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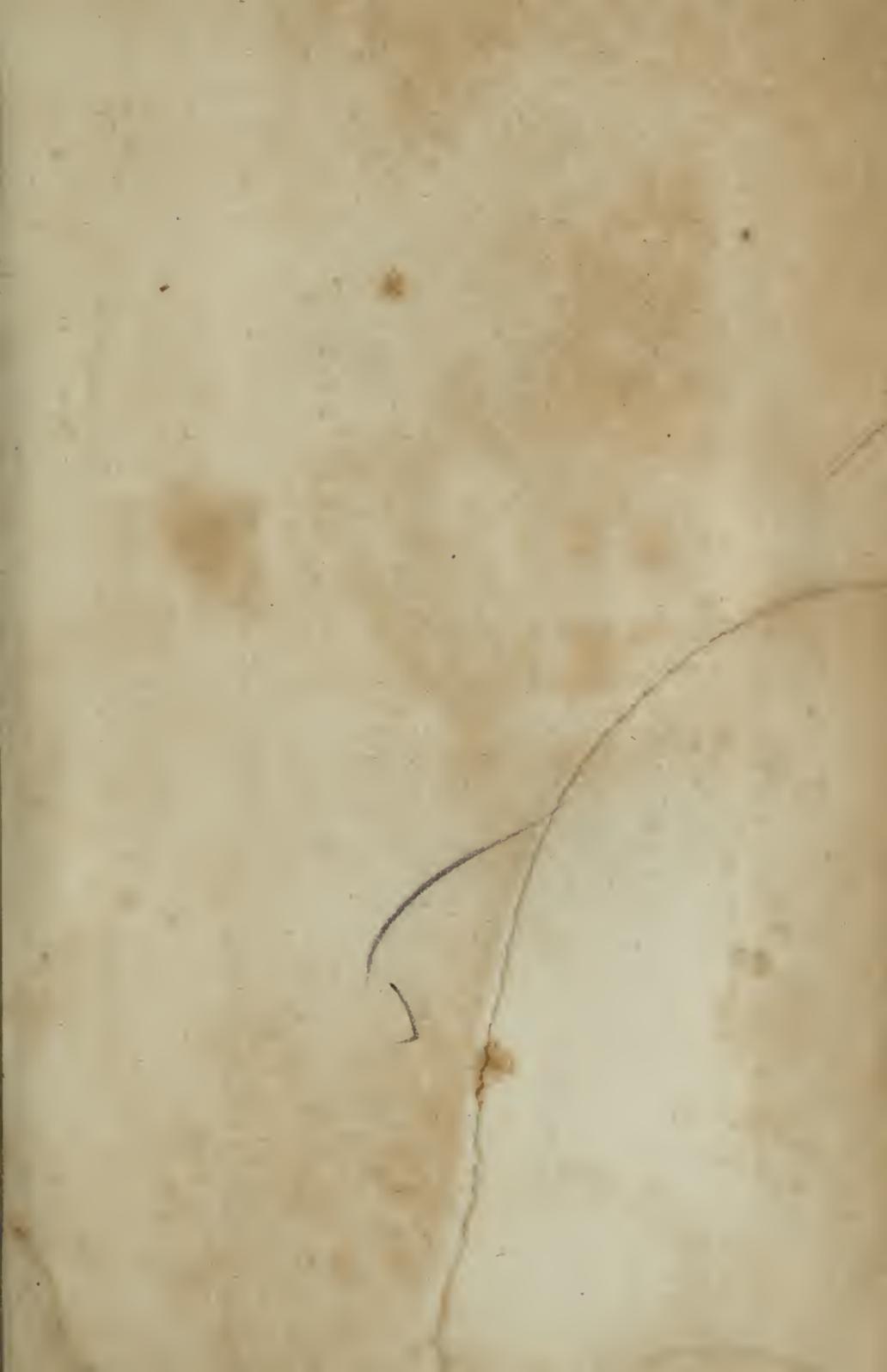
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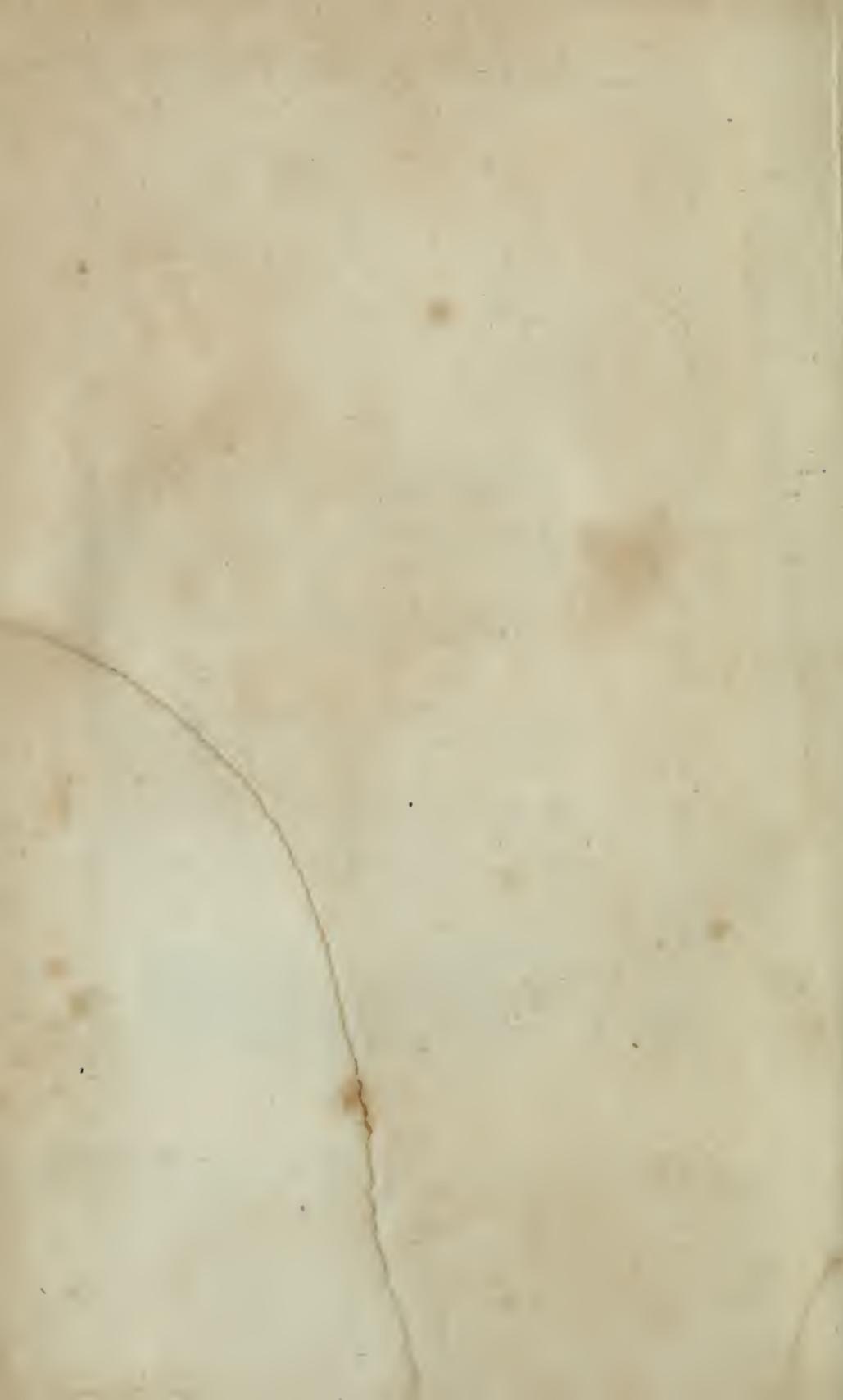
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

RESEARCH REPORT

NO. 100

BY

1950

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

THE GREAT KING

OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY

JOHN BURNET

ESQ.

1704

OWEN GLADDON'S

WANDERINGS

IN

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BY

OLD HUMPHREY.

AUTHOR OF

Old Humphrey's "Addresses," "Observations," "Thoughts for the
Thoughtful," "Homely Hints," "Walks in London," "Country
Strolls," "Old Sea Captain," "Grandparents," "Pithy
Papers," &c.



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1846.

STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF ...

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INTRODUCTION.

WILLIAM and Walter Gladdon, and their sister Mary, were in high glee, for the sun was shining brightly, and the boys were lying on the fresh green grass, under the shade of the old oak on the lawn, while their great uncle Owen, sitting with little Mary on the garden-seat near them, was about to tell them of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight. He called them his wanderings, because, being in pursuit of health, his excursions partook of a wandering character.

What a goodly spectacle it is to see young people innocently happy !

He that would boyhood see aright,
With eyes of pleasure sparkling bright,
In all its joy and glory,
While blows around the evening gale,
Must tell some sweet and pleasant tale,
Or wild and wondrous story.

It was no small treat to the young people to hear Owen Gladdon relate to them a long tale, for he was very happy in his narrations, and knew well how to entertain his young relatives. They loved him, and felt that he loved them; for he faithfully reprov'd, and affectionately encouraged them as the case required, and then, no one was more ready to help them in their difficulties, and assist them in their sports.

Though Owen Gladdon had gray hairs on his head, and years on his brow, he was a much more active man than many who were twenty years younger than he; and weighty as some of his remarks were, and wise as were most of them, he had such a well-spring of cheerfulness in his heart, that he seem'd always to cast a sunbeam around him.

Every man who engages with ardour in his pursuits, requires, now and then, a little relaxation. This had been the case with Owen Gladdon; and his rambles in the Isle of Wight had given a fresh tone to his spirits, and new vigour to his constitution. He felt strong, cheerful, and happy; and he wished to make all happy around him, and to help them on their

way to heaven. Earthly friendships lose more than half their value when they are not connected with eternity.

Owen Gladdon, after a plan of his own, had divided the natural attractions of the Isle of Wight into six parts: Rural Scenery, the Sea-Coast, the Undercliff, the Chines, the High Downs, and the High Cliffs of Culver and Freshwater; and these, though he had visited the Towns, the Castles, the Lighthouses, the Mansions, and Preventive-stations, were the scenes in which he had most delighted. With a love of nature, a lively fancy, and a spirit of thankfulness, he had freely indulged his rambling inclinations, wandering from place to place with increased enjoyment. He was, in short, the very man to describe the scenes he had witnessed, and William, Walter, and Mary, were the very persons to listen to his description with delight.

OWEN GLADDON'S WANDERINGS.

CHAPTER I.

Owen Gladdon agrees to give some account of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight.—Reflections.—Different ways from London to Ryde.—Southampton Old Bar.—Sir Bevis and the giant Ascabart.—Portsmouth.—General description of the Isle of Wight.—The pier at Ryde; method of getting on board the packets before the pier was erected.—An odd character.

“AND so,” said Owen to the young people, “you want me to tell you of my late wanderings. You want to know something of the Isle of Wight—

Its hills and valleys fair to see,
Its rocks and cliffs, and boundless sea.

“Well, well, you shall have your will, for you look as if you would not let a word escape you. When I was young—but that is a long while since; when I was young, no one loved a story better than myself; and many a wild tale have I drunk in with greedy ears. I was a listener then, now I will be a talker, and only hope that I shall be able to talk wisely, remembering the saying of

the Psalmist, 'There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.' Psalm cxxxix. 4. Get all the good you can from what you hear; you will need it; for, before you are aware, your youth will be turning into manhood and womanhood, and your manhood and womanhood into years.

"When I look in the glass, I say to myself, 'And can it be, that he who was once so light-hearted as a boy, is now a grey-headed old man?' Yes, it is even so.

I was a laughter-loving lad, and now
I wear my threescore winters on my brow.

"Swiftly have fled the moments and the months, the hours and the years, and the smooth brow is graven with age. But many have been my mercies—they are more in number than the hairs of my head. But now I will begin my story."

"Yes—please to begin."

"Some time ago, I heard a friend describe the beautiful scenery of the Isle of Wight, and I felt sorry and somewhat ashamed that I had never visited the place. The more I thought over the matter, the more dissatisfied was I with myself. In a word, finding that I needed a little holiday, my mind was soon made up for a tour; and now the

Isle of Wight and I are no strangers. I have seen it all from Cowes in the north, to Puckaster Cave in the south—from the Foreland in the east to Scratchell's Bay and the Needles in the west. And here is a map that will show you these, and all the chief places in the island.

“I have climbed its chalky cliffs and mountains, walked through its valleys, lingered in its caves and chines, visited its castles and churches, gazed on its mills, obelisks, signal-stations, and light-houses; loitered on its sandy and shingly shores, and swam in the waters of the heaving ocean that surround it, so that I have no lack of things to describe.”

“Those cliffs, and caves, and castles will just suit us, uncle.”

“True, true! As it was in my youthful days, so it is now in yours. Though times are much changed, they are not altered at all in such things as these.

Young people seldom fall asleep,
While you talk of a cave, or a castle keep.”

“Which way did you go to the island, uncle?”

“You may go from London to Ryde two ways. The most direct is through Gosport; the other is through Southampton, and along the Southampton-

water. If you go the latter way, you will see the town of Southampton and the Old Bar, or Gate, with the strange figures in front of it, and Victoria Pier and Netley Abbey."

"What are the strange figures in front of the Old Gate?"

"The figures, they tell me, are meant to represent a knight of romance, called sir Bevis of Hampton, and Ascabart, a giant, whom the knight slew. It is said of Ascabart, though you will not be weak enough to believe the saying—

This giant was mighty and he was strong,
And feet full thirty was he long;
His lips were great and hung aside,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wide;
Loathly he was to look upon,
And liker a demon than a man;
His staff was a young and torn up oak,
And hard and heavy was his stroke!"

"What a terrible monster he must have been—thirty feet high!"

"When a poet is drawing a figure of his own fancy, or changing a fact into a fiction, he seldom cares about a few feet. I took the Gosport road to the Isle of Wight, and saw Portsmouth with its shipping and fortifications. War is a sad thing,—a very sad thing. May God, in his mercy, set it aside for ever, and dispose mankind to dwell to-

gether in affection. ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!’ Luke ii. 14, is a glorious motto! but I am forgetting my story.”

“Please to tell us everything; the longer the story is the better.”

“The Isle of Wight was thus described many years ago:—‘It is an island in the English channel, on the coast of Hampshire, to which county it belongs. It is divided into two parts by the river Medina, or Cowes, opposite the mouth of Southampton Bay. The southeast coast is edged with very steep cliffs of chalk and free-stone, hollowed into caverns in various parts, and vast fragments of rock are scattered along the shore. The south-west side is fenced with lofty ridges of rock, and the western extremity of them is called the Needles. Among its products are a pure white pipe-clay, and a fine white crystalline sand; of the latter, great quantities are exported for the use of the glass-works in various parts.’”

“Is that a good account of the island?”

“So far as it goes I think it is correct; but I must tell you of many places and things of which this account says nothing. I must not thus lightly pass over some of the sweetest scenery beneath the

bright blue skies, but describe what I have seen in the best way that I can."

"We shall enjoy it very much indeed."

"Neither the tongue nor the pen can express the delight of the eye, and the thankfulness of the heart of him who, fond of the wonders of nature, visits the island in a grateful spirit, for beauty rises on beauty, and one interesting object on another so fast, that a day's rambling is a day of enjoyment."

"Perhaps we shall ramble there ourselves some day."

"Perhaps you may, and a little knowledge of the place may enable you to enjoy it the more. You shall know of all my wanderings. I will tell you of Bonchurch and Ventnor, far famed for their beautiful situation; of the Undercliff, that calls forth expressions of admiration from all; of the high Down and 'wishing-well' of St. Boniface; of the beauty of Luccombe and Shanklin, and the sterile and gloomy grandeur of Blackgang-chine."

"What a treat we shall have!"

"I will tell you of the cottages where lived the Dairyman's Daughter and the Young Cottager, and of the graves that contain their mouldering dust. Besides these things you shall know all about Appuldurcombe House with its pictures, and

Carisbrooke Castle, with its deep well ; of St. Lawrence Church, which is thought by some to be the smallest of all churches ; of Puckaster cove ; of Cripple-path, that leads to the top of the high cliff ; of St. Catharine's Mill ; of Alum Bay and Scratchell's Bay, the delight and wonder of those who have visited them ; of the famous Needle Rocks, and of the yet more striking Freshwater Cliffs, with the gulls and sea-birds that hover around, and the roaring ocean that ever heaves beyond them."

" Oh, it will be very pleasant to listen to the account that you will give us !"

" The pier at Ryde is of timber, and it stretches a long way into the sea. There are, almost always, well dressed people walking upon it, looking at the sea. Before the pier was erected, passengers from the island, were crammed into a common luggage-cart, and drawn through the waves, by a horse, upon the sands, till the cart reached a depth sufficient for a boat to float along-side, to which they were transferred and carried off to the packet.

" It is very different to that now !"

" True. I must tell you of an odd, red-faced man, that I met with on the pier. He came up to me all in a bustle, dressed in a light jean jacket, a broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright yellow silk

neckerchief; 'Fine prospect!' said he, 'fine prospect!—blue sky!—green sea!—Portsmouth a strong place!—noble harbor!—excellent pier this! Never saw the Isle of Wight before!—mean to visit every inch of it!—Bembridge and Bonchurch, Calbourne and Carisbrooke, Newport and Niton, Shorwell and Shanklin, Yarmouth and Yaverland, Binsted and Blackgang Chine! Sure to meet again!—cannot stop now; farewell, sir!—farewell!'—and then he hurriedly walked off the pier."

"Ah! ah! ah! how we should have laughed at him. He must have been an odd figure."

"He was; he was; but we must learn to look at queer figures in passing through the world, without laughing at them to their faces. The word of God says, 'Be courteous,' 1 Peter, iii. 8; and courteous we should be."

CHAPTER II.

The Isle of Wight called the Garden of England.—its length, breadth, and population.—The river Medina.—The different parishes of the Island.—A description of the place.—The phrase most commonly in the mouths of visitors.—The Isle called Vectis by the Romans.—A singular history.

IN a short time, Owen Gladdon, who had gone into the house for a moment, returned to the young people, seating himself as before, and proceeding with the account of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight, now and then arrested for an instant, in his progress, by the remarks of his youthful relatives.

“Remember,” said he, “I am not giving you a history of the Isle of Wight, but simply an account of my wanderings in pursuit of health, in the island. It may be as well, however, to mention a few general facts at first, that you may go with me more pleasantly in my excursions. The Isle of Wight is often, on account of its fertility, called the Garden of England. It lies opposite the coast of Hampshire, and is distant only a few miles from it. Its breadth from north to south may be about thirteen miles, and its length from east to west twenty-three miles; so that, in passing all round the island,

you would travel about sixty miles. How many people there are in the place I do not know, but perhaps fifty thousand may be about the number."

"And the island is no more than twenty-three miles long, and thirteen broad?"

"No; the river Medina running through, from the south to the north, divides the island into two parts that are nearly equal in size; though in the one called East Medina there are fourteen parishes, and in the other, West Medina, there are sixteen.

Medina, there, on either hand,
Divides the treasures of the land,
Whate'er the wood and quarry yield,
And cliff, and chine, and fertile field.

The names of the parishes in East Medina, are Arreton, Binstead, Bonchurch, Brading, Godshell, Newchurch, including the towns of Ryde, Niton, St. Helen's, St. Lawrence, Shanklin, Whippingham, Whitwell, Wootton, and Yaverland. These are, as I said, in East Medina; while in West Medina are the following: Brixton, Brooke, Calbourne, Carisbrooke, Chale, Freshwater, Gatcombe, Kingston, Mottistone, Newport, Northwood, St. Nicholas, Shalfleet, Shorwell, Thorley, and Yarmouth."

"Have you them written down in the pocket-book you are looking at?"

“ Yes. Many people suppose that the Isle of Wight was once joined to England, and that various convulsions of nature, and the action of the sea, have occasioned the watery channel between them. This is, however, beyond our knowledge, and is known only by Him who knoweth all things, who is ‘ wise in heart and mighty in strength,’ who ‘ removeth the mountains and they know not,’ who ‘ shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble,’ who ‘ doeth great things past finding out ; yea, and wonders without number,’ Job ix. 10.”

“ Most likely it was an earthquake that divided it, and a terrible earthquake too.”

“ We cannot say : the principal part of the island consists of hills and dales, and woods, and cultivated lands, sweet and rural, yet not at all striking and wonderful ; it is very different with the other parts. The south, east, and west parts, are worth going any distance to see—

For wonders there on wonders rise,
And spread their charms before your eyes.

“ There are many objects of interest in these parts, that were I asked what phrase of all others was the most often in the mouth of a visitor, I

would say it was ‘ look here ! ’ and that the next to it was, ‘ look there ! ’ ”

“ Then there must be a great many curiosities.”

“ There are ; the Romans called the Isle of Wight, Vectis, signifying divorced, or separated, and the poet says—

Soft are the suns in Vectis' isle
That many a weary heart beguile,—
Here is the ever fervid glow
Of zephyrs that unceasing blow.
Its vales are rich, its pastures fair,
And the broad velvet Down is there,—
There, too, are scenes a mighty hand
Has stamped upon its blissful land ;
There oft is heard the thundering shock,
When falls the rude impending rock ;
Beside it, billows rage or sleep
Upon the surface of the deep.
Oh ! what a bright and glorious aisle,
To beam beneath its sovereign's smile
And oftimes woo her there to see
The depths of its serenity

“ After seeing Ryde and the neighborhood, I set off for Ventnor, for I thought to myself, let me first of all, as I am somewhat of an invalid, establish myself in comfortable quarters. I can then roam about or stay at home, just as it suits me.

“ Ay, that was the best way, for then you had a home to go to.”

“ True, and then I knew that at Vintnor I should

be close to the most beautiful part of the island. In going to Ventnor I passed through many places that I shall have occasion to speak of; Bonchurch is one of them, and I am half inclined to relate to you the history of a singular character who was born there; I met with it in a book at Ventnor. Who votes for the history being told?"

"I do, uncle Owen! I do! and William and Mary will vote for it too, I know."

"Yes, that we will, let us have the history."

"If you all vote one way it is of no use my voting at all, for you are three to one against me, so I will begin the history."

"At Bonchurch was born one of the heroes of the British navy. In the reign of Queen Anne, an orphan boy of this village, named Hobson, was apprenticed by the parish to a tailor at a place called Niton, about seven miles distant. While seated one day on his master's shop-board, a squadron of our men-of-war was seen passing; and young Hobson, in common with nearly all the rest of the inhabitants, ran down to the beach to view the spectacle."

"No wonder! we should have done the very same."

"In a moment of enthusiasm he jumped into a

boat, rowed towards the squadron, and, having reached the admiral's ship, was received on board as a volunteer : whereupon he cast the boat adrift, and that having been picked up a few days afterwards, while his hat, which in his hurry he had left behind him, was found upon the shore, the impression that he had met with a watery grave was entertained by all on land who had known him.' ”

“ What an odd thing ! He ought to have made it known to them somehow, that he was alive.”

“ The youth was now upon the element, and in the line of life that exactly accorded with the native bias of his mind ; and the very next day was destined to exhibit him in his true character. The squadron fell in with a French fleet ; an engagement took place, in which, for some time, the victory appeared doubtful ; and Hobson, after bearing a cheerful share in two hours' hard fighting, began to grow impatient, and asked of a sailor near him for what object the two fleets were contending.— Being told that the action must last till the white *rag* at the enemy's mast-head was struck, he exclaimed, “ Oh ! if that's all, I'll see what I can do.” At this moment the ships of the two admirals were engaged, yard-arm and yard-arm, and both obscured in smoke. Our young hero noticing the latter

circumstance was seized with the extraordinary resolution to attempt hauling down the enemy's flag with his own hands ! Accordingly, he climbed the shrouds, walked across the main-yard, and unperceived gained that of the French Admiral : when, mounting with the utmost celerity to the main-top-gallant-mast-head, he seized the flag, and returned with it to his own ship.' ”

“ What a bold boy he must have been ! why he might have been blown to pieces in a minute.”

“ ‘ The disappearance of the flag was soon noticed : the British tars shouted “ Victory ! ” the French crew were thrown into confusion and forsook their guns ; and before their officers could succeed in their attempts to rally them, the English sailors boarded and became triumphant. At this juncture, Hobson descended to the main-deck from the shrouds, with the French flag wound round his arm, to the astonishment of all who beheld him.— He was ordered to the quarter-deck, where some of the officers seemed disposed to view with more indignation than applause this very irregular method of ‘ striking the flag.’ But the admiral entertaining different notions of the exploit, immediately promoted Hobson, who, favoured by such an opening, rose rapidly in his profession ; while none of those

had known the poor 'prentice-boy at Niton, had an idea that they could claim acquaintance with the gallant hero, who at length became so celebrated as Admiral Hobson.' ”

“ How surprised they would be when they came to know it ! ”

“ ‘ One day, however, soon after Admiral Hobson had received the honour of knighthood, with other more substantial marks of favour from his sovereign, a party of naval officers appeared in the village in which the tailor and his wife still resided. They stopped at the humble door of the hero's former residence, and to the astonishment of its inmates, requested to be accommodated with such plain fare as could in a short time be prepared for them. All objections were overruled ; and though nothing more luxurious than bacon and eggs could be obtained, to a dish of those viands they sat down, inviting their hosts to partake not only of the repast, but of some wine they had taken care to have conveyed with them. ’ ”

“ The poor tailor and his wife would not know what to make of it at all. ”

“ ‘ Under the influence of the wine, the conversation soon grew animated on all sides ; particularly as regarded the chief of the party, who, addressing

himself principally to the tailor's wife, endeavoured by every indirect means he could devise, to recall her recollection of himself. Failing in every attempt, he at last began a verse of a ballad that had been often sung in her hearing by the graceless apprentice lad. 'For all the world like our poor Hobby!' she then exclaimed, the tears rising to her eyes, while the admiral, (for he of course it was,) became scarcely less affected. The rest may be conceived untold. All was at once astonishment and joy; and the gallant sailor did not quit his worthy entertainers, it may be supposed, without leaving them very handsome tokens whereby in future to remember their former apprentice, Admiral Hobson."'

CHAPTER III.

Change.—The cottage.—The prospect.—The Garden.—The seat and the flag-staff.—The sea-beach.—The rocks, stones, pebbles, seaweed, and Isle of Wight diamonds.—The different trades of the sea.—The use of sea-slime.—The water of the ocean.

WILLIAM, Walter, and Mary, who had been highly pleased with the history they had heard of Admiral Hobson, were somewhat impatient for their great uncle to continue his narrative, but before he did this, he failed not to tell them that to be a good man was much better than to be a great man.

