was to look on them,  
And liker a devil than a man."

After his defeat the giant became for a time Sir Bevis's faithful servant and follower, but his evil nature was only concealed

and subdued. During his lord's absence, he impudently abducted his wife—Josiana, daughter of the King of Armenia—was pursued by certain valiant knights, and incontinently slain. Sir Bevis having recovered his beauteous spouse, lived joyously and prosperously for many years, in his "own castell at Hamp-toun,"—

"Beloved both of kyng and knyghte ;  
Eche man, both erle and baron,  
Loved and dred Bevis of Hampton."

Unfortunately Sir Bevis was mortal, and so was his horse Hironnelle—the fiery courser which gave name to the town of Arundel—and both died on the same day. Sir Bevis, as everybody knows, is interred in Arundel Park ; and an artificial elevation, near Southampton—which foolish antiquaries assert to be the remains of a Danish camp—may be regarded as his monument : it is still called BEVIS MOUNT.

From the mists of fable we return to the clearer light of history. At the time of the Domesday survey, sixty-five Normans and thirty-one Saxons had houses in Southampton, which, from its convenient position, became the principal point of transit for Normandy. Henry I. granted the borough a charter, which Henry II. confirmed and enlarged, but the oldest one extant is that bestowed by John, afterwards extended by Henry III. In 1295 it first returned representatives to Parliament. In 1338 it was plundered by the French, Genoese, and Spaniards, with a fleet of fifty galleys, but soon recovered its prosperity, was strongly fortified, and in 1345, was able to contribute towards the royal navy a quota of 21 ships, manned by 576 mariners, when Portsmouth could furnish but five. Several expeditions for Normandy and Guienne left Southampton during the reigns of the Plantagenets, and Edward III. embarked from hence on that campaign which was illustrated by the splendid victory of Crecy. An attack made by the French in 1377 was successfully repulsed. It was here that Henry V. collected the army destined for the conquest of France, and which so nobly illustrated English valour at Agincourt ; and it was here that the conspiracy against his life was discovered, for which Richard, Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey were immediately executed (A.D. 1415). The embarkation of the English forces followed, and has been vividly painted by Shakspeare :—

" Suppose that you have seen  
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.  
 Play with your fancies ; . . .  
 . . . behold the threaten sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrowed sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge : O do but think,  
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestical,  
 Holding due course to Harfleur."

At this time Southampton must have presented, not only a prosperous, but a picturesque scene. Strange costumes paced its streets ; quaint vessels moored off its quay ; rich wares loaded its store-houses ; wealthy burghers strutted upon its shore in all the bravery of silks and velvets. It was the point from which the pilgrims of the west started on their long route to St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury. It was the great nursery of English commerce ; for in those days Liverpool was *not*, and Hull and Bristol were scarcely worthy rivals. Paltry, indeed, its wealth or its resources contrasted with that amazing traffic which now surges through its thoroughfares, and animates its busy wharves ; but already its name was familiar to the silk-manufacturers of the East, to the vine-growers of France and Spain, to the magnates of Venice, to the artificers of Flanders and Germany. A fleet of Flanders galleys sailed annually between Venice, Bruges, Antwerp, and Southampton.

In 1432 it was again menaced by a French fleet. Moody has given some interesting extracts from the municipal records, which illustrate the sort of preparation then deemed necessary, one or two of which we quote :—

" Item, paid to Rich. Assche for a man to ryde to Portysmothe to bryng redying tydyges owt of Normandy of the ffrëshmen, xijd."

" Item, payd to Davy berebrewere, for a pyp of bere that was dronke at the Barryeate when the ffrust affray was of the ffrëshmen, vijs. viijd."

" Item, payd to Ric. Smythe for drynking pottes, that were bowght of him when the sowdgers of Salysbery dyned in the ffrerres, ixjd."

" Item, payde to Sawndere Lokyere for the makyng of a band and ij

bolts, and a cheyne and viij florlokkes to the gone that standeth in Godeshouse yeate, xijd."

"Item, payd to Burgayse Smythe for making of a muthe and v bolts and ij. chekys, and a band and a plate for the gret gone, that weyd xliij. li. prec. the li. jd. ob. summa vs. iiij. ob."

Edward IV. was at Southampton in 1461, and here Lord Rivers, ten years later, defeated the Lancastrian Clarence. In 1522, Charles V. embarked from hence, after his politic visit to Henry VIII, who had honoured the town with his burly presence in 1518, and had been banqueted on board the Flanders galleys. Leland, at this time, describes it in glowing terms:—"Ther be five paroches chirches withyn the town of Hampton; the Holierood chirche stonidith in the chief street of the town. Ther be three principal streates in Hampton, whereof that goeth from the barre-gate to the water-gate is one of the fayrest streates that ys yn any toun of al England, and is well bilded for timbre building; there ys a faire house builded in the middle of this streate for accomptes to be made yn. Ther cummith fresh water into Hampton by a conduct of lead, and ther be certen castelletes onto this conduct withyn the town. Ther be many fair merchauntes houses in Hampton, but the chiefest is the house that Halcroft, late custom-er of Hampton, builded in the west side of the toun." Calshot Castle and Netley Fort were erected by Henry VIII. in 1541. Edward VI. visited the rich merchant-city in 1552, Phillip II. landed here in 1554, on his route to the ill-omened bridals at Winchester. Mass was celebrated at Holyrood Church, in thanksgiving for his safe arrival, and he afterwards drank, for the first time, of good English beer. Queen Elizabeth progressed through it in August 1560. The port then boasted of 60 vessels, and the town could equip 420 men-at-arms. Prince Charles lodged at a house (No. 17) in the High Street in 1605, and James II. swept through its streets in 1686.

From this time the prosperity of Southampton waned, and it fell into the sere and yellow leaf. It was injured by the growth of Poole and Portsmouth, and almost decimated by the plague in 1695, and we hear little of it until the great war broke out in the Georgian era between England and France. Encampments were then formed upon Shirley, Bursledon, and Netley Commons; the Duke of York was a frequent visitor, and some villas were erected in its pleasant suburbs. George III. was here in 1787 and 1805.



The LONDON and SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY was opened through to Southampton in 1839. The DOCKS were commenced in the following year, and the tide first admitted to them in 1842. Date from these events, observant tourist! the extraordinary prosperity of Southampton. It contained 4213 inhabited houses in 1841, 5514 in 1851. Its population was 18,660 in 1831, it numbered in 1851, 34,098. So rapid a growth illustrates the extraordinary development of English commerce in the last two decades.

The first point to which, in company with the tourist, we shall hasten, is ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, the most ancient in Southampton, with Norman tower-arches, the nave and chancel Perpendicular. The font, of black marble, is curiously carved, and dates from about 1150. It so closely resembles, "in the character of the sculpture, those in Winchester Cathedral, and East Meon Church, that there can be little doubt they are all three the work of the same hand." Remark the mutilated figure of a christian ecclesiastic of the eleventh century, and the monument of Lord Chief Justice Sir *Richard Lyster*, died 1553, long ascribed, but erroneously to Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (see TICHFIELD, *post*). The effigy is in full legal costume, with a collar of SS. The initials are R. L., and the date is 1567.

In a lane, south of the church, are the remains of the WOOLLEN HALL; "the segmental arches, and square trefoil-headed window eaves, are interesting." On the west side of St. Michael's Square stands the house where, it is said, Henry VIII. and Queen Anne lodged on their visit to Southampton. (There are many quaint old timbered houses in different parts of the town. At No. 17 High Street, a room, richly carved throughout, should be carefully examined. The chimney-piece is of solid time-darkened oak, and bears the initials I. R. (for James the First), and the date 1605. A curious roof and staircase may be seen in the RED LION INN. At WEST QUAY, the corner of Blue Anchor Lane, stands a house which is probably the oldest remaining in England. "The principal dwelling-rooms appear to have been on the first floor, and the fire-place remains, with Norman shafts in the jambs." Observe the round arched doorway, and the projecting flue-shaft, supported on four square block corbels. Both King John and Henry III. made this their royal residence. See the *Journal of the Archæol. Institute*, vol. iv., and Hudson Turner's *Domestic Architecture of England*.

The ancient TOWN WALLS may next be examined. At the north-west angle rises a high tower, originally circular, and south of this rises the long venerable range of massy wall, *temp.* John, throwing abruptly out of its centre a semicircular tower, with loop-holes, and a high parapet, still known as the ARUNDEL TOWER, from Sir John Arundel, who repulsed the French in 1370. A few feet further is another square tower—the masonry of remarkable excellence—and after another interval of wall, appear the brackets which indicate the site of the original watergate. Beyond a house of modern erection, the wall turns sharply round to the south-west for a short distance, and then, with a sharp angle, retires 50 feet from the water's edge—(Brannon). The south gate is covered with a tiled roof, and forms the south-east angle of the wall. The gateway presents an obtuse arch. The square tower adjoining is of later date than the Gate tower, and is traditionally said to have been built by Henry VIII; both were formerly made use of as a gaol for debtors and felons.

In the west wall the arcade is the most interesting feature. At 12 feet from the ground arches of every style are thrown from pier to pier, and carry along them the parapet-wall, and *alura*, or passage. The first arch is acutely pointed, the second and third, each 12 feet wide, have "nearly equilateral pointed heads," the fourth is 6 feet wide, the fifth 9 feet 3 inches, the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, 11 feet each, and pointed, and shrouded in luxuriant ivy. In the ninth is "a modern Gothic" window and doorway. A late pointed doorway opens out of the eleventh, and then succeeds a series of slightly pointed arches, varying from 11 to 12 feet in width. The sixteenth, guarded by a portcullis, is the Blue Anchor Postern Gate, leading to Blue Anchor Lane. A Saxon window may be noticed in the eighteenth. Beyond this the wall retires for several feet.

Mr. Brannon's opinion of the origin of this singular arcaded wall may be quoted:—"The original Saxon or Norman remains were a series of magnificent palatial residences and offices, built at some distance from the water's edge to admit of private grounds and landing places, yet sufficiently strong to be defended in case of necessity. When, after the lapse of two or three centuries, intestine wars and foreign invasions had pretty generally urged the necessity of better defences, this piece of wall, having several entrances, with land before it, but no ditch, required, according to the principles of fortification at that time,

machicolations, which, however, in their regular form, would have rendered it too heavy at the top, and called for the addition of several towers. To meet the difficulty, this unique and ingenious design was adopted; piers were built against the wall, and arches bearing an advanced battlemented parapet constructed, so as to form a good rampart, with a complete screen to the defenders, who could thus direct their missiles to a distance, or beneath their feet, with great facility and security. All unnecessary windows were stopped, probably new ones opened in the river faces of the buildings, and additional archways for the use of the occupants made in the wall beyond."

The BAR GATE, which divides the principal thoroughfare in Southampton into the HIGH STREET and ABOVE BAR, is a remarkable specimen of mediæval military architecture. It was originally the north gate of the town, and approached by a drawbridge across the broad fosse which encircled the town walls on the land side. The original gateway consisted of a bold Norman semi-circular arch, flanked by large round towers; the pointed arch northward, and the magnificent machicolated front, were added in the fourteenth century. On either side are gloomy paintings of the giant Ascapard and the renowned Sir Bevis. The two leaden lions *sejant*, presented to the town by William Lee, son of L. C. J. Lee, when admitted in 1704 to its freedom, replaced two which had formerly stood on the end of the bridge parapets, and had been destroyed by time. The escocheons emblazoned in the row of panels, alternately oblong and square, on the outside of the gate, are (counting from the left)—1. Wyndham, M.P. for Southampton in 1769; 2. England; 3. Paulet; 4. Tylney, M.P. in 1702; 5. Lewis, M.P. in 1715; 6. Noel; 7. Hewit; 8. . . . ; 9. Mill; 10. Scotland; and 11. Unknown. They have been altered and replaced at different times. On the south front stands a statue of George III.; and at the east end, of Queen Anne. Over the arches is a spacious Town Hall, 52 feet by 40 feet, repaired and enlarged in 1852. From the summit a fine view of the town and surrounding country is commanded.

We return down the High Street to HOLYROOD CHURCH, restored a few years ago at a cost of £4000. The nave is Decorated; the rest of the building Perpendicular. Remark in the interior the apertures formerly connected with the rood loft; the Tudor screen, well designed and well executed; the ancient

*sedilia*; a piscina and aumbry. A monument, by Rysbach, commemorates *Elizabeth Stanley*, daughter of the Right Hon. Hans Stanley, d. 1738, aged eighteen. The epitaph was written by Thomson the poet. ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, in High Street, was built in 1794, and is a tolerable example of the classical taste of the period. In the graveyard lies the dust of *John O'Keeffe*, d. 1833.

ST. LAWRENCE and ST. JOHN stands also in the High Street; is Early English in style; and has recently been rebuilt.

The other churches may be dismissed in a few words. ST. JAMES'S, Bernard Street, is a cruciform building, Decorated; CHRIST CHURCH, Northam Road, Norman in style, built in 1854; HOLY TRINITY, Kingsland Place, "Early Saxon;" ST. LUKE'S, Onslow Road, hideously plain; ST. PAUL'S, a modern specimen of Late Perpendicular; ST. PETER'S, Norman, built in 1846; and ST. MARY'S, erected in 1711, on the site of a church which suffered severely from the French in 1338.

Near the South Gate stands the MAISON DIEU, or God's House, founded by Roger de Hampton, about 1180, and dedicated to St. Julian, the patron of travellers. It now accommodates eight poor almsmen and almswomen, but appears to have been originally intended for the reception of the Canterbury pilgrims.

The CHAPEL, Transition-Norman, should certainly be visited; it is now used as the French Church, having been granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Walloon refugees who had been driven from their homes by the tyranny of Alva. On the south wall is the following inscription:—

" RICHARD, EARL OF CAMBRIDGE,  
LORD SCROPE OF MASEHAM,  
SIR THOMAS GREY OF NORTHUMBERLAND,  
CONSPIRED TO MURDER KING HENRY V.  
IN THIS TOWN,  
AS HE WAS PREPARING TO SAIL WITH HIS ARMY AGAINST  
CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF  
FRANCE;  
FOR WHICH CONSPIRACY  
THEY WERE EXECUTED, AND BURIED NEAR THIS  
PLACE,  
IN THE YEAR MCCCCIV."

We summarise in as concise a form as possible a general description of modern Southampton:—

[The **AUDIT HOUSE**, in the High Street, was built about a century since; the ground floor is used as the market for poultry, butter, fish, vegetables, etc. Above is the Council Chamber, wherein is kept the corporation regalia, consisting of six maces, a silver oar, and numerous seals and records; also a list of mayors and sheriffs of the borough from the year 1416; and an ancient library, which is open to the inhabitants, free of charge, every day.

The **NEW GAOL** (Early Tudor), in St. Mary's Street, is calculated to hold 110 prisoners, and the interior arrangements resemble the Model Prison at Pentonville. It was completed about four years since, and the total cost was £21,000.

THE **ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB-HOUSE**, in the Italian style, is situated close to the pier, and was built in 1846. The annual regatta is held in July.

The Royal Assembly Rooms are very spacious. The Victoria Spa is within the grounds, and furnishes one of the finest chalybeate waters in the kingdom.

The Custom-House, the Corn-Exchange, the County Court-House, and the Royal South Hants Infirmary, are handsome buildings in their several styles of architecture.

The **DOCKS** are extensive, were incorporated by an Act of Parliament obtained in 1836, and first opened in the year 1842. The quay line is 4500 feet in length. The great **TIDAL DOCK** covers 16 acres and is entered from the inside of the Tidal Dock, and is very spacious. It contains 10 acres, and was recently enlarged at a cost of £60,000. The entrance is 56 feet wide—depth of water at spring tide, 28 feet. There are three **GRAVING DOCKS**, one of which is capable of receiving the largest vessel ever yet built. The warehouses are large and extensive, and appropriated to the various branches of the merchant service. These docks form the point of the mud land presented by Henry II. to the corporation of the town, and the site was purchased by the company for £5000. Within the boundaries are various manufacturing establishments, including the Royal Mail Company's engine factory, and a sugar refinery, etc.

The **VICTORIA PIER**, erected in 1832, was opened by the Queen in person. It is 1000 feet long, 86 feet wide, built of timber, and cost £10,000.

The **OLD CUSTOM HOUSE**, built in 1731, fronts the West Quay, which projects 390 feet into the sea.

The **CORPORATION** of Southampton consists of a mayor, recorder, sheriff, under sheriff, senior and junior bailiffs, 12 aldermen, 30 councillors, and the usual subordinate officers. The borough returns two members to Parliament.

The rectory of All Saints, valued at £400, is in the patronage of the Crown; Holyrood vicarage, £379, Queen's College, Oxon; St. Mary, rectory, £1000, Bishop of Winchester; Holy Trinity, perpetual curacy, £300, Trustees; St. Luke's, St. James', and Christ Church, perpetual curacies, Bishop of Winchester; St. Lawrence, rectory, £148, and St. Michael, vicarage, £150, Lord Chancellor.]

Among the **WORTHIES** of Southampton may be mentioned,—Dibdin the song writer, Bishop Peacocke the oriental traveller, Bishop Lake, Thomas Fuller, born 1557, and Dr. Watts, born 1674, who was educated at the grammar school here.

North of the town lies the **PARK OF COMMON**, an open, breezy, pleasant spot, with a famous **ARTESIAN WELL**, 1300 feet in depth, which contributes largely to the water-supply of the town. Beyond it is **BEVIS MOUNT**, traditionally pointed out as the tomb of the Southampton hero. The most interesting asso-

ciations are suggested by Lord Peterborough, the chivalric general of the War of Succession,—that remarkable illustration of the poet's maxim,

“Great wits to madness sure are near allied,”—

who spent here the last years of his changeful life, with his wife, the actress Anastasia Robinson, gardening and building, and

“taming the genius of the stubborn plain  
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.”

At this “wild, romantic cottage,” now no more, he was often visited by Pope and Swift, with whom he maintained a lively correspondence.

On the right bank of the Itchen, about two miles from the town, may be seen the ruins of the PRIORY of St. DENYS, a house of Augustinian canons founded by Henry I., which had, at one time, the control of most of the Southampton churches. At the Suppression, however, its assumed revenue was computed at only £80.

[HINTS FOR RAMBLERS.—1. Across the Common to Bevis Mount; thence eastward to Shirley; cross to Millbrooke and Redbridge, and return by rail. 2. To Bittern. Thence south, through Chestil, Peartree Green, Itchen, and Weston, to Netley Abbey. Visit the new Victoria Military Hospital, and return by the same route. 3. By ferry to Hythe, thence to Dibden, northward to Eling, and return by rail. 4. By rail to Beaulieu Road Station, and thence, through a pleasant country, to Beaulieu Abbey. Cross to Fawley, on the shore, and keep northward through Hythe and Dibden to Eling. Return by rail. 5. By steamer to West Cowes. Visit Carisbrooke Castle. By coach to Ryde, and return by steamer. 6. By rail to Bishopstoke, and return, by road, through North Stoneham and South Stoneham.]

### A WALK TO NETLEY ABBEY.

We quit Southampton by the Floating Bridge, and turn aside to visit the pretty village of ITCHEN (population, 1446). Here, on the pleasant knoll, called Peartree Green, environed with leafy elm and vigorous oak, stands JESUS CHAPEL, erected in the year 1613, and more remarkable for the beauty of its site than the grace of its architecture. A lane in its rear joins the main road, and next, a turning to the right conducts us into the direct route to Netley. Following this path, we leave the sandbank, clothed with oak-foliage, which rises from the shore of the Itchen, and gain the verge of Southampton Water. Pause for a moment, tourist, and from this point enjoy the picturesque view which it

opens up of the historic town and its mast-thronged docks. Continuing our ramble, we pass the leafy hamlet of WESTON; gain the ABBEY HOTEL; and see before us the ruins of the fine old abbey (3 m.) A footpath to the west of the ABBEY CHURCH leads to the entrance, but the CHURCH itself must first be visited.

The CHURCH, 200 feet long and 120 feet broad, is cruciform in plan, and Early English in character. The nave is much injured; the west window has entirely gone; the north transept has also disappeared; but still there remains enough to interest the archæologist. "The east window is of two lights, with a foliated circle in the head, the arch five times recessed, with the caps and bases of four shafts in each of the jambs. The side windows are mostly of two lancet-lights, within a common arch within, having Early English shafts in the jambs; some are of three lights, with foliated heads, and of later character"—(*Parker*). Of the west window only the arch remains. A spiral staircase at the south-east angle of the south transept leads to a tower, which served, it is said, as a sea-mark.

On the east side of the south transept observe the LADY CHAPEL. A breach in the wall opens into a mortuary chapel, where a piscina and several niches may be noticed. The CHAPTER HOUSE is situated to the right, and was once enriched with three niches uniting to support a groined roof.

The passage is next entered, connecting the different portions of the building; crossing it, we gain the REFECTORY, now divided into two rooms, one of which is called the parlour, and contains the remains of an ancient fire-place, the other, still called the REFECTORY; its dimensions are 45 feet by 24 feet. At the end is an opening, called the BUTTERY HATCH, through which the dishes were handed; adjoining is the KITCHEN, a vaulted apartment, 45 feet by 21 feet; nearly all the stone ribs and groining have been removed; the chief attractions are the ancient fire-place, and a sunken passage which terminates in a wood at a short distance from the abbey.

The FOUNTAIN COURT is a large square area, containing some fine trees and luxuriant clumps of ivy. The walls on the south and west sides formed part of the apartments of the monks before the Dissolution. Facing us is the south wall of the church, and to the right are the walls of the south transept, chapter-house, etc. Returning through the refectory, we reach the garden,

which is unhappily a favourite spot for picnics, and unpleasantly desecrated.

The Abbot's house is at the east end of the garden; under it is a plain vaulted crypt, which may be entered from the outside of the abbey. This path affords some good views of the entire structure, and should be visited. The fish-ponds are to the east, and choked up with trees and weeds.

The word NETLEY, by some archæologists, has been supposed to be a corruption of Letley, *i.e.*, *latus locus*; but Dr. Guest, with more probability, derives it from the *Natan-leage*, or "leas of Nat-e," the richly wooded country extending from the Avon to the Itchen, and including, south, the New Forest. The Cistercian Abbey was founded by Bishop Peter de Rupibus, *temp.* Henry III., or by the King himself, and dedicated to the Virgin and Edward the Confessor. The monks were "imported" from Beaulieu. At the Suppression its yearly income was £100., and the site and manor were granted to Pawlet Marquis of Winchester, by whom they were sold to the Earl of Hertford, son of the Protector-Duke of Somerset. The Earl received here Queen Elizabeth in 1560. Below the abbey King Henry VIII. built a small circular fort on the shore, which, under the high-sounding name of Netley Castle, has been converted into a private residence.

About 1700, the estate passed into the hands of Sir Bartlett Lacy, who sold the materials of the abbey church to a Southampton builder, named Taylor, concerning whom the following curious and well-authenticated tale is told:—

It is said that a short time after he had entered into his contract some of his friends observed, in conversation, that they would never be concerned in the demolition of holy and consecrated places. These remarks made such an impression on his mind that he dreamed that, in taking down the abbey, the keystone of the arch over the east window fell from its place and killed him. This dream he told to Mr. Watts, a schoolmaster of Southampton, and father of Dr. Isaac Watts, who advised him not to have any personal concern in pulling down the building. This advice, however, was insufficient to deter him from assisting at the work in person, and the creations of sleep were unhappily realized; for, in endeavouring to remove some boards from the east window to admit light and air to the workmen, a stone fell upon and fractured his skull. The injury was not considered mortal, but in



the operation of extracting a splinter the surgeon's instrument accidentally entered the brain, and caused immediate death.

The ruins are now the property of T. Chamberlayne, Esq. of Cranbury Park.

Netley will be visited rather for the exquisite beauty of its situation than for the archaeological importance of its ruins. Its position is one of peculiar charm, and it even stirred the fancy of the worldly Horace Walpole, who thus rhapsodizes of it in a letter to his friend Bentley:—

“How shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you it is the spot in the world which I and Mr. Chute wish. The ruins are vast, and contain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the abbey, enriched with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in a view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh, the purpled abbots! what a spot they had chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired into the world.”

To this glowing panegyric we may add the comments of the poet Gray:—“In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of these old trees that bend with a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mark the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who

rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there."

And so, as we look out afar upon the gleaming waters and the leafy woodlands, we may wander, in imagination, in this fantastic "fable-world" of the past, and beguile ourselves with memories of those historic days when Netley Abbey was something more than a name and a ruin!

### BRANCH ROUTE FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO GOSPORT.

#### BY RAILWAY.

We reach Gosport from Southampton by a somewhat circuitous route. We must first return to BISHOPSTOKE, from whence the Gosport branch diverges through a country of no great interest, nor peculiar beauty, until we arrive at FAREHAM (population, 5842). The only point of importance on the line is BOTLEY (population, 798), 5 miles from Southampton, where William Cobbett long resided, and stirred up the neighbouring farmers to form the excellent main road now connecting Botley with Winchester. The CHURCH here is a neat structure, erected in 1836; and the Market-House, built in 1848, is also "simplex munditiis."

This place was the scene, about a hundred years ago, of a mock trial at the "Catherine Wheel" hostelry, which terminated in accidental homicide. Some rustics, in sport, had tried and condemned one of their number who flinched from the cup of "barley bree," and passing a rope round his waist, had duly hung him up. At the moment a regiment of soldiers marched by, and the executioners, attracted by the spectacle, forgot their unfortunate comrade. When he was again remembered, he was found to be dead. This catastrophe is still spoken of as "the Botley assizes."

[Botley is at the head of a considerable arm of the Southampton water, which here receives the Hamble,—the "flumen Homeles" of Bede—and supplies some important flour mills. A ramble along its well-wooded banks may be commended to the pedestrian.\* At 8 miles south-west of Botley he will reach BURSLEDON

\* It was here, in all probability, that Cerdic and Cynric landed in 498, and formed the first West Saxon settlement. It is, therefore, the "Cerdic's ora" of the Saxon Chronicle. Here, too, Stuf and Whitgar, and their crews, disembarked in 514.

(population, 499), where, in the days of our Dutch deliverer, and Mrs. Masham's mistress, several large men-of-war, including two 80-gun ships, were built. The direct Portsmouth road here crosses the creek. Striking inland for about 2 miles, we arrive at HOUND (population, 827), lying on the outskirts of the woods of NETLEY (population, 800), and then returning to the shore of the inlet, where it opens into the Southampton water, may visit the lobster fisheries of HAMBLE (population, 443),—in Leland's time "a good fisher town, with a haven, where yn is a very fair rode for greate shippes." There are some slight traces of an old fort on a tongue of land jutting out boldly into the water. The Norman CHURCH has a fine doorway, enriched with the usual zig-zag moulding, and contains a memorial to Sir Joseph Yorke, accidentally drowned off Hamble in 1831. The Cisteroian Abbey of Tironé had a cell here, founded by Henry de Blois, and afterwards granted to Winchester College.]

At Fareham a line branches off eastward to Portchester and Portsmouth, and the Gosport line continues southward, along the west shore of the Portsmouth harbour, and nearly parallel with the Fareham and Gosport road. A small line, continued to the royal landing place, adjoining the Royal Clarence victualling yard, enables the Queen and her suite to embark or disembark, on their visits to Osborne, in complete privacy.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—SOUTHAMPTON TO DUNBRIDGE.

##### BY RAILWAY.

The tourist may walk across the heaths to ROMSEY, 7 miles, and after inspecting that ancient town, and Lord Palmerston's well-known seat at BROADLANDS, may there take the rail for DUNBRIDGE, DEAN, or, penetrating into Wiltshire, for the cathedral city of SALISBURY. Or he may start from Southampton by rail, passing BITTERN on his right, and the two STONEHAMS on his left, and diverging at BISHOPSTOKE to the north-east, continue his route upon the Salisbury branch of the London and South-Western Railway. The first station from Bishopstoke is at CHANDLER'S FORD,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  mile, where the Winchester road crosses the Test. About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south lies CHILWORTH (population, 153), in a completely agricultural district, peopled at the average of one person to ten acres. The CHURCH, with its tall spire—a conspicuous landmark—was rebuilt some 25 years since by Mr. P. Serle.

On our right, CRANBURY PARK (T. Chamberlayne, Esq.),

and the wooded landscapes of HURSLEY, are to be seen and admired. At  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from CHANDLER'S FORD we cross the road to NORTH RADDESLEY (population, 305), with an old CHURCH, of mixed architectural styles—some portions Norman—which belonged to the preceptory of the Templars at SOUTH BADDESLEY (see *post*), and contains a cross-legged effigy of a Knight Templar. A new CHURCH, 3 miles west, was erected in 1855. We next cross Cramp Moor, and at 80 miles from London,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Southampton, and  $13\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Winchester, arrive at

ROMSEY (population of the parish, 5654; of the town, 2080. *Inns*: White Horse, King's Head, Dolphin), on the River Test, a busy semi-agricultural, semi-manufacturing town, which, like Dogberry, has everything respectable about it, and derives the means of maintaining its respectability from its large saw-mills and large breweries, its tanyards and corn-mills, its important markets and busy cattle-fairs. It dates its origin from the Saxon period, and derives its name from its river-islanded position—*Rumes-ey*, the broad island. Its great attraction, and one of which it may reasonably be proud, is the ABBEY CHURCH, an exquisite specimen of Norman taste and Norman skill, carefully restored by Ferrey a few years since. It presents "the outline and general aspect of a Norman conventual church" more completely than any building of equal size in England. "Although a considerable portion of the nave belongs to a later style, yet if we notice how carefully the later part of the fabric is made to harmonize with the earlier, and compare the whole with the more perfect Norman naves which remain, we shall be led to conclude that the dimensions and proportions intended by the original architects are preserved throughout, and the whole design followed as nearly as the difference of styles would permit." Here the archæologist may trace the first budding-out, as it were, of the pointed style, and observe how easily it unites with, or develops from, the Norman. The gradual enrichment of Early English into Decorated may also be remarked to considerable advantage. Everywhere there is instance of lavish fancy, sedulous thought, and genius inspired by devotion in its holy work. Not a corbel, not an arch, not the capital of a single pier or the mullion of a single window, but is worth studying, and *should* be studied. The building presents some notable peculiarities from

the fact that it was the minster church of a nunnery. Hence it has no west doorway; and the north and south aisles are slightly raised above the level of the nave, which was, perhaps, entirely occupied by the stalls of the nuns. The choir is remarkably short, and each transept terminates in a circular apse. The choir aisles have carved apsidal terminations *within*, but are flat externally. The wall behind the altar is bisected by a pier, on each side of which is placed a window.

The NAVE is partly Norman (the work of Bishop Henry de Blois, 1129-69), and partly Early English. Observe the former style in the first four bays—as high as the clerestory, which is Transition-Norman—and the latter in the three western bays, and the lofty west window, which is composed of three lights, the centre one 40 feet high. The timber roof is a later addition. The north aisle has one Pointed window and one Perpendicular window of four lights. The south aisle has also a Pointed window. Remark the Early English doors, with slender shafts and foliated capitals, and the bold Early English arch which spans the entire west front of the nave.

Passing into the CHOIR, we find ourselves face to face with the original Norman work, except the three-light windows which are Early Decorated insertions. The triforium is to be commended for its novelty and grace. A fragment of coloured glass, representing Christ bearing his Cross, may be observed in the apse of the north aisle. The Lady Chapel (Early English) which stood at the east end of the choir, is no longer in existence. The transepts are Norman, and the low square central tower, with its two rows of arches. From the summit there is, of course, a noble view, but the visitor must ascend some 150 steps to obtain it. An apple tree, of great venerableness and unusual size, grew here until very recently, and annually ripened its golden pippins.

A Norman bas-relief of the Crucifixion adorns the external wall of the south transept; and that of the north transept bears the marks of cannon balls. Observe in the former the recess for a lamp, and the glory enriching the Saviour's head.

MEMORIALS:—A canopied tomb, with effigy, in the south transept, ascribed to *Mary*, Countess of Boulogne, and Abbess of Romsey. A plain stone, in the south aisle, is lettered, "Here layes Sir *William Pety*," d. 1687. The son of a Romsey clothier, he became physician-in-chief to the army of Ireland, one of the founders of the Royal Society, and the ancestor of the Lansdowne

family. On the north side of the altar, a raised altar-tomb, without name or date. A monument, by Westmacott, to Lady *Palmerston*, mother of the present Viscount, with an epitaph from her husband's pen:—

TO THE MEMORY OF  
FRANCES, VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

‘ Whoe'er like me, with trembling anguish brings  
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs;  
Whoe'er like me, to worth, distress, and pain,  
Shall court these salutary springs in vain:  
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply;  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye;  
From the chill brow to wipe the damp of death,  
And watch, in dumb despair, the short'ning breath:  
If chance should bring him to this artless line,  
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.  
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,  
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;  
Fram'd every tie that binds the heart to prove,  
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love.  
But yet rememb'ring that the parting sigh,  
Appoints the just to slumber,—not to die;  
The starting tear I check'd—I kiss the rod,  
And not to earth resign her, but to God.’

Other points to be noticed are: the curious carvings of the screen—the bold rude sculpture of a battle scene at the east end of the nave-arch—traces of early paintings behind the altar—and the altar-cloth, of damask velvet, adorned with stars and lilies, and dating from 1430 to 1450.

**DIMENSIONS**:—The nave, 134 feet long,  $72\frac{1}{2}$  broad, and 80 feet high; choir, 52 feet 5 inches long; tower, 26 feet 4 inches by 26 feet 4 inches; and  $92\frac{1}{2}$  feet high; transepts, 121 feet long, and  $61\frac{1}{4}$  feet high. Total length,  $240\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

**ROMSEY ABBEY** was founded by Edward the Elder, the son and successor of the great Alfred, about 910, and whatever its original destination, was soon appropriated as a nunnery. In the reign of Edgar it was rebuilt by Bishop Ethelwold of Winchester (963-84), dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and placed under Benedictine regulations. Its abbesses were often of the royal

blood of Saxondom, and their privileges were of an extensive character. Here Matilda, the wife of Henry I., and the "good Queen Molde" of the common people, was educated under the care of her aunt, the Abbess Christiana. Mary, Countess of Boulogne, daughter of the chivalrous but unfortunate King Stephen, ruled here as abbess, until she deserted the "holy seclusion" of Romsey for love of the Count of Flanders, whom she married, and to whom she bore two children. For ten years her husband and herself defied excommunication and all the terrors of the Church, but were finally compelled to separate. Whether she died of bitter sorrow and a broken heart, at Montreuil, or returned to the solitudes of Romsey to meditate on past happiness and pray for a speedy death, seems uncertain. Some of her successors were by no means adapted to superintend a happy family of nuns, inasmuch as they indulged in strong potations, and had learned how to "lengthen their days," in accordance with the poet's prescription, by stealing "a few hours from the night." At the epoch of the suppression of religious houses their revenues amounted to £538 : 8 : 10½. The Abbey lands are now in the possession of Lord Palmerston, and (a small portion) of J. Willis Fleming, Esq. of Stoneham.

The vicarage of Romsey, valued at £351, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester.

One of the pleasantest walks in the neighbourhood of Romsey crosses the Andover Canal to BROADLANDS, the seat of Lord Viscount Palmerston, who, in its improvement and management, displays that vigorous energy which distinguishes him in the Cabinet and the Commons. The house, of white brick, with stone dressings, has a good effect. The design was furnished to the late Lord Palmerston by "Capability Brown." There is here a collection of pictures of more than usual interest:—by *Rembrandt*, a Man's Head, and a Monk; the Arsenal of Venice, *Canaletti*; the Prodigal Son, and Hagar, *Guercino*; an Old Man, *Gerard Dow*; Descent of the Cross, *Domenichino*; the Duke of Alva, Count von Horn, the Prince of Orange, and the Last Communion of St Francis d'Ains, *Rubens*; a Portrait of Himself, *Vandyck*; Christ at Supper, *Paolo Veronese*; and a St. Peter, *Guido*. The gallery also includes specimens of Claude Lorraine, Ruysdael, Nicholas Poussin, Berghem, Castiglione, Salvator Rosa, Teniers, Wouvermanns, Louthembourg, Vander Velde, and Backhuysen. The lawn slopes from the west front of the house to the troutful

Test. The park includes nearly 300 acres, and the pleasure grounds about twenty-five.

From this point we may make two diversions: westward, to **EMBLY PARK** (W. E. Nightingale, Esq.), the birth-place of Florence Nightingale, and, therefore, a shrine which every English pilgrim will reverently visit—a picturesque Elizabethan mansion, in a most charming environment of blossomy garden-ground; or, eastward, by way of **TOOT HILL**, where there are some old oaks, and slight indications of an ancient entrenchment, to **NUTSHALLING** (population, 1024), or Nursling, whose ancient **CHURCH** contains the stately white marble monument, with effigies of a knight and his lady, of *Sir Richard Mille*, K. G., d. 1613; and a curious inscribed stone and brass for *Andrew Mandy*, d. 1632, whose motto seems to have been “*Nec zenith, nec nadir.*”

Before entering Nutshalling we pass *Grove Place*, a towered and turreted mansion, the property of Viscount Palmerston, which was formerly, it is said, a hunting-box of Queen Elizabeth. We may return to Romsey along the bank of the Test.

Resuming our railway route we cross the Andover road on a lofty embankment, and the river Test on an ornamental viaduct which cost upwards of £20,000. Soon afterwards **FINSBURY**, a small village, with an ancient flint-built **CHURCH**, appears on our right, and a range of low, wooded hills, on our left. Before entering the **DUNBRIDGE STATION**, 4 miles from Romsey, we skirt the grounds of **MOTTISFONT** (Sir J. B. Mill), watered by the sinuous Test. The house, a massive buttressed pile, embodies some portions of the priory of Augustinian canons which formerly existed here, and was established (probably on the site of a Saxon foundation) by Flambard the Firebrand, prior of Christchurch, and afterwards bishop of Durham. Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I, was one of its most liberal benefactors, and gave daily alms to seven poor widows. Henry VIII. exchanged its lands with Lord Sandys for the manor of Chelsea, and one of the co-heiresses of the last peer of that name married Sir John Mill, ancestor of the present owner.

A portion of the cloisters and several of the abbey fish-ponds are still in existence. In the house is preserved an ancient painting, representing two events in the career of Thomas Aquinas:—in one compartment the ascetic receives a visit from St. Peter, after a fast of three days and three nights' duration, and



incessant prayer, to discover the meaning of a particular passage in Isaiah,—in the other the Holy Spirit, in the form of a Dove, is dictating to him, while at the open door Bonaventure stands observing him.

The village of MOTTISFONT (population of parish, 536) is small but neat; the CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, is partly shrouded in ivy, and contains some good stained glass.

At Dunbridge the Test is crossed by a neat iron bridge. The surrounding country is of the pleasantest character, and the low Wiltshire hills form a notable feature of the landscape. One mile west the railway passes through LOCKERLEY (population, 627), its insignificant church being close to the line, crosses the Test at several points, winds below the hills of EAST DEAN (population, 207), and at 87½ miles from London crosses the borders of Wiltshire.

#### ROUTE XV.—SOUTHAMPTON to RINGWOOD.

[Redbridge, 3½ m.; Lyndhurst Road, 3½ m.; Beaulieu Road, 8½ m.; Brockenhurst, 4½ m.; Christchurch Road, 5 m.; Ringwood, 6 m.]

“The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees;  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales,  
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd.”

THOMSON.

To-day we wander through the long level glades of a venerable forest, barred and chequered fantastically by slanting sunbeams, as they peer through the woven boughs above us. The wind whistles pleasantly up and down the columned avenues,—the birds sing out as lustily as if there were never storm in the world or shadow on the sky,—a colt, half wild, now gallops past us, with a sense of freedom very pleasant to behold,—a dark brindled boar now looks at us menacingly as we intrude upon his ancestral domains. Here, on a small plot of cleared ground rises a hut, or rather a wigwam, of turf and boughs rudely put together, the home of a charcoal-burner, whose life, though passed “under green leaves,” is without poetry, as it is without

history. Cunning Reynard now bursts out from some deep covert, and skims rapidly across the grassy mead. Hark ! a brook is welling slowly in yonder glen—

“— From its fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.”

But though there be the song of the rill, and the rippling music of birds, and the sough of the melancholy wind—why is the wind ever melancholy, as if it sought something lost and loved, which it can never find?—though the forest is full of sweet voices, yet there is a *sense of silence* which undefinably oppresses us, and moves our hearts with a stir of pure emotion. We seem alone with Heaven, and apart from man,—

“ And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

The petty things of the world, its carking cares and mean anxieties, seem out of place “under the shade of melancholy boughs,” and one begins to ask oneself if there be not in life something nobler, purer, grander, than in general we are apt to imagine.

We do not pause at SHIRLEY, where the poet Pollok died in 1827 ; at REDBRIDGE, the “Hreutford” of Bede ; nor at ELING (population, 2572), on the outskirts of the largest, or one of the largest parishes in England ; we have no fancy to-day for smoky, miry towns, or busy quays ; we cannot even turn aside to examine the remains of the ancient entrenchment on TATCHBURY MOUNT (2 miles north-west), nor the pleasant grounds of PAULTON PARK (W. Sloane Stanley, Esq.), 1 mile further, nor TESTWOOD HOUSE (which you may see from the line) ; we are bound for the forest, for “green leaves,” for “grassy glades,” for deep-shadowing copses ; and we shall not rest until, at Lyndhurst, we find ourselves on the borders of the “enchanted land,” of the amplest and wildest woodlands now existing in the south of England. Everybody, of course, knows that William the Conqueror was the creator of the “New Forest.” We may admit that it is a portion of the *Natan-leage* of the Saxon Chronicle (so named after a battle fought in 508, in which Cerdic and Cynric vanquished the British chief Natan-leod) ; and that it

was afterwards known as *Ftene*, or *Fithene*; but it was the great Norman, "the father of the wild deer," who first placed this vast tract of wooded country under the severe restrictions of the Norman forest laws, and increased its limits so as to include the whole extent of land between the Southampton estuary on the east, and the southern Avon on the west. The popular tale that he destroyed fifty churches, uprooted numerous villages, and exterminated their inhabitants, is, it is true, an exaggeration. The very qualities of the forest soil disprove it. Its "hungry uplands and marshy valleys" could never have been smiling pastures or golden corn-fields. But misery enough and desolation enough followed in the tract of the forest-laws to load the memory of their author with imperishable odium, and there are evidences, in the names of certain localities, of the existence of churches and strongholds which the Conqueror swept away. He ordered that whoever killed a hart or a hind should have his eyes put out; and he extended this prohibition as to stags, also to the slaying of the wild boar. He even made statutes to place hares out of all danger of being pursued. This savage king loved "the wild beasts as if he were their father"—(*Saxon Chronicle*). "No wonder the persecuted Saxons imagined that the wrath of God visibly displayed itself against William's race within the forest boundaries. They believed that to several Normans a fearful shape had frequently appeared in these deep leafy shadows and foretold for William and his councillors a terrible death"—(*Simeon Dunelmensis*). This belief was confirmed by the remarkable coincidences of the deaths here of Richard, his eldest son, in 1801, Richard, the son of Duke Robert, in 1100, and William Rufus, in the same year, all, as the peasants fancied, demon-doomed.

