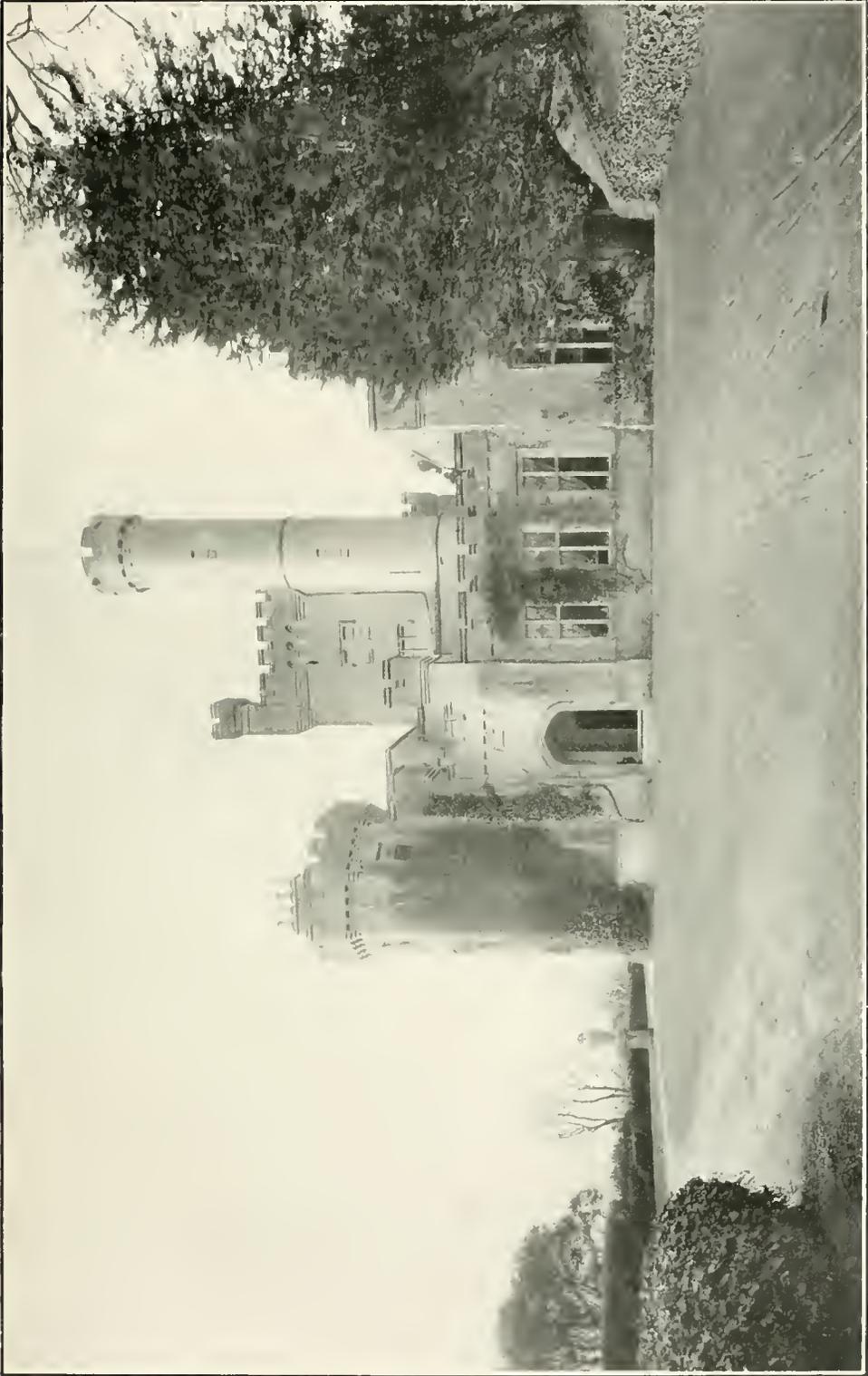


STEEPHILL
CASTLE,
VENTNOR,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

JOHN B. MARSH



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STEEPHILL CASTLE,
VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT,

The Residence of
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS, Esq.

A HANDBOOK AND A HISTORY

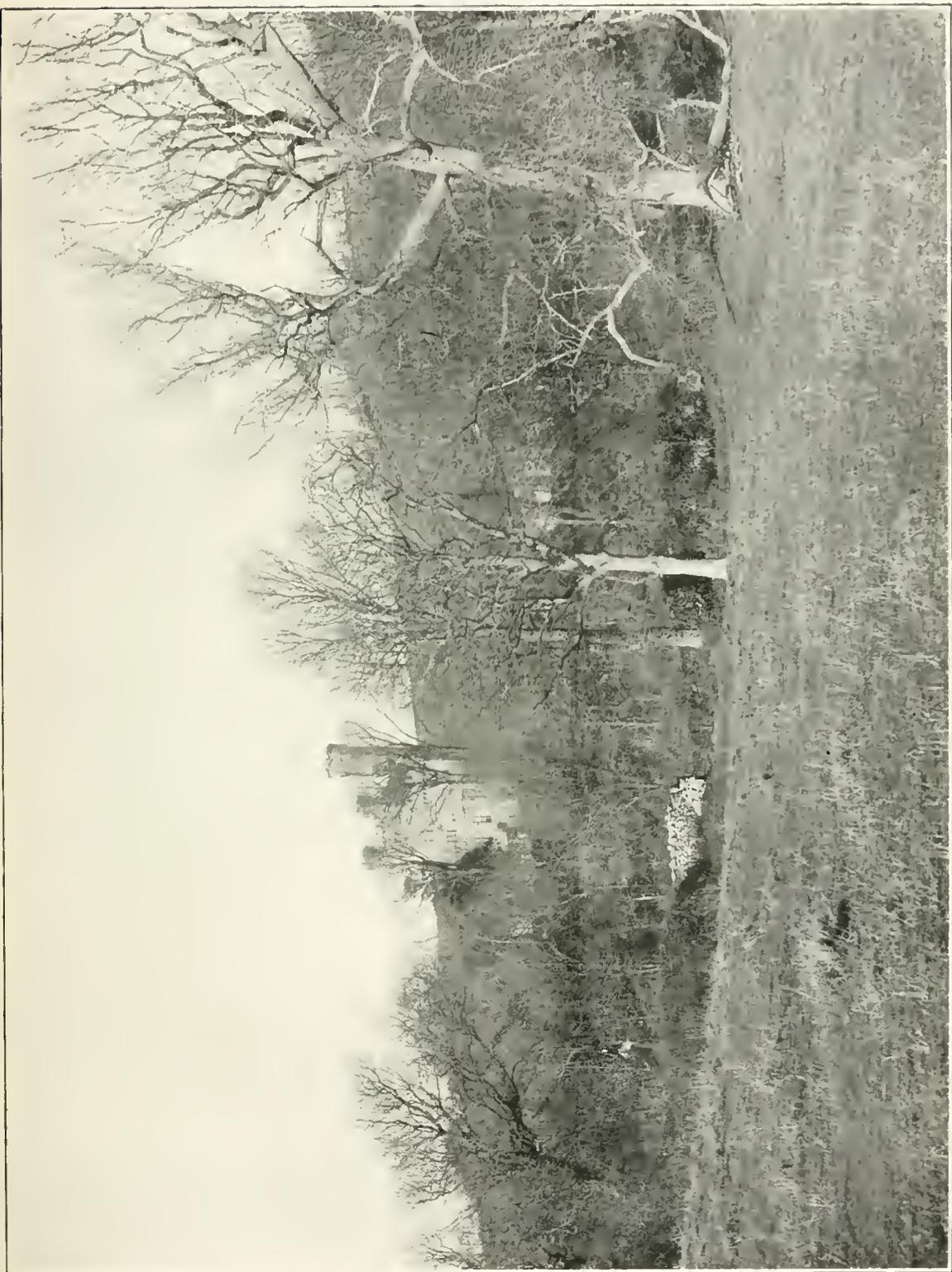
BY

JOHN B. MARSH.

WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

“It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind describes.”
—*Crabbe*.

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SEEN FROM CLIFFS.

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PREFACE.

The scope of this Handbook I had the happiness of discussing with Mr. John Morgan Richards and his brother, Mr. James Richards, of the New York Bar, during a visit to Steeplehill Castle, which I had the pleasure of enjoying in the autumn of 1905.

Then I learned that Mr. James Richards had already accumulated a large quantity of Antiquarian and Biographical matter relating to previous owners of the Estate, and even the Relatives of those formerly connected with the Castle.

These interesting notes will, as a whole, I hope, be published in another form, and I was kindly allowed to make use of what was necessary for the purpose of this publication.

Mr. John Morgan Richards, the owner of the Estate, desired that the Castle, with the surroundings, should bulk the chief position of the work; with such notes of Towns and Places to follow as were of paramount interest—nothing more. These wishes I have endeavoured to carry out so as to make the Book of chief interest to the Friends, and Guests—Past, Present and Future, of the genial Host and Hostess of the Castle, which is “the Gem of the Undercliff.”

I am indebted to Mr. E. W. Green, the excellent Librarian of this city, for the loan of many valuable books.

While this manuscript was yet under revision, there came to Mr. and Mrs. Richards, a visitation, dramatic in suddenness, and appalling in severity. This was, when, on the morning of August 13, 1906, their eldest daughter, Mrs. Craigie, was found dead in her bed at 56, Lancaster Gate, London.

As "John Oliver Hobbes," Pearl Mary Teresa Craigie, was known wherever the English language was read or spoken; and her death filled tens of thousands of hearts with grief and sympathy for her parents.

This was shown by letters from Her Majesty, the Queen, and other members of our Royal Family, as well as from Personages of exalted rank in other Countries.

Remembering how much of her work was wrought in the Castle, Mr. Richards has placed at my disposal the last sentences of a new but unfinished novel, "A Time to Love," which she wrote in her study at the Castle the day before her unexpected death.

JOHN B. MARSH.

ST. ALBANS, 1907.

The Isle of Wight.

“Of all the Southern isles, she lords the highest place.”—*Drayton*.

A LITTLE Island, set in the silver sea, where the heat is never oppressive in summer, where in winter flowers are always in bloom, where there seldom come fogs, frost, or snow. An Island about fifty-six miles in circumference, a day's ride for a cyclist who loves to breast the gentle slopes of hills which never exhaust a rider, who glories in coasting long descents with the restful or restless sea on the one hand, and picturesquely rolling hills on the other hand; with many a pretty landscape of brown ridge and green valley dotted with quaint villa residences and farm-houses, alive with sounds of animal life, the air filled with songs of blackbirds, lark, and thrush. Such is, in brief, a vision of this Island home.

On the north, a few miles of sea separate the Island from a larger one, where in summer the inhabitants of a morning wear thin attire because of the heat, and in the afternoon and evening shiver with cold; while in winter time, for days together, they never see the sun, because of a yellow poisonous fog, which suffocates

young and old, making them prisoners beside coal fires.

This Island is England, and Fairy-land is the Isle of Wight.

Here, after much searching, and many widely differing experiences, Mr. Richards found home in Steephill Castle, Ventnor, where age never stales nature's "infinite variety."

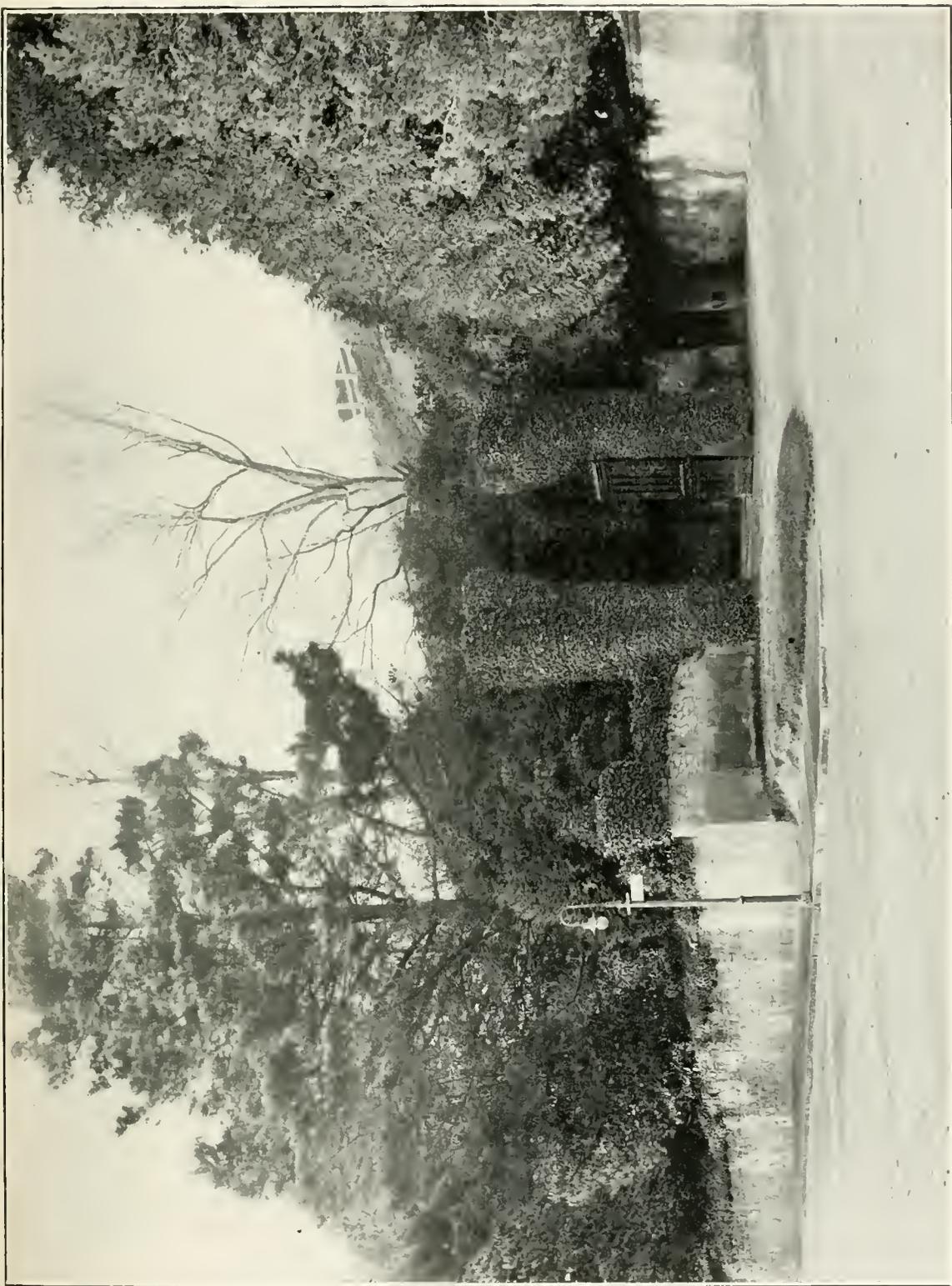
The fact is hard to realise, without experience, that there are only ninety miles separating the Island from modern Babylon, the greatest, most densely-populated, richest, poorest, noblest, most vicious city, that ancient or modern days have ever known; where, to live is a constant struggle against adverse forces, presented by man and nature, with little of comfort, and still less restfulness of heart or mind.

Take the train from Waterloo, Victoria, or London Bridge, and in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours you reach Ventnor, and, by many an ascent and descent, finally reach the tree-lined entrance to Steephill Castle.

Ventnor, viewed from the sea, presents to the eye the figure of a bride curtseying to her lord. Attired in a pretty frock, flounced to the waist, the flounces representing so many ridges running from one level to the one below until they reach the sea, the hem of the garment breaking into many a little hollow of emerald water and brown shingle, and fairest of all these is Steephill Castle Cove.

The bride, however, is seen no higher than the waist, girdled by St. Boniface's purple heather-dressed Downs; and from the waist upwards heaven hides the beauty of her face from mortal eyes.

Hanging from the waist on the right is St.



ENTRANCE GATES.



THE DRIVEWAY.

Lawrence, like a precious Oriental gem, and on the left a golden Chatelaine of terraced houses and detached residences, flounce below flounce, until there is revealed a glimpse of fairy feet set in a golden strand.

This is the scene in which Steephill Castle rears her stately form, and flings out to the winds of heaven, from her round tower, the Stars and Stripes, proclaiming her allegiance to the daughter of the motherland of nations.

Form of the Island.

"A Spirit breathes
On cliff, and tower, and valley."—*Talfourd*.

In general configuration the Island resembles a pear, the portion between West Cowes on the north, and St. Catherine's Point on the south, being the greatest width; Brading Harbour on the east forms the indentation on the top of the pear; and the Needles on the west form the stalk. From the Foreland on the east to the Needles on the west the land measures $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and from West Cowes on the north to St. Catherine's Point on the south are 14 miles. From here the land tapers to the west with an average width of 6 miles. The island is 56 miles in circuit, and by sea 64 miles; the land covers an area of 150 square miles.

On the north the coast is low and shelving; but on the east, south and south-west, precipitous cliffs rise to heights varying from 400 feet to 700 feet.

A range of chalk hills crosses the Island from east to west. Midway a second range runs from north to

south, finishing in the headland of St. Catherine's Point; while a third range runs from here on the coast eastwards to Shanklin.