“Everything is changing around us,” said he—

Green is the wood, and bright the rill,
And calm the sunny sea ;
The blue-bell waves upon the hill,
The corn upon the lea.

The sun shall set in stormy seas,
The streams in rage shall flow,
And winter's hand disrobe the trees,
That are so verdant now.

“Yes, summer will change to winter, youth to age, and time will soon be eternity, therefore we should be prepared, thinking less of the greatness of this world than of the world that is to come. But I was going to tell you a little about Ventnor.”

“ Ah ! that was where you established yourself in comfortable quarters.”

“ It was, and hardly could I have done better. I found myself very comfortable in a neat cottage.”

“ In a cottage !”

“ Yes, and a pretty one too it is ; and if the ugly high stone walls on one side of it, that partly hide the sea view, were pulled down, it would be much prettier. The cottage is near the hotel, near Ventnor Cove, near the cascade, near the sea-beach, near the baths, and near the bathing-machines. It has a very comfortable bed-room, an excellent well-furnished parlour, with a Bible on the book-shelf, and a window of folding-doors leading to the grass plat. Over the window is a verandah supported by pillars, twined round with white Provence roses and creepers, with a lattice window on the other side commanding a view of Ventnor, and Ventnor church, the high down of St. Boniface, and the ‘ wishing-well,’ or rather the place where it was, with lofty hills, wild, and richly wooded slopes, flowery banks, bold cliffs, and a prospect of the sea ; and let me add to this, that the cottage was kept by a shrewd, sensible man, an agreeable, cleanly, and industrious woman, whose modest and well-behaved daughter waited at table.”

“ Why you had everything you could wish for.”

“ If a man had everything in the world, unless God of his goodness gave him a grateful heart, he would still be unsatisfied. The garden at the cottage runs up to the top of the High Cliff near the sea side, where stands a flag-staff on the ridge of the precipice, with the union-jack at its head, fluttering in the wind. At this place is a seat commanding a delightful prospect of a noble castle, fields, and trees, boarding-houses with company walking in the pleasure grounds, high downs, cliffs, sea-beach, and a magnificent view of the ocean. I shall not forget the sensation with which I last gazed on the wild sea from that precipice and bade it farewell.

“ Farewell, free sky ! and thou, O ocean,
For the last time before my sight,
Roll thy blue waves in ceaseless motion,
And shine with a triumphant light !

Farewell, thou sea ! before me gleaming,
Oft wilt thou float in sunny pride ;
And often shall I hear, in dreaming,
Thy resonance at evening-tide.

And I shall bear, to inland meadows,
To the still woods and silent caves,
Thy rocks, thy cliffs, thy lights, thy shadows,
And all the language of thy waves.”

“ If I ever go to the Isle of Wight I will try to find out that cottage. What say you, William ?”

“ I say that if I am with you we will both go together, and we will both sit on the seat on the edge of the precipice, with the wide sea rolling before us, and the union jack flying over our heads on the very top of the flag-staff.”

“ And would you not like to be there too, Mary ?”

“ Yes, dear uncle ; but I should be afraid of sitting at the edge of the precipice.”

“ You will find amusement enough on the sea-beach at Ventnor, for the shore is formed for the most part of fine shingle, or very small pebbles of all colours, among which ‘ Isle of Wight diamonds ’ are found. Many people, who are invalids and who require rest, spend hours sitting or lying on the beach, amusing themselves in looking on the dashing waves, and in searching for these diamonds. Children are delighted with this amusement.”

“ And so should we be, uncle Owen.”

“ If you love lively scenes, and should ever visit Ventnor, go down to the sea beach between that place and Steephill when the tide is low, and I promise you a treat. I used to ramble often there. On the pebbly beach, uncovered by the waves at low tide, lie rocks and large stones of every uncouth form and imaginable shape. Some are bare, either smooth, honeycombed as with the greatest skill, or

cracked as if graven by the tool of a cunning workman. Others are partially or wholly adorned with seaweeds of various kinds, resembling tables with hanging weedy covers of emerald green, purple, dun, yellow, chocolate, and black. What with these uncouth rocks and stones, the different coloured seaweeds, the pebbles and diamonds, the high chalky cliffs, the sea-gulls and the dashing billows, I never was at fault for materials to afford me pleasure and to call forth my wonder and praise."

"What a wonderful thing the sea is! It gives pleasure to everybody."

"I read a book the other day, which said that the sea carried on continually thirty or forty different trades."

"How can that be? thirty or forty different trades! The writer was joking, uncle. He was joking."

"Oh. no, he treated the matter very seriously; and I think that he might have greatly added to the number; but listen to me. The ocean is a rock-maker, for it is always rubbing away old rocks and forming new ones—a polisher, for it renders rough stones smooth by the action of its tides—a mausoleum, for thousands find there a burial-place—a valley-cutter, for it removes by its currents chalks, and

sands, and clays, leaving a void—a pathway, along which ships are continually passing—and a treasure-casket, in which are corals, and pearls, and precious stones, and all the stores of shipwrecked vessels.”

“Well, how curious! I should never have thought of these things, should you, Walter, or you, Mary?”

“No, and I think many would not; and yet, all that uncle says is true.”

“The ocean is also a fish’s battle-field, where countless numbers of the finny tribe destroy each other; a fertilizer, for sea-weed, and sea-mud, and fish-bones, render the land productive.”

“The book was right, uncle! The book was right.”

“I have not yet done, for I am speaking of the mighty ocean, one of the creatures of his Almighty hands, whose wisdom and power are as unmeasurable as his mercy. The ocean is a shell-magazine; and oh, what beautiful productions does it contain! it is a vulcano quencher, extinguishing its hottest fires; and a carrier of all kinds of merchandise—

Enriched with argosies old ocean roars,
And bears their cargoes to remoter shores.”

“ You have come to the end at last, and have made out what you said. We shall think more of the sea than we did ever before, uncle.”

“ There seems to be hardly any end to the uses of the ocean.”

“ True, the very slime of the sea is useful.”

The very slime of ocean feeds the ground,
And verdant vegetation smiles around.

“ The sea is mysterious, unfathomable, and in a sense illimitable. It is, indeed, a world of wonders. A calculation has been made respecting the water of the ocean, which, it is said, would fill up twenty-two millions of cisterns, if each of them was a mile deep, a mile long, and a mile broad.

“ Twenty-two millions, and all of them a mile deep!”

“ Yes, and by this you may form a clearer view of the mighty power of God. It is only for him to command, and the great deep obeys him. ‘ And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good.’— Gen. i. 9, 10. How many read these words with

out being able to form any conception of the amazing magnitude of the great work they set forth.

'The sea is deep, the sea it is wide,
And it girdeth the world on every side;
Oh, ancient, wide, unfathomed sea,
Ere the mountains were God fashioned thee!'

CHAPTER IV.

St. Boniface High Down.—The Wishing-well.—The wish of the landlady of the cottage.—Lines on Ventnor.—Owen Gladdon's ramble with his landlord.—Their conversation.—The prospect.—The Wishing-well choked up.—Accidents on the cliffs.—The benighted bishop.—The two soldiers.—The man with the water-cans.—The young woman and her basket.

“LET me now tell you,” said Owen Gladdon, “of a ramble I took to the ‘wishing-well’ on the side of St. Boniface High Down.”

“Yes, do tell us, uncle! How high is St. Boniface Down?”

“What do you mean by the wishing-well, uncle?”

“One question at a time. Boniface Down is, perhaps, six or seven hundred feet high; but what the meaning of the wishing-well is, and how it came to be called by that name, I cannot tell. As the tale goes, whatever a person who has reached the spot without once looking back, wishes for, while drinking the water of the well, he is sure to have. My pleasant landlady told me that, when she visited the place, so frightened was she at being

up so dangerous a height, her first wish was that she might be able to get safe down again."

"Very good, indeed! She could not well have had a better wish. Did you say that the wishing-well was at Ventnor?"

"Yes. A poet has said of Ventnor—

But beauteous Ventnor, though thou hast no Chine,
To make thee famous in this isle of fame,
Thou dost bespeak our praise; thy beauties shine,
And in the soul light ecstasy's bright flame;
Expressive are thy features, and they claim
A gentle kindred with the feelings bland,
That mould themselves in Nature's comely frame:
For thy sweet woodlands, and downs swelling grand,
Make thee the loveliest spot, in this most lovely land.

"Well, as I was about to tell you, I set off with my host, the landlord of the cottage, for St. Boniface Down. First we walked up the zigzag road that leads towards Newport, and kept ascending till we passed through the defile at the top, cut through the marly chalk; after which we turned to the right and got upon the downs beyond Boniface. In our way we discoursed of the many languages in which Holy Scriptures had been printed—of astronomy—of telescopes—of lord Rosse, doctor Herschell, and doctor South; and we looked at the prospect around us."

"There would be a fine prospect from the high downs, no doubt. What did you see, uncle?"

“ Oh, many things, and many places. We saw Cowes, and the Solent Sea, and Arreton, where the Dairyman and his Daughters were buried,— ‘ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.’ We saw St. Catharine’s Hill, the highest point in the Island, and the famous Freshwater Cliffs, and the heights above Appuldurcombe House, and the remains of Cooke’s Castle, in ruins.

The towers that nobles make their trust,
Will fall and moulder in the dust,
For time pulls down the proudest halls
The highest spires, and strongest walls.

“ As we turned towards St. Boniface Downs, we saw a man cutting the turf for firing, and several young people gathering bilberries; though they call these berries by another name in the Isle of Wight. The heath-flower was beautiful, so I gathered a sprig of it, and stuck it in my button-hole.”

“ I can fancy that I see you stooping down to gather it.”

“ And so can I, uncle ?”

“ As we went on, my landlord told me that when young he was in the employ of the earl of Dysart, and that his lordship gave him the choice of a trade, He chose that of a carpenter, and being rather tall, working at the bench made for a shorter man, caused him to stoop a little in the shoulder.”

“ It would be sure to do that.”

“ I entertained my landlord with an account of a desperate adventure in which I once engaged at night, to take into custody a party of gipsy robbers, so that we passed the time very pleasantly till we came to St. Boniface Down.”

“ Will you tell us of that adventure of the gipsy robbers, uncle ?”

“ Not now, not now ! let me go on with my story. We went down the side of St. Boniface Down very cautiously, for the place is fearfully steep, and one false step might have precipitated us five or six hundred feet headlong. At last, after descending about a third part of the precipitous high down, we came to the spot ; but a fall of loose chalk had completely filled up the well, so that had it not been for the rushes which grew there, no one would have suspected that water had ever issued from the place.”

“ Then it was of no use your wishing anything, uncle.”

“ None at all, none at all ; and if there had been water there, it would have made no difference on that head ; but I thought of what my landlady had told me about wishing herself safe down again, and it appeared to me to be a very natural wish.”

“ Was it so very dangerous ?”

“ Dangerous ! I did my best to look calm and collected ; but I found it very necessary to steady myself with my stick, and to use all my caution, while my landlord related to me some of the popular tales about the high downs and cliffs.”

“ Did he tell you those tales while you were standing in that dangerous spot ?”

“ He did. He said there was a strip of land at the bottom of the high down that no one could ever build upon ; and the tale commonly told about it was this :—Once upon a time a certain bishop, on horseback, whether it was bishop Boniface or not, he did not say, was benighted on the high down. Not knowing what to do, he threw the reins on the neck of his horse, that he might take his own course. The horse directly began to descend the precipitous steep.”

“ What ! down the steep side of St. Boniface ?”

“ Yes ; the poor animal picked his way, as well as he could, while the bishop kept praying all the way, as he had good reason to do, that his life might be preserved. In his jeopardy he made a vow, that if ever he again set foot on level ground he would buy the place that he first trod on, for pious purposes. The horse carried his master

safely down the hill, the bishop kept his vow in purchasing the land, and it goes by the name of Bishop's Acre to this day."

"Well, that is a curious tale! Do you think it true?"

"I hardly know what to say about it; there is some truth in most of the wildest stories which are told about particular spots and places, though they are often much exaggerated. It is very possible that a bishop's horse might have safely carried his master from the high down to the level ground below; but if he did do so, all that I can say is, it is not very probable that he went down the steep part by the wishing-well."

"What tales were told you about the high cliffs, uncle?"

"Several, that I have reason to believe were true. My landlord said that, some years ago, two soldiers who were intoxicated, lost their way by night and became confused. They approached the perpendicular cliffs that are seen as you pass between the St. Lawrence and Niton, and over they they went. I dare say the cliffs are more than five hundred feet high; it was a terrible fall, and both of them were killed. There are accidents enough in the world without intemperance adding to their number."

“ Poor soldiers ! very likely they were brave fellows, with all their faults.”

“ They might be so. I like bravery, but I had much rather see it employed in saving life, than in destroying it. I met with some lines yesterday that much pleased me. They were scrawled by a prisoner on his dungeon walls, and if he really were a Christian and a patriot, they do him credit ; they were as follows :—

I boast no courage on the battle field,
 Where hostile troops immix in horrid fray ;
 For love or fame I can no weapon wield,
 With burning lust an enemy to slay.
 But test my spirit at the blazing stake,
 For advocacy of the rights of man
 And truth—or on the wheel my body break ;
 Let persecution place me 'neath its ban ;
 Insult, defame, proscribe my humble name ;
 Yea—put the dagger at my naked breast ;
 If I recoil in terror from the flame—
 Or recrcant prove when peril rears its crest,
 To save a limb, or shun the public scorn—
 Then write me down for aye—weakest of woman born.’

“ He must indeed have been a bold man !”

“ My landlord told me, also, of a man who fell over the cliffs, with some water cans, and though badly hurt, he was able afterwards to follow his calling. But another accident of which he told me was very remarkable.”

“ Let us have it, uncle ! let us have it !”

“ He said that a young woman, who was going to Niton, carrying a basket, set down the basket a moment, when the wind blew it towards the cliff. In a vain attempt to recover her basket she fell over the cliff, in which fall, wonderful to relate, she sustained so little injury, that with the loss of a shoe, she continued her journey to Niton, along the common road, instead of the cliff road. It is supposed that the wind, gathering under her clothes, broke her fall. I afterwards saw this young woman, who had indeed abundant reason to thank God for her preservation; and I saw, also, the spot where she fell over the cliff. By the time my landlord and I had descended the west end of St. Boniface High Down, the shadows of evening were gathering around; and well pleased was I, when, after my agreeable, but somewhat dangerous visit to the ‘wishing-well,’ I again entered the cottage. The heath flower in my button-hole was a little faded, but it called forth a profitable reflection.

The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withered grass, the faded flower,
Of earthly joys are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.”

CHAPTER V.

A peep through the telescope.—The shark.—The face of the deep.—Colour of the sea.—Shadows of the clouds on the waters.—Changes in the sea.—A voyage.—Marine productions.—Shells, coral, and sea-weed.—Conchology.—Linnæus's System.—The Grassy Sea.

“ONE day,” said Owen Gladdon, as he continued his narration, “I climbed the steep steps which led to the garden of the cottage, with a telescope in my hand, that I might sit down on the seat by the flag-staff, and look at the ships as they sailed in the distance over the watery deep.”

“That is just what we should like to do for an hour or two together.”

“My landlady had been telling me a little before, that once when she was in a boat at some distance from the land, a shark made its appearance on the surface of the sea, and seemed vastly inclined to pay his respects to any one in the boat that he could get hold of.”

“No doubt he would have done that, uncle.”

“The party in the boat, however, were by no means disposed to form an acquaintance with him, so they made the best of their way to the shore,

and left Mr. Sharptooth to take his own course. As I sat on the seat, looking through the telescope, 'who knows,' thought I, 'but I may see a shark?'"

"And did you see one?"

"No, I neither saw grampus, nor porpoise, nor shark; and so, after looking at the ships for a time, with the glass, I began to look at the face of the deep without a glass, and I never saw any thing more beautiful. In places, the shadows of the dark clouds were almost as black as ink blots on the green ocean.

The murky clouds fled o'er the heaven,
Borne on the roaring wind's wild blast;
The jagged masses, rent and riven,
Upon the deep their shadows cast."

"How very strange the sea would look!"

"We call the ocean green, but it is not green only. It is blue, greenish-blue, whitish-blue, bluish-green, whitish-green, slate colour, silvery-white, ebon-black, glittering like gold, or of different colours at once, according as the sunshine, the light, the clouds, and other causes affect it. Now the ocean is calm, now covered with scattered bits of snowy-white foam, now rushing on in large and curling ridges, and now tossed about in fearful

confusion, mountainous, wild, headstrong, irregular, magnificent, and sublime."

"Ay! then is the time to see the sea!"

"The sound of the excited ocean to my ear, is exactly like that of a high wind in a large wood, mingled with the rushing of a river; gusty, fitful, incessant. When the wind is gentle, and the sun shines, it is, indeed, a sweet sight to see the vessels gliding along the waters."

"How pleasant it must be to go a voyage, the wind filling the sails, and the ship ploughing through the waves!"

"A voyage under favourable circumstances is a pleasant thing."

"Now tell us about what there is in the sea."

"The marine, or sea productions, that would most interest you, after the fishes, are shells, corals, and sea-weeds. Sea-weeds are plants growing in the sea. Corals are branched substances formed by little creatures called polypes, and sea-shells are the houses or coverings in which sea animals live, called testaceous mollusca."

"Please to tell us about sea-shells, for we like to hear about them the best."

"I shall only make a very few remarks. The

science by which shells are arranged in proper order is called conchology. The celebrated Linnæus divided shells into two classes, three orders, and thirty-six genera."

"You must please to make it as plain as you can to us."

"Very well. Linnæus's system has, as I said, two classes, the testaceous and the crustaceous. The testaceous shells are the coverings of the animals that live in, and are attached to them. The crustaceous contain such creatures as crabs and lobsters, and is not included in the science of conchology, You can remember this."

"I will try; and so must you, Walter."

"Yes, that I will; and so must Mary."

"The three orders into which shells are divided are multivalves, or shells formed of more than two pieces; bivalves, or shells of two pieces; and univalves, or shells of one piece only."

"The univalves have but one piece, the bivalves have two pieces, and the multivalves have more than two. This is quite easy to remember. We shall not forget it."

"But, besides what I have told you, there is another division; the orders are divided into genera, or kinds. The multivalves have three genera;

the bivalves have fourteen genera ; and the univalves have nineteen. I will not now give you the names of the genera, or explain them, but go on with what I have to describe. When you have the time to attend to conchology you shall have a full explanation of them all."

" Please to tell us about sea-weed ; for there must be a great deal of it in the ocean."

" There is a great deal ; but if I spend all my time in telling you about corals, and shells, and sea-weed, when are you to hear of my wanderings in the Isle of Wight ?"

" Very true, uncle ; but please to tell us a little about sea-weed, and then you shall go on with your story."

" You are sad coaxers, but you must have your own way. Suppose I tell you of a bed of sea-weed a thousand miles long ?"

" Oh uncle ! uncle !"

" I hardly wonder at your being a little hard of belief, and yet what I say is related as a truth.

A thousand miles, and a thousand miles,
And yet you cannot see,
The end of the weeds, the berries, and seeds,
That grow in the 'Grassy Sea.'

" But is there really such a place as the Grassy Sea in the ocean ?"

“ Yes, and it is another of His wonders whose ways, the more we think of them, the more we must regard them with astonishment and admiration. ‘ The Grassy Sea ’ lies in the immediate track of navigators between Europe and the western coasts and islands of the Atlantic ; whether the voyage be to the West Indies, or between Monte Video in South America, and the great cape or promontory of Southern Africa ; or, in other words, it extends through the whole Atlantic Ocean between the tropics, and thence into both the temperate zones ; or over forty degrees of latitude upon each side of the equator. A bed of weeds, all loose in the ocean, from four to five thousand miles long, is what you would hardly expect to find. The old Phœnician navigators, from their ports in the east of the Mediterranean, and so far within the Straits of Gibraltar, were accustomed to reach in thirty days, with a favourable wind, a sea which was doubtless this very sea, and which they called the Weedy Sea. By the English at this day it is sometimes called the ‘ Grassy Sea.’ The Spaniards call it ‘ El mar Algosó,’ the Weedy Sea. It consists of two great divisions in the watery space, the one and the other covered with the floating weed, and thence sometimes

described as banks, beds, or fields; or, as some say, the meadows of the ocean. The weed bears a berry, from which, by sailors, it is named the tropical grape. It sustains myriads of sea animals, including the birds which prey upon the watery tribes; and presents in reality two prodigious islands, or even continents; which, though they cannot bear the foot of man, nor of the land animals in general, yet swarm with life, in the reptile, fish, and feathered forms. Innumerable species of these find in the berries and other food which they supply an inexhaustible amount of sustenance. This closely-matted vegetation obstructs a ship in her course. It was this obstruction, united with the extraordinary appearance of the tract, which discouraged and terrified the sailors of Columbus, or at least supplied them with an argument against the attempt to sail further westward. It might not unnaturally seem to them that these banks or beds of sea-weed, so unlike anything which they had previously beheld in any open sea, bespoke the approach of shallows, and of that western limit of the ocean, the existence of which they obstinately believed in; but they also assumed a religious ground, and contended that 'it was presumption and impiety to force a way where the Creator had

interwoven the herbage to prevent a passage.
Think with reverence and love of your great
Creator, while you reflect on the ocean—

Its power, its tides, and its extended strands,
Its weedy waters and unnumbered sands."

CHAPTER VI.

The Undercliff.—Cause of the land-slips.—Gore Cliff.—Rocks mantled with ivy.—Mixture of down, rock, shrub, underwood, stones, coppice wood, and lovely flowers.—A darling little down.—A verdant hollow.—A rocky glen.—A hazel copse.—An open space.—Solitude of the glen.—Magnificence of the cliffs.—Sublimity of the ocean.—The man in the straw hat.

“THE Undercliff,” said Owen Gladden, “is more interesting to most visitors of the Isle of Wight than any other part: for romantic beauty and variety it stands unrivalled: To see all the rest of the island and to leave this unseen, would be committing a great error. To quit the Isle of Wight without visiting Freshwater cliffs and the Undercliff, would be as bad as quitting London without seeing St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey.”

“What do you mean by the Undercliff, uncle?”

“I mean a strip of broken land called the Undercliff, that is about half a dozen miles long, reaching from Bonchurch to Blackgang Chine, and varying in breadth of from half a mile, or less, to a mile. It has been formed by a succession of landslips, in which hundreds of acres have separated from the high downs above, and slid down towards the sea.”

“ Oh the sea undermines the cliff, and then it falls ; is that it, uncle ? ”

“ No, not exactly so ; I will try to make it clear to you. If you were to put a large stone on a sloping bank of clay, perhaps it would remain there if the clay were dry, but if water should be poured on the clay it would become slippery, and then the large stone would most likely slip down.”

“ Yes, that it would. It would slide down the bank directly.”

“ But if I put my foot to prevent it sliding down, it would keep its position, nor would it begin to slip till my foot was removed ; and this is just the case with the chalky cliffs of which we are speaking.”

“ How can that be ? Who can prop up the high cliffs by putting his foot against them ? ”

“ I might reply, that He who in the beginning created the heavens and the earth ! He who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand. He who has meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure. He who has weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, can do all things. How ilimitable his wisdom and power in making the round world and they that dwell therein ! How

immeasurable his mercy in the redemption of mankind! But I am now speaking of second causes, and will therefore, as I said, try to make clear to you the cause of the landslips. Underneath the high chalky cliffs is a stratum, or layer of bluish marl, I think it is called 'blue slipper;' and the rain in wet weather, and the landsoaks, and the springs, make this blue marl muddy and slippery, so that the chalk cliffs would slip down if it were not for the earth at the bottom of them, that acts as a foot to support them. By degrees the waves of the sea remove, or wash away this foot, and then down comes a large portion of the cliff, and this is called a landslip."

"That is very plain. The Undercliff must be a sad ruinous place, though."

"Very far from it; for, as many years have passed since the landslips that form the Undercliff took place, the ruins are, for the most part, adorned with trees, shrubs, and wild flowers of all kinds. For some time after a landslip takes place, there is desolation enough. I will read you what was said by one who described the landslips that occurred many years ago near Blackgang Chine. 'The surviving wreck exhibits a melancholy and forlorn aspect, greatly augmented by the gloomy scenery by which

it is surrounded. Gore Cliff frowns majestically from above, the ever-troubled element dashes its broken waves against the hard rocks of the shore below; all between is solitude and horror: nothing animate, besides the raven and hawk of the cliff, and here and there a solitary sheep picking its scanty meal, presents itself to the eye. A mangled surface, black and dreary, exhibits nature in her rudest dress, and seems to challenge the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the artist, to do her full justice in description."

"The place must have been very gloomy indeed, uncle."

"Yes, and this picture of it is very well drawn. For rocky dells and sea-side seclusions nothing can exceed the Undercliff. From Ventnor, a path—winding sometimes along a narrow ledge of the cliff, and at others close to the beach; sometimes through a low valley, and at others high up the cliffs—leads you to a sort of fairy land."

"How broad is the path?"

"It varies much; but, as I said, sometimes it runs along a very narrow ledge, so that in wet weather, owing to the slippery nature of the chalk or lime, it would be hardly possible to walk there."

"Oh, who would think of going such a road in

long wet weather. Any one might fall over the cliffs in a minute."

"That is true. In places even where the path is broad, you see that adventurous feet have trod the very edge of the precipice. Many, indeed, lie at full length on the edge of the cliff, that they may look down the dizzy perpendicular depth, to the foam-fringed billows dashing below on the shingly shore."

"I would not do that for the world. Would you, Walter?"

"No, for it would turn my head quite giddy. How foolish!"

"It certainly is not very wise; yet such things are often done. Some of the rocks above the Undercliff are very high, and beautifully mantled with ivy; while the downs, hundreds of feet up above them, appear in the distance, spreading their southern sides to the ocean breeze. Huge rocks that have parted from the overcliffs and rolled down from their rugged sides, lie scattered about in strange confusion. Whether

The storm around has ruin spread,
Or earthquakes heaved them from their bed;

or whether the gradual influence of the elements in the way that I have described has produced the ro-

mantic irregularity, is more than I will undertake to determine. The place is a strange mixture of lofty down, overhanging rock, shrubs, underwood, moss-grown stones, coppice-wood and lovely flowers, while the heaving ocean, which you always hear, is often seen through the openings to the south."

"It must be a beautiful place."