This remarkable district is nearly sixty miles in circumference, or about the size of the Isle of Wight, and contains 66,300 acres. Of these, 900 acres are encroachments; 11,200 acres enclosures round the keepers' lodges; 25,000 acres belong to manors and freehold estates, independent of the forest-laws; and about 1000 acres are held of the Crown by leases. The remainder consists of woods and (about 14,000 acres) of pastures. Its original extent (as computed by Cobbett) was 144,000 acres. The present boundaries may be defined by drawing two lines from Black Hill in Wiltshire to Dunley Chine near Poole, on the west, and to Calshot Castle on the east, the coast forming the base of the triangle. It is divided into nine bailiwicks, which

are subdivided into fifteen walks, and the whole is under the control of a Lord Warden, who formerly appointed a cohort of woodwards and verdurers, regards, foresters, and under-foresters; but in pursuance of a report issued by the Royal Commission in 1857-8, the administration has been greatly simplified and brought more directly under parliamentary control. Oak and beech are here extensively raised for the supply of Her Majesty's dockyards. The oak does not reach a great size, but is gnarled and knotted in a most picturesque fashion. There are now no deer in the grassy glades, and they never at any time attained the size and strength of their northern brethren. The last great "deer-hunt" took place about 1838, when upwards of thirty masters of hounds and about 1500 sportsmen assembled on the heath at Stoney Cross. After the stag got away, the number of his pursuers speedily dwindled down to seven, and at length he was secured by John King, Esq., the master of the Hambledon Hunt, in a barn attached to one of the keeper's lodges. He was removed to Windsor, and appropriately named "King John."

The present denizens of the Forest are,—badgers, but not in great numbers; foxes, which thrive here wonderfully; a complete "populace" of squirrels; rabbits; the famous Hampshire hogs, which run wild in large herds or "droves," are generally dark-brindled or black, and may be described as "a cross" between the domestic pig and the wild boar; and the small, hardy, New Forest ponies, resembling in many points the ponies of Shetland and the Hebrides. These generally congregate in herds of twenty or thirty, and fetch at the neighbouring fair from £10 to £20 each.

The scenery of the New Forest is richest, perhaps, between Minstead and Ringwood, though the vistas of gleaming waters opened up through the branching trees in the vicinity of Beaulieu may better commend themselves to the taste of many. There are "nooks of greenery" in several parts so wild, so savage, so venerable in character, that the wayfarer almost expects to hear the ringing blast of the huntsman's horn echo through the silent glades, and the whirring arrow shoot through the hissing air, and the swift stag spring far away into the deep, dark, shadowy copse. Tradition has not yet abandoned this haunted ground. The meddlesome Wood-imp, the colt-pixy, still leads astray the wandering horse, "neighing in likeness of a filly foal." Bees are told over in the hive when the corpse lies pale and rigid in the house. The Christmas mummers repeat in the forest-villages

the old mystery of "St. George and the Dragon." Fairies at midnight tread a merry measure on the sward, where, next morning, you may easily trace the prints of their tripping feet. The curling smoke of a gipsy encampment may still be looked for among the wooded depths.

There are now but few "squatters" in the Forest, and the poachers have almost disappeared. Though wild tales of crime may yet be gathered from the lips of the old forest-born and forest-bred, they refer to a long-past period. Over purple heaths, and through avenues of beech, and fir, and birch, and up fresh grassy knolls, and down into pleasant valleys where the water-nymphs are ever singing, the pilgrim may wander unheeded and undisturbed. The following two days' route will introduce him to a succession of these delectable landscapes. Let him leave the train at the Lyndhurst-road station, and keep the road to LYNDHURST, 2½ miles; thence to MINSTEAD, MALWOOD, and RUFUS' STONE, 5 miles north-west. Take the Poole road as far as RINGWOOD, 7 miles south-west. Stay there the night. Cross through the forest to BROCKENHURST, 10 miles south-east, and thence by way of Watcombe House, and Hatchet Gate, to BEAULIEU, 6 miles east. Return to the rail at Beaulieu Road Station, 5 miles north-east.

[The principal SEATS in the Forest are, CUFFNELLS (Sir E. Poore), formerly the residence of Pitt's steadfast adherent, The Right Hon. George Rose—near Lyndhurst; FOX LEASE (J. M'Taggart, Esq.), in the same neighbourhood; WATCOMBE HOUSE ( . . . . ), where for a time resided the philanthropic Howard—beyond Brockenhurst; BROCKENHURST PARK (J. Morant, Esq.); the MANOR HOUSE (H. C. Compton, Esq.), near Minstead; BURLEY (Clement Esdalle, Esq.)—3 miles south-east of Ringwood; and PALACE HOUSE, Beaulieu (Duke of Buccleuch). There are numerous lodges, and a few good farms.

INNS :—at MINSTEAD, The Trusty Servant, with the emblematic figure described in our notice of Winchester (*ante*), and the Royal Oak; at STONEY CROSS, the Compton Arms; at LYNDHURST, the Swan, and the Crown; at RINGWOOD, the Crown, Star, Lamb, and Antelope; at BROCKENHURST, the Rose and Crown, and Railway Inn; at BEAULIEU, the Montague Arms; and at BURLEY, the Queen's Head.]

LYNDHURST (population, 1527), *i.e.*, the linden, or lime-tree wood, is a large and important village, about 2 miles from the railway station (and the New Forest Union Workhouse). Its only curiosity is the QUEEN'S HOUSE, a "homely structure" of the time of Charles II., wherein the Forest Courts are held, and forest business generally transacted. George III. spent a week here on his journey to Weymouth in 1789; and it is the Lord Warden's residence when that dignitary pays an occasional visit

to the Forest. The Hall is decorated with some stags' heads, and "William Rufus' stirrup-iron"—the latter, in reality, a relic of the days of Henry VIII.—traditionally reported to have been made use of by the doomed king on his last fatal chase—

"And still in merry Lyndhurst hall  
Red William's stirrup decks the wall—  
Who lists the sight may see"—(*W. Stewart Rose*).

Its width is 10½ inches; its depth, 7½. The seats of the verdurers are of oak, covered with baize. There is a criminal's dock.

The CHURCH, rebuilt in 1740, is mean and uninteresting, in despite of its elevated position, which commands a fine and remarkable view of the Forest. From NORTHWOOD HOUSE (S. Pulteney, Esq.) a still bolder and broader prospect may be obtained. There are numerous seats in this neighbourhood, and the parks are luxuriantly wooded.

We now turn to the right, and keep in a north-easterly direction, past the MANOR HOUSE (H. C. Compton, Esq.), to MINSTEAD (population, 1054), 2 miles, where the scenery of the forest opens upon us in all its richness, beauty, and individuality. The principal inn here bears for its sign, "The Trusty Servant," whose emblematical figure adorns the kitchen of William of Wykeham's foundation at Winchester. The ancient church lies in a deep leafy hollow.

William Howitt has described this village with all the feeling of a poet and the skill of a painter:—"On one side," he says, "are open knolls and woodlands, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched as Hampshire cottages alone are—in such projecting abundance—such flowing lines. The whole of the cottages thereabout are in equal taste with the roof—so different to the red, staring, square brick houses of manufacturing districts. They seem, as no doubt they are, erected in the spirit and under the influence of the *genus loci*. The beehives in their rustic rows, the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. I went on, now coming to small groups of such places, now to others of superior pretensions, but equally blent with the spirit of the surrounding nature—little paradises of cultivated life. As I advanced, heathery hills stretched away on one hand, woods came

down thickly and closely on the other, and a winding road, beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful of hamlets. It was *Minstead*. Herds of red-deer rose from the fern [they have since been removed], and went bounding away, and dashed into the depths of the woods; troops of squirrels in hundreds scampered away from the ground where they were feeding. Delighted with the true woodland wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the wildest woods that came in my way. Awaking as from a dream, I saw far around me one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles, standing clothed as it were with the very spirit of silence. I admired the magnificent sweep of some grand old trees as they hung into a glade or ravine, some delicious opening in the deep woods, or the grotesque of particular trees, which seemed to have been blasted into blackness, and contorted into inimitable crookedness, by the savage genius of the place."

From this point we wend on our way through the silent avenues to *Stoney Cross*, where a memorial of stone, known as *Rufus' Stone*, indicates the site of the fatal oak tree, within whose shadow the second of the Norman kings of England is supposed to have met his death. It is cased with iron, and bears the following inscription:—

On the first side—"Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrell at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II. (surnamed Rufus) in the breast, of which he instantly died on the 2d day of August, anno 1100." This spot was visited by King George and Queen Charlotte, June 27, 1789.

Second side—"King William II. being slain, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkess, and drawn from hence to Winchester, and buried in the Cathedral church of that city."

Third side—"That where an event so memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord Delaware, who had seen the tree growing in this place, anno 1745. This stone was repaired by John Richard, Earl of Delaware, anno 1789."

Fourth side—"This stone having been much mutilated, and the inscriptions on each of its three sides defaced, this more durable memorial, with the original inscriptions, was erected in the year 1841 by William Sturges Bourne, warden."

[Whether William's death was really accidental; whether Sir Walter Tyrel, either by chance, or bribed by Henry I., shot the fatal arrow; whether it was sped by the hand of some Saxon whom the fierce king had wronged, must now remain one of the mysteries of history. The account of this strange catastrophe given by Matthew Paris, is singularly graphic, and may, perhaps, interest the reader:—

“Now the King, on the day preceding his death, dreamed a dream; and lo! he felt as if smitten with a javelin, and that forthwith there issued from the wound a stream of blood, which sprung up even to the sky, beclouded the sun, and extinguished the light of day. Starting from his slumbers, he invoked the Blessed Virgin, and calling for a lamp, he bade his chamberlains stay by him; and so, sleepless, spent the remainder of the night.

“And when the morning dawned, a certain monk from across the seas, who sought an audience of the monarch, respecting divers affairs of the church, related unto one Robert Fitz-Hamon, a man of great power, and very familiar with the king, a vision which had troubled his rest, and was truly very marvellous and terrible:—‘As I slumbered,’ said the monk, ‘methought I saw the king enter a church, with proud step, and haughty, as is his wont, and gazing contemptuously on those around him. Then, seizing the crucifix with his teeth, he gnawed off its arms, and left it scarce a single limb. And when, for some time, the crucifix had thus endured, at length with its right foot it so spurned the monarch that he fell prostrate on the pavement, and there, as he lay, from his mouth leapt forth a flame, and it spread around, and a cloudy smoke-like chaos went upwards to the stars.’

“When Robert Fitz-Hamon repeated this vision to the king, he laughed loudly, saying—‘Here is a monk who hath dreamed, monk-wise, for his own profit. Give him a hundred shillings that he may see he hath not dreamed in vain.’

“Then, on the night before his death, there came yet another dream unto the king. He saw upon a certain altar an infant of exceeding beauty; and hungering and desiring beyond limit, he went and took a mouthful of his flesh, and it seemed very good to him even while he ate it. But when he sought to satisfy himself again, the child, with stern aspect, and threatening voice, exclaimed—‘Forbear! thou hast already taken too much.’ Whereupon, suddenly waking, he asked a certain bishop the interpretation of his dream. And the bishop, suspecting some retribution near at hand, said unto him—‘Cease, O King, to persecute the church, for this is a warning from on high, and a gentle premonition. Go not forth, as thou didst purpose, unto the chase to-day.’

“The king, despising this wholesome counsel, went forth into the woods to hunt. And lo! it happened that as an immense stag passed him, he said to a certain knight, named Walter Tyrel—‘Draw, devil!’\* Then the swift arrow fled from the bow, even as the poet hath expressed it—

‘And once outsped, it flies beyond recal;’

and glancing against a neighbouring tree, turned aside, and pierced the heart of King William, who fell suddenly—dead! And his attendants and the unhappy knight immediately fled away. But some, returning, took up the body, all cold and wet with blood, and placed it in the light cart of a charcoal-burner, drawn by a very lean mule. And they forced the rustic to bear it towards the city, when, as he passed through a miry lane, the cart broke down, and the corpse was hurled into the mire. So he left it for others, if they would, to carry it further.

“About the same hour the Earl of Cornwall, hunting in a wood—about two

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\* According to Ordericus Vitalis, the king, at this moment, shaded his eyes from the sun with his hand; and it may be noted that the site of the fatal tree, as now indicated by the memorial-stone, must have been fully open to the setting sun.



days' journey from the spot where this dread event took place—strayed from his companions, and saw, to his wild amaze, an immense swarthy stag bearing away the king's body, all black and miry, and wounded in the breast. Then he adjured the stag—in the name of the Holy Trinity—to declare the meaning of this fearful thing. 'I bear to judgment,' said he 'your monarch, even the tyrant William the Red. I am an evil spirit, and the avenger of the wickedness which he did to Christ's Holy Church; and I wrought this tragedy at the command of the proto-martyr of England, even the blessed Alban, who complained unto Heaven, because in the land which he had consecrated there should be such woe.' So the earl went away, and told his companions what had occurred; and within three days they found that all these things were true, being informed thereof by faithful witnesses."

Sir Walter, when he saw the ill deed he had done, struck his spurs into his horse, and rode away hastily, crossing the Avon between Ringwood and Sopley. Here he stopped to have his horse's shoes reversed, and killed the smith (says tradition), to prevent betrayal. He afterwards made oath before Segur, abbot of St. Denys, that he had not entered on that day the part of the greenwood where the king was slain.

The charcoal-burner who conveyed the king's body to Winchester is said to have been named Purkeas, and his descendants live in the neighbourhood to the present day, never becoming richer or poorer than their ancestor.

"And still—so runs our forest creed—  
Flourish the pious yeoman's seed  
E'en in the self-same spot:  
One horse and cart their little store,  
Like their forefather's—neither more  
Nor less the children's lot"—(*W. Stewart Rose*).

Lord Palmerston, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons in 1859, observed that there was still "a Purkeas in the Forest, who regarded his patrimonial piece of ground, handed down from father to son for some centuries, with as much pride as the peer of the longest pedigree and the squire of a thousand acres."

Up to the days of Henry VIII. a small CHAPEL, or ORATORY, stood near the spot where the king fell, and masses for the peace of his soul were sometimes sung. The memory of the spot has never died out, and now—

"A fair stone in green Malwood  
Informs the traveller where stood  
The memorable tree."

The oak, it was said, put forth its leaves in mid-winter, but such is also the case with a many-branched tree at Cadnam, on the borders of Wiltshire, which robes itself in young foliage on Old Christmas-day.

To the east of Stony Cross was situated MALWOOD KEEP (Malwood, i. e., Mal's wood, from its Saxon lord), where the Norman kings had a hunting castle, and where Rufus resided the night before his death, with a glittering train of nobles, knights, and squires, and accompanied by his brother Henry.

"The Red King lies in Malwood Keep;  
To drive the deer o'er lawn and steep,  
He's bound him with the morn;  
His steeds are swift, his hounds are good;  
The like in covert or high wood  
Were never cheer'd with horn"—(*W. Stewart Rose*).

There are no traces now of "Malwood Keep," but the spot may be visited for its beauty.]

## BRANCH ROUTE—BEAULIEU ROAD TO LYMINGTON.

At 2 miles from Lyndhurst Road a viaduct crosses the valley of the Exe, and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile beyond lies the BEAULIEU ROAD STATION. The walk (3 miles) from hence, through grassy woodlands and across crystal streams, to BEAULIEU (population, 1177) itself, should be undertaken by the tourist, who, of course, will make a reverend pilgrimage to the ruins of BEAULIEU ABBEY. Well did this lovely nook, with its low wooded hills, its broad shimmering estuary, its cloistered boughs, its crisp green sward, and its background of forest-shadows, deserve the poetical appellation which distinguishes it—*Bellus Locus, Beau Lieu*, or the "fair place." The ruins lie on the slopes of a gentle hill, washed by an inlet of the Solent, where the little Exe pours out its tributary waters. All around them cluster the cottages and blooming gardens of Beaulieu village, and though the old monastic vineyard no longer exists, a vigorous vine trails over almost every cottage-door. Meadow, and heath, and pasture, and corn-field, and forest-avenues, extend from this point even to Hythe and Dibden (the *deep dene*, or valley), and, descending the estuary, the blue Solent broadens before us in light, and life, and glory; while beyond, the beautiful "Vectis" uprears her lofty downs. What a spot for a life of monastic seclusion! How the soul might feed on images, and thoughts, and fancies ever-new and ever-beautiful! From trees and from waters, from leaf and blossom, from lawny slope and ferny hollow, extracting fresh matter for love and wonder, till the place "became religion," and wakened the purest and holiest impulses.

"It stood embosomed in a happy valley,  
 Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak  
 Stood, like Caractacus in act to rally  
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunderstroke;  
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally  
 The dappled foresters; as day awoke,  
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd  
 To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird."

Beaulieu Abbey, established by King John in 1204, is the sole religious foundation associated with his name. In the

cartulary of the abbey, it is said that he had vowed a terrible punishment upon the Cistercian abbots, had persuaded or compelled them to attend a parliament at Lincoln, and had there threatened to fling them under the feet of wild horses. But at night he was terrified by a weird dream: he was brought to trial before a nameless judge, and the witnesses against him were the priests he had menaced. Then he was condemned to submit to a severe scourging at their hands, and behold, when he awoke in the morning, the pain of the infliction was still acute and bitter. So he determined to make expiation for the sin he had meditated; established Beaulieu Abbey; placed in it thirty monks from Citeaux; and endowed it with lands in Berkshire and Hampshire. His mother, Queen Eleanor, was buried here. In 1250 the buildings were completed, and Henry III., his wife, and nobles, attended the dedication. Pope Innocent granted it the privilege of "sanctuary," which, in 1471, was availed of by Margaret of Anjou and her son, Prince Edward, who landed here in time to learn the defeat of their adherents at Barnet. When joined by the Earl of Devon they proceeded from hence to that red field of Tewkesbury, where the red rose was all "untimely cropp'd." In 1496, Perkin Warbeck, the Yorkist pretender (?) took refuge at Beaulieu after his defeat at Taunton. But Lord D'Aubigny immediately invested it with 300 horse, and blockaded him into a compulsory surrender, though promises of a pardon were held out to him.

After the Dissolution Beaulieu fell into the hands of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; passed to the Montagues, *temp.* William III.; and thence to the ducal house of Buccleuch.

The ruins of this once magnificent pile are of high interest, though not of considerable extent. The outline of the cloisters and church may still be distinctly traced, and a gateway, enriched with ivy, is in good preservation. The ABBOT'S LODGING has been converted into a dwelling-house, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. Its Hall (Decorated) has a good groined roof, and in the upper apartments remain some linen-patterned panelling of the time of Henry VIII. The moat which encircles it was the work of an eccentric Duke of Montague, who apprehended an unceremonious visit from French privateers.

The GREAT HALL or REFECTORY is now made use of as the parish CHURCH. It is a plain Early English edifice, of stone, stoutly buttressed, with a curious raftered roof; the bosses at the

intersection of the beams are carved into heads of angels, abbots, and other figures. There are four lancet-windows on the south, four appropriated to the pulpit—which is encircled with zigzag mouldings, and was occupied, during the monastic repasts, by a reader or lecturer—and six on the north side. The iron-work of the west door is worth notice.

Against the east wall a monument, with effigy, bears the following acrostic :—

“To the lasting memory of Mary, daughter of Thomas Elliott, Gent, and late wife of Will D'o. She dyed in childbirth the xxiii day of June A.D. 1651, ætatis suæ 40.

M erciless fate (to our greate griefe and woe),  
A prey hath here made of our deere Mall Do,  
R akte up in duste, and hid in earthe and claye,  
Y et live her soule, and virtues, now and aye ;  
D eath is a debte all owe, which must be paide :  
O h ! that she knewe, and of 't was not afraide.”

In the churchyard there was formerly a gravestone recording the powers of one *Mary Dore*, a Beaulieu witch, who could transform herself into a hare or a cat, and afflict or cure all the cattle in the neighbourhood ; hence, we suppose, the patronage accorded to her by the second Duke of Buccleuch.

The remains of the CLOISTERS present some good arches ; those on the east side used to open into the chapter-house. The DORMITORY may also be inspected ; the KITCHEN—a spacious one as becomed a wealthy Cistercian foundation ; and vaults, or cellars, underneath. The great Church contained a nave, north and south aisles, transepts with aisles, apsidal chancel, and central tower. Their position is indicated by a low stone ground-plan, worked out under the direction of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Near the Abbey some pleasant fields with a southern aspect retain the name of the VINEYARDS, and their purple fruit was gathered as late as 1730. Just beyond stands the BREWERY, as a large plain building is traditionally styled. Within the Abbey precincts, which include about 20 acres, still remain the conventual fish-ponds and stews. The olden walls are in tolerable preservation.

Descending Beaulieu Creek, and passing the village quay or wharf, we keep southward until we reach BUCKLER'S HARD, where several men-of-war were formerly built. On the opposite shore stands EXBURY HOUSE (M. Ricardo, Esq.)—the residence of

Mitford, the learned historian of Greece—and beyond is LEAP, whence Louis of France departed on the accession to the throne of Richard II., and Charles I. embarked on his fatal passage to Carisbrooke. From this point to the Isle of Wight the tin traffic, it is believed, was carried in cumbrous carts, where at low water the recess of the tide left a dry and secure passage. Stans Ore Point, on the east, and Needs Ore, on the west of the Beaulieu Creek, derive their names from the Saxon *ora*, or landing-place. Between Stans Ore and Calshot Castle stands EAGLEHURST (Lord Craven), originally known as "Luttrell's Folly," from its builder, the Hon. Temple Luttrell, and enjoying a very fine and picturesque view of the Solent and the Isle of Wight.

Returning to the west shore, we reach St. LEONARDS, the principal grange or farm belonging to Beaulieu Abbey. There are here some fragments of a small Decorated Chapel, and the ruins of a noble barn, or *spicarium*, 226 feet long, 77 feet wide, and 60 feet in height. Nearer the shore stands PARK FARM, another monastic grange, whose Early English Chapel, 42 feet long and 14 feet broad, is vaulted with stone, and divided by a stone screen into two compartments. Keeping along the low wooded shore we arrive, in about half an hour, at SOWLEY, where there is a pond, about 150 acres in area, called "Freshwater," and at 3 miles beyond, reach BADDESLEY, and so enter LYMINGTON (see p. 774).

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—LYNDHURST TO BROCKENHURST.

We now penetrate still deeper into the bosom of the New Forest, and as our rapid progress by rail continually introduces us to a fresh burst of rich woodland scenery, are moved to a warm and increasing admiration. At 2 miles from Beaulieu road we pass, on our left, LADY CROSS LODGE; at half a mile beyond we cross one of the little branches of the Boldre river, soon sweep round the enclosures of WHITBY LODGE, cross the Boldre itself, and leaving BROCKENHURST PARK (J. Morant, Esq.) on our left, run into the BROCKENHURST STATION, adjoining the Salisbury and Lymington road, and the picturesque half-hidden village of BROCKENHURST (population, 1034), *i. e.*, the badgers' wood. About half a mile down the Lymington road, and on an artificial mound, stands the CHURCH, with its Saxon nave and

Early English chancel; its curious chancel-arch; an enriched Norman door on its south side; and a Norman font of Purbeck marble. The churchyard rejoices in a venerable ivy-shrouded oak, about 23 feet in girth, and a noble yew tree, whose hollow trunk is 17 feet in circumference. BROCKENHURST PARK is close at hand.

Brockenhurst is now a favourite centre for tourists through the forest, who may start from hence to LYNDHURST, 4 miles; thence, by way of Minstead, to STONEY CROSS, 3½ miles; and so, through the woodlands, to RINGWOOD, 7 miles.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—BROCKENHURST TO LYMINGTON.

At about 95½ miles from London, and 1½ miles beyond Brockenhurst, we turn off, southward, to LYMINGTON, 4 miles, one of the pleasantest "watering-places" on the Hampshire coast, and one that, from its rising importance, deserves a detailed notice at our hands. At 3 miles from Brockenhurst, we pass on our left the Roman camp of BUCKLAND RINGS.

#### LYMINGTON—(*i. e.*, THE TOWN ON THE STREAM.)

[Population of the parish, 8170; of the borough, 5282. *Inns*: Angel, and Nag's Head.]

105 m. by rail from London, 92 m. by road; 20½ m. from Southampton; 4 m. by water from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight; 9 m. from Lyndhurst.

☞ Steam-packets in connection with the trains ply between Yarmouth and Lyminster; and, during the summer months, between Lyminster, Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoons.

LYMINGTON is the "Lentune" of the Domesday Book, and has a history dating from the early British period, when its salt-tuns (it is said) supplied with salt the Phœnician traders. That it was afterwards a Roman station may be inferred from the number of Roman coins and relics discovered here, and its vicinity to the Roman entrenchment (apparently founded on an earlier British camp) at BUCKLAND (Buck-land) RINGS, 1 mile north—one of the numerous military posts with which the imperial colonists commanded the ocean passes of southern Britain. At the Conquest, the manor was bestowed on Earl Roger de Yvery, but it was confiscated by Henry I., and granted to Richard de Redvers, Lord of the Isle of Wight, and Count of Devon. Its salt-works were bestowed by Earl Richard on his newly-founded

Abbey of Quarr, and he and his successors encouraged the establishment of a foreign trade, and the formation of a port and quay. Isabella de Fortibus parted with the Lymington manor and the Isle of Wight to Edward III. for 60,000 marks—a death-bed agreement which was vainly disputed by her heirs. At this time the town was of sufficient importance to be summoned to return two representatives to the National Council, but did not avail itself of the privilege until the reign of Elizabeth. Tradition asserts that three times in the course of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was plundered by the French sea-rovers; but, nevertheless, it seems to have maintained its position as a port of greater consideration than Southampton itself.

During the Civil War it was inclined to favour the royal cause, and supplied with provisions the royal fleet under Prince Charles during its unsuccessful siege of Yarmouth. When the Duke of Monmouth, in 1685, landed at Lyme Regis, the mayor, one Dore, immediately declared in his favour, and proclaimed him king. One hundred men raised the insurgent standard, but the battle at Sedgmuir took place before they could prove their devotion, and the Duke was captured on his way to Lymington. A party of his adherents “were accustomed to meet at the house of a Mrs. Knapton, and over their pipes and beer (according to the customs of the times) to discuss the grievances of the nation. Information being given respecting these meetings, officers of justice were sent to apprehend the parties concerned. A friend gave notice of their approach, when Mrs. Knapton, with the utmost promptitude, dismissed her visitors at the back windows, cleared the tables in an instant; and, to disguise the remaining smell of tobacco, seized a pipe, wrapped her face in flannel, and on the entrance of the constables appeared to be smoking as a remedy for toothache; the stratagem succeeded, and the politicians escaped”—*Moody*.

Further particulars of the history of Lymington we are not in a condition to afford, but its chronicler has preserved an extract from the parochial registers, which may be quoted as a hint to our married readers:—“Samuel Baldwin, Esq., a sojourner in this parish, was immersed without the Needles in Scratchler’s (now Scratchell’s) Bay, *sans cérémonie*, May 20th, 1736,”—a mode of interment adopted in pursuance of the directions of the deceased, to prevent his wife from fulfilling her threat of *dancing over his grave!*

The town is agreeably situated on a slope which descends to the river, at the point where the Boldre begins to broaden into the Solent. It consists, in the main, of one long, steep, and picturesque street—the High Street—with which are connected Church Street, Quay Street, St. Thomas Street, and Southampton Buildings. In the High Street, near its upper termination, stands the CHURCH, a large and nondescript structure, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and containing a bust of *Charles Colborne, Esq.*, d. 1747, by *Rysbrack*, and a marble monument by *Bacon* to *Captain Rogers*. There are good wharves on the river bank, and a ship-building yard of some notoriety. South of the town are the salterns, where the sea-water being collected in square shallow reservoirs, and changed from one another about six times, evaporates through the action of the wind and sun, and the residue, when sufficiently boiled, crystallizes into salt. In the vicinity are some tolerable baths.

The points of interest in the neighbourhood of Lyminster are numerous. Proceeding *northwards*, we shall observe BUCKLAND RINGS, a Brito-Norman encampment, with a triple vallum, and deep wooded trench 2400 feet in circumference overlooking the estuary, which at one time washed the foot of the hill. On the opposite side rises MOUNT PLEASANT, which was probably a camp of observation, or beacon tower. Near the Rings stands the low pleasant villa, in its belt of garden-ground, where Caroline Bowles, afterwards Mrs. Southey, wrote her "Chapters on Churchyards," and whither she retired upon her husband's death. Below it are the basins, and stacks, and busy fields of AMPRESS FARM, which, as well as AMPRESS HOLE, commemorates in its name the British chief Ambrosius, who was here defeated and slain by the Saxon Cerdic—(*Warner*). Turning to the right, and crossing the Boldre, we soon arrive at the village of BOLDRE (population, 2874)—*i. e.*, the bull ford—whose leaf-enshrined and hillock-raised CHURCH is picturesque in itself, and commands a picturesque landscape. Here, "in a quiet mansion, beneath this stone, secured from the afflictions, and still more dangerous enjoyments of life, lie the remains of *William Gilpin*, some time vicar of this parish, together with the remains of *Margaret*, his wife. After living above 50 years in happy union they hope to be raised, in God's due time, through the atonement of a blessed Redeemer, for their transgressions, to a state of joyful immor-



tality. There it will be a new joy to meet several of their good neighbours who now lie scattered in these sacred precincts around them. He died April the 5th, 1804, at the age of eighty; she died July 14th, 1807, at the age of eighty-two." The writer of this somewhat pretentious epitaph was the Rev. William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre for thirty years, and well known as the author of "Forest Scenery," and "Observations on Picturesque Beauty." A memorial to his memory may be seen in the church. Here the poet Southey was married to Caroline Bowles.

Beyond Boldre, the broad brown heaths spread towards Brockenhurst in wild and romantic beauty, and afford some fine vistas of distant woods which may be commended to the artist's notice.

Returning from Boldre we pass on our left, VICARS HILL (Colonel Gossett), and the rich green masses of WALHAMPTON (Rev. Sir George Burrard), where an obelisk "lifts its head" in memory of Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale.

Turning our faces *eastward* from Lymington, we cross the river—pass MOUNT PLEASANT on our left—and in due time arrive at PILEWELL PARK (W. P. Freeman, Esq.), whence some good prospects of the Solent and the Isle of Wight are to be enjoyed. To the north lies BADDESLEY (population, 305), formerly a preceptory of the Knights Templars. There was also a chantry here, founded by Henry Wells early in the fourteenth century, and removed in 1818. The village was once famous for "a groaning tree,"—a young and vigorous elm—which for a year and a half gave forth a dismal wail from its roots, and only ceased when an auger-hole was bored in its trunk.

South-west of Lymington (about 6 miles) stands HURST CASTLE and its two red light-houses.

HURST CASTLE was built in 1535. It is the key to the narrow channel between the Hampshire coast and the western extremity of the Isle of Wight, and completely commands the entrance to Southampton Water. From the mainland a narrow peninsula, or rather a strip of land, juts out in a curve for about two miles. This peninsula is, in fact, a bar of shingle, "a bank of waterworn chalk flints, and gravel derived from the alluvial drift, which is so largely distributed over the coast district." Sir Henry Englefield, describing it, says—"It is remarkable for its

uncommon solidity, for it is merely a submarine cliff of shingle, 200 feet high, the depth of the channel close to the castle being 33 fathoms ; and the tide flows through it with a rapidity which, at certain times, no boat can stem." Yet this natural breakwater has remained for centuries. At the extremity of this singular ridge stands Hurst Castle, almost facing Sconce Point and its strong fortifications, in the Isle of Wight. It is a circular tower, strengthened with three semicircular bastions, and has lately undergone considerable alterations, which have rendered it of more importance in a military point of view. From hence to Osborne there has been laid down a submarine telegraph, connecting the royal residence with London, and enabling the Queen to communicate with her ministers, should any emergency render it necessary.

The historical associations connected with this ancient stronghold are few, and of little interest. It became a point of some importance in the wars between Charles I. and the Parliament, and was early seized by the parliamentarian troops. When Charles I. was removed by the army from Carisbrooke Castle, this dungeon—for at that time it was no better—received for a few days the royal prisoner. The following account of this remarkable transaction is from the pen of one of his loyal attendants, whose narrative is still preserved among the MS. treasures of the British Museum :—

" In the morning (November 29, 1648), just at daybreak, the king, hearing a great knocking at his dressing-room door, sent the Duke of Richmond to know what it meant ; he, on inquiring who was there, was answered one Mildmay (one of the servants the Parliament had put to the king, and brother to Sir Henry). The duke demanding what he would have, was answered, there were some gentlemen from the army very desirous to speak with the king ; but the knocking increasing, the king commanded the duke to let them into his dressing-room. No sooner was this done, but before the king got out of his bed, those officers rushed into his chamber, and abruptly told the king they had orders to remove him. ' From whom ? ' said the king. They replied, ' from the army.' The king asked, ' whither he was to be removed ; ' they answered, ' to the castle.' The king asked, ' what castle ? ' They again answered, ' to the castle ! ' ' The castle,' said the king, ' is no castle.' He told them he was well enough prepared for any castle, and required them to name the castle.

After a short whispering together they said, 'Hurst Castle.' The king replied, 'they could not well name a worse,' and called to the Duke of Richmond to send for the Earl of Lindsey and Colonel Cooke. At first they scrupled at the Earl of Lindsey's coming; but the king said, 'why not both, since both lie together?' They promised to send for both, but sent for neither. And though the Duke of Richmond had ordered the king's breakfast to be hastened, presuming that there was but little provision in the desolate castle; yet, when he was scarce ready, the horses being come, they hurried him away, only permitting the duke to attend him about two miles, and then told him he must go no further; when he sadly took his leave, being scarce permitted to kiss the king's hand, whose last words were—'Remember me to my Lord Lindsey and Colonel Cooke: and command Colonel Cooke, from me, never to forget the passages of this night.'

And so the coach—containing the unhappy king guarded by two troops of horse—moved slowly westward towards "Worsley's Tower, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven." Sad journey, truly, for the captive monarch, through the silence and the night, with bitterest thoughts for his company, and dreariest anticipations of the future! Surrounded by hostile swords—borne onward to a fearful dungeon—menaced, for all he knew, with the assassin's dagger—he presented, as his loyal servant says, "a sorrowful spectacle, and a great example of fortune's inconstancy."

In the neighbourhood of Yarmouth Haven—a small port opposite Lyminster river—the king and his attendants rested about an hour, and then, the vessel being ready, went aboard. "The wind and tide favouring," says Sir Thomas Herbert, "they crossed the narrow sea in three hours, and landed at Hurst Castle."

At that time, according to the royalist Sir Philip Warwick, the castle contained only a few "dog-lodgings," for soldiers. And on a winter night, when the wind wailed round the solitary fort, and the wild waters beat ceaselessly against its walls, dreary enough must his prison have seemed to the doomed monarch! He suspected that his enemies had placed him there, as in an almost inaccessible stronghold, that he might be got rid of by the midnight dagger. At Carisbrooke something of royal state had been preserved, and his true-hearted friends had been allowed to attend him; here all was dark, desolate, forbidding. No spot more suitable for the assassin!

But the great Puritan chiefs of England loved not to deal with their enemies after the Italian fashion. They were earnest in what they were about, and believing Charles Stuart had betrayed the liberties of their country, resolved to bring him to justice as a traitor, in the face of the whole world. Accordingly, on the 18th of December, at midnight, there was a great stir at Hurst Castle. The trampling of horses, the trailing of pikes, the falling drawbridge, the shouts of men and officers, woke the king from his sleep. He demanded of those who waited on him the cause of the sudden commotion. He was told that Colonel Harrison had arrived.

"Do you not know," he said, hurriedly, to Herbert, "that this is the man who intended to assassinate me, as by letter I was informed during the late treaty? This is a place fit for such a purpose."

But Harrison was not a murderer, and his object was simply to escort the king to Windsor, which the royal prisoner reached in safety the next day.

The chamber, or cell, which the king occupied at Hurst was on the second storey, and, in size, about 8 feet by 4 feet 6 inches. The "golden rules" which, it is said, he hung here against the wall, were long ago removed.

Returning to the mainland, and keeping westward, we next reach MILFORD (population, 1782), commanding a fine view of Alum Bay and the gleaming masses of the Needles. The CHURCH, mainly Early English, has some Norman portions in the nave, and an Early Decorated chancel. The central tower exhibits a curious string-course. There are memorials to *Admiral Sir W. Cornwallis*, by Foley, and to *Sir James Carnac*, by Macdowell. HORDLE, or HORDLEWELL, is 2 miles further west, and has a churchyard, but no church. HORDLECLIFF is 180 feet high, and of the tertiary formation. From its summit the pedestrian may overlook the bold sweep of Christchurch Bay, from the low promontory of Hurst on the east to the dark cliffs of Hengistbury Head on the west. The sea, at this point, rapidly encroaches upon the land, and brings down, ever and anon, rugged masses of cliff upon the echoing beach, which looks as if strewn with the toys of the Titans. The waters now fret and foam over the site of the late Marquis of Bute's picturesque residence, BELVIDERE, and seem to threaten, at no distant day, the

fall of the quaint turrets of HIGH CLIFF (Lady Stuart de Rothsay). The eocene fossils are numerous here, and at Barton Cliff are found the "Hordwell fossils." The strata at Hordwell consist of "alternating beds of marl, sand, and clay, often of a greenish colour, with thin bands of indurated shell-marl, full of the usual fresh water species. These are succeeded (beyond Beacon Bunny\*) by a fine white siliceous sand, forming a stratum from 60 to 100 feet thick. The London clay series next appears, and extends through Barton and High Cliffs. The upper portion of the beds consists of sandy clay of a dark green colour, like that at the base of the cliff in Alum Bay, and abounds in marine shells; beneath are layers of septaria"—(*Mantell*). The geologist investigating this portion of the southern coast will be rewarded with discoveries of bituminous wood and seed-vessels; shells of the helix, unis, melanopsis, planorbis, and other lacustrine species; lignite; remains of mammalia; lizards, serpents, and birds. Mr. Searles Wood discovered here the fossil remains of the *Alligator Hantoniensis*. Examination of these fossils and the strata wherein they are found has led to the conclusion that here an estuary was gradually silted up, and that in its passage eastward the debris was converted into a pure river-deposit. "Leaving the regular beds of London clay, which dip gradually to the east, and are lost in the beach below Beacon Bunny and Long Mead End, we meet with a stratum of sand in which marine and fresh-water shells are intermixed, and one of clay containing leaves and seeds, with an extensive layer of lignite. Upon this is a bed whose organic contents display a still nearer approach to fresh water origin by the absence of the more decidedly marine genera, as *oliva*, *natica*, etc., and the presence of *cyrena*, *potomomya*, etc., in great abundance. Next comes a layer of brown sand, containing rolled fragments of bones of *palæotherium*, *trionyx*, etc., which, from their appearance, may have been transported from a considerable distance. Over this rests a deposit of marl and white sand, the latter in the state of an impalpable powder. The strata incline to the east, at an angle of about 5°. The direction of the stream was no doubt westerly, and the uniformly fine character of the sand, and the condition in which it was thrown down, would lead one to infer that the flow of the stream was extremely gentle."

\* *Bunny*, a localism for a "running water."

Striking inland from Barton Cliff we reach, 1 mile north, the church of MILTON (population, 1311), dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, and thence, diverging eastward, return, by way of Downton, to Lymington.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—BROCKENHURST TO RINGWOOD.

The tourist must be pleased to consider himself again in a railway carriage, and at the BROCKENHURST STATION, whither he has travelled, we will suppose, on foot, through a beautiful and not unromantic district, and from whence he will, we hope, accompany us on our westward route. We have already, and so fully, indicated the characteristics of the country through which we now are flying, that we need only pause to remind him that at 3 miles from Brockenhurst he passes, on his left, the SET THORNS, and shortly afterwards skirts, on his right, the WILVERLEY Inclosure. Next we gain (on our left) HOLMSLEY LODGE and its INCLOSURES, previously passing the small STATION at CHRISTCHURCH ROAD (CHRISTCHURCH, 7 miles south-west, may be reached from hence by means of omnibuses); speed beyond BURLEY LODGE and BURLEY BEACON, on our left; emerge from the forest shadows into a comparatively well-cultivated country, and duly arrive at

RINGWOOD (population—of the parish, 3928; of the town, 2075), 105 miles from London, 11 miles from Brockenhurst, 15½ miles from Poole, and 26 miles from Southampton. [*Inns*: The Crown, White Hart, Star, and New Inn.] The town, seated upon the east bank of the Avon, which here separates into three branches, and meanders through a low but pleasant country into Christchurch Harbour, has no history, and boasts of no attraction but its ale and its gloves. For the latter, the tourist will perhaps have no necessity; the excellence of the former he may be induced to put to the proof.

RINGWOOD CHURCH is Early English in style, but has suffered, like too many of the Hampshire churches, from ill-considered repairs and detestable modernizations. Some of its points, however, are worth notice, and its recent restoration (at a cost of £8000) has been carefully done. The shafts of the arcade are

of Purbeck marble. There is a brass to *J. Prophete*, vicar, d. 1416. The altar-piece represents "the Conversion of St. Paul." The churchyard is agreeably planted with limes and yews. The vicarage, valued at £960, is in the patronage of King's College, Cambridge.

At the Grammar School, founded by Richard Lynne, *temp.* Queen Elizabeth, was educated the antiquarian divine, *Bishop Stillingfleet*, whose peculiar hose, and attachment to literary tea-parties, originated, it is said, the term "Blue Stocking."

George III. was at Ringwood in October 1805.

### BRANCH ROUTE—RINGWOOD TO CHRISTCHURCH.

We shall now pursue to its opening upon the sea the delightful valley of the Avon, and if the tourist be, as he ought to be, a brother of the angle, a disciple of Izaak Walton, he may spend some pleasant hours on the bank of that fishful stream, and readily provide himself with a dinner of fat eels and fresh trout. Salmon, perch, and pikes, and it is said lampreys, may also be caught here. The sketcher will find ample employment for his pencil, and the botanist numerous specimens for his fauna. He who saunters along with no special pursuit, but with "a taste" for the picturesque, and a genuine love of the beautiful, will assuredly admire the ramble to which we invite his attention, and the archaeologist, in Christchurch itself, will be amply repaid for the nine miles' labour which conducted him thither. All the way there are joyous glimpses of the river, which "foams and flows, the charm of this enchanted ground," now dimpling into darkly-gleaming pools, now swooping over an unexpected weir; now playing with the pendant boughs of leafy trees, now tranquilly floating in the shadow of the water-lilies.

After passing through the quiet little hamlet of LOWER KINGSTONE, we reach (*l.*) BISTERN PARK (*J. Mills, Esq.*), and its wooded glades, and soon arrive at Avon, where the ford bears the name, and commemorates the escape of Sir Walter Tyrrel (see p. 769). The landscapes now increase in beauty—a rich and luxuriant beauty—green oak-copses, broad fertile meadows, the meanders of a gleaming stream, and the slopes of verdurous hills. About 2 miles west lies HERON COURT (*Earl of Malmesbury*), for-

merly a residence of the priors of Christchurch, embosomed in vigorous foliage, and enlivened by the winding Stour.

At  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles we reach SOPLEY (population, 896), "a nook of greenery" to be commended to the sketcher, and where the Avon does, of a truth—

" In all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round."

On a stone-girded knoll, almost surrounded by the river, stands SOPLEY CHURCH, a remarkable Early English and Perpendicular structure, dedicated to St. Michael. The ground-plan is cruciform, the spire-crowned tower on the west side, and a deep porch on the south with an image of the great archangel raised upon a quaint old corbel. The corbels of the nave, which is Perpendicular, represent the angels of heaven playing divers pipes and rebecks. A hideous ceiling hides, it is said, a fine oaken roof. The chancel-arch is Early English. There is an aumbry and a three-lighted Early English window in the south transept. Remark the smallness of the chancel, and the insertion at the east end of a Perpendicular window. The chancel-floor is inlaid with two stone effigies (Early Decorated) of priests, with canopies and some well-executed foliated ornament. The wall is disfigured with the case of a parochial map. The corbels in the north aisle of the nave exhibit portraits of Edward II. and his Queen Isabella. In the south-east angle of the north transept wind the stairs which led to the rood-loft, and near them hangs the scutcheon of General *Lord Keane*, the hero of Cabul. The vicarage, valued at £330, is in the patronage of the Compton family, whose device may be seen in the east window of the Church.