The river Medina rises at the north foot of St. Catherine's Hill, and after crossing the Island flows past Newport, through a course of 23 miles, into the sea. This stream separates the Island into two portions, called respectively the East Medinè and West Medinè.

Chief amongst the characteristics of the Island are the Chines and Downs. The former, nineteen in number, are chiefly on the south coast, of which five exist on the west coast past the Needles. This name originates from chink, a split or crack, and is the result of the action of small streams wearing down the sandstone on their way to the sea. They are very diversified in character, and vary in depth from 140 feet to 270 feet. The most famous are Shanklin Chine, Blackgang Chine, and Whale Chine; but there are no two alike, and each has some specially romantic feature attractive to the visitor.

The Downs, of which there are eight very extensive in area, rise from 150 feet to 600 feet and 700 feet above the level of the sea, and everywhere command magnificent views; while for a considerable portion of the year they are carpeted with yellow furze, or purple heather.

The flow of the tides through the Solent, between the Island and the Coast of England, were first referred to by Bede, the historian, who declared that "two sea currents flowing from the north passed around Britain, and met every day in the Solent; here, after a fierce encounter, they were swallowed by the sea."



VICTORIA TERRACE, FACING SEA.



FACING WEST.

This, Michael Drayton turned into stately lines in his poem, "Wight, the Isle":

"To the north, betwixt the foreland and the firm,
She hath that narrow sea which we the Solent term,
Where those rough ireful tides, as in her straits they meet,
With boisterous shocks and roars, each other rudely greet;
Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make retreat,
Upon the bulwarkt forts of Hurst and Calsheat beat,
Then to Southampton run: which by her shores supplied
[As Portsmouth by her strength] doth vilify their pride."

Steephill Castle and the Undercliff.

"The moonbeam sleeps on Undercliff,
The sea is lulled and calm,
The honey-bee has left the rose,
The lily lies in balm;
And all is music that we hear,
And lovely that we see."—*Allan Cunningham.*

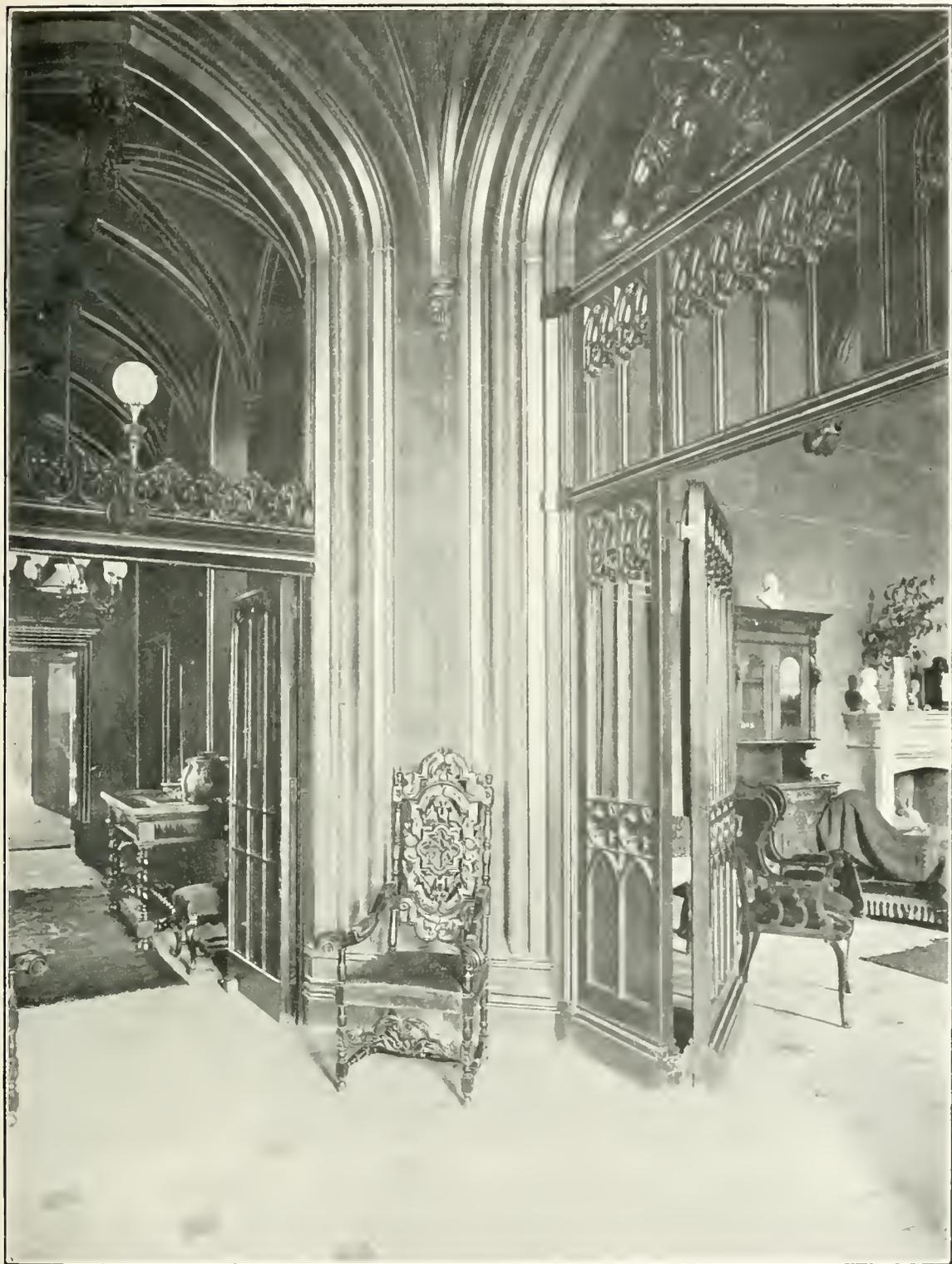
This is the most romantic portion of the Island, the beauty of which has been alluded to by travellers, literary people, and poets of every degree; and at the present day the romantic element is greatly increased, and the picturesqueness enhanced, by the art of the landscape gardener and the owner, so that at no previous period of history has this landscape better deserved the title of "the Gem of the Island." The Undercliff is six miles in length and stretches from Ventnor to Blackgang; and was created by the slipping of the upper cretaceous strata off the lower, called "the blue slipper," leaving broad ledges of land overlapping one another, and presenting in appearance the flounces

of a lady's dress. The highroad furnishes lovely views of the rugged sea-worn coast, broken into tiny bays and chines; and decorated with amphitheatres of rocks in grotesque confusion, over which the sea is perpetually dashing; with glimpses landward of mound and hollow and sloping hill-side, and rocky hillocks covered with verdure, from flame-tipped russet to the tenderest grey, and sprinkled with thatched cottages, or timbered villa residences.

Lord Cockburn designated "the beautiful places" as those "where the cliffs sink deep into bays and valleys
" . . . or where there has been a terrace of lowland
" formed at their feet, which stretches under the shelter
" of that enormous wall, like a rich garden plot, all
" roughened over with masses of rock fallen in distant
" ages, and overshadowed with thickets of myrtle, and
" roses, and geraniums."

"The Undercliff," says Mrs. Radcliffe, the authoress, "is a tract of shore formed by the fallen cliffs, and
" closely barricaded by a wall of rock of great height
" . . . such a scene of wildness, and ruin, as we never
" saw before."

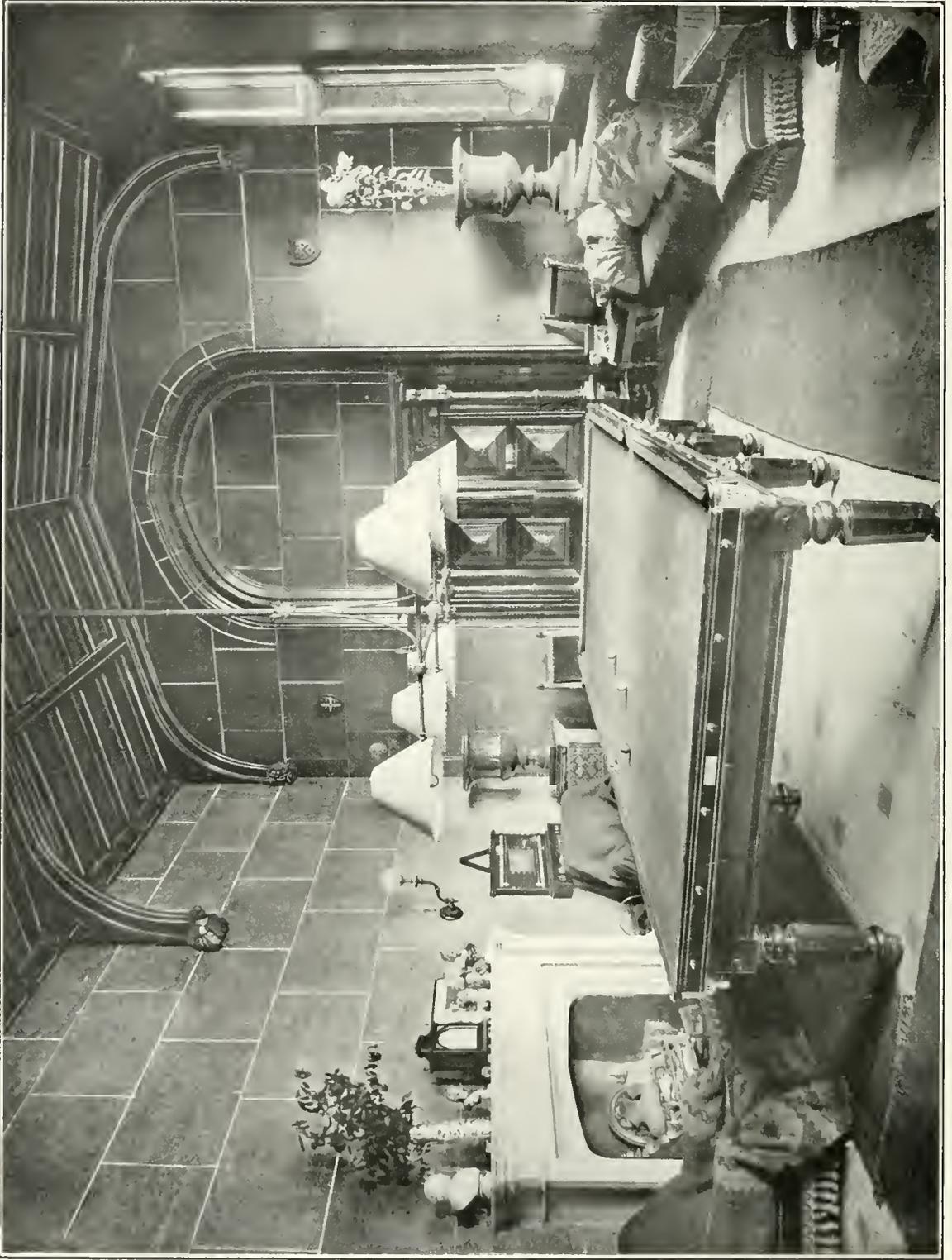
From the summit of the Downs above, the views landward and seaward are the grandest which the island can show.



ENTRANCE.



THE HALL.



BILLIARD ROOM.

The Castle.

" This Castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

* * * * *
" The Heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here."—*Shakespeare*.

" I see thee shining on thy hills,
Like a young beam of light."
—*Cunningham*

Midway between Ventnor and Blackgang, a little nearer to Ventnor than midway, rise the massive proportions of Steephill Castle,—Queen of the Undercliff. This picturesque building is the second erected on the spot. The earlier one was called "The Cottage," and was erected by the Hon. Hans Stanley (a grandson of Sir Hans Sloane), when governor of the island during his first term of office, from 1764 to 1768. On a change of administration he retired, and was succeeded by Harry, Duke of Bolton, but in 1770 the Duke was removed, and Hans Stanley was reappointed, and in 1774 the governorship was confirmed to him for life.

The Cottage soon became celebrated, not only for the lovely site occupied, but for the artistic character of the place. This was spoken of as one of "captivating rustic simplicity, with plain walls, bow windows, and thatched roof." The principal room had a bow window, covered with thatch, which projected upon a lawn, looking to the west, revealing scenes glowing with beauty and unrivalled in their fascination. Facing the door of the saloon, a bubbling crystal spring fills a stone basin, carved in the form of a scallop shell. "To

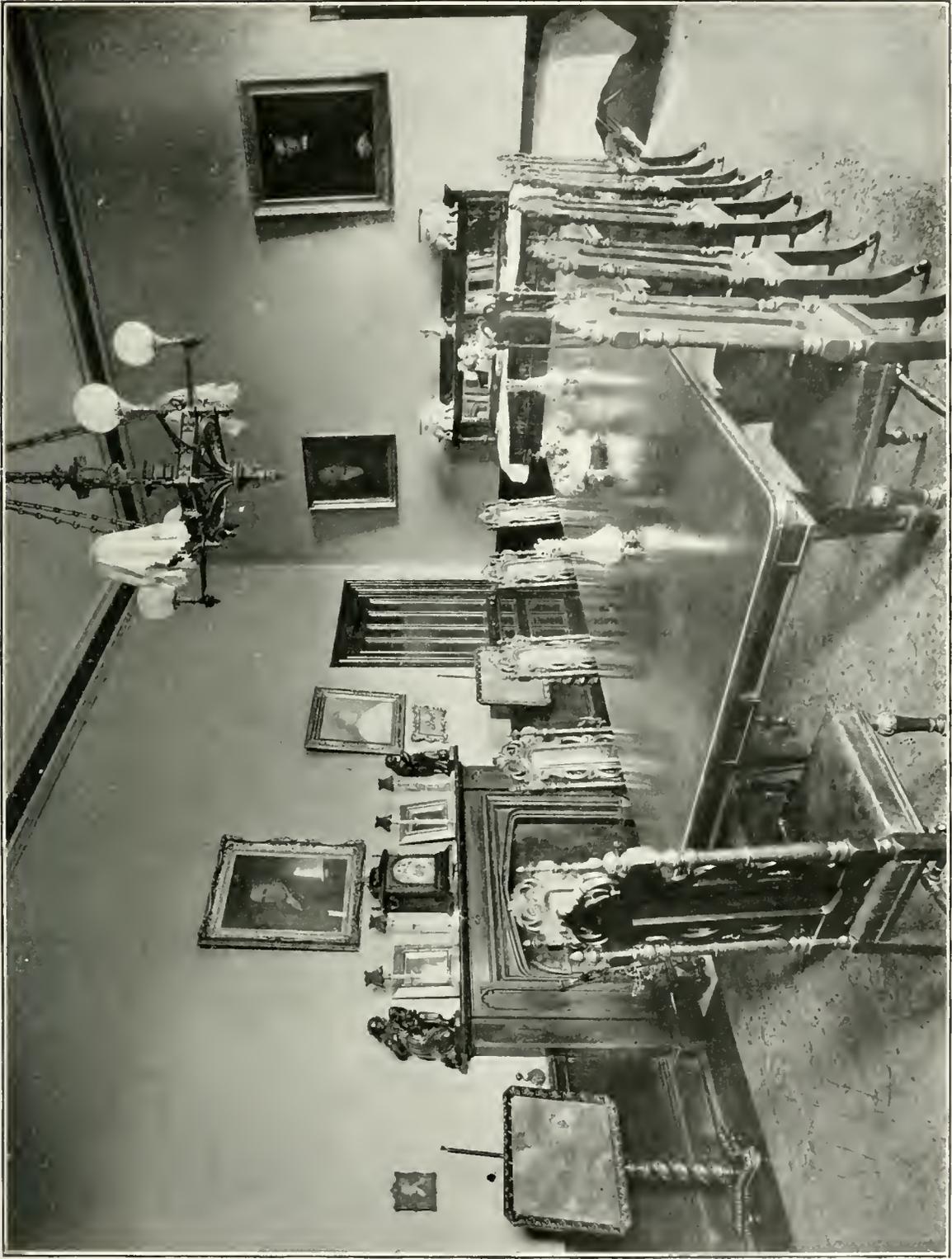
the right," says a visitor, who knew the grounds well, "rises the garden, on a broad terrace, sheltered by a "rocky rampart, amongst whose detached fragments is a "hermitage lined with moss. Springs of water refresh "the different walks, and form cascades; and the whole "area glows with the sun's warmest rays"

There are references also, in the old guide books, to a grand old fig tree on the lawn to the left of the cottage (which still survives), whose branches covered a large area, under which visitors frequently took tea in summer time. A Cave on the hill-side, to the right, is also mentioned, from whence an unrivalled view of the descent to the shore and the spreading sea beyond was obtained; and this cave, greatly improved, is still accessible.

The Governor Stanley, who erected the Cottage, held numerous high offices in the state. He was first employed in one or two political missions abroad; he was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, which post he held from 1757 until 1763, and he was engaged in arranging the preliminaries of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, afterwards signed at Fontainebleau, in 1763. Upon that occasion George III. said to him: "I heartily wish you joy, sir, of the peace, which as a humane man, and a lover of your country, I am sure you will be glad."

In 1766, during his Governorship of the Island, he was sent on an embassy to Russia, which he gave up in 1767, and returned to the island.

That he was in high favour at court is proved by the various appointments he held. He was Cofferer of the King's household in 1776; Governor of the Isle of



DINING ROOM.



THE STUDY.



LOOKING INTO THE EMPRESS ROOM.

Wight for life ; a Treasurer of the British Museum ; and M.P. for Southampton from 1754 to 1780.