"At one time, you enter on a darling little down high and hillocked in some parts, and smooth as shaven grass in others. Then you come unexpectedly to a verdant hollow, full of hawthorn, fern, and furze-bushes, with a mantle of green grass, spotted with flowers, where sheep, horses, and Alderney cows, graze in quietude. Next is a rocky glen, in which huge fragments of grey stone lie scattered in endless variety, mossed over to their very tops, and sometimes half-hidden by the surrounding bushes. After this comes a copse of hazel, with cool, shady, bowery avenues through it in all directions; and then suddenly you burst out into an open space, the lower cliffs a hundred, or two hundred feet below you, and the higher cliffs hundreds of feet above you, with a full prospect of the boundless deep. Picture to yourselves green grass, grey stones, hazel coppices, high cliffs, deep precipices, sheep, horses, and cattle mingled together in the

most delightful way possible, with a blue sky over your head, birds warbling around, and the wide-spread ocean full in view; solitude in the glen, magnificence in the cliff, sublimity in the ocean, and beauty everywhere!"

"What pictures you do draw, uncle! You make me long to set off to the Undercliff directly. Will you go, Walter?"

"I wish I could go, William, and take Mary too; you should not have occasion to ask me twice."

"In wandering through the Undercliff, a reflecting mind cannot but be struck with the goodness of God in adorning the barren rock, and in changing desolation into beauty. In painting the wing of a butterfly; in strewing the fields with flowers; in clothing the overturned cliff with vegetation, and in hanging the heavens with beautiful clouds, he is ever the same, all-bountiful, wonderful, and inimitable! Well may we love him, and obey him, and praise him, and magnify his holy name for ever."

"You must tell us more about this Undercliff, uncle."

"Well, perhaps I may, for I wandered much about it. If I were to tell you one circumstance that occurred to me there, it would make you smile."

"What was it, uncle? Do tell us!"

“ Why, on entering a nook more retired than any I had yet seen, in the very middle of the dells and hollows that I have described, who should I find seated on a mossy stone, but the singular character I had met on the pier at Ryde. There he was, with his red face, jean jacket, broad-brimmed straw hat, and bright yellow silk neck-kerchief. Up he jumped the moment he saw me, as if ashamed at being caught resting himself, even for a moment. ‘ Ah, sir !’ said he, ‘ here we are again ! Told you we should meet—wonderful place this—lovely dell—sweet coppice—beautiful rocks—and how glorious the wide ocean, mingling with the sky ! Much to see—no time to be lost—sure to meet again, sir ! Cannot stop now—farewell, sir ! farewell !’ and I soon saw the top of his straw hat over the bushes at a distance from me.”

“ What a bustling man that must be !”

“ Bustling, indeed, and yet he might have good qualities. In going through the world, let us do as much good, and judge one another as favourably as we can.

As shines the sun around on every hand,
And gilds with golden beams the sea and land,
So a kind heart with kind emotion glows,
And flings a blessing wheresoe'er it goes.”

CHAPTER VII.

Beauty of the creation.—Wonderful ways of the Creator.—Houses on the hills.—The threatening rock.—The rift.—Flight of daws.—Child bathing.—The church and grave-yard of Bonchurch.—Plants of the Undercliff.—The rocky seat.—Rose-cliff cottage.—Lucomb Chine.—The rift, the rocks, the wooden bridge, and the stream.—Shanklin Chine.

OWEN GLADDON, who had agreed to relate the particulars of a short walk to Lucomb and Shanklin chines, no sooner found himself surrounded by the young people than he began thus :

“How beautiful is the creation ! How wonderful the ways of its Almighty Creator ! He creates and he destroys. He rends the cliff into an unsightly ruin, and makes that ruin a lovely garden of shrubs and flowers.

He walks upon the raging sea,
Flies on the stormy wind ;
None can explore his wondrous way,
His secret footsteps find.

“The day was a lovely one when I set off for Lucomb and Shanklin chines, with a pleasant companion ; one who loved natural scenery, and who was as capable as myself of revelling with joy among the beautiful dells through which we had to

pass, and of gazing with delight on the fair prospect of the boundless ocean."

"Such a companion would make your walk very pleasant indeed."

"It did; for however sweet it may be to be happy alone, it is still sweeter to be happy in company. It has pleased God of his goodness to put into our bosoms a love of society, thus binding heart to heart, and linking us one to another, in joy and in sorrow. Well, we set off from Ventnor and looked about us as we proceeded onwards. There were houses down on the beach, houses in the village, and houses on the hills, so that any one who stood in need of a dwelling, might have chosen one fifty feet, or fifty fathoms, above the road, just which he pleased."

"One on the high hills would be the best."

"As we walked on through Ventnor, the rock on one side threatened to fall on the head of the passer by, a threat, which, on some future day, it is not very unlikely to fulfil."

"That rock ought to be pulled down."

"The good people of the place will do well to have an eye to it; for all the coaches and carriages that pass through Ventnor, drive close under it. The day was a sunny one, but the rock cast no shadow as it faced the sun, and had the high downs

at the back of it; yet, for all this, it brought to my memory the words of the prophet Isaiah, 'A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'—Isa. xxxii. 2.

“ You always bring in a text when you can.”

“ Not so often, perhaps, as I ought to do. As we wound our way along the narrow path near the sea, we saw quite enough to occupy our attention. The shingle, or small pebbles, on the beach in the distance, resembled red sand, and on it were several people, men and women, bending down looking for Isle of Wight diamonds.

“ The vale of Madeira is a sweet place; and in the winter, owing to its sheltered situation, it is thought to be one of the healthiest spots to be found. After we had passed it, we had another view of the wide ocean. At one place near the path, was a rift in the rock fifty or sixty feet perpendicular, like a huge draw-well. At another, a flight of daws rose from the cliffs; here was a goodly mansion in a snug valley, with green verandahs; there, zig-zag path, which leads to bathing machines on the beach; and yonder a woman in a blue bathing-dress, splashing and sporting in the sea, with a child that seemed

delighted with the pastime. At last we came to an ivy-mantled church."

"What church was it?"

"The parish-church of the beautiful village of Bonchurch. It is the most secluded church I ever saw. The gate was locked, and we did not attempt to get over the high stone walls; though the churchyard was very inviting, for it had in it many cromlech-like tomb-stones—huge and grotesque blocks of stone set across others; and then the place commanded a noble view of the boundless ocean, reminding us of that eternity to which, no doubt, some of those whose dust reposed there had looked forward through Him who died, 'the just for the unjust to bring them to God.'"

"How strange for a churchyard to have a view of the sea!"

"If we happen to live a hundred miles from the sea, we are apt to think so. As we went on, the sea-cliffs increased in height; but we soon became accustomed to look down from high places. The large, dark, uncouth stones on the beach, of different forms and sizes, we compared to huge porpoises, turtles, and grampuses, lying asleep and half-covered with slime and sea-weed."

"How ugly they must have been!"

“ On we went, through secluded valleys, rocky glens, romantic hollows, and tangled coppices, beautified with all kinds of shrubs and wild flowers; for the Undercliff abounds with oat-grass, sea-rocket, and fox-glove, great-throat-wört, wake-robin, hart’s-tongue, and crow-foot, French furze, guelder-roses, violets, poppies, speedwells and periwinkles, as well as with tansey, groundsel, eye-bright, sea-feverfew, and red briony.”

“ What a number of plants you remember !”

“ Oh these are but a very small part of those with which the hand of God has adorned even the Undercliff and the island, without mentioning those of other lands and climates. In walking along a narrow winding path, through the very middle of a hazel coppice, we came suddenly to a large rock, with a seat cut in it, and here we sat down. We could not see the billows of the mighty deep, but we heard them very distinctly.”

“ A rocky seat in the middle of the hazel-bushes and the sea roaring at a distance ! How very pleasant !”

“ We had need of a little rest; for rambling to and fro out of the regular pathway among the hollows, the dells, and the dingles, is hard work. You may have observed that, when a dog first goes

abroad, he runs about here, there, and everywhere till at last, thoroughly tired, he walks gently, with his red tongue lolling out of his mouth, at the heels of his master. Just in the same manner, at first we wandered from the path, but afterwards kept to it very closely."

"No doubt you did."

"When we came to Rose Cliff Cottage, it seemed to occupy a little nook by itself, unnoticed by the world. On looking towards the cliffs, seen in profile, we observed a rude unsculptured stone standing by them, just like a human figure in a light cloak; my companion was as much struck with this figure as myself—

Silent and still it stood alone,
A lifeless effigy of stone.

At last we came to Luccomb Chine."

"Now for Luccomb Chine!"

"Luccomb Chine is a noble rift in the earth, gradually widening as it descends the declivity to the sea. It is, indeed, a sort of double chine, one above the other, but not exactly in the same line. The sides of the rift are wooded from top to bottom. A cottage stands on one side, and a stone tower on the other, with the sea in front. I descended the chine to the beach, from which place it has a grand

appearance—the high rock, the rift, the stream rippling down the chine, the wooded sides above, and the high downs in the distance, towering above all, have a fine effect. I visited the wooden bridge that crosses the rift, and gazed with interest on the colt's-foot, hartstongue, bearded wildgrass, sea-beet, cat-tail, mallows, and various other plants that profusely grow in the channel, down which the narrow stream descends.

Now dark, now light, now hid, now seen,
Amid its wilderness of green.

“As I ascended the steep pathway of the chine, a young man of weak intellect came running down it in a profuse perspiration, shouting out in language that I could hardly understand, ‘Fine! fine! —Beautiful! beautiful!’ He then showed me a thorn which had by accident, I suppose, run into his finger. No sooner had I given him a little book and a penny than he scampered away, as delighted as if he had been a child.”

“Poor fellow! he was well pleased with his book and his penny.”

“But if Luccomb Chine pleased me, Shanklin Chine astonished and delighted me. It was by far the finest thing I had then seen in the island. The bold, naked rock down which the silvery stream

descends, the narrowness of the dark, deep rift at top, and its breadth and boldness at bottom, as it approaches the sea, with its overhanging trees, much impress the mind of the spectator who feels awed by the striking grandeur of the scene. But I must read to you Legh Richmond's description of this far-famed Shanklin Chine. It is as follows:—

“ ‘ In the widely sweeping curve of a beautiful bay, there is a kind of chasm or opening in one of the lofty cliffs which bound it. This produces a very romantic and striking effect. The steep descending sides of this opening in the cliff are covered with trees, bushes, wild-flowers, fern, wormwood, and many other herbs, here and there contrasted with bold masses of rock or brown earth.

“ ‘ In the higher and middle parts of one of these declivities, two or three picturesque cottages are fixed, and seem half-suspended in the air.

“ ‘ From the upper extremity of this great chine or opening in the cliff, a small stream of water enters by a cascade, flows through the bottom, winding in a varied course of about a quarter of a mile in length, and then runs into the sea across a smooth expanse of firm, hard sand, at the lower extremity of the chasm. At this point, the sides of the woody banks are very lofty, and to a spectator from the

bottom exhibit a mixture of the grand and beautiful not often exceeded.

“ ‘Near the mouth of this opening was a little hollow recess, or cave, in the cliff, from whence, on one hand, I could see the above-described romantic scene ; on the other, a long train of perpendicular cliffs, terminating in a bold and wild-shaped promontory, which closed the bay at one end, while a conspicuous white cliff stood directly opposite, about four miles distant, at the farther point of the bay.

“ ‘The shore between the different cliffs and the edge of the waves was in some parts covered with stones and shingle, in some with firm sand, and in others with irregular heaps of little rocks fringed with sea-weed, and ornamented with small yellow shells.

“ ‘The cliffs themselves were diversified with strata of various coloured earths, black, yellow, brown, and orange. The effects of iron-ore producing very manifest changes of hue, were everywhere seen in trickling drops and streamlets down the sides.

“ ‘The huts in which the fishermen kept their baskets, nets, boats, and other implements, occupied a few retired spots on the shore.

“ ‘The open sea, in full magnificence, filled the

centre of the prospect; bounded, indeed, in one small part by a very distant shore, on the rising ascent from which the rays of the sun rendered visible a cathedral-church, with its towering spire, at above twenty miles distance. Everywhere else the sea beyond was limited only by the sky.

“ A frigate was standing into the bay, not very far from my recess; other vessels, of every size, sailing in many directions, varied the scene, and furnished matter for a thousand sources of contemplation.

“ At my feet the little rivulet, gently rippling over pebbles, soon mingled with the sand, and was lost in the waters of the mighty ocean. The murmuring of the waves, as they broke on the sand; their dashing against some more distant rocks, which were covered fantastically with sea-weed and shells; sea-birds floating in the air aloft, or occasionally screaming from their holes in the cliffs; the hum of human voices in the ships and boats borne along the water; all these sounds served to promote rather than interrupt meditation. They were soothingly blended together, and entered the ear in a kind of natural harmony.

“ I walked up by a steep pathway, that winded through the trees and shrubs on the side of one of

the precipices. At every step the extent of prospect enlarged, and acquired a new and varying character by being seen through the trees on each side.— Climbing up a kind of rude, inartificial set of stone stairs in the bank, I passed by the singularly-situated cottages which I had viewed from beneath, and arrived at the top of the precipice. From this point the abyss, occasioned by the great fissure in the cliff, appeared grand and interesting. Trees hung over it on each side, projecting not only their branches, but many of their roots in wild and fantastic forms. Masses of earth had recently fallen from the upper to the lower part of the precipice, carrying trees and plants down the steep descent. The character of the soil, and the unceasing influence of the stream at the bottom, seemed to threaten further slips of the land from the summit. From hence the gentle murmur of the cascade at the head of the chine, stole upon the ear without much interruption to the quietness of the scene. Every object combined to please the eye, and direct the traveller's heart to admire and love the Author and Creator of all that is beautiful to sense, and edifying to the soul.' ”

CHAPTER VIII.

The queen expected at Ventnor.—The disappointed country-woman.—
The order for post-horses.—The bustle at the hotel.—The zig-zag road
—The company.—The two flags.—Captain Pelham.—The queen arrives.—Lunches at the hotel.—She visits Captain Pelham's Villa,
Steephill Castle, Bonchurch, and Shanklin Chine.

“God save the Queen!” cried William Gladdon, waving his hat as he came up to the garden-arbor, in which Owen had just seated himself; “God save the queen!” shouted out Walter and Mary in imitation of their brother. For some time this loyal cry was continued by all of them, but as the most determined loyalists cannot go on shouting for ever, so by degrees the cry grew fainter, and the two brothers and their sister sat down on the dry grass, looking up in the face of their great-uncle.

About an hour before this, Owen had promised to tell them something about the queen, and it was to hear this account, that they had joined him as he sat in the arbor.

“Some people,” said Owen, beginning his relation, “give themselves a great deal of trouble to

get a sight of the queen, and, after all, meet with disappointment ; while others, who give themselves no trouble at all, obtain as good a sight of her as they could wish. I heard of a country-woman who went up to London on purpose to see the queen ; her majesty was expected to pass the next morning the very door of the house where the country-woman was. Not daring to go to bed, through fear of over-sleeping herself, the woman sat up all night long. It so happened, however, that she left, for a few minutes, the window at which she had seated herself, and found on her return, to her great mortification, that, in those few minutes, her majesty had passed."

‘ What a pity ! that was a disappointment, indeed ! ’

“ It was ; but such disappointments we must learn to bear. It was just the contrary with me ; for instead of my going to the queen, the queen came to me.”

“ Came to you ! how could that be ? Please to let us hear how it was ? ”

“ One morning, as I was about to leave the cottage at Ventnor for a ramble with my landlord on the high downs, news came that post-horses were ordered to be in readiness at the Ventnor hotel, for

the use of the queen, who would arrive, about one or two o'clock, from Osborne House, near Cowes, and take luncheon at the hotel."

"And did she come?"

"You shall hear. In a little time the people at the hotel, and the servants at the stables began to be in a bustle. I gave up my ramble to the high downs, and walked up to the house on the hill, above the hotel, to inform the gentleman who lived there, that her Majesty was expected. After this, with a beautiful red rose in my button-hole, given me by the gentleman, I took my stand on the little grass-plot belonging to the cottage exactly opposite the road down which the queen was expected to come."

"Ay! you could not have chosen a better place."

"No; for the grass-plot was several feet above the road, and the hill down which her Majesty was coming, zig-zagged six times in front of it; so that, if I saw the queen at all, I knew that I should see her six times before she came to the front of the cottage."

"Why, if you had ordered a place to be made on purpose that you might see the queen, you could hardly have had a better."

“The bustle at the hotel increased ; the company made their appearance dressed up for the occasion ; the inhabitants of the village began to assemble, my landlord hoisted two flags on the flag-staff on the point of the cliff, above the cottage ; and captain Pelham, second son of the Earl of Yarborough, came in haste to the hotel on horseback. I fancy that I can see him now, dressed in a blue jacket and white trowsers. A gentleman, who was an invalid, was standing in the road by the cottage ; so we invited him to come on the grass-plot, and gave him a chair that he might sit comfortably at his ease.”

“That was just like Uncle Owen.”

“Soon after he had taken his seat, the queen was seen slowly descending the steep road at the top of the chalky hill. There were three carriages, and in the first were the Queen and Prince Albert. There were no outriders, and no parade, for the carriages had only two horses each, and the Queen was dressed as simply as a private lady. A little boy who stood near me, was quite disappointed, for he expected that she would have a glittering crown of diamonds upon her head, and a shining sceptre of gold in her hand. Well, we saw the Queen go across the zig-zag road six times, besides

which, she passed twice so close to the grass-plot, that we might have almost shaken hands with her; so that you see what I said is true, that some people, who give themselves no trouble, not even going a yard out of their way, have as good a sight of the Queen as they can desire.

“Yes, it is true indeed; and did the Queen lunch at the hotel?”

“She did; after which, she rode to the villa of Captain Pelham, Prince Albert walking there with several other gentlemen. The Queen went also to Steeplehill Castle, and Bonchurch, and walked through part of the Undercliff, and visited Shanklin Chine. This was the first visit that the Queen had made to Ventnor since her marriage. It is related, that when the late Duke of Kent felt his end approaching, he desired his daughter, the infant princess, her present Majesty, to be placed before him, while he sat up in bed. In this position he offered up for her a most affecting prayer, the latter part of which was to this effect; that if ever she became Queen of England, she might ‘rule in the fear of God.’ This was the last time he ever beheld his daughter. The Duke of Kent is no longer an inhabitant of the world, but as his daughter is,

Queen of England, let us repeat his prayer, that she may rule in the fear of God."

God save the queen! a thousand voices cry,
Though death her thread of life will sometime sever:
God save the queen! A nation's hopes reply;
God save the queen! for ever, and for ever!

Here William and Walter, with their sister, again shouted out as they did when they first joined Owen, "God save the Queen! God save the Queen!" after which their uncle went on thus with his remarks.

"A few days after the Queen had passed through Ventnor, as I walked along the road from the church to the cottage with a companion, a handsome carriage overtook us, in which sat a very fine and imposing figure, of clear brunette complexion, and dressed like an eastern prince."

"Indeed! who was he? how was he dressed? had he a turban on his head?"

"I will tell you. He was well-formed, and had on an elegant light-green jacket, embroidered with gold; the sleeves from the elbow were scarlet, and so was the flowing robe below the jacket; the undermost robe was of white cambric. He wore white stockings, green slippers, and a cap of purple and black velvets."

“How grand he must have looked!”

“He did look grand, and when I saw him afterwards climbing the white cliffs—dressed in his gay and flowing garments—he put me in mind of the figure of Sultan Tippoo Saib, at the storming of Seringapatam, that I once saw in a painting.”

“What was he climbing the cliffs for?”

“For recreation, I suppose. There were a few boys around him, and he was giving them money for their hardihood in mounting the cliffs and running down again, at the risk of their necks. He very courteously returned my salute, and that of my companion, and soon after stepped into his carriage at the Ventnor hotel, and drove up the zig-zag hill opposite the cottage.”

“Ay! that was the hill that the Queen and Prince Albert came down.”

“The very same. It leads to Newport and Cowes, and most likely Mohun Lal was proceeding to one of these places.

“Mohun Lal! was that his name?”

“So his servant told me, for I wrote it down with my pencil at the time, just as I thought he pronounced it. Afterwards I understood that Mirzah Mohun Lal was Persian Secretary to the British mission at Cabool. He was, I believe, born

at Delhi, but came by extraction from Cashmeer in Northern Hindostan, the very place from whence come the fine shawls made of Thibet goat's wool."

"Was Mohun Lal a Turk?"

"No; for to be a Turk, he must have been born in Turkey. He was not a Turk, and I have some reason to fear that he was not a Christian. The religion of Hindostan is mostly brahminical, in which Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, are the three great deities. Let us be thankful that we are not under its idolatrous influence.

Go on, go on in wisdom's ways;
Your path is straight before you,—
The word of God is in your hand,
The light of heaven is o'er you.

Pursue the paths of righteousness
Till all your heads are hoary,
And Christ your everlasting Lord
Shall guide you on to glory."

CHAPTER IX.

Narrative of Rev Legh Richmond.—Appuldurcombe Park.—Hawthorn Mound.—The boy swinging on the gate.—Fine prospect.—Arreton church-yard.—The two dirty girls.—The three grassy hillocks.—The grave of the Dairyman's Daughter.—The epitaph.

FOR some time, the young people had been waiting for an opportunity of engaging their uncle to pursue his narrative; for they had asked him to tell them something about the Dairyman's Daughter and the young cottager. It was with great good humour that Owen Gladdon, when he found himself alone with his young relatives, thus entered on his account.

“ You may be sure that I should not think of leaving the Isle of Wight without visiting the cottage where lived the Dairyman's Daughter, and the grave where her dust reposes. The narrative given of Elizabeth Wallbridge, by that servant of God, the Rev. Legh Richmond, has called forth such a lively interest in her favour, that very few Christian people visit the island without feeling desirous of bending their steps to the churchyard of Arreton. never lose an opportunity of deepening your im-

pression of holy things, and of increasing your love for the Redeemer. The dwelling-places which God's people have lived in, the bibles they have read, the Christian temples in which they have worshipped, and the graves in which their bodies moulder, have much influence with those who are looking forward to a world of glory, through Him who died on the cross, by calling up pleasing and useful associations and reflections; and should be thus used, but not abused to superstitious purposes. The followers of the Redeemer love to hear of the pilgrims who have gone before them; and their humility, and love, and obedience, and faith, greatly encourage them in their Christian course. If we are really thankful to God for his goodness and mercy; if we truly love the Saviour for what he has done and suffered for us, and unfeignedly value the gospel of Jesus Christ, we shall in real earnest desire to be a means in God's hands of making known to others the glad tidings of salvation, and shall not undervalue the least means of keeping alive the love of holy things in our own hearts. I shall not soon forget my walk to Arreton church-yard."

"Where did you go from? And which way did you go?"

“ I went from Ventnor, taking the Newport-road, that is, the hilly, zig-zag road, at the back of Ventnor hotel. From the top of the hill, I looked back on Ventnor, on the hotel, on the cottage, and on the ocean beyond it, rolling onward, and breaking in foam on the shingly shore.

I love to view the ocean,
 When howling storms career,
 And roused to wild commotion
 Its darkest depths appear.

The deep incessant roaring
 Hath many a charm for me,
 Like music, when outpouring
 Its loudest melody.

“ Before turning into Appuldurcombe Park, I saw a board by the way side, on which was printed the following notice :—

‘ CAUTION.

‘ Any person found trespassing on any part of the estate of the earl of Yarborough, under pretence of making surveys, or for any other purpose connected with the proposed formation of railways, will be proceeded against according to law.’ ”

“ The earl of Yarborough is not very fond of railroads, it seems.”

“ I believe he is not, on his own estate. After

leaving the park, in which I saw some fine beech-trees, and a herd of deer, I came to a grassy mound opposite a large farm-house. This mound was planted with hawthorns, so as to form a sort of labyrinth, the clumps of hawthorns running in different directions. As I proceeded across the fields, the odd fastenings of the gates much amused me. Some of them were altogether different to what I had ever seen before. On one gate a boy was swinging, seemingly as happy as sunshine and holiday could make him.

He felt the glowing, gladdening sun,
And feared nor shade, nor shower,
Nor past mishap, nor future ill—
His was the present hour."

"No doubt he was happy enough! We have swung on a gate many a time."

"There are very fine prospects as you approach Arreton in different directions. I will read you what Legh Richmond says of one of them, called Brading Down.

"Here was placed an elevated sea-mark; it was in the form of a triangular pyramid, and built of stone. I sat down on the ground near it, and looked at the surrounding prospect, which was distinguished for beauty and magnificence. It was a

lofty station, which commanded a complete circle of interesting objects to engage the spectator's attention.

“ ‘ Southward the view was terminated by a long range of hills, at about six miles distance. They met to the westward another chain of hills, of which the one whereon I sat formed a link, and the whole together nearly encompassed a rich and fruitful valley, filled with corn-fields and pastures. Through this vale winded a small river for many miles; much cattle were feeding on its banks. Here and there lesser eminences arose in the valley, some covered with wood, others with corn or grass, and a few with heath, or fern. One of these little hills was distinguished by a parish-church at the top, presenting a striking feature in the landscape. Another of these elevations, situate in the centre of the valley, was adorned with a venerable holly-tree, which has grown there for ages. Its singular height and wide-spreading dimensions not only render it an object of curiosity to the traveller, but of daily usefulness to the pilot, as a mark visible from the sea, whereby to direct his vessel safe into the harbour.

“ ‘ Villages, churches, country-seats, farm-houses, and cottages were scattered over every part of

the southern valley. In this direction, also, at the foot of the hill where I was stationed, appeared the ancient mansion which I had just quitted, embellished with its woods, groves, and gardens.

“ ‘ South-eastward I saw the open ocean, bounded only by the horizon. The sun shone and gilded the waves with a glittering light that sparkled in the most brilliant manner. More to the east, in continuation of that line of hills where I was placed, rose two downs, one beyond the other; both covered with sheep, and the sea just visible over the farthest of them, as a terminating boundary. In this point ships were seen, some sailing, others at anchor. Here the little river which watered the southern valley finished its course, and ran through meadows into the sea, in an eastward direction.

“ ‘ On the north the sea appeared like a noble river, varying from three to seven miles in breadth, between the banks of the opposite coast and those of the island which I inhabited. Immediately underneath me was a fine wooded district of country, diversified by many pleasing objects. Distant towns were visible on the opposite shore. Numbers of ships occupied the sheltered station which this northern channel afforded them. The eye

roamed with delight over the expanse of near and remote beauties, which alternately caught the observation, and which harmonized together and produced a scene of peculiar interest.

“ Westward the hills followed each other, forming several intermediate and partial valleys in a kind of undulations, like the waves of the sea ; and bending to the south, completed the boundary of the larger valley before described, to the southward of the hill on which I sat. In many instances the hills were cultivated with corn to their very summits, and seemed to defy the inclemency of weather, which, at these heights, usually renders the ground incapable of bringing forth and ripening the crops of grain. One hill alone, the highest in elevation, and about ten miles to the south-westward, was enveloped in a cloud which just permitted a dim and hazy sight of a signal-post, a light-house, and an ancient chantry built on its summit.”