Following the Christchurch road we reach, about half a mile south, the fair gardens of WINKTON\* (Admiral Walcott, M. P.), enriched with a noble cedar of Lebanon; and across the river, rising swiftly from the heart of rich pastoral leas, St. CATHERINE'S HILL, whose summit is crowned with a small camp, about 165 feet square, protected by a double vallum, except southward, and entered by three gates. Six mounds for watch-towers adjoin the north-east rampart, and there are traces on the north of another entrenchment. On the south-west side may just be discerned the foundations of a chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine, the patron-

\* From Weringe-ton, i. e., the town on the weirs.



saint of the hills and high places. Roman soldier and Christian priest must here have found their "lines" to have fallen "in pleasant places." What a goodly view is commanded from this breezy height! Look away to the north, over the masses of the New Forest, which alternate with light and shadow like a rolling sea;—to the south, where beyond the fir-tops of Iford flash the waters of the Channel;—away to the north-west, where the tall and shapely spire of Salisbury rises distinct and clear;—to the east, across the meadows of the Avon, and the bright plains which lie between it and the Boldre;—everywhere the landscape is one of light, and life, and poetic charm. As Southey, to whom this spot was familiar, has sung,—

" A little while, O traveller, linger here,  
And at thy leisure, aye behold and feel  
The beauties of the place; yon heathy hill  
That rises sudden from the vale of green;  
The vale far-stretching as the view can reach  
Under its long dark ridge; the river here  
That, like a serpent, through the grassy meads  
Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in sight!"

Re-crossing the Avon, and regaining the Christchurch road, we pass (on our right) BURTON GREEN, where Southey resided, with Charles Lloyd and Rickman, in the summer of 1791,—the hamlet of Staples Cross,—and, at 9 miles from Ringwood, and turning to the right, enter the main street (nearly 1 mile long) of—

CHRISTCHURCH (population of the borough, 7475. *Inns*: The King's Arms, and The George). The town is principally situated on a tongue of land between the two rivers Avon and Stour, which here unite in the tidal estuary of Christchurch Bay. Its ancient name of *Tweonea*, *Tweoxnea*, or *Twineham*, alluded to its peninsular position. Its present name was derived from the splendid house for secular Augustinian canons founded here before the Conquest—by King Athelstane according to some authorities. The church was rebuilt by Bishop Flambard, and converted by Baldwin de Redvers, about 1150, into a regular Augustinian priory, which, at the time of the Suppression, was worth £519 per annum. The last prior was John Draper, suffragan Bishop of Naples, "a very honest and comfortable person," who wil-

lingly surrendered his powers and privileges to Henry VIII. on promise of a fair pension. The site of the church, and the building itself, were bestowed on the parish, the abbey lands were shared among various greedy expectants.

The CHURCH is a magnificent structure, strikingly situated, and deserves a close and careful examination. Its restoration, under the superintendence of Mr. Ferrey, though not quite complete, has been lovingly and liberally done, and has cleared away a mass of deformity and extraneous matter. Its graceful proportions now commend themselves in all their simplicity to our admiration. The NORTH PORCH, Early English, is entered by a deep recessed gateway, whose walls are 40 feet in length, and of great height. It may originally have served as the parochial school, and the upper storey as "a belfry" (?) On the west side is a cinque-foiled Benatura, the figure of the Saviour wanting. Passing under a six-fold arch we enter the NORTH AISLE, Early English, and cross into the NAVE itself, now used as the parish church. Here upon a Norman basis has been raised an Early English clerestory, and the high-pitched roof was ceiled by Garbett in 1818. The Norman portion was erected by Bishop Flambard, of Durham, who, before his elevation to the see, was Prior of Christ Church. In the SOUTH AISLE remark the Norman arcade, surmounted by Early English windows, and the memorial window to *Benjamin Ferrey*, Esq., placed there by his son, the architect. Here may be observed the remains of a staircase which led to the Dormitory; the conventual buildings adjoining the Church on the south side.

The tower at the west end of the nave is Perpendicular, and contains a beautiful but inappropriate memorial sculpture for Shelley the poet, by *Weekes*, A.R.A., erected at the expense of his son, Sir Percy Shelley, of Boscombe, in 1854. A female figure (Mrs. Shelley) is supporting the poet's dead body, just cast ashore—we may presume—by the treacherous waves, and the bow of a boat is introduced to remind the spectator of the lamentable accident which so abruptly terminated Shelley's career. On the pedestal or base of the monument is inscribed the following passage from the poet's *Adonais* :—

" He has out-soar'd the shadow of our Night ;  
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;

From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

The workmanship is admirable, "but the design of the monument is painfully suggestive of an Italian *pietà* (where the Virgin supports the body of the Saviour)." A greater objection is, that it is totally at variance with the real facts of the poet's death.

[Early in 1822 Shelley and his family had removed from Pisa to a house named *Casa Magni*, which stood on the shores of the bay of Spezia, near the village of St. Arenzo. His object was to enjoy freer and more frequent opportunities of indulging his love of boating. Hearing that Leigh Hunt was expected at Pisa, he set out in his small skiff, with his friend Captain Williams, to welcome him. He embarked in the highest spirits. He reached Pisa, and having satisfied his friendly sympathies, prepared to return to *Casa Magni*. It was the 8th of July 1822. A fearful squall came on as the little bark crossed the Bay of Spezia,—a burst of thunder, a cloud, and all was over ! The boat went down—with the ill-fated poet, his friend, and a solitary seaman.

The bodies were cast on shore, much decomposed, and were then, in the ancient manner, reduced to ashes,—Byron, Leigh Hunt, Trelawney, and others of his old associates assisting at the singular rite. Last strange scene of a drama marked by the strangest vicissitudes of light and shadow, and by more romantic passages than usually adorn a poet's history !

Shelley's ashes were afterwards removed in an urn to the Protestant Burial-ground at Rome, and interred, under a picturesque ruined tower, near the remains of his brother-poet Keats, a volume of whose poems had been found in his coat-pocket when his body was recovered.

Mrs. Shelley, in her graceful sketches of her husband's career, points out that in his *Adonais* he seems almost to have anticipated his own destiny. "When the mind," she says, "figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea, and then as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been,—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the *Adonais* ?

'The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,  
 Descends on me : my spirit's bark is driven  
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,  
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;  
 The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !  
 I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;  
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of heaven,  
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.'"]

The NORTH TRANSEPT, in its architecture, is early Norman, with Perpendicular insertions. Where it joins the north aisle of the nave there formerly stood a two-storied building of stone, called "the Governor's Rooms," because appropriated to the

governors of Christ Church Castle. The SOUTH TRANSEPT is Early English, but has a Perpendicular arch, with the initials W.E., for William Eyre, elected prior in 1502. The CHOIR bears the same initials, and exhibits the same architectural character. There are traces of the ancient colouring, and the four-bayed roof is excellently conceived. Remark the curious carving of the canons' stalls, thirty-six in number, which has been surmised (on slight grounds) to be satirical in its meaning: here a friar, disguised as a fox, preaches to a flock of geese,—there a baboon, with a cowl on his head, lolls lazily upon a pillow. The altar at the east end was made and presented to the church by Augustus Welby Pugin, A.D. 1831; the high altar at the west end bears an inscription to *Baldwin de Redvers*, Lord of the Isle of Wight, d. September 1, 1216. Beneath it is a crypt, traditionally reputed to be the De Redvers' place of sepulture. The three-storied Reredos, similar to that at Winchester, but richer in its workmanship, represents the genealogical tree of the Saviour, who lies asleep at its foot, while the different branches shooting out from the stem uphold niched statues. In the centre is represented the Adoration of the Magi, and it is noticeable that here the Virgin reclines at full length, holding the infant Jesus upright, while the king, who is doing homage, almost crouches on the ground.

The Mortuary Chapel (Perpendicular) on the north side of the altar was erected by *Margaret, Countess of Salisbury*, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, and the mother of Reginald Pole. She was beheaded within the Tower, May 27, 1541, at the age of seventy. It has been traditionally reported that she refused to lay her head on the block, because traitors only should do so, and bade the executioner "get it off as he could;" but Mr. Froude has thrown one of his "new lights" on this long-received historical tragedy. The emblematic paintings on the ceiling are very much defaced. A tablet at the west end commemorates the Right Hon. *George Rose*, d. 1818.

On the south side of the altar an exquisite sculpture of a mother instructing her children, by *Flaxman*, is dedicated to the *Viscountess Fitzharris*, d. 1815, who lies interred in Salisbury Cathedral. Two ancient tombs of Christchurch priors may be noticed beneath it.

In the NORTH AISLE of the CHOIR there is another Perpendicular Chapel, with a memorial to *John Cook*, over the entrance.

To the left of the north transept rises a small Decorated Chapel, with a monument, by *Chantrey*, to *John Barnes* of Finchley, d. 1815. In the south aisle a chantry and stone screen commemorate *John Draper*, the last prior, d. 1552, erected by himself in 1529. His grave-slab is inserted in the pavement. Opposite is the chantry (and stone screen) of *Robert Harys*, d. 1525, with his rebus :—the letter R., and a hare beneath, from whose mouth issue the letters *ys*. At the corner of the aisle stands an ancient chapel, Early English, with mixed details, now used as a vestry.

The LADY CHAPEL, late Perpendicular, is very rich and beautiful. On the south side stands the recessed altar-tomb of Sir *Thomas West*, d. 1405 ; and opposite to it that of his mother, the *Lady Alice*. Here, too, the visitor may gaze on the Countess of Strathmore's memorial of "a rare and disinterested friend, *Maria Goodchild*, d. 1796." The fine Perpendicular screen and the original altar should also be noticed, and, at the present time, due attention may be paid to the banners of the Loyal Christchurch Volunteer Artillery, suspended over the entrance.

At the east end of the north aisle may be observed the altar-tomb, with effigies, of Sir *John Chydiok*e—slain in 1449, in the Wars of the Roses—and his wife. His helmet is kept in the revestry. It was formerly believed that the scrapings of King Chydiok's tomb were efficacious in divers maladies, and accordingly, the effigies have been seriously defaced. Near it lie the grave-slabs of Prior *William Eyre*, d. 1520, and his mother, *Joanna Cockrell*.

Over the Lady's Chapel is *St. MICHAEL'S LOFT*, now used as a school-room, and approached by a winding staircase outside the church.

Of an oaken beam in the north aisle an old monastic legend (by no means uncommon elsewhere) used to be related. When fixed in its place it was found a foot too short, and great was the discomfiture of the workmen. But on their return to their labour on the following day, they found it had been miraculously extended to the proper length, and as they recognized in this the Saviour's interposition, the Church was dedicated to Christ.

Two curious epitaphs may be read on stones in the church-yard. The first is an enigma, whose solution has never been obtained :—

“ We were not slayne, but rays'd;  
 Rays'd not to life,  
 But to be buried twice,  
 By men of strife.  
 What rest could th' living have,  
 When dead had none!  
 Agree amongst you:  
 Here we two are one.”

At the ester end of this free stone,  
 here doeth ly the letle  
 bone of Water Spurrer  
 that fine boy, that was his  
 friends only joy. He was  
 dround at Milham's Bridg  
 the 20th of August 1691.”


There are also some memorials to passengers lost in the *Halsewell* East Indiaman, off Durlstone Head, on the 6th of January 1786.

Winding round the church, and entering to the left, we see before us the scanty remains of the ancient Priory; a fern-clad wall, and a fragment of a mossy causeway. Combined with the niche, and the priory-house adjoining (where Louis Philippe resided in 1807), they make up a quaint and attractive feature.

On the bank of the Avon, opposite “the King's Arms,” stands the Norman House, *temp.* Henry II., 70 feet long by 24 feet broad, with loop-holed walls, and a flanking turret, which should be visited by the tourist. Close at hand, a fragment of wall on an artificial mound must be accepted as the “*Hic Jacet*” of the castle built by Baldwin de Redvers to overawe the passage of the Avon.

## WALKS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF CHRISTCHURCH.

### (a) EASTWARD.

 By MUDDIFORD to HIGH CLIFF, 3 m., returning by way of HEXTON, 1½ m., and SOMERFORD, 2½ m.

The road to MUDDIFORD, 1½ mile south-east, opens up some pleasant views of the Christchurch estuary, and the distant hills of the Isle of Wight. The village stands on the little stream of the Muddey, and is a collection of small lodging-houses and bathing-machines, facing an open and sunny shore. Just beyond it a pictu-

resque villa, built by the late William Stewart Rose, in the form of an eastern tent, is named GUNDMORE, after the heroine of Partenopex de Blois, one of Mr. Rose's agreeable translations. Here among his guests he received Coleridge, and Ugo Foscolo, and the novelist Morier, and Sir Walter Scott.

"Here witch'd from summer sea and softer reign,  
Foscolo courted muse of milder strain.  
On these ribb'd sands was Coleridge pleas'd to pace."

Scott was here in 1807, and wrote a portion of his "Marmion." As Mr. Rose himself has sung in his poem of "Gundimore"—

"Here Walter Scott has woo'd the northern muse ;  
Here he with me has joy'd to walk or cruise ;  
And hence has prick'd through Ytene'sholt . . . .  
Hence have we rang'd by Celtic camps and barrows,  
Or climb'd th' expectant bark, to thread the Narrows  
Of Hurst, bound westward to the gloomy bower  
Where Charles was prison'd in yon island-tower."

To these pleasant hours, and to his host's poetical pursuits, Sir Walter has gracefully alluded in his "Introduction to the First Canto of Marmion :"—

"Well has thy fair achievement shewn  
A worthy meed may thus be won ;  
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrels made  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,  
And that Red King, who, while of old  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renewed such legendary strain ;  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul,  
That Amadis so famed in hall,  
For Oriana, foiled in fight,  
The Necromancer's felon-might ;  
And well in modern verse hast wove,  
Partenopex's mystic love."

SANDHILLS (J. Welsh, Esq.), where George III. was received by The Right Hon. George Rose in 1789 and 1801, and BURN HOMAGE (M. Ricardo, Esq.), formerly the residence of Madam de Feucheres, are in this neighbourhood.

The tourist may now keep along the beach to HIGH CLIFF (Lady Stuart de Rothsay), built on the treacherous clay, and threatened by the aggressive sea with demolition at no distant date. The house, environed in a dense fir-wood, is a quaint combination of architecture, pinnacle, gable, and mullioned window, but exceedingly picturesque in its effect. The parapet open-work presents the following motto from Lucretius—almost too hackneyed for reproduction in stucco :—

"Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terra longum alterius spectare laborem."

The interior contains some fine old carving brought from Normandy; some sixteenth century coloured glass; and a case of stuffed birds and animals representing a criminal trial. "The magistrates are represented by a pair of owls, whilst a weasel acts as clerk. Two bantam constables hold between them the unlucky

culprit, a rat, who has killed a chicken produced in court by its clamorous mother. Rats, a hedgehog, and other animals, compose the audience behind the bar, where is also seen a wife of the prisoner with a baby in her arms. The whole is the work of Mr. Hunt, a taxidermist residing in Christchurch, assisted by the suggestions of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley. The various expression of the heads is most curious and amusing—far beyond any composition by Snyders or Hondokoeter, and almost worthy of a comparison with Landseer." There are two good tapestries (subject, *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's*) in the DRAWING ROOM.

Nearly opposite High Cliff stands **BEACON LODGE** (Hon. Grantley Berkeley).

Striking inland as far as **HINTON** (population, 300), where Sir George Gervis has a good house (**EAST CLOSE**), we return, by way of Somerford into Christchurch.

### (b) WESTWARD.

By **WICK** and **BOSCOMBE**,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m., to **BOURNEMOUTH**, 3 m. Returning through **OLDENHURST**, 4 m., and **IFORD**,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m., to **CHRISTCHURCH**,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.

A coach leaves Christchurch for Bournemouth, three times daily. Soon after leaving Christchurch we enter the deep brown fir-woods of Iford, and pass through their shadows almost into Bournemouth. These firs are sold in extensive plots, as many as 30 acres at a time, and are made use of for props in coal-mines, scaffolding, and similar purposes. At Iford there is a tolerable bridge, or rather viaduct, over the Stour, and beyond it stands **IFORD HOUSE** (W. Farr, Esq.). Nearer the shore is **STROUBOLFF'S HOUSE** (Admiral Popham), where the Countess of Strathmore, so singularly ill-used by her second husband Bowes, died in 1800. (For the curious story of her sufferings see Burke's "Romance of the Aristocracy.") **BOSCOMBE LODGE** (Sir Percy Shelley), lies in a hollow near **BOSCOMBE CHINE**, a small water-way in a sand-cliff of considerable depth. On the high ground above stands the new **CHURCH** of **ST. JAMES**, erected in 1858, from Street's designs.

Descending the valley, whose slopes are thickly clothed with fir, and pine, and pinaster, and brightened with the wild strawberry and the noble rhododendron, we enter the new-born watering place of

**BOURNEMOUTH** (population, 691. *Inns*: The Bellevue, Bath, and Tregonwell Arms), one of those pleasant sea-side retreats which attest the marine tastes of our tourist-population. It has grown into existence since 1836, under the fostering care of the late Sir George Gervis, and from the designs of Mr. Ferrey. **ST. PETER'S CHURCH**, lately re-enlarged, was built in 1845; a neat Early Decorated structure, with a well-ordered grave-yard which contains the rose-fringed tombstone of *William Godwin*, d. 1836, the author of "Caleb Williams;" his wife, *Mary Wolfstoncraft*, d. 1797, whose "Vindication of the Rights of Women," was one of the earliest protests issued in favour of a more equitable relation between the two sexes; and their daughter, *Mary Shelley*, d. 1861, the accomplished widow of the poet. Sir G. Gervis is patron of the living.

The mild and generous air of Bournemouth is considered favourable to consumptive patients, and a **SANATORIUM** has been established here under the care of Dr. **BUSLEM**, author of a work on "Pulmonary Consumption." The building, in the Italian style, was designed by E. B. Lamb, and accommodates 40 to 50 patients. It overlooks the town, and commands a fine view of the sea.

The situation of Bournemouth has been considered by Dr. Granville as preferable to that of any watering-place on the south coast. It lies in a sheltered valley, through which the little Dorsetshire stream of the Bourne runs into the Channel.



Its villas are perched on those points of the well-wooded alopes which command that great desideratum, "a good sea view." The baths, public library, and Bellevue Hotel stand upon the beach. The walks in the neighbourhood are of an enticing character. To CHRISTCHURCH, about 7 miles, or across the fir-encircled heath to POOLE, 5 miles; or by Throop and Heron Court to RINGWOOD; or along the coast to HENGISTBUAY (Hedenes byrig) HEAD, a projecting mass of ironstone which forms the west extremity of Christchurch Bay. Here the ocean-scapes are most magnificent, and the archæologist will find food for speculation in traces of an early Saxon encampment. A vallium and broad fosse stretch right across the neck of the peninsula, from the Stour to the sea. Altogether, Bournemouth may be regarded as an enjoyable place by summer visitors, those swallows, swift of wing, attracted to the south coast by sunny skies and gleaming waters.

In returning from Bournemouth to Christchurch we may make a pleasant *detour* through HOLDENHURST (population, 639), where there is a neat new church, built in 1834, and some agreeable river scenery; cross to Blackwater, and skirting the base of St. Catherine's Hill, descend the valley of the Avon.]

### ROUTE XVI—RINGWOOD to ANDOVER.

[Ringwood to Effingham, 2½ m.; Harbridge, 1½ m.; Fordingbridge, 2 m.; Cadnam Bridge, 4 m. (or, Ringwood to Cadnam Bridge, direct, 10 m.); Romsey, 6 m.; Finsbury 3 m.; King's Sombourne, 7 m.; Stockbridge, 3 m.; Longstock, 1½ m.; Andover, 5 m.]

"In deep dell below,

See through the trees, a little river go,  
All in its mid-day gold, and glimmering . . .

Both

Into the valleys green together went."—KEATS.

[The nearest route from Ringwood to Andover would take the wayfarer a joyous ten miles' walk "under green leaves," and through the rich grassy glades of the New Forest as far as Cadnam Bridge, where

"Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes,"

passing near Rufus' stone, and the site of Malwood Keep. A roadside inn at Stoney Cross will supply him with needful refreshment. But, for the convenience of the tourist who may wish to explore the extreme west of Hampshire, we shall now conduct the reader through Ellingham and Harbridge to Fordingbridge, 6 m., and there crossing the Avon, turn our faces eastward, and skirt the northern boundaries of the Forest, until at Cadnam Bridge we regain the direct Andover Road.]

We quit Ringwood by the Poole road, and, crossing the various branches into which the Avon here divides, take the turning on our right, which leads through ASHLEY—the ash meadows—to SOMERLEY PARK (Earl of Normanton), the fairest of the "seats" of Western Hampshire. It lies on the west bank of the Avon, and the grounds are crossed from south to north by the public road, which opens up some good views through the stately groves,

of a handsome mansion, and some equally pleasant vistas of the Avon, where the swans float double—"swan and shadow." The tourist should seek permission from the Earl to view the **PICTURE GALLERY**, which is admirably lighted, and contains some precious master-pieces of the great in art. From Dr. Waagen's Catalogue, *Raisonné* in his "Art Treasures of England," we extract the more remarkable:—

[By Sir *Joshua Reynolds*: The infant Samuel, a fine example of a well-known subject; the allegorical figures, life-size, designed for the painted glass in the west window of the New College Chapel, Oxford, representing Faith, Hope, Prudence, Fortitude, Charity, Temperance, and Justice,—"the most important works executed by Sir Joshua out of the field of portrait painting;"—Una with the lion, a midnight scene; a gipsy fortune-teller; a landscape, with important figures of the Virgin, infant Jesus, Joseph, and St. John the Baptist; sketch for the Adoration of the Shepherds; and portraits of himself, Mrs. Inchbald, Lady Pembroke, Lady Hamilton, Nelson, and Miss Gwyn. "No one," says Dr. Waagen, "who has not seen this gallery, can judge of the powers of the great English master in their whole extent."

By *Vandyck*: Portrait of the Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I. By *Murillo*: Moses striking the rock, a sketch; four figures of angels; a slave, with a basket of flowers; and the infant Jesus asleep. By *Teniers*: Village scene, with his cottage, and scene in a picture gallery. By *Innocenzo da Imola*: Virgin and child, St. John, Sts. Francis and Jerome, and other saints. By *Greuze*: Four portraits of young girls, in this master's well-known style. By *Lesueur*: The Annunciation. By *Parmegianino*: Marriage of St. Catherine. By *Claude Lorraine*, *Adrian Van Diest*, *Wouvermans*, *Vandernelde*, *Ruyssdael*: Landscapes. By *Rubens*: A dying honest. By *Backhuysen*: A storm at sea. By *Domenichino*: Tobit and the angel, in a landscape. By *Titian*: Venus and Adonis. By *Carlo Maratti*: A Virgin, and infant Jesus. By *Cuyp*: A moonlight scene.

By *Gainsborough*: Lord Normanton's mother, and William Pitt. By *Hogarth*: Portraits of two girls. By *Morland*: A fine landscape; and specimens of Wilkie, Creswick, and Romney.]

We must not fail to turn aside to visit **ELLINGHAM** (population, 346)—*i. e.*, Adeling's ham or home—where, in Henry the Second's reign, was established a cell in connection with the Abbey of St Saviour á le Vicompte, conferred by Henry VI. on Eton College, which still possesses the patronage of the benefice. The **CHURCH**, dedicated to All Saints, is partly Early English, and has a Lady Chapel attached to it. The altar-piece is a representation of the Day of Judgment, brought to England by Brigadier-General Windsor in 1702, who had rescued it from the plunder of a church at Port St. Mary, in the Bay of Cadiz. The rood-screen, and the Moyles Court pew (abundantly and wonderfully carved) should be noticed. In the churchyard stands the tomb of Dame *Alicia Lisle*, of Moyles Court, and the widow of John

Lisle the regicide. She was a devoted adherent to the Stuarts, and her son was in the royalist army, but having sheltered some fugitives from the field of Sedgmuir, she was arrested, tried with the foulest brutality by Judge Jeffreys, and, notwithstanding her years and honour, executed at Winchester, September 2, 1685. The inscription on her grave-stone is pathetically brief:—"Here lyes Dame Alicia Lisle, and her daughter, Ann Hartell, who dyed the 17th February 1703; Alicia Lisle died the 2d of September 1685." MOYLES COURT may be visited from this point. It has been converted into a farm, but contains some antique carving, and a dark closet is (erroneously) shewn as the place where the fugitives were concealed.—[See *Macaulay*.]

About 1 mile further we reach HARBRIDGE (population, 342), whose CHURCH was rebuilt by Lord Normanton in 1839, and on the opposite bank of the river, here spanned by a rustic ancient bridge, lies, upon rising ground, the picturesque village of IBBESLEY (population, 316). Its eel-fishery was famous at the time of the Conquest.

FORDINGBRIDGE (population, 3178. *Inn*: The Greyhound), 2½ miles, is the next point arrived at. The name indicates the erection of a bridge where there had previously been a ford. The town claims to have existed anterior to the Conquest, and several engagements between the Saxons and Britons took place in its immediate neighbourhood. The CHURCH is a stately decorated structure, with a noble three-lighted east window, an Early English chancel, and a square embattled tower rising from the transept. It was restored in 1841. The vicarage, valued at £670, is in the patronage of King's College, Cambridge.


[ROCKBOURNE (population, 515), is 4 miles north-west. The CHURCH is ancient, but the chancel was rebuilt in 1847. There are memorials to General Sir *Eyre Coote*, the captor of Pondicherry, and (by *Gibson*) to his son, who d. at Naples in 1836, aged twenty-eight. A widow, seated with her two children, is consoled by an angel, who points to the legend, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." On his way to Rockbourne, the tourist will pass the hill-sheltered grounds of WEST PARK (*Eyre Coote*, Esq.), and observe the memorial column to the Indian hero.


Just beyond lies WHITSBURY (population, 170); the CHURCH stands upon a hill, partly in Hampshire and partly in Wiltshire. The traveller should visit it for the sake of the noble prospect over both counties which it commands.

BREAMORE (population, 646), is situated upon the Salisbury road, 3 miles north of Fordingbridge. The ground rises from this point to the borders of Wiltshire.]

At Fordingbridge the Cranbourne road crosses the Avon, and sweeps with a bold curve through the northern portion of the New Forest. GADSHILL, a quiet hamlet, lies on the left, and ASHLEY LODGE on the right. Then it skirts the green woods of Bramshaw, crosses an angle of Wiltshire, and joins the Lymington and Southampton roads at CADNAM BRIDGE.

We now turn to the north-east, climb a hill of tolerable steepness, and descend into PAULTON PARK (W. Sloane Stanley, Esq.), which derives its name from the Paulets, its earlier lords. Then over hill and dale; by the famous seat of Lord Palmerston; and across the "fishful Test," we enter ROMSEY (population, 5644). Here the pedestrian may, if he pleases, turn aside (to the west), and cross the hills to EAST WILLOW (population, 287), passing on his way EMBLEY PARK (W. E. Nightingale, Esq.), the birthplace of Florence Nightingale. EAST WILLOW CHURCH is dedicated to St. Margaret, and its walls are adorned with coloured representations of the Saviour and his Apostles. His course now lies northward (2 miles) to SHORFIELD ENGLISH (population, 312), and MALSHOT PARK (Hon. F. Baring), and thence he will return through a country of open heathy hills to the Andover road at Timsbury Bridge. The Andover Canal now follows with tolerable exactness the course of the Test.

 TIMSBURY (population, 194), 3 miles north of Andover, has a quaint Early English CHURCH, with a wooden belfry. There is a piscina in the chancel, and some good old carving. Upon the neighbouring hill are traces of an ancient camp.

 MICHELMARSH (population, 847)—*i. e.*, the great marsh—lies 2 miles north of Timsbury, at a short distance from the main road. The CHURCH (recently restored) contains a fine Early English font, an effigy of an unknown knight, and a good carved pulpit of Tudor character.

On the opposite bank of the Test lies MOTTISFONT (population, 536), in a fair luxuriant valley, through which the Salisbury railway winds. (There is a station, 1 mile west, at DUNBRIDGE, 84 miles from London.) At Mottisfont an Augustine Priory was established on the site of a Saxon religious house by Bishop Flambard, the tyrannical minister of William Rufus,

and Sir J. B. Mill's mansion embodies some remains of it. (See *ante*.)

Returning into the high road we leave on our right ELDEN, with its ruined church, and in the distance BEACON HILL ; on our left, the sweet groves of BENTLEY, and the green hills of BOS-SINGTON (population, 35), in whose shadow the Andover Canal and the river Test go their way rejoicing. The CHURCH, Early English in style, was rebuilt in 1839-40. BOSSINGTON HOUSE (J. M. Elwes, Esq.) is a goodly mansion in an agreeable situation. To the north, 1 mile, lies NORTH HOUGHTON (population, 438), or Houghton Drayton, with an Early English CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints ; and 2 miles west is BROUGHTON (population, 1010), supposed by Camden to be the Roman BRIGE, an intermediate station on the old *via* from VENTA BELGARUM (Winchester) to SORBIODUNUM (Old Sarum). The course of this road may still be traced, and it is the nearest route between the two towns. The CHURCH has a stone tower, nave, chancel, and north and south aisles. Broughton possesses one or two inns of more than average respectability.

From Broughton we cross the fields into STOCKBRIDGE (population, 1006), on the river Test,—a town of many bridges and many inns, a market-town, a “race-town,” and a “fishing town,” where the angler may obtain tolerable accommodation, and in the neighbourhood some capital trout-fishing. At DANEBURY, north of the race-course, is the training establishment of John Day jun., and more interesting to the tourist, the most remarkable of the Hampshire camps. A broad deep fosse surrounds the whole, and the entrance is protected by a substantial vallum. The west side being the most exposed, is strengthened by an additional outwork. Probably it was a British post, captured and afterwards enlarged by the Saxons. Still further north are some tumuli known as CANUTE'S BARROWS, but evidently of earlier date, and the whole district appears to have been the scene of that long and fierce warfare between Celt and Saxon which eventually resulted in the formation of the kingdom of Wessex.

STOCKBRIDGE CHURCH, with its low massive tower, will hardly detain the tourist ; and there are now none of those elections which rendered the town amusing, while they established for its electors an unenviable reputation as *sixty-pounders*. To their

notorious corruption the poet Gay alludes, in his "Journey to Exeter:"—

"Sad melancholy every visage wears;  
What! no election come in seven long years?  
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,  
Nor cobblers feast six years upon a vote."

At Stockbridge, in 1441, the Empress Matilda and her adherents were overtaken in their flight from Winchester. That courageous lady escaped, but her natural brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, having taken refuge in the church, was overpowered and made prisoner.

[An agreeable diversion may be made from STOCKBRIDGE to GRATELEY (on the Andover and Salisbury line of rail). At 3 miles on the Great Western Road, a bye-way on the right turns off to Lower and Upper Wallop, passing through a pleasant defile or valley between the Wiltshire hills and the heights of Danebury. LOWER WALLOP (population, 952), is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Stockbridge. The name is derived by Camden from WELL-HOP, the spring on the hill slope. Dr. Guest identifies it with the "Gualoppum" of Nennius, where Vortigern was repulsed by Cerdic. The CHURCH, recently restored, contains a brass to *Lady Gore*, an abbess, d. 1434, and one to a mitred abbot, without name or date. Near the church stands WALLOP HOUSE (Rev. Walter Blount), a picturesque mansion of some importance.

UPPER WALLOP (population, 558), lies  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile north-west, and gave name to the family of Wallop, Earls of Portsmouth, who afterwards adopted that of Felloses. Its Early English CHURCH is dedicated to St. Peter, and should be visited. In this neighbourhood rises the "Nine Mile Water," a tributary of the Test, which supplied, in the reign of the Conqueror, no less than nine mills. At present it feeds but one. "Could it be proved that the ancient mills possessed the capabilities and powers of those of modern erection, it would be strong evidence in support of the theory of those writers who contend that the south of England was, at the time of the Conquest, more thickly populated than it is at present, as not only in this district, but throughout the whole country, there were more mills at that time than at present. But that they must have been small is apparent, as they were in general erected over insignificant streams, with an inadequate supply of water to grind a large quantity of corn, and with machinery rude and of little power. The state of society at that period sufficiently accounts for the number of mills; there was little communication either between town or villages with each other; families were isolated; there was but little trade, whilst a mill was considered as necessary a requisite to any abbey or mansion as a brewery or bakehouse"—(*Moody*).

GRATELEY (population, 154), lies about 2 miles north-west, and has a station on the Salisbury and Andover branch of the South-Western Railway. It possessed at one period no less than five churches, and a palace resorted to by our Saxon kings. Athelstane held here a witenagemot. The CHURCH is Early English, and contains some fine stained glass removed from Salisbury Cathedral.

A pleasant bye-road leads to AMPORT HOUSE, the seat of the Marquis of Winchester. The mansion, richly Elizabethan in character, and designed by Burns,

is now approaching completion, and adds a fresh attraction to the charms of the beautiful Park which surrounds it. The Church stands near the north-west boundaries of the grounds, and possesses little to recommend it to our notice.

The Paulets or Poulets are descended, by the female line, from Hugh de Port, one of William the Conqueror's most favoured knights. Sir William Paulet was Henry VIII.'s Comptroller of the Household, and afterwards Lord High Treasurer, Earl of Wiltshire, and Marquis of Winchester; preserving his wealth, offices, and repute through the reigns of the four Tudors. "I behold this lord Powlet," says Fuller, quaintly, "like to aged Adoram, so often mentioned in Scripture, being over the tribute in the days of King David, all the reign of King Solomon, until the first year of Rehoboam. And though our lord Powlet enjoyed his place not so many years, yet did he serve more sovereigns, in more unstable times, being (as he said of himself) 'no oak, but an osier.'" He died, aged 97, in 1572. Winchester is the premier marquise in England.

At THURXTON (population, 267), 4 miles north-east of Grateley, some portions of Roman tessellated pavement were discovered in 1823. In the Church there are several remarkable memorials; a brass for *Sir John Lisle*, d. 1407; and an altar-tomb, with effigies, dating from the reign of Henry VI.

QUARLEY MOUNT (1 mile from Grateley Church) is crowned with an interesting camp of large dimensions. On the south side it is defended by a double vallum and trenches. Much of the ridge of the hill is planted with Scots firs. Looking south-east, the observer will easily detect the opposing heights of CANUTE'S BARROW and DANEBURY HILL, and north-east, the elevation of BARNESBURY CAMP—significant memorials of the great struggles between Briton and Roman, Brito-Roman and Saxon, which, in the long ago, swept scathingly over this remarkable district.]

The direct road from STOCKBRIDGE to ANDOVER abandons the valley of the Test at LONGSTOCK (population, 460), ascends LONGSTOCK HILL (Danbury lying on the left), and BEAK DOWN, and at GOODWORTH CLATFORD (population, 442), crosses the Andover Canal and the river Anton, ere it proceeds to Andover. CLATFORD CHURCH is partly Early English, and partly Transition-Norman, and has been recently restored. LONGSTOCK CHURCH appears to have had a Norman origin.

As the road winds round Barl Hill, UPPER CLATFORD (population, 595) becomes visible on the left, across the Anton. The Iron Foundry and the Paper Mill may have few attractions for the tourist, but if he be a man of antiquarian tastes, he will not fail to become interested in the Church, which was evidently founded early in the twelfth century. The chancel-arch presents some curious details.

We now reach ANDOVER (population of the parish, 5187. *Inns*: Star and Garter, and White Hart), i.e., And-overa, or, "Across the Anton"—a busy market-town and borough, clustering around three great lines of road—Stockbridge and Newbury;

the old Marlborough and Cirencester to Winchester ; and the Warminster or Basingstoke. It is necessarily therefore, the centre and depôt of an important agricultural district, and on market days (Saturdays) presents a lively and bustling aspect. It has a large and commodious Early English Church, built about thirty years ago by the vicar, the late Rev. Dr. Goddard, at a cost of £30,000 ; and a Town Hall, erected in 1825 at an expense of £7000. The municipality is controlled by a mayor, four aldermen, and twelve councillors ; and the borough returns two representatives to Parliament. The fairs, for cheese, leather, hops, cattle, and horses, attract large numbers from the surrounding country.

The GRAMMAR SCHOOL here, originally established in 1582, has always borne a good reputation. An HOSPITAL for six old men has existed for some hundred years or so, and numerous other charities might be enumerated. POLLEN'S SCHOOL was founded by the founder of the hospital.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—ANDOVER TO AMESBURY (WILTSHIRE).

Three miles west of Andover—WEYHILL (population, 419), famous for its fair at a period long anterior to the reign of Elizabeth. It commences on the 10th of October, lasts several days, and is a great mart for hops, sheep, pigs, cheese, and horses. The hop-growers of Farnham reserve their stocks entirely for this fair, which, though it has somewhat decreased in importance, is of repute enough to render it well worth a visit from a stranger. On the second day is held the Statute Fair, when servants and farm-labourers, male and female, make their appearance in their best and cleanest attire, and with the hope of obtaining engagements.

The parish of Weyhill is more correctly known as PENTON GRAFTON, from having been held by the Abbey of Greistone (corrupted into Grafton), in Normandy. Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, was at one time lord of the manor.—PENTON MEWSEY (population, 210) lies about 2 miles north-east, and belonged to Earl Roger de Montgomery. Its ancient CHURCH, with a curious bell-turret at the west end, is well worthy of a careful examination.



Following the Amesbury Road we next arrive at THRUXTON (population, 267),  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Andover. Here we pause to examine its Decorated CHURCH, lately restored with taste and care. It possesses a piscina; a defaced effigy of a knight, *temp.* Richard I.; figures of a knight and lady, *temp.* Henry VI, the costume very curious and interesting; and a remarkable brass to *Sir John Lysle*, d. 1407, affording the earliest examples of plate armour in all its completeness known in England.

Some fine Roman pavement was discovered in the parish in 1823, whose present whereabouts it is impossible to discover.

Nearly 2 miles to the right of Thruxton lies KIMPTON (population, 371), and away to the north-west, on the borders of Wiltshire and among the breezy hills, is SOUTH TIDWORTH (population, 230), where the only point of interest is TIDWORTH HOUSE, the seat of the late "mighty hunter," Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq. It is a plain but commodious building, with excellent conservatories, and, throughout, with slate appointments instead of marble. The surrounding country was well adapted to delight a bold rider, and interest the most expert and daring of English Nimrods.

Returning to Thruxton in order to resume our route to Amesbury, we continue along a pleasant open road until, at about 10 miles from Andover, we cross the borders of Hampshire, and enter Wilts. Descending into the rich valley of the Upper Avon, we arrive, in due time, at AMESBURY (population, 1172), or *Ambresbury*, where the tourist will find matter to detain him for several pleasant hours, and upon whose points of historical and antiquarian interest we shall treat in a companion volume to the present.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—ANDOVER TO NEWBURY (BERKS).

At 2 miles from Andover we find ourselves in the pretty village of KNIGHT'S ENHAM (population, 130), formerly a *ville* of the kings of Wessex, and the place whence were dated certain statutes issued by Ethelred the Unready. The church appears to have been originally Norman, but most of the present

building is Early English in character. It was enlarged, with wretched indifference to the laws of art, in 1832.

The tourist will not complain of his road as he moves onward through a fair and leafy country, passing (on his right) the verdurous shades of Doles Wood, to HURSTBORNE TARRANT (population, 867),  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles, locally named "Up-Husband,"—a village whose significant name indicates at once its history and situation. The land belonged to the Abbey of TARRANT up to the Reformation; the Test (*bourne*) still runs through the wood (*hurst*) as in the old monastic times. The church is a noticeable Norman structure, with a square wooden tower, and aisles separated from the nave by Early English arches.

We now pass through Facombe Wood to CRUX-EASTON (population, 105),—the east settlement, which belonged to "Crox, the huntsman," *temp.* William I. It was formerly renowned for a GROTTO, constructed by nine sisters of the name of Lisle, and celebrated by Pope in the following well-known lines:—

"Here, shunning idleness at once and praise,  
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;  
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,  
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;  
Beauty which nature only can impart,  
And such a polish as disgraces art;  
But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,  
And hid in deserts what would charm a court."

[On a bye-road, running parallel with our own route to the left, stands ASHMANSWORTH (population, 239), from whence the wayfarer may diverge, westward, to NETHERTON, 4 miles; VERNHAM (population, 744), 3 miles; and LINKENHOLT (population, 90), 1 mile; thence, northward, to COMBE (population, 228), 4 miles; and return, through EAST WOODHAY (population, 1531), 4 miles east; and by EAST END into HIGHCLERE, on the Newbury road. The diversion is in many respects an agreeable one, and to be commended to the tourist who has enough leisure at his disposal. Otherwise he will do well, of course, to proceed from CRUX-EASTON to HIGHCLERE,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, without turning aside. But for the edification of him who, like ourselves, is prone to a divergence from the beaten track, and especially loves to explore the least-trodden districts and most secluded angles of an English county, we append a note or two on what is to be seen therein.

ASHMANSWORTH has an Early English Church, with a nave, chancel, and wooden belfry. At VERNHAM DEAN (dene, a valley) the Church is partly Norman. LINKENHOLT stands on a wooded hill—a romantic and sequestered village—with a small Early English church, divided into nave and chancel, COMBE lies in a sheltered hollow, with lonely farms scattered around it. Its CHURCH was formerly of large dimensions, and attached to a monastic house, whose remains are now embodied

in a substantial barn. Skirting the borders of Berkshire, we reach EAST WOODHAY, a large and populous village in the centre of an extensive parish, which has of late years benefited very much through the well-directed exertions of the Earl of Carnarvon. The CHURCH is a neat structure, rebuilt in 1832, and improved in 1850; and its rectory in the patronage of the bishops of Winchester, who at one time had a residence here. The site is now called the PARK. Bishops Kenn, Hooper, and Lowth have been among the incumbents of East Woodhay. Here, among the chalk hills, well out the numerous springs of the EMBOURNE, a pleasant stream, which for 12 to 18 miles forms the boundary between Hants and Berkshire.

We now return into the high road, regaining it at HIGHCLERE.]

The village of HIGHCLERE (population, 525) straggles for some distance along the main road to Newbury, from which it is about 5 miles distant. Its great attraction is, of course, the Earl of Carnarvon's beautiful and extensive demesne, including, in a circuit of 13 miles, the boldest and most picturesque scenery imaginable: lofty hills, deep shadowy glades, hanging woods, exquisite masses of leaf and bloom, and a tranquil lake. Here are SIDON HILL, 940 feet in height, the loftiest point in Hampshire; and distinguished by a ruined arch and a crest of patriarchal trees; and BEACON HILL, 900 feet, crowned with a trenched encampment, which contains some vestiges of ancient British huts. On an adjoining down are seven large and three small tumuli. A circular encampment and three Celtic barrows may be seen on LADLE HILL,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile east. The house of HIGHCLERE is situated on a bold and striking ascent, 587 feet above the sea-level, and necessarily commands an infinity of rich, rare prospects. Its interior is elegantly ordered, and contains some good paintings:—a Holy Family, and Philip, Earl of Pembroke, and his family, by *Vandyck*; family portraits, by Sir *Joshua Reynolds*; a Shipwreck, by *Mortimer*; and two or three specimens of the modern school. The GARDENS are famous for their show of American plants, which were here first cultivated in England, and have gained an extraordinary and vigorous beauty. PEN WOOD, and its oaks and hollies; and the leafy enclosures of MILFORD WATER are other points to be noticed by the visitor.