When the disputes arose between Great Britain and her American colonies, he strongly espoused the position of the King, and the majority of the Parliament. After an early outbreak in Massachusetts, long before the final declaration of Independence, Stanley, in 1768, seconded the address to the King relating thereto, and said that military operations had commenced at Boston, which he characterised as an "insolent town."

In another speech, delivered by him on April 17, 1775, he declared, "I want nothing, but for the Americans "to submit ; then I will hold out the olive branch, and "propose an amnesty, or an act of grace, and oblivion, a "compact ; but I think some examples should be made." Again in December, 1777, in a third speech, he declared, "With rebels in arms, and standing up for independence, "no treaty of conciliation can be made. The very "proposition acknowledges their independence."

Finally, on Feb. 17, 1779, upon Lord North's motion to appoint Commissioners to treat, consent, and agree on the means of quieting the disorders in America, Governor Stanley observed :—"If once we admit the "Independence of America, so far as to enter into a "treaty with the Congress, what reason can be given "why France and Spain should not do the same." Lord North replied : "The Commissioners should not have "the power to treat concerning any claim of "Independence." The motion was lost by 122 to 309.

The father of Governor Stanley committed suicide, and he followed his father's example, in 1780, while

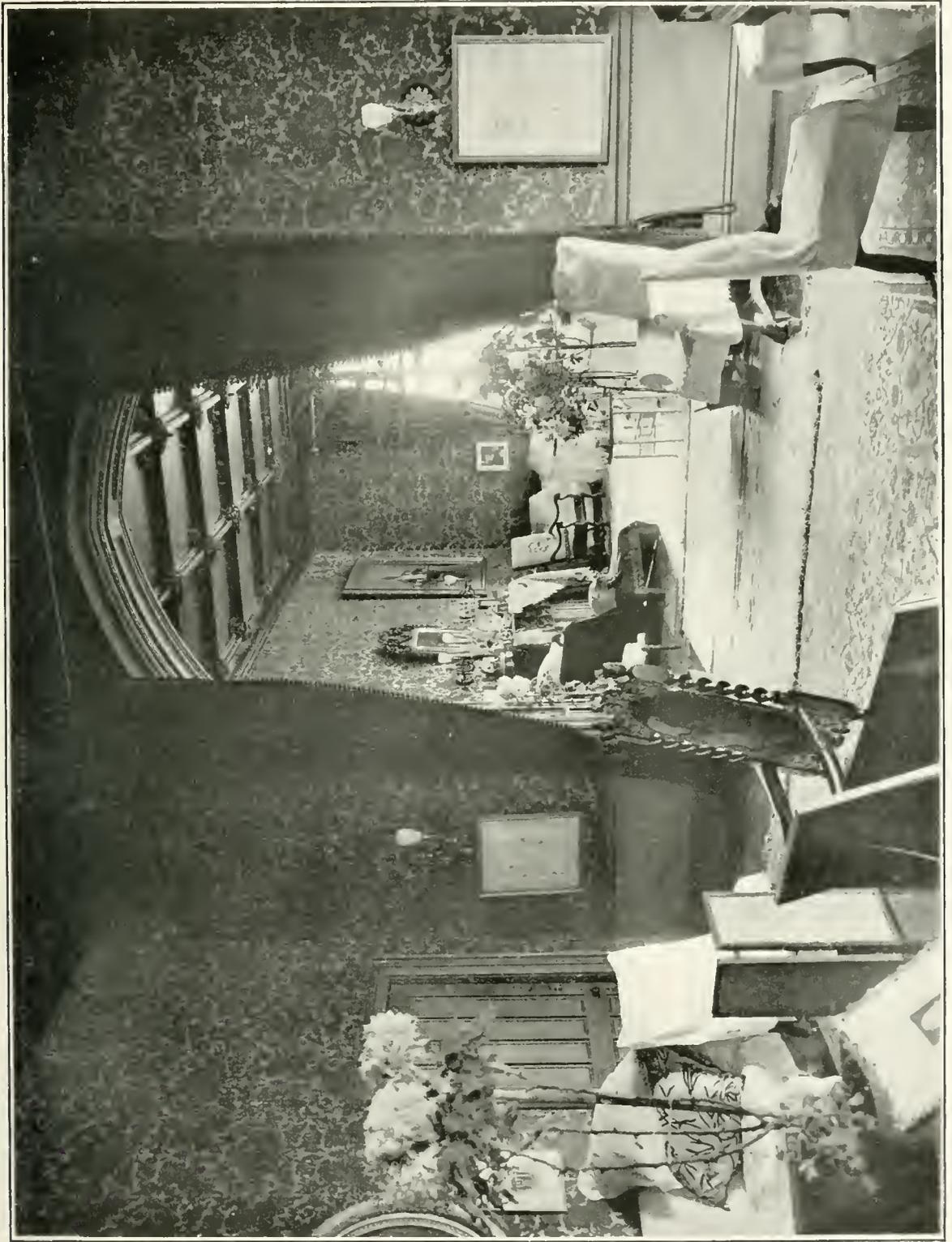
on a visit to Earl Spencer, at his seat, Althorp, Nottinghamshire.

Walpole, writing to the Countess of Ossory from Berkeley Square, Jan. 17, 1780, gives her a few details of the sad occurrence, and informs her that as he died unmarried his sisters inherit; he having left them £5,000 a year between them, and the survivor of them. The seat at Poulton's, New Forest, also passed to his sisters. He was half owner, with Lord Cadogan, of the large Sloan estate at Chelsea, which also passed to his sisters or other members of his family.

Carlyle spoke of the governor as a lively, "clear-sighted person."

The coincidence is rather singular that the present owner was closely connected with Boston in youth and early manhood, and in that town first met, and afterwards married, his wife; and those troublous days between Great Britain and the American Colonies are recalled in a portrait of George III., which hangs in the drawing room, by a marble bust and portrait of William Pitt, the younger, and a marble bust of Washington, in the dining room; while the stars and stripes drape the hall and staircase, and float above the tower.

Governor Stanley was succeeded in 1780 by Sir Richard Worsley, a member of an old family, having a residence at Appuldurcombe. This mansion was originally a monastic building, in which Henry VIII. and his minister, Thomas Cromwell, were entertained by Sir R. Worsley's ancestor, Sir James Worsley, when he was Captain of the Island. This residence was pulled down in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the new mansion was erected by Governor Worsley. Sir Richard



DRAWING ROOM.

was a highly educated gentleman, and had travelled thoroughly about Greece and the Levant, where he accumulated a valuable collection of art treasures, which he brought back with him to the island, and which made his mansion famous. He was the earliest historian of the isle, and his work is frequently quoted in modern guide books.

At God's-hill Church are many monuments to members of the Worsley family. One, James, was Captain of the Island in 1565, and the sarcophagus of Sir Richard, with whom the male line ended, is also here. Sir Richard died in 1782.

After the death of Hans Stanley, and in 1781, the Steephill estate was purchased from his sisters and heirs at law, Lady Mendip and Mrs Doyley, by the Hon. Wilbraham Tollemache, who later, on the death of a brother, became the fifth Earl of Dysart.

Although Lord Dysart was owner of several other seats, Steephill was said to have been his favourite residence for about forty years, and until his death in 1821. He died without issue, and the estate, which consisted of some 1100 acres, descended to his sister, Lady Louisa Manners, who conveyed the same in 1828 to Mr. John Hambrough, son of John Hambrough, of Pipewell Hall, Northampton, and Hanwell, Middlesex.

John Hambrough, thus becoming the owner, erected the present Castle upon the site of the Thatched Cottage, which had been the residence successively of Hans Stanley and of the Earl of Dysart.

He swept away an Inn, and several Cottages, which had crept within the present Castle area, but preserved all the out-door characteristics. These retained their

former picturesqueness, and the Castle furnishes additional views of great beauty from the upper floors.

In form the Castle is an oblong, the principal features consisting of a handsome square battlemented keep, rising on the north-side, with round high tower on the north-east corner, and an octagon battlemented tower in the south-east angle, with entrance hall on the east side. The stones of which the Castle is built were quarried on the estate. They vary in shade from dark grey to warm yellow; and ivy as well as other creepers have spread over the surface, and hang about the oriel windows in wild profusion. Mr James Sanderson, who is famed for his restoration of the chapel of Henry VII., at Westminster Abbey, was the architect.

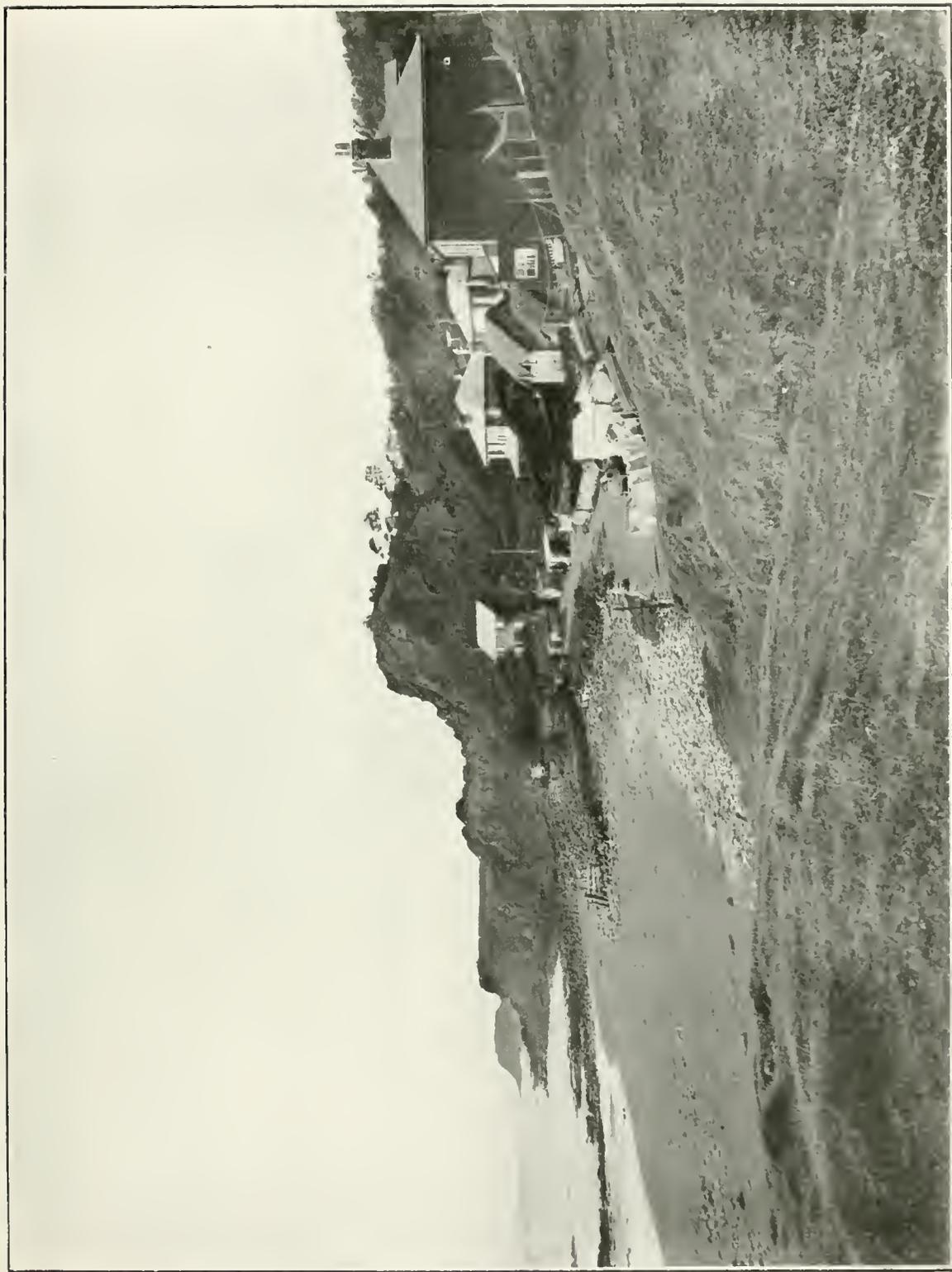
Mr John Hambrough commenced the erection in 1833, but unhappily he lost his sight before the Castle was finished in 1835, and never saw the final form of beauty which he had created; a pathetic illustration of the vanity of human wishes. His initials, with those of his wife, Sophia Townsend, appear on the arched entrance of the drive, entwined in a true lovers' knot, and his initials and arms are carved over the principal doorway of the Castle, with the word "Foresight" above the crest.

The total cost of the Castle and the furnishing, together with the improvements effected on the estate, was said to have reached £250,000.

The approach from the Undercliff road is by a stone battlemented gateway, opening upon a drive, which is bordered with green sloping banks, adorned with shrubs, and planted with ornamental trees, which form a natural canopy over-head. This leads by a circular



LAWN AND TENNIS COURTS.



STEEPHILL COVE.

sweep to the front entrance on the east side of the Castle.

The Vestibule, which has a richly grained ceiling with carved bosses and gothic folding doors, leads to the corridor through a screen of carved oak filled with figures; the Grand Hall is entered with the gallery staircase on the right. This is in polished oak, the newels and standards being adorned with exquisitely carved figures of griffins, saints and soldiers.

A Billiard Room on the right, within the entrance, measures 30ft. by 21ft.; there is a ribbed oak ceiling in panels, and elliptic principals abutting upon carved cherubim corbels, and the great window is filled with stained glass.

From the Corridor, on the left, the Library and Study are entered, the former containing a complete series of scientific and general cyclopædias, maps, and books of reference on antiquarian, artistic, and commercial subjects; as well as a large collection of the latest works of travel and the up-to-date novel.

The Dining-room measures 27ft. by 20ft., has a fine black marble chimney piece, and a polished pine ceiling. Here on a pedestal is a bust of Washington.

Drawing-rooms extend the whole width of the west front, measuring 32ft. by 20ft. and 28ft. by 19ft.—making at pleasure one very handsome apartment. Both ceilings are in panelled oak, with carved bosses and angle pieces; and the views from the bay windows are charming and diversified. Stained glass of artistic design fill the transverse heads of the windows.

All the Offices on the ground floor, the servants' hall, the kitchens and pantries are furnished to suit the latest requirements of science.

Upon the first floor, entered by a Gallery above the staircase, are the Bedroom suites and Guest chambers, each furnished in a different colour; here also is the Boudoir Study of the late Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), Mr. Richards' eldest daughter.

All these rooms command extremely lovely views of the picturesque coast line, and across the Channel to the coast of France.

The second, third and fourth floors, in Keep and Tower, are arranged to suit the various demands made by a large household.

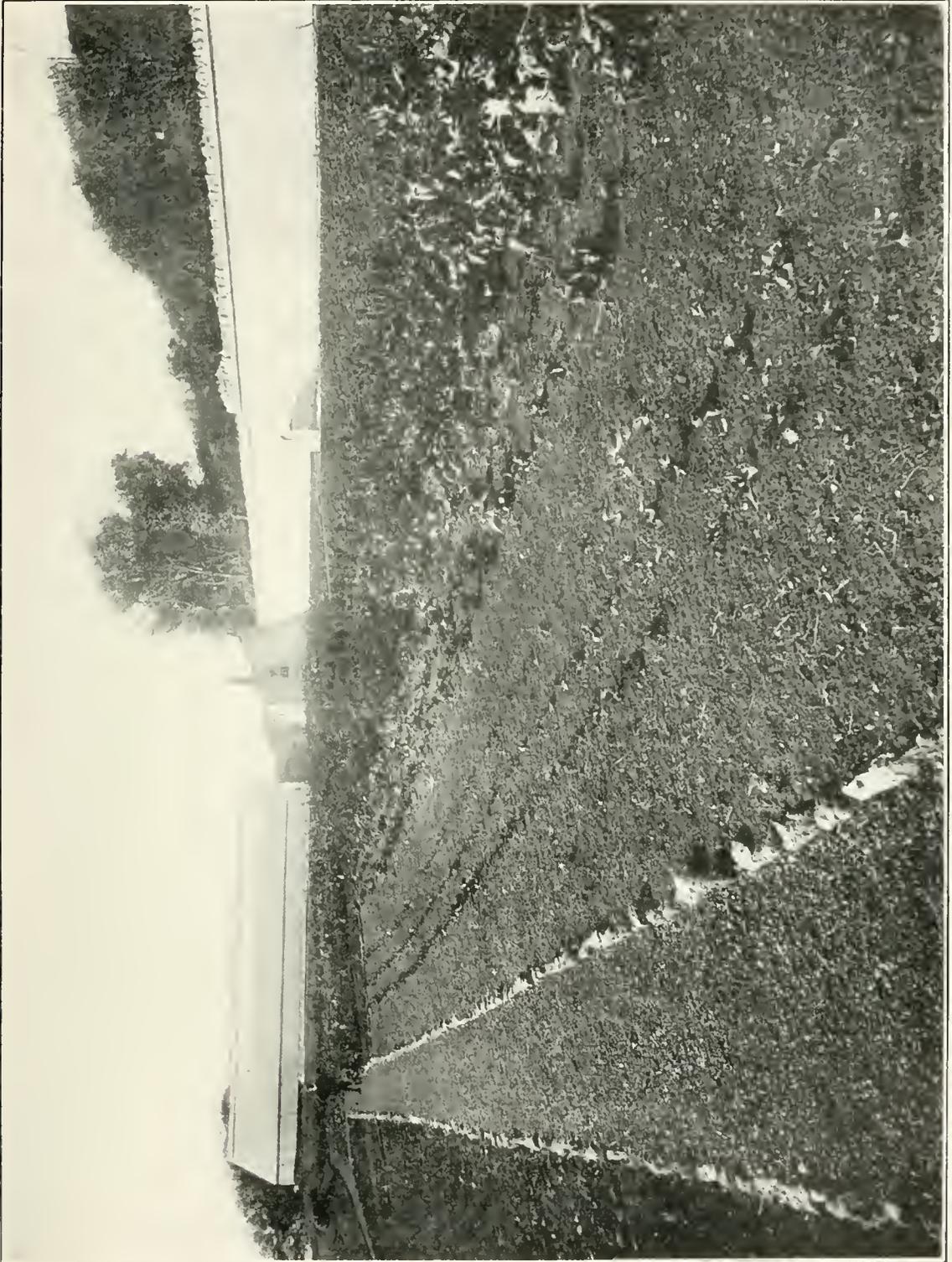
The round Flag-staff Tower, at the north-east corner of the keep, rises 85ft. above the ground, and over it daily floats the "Stars and Stripes."