“ Ay, that must be a fine prospect, indeed ! The sea-mark, the hills, the old holly-tree, the ocean, the light-house, and the signal-post.”

“ As I entered Arreton churchyard, two dirty, ignorant girls, of about seven and nine years of age, ran after me to show me the grave of the Dai-

ryman's Daughter. The tombstone stands on the north side of the church-yard."

"And what did the dirty girls say about the Dairyman's Daughter?"

"Say! They knew hardly anything about her, and therefore they could not say much. Poor girls, they seemed to be sadly neglected, though both of them went to a Sunday school. Their faces and fingers were dirty—their hair was uncombed, and their dress ragged. I talked to them for some time, poor, ignorant things! and then, giving them a trifle, sent them away, that I might be left alone at the grave of Elizabeth Wallbridge."

"Ay, that was just like you, uncle."

"There are three grassy hillocks, side by side; one of these has a tombstone to the memory of the Dairyman's Daughter; another has a stone in memory of her sister; and the remaining hillock, which has no stone at all, is placed over her father and mother. You may remember reading the description of the old Dairyman, 'a venerable old man, whose long, hoary, and deeply-wrinkled countenance commanded more than common respect.'"

"Yes; that account is in the beginning of the Dairyman's Daughter."

“The church had cast its deep shadow on the green hillocks, and the loneliness of the place was in harmony with the state of my mind. Many years had passed since the family group had been committed to the dust; but they seemed to stand up before me as I lingered on that spot. The meek-minded Elizabeth Wallbridge, with her sister, and mother, and hoary-headed father. Solemn and cheerful thoughts by turns occupied my mind.

“I could not help regarding the graves before me as the resting-places of Christian pilgrims, who had entered the city with the golden gates before me. I read the tribute of affection graven on the tombstone of the Dairyman’s Daughter, plucked a flower from the grassy hillock, which, perhaps, I had much better left to bloom there, and then quitted the churchyard.”

“Can you remember the lines, uncle?”

“I think I can. They are, I believe, the following:

‘Stranger! if e’er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth, but he who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of his boundless love;

Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom ;
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb ;
Peace, that not hell's dark regions could destroy ;
And love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
O happy saint ! may we like thee be blest,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.'

“ After leaving Arreton, I wandered on a distance of about a mile and a half, or two miles, to the pretty cottage where Elizabeth Wallbridge once lived. I conversed with her relatives, walked through the rooms through which she had so frequently walked, and read in that Bible, over which she had so often pondered and prayed.”

“ You said the cottage was a pretty one.”

“ Yes, and so neat and clean, that it is a perfect picture. There is a book kept there in which such visitors as choose so to do, write their names.”

“ Did you see any names in the book that you knew ?”

“ I did several. As the inhabitants of the cottage were not poor, but seemingly thriving, I requested them to let me leave a trifle for the first case of poverty or distress that might come to their knowledge. After which, with a heart grateful for manifold mercies, I once more shaped my course towards the cottage at Ventnor.”

CHAPTER X.

The Old Hundreth Psalm.—Churchyard by moonlight.—Stone walls.—Inscriptions.—The road from Ventnor.—The sea.—Steephill.—St. Lawrence's Well.—St. Lawrence's Church.—Old John Green, the clerk and sexton.—The figure of a lion.—Village of St. Lawrence.—Verses written by the old clerk.

As William, Walter, and Mary Gladdon were trundling their hoops, they saw their great-uncle Owen at a distance before them, walking in the direction of the wind-mill. Now in that direction there was a low stile, broad at the top, on which Owen Gladdon loved to sit, for it commanded a fine prospect. Thinking it probable that they might catch him or his favourite seat, they set off as fast as they could run, and came up just as Owen had seated himself on the stile.

In a little time, Owen Gladdon had been coaxed over to go on with his narrative, and this he did with right good will. "Let me now tell you," said he, "of another of my wandering walks, in which I paid a visit to St. Lawrence Church, said to be, before it was enlarged, the very least of all English parochial churches. I fancy now that I hear old

John Green, the clerk, giving out the words of the Old Hundredth Psalm, beginning,

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell,
Come ye before him and rejoice."

"That is a favourite psalm of yours, uncle; why, we must have heard you sing it a hundred times."

"Very likely, very likely; and should I live long enough, you may hear me sing it a hundred more. Take the words and the tune together, and there is nothing to match them. I like to visit a church, and I love to walk in a churchyard, especially by moonlight.

How sweet it is, when silvery clouds
And moonbeams glide along,
To wander, pensive and alone,
The churchyard paths among!

For these are moments that shall hide
The faults of all that live,
And gently teach the melting soul
To pity and forgive.

"The road from Ventnor to St. Lawrence, and indeed on to Blackgang Chine, is much pent up with stone walls. True, the overhanging trees, and the sound of gushing and gurgling waters are a great relief from the sunny glare of summer; but still great complaints are made by visitors, that more

liberty is not allowed them to wander in the lovely spots of this part of the island; for, go where you will, your eye is sure to meet with the inscription, 'No thoroughfare through this lane;' or, 'Whoever trespasses on this field will be prosecuted.'

"That is very ill-natured! Why do not the owners of the grounds give people leave to go on them?"

"It does seem unneighbourly and unkind, but there are two sides to the question. I wish a little more liberty could be given; but it has been whispered to me that some people, who have had this liberty, have abused it. One of the guide-books says, 'We know several gentlemen who would freely open their gates to respectable visitors, provided they could be assured of every party being contented with a general view of the local beauties, without indulging a too-prying curiosity; and, at the same time, would refrain from plucking choice flowers, fruits, or shrubs, many of which may perhaps have been cultivated by the hands of the owner with an affection of no little solicitude and pride; and of course it is not always convenient to keep a person, merely to act as an attendant. But a more decisive reason with many gentlemen who love retirement

is that, from the island becoming every year more and more attractive to pleasure-parties, an *unlimited admission* of strangers would at once annihilate all the charms of rural seclusion; it would, in fact, be converting the flowery walks of a quiet country villa, into as giddy a promenade as almost any popular tea-garden in the suburbs of our metropolis. But still, however, speaking generally, it requires only some slight grounds of introduction; and in the absence of the family there is of course less difficulty,—it being then a privilege often given to the servants.’

“ You see then that, as I said, there are two sides to the question. However, I must be bold enough to say, that a true gentleman will ever be liberally disposed, and a right-minded visitor will never abuse his liberality.”

“ Very true, uncle. The owners of the grounds ought to open them, and visitors ought to behave well, and feel obliged.”

“ As I walked along the road, with a pleasant companion, the banks were adorned and the hedges garlanded with plants and flowers. Mallows, hay-riff, and ivy; woodbine, purple wild-vetch, bird’s eye and convolvulus; wild roses, thistles, fern, harts-

tongue, burdock, and poppies. The geranium-like mallows were so beautiful, that I would have it a geranium was an indoor mallow, and a mallow an outdoor geranium."

"We shall remember that, uncle."

"Every now and then we came to a trickling fountain by the way-side; and we never went far without some break in the scenery giving us a view of

The sea! the sea! the open sea!"

"Ay, and that was always a pleasant sight, the rolling waves, and the white foam, and the ships."

"True. Steephill was once thought to be the very queen of the Undercliff, but its simplicity and wildness is altogether changed. A splendid castle now stands on the spot where the thatched cottage of the earl of Dysart once stood; and rural dwellings have been removed that magnificence might occupy their places."

"What a pity to spoil Steephill in that manner."

"By the road-side stood a little Gothic shrine erected to preserve the sweet, clear water of St. Lawrence-well. I could have gazed for a long time on its arched entrance, its groined roof, its ivy-clustered walls and rustic seat. The water of the fountain falls from a dolphin's head into a wide grooved

shell ; and the hanging willows and other trees that shadow its sides and crown its summit, give an influence to the scene of a very imposing kind."

" Did you taste the water ?"

" Oh yes ! I tasted the pure water, sat down on the rustic seat, and mused for some time in the cool, cell-like retreat with my companion. Before this we had spent a little time opposite Pelham Cottage ; and after this we proceeded onwards to St. Lawrence Church. At a cottage by the road-side crabs and lobsters are sold ; and in front of a church-like looking dwelling a large pair of horns is fixed. I asked a boy, who was playing near, why the horns were set up ; when he told me ' they was a *cooriosity*.' I understood after this that they were brought from some distant land."

" Poor lad ! he called the horns a *cooriosity*, because he knew not how to speak the word better."

" Exactly so. St. Lawrence Church is a little gem of a place, with high hills at the back of it. From the churchyard you see the cliffs, while in front of it rolls the majestic ocean."

" It must be a beauty of a church."

" You would certainly think so, if you saw it. The old clerk, John Green, was in the churchyard,

with a pair of garden shears, trimming the graves. I thought of the solemn epitaph :

Did'st hear the toll of that sad solemn bell?
It said 'a soul is gone to heaven or hell!'

“ In the burial-ground were clumps of broken grey rock, covered over with plants and flowers of various kinds ; purple mallows, roses, poppies, ivy, wall-flowers, flags, and valerian. The church has a cross at one end of the roof, as well as a little bell hanging in an ivy tower.”

“ You would be sure to have some talk with the old clerk.”

“ You are right. I never lose an opportunity of talking with an old man, especially if he be of a serious turn. We should all get knowledge when we can, and we are much more likely to get it from the old, than from the young.

“ Old John Green, who was born March the 29th, 1774, told us many things about the people who were sleeping in the churchyard, and about the village, and pointed out to us a distant rock, which he said was the exact shape of a lion ; and, indeed, it did somewhat resemble the figure of a huge lion, crouching down, about to leap over the ocean.”

“ Oh, what a thought! A huge lion leaping over the sea.”

“ It is said, that of all villages of the Undercliff, St. Lawrence has most preserved its quietness, simplicity, wildness, and beauty. The woods are luxuriant, clothing the ground to the very base of the rocks; and they have in them romantic walks, and mossy steps to enable you to ascend or descend when the ground is uneven. The wild hops and ivy, hanging from the trees, are highly picturesque; and then the openings to the sea are magnificent in the extreme.”

“ St. Lawrence must be one of the prettiest places in the Isle of Wight. But please to tell us the size of the little church?”

“ I have here a copy of verses written by old John Green, which gives every particular about the church, before its enlargement; but I hope and trust that John is a much better clerk than he is a poet. His poetry has certainly very little to recommend it; but we must recollect that he has not had a poet's education.”

“ Oh! never mind that; do please to read us the verses.”

Well, you shall have them; but old John

Green, depend upon it, is not at all likely to be made poet-laureate, or poet to the queen. Here are the lines, and now I will read them to you :—

This church has often drawn the curious eye,
 To see its length and breath, to see how high ;
 At length to measure it, 'twas my intent,
 That I might certify its full extent.
 Its breadth from side to side, above the bench,
 Is just eleven feet, and half an inch ;
 Its height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,
 Eleven feet, four inches, and a quarter ;
 And its length from east to the west end,
 I tell the truth to you, you may depend,
 Twenty-five feet, four inches, quarters three,
 Is just its measurement as you may see.
 And situated close to the high road,
 Here you may join in pray'r, and worship God
 And though the building is so low and small,
 You may be near to heaven, as at St. Paul.
 It stands firm on some consecrated ground,
 Fenced with a wall, and ivy growing round ;
 Its length is sixty feet, breadth forty-two,
 And there the dead do meet to wait for you.
 Now I've described the church and burial ground
 Next let us view the little parish round :
 Those rocky cliffs and landscapes here in sight,
 No finer view in all the Isle of Wight.
 The British Channel next, where billows roll,
 Until the massy rocks the waves control ;
 The wondrous works of God when view'd around,
 Shows sinful man His power has no bound.
 Next view the blessings he to man extends,
 As down the rural village you descend.
 Pure water from the rocks continual springs,
 And many blessings undeserved brings.
 A villa where a noble lord can dwell,
 And cottages for poor to suit them well,
 With lodgings, too, for strangers when they come,
 Both rich and poor here find a pleasant home.

Industry here is shown by rich and poor,
The farmer is well stocked with corn in store;
The fisherman attends the briny tide,
For the ensuing winter to provide.
Now let us render thanks to God above,
Who, by his power and mercy, with his love,
Has fix'd our lot on such a blessed land,
Let us prepare to meet him at command."

CHAPTER XI.

The rainbow.—Carisbrook Castle.—Principal entrance.—Deep fosse.—
The gate-towers.—The dungeon-like apartment.—The scrawled walls.
—The crazy gate.—The towers.—The castle keep.—Charles the First.
—The castle-well.—The donkey.—The chapel.—The ivy.—Lines on
Carisbrook Castle.

“THERE had been a light shower,” said Owen Gladdon, proceeding in his account of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight, “and in the south-west a fine rainbow was spanning the heavens—

The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermilion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun.

“But nothing daunted, I set off to visit old Carisbrook, and an interesting old ruin I found it to be.

Sad are the ruthless ravages of time!
The bulwarked turret, frowning once sublime,
Now, tottering to its very base, displays
A venerable wreck of other days.

“The castle stands on a steep hill of nearly a circular form, about a mile west of Newport. Its principal entrance is through an ivy-covered gateway, between the two western bastions, which

leads to a second entrance of a higher gate, opening into the court-yard, and guarded by two noble round-towers, which yet

A warlike mien and sullen grandeur wear.

“ This view of the castle possesses an uncommon degree of picturesque beauty—the most luxuriant ivy is seen everywhere, mantling the grey walls, and mouldering battlements, interspersed with the waving branches of wild vegetation. There are few things in the Isle of Wight that you would like to see more than Carisbrook Castle.”

“ The gate with the ivy, and the two bastions, and the noble round-towers must be very fine.”

“ They are very striking, and reminded me that in Holy Scripture the figure of a tower, as well as that of a place of defence, is used to teach us the power of God and the safety of trusting in him. ‘ The Lord is my defence ; and my God is the rock of my refuge,’ Psalm xciv. 22. ‘ I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress : my God ; in him will I trust,’ Psalm xci. 2. ‘ The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer ; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust ; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my

high tower,' Psalm xviii. 2. No wonder that David, as a warrior, should use such figures.

"It is a pleasant thing to most of us, to visit old castles; but could we see all the injustice, oppression, and cruelty that have been practiced in them, it would be enough to make us thank God that their gloomy dungeons were filled with rubbish, and their proudest towers crumbling in desolation.

The towers that nobles make their trust,
Will fall and moulder in the dust,
For time pulls down the proudest halls,
The highest spires, and strongest walls."

"But did the owners of castles do cruel deeds in them, uncle?"

"Too many of them did. Castles have too frequently been strong-holds of rapine and violence, instead of places of refuge and defence for the weak. When we are young, we are easily carried away with tales of valour, of bold barons and armed knights; but when years are graven on our brows, and we have reflected much and read more of God's holy word, we judge differently. Time has been, when the sight of a castle has set me off at once romancing in my mind, and I have called up the customs of olden days—

When the banner broad from the eastern tower
Hung streaming o'er the wall,
And armed knights, with the baron bold,
Were feasting in the hall.

“As I walked up the castle-hill, I looked at the high-towered church of Carisbrook, at the deep fosse, or ditch, far, far below me, and at the rent in one of the castle-towers.”

“You went through the ivy gateway first.”

“I did, and felt grieved, on entering the ground-floor apartment of the left-hand gateway tower, to see a foolish-looking head, with a grinning face, three feet broad, chalked upon the wall. I thought that the silly visitor, who had thus made his folly visible, might quite as well have kept away from the castle. To meet with such an object when your mind is solemnly impressed, or excited with high-wrought emotions, is very trying. The names of visitors were scrawled in all directions. After leaving the dungeon-like apartment, I went on to the old crazy gate, or second entrance, and rang the bell, the sound of which echoed through the court of the castle.”

“And who let you in? Was it a porter carrying the keys of the castle?”

“No, it was a very civil female domestic. The keep of the castle is thought to be the original for-

tress, supposed to have been built by the Saxons. The old castle covered only two acres ; but in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the Spanish Armada invaded England, and at other times, it was greatly enlarged, so that it extended over twenty acres. I ascended the flight of seventy-two steep steps to the keep, and inspected the window through which Charles the First, when a prisoner at the castle, vainly tried to make his escape. After Charles was beheaded, two of his children were confined in the castle.

Old Carisbrook! thy power is gone
And thy sun for ever set ;
But thy roofless halls and mouldering walls,
In ruin are standing yet.

I went to the castle well, which is three hundred feet deep, and patted the donkey that drew up the water.”

“ Tell us about the donkey ! How does he draw up the water ? ”

“ He goes into a large, hollow, wooden wheel, and by climbing up the steps inside it, turns round the cylinder on which the well-rope is coiled. By this means he draws up the bucket. The present donkey has, I believe, worked at the well only about a dozen or fifteen years ; but they say, that

three donkeys that worked there before him, drew water for a much longer period, one for thirty years, one for forty, and the other for fifty."

"What a time!"

"A basin of water was flung down the well, and it seemed a long time before I heard the splash at the bottom. After quitting the well-house I visited the chapel, built in the reign of George the Second, on the site of an old edifice dedicated to St. Nicholas."

"Did you go alone to the castle, uncle?"

"I did; and as I moved from one place to another, the wind sighed dismally round the shattered walls, and blew about the creepers that hung streaming from the tops of the towers. If you should like to have an ivy-leaf that grew on the castle-keep, I can give you one, and it may perhaps bring to your mind the lines,

Ivy! thou art ever green,
Let me changeless then be seen;
While my Saviour loves me, ne'er
Let my love grow old and sere.

Ivy, clinging round the tree,
Gladly would I learn of thee;
Clinging, as the year goes round,
To the cross would I be found.

"But I must now leave you, unless you should like me, before I go, to read to you some lines

which I have on Carisbrook Castle, copied from a book that I met with in the Isle of Wight, called 'The Island Minstrel.' ”

“ Oh yes ! We must, if you please, hear the verses ; let us have every one of them.”

“ Listen, then, for here they are doubled-up in my pocket-book, among others of a different description.”

With fosse and rampart guarded round
 Upon the green hill's brow,
 Thy wind-worn towers with ivy crown'd,
 Frown o'er the vale below.
 And on thine artificial steep,
 The massy all o'er-looking keep,
 Still rears its hoary front on high,
 And on its topmost turret's height,
 St. George's banner streaming bright,
 Flaunts in the beamy sky.

Crowning the hill with thy gray form,
 Thou stand'st in honour'd age—
 Having out-braved time's wasting storm,
 And war's unsparing rage.
 Majestic pile ! in thee appears
 A chronicle of other years ;
 Whose tale and wrecks alone remain ;
 To fancy's eye, when on thee cast,
 The deeds and glories of the past
 Seem to exist again.

The Roman eagle on thy height,
 Did erst its wings display ;
 The Saxon, Danish, Norman might,
 Here held successive sway.
 All these are gone ! Thou standest still
 The giant fortress of the hill,—

Though mould'ring and dismantled now
 The ivy wreaths around thee roll'd,
 Alone thy tott'ring walls uphold—
 They will not bear a blow.

Of old, proud of thy guardian power,
 Thou stood'st, unconquer'd pile!
 The rallying point, the refuge tower,
 And bulwark of the Isle.
 Then were thy glorious days—and then
 Bright banners wav'd o'er gallant men,
 Whose war-note echoed far and wide;
 While many a winding silver rill,
 And many a valley, many a hill
 With sanguine stain was dyed.

The feudal times—the mail-clad men
 Have long since pass'd away;
 The Isle is fairer now, than when
 They held it in their sway.
 It bows to haughty lords no more,
 Its streams have ceas'd to run with gore,
 And in its shelter'd vales,
 Light-hearted health leads labour on
 Unto the feast his hands have won,
 And which no foe assails.

Conquerors and captive sleep in dust,
 Thou hast surviv'd them all;
 Yet thy dismantled turrets must
 Succeed them in their fall.
 Thy war-worn towers are crumbling fast,
 And to the ground shall sink at last;
 When verdure o'er thy wreck shall rise.
 So quickly man doth pass away,
 And all his proudest works decay,
 But Nature never dies."

CHAPTER XII.

Origin of Appuldurcombe.—The old tollgate-keeper.—The boy and grayhounds.—The hedger and ditcher.—The carriage.—The lodge.—The avenue of trees.—The entrance of the mansion.—A pleasant party.—The paintings and works of art.—The library.—The prints and drawings.—The park.

“A WORD or two with you about Appuldurcombe,” said Owen Gladdon to his nephews and his niece, who were waiting to hear something further about their uncle’s Isle of Wight wanderings. “A word or two with you about Appuldurcombe,” said he, seating himself at his ease.

“But, uncle, tell us the meaning of Appuldurcombe?” said William. “Yes, tell us the meaning of Appuldurcombe,” cried out Walter and Mary. Owen Gladdon, thus appealed to, entered at once on his explanation.

“Appuldurcombe,” said he, “is by far the finest seat or mansion in the Isle of Wight. It is the property of the Earl of Yarborough; and as it contains a fine collection of paintings, an excellent library, and curiosities of various kinds, to say

nothing of the beautiful park in which it stands, most of the persons who visit the neighbourhood go to see it. The name Appuldurcombe is derived from Armoric and Saxon words, meaning a 'pool of water in a valley.' "

"A pool of water in a valley ; we shall remember that."

"I like to see that you desire to obtain knowledge. Get wisdom with it if you can. It has been said that 'true wisdom consists in knowing what is best worth knowing, and in doing what is best worth doing.'

"On my way to Appuldurcombe I met with many little circumstances that gave me pleasure. It was very hot, and I bought from the old tollgate-keeper two oranges, the last he had. 'See,' said I, 'my old friend, (for he was older than myself,) how aged pilgrims may help on one another. You wish to sell your oranges, and I wish to buy them. Now, as I am very thirsty, and you do not appear to be very rich, I shall give you silver for your oranges instead of copper.' The old man was wonderfully pleased, and so was I ; and after a word or two about the 'better country' that I hoped we were both journeying to, we parted."

"No wonder that the old tollgate-keeper should

be pleased. He will, perhaps, never sell his oranges so well again."

"As I went along the road, cut right through a chalk hill, I met a boy with a couple of dark-coloured grayhounds, almost black, lovely creatures. The dark dogs seen against the white chalk bank looked beautiful. But though the forms of the dogs were fine, their tempers seemed to be bad, for they would go different ways; so there they were, tugging and snarling one at the other. 'Learn a lesson, my boy,' said I, 'learn a lesson from your dogs, and never quarrel with your companions, for it will only make them unhappy and yourself uncomfortable.'"

"The boy with the grayhounds will not forget meeting you."

"I stopped a few minutes by the road-side to speak to a man who was mending the hedge, and thinking it might possibly do him good, I repeated to him Miss Jane Taylor's nice little piece called 'The Hedger and Ditcher.'"

"Please to repeat it to us, uncle! We should all of us like to hear it."

"Very well, then, you shall have it. The verses are these:—

One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher,
 Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
 For all such vain wishes in him were prevented,
 By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
 John never was found in a murmuring mood;
 For this he was constantly heard to declare,
 What he could not prevent, he would cheerfully bear.

‘For why should I grumble and murmur?’ he said,
 ‘If I cannot get meat, I can surely get bread;
 And though fretting may make my calamities deeper,
 It never can cause bread and cheese to be cheaper.’

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
 He wish’d himself better, but did not complain,
 Nor lie down to fret in despondence and sorrow,
 But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wrong’d him or treated him ill,
 Why John was good-natured and sociable still;
 For he said that revenging the injury done,
 Would be making two rogues, where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
 Pass’d through this sad world without even a grumble;
 And ’twere well if some folks who are greater and richer,
 Would copy John Tomkins, the hedger and ditcher.

“Oh, those are very nice lines, indeed!”

“On arriving at the lane leading to Appuldurcombe, I saw a house a little of the hermitage kind, with a bridge across the low road, and soon after a carriage of gay people passed me. ‘Oh,’ thought I, full of good humour, ‘some are made to ride, and some to walk on foot, and oftentimes the latter are

the happier of the two.' After showing my ticket of admission, which I had procured before, I passed through the great gates by the lodge, and walked down the noble avenue of trees, making the best of my time ; for I thought to myself,

Onward while the sun has power,
By and by the sky may lower."

" You have always some useful and pleasant thought or other, uncle."

" As I walked on, I looked at the noble trees, clad in their glorious apparel, and thought of the different appearances they presented in spring, summer, autumn and winter.

The rolling seasons loudly call,
God is good who made us all.

At last I came to the mansion, presented my note of admission, and entered the place."

" Come, you have arrived at Appuldurcombe at last. The meaning of Appuldurcombe is, ' a pool of water in a valley.' "

" That is right. When you ask, never forget the answer you obtain. The mansion of Appuldurcombe has four fronts of the Corinthian order of architecture, mostly of free stone, with a southern

colonnade. The grand entrance in the eastern front leads you through a spacious hall, ornamented with eight beautiful columns resembling porphyry ; paintings, works of art, and relics of antiquity attract your attention on every hand. I fell in with an agreeable Lincolnshire party in walking through the rooms, one of the persons much resembled a friend, who is now, I humbly trust, in a better world. I met this pleasant party also in the cottage where lived the Dairyman's Daughter. Peace and joy be their companions, a bright hope of immortality, and an abundant entrance into life eternal."

" And how did you like the paintings at Appuldurcombe ?"

" Many of them were admirable, being done by the most celebrated painters. Among the artists whose works I saw, were Titian, Guido, Teniers, Rembrandt, Vandervelde, Zuccarelli, Kneller, Lely, Velasquez, Murillo, Caracci, and Jordaens. I wandered at my leisure through all the rooms, examined the elegantly-bound books in the library, and turned over the large portfolios of prints and drawings by eminent masters ; after which, leaving the place, I wandered through the delightful park in

which Appuldurcombe stands, gazing on the trees, the deer, and the distant prospects."

"You had a pleasant visit altogether; and the walk in the park would be sure to please you."

"It did, for I had only seen one part of it before. I looked about me, and mused on the fallen leaves at my feet; for

An old man must expect to be
Like sere leaves falling from the tree.

The language of my heart was, 'Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreath, and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily, every man at his best state is altogether vanity.' Psalm xxxix. 4. 5.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Newchurch.—Sandown.—Culver Cliffs.—Prospect from Brading Downs.
—Brading Haven.—An old wild story.—Myrtles.—Butterflies.—Foxes.
—Brading.—The church.—Monuments.—Parsonage.—Inscriptions.—
Grave of the Young Cottager.