From Sir William Herbert, a descendant of Henry Fitzroy, a natural son of Henry I., sprung the two noble lines of the Herberts, earls of Pembroke, and the Herberts, earls of Carnarvon. Sir William Herbert served with distinction through all the Tudor reigns, was created earl of Pembroke, and loaded with wealth and honours. The eighth earl had several sons, of whom the fifth was the father of Henry Herbert, first earl of Carnarvon and Baron Portchester. Highclere passed into his hands on the

death, without issue, of his uncle, who had obtained it by bequest from his grandfather, Sir Robert Swayne, attorney-general to James II., and the prosecutor of the Seven Bishops.

HIGHCLERE CHURCH, rebuilt about thirty years ago, is situated within the boundaries of the park.

Beyond Highclere the road continues, through much delightful scenery, though of a somewhat savage and romantic character, into Berkshire, which it enters at about 14 miles from Andover and 2 miles from Newbury, crossing the river Embourne by a plain rustic bridge.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—ANDOVER TO BASINGSTOKE.

On quitting Andover BARE HILL rises on our right, gaunt and abrupt, and the road then passes into a fertile, well wooded and undulating country. We soon afterwards pass, on our left, the "Queen Charlotte Inn," and keep almost in a line with the Salisbury and Basingstoke branch of the London and South-Western Railway. The neighbouring chalk downs, and the villages nestling in the hollows which they form, the lofty trees and the noisy rookeries,—the quiet sequestered farms, encircled with breezy fields, which meet one on every side, are pleasing features in a picturesque panorama.

Harewood Forest now rears its wooded knolls on our right, while on the left we pass, in succession, Down House Inn, Andover Down farm, and Harewood Park. We then reach the Cross Keys, where a road diverges southward to Tilbury Hill Camp, and thence into the main road to Winchester, while, northward, another highway passes through Hurstbourne Priors to the large village of ST. MARY BOURNE, and thence into Hurstbourne Tarrant.

HURSTBOURNE PRIORS (population, 468), as its name indicates formerly belonged to the church, and is described in Domesday Book as having always been abbey-land. The church, partly Norman, but mainly Early English, stands near the high road, and just outside the palings of Lord Portsmouth's park. It was carefully restored a few years ago.

HURSTBOURNE PRIORS (Earl of Portsmouth), 7 miles from

Andover, is a richly wooded demesne, with noble beeches and branching white-thorns, long grassy glades and thickly-tangled copses, and blossomy dells where the deer love to linger. The house occupies a good position upon the rising ground to the north, while westward a pleasant slope extends to a large sheet of water, supplied by the "fishful Test."

Of the house little can be said in commendation. A centre is connected with two wings by a Tuscan colonnade. But its interior is rich in treasures, artistic and literary. The LIBRARY is extensive and well-selected, and contains some interesting MSS. of Sir Isaac Newton, whose niece married the first earl of Portsmouth. The PICTURES, distributed through various apartments, are mostly by great masters. In the DRAWING-ROOM, specimens of Guercino, Van du Bles, Van du Meulin, and Savery. In the BILLIARD-ROOM, Newton and the Earl of Arlington, by *Kneller*, and the Annunciation, by *Durer*. In the DINING-ROOM, Colonel Henry Wallop, by *Vandyck*; Sir John Wallop, *Holbein*; Sirs Oliver and Henry Wallop, *Hilliard*; Alicia, mother of the first Earl of Portsmouth, *Kneller*; Urania, countess of Portsmouth, *Hoppner*; John Wallop, *Hudson*; and Sir Isaac Newton, *Kneller*.

The family of Wallop has sprung from a Saxon thegn, who, in the time of Edward the Confessor, possessed lands at Upper Wallop. We hear of his descendants in the reigns of King John, Henry III, Henry V., and others of the old feudal monarchs, but we take it they first rose into the dignity of historic worthies in the reign of Henry VIII, when Sir John Wallop, admiral of the English fleet, with but 800 men, ravaged the whole coast of Normandy, inflicted terrible loss upon the enemy, "and safely returned," says Fuller, "with wealth and victory." His nephew, Sir Henry, rendered important services in Ireland. Sir John Wallop was created, by George II, Viscount Lymington and Earl of Portsmouth, and filled with credit several offices in the State. The third earl, on succeeding to the estate of his maternal uncle, assumed the name of Fellowes, by which the family is still distinguished.

We are not long in reaching WHITCHURCH (population, 1911. *Inn*: The White Hart), after quitting the boundaries of the Earl of Portsmouth's park. The Test here rolls its pleasant waters through a low but not unhealthy country, and the trout which rejoice in their abundance may be safely commended to the

angler. There are several mills supplied by its motive power ; especially a silk-mill which gives employment to nearly 200 hands. Of pure architectural or historical interest the town has none to boast ; like Canning's knife-grinder,—

“ Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir ! ”

The CHURCH is dedicated to All Saints, and should be studied by young architects for its warnings of *what to avoid*. Its general characteristics are Early English, and it boasts of a gallery, erected in 1846, as a specimen of “ Modern English.”

The town, however, is by no means an unpleasant one, and must be considered with respect from its possession of a mayor and a bailiff, elected every October at the courts-leet of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester. It lies about three-quarters of a mile south of the Whitchurch station on the London and South-Western Railway.

A mile beyond the town is situated the goodly house of FREEFOLKS PRIOR (W. Portal, Esq.), visible from the railway (on the right). It was built by Bonomi about fifty years ago. The views are good, and the grounds are very charming. It is included in the parish of LAVERSTOKE (population, 132), which anciently belonged to the new monastery at Winchester, and was separated from it by William the Conqueror, because Abbot Alwyn and twelve of his monks had buckled on the sword, like true members of the Church Militant, to oppose the marauding Normans. The village straggles along the banks of the Test (or Anton), which here supplies the paper-mill where the notes of the Bank of England are manufactured. LAVERSTOKE CHURCH stands within Mr. Portal's park, right of the railway, and on the north bank of the river. It contains numerous memorials to members of the Portal family,—a family originally raised in Languedoc, but settled in England since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

The railway approaches the main road, and the village of OVERTON (population, 1549. *Inn*: The Poyntz Arms), at a distance of only half a mile. Overton is 55 miles from London ; 3½ miles from Whitchurch, 11 miles from Andover, and 8 miles from Basingstoke. The Test rises in its neighbourhood, and the town is chiefly interesting from its position upon that troutful stream. It is a good centre, however, from whence to explore

the surrounding country, especially the chalk-hills of BURGHCLERE (population, 809), 6 miles north-west, and KINGSCLERE (population, 2884), 5 miles north, and the numerous ancient entrenchments which crown their summits. These remain like landmarks to indicate the direction of the mighty waves of battle, which in the old days rolled through the north and north-west of Hampshire. The following HINTS FOR RAMBLES may be useful to the tourist :—

[1. From Overton in a northerly direction to CANNON PARK : and thence, across Kingsclere Common, into the main road, and turning westward, by way of SYDMONTON (W. Kingsmill, Esq.), where there is a quaint new church, into BURGHCLERE (population, 809) whose Early English Church was erected in 1838, chiefly at the expense of the Earl of Carnarvon and the Rev. W. Brudenell Barter. The return home will take us along the edge of Burghclere downs to LITCHFIELD (population, 118), where, according to old tradition, a great battle was fought between Saxons and Celts, and where a small Norman church may be worth examination. We then descend into Whitchurch, and so into the valley of the Test. 2. From Overton we strike across the fields to FROSTHILL, and ascending the chalk-ridge, reach, at about 6 miles from Overton, the small market-town of KINGSCLERE (population, 2884), which is supposed to have been the residence of some of our Saxon kings. The word *clere* is considered to signify the palace of a noble or a sovereign, and as Highclere belonged to the Bishop of Winchester, so Kingsclere belonged to the Crown. A small stream enlivens this picturesque locality, and the glorious downs rear in the south-west a lofty and majestic barrier which seems to shut it out from the rest of the world. What more beautiful than the chalk-hills of England? Their graceful undulations, their shadowy dunes and coombes, their grassy sides dappled with flocks of sheep, and swept by the magic alternations of cloud and sunshine! From Chinham to Burghclere stretches a noble range which the wayfarer should thoroughly explore.

At Kingsclere there is a Norman church, and just out of the town, on the Whitchurch road, is the site of the ancient park of Freemantle, where our earlier Plantagenet monarchs had a hunting castle.

The way back to Overton will take us across the hills to HANNINGTON (population, 276), and its Early English Church, and thence through the small hamlet of NORTH OAKLEY. Or the tourist may keep along the downs, through WOLVERTON (population, 188)—*i. e.*, Wulfer's town—EWHURST (population, 16)—*i. e.*, the yew wood—and Monk Sherbourne, into BASINGSTOKE. Wolverton church is worth a visit.]

Between Overton and Basingstoke, the traveller will pass in succession through ASH (population, 173), 2 miles, DEAN (population, 153), 1 mile, and CHURCH OAKLEY (population, 303), 1 mile. The names of these villages are significant enough of the ancient character of this well-wooded district. DEAN CHURCH was rebuilt in 1830, at a cost of £7000, by W. Bramston, Esq. The altar-piece is a good painting of the crucifixion. Near

the village is OAKLEY HALL (W. Beach, Esq.). CHURCH OAKLEY is 4 miles from Basingstoke. The Test has its source, or rather sources, in this vicinity.

### ROUTE XVII—ANDOVER, via WINCHESTER, to PETERSFIELD.

[Andover to Wherwell, 4 m. ; Winchester, 11 m. ; Cheriton, 7 m. ; Brandean, 3 m. ; Petersfield, 10 m. ]

" With rapid steps he went  
Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
Of the wild babbling rivulet."

SHELLEY.

The road, after descending Bare Down, winds through a broad expanse of open and fertile fields, enlivened by those blossomy and leafy hedge-rows which lend so great a charm to an English landscape, into the valley of WHERWELL (population, 632), where Elfrida, in 963, founded a nunnery in expiation of her sin in compassing the murder of her husband, Ethelwold, and her stepson, Edward. The former was slain by king Edgar at her desire, that she might enjoy "a king's love;" Edward the Martyr was poisoned by her own hands at the gate of Corfe Castle, the stirrup-cup which she handed to him as he sat on horseback, foaming with "a pontic draught." The beautiful murderess was buried within the walls of the abbey she had established. Its site now belongs to Colonel Iremonger, whose commodious mansion, WHERWELL PRIORY, is seated in very charming and delightful grounds, watered by three branches of the Test. A new and "pretty" church has just been raised near the site of the old one, which boasted of a great antiquity, and has often echoed with the matins and vespers of the nuns.

The Test here effects a junction with the Anton. The Andover Canal crosses the western portion of the parish.

About 3 miles east lies BARTON STACEY (population, 553), with a very good Early English church—the tower, Perpendicular—which will fully repay the tourist for the *détour* he must make to inspect it.



There is nothing to detain us on our road to Winchester. The scenery is somewhat wild and rude in character, especially on Barton Stacey Down, and the hills to the south-west assume a bold and romantic character. Worthy Down (and its race-course) rise on our left as we approach the famous cathedral-city, and to our right lie the villages of Littleton and Week. Passing the railway station we plunge into the interstices of Winchester, and in due time find ourselves skirting St. Giles' Hill. We then diverge to the south-east across the bare bleak country which lies between Chilcomb and Easton; traverse Longwood Warren, pass Hockley, and turning to the left arrive at CHERITON—the scene of the famous fight, March 29, 1644, when the royalists, under the Earl of Forth and Lord Hopton, were completely defeated by Sir William Waller's roundheads. This disastrous result "broke all the measures, and altered the whole scheme of the King's council."

Returning into the main road, we may notice on our right the pleasant village of HINTON AMPNER (population, 384), with its little Saxon church. BRAMDEAN (population, 223) has a Norman CHURCH, which has been recently restored, and its Early English chancel, enriched with polychromical decorations. Just beyond lies BROOKWOOD PARK (W. Greenwell, Esq.) Not far from the house may be inspected some interesting remains of a considerable Roman villa, discovered about 30 years ago. Its original site must have measured 250 feet, by about 125 feet. The tessellated pavement is of a rare and beautiful description, and the boundaries of the different rooms are easily discernible. Amongst the emblematic drawings—which the visitor should carefully examine—are a head of Medusa, wreathed with curling snakes; and figures of Venus admiring her own loveliness in a mirror; of Neptune with his trident; Mercury with his caduceus; Mars with helm and lance; the crescent-crowned Diana; and Hercules contending with Antæus. The remains have been enclosed and roofed in by Mr. Greenwell.

Near the George Inn the Petersfield road is crossed by the Fareham and Alton highway, and descends into a hollow between two lofty and striking hills. WEST MEON lies about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile on the right; PRIVET, on the hill, nearly 3 miles to the north-east.

Winding through rich and fertile fields between FROXFIELD, north, and East Meon, south, we soon arrive at PETERSFIELD (population, 1838. *Inns*: Red Lion, and Dolphin), formerly a posting-town of considerable importance, and now a busy station on the direct Portsmouth line of railway. It is 52 miles from London, 17 miles from Portsmouth, 27 miles from Southampton, and 12 miles from Alton. Its plain old church contains some memorials of the Jolliffe family, but is in no way calculated to interest a stranger. In the market-place stands an equestrian statue of William III., erected by William Jolliffe, Esq. The town returns one member to Parliament.

The mother-church of Petersfield is BURITON (population, 1041), lying about 2 miles south, on the borders of Sussex, and in the heart of a picturesque landscape. Portions of it are Norman, and it contains the tomb of Gibbon's father. MAPLEDURHAM, in this parish, passed from the hands of Gibbon the historian, to those of Lord Stowell the lawyer.

Crossing Butser Hill, and the range of chalk-hills which extends southward, in a line parallel with the county boundary, we may descend to CLANFIELD (population, 263), on the right, or CHALTON (population, 303), on the south, and thence through Bore Forest make our way to Havant. At Chalton, Sir J. C. Jarvis has a handsome residence.

The country north of Petersfield is of a most romantic character, and the walk to Alton by way of Hawkey, Empshott, Selbourne, and West Worldham, is one of the most agreeable in Hampshire. Its general features, however, have been already detailed in these pages; and, thanking the reader for his companionship, we now abandon Hampshire, after a careful exploration of its more interesting districts.

#### EXCURSION—ARUNDEL CASTLE.

[From ARUNDEL, LITTLEHAMPTON, or CHICHESTER: See pp. 600 to 603.]

ARUNDEL may be visited in a day from LONDON, by taking the early morning train from the VICTORIA TERMINUS or LONDON BRIDGE. It is 69 miles from London, and 18 miles from Brighton, *by rail*. From Portsmouth, 27 miles.

We must go very far back, indeed, into the shadows and mists of the past to trace the origin of Arundel Castle. That the keep was built by Saxon hands we cannot doubt ; but whether by the great Alfred, our hero-king, or by the stout Earl Godwin, it is impossible to determine. The *manor* of Arundel, at least, belonged to both. King Alfred bequeathed it to his son Adhelm, and it afterwards passed into the hands of that great Earl whose genius constantly rebuked the weak soul of Edward the Confessor. After the famous battle of Hastings, the Castle—for *some* fortification, assuredly, then existed—was given by the liberal Conqueror (and not the Castle alone, but a rich earldom with some fifty thousand acres of good Sussex land) to one of his bravest captains, a wealthy Norman knight, Roger de Monte Gomerico, Englished into Roger de Montgomery. From that time to this the earldom has been considered as “ appurtenant and belonging to the Castell of Arundell.”

Roger de Montgomery was not insensible to the picturesque beauties of this delightful spot, and resided here until his death in 1094. As Augustus is said to have found Rome “ brick,” and to have left it “ marble,” so the Earl Roger found Arundel Castle nothing better than a square massive keep, and left it a formidable stronghold. The dungeon and the south-eastern front are supposed to have been erected by him. The third Earl, Robert de Belesme, rebelling against Henry I., still further strengthened its defences ; and the Castle was strong enough, some few years later, to defy the army of King Stephen, and ensure safety to the person of the Empress Matilda, his implacable rival.

The Lord of Arundel, at this time (A.D. 1139), was William de Albini, the second husband of King Henry's widow, Adeliza. In the old chronicles he is spoken of as William-with-the-Strong-Hand, a laudatory epithet which he acquired through a deed of almost incredible daring. Once upon a time, the Queen of France, then a widow, being enamoured of a gallant and comely knight of her own nation, and believing—as all lady-loves believe of their lovers—that no one could equal him in manly sports and valiant actions (and discerning that could she compel the world to see him with her eyes, and to admit him to be so illustrious a knight, then truly she might wed him without shame), decreed a tournament at Paris, and proffered notable prizes to all who acquitted themselves in it with honour. Amongst the knights who hastened to this great Festival of

Lances was brave William de Albini; and there he behaved himself with such exceeding prowess that he attracted the attention of the Queen. In those times, beauty was readily won by valour: and the Queen, scorning her conquered lover, offered the Albini costly jewels, and, more precious than jewels, her royal hand. But the Earl being betrothed to the fair Queen Adeliza, rejected the lady's proffer, whereupon she was much angered, and resolved to be avenged.

So she persuaded him to walk with her into a certain garden, and led him into a cave, where there was a fierce lion, which she pretended she was desirous of shewing him. "He is very fierce," said she, tauntingly. "Women, not men," retorted the Earl, "may fear his temper." Suddenly she closed a folding door upon him, and remorselessly left him to a dreadful fate. But he, wrapping his cloak around his arm, went boldly up to the lion, thrust his hand into his mouth, and plucked out his tongue. Then, returning into the palace, he prevailed upon a maid of honour to present it to the baffled Queen.

So when William de Albini returned to England, the lion was placed upon his shield, and men agreed to call him "William-with-the-Strong-Hand."\*

Having thus displayed his valour, he at a later period equally vindicated his repute for wisdom. Speed, the chronicler, relates the incident so graphically that I will content myself with quoting his words:—"After Harry Plantagenet (Henry II.) had calmed the boisterous stormes of warre in the partes beyond the seas, he came over into England, well appointed, untoe whom also resorted many of the nobilitie, who yielded up themselves and above thirtie strong castles to the young duke, who nowe hasted to raise the siege of Wallingford. Stephen following hastily to succour his men, though with the lesse edge for that he never sped well in any assault of that castle, pitched downe his tents even neere his enemy, and ready on bothe sides to give battaile, tho' winter stormes were suddenly so troublesome that nothing could be done; but these somewhat overblowne, and the armies scarce three furlongs asunder, as Kinge Stephen was busied in disposing of his hoaste, and giving directions for order of the battaile, his horse under him, rising with his fore feet, fell

\* The reader will remember that Richard I. is said to have gained his surname "Cœur de Lion" through a not dissimilar feat.

flat back upon the earth, not without danger to his rider, and thus did he thrice ere hee left ; which things his nobles, secretly muttering, interpreted for an unlucky presage. When William, Earl of Arundell, a bold and eloquent man, went to him and advised him to a peace, affirming the title of Duke Henry to be just ; that the nobilitie on both parts there present were nearlie linked in alliances and blood, and how these stood affected was very doubtfull. Yea, that brethren were there assembled, the one against the other, whereof must needs follow an unnatural war betwixt them, and of dangerous consequence even to him that conquered. With these and the like allegations, at last Stephen began to bend, and a parley for peace was signified unto the Duke." Thus, prudence as well as courage distinguished William-with-the-Strong Hand.

From the ALBINIS this famous Castle passed into the hands of the FITZALANS—the male line of the Albinis terminating with the Earl Hugh in 1243—and Isabel de Albini, his sister, marrying the Fitzalan of Oswaldestre. A notable race were the Fitzalans, and progenitors of the royal family of Scotland—the ill-fated Stuarts ! This Fitzalan, the fortunate possessor of the great Earldom of Arundel and its magnificent estates, was not unworthy to wear the honours of the brave Albinis. In the wars of Henry III. with his Barons, he played no inconsiderable part, and was one of the most powerful adherents of that monarch. In the bloody battle of Lewes he fought very valiantly, but "the victory fell to the Barons," and Arundel was taken prisoner. After that disastrous fight he makes no sign in history.

Richard, the third of the Fitzalans, deserves mention, having bravely withstood the Welsh hero, half-mythical, half-historical, Madoc. An old minstrel speaks of him as

Richard le Conte de Aroundel,  
Beau chevalier et bien aimé.  
I vi je richement armé ;  
En rouge au lyon rampant de or.

The life of Edmund, the fourth Earl of the Fitzalans, was almost a drama in its rapidity of action, and the startling contrast between its opening and closing scenes. It was like a Greek Tragedy : Fate marshalling onwards every incident towards the dread catastrophe. Its dawn was bright with splendid promise, but its evening closed in storm and shadow.

Edward I. had ordered his armies into Scotland under the able leadership of Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke (1306). As a prelude to the war, a "grand national fête" was ordained. On the feast of Pentecost, the Prince of Wales should receive the sacred honour of knighthood—not then degraded by bestowal on rich tallow-chandlers and fortunate drysalters—and "all the young nobility of the kingdom were summoned to appear at Westminster to receive that honour along with him." On the Eve of Pentecost, the 22d of May, no less than two hundred and seventy noble youths, with their retinues, "assembled in the Gardens of the Temple," where the trees had been cut down so as to give room for their brilliant tents. And lo, during the still night, they watched their arms in obedience to the laws of Chivalry—the Prince and the higher nobles in the grand Abbey-aisles of Westminster, the others in the blazoned corridors of the Temple Church. And on Pentecost Day, Prince Edward was knighted by his great father in the Palace Hall; and then he—the Prince—in like fashion distinguished his noble comrades. And on the following morning the knightly train went on their way to Scotland—the King, closely followed by Death, accompanying them in his litter.

Gayest, bravest, wealthiest amongst the knightly throng was Edmund Fitzalan, we may be sure. The pomp of an illustrious ancestry and the splendour of a vast patrimonial inheritance set him apart from the many; and it is enough to say that he proved himself worthy of his lineage and his name.

Twenty years passed (A.D. 1326) and this heir of the Albinis and the Fitzalans—this favourite of kings and princes—died ignominiously on a scaffold. He espoused the side of the unhappy Edward the Second, in opposition to the powerful faction secured by the bribes and address of his infamous queen, Isabella, and was taken prisoner by her at the siege of Bristol, hastily tried, condemned by self-constituted judges, and hanged as a traitor.

His son and successor, Richard Fitzalan, was one of the greatest of our early Sea-Captains. He achieved several successes over the French, and his ship "The Ammiral" was dreaded as much as Nelson's "Agamemnon" at a later day. At the famous victory off Sluys (A.D. 1340), he was second in command to the King, and eminently contributed to the completeness of that—our first—great naval triumph. So great a triumph was it, that Philip's courtiers durst not acquaint him with the heavy sum of

his losses, and he learnt the fatal tidings from his jester. "Poltroons, indeed, are those islanders!" said the jester. "How so?" quoth the King. "Because they were afraid to jump overboard, as our French and Norman brothers did, at Sluys."

Six years later, and on the field of Cressy, the valour of Arundel's stout Earl shone conspicuous. In conjunction with the Earl of Northampton, he led the second division of the English forces, and pressed forward to aid the Black Prince—when surrounded by the foe—with such effect, that the French were totally routed. "Earls, knights, and squires, and men-at-arms, were mingled in one promiscuous slaughter."

After a career, crowded with illustrious actions, Earl Richard died tranquilly at his castle of Arundel, which he had enlarged, repaired, and adorned.

His son, Richard, was not unworthy of his father's fame, but did not meet with his father's successes. He was one of the most powerful and the faithfulest of the Duke of Gloucester's adherents—that "good Duke Humphrey" so dear to the hearts of the commonalty, and who worthily fills a niche in Shakespeare's splendid Historical Gallery. The imbecility of the second Richard disgusted the proud barons who had served in France and Scotland under the ever-victorious banner of the great Edward; and the alliance he concluded with France, in 1396, wrought them into open rebellion. It was in the grand old Hall of Arundel that the plotters decided on the details of their plan. There the Earls of Arundel, Warwick, Derby, Marshall (Arundel's son-in-law); the Archbishop of Canterbury (Arundel's brother), the Abbot of St. Albans, and the Prior of Westminster—representing the baronage and the church, met the Duke of Gloucester. Having taken the sacrament, they bound themselves, mutually and severally, to seize the royal person, and the dukes of York and Lancaster, and to put to a shameful death the lords of the king's council. Holinshed says, "they sware to each other to be assistant in all such matters as they should determine, and therewith received the sacrament at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who celebrated mass before them the following morning; which done, they withdrew into a chamber and fell into conversation together;" when, in the end, they lighted upon those points which we have already set forth. But almost every great conspiracy has had its traitor; and Arundel was betrayed by his own son-in-law, the Earl Marshall.

Years rolled on—the waves of Time, which recede almost insensibly upon the haunted shore of the Past—years rolled on, and successive barons sate in the stately halls of Arundel, and increased their splendour by large and magnificent additions. From 1243 to 1580, a period of three hundred and thirty-seven years, fourteen Fitzalans held the earldom of Arundel—men of power and influence, who played no undistinguished part in the great historical drama of English Progress. The last Fitzalan surpassed his predecessors in the pomp of his daily living, and so filled the old castle with the gorgeous pageantry of his revels, that his name became a synonym for magnificent hospitality. “He was a very father of nurture and courtesy, and a liberal house-keeper.” With this stout earl expired the male line of the Fitzalans, and the earldom and its vast domains passed, with his fair daughter Mary, into the hands of Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk.

Few Englishmen, we trow, are ignorant of the chivalric fame and ancient honour of the Howards. “The blood of the Howards” is indeed a household phrase, whenever men would speak of noble lineage. And good is it for England’s fame and England’s prosperity that these old baronial houses have stood unscathed the storms of centuries, now sheltering the people from the stern oppression of the Crown, now defending the Crown from the encroachments of turbulent democracy. In the long and glorious head-roll of the English Worthies, the names of the gallant Howards are written in words of fire. Howard, the poet-lover of the fair Geraldine, who fell a victim to the tyrannous hate of the Eighth Harry\*—Howard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, who won the red field of Flodden—Howard of Effingham, the stately patriot, who led the might of England against the Spanish Armada—Howard, the antiquarian and man of letters, to whose liberality we owe the Arundelian Marbles—Cardinal Howard, the Cardinal of England, humane, benevolent, and large hearted:—the memories of these men lend an additional interest to the grand and massive pile of Arundel.

The twenty-third Earl of Arundel was Philip Howard, Duke of Norfolk, son of Duke Thomas and Mary Fitzalan, who for his zealous efforts to secure the freedom of Mary Queen of Scots was cast into the Tower, and deprived of his title and estates. Died, 1595.

\* Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, beheaded January 19, 1547.



Thomas, his son, obtained from James I. the restoration of the honours and patrimony of Arundel. He was a man of cultured mind and liberal tastes, but, perhaps, somewhat unsuited to battle with the stormy times in which his lot was cast. After presiding with calm impartiality at the trial of the Earl of Strafford, he retired in 1642 to the continent, and died there four years later. The Castle was seized by Lord Hopton in 1643, and garrisoned with Royalists, but was retaken by Waller, the leader of the Parliamentary troops, in December of the same year.

Henry Frederick Howard, Earl of Arundel, succeeded his father in 1642, and died in 1652. His son Thomas, Duke of Norfolk and twenty-sixth earl, died in 1658. His brother Henry succeeded, and enjoyed his honours until 1683, when his son Henry became the twenty-eighth earl. He died in 1701 without issue, as did his successor and nephew Thomas, in 1732. Edward Howard, the third brother of Duke Thomas, died in 1777. Charles Howard, the thirty-first earl, died in 1786. His son Charles died without issue in 1815. Bernard Edward, twelfth Duke of Norfolk and thirty-third earl, was distinguished for his love of agricultural pursuits, his magnificent liberality, and stainless honour. He made considerable additions to his Castle of Arundel, to which we shall shortly refer. He was born at Sheffield in 1765; and in 1824 was restored to the exercise of the office of Earl Marshall, which is hereditary in this noble family. It is noticeable that he was the first Duke of Norfolk who had sat in the House of Peers since the Restoration, having taken his seat in 1829 after the Catholic Disability Bill received the royal assent. By his wife Elizabeth, third daughter and co-heiress of Henry, Earl of Fauconberg, he had a son, Henry Charles, who, on the death of his father, became the thirteenth Duke of Norfolk, thirty-fourth Earl of Arundel, and the twelfth earl of the family of Howard.

The Castle of Arundel has a magnificent presence like that of one of the stout old barons who once filled its halls with chivalry and beauty. It stands on a well-wooded eminence, and looks down into the placid waters of the Arun gently flowing through sedge and flowers in its very shadow. Passing onwards, the eye rests upon the ancient town lying in the adjacent valley, upon its tall spires and fantastic roofs, and sweeps in the distance the waters of the purple sea. All around and about the Castle

is the leafiness of venerable elms and the majesty of stalwart oaks—old enough and stout enough they seem to have waved their branches to the wind when an Albini or a Fitzalan rode by.

The principal points of interest at Arundel consist, however, of comparatively modern features. From the siege of it by Waller and his Roundheads until the accession to the title of the eleventh Duke,

“ Its huge old halls of knightly state  
Dismantled lay and desolate.”

He, however, determined to render it worthy of the ancient earldom, and to restore it to its pristine glory; a noble labour in which he occupied himself from 1786 to 1815. In twenty-nine years he spent, it is said, upwards of £600,000. The great Quadrangle, with its fine bas-relief of King Alfred instituting Trial by Jury, designed by Rossi; the Baronial Chapel, with its buttresses and pinnacles, and quaint foliage in stone; the Barons' Hall, a magnificent banquet-chamber, exquisitely finished; the Library, and its sculptured windows, its Gothic roof, its columned recesses—a splendid apartment, 117 feet in length by 35 in width; the great Drawing-room, with its panoramic views of the valley of the Arun, and its portraits of the dead, whose

“ —buried locks still wave  
Along the canvas;”

are the more remarkable additions which witness to the fine taste and noble liberality of the duke who designed them.

The Barons' Hall alone would justify us in devoting some pages to its description. It is intended to commemorate the signal victory won by the bold barons over a weak monarch at Runnymede, when that great charter was signed, which is the title-deed to our inheritance of English freedom. Seventy-one feet in length, and thirty-five in breadth; its roof of Spanish chestnut, elaborately carved with curious figures; its thirteen blazoned windows, rich in glowing hues, portraying each some grand old baron, and one magnificent window, representing the ratification of the Charter by King John in the presence of Cardinal Pandolfo, Cardinal Langton, Almeric, the Master of the Knights-Templars, Baron Fitzwalter, and a throng of peers and prelates; one may wander through this haunted hall like a poet lost in a glorious dream, and tread with silent reverence the boards chequered by purple dia-

monds where the light falls through each painted pane. This triumphal chamber was inaugurated on the 15th of June 1815—three days before the battle of Waterloo, and on the 600th anniversary of the consecration of English liberty. Twenty-two illustrious men, kith and kin of the Howards, were among the 300 guests present upon this occasion. The armour of the knights of old, that had been dented in many a desperate fray gleamed upon the walls ; and

“Bright

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men !”

But we must quit the castle of the Howards, though reluctant to turn from such historic splendour, and from those memories of the feudal past naturally connected with it. We wander for awhile through the extensive park, through its leafy glades and pleasant bowers, catching glimpses of the far-off ocean as we climb its grassy hills ; and then away into the quiet town of Arundel, where, at a certain quiet hostel, we will partake of those delicate mullets, for which the river Arun is nobly famous, and for which it is warmly blessed by all true disciples of Izaak Walton !

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## THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

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"A summer-isle of Eden lying in a purple sphere of sea."—TENNYSON.

"That beautiful island, which he who has once seen never forgets, through whatever part of the wide world his future path may carry him."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



# THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

## INTRODUCTORY.

### SYNOPSIS OF ROUTES, ITINERARIES, APPROACHES, INNS,

### POINTS OF VIEW, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

The compactness—if we may use the expression—of the Isle of Wight, and the singular condensation of its beauties, which, like the charms of a fair woman, are compressed within a limited space and apparent to every gaze, render it a most delightful object of pilgrimage to the tourist whose “leisure hours” are few, and whose ambition, nevertheless, it is to examine thoroughly some selected portion of this “fair land of ours.” It is easily explored, and every part is worth exploring. It supplies both the botanist, the geologist, and the antiquarian with an inexhaustible store of attractions. To the artist it offers the shadiest bowers and pleasantest nooks imaginable, and something, too, of the primeval grandeur of Nature in its long sea-wall of glittering chalk. Before, however, entering upon a description of its wonders, it is necessary we should indicate to the tourist the routes by which they may be best investigated, and supply such general information as may assist him in his island rambles.

#### ROUTE I.—RYDE TO NEWPORT.

<b>BRANCH ROUTES.</b>	
Wootton to Arreton.	Newport to Osborne and East Cowes.
Newport to West Cowes.	Newport to Godshill.
	Newport to Brightstone.

#### ROUTE II.—NEWPORT TO FRESHWATER GATE.

<b>BRANCH ROUTES.</b>	
Calbourne to Newtown.	Freshwater Gate to Yarmouth.
Calbourne to Brightstone.	<b>COAST ROUTE.</b>
	Freshwater Gate to Yarmouth.

#### ROUTE III.—FRESHWATER GATE TO VENTNOR.

<b>BRANCH ROUTES.</b>	
Brook to Newtown.	Ventnor to Godshill.
Chale to Newport.	Ventnor to Newchurch.
Niton to Arreton.	<b>COAST ROUTE.</b>
	Freshwater Gate to Ventnor.

#### ROUTE IV.—VENTNOR TO RYDE.

<b>BRANCH ROUTES.</b>	
Shanklin to Godshill.	Ryde to Arreton.
Sandown to Arreton.	Ryde to St. Helen's.
Brading to Newport.	Ryde to Newchurch.
Brading to Bembridge.	<b>COAST ROUTES.</b>
Brading to St. Helen's.	Ventnor to Ryde.
Ryde to West Cowes.	Ryde to West Cowes.
	Ryde to Yarmouth.

Most of the ROUTES and BRANCH-ROUTES thus set forth will be amply elucidated in the following pages, but for the greater convenience of the tourist, we subjoin some Itineraries, which limit the examination of the island to shorter periods of time. The foregoing division is intended for the traveller who has a month's leisure at his command, but a general view of the principal points of interest may, of course, be obtained in three or four days.

## FOUR DAYS' ITINERARY.—FROM RYDE.

The Ventnor stage-coaches may be made available as far as Brading.

FIRST DAY.		Miles.			Miles.
From Ryde to Brading ( <i>Inns</i> : The	Wheatsheaf) . . . . .	4	From Ryde to Luccombe . . . . .		1½
.... Sandown (The Star and	Garter, Hale's Hotel) . . . . .	2	.... Bonchurch (Ribband's Family Hotel) . . . . .		1½
.... Shanklin (Daish's, Hollier's,	The Crab and Lobster) . . . . .	2½	.... Ventnor (Royal, Marine, and Esplanade Hotels) . . . . .		1

DIVERSIONS:—From Brading to St. Helen's, Bembridge, and Yaverland. From Shanklin to Ninham, America, and Ape.

SECOND DAY.		Miles.			Miles.
From Ventnor to Steephill . . . . .		1	From Ventnor to Chale . . . . .		½
.... St. Lawrence . . . . .		2	.... Shorwell . . . . .		4½
.... Sandrock (Royal Sandrock Hotel) . . . . .		2	.... Brightstone ( <i>Inns</i> : The Five Bells, New Inn) . . . . .		2
.... Blackgang (Chine Hotel) . . . . .		1½			

DIVERSIONS:—From Sandrock to Niton. From Blackgang to St. Catherine's Hill. From Brightstone to the Chines on the coast.

THIRD DAY.		Miles.			Miles.
From Brightstone to Mottistone . . . . .		2	From Brightstone to Yarmouth ( <i>Inns</i> : The George) . . . . .		8½
.... Brook ( <i>Inn</i> : The Sun) . . . . .		1	.... Shalfleet . . . . .		4
.... Freshwater Gate (Albion, and Plumbley's) . . . . .		4	.... Carisbrook ( <i>Inn</i> : The Eight Bells) . . . . .		5½
.... Needles Lighthouse . . . . .		2½	.... Newport (The Bugle Hotel. <i>Inns</i> : Wheatsheaf, Star, etc.) . . . . .		1
.... Alum Bay (Needles Hotel) . . . . .		1			
.... Freshwater ( <i>Inn</i> : The Red Lion) . . . . .		2			

FOURTH DAY.		Miles.			Miles.
From Newport to West Cowes, and by ferry to East Cowes ( <i>Hotels</i> : Marine and Fountain) . . . . .		5	From Newport to Arretton ( <i>Inns</i> : Hare and Hounds) . . . . .		2½
.... Whippingham . . . . .		2½	.... Ashley Down . . . . .		2
.... Stapler's Heath . . . . .		8	.... Whitfield Wood, and Sea View . . . . .		3
			.... Ryde . . . . .		2

DIVERSIONS:—From Arretton to Newchurch and Godahill. From Ashley Down to Newchurch. From Sea View to St. Helen's.



## THREE DAYS' ITINERARY.—FROM RYDE.

FIRST DAY.		Miles.			Miles.
From Ryde to Binstead . . . .		1½	From Ryde to Whippingham . . . .		2½
.... Quarr Abbey . . . .		1½	.... East Cowes, and, by ferry, to West Cowes . . . .		3
.... Wootton Church . . . .		1½	.... Newport . . . .		5
SECOND DAY.		Miles.	From Newport to The Needles		Miles.
From Newport to Carisbrook . . . .		1	.... Freshwater Gate . . . .		3
.... Calbourne ( <i>Inc.</i> : The Sun) . . . .		4½	.... Brook . . . .		3½
.... Freshwater . . . .		2½	.... Mottistone . . . .		1
.... Alum Bay . . . .		2	.... Brightstone . . . .		2
THIRD DAY.		Miles.	From Brightstone to Bonchurch		Miles.
From Brightstone to Blackgang . . . .		6	.... Shanklin . . . .		2½
.... St. Lawrence . . . .		6	.... Sandown . . . .		2½
.... Steeplehill . . . .		1	.... Brading . . . .		2
.... Ventnor . . . .		1	.... Ryde . . . .		4

Coaches are available from Ventnor to Ryde.

## FOUR DAYS' ITINERARY.—FROM WEST COWES.

FIRST DAY.—To Gurnet Bay, 2½ m.; Thorness, 2½ m.; Newtown, 8 m.; Shalfleet, 1 m.; Yarmouth, 8 m.; Freshwater, 2 m.; Alum Bay, 2 m.; Freshwater Gate, 3 m.

SECOND DAY.—To Calbourne, 6 m.; Carisbrook, 4 m.; Newport, 1 m.; Gatcombe, 8 m.; Shorwell, 8 m.; Brightstone, 2 m.

THIRD DAY.—To Blackgang, 6 m.; Niton, 1 m.; Sandrock, 1 m.; St. Lawrence, 2½ m.; Steeplehill, 1 m.; Ventnor, 1 m.; Bonchurch, 1 m.

FOURTH DAY.—To Shanklin, 2½ m.; Sandown, 2½ m.; Brading, 2 m.; Ryde, 4 m.; Wootton Bridge, 3½ m.; Whippingham, 8 m.; East Cowes, 8 m.; and cross by ferry to West Cowes.

## THREE DAYS' ITINERARY.—FROM WEST COWES.

FIRST DAY.—To Whippingham, 8 m.; Wootton Bridge, 8 m.; Ryde, 3½ m.; Brading, 4 m.; Sandown, 2 m.; Shanklin, 2½ m.; Bonchurch, 2½ m.; Ventnor, 1 m.

SECOND DAY.—To St. Lawrence, 2 m.; Sandrock, 2½ m.; Blackgang, 1½ m.; Brightstone, 6 m.; Mottistone, 3 m.; Brook, 1 m.; Freshwater Gate, 2½ m.

THIRD DAY.—Alum Bay, 2 m.; Freshwater, 2 m.; Yarmouth, 2½ m.; Shalfleet, 4 m.; Newtown, 1 m.; Carisbrook, 5 m.; Newport, 1 m.; West Cowes, 5 m.

## APPROACHES TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

By LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY, from WATERLOO BRIDGE, for (Portsmouth) Ryde; (Southampton) West Cowes; and (Lymington) Yarmouth.

By LONDON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY, *via* BRIGHTON, for (Portsmouth) Ryde; and, by steam packet, to West Cowes.

STRAIGHTBOATS for YARMOUTH leave the Victoria Pier, Portsmouth, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday afternoon.

## FLIES.

The usual charges are—(including Drivers' Fees)—for a one horse carriage, 1s. 8d. per mile; 8s. per hour; £1 per day. For two horses, 1s. 8d. per mile; 5s. per hour; £1, 10s. per day.

## HOTELS, INNS, &amp;c.

- Alum Bay—Needles, *Hotel*.  
 Appuldurcombe—Park, *Hotel* (Joint Stock Company).  
 Arreton—Hare and Hounds, *Inn*.  
 Blackgang—The Chine, *Hotel*.  
 Bonchurch—Ribband's Family *Hotel*.  
 Brading—Bugle and Wheataheaf, *Inns*.  
 Brightstone—New *Inn*, Five Balls, *Inn*.  
 Calbourne—The Sun, *Inn*.  
 Cowes, West—Marine, *Hotel*, Fountain, *Hotel*, Globe, *Inn*.  
 Freshwater—Red Lion, *Inn*.  
 Freshwater Gate—Plumley's and Albion, *Hotels*.  
 Godshill—The Griffin, *Inn*.  
 Niton—Royal Sandrock, *Hotel*, Victoria, *Baths*.  
 Newport—Bugle, *Hotel*, Wheataheaf, Star, *Inns*.  
 Ryde—Pier, Royal Kent, Yelf's, Royal York, Sivler's, Eagle, and Crown, *Hotels*; Star, *Inn*.  
 Sandown—Hale's, and Star and Garter, *Hotels*.  
 Sea View—Crown, *Inn*.  
 Shanklin—Dalsh's and Holler's, *Hotels*; Crab and Lobster, *Inn*.  
 Ventnor—Royal, Marine, and Esplanade, *Hotels*; Globe, *Inn*.  
 Wootton Bridge—Sloop, *Inn*.  
 Yarmouth—The George, *Hotel*; Bugle, *Inn*.

## POINTS OF VIEW.

Afton Down; Ashley Down; Bembridge Down; St. Catherine's Down; St. George's Down; Needles Down; Shanklin Down (from Cook's Castle); and generally, the principal hills of the island.

## ANTIQUITIES.

**ECCLIASTICAL**:—Arreton, Bonchurch, Brading, Calbourne, Carisbrook, Freshwater, Godshill, St. Lawrence, Mottistone, Shorwell, Shalfleet, Wootton, and Yaverland, *Churches*. Ruins of *Quarr Abbey* and *Woolverton Chapel*.

*Carisbrook Castle*.

*Roman Villa* at Carisbrook.

*Ancient British Settlements* at Rowborough, Gallibury, and Newbarna.

*Celtic Tumuli* on Chessel and Shalcomb Downs.

*The Long Stone*, or *Cromlech*, at Mottistone.

*Manor Houses* at Arreton, Chale, Sheat, Mottistone, and Yaverland.

*Mansions* at Northcourt and Swainstone.

For further particulars relative to Post-Offices, Stage-Coaches, Carriers, Steam-boats, and Railroads, the tourist may consult the *Times Tables*, issued every month, at Ryde and Newport; or the columns of the local papers (published at Ryde),—the "Isle of Wight Observer," and "Isle of Wight Mercury."

## ROUTE I.—From RYDE to NEWPORT.

[Ryde to Binstead, 1½ m.; Quarr Abbey, 1½ m.; Wootton Bridge, 1 m.; Newport, 8¼ m.]

“The dale

Is seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Bordered with trees, and many a winding vale  
And meadow.”

TENNYSON.

So large a majority of visitors to the Isle of Wight enter it at its most agreeable approach, the town of Ryde, that it is from thence, as the most popular and convenient starting-point, we shall commence our own explorations.