To the south-east of the Entrance Drive, and on the left of the Undercliff road, approaching the grounds from Ventnor, are extensive Stabling and Carriage houses, with Coachman's and Gardeners' residences—half-timbered.

The Garden.

"A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot!
Rose plot
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace."—*T. E. Brown.*

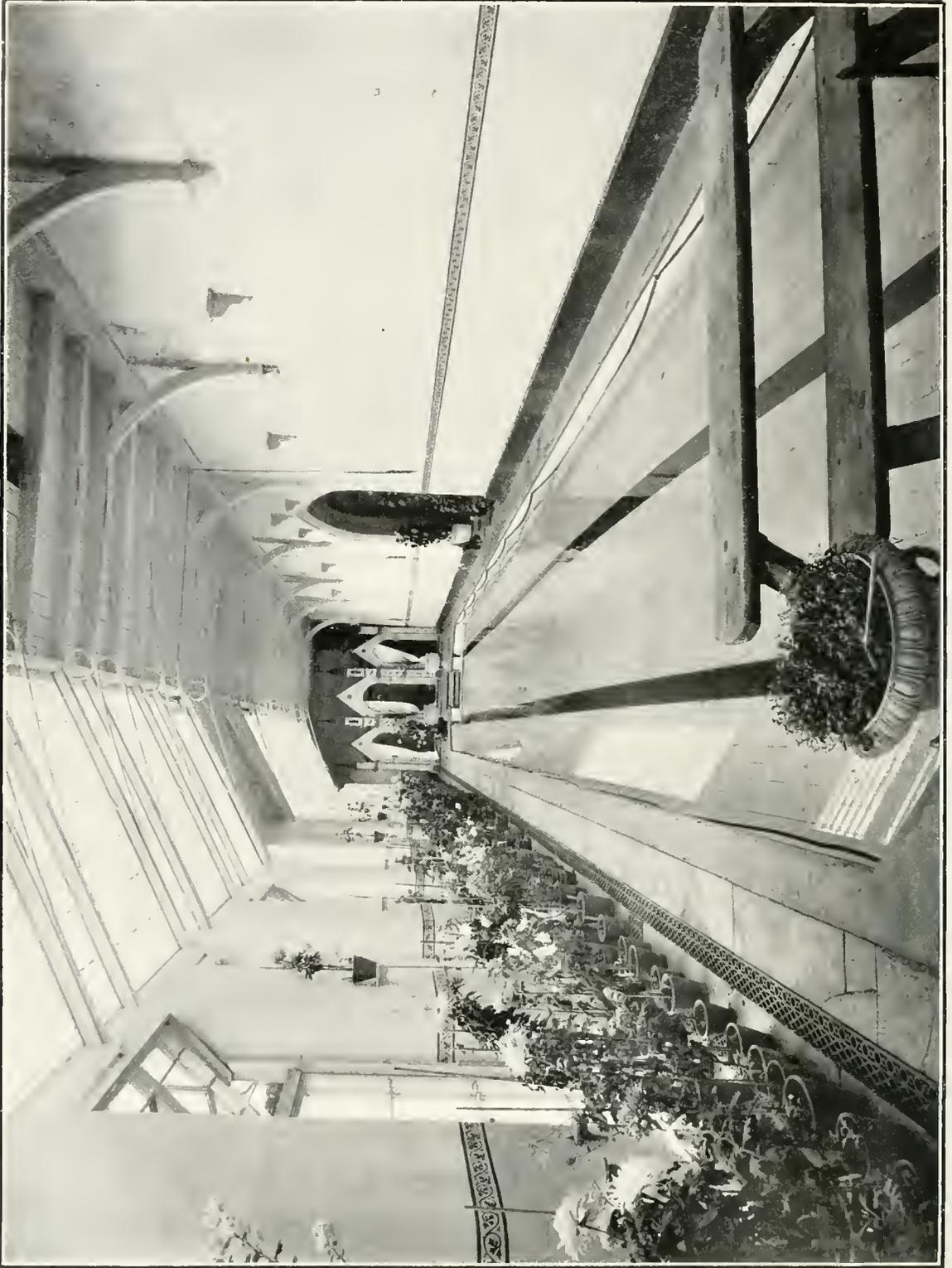
The Pleasure grounds comprise a spacious Cricket field, beautifully timbered and extensive woods, green glades, dell and dingle carpeted with ferns and wild flowers. Spreading beech—the copper and the fern-



KITCHEN GARDEN AND VINERY.



EXTERIOR SWIMMING BATH.



INTERIOR SWIMMING BATH.



THE STABLES.

leaved species, and white and scarlet chestnut trees grow in wild luxuriance, in specially selected spots. Cedars of Lebanon are found in sheltered nooks, and many varieties of the pine grow in the woods. Amongst other noticeable features are specimens of *ericia arborica*, *pinus insignis*, *auricaria*, *Wellingtonia*, Irish yews, camellias, magnolia, myrtles, and other varieties of *coniferæ*, and deciduous trees; while clumps of *rhododendrons* abound.

Before the west front, on the edge of the lawn, is the scallop shell basin already referred to, filled from a natural spring, in which gold fish swim; and from which, in the early morning, white pigeons from their cotes, by the lawn, fly down to drink.

The walks within the grounds extend to over three miles in length.

Beyond the Lawn the land gradually slopes, disclosing fair stretches of green fields, where cricket, golf, or football may be played, tree-bordered, in places, with openings through which portions of the undercliff, at St. Lawrence, stretching out in the far distance, and the sea, may be descried. In one clump of trees a rookery has existed for many years; and in the early morning and late afternoon, their noisy disputations are distinctly heard by residents in the Castle.

A spacious Conservatory is on the west side of the grounds, fully stocked; while north and south are turfed lawns—one open, and the other shaded by trees.

An Over-flow Villa is beyond the lawns, which is built of stone, the upper part half-timbered, with barge boards, finialled gables and rustic porch. There are four bedrooms for guests when they overflow the Castle.

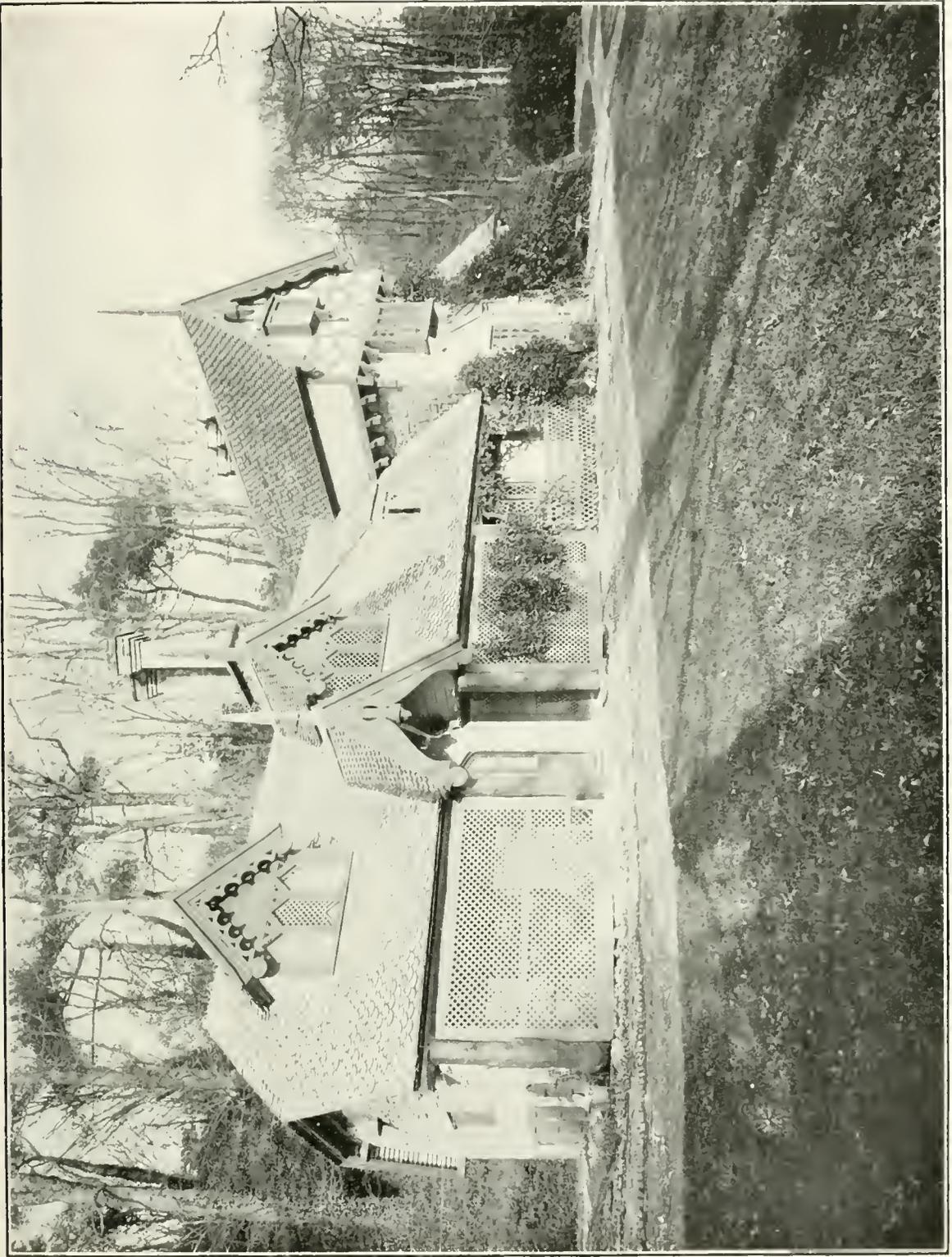
Fowl houses, ponds, walled kitchen gardens, an orchard, a wilderness of undergrowth for wild rabbits, a vinery, and glass houses for special fruits, with numerous other buildings, complete the equipment of the Castle for the entertainment of friends, guests, or residents.

As though to omit no feature of natural beauty, nature has provided a freak of strata in the cliff north of the Castle, which has been christened by the unromantic name of "the Devil's Bridge." This projects horizontally from the cliff like a natural cornice, and being of a harder strata than that immediately below, there exists a cavern beneath large enough to allow of the construction within of a sheltered bench for the curious in search of the picturesque. Ivy winds about the sides of the cavern, and shrubs clothe the cliff above and around. There is a rude staircase by which the place is reached; and from this point the view of the rolling cliffs, and valleys, with the sea beyond, is remarkably fine.

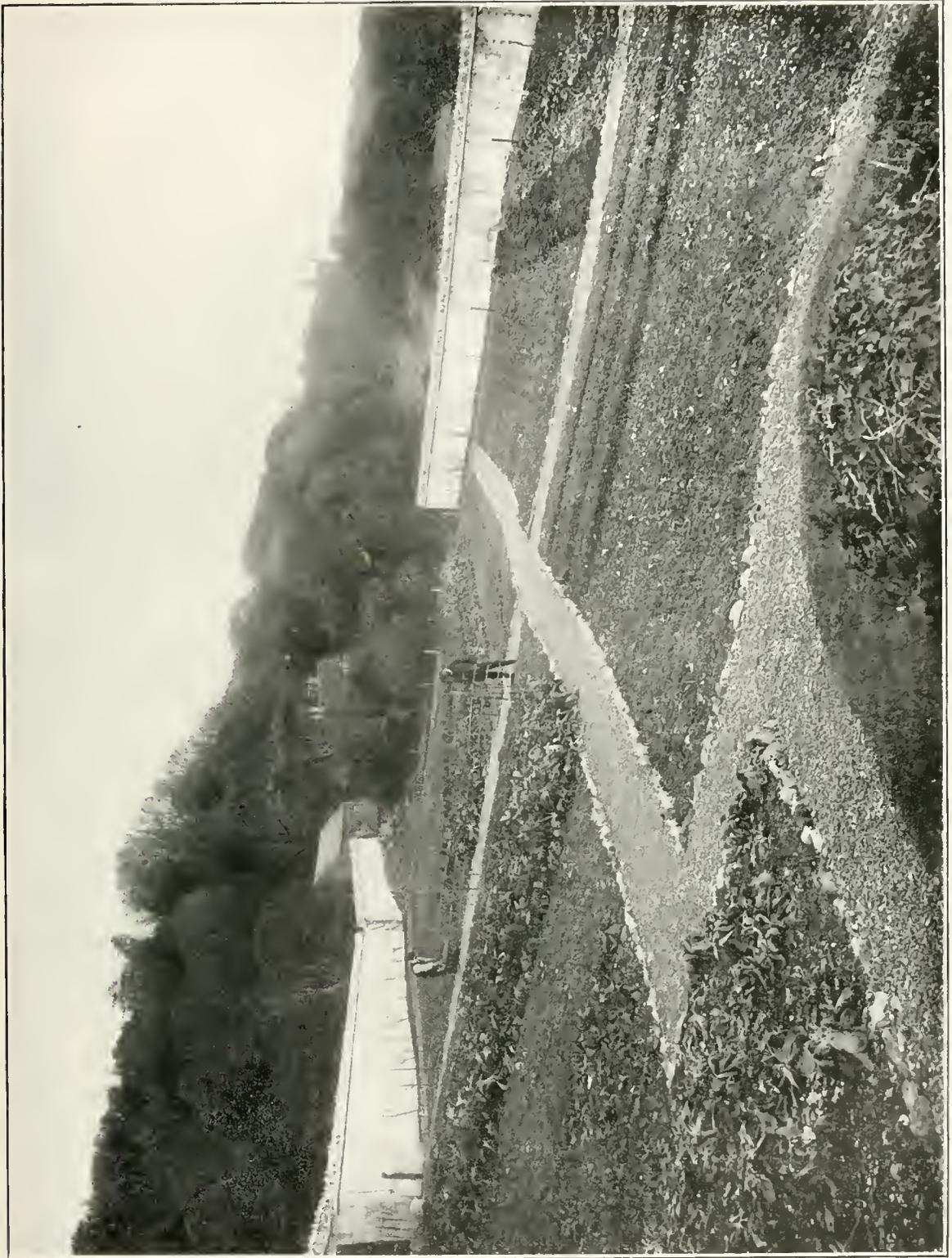
The surface of this portion of the North Cliff forms the Rew Downs, which rise to a height of from 700ft. to 800ft., on which the north and east winds expend their fury, without reaching the Castle.

Ravens build in these cliffs, and the falcon hawk, the only proper species for hawking, is frequently to be seen. King Henry VIII. hunted in the coverts on the downs, with hawks, but the sport has long since now passed out of fashion.