OWEN GLADDON, the next time he proceeded with his narrative, gave the young people some account of his visit to Brading. "Had you been with me, dear children," said he, "in the Isle of Wight, I should have put a little more colour in your cheeks. Fair or foul, dry or wet, I should have kept you moving about from one place to another. I should have taken you to the retired village of Newchurch, if it had only been to show you the steep and deep sunk roads, between the banks of sandstone, with the old church, and cottages, and fine trees."

"How gladly we should have walked with you everywhere, uncle, and examined everything you would have pointed out to us!"

"We would have made the most of our time, for I would have taken you to Sandown to see the

fort there, surrounded with a wet fosse ; and to Yaverland, well known for its ancient church.

Gray, lowly, ancient fane of God,
 Embosomed deep with verdant wood,
 Surrounded by the velvet sod,
 And looking out o'er fell and flood ;
 When sunset, with sweet hues imbued,
 Upon thee streams o'er yonder hill,
 That mortal must be cold of mood,
 Who does not with devotion thrill.

“ You should have gone with me to the Culver Cliffs, for they are well worth walking fifty miles to see ; and to Bembridge, which, though it was but a rural village a short time since, is now sufficiently attractive to draw aside the traveller from his usual course, and to detain the visitor days and weeks at its pleasant hotel.”

“ The Culver Cliffs would have pleased us the best.”

“ Very likely, for they gratify every one who sees them ; but the prospect from the downs near Brading, would also have set your young hearts beating. The following description was drawn some years ago by sir H. C. Englefield, before Knighton House was pulled down :—

“ To enjoy, in all its glory, the complete view of the northern tract, which in detail presents so many separate beauties, we must ascend the chalk-

range which rises immediately from the woods of Nunwell.

“ ‘ When the weather is clear, it is impossible to describe the magnificent scene which these hills command, from Brading Downs, by Asheay Seemark, to Arreton chalk-pit.

“ ‘ To the north, the woodlands form an almost continued velvet carpet of near ten thousand acres, broken only by small farms, whose thatched buildings relieve the deep tints of the forests. The Wootton River winds beautifully among them ; and beyond the whole, the Solent Sea spreads its waters, which, in clear weather, are tinged with an azure more deep and beautiful than any I ever saw.

“ ‘ The Hampshire land rises in a succession of hills, quite lost at length in blue vapour. The inland view to the south, is far more destitute of beauty, though not less striking than the northern scene. The vale between the chalk-range and the southern hills is seen in its full extent, and the southern hills themselves rise to a majestic height.

“ ‘ To the eastward, the sea is again visible over the low lands of Sandown, and by its open expanse affords a fine contrast to the Solent Channel.

“ ‘ The nearer objects on the southern slope are also very interesting : Knighton House, with its

venerable gray fronts mantled with luxuriant ivy, and bosomed in the richest groves, is as beautiful at a distance, as it is interesting on a nearer approach. Arreton is also surrounded with trees, which group happily with the pretty church, and an old mansion now converted into a farm; and from the western end of the downs the country about Newport and Carisbrook is seen to great advantage. Such is the faint outline of a scene, which in richness of tints, and variety of objects, surpasses anything I ever saw.' "

"That must be a prospect worth looking at, uncle."

"It is, indeed. You would like to see Brading Haven, I make no doubt; and the more so, because there is an old wild story about it, that is sometimes told to strangers."

"The story! the story! Let us have the old wild story."

"You must know, then, that when the tide is out, Brading Haven, though it comprises an extent of perhaps eight or nine hundred acres, is a mere mud-pit, containing scarcely any water, and even when the tide is in, the water is only deep enough to float small boats. Well, the old wild story says, that this haven was once completely covered over

with a forest of oaks, in which the Druids performed their superstitious rites ; and that, in the middle of the forest, a water-spirit was confined in a well by a great magician. So long as the well was kept covered, all was to be safe ; but if ever the lid which covered it should be taken off, ruin was immediately to follow.”

“ What a tale ! There could be no truth in that. And did any one ever take off the lid of the well ? ”

“ The story says that some one did. The Druids passed away, and the well was forgotten ; but in the time of William the Conqueror, a Norman knight of the name of Fitz Osborne, who conquered the island, gave it to one of his followers named Robert Okelander, who ordered the underwood of the forest to be cleared away, that he might hunt there, and then the well was discovered.”

“ Now for it ! Did Robert Okelander, or whatever his name was, order the cover of the well to be taken off ? ”

“ He did, according to the tale, and then came all the mischief ; for

The water gushed out on every hand,
And drowned the knight and covered the land.”

“ Oh, rare Robert Okelander ! He had better have left the forest growing, a great deal.”

“ As I wandered on from the St. Helen’s side of the haven to Brading, I saw some very fine myrtles growing up the sides of the dwelling-houses. The Isle of Wight is famed for myrtles. I noticed, also, many kinds of butterflies, and among them the common clouded yellow butterfly, the marmoress or marbled-white butterfly, and some beautiful moths. A fox, too, as I walked up to a gate, ran along a furrow in a ploughed field. You must know, that in the island they had neither fox, polecat, nor badger until lately, when a few foxes were introduced that they might be hunted. Some excuse fox-hunting on account of the havoc Renard makes in the poultry-yard ; but you see that in this instance foxes have been brought over on purpose to be hunted.”

“ Fox-hunting is a cruel sport, that is certain.”

“ When I came near Brading, which town consists principally of a long village-like street, I went round to the humble dwelling where once lived the ‘ Young Cottager,’ about whom the Rev. Legh Richmond has written so pleasantly and profitably. The cottage stands a little way up a lane or street, turning to the left out of the road as you

enter the town. It is thatched, and may be seen by day from the road, or indeed by night, when the moon shines, or a candle lights up the windows. The cottagers who now reside there claim no relationship with little Jane."

"Did you go to the churchyard where poor Jane was buried?"

"I did, and the square, gray tower of the ancient church, (which is, I think, the oldest in the island, having been built in the year 704,) rising, as it does, above the adjacent buildings, seemed to stand up like a friend. I had heard so much of this old church, of its monuments, of its parsonage-house, once inhabited by Legh Richmond, and of the inscriptions in its burial-ground, that I felt thankful in passing through the little gate that led me to what I had so long desired to see. The old tombs of the Oglanders, the founder of whose family came over with William the Conqueror, are very curious."

"Oglanders! Why that is very like the name of the knight in the old wild story of Brading Harbour."

"It is, and very likely the name of the knight in the tale was taken from this family. I mused in the burial-ground, opposite the modest parson-

age, built with gray bricks, and roofed with gray tiles that were partly covered with moss. I read the inscriptions on the graves, not omitting that with the following lines :—

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

No more confin'd to grov'ling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day."

And then turned once more to the green sod that covered the dust of little Jane. From this I plucked a clover-flower ; and, reflecting on her death and history, I felt a sweet calm, and a grateful glow of thankfulness, while gazing on the resting-place of the departed young pilgrim, whose body mouldered there. Why should not the gray hair visit the grave of childhood ? Why should not an old man get good from the profitable example of the young ? I entered the burial ground in peace, and I left it with joy, repeating the lines that I had so recently read on the tombstone of the Young Cottager :

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore,
The short and simple annals of the poor !

A child reposes underneath this sod—
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice! yet shed the sympathising tear,
Jane, the 'Young Cottager,' lies buried here."

CHAPTER XIV.

Cripple Path.—Valley.—Green fields.—Castle.—Preventive-stations.—Trees covered with silver-spangled moss.—The pie-finch.—The cliffs.—Mirables.—The large dog.—The old man at the gate.—The two strangers.—A few words of advice.—The high downs.—The rugged rift.—The forget-me-not.—The spider and seed.—The adventurous boys.—The labourer.—The coming storm.

“Two or three attempts did I make to find out Cripple Path,” said Owen Gladdon to his listening young relatives, and at last I succeeded. Nothing like perseverance. It is not beginning, but following up a design that enables us to complete it. If you wish to get to heaven, keep your faces ever towards it. ‘He that endureth to the end shall be saved.’” Matt. x. 22.

“What do you mean, uncle, by Cripple Path?” said William.

“Tell us the meaning of Cripple Path?” added his brother and sister.

Owen Gladdon thus appealed to, gave the following narration, every now and then broken in upon by a question from his attentive listeners.

“Cripple Path,” said Owen, “is a steep, romantic ascent to the very top of the high cliffs. The rocks are composed of hard and soft strata, and where the soft strata have mouldered away, there are curious recesses, or spaces left. Cripple Path winds its way up the rock through these curious spaces; so that as you pass along, you have the hard rock over your head and under your feet.”

“What an odd path it must be; and then it must be as steep as a flight of stairs!”

“The path is odd enough, and steep enough, certainly. It is no great distance from the place where the poor young woman and the soldiers fell over the cliff.”

“Yes! we remember that the soldiers were killed, but the young woman was not much hurt.”

“I set off for Cripple Path full of resolution. The high road from Ventnor by Steephill passes through a pleasant valley of green fields, with well wooded heights on each side. A narrow winding brook, with flags growing in it, runs through the valley. Cattle were grazing in the green fields, and, now and then, a hare or a rabbit came out of the covers. I passed the stone gateway of Steephill Castle, overshadowed as it was with the horse-

chestnut trees that grew there ; and I saw the waterfall, and the flag flying on the cliff to the left, near the sea. At the preventive stations, there are always two men on the look-out, day and night. You see them walking to and fro with their telescopes in their hands. If they descry a suspicious looking vessel, a party of men are sent to board her ; and if she has contraband merchandise in her, they take possession of her. You would like, I dare say, to hear some of the wild tales that are told about smugglers ; but I cannot tell you any now. The sea was beautiful !”

“ You always think the sea beautiful, uncle.”

“ It is always impressive, and always presents a lesson of instruction.

How swift the torrent rolls
Which bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

“ Many of the trees by the road-side were covered with the light, ash-coloured, silver-spangled moss, such as is often on apple-trees. The pie-finch frequently builds his nest with this moss, and then you can hardly discern it from the moss on the branch on which it is built.”

“The pie-finch is a very cunning bird, depend upon it.”

“After passing St. Lawrence Church, I found the cliffs very bold. Such high and broad walls of natural masonry, I never beheld in any other place. Dark, and rugged, and ribbed, strata rose above strata, assuming an appearance as if the foaming waves of the ocean had been petrified and then darkened by age. The upper parts of the cliffs hung over fearfully, holding out a threat of falling, which some future day they are likely to fulfil.”

“They must look very grand, though.”

“Entering the pleasure-grounds of Mirables, a villa surrounded by luxuriant plantations, I passed a winding and somewhat intricate path, here and there ascending stone steps, overhung with brushwood. This path led me to secluded bowers, and masses of hawthorn trees, among whose dark recesses a thousand robbers might have hid themselves. The depth of shadow made the solitude of these places most profound. As I walked on, I suddenly met a large dog, of which I was in no small fear, but no sooner did the creature see me, than he turned tail and made off at full speed.”

“It was well he did. Why, in such a lonely place, if he had made an attack, there would have been no one to help you.”

“On the road from Ventnor to Niton, there are several gates, and at every gate there is a little shed, in which an old man sits, who opens the gate for the traveller. A penny is usually given him. I talked with all these old men, and when I came to the gate near Cripple Path, I asked the old man there his age; he said he was threescore and ten, within a month or two. ‘Well,’ said I, ‘we have both of us gray hairs and furrowed brows, and I hope we are both looking onwards to a better world, through Him who died on the cross.’ The old man appeared sadly puzzled what to say, for it was clear that he was not in the habit of holding a serious conversation. At last, after stammering a little, he broke out into the singular expression,—
Yes, sir—eternity for everlasting!”

“What did he mean, uncle?”

“I suppose, that thinking he must say something serious, he made the best attempt he could, but it was a very odd one. When I had toiled half-way up Cripple Path, I met two strangers, a boy and a young man from Lincolnshire, who were

coming down it. The young man I understood to be the boy's uncle: seating myself on the point of a crag, I began to talk with them."

"It was a strange place, half way up a high cliff, to carry on a conversation."

"So it was, but I thought that the very oddity of it might make the boy remember all the better what I said to him."

"And what did you say to him, uncle; tell us every word of it?"

"After exchanging a few friendly words, 'My boy,' said I, 'listen to an old man. You see that we are fellow-travellers. I am going one way, and you are going another. I am going up Cripple Path, and you are coming down it; but are we both going on towards heaven? You do not know me, and I do not know you; never mind that. In the crowded city people pass without speaking, but not in such a retired place as this. If the emperor of all the Russias were here, he would be glad to talk with us both, unless he be a great simpleton. He would have no admirers to admire him; no flatterers to flatter him; he would feel that he was but a man. I suppose your uncle has brought you here by way of treat. If so, it is very kind of him.

Try to get profit from your trip, as well as pleasure. Perhaps, in years that are to come, you may bring a nephew of your own to Cripple Path, and then you may call to mind what the old man said to you that you met as you came down the steep. If you mean to sleep well at night, do your duty by day ; if you wish to pass your to-morrows free from sorrow, pass your to-days free from sin. Seek to live a life of faith in Christ, and you shall die a peaceful death. Fear God through time, and you shall praise him through eternity. There ! take what I have said with you, and may you ever have a bright eye lighting up a cherry cheek ; and a happy heart beating in your bosom.' As I clambered up the rest of Cripple Path, I saw that my little friend, going down, looked up at me with a smile. Bless his young heart, wherever he may now be ! and may no sorrow reach him that may not be for his real good."

" He will be sure to remember what you said to him."

" As I walked along the top of the cliffs on the high downs, I saw below me corn-fields waving in the wind, groves of trees, luxuriant in foliage, forming dark green patches of shade amid the sunny

glare ; and beyond all the bounding billows of the mighty ocean, studded with ships, some dark and almost black in appearance, and others silvery white, their sails being lit up by the sun-beam. At one place, near the edge of the cliff, was a wide crack, or rather a rift in the earth, at least a hundred feet deep, half hid with brambles and brushwood. As I peeped down the chasm at the massy gray fragments that formed its rugged sides, I thought how suddenly at night-fall a stranger might be hurried down the yawning rift into eternity !”

“No one ought ever to go that way by night. What a sad thing it would be to fall down such a place as that !”

“Corn was growing in great abundance on the high ground, almost close up to the edge of the cliff, and I could have gathered thousands of red poppies, and white convolvuluses. I stopped one moment to pick up a ‘forget-me-not,’ and another to look at a spider-like ant, that was carrying away a seed.

Who made the insect, seed, and flower,
Made us, and guards us every hour.

When I came to the highest part of the cliff, I saw, to my amazement, three boys lying down,

though the place was so steep, I might almost say standing up, on the shelving edge of the precipice. Any one unaccustomed to heights who had not a strong head would have turned giddy at the sight. The spot was as high as one church spire would be, if placed on the top of another, and had the foot of either of the boys slipped, down the whole depth of the precipice he must have fallen."

"Dreadful!—dreadful! Did you tell them to come away?"

"No, for I really should have been afraid to have spoken to them at all, lest a sudden start should have occasioned a fearful misfortune. The boys were, most likely, accustomed to the cliffs, for they seemed not to dream of danger. A labourer whom I met, just after, seeing me look down from the great height with wonder, said as he passed, 'a man would not be worth much, sir, if he tumbled over here!'"

"He was quite right, uncle!"

"I went on to Niton, a pretty village in a hollow, well ornamented with trees; with a very old church; but a storm was evidently coming on, for the sky to the north-east became almost black, and I lost no time in hastening home again. Sweet words

are those of the Psalmist: 'He maketh the storm
a calm.'—Psa. cvii. 29. But God can do all things.
When shall the whole earth praise him?

'When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
A second time descended,
In righteousness to reign?'

CHAPTER XV.

Origin of Blackgang Chine.—Poetic description.—A pleasant companion.
—The man with the red face and straw hat.—Descent of the chine.—
The wreck of the Clarendon.—Only three of the crew saved.—Sterility
of Blackgang Chine.—The sea-side.—The fisher's boat and the storm.
—The fishermen saved.—Prospect from the beach.

“Now for Blackgang Chine,” said Owen Glad-
don to his nephews and niece, who were much
pleased to find him quite disposed to continue his
narrative, “for many people consider this place as
the ‘Lion,’ or principal sight in the Isle of Wight.”

“Why is it called Blackgang Chine?” was the
question put to him, “for the name is almost enough
to frighten us. It makes one think of a dark cave,
and a gang of gipsies or robbers.”

“You know the meaning of black, and therefore
I have only to explain gang and chine. Gang is,
I believe, taken from the Saxon word gange, mean-
ing a walk or way, as well as a company acting to-
gether; chine is supposed to come from cinan, a
Saxon word, meaning to gape or yawn, though
some say it refers to the chine or indented part of

an animal. Perhaps were we to call the Blackgang Chine, the dark-rift way, it would set forth its meaning.”

“The dark-rift way every body would understand.”

“Beautiful and romantic as the scenery of the Undercliff is, the stranger is surprised to find that, as he approaches Blackgang Chine, it suddenly assumes a different character. No luxuriant trees, no fragrant flowers, and no verdant grass decorates the sterile ground. All is

—Barren, rude, and bare.”

“Ay! That just suits the name of Blackgang Chine. A black, ugly-looking place, no doubt, it is, with the sea roaring at the foot of it.”

“You are not far from the truth in your description; but hear what a poet says of Blackgang Chine.

Extended wide from that vast bay,
The coast winds rugged far away,
Till murky, frowning-featured Chale
Rears his black front against the gale,
And shows its Chine's jagged rocks on high
In anger-swoll'n sublimity.

Hast thou, amid volcanoes worn
With livid flame, convulsed and torn,
Marked the huge fragments of a world
By Lava's fire-flood onward hurled;—

Marked the wide waste, with ruin fraught,
 The heaving earthquake's hand hath wrought?
 Such wild and fearful horrors fill
 The gloomy base of Catharine hill—
 Where winds and waves their rage combine,
 Such are thine horrors, Blackgang Chine!"

"If that account be true, it must be quite a dreadful place!"

"Poets are given to go a little, and, now and then, a great deal beyond the truth in their descriptions. At some distance beyond Blackgang Chine I fell in with a pleasant companion. He had travelled by land and water, and had spent two or three years at Magador in Africa. We began to converse very agreeably, for pleasant company sets the tongue going, but hardly had we set foot in the chine, before we met one bustling out of it. Who could it be? Oh, you have guessed already. It was the man with the red face, the jean jacket, the broad-brimmed straw hat, and bright-yellow silk neck-kerchief. 'Here we are again,' said he to me,—'knew we must meet!—I have seen Brading and the grave of little Jane, Arreton and the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter, Appuldurcombe and all its paintings, St. Boniface Down and the 'wishing-well,' Ventnor and Ventnor Cove, Steephill and the castle, St. Lawrence and its little church, Old Park, Cripple Path, Niton,—and here I am now at Blackgang

Chine!—stopped sadly too long!—Off to Cowes, and Yarmouth, and Alum Bay, and Freshwater Cliffs!—Cannot stay a minute now!—Farewell, sir!—sure to meet again!—Farewell!—And, without waiting for any reply, away he went, as though life and death depended on his speed.”

“There never was such a man as that! Why, he stays for nothing and for nobody.”

“As I walked down the steep pathway of the chine with my companion, I kept silence, just to see how the scene affected him, for, to speak the truth, it did not come up to my expectations. ‘And is this the famous Blackgang Chine,’ thought I, ‘of which I have heard so much, and which I so long desired to see?’ but on I went, as I said, in silence. The steep, narrow path winds as close as it well can to the small stream that hurries down the chine. As we proceeded, the wild gorge opened wider and wider, darkly frowning. The broken-fronted cliffs on the right run rather inwards, with ledges one below another, till the last reaches the beach; while those on the left with towering and rugged points, advance like a promontory. The chine grew by degrees vaster and wilder till we came to the bottom.”

“You thought more of it, then, uncle.”

“ Perhaps I did, but my imagination had been too much excited, and I expected more than I ought to have done. The yawning chine, with its shelving sides five hundred feet high, the dark, crumbling soil, the shivered cliffs, the towering masses of sandstone, like huge fortifications, and the beetling precipice down which the stream falls, altogether with the roaring sea at the bottom, form a most striking scene. In the fairest weather the place is sadly dreary, but in storm and tempest it must be fearful. The poor wretches on board the Clarendon that was wrecked there, no doubt, thought it a horrible place.”

“ Oh yes!—you were to tell us about the wreck! When did it happen—and how many people were drowned?”

“ The wreck of the Clarendon occurred on the 11th of October, 1836, exactly opposite the cavern of Blackgang Chine. ‘ She was of three hundred and fifty tons burden, laden with sugar and rum from the West Indies. The crew were seventeen men; and the passengers ten—four of them females. At five o’clock on the fatal morning, the weather dark and tempestuous, land was discovered at but a short distance to leeward; there was no pilot on board; and in vain were the most strenuous efforts

made by the astonished crew to wear the vessel off! In a short time, the passengers were assembled on deck—their horrid destiny was apparent; for the ship, rapidly driven by the raging elements, was soon aground, engulfed between the mountain waves that incessantly broke over her, and the steep descent of the beach against which she struck. In this horrible state, the vessel remained for about five minutes, during which the convulsive screams of the unhappy sufferers might be heard, and many of them distinctly seen in all the agony of despair, clinging to whatever could afford them a hold. But short, alas! was their distracting suspense; for ere any measures could be taken for their escape, the ship was stove in by one tremendous surge, bursting over her with such inconceivable force, as to wrench the hull asunder into a thousand pieces!

“ ‘ We shudder at the recollection of the scene which followed: the shattered hull, broken masts, yards, sails, and rigging; the ponderous goods which chiefly composed the cargo; and, (most appalling to behold,) the lacerated naked bodies of the lifeless crew and passengers, tossed about in the foaming breakers, or hurled in dire confusion on the stony beach. Only three escaped! the mate and two sea-

men, who were washed overboard previous to the fatal stroke. Six of the passengers (a family of the name of Shore) were buried in Newport churchyard; and it was a singular circumstance that a house near that cemetery was but a little before engaged for their reception by a near relative, who was anxiously awaiting the ship's arrival. All the others were interred at Chale.'"

"That was indeed a terrible shipwreck. Only three of them saved!"

"Only three; all the rest were lost. Their lives were cut short at a time when, so far from expecting death, their minds were full of the hope and prospect of soon reaching their country, and their homes. How needful it is to be ready! how important to possess the hope set forth in the gospel, seeing how liable we all are to sudden death! How necessary it is to seek the way of salvation that we may escape eternal death! Jesus Christ is that way. Holy Scriptures are plain in this matter.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' 1 Tim. i. 15. He 'bare our sins in his own body on the tree;' 'He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him;' 'Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other

name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved,' Acts iv. 12.

“Blackgang Chine is black enough and wild enough without the aid of a storm and a shipwreck. You may look for a mallow, a coltsfoot leaf, or a common thistle in vain, the place is so sterile. While we walked along at the foot of the chine, gazing with admiration on the foaming billows that broke upon the shore, we came to a spot where a lady, dressed in black, was seated on the polished pebble stones, with two or three of her children beside her. ‘Have you ever been here before, ma’am?’ said I. ‘Frequently,’ was her reply. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘You are indeed to be pitied, for you cannot feel as I do.’ ‘No, no, sir,’ replied the lady, ‘I am not to be pitied, for every time I come I enjoy the place more than ever.’”

“She was just the person to visit such a place.”

“I spoke to a steady-looking man that we met as we roamed along the beach. ‘I have seen the chine,’ said he, ‘when gilded by the golden beams of the mid-day sun, and a noble sight it is; I have seen it, too, when lit up by the light of the moon: the points of the crags were bright then, and the shadows were deep and dark; but one night—one

dark night in autumn—I shall never forget it—I saw it by the lightning flash, and a more terrific spectacle my eyes never beheld. A fisherman's boat had been long labouring to get to land, and men with torches were moving about on the beach, and on different parts of the chine. The wind was loud, and the roar of the sea was awful, as the boat made its way through the boiling surge that broke on the shore. At the same moment the heavens seemed to open, and a flash of lightning lit up the chine as if it had been on fire. Then came a clap of thunder that seemed enough to rend St. Catharine hill to pieces. The men in the boat were saved; but what with the roaring of the wind, the raging of the sea, the boat breaking through the foamy waves, the flaring torches, the high rocks, lit up by the lightning, and the thunder-clap that followed,—what with all these things together, never shall I forget old Blackgang Chine!"

"It must have been terrible!"

"From the shore, below the chine, is a noble sea-view. The waves roll up to the foot of a shelving beach of delicately polished pebbles, backed with the lofty crags of St. Catharine's Cliff. The prospect westward is very extensive, comprehending

Chale Bay, with Atherfield Point, projecting into the sea, and forming its western horn; beyond which another point, of the same red colour, stretches out, and suddenly changes to chalk, which rises hence into the high white cliffs of Freshwater.

“ Walking along this shore, whose craggy barriers seem to frown on the mariner, and to warn him of the danger of approaching it, we arrive at that ‘wreck of matter,’ which was produced by the land-slip of February, 1799; exhibiting, beyond any theory, the manner in which the Undercliff was originally formed. Here the rugged and indented perpendicular cliff, from which the land subsided, lifts its shattered face above the ruin; while from its side, at the height of forty feet, tumbles a noisy stream, the probable cause of the late, and the threatener of future mischiefs.’ ”

CHAPTER XVI.

St. Catharine's Down.—The high wind.—The good ship *Beaver*.—The prospect.—Sandrock hotel.—Sandrock spring.—Whale Chine.—Taking a whale.—Signal station.—Alexandrian pillar.—The chapel and the monk.—St. Catharine's light-house.—Niton.—Whitwell.—Appuldurcombe.—Godshill.—Arreton.—Newchurch.—Chale.—Kingston.—Shorwell.—Brixton.—Calbourne.—Mottestone.—A curious adventure.

“ I THINK I told you, but if not, I ought to tell you, that St. Catharine's Down is the highest spot in the Isle of Wight, and that the top of it is about nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. You will hardly suspect me of leaving the island without ascending so remarkable a place. You have very likely heard the observation, that he who ascends a high hill, ought to come down a better man than he was when he went up. There is good sense in the remark, for so much of God's beautiful creation is seen from the top of a high hill, that it ought to impress both our heads and our hearts.”

Such were the words with which Owen Gladdon resumed his narrative to his nephews, William and

Walter, and his niece Mary, who failed not to ply him with inquiries as he proceeded.

“Oh, how the wind did blow,” continued he, “when I reached the top of the down! If a stiff breeze is to be had anywhere, it is at the summit of St. Catharine’s. Had I not taken the precaution of fastening my hat by a riband to my button-hole, it might have been off to sea, as the good ship Beaver, crossing the British Channel, sailing through the Bay of Biscay, and foundering, at last in the wide Atlantic Ocean.”

“The good ship Beaver? ah! ah! a beaver hat would make but a comical ship.”