Its appearance, as seen from the Solent,\* is eminently attractive. The hill-side on which it clusters presents an amphitheatre of pleasant villas, set round with trim gardens and belts of vigorous trees; out of which springs the slender spire of TRINITY CHURCH, on the left, and the less graceful one of St. THOMAS' CHURCH on the right. Leading up from the pier stretches the broad but somewhat precipitous UNION STREET, the principal thoroughfare of the town. To the right rises the handsome elevation of BRIGSTOCKE TERRACE, and almost beneath it, the neat mansion of the VICTORIA YACHT CLUB shews its long line of windows and miniature battery. Away to the west rolls the undulating shore, well wooded in many parts, and broken into by sequestered creeks and abrupt coves,—the view terminating agreeably with the Italian campaniles of OSBORNE. To the east we survey in succession the ESPLANADE, the Elizabethan turrets of APLEY TOWERS—perched on a commanding ascent, the bold headland of SEA VIEW, and the wooded banks which contribute to the security of St. HELEN'S ROADS.

### RYDE.

[Population in 1861, about 9500. *Hotels*: Pier, Royal Kent, Yelf's, Sivier's, York, and Eagle. *Inns*: The Star. *House-agents*: Messrs. Walls, Scott, Riddett, Marvin, Knight, and James. *Baths*: Williams', Kemp's, and Minter's. *Banks*: Hampshire Banking, and National Provident Companies.

*Coaches and Omnibuses* to NEWPORT, via Wootton; and VENTNOR, via Brading, Sandown, Shanklin, and Bonchurch.]

The approach to Ryde is one of its principal “lions,”—pre-

\* The channel here is about 4 miles wide. Bede derives the word *Solent* from *solvo* (*quasi* Solvent), “to loosen,” in reference to the supposed separation of the island from the mainland by the action of natural causes.

senting itself in the form and fashion of an admirable PIER, whose extreme length is 2250 feet, and its breadth from 12 to 20 feet. It is the property of a joint-stock company, and was commenced June 29, 1813. In the following year it was opened; its length at that time being 1740 feet. In 1824, 300 feet were added; and in 1833 it received a further addition. The pier-head and pavilion date from 1842. In 1856 another extension took place; and last year several important improvements were effected.

Previous to its construction, embarkation or disembarkation at Ryde was of the most inconvenient character, and the *desagremens* to which travellers were subjected have been humorously sketched by Fielding and Marryatt. The author of "Tom Jones" stopped here for a few days on the voyage to Lisbon which, in 1753, he attempted for the benefit of his health. On leaving his vessel he was put into a hoy, and on leaving the hoy was put into a small boat, which rowed as near as possible to the "impassable gulf of deep mud" extending between the sea and the shore, and then committed him to the tender mercies of two sailors, upon whose shoulders he was borne—not exactly in triumph—to the dry land. At a later period, a horse and cart became agreeable substitutes for the shoulders of porters and sailors. "The wherries," says Captain Marryatt, "came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out passengers, and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground."

Fielding was not slow, however, despite of these difficulties, to appreciate the charming situation of this now fashionable watering-place. It is true that it could only boast of one butcher, whose stock of meat was limited; and that it could not supply "a single leaf of tea—for as to what Mrs. Humphrey's (his landlady) and the shopman called by that name, it was not of Chinese growth, but a *tobacco of the mundungus species*;" but its situation he considered "most delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. "This pleasant village," he adds, "is situated on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have already described. Its soil is a gravel, which, associated with its declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure; and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural

grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation rises with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberance greatly exceeds it."

The PUBLIC BUILDINGS of the town are few and unimportant. The most pretentious is the TOWN HALL and MARKET HOUSE in Lind Street, erected in 1829-31, from the designs of an architect named Sanderson, and at an expense of £12,583—an extravagant outlay which has heavily burdened the rate-payers. The centre exhibits an Ionic portico, supported by a Doric colonnade. The market, in the left wing, is little used. The right wing is devoted to various offices, and the purposes of the Ryde Literary Institute. The TOWN HALL proper consists of two apartments which, by the removal of a partition, may be thrown into one 60 feet long by 26 feet wide.

Westward of the pier stands the CLUB HOUSE of the ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB—a neat building with a small battery, whose first stone was laid by the Prince Consort in 1846. The CLUB itself was established May 24, 1845, and enrolls about seventy-five yachts, with an aggregate tonnage of 8000. Entrance-fee £5, 5s. ; yearly subscription £5, 5s. The regatta is held about the second week in August, and followed, a week or two later, by a town regatta.

In UNION STREET the visitor will observe a covered promenade, bordered by shops, and terminating in a semi-circular vestibule, which bears the loyal appellation of the ROYAL VICTORIA ARCADE. It was built in 1835, from the designs of Westmacott, at the enormous cost of £12,000.

Of the THEATRE (built in 1816), at the top of Union Street, it is only necessary to say that its stage was the scene of the last appearance of poor Mrs. Jordan on her way to France in 1816, in search of retirement and repose. She exhibited on this occasion little of that joyous openness and cordial gaiety which had established her reputation. Her heart was breaking, and in the course of a few weeks, the hapless "Dorothea" lay on her death-bed. She died at St. Cloud, July 3, 1816.

The INFIRMARY is a commodious edifice, well adapted for its purposes, situated in Upper Ryde, on the road to Ashley. Through the exertions of a benevolent physician, the late Dr. Dodd, it was raised, by voluntary subscriptions, in 1845. Accommodation is provided for fifty patients. The annual income averages £1250.

The ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS, to which we now direct the

tourist's attention, are easily examined. **ST. THOMAS' CHURCH**, in St. Thomas' Street, a paltry specimen of paltry Gothic, was erected in 1827 by the lord of the manor, George Player, Esq. It occupies the place of a small chapel, erected in 1719 by Thomas Player, and also dedicated to his name-saint, St. Thomas, which was the first religious edifice in Ryde. Previously the inhabitants had been compelled to trudge a-foot, or on horseback, through foul and miry ways, to the parish church at Newchurch, 6 miles distant.

**ST. JAMES' CHURCH**, in St. James' Street, to the west of the Town Hall, is even uglier than its neighbour, St. Thomas'. Alderman Hughes erected it, in 1829, as a proprietary chapel, and it was afterwards in the hands of the Rev. Waldo Sibthorp, whose "perversion" to Roman Catholicism attracted attention some years ago.

**HOLY TRINITY CHURCH**, on the south-eastern crest of the hill, was erected in 1845, from the designs of Mr. Thomas Hellyer, a local architect. The style is Early English, and well developed. The interior is elegant and satisfactory. Tower and spire rise to a height of 146 feet.

The **ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL** (St. Mary's; architect, Mr. Hansom; built in 1846, chiefly at the sole cost of the Countess Clare) is worth examination. The architecture is elaborately rich in ornament. The altar in the **ANGELUS** chapel was designed by the late A. W. Pugin.

Ryde can scarcely be said to have had a history. Up to the commencement of the present century it was nothing but a collection of fishermen's huts on the shore, and a few straggling cottages on the crest of the hill. It was then divided into Lower and Upper Ryde, and separated by a leafy screen of trees. Rye, La Rye, or La Riche, as this "fischer village" was anciently called, was, however, from a very early period, one of the three ports of the island.\* It was burnt by the French in the reign of Richard II.; and was one of the places where "watch and ward" were kept, in those troublous times, for the defence of the island. Its growth of late years has been remarkable. In 1795 it numbered but 600 inhabitants. In 1801, its population was about 950. In 1811, it had risen to 1601; in 1821, to 2876; in 1831, 3676; in 1841, 5840; in 1851, 7147; and this year's census will probably shew a population of 9500 souls.

\* West Cowes, Ryde, and Shamlord (East Cowes).

Our route from RYDE to NEWPORT (the capital of the island) traverses a very agreeable, if not a very romantic country. "Its charms arise," says an Edinburgh reviewer, "from the sight of verdure and fertility spread over an undulating and well-wooded surface, many points commanding fine views of the sea, and particularly of the strait which separates the island from the coast of England." We advise the tourist to turn aside, however, from the main road, and cross the fields as far as Wootton Bridge.

Quitting Ryde, therefore, by the Spencer Road (observe, on the right, WESTFIELD, the seat of Sir Augustus Clifford; and RYDE HOUSE, Miss Player), we turn off to the north-west by a footpath up hill and down hill, through pleasant meadows and green hedgerows, and, crossing the tiny brook which separates the parish of Newchurch from that of Binstead, climb the ascent which is crowned by BINSTEAD CHURCH ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile). The quarries in this vicinity produce a species of limestone composed of comminuted shells held together by sparry calcareous cement, which yields a stone sufficiently firm for building purposes. This stone was largely employed by Bishops Walkelyn and William of Wykeham, in the erection of Winchester Cathedral. Fresh-water shells abound here, and teeth and bones of mammalia, seed-vessels and stems of aquatic plants often repay the geologist's well-directed inquiries.

The CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Cross, was rebuilt in 1842, from Mr. T. Hellyer's designs, and is a commendable specimen of Early English. The entrance-gateway exhibits a Norman door, and a curious sculpture, vulgarly known as "the Idol," of a grotesque demi-figure seated on a ram's head, preserved from the old Norman Church.

In the rear of the church, surrounded by beautiful grassy slopes, stands the villa of General Lord Downes, G.C.B.; and, in a delightful breadth of blooming garden, on the left, is the picturesque rectory-house.

The parish of BINSTEAD contained, in 1851, 317 inhabitants; 63 inhabited houses; and 1475 acres. The rectory is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester.

Passing the church we enter, by a gate on the right hand, a long stretch of low oak-copses, commanding at several points the goodliest views imaginable of the gleaming Solent and the blue line of the Hampshire coast beyond. In the hollow to which

we now descend ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles) lie the scanty remains of the once famous

QUARR ABBEY, anciently Quarraria, from the quarries in its neighbourhood. Out of its ruins have been constructed a deformed farm-house and its appendant buildings, and a large barn, whose walls are ancient, and which was, it is said, the monastic refectory. Remark a small building (to the east) with a Perpendicular door, and three arches in tolerable preservation; remains of a fine Decorated doorway, a moulded segmental arch, and "a nookshaft of excellent workmanship," may also be examined. Quarr Abbey was founded in 1132 by Baldwin de Redvers, afterwards Lord of the Island and Earl of Devon. He planted here a small colony of monks from the Benedictine abbey of Savigni in Normandy, which, in 1148, was attached to the Cistercian order. Quarr thus became the second Cistercian house established in England. It was dedicated by its founder to the Virgin Mary, and amply endowed with lands—an example which his successors imitated, so that, in due time, the Abbot of Quarr became one of the leading magnates of the island. By license from Edward III., the abbey, which was often exposed to the attacks of French sea-rovers, was fortified with a stone wall enclosing an area of 40 acres. The sea-gate and considerable portions of the wall may still be traced.

Many distinguished personages were buried at Quarr:—the founder, and his wife Adeliza; William de Vernon, lord of the island, who bequeathed £300 for the erection of a stately monument; and the Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., whose life, in its changes and contrasts, might well attract the attention of the romancist.

At the suppression of religious houses, the yearly revenue of Quarr was £181 : 15 : 2. In 1404 it was computed at £96, 13s. 4d. The abbey was purchased, and rudely demolished, by a Mr. John Mills of Southampton, whose son's widow, Mrs. Dowsabell Mills, became the mistress of Sir Edward Horsey, captain of the island. Sir Thomas Fleming, Lord Chief-Justice *temp.* James I., purchased the manor of her representatives, and in the Fleming family it still remains.

Among the numerous traditions attached to Quarr, the following is specially absurd:—"At a short distance south of the ruins of the abbey is a wood, formerly thickly timbered, but now only consisting of a few decayed oaks and brushwood; it is called



Eleanor's Grove, from a tradition that Eleanor of Guienne, queen of Henry II., was imprisoned at Quarr, and frequented this secluded spot, where, after death, it is related she was interred in a golden coffin, which is supposed still to be protected from sacrilegious cupidity by magical spells."

Continuing our ramble, we soon arrive at FISHBOURNE, a small collection of small huts at the mouth of Fishbourne Creek, or, as it is more commonly called, WOOTTON RIVER. At high water—for the river is tidal as far as Wootton Bridge—the scene from this point is by no means devoid of beauty. The sloping banks are fringed with oak-copses, whose pendent branches are pleasantly reflected in the lucent waves shimmering beneath; which, above the causeway, broaden into an ample and tranquil lake.

We follow the course of the creek to WOOTTON BRIDGE (*Inn*: The Sloop), an embankment 905 feet in length, which carries across it the high road from Ryde to Newport; and, turning into that road, climb a steep hill, upon whose declivity clusters the little village of Wootton. On the road to Ryde, and behind us, stands the ivy-shrouded front of KITE HILL. On our left, a high tower rising above the richly-wooded uplands, belongs to FERN HILL, a "seat" of some pretensions, built (1791-1795) by the Right Hon. Thomas Orde, afterwards Lord Bolton, during his governorship of the island. Ascending the hill, we arrive at the picturesque OLD RECTORY (F. White Popham, Esq.), where are preserved some interesting relics of gentle "Izaak Walton," to whose family the late rector belonged.

At this point two roads branch off from our main route; that to the right leads, across green meadows, to WOOTTON CHURCH, and thence, through Barton, to East Cowes. The left road conducts us to ARRETON.

WOOTTON CHURCH, a long narrow edifice, consisting of a nave and chancel, was built by one of the De Insulas, or L'Isles, a famous old island family, long time lords of Wootton. It is dedicated to St. Edmund. Its points of interest are—a Norman doorway, with chevron mouldings, on the south; an Early English arch, which formerly opened into the chantry of St. Edmund the King; and the Early Decorated windows on the east and west. Observe the pulpit, *temp.* James I., and the memorial to Sir William Lisle, d. 1665. Sir William, by the way, was the royalist brother of the regicide, Sir John Lisle, one of Cromwell's peers, and a sturdy Puritan, slain at Lausanne, after the Restoration, by two Irish

bravoos. His widow, Dame *Alice Lisle*, was condemned by Judge Jeffreys (A.D. 1685), for having mercifully sheltered two fugitives from the fatal field of Sedgemoor. "She was put to death on a scaffold in the market-place of Winchester, and underwent her fate with serene courage"—(*Macaulay*).

WOOTTON (*i. e.*, Wood-town) contains 524 acres. Population, in 1851, 58. The rectory, valued at £240, is in the gift of Mrs. White Popham.

We now turn aside, for a while, from our Newport route, to examine the road to Arreton (3 miles).

#### BRANCH ROUTE—WOOTTON TO ARRETON.

On our right lie the green depths of QUARRELS COPSE, affording some pleasant effects of light and shadow; on our left extend the grounds of Fernhill. Passing these "pleasant places," we turn aside to the left, and adopt a road which is agreeably picturesque, winding through deep banks clothed with verdure, with trailing ivy, and ferns, and grasses, and wild flowers. Crossing the Downs—those watch-towers of nature, from whence her disciples may survey all the wonders of vale, meadow, grove, and garden—we plunge abruptly into the sweet valley of ARRETON (population, 1902. *Inn*: Hare and Hounds), one of the fairest spots in the "Fair Island." Its CHURCH stands upon a slight ascent which rises gently from the road—a fine old building, mainly Early English in style, but retaining many traces of the earlier Norman foundation in the tower-arch, and the windows of the west gable. The tower itself is Perpendicular, and strengthened by heavy buttresses; the double chancel, Early English, and a satisfactory specimen. Observe the aumbry, on the west side of the altar; and the remarkable brass, in the south chancel, date 1430, exhibiting the effigy of an armed knight, and an early English epitaph:—

Here is y buried vnder this graue  
Harry Hawles his soul God saue  
Longe tyme steward of ye yle of Wyght  
Have mercy on hym God ful of myght.

A brass plate against a pillar in the south aisle commemorates, in uncouth rhymes, the good deeds of one *William Serle*, d. 1595.

There are several memorials to members of the Holmes family,—especially that by Westmacott, to *Richard Fleming Woraley*—and the churchyard is unusually full of noticeable inscriptions. Remark the grave of *Elizabeth Wallbridge*, the “Dairyman’s Daughter,” whose simple story was told so effectively by the Rev. Leigh Richmond. The epitaph is also from his pen.

Just beyond the Church stands the ancient MANOR HOUSE, *temp.* James I., now occupied as a farm. The interior contains some excellent carving. From this point the tourist may ascend the chalk-hills, whose ridge exhibits several barrows of Anglo-Saxon date, and turning to the left, as if to cross ST. GEORGE’S DOWN, descend to the manor-house of EAST STANDEN, noticeable from its historical associations. The present building is of Georgian date, but occupies the site of the ancient residence of the Lady Cicely, second daughter of Edward IV., and a woman of singular beauty and merit. She stooped from her high estate, soon after her sister Elizabeth’s marriage to Henry VII., to ally herself with John, Lord Wells, a gallant soldier about twice her own age. Left a widow in 1498, she chose for her second husband a man of still lower degree, one Thomas Kyme, of the Kymes of Lincolnshire, with whom she retired (*circa* 1504) to the Isle of Wight, and by whom she is said to have had two children, Richard and Margerie. In the tranquillity of East Standen she spent three quiet years. Her death took place on the 24th of August 1507, in the 38th year of her age. She was buried at Quarr Abbey, and commemorated by a stately monument.

South-east of Arreton is Haseley, where, during his captaincy of the island, resided the bold and unscrupulous Sir Edward Horsey. He died here, of the plague, in 1582.

[~~See~~ From Arreton a glorious walk along the crest of the chalk ridge—Arreton, Messly, Ashy, and Brading Downs—may be extended to the village of BRADING, on the Ryde and Ventnor road. Or the tourist may stroll across St. George’s Down to Node Hill, and thence, to CARISBROOK or NEWPORT. A ramble of scarcely inferior interest may be made by way of Horryngford, across the Yar or Main river, and passing the “DAIRYMAN’S DAUGHTER’S” COTTAGE, to SANDOWN, and its beautiful Bay; or the traveller may proceed from Arreton, *via* Merston, to GODSHILL, and thence, through Whitwell, to St. Lawrence and the Undercliff.

In this neighbourhood the botanist may search for the *Verbascum nigrum*, *Anthemis arvensis*, and *Daphne laureola*. The high banks which shelter its “green and leafy lanes” are luxuriantly prodigal of clematis, woodbine, and polypod.]

### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—WOOTTON TO NEWPORT.

The country between Wootton and Ryde is of a pleasing character, but scarcely calls for detailed description. The road crosses Wootton Heath; traverses the head of the small creek known as KING'S QUAY, from an old but erroneous tradition that its wooded shores afforded shelter to King John after his escape from the potent barons who had compelled his signature to Magna Charta; passes, on the right, the red brick buildings of the Prince Consort's Farm, and, after descending into the valley of the Medina, leaves behind it the respectable old mansion of FAIRLEE, and the recently constructed NEWPORT CEMETERY. Then it crosses the Medina at Coppin's Bridge, and connects itself with High Street, the main thoroughfare of Newport.

### NEWPORT.

[Population, in 1851, of the Parliamentary borough (returning two representatives), 8047; of the town, 6814. *Hotel*: The Bugle. *Inns*: The Star, Green Dragon, Wheatsheaf, and Lamb. *Banks*: National Provincial, and Hampshire Banking Company.

*OMNIBUSES* run several times during the day between Newport and Ryde, Newport and Ventnor, and Newport and West Cowes. Omnibuses to Freshwater every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon; and to Yarmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

A *BOAT* leaves Newport Quay for West Cowes every tide.

*Market-Days*, Wednesday and Saturday.]

Newport receives its name from its modern relation to the ancient capital of the island, which, by most antiquaries, is placed at Carisbrook. There is good reason, however, to believe that it is of Roman foundation, and numerous relics of the imperial colonists have been discovered here. The plan of the town, as it is, was laid out by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon and lord of the island, early in the reign of Henry the First, "apportionments being let off for building at one shilling 'a place'"—(*Venables*). From Richard de Redvers, third of the name, the rising town received its first charter; and the privileges then granted were confirmed and enlarged by the famous Lady of the Island, Isabella de Fortibus. Fifteen charters, in amplification of these original provisions, were successively granted by our Sovereigns, from Richard II. to Charles II.

The first charter of incorporation was granted by James I., who substituted for "the Bailiff of Newport" a mayor, twenty-four burgesses, and a recorder. This arrangement was modified after the Restoration, and a mayor, eleven aldermen, and an equal number of burgesses, appointed. By the Municipal Corporation Act (William IV.) the corporation was again re-constituted, and now consists of a mayor, six aldermen, and eighteen town-councillors—the latter of whom are elected by the inhabitants.

In August 1377 the prosperity of the town was seriously checked by a French invasion. The ravages of the marauders were so destructive that for two years "no tenant was resident in the town," and a couple of centuries passed before it rose to any degree of wealth or importance. In 1582 its inhabitants were almost decimated by the plague. "The road to Carisbrook (the mother-church) was blocked up by the dead-carts, and so crowded was the cemetery, that licence was accorded to the inhabitants to form a graveyard round their own church." But from this period the unfortunate town appears to have struggled into prosperity. A Town Hall and a Gaol were built, and an ordinary established, at which Sir John Oglander—an island-worthy, whose MSS. are full of curious details—had known "twelve knights and as many gentlemen to attend." Camden speaks of it as being, in his time, "a toune well-seated and much frequented, populous with inhabitants, having an entrance into the isle from the haven, and a passage for vessels of small burden unto the key."

Newport became, in 1648, the stage whereon was played out one of the most remarkable scenes in the terrible drama of the Civil War. It had previously been disturbed from its propriety by a silly attempt of Captain Burley, a royalist gentleman of Yarmouth, to provoke a re-action on behalf of Charles I. The outbreak was quickly put down by a detachment of soldiers from Carisbrook, and Captain Burley was seized, tried at Winchester for high treason, and executed on the 2d of February. The attachment of the majority of the inhabitants to the cause of the Parliament was not, however, to be questioned; and Newport was accordingly selected as the most convenient place for the negotiations commenced between the king and his opponents in September 1648. These negotiations occupied sixty-one days. The king resided at the new Grammar School, his attendants at the George Tavern (on the south side of High Street—now destroyed); and the Parliamentary Commissioners at the Bull (now the Bugle) Inn.

Newport has been represented in Parliament by several historic worthies: Lord Falkland in 1640—Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, in 1678-89—Lord Cutts, one of Marlborough's soldiers, 1698—Lord Palmerston in 1807—and the Right Honourable George Canning in 1826. Here were born the learned antiquarian divine, *Thomas James*, in 1571; his nephew, an erudite controversialist, *Richard James*; and Sir *Thomas Fleming*, who rose from a low estate to the dignity of Lord Chief-Justice of England, *temp.* James I.

The first point of interest to which the tourist, in Newport, should direct his steps, is the new Church, dedicated to St. Thomas, and erected, 1854-7, at a cost of £12,000, and from the designs of Mr. Daukes. The *old* church dated from 1175, when it was erected by Richard de Redvers, and dedicated to the recently canonized Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket. The memorials it contained are preserved in the new building—an Early Decorated structure, of great beauty of proportion and unusual richness of detail. The tower at the west end is lofty and imposing. The nave is clerestoried, and there are gabled aisles and a chancel, north and south chapels, and north and south porches. The west doorway is elaborately ornamented, and the interior exhibits much admirable and thoughtful decoration. The PULPIT (from the old church) dates from 1633. Its carvings were the work of one Thomas Caper, whose device—a goat, in allusion to his name—may be seen on its back. Justice and Mercy figure on the sounding-board, which is lettered with a sentence from the Psalms:—"Cry aloud, and spare not: lift up thy voice like a trumpet." On the sides are sculptured a curious personification of the Three Graces, the Four Cardinal Virtues, and the Seven Liberal Sciences—grammar, dialectics, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, astrology. Remark the monument to Sir *Edward Horsey*, formerly captain of the island (1565-82), presenting his effigy, clad in armour, beneath a rich painted and gilded canopy, and an epitaph which ascribes to him many more virtues than, we fear, he possessed. The memorial (by Marochetti) erected by the queen to Charles the First's ill-fated daughter, the *Princess Elizabeth*, is chastely beautiful. It represents her as, according to tradition, she was discovered by her attendants, reclining in death upon her couch, her hands folded in prayer, and her face resting on the pages of an open Bible, a gift from her royal father. Her body was buried in the chancel

of Old Newport Church on the 20th of September 1650, but its resting-place was totally forgotten until, in 1793, some labourers engaged in digging a grave for the Honourable Septimus West, discovered the royal maiden's coffin. The place of interment was then indicated by a stone bearing a suitable inscription.

The window of painted glass, on the south side of the chancel, is dedicated to the memory of officers and soldiers slain in the Crimean war, who had formerly been stationed at Parkhurst.

At Node Hill, on the road to Stride, stands ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, a miserable and unmeaning specimen of would-be Gothic. At Barton, on the Stapler's Heath road, there is a far better building, in the Norman style, dedicated to ST. PAUL.

The GRAMMAR SCHOOL, founded in 1612 by Lord Chief-Justice Fleming, is a noticeable Jacobean mansion, much improved by the present head-master. The school-room remains in nearly the same condition as when it was occupied by Charles I. during the negotiations which resulted in the abortive treaty of Newport. It was here the unfortunate monarch was seized by Major Rolph and his myrmidons, November 30, 1648, and from hence he was hurried to Hurst Castle.

The TOWN HALL, from the designs of Nash, a semi-classical structure, with Ionic portico and colonnade, was built in 1816. The lower portion is used as a market-house. The council-chamber is 30 feet long and 28 feet wide; the magistrates' room, 70 feet long by 30 feet wide.

The town also boasts of an excellent LITERARY INSTITUTION and LIBRARY, designed by Nash, and erected, at a cost of £3000, in 1810. The MUSEUM, in Lugley Street, contains an interesting collection of local antiquities and fossils. NUNN'S LACE FACTORY, on the Ryde road, furnishes employment for about 100 hands in the manufacture of the Isle of Wight lace. On the river bank are situated some considerable CEMENT MILLS.

The position of Newport, in a gentle valley, watered by the Lugley and the Medina, and sheltered by a cincture of noble downs, whose grassy slopes are constantly dappled with shifting shadows, cannot but commend itself to the tourist's attention.

“Set in the midst of our meridian Isle,  
By wandering heaths and pensive woods embraced,  
With dewy meads, and downs of open smile,  
And winding waters, naturally graced,

The rural capital is meetly placed.  
 Newport, so long as to the blue-eyed deep  
 Thy river by its gleamy wings is traced,  
 Be it thine thy portion unimpaired to keep!"—*Edmund Peck.*

The neighbourhood abounds in pleasant rambles, and the branch-routes we are about to indicate will conduct the traveller into a wonderful series of agreeable landscapes.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—NEWPORT TO WEST COWES.

We leave Newport by St. James' Street, cross the shining waters of the Lugley, and passing the site of the ancient priory of Holy Cross, commence our ascent of Honey or Hunny Hill. The HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, established by Act of Parliament in 1770, for "the maintenance and employment of the poor of the Isle of Wight, by a general consolidation of the poor-rates"—the prototype, in fact, of the new poor law system—is now conspicuous on our left. We next arrive at the ALBANY BARRACKS, named after the Duke of York and Albany, Commander-in-chief, and erected in 1798—a congeries of red brick buildings which, however useful, are by no means ornamental. The parade-ground is of great extent, and the barracks themselves are capable of accommodating between 2000 or 3000 soldiers.

Just beyond stands the PARKHURST JUVENILE REFORMATORY, established in 1838 as a "General Penitentiary for Juvenile Offenders." Accommodation is provided for 680 prisoners, who wear a distinctive dress, and are divided into classes, according to their conduct and merits. An offender first enters the probationary board, and attends school three hours every forenoon, and three hours every afternoon, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The silent system is here, to a certain extent, enforced. In a short time—never exceeding five months—he is passed into one of the general wards. Each section of these contains from 30 to 36 prisoners, a warder, an assistant-warder, and two officers. The boy is now employed at field labour on the prison farm from eight in the morning till noon, and from one till six, excepting when it is his turn to attend school—namely, for one forenoon of four hours, and one afternoon of five hours in every week.

[“As soon as any boy has passed four entire months in the general wards without having been punished for any offence against the rules, a good conduct badge is



granted to him in the shape of a shield of red cloth, with the number 3 cut out and shewn on white cloth underneath. This badge is sewn on the right sleeve of the boy's jacket; and, so long as he wears it without disgrace, he is allowed to correspond with his parents, or other friends, once in every three months,—to have threepence per week credited to his account,—to have a goodly hunk of baked plum-pudding added to his dinner every Sunday, and to attend a sort of reading and writing party from seven till eight o'clock P.M. on each week-day.

"When a boy has worn the first badge for three months without any prison punishment, it is exchanged for a similar badge with 1 in white cloth on a red shield. When badge 1 (red) has been worn for three clear months without disgrace, it is exchanged for 2 (blue), the numeral on a blue shield, and sixpence a week is accredited to this boy's account. At the end of six months more he may obtain number '1 blue.' It is understood that every report for misconduct involving punishment carries with it a privation of these privileges, or suspension for a time. When number 1 (blue) has been worn for eight months, and the lad arrives within eighteen months of the expiration of his sentence, if he has behaved well, he is placed in 'the second division of the liberty class,' where he is allowed to write to his friends once a week, and threepence a week additional is accredited to his gratuity. In nine months more he is advanced to the first division of the liberty class; and here the change is very marked. The boys are allowed to lay aside the prison garb, and to dress in a plain mechanic's suit, and also to have some little variations from the ordinary diet of the prison. To each of the boys with the highest badge is allotted a small garden, in which he is allowed to work in summer evenings, and at recreation times during the day. A table in the Director's report on the convict prisons for 1853 is peculiarly interesting, as shewing the effects of *immediate* rewards on the conduct of the boys in the general wards. In the four previous years, the total number of boys in the general wards ranged from 518 to 418. In 1849 there were 4176 offences, or 850 per cent, and only 28 per cent of boys unpunished. There was no incentive to good conduct. In 1850, hours of labour were increased, of school diminished, and badges were introduced; offences, 2918, or 571 per cent; unpunished 31 per cent. In 1851, more labour, several rewards introduced; offences, 1025, or 209.9 per cent; unpunished, 44.24 per cent. In 1852, reward system in full operation; offences, 708, or 171.4 per cent; unpunished, 69.2 per cent."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

[The annual average cost of each prisoner is £24. The Governor is Captain Hall, a man well adapted to the efficient discharge of his onerous duties. Permission to inspect the prison can only be obtained from the Secretary of State for the Home Department. An interesting account of its operations appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" for June 1861, of which we have largely availed ourselves.]

Away to the westward spreads the leafy damesne of PARKHURST FOREST—a "candle" of the old royal Park of Watchingwell, the first royal chase established in England\*—still retaining the appellation of "Forest," though its primeval grandeur has entirely disappeared, and it now mainly consists of large plantations of stunted oaks and young firs. It offers, nevertheless, many pleasant walks; many rambles under green leaves,

\* It is mentioned in Domesday Book as the King's Park, and extended from the Medina to Newtown river, east to west, and from the Solent to the Chalk Downs, north to south.

and through blossomy glades ; and the tourist's imagination will, perhaps, people it again with "the antlered herd," as in the days when James I. and Prince Charles hunted in the forest, and "killed a bocke"—(Aug. 2, 1609. *Vide* Parish Registers of Carisbrook).

We now reach SCUT'S GATE, and keeping along a ridge of low hills, command an agreeable view of the rolling Medina, and on the other bank, of WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH and OSBORNE. At three-quarters of a mile from the Gate a turning on the left conducts us to NORTHWOOD (population in 1851, 6049, including West Cowes), whose CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, remained a chapelry to Carisbrook until the reign of Henry VIII. Its general characteristics are Transition-Norman, and the south door is Norman, with a zigzag moulding. A religious house, entitled "the Brothers and Sisters of the Fraternity of St. John Baptist," was established here in 1512, but suppressed a few years later by Henry VIII.

The road from hence to WEST COWES, 2½ miles, calls for no particular description. The scenery is occasionally enlivened by a stretch of gleaming river waters, and the low banks are here and there enriched with hanging woods.

Leland speaks somewhat bombastically of the two forts established by Henry VIII. in 1539, on the eastern and western headlands of the Medina estuary :—

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

From the erection of this small castle, whose materials were obtained out of the ruins of the famous Abbey of Beaulieu, dates the history of WEST COWES (population, 4786—*Inns*: Fountain, Aris's, Vine, Dolphin, and George), though its growth was slow, and even in Charles the First's time it contained but half a dozen houses. The advantages afforded by its commodious harbour became, however, gradually appreciated, and Sir John Oglander tells us that, in 1620, he had seen 300 ships there at anchor. In 1811, the port possessed 141 vessels, or 4230 tons. In 1851 it owned 168 vessels, or 8000 tons. The receipt of customs rose from £2348 in 1846, to £4494 in 1858.

The world-famous SHIP-BUILDING YARDS of the Messrs.

White were originated in 1815. The MEDINA DOCK was built in 1845; it is 330 feet long by 62 feet wide. The vessels launched by this enterprising firm are celebrated for their sea-going qualities.

As a watering-place the popularity of West Cowes dates from the establishment of the ROYAL YACHT CLUB in 1812, and the foundation of a Club House in 1815. But its facilities for sea-bathing were appreciated at an earlier period. A rhymester, named Henry Jones, in a poem dedicated to the glorification of the Isle of Wight, and published in 1760, exclaims—

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

The ROYAL YACHT CLUB includes about 150 members, and registers 99 yachts, which employ upwards of 1400 seamen, and presents a total of 10,000 tons. Each member has a warrant from the Admiralty to carry the St. George's ensign, and the yachts are admitted into foreign ports free of port-dues. The yachting season lasts from May to November. The Regatta takes place annually on the 21st of August, and two following days, and usually, under the immediate patronage of the Queen and the Prince Consort. Entrance-fee, £15; annual subscription, £8.

The CASTLE was purchased by the Club in 1856, and has been refitted and repaired at a considerable expense. For a long period it had simply served as a pleasant residence for a sinecure Governor. During the Commonwealth and Protectorate it was chiefly made use of as a state prison, and here Sir William Davenant, during his incarceration, wrote a portion of his epic of “Gondibert.” A small garrison occupied it during the Revolutionary War.

The ROYAL LANDINGS at Cowes have been numerous. Henry VIII disembarked here in 1538, and proceeded to Appuldurcombe, on a visit to his favourite Richard Worsley, captain of the island. On August 2, 1609, it was visited by James I. and Prince Charles, on their way to enjoy the pleasures of the chase in Parkhurst Forest; and on the 27th August 1618, by Prince Charles alone, who afterwards patronized with his presence a military display. Charles I. landed here, September 22, 1647, as a prisoner, on his way to Carisbrook; and his children, the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester, on Tues-

day, August 13, 1650. The Duke of York, afterwards James II, was here in 1673.

Morland, the artist, resided at West Cowes, for some months, in 1799. Sir Charles Fellowes, the Lycian traveller, was also one of its more distinguished residents until his recent and much-lamented death. He erected the row of handsome houses known as the MARINE PARADE, and was unceasingly active in promoting the prosperity of the town.

WEST COWES CHURCH (a chapelry of Northwood and a perpetual curacy in the gift of the Vicar of Carisbrook) was built in 1653, and consecrated, after the restoration of the Anglican Church, in 1662, by Morley, bishop of Winchester. In 1811, it was enlarged and deformed, at the cost of George Ward, Esq. of Northwood Park, from the designs of Nash, to whom the horrible hideousness of the tower is to be attributed. The lower story of the tower is the sepulchral chapel of the Ward family. The chapel of the HOLY TRINITY, on the West Cliff, was founded in 1832, by Mrs. Goodwin. Its architect was a Mr. Bramble, of whose genius this structure will not afford the spectator a very high opinion. The NATIONAL SCHOOLS were erected in 1821, on ground presented by the late Mr. Ward. The Dissenters possess various places of worship—the *Independents*, in Union Road, the *Wesleyans*, in Birmingham Road, and there is a Roman Catholic Chapel (dating from 1796) in Carvel Lane.

Above the town, on the crest of the hill, stands the commodious Italian mansion, of stone, of NORTHWOOD PARK, the seat of G. H. Ward, Esq., the author of "The Ideal of a Christian Church." Of this family came the once popular novelist, the author of "Tremaine," and the late Sir Henry Ward, governor of Madras, whose premature decease recently excited the public regret.

[A pleasant walk along the MARINE PARADE leads to a house, quaintly named EGYPT, now converted into a large boarding-school. From this point may be enjoyed a surprisingly beautiful prospect of the Hampshire coast, Eaglehurst and Calshot Castle, and the mast-thronged Solent. The ramble may be continued to GURNET BAY, where Charles II. landed in 1671 on his way to Yarmouth. The tin-trade is supposed by some authorities to have been carried on between a port which formerly existed here and LEAP on the opposite shore. On the uplands above stands WOODVALE (Admiral Ffarington). The low cliffs in the vicinity of TROVNESS BAY consist of Bembridge limestone, and a few fossils may occasionally be obtained. The tourist may here ascend from the shore by Whippence Farm into the high road, and return to West Cowes through Lower Cockleton.

The return to Newport may be varied by descending to the river bank at WERRON

FARM, crossing the Medina to the FOLLY INN (notable for its oyster banquets), ascending into the East Cowes road, and so into Newport *via* Fairlie.]

### BRANCH ROUTE—NEWPORT TO OSBORNE AND EAST COWES.

The principal points of interest in this short but agreeable route (4 miles) are quickly enumerated. FAIRLIE is an old and unpretending mansion, formerly occupied by a branch of the ancient Oglander family, and pleasantly situated on the uplands, above the winding river. A road on the left descends to the FOLLY INN, on the bank of the Medina. The neat cottages erected by Her Majesty and the Prince Consort on their extensive estates, and the Prince Consort's farm-buildings, are conspicuous on our right. From various points we command very good views of the valley of the Medina. "The broad sweep of the stream stretches before us in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples, and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly along; on each side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of 'glad light green.' In front the view is bounded by softly swelling uplands, or—when a turn in the path brings into sight—the broad opening where the river falls into the sea by the silver Solent, and the hazy coast beyond"—(*Thorne*).

A road on the left descends the hill-side to WHIPPINGHAM (population, 3100—*i. e.*, Wipinga's *ham* or settlement)—a parish which includes, in its area of 5208 acres, East Cowes and a considerable portion of the Osborne estate. The CHURCH, rebuilt by Nash in 1816, preserves but a few of its original Norman characteristics. The aisles and chancel, added in 1835 at the Queen's expense, are in the Transition-Norman style, and from Mr. Humbert's design. The whole building is now being rebuilt in the same style. There is little in the interior to attract attention but the royal pews, and a plain memorial to Dr. Arnold's father.

A pretty rural lane now runs parallel for about three quarters of a mile with the East Cowes road, and eventually joins it near one of the principal entrances of OSBORNE. This royal manor was anciently called Austerbourne or Oysterbourne, and derives its name, it is said, from "the oyster-beds of the Medina." From the Bowermans, an old island-family not yet extinct, the

estate passed into the hands of one Eustace Mann, who, during the troubles of the Civil War, buried a mass of gold and silver coins in a coppice still known as *Money Coppice*, and having forgotten to mark the spot, was never afterwards able to recover his treasure. A Mr. Blachford married his grand-daughter, and transmitted the estate to his heirs. From Lady Isabella Blachford it was purchased by Her Majesty in 1840, and it has since been enlarged by the addition of Barton and other demesnes until it includes an area of, upwards of 5000 acres,—bounded, north by the Solent, south by the Ryde and Newport road, east by the inlet of King's Quay, and west by the Medina. The stone mansion, built by Mr. Blachford, was pulled down when the Queen became its possessor, and the present noble house erected, in the Italian style, under the direction of Mr. J. Cubitt. The campanile is 90 feet high, the flag-tower 112. The royal apartments are adorned by a large and choice collection of statuary and paintings, and look out upon terraced gardens, and a breadth of lawnly slope which stretches to the very margin of the Solent. The surrounding grounds are of considerable beauty, and the farm is benefited by the introduction of every modern improvement. The best view of Osborne is obtained from the water. Neither the house nor grounds are opened to the public.

The manor of BARTON, or BURTON, lies to the east. An Oratory was founded here in 1272 by John de Insula and Peter de Winton, respectively the rectors of Shalfleet and Godshill, for the reception of an arch-priest, six chaplains, and a clerk, of the Augustinian order. Its lands were granted in the fifteenth century to Winchester College; from whose authorities they were purchased by Her Majesty. The head steward of the royal estates resides in BARTON COURT HOUSE, recently rebuilt, but still retaining its characteristic Tudor front.

The road skirts the Osborne estate for a considerable distance. Near the principal entrance, and adjoining the road which descends through EAST COWES PARK (an unfortunate building speculation) to East Cowes, stands the pretentious gateway of EAST COWES CASTLE (Mrs. Tudor), a tawdry specimen of Georgian Gothic, erected by Nash, the Regent Street architect, for his own residence. The grounds are admirably arranged. A noble conservatory, 250 feet long, is a splendid adjunct. The picture gallery and library are richly fitted up.

Lower down the hill, on the right, is SLATWOODS (the resi-

dence of the late Miss Shedden, a lady of wealth and discreet benevolence), which the tourist will regard with more than ordinary interest as the birthplace of the great and good Dr. Arnold (June 13, 1795). His father was collector of customs at East Cowes, and died here in 1801. The great historian and educational reformer never forgot the scene of his earlier days, and from the large willow-tree—still remaining in the grounds—transplanted slips successively to Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How. —(*Canon Stanley's Life and Letters of Arnold*).

A private road, passing SPRING HILL, ascends to NORRIS CASTLE (Robert Bell, Esq.), a noble castellated mansion, built for Lord Henry Seymour by Sir J. Wyattville. Its ivy-shrouded front is bold and picturesque; and the glorious prospects which it commands of Southampton Water, and the spires and masts beyond—of the deep shadowy masses of the New Forest—and the greenly-wooded coast of the island even to St. Helen's, are eminently striking in their constantly varying effects of light and shade.

George IV. was received here by Lord Henry Seymour in 1819, and it was a favourite residence of Her Majesty, while Princess Victoria. The Duchess of Kent occupied it in the summer of 1859.

Retracing our steps, we plunge suddenly into the squalid streets of EAST COWES (population, 1440. *Hotel*: The East Medina), where it will be unnecessary to detain the tourist for any lengthened period. Of East Cowes Castle, which Henry VIII. constructed upon the ruins of a cell attached to the abbey of Beaulieu, and known as EAST SHAMBLORD, there are no remains; but its position is still known as OLD CASTLE POINT. (Shamblord, in the reign of Edward III., was one of the three principal ports of the Island.) Mr. Hamilton White has a shipbuilding establishment below the Queen's private landing-place, called FALCON YARD. A floating bridge connects East and West Cowes.

EAST COWES CHURCH, dedicated to St. James, and included in the parish of Whippingham, is one of Nash's pseudo-Gothic abortions. The first stone was laid by the Princess Victoria, September 6, 1831.

The tourist may return to Newport by boat if the tide permits; or keep along the river bank to the Folly Inn, cross to Werror Farm, ascend the slope to Northwood Church, and thence, by way of Parkhurst, "regain the capital of the island."