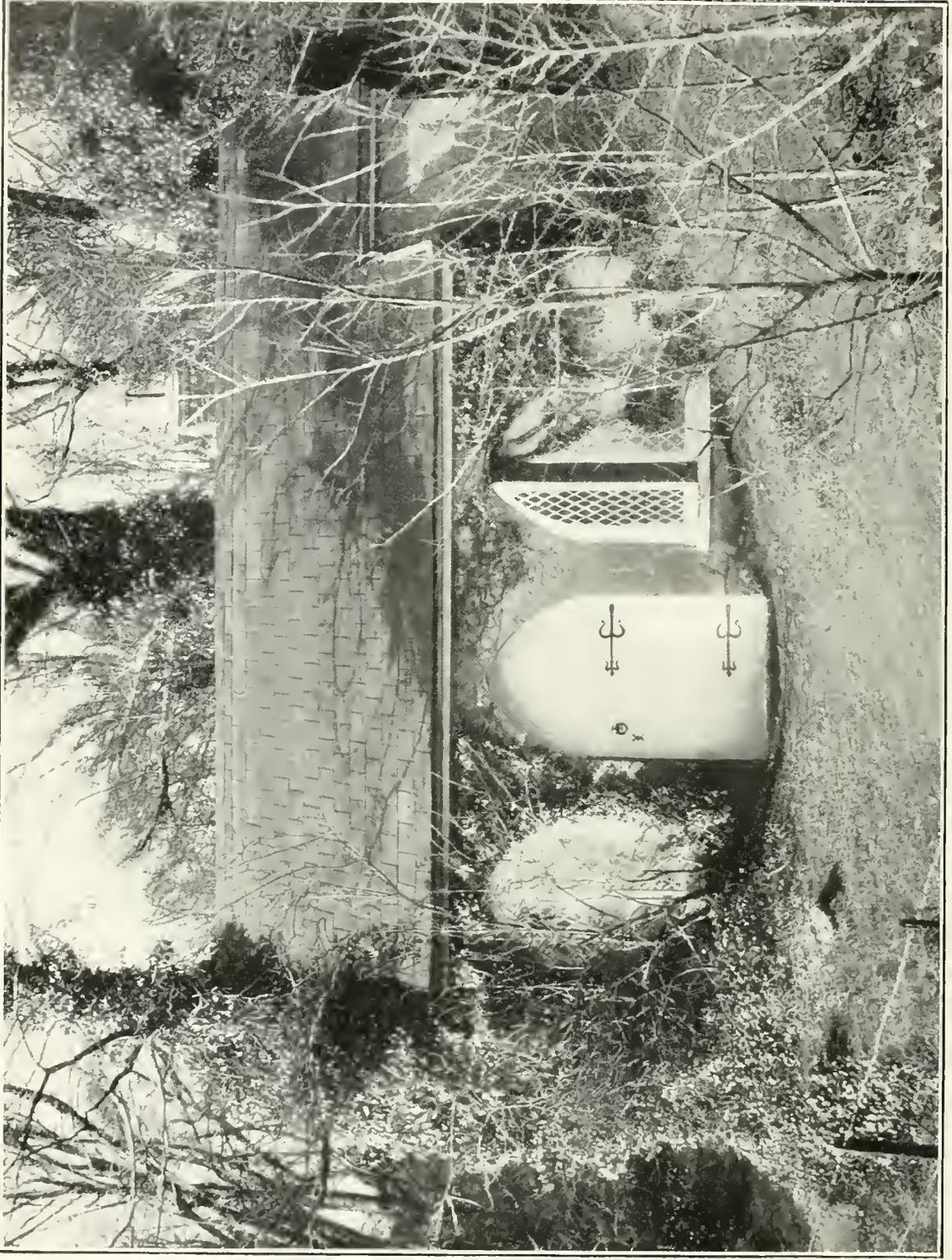
Close to the Castle, on the north, is a double gabled cottage of stone, called "The Governor's Summer House." This was the work of Hans Stanley, and here he retired at times for quiet meditation. The view from this house is particularly entrancing; no noise



GARDENER'S COTTAGE.



KITCHEN GARDEN.



THE GOVERNOR'S COTTAGE.

breaks upon the stillness—only the singing of birds occasionally fills the air. The house was restored by Mr. Richards in 1905,—a brass tablet on the door records the fact.

North-east of this, on a plateau of the cliff, 154ft. above the entrance to the Castle, is a reservoir of water, filled by a Ram and Water wheel, each independent of the other, capable of raising over 6,000 gallons a day from independent springs. The Castle is supplied with spring water by natural gravitation.

The Isle of Wight Central Railway, running to Ryde, crosses the estate on a terrace above the Castle; and when, in course of formation, a cutting was driven through solid rock to provide access from one part of the estate to another. This cutting discloses in a remarkable manner the series of strata composing the cliff.

Mr. Page, a landscape gardener of Southampton, is credited with the latest arrangement of the grounds; and the combination of art, with nature, have produced the most picturesque results.

On a northern bank in the grounds, only a short distance from the west front, in an open glade, sheltered on all sides by stately trees, is a shrub known as "Christ's Thorn," brought originally from the East, declared by tradition to have descended from a shrub, from which Christ's Crown of Thorns was made by the Roman soldiers. This shrub is a remarkably fine specimen, in a most healthy condition, and the only one in Great Britain. Botanists call the bush a specimen of the "*Paliurus aculeatus*," a deciduous shrub. Three nerved alternate ovate, or heart-shaped leaves, are borne in two ranks, and small flowers cluster in the axils. In

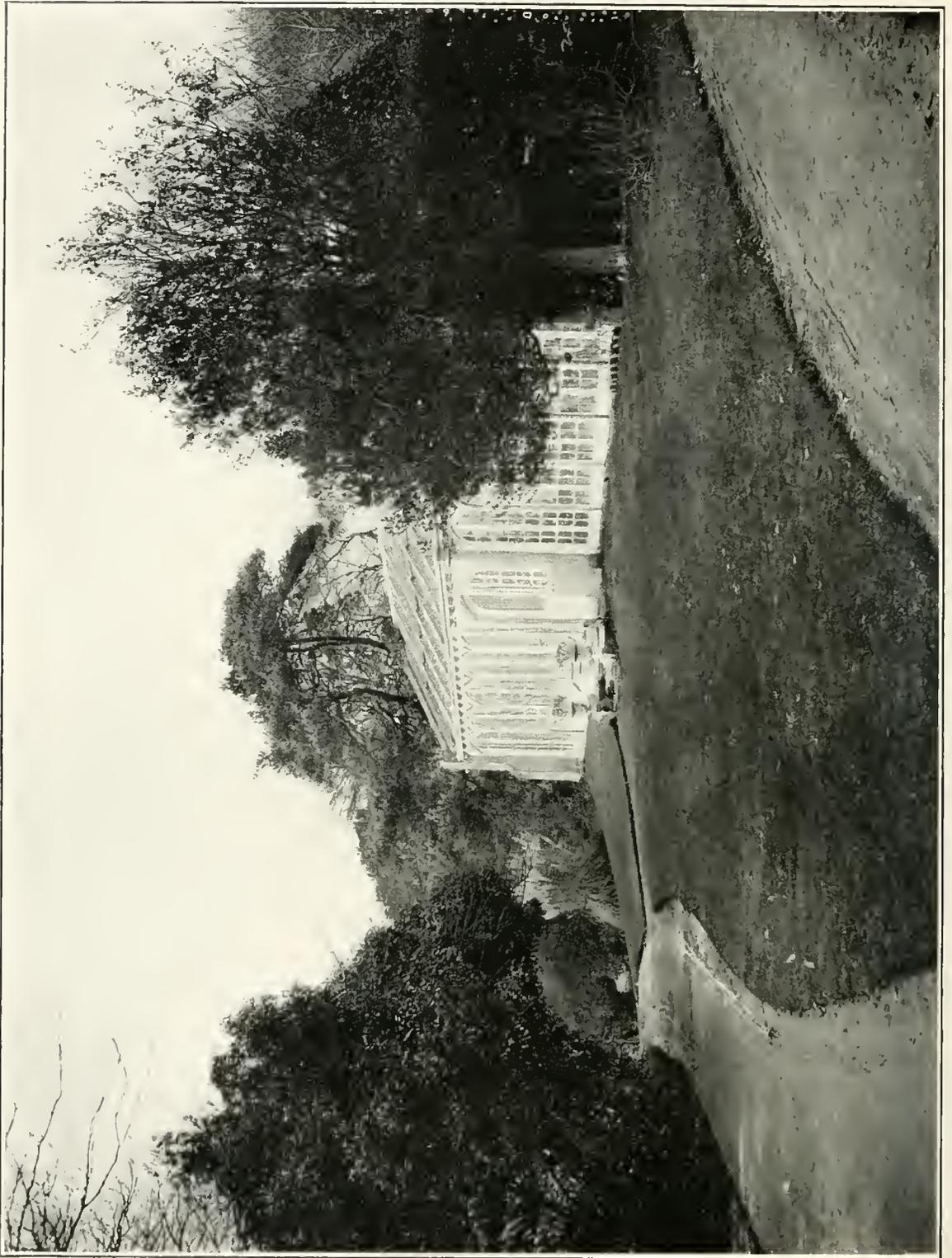
the late autumn, white drops, resembling sweat, appear on the leaves, and these, as Christmas approaches, develop into minute lilies.

From the South Terrace, descending by a flight of stone steps, the Swimming Baths are reached. These are practically constructed under the terrace and form an agreeable resort in summer time for the visitors.

From the Castle the grounds descend several furlongs over land broken by ravines and vine-covered rock formations, with here and there clumps of trees to the cliffs, hemming in Steephill Castle Cove, with the tiny shingly beach and picturesque cottages. From here sixty miles of channel separate the Isle from the coast of France. A noisy and pretty little brook hurries down the cliffside and flows across the shingle into the sea.

Nestling in the Cove are several villa residences. No more enchanting spot exists upon the island. The sea, with never-ceasing song, breaks in waves, or simply laves the stones of the beach. Every mossy crag is coated with lichen; myriads of wild flowers grow around; and furze with yellow flowers bloom perennially, justifying the local saying, "When the furze is not in bloom, kissing is not in fashion." Rising in the centre of the Cove is a rock like a miniature breakwater, as though nature placed it there to give security to sea nymphs.

Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort, visited the Castle Grounds on several occasions, purposely to enjoy the views. They chose the south and west terraces as their favourite walks; and the south terrace is now known as Queen Victoria's promenade. Here they often rested, looking over the rolling hills to



CONSERVATORY.

the Channel, or strolled to the west and watched the sun set in the sea, beyond St. Lawrence.

At a much later period the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra), visited the grounds, and were also greatly delighted with the beauty of the views from the terraces.

Another Royal visitor to the Castle was the late unfortunate Empress of Austria, who occupied the Castle with her suite in the autumn of 1874, and remained until the end of September. Her Majesty had the smaller of the two drawing rooms—now called the Empress Room, converted to a bed-chamber for her use, and spent a large portion of the day in the grounds. She was particularly delighted with the varying views obtained from the walks, and often sat, for nearly an hour at a time, beneath the shade of a tree, whence she looked across the rolling ground to the sea. She was a frequent visitor to the Holy Thorn, which appeared to have an irresistible attraction for her, and she would stand silent as she touched with her fingers the prickly points of the leaves; afterwards, speaking to her Maids of Honour of the fearful pain a crown made of them must have caused. She little anticipated at that time by what an awfully sudden death, at the hands of an assassin, she was doomed to die.

Mrs. CRAIGIE'S
LAST WRITING

With Explanatory Notes,
Before and After.

The Late Mrs. Craigie's Study.

Her Last Writing.

THIS Study was upon the first floor, looking westward, and was entered from the gallery already mentioned. The last day of her life was Sunday, August 12th, 1906, which was spent in quiet retirement, chiefly in this study, after having attended early Mass at the Catholic Church of St. Wilfrid, Ventnor. After breakfast she proceeded here, which was a room of her own choosing, secluded from the noise of footsteps, or voices, however many might be in the Castle. Through two large windows—which were always open in the summer time—she looked beyond the tangled wilderness of shrubs and trees, beyond the cricket and the golf grounds, to St. Lawrence Point, in the distance, and the sunlit ocean beyond. The fragrant air of field and garden, and the inspiring breath of the sea, mingled together in the chamber; and if sound obtruded, the white pigeons on the sea-shell lawn were the singers, and they also spoke of contentment and peace. There she spent laborious hours, evolving those marvellous analyses of

human hearts and motives, which have made her name world-famous. How much those hours of thought were costing her, no one—not even her dearest relatives—ever suspected until after her death. Every volume was a span of her life, until the last closed, only too quickly, a record even unsuspected by herself. She closed her last completed novel, “The Dream and the Business,” thinking there would be others to follow; and wrote of future plans in an ecstasy of pleasure, known only to genius. In this now famous room she created the major number of her diverse characters. Little wonder, when the fevered volume was completed, she hailed the relaxation she obtained by yachting in the Mediterranean or by visiting far-distant lands. She died as she would have desired. Her last written words were to her parents. This was in a brief telegram to them, on this Sunday evening, written at 56, Lancaster Gate, London: “Fondest love.—Pearl.” Then she slept, and woke to the glad new life.

Once in the course of the morning her mother, looking into the room, saw her seated near the open window, with the entrancing view before her, holding in her left hand a paper pad, on which she was writing. This was her favourite method of composition. She was preparing a new novel, adapted from a play of her's called “A Time to Love.” The idea was given to her by Mr. Edward Rose, and she had written the play thereon; but while awaiting the production of the piece, she employed her thoughts working out the plot in the form of a novel. After her death the following sentences, the last she wrote on that Sunday morning, were found in her Study:—

“ A TIME TO LOVE.

“ BOOK II.

“ CHAPTER I.

“ August had come. The leaves on the tree-tops
“ were growing sunburnt. Rooks were swinging in the
“ branches, and they swayed in the early autumnal
“ breeze ; the peacocks dragged their moulting tails with
“ caution over the lawns and gravel walks ; the doves
“ were less active and more silent than they are in the
“ spring ; the sweetest roses had gone ; the hardier ones,
“ overblown and easily shaken, still grew over the
“ balustrades and doorways and cottage roofs.”

A sentence of idyllic beauty.

Mrs. Craigie left the Castle on the afternoon of August 12, for London, *en route* for a holiday in Scotland. On reaching 56, Lancaster Gate, in reply to the House-keeper's question, she said she felt tired—nothing more. She wrote a telegram to Steephill Castle in the following words :—

“ Richards, Steephill Castle, Ventnor.

“ Excellent journey ; crowded train. Arrived here
“ by nine. Fondest love.—Pearl.”

A little after nine o'clock she retired to bed, and nothing was heard during the night, but in the morning, about half-past nine, when her Maid entered her room, she was found lying as if sleeping—but this was the sleep of death.

How profoundly the literary world was stirred by the announcement of her death cannot be told here ; but the following gracious messages may be fittingly given in evidence of the sorrow which touched the highest in the land :—

“FROM HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

“Buckingham Palace, August 17, 1906.

“The Queen is desirous of tendering to the parents
“of the late Mrs. Craigie her deep sympathy with them
“in their terrible bereavement by the sudden death of
“their so highly-gifted daughter, who has been taken
“from them in the prime of her life and in the height of
“her fame. The Queen feels especially for the poor
“young son, who lost his beloved mother on the morning
“of his own birthday.”

“FROM H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

“TO MRS. RICHARDS.

“Much shocked and grieved at your poor daughter’s
“death. Offer you and Mr. Richards my warmest
“sympathy in your sorrow.”

The funeral took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on August 17, the first portion of the service being conducted at the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm Street, W. Monsignor Brown, Vicar-General of the diocese of Southwark, and Father Galton officiated. The church was crowded with mourners, and there was a wealth of floral wreaths heaped on and around the coffin. Mr. John Morgan Richards, Mr. J. Churchill Craigie (son of deceased), the brothers and sisters of Mrs. Craigie, were the chief mourners, and the American Ambassador, with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Genl. Sir Harry Prendergast, and many artist, literary, musical and theatrical friends were present.

Any appreciation of Mrs. Craigie would be out of place here.

The Hon. Joseph Choate wrote—“Her early and

“lamented death may well be attributed to the incessant
“severity of her labours. She never rested;” and
Monsignor Brown, in his funeral oration, observed—
“Her mind was so prehensile and active that it wore
“out her body. It would never let her rest.”

She died in the thirty-eighth year of her age.

In “A Bundle of Life,” which was wholly written
at Steephill Castle, the late authoress thus treats of
Death in an epilogue :—

THE ANGEL.

This is only Sorrow
For To-day,
Life begins To-morrow !
A DAUGHTER OF EVE,
So they say.

THE ANGEL.

Life with love and laughter
Gay and free—
Yet no heartache after.
A DAUGHTER OF EVE,
Can it be ?

THE ANGEL.

Life with work that reaches
To the sky ;
Life that never teaches
How to die.
Life that is eternal,
Ever young,
Ever bright and vernal
Just begun !
A DAUGHTER OF EVE,
Will To-Morrow ever dawn ?
Shall we make that golden morn
But to see
All the treasures gained by tears,
All the faith that's won by fears—
Vanity ?

THE ANGEL.

Doubter, look behind thee
In the past,
All the dreams that pleased thee
Did one last ?
Is a wish remaining
From thy youth ?
This thou art retaining
If 'twas truth.
Mortal passions sicken,
Fade away—
Love alone can quicken
Earthly clay.
Faith, and all endeavor
That is pure,
Hope, and Love, for ever
These endure.
All things else are folly
To the wise—
Quit thy melancholy
And thy sighs !



Photo. J. J. Smith & Sons, Ltd., Norwich.

THE OLD CHURCH, BONCHURCH.

Notes of Towns and Places.

Alum Bay.

“ Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
And left the flush'd print in a Poppy there ;
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
And the fanning wind puff'd it to flapping flame.”

—*Francis Thompson.*

“ How simple in their grandeur are the forms
That constitute this picture ! Nature grants
Scarce more than sternest cynic might desire—
Earth, sea, and sky, and hardly lends to each
Variety of colour ; yet the soul
Asks nothing fairer than the scene it grasps
And makes her own for ever.”—*T. N. Talfourd.*

Headon Hill, on the north side of the bay, rises to a height of 397ft. above sea level, and presents, in the opinion of Sir H. Englefield, “the finest and most striking scenery” which the Isle possesses. On the south side the chalk cliff rises perpendicularly upwards of 400ft. in height, stained with yellow and green lines, and where the cliffs enter the sea they appear broken off in the far-famed and dangerous Needles.