“The top of St. Catharine’s is a pleasant spot, on a sunshiny day, but a sad place whereon to spend a stormy night,—

When loudest thunders rattle,
When arrowy lightnings fly,
And elemental battle
Convulses all the sky.”

“There must be a capital prospect, uncle.”

“There is, there is; from the British Channel to the south, and west to the Solent sea in the north. The tract of land round about Sandrock hotel, and Sandrock spring, is rude enough, for

there Nature is seen in her simplest, and wildest attire. Rugged cliffs, broken rocks, and steep precipices, are scattered about in abundance."

"What do you mean by the Sandrock spring?"

"A famous spring, discovered by Mr. Waterworth, a surgeon of Newport, near the beginning of the present century; the water is celebrated, as is said, for the cure of indigestion and debility."

"Then it was doctor Waterworth, uncle, who found out the worth of the water?"

"Very fair! very fair indeed. I hardly expected you to be so clever. As I looked towards Freshwater cliffs, I saw Brooke Chine, and Chilton Chine, and Cowleaze Chine, and Whale Chine."

"Why is it called Whale Chine? was a whale ever caught there?"

"I believe a whale once got aground there, and was taken."

"Please to tell us how whales are caught?"

"They are caught by men in boats, who harpoon them. The harpoon is a kind of spear fastened to a rope. When the whale, after being struck, moves off rapidly in the water, it will sometimes run out all the line of the boat in eight or ten minutes. The rope runs off so fast, and the meeting

together of the rope and wood is so steady and rapid, that the harpooner is frequently covered with smoke, and if the wood was not constantly wetted, the boat would probably be set on fire. The side of the boat where the rope passes over is covered with brass, to prevent the rope from cutting the boat down to the water's edge."

"What dangers the men go through, who catch whales!"

"Sometimes when a line is entangled, if it be not let go, or cut in time, the whale carries the boat under the water, and the men can only escape by swimming."

"Worse and worse!"

"When a whale, or a fish, as whalers call it, is struck with a harpoon, it usually remains under water about half an hour, but some say it has been known to stop below, an hour and a half. The deeper the fish sinks, and the longer it remains under the water, the more easily it is killed when it returns to the surface, because the whale is most exhausted after sinking deep. When the whale reappears, the boats make for the place as fast as they can; and when they get near, each harpooner plunges his harpoon into his back. The whale

again sinks for a short time, and the boats wait for it again. In a little time it rises, and then it is pierced with lances. The water around becomes dyed with its blood, and the men and the boats are often covered with blood too, for when the poor whale is dying, it blows from the blow-holes in its head, large quantities of blood and water, raising its tail in the air, and whirling and jerking about violently; the noise may be heard for many miles."

"Poor whale! he must be in a sad plight when he makes that noise."

"I did not tell you that on the top of St. Catharine's there is a signal-station, and a pillar, called the Alexandrian Pillar, built by a Russian merchant, in commemoration of the visit of Alexander, emperor of Russia, to this country. The emperor had been kind to him in years passed by, and he wished to leave a record that his kindness had not been forgotten. It stands on the extreme point of the down, overhanging a sweet mansion, called Medina Hermitage."

"That pillar, standing on so high a hill, must be seen a long way off."

"Indeed it is. In old times, there was a chapel

on the hill, in which lived a monk, who had a certain sum allowed him by the year to sing mass, a religious service of the Roman Catholics, and to keep a light constantly burning, as a guide to mariners on the watery deep. The chapel is now a ruin, nothing but a tower remaining of it, and the lighthouse that was built afterwards on the hill soon became deserted; for the fogs that rose between it and the sea prevented the light from being seen."

"Ah, then it would be of no use to the poor sailors! We remember the account you gave us of the sad shipwreck of the Clarendon."

"That was indeed a sad affair.

'The seamen rouse them from their rest
As gathering perils round them close,
A chilling fear fills every breast,
And yet more dread the danger grows.

The cordage cracks, the lofty masts
Are snapp'd asunder by the gale,
Which bears upon its fitful blast
The fragments of each riven sail.

The mountain wave whirls fiercely round,
Then o'er the hapless vessel flies:
And with its clamour mocks the sound
Of man's loud wail and woman's cries.'

"From St. Catharine's Down you look on St. Catharine's Lighthouse, that stands on a cliff about fifty feet above the sea. It is a handsome octagon

building, about a hundred and twenty feet high, and many visitors go to inspect it. See another proof that great advantages sometimes spring from calamity. It was the wreck of the Clarendon that occasioned the building of the lighthouse, which no doubt has been a means of saving more lives than were lost in that shipwreck. 'A lighthouse,' says one, 'may be compared to a warning angel standing in the sea, and holding out a flaming sword to frighten men away from destruction.'"

"We shall never think of a lighthouse without thinking of the warning angel with his flaming sword."

"As you look on one side from St. Catharine's, you see Niton, Whitwell, and Appuldurcombe House, and Godshill, and Arreton, and Newchurch; and on the other side lie Chale, Kingston, Shorwell, with its neat spire, Brixton, Calbourne, and Mottistone. This last place is a pretty hamlet with a picturesque church.

"On the down that overlooks it, is a relic of very early times, called *long-stone*, being a rude mass of the hardest stone of the country, twelve feet high, placed on end by art, and entirely of the character of those unwrought remains which anti-

quaries in general have agreed to consider as Druidical. Near it lies a similar but smaller mass, in a horizontal position, and partly buried in the earth. From the apparent disconnexion of these stones with any greater number of the same kind, we are not disposed to view them as having been placed here for any ecclesiastical purpose; more especially as *mottistone*, which seems to have taken its name from the larger fragment, approaches very nearly to a compound Saxon word, which, in modern English, would signify the *stone* at which the *folk-motes*, or meetings of the people, were frequently held in old times."

"How long did you stay at the top of St. Catharine's?"

"A considerable time, and a curious adventure occurred to me before I left it."

"What was it, uncle? what was it?"

"As I stood with pencil and paper in my hand, putting down a few remarks, I was suddenly attacked in the most violent manner by a creature with a sting, that flew at me at least a dozen times over."

"What kind of creature was it? Had you a stick with you? How big was it?"

“ Why it was not so large as the big dog that met me in the pleasure-grounds at Mirables.”

“ Did you knock it down? Did you beat it off? How did you save yourself?”

“ No sooner did I fold up my paper and put it in my pocket, than the creature flew away.”

“ Flew away! why it had wings then? Was it a bird? But it had a sting—it must have been like a dragon. You are smiling, uncle, you are smiling! Do please to tell us what it was?”

“ Well, then, if you must have the truth, it was a bee.”

“ A bee! why you said that it was not so large as the big dog you met!”

“ I did say so, and I entertain the same opinion still.”

“ Oh, uncle! uncle! And what could have made the bee fly at you so?”

“ I rather think it was the white paper in my hand; for the creature evidently was determined to alight upon it, perhaps taking it for a flower. Seeing this, I folded up my paper, and the insect left me; soon after this I descended St. Catharine's. What a speck did I appear beside the high down when I arrived at the bottom!—

When measured where mole-hills are scattered around,
Proud man in his stature a giant is found ;
But when measured by mountains, more mighty than he,
Oh what a poor pigmy he turns out to be !"

CHAPTER XVII.

Owen surprised in the alcove.—Knowledge double pleasure.—The poor woman and her tale of sorrow.—Newport.—The church and the old Grammar School.—King Charles's attempts to escape from Carisbrook.—Barton's village.—Pan.—Hunny Hill.—Fairlee.—House of Industry.—Barracks.—Parkhurst Prison.—Quarr Abbey.—East Cowes.—Norris Castle.—Osborne House.—Whippingham.—West Cowes.

WILLIAM, Walter, and Mary Gladdon, who had been much entertained by their uncle's last conversation with them, especially with his jokes about the good ship Beaver, and the bee, were not long before they contrived another meeting. Now and then Owen used to retire and sit alone in the alcove by the fish-pond, and it was in this place that they surprised him in his meditations.

“What!” said he, when they came upon him, “have you not had enough of the Isle of Wight yet? Sit you down then, and I will lead you a dance through some parts of it, of which I have not yet spoken.” In an instant all of them were seated in an attitude of attention, and their uncle proceeded thus—

“In walking on to Newport, I looked about me,

for when we keep our eyes and our ears open, we may learn many a lesson which otherwise we should lose.

See, reflect, and spare no trouble,
Knowledge makes our pleasures double.

“ As I came up to a little tenement by the way-side, I saw a poor woman taking leave of an old man, whose gray hairs hung loosely down on each side of his face. ‘Is that your father?’ said I to her, as she walked on. ‘It is, sir,’ replied she, ‘and in that cottage I have a dying mother.’ ‘And you are obliged to leave her, I fear?’ ‘I am, sir, more is the pity, for I have a family of small children at Gosport to attend to. Poor people cannot do as they like, sir, and I fear mother will be gone before I can come over again to see her.’ She then told me a tale of woe that made my heart ache, for her husband had been a soldier, and she had been with him in India, and what with the climate, and the swamps, and the fever, and the hardships she had endured, and the loss of her children, she had passed through years of trouble. But her husband had been a good husband, and God had blessed her in her trials. I was pleased with the poor woman, and I hope that what I said to her gave her comfort.

It does us good to mingle with the poor,
For oftentimes the knowledge of their griefs
Teaches us patiently to bear our own."

"The poor woman mingled her melancholy story with so many relations about Sepoys, Lascars, Malays, jungles, tigers, snakes, ants and other insects, that I listened to her with much interest."

"What did she say about snakes and tigers? Try to remember it all, uncle, please?"

"Not now, for I am telling you of my wanderings in the Isle of Wight, and not giving you a description of the East Indies."

"Please then to tell us, before you go on, what a Sepoy is? and what a Lascar is?"

"I thought you knew. A Sepoy is a native Indian soldier, and a Lascar is a native Indian sailor."

"I told you before that Newport is the capital of the Isle of Wight. The church is an ancient one, and the old grammar-school is an object of some curiosity, for it was inside its walls that the memorable conference was held, between king Charles the First and the commissioners appointed by the British parliament. When I found myself again so near Carisbrook Castle, it was quite a temptation, once more to visit the old ruin; but I did not go."

"You should have gone, uncle, for it is worth

going to see twenty times. You told us that king Charles was a prisoner there, and tried to escape through a window."

"I did, but the particulars were not related to you. It is said that, according to a plan secretly formed by him and his friends, the king was to let himself down by a cord from a window in his apartment. A swift horse, with a guide, was to wait for him at the bottom of the ramparts; and a vessel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleased. The chief difficulty was, how the king should get between the iron bars of his window. Charles assured them he had tried the passage, and did not doubt that it was sufficiently large; but on the sign being given, and the king beginning the attempt, he soon found he had made a false calculation. Having protruded his head and shoulders, he could get no further: and what was worse, he could not draw himself back. His friends at the bottom heard him groan in his distress, but were unable to relieve him. At length, however, by repeated efforts, he got himself disengaged; but made, at that time, no further attempt."

"How disappointed he must have been!"

"He must indeed. I walked over to Mountjoy,

a high spot, which is very near the middle of the island, commanding

A gayly-chequered, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around.

“ I went to Barton’s village, and a steep, lofty down, called Pan, and Hunny Hill, and Fairlee, whose wooded grounds gracefully sweep down to the eastern bank of the river Medina. I saw also the House of Industry, the Albany Barracks, and the Parkhurst Prison on one side of the river, and Downend, and Wootton, and Quarr, on the other—

Whose mouldering abbey walls o’erhang the glade,
And oaks coeval, spread a mournful shade.”

“ Oh! what of Quarr Abbey? do tell us what sort of a place the abbey is?”

“ ‘The Isle of Wight had, like every other part of England previous to the Reformation, its full share of monastic and other ecclesiastical institutions, of which the most magnificent was Quarr Abbey, built in the twelfth century, and situate in a charming valley near Ryde, on the road to Newport.’ ”

“ Is it kept up as an abbey now, and are there monks in it with gowns on?”

“ Oh no! ‘of this once famous establishment,

little now remains, except some of the outer walls, which are stated to have circumscribed nearly thirty acres; and a very small portion of the appendant offices of the abbey, which have been converted into barns, and other farm erections; so that in fact their examination at present affords but little satisfaction, even to the most inquisitive antiquarian. Quarr was among the first monasteries of the Cistercian order in England, being founded by Baldwin, earl of Devon, in the time of Henry the First; it was largely endowed; but after its dissolution, it was purchased by a Mr. Mills, merchant of Southampton, and pulled down for the sake of the materials! Several illustrious persons were buried in the chapel, and some very sumptuous monuments erected to their memory."

"When an abbey falls into ruin, the monuments are sure to fall into ruin too."

"Near St. Helen's once stood a priory of some consequence, but it shared the same ignominious fate as Quarr Abbey, for not a vestige remains but is now wrought into the walls of cow-sheds and other farm-offices! A gentleman's modern mansion occupies the site, and hence derives its name."

"What is the difference, uncle, between an abbey and a priory?"

“ An abbey has an abbot at its head, either mitred or not, as the case may be, while a priory is governed by a prior. / A prior is lower in dignity than an abbot, so that a priory is a lesser kind of abbey.”

“ Thank you, uncle. It is quite clear now.”

“ There was also a priory at Appuldurcombe; one at St. Cross, near Newport; and another at Carisbrook, (vestiges of which may still be traced,) together with a great number of oratories, chantries, chapels, and religious houses, amounting in the whole to seventy or eighty, exclusive of the regular parish churches; and yet not one of these objects has survived the doom to spoliation, neglect and ruin! Not even a spiry fragment sufficiently large, or romantic, to form a pleasing subject for the pencil, invite the mind to contemplation, or aid the poet's imagination.’

They were, but time has changed the scene;—

They are, as though they had not been.”

“ How many places have crumbled into ruin and been forgotten!”

“ Yes!—not in the Isle of Wight only, but every where else. Neither man, nor the habitations of man, can stand against the ravages of time. This is a changing world, and it becomes us to prepare for changes, by looking to Him who changes not,

and trusting that Saviour, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I failed not to visit East Cowes Castle, which is hardly to be called a castle after all, it is so light and airy in its appearance. Its prospect inland, and its view of Cowes harbour, and the woody banks of Southampton water is a fine one. Norris Castle, with its ivy-clad towers, that stands on the steep slope of the most northern point of the island, at the first view, you take to be hundreds of years older than it is.

“ I went to Osborne House, of which a very curious tale is told. During the civil war, between Charles the First and the parliament, Eustace Man, who then lived at Osborne House, buried some valuable property in a wood on the manor, and this property, in spite of all his exertions, he never could find again.

“ What a pity !—and, is the property in the wood now ? ”

“ That I cannot say. I had no time to stay and look for it, though the place where it is thought to have been buried has been called Money Coppice ever since. Osborne House is now inhabited by the queen, who has taken it for the advantage of her young family. Her Majesty spends much of her time

there, and it is evidently a favourite abode with her. May health be her portion, and a blessing rest on her, and her consort, and their children! may her brows long wear the diadem, and her heart be set on heavenly things! May she be guided by the Holy Spirit, and depend wholly on Christ for eternal life! Never wish to sway a sceptre, dear children, for its cares outweigh its pleasures, and the mightiest as well as the meanest must die, and appear before the judge of quick and dead.

‘Oh short are the pleasures that cling to a crown,
For the lofty and great to the dust must bow down;
And the mightiest of earth sleep for ever alone,
The worm for their brother, the clay for their throne!’”

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The river Medina.—The ferry-boat.—The pilot and the young man.—Harbour and dock-yards.—West Cowes Castle.—Royal yacht clubhouse.—Yarmouth.—The Solent Sea.—The little inn.—The river Yar.—The church, castle, and mill.—Children at play.—Lanes, fields, and churchyard.

“You were telling us about Cowes, and Norris Castle, and Osborne House, where the money was buried in the wood,” said William Gladdon to his uncle, whom he found seated in the shrubbery. “Now please to tell us about some other parts of the island.”

Walter and Mary, who soon joined their brother, sat down with him on the dry grass, and their uncle proceeded thus:—

“In crossing the river Medina, which divides East Cowes from West Cowes, in the ferry-boat, with about half-a-dozen other people, a conversation sprang up among my fellow-passengers about the queen, when a broad-shouldered, bold-looking man, a pilot, said that if he should ever come

alongside her majesty, the queen, he would take off his cap to her, but that he would not do as much for the lord high admiral, nor for any one else. 'And who is the queen?' asked a thin, white-faced young man, 'that you should pull off your cap to her? She is no better than another; and if she were here, sitting in the boat, I would not take off my hat to her.' 'Would you not?' replied the pilot, 'then I will tell you who would take it off for you, and knock you down into the bargain.' 'Who?' said the white-faced young man. 'Why I would,' replied the pilot, 'and after a rough fashion, too!' Fearing lest words should come to blows, I put in a gentle remark, for you know soft words turn away wrath, while 'grievous words stir up anger.' I told the pilot that I thought there was too much good humour in his face, for him to knock down another for not agreeing with him in opinion: and I reminded the young man, that, as the Word of God said 'Fear God, honour the King,' so it seemed unreasonable in him, when a queen reigned over us, to deny her a mark of respect, that would cost him so little. When I left the boat, good feeling seemed to be in a measure restored."

“ That young man was in the wrong, though the pilot was, perhaps, a little too hasty.”

“ I did not remain long at West Cowes, with its narrow streets, for I wanted to get to the west end of the island, where there was to be seen something that would please me better than brick and mortar. However, I walked on the parade, and took especial notice of the harbour and dockyards, visited West Cowes Castle, (rather a poor affair in the castle way,) the Gothic villa of sir John Hipplesley, the Royal Yacht Club-house, and other places, and then set out for Yarmouth. I might say a little of Newtown, and Swanston House, and Shalfleet, and other places visited by me ; but as it would not much interest you, I shall take you with me to Yarmouth at once.”

“ Yarmouth, uncle ! why cousin Henry is just come from Yarmouth, where he has been to bathe in the sea on account of his health, and he told us that Yarmouth was in Norfolk.”

“ Yes, Norfolk has one Yarmouth, and the Isle of Wight has another. Yarmouth in Norfolk is in the east of England, but the Yarmouth that I am speaking of, is in the west of the Isle of Wight. To my mind, it is a pretty, neat, quiet place, not

of half the consequence certainly that it once was, but then it was all the quieter on that account. It has a fine view of the opposite coast of Dorsetshire, and the point of land stretching into the sea, on which Hurst Castle stands, with Lymington at no great distance. This is the part, or perhaps one of the parts, where the Isle of Wight is supposed to have once been united to the main land, though the sea now rolls between them.

The water of the rolling tides
The island and the land divides

“Some say the Solent Sea has its name from a word meaning to divide, while others say the word solent means solvent, and that the earth being chalky, has been gradually washed away by it. Perhaps I have told you this before. It is one of the many things that must be left in a state of uncertainty.”

“And you liked Yarmouth, did you?”

“I did; and my companion liked it too. We put up at a little inn near the quay, and met with good fare and civil treatment. Pleasant it was to step down to the water’s side, and look at the ships, and talk with the sailors.”

“Yes, we should have liked that.”

“ A melancholy affair happened at Yarmouth some years ago. A collier’s vessel from Newcastle was lying in the roads in very stormy weather, when the wife of the captain was taken suddenly ill, and a doctor was sent for from the town. The only doctor at home was an elderly man, very much respected, who was advised by his friends not to venture out to sea in such tempestuous weather. The worthy man, however, would do what he considered to be his duty ; he went, but he never returned. A dreadful storm came on, and the ship was lost. A few sailors were saved by clinging to the rigging of the vessel, but the rest of the crew, and the doctor with them, found a watery grave.”

“ Dear ! dear ! that was a sad affair !”

“ The river Yar, at its mouth, is a strange place. Oh, what a mud-pit ! When the tide is in, it looks something like a river ; but when it is out, there is barely water enough to float a ferry-boat. The mud is, I suppose, eight or ten feet deep.”

“ Eight or ten feet deep ! That must be a mud-pit, indeed !”

“ I had half made up my mind to go to Alum Bay the afternoon I arrived at Yarmouth, but had

I done so, I should have been in no little danger, for I must have returned late to the ferry, where, being a stranger, and expecting to find things as I left them, they would have been altogether different. Instead of finding a boat at the common crossing-place, I should have been obliged to advance a long way, on account of the low water; and not knowing the path, and not being aware of the mud, in the darkness of the night I should have run no small risk of getting up to my neck in the mud-pit. When I understood this, I was not a little thankful. We know not half the dangers from which we are mercifully preserved; we know not how often, by our Heavenly Father, messengers of mercy

Are sent to guide us on our way,
And guard us both by night and day."

"It was a good thing, uncle, that you did not ferry over the afternoon before."

"It was indeed. My companion and I soon saw the church and the castle, and all that was to be seen in Yarmouth, and then we strolled out a little from the place. We got a sight in the distance of Colwell Bay. As we walked towards a mill, we passed by two groups of children. A party of

girls, as happy as little queens, were playing on a sand-hill. A troop of boys at a distance from them were amusing themselves in throwing up their caps into the air. 'My cap is the highest!—My cap is the highest!' was the continual cry. It did me good to see the laughing rogues and the good-humoured little maidens so happy."

"You always like to see people happy, uncle."

"I hope so. The lanes and the fields were pleasant to ramble in, for the grass was green, and flowers were abundantly spread in our pathways. The evening was calm and peaceful, and we walked in a tranquil spirit towards the churchyard."

"Ay, you would be sure to go there."

"The churchyard that we entered at Yarmouth was detached from the church; it had a simple, field-like appearance, and was, indeed, a fit place for solemn reflection. The tenants of the first three graves that I came to, had died at the advanced ages of seventy-one, seventy-eight, and seventy-nine years. One stone was inscribed to James Brown, who was accidentally killed by a fall from the mast-head of the Pallas Pilot vessel: 'in the midst of life we are in death;' and another to John Davis, aged sixteen, drowned while in a boat

belonging to his ship, the Siam, from India, wrecked in Compton Bay. There were several cromlech-like tombs, with large, heavy, unshapely slabs of stone laid across others, and hanging over; some of them were ivied, and others had beds of long grass and nettles close around them, which showed that they had not been much disturbed."

"That place would just suit you, uncle, to ramble in."

"It suited me very well, and brought to my mind many precious texts of holy Scripture, that we ought frequently to think of: 'Our days on the earth are as a shadow.' 'What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death?' 'Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.' 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.' 'God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave, for he shall receive me.' 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' 'The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' 'The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.' It has been said, with great truth, that if there are two texts of Scripture more

necessary for us to know and to feel than any others, they are these: 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God,' Rom. iii. 23; 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' 1 Tim. i. 15.

CHAPTER XIX.

The lovely walk.—The tethered cow.—Headen Hill.—The white cliffs.—The red lighthouse.—Inquiries about the distance to Alum Bay.—The plant called cuckoo-pint.—The seven aged men.—The child and the kitten.—The prospect.—The clergyman and the little boy.—The gipsy girl.—The chine near Alum Bay.—The Needles.

It happened that Owen Gladdon had to make a call at a distant cottage, and William, Walter, and Mary, asked leave to walk with him, for they knew that, then, he would go on with the account of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight. By the time the party had reached the Green Lane, Owen had resumed his narrative.

“I told you what a mud-pit the mouth of the Yar was, when the tide was out; but when I and my companion crossed it, on the following morning, it was a goodly river, as much, perhaps, as a quarter of a mile broad. We had before us a lovely walk, for such we found it, of about six or seven miles, to Alum Bay and Freshwater Cliffs. Oh, how you would have enjoyed it, for

The sun amid the sky was bright,
With golden beams of living light ;
The topmost branches of the trees
Were waving with the morning breeze ;
And Nature, in her loveliest dress,
Put on an air of cheerfulness.

We passed through the most beautiful, narrow, winding lanes, between sweet banks of blooming flowers, blue, scarlet, and yellow. We crossed a wild, hilly common, abounding with bright, yellow-blossomed furze-bushes, purple heath-flowers, and light-blue harebells. The villages were so pleasant and retired, the cottages so neat and picturesque, and the general scenery altogether so sweet and lovely, that tears of delight stood in the eyes of my companion."

"It must have been a pleasant walk; but, uncle, when you talk about winding lanes, and sweet banks, and hilly commons, it is not like telling us of the adventures you met with. Please not to mingle things altogether so, but to tell us of them one at a time, and then we shall enjoy them the more."

"I think you are right; I ought not to huddle them up together, but to speak of them separately. In a field we saw a cow tethered, or fastened to a

heavy stone, to prevent her from going beyond the length of the cord that bound her, and treading down the clover. ‘Oh,’ thought I, ‘many of us require tethering quite as much as the poor cow does!’ As we walked on, Headen Hill was in the distance before us; the sea on the right with the tall white cliffs on the opposite shore; and when we looked back towards Yarmouth, there stood the red lighthouse on the strip of land that stretches out into the sea. To our inquiries about the distance, ‘A matter of four miles-good,’ said an old woman. ‘You will not reach Alum Bay under five miles, any how,’ said a ploughman, speaking through the hedge. ‘It is six miles, right away over the big down,’ said a cottager.”

“Well done! why they make it more and more every time.”

“Country people seldom agree about distances. In the neighbourhood of Norton, and in the lanes beyond, we found growing in abundance red eye-bright, harts-tongue, rough oat-grass, cat’s-tail, and the poisonous plant, called cuckoo-pint. This last is a cluster of green, yellow, and red berries, resembling Indian corn. The berries are about the size of a pea, or small bean, and as many as a

hundred of them grow together. At first they are green, but afterwards ripen into red."

"They must look very pretty in the hedges."

"There were whole banks of flowers of the forget-me-not kind, and now and then we saw a village-green, sweet, quiet, and rural. At one place, we came to a cottage by the way-side, where seven aged men were standing in a little front court; some of them so aged, that they reminded me of the words of Job: 'With us are both the gray-headed, and very aged men, much elder than thy father,' Job xv. 10. The thin gray hair straggled down on each side of their faces, and I could not imagine why they stood there so silently. Every one took off his hat as we came up, uncovering his hoary head, and I did the same; and as I walked on, I kept wondering what it might mean.

Why stand those aged men alone,
As still as they were carved in stone?
They almost draw me back again,
Those aged men! those aged men!

"At last, after walking some distance, I met a gentlemanly man, whom I questioned about the matter. 'Can you tell me, sir,' said I, 'for what, or for whom, the seven aged men are waiting in

front of the cottage that I passed at some distance yonder?' 'The seven aged men of whom you speak, sir, are waiting for me,' he replied, 'and the meaning of it is this,—they are seven poor men, and I am the relieving officer of the district.' ”

“ Oh, that was it, uncle. Then you understood all about it at once.”