## BRANCH ROUTE—NEWPORT TO GODSHILL.

We are inclined to consider the road from Newport to Godshill as one of the most picturesque in this part of the Wight. On emerging from the town—leaving behind us, on our right, the church of St. JOHN'S—we quickly descend to SHIDE BRIDGE, on the Medina—a spot of some importance in the earlier history of the island—cross the Medina, and traverse the romantic valley that here breaks through the great barren of the central range of chalk hills. We follow the course of the river with but little variation until Blackwater is reached. Here the valley opens upon a smiling expanse of grassy plains, and the undulating downs roll far away to the east, like the crest of some enormous wave. At the base of Pan Down may be noted the plain brick building of STANDEN HOUSE. To the right extend the leafy groves of Gatcombe, clustering in a pleasant valley, and watered by the winding river. Observe GATCOMBE HOUSE (Mrs. Bidgood), and the square gray tower of GATCOMBE CHURCH, rising conspicuously and gracefully above their environment of ancient trees. In due time we reach PIDFORD HOUSE, about 3 miles from Newport, where a road diverges to Gatcombe, and another road, or lane, a short distance beyond, to Sheat Farm, and thence southward to Chillerton. ROOKLEY, and its little schoolhouse, is our next point. Here we have a choice of routes. The road to the left skirts the sloping sides of Rookley Down, and passes some sequestered farmsteads on its way to Godshill, affording some noble vistas of the southern downs, and the distant hill (of ferruginous sand) upon which GODSHILL CHURCH raises its ancient tower, like a venerable landmark of the past. On our way we may endeavour to collect the fantastic navel-wort (*cotyledon umbilicus*), Tanacetum, and *Datura stramonium*. The other road at the *Chequers* Inn divides again,—one branch, by a circuitous route, reaching Godshill; the lane to the right crossing Bleak Down; and proceeding by way of Lashmere Pond—an excellent locality for the botanist—to NITON.

Let us suppose that we have arrived at GODSHILL (population, 1316. *Inn*: The Griffin). This, the “most romancy” (as old Aubrey would say) of the island-villages, abounds in bloom and leafiness, out of whose balmy depths rises the rugged church-



crested hill, its abrupt sides studded with irregular cottages, and broken into flowery rifts and chasms. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is worth a visit, as well on account of its architectural merits and interesting memorials, as of its admirable and striking position. A panorama, only to be described by a poet, greets the spectator's eye from this insulated point. "To the north the gaze embraces the whole of the vale of Newchurch, with the undulating ridge of the chalk downs beyond, ending towards the valley of the Medina in the abrupt slope of St. George's Down. The white cliffs of Culver are just descried over some rising ground to the right; to the left we have the ridge separating the valleys of the Yar and Medina, and the bold line of chalk downs which here take a due southerly direction. To the south the view is more varied. The northern front of the southern chalk range, with its bold projecting spurs, and sinuous valleys lies before us. Appuldurcombe, or Week Down, with its shattered obelisk, bold wall of cliff (the northern face of the firestone stratum, which gives its picturesque character to the Undercliff), and rich hanging woods, rising immediately in front over the scattered houses and leafy knolls of the village; to the west is the huge mass of St. Catherine's, marked by the twin pharoses, and the slender Alexandrian pillar; to the east rises the more picturesque outline of Shanklin Down, with its belt of timber half concealing its cliffs, on the summit of which stands the modern ruin of Cook's Castle"—(*Venables*).

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH is a cruciform structure, with a western Perpendicular tower, so like to those of Carisbrook and Chale, that it was probably erected by the same architect. The two transepts are supplemented by small chapels. On the gable of the south transeptal chapel stands a singular SAINTS' or SANCTE BELL\* turret. The porch contains two tablets blazoned with inscriptions—one in Latin, the other a versified translation—in honour of *Richard Gard*, who liberally endowed the village school,†

"The needy raised,  
And by the latest memory will be praised."

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\* This bell was rang when the host was lifted up at the verse "Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

† Godahill once possessed an excellent grammar school, the chief in the island, founded in 1595 by Richard Andrewa.

Many remarkable memorials demand our attention in the interior, which is spacious, lofty, and imposing. The best, perhaps, is the rich altar-tomb, *temp.* Henry VIII., with fretted canopy, of Sir *John Leigh* and his wife *Mary*. The recumbent alabaster figures are well executed. Observe, also, the kneeling figures of Sir *James Worsley* and his wife *Anne*; the memorial to *James Worsley*, captain of the island, d. 1595, and his two sons,—

“Sorte perempti  
Prepropera, infesti pulveris igne jacent,”

slain in boyhood by an accidental explosion of gunpowder in the gate-house at Appuldurcombe. The huge sarcophagus, with its busts and figures, erected by Sir *Robert Worsley* for himself and his brother Henry, and the pretentious monument to Sir *Richard Worsley*, the last male of his famous line, erected by the late Earl of Yarborough, who married Sir Richard's niece, may both be examined to be—condemned.

Godshill was one of the six churches with which William Fitz-Osbert, after the Norman Conquest, endowed his favourite abbey of Lire, in Normandy. Charles I. presented it to Queen's College, Oxford. It was much injured by lightning in January 1778. A tradition (of no uncommon character) attempts to account for the peculiar name of the village. Its builders first proposed to erect it at the foot of the hill, but every morning found the preceding day's work undone, and their materials carried to the summit. After a few days' perseverance they wisely resolved to struggle no longer against the invisible workmen, and built the church on the site indicated by the spirits, where it still stands—to all the country side around a stately beacon of the Christian faith.

Dr. Henry Cole, a true “Vicar of Bray,” who changed from Protestantism to Roman Catholicism, and back again, according as Mary or Elizabeth sat upon the throne, and who “damn'd himself to everlasting fame” by consenting to preach the sermon when Cranmer was burnt, was born at Godshill.

[A day or two may be agreeably spent in examining this delightful locality. The road to VENTNOR passes SANDFORD (where the *Anthemis Arvensis* occurs), Wroxall, and crossing the Downs, suddenly descends to the plateau of the Undercliff. The walk to WHITWELL and ST. LAWRENCE may also be commended; and an excursion should not fail to be made to Shanklin, by way of Sandford, French Mill, Whitely Bank, and Hungerberry Cope.]

## BRANCH ROUTE—NEWPORT to CALBOURNE, 5½ Miles.

From Newport we strike forward at once for CARISBROOK (see *post*), but neglecting for the nonce its triple attractions—its church, its castle, and Roman villa—we turn aside, on the right, for Alvington or BOWCOMBE DOWN (Beau-combe, the fine valley), and climb its abrupt acclivity. In the hollow beneath us, towards the north, lies the manor-house of Alvington, backed, so to speak, by the young oak-coppices and dark-green fir-clumps of Parkhurst Forest. At PARK CROSS, 2½ miles, a road, right, branches off to Thorness, and thence by Tinker's Lane and Lower Cockleton into West Cowes; another, left, crosses the chalk hills to Bowcombe Farm. Continuing our route we reach (at 4 miles from Newport) the grounds and mansion of SWAINSTON (Sir John Simeon, Bart.), included in the manor of Swainston, a manor anciently attached by King Egbert (A. D. 826) to the see of Winchester, and retained by the bishops until John de Pontissara yielded it up to Edward I. upon "mild compulsion." The manor was afterwards in the hands of the Montacutes, earls of Salisbury, the king-making Earl of Warwick, Clarence brother of Edward IV. and his victim, and the countess of Salisbury, beheaded in her gray hairs by Henry VIII. The countess's grand-daughter received the forfeited estates from the generosity of Queen Mary, and bestowed them and her hand upon Sir Thomas Barrington, from whom they have descended by marriage to their present proprietor. The house, a square stone mansion, about half a century old, contains some Early English fragments (ecclesiastical in character) of the ancient episcopal residence. The demesne is richly wooded, and to the north lies WATCHINGWELL, a portion of the old royal chase of Parkhurst Forest. Southward runs a picturesque lane to ROWBRIDGE (where, in the neighbouring copse, may be found the beautiful *Calamintha sylvatica*, and on the downs several varieties of orchides), and across the hills to GALLIBURY and ROWBOROUGH, the sites of some ancient Celtic pit-villages.

At a mile and a half from Swainston we gain the interesting village of CALBOURNE (population, 781. *Inn*: The Sun), partly situated round a pleasant green, adorned by its church and

parsonage, and watered by the stream—the CAUL-BOURNE—from which it takes its name. All about this most charming village lie quarries, large and small, of freshwater limestone, where excellent specimens of the fossils peculiar to these strata may readily be obtained, and the botanist should be on the look out for the *Orchis ustulata*, *Inula helenium*, *Verbena officinalis*, *Neottia nidus-avis*, and *Bupleurum rotundiflorum*, of which some fine plants are often procurable.

The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, was much altered and enlarged in 1836 by the late Sir Richard Simeon, to whom we owe the north porch and the north transept (the Simeon mausoleum), in the Early Decorated style. The Early English chancel and south aisle are both ancient. Remark the east window, two separate lancet lights, surmounted by a foliated circle. In a slab inserted in the pavement of the south aisle is a good brass effigy of an armed knight, *temp.* Edward III., supposed to commemorate one of the Montacutes, lords of Swainston. A brass plate affixed to the north wall of the chancel is inscribed to the memory of the puritan minister of Calbourne, the “reverend, religious, and learned preacher, Daniel Evance,” with an anagram on his name, “I can deal even.”

“Who is sufficient for this thing,  
Wisely to harpe on every stringe,  
Rightly divide the word of truth  
To babes and men, to age and youth.  
One of a thousand where he’s found,  
So learned, pious, and profound —  
Earth has but few—there is in Heaven  
One who answers, ‘I can deal even.’”

The rectory of Calbourne, valued at £660, is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Hopton Sydenham, a kinsman of Sydenham the Roundhead soldier, and Sydenham the physician, enjoyed the living from 1638 to 1648.

A short distance below the church, its grounds skirted by Lynch Lane (leading to Calbourne Bottom, and across the downs to Brightstone), stands WESTOVER, a modern house of no great pretensions, founded by the Holmes family, and recently occupied by their representative by marriage, the present Earl of Heytesbury (the Hon. W. Ashe A’Court, who assumed the name of Holmes on his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Sir

Leonard Worsley Holmes). The late Lord Heytesbury was governor of the Isle of Wight from 1851 to 1857, when he was succeeded by the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Eversley.

[From Calbourne the tourist may prolong his excursion by way of Newbridge (across the Newtown river), Stoneover, Wellow, and Thorley, to YARMOUTH, 6 miles; or he may turn aside at Newbridge, and proceed through the river-watered meadow to SHALFLEET, 3 miles. Through Lynch Lane and Calbourne Bottom to BRIGHSTONE, 8½ miles, will be found a delightful walk. From Calbourne to Freshwater Gate, 6 miles, is an excursion of great interest and surprising beauty.]

#### BRANCH ROUTE FROM NEWPORT TO KINGSTON, *via* GATCOMBE

Nine miles of woodland, meadow, and rugged heath, nine miles of agreeable, if not particularly striking scenery, will be enjoyed by the traveller from Newport to Kingston, especially if he be not one of those who go "from Dan to Beersheba" to find, in their ignorance, that "all is barren." As we leave Newport and its canopy of smoke—out of which, in simple beauty, rises the tall tower of the new church—in our rear, the gray walls and conspicuous keep of Carisbrook Castle rise prominently on their insulated hill, and soon we penetrate the orchards of Whitcombe, clothing the green slopes with an admirable luxuriance of leaf and blossom. Just before we enter the park of Gatcombe, we pass, on our left a lane, leading into the Shorwell road, which bears the picturesque appellation of SNOWDROP LANE. A romantic road, on the right, leads to the sequestered village of GATCOMBE (population, 260)—the GATE, or mouth, of the COMBE or valley.

GATCOMBE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Olave, raises its Perpendicular pinnacled tower above a mass of foliage, and in a dell of tranquil loveliness. It contains a remarkable wooden effigy of an armed knight, apparently of the time of Edward I, and commemorating, perhaps, one of the Esturs, anciently lords of the manor. The tradition among the villagers has long represented it as a figure of St. Rhadegund.

The rectory of Gatcombe is enjoyed by the principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, having been purchased by the university in 1821.

GATCOMBE HOUSE (Mrs. Bidgood) is a large stone mansion, built about 1750. "The high knolls of timber that back and

flank the building, and a range of coppice that covers the steep precipice of a lofty hill on the south side, sufficiently mark out its beautiful situation"—(*Wyndham*).

Resuming our ramble, we keep within the shelter of the hollow as far as the old Jacobean manor-house of SHEAT, and then commence the ascent of the ravine which, at CHILLERTON, breaks through the chalk-hills. Turning aside, at length, from the lofty crest of Chillerton Down, the road which we follow strikes into the open fields (lower greensand), passes BILLINGHAM HOUSE, formerly a seat of one of the branches of the Worsley family, and reaches, in an exposed and somewhat desolate situation, the little church of KINGSTON (population, 65), a low Early English building, containing some good stained glass windows, and a brass, with effigies, to *Sir Richard Mewys*, d. 1535, and his three sons.

In the neighbourhood will be found the plants characteristic of the lower greensand districts:—bristle bent (*Agrostis setacea*), the Knapweed, Ox-eye, *Silene anglica*, *Filago minima*, and *Tanacetum*.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—NEWPORT TO SHORWELL.

From Newport to Shorwell is 5 miles. The tourist leaves Newport by the High Street, and that continuation of it which is known as CASTLE HOLD, "once a sort of ALSATIA, the privileged resort of the bad characters of the neighbourhood, in which a conventicle was forcibly dispersed in 1683"—(*Venables*); traverses the tree-bordered MALL, a favourite promenade with the beaux and belles of Newport; crosses the crystal rivulet of CARISBROOK; ascends the hill whose flank is covered with the pleasant village, and, turning off to the left, winds past the VICARAGE into the Fair Valley—the leafy hollow of Bowcombe. (For a full account of the antiquities of CARISBROOK, see "A Day at Carisbrook," *post*.) The scenery here increases in attraction. The gray old castle, lonely and magnificent, crowns the hill on our left, and soon the road creeps in and about the sloping sides of overhanging downs, occasionally passing an ancient farmstead, a pretty rose-trellised cottage, or a clump of ancient trees. (At ROWBOROUGH FARM, on the right, a steep lane diverges to the ANCIENT BRITISH SETTLEMENT, a pit-village well worth examination, lying in the hollow between Gallibury and Rowborough Downs.) In due time we come to the summit of

the chalk-range, and descend into the valley of Shorwell, the road for some distance skirting the grounds of NORTHCOURT (Sir H. P. Gordon), a stately Jacobean mansion, commenced by Sir John Leigh. The terraced gardens are of great beauty, and command some admirable views of the adjacent country, and the gleaming waters of the distant Channel. In the grounds rises a crystal spring, which gives name to the neighbouring village, and they are studded with mausoleums, dairies, "Temples of the Sun," and other affectations, the offsprings of the taste of a former proprietor.

SHORWELL (population, 678) rejoices in a position of more than ordinary beauty, and a church of more than ordinary interest. The latter building, dedicated to St. Peter, was well restored by the late vicar, the Rev. E. Robinson, and a visit to it should on no account be omitted by the tourist. It consists of a nave and chancel, with little constructional difference, north and south aisles—separated from the body of the church by low rude arcades—and tower and spire at the west end. A curious fresco, illustrative of the life and adventures of St. Christopher, ornaments the wall over the north door. It is in tolerable preservation. The stone pulpit, panelled and canopied, with its iron hour-glass frame, *temp.* James I., will attract the visitor's attention. The font is of the same period. A brass commemorates a former vicar of Shorwell, *Richard Bethell*, d. 1518; and to the Leighs of Northcourt there are numerous interesting memorials. Remark, especially, the singular brass plate erected by Barnabas Leigh in honour of his two deceased wives, *Mrs. Elizabeth Bampfild*, d. 1615, and *Mrs. Gartrude Percevall*, d. 1619, with a complimentary allusion to his *third* spouse, then living. One wife is followed by a train of children; the other stands solitary and childless. Equally worthy of notice is the memorial to Sir *John Leigh*, of Northcourt, d. 1629, and his great grandchild *Barnabas*, who died seven days after him. The inscription is in singular taste, or want of taste:—

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

Observe, too, the memorials to Lady *Elizabeth Leigh*, d.

1619—"Sixteene a maide, and fiftie yeares a wife;" and *John Leigh*, d. 1688.

The chalice and paten are of curious workmanship. The latter was purchased abroad by the late vicar, and though unsuited to its sacred office, displays considerable artistic excellence. Twelve medallions of the Cæsars encircle a representation of Eve's temptation of Adam, which is also surrounded by an emblematic border, allegorizing "Musique, Grammatique, Aremitique, Astronomie, Minerve, and Retorique." The chalice is dated 1569.

From Shorwell the tourist may proceed to BRIGHSTONE, 2 miles, or through Kingston to CHALE, 5 miles, and BLACKGANG CHINE, 5½ miles. *Geranium lucidum* and *Campanula trachelium* occur in the lanes near Shorwell.

## ROUTE II.—NEWPORT, via YARMOUTH, to FRESHWATER GATE.

[Shalfleet, 5 m.; Thorley, 4½ m.; Yarmouth, ½ m.; Freshwater Village, 2 m.; Freshwater Gate, 2½ m.]

Throughout all the isle

There was no covert, no retired cave

Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves.

KEATS.

The YARMOUTH ROAD diverges from the WEST COWES ROAD near the ALBANY BARRACKS, and traversing the growing plantations of Parkhurst Forest, passes the ancient farm of VITTLEFIELD, 2½ miles, and at WATCHINGWELL, 3½ miles, plunges into a pleasant breadth of green oak-coppices. For this road we are indebted, it is said, to brave old Sir Robert Holmes—Dryden's Holmes,—

"Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight,

Who first bewitched our eyes with Guinea gold,"—

but its present excellent condition dates from a more recent period. Some agreeable landscapes, enlivened by the many branches of the Newtown river, greet our eyes as we press forward to Shalfleet, but, until we arrive at that not too lively village there is really nothing to bid us pause. At SHALFLEET (population, 1245) we may stop awhile to examine its Norman CHURCH, for that it was originally built by Norman architects, its low, vast tower, with its plain string-course, is a sufficient proof.



The north doorway is also Norman, and the tympanum is filled up with a curious sculpture of a priest resting his hands on two heraldic griffins, though some antiquaries will have it that the allegory so rudely carved represents *Daniel contending with the Lion and the Bear*. The remainder of the building is Early Second Pointed, or Early Decorated, and its most interesting features are the windows in the south aisle, the chancel-arch, and the arcades which separate the nave from the aisles. Remark the rudely sculptured shields, dated 1630, in the south aisle, and the monumental slab which lies on the chancel-floor; the latter, measuring 5 feet 10 inches, is adorned with shield and spear, and evidently dates from the early part of the twelfth century.

The vicarage of Shalfleet, valued at £210, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor.

From Shalfleet a very delightful lane leads to NEWTOWN (*Inn*: the Francheville Arms), a scattering of cottages along the shores of a navigable creek. It is worth visiting on account of its peculiar scenery, but retains nothing of its former importance. Up to 1832 it was a parliamentary borough, returning two members, and was as "close" a borough as Grampond or Haslemere. John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough (1678-81), Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson (1705), and George Canning (1793, 1806, 1807), were among its representatives. Certain lanes are still known as Gold Street, Kay Street, and High Street, and are supposed to indicate its former extent.

The first charter of FRANCHEVILLE (as it was originally called), was granted by Aymer, bishop of Winchester; a market was allowed it by Edward II. It was destroyed by the Danes in 1011, but recovered from the blow. In 1377 it was again devastated, this time by the French, but did *not* recover. Though out of the ashes of the unhappy Francheville sprang the borough of Newtown.

The CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Spirit, is a chapelry to Calbourne. It was erected from the designs of Mr. Livesay, in the Early English style, and incorporated a few fragments of the ancient building. In the TOWN HALL, built in 1699, and now used as a school-house, is preserved a silver mace of the time of Edward IV.

Some tolerable trout-fishing may be enjoyed in a branch of

the Newport river, and the botanist will find on its banks several notable aquatic plants. The salterns below the Church should be examined. From sea-water, collected in large shallow pans, the salt is procured by a series of evaporating processes.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—SHALFLEET TO CALBOURNE

For the sake of the lover of the picturesque we indicate this pleasant ramble. It is equally agreeable whether he adopts the shortest road, and makes his way into Shalfleet by Elm Copse and Stoney Cross, or traverses the meadows by the bank of the Newtown river, turning into the Calbourne road at Newbridge; or, finally, selects a most circuitous but interesting path, and passes WARLANDS—so named from the ancient proprietor, Walleran Trenchard; NINGWOOD (Rev. T. Cottle), a picturesque old manor-house; and DODPITS, a large quarry abounding in the freshwater limestone fossils.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—SHALFLEET TO YARMOUTH.

A mile or so past Shalfleet, and close to the little rural bridge which carries the Yarmouth road across Ringwood Creek, a lane turns aside, on the left, to NINGWOOD FARM. The tourist then turns his face to the west, passes WELLOW—said to be the site of the "Waltham" referred to in the Saxon Chronicle, anno 1001, as destroyed by the Danes—and following, with tolerable exactness, the course of a branch of the River Yar, arrives, at 9 miles from Newport, at THORLEY (population, 154), situated in a ripe agricultural district, but scarcely noticeable for other considerations. Its barn-like CHURCH, dedicated to St. Swithin, has neither spire, nor tower, nor gables, nor interesting memorials—has nothing in its exterior or interior to attract the eye but a curious bell-turret over the south porch.

We pass the church, cross the Thorley rivulet, and quickly ascend to the bank of the Solent, along which the road now runs, at a slight elevation, and in full exposure—as experience has taught us—to a vast variety of winds, but commanding some peculiarly striking views of Lymington river, Hurst Castle, the New Forest, and the general line of the Hampshire coast. The moat

and drawbridge which formerly protected the entrance to Yarmouth no longer exists, and the stranger goes on his way rejoicing and unchallenged.

YARMOUTH (population, 572. *Inns*: The George, the Bugle—the former the ancient mansion of Sir Robert Holmes, where he entertained Charles II. in 1671; the latter containing an excellent collection of local birds made by the landlord, Mr. Butler, a good shot, and a skilful taxidermist) will be found a convenient *point d'appui* by the tourist who meditates a thorough exploration of the extreme west of the island. It is an old decayed town, with an old-world look about it, though it possesses no antiquities wherewith we may “point a moral, or adorn a tale;” but the recent establishment of a steamboat and railway communication with London, *via* Lymington, and the erection of a bridge across the mouth of the Yar, may perhaps galvanize it into life. Its position is very attractive: Alum Bay, the Needles, and Fresh-water Gate, being within a day’s easy ramble; and to the invalid its clear fresh air must be of unusual benefit. It is less exposed than Ryde to keen eastern winds, and than Ventnor to a glaring burning sun.

“Once upon a time”—that is, in the thirteenth century, when it was incorporated by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon—it was a place of some importance, and much frequented as a port of communication with the mainland. John Lackland visited it in 1206, and again in 1209, on each occasion residing here for a few days. A heavy blow was dealt to the prosperity of the rising town in 1277, when it was burnt to the ground by the marauding French, and a still heavier stroke was its second occupation by the same foe in 1524. A few years later (1539) a round port, or castle, was erected for its protection by Henry VIII. Up to 1832, and from the 27th of Elizabeth, it returned two members to parliament, its representatives being always selected by the Holmes family. The number of electors whose “most sweet voices” were thus expressed in parliament seldom exceeded *nine*.

The trade in the town consists in the importation of cattle—about 12,000 head annually—coals, and slate, and iron. A little corn is exported.

The CASTLE commands the entrance to the Yar, and is nothing but a semicircular battery, armed with four guns. But it is, we

believe, in pursuance of the recommendations of the recent defence commission, to be considerably enlarged and strengthened. It occupies the site of the church destroyed by the French in 1524.

The present CHURCH was erected 1611-1614, by private subscriptions, and the results of a brief issued for that purpose. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, north and south chapels, and square tower. To the architectural student it will scarcely be an object of admiration. In the south chapel stands a remarkably fine statue of white marble (by Rysbrach ?), beneath an arched canopy, which solid Ionic columns of porphyry support, of Sir *Robert Holmes*, governor of the island, 1667-1692, and one of the stoutest seamen of the time. A ponderous epitaph in Latin records the principal events of his career ; his birth at Mallow, county of Cork—his gallant deeds as a soldier under Prince Rupert and Charles I.—his successes against the Dutch on the coast of Guinea—his capture of the Dutch colony of Nova Belgia, now so famous as New York—his foray in the roads of Vlie, where he burnt the villages on the coast, two ships of war, and 140 merchantmen—his attack upon the Dutch Smyrna fleet of merchantmen—and, finally, his long governorship of the island. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1666.

The body of the statue—an exquisite work of art—as well as the sculptor engaged upon it, were captured, it is said, by Holmes on board a French ship. It was intended to be completed with a head of Louis XIV., but Holmes “compelled the sculptor to receive him as a sitter,” instead of le Grand Monarque. The rough old seaman conferred many benefits upon Yarmouth ; and the embankment of its marshes was carried out under his direction.

The TOWN HALL, rebuilt in 1764, is one of the plainest of plain buildings. The NATIONAL SCHOOLS, erected in 1855-6, are a pleasing specimen of modern Elizabethan.

#### BRANCH ROUTE FROM YARMOUTH TO FRESHWATER GATE. (East of the Yar.)

This brief but pleasant ramble will conduct the pedestrian through the little hamlet of THORLEY (see *anté*), and then, in a south-west direction, to WILMINGHAM. Skirting the great huge

barrier of the central downs, and penetrating the wooded valley of the Yar, we soon arrive at Calbourne, and turning to the right pass AFTON FARM, and, afterwards, AFTON HOUSE (C. Cotton, Esq.), a well-looking mansion, situated on the hill-side which slopes to the Yar. (AF, AVON—the generic British word for “water”). A quarter of a mile more, and we find ourselves in the tiny hamlet of EASTON, from whence a green lane on the right leads to FARRINGFORD, the residence of Alfred Tennyson. Turning to the left we, however, now plunge through the narrow “gate” or opening in the chalk-range, formed by the little Yar, and arrive at FRESHWATER GATE, in face of the foaming channel, which here, as Tennyson says,

“Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand.”

A few yards inland, and separated from the sea only by a narrow bank of shingle and pebbles—a strip of beach, which, in stormy weather the ocean does not always respect as a barrier—is the source of the Yar. The river is tidal from Yarmouth to Freshwater Mill, a distance of about two miles.

At Freshwater Gate there are two good HOTELS—*Plumley's*, and the *Albion*. The neighbourhood is famous for its romantic beauty and savage grandeur, while to the geologist it affords an inexhaustible store of speculation and study.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—YARMOUTH TO FRESHWATER GATE. (West of the Yar.)

Instead of adopting the circuitous route through Wilmingham, Thorley and Afton, which we have just described, and to which equestrians and “carriage folk” were formerly confined, we may now cross the estuary of the Yar by the new bridge, and proceed through the delectable village of Freshwater to Freshwater Gate. On the shore, facing the Lymington river, and commanding the finest views imaginable of Hurst Castle, the Solent, and the Hampshire coast, is situated NORTON, a collection of cottages and decent villas. Here are the seats (NORTON LODGE) of the veteran admiral, Sir Graham Hamond; of Rear-admiral Crozier (MARINA); and Captain Hamond (HILL LODGE).

Climbing the hill which overlooks the shimmering waters of the Yar—at high water the scene is calmly beautiful—we pass

through MORE GREEN, and descend into FRESHWATER (population, 1393. *Inn*: The Red Lion), 2½ miles, a village very agreeably situated, and offering, from some points of view, picturesque "bits" which the sketcher will do well not to neglect. At its RECTORY was born, July 18, 1635, the ingenious and erudite Dr. *Robert Hooke*, one of the earliest members of the Royal Society, and the great improver of the pendulum. Dr. Wood, the mathematician, was rector of Freshwater; died 1839

The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, is a Transition-Norman building, with a singular arched tower of unusual construction. The nave is divided from the aisles by two pointed arches, and the chancel is supported by north and south chapels of a later date. Remark the rood-screen, and the pulpit (*temp.* James I); the ancient Transition-Norman recess in the south wall; and the characteristic epitaph which commemorates "the most virtuous Mrs. *Anne Toppe*, in her widowhood, by a memorable Providence, preserved out of the flames of the Irish rebellion," d. 1648.

The rectory is in the patronage of the Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, to whom it was granted by Lord-Keeper Williams in 1623.

In our route to Freshwater Gate we may include FARRINGFORD HOUSE, already referred to as the residence of the author of the "Idylls of the King." In a lyric addressed to the Rev. F. Maurice he speaks of it pleasantly:—

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

In the bay, formed by the action of the sea upon the huge cliffs of chalk which here defend the Wight, rises the ARCHED ROCK, one of two isolated masses of chalk separated from the cliff by natural causes. Long ago, in the dim obscurity of a Past which ended, perhaps, before human annals had a beginning, the ceaseless ocean swept away the softer portion of the rock, and fashioned, in all its inimitable beauty, this mighty natural curiosity—this Triumphant Arch of the Waters, through which, ever and anon, they roll in grand procession, as if to the sounds of martial music. A similar mass, at no great distance from it, is called the STAG ROCK.

This part of the coast was often sketched by the artist Mor-

land, who made here some of his studies of fishermen, and was accustomed to frequent a small cabaret, "affording every accommodation," says Hassell, "a traveller could wish for"—called THE CABIN (A. D. 1799).

#### BRANCH ROUTE TO ALUM BAY AND CLIFF END

No excursion in the Isle of Wight is, probably, more popular with tourists than that which we are now about to indicate. We regret that our limits will not permit us to dwell upon its attractive features with the minuteness which they deserve, and our familiarity with them would suggest. Days which we mark especially with a white chalk, and whose impressions are never to be forgotten, have been devoted by us to their thorough examination; and the pedestrian who surveys them with "leisurely love" will have no reason to consider his time mis-spent.

Passing the new FORT, planted on a plateau scooped out of the lofty cliffs, we traverse the ridge of the HIGH DOWNS, towards the OLD LIGHTHOUSE (450 feet above the sea), the ridge gradually narrowing as it approaches the Needles Point, where it breaks off abruptly in a bold bluff, overhanging the seething waters. "The view from hence," says Mr. Thorne, "is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the ocean. The 'dreadful trade' of gathering samphire is still practised here. Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes. But the main inducement to practise the perilous craft is the profit arising from the sale of the eggs and feathers of the various sea-birds which build in surprising numbers on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs. In order to get at these eggs, the men fasten a rope to an iron bar which they have driven firmly into the ground, and then placing themselves on a rude seat, formed of two pieces of wood placed across, they lower themselves, by means of a second rope, down the face of the cliff. The practice is almost as dangerous as it appears to be: many a bold man has lost his life in pursuing it."

A new LIGHTHOUSE has been erected (1859) on the outermost Needle rock, the old one having often been rendered useless by the thick mists which, at certain seasons, enveloped it.

The NEEDLES. The celebrated Needles are five "isolated masses of the extreme west point of the middle range of Downs, which have been produced by the decomposition and wearing away of the rock in the direction of the joints or fissures with which the strata are traversed. The angular or wedge-shaped form of these rocks has resulted from the highly-inclined northward dip of the beds of which they are composed." The appellation *Needles* has been traced by some to the German *nieder fels*, or "nether cliff;" but, more probably, was suggested by the numerous pinnacles starting up from each rugged mass, or by the lofty conical rock, 120 feet high, known as "Lot's Wife," which fell into the sea, in 1764, with a clash and a roar audible at Portsmouth harbour. The channel between the Needles and the Dorsetshire coast is called *The Race*. "There is something imposing," wrote Mr. Rush, the American ambassador, in 1817, "in entering England by this access." "I afterwards," he continued, "entered at Dover in a packet from Calais—my eye fixed upon the sentinels as they slowly paced the heights. But those cliffs, bold as they are, and immortalized by Shakespere, did not equal the passage through the Needles."

Retracing our steps for a short distance, we may descend the northern slope of the Down by a rugged footpath to the WARREN, a broad rugged tract of heath between the Down and HEADON HILL. Behind us may be noted the NEEDLES BAY HOTEL, an excellent and commodious house. From the Warren we descend, through a narrow rift or chine, to the shore, and, turning to the left, find ourselves in ALUM BAY. The effect produced by its wonderfully coloured cliffs contrasting with the glittering masses of the snowy Needles, is very curious and delightful. The strata are vertically arranged, and their tints are so bright and so varied that they have not the appearance of anything natural:—"Deep purplish-red, dusky blue, bright ochreous-yellow, grey approaching nearly to white, and absolute black, succeed each other, as sharply defined as the stripes in silk; and after rain the sun, which from about noon till his setting in summer illuminates them more and more, gives a brilliancy to some of these nearly as resplendent as the high lights on real silk"—(*Englefield*).

*Septaria* (cement-stones), occur here on the shore, and fossils are also numerous. The *alum* which gives name to the bay is no longer gathered for commercial purposes, but considerable



quantities of the white sands found at the foot of Headdon Hill are exported for use in glass factories, and the coloured sands, as every visitor to the island knows, are arranged in fantastic forms as pictures or ornaments, for sale to curious strangers.

A small spring issuing from the chalk cliff is known as **MOTHER LARGE'S WELL**; the same old lady's **KITCHEN** is a cavern at a slight distance further, which a constant percolation of water renders, we fear, unpleasantly damp.

**HEADON HILL**, 397 feet above the sea-level, must certainly be ascended by every tourist in search of the picturesque. Colwell and Totland bays, the valley of the Yar, the wooded lanes and green meadows between Yarmouth and Newtown, Hurst Castle, Lymington, the distant shadows of the New Forest, are included in the magnificent prospect which it overlooks. The geologist will notice here the junction of the chalk with the freshwater deposits and the London clay. The eocene strata, from the uppermost bed in Headdon Hill to the chalk, are 1660 feet in thickness.

From Headdon Hill the tourist may push along the cliff to Colwell Chine. (At Colwell, a few yards inland, is a small **INN**, *The Nelson Arms*.) Colwell Bay is bounded, south, by Warden Point, terminating in the dangerous reef known as **WARDEN LEDGE**. The view from here is very fine. Among the fossils which occur are,—the *Cytheria incrassata*, *Neritina concava*, and several kinds of *Cerithia*. Near Bramble Chine are some banks of oysters of considerable thickness.

The north extremity of Colwell Bay is called **CLIFF'S END**, and protected by the **ALBERT FORT**, a battery mounting 40 guns, which is, we believe, to be enlarged and strengthened. On the site of **CAREY'S SCONCE**, a blockhouse erected in the reign of Elizabeth by Sir George Carey, stands **VICTORIA FORT**, with 50 guns, which is also to receive additional defensive works. Between the Sconce and Cliff's End formerly stood **WORSLEY'S TOWER**, erected by Richard Worsley, captain of the island, about 1544. From hence to Hurst Castle, three quarters of a mile, runs the submarine electric telegraph cable.

The return to Freshwater Gate may be made by way of Norton, More Green, and Freshwater, or from Cliff's End, through Colwell, Pound Green, Middleton, Farringford and Easton.

**COAST ROUTE FROM FRESHWATER GATE TO YARMOUTH,  
BY SAILING BOAT.**

We shall now point out the principal points of interest to be observed by the voyager along the western coast of the Wight, from Freshwater Gate to Yarmouth.

Rounding the point protected by the new Fort, we immediately enter **WATCOMBE BAY**, whose wall of cliff is burrowed by four cavernous recesses, and its farther extremity denoted by a pyramidal mass of rock, rudely but fantastically shapen. The cliffs, beneath whose dark shadow we glide along, gradually rise to a height of 617 feet,—this eastern portion being known as the **NODES**, the western portion (as far as Sun Corner) as the **MAIN BENCH**. There are numerous cavities in the face of the cliff, from one of which percolates a sweet, cold spring of fresh water. The larger and more important recesses, which we pass in the following order, are fantastically named:—

1. **NEPTUNE'S CAVES**, one of which is 200 feet deep; the other 90 feet.
2. **BAE CAVE**, 90 feet deep.
3. **FRENCHMAN'S HOLE**, 90 feet deep.
4. **LORD HOLMES' PARLOUR**, where that noble governor of the island was wont to entertain his friends. His **KITCHEN** and **CELLAR** are close at hand.
5. **ROG'S HALL**, said to be 600 feet in height.
6. **PRESTON'S BOWER**.

The **WEDGE ROCK**, a triangular mass, 12 feet by 8, *wedged* in between the cliff and an isolated pyramidal rock, some 50 feet high; and the **OLD PEPPER ROCK**, will serve to indicate to the tourist the commencement of the **MAIN BENCH**.]

Rounding the bold abrupt headland of **SUN CORNER**, we sail into **SCRATCHELL'S BAY**, where the cliffs are about 400 feet in height, and the sea has hollowed out a stupendous **ARCHED CAVERN**, which the voyager should assuredly land and explore. "Its edges are worn to an astonishing thinness by the action of wind and rain; a segment, as it were, of a dome, from beneath which he looks out on the ocean, with all its solemn breadth and sparkling points rolling away, till it seems piled up against the sky"—(*Sterling*).

The **NEEDLES CAVE** is a recess, about 280 feet in depth.

Of the **NEEDLES** we have already spoken, and of **ALUM BAY**, whose glowing walls now dazzle the admiring eye. Rounding **HATHERWOOD POINTS** (beneath Headon Hill) we lose sight of the chalk, and come upon the darker cliffs of the eocene formation.

We now enter TOTLANDS BAY ; pass WARDEN POINT ; shoot into COLWELL BAY ; observe the "grinning brazen mouths" of the guns of ALBERT and VICTORIA FORTS, which, with those of Hurst Castle, completely command the entrance of the Solent ; and, in due time, glide into the sheltered harbour afforded by the estuary of the Yar, and land at Yarmouth.

### ROUTE III.—FRESHWATER GATE to VENTNOR.

[Brook, 4 m. ; Mottistone, 1 m. ; Brightstone, 2 m. ; Chale, 6½ m. ; Blackgang, ½ m. ; Sandrock Hotel, 1½ m. ; St. Lawrence, 2½ m. ; Steephill, 1 m. ; Ventnor, 1 m.]

"A sweeter spot of earth was never found.  
I look'd, and look'd, and still with new delight ;  
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight."

DRYDEN.

"The prospects from Afton Down have always been famous ; the view over Freshwater is especially striking. Freshwater Bay stretches round in a splendid curve, the chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly to a height of some 500 or 600 feet above the sea. Beyond is the broad belt of ocean, along which ships of all sizes are constantly passing to and fro. In the extreme distance lies the coast of Dorset, which is visible from Poole Harbour to Portland Bill, while the foreground obtains boldness and strength from the shattered and detached masses of rock that lift their heads far above the waters at Freshwater Gate. Nor, though less grand, is that inland view less pleasing where the Yar wends its 'silver-winding way' along the rich valley to which it gives its name, enlarging rapidly from a scarcely traceable rivulet till, in a mile or two, it has become a goodly estuary"—(*Thorne*).

To obtain the prospect thus admirably described the tourist will not complain of the steep ascent to AFTON DOWN, whose lofty crest is marked by numerous graves (barrows or *tumuli*) of the early British settlers in the Wight. The summit of this noble hill is 600 feet above the sea. On the edge of the cliff a simple stone commemorates the accidental death of a lad who fell over the brink, August 28, 1846.

Passing (in a hollow on the right) Compton Farm, whence a bye-path turns off to COMPTON GRANGE, we traverse SHALCOMBE DOWN, and descend into the valley which, at Brook Chine, opens

out upon the sea. A road (to the left) leads to Chessel Farm, and crosses Chessel Down to Calbourne. Several Saxon tumuli have been excavated upon Chessel Down, which would seem to have been a favourite cemetery, or burial-place, with the Pictish colonists of the island.

Descending the ravine between Shalcombe and Mottistone Downs we pass the lonesome weather-worn CHURCH of BROOK (population, 157), situated upon a sort of plateau of ferruginous greensand. It is dedicated to St. Mary. A little farther down the valley we arrive at BROOK HOUSE (C. Seely, Esq.), a plain stone mansion, rebuilt by one of the Bowerman family about 1780, on the site of the old manor-house, where Dame Joanna Bowerman, in 1499, entertained King Henry VII.

[We next pass through the scattered little village to examine the Chine—produced like the other island-chines (*cinan*, Saxon, a cleft or cutting) by the action of a subterranean spring on the softer strata of the cliff. A walk, westward, along the beach conducts the tourist to BROOK POINT, geologically celebrated for its extensive FOSSIL FOREST. These petrified branches, boughs, and trunks of trees evidently originated “in a raft composed of a prostrate pine forest, transported from a distance by the river which flowed through the country whence the Wealden deposits were derived, and became submerged in the sand and mud of the delta, burying with it the bones of reptiles, mussel-shells, and other extraneous bodies it had gathered in its course. . . . Many of the stems are concealed and protected by the fuci, corallines, and zoophytes which here thrive luxuriantly, and occupy the place of the lichens and other parasitical plants, with which the now petrified trees were doubtlessly invested when flourishing in their native forests, and affording shelter to the Iguanodon and other gigantic reptiles”—(*Mantell*).]

We regain the high road at HULVERSTON, lying far beneath the lofty crest of MOTTISTONE DOWN, 610 feet above the sea. MOTTISTONE (population, 143) itself is soon gained, and the tourist will not fail to admire the attractive scene presented by its ancient CHURCH, its Jacobean MANOR-HOUSE (built, in 1567, by one of the Cheke family), and its little cluster of gray cottages. The CHURCH, dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul, is mainly Early English in character, and consists of a nave, chancel, north and south aisles, and low spire. From this point a steep narrow lane leads up the hillside to the LONG STONE or MORE STONE (*môt*, Saxon, a public assembly ?) which gives name, it is said, to the neighbouring village. The LONG STONE is a rudely shaped block of ferruginous sandstone, 13 feet high, 6½ feet wide, and 20 feet in circuit; and near it lies a similar pile, 9½ feet long and 4 feet wide—the remains, perhaps, of an ancient cromlech or sepulchral

chamber, though there are not wanting authorities who declare them to be simply BOUNDARY MARKS.

The road to BRIGHSTONE (population, 695. *Inns*: The Five Bells, the New Inn),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, is not particularly striking, but the village itself is very lovely and picturesque; "a cheerful little village, on the sunny side of the Isle of Wight, sheltered from cold winds by overhanging hills, with a goodly church, and a near prospect of the sea." It is associated with pleasant recollections of good and great Bishop Kenn, who was rector here from 1667 to 1669; and of William Wilberforce, who spent at the rectory, then occupied by his son, the present Bishop of Oxford, the summer of 1832—"climbing with delight to the top of the chalk downs, or of an intermediate terrace, or walking long upon the unfrequented shore."

About 1 mile on the Shorwell road is LYMERSTON, at the foot of Lymerston Down, where one of the De Lymerstons founded, in the twelfth century, an oratory for three Augustinian priests. On the same road lie WEST COURT, an ivy-shrouded manor-house formerly belonging to the Liales, and WOOLVERTON (*i. e.*, Wulpher's town) an ancient mansion which is probably worth examination.

BRIGHSTONE CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, was thoroughly restored, at the expense of the present rector (Rev. E. Macall), in 1852. Its chancel is Early English, the side chapel Perpendicular. The stained glass window in the tower was the gift of the Bishop of Oxford. Remark the piscina in the south aisle, the rood staircase, and the recess and bracket for a statuette, on the west side of one of the aisle columns.