Upon the north side the clay cliffs are ragged in form, lined with vivid colours. These vary from blue and red to gray, yellow, and white, presenting a never-dimmed glory, like the rainbow set in the heavens. The brightness of these sands has led to a local industry in the sale of glass bottles, containing samples ranged in

layers, which are highly prized. Alum, from which the bay takes the name, exudes from the cliff. The scenery from all points of the bay is remarkably fine. There are five "Needles," so called, huge masses of rock, detached from the original strata by the action of the sea; three only rise above the water, and these are constantly affected by the waves. One rock, which rose to a height of 120ft. above the sea, called "The Ghost," or "The Pillar of Lot's Wife," fell 150 years ago. A sail round about the Needles is a rare enjoyment.

The pier affords special attractiveness for the examination of the rocks, as well as a near survey of the Needles. At the entrance to the pier, the Master shows a Saxon "dug-out" boat, which he found in the sand.

Blackgang Chine.

"Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men."—*Marvell*.

"'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonnaire
And gentle tale of love and languishment."—*Keats*.

This is a romantic gorge leading to a rocky bay, into which the sea is perpetually dashing in great rolling billows. Entrance to the descent is artfully contrived through a toy-shop, where a trifle must be bought in lieu



Photo, Jarrard & Sons, Ltd., Norwich.

ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHTHOUSE.

of paying toll. A free entrance to this romantic spot is obtained by a path near Chale Church, or by the beach at Rocken End. The fissure in the rocks was first created by a slender stream, which ate away the soft sandstone cliffs, which, on meeting a layer of ironstone grit, falls a depth of 70ft. to the bottom of the chasm. At the side of the chine the broken cliffs are in many places 400ft. in height. There is a wooden stairway, constructed in the over-hanging brow of the rocks facing the sea, by which the descent may be made to the shore.

Shipwrecks frequently take place here, owing to the exposure of the land to south winds, and the sea. Gold dust and Spanish dollars have been found in the soil under the cliffs, the result of wrecks in former years.

At Blackgang the romantic Undercliff terminates.

Bonchurch.

"The fair paradise of Nature's light.

* * *
"Sometimes gold-finches one by one will drop
From low hung branches."—*Kcats*.

"Bonchurch is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, on the sea coast, on this side Genoa."—*Dr. Arnold*.

A way-side Pool at the border of the roadway, under the shadow of magnificent beech and willow trees, on whose water swans spend their peaceful lives, is the chief attraction. The village contains many thatched cottages picturesquely set in frames of fuschia, rose and myrtle trees.

The Pulpit Rock, surmounted by a cross, consists of an outlying mass of rock, projected from the face of

the cliff, overlooking the sea. A similar pulpit mass of rock near is called Hadfield's Look-out.

A small disused Church, in a grave-yard, which is a wilderness of shrubs and wild flowers, overshadowed by elms, is dedicated to St. Boniface. The Rev. William Adams, author of "The Shadow of the Cross," is buried here. Upon his grave is a horizontal iron cross, which throws a shadow on his tomb, and John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, also is buried here.

Ash Cliff was the residence of the late Elizabeth Sewell, authoress of "Amy Herbert," and other works.

Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson was a native of this place. He was a parish lad, who was apprenticed to a tailor at Niton, but ran away to sea, and rose to the highest position in the British navy. One exploit of his was the breaking of the boom at Vigo Bay.

St. Boniface Downs. Ventnor.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."—*David*.

"The daises kiss our feet."—*Nashe*.

"Bonifacius" is one of those fascinating figures of ante-mediæval history, whose labours changed the face of Europe, and set nations on the road of progress and reform, christianising and dominating the powers and practices of heathenism; and these Downs preserve the recollection of this illustrious Saint's early connection

with the Isle, before he earned for himself the title "Apostle of Germany."

Born at Crediton, Devon, 680 A.D., he entered a monastery in 693, and became a priest at the age of 30, in 710. When he left Devonshire he entered a monastery at Southampton, where he resided for a few years, and during this period crossed to the Isle of Wight, where he laboured for a time. A tradition still survives that while in the island he was considerably exercised with religious doubts, such as frequently affect men of deep piety. He was humiliated by his lack of advance in religious truth, and especially in his lack of comprehending the attributes of God. While thus exercised, on one occasion he was walking on the shore, where Ventnor now stands, and saw a boy digging a hole in the sand. He watched the lad, who presently filled a shell with sea water and poured it into the hole ; this he repeated many times, and at last, standing on the water's edge, he threw down his shell and burst into tears. Wilfred, the monk as he then was, went up to the lad and asked him why he wept. The lad replied, "I wanted to empty the sea into the hole I dug, but I can't do so." "That," said Wilfred, "is the cause of all my unhappiness. I have been trying to compass the infinite with my finite mind," and he returned to his cell with a clearer conception of his duty than he ever had before. In 718 he journeyed to Rome, and was ordered by Gregory II. to preach to the Pagans of Germany. After five years' labour in Thuringia, Bavaria, Friesland, Hesse, and Saxony, baptizing thousands, he returned to Rome and made a report to Gregory. So pleased was the Pope that he created him

a Bishop in 723, giving him the name of Bonifacius. He returned to Germany, and after nine years' further successful labours he was made an Archbishop and Primate of all Germany. He founded Bishoprics, and Archbishoprics, and built monasteries and churches without number, continuing his work for more than thirty years. On June 5, 755, he was murdered by a host of barbarians in West Friesland, together with a number of converts to whom he was administering the rite of baptism. His body was buried in the Abbey of Fulda, Prussia (Hesse-Nassau), whose foundation stone he had years before laid, and to the present day the abbey is in possession of a copy of the Gospels, which he wrote with his own hand, one page of which is stained with his blood.

The views from all sides are magnificent, as the Downs rise to a height of 783ft. above the sea, and dominate all the rolling hills in the vicinity.

On the steepest portion, facing south, is a small pool of water, which has never been known to become dry. This is called "St. Bonny's," or "The Wishing Well," and is associated with the escape of a Bishop from death, who gave an acre of ground as a memorial to Saint Boniface for his deliverance. This acre, which is at the foot of the cliff, is enclosed by a ridge of turf, and called to the present day "Parson's Acre."



Photo, J. J. J. & Sons, Ltd., Norwich.

GATEWAY, CARISBROOK CASTLE.

Brading.

"Where children are not, heaven is not, and heaven if they come not again, shall be never :

But the face and the voice of a child are assurances of heaven, and its promise for ever."—*A. Swinburne.*

This place has attained greater celebrity through the touching memorials of his parishioners by the late curate, the Rev. Legh Richmond, author of "The Annals of the Poor," "The Young Cottager," and "The Dairyman's Daughter," than by the pleasant situation of the town, or the historical associations.

The Old Church which consists of a nave, chancel and side aisles, and has a massive tower and steeple, is said to date from 704, thus being the oldest and most venerable in the Island. At the south-east corner of the churchyard on a tomb are the words, "Jane, the young cottager, is buried here." The cottage was close by.

On another grave, that of an infant, are the words :

"This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
Call'd hence by early doom ;
Just came to show how sweet a flower
In paradise would bloom !"

Here also is interred Mrs. Ann Berry, whose epitaph was written by the Rev. Mr. Gill, of Newchurch :

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confined to grovelling 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."

Dr. Calcott set these words to a melody as celebrated as the words themselves.

Behind the church is a fine old sundial, which has told the time to villagers for many centuries, and from the stone step a lovely view is obtained.

“The Dairyman’s Daughter” was Elizabeth Wallbridge, and her epitaph, which is cut upon her tomb in Arreton churchyard (3 miles from Newport), was written by her biographer, the Rev. Legh Richmond :—

“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 of 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 faith, fulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of His boundless love—
Faith that dispell’d affliction’s darkest gloom—
Hope that could cheer the passage to the tomb—
Peace, that not hell’s dark legion could destroy—
And love that fill’d the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm’d, she knew no fear,
But tasted heav’n e’en whilst she lingered here.
O, happy saint! may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.”

The town of Brading boasts great antiquity as a settlement, but is now a small place. A massive iron ring in the ground marks the site of the ancient place for bull baiting. Below the Town Hall, which was rebuilt in 1885, are the old stocks and whipping post.

In the old church are monuments to members of the Oglander family, of whom Sir John, whose effigy is in wood, was the first historian of the island. He was at worship in the church on the morning of Sunday, November 15, 1647, when he was informed that Charles I. had landed at Newport that day, and at

day-break next day he proceeded to that town to do him homage.

At Maton, between Brading and Sandown, are the remains of a Roman villa, which contained twenty-five rooms, discovered in 1880, and now open to view.

Carisbrook and the Castle.

“ This fire-drake [Ashburnham] led His Majesty [Charles I.]
“ out of the way cleane when he forsook Oxford in disguise, and should
“ have come to London and not into the Scottish Camp ; but His
“ Majesty will have better guides when he forsakes the Isle of Wight ;
“ he forsook Paradise for this Isle, *and when he leaves it and comes*
“ *to his Palace at Westminster, it's but a step to Heaven.*”—
Mercurius Anti-pragmaticus (November 25, 1647).

“ Carisbrook Church on the fifth of November
Flang out the silver hid deep in her chimes,
This was her burden, ‘ Be pleased to remember
The ill which they did in papistical times ! ’ ”

—*Bessie R. Parkes.*

Carisbrook, the town, nestles under the shelter of the Castle, and is picturesquely situated on the side of a hill, overlooking a valley, the opposite hill being crowned by the Castle. The church crowns the steep village street, and on the tower is the date 1470. An interesting monument is one to Lady Margaret Wadham, aunt of Queen Jane Seymour, and another is the recumbent figure of the ill-fated Princess Elizabeth.

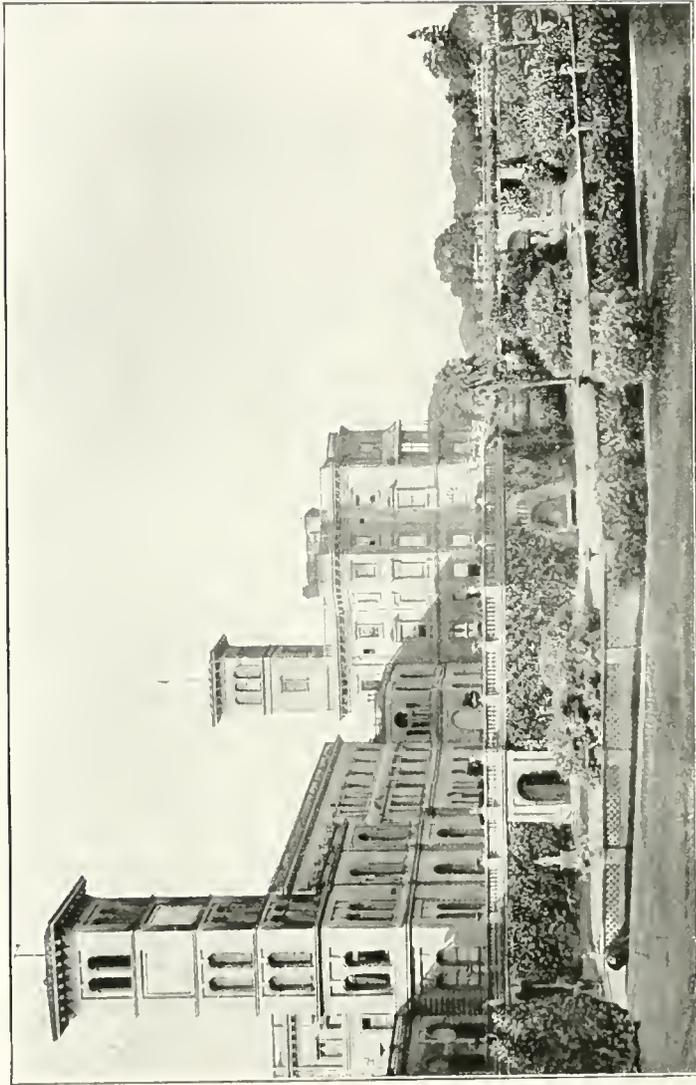
Below the Vicarage garden are the remains of a Roman villa, discovered in 1859.

Node Hill marks the burial place of a number of French murderers, who were slain there.

The history of this Castle goes back to a more remote period than any other in the Isle, and was a place of defence from a pre-historic period. A Norman Castle was erected on the height by the Earl of Hereford, a relative of William the Conqueror, and in 1082 William himself arrested in the hall of the Castle his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. No portion of this building now remains ; the earliest now visible is of the twelfth century. Baldwin I., William de Vernon, and Isabella de Festibus, the Lady of the Island, each had a share in completing the construction of the Castle in the form now remaining. The early history has faded before the interest attaching to the place, as the enforced residence of Charles I. prior to his removal to London by the agents of the Army and Parliamentary party. On his reaching the Isle of Wight (November 15, 1647), the King surrendered himself to the care of Colonel Hammond, the Parliamentary Governor, and was at first allowed a considerable amount of liberty, but after making two attempts to escape, he was more vigorously treated and confined to the precincts of the Castle.

The King's first visit to the Castle was with his father, James I., when a boy of nine, after hunting deer and slaying a buck in Parkhurst forest ; and dinner was served in the great hall of Carisbrook.

Here is a blocked window, close to a buttress on the north curtain wall, which is pointed out as that from which the King made his second attempt to escape. Charles was kept at the Castle from November 23, 1647, to September 6, 1648. His enforced leisure was largely devoted to literary pursuits, and the tilt-yard was con-



Photo, J. J. J. & Sons, Ltd., Norwich

OSBORNE HOUSE TERRACE.

verted into a bowling green for his use. He annotated a copy of Shakespeare, with aphorisms and quotations, which is now in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle; and here he wrote those prayers forming the Eikon Basiliké, which created a revulsion of feeling in the minds of his people shortly after his martyrdom. The reputed authorship by Dr. Gauden continued to be a disputed point amongst historians until 1880, when one of these prayers, in the handwriting of the King, was identified in the State Paper Office, and announced by Mr. Edward Scott, of the British Museum, in his reprint of the edition of the Prayers of 1648. The Castle walls were the chief scene of the King's daily exercises, he making a circuit of them twice a day at a "trotting" pace.

Two of the King's children, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth, were interned at the Castle, August 16, 1650. A liberal allowance for maintenance was made by Parliament, who gave orders that they were to be treated as the children of a gentleman only. Within a week of taking up her residence here the Princess Elizabeth, then in her fifteenth year, caught cold while playing at bowls with her brother, and died September 8. Her death was attended by a pathetic incident. She was found in her bed, her hands clasped as in prayer, and her face resting on an open Bible, given to her by her father at their last interview.

"Mr. Harry," as he was called, her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, remained at the Castle until the spring of 1653, when he was allowed to join the Princess of Orange, his sister, in Holland.

Cromwell and Charles II. made frequent use of the

Castle as a place of confinement for State prisoners.

Amongst the Governors have been Lord Cutts, a Duke of Bolton, Earl Cadogan, and an Earl of Portsmouth.

The Castle crowns the summit of a hill, 239 feet above the sea, and commands fine views upon all sides.

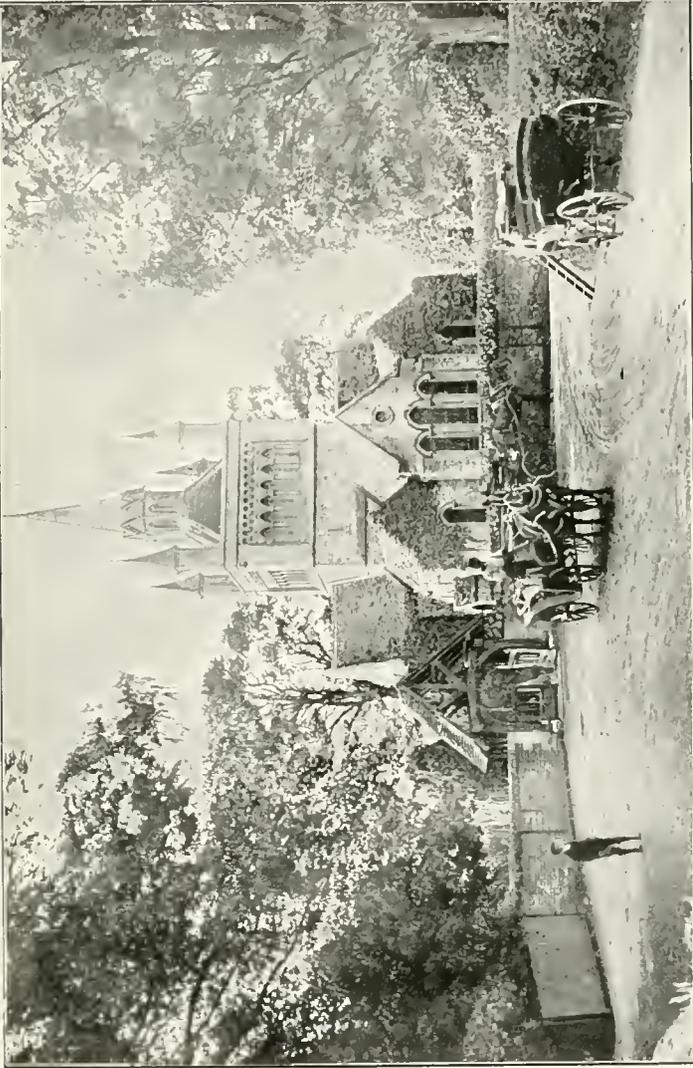
At the outer entrance is an archway built by Queen Elizabeth, dated 1598; then a stone bridge leads by a gate-house, grooved for two port-cullis, flanked by circular towers, erected 1340-1364. The upper portion of the gateway is now a muniment room, prepared as a memorial to the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, Governor of the Island, 1889-96.