“ Beside another cottage was a sweet rosy-faced child, playing with a kitten. Pussy waved her tail, and scampered off, and came back again, and the child laughed, so that which was the happier of the two we could not tell. A little boy undertook to guide us through some of the winding lanes, but when we came to the gate, leading to that furzy wild, the hilly common, we gave him a trifle, and set him at liberty. The face of our little guide was disfigured, and when we asked him about it, he seemed anxious to keep his own secret. For a short time we seated ourselves on a piece of timber that lay there, to rest ourselves, and to enjoy the breeze and the prospect; and I cannot tell you how delightful it was! The bright sun and the blue sky, the fresh gale and the yellow-blossomed furze, the bird, the bee, the butterfly, all gave a charm to the scene; while the hilly common in the fore-

ground, and the sea and white cliffs in the distance, over Colwell and Totland Bays, were truly delightful. The lark was up too high to heed us, but

The air all around us with melody rang,
As onwards and upwards she soared and she sang."

"You would enjoy that greatly."

"While sitting on the timber, we could just hear the soft voice of one person speaking to another, and turning our heads we saw a gentleman in black, no doubt the clergyman of the parish, standing with the little boy who had been our guide. We could just hear all that was said, and it did us good to hear it. It appeared that the little boy had quarrelled and fought with another, and also played truant; but the clergyman spoke to him so sweetly, that unless he was a very bad boy indeed, it must have made him truly sorry for what he had done. We listened with attention, and our ears drank in every word, so that the good man, without suspecting it, was talking to three people at the same time. He did not scold, and threaten, but spoke seriously and kindly, as though the boy's misconduct had made him unhappy. He reminded him how much God had borne with us, and forgiven us, and done for us, and therefore how

much we ought to bear and forgive, and do for one another.”

“ That was a very kind clergyman.”

“ He was indeed. A pastor who in a by-lane will take the trouble to instruct a thoughtless lad, setting before him kindly, plainly and faithfully his faults, together with the goodness of our heavenly Father in giving his son Jesus Christ to die for sinners, thus making him acquainted with the only way to obtain peace in this world and salvation in the next, through faith in him who died upon the cross,—I say a pastor who will thus, not only in the pulpit, in the house of God, but also in the shady lane and the lonely common, act kindly, and faithfully, reprove evil, encourage good, and commend the gospel of Jesus Christ to the poor around him, must be a blessing to the neighbourhood where he resides. I shall not soon forget that walk.”

“ No, that you will not.”

“ While I am telling you of it, the whole scenery seems to come before me,—

And fancy paints that sportive child,
The chalky cliffs and furzy wild;
And memory still brings back again
Those aged men! those aged men!

“ Within a mile or less of Alum Bay, a gipsy-girl opened a gate for us that led to a beautiful common covered with furze and fern. The gipsy-girl civilly directed us to the path we should take, and soon we saw a plain, large, comfortable-looking hotel or boarding-house, on the left, very pleasantly situated; we then came to a long and deep chine. At first, we might have jumped across it, but, by degrees, it became both deep and wide. The shadows by the side of the tall furze-bushes growing on each bank of the chine, gave a depth and beauty to the scene that I cannot describe; we do not see half the beauty in shadows that we ought to see! Sea-birds were wailing above the cliffs in the distance, and other birds, with long legs, were running rapidly among the furze bushes; whether they were lapwings or not I cannot tell. One of these birds alighted on the back of a sheep that was grazing on the common, and seemed quite at home there.”

“ Oh the rogue! he had done the same thing before, no doubt.”

“ At last we came to Alum Bay, and my heart began to beat, not on account of the Bay, but on account of the Needle Rocks. I had heard so much, and read so much of them, that the very thought of

gazing on such mighty giants in another minute or two, with my own eyes, quite excited me. But when I did see them across the bay, they looked in the distance, at the end of the taller cliffs, such little, contemptible, wedge-like, ugly dwarfs, that the glittering bubble of expectation which fancy had blown, burst in a moment, and came at once to the ground."

"But are the Needle Rocks really such little things?"

"Little!—No, but St. Paul's Cathedral, huge as it is, would look little by the side of the pyramids of Egypt. Things are great or little by comparison. Have you forgotten the verse I gave you when I was speaking of St. Catharine's Down?"

"No, uncle, no." Here William repeated directly the lines to which his uncle referred.

When measured where mole-hills are scattered around,
Proud man in his stature a giant is found;
But when measured by mountains, more mighty than he
Oh what a poor pigmy he turns out to be!

"The Needle Rocks," continued Owen, are massy fragments which, no doubt, once joined the higher cliffs. Some people say that their name is a corruption of two Saxon words signifying Undercliff.

The common opinion, however, is, that they were first called needles on account of their pointed tops. Those that are now standing must have been, in the course of time, much altered in their forms : the one called Lot's-wife, which fell into the sea in the last century with a crash that was heard for miles, was about as high as three good-sized houses, one on the top of another, and quite pointed at the summit. The name needle as applied to a sharp-pointed rock, is by no means uncommon : the Aiguilles (needles) of Mont Blanc are numerous. Rush, who was some years ago the American envoy to the British Court, says, 'In good time we approached the Needles; the spectacle was grand; our officers gazed in admiration. The very men who swarmed upon the deck, made a pause to look upon the giddy height. The most exact steerage seemed necessary to save the ship from the sharp rocks that compress the waters into the narrow straits below. There is something imposing on entering England by this access. I afterwards entered at Dover in a packet from Calais, my eyes fixed on the sentinels as they slowly paced the heights, but those cliffs, bold as they are, did not equal the passage through the needles.'

As they had now almost reached the cottage, at which Owen Gladdon had to call, he at once broke off his narrative, bidding the young people amuse themselves as well as they could, till he again joined them.

CHAPTER XX.

Alum Bay.—Museum.—Boatman's card.—Mr. Bustle.—Coloured sands and ochreous earths, white, black, red, blue, and yellow.—The beach.—The puddle.—The top of the cliffs.—Isle of Purbeck.—Swanage Bay.—Pebble point.—Old Harry.—White sand.—Beautiful moss and flowers.—The stile.—The boy and the sea-gull.—Method of descending the cliffs for birds' eggs.—The view from the Lighthouse Down.

DURING the absence of Owen Gladdon, William, Walter, and Mary kept a sharp look out for his return; and no sooner did he make his appearance, than they reminded him, that before he went into the cottage, he was telling them about the Needle Rocks.

“I was,” said he; “and now I will say something about Alum Bay. As you go down the chine, there is a small museum, in which you may see a collection of shells, fossils, and different marine productions, with specimens of the coloured earth and sand of the place, some in pieces, and others curiously arranged in bottles. Soon after I reached the water-side at the bay, a boatman put into my

hand a card of the wonders that were to be seen. This is the very card he gave me:—

“ 1. Alum Bay; whose cliffs consist of variously coloured sands, clay, and ochreous earth, disposed in alternate vertical strata.

“ 2. The fine Needle Rocks.

“ 3. The Needles Cave, two hundred feet deep.

“ 4. Scratchell's Bay; cliffs celebrated for their beautiful stratification, and a magnificent recess, presenting the exact appearance of a grand arch, which awfully overhangs the beach two hundred feet.

“ 5. Main-bench, the principal resting place of the birds called puffins, willocks, razor-bills, cormorants, choughs, etc.

“ 6. Old Pepper Rock.

“ 7. Wedge-Rocks, and Roe's Hall, six hundred feet high.

“ 8. Lord Holme's parlour and kitchen.

“ 9. Frenchman's Hole, ninety feet deep.

“ 10. High Down Cliffs, six hundred and seventeen feet high.

“ 11. Bar Cave, ninety feet deep.

“ 12. Neptune's Large Cove, two hundred feet deep; Small, ninety feet deep.”

“ ‘ 13. The Four Caves of Watcombe.

“ ‘ 14. Watcombe Bay and picturesque rock.

“ ‘ 15. Freshwater Cavern, a hundred and twenty feet deep.’ ”

“ What a number of curiosities ! why they would take a whole day to see.”

“ So busy was I in talking with the boatman, and looking up at the cliffs, that for a quarter of an hour, I never once turned round towards the bay. All at once, however, hearing a dipping of oars, I looked towards the landing-place, and saw another boatman, about to land a passenger.”

“ He had been to the Needles, very likely.”

“ He had, and to many other places too. The moment he leaped ashore, I saw who he was. His face was as red as ever ; you may be sure his straw hat was quite as broad in the brim as usual, and his yellow silk handkerchief quite as showy as it was before.”

“ Oh ! it was Mr. Bustle come again ; and was he in as great a hurry as he was when at Black-gang Chine ?”

“ Every whit. ‘ Once more we meet, sir,’ said he, as he hurried across the loose pebbles, and made towards the steep road up the chine, for I suppose

he had paid the boatman before. ‘Once more we meet, sir,’ said he, ‘as I thought we should. Beautiful bay this! beautiful rocks! beautiful prospect! and beautiful sailing through the Needles; I have been to the Main-bench among the willocks, the choughs, the puffins, and the razor-bills, peeping at old Pepper Rock—visiting the Four Caves at Watcombe—cutting my name in Lord Holmes’s parlour and kitchen—and paying my respects to the Grand Arch in Scratchell’s Bay, the Wedge Rock, Neptune’s Cave, and Freshwater Cavern. Wonderful sights! every one of them worth seeing! I am off for London! trudge it to Yarmouth, steam it to Southampton, and then start by a first-class fast-train on the railroad!’ I thought he was quite gone, but presently after, I heard him shout out, at the top of his voice, from where he was, part of the way up the chine, ‘Farewell, sir! farewell! make the best of your way to Freshwater Cavern, and be sure that you have a peep at Old Pepper!’”

“Uncle! uncle! what a comical man! Go where he will, he must keep the place and the people in a bustle.”

“Alum Bay has its name from the circumstance of alum being frequently picked up on the beach.

The boatman who walked along the shore with me, picked up some on purpose to show it to me, but it did not look like the clear, pure alum, sold by the druggists; it was mingled with different coloured earths. The white sand procured at this place, is used in the manufacture of glass and china. Shrimps, prawns, crabs, and lobsters are caught here. Alum Bay is thus described: 'The cliff consists of, first, a vast precipice of chalk, and then a succession of vertical, or upright strata of different coloured sands and ochreous earths, white, black, red, blue and yellow; in some parts pure and unbroken, and in others blending into every variety of tint; and so bright, as to be compared by the best writers to 'the shades of silk,' and 'the stripes on the leaves of a tulip.' "

"Only to think that rocks should be as bright as ribands, and tulip leaves!"

"I am afraid that this is a little brighter than the truth. Alum Bay is a wonderful place, and it highly gratified me; but, certainly, if such thoughts had not been put into my head, the rocks there, beautiful as they are, would never have reminded me of the leaves of a tulip. The description is too vivid. He who painted it put 'rather too much colour in

the brush.' Oh, how we love to relate a marvelous thing, and to make one another stare with astonishment! Where there is one person who would represent a moonless and starless night to be dark, there are two who would say it was 'black as pitch.' And where one will tell you a man's face changed colour through fear, three might be found who would affirm that his cheeks were 'pale as death,' or 'as white as a sheet.'

"You are right in that, uncle, certainly."

"The beach of Alum Bay consists of large pebbles, flints, and other stones. As I walked on before the boatman, I came to what I took to be a heap of dry earth; but no sooner did I put my foot on it, than in I went, for it was a complete puddle, brought down from the cliffs by one of the land-springs. The boatman ran up to warn me of it, but it was too late; my boots were in a sad plight, and not at all fit to appear in at Freshwater-gate."

"It may be said, uncle, that you had, then, your mud-boots on."

"It may, indeed; I remembered the puddle; and on returning along the shore, carefully picked my road. 'A burnt child,' said I to the boatman, 'dreads the fire; and a man who has stepped into

a puddle, half-way up to his knees, has need to walk with some circumspection.' After seeing what was to be seen on the shore, I retraced my steps up the chine, and mounted the tops of the cliffs."

"You would enjoy the prospect of the sea from the tops of the high cliffs."

"I did; for

'I love to set me on some steep,
That overhangs the billowy deep,
And hear the waters roar;
I love to see the big waves fly
And mount as if they sought the sky,
Then burst upon the shore.

"I saw the Isle of Purbeck, whence Purbeck marble is obtained, on the coast of Dorsetshire; and Swanage Bay, and Pebble Point, and the cliff called Old Harry. On the tops of the cliffs the down is not earth, but a fine white sand; and on this sand grow the loveliest little flowers, and mosses, and gems of tiny harebells and yellow flowers that can be imagined. I loitered for some time, watching in the distance the lessening form of my companion, who had left me to spend an hour at a friendly cottage and then return to Yarmouth: and afterwards I climbed the stile on my way to the high down."

"What! was there a stile on the top of the cliffs? That was a curious place for a stile."

“ Yes, and so near the edge of the cliffs, that I could have leaped from it down a precipice of four hundred feet. That stile cannot stand much longer, for the cliff is crumbling from beneath it.”

“ It ought to be taken down. Perhaps it may tumble just as somebody is getting over it.”

“ After getting over the stile, I met a boy coming from the lighthouse, carrying a sea-gull which he had knocked on the head with a stone. He told me that he often did the same thing.”

“ That is too bad. What business had he to kill the poor gulls?”

“ Some of the poor people round about Alum Bay and Freshwater Cliffs, look to the sea birds and their eggs for a part of their livelihood. Oh it is a dangerous trade to let themselves down, dangling from the high cliffs! But you must have a more particular description. Neither fish nor fowl can haunt a coast, but the inhabitants find some means of turning them to advantage. Unable to get at the latter from below by climbing, the islanders reach them from above, by descending the perpendicular cliffs, in much the same perilous manner as is practised by the Norwegians, and the hardy natives of the Ferro Islands. They drive a large

stake or iron bar into the top of the cliff; to this stake or bar, they fasten a strong rope, at the other end of which there is a stick put cross-wise, for the adventurer to sit upon, or support himself by; and with this simple apparatus he lets himself down the front of the horrid precipice. If his object is to secure eggs, he halloos as he descends, to scare the birds away; but when he wishes to obtain feathers, and the birds themselves, he goes to work in silence, and either catches them in their nests, or knocks them down with a stick as they fly out of their holes. The feathers of the birds are of value, and their flesh is used by the fishermen, who bait their crab-pots with it. Some of the eggs are said to be very good eating: here, too, grows samphire in fine green tufts; and those who gather it, are let down by a rope from above in the same manner as the fowlers. The pebbles below, over which the sea rolls, are black and shining, being mainly flints, loosened or dissolved from their beds in the chalk, and broken and polished by the friction of ages, produced by the never-resting tides and waves. The water at the foot of the cliffs is so clear, that one can see many fathoms deep, to the bottom of it."

"What with its 'riband,' and 'tulip' rocks—its

pebbly beach, its alum, shrimps, prawns, crabs, lobsters, and sea birds, Alum Bay must be a curious place. The sea-gulls sailing about must look very grand."

"They add much to the interest of the spot. When a storm is coming on, those that are out at sea, make for the shore for safety.

'The screaming sea-gull wings her way,
In terror to the rocky shore,
Whose crags dash back the briny spray,
Whose caves re-echo ocean's roar.

'God of the dark tempestuous deep!
When howling storms convulse the sea,
And rouse it from its wonted sleep,
We turn our troubled hearts to Thee.'

"If the stake should give way, or the rope break with a man upon it, he must be dashed to pieces."

"There would be but little likelihood of his escaping. As I rambled on along the side of the lighthouse down towards the Needles and the lighthouse, the prospect was magnificent. The coloured cliffs of Alum Bay, lit up by the sunshine, were seen in profile to great advantage. The opposite shore stretched out in the distance far and wide. The sea-gulls were sailing and wailing, and

wildly crying around me, and the wide ocean to the left was boundless to the sight. I was quite excited with the scene, and a song of thanksgiving burst from my lips. What wisdom and power are set forth in creation! What mercy is manifested in redemption! How wise, how good, how mighty is God!

‘The new creation of the soul
Does now no less his power display,
Than when he formed the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.’”

CHAPTER XXI.

Vastness and sublimity of the cliff-scenery.—Scratchell's Bay.—The sail between and round the Needles.—Dazzling whiteness of the cliffs.—The silvery sun and the silvery scenery.—The flint stratification of the precipices.—The Grand Cove, with its magnificent arch.—Strange phenomenon of broken flints.—The lighthouse.—The harebells.—The old gull.—The Alarm.

It was in the little back parlour, with the window open in the direction of the setting sun, that Owen Gladdon next resumed the narrative of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight, to the great gratification of William, Walter, and Mary.

“You told us about Alum Bay last,” said William.

“And about dangling down the cliffs to get at the eggs of the sea birds,” added Walter.

“Ay, I remember,” replied Owen, “and now you shall know a little more of other places, though listening to my account of them, and seeing the places themselves, are very different things. There is such a vastness, awfulness, and sublimity in that part of the Isle of Wight, of which I am now

about to speak, that the best description of it would give but a faint sketch of the reality.

High the towering summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurled;
Like the pillars of the skies—
Like the ramparts of the world!"

"Well, uncle! We may perhaps see these things with our own eyes sometime."

"I hope you will—I hope you will! nothing can be more interesting, particularly to those who take pleasure in excursions on the water, than to sail between and round the Needles. The wonderfully coloured cliffs of Alum Bay; the lofty and towering chalk precipices of Scratchell's Bay, of the most dazzling whiteness and elegant forms; the magnitude and singularity of those spiry, insulated masses; the Needle Rocks, which seem at every instant to be shifting their position, and give a mazy perplexity to the place; the screaming noise of aquatic birds; the agitation of the sea, and the rapidity of the tide, occasioning, not unfrequently, a degree of danger; all these circumstances combine to raise in the mind unusual emotions, and to give the scenery a character highly singular and romantic."

“ This part of the Isle of Wight seems to be far superior to the other.”

“ Nothing that I had seen, in the Undercliff, or the chines of Shanklin and Blackgang, or the Culver Cliffs, or the High Downs,—in short, nothing that I had gazed on in the Island, impressed my mind half so much as the stupendous scenery at Scratchell’s Bay and Freshwater Cliffs. The scene was beyond all I had imagined; the sun was shining not ruddily, as it does in fine settled weather; but with a silvery glow, betokening wet, so that, what with the white cliffs, the white sea, for such it appeared in the distance, the white sea-gulls, the white clouds, and the silvery sun, everything seemed to wear an unusual and striking appearance.

“ It must have been very striking.”

“ The white cliffs at Scratchell’s Bay, which are stupendous, are marked with thin, black, sloping lines of flint; indeed, these towering precipices are very remarkable, for the beauty of their flint-defined stratification. Here aquatic parties generally land to enjoy the refreshment of a short walk on the beach; but the great object of attraction is an immense cove in the cliff, which presents to the spectator, when under its lofty vaulted roof, the exact outline of a magnificent arch. No language

can give a just idea of the grandeur of the effect, which is such as, at once, to impress the soul of the visitor with astonishment and admiration ; for it almost rivals any work of art in the true and elegant sweep which it describes ; at the same time, it is scarcely possible for any scenery to be more brilliant than that viewed from beneath the awful shade of its stupendous roof, which is between two and three hundred feet high, and overhangs the beach nearly two hundred !”

“ Wonderful ! wonderful ! a cavern with a roof two or three hundred feet high, and hanging over the beach almost two hundred !”

“ The cliff between Scratchell’s Bay and Alum Bay, runs steeply down to a narrow neck, and sharp point. I stood on this narrow neck, looking down at the sea below. There was a boat beneath me with six people in it, who turned up their telescopes to gaze at me ; though I must have been, I suppose, full five hundred feet above the boat, so perpendicularly did it appear below me, that I might at one spring have leaped into it.”

“ Uncle ! suppose your foot had slipped ? or a gust of wind had blown against you suddenly ? or you had turned giddy ?”

“ Then I should not now be narrating to you my

adventures. The dark and gray rocks of Alum Bay on my right hand, the chalky cliffs, and clear, smooth, light blue water of Scratchell's Bay on my left, the Needle Rocks and the ocean in front, and the sea-gulls sailing and screaming around, so excited me, that I could not help apostrophizing an absent young friend of mine who is fond of the sea-shore, 'Charlie! Charlie! would that thou wert here to enjoy with me this scene, so extravagantly wild and beautiful, and to listen to the sea birds' disconsolate music!' "

"I wish that we had been there, and Charlie, too!"

"I will tell you of a very strange circumstance. In many parts of the great chalk range that runs through the island, beds of flint are found, which separate the strata, and fill up in thin sheets the fissures which run through many of the strata. Well, these flints are found in a most extraordinary state, for they are broken to pieces, just as if they had been shivered by a blow of great force."

"Do you mean that they are found broken, while they are in the chalk?"

"Yes; they look like other flints, only that they are full of cracks; the moment they are disturbed, they fall to pieces."

“That is curious, indeed! Why what could possibly have broken them, while they were lying snugly in the chalk?”

“That is the question; but some persons suppose that these huge masses of chalk, in which the broken flints are found, have, at some distant period, fallen from others, and that the concussion of this fall broke the flints.”

“Do you think so, uncle?”

“I doubt it, the evidence from various appearances in the chalk strata not being in favour of such a fall having occurred. But I have a thought that it may be owing to another cause. I remember that in making wine-glasses, decanters, and other glass utensils, these articles are removed from the great heat gradually; they draw them away from the furnace, or oven, by degrees: were this not done, these articles would crack into a thousand pieces. Indeed, after all, were you to put scalding hot water suddenly into a wine-glass, it would instantly crack. From this circumstance, I am led to conclude the possibility of these flints being cracked by great heat, or by great cold, or by a sudden change of heat or cold beyond what they could bear.”

“That cause seems to be quite as likely as the other.”

“That the effect of the sudden fall of an immense mass, if it took place, would be great, must be allowed; and I will tell you, if you like, of a curious instance related of the instantaneous effect of enormous force.”

“Yes, do, if you please, we should like to hear it very much.”

“The base of the colossal statue of Peter the Great at Petersburg, is a vast stone of an enormous size and weight, which was landed from the raft which carried it up the river Neva. The raft was connected with the shore, by two beams, each composed of three main-masts lashed together with strong cordage. These formed an inclined plane, down which the stone, being first placed on rollers in its bed on the raft, was drawn by the united force of several powerful capstans, fixed and worked on shore. The distance from the raft to the quay was a very few feet, and the stone, aided in its motion by the descent, passed almost instantaneously; but such was the strain on the masts, that, although the stone went safely over them, two out of one triplet, and one out of the other, were,

on examination, found to have been burst quite through."

"That is very curious. Did you go up to the lighthouse?"

"I did. The light, which is very intense, is thrown from reflectors, having a silver surface, upon copper, and highly polished. I visited, also, every point of land between Alum Bay and Freshwater-gate. Oh! the precipices are awful! Think of looking down from a chalky cliff half as high again as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, perpendicularly into the sea! In one place on the High Down, at a little distance from the cliff, and half way down a crack, or rift, about two feet deep, I saw three lovely harebells growing together, and for the moment I could not help regarding them as living creatures, who, in the neighbourhood of such extended and beautiful scenery, had been cooped up all their lives in their narrow tenement. Could they only have lifted up their heads a little better than a span, what a prospect would have awaited them! but no."

"They must have been very pretty. It was almost too bad to take one of them away."

"Among the birds that came sailing over me,

there was one old gull, that seemed as if he were mocking me. The louder I shouted, and the more I flourished my stick, the nearer he came sailing round and round above my head, making a noise that appeared exactly as though he were laughing at me."

"Well done, old gull! he knew that you could not get at him, and that made him so saucy."

"The sea-gull has two voices, and one of them resembles a laugh, or rather a chuckle, but whether it is an expression of fondness, pleasure, fear, or anger, I cannot tell. At the part between the high cliff and Sun corner, the birds are very numerous. They do not, as some people say, 'darken the very air,' but for all this, they are extremely abundant. As I stood on the very edge of the precipice, a gull mounted the cliff from below, almost flapping her long wings in my face, before she was aware of me. What a cry of alarm did she set up! and how well was it understood by her companions! In a minute after, puffins, choughs, and cormorants, razor-bills, guillemots, and gulls without number, were chattering and crying around."

"What a clatter and confusion there must have been!"

“There was, indeed. As the innocent author of all the hubbub, willingly would I have made a handsome apology; but not being an adept in the language of the feathery tribe, and knowing that they were equally ignorant of mine, I modestly withdrew from the scene of confusion, and proceeded on my way to Freshwater-gate.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Freshwater.—The bay.—Freshwater Cave.—Lord Holmes' Parlour and Kitchen.—Frenchman's Hole.—Watcombe Bay.—Neptune's Cave.—Old Pepper Rock.—Wedge Rock.—Great arch.—Mainbench.—Sail round the Island.—Principal points that attract attention.—A few dangers to be avoided.—Conclusion.

WHEN William, Walter, and Mary next joined their great-uncle Owen, as he sat in an arm-chair in the orchard, they were, at first, a little cast down, as they knew that he had all but ended his account of his wanderings in the Isle of Wight. Owen Gladdon, however, cheered their spirits, by telling them that when his present narrative was completed, he might, perhaps, be able to enter on another. Brightening up at this intelligence, they asked him to tell them something more about Freshwater Cliffs.

“One word first about Freshwater, or Freshwater-gate,” said he. “This is in a break of the fine range of downs that stretches the whole length of the island. Those who choose the sea-side go to the hotel on the beach, and those who prefer a higher situation, find their way to the hotel on the edge of the cliff

With varied views on every hand,
 Our ends will varied be;
 Some love the elevated land,
 And some the billowy sea.

“ There is nothing but a bank of pebbles between the sea and the head of the river Yar that rises in a meadow near. Should any accident remove this pebbly bank, the Freshwater-Cliff side of the island would be completely divided from the other. Freshwater Bay is a beautiful object, not only on a calm sunny day, when

‘ The glassy ocean hush’d forgets to roar,
 And trembling murmurs on the sandy shore’—

but, also, when the storm is abroad, blackening the sky, and exciting the watery deep.

‘ With terrible eruption bursting o’er
 The chalky cliffs, tremendous surges pour,
 Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
 And hollow caverns mock the roaring waves.’

“ If ever you go to Freshwater, and take a boat to carry you to Alum Bay, (and without doing this you will lose sight of some of the most striking scenes of the island,) mind, I say, that you are no lie-a-beds; for it may be the case, that to secure high water at the Needles, you may have occasion to be on the billows by three or four in the morning. But

wrap yourselves up well, and if you are in good health, it will never hurt you."

"We should like that, uncle, very much."