The traveller intent upon reaching CHALE from Brighstone may either adopt the high road through SHORWELL and KINGSTON (*ante*, Route 2), or follow the cliff path, a longer but more picturesque and varied route, by Grange, Barnes, and Atherfield. We shall presume that he selects the latter. In that case he will first direct his steps, seaward, to GRANGE CHINE, sometimes called JACKMAN'S, a rough, gaping, gorse-grown cleft in the Wealden cliffs, which is not without a certain savage grandeur of its own. Or he may commence his journey at CHILTON CHINE, about a mile to the west, and nearly opposite the dangerous mass of sandstone called the BULL-FACED ROCK. Continuing our eastward route along the shore, if the tide permits; other-

wise along the cliff—we pass the sandstone reef of SHIPLEGE, and next arrive at BARNES, where recent landlips have exposed to the curiosity of archæologists highly interesting traces of a Romano-British pottery. BARNES CHINE will attract the tourist's attention. At DUTCHMAN'S HOLE, a cavern into which (it is said) a Dutch vessel was once sea-driven, gold coins are occasionally discovered at certain turns of the tide. The low red cliffs of the Wealden formation continue as far as COWLEAZE CHINE, when we come upon the lower greensand. Both COWLEAZE and SHEPHERD CHINES were formed by one little rivulet which rises near Kingston, and formerly fell into the sea at Cowleaze; but its course having been diverted by an eel-loving shepherd, and its waters augmented by heavy rains, it wrought a new channel through the yielding strata, and created the ravine through which it now leaps and foams. These chines, as well as Whale, Ladder, and Walpen, are, to our thinking, far more picturesque and romantic than that "lion" of the island, and hackneyed show-place, BLACKGANG.

ATHERFIELD POINT, a superstructure of clay on a foundation of rock, is a good locality for the fossil-hunter. It throws out far into the sea a ledge of "blue slaty clay," which forms the dangerous ATHERFIELD RACE. (Atherfield, from *Aderfeldt*, the veined, or streaked field?) The cliffs here are about 150 feet in height.

Our next point of interest is WHALE CHINE, 180 feet wide at the mouth; and just beyond it is LADDER CHINE, an excavation in the black clay cliffs which dips deep into the land, and throws out, as it were, numerous ramifications. "The most striking peculiarity of its character is the copious exudation of chalybeate springs from its sides, which are stained with ochreous tints to a very great extent, and their dusky red on the black clay ground gives the appearance of a vast extinguished furnace to the deep hollow"—(*Englefeld*). All these chines originate in the action of small streams of waters upon the more pliable strata of the Wealden and greensand formations.

The cliffs gradually increase in height as we advance, and WALPEN CHINE assumes, therefore, a character of wild sublimity. Its sides are broken up into a variety of picturesque formations. Walpen Cliff is 190 feet above the sea. Inland lies WALPEN FARM.

Having thus skirted the dangerous shores of CHALE BAY, we

arrive, after a seven miles' walk, at BLACKGANG CHINE, the great "show-place" and natural wonder of the island, upon which, however, those who have traced with us the route from Grange Chine will hardly bestow an unmeasured admiration. Yet it is not without its characteristics of wild romance and savage grandeur. Its dull ochreous sides are unrelieved by tree or shrub, and constantly echo and re-echo with the roar of the ocean-waters, which, in winter storms, often roll irresistibly into their gloomy recesses. The neighbouring coast has been the scene of many lamentable wrecks, especially of the *Clarendon* West Indiaman, October 11, 1836, when only three lives were saved out of a crew of seventeen officers and seamen, and eleven passengers. Most of the bodies were recovered and buried in Chale church-yard.

Dr. Mantell's description of Blackgang may here be introduced:—"The cascade falls," he says "in a perpendicular column from a ledge of 70 feet high, down the midst of a deep chasm formed in dark ferruginous clays and sands, and surmounted by broken cliffs 400 feet high, and towering above all is the majestic escarpment of St. Catherine's Hill, rising to an altitude of between 800 and 900 feet. The bands of greenish-gray sand and sandstone which alternate with ferruginous clays in this division of the greensand system, appear very prominent, owing to the wearing away of the soft and friable intermediate beds. As the face of the sandstone, after long exposure to the atmosphere, separates into square blocks, the appearance of the projecting bands of stone, which are from 10 to 15 feet thick, is very singular, and is not unaptly compared by Sir Henry Englefield to courses of masonry, built up at different heights to sustain the mouldering cliffs. The thin layer of ironstone grit which is very constantly found in this division of the greensand, constituting as it were a line of demarcation between the upper arenaceous deposits and the lower more argillaceous group, intercepts the water that percolates through the upper porous strata, and projecting in a ledge, forms the bed of the stream that falls in a cascade over the face of the cliff."

Near the Chine stands an excellent HOTEL, and some good lodging-houses may be found in the vicinity. Half a mile inland lies CHALE (population, 629); its CHURCH, dedicated to St. Andrew, standing in an open waste, wind-beaten and weather-

worn, and raising a square gray tower, of the Perpendicular order, much resembling that of Carisbrook, among the grass-grown graves of many a shipwrecked mariner. It was founded in 1114 by Hugh de Vernun, and contains a simple piscina and a good monument to Major-General Sir *Henry Worsley*, d. 1846.

Beyond the church, on the right of the Newport road, the tourist will not fail to notice CHALE FARM, some interesting bits of antiquity being wrought up in the more modern building. A fine barn, 100 feet by 30, resembles the refectory of an ancient abbey. CHALE PARSONAGE is a picturesque house in a pleasurable locality.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—CHALE TO NEWPORT.

A road of an agreeable character leads through CHALE STREET, and by way of STROUD GREEN, to Kingston Down. Crossing this greensand ridge it winds through a barren district into the Shorwell valley, ascends the hill (NORTHCOURT, on the left) and proceeds, "under the shadow of melancholy boughs," to ROWBOROUGH FARM, where a lane (on the left) diverges to the *locale* of the ancient British villages of Rowborough and Gallibury. Traversing the valley of Bowcomb, we speedily come in sight of Carisbrook's gray keep, and turn into the NEWPORT road, entering the town by the MALL and CASTLE HOLD. The distance is about 10½ miles.

Another route may be suggested: At STROUD GREEN the tourist should turn to the right, passing North Ground Farm, and a walk of about two miles will bring him to LASHMERE POND, at the foot of Bleak Down.

[The Pond is a favourite spot with persevering botanists, and the Down also affords many interesting specimens. *Myriophyllum alterniflorum* and *Helosciadium inundatum* occur in the pond, and its banks are fringed with *Wahlenbergia hederacea*, *Nardus stricta*, *Scirpus setaceus*, etc. About the hill-slope, and towards the summit, are found *Hypericum humifusum*, *Viola canina*, *Juncus squarrosus*, *Moenchia erecta*, and *Sagina subulata*.]


Traversing the Down (which commands some good views of Appuldurcombe, the valley of the eastern Yar, Godshill, and beacon-crowned St. Catherine's) we reach the CHEQUERS INN, cross KENNERLY HEATH, pass through ROOKLEY, where we join the Godshill road, and by way of PIDFORD, BLACKWATER, and



SHIDE, proceed to NEWPORT, which we enter at Node Hill—distance, 9 miles.

### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—BLACKGANG to VENTNOR.

From Blackgang to Niton there are two routes : one crosses the southern slope of ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, in the direction of west to east, the other winds round the steep escarpment of the Undercliff, passes the Sandcock Hotel, and then turning to the north-east, plunges abruptly into Niton. The latter is, of course, to be adopted by carriages, and, after a visit to St. Catherine's, will be chosen by ourselves. Pedestrians may avail themselves of either, or even select the cliff-path, which is practicable as far as PUCKASTER COVE, and opens up some splendid views of ocean and many picturesque bits of coast scenery.

 ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, 769 feet above the sea-level, is easily accessible from Blackgang or Niton, and no tourist should neglect to avail himself of the magnificent prospects of the Island which, in clear weather, its lofty crest commands. He will see that "the neighbouring coast forms part of a great bay, indented by smaller ones. The shore is closed in with red sand-cliffs, rather low, broken, and jagged; but away to the west the red sand changes into chalk, and the cliffs become very steep, and rise to a great height, standing out against the sky when the sun shines on them, until they almost dazzle the eye; and at other times covering themselves, as it were, with a blueish veil of mist, and looking out proudly from behind it. . . . Below the ridge the ground is very flat for a long way. From the edge of the cliff it is level for miles, cut up into corn-fields and pastures, with a few trees dotting the hedge-rows. We can see as far as Newport, and beyond it; away, indeed, to where the river, which has its source close to us, and is there only a tiny brook, becomes quite a broad stream, and deep enough to float vessels"—(*Miss Sewell's Ursula*). The coast of Hampshire is also visible across the thin bright line of the Solent, and in the opposite direction "the high lands about Cherbourg are said to be occasionally seen"—(*Thorne*).

Towards the close of the thirteenth century a Hermitage would seem to have been established on this lofty desolate height by some pious devotee. At all events, in the Winchester register.

an entry notifies that, A.D. 1312, a certain Walter Langstrell (heart-weary of the world, we fancy) was admitted to it. In 1323 a chantry was built by Walter de Godyton, who dedicated it to the patron saint of hills and mountains, St. Catherine, and provided an endowment for a solitary priest, who was to sing masses for the souls of the founder and founder's ancestors, and maintain by night a signal-lamp for the guidance of mariners along this dangerous coast. Priest, and masses, and signal were swept away by Henry VIII, but the belfry tower, 35½ feet high, was preserved on account of its value as a landmark, and has frequently been repaired. Some excavations made in 1757 revealed the foundations of the chapel and of the priest's cell.

In 1785 the Trinity Board commenced the erection of a lighthouse here, but were forced to discontinue their labours; the mists which so frequently close over the hill rendering it of no use in tempestuous weather. "Only the stone scattered upon the green turf, and a portion of the lower walls remain; and a gooseberry-bush, which grew in the little garden belonging to the lighthouse, is the sole mark that any care had ever been taken to make such a place habitable"—(*Miss Sewell*).

"St. Catherine's is the western extremity of the south range of chalk-downs which is separated by a considerable district of greensand from the central chain of hills. This system of chalk-downs varies in breadth from half a mile to 3 miles, and extends 6 miles in a direction E.N.E. and W.S.W., from St. Catherine's Hill to Dunnose, its eastern termination, which is 771 feet high. The intermediate parts of this range maintain an elevation of from 650 to 800 feet, with the exception of a deep valley on the east of St. Catherine's, through which the road to Niton passes, and another at Steep Hill, called the Shute, or Shoot, above Ventnor, traversed by the road to Appuldurcombe and Newport"—(*Mantell*).

[Following the path along the ridge of the Down in a northerly direction, the ridge gradually narrowing into a species of promontory which juts out boldly into the level champaign, we come to the ALEXANDRIAN PILLAR; a column placed on the brink of the escarpment, and about 580 feet above the sea, by Michael Hoy, a Russian merchant, in commemoration of the visit to England, in 1814, of Alexander of Russia, and of "many years' happy residence in his dominions." A gentleman, Lieut. W. H. Dawes, recently affixed a tablet to the southern side of the capital "in memoriam" of the British officers and soldiers slain in the Crimean War. Thus the same pillar now perpetuates the memory of England's friendship with Alexander, and her hostility to Nicholas!

A path through a thick mass of vigorous plantations, which are separated from

the Down by a light iron fence, leads to the picturesque seat of THE HERMITAGE (T. Hawkins, Esq.), celebrated in Miss Sewell's "Ursula" as DENEZ (see vol. 1. pp. 12-31.)]

We now retrace our steps to the seaward face of St. Catherine's, but before we commence our descent, must pause to survey the wonderful scene unrolled beneath. "On reaching the edge, there is a sight which makes a stranger start. Far below lies, not the sea, but a broad tract of land, tossed up and down in little hills and valleys. It is scattered all over with huge rocks, which look as though giants had thrown them about in their play, and it slopes down in a steep descent towards the top of a second range of cliffs. This range cannot, of course, be discovered immediately underneath the upper cliffs, but it can be traced towards the west for many miles, forming the outline of Chale Bay. It must have been a fierce time on earth when the land sank away from the upper cliffs, and the great rocks were hurled down, and the streams, which have now worked their way through the lower cliffs and formed deep chasms, first began to flow"—(*Miss Sewell*).

Before commencing his route to Niton, the tourist will wish, perhaps, to descend to ST. CATHERINE'S POINT, and visit the LIGHTHOUSE, erected there in 1838-40. From water-mark to the top of its lightning conductor is 204 feet; from the ground, 121 feet. The diameter of the interior is 14 feet, and 152 steps lead up to the lantern-room. The lighting apparatus embraces 250 mirrors, which reflect a steady glowing flame, visible at a distance of 25 miles. From hence the ramble along the shore may be extended westward to the savage desolation of ROCKEN END; or, eastward, to the ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, and the sequestered loveliness of PUCKASTER COVE, where Charles II. was compelled, by stress of weather, to land, July 1, 1675. Some antiquaries trace its peculiar name to the Latin "Portus Castrensis," and represent it as the favoured harbour of the galleys which bore to continental shores the tin extracted from the Cornish mines, and stored in the Isle of Wight as in a central depôt. (See *Adams's "History, Topography, and Antiquities of the Isle of Wight."*)

Let us now commence our journey. We are entering the beautiful region of the UNDERCLIFF, and at every step shall find something to interest and surprise us. It is, however, a region so well known, has supplied our artists with so many subjects,

and received such frequent eulogium from distinguished pens, that it hardly requires description. It extends, broadly speaking, from Blackgang to Dunnose, a distance of some 7 miles. "Consisting of a platform varying from half a mile to a quarter of a mile in width, bounded on the south by the undulating bays and promontories of the Channel, and on the north by a perpendicular wall of gray rocks, which form the buttress to a range of downs of almost mountainous elevation, it is easy to perceive that it unites two of the principal constituents of a beautiful landscape. But when, besides its guardian hills and ever-varying ocean, we remember the richness of its vegetation, the clearness of its air, and the wild seclusion of its innumerable dells, the glowing expressions of enthusiastic tourists would seem not much, if at all, beyond the truth"—(*Rev. James White*). Lord Jeffrey speaks of it in language equally appreciative. "The cliffs," he writes, "are in some places enormously high—from 600 to 700 feet. The beautiful places are either where they sink deep into bays and valleys, opening like a theatre to the sun and the sea, or where there has been a terrace of low land formed at their feet, which stretches under the shelter of that enormous wall, like a rich garden plot all roughened over with masses of rock fallen in distant ages, and overshadowed with thickets of myrtle, and roses, and geraniums, which all grow wild in great luxuriance and profusion." With one more testimony to the singular beauty of the Undercliff, our quotations must conclude:—"The ground is tossed about in every direction, and huge rocks lie scattered upon it. But thorns, and chestnuts, and ash trees have sprung up amongst them upon the greensward; ivy has climbed up the ledges of the jagged cliffs; primroses cluster upon the banks; cowslips glitter on the turf; and masses of hyacinths may be seen in glades, half hidden by the foliage of the thick trees, and through which the jutting masses of gray rock peep out upon the open sea, sparkling with silver and blue some hundreds of feet beneath them. A lovely scene it is! There is a verse spoken of a very different country, which often comes to my mind when I think of it:—'It is a land which the Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.' Sometimes it has even seemed to me that heaven itself can scarcely be more beautiful"—(*Miss Sewell*).

The question which the tourist will naturally put, *How was*

*the Undercliff formed?* is easily answered. Its strata are arranged in the following order:—chalk marl, chalk, green sandstone, blue marl, and red ferruginous sand. The blue marl is quickly acted upon by landsprings, and subsides into a soft yielding mud, locally called "blue slipper," which oozes out, and consequently deprives the upper strata of their support. This inner action of the landsprings has, at the same time, been assisted by the operations of the sea, which have beaten out the ferruginous sand, and thus, the chalk and sandstone having been violently disrupted, the Undercliff has originated in the new formations. This great change must have occurred at a very distant period, and before the commencement of historic record; but several landslips in the present century have plainly exhibited the secret agencies at work in this peculiar district. A fearful fall occurred in February 1799, when a farm near Niton, called Pitlands, and about 100 acres of land, were rent to pieces at one sudden catastrophe. At East End, in 1810, 30 acres were upturned in a similar manner, and 50 acres in 1818; but there is no reason to apprehend any further disturbance of a serious character.

Our road runs in the shadow of "the eternal cliffs" for a considerable distance. But first we reach the pleasant villakin of MOUNT CLEEVES, and then our admiration is excited by the ROYAL SANDROCK HOTEL, which looks as little like an hotel as may well be imagined, and stands in the most picturesque grounds that ever an hotel was located in. It is at some distance from, and at some height (258 feet) above the sea, near the aluminous chalybeate spring, no longer in use, which Mr. Waterworth, a clever Newport surgeon, discovered in 1807.

We now turn our faces to the north-east, and passing on our left the terraced gardens of WEST CLIFF (Captain Kerr), soon find ourselves in NITON (population, 684. *Inn*: White Lion. There is also a neat wayside inn at BUDDLE, between Mount Cleeves and the Victoria Hotel), commonly called CRAB NITON, in honour of the crustaceous ground on the neighbouring shore, and to distinguish it from K-nighton, a ruined manor-house near Newchurch. This tranquil, neat, and pretty village—it emphatically deserves the three adjectives we have selected—is situated at the head of a valley which breaks through the great southern range of chalk hills, and opens out upon the sea at WREETH BAY. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. John, stands at the base of St. Cathe-


rine's Down, near the meeting point of two roads—one ascending the eastern slope of the down to its beacon-crowned summit, the other skirting the southern face, and joining the Chale road at Blackgang. The general character of the building is Early Decorated. Remark its piscina, and Flaxman's medallion monument (with bas-reliefs by Riou) to the late Mr. Arnold of Mirables.

Niton was one of the six churches with which William Fitz-Osbert endowed his abbey of Lire in Normandy. Charles I. at the instance of Queen Henrietta, conferred it upon Queen's College, Oxford.

#### BRANCH ROUTE—NITON TO NEWCHURCH.

Niton will be found a convenient resting-place by the tourist who desires to explore the southern district of the island, and a score of agreeable rambles might easily be pointed out for his advantage. But as we have already sketched the country through which those rambles would mainly be extended, we shall now confine ourselves to a brief indication of the road from Niton to NEWCHURCH, whence the tourist, if he so pleases, may continue his explorations as far as RYDE or NEWPORT.

A lane from Niton leads in a north-easterly direction across the fields (where rises the tiny stream of the Eastern Yar) to WHITWELL (population, 637), whose CHURCH, with its low square tower and two separate chaples,—one, built by De Estur of Gatcombe, dedicated to St. Rhadegund, and devoted to the ministrations on certain occasions of the rector of Gatcombe, the other dedicated to the Virgin, and devoted to the uses of the Whitwell parishioners—will interest the inquiring visitor. Both chapels present in the main Early English characteristics. The pulpit and reading desk date from James I.

 A steep and somewhat dangerous road, called WHITWELL SHUTE (*shute*, a localism), said to have been constructed by one of the Worsley family, and more practicable to the foot-traveller than the equestrian, descends the sloping undulating down to ST. LAWRENCE (see *post*). It opens up some fine and unexpected views at various points.

Following the main road through Whitwell we reach in due

time SOUTH FORD MILL, and turning aside from the Yar, speed on to LOWER STENBURY. A little beyond this farmstead there is a turning to the right which we adopt as far as SHEEPWASH, where we turn to the left, and keep due north to GODSHILL (see Route 2). Then we set our faces eastward as far as SANDFORD, where we again turn to the left (☞ the road to the right leads by way of Appuldurcombe and Wroxall to VENTNOR), and cross a countryside which is occasionally picturesque, and always open and breezy, into NEWCHURCH (population of parish, which includes Ryde and Ventnor, 11,459), a tolerably large village straggling along the high road to Ryde. The CHURCH, dedicated to All Saints, a plain and exceedingly tasteless structure, with an Early English chancel, and Early Decorated arches separating the nave from the aisles, stands on the very brink of an abrupt red sand bluff, and thence acquires a prominence and an importance its architectural character would not insure it. The main road here descends a steep declivity through lofty and well-wooded banks, crosses the Yar at Lang Bridge, winds through the vale of KNIGHTON—where some gray fragments mark the site of a once celebrated manorial mansion—and climbing ASHEY DOWN (always to be distinguished by its signal staff), runs across meadow and cornfield, over rivulet and through leafy coppice, to Ryde.

#### MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—NITON TO VENTNOR.

From Niton let us now direct our steps to the Sandrock Hotel, and there resume our rambles in the Undercliff. As we move forward we pass, on our left, the charming grounds and picturesque cottage of PUCKASTER (Lieutenant-General Tucker); and the richly-blossomed terraces of THE ORCHARD (Sir Henry P. Gordon); and, on the left, BEAUCHAMP, always abounding in flowers—in the wildling daughters of Earth, and those rare exotics which are born of Art and Nature. Soon we arrive at MIRABLES (J. Coape, Esq.), which, if it takes its name (as is said) from MIRABILIS, or MIRABEL, well deserves the eulogistic appellation, as much on account of the beauty of its verdurous slopes and rocky terraces, as the wonderful extent and variety of the prospects it commands. A mile or so further, and still in the shadow of a lofty wall or cliff, lies, on the right, OLD PARK

(Sir J. Cheape), sequestered in the bosom of rich leafy groves ; and now we pass through the little picturesque hamlet of WRONGS ; and, turning aside but a little, penetrate the projected town of WOOLVERTON, whose "lines" will be laid in such "pleasant places," that verily it must become a formidable rival to Ventnor. At WOOLVERTON, the ivy-shrouded ruins of its Early English CHAPEL (for, despite of the assertion of a recent writer, we must still accredit them with an ecclesiastical, and not a domestic character) will attract the tourist's attention, and call his sketch-book and pencils into requisition. We now turn to the right, and ascend by a somewhat difficult road to ST. LAWRENCE (population, 111), famous for its small CHURCH, its crystal WELL, and the eminent beauty of its position. The late Earl of Yarborough enlarged the chancel by 10 feet, and added a new porch and bell-turret. The dimensions of this little building, this miniature sanctuary, where you will feel more completely "face to face with the Almighty than under roofs of lofty dimness, or looking through the perspective of far-receding arches," are 30 feet length, 6 feet height (to the eaves), and 12 feet breadth.

We now adopt the *old* road to Ventnor, in preference to the new, on account of its romantic character, and because it takes us past the MARINE VILLA (Earl of Yarborough), built by Sir Richard Worsley, the historian of the island, who made here an unsuccessful attempt to plant a vineyard, and ST. LAWRENCE'S WELL, a spring of the freshest and purest crystal, enshrined in a little Gothic archway, erected by the late Lord Yarborough. The tree-masses of PELHAM WOODS, and the lodge and grounds of the Hon. Mrs. Pelham's cottage, must not detain us. Here is STEEPHILL CASTLE (John Hambrough, Esq.), the finest "seat" in the island, as far as regards its adjuncts of grove and garden, and the wonderful attractiveness of its situation. Its battlements, and parapets, and embrasures, and towers, have a picturesque appearance, especially when seen at a distance, reposing, as it were, in the depth of a luxuriant wood. The building was erected from Sanderson's designs in 1835, on the site of a small villa built by the Right Hon. Hans Stanley (afterwards Lord Bolton), when governor of the island.

Another mile—a pleasant mile, for we trudge under a canopy of leafy boughs, which screens us from "the rage of summer"—and we enter the curiously irregular streets of



## VENTNOR.

[Population, 3500. *Hotels*: The Royal, the Marine, the Esplanade. *Inns*: Crab and Lobster, and the Globe. *House Agents*—Messrs. C. Bull, Spary, and Wicker.

Conveyances to Sandown, Shanklin, and Ryde; to Godshill and Newport; and, during the summer months, to Blackgang.]

“Ventnor,” says Mr. Thorne, “has been most affected by the popularity of the Undercliff. Forty years ago it contained about half a dozen humble cottages, and until the publication of Sir James Clark’s work,\* its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was one of the most picturesque spots along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered up aloft. Down to the broad smooth beach the ground ran in smooth slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea, and the few fishermen’s huts gave a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable, to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottages, myrtles and other tender plants flourished abundantly, and without need of protection even in winter; snow hardly ever lies on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abound, and the beach is excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing-hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church, and Ventnor became the capital of the Undercliff. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, ‘the plague of building’ lighted on it, and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings. The variety of odd forms is most edifying. We have hotels, churches, shops, cottages, and villas, in every conceivable style and every outrageous shape. Strawberry Hill Gothic, Seaside Swiss, and Carpenter’s Palazzo, each has its representatives; and, as Spenser says—

‘each one

Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured.’”

The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Catherine, was built in 1836-7, at the expense of J. Hamborough, Esq., of Steephill Castle, and

\* “On the Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Disease.”

from the designs of Mr. Ebbels. A new CHURCH, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and designed (Early Decorated) by Mr. Giles, is in course of erection at the lower end of the town. The NATIONAL SCHOOLS, in Albert Street, designed by Mr. Turner of Southampton, are graceful and well proportioned. The best of the Denominational Chapels is that appropriated to the INDEPENDENTS, erected in 1854.

The ESPLANADE was constructed in 1848, and affords an agreeable promenade. There are some good houses in the singularly shaped hollow known as the COVE. The "Ventnor Diamonds" (bits of transparent quartz), agates, and specimens of chalcedony, and choamites, are found on the beach below.

At Hillside, Ventnor, resided (and died) John Sterling, immortalized by the biographies of Carlyle and Archdeacon Hare. He was buried in Bonchurch old churchyard. Among the celebrities of Ventnor and Bonchurch are the Rev. James White, the dramatist and historian; Edmund Peel, the poet of "the Fair Island;" the Rev. E. Venables, who has ably illustrated the topography of the Wight; Dr. Martin, author of an interesting book on "the Undercliff;" Sir Lawrence Peel, the Indian Chief-Justice, and brother of the late Sir Robert; and Miss Sewell, to whom the reading world is indebted for "Amy Herbert," "Ivora," and "Ursula."

[We have no space to enumerate the delightful EXCURSIONS which the neighbourhood of Ventnor will suggest to the persevering. But let the tourist, by all means, essay the routes to APPULDURCOMBE and GODSHILL, by way of STEVEN'S BUSH and WROKALL; to RYDE, via LUCCOMBE, SHANKLIN, SANDOWN, and BRADING; to NEWPORT, via GODSHILL, ROOKLEY, BLACKWATER, and SHIDE; along the cliff to ST. LAWRENCE; across the Downs to WHITWELL; through the LANDSLIP, and along the shore, to LUCCOMBE and SHANKLIN; "over the hills" to COOK'S CASTLE, and the rare rich scenery of APSE. From VENTNOR to GODSHILL, and from VENTNOR to NEWCHURCH, are, however, Branch routes which we cannot omit to particularize.]

#### BRANCH ROUTE—VENTNOR TO GODSHILL.

A steep, heart-breaking road climbs up the hill to STEVEN'S BUSH TURNPIKE, but the view from the summit—gorgeous in its contrast of colours, magnificent in its extent and variety—will amply repay the traveller for the labour of the ascent. The road then dips down into a picturesque hollow, which in spring is redolent of fragrance, and bright with many-coloured blossoms, and

runs between the slopes of Rew Down and St. Boniface Down (780 feet) to WROXALL CROSS. From this attractive little hamlet we mount the hill to Cleveland Wood, and once more descending, plunge into APPULDURCOMBE STREET, opposite the pleasant grounds of Appuldurcombe.

APPULDURCOMBE—*apuldre-combe*, the apple-tree hollow—is now leased as an HOTEL, under the jurisdiction of a Limited Liability “Joint-Stock” Corporation. The manor was bestowed by Isabella de Fortibus, Lady of the Island, upon the Benedictine Abbey of Montesbourg (in Coutances—founded by Richard de Redvers, 1090), which established here a cell of a prior and two monks, removed by Edward III. to Salisbury. At the dissolution of religious houses these lands fell to the share of the Captain of the Island, Sir James Worsley, whose son, Richard, in the noble mansion which he erected here, entertained his burly sovereign Henry VIII., and that sovereign’s ill-fated minister, the able and unprincipled Thomas Cromwell (A.D. 1539). The house (now converted to ignoble uses) was commenced by Sir Robert Worsley in 1710, and finished by Sir Richard, half a century later. Sir Richard enshrined here a magnificent collection of antiques, statuary, and pictures, which has been removed by his representative, the present Earl of Yarborough, to his seat in Lincolnshire. The HOUSE is built of Portland stone, and consists of a centre with two projecting wings, in the Corinthian style, imposing but sombre. The PARK was laid out by “Capability Brown.” The ground rises nobly in the rear of the mansion, and exhibits a fine mass of deep dense woods. On the crest of the hill stands the WORSLEY OBELISK, of Cornish granite, dedicated by Sir Richard Worsley, in 1774, to his ancestor Sir Robert. It suffered from lightning in 1831, and is now some few feet short of its original dimensions, 70 feet.

From Appuldurcombe we make our way by REDHILL LANE—a delightful spot on a summer afternoon—to SANDFORD, a picturesque gathering of quaint cottages; and, turning to the left, strike quickly into GODSHILL (see Route 2). The return to VENTNOR may be made by Sandford and French Mill (so called from the French monks at Appuldurcombe—*Rev. E. Venables*) to Whetely Bank; and thence, by Cook’s Castle—a mimic ruin which overlooks an extensive prospect—across Shanklin and Boniface Downs into Ventnor.

## BRANCH ROUTE—VENTNOR TO NEWCHURCH.

This route follows the high road to Ryde as far as SHANKLIN, where the tourist must turn to the left, and by way of APSE CASTLE and APSE HEATH, penetrate to PRINCELET SHUTE, and thence, through Winford, into NEWCHURCH, 8 miles. APSE CASTLE is a locality of high interest, which has been graphically described by the late Dr. Bromfield, in the *Phytologist*, as "a thick wooded eminence, about one mile west-north-west of Shanklin, commanding a fine view, and flanked on one side by a deep ravine, along whose bottom winds a clear but shallow brook, overhung by precipitous banks covered with trees and shrubs, the natural growth of the place. A more delightful scene can hardly be imagined than is offered by this fresh and verdant spot, when, on some radiant morning in April or May, we tread the solitary mazes of Apse Castle, a blooming wilderness of primroses, wood-anemones, hyacinths, violets, and a hundred other lovely and fragrant things, overtopped by the taller and purple-stained wood-spurge, early purple orchis, and the pointed hoods of the spotted leaved wake-robin; the daisy besprinkled track leading us upward, skirted by mossy fern-clad banks on one hand, and by shelving thicket on the other, profusely overshadowed by ivy-arched oak and ash, the graceful birch, and varnished holly."

☞ For NEWCHURCH, see p. 879. From Newchurch, across Ashley Down, to Ryde, is about 6 miles.

## ROUTE IV.—VENTNOR TO RYDE.

[Bonchurch, 1 m.; Luccombe, 1 m.; Shanklin, 1½ m.; Sandown, 2½ m.; Brading, 2 m.; Ryde, 4 m.]

"The quiet homes  
And hallow'd birth-spots of the English race,  
Scatter'd at will beneath the crag's rude face,  
While springs gush round, and near the ocean foams,  
What finds he like to these afar who roams?"

JOHN STERLING.

There are three roads leading from Ventnor into Bonchurch, of which the Madeira is the most attractive, affording a noble idea

of the grand beauty of **ST. BONIFACE DOWN**, 780 feet, and some picturesque glimpses of enchanting scenery.

The tourist, if his step is firm and his head not easily dizzied, may climb the steep ascent of **ST. BONIFACE** to the **WISHING WELL**. According to an old tradition, if you reach that crystal spring without, like Orpheus, once casting a backward glance, the wish to which you give utterance while drinking of its waters will receive a speedy fulfilment. Ships, as they sailed along this part of the coast, were wont to lower their topsails in honour of **St. Boniface**. At the foot of the down a square plot of glebe-land (attached to the rectory of Bonchurch) is known as **THE BISHOP'S ACRE**. It is said that, "once upon a time," a certain bishop, when riding across the Downs in a dense fog, suddenly found himself and his horse on the brink of this tremendous declivity, and flinging his reins on the horse's neck, resigned himself to his fate, vowing, that if he reached the bottom in safety he would give an acre of ground to the church of blessed **St. Boniface**. The saint, we presume, was bribed by the vow, for the bishop did *not* break his neck, and the acre still belongs to the priests of Bonchurch.

**BONCHURCH** (population, 523. *Hotel*: Ribband's) abounds in the most delightful scenery and most enchanting walks. It is a combination of wood and water, of rock and dell, of lawnly slopes and blossoming gardens, of Italian skies and sunny seas, with, over all, the majestic shadow of lofty downs, upon which the dullest eye cannot gaze unsatisfied. Its climate enjoys so much genial warmth that the myrtle and the fuchsia, the verbena and the cianthus, grow in the open air, stalwart and vigorous, and demand from the gardener but little attention. In all sorts of odd nooks, either reposing against the mighty wall of the Undercliff, or hiding away in leafy hollows, are perched its picturesque cottages and handsome villas. At **EAST DENE** (Rear-Admiral Swinburne); at the **MAPLES** (Dr. Leeson); at **WOODLYNCH** (Sir Lawrence Peel); at **UNDER MOUNT** (Sir J. Pringle); at **MOUNT-FIELD** (Rev. J. Willey); and at **UPPER MOUNT** (Rev. J. White), art has been summoned to assist and develop nature.

The **PULPIT ROCK**, a projecting mass of sandstone, surmounted by a rural cross, is a conspicuous object in any comprehensive survey of Bonchurch.

The new **CHURCH**, designed by Ferrey, merits attention from its correct imitation of the Norman style and the beauty of the

garth in which it stands. It was built in 1847-8, and consists of a nave, chancel, and north transept. The FONT is inscribed to the memory of the Rev. William Adams, the author of several beautiful Sacred Allegories, who died at Bonchurch in 1848. The stained glass in the east window is by Wailes.

Turning to the left we descend to the OLD CHURCH, a picturesque, leaf-shrouded Norman building, founded about 1070. Remark the chancel-arch and the south doorway. Some traces of a rude fresco were discovered on the north wall in 1849. In the quiet churchyard, within hearing of the restless sea, and in the shadow of many an ancient elm, lie the Rev. *William Adams*, his tomb distinguished by a cross of iron, in allusion to his pathetic volume "The Shadow of the Cross;" and *John Sterling*, the great but imperfect genius, commemorated by Carlyle and Archdeacon Hare.\*

The sweet sequestered cove below the church is known as MONK'S BAY, and is said to have been the favourite landing-place of the monks of Lire, when they came to preach their faith at Bonchurch. It was here (according to Sir J. Oglander and Mr. Venables) that, in 1545, a detachment of soldiers was landed from D'Annebaut's fleet, while similar efforts were made at Sea View, and near Bembridge. The Frenchmen, at each point, were compelled to retire with heavy loss. (See Mr. *Froude's* graphic narrative in the 4th vol. (pp. 423-7) of his "History of England.")

Ascending the steep SHUTE at the extreme end of Bonchurch, we turn into the wild romantic scenery of "the Landslip," and make our way through its masses of gray rock and its murmurous copses to LUCCOMBE CHINE, from whence we may continue our walk to Shanklin along the cliff, or descending the chine, speed merrily along the firm and sandy beach. LUCCOMBE FARM lies about half a mile inland, at the foot of SHANKLIN DOWN (771 feet). The CHINE is a deep fissure in the ferruginous sandstone caused by the constant action of a small rivulet; one side is utterly bare and nude, the other is clothed with masses of hanging foliage. From the shore its aspect is very fine.

The glorious view of the white cliffs of the Culvers, of the

\* Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson, the hero of Vigo Bay in 1702, was born at Bonchurch, of parents "of low degree." He ran away to sea from the tailor at Niton to whom he had been apprenticed.

rolling crests of the verdurous Downs, of the sweet copses of Shanklin, and the lovely bay of Sandown, which, as the traveller presses along the cliff from Luccombe, bursts at once upon his enraptured gaze, is a thing not to be easily forgotten. Nor will he be less enchanted when he descends into SHANKLIN itself (population, 355. *Hotels*: Daish's and Hollier's). "The village," writes an eminent hand, "is very small and scattery, all mixed up with trees, and lying among sweet airy falls and swells of grounds which finally rise up behind the breezy downs 800 feet high, and sink down in front to the edge of the varying cliffs which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking wooded ravine which they call the CHINE"—(*Lord Jeffrey*). Of course the Chine is the great "lion" of Shanklin,\*—indeed, of the whole island, and very beautiful and "romancy" it is, though now, from frequent "trimming" and "embellishment," it has lost much of its early picturesque character. The cliff, where the stream enters the chine which its agency produced, is about 230 feet high, and the chasm is here about 300 feet in width. The sides are steep and richly clothed with underwood. It descends to the shore in a series of curvatures, and contracts as it descends, terminating in an extremely narrow fissure, where the stream which has produced the whole, falls about 30 feet. "The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls are of the blackish indurated clay, of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the water has covered most of it with shining green lichens and mosses of various shades"—(*Sir H. Englefeld*). Beyond the Chine the cliffs, extending westward, consist of an alternating series of clays and sands. The upper part is greenish-white sand, resting on a bed of dark-blue clay; the lower of ferruginous sands, with concretionary layers of green sand full of fossil *terebratula*.

SHANKLIN CHURCH, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, stands on a slight ascent bordered by trees, and dates from the reign of Edward III. It retains, however, little of its ancient character, and has been much disfigured by ill-devised additions.

\* Keats, the poet, was at Shanklin in 1819, and wrote there his fine poem of "Lamia." Lord Jeffrey was a visitor in 1846,—the year before his death.

## BRANCH ROUTE—SHANKLIN to NEWCHURCH.

The first point on our road is the old farm-stead of LAN-GUARD, from whence we proceed to MERRY or CHERRYGARDEN, and turning to the left, cross the hill to Cheverton. The road then skirts the fir-fringed APSE HEATH, and runs forward to ARRETON, but for ourselves we shall take, at Apshe Heath, the right-hand turning, and push through the pleasant open glades of the ancient forest of BORDWOOD, a forest now, in name only, though it once abounded with red and fallow deer, and often rang with the shrill echoes of the huntsman's horn. A small mound, on the right, is called QUEEN BOWER, and was the spot, it is said, where Isabella de Fortibus, the good and great Lady of the Island, was wont to station herself, and watch the chase in the surrounding woodlands. The view from this point is extensive and beautiful.

A steep picturesque lane, on the left, leads up Skinner's Hill to NEWCHURCH (see p. 879).

[Many delightful EXCURSIONS may be made from Shanklin,—specially so, to the groves of AMERICA, to the old manor-house of APSE, to LUCCOMBE CHINE, across Shanklin and St. Boniface Downs to VENTNOR, to COOK'S CASTLE and APPULDUR-COMBE; or, by way of Whetley Bank and Sandford, to GODSHELL.]

## MAIN ROUTE RESUMED—SHANKLIN to BRADING.

As pleasant a summer day's walk as pedestrian could desire is afforded by the 4 miles between Shanklin and Brading. Delightful glimpses of the blue waters nestling in Sandown Bay, of the glittering headland of the Culver and the green crest of Bembridge Down, of the rich interchange of meadow, cornfield, and woodland which lies between the two great ranges of chalk-hills, are constantly afforded, and sometimes through the fanciful framework of over-arching foliage—like a landscape set in a ring of gleaming emerald. At the STAG INN diverges the Arreton road, passing CHEVERTON, the COTTAGE of the "Dairyman's Daughter," and HORRINGFORD, and just beyond a bye-lane turns aside to cross Blackpan Common, and ascend by way of ALVERSTON and KNIGHTON to ASHEY DOWN. Continuing in the main road, however, we pass through LAKE (note its Jacobean farm-house),



ascend an abrupt acclivity of the sandstone, and enter SANDOWN (population, 1030. *Hotels*: Hale's, Star and Garter, and King's Head. *House Agents*: Messrs. Mear, and Higgs), with the BARRACKS on our left hand. Turning to the right, we find ourselves in the principal street, which winds down the hill to the low shore of SANDOWN BAY, and then strikes inland;—the Ryde road, taking it up, now crosses the meadows of the Eastern Yar, and climbs up the ascent where BRADING rests in its curious combination of the old world and the new.

SANDOWN CHURCH, an excellent Early English building, erected in 1845 from the designs of a Mr. Woodman, and at a cost of £2600, raises its tall spire on the left of the road, and at a short distance from it. Close at hand are the admirable SCHOOLS, recently erected through the energetic exertions of some of the principal inhabitants.

Wilkes, the demagogue, was a resident at Sandown from 1788 to 1797, the year of his death. His "villakin" occupied the site of ROYAL HEATH COTTAGE.

The FORT (about to be swept away, and four stronger batteries erected, in accordance with the recommendations of the National Defences Commission) was built by Lord Conway, governor of the island, in 1632,—the old quadrangular block-house, erected by Henry VIII, having been destroyed by the encroachments of the sea. The present fort is in danger from the same cause. It is quadrangular in plan, with a bastion at each angle, and a wet moat. A very small garrison is maintained here.

☞ The CULVER CLIFFS, BEMBRIDGE DOWN, and YAVERLAND, may well be visited from Sandown, and the tourist should certainly make this detour if his time will permit. The path turns off beyond the Fort, and climbs the acclivity of Bembridge Down, 355 feet, to the obelisk erected in memory of the late Earl of Yarborough. The prospect unrolled around is full of changes of colour and form, and comprehends the greater portion of the East of the Wight, with St. Helen's roads and Spithead to the north-west, the peninsula of Bembridge to the north-east, and Sandown Bay, with the sweep of cliffs to Shanklin and Dunnose Point, southward. From the Down we may descend to the CULVER CLIFF (from *culfre*, a pigeon), and by a somewhat difficult path to the fossiliferous locality of WHITECLIFF BAY,—a locality of intense interest to the geological student. The circuit of the peninsula may then be made to BEMBRIDGE, a charmingly

situated little hamlet, on the eastern bank of BRADING HARBOUR, with a neat new church, a ferry across to St. Helen's, a variety of pleasant prospects, and a peculiarly healthy air.

YAVERLAND (population, 78) lies on the southern slope of Bembridge Down; its ancient Norman CHURCH (remark the chancel-arch and south doorway) standing upon an elm-girdled mound, with a fine old Jacobean MANOR-HOUSE (A. D. 1620) in its rear. The latter is a building of much interest, and contains some curious carvings.

A steep lane descends through a bold cutting in the sandstone to YARBRIDGE (*Inn*: The Angler's Arms), where the river broadens into a picturesque pool, and joins the Brading road.

From Yar Bridge—a favourite resort of the piscatorial tribe—our road winds up the hill to “Ye Kyng's Towne of Bradyng” —BRADING (population, 3046, including Bembridge and Sandown. *Inn*: The Bugle), which was once represented in Parliament, and still boasts of two bailiffs, two justices, two constables, and a hayward, though it has neither trade nor manufactures to support its dignity. Descending the hilly street, the tourist will notice, in a small open area on the left, the BULL-RING, to which were bound the unfortunate beasts tortured for the amusement of our enlightened forefathers. The TOWN HALL, a small structure of wood supported upon brick arches, stands at the corner of the lane leading up to the CHURCH, nearly opposite the shed which encloses one of the BRASS GUNS made, in 1549, at the expense of the different parishes of the island to enable them to repulse the marauding French. In the market-place (under the Town Hall) stands an antiquated pair of stocks.

The CHURCH, of high interest, is dedicated to St. Mary, and is mainly Transition-Norman in character, with a few fragments of an earlier building. The tower, a stately pile, is Early English. In the interior is a fine *incised slab* of Flemish work, adorned with figures of the Virgin, the child Jesus, and the Twelve Apostles, and an effigy, in full armour, of Sir John Cherwin, d. 1441, constable of Portchester Castle. In the OGLANDER CHAPEL (at the east end of the south aisle) remark the wooden effigy of a knight in armour, Sir William Oglander, d. 1608, and a similar effigy to Sir John Oglander, d. 1655, a loyal cavalier, whose Diary in MS. contains some curious pictures of the condition of the island during the Civil Wars.

In the churchyard some epitaphs of unusual merit will be found: especially Mrs. Steele's lines "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," set to music by Dr. Calcott; and the Rev. Leigh Richmond's tribute to "Jane, the Young Cottager." Leigh Richmond was curate of Brading and Yaverland from 1797 to 1805.