Through the gateway the great Court is entered; on the left are the suite of rooms which were occupied by Charles I., and the blocked window by which he sought to escape, as well as the room in which the Princess Elizabeth died. On the right are the armourer's forge, the guard house, and the chapel of St. Nicholas.

Other points of interest are the Constable's lodgings, the Great Hall, and the Great Staircase.

The Castle Well, in the court, is 240 feet in depth, and the water rises to a height of 90 feet. Water is raised in a bucket by a Donkey treading inside a wheel of chestnut, 15 feet in diameter.

The Keep, which has eleven faces, is built on the top of a mound 50 feet high, and is approached by a flight of 72 stone steps, at the top of which is a double gateway, grooved for the fall of a portcullis. Portions of this work date from Edward III., but the Keep was



Photo, J. J. J. & Sons, Ltd., Norwich

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

constructed in 1100. The views from here are charming and varied.

There is a pleasant series of views to be had from the Castle walls, on which Charles I. took daily walks during his residence.

Cowes, Osborne House, Norris Castle, Whippingham Church.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness: but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."—*Keats*.

The Castle of West Cowes, built 1539, is now the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House. The season lasts from May to November, and the regatta is held early in August. From the parade there is a fine view of the harbour, which is crowded in the season with yachts from all quarters of the world.

West Cowes is composed of narrow streets, which are very quaint in appearance.

Charles II. landed at a point about one-and-a-half miles from West Cowes, in 1671, and visited Sir Robert Holmes.

East Cowes, which is another quaint old town on the opposite side of the Medina, is gained by a floating bridge, above the pier, but in a few years the hope

is entertained that a tunnel will be constructed below the river, which will connect West and East Cowes, and be a great convenience to the inhabitants and visitors.

Norris Castle, East Cowes, is celebrated as the residence for several years of the late Duchess of Kent, and as the early home of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. During those years she imbibed that love of the Island, which induced her in after years to purchase from Lady Isabella Blachford, in 1845, the house and grounds of the Osborne estate, where for more than fifty years she spent with her family a large portion of each year, and where she died. The major portion of the residence is now devoted to the use of a Convalescent Institution for Officers of the Army and Navy. The gardens are laid out in terraces, and the whole ground, as well as the house, commands lovely views of the Solent.

Osborne House was built from designs by the late Prince Consort, who adopted the Palladian style of architecture. The clock tower rises to a height of 90ft., and the flag tower is 170ft. high. The late Queen's apartments were at the West end of the house. A special permit must be obtained to view the house and grounds.

During the occupation by Queen Victoria the estate included 5,000 acres of ground.

Since her Majesty's death 60 acres have been fenced off for the purposes of the Royal Naval College. The buildings are on the right of the Prince of Wales' Gate. Prince Edward of Wales entered the College as a Cadet, on May Day, 1907, bringing up the number of students to 400, the full complement.



Photo, J. Donald & Sons, Ltd., Margate.

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER (Lord Tennyson's Residence).

Half a mile distant is the Swiss Cottage, which contains a Dairy, very much frequented by the Princesses during the life of the late Queen, where are still preserved the toys which amused Queen Victoria, when a child, and those belonging to all her children.

The Prince Consort's farm is at Barton, where 800 acres of land are maintained in a high state of cultivation, and famous stock is produced.

In the reign of Charles I. the estate belonged to Eustace Mann, who, during the troubles which arose, buried a great quantity of gold and silver in a copse, near Barton Wood, called to this day, "Money Coppice," because when tranquil times returned, he never found the place again where he buried his treasure.

One mile south of the house is the Church of St. Mildred, Whippingham, at which, the Royal Family, when in residence, were constant attendants. Here is a mortuary chapel, with a handsome grille, to the memory of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Prince was married in this church to the Princess Beatrice, July 23, 1885, and here he was buried in February, 1896.

Other memorials are to the Prince Consort, Princess Alice, two Princes of Prussia, and the Duke of Albany. The Font, a gift of Queen Victoria, is also a memorial to the Prince Consort.

Alms-houses, erected by the late Queen, are opposite the church.

Tradition has pleasantly associated the name of Isaac Watts, the eminent hymn writer, with Hampshire, his native county, and with the Isle of Wight, as the

inspiration of many of his most celebrated compositions. The one commencing—

“There is a land of pure delight,”

is said to have been written in a village on the coast just opposite Cowes; and another one beginning—

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,”

was suggested by the sun-lighted fields, as he gazed upon them from the sea-shore.

While many of his theological compositions are forgotten, his devotional hymns will live for ever.

Freshwater.

“To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seem to court her oft.”—*Drayton.*

This parish includes the whole area of the Peninsula created by the Yar, and stretches to Compton Bay and Wellow. There are no fewer than four watering hamlets within the parish—Freshwater Bay, Alum Bay, Totland Bay, and Colwell Bay.

In Freshwater Church, Lord and Lady Tennyson placed a tablet as a memorial to their son Lionel, who died at sea, and a statue of St. John, near the Communion Table, was dedicated by them to his memory. Lady Tennyson was, at a later period, interred in the churchyard.

Here, in Freshwater Bay, are two masses of chalk, which stand out of the sea, one is called Stag Rock and the other the Arched Rock.

Freshwater Cave may be safely entered on foot at low water.

The geologist is always attracted to this place because of the highly interesting geological markings about the cliffs, which yield many remains of a pre-historic age.

Farringford, the seat of the late Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate from 1852, is half-a-mile from Freshwater Gate. He has, in the following lines addressed to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, given a description of his home :

“ Where, far from smoke and noise of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All around a careless order'd garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down.
You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,
And only hear the magpie gossip
Garrulous under a roof of pine.
For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand ;
And further on, the hoary channel
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand.”

A gigantic magnolia spreads over the front and covers the principal entrance, and there is a fine spreading cedar tree close by, under which he frequently sat and mused, looking, from where he could not be seen, over Freshwater Bay.

An Iona Cross of granite was erected on the Downs, to the illustrious poet, in 1897.

Tennyson himself lies in Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

Luccombe Chine, Shanklin.

"Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone—
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves."—*Matthew Arnold*.

This is a tall free glen, the steep sides covered with trees and bushes, a small brook babbling over a stony bed, and a few fishermen's cottages at the base.

The great landslip of 1818 is close by. This spot attracts many because of the manner in which nature has dealt with the movement, and the whole scene is romantic in the extreme. One of the most attractive bits here is the stone seat, which the slip created.

Off Luccombe Point the Eurydice training ship went down in a storm, March 24, 1878, when out of several hundred on board a man and a boy were the only two who escaped with their lives.

Newport.

"Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes
Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells."—*Keats*.

This town is the Capital of the Island, and derives much historical importance from the proximity of Carisbrook Castle. In 1377 the town was totally destroyed by the French, and for 200 years remained a mere ruin. James I. granted the first charter of incorporation, and from his reign better times dawned for the town.

In 1585 Newport obtained the right of sending

two representatives to Parliament. There is now only one Member of Parliament for the whole Island. The chief interest in Newport arises from the course of events during the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament. Charles I. reached the town, after his escape from Hampton Court, on Sunday, November 23, 1647, and rode to Carisbrook Castle, where he surrendered himself to Colonel Hammond, Governor of the Island. Army and Parliamentary Commissioners followed, and conferences were held in the Town Hall, the King holding Court in the Grammar School. He was arrested here on November 30, and carried prisoner to Hurst Castle.

Three of Queen Elizabeth's most faithful servants were natives of Newport. One, "for her soul," was Dr. Edes, Dean of Worcester, the second was her physician, Dr. Janes, and the third, her business manager, was Mr. Thomas Fleming, afterwards a Lord Chief Justice. The three were related to one another.

The Parish Church of St. Thomas is modern, but contains many relics of the original church, erected in 1180. Here, in a vault of the chancel, lies the body of the Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., who died in her 15th year, in Carisbrook Castle, September 8, 1650. This was nineteen months after her father's execution at Whitehall. Queen Victoria erected a monument to the Princess in the north aisle. This was the work of Baron Marochetti. She also gave the two stained glass windows which are near, as well as the medallion portrait of the late Prince Consort. The figure of the Princess was taken from a portrait in the possession of the late Queen.

Another tomb of interest is that of Sir Edward Horsey, Captain and Governor of the Isle, in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The registers of the Church date from 1541.

In the old cemetery, J. H. Reynolds, the friend of Keats, was interred.

The Grammar School, with quaint gables, was the residence of Charles I. during the Conference with the Commissioners, which lasted from October 2 to 27, 1648, and was held in the Town Hall. The schoolroom was the King's Presence Chamber, and in the drawing room of the head master's house the King was finally arrested.

Newtown.

"I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep."—*Keats*.

This is the oldest borough in the Island; and was in existence before 1184. An early charter bears date 1256. By a descent of the French in 1377, the town was destroyed, and never recovered the position previously held. John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and George Canning were amongst the Parliamentary representatives of the borough. The town hall, a quaint old building, is rapidly decaying. A mace, which bears date in the reign of Henry VII., is now held by the Lord of the Manor.

Quarr Abbey.

" The unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings ; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of Heaven."—*Keats*.

" As when upon a tranced summer-night,
These green-rob'd Senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir ;
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave."—*Keats*.

The name of the abbey is derived from the quarries close at hand, from which stone was brought which was used in the building. Earl Baldwin began the building of the abbey in 1131 ; and was buried therein in 1155. Lady Cecilia, second daughter of Edward IV., was also interred here. Tradition asserts that here Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., was imprisoned ; and in the copse called Eleanor's Grove is the place of her interment in a coffin of gold.

Large portions of the ancient abbey are still traceable.

Ryde.

" Deem not that these sober forms are all
That Nature here provides, although she frames
These in one lasting picture for the heart.
Within the foldings of the coast she breathes
Hues of fantastic beauty."—*T. N. Talfourd*.

This is the nearest landing place from Portsmouth and Gosport, and is now the largest town in the Island. A huge sand-bank in front of the place is injurious to

her popularity. The town rises from the water on the slope of a steep hill.

In 1753, Fielding, on his voyage to Lisbon, where he died, landed at Ryde. He had serious difficulty in effecting this, and in his journal declared, "there is an impassable gulf of mud and sand, which can neither be traversed by walking nor swimming, so that for near one-half of the twenty-four hours Ryde is inaccessible by friend or foe." He was hoisted into a small boat from his ship, and, being rowed pretty near the shore, "was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land."

Marryat, eighty years later, spoke of wherries, which "came as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers, and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground."

The Pier, which was opened in 1814, is half a mile long; and here passengers are landed now without inconvenience at all hours.

East of Ryde, upon the sea-shore, are several mounds of stone and sand, which mark the burial place of seamen who lost their lives in the wreck of the "Royal George," and whose bodies were washed ashore at that point.

All Saints' Church was built from the plans of Sir G. Scott, and has a spire 200 feet high.

Sandown.

“Turning on the beach, while the low sea
Spread out in mirrored gentleness, allows
A path along the curling edge, behold
Such dazzling glory of prismatic tints
Flung o'er the lofty crescent, as assures
The Orient gardens where Aladdin plucked
Jewels for fruit, no fable.”—*T. N. Talfourd.*

This Town is a popular place of resort in the summer time, having a good pier and esplanade half a mile in length. The sands are very attractive, there being no shingle. All the known strata of the Island are here laid bare, from the Wealden to the Tertiary.

In the bay is a modern Fort, which marks the site of two earlier ones—one built by Henry VIII., and the later one by Charles I.

John Wilkes, of “North Briton” fame, built a cottage here, and resided frequently between 1783 and 1797. In his garden he erected a column in honour of Churchill; and on Sundays he frequently walked to Shanklin for church, where he met with the Garricks.

Shanklin.

“I went to Shanklin,” says Keats, in a letter dated April 17, 1817; “a most beautiful place—sloping
“wood and meadow ground reach round the chine,
“which is a cleft between the cliffs of the depth of
“nearly 300 feet at least. This cleft is filled with trees
“and bushes in the narrow part, and as it widens
“becomes bare, if it were not for primroses at one side,
“which spread to the very verge of the Sea, and some

“Fishermen’s huts on the other, perched midway on
“the balustrades of beautiful green Hedges along their
“steps down to the sands. But the sea, the sea—
“the little waterfall—then the white cliff—then St.
“Catherine’s Hill.”

This Town is celebrated far and wide for the unusual beauty of the neighbourhood. To the north and west the Town is sheltered by Downs; but suffers much from east winds in the early portion of the year.

Lord Jeffrey gives the following description of the place. He calls Shanklin “a village mixed up with
“trees, and lying among sweet, airy falls, and swells of
“ground, which finally rise up behind in breezy downs
“800 feet high, and sink down in front to the edge of
“the varying cliffs which overhang a pretty beach of
“fine sand, and are approachable by a very striking
“wooded ravine, which they call the Chine.”

There is a good pier, esplanade, and a chalybeate spa, said to possess considerable medical virtues. This Town was the scene of the encounter between the Chevalier d’Eulx, and his party, and the Islanders, at the close of the unsuccessful French invasion of 1545, when the Chevalier and most of his followers were slain.

Keats began his poem entitled “Laura,” while living here in 1819.

The picturesqueness of the place may be gleaned from the aspect of the cottages, near the entrance to the chine, which includes the Crab Inn and a number of rose-covered thatched houses.

On the opposite side of the chine, near where it debouches on the shore, is the picturesque Governor’s house, half-hidden, half-disclosed by trees.



ENTRANCE CRAIGIE LODGE.

Whitwell Mead was the residence of Holme Lee (Miss Parr), the writer.

The walks on the cliffs and upon the sands command fine views.

Other Famous Chine

are the Walpen Chine, at Chale, seven miles from Ventnor. This is a gorge through cliffs, which rise to a height of 184 feet.

Ladder Chine, the next, is a basin shaped hollow, ending in a narrow crevice, where many geological remains are found; the base is formed of ground which has slipped from the rocks above.

Whale Chine comes next in order. This has the repute of being the deepest of all. This is 180 feet wide in the mouth; the cliffs are 140 feet high, and extend a quarter of a mile inland.

Shepherd's Chine and Cowlease Chine, pretty and picturesque, come next in succession; then Barnes Chine, an opening in red clay rocks; and Grange Chine, a Coast-Guard station. After that is Brook Chine, where may be seen the remains of a mass of petrified pine trees, amongst which are bones of reptiles and other creatures of a past geological era.

Compton Bay leads to a chine in which Noah's nuts are found; these are a species of hazel-nut, which have become carbonized.

In the shingle, chalk flints veined with quartz and chalcedony of several colours are picked up, as well as moss agates, petrified anemones, and jasper pebbles.

Shorwell.

"The village life sleeps trustfully."—*Talfourd*.

"Bees that soar for bloom
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells."—*Wordsworth*.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

* * * * *
"Sure not all
Those melodies sung into the world's ear
Are useless."—*Keats*.

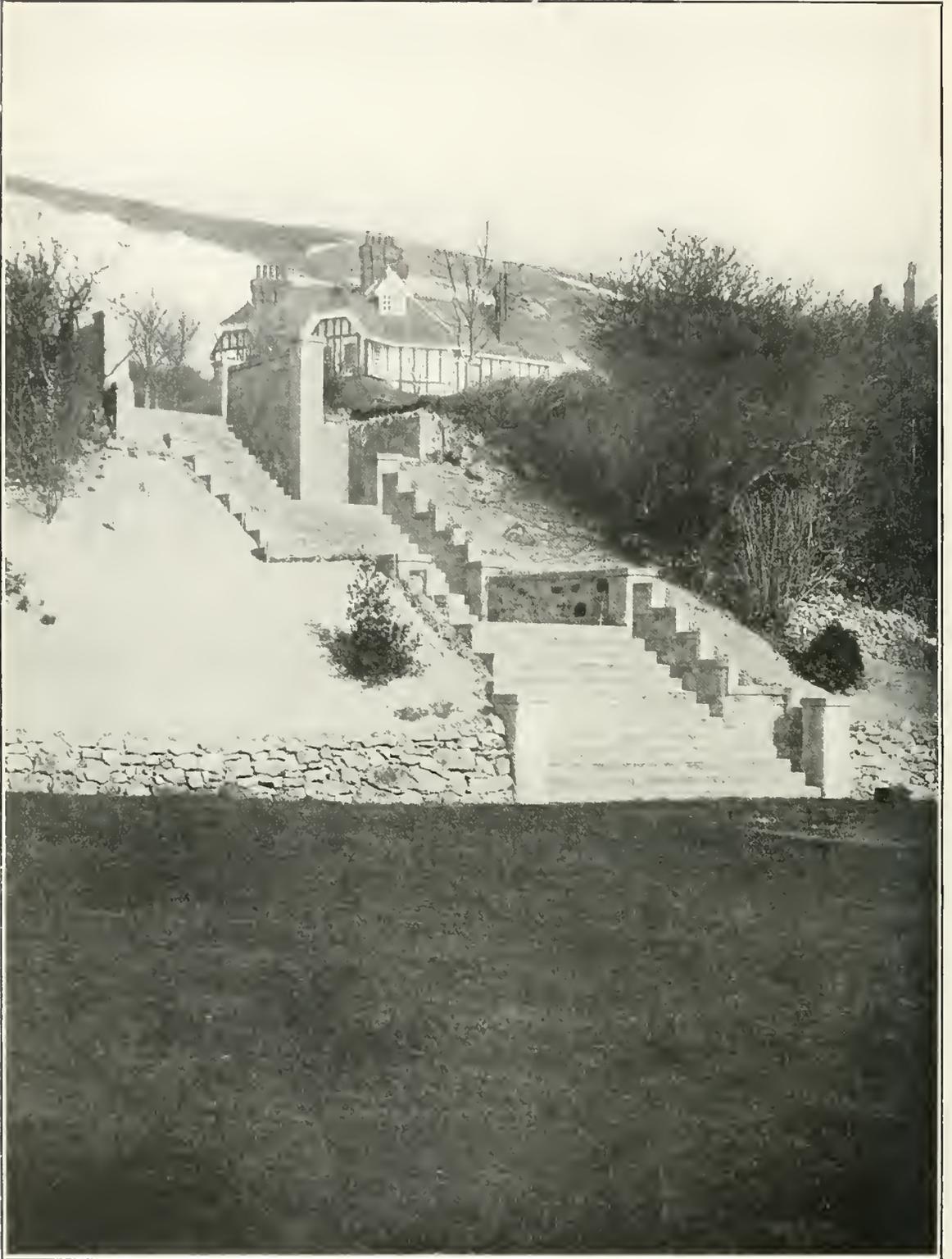
This is the best wooded village in the Island, and the appearance of the Church spire rising above the wood is one of great beauty. The Church carries the palm as the most attractive in the Island. The Church is divided into three equal portions, with the nave and chancels under one roof. This was probably erected early in the fifteenth century. There is a gun chamber at the west end of the south aisle, where in former years a cannon was kept for defence, and this is the only one remaining. The seats are set east and west. On the canopy over the pulpit is an hour glass in an iron frame. On the walls are paintings of St. Christopher. The altar table is of black oak, and is dated 1661. Many interesting brasses are preserved in the pavement and on the walls, while several monuments bear curious effigies.