"I thought so; but there is some difference between getting out of a snug bed in the middle of the night, and talking about it while sitting on the dry grass in a sunny orchard. Well, you will see Freshwater Cavern, and the boatmen will tell you many things that will surprise you. It is an opening in the rocks about a hundred and twenty feet deep, with a rugged arch for an entrance. People fancy that looking through this arch from the inside, is like looking through a church-window. It is, indeed, an impressive sight, when the tide is in, to look at the water trembling in the uncertain gleams of light, struggling through the rugged projection of rocks."

"We must see Freshwater Cavern some day!"

"There is a conically formed rock near the shore, called the 'deer-bound rock,' and I will tell you why. A deer that was hard-pressed by the hounds, took a flying leap from the cliffs to the rock, and ever since then it has borne the name of the deer-bound rock."

"Was the deer saved, or did the dogs follow him?"

‘ That I cannot tell. You must see, also, the two caverns called Lord Holmes’s Parlour and Kitchen. Lord Holmes used to bring his friends to drink wine in the cool retreat of the one, and in the other the wine was kept; they are both curious places. You must see Frenchman’s Hole, too, though the boatman will hardly forget to tell you about it. A poor French prisoner, who had made his escape from confinement, hid himself here; but after all, the poor creature was starved to death.

Day after day,

Sad at the gloomy cavern’s mouth he sat,
 And viewed the main that ever toils beneath;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the waves
 Ships dim discovered, dropping from the clouds
 At evening to the setting sun he turned
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sunk hopeless.’

“ Poor Frenchman! that was very sad !”

“ Watcombe Bay, and Neptune’s Cave, and old Pepper Rock, and Wedge Rock, will all interest you. The last is a great mass of rock apart from the cliffs. You will fancy that it has somehow stuck between the rocks, and would hardly be surprised if it were to fall while you are looking at it. The great arch at Scratchell’s Bay will fill your minds

with wonder, awe, and admiration; but be sure when you are at the mainbench to rouse up the puffins, and the willocks, the razor-bills, the cormorants and the choughs; for while these are flying about by thousands, and the great gray sea-mews are sailing above, while, according to holy writ, 'the overflowing of the waters is passing by, the deep uttering his voice, and lifting up his hands on high,' you will feel sensations that will be strange and new to you. Hardly will you be able to bear them."

"Oh, the sail from Freshwater must be delightful!"

"There are many people, who, through want of time and love of the sea, prefer sailing round the island to riding or rambling through it, especially as this can be done easily in the same day, if the weather be favourable."

"We should like to do both, uncle, sail round the island, and ramble through it too."

"No doubt, young people often think that they have too much study, too much confinement, and too much advice, but they seldom think that they have too much holiday. You would not soon cry out that you were tired either of wandering through,

or sailing round the Isle of Wight. I was going to tell you what are the principal points that catch the eye in circumnavigating the island. Supposing that you sailed easterly from Cowes, to say nothing of the opposite coast, you would see Norris Castle and Osborne House. After Osborne House, you will catch a peep at King's Quay and Wootton, and Binstead. I should just tell you, that at Binstead there is one of the prettiest little snuggeries in the shape of a thatched cottage, that you can conceive. It stands in a wood, nestling in the hollow formed by an old stone quarry, from which place it is said the stone was procured with which Winchester Cathedral was built. Oh, how you would enjoy a custard or a cheese-cake, or a basin of curds and whey in that cottage!"

"O uncle, it would be delightful!"

"The next object that would strike you would be Ryde, with its pier stretching out into the sea."

"Yes, where you first saw the bustling man with the red face and the straw hat."

"True; and then you would see Appley village, St. Clare, and Puckpool, Spring Vale, Nettlesome, Sea Grove, the Priory, and St. Helens. The old church-tower at the latter place is said to have been,

at one time, as much as a mile from the sea, whereas, now, it is washed by the ocean waves."

"The sea will swallow up the old tower some day, depend upon it."

"After passing Brading harbour, and Bembridge, you would double the Foreland, sail by the Culver Cliffs, Shanklin chine, Luccombe chine, Bonchurch, Ventnor, Steephill Castle, and St. Lawrence."

"Where the little church is, and where the old sexton pointed out the rock like a lion crouching down to spring over the ocean."

"I am glad you remember this. Then you pass Old Park, Mirables, the Orchard, and Puckester Cove. Sandrock spring and hotel, and old frowning Blackgang Chine, St. Catherine's Down towering up at the back of it, eight or nine hundred feet above the billows of the mighty deep."

"With the ruin of the old chapel at the top, where the monk kept the light and said mass."

"It would be some time before you left old Blackgang Chine, for you would not be disposed to hurry by the place. There would then be Chale, and Whale Chine, and the Atherfield rocks, and Cowleaze, Brixton, Chilton, and Brook Chines; and then, after passing Compton Bay, the cliffs of Fresh-

water would stand up before you in all their grandeur and sublimity."

"Nothing like the Freshwater Cliffs, after all!"

"The Needles, with the bays of Scratchell, Alum, Totland, and Colwell, and Yarmouth, Newtown River, and Thorness Bay, would make up the circle: then once more you would find yourselves at Cowes."

"And a very pleasant sail it would be! How many things you have told us of, uncle; oh, it would be delightful to go and see all that you have described!"

"I may as well mention to you, while I think of it, that there are a few dangers of which a wanderer in the Isle of Wight would do well to be aware. In the first place, in a few of the lanes through which some of the coaches pass, the branches of the trees stretch a long way across the road. Once, when an outside passenger to Newport, I was very near being knocked off the coach by a branch; I saw it but just in time to save myself. It is very necessary, when on a coach, to be watchful."

"Indeed it must be! Why you might have been killed."

"In the next place, when roaming on the beach,

at the foot of the inaccessible cliffs, the state of the tide should be known, for it might happen that a stranger, venturing too far, might not be able to secure a retreat before the tide came upon him."

"That would be worse than the branches of the trees."

"The extreme end of the cliff at Scratchell's Bay shelves down towards the Needles, and many people pass along the narrow shelving ridge to get as near the Needles as possible. This in wet and windy weather is extremely dangerous, for the ridge is then very slippery. In a moment a person might lose his foothold, where the least trip would send him, at once, down the fearful precipice."

"Everybody who goes to the Isle of Wight, and visits the Needles, ought to know this."

"The wind usually blows from the sea towards the cliff, and in most cases if you threw up a handkerchief over the cliff, the wind will blow it back again to the High Down. On walking along the cliff then, it is well to keep at some distance from the edge of it, especially in gusty weather, for, as you naturally lean towards the wind, if it suddenly alters, you lose the support it afforded you a moment before, and may fall towards the sea."

“It is very well that you told us these things, uncle, in case we should ever go to the Isle of Wight. We will take care of ourselves on the coaches, on the beach, and on the cliffs, you may depend upon it.”

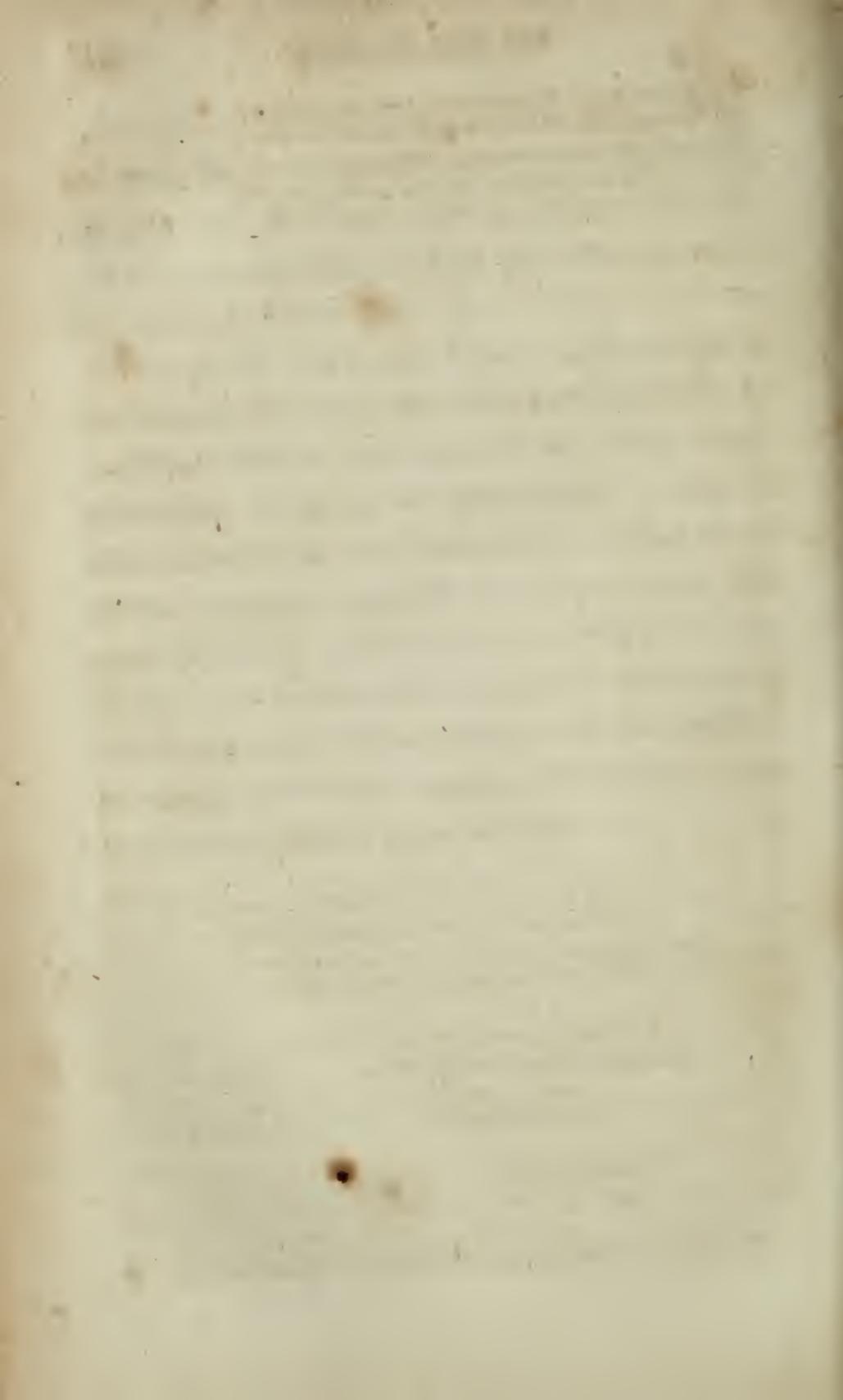
“I hope so. And now, having said enough of the downs, the coves, the cliffs, and the chines of the Isle of Wight, and described its pebbly beach and raging ocean, I will just repeat, by way of finish, a few verses that I wrote to a respected friend of mine some time ago, who had sent me word, that in all the storms of life, the cross of Christ was his anchor. I hope, dear children, that it will not only be his anchor, but yours, for then will you weather the storms of life and death, and assuredly enter the haven of eternal peace and joy.

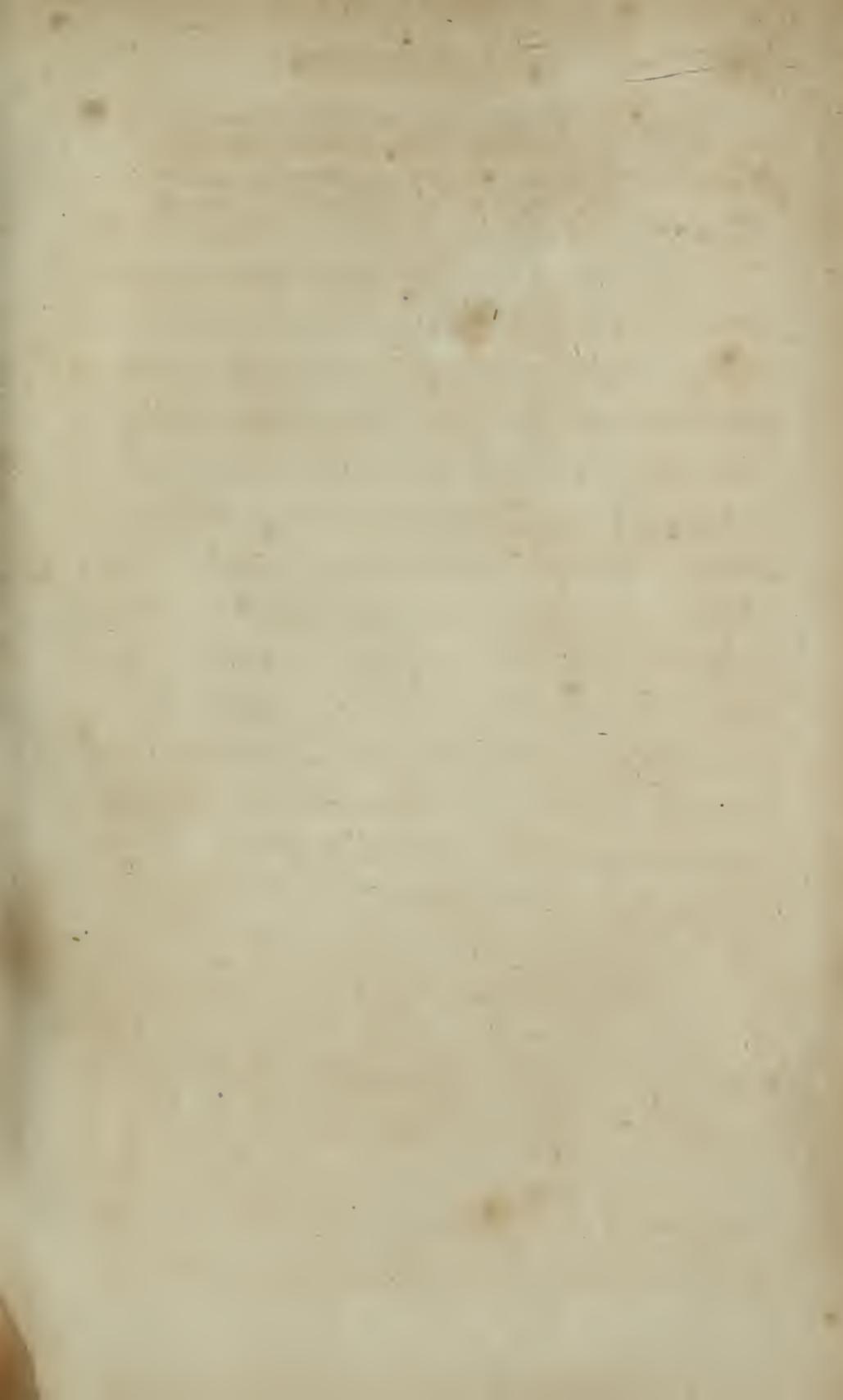
If the cross be thine anchor, thy Pilot must be,
That Saviour who walked on the boisterous sea;
That reprov'd and controlled the proud waves at his will,
And spake “peace” to the tempest, and bade it “be still.”

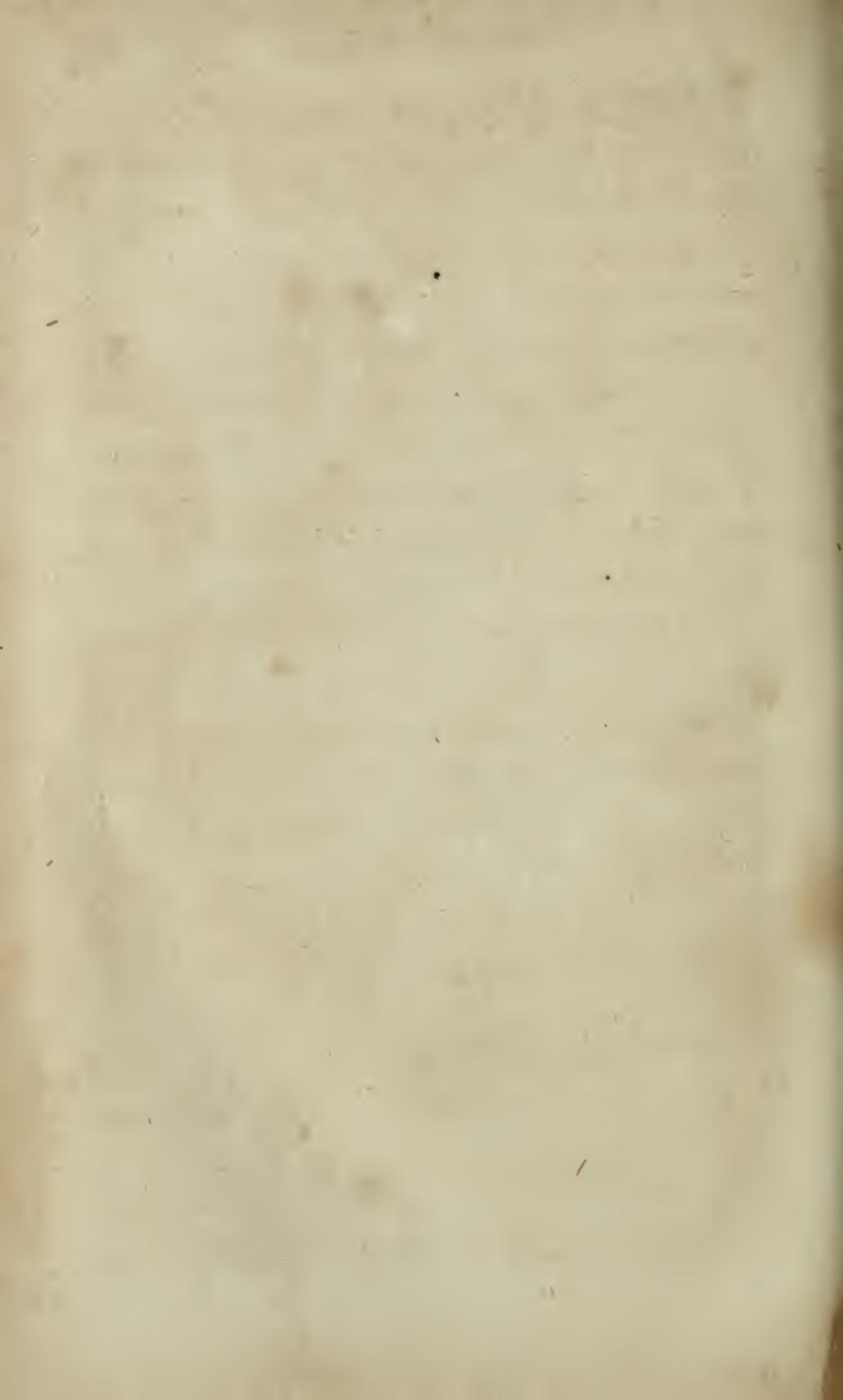
If the cross be thine anchor, no harm can be hurled
On thy head when the whirlwind is vexing the world;
Innoxious the flash shall disfigure the sky,
And the red bolt of ruin pass harmlessly by.

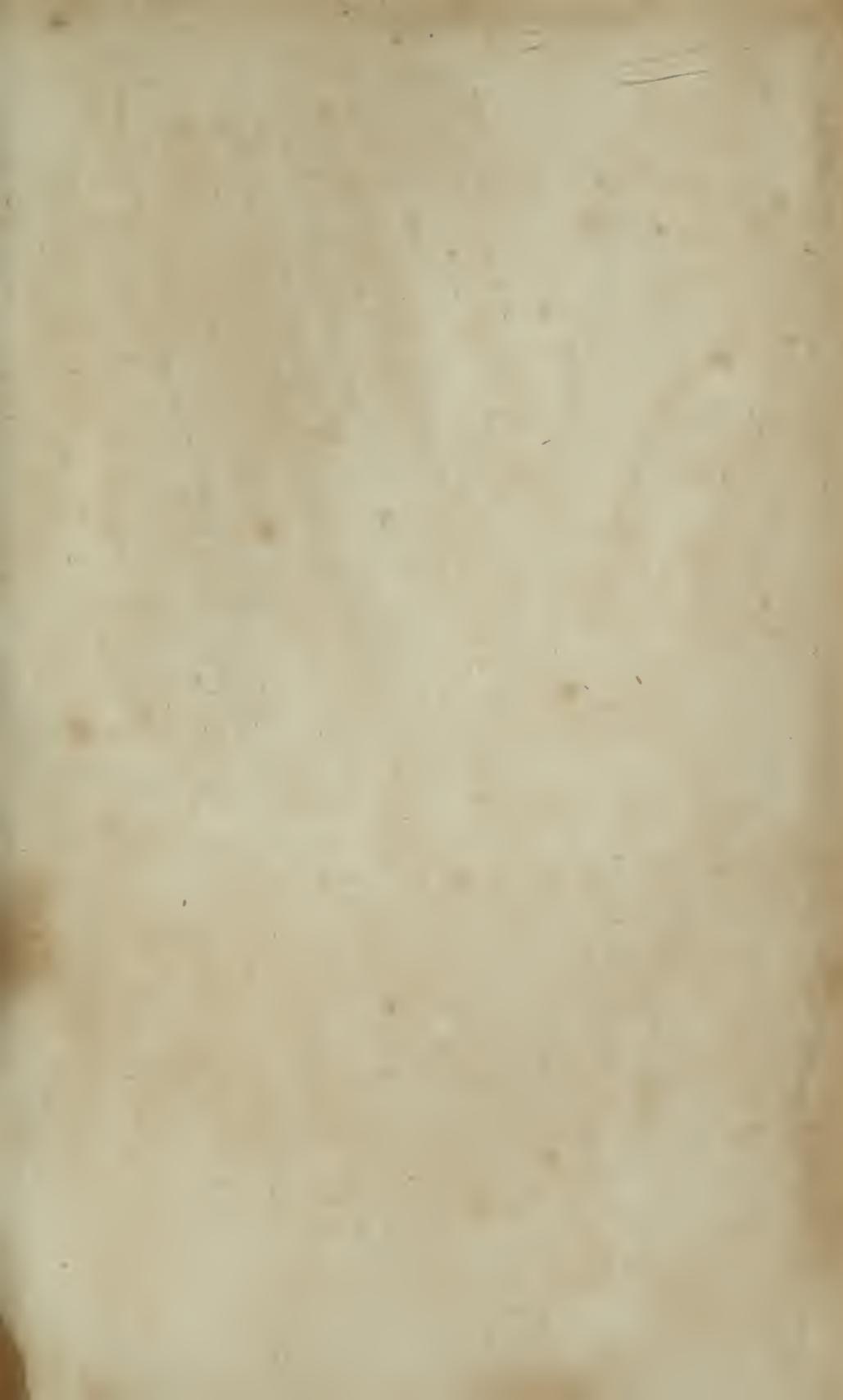
If the cross be thine anchor, by sceptics abhorred,
And thy cable the ne'er failing word of the Lord;
Thy voyage is safe, and thy haven secure,
And for time and eternity thou shalt endure.

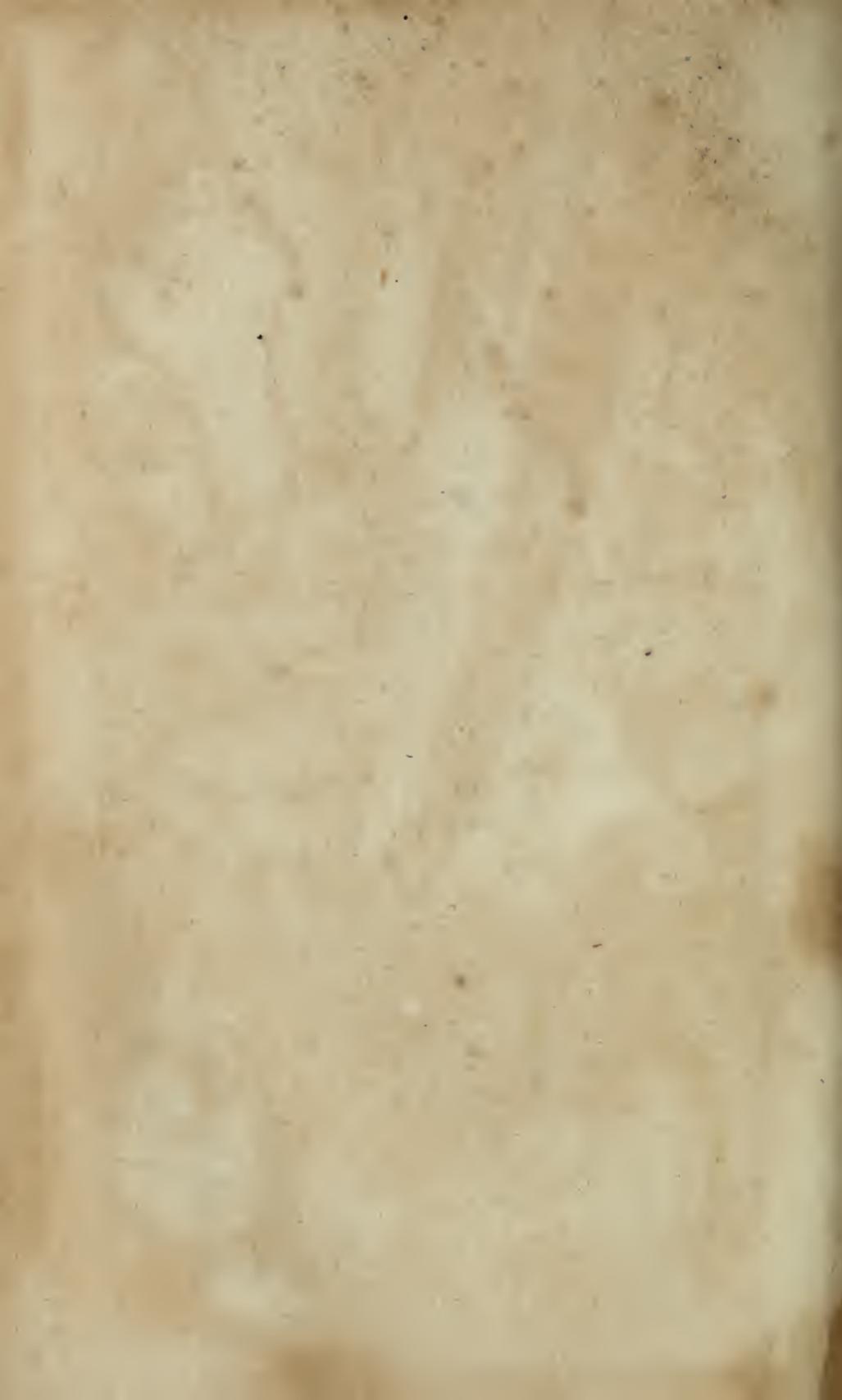
If the cross be thine anchor, then blest is thy lot.
For the crash of creation shall injure thee not;
With the trump that shall wake the wide world with alarms,
Thy Saviour will welcome thee home to his arms.











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