Below Brading the Eastern Yar or "Main River" (as it is sometimes called) flows into the ample tidal lake known as BRADING HARBOUR. From the high ground about Brading this expanse of waters (about 800 acres) presents, at favourable times of the tide, a beautiful spectacle. Attempts have been unsuccessfully made to reclaim some portion of the level which, at high water, the sea so completely covers, and Sir Hugh Middleton, the "New River" knight, brought, on one occasion, his engineering skill to bear upon the enterprize. The mouth of the HARBOUR is closed in by the shelving sides of Bembridge Point, south-east, and St. Helen's Spit, north-west. The botanist will find ample employment in the latter locality, to which access may be readily obtained, either from Brading or St. Helen's.

From the Ryde road, as we emerge from Brading, glimpses are enjoyed of the oak-groves of Nunwell, the seat, since the Conquest, of the old Norman family of Oglander. The house is picturesquely situated at the foot of Brading Down.

☞ A mile beyond, and a road diverges (on the right) to ST. HELEN'S (population, 1948), the only island-village grouped, in good old English fashion, around a pleasant green. The CHURCH, which formerly stood on the sea-shore, near the Spit, was destroyed by the encroaching waves; but its TOWER, preserved and repaired at the cost of government, still serves as an important landmark. A new CHURCH was erected in 1719, on the road to Sea View; a plain, insignificant building in a lonely and retired situation.

The main road now passes through Whitefield Wood (a pleasant lane, on the right, descends through BARNSELY to SEA VIEW and SPRING VALE), and across an agreeable open country, to ST. JOHN'S, a suburb of Ryde, with a good Early English CHURCH, erected in 1843, after the designs of Mr. Thomas Hellyer. St. JOHN'S, a seat belonging to Sir John Simeon, of Swainstone, was built by General Lord Amherst; its attractive grounds were laid out by Repton, the landscape-

gardener. Descending St. John's Hill—observe, on the left, ST. JOHN'S PARK, a new settlement of trim smart villas—we cross the DUVER, or DOVER, formerly a waste tract, where the bodies of the ill-fated victims lost in the *Royal George* were interred, but now traversed by rows of excellent houses. Along the ESPLANADE—observe the iron pier projected by the Ryde and Stoke's Bay Steam Ferry Company—we proceed to the PIER, from whence, satisfied with our explorations of the island, we may speed to “fresh scenes and pastures new.”

[Before taking leave of the island we must, however, briefly indicate an excursion from Ryde to ST. HELEN'S. Keeping along the sea-wall we pass Appley Woods and APFLEY (J. Hyde, Esq.), formerly the abode of a wealthy smuggler, one David Bryoe—above whose trees rises the picturesque structure of APFLEY TOWERS (G. Young, Esq.). Next, the narrow path skirts the grounds of ST. CLARE (Col. V. Harcourt), a castellated mansion of some pretensions, and widens into a passable road at the sea-side lodging-house hamlet of SPRING VALE. Crossing the salterns, we turn into SEA VIEW, where an Early English church, small but excellently appointed, has recently been erected from Mr. T. Hellyer's designs. At Sea View the French, in 1549, made an unsuccessful attempt to invade the island.

We may cross the sands of PRIORY BAY, so named from a Cluniac house, founded about 1150, whose site is partly occupied by a modern mansion, erected by Chief-Justice Grose, and reach the ruined beacon-tower of old St. Helan's Church. Traversing the Spit we ascend to ST. HELEN'S, and turning to the right, return to Ryde by way of NETTLESTONE GREEN, WESTBROOK (P. Mahon, Esq.), and St. JOHN'S.

Another excursion may be made to ASHEY DOWN, and the Ryde Waterworks, proceeding thither by way of Play Street, Haylands, and Upton House, and returning through Bloodstone Copse, Green Lane, and Smallbrook. ASHEY FARM marks the site of a cell of nuns, attached to the nunnery of Wherwell, in Hampshire. The RYDE WATERWORKS were erected in 1854-5. The reservoir holds half a million of gallons.

At HAVEN STREET, 8 miles from Ryde, a graceful little CHURCH, designed by Mr. T. Hellyer, will attract attention.]

## APPENDIX.

### THE LORDS, WARDENS, GOVERNORS, AND CAPTAINS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

#### BRITISH PERIOD.

ROMAN PERIOD—The island subdued by Vespasian.

SAXON PERIOD—The island conquered by Cerdic and Cynric, two Jutish chiefs, in 530. Cerdic's nephew, Wihtgar, is said to have founded Wihtgarabyrig, or Carisbrook. Ceadwalla subdues the island, and converts it to Christianity, A.D. 686. Numerous incursions by the Danes, A.D. 897, 998, 1001, 1006, 1009, and 1013. Canute was here in 1022; Earl Godwin and his sons, 1050 and 1052.

THE NORMAN PERIOD—Duke William bestows the island on his kinsman and councillor, William Fitz-Osbert.

#### LORDS OF THE ISLAND.

1066-70. William Fitz-Osbert.

1070-86. Roger de Breteuil. William I. visits the island, and makes prisoner his half-brother, Bishop Odo, in the "Aula Regia" at Carisbrook (A.D. 1086).

1101-7. Richard de Redvers I.

1107-1155. Baldwin de Redvers I.

1156-61. Richard de Redvers II.

1161-1162. Baldwin de Redvers II.

1238-1293. Isabella de Fortibus. Sovereignty of the island restored to the crown by engagement between her and Edward I.

1168-1184. Richard de Redvers III.

1184-1216. William de Vernon.

1216-1245. Baldwin de Redvers IV.

1245-1283. Amicia de Clare.

#### WARDENS OF THE ISLAND.

1298-1295. John Fitz-Thomas.

1295-1802. Richard de Affeton.

1302-1807. Sir John de Lisle.

1325- . John de la Hure and John Lisle.

1336- . John de Langford.

1338-1840. Sir Theobald Russell. Invasion of the French, A.D. 1840. They landed at St. Helen's, and were repulsed by Sir Theobald, who was slain in the action.

1877- . Sir Hugh Tyrrell. Another invasion: the French penetrated as far as Newport, where they fell into an ambuscade, and were cut to pieces.

1307-1810. Nicholas de Lisle.

1310-1821. Sir John de Lisle.

1321-1325. Sir Henry Tyes.

#### LORDS OF THE ISLAND.

1386-97. William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

1397-1415. Edward, Earl of Rutland, and Duke of York (fifth son of Edward III.).

The Earl of Warwick, accused of treason, is banished to the Isle of Wight, A.D.

1397. Invasion by the French in 1404.

1415-1480. Duchess of York. Descents by the French in 1418 and 1419.

- 1439-1447. Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Coronation of the youthful Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, as "King of the Isle of Wight," A.D. 1443.  
 1449-1458. Richard, Duke of York (father of Edward IV).  
 1453-1455. Edmund, Duke of Somerset.  
 1455-1464. Henry, Duke of Somerset.  
 1467-1483. Anthony, Lord Scales (afterwards Earl Rivers).

## CAPTAINS OF THE ISLAND.

- 1483-1484. Sir William Berkeley.  
 1484-1485. Sir John Savile.  
 1485-1488. Sir Edward Woodville. Four hundred of the leading men of the island and their retainers follow him to assist the Duke of Brittany in his war against the French king. At the Battle of St. Austin they all perish, only one boy surviving to tell the tale.  
 1495- . Sir Reginald Bray. The Princess Cicely, and her husband John Kime, retire to the Isle of Wight, 1504-1507.  
 -1511. Sir Nicholas Wadham.  
 1511-1538. Sir James Worsley.  
 1538-1565. Sir Richard Worsley. Entertains Henry VIII. and his minister Cromwell at Appuldurcombe, A.D. 1540. Invasion by the French in 1549, who land detachments at Sea View, near Bembridge, and at Bonchurch (?) About 1539-40, forts are built at Sandown, East and West Cowes, Yarmouth, and Worsley's Tower.  
 1565-1582. Sir Edward Horsey.  
 1582-1608. Sir George Carey, afterwards Lord Hunsdon.

## CAPTAINS AND GOVERNORS OF THE ISLAND.

- 1603-1625. Henry, Earl of Southampton. King James and Prince Charles visit the island in 1607 and 1609; Prince Charles, in 1618.  
 1625-1631. Edward, Lord Conway. | 1634-1642. Jerome, Earl of Portland.  
 1631-1634. Richard, Earl of Portland. | 1642-1647. Earl of Pembroke.  
 1647-1649. Colonel Robert Hammond. Imprisonment of Charles I. at Carisbrook, November 23, 1647, to November 29, 1648.  
 1649-1660. Colonel Sydenham. Imprisonment of Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester at Carisbrook. The Princess dies Sept. 8, 1650.  
 1660-1667. Thomas, Lord Culpeper.  
 1667-1692. Admiral Sir Robert Holmes. Charles II. visits the island in 1671 and 1675. James, Duke of York, in 1673.  
 1693-1706. John, Lord Cutts. | 1726-1733. Charles, Duke of Bolton.  
 1706-1710. Charles, Duke of Bolton. | 1733-1734. John, Duke of Montague.  
 1710-1715. Lieutenant-General Webb. | 1734-1742. Lord Viscount Lymington.  
 1715-1726. William, Earl Cadogan. | 1742-1745. Charles, Duke of Bolton.  
 1745-1762. Lord Lymington, afterwards Earl of Portsmouth.  
 1763-1764. Thomas, Lord Holmes. | 1770-1780. Right Hon. Hans Stanley.  
 1764-1766. Right Hon. Hans Stanley. | 1780-1782. Sir Richard Worsley.  
 1766-1770. Duke of Bolton. | 1782-1791. Duke of Bolton.  
 1791-1807. Right Hon. Thomas Orde Powlett, afterwards Lord Bolton.  
 1807-1841. Earl of Malmesbury.  
 1841-1857. Earl of Heytesbury.  
 1857- . Right Hon. Lord Eversley.

## VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND.

For the COAST ROUTE from YARMOUTH to FRESHWATER, see pp. 860-867.

☞ Steamers leave Ryde thrice a week during the summer-season, and accomplish the VOYAGE ROUND THE ISLAND in about six hours, but thoroughly to appreciate the beauties of the coast the tourist must charter a sailing-boat, and devote two days to the excursion, sleeping (the first night) at Yarmouth.

Starting from Ryde, westward, we pass WESTFIELD, the seat of Vice Admiral Sir Augustus Clifford, distinguishable by its tower; the pretty semi-Elizabethan villa of BUCKLANDS (Mrs. Alleyne Yard); and the white-looking, tree-surrounded pile of RYDE HOUSE (Miss Player). The woods of BINSTEAD and the oak coppices of monastic QUARR now fringe the sloping shore, and soon we find ourselves at the mouth of WOOTTON RIVER, the rolling waters glinting through the trees with pleasant flashes of silver light, and the tower of FERN HILL shewing conspicuously in the distance. The next inlet is called KING'S QUAY, from a baseless tradition that the neighbouring woods were once the hiding-place of King John, and immediately after passing its oak-bordered banks we come in sight of Victoria's marine palace—of the towers, terraces, gardens and lawns of OSBORNE. NORRIS CASTLE (R. Bell, Esq.) next presents to our view its ivy-shrouded battlements. Now we shoot across the noble estuary of the Medina, alive with sails and masts of every nation, WEST COWES clustering on its western bank; we pass the romantically situated villa so quaintly named EGYPT, and glide along the well-wooded shores of GURNARD BAY, where the tin was landed from Leap, on the Hampshire coast. Soon we pass THORNESS BAY, the salterns of EMSWORTH, the mouth of the Newtown river, the fossiliferous locality of HEMPSTEAD HILL, abounding in the plants, seeds, shells and univalves of the fluvio-eocene deposits. The shore is low and uninteresting until we come in sight of YARMOUTH, and the bold slope, covered with villas and groves, of NORTON. Remark, now, the bristling ramparts of the VICTORIA and ALBERT FORTS (Sconce and Cliff End), commanding, in conjunction with the opposite stronghold (HURST CASTLE, so singularly situated at the extremity of yonder narrow promontory), the entrance of the Solent. Let us glide quickly across COLWELL BAY, and around

WARDEN LEDGE; shoot across COLWELL and ALUM BAYS; pass the famous rocks of the NEEDLES; enter SCRATCHELL'S BAY; and sail in the shadow of the lofty cliffs of MAIN BENCH and the NODES, to WATCOMBE BAY and FRESHWATER GATE. These are places we have already visited (see pp. 860-867). Now we enter Compton Bay (below Afton Down), and commence an exploration of the southern coast. Let us note down the points of interest we shall successively pass:—

## [In COMPTON BAY :

COMPTON CHINE. Observe the junction of the chalk and greensand formations.

COMPTON GRANGE CHINE.

BROOK POINT, and Ledge, with its remarkable petrified Forest (p. 868.)

BROOK CHINE; above which is the village of BROOK (see p. 868.)

BLACKWOOD POINT.

## In BRIGHSTONE BAY :

BULL ROCK.

CHILTON CHINE.

JACKMAN'S CHINE.

SHIP'S LEDGE.

DARNES CHINE.

COWLEAZE CHINE. Between these two Chines may be noted the junction-point of the Wealden and Greensand formations.

SHEPHERD'S CHINE. (p. 870.)

ATHERFIELD POINT, and dangerous ledge of rocks.

## In CHALE BAY :

WHALE CHINE.

LADDER CHINE.

WALPAN CHINE.

BLACKGANG CHINE. (p. 871.)

ROCKEN END.

ST. CATHERINE'S POINT and lighthouse. Note the commencement of the lofty wall and picturesque terraces of the Undercliff. (pp. 873-882.)

WREETH BAY. On the shore, the ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL.

PUCKASTER COVE:—where Charles II. was driven ashore. (p. 875.)

BINNEL BAY.

BINNEL POINT. Remark the grounds north of OLD PARK.

WOODY BAY and Point. Above, is the site of the new town of Woolverton.

ORCHARD BAY. Note the marine villa of the Earl of Yarborough. The cliffs beyond are called the WESTERN LINES.

STEEPHILL COVE.

MILL BAY. The Ventnor Esplanade will now be noticed: the quaint villas of Ventnor; and the lofty crest of St. Boniface Down. Horse-shoe Bay (so named from its shape); Bonchurch old church, and Monk's Bay will next attract the attention, and the termination of the Undercliff is reached at

DUNNOSE: a formidable headland, rising to an elevation of 771 feet.]

The COAST from DUNNOSE to RYDE is well worthy of examination. Lofty cliffs of a dark brown colour, occasionally relieved




by patches of ochre, stretch northward until they dip down to the level sands of SANDOWN. These cliffs are rent at LUCCOMBE and SHANKLIN by bold deep chines, the former cutting inland with a semicircular sweep; the latter, clothed in verdure, is broken up into several romantic curvatures. Sandown Bay stretches from Dunnose, south-east, to the Culvers, north-east, the town being seated on the level nearly in its centre. After passing Sandown, the cliffs gradually rise into the noble promontory of the CULVER, its face of glittering chalk curiously streaked with bands of flint. Now we sweep into WHITECLIFF BAY, and rounding Bembridge Ledge and the Foreland, glide past the village of BEMBRIDGE; shoot across BRADING HAVEN; and sail into the well-known roadstead of ST. HELEN'S. Here a small wooded curve in the shore is named from an ancient Cluniac foundation, PRIORY BAY. We are now in sight of SEA VIEW and NETTLESTONE POINT. The shore from this point is dull, level, and uninteresting. Remark the little hamlet of SPRING VALE, facing the broad firm sands, and offering "great facilities for bathing;" the castellated pile of ST. CLARE (Col. Harcourt), the woods of APPLBY (J. Hyde, Esq.), the RYDE ESPLANADE, the iron pier and quay of the Ryde and Stokes Bay Steam Ferry Company; and finally, the long wooden arm of RYDE PIER, so well known to yachtsmen and promenaders, the boast and glory of the most fashionable watering-place in England.

### EXCURSION—A DAY AT CARISBROOK.

[CARISBROOK is 8 m. from Ryde, and 6 m. from Cowes. From either place coaches run daily to Newport, 1 m. from the Castle. The excursionist who leaves London early, may easily include Cowes, Newport, and Carisbrook, or Ryde, Newport, and Carisbrook, in his day's tour, by availing himself of these conveyances, though, of course, he will only be able to enjoy a cursory glance at the principal points of interest.

*Inns at CARISBROOK:* The Bugle, the Carisbrook Castle, etc.]

 We leave Newport by the HIGH STREET, pass through CASTLE HOLD, and traverse the pleasant promenade of the MALL, which brings us to the foot of Carisbrook hill. Here we may turn off to the left, and wind up a narrow lane to the CASTLE, or ascending the hill, through Carisbrook village, pay our first visit to the CHURCH; taking next the ROMAN VILLA; and lastly, the CASTLE.

## CARISBROOK CHURCH,

dedicated to St. Mary, was originally attached to the priory of Carisbrook, founded here by William Fitz-Osbert (to whom William the Conqueror granted the Isle of Wight) as a cell to his Abbey of Lire, or Lyra, in Normandy. The PRIORY, which stood north of the church, and of which a few grey stones are the only remains—these stones having been made use of in the neighbouring farm—was leased, at the dissolution of the religious houses, to Sir James Worsley, and passed to Queen Elizabeth's famous minister, Sir Francis Worsley, on his marriage with Sir James' son's widow (the reader must excuse this complication of possessive cases). Walsingham thriftily converted the monastic buildings to profitable uses, and to avoid the expense of repairing the chancel of the priory-church, which, by lease, he was enforced to keep in due order, he persuaded the people of Carisbrook that the church was too large for them, and, with their consent, pulled down the chancel!

The CHURCH is still a very stately building, with a remarkably fine Perpendicular tower, of the same date as the towers of Gatcombe, Chale, and Godshill. The south aisle is separated from the nave, by a Transition-Norman arcade. An ancient slab, broken into two pieces, commemorates one of the monks, vicars of Carisbrook. Very noticeable is the sculpture dedicated to Lady *Dorothy Wadham*, Queen Jane Seymour's sister—the small figures in the back-ground being supposed to represent the deformed and lame whom her charity benefited. A curious rhyming inscription (in too many quatrains to be quoted here) records the merits of *William Keeling*, d. 1619, one of our early adventurers in the Eastern seas, and perpetuates the affection of his wife, who, we fancy, was its author. The allegory which surmounts the inscription is extremely quaint.

The vicarage of Carisbrook—one of the best livings in the island—was granted by Charles I. to Queen's College, Oxon, at the instigation of *Henrietta Maria* (A. D. 1626).

Near the parsonage lie the ruins of

## THE ROMAN VILLA,

discovered during the works necessary for the construction of some stabling, early in 1859, and preserved for the public through

the exertions of C. Seeley, Esq. of Brook, E. P. Wilkins, Esq. of Newport, the Rev. E. Kell, and Mr. W. Spickernell, of Carisbrook. The villa, it would seem, included an area of 120 feet by 55, and contains several apartments—the largest 40 feet by 22—a semicircular bath, hypocaust, etc. A mosaic pavement, some coins, and other relics have been carefully preserved. The Queen and the Prince Consort have visited this memorial of the past, and expressed their desire it should be thrown open to public examination.

The admission-fees are devoted to charitable purposes.

### CARISBROOK CASTLE.

A chiefless castle, breathing stern farewells  
From gray and ivied walls where Ruin greenly dwells.

BYRON.

The different historical periods through which the castle has passed might easily be inferred from a mere cursory examination of its ruins. The *Keep* is mainly Saxon, but retains some precise indications of having been founded upon a previous Roman fortress, while there are not wanting traces of even those wild but gallant British tribes who so stoutly resisted the legions, and so often brought disgrace upon the standards of the Cæsars. The fine gateway through which we entered, with its stout machicolated towers, recalls the days of the Roses, when Edward Woodville lorded it over the Isle of Wight. The ground-plan of the castle, with its pentagonal arrangement, represents the additions to its fortifications made in the reign of Elizabeth under the direction of an Italian engineer named Genobella. The ruined chapel reminds us of its founder, Lord Lymington, who was governor of the castle in the days of George II. A dilapidated window, with a few rusty bars, brings back the storm and shadow of the Civil Wars, for through its narrow opening Charles I, a king, but a prisoner, vainly attempted to escape. Thus, almost every era of English history has some association with the ruined stronghold; and standing upon its crumbling ramparts the thoughtful pilgrim will insensibly suffer his imagination to retrace the various steps by which that history has been built up.

Every ancient ruin is, as it were, a picture in many panels.

Looking in this light at Carisbrook Castle, we will endeavour, though with an unskilful brush, to depict its most interesting "pictorial effects."

The tin trade, which first brought England into connection with the rest of the civilized world, appears to have had its depôt in the Isle of Wight, and the route by which it is supposed the caravans conveyed their stores across the island must have passed within a bow-shot of the present position of Carisbrook Castle. It is probable, therefore, that a site so commanding was early recognized, in a military point of view, by the Britons, and there is reason to believe that a Celtic (or British) encampment was formed upon it.

When the Romans occupied the island their military skill soon seized upon the strategical advantages of the British camp, and they erected a fortress upon its site. In like manner, the Saxons rehabilitated—if we may use the expression—the Roman stronghold, and undoubtedly formed the nucleus of the later feudal castle.

After the Battle of Hastings, William distributed with lavish liberality the riches of the conquered land among his followers. The Isle of Wight fell to the share of one of the most powerful, a knight ready both in council and action, William, son of Osbert, or Fitz-Osbert. This sagacious Norman repaired and enlarged the Saxon fortress, adding what is called the *basecourt* to the Saxon *keep*, and constructing strong stout walls, which included a space of an acre and a half. In the castle he had erected, he often held high revels, and, imitating the example of his royal master, he divided the surrounding country among his faithful vassals, who afterwards held their estates of "the Honour and Castle of Carisbrook."

William Fitz-Osbert died, as became so bold a warrior, on the red battle-field, and his honours passed to his son; but Count Roger, as he was called, was neither so prudent nor so able as his father, and rebelling against King William, was cast into prison and deprived of his possessions. Thus the Castle of Carisbrook fell into the hands of the king.

King William only paid one visit to his island-fortress, and that was in an hour of peril, which vividly brought out the manly qualities of his kingly mind. His half-brother, Odo, bishop of Bayeux, half warrior, half priest, who had received from King William the earldom of Kent, and fat estates and manifold honours,

during the Conqueror's absence in Normandy (1081), collected a large and powerful following in the Isle of Wight, and prepared to quit England for Italy. The king, apprised of the ambitious Odo's design, suddenly returned, and summoned to Carisbrook Castle his knights, and men-at-arms, and other vassals.

They met in the Royal Hall, by the shifting light of a hundred torches, which wavered and flickered merrily enough upon the glittering armour of the knightly throng. William, with moody brow and angry eye, sat in stern silence upon the dais; and when the murmur of voices was hushed, he recounted, one by one, the offences which Odo had done against him. "He has despoiled the church—he has wronged the state—has sought to seduce from their standard my soldiers who were designed to protect England. Tell me now," he cried, "how shall I act towards such a brother?"

Odo was a prelate and a noble—wealthy, powerful, and not over-slow in his punishment of an enemy. What marvel, then, that out of all that knightly gathering not one dared raise his voice against him?

"Seize him!" shouted the Conqueror, as if resolved to construe their silence into an acknowledgment of his brother's offences; "seize him, and let him be closely guarded!"

But not a knight laid his finger upon the prince of the church. All stood mute and aghast at the king's wrath. With instant decision, he sprang from his seat, strode through his astonished followers, and grasped his brother's robes.

Whereupon Odo exclaimed, "I am a priest, and a servant of the Lord! None but the Pope has the right to judge me."

But the monarch, prepared for the crafty excuse, replied,— "I do not punish thee as a priest; but as my own vassal, and a noble, whom I myself have made."

And Odo was surrounded by his sovereign's guards, and in due time despatched across the seas, and imprisoned in a Norman fortress.\*

Let the years roll by, and bear with them the names and deeds of many a famous knight and stout soldier, who in due succession governed the Isle of Wight, and maintained a splendid state in Carisbrook Castle. What legends, what quaint stories, what seemingly extravagant romances, its ivied stones, had they but tongues, could tell! Fair dames and gallant knights; the

\* Ordericus Vitalis, Hist. Eccles., book iv.

brawl, the fight, the wassail ; love, jealousy, sorrow, ambition, hate, revenge—all have mingled their weird influences to shed a poetry and a mystery upon the ruined ramparts of Carisbrook. Like the sea, it holds a thousand treasures which it will never unbosom.

In 1377, the Castle was surrounded with the din of battle. A large body of French rovers landed on the east shore of the island ; forced their way through its valleys and over its hills ; swept through Newport, and encamped beneath the walls of Carisbrook. Finding it too strong to be carried without regular military approaches, and being unprovided for a regular siege, they attempted to capture it by a *coup-de-main*, but fell into an ambuscade planned by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, the governor, and were cut to pieces—not a fugitive escaping to tell the French maidens of the beautiful island-glades. So great was the slaughter, that the islanders (according to a very doubtful tradition) called the fight thus easily won the battle of *the Noddies*, or simpletons, and the spot where the chief rush of the *mêlée* took place is still called *the Noddies'*, or *Node Hill*.

The Castle received a distinguished prisoner in 1397,—the Earl of Warwick, who had joined “the Fitzalan Conspiracy” against Richard II., and was saved from the scaffold by the earnest solicitations of the Earl of Salisbury. “Earl of Warwick,” said his judges, when announcing the king’s clemency, “this sentence is very lenient, for you have merited to die as much as your compeers ; but the excellent services rendered by you in times past to King Edward of blessed memory, as well on this as on the other side of the sea, have saved your life, and it is ordered that you banish yourself to the Isle of Wight, taking with you wherewithal to maintain your state as long as you live, and never quitting the island.”

Humphrey the “good” Duke of Gloucester,—Richard Duke of York who perished at Agincourt,—Edmund Duke of Somerset,—Anthony, the valiant and accomplished Lord Scales, the very mirror of knighthood, and chiefest ornament of the fourth Edward’s court,—Sir Edward Woodville, a gallant and courteous gentleman, who kept up a brave splendour at Carisbrook—and Richard Worsley, a favourite councillor of Henry the Eighth’s, were among the captains of Carisbrook Castle and lords of the Isle of Wight.

In Elizabeth’s reign, during the panic caused by the fitting

out of the Spanish Armada, the Castle was repaired, strengthened, and enlarged under the directions of a famous Italian engineer, Genobella. It was once visited by James I. and twice by Prince Charles, who "hunted in the parke, and killed a bucke," and otherwise amused their idle hours during their brief excursions.

At the outset of the great Civil War it was garrisoned by a small detachment of Royalist troops under a chivalrous cavalier, Colonel Brett. The wife of the governor of the island, the Countess of Portland, and her five children, were intrusted to their loyal care, and all hoped, in the stout castle, to secure a pleasant asylum. But the inhabitants of Newport were fiercely Parliamentary, and assisted by 400 naval auxiliaries, resolved upon seizing the Castle, and holding it for the Parliament. The besiegers were numerous, well provided with artillery, and easily supplied with stores. The garrison consisted but of a few invalided soldiers, and had but three days' provisions. "There seemed no alternative," says a recent writer, "but an unconditional surrender. In these critical circumstances, their only resource—but it was sufficient—was the hero-heart that beat in the bosom of the Countess. As she leapt upon the ramparts, with a lighted match in her hand, admiration insensibly stirred the minds of those who gazed upon her. Englishmen revered a true Englishwoman. She spoke—clearly, firmly, without a faltering accent—'Grant to us honourable terms; grant to these brave men safety of life and limb, and permission to go where they will—or, with my own hand, I will fire the first cannon, and will defend these walls until they bury us in their ruins!' The besiegers acceded to her demands," and the Countess retired from the Castle in much honour.

Thirty years had elapsed since Prince Charles hunted the buck in Parkhurst Forest, and rested awhile within the towers of Carisbrook Castle, free, beloved, happy in the prospect of a glorious crown and a noble people's affection, rich in personal graces and intellectual refinements,—when a king, crowned, sceptred, but powerless, he passed again under the massive archway to the solitude and sorrow of a prison! At first he was treated with all the respect due to his exalted dignity. He rode out whenever he pleased, and again hunted the deer in Parkhurst, though Colonel Hammond rode at his side. The parliament allowed him a yearly revenue of £5000, and he lived in the state apartments of

the castle—long shewn as *King Charles' Rooms*—surrounded with the ceremonials of royalty.

But he was gradually stripped of these. His chaplains and faithful attendants were removed, and others forced upon him, of whom he only knew that they were chosen by his enemies. He no longer rode abroad, no longer hunted in the forest, but was constrained to view the bright valleys and sparkling plains through the bars of his prison window. A decrepit old man was almost his sole companion.—“He is sent every morning to light my fire,” said King Charles to Philip Warwick, “and is the best companion I have had for many months.” Thus “cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined,” the unhappy monarch became careless of his attire, in which once he had so fine a taste; allowed his beard to grow; was wan and haggard,—“a gray discrowned king.”\*

How the imprisoned king passed his days has been duly recorded by his faithful attendants. He rose early. He took moderate exercise, walking round the ramparts, or pacing to and fro the narrow bowling-green, into which Colonel Hammond had converted “the place of arms.” Of food he ate sparingly, and his drink at dinner was sack, diluted with two parts water. He chiefly employed his leisure hours in reading, writing, and meditating, or in conversation on things human and divine with those who waited about his person. The principal books he read were Bishop Andrews' Sermons, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Herbert's Poems, Fairfax's version of Tasso's “Gierusalemme Liberata,” and Spenser's “Faëry Queen.” In one of these books he penned a Latin distich, which vividly illustrates his peculiar cast of thought:—

“Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;  
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.”

*Englished.*

In evil times, life we may well disdain:  
He doeth bravely who can suffer pain.

Two attempts were made by the Royalists to secure the monarch's freedom, but both were ineffectual. He carried on a correspondence with his chief adherents in cipher; but the cipher was detected, and the letters were intercepted by the parliament.

\* “My gray discrowned head,”—the king's own expression in his “*Majesty in Misery*.”



tarian leaders, who consequently were enabled to frustrate the plans contrived for his escape.

The first attempt was made on the night of the 20th of March 1648. Four or five gentlemen—Firebrace, Worsley, Newland, and Osborn—were on the watch to assist the king, whose purpose it was to force himself through his prison window, cross the court of the castle, and reach the counterscarp. A horse, ready saddled and bridled, was there waiting for him, in charge of a trusty cavalier. A ride across the island, protected by the heavy night-shadows, and at the sea-shore was a boat, well-manned, to bear him to liberty and a throne! The scheme was well-devised, but failed through the narrowness of the window, which prevented the unhappy monarch from forcing his person through it.

The second attempt was made on Sunday night, May 28th, when the king removed the bars which had impeded him on the former occasion, and might have escaped, but that the whole details of the project were known to Colonel Hammond, the governor of Carisbrook, and double guards were placed at convenient positions, to fire upon any person leaving the castle.

The king's captivity came to an end on November 29th. He was roused at the dead of night by a detachment of Roundhead soldiers, and hurried through the darkness towards Worsley's Tower, which stands upon the north-western shore of the island. Then he embarked with his few attendants, and crossed the strait to Hurst Castle.

A brief entry in the register of Carisbrook Church records the king's removal :—"The last day of November he went from Newport to Hurst Castell to prison, carried away by to (*two*) troops of horse." Another pithy passage sums up the ill-fated monarch's history :—"In the year of our Lord God, 1649, January the 30th day, was Kinge Charles beheaded at Whitehall Gate,"—last sad scene of "that deplorable tragedy," as Clarendon calls it, "so much to the dishonour of the nation, and the religion professed by it, though undeservedly."

The next prisoners in this famous castle were recommended to the humanity of their gaolers by their innocent youth as much as by their royal blood. The Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the daughter and son of "the Martyr King," were removed here on the 16th of August 1660.

The Princess Elizabeth was "a lady of excellent parts, great observation, and an early understanding," fair, delicate—deformed

and bowed down by an unconquerable malady. Her brother has been described by the great Clarendon as "a prince of extraordinary hopes, both from the comeliness and gracefulness of his person, and the vivacity and vigour of his wit and understanding." While residing at Carisbrook he was addressed as "Master Harry," and a yearly allowance of £1000 was granted both to him and the princess for the maintenance of a decent splendour.

But within a week after their arrival, the princess "being at bowls, a sport she much delighted in, there fell a sudden shower, and being of a sickly constitution it caused her to take cold, and the next day she complained of headach and feverish distemper, which by fits increased upon her; and on the first three or four days she had the advice of Dr. Bignall, a worthy and able physician of Newport, and then care was taken by Dr. Treherne, in London, to send a physician and remedies of election [an astrological nostrum] to her. But notwithstanding the care of that honest and faithful gentleman, Anthony Mildmay, Esq., and all the art of her physicians, her disease grew upon her; and after many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, to the eternal honour of her own memory, and the astonishment of those who waited on her, she took leave of the world on Sunday the 8th September 1650.\* It is said she was found lying upon her couch, as if sleeping, her face resting upon an open Bible, her royal father's gift. She was buried in Newport church September 24, 1650.

The young Duke of Gloucester remained a prisoner in the castle until 1652, when, by permission of Cromwell, he was released and departed into Holland.

We will now, having concluded our brief historical *resumé*, enter the castle by QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GATE (it bears a label, E.R. 1598), cross the grassy moat, and pass under the fine machicolated GATEWAY, erected by Anthony Woodville, afterwards Lord Scales, about 1464. A portcullis defends it, and on each side it is strengthened by a round tower. The stout wooden gates are very ancient. Entering the GREAT COURT we observe, on our left, the Elizabethan building occupied by Charles I. after his first attempt to escape. The window from which he made his second attempt, now partially shrouded in ivy, may be seen from the ENCOURTE. It is about 12 feet from the ground.

\* "Fuller's Worthies," vol. ii.

The main buildings (before us) were formerly the GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE. Recent repairs, under the direction of Mr. Hardwick the architect, have brought to light some ancient features of high interest. The great staircase appears to have been converted out of an Early English CHAPEL, built by William de Vernon, 1184-1217, and the GREAT HALL (aula regia) of Baldwin de Redvers, 1135-1156, was found to have been divided into two storeys. The apartments occupied by Charles before his first attempted flight have been carefully renovated, and a good stone fireplace, and a hagioscope communicating with the chapel, will attract attention in the royal "Presence-Chamber." The "King's Bedroom" was on the upper storey.

The CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS, now a most shameful ruin, was built by Lord Lymington, governor of the island, in 1738, on the site of an ancient fane, which was supposed to be Saxon in its origin.

The KEEP, occupying the site of the old Celtic stronghold of the rude fortress erected by the Saxon Wihthgar, and the stout tower of William Fitz-Osbert, is still massive and imposing. Its summit overlooks a wide reach of landscape. The mound whereon it stands is scaled by 72 broken steps. "In a ruined chamber to the left is the WELL, nearly choked with rubbish, but still deep enough to need protection, as a very ugly fall may easily be met with by the unwary"—(*Venables*). It failed during the siege of the castle by King Stephen's forces in 1150, and Baldwin de Redvers was consequently forced to surrender. That a similar catastrophe might not again occur, Count Baldwin sunk, in another part of the castle-area, the famous WELL, so great an object of attraction to wondering visitors, from whose depths (145 feet) the water is drawn up by means of an industrious donkey and a large wooden wheel. The donkeys thus distinguished have been remarkable for their longevity: one died in 1798, aged 32. His successor "paid the debt of nature" in 1851, after 21 years' toil. The present labourer commenced his honourable service in 1851. The WELL-HOUSE, dating from the fifteenth century, has been well restored by Mr. Hardwick.

The visitor should conclude his examination of the castle by a stroll round its outworks, and a visit to the TILT-YARD (formerly the place of arms, and appropriated by Colonel Hammond to King Charles's use as a bowling green), and the MOUNTJOY TOWER, which strengthens the south-east angle of the ramparts.

The return to Newport should be made by the Node Hill road, passing the New Cemetery, and traversing the green slopes of Mountjoy—a summer ramble which the pedestrian will not fail to enjoy.

[The word *Carisbrook* is derived by some authorities from the Saxon fortress erected by Wihthgar—i. e., *Wihthgarasburgh*; by others, from the compound *caer*, a fort, and *brook*, indicating its position upon the Medina river. The parish includes an area of 7680 acres. Its population, in 1851, was 7680, including 918 soldiers at Parkhurst. The vicarage is in the patronage of the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, and has supremacy over the rectory of Northwood.]

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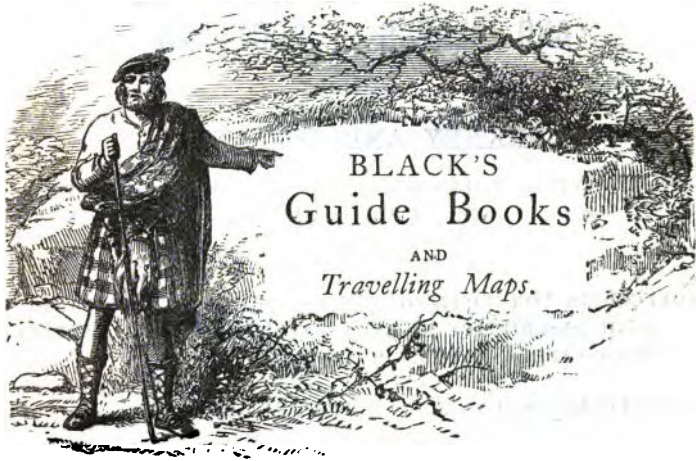
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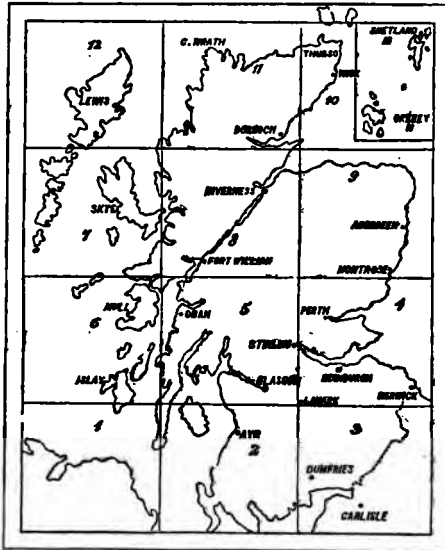
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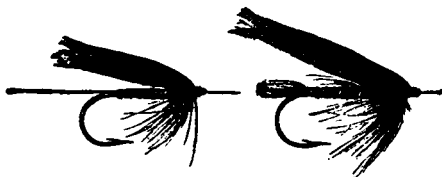
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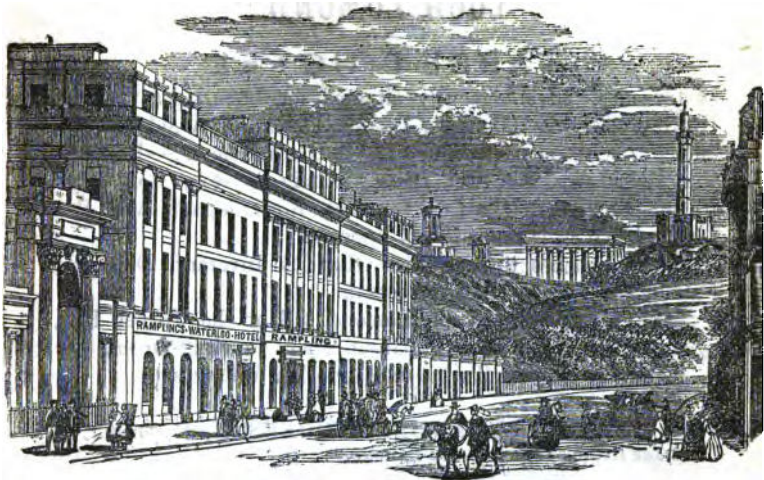
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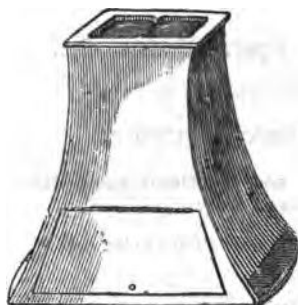
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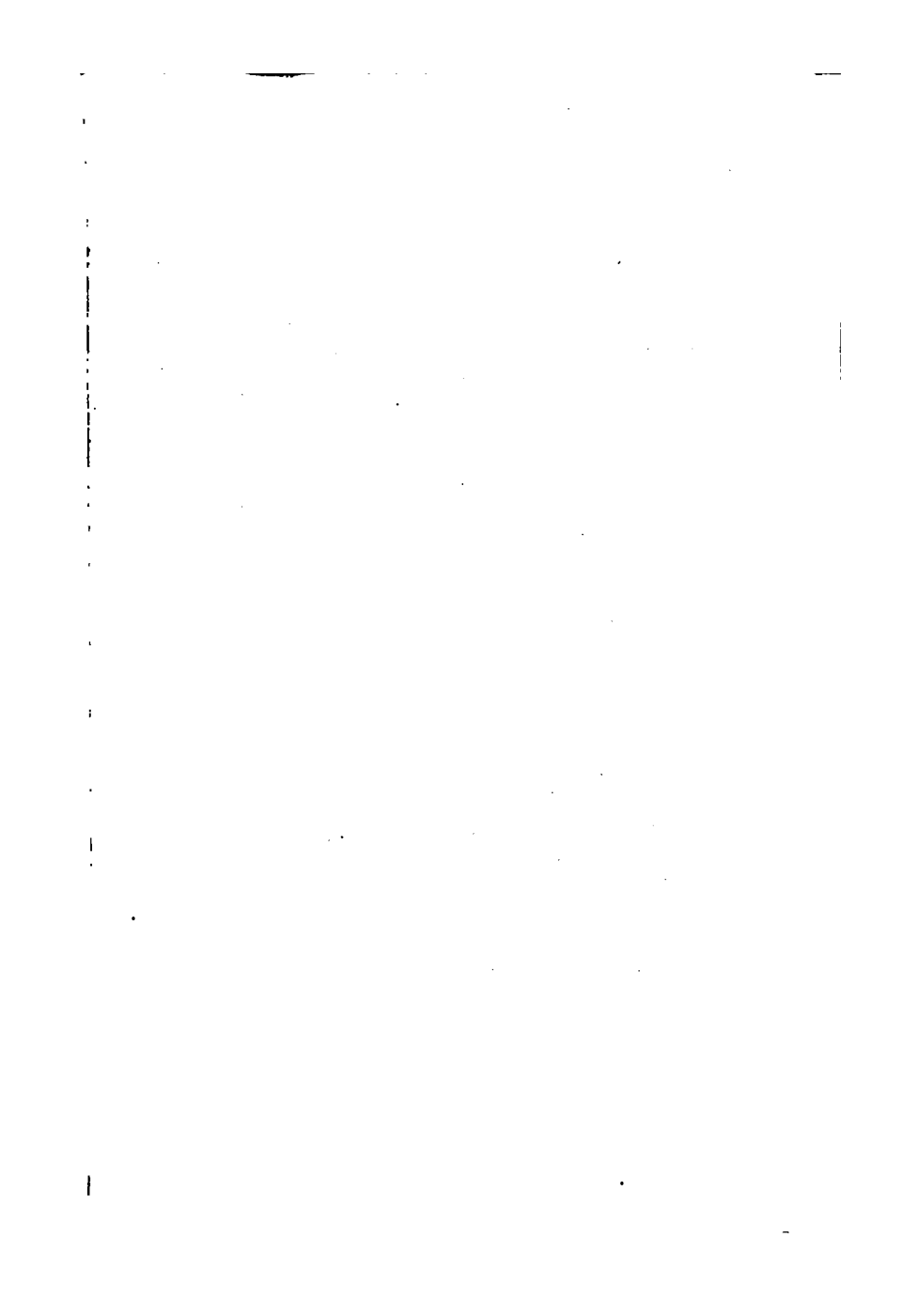
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