In a glass case is a copy of the third edition of the Great Bible, 1541; and the Church possesses a fine Elizabethan Chalice of 1569.

The village contains many thatched cottages, covered with rose trees.



CRAIGIE LODGE.



CRAIGIE LODGE GARDENS.

St. Lawrence, Craigie Lodge.

" St. Lawrence is a church beside the sea,
Kissed by the southern wind perpetually.

" Over its belfry and its little porch
The ivy trickles down on either hand.

" Take me, St. Lawrence, hide me where thou art !"
—*Bessie R. Parkes.*

The old Church is to the right of the main road, and is one of the smallest in England ; of Early English style, with perpendicular alterations and a detached perpendicular stoup. Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect of the new Church, which contains an octagonal font taken from the earlier building. There are below the Church the picturesque ruins of Wolverton-under-Cliff, a fourteenth century dwelling-house.

At the turn of the roadway is the Roman villa residence of the late Mrs. Craigie, which commands lovely views of rolling evergreen, billowy land, peaceful sea, and the picturesque Undercliff. The Villa is a miniature presentment of a Roman country residence, fitted up in perfect artistic taste, and the garden is a gem of beauty. The terraced pleasure grounds cover two acres.

No verbal description would convey a satisfactory idea of the taste displayed in the construction of the residence and in the arrangement and decorations of the rooms. Here Mrs. Craigie erected what has frequently been described as " the most perfect bijou residence in the Isle of Wight " ; and the photographs of this residence will fully justify the praise bestowed upon Craigie Lodge. The architect was Mr. Walter Spender, of Old Park.

A mural tablet, in white Sicilian marble, has been put up just over the entrance to the lodge, with the following inscription :—

NOVELIST.
DRAMATIST.
PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE
LIVED HERE
1900
1906.

The tablet was designed by Mr. John Adams Acton, the well-known sculptor. This is round in shape, and the lettering is enclosed within a very beautifully designed laurel wreath.

Close by is "Cripple's Path," leading to the summit of the cliff, from whence the views are lovely. To the left is the Orchard, where the gardens laid out in terraces inspired the muse of Swinburne to sing :

"In a coign of the cliff, between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grow green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

* * * * *
"Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not ;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry ;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither,
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song ;
Only the sun, and the rain come hither
All year long."

Puckaster Cove, a little inlet occupied by fishermen, is another picturesque spot, of which there are



Photo, Jarrold & Sons, Ltd., Norwich

VENTNOR FROM THE SEA.

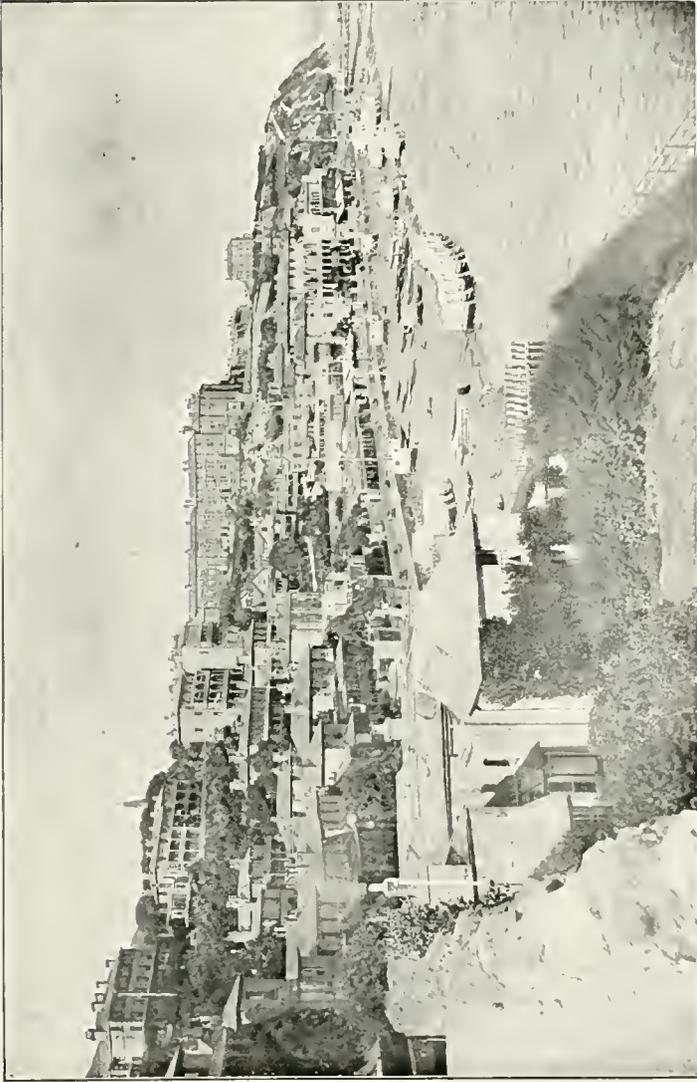


Photo Ferrald & Sons, Ltd., Norwich.

VENTNOR, LOOKING EAST.

many similar round about the Island, with thatched cottages of the fisher folk and land labourers, whose lads and lasses are always playing about the boats on the beach.

The old-world village of Niton is named after a medicinal spring, in poetic surroundings, where sweet-hearts and the newly-married drink of the water which has the reputation of securing for them the maximum of happiness, and the minimum of worry.

Reeth Bay is a lovely spot for bathing ; the sands are pleasant and the sea safe.

St. Catherine's Point is the extreme south of the Island, where the sea makes bathing dangerous. Here pilots land from outward bound vessels, and there is a Lloyd's telegraph station. The Lighthouse first erected in 1848 was, forty years later, supplied with an electric light, the most powerful in existence, whose flashing vari-coloured beams light up the west front of Steephill Castle through the silent hours of the night. The Lighthouse is open to inspection.

A Fog-horn, close by, worked by steam, gives warning to Mariners when the sea fogs may obscure the electric light.

From this point westward the character of the land completely changes, and in place of verdure is barrenness, caused by exposure to the south-west winds and waves. Boulders of rock cause the roadway to wind very much, and then the road passes over the landslip of 100 acres, which took place in 1799. The ground rolls like the waves of the sea, and is covered with coarse vegetation and stunted shrubs and trees.

On the right is Gore Cliff, which presents a pleasant

study of all the lower cretaceous strata from the lower greensand to the chalk above.

St. Catherine's Down rises to a height of 780 feet, and from the summit charming and extensive views are obtained, though not so varied in character as from other Downs. On this Down is a column 72 feet high, erected in memory of a visit from the Emperor Alexander of Russia in 1814, which now bears a tablet to the memory of English officers who fell in the Crimea.

Swainston.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

"Nightingales warbled without,
Within was weeping for thee :
Shadows of three dead men
Walked in the walks with me.

Shadows of three dead men, and thou was one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods,
The Master was far away :
Nightingales warbled and sang
Of a passion that lasts but a day ;

Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
In courtesy like to thee :
Two dead men have I loved
With a love that ever will be :

Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the three."

Tennyson.

This historical Manor is of very ancient origin Edward I. came here in 1285 ; Edward II. granted it to his sister Mary, a nun of Amesbury ; and subsequent residents were Warwick, "the king-maker ;" his son-in-law, George "perjured Clarence" ; and Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, beheaded in 1541. Queen Mary

granted the Manor to Cardinal Pole's niece, who married Sir Thomas Barrington, and Sir Francis, the son, was created first baronet in 1611.

Ventnor.

"Free by birth of a sacred earth, and Regent ever of all the Sea."—*Swinburne*.

"Bird and bee in bower and lea
Break into song again."—*A. Cunningham*.

Built upon a series of terraces descending to the sea, the houses present a remarkable variation in style, and much that is picturesque by reason of the trees, which half conceal, and half disclose their outlines. From the Town, by an easy slope, the face of the cliff is reached, and to the right of the descent a large flow of water, breaking into numerous cascades, descends in pretty confusion to the beach.

The Marine Parade is a very handsome drive; the sands are much frequented by bathers and boating parties, and the shops are attractive. There is also a handsome Pier. St. Catherine's Church was erected in 1837 by Mr. John Hambrough, the builder of Steephill Castle.

Yarmouth.

"A furze-dotted common, on each side
Wreathed into waving eminences, clothed
Above the furze with scanty green, in front
Indented sharply to admit the sea,
Spread thence in softest blue."—*Talfourd*.

This Town was a place of importance in the thirteenth century, when the Earl of Devon was

Governor of the Island. King John was upon two occasions a visitor. In 1377 and 1524 the Town was destroyed by the French. The place is small, and contains many curious old houses. In former times the inhabitants were largely engaged in smuggling, and the houses were honey-combed with hiding places for smuggled goods. In the church is a colossal statue of Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, the captor of New York, whose gold, brought from Guinea, was the first coined into guineas. He died in 1692, when Governor of the Island. The body of this statue was captured at sea by a son of the Governor while in course of transit to France, where a head of Louis XIV. was to have been added. But as the Sculptor was also taken prisoner, his services were engaged to complete the statue of Sir R. Holmes.

The Lady Governor. Visit of the King of Spain.

After a renowned series of Captains and Governors, there followed as Governor the late illustrious Prince Henry of Battenberg, to be succeeded at his lamentable death by his amiable Consort, Princess Henry, as Governor, whose daughter, Princess Ena, is now Queen Victoria of Spain.

The visit of the King of Spain to the Island, in the Spring of 1906, to see his betrothed, was the most notable incident of the year in Island history.

The Name of Richards.

The industry of Mr. James Richards has resulted in the discovery that the surname of the present owner of Steephill Castle is by no means new in the Island history.

In 1553, the old Jacobean manor house of Yaverland, which on the south and west looks across Sandown Bay, was purchased by Jermyn Richards, a Welshman, and the estate remained in his family until the middle of the eighteenth century.

When Lord Conway was Governor of the Island, in 1625, a judge of the Knight's Court was Sir Edward Richards, and in the reign of Charles I. another judge was Sir John Richards.

In 1710, Mr. James Richards was one of the members of Parliament for Newport, and nine years afterwards the residents of the Island included Sir John Rychards, old Mr. Richards, Mr. Jermyn Richards, and the Lady Richards.

Since the present owner of Steephill Castle came to reside in the Island, he and his wife, Mrs. Laura Richards, have closely identified themselves with the social life of the Islanders, and have done much to advance all local interests. An eligible piece of ground near the Castle is used by the Ventnor Cricket Club for playing purposes, and the grounds of the Castle are constantly thrown open to the use of local organizations for festivities, in order to raise funds for various purposes.

Mrs. Richards is constantly to be seen, together with her husband, at the opening of bazaars, or support-

ing appeals for funds in aid of religious movements ; and promoting the organization and maintenance of such useful institutions as flower and fruit shows, and the work of Nurses and Bible women. She is particularly interested in Mission work amongst Sailors, such as that carried on by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and she had the honour of distributing the medals given by the Society to Admiral Togo's men, when they visited England to navigate to Japan the two warships built for their Government in this country.

Golf Links.

Golf is a favourite game with the Residents and Visitors, and the Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club has set an example to all the minor Clubs in the construction of Courses and the establishment of convenient Club-houses. Their St. Helen's course is situated on a spur of land between Bembridge Harbour and the Solent. There are nine holes, short but sufficient ; the turf is of admirable quality, and there are good hazards of sand, sea, whins, and road.

The Ladies' Course has 18 holes ; the holes are short, furnished with natural bunkers, and there is a comfortable Club-house.

Other courses are at Afton, east of Freshwater Bay, nine holes, with roads, chalk pits, and artificial bunkers as hazards.

Chale, on St. Catherine's Hill, a nine-hole course from which magnificent views are obtained.

Lucombe Common, a private nine-hole course.

The Needles range, on Needles Down, a course of nine holes, with hazards of gorse, ruts, and bunkers, the holes from 110 to 510 yards, and the whole course a length of 2,710 yards; there is a Club-house here, and as the course is 400 feet above the sea, the views are magnificent.

The Newport Golf Links, of nine holes, are on Pan Down.

The Sandown and Shanklin Golf Links form a course of 18 holes, on Blackpan Common; the turf is good, and the hazards are natural. The ground is undulating, and covers three miles 564 yards; there is a Club-house attached.

Ventnor has a Golf link on Rew Down; this has nine holes, and the hazards are furze and gravel pits. As this Down is 500 feet above sea level, there are lovely views obtained in every direction.

The Latest Tributes to the Island.

At a dinner of the members of the London Yectensian (Isle of Wight) Society, held in the Venetian Chamber of the Holborn Restaurant, London, on March 23, 1907, Mr. Godfrey Baring, M.P. (Hants) in the chair, the very latest tributes to the beauty of the scenery in the Isle of Wight were paid in happy terms

by Major Seely, M P. (Liverpool), Lord Alverstone, and Lieut. J. Mackenzie Rogan.

These deserve a more enduring record than can be obtained in a newspaper, and are therefore enshrined in this book.

Major Seely, proposing the toast of "The Isle of Wight, our County," discussed the reason why they loved the Isle of Wight. His own belief was that it arose from the fact that the island was so singularly beautiful. There was more beauty to the acre than in any other part in the dominions of the King. He did not know how many of those present had stood at the head of Bowcombe Valley and looked down that surpassing prospect on a summer's evening, with the sunlight glinting upon Carisbrook Church, and with the magnificent sweep of the Downs on both sides. Who had not seen that view and thought that indeed the Island was fair? Perhaps some of them had sailed round the eastern end of the Island and endeavoured to make Bembridge Harbour—let them hope it was at high water, for if not they might have spent the night there—and looking up the narrow neck, past the marshes, where Brading lies, seen the light shining upon another view of surpassing beauty. Or, best of all, perhaps, after a great storm, they had stood upon the south-west shore of the Island and heard the thunder of the sea, seen the pale green light in the north-west, and when the sea began to die away and the wind veered round they had seen the chance of fine weather. Then they confessed it was all wondrously beautiful.

Lord Alverstone, replying to the toast of his health, observed that he had been closely connected with the

Island—boy and man—for 57 years. Referring to the glorious scenery, he asked anyone to take his stand on the top of Bembridge Down and look at Spithead and the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour on the north and the glorious view up the Channel. He would ask anyone to go to the western end of the Island and stand close by the magnificent monument to their great poet Tennyson on the Freshwater Down, where he could see the beautiful entry to the Solent by the Needles. Or, if anyone would drive along the backbone of the Island, he would have the most glorious illustrations of varied English scenery, land and sea, that any neighbourhood could possibly display. If they wanted to study science, what was more interesting than the geological structure of the Undercliff, the fossil trees of Brook, the magnificent collection of sands at Alum Bay, and the way in which the strata rose from east to west in one part and from west to east in another, in a manner which was not to be seen in many other parts of the United Kingdom. They saw signs of a great upheaval, and the frustum of the cone had been swept away, giving an indication of what happened thousands or millions of years ago. He considered the Solent was one of the most beautiful pieces of water in the world. From the Nab to the Needles they had twenty to twenty-five miles of water, with the beautiful coast of Hampshire on the one side, and the ever-varying coasts of the Island, with trees coming down to the water's edge, on the other. If more people only knew the beauty of the Solent, they would appreciate how glorious she was.

Lieut. J. Mackenzie Rogan spoke of the number of soldiers and sailors and eminent men in other walks

of life who were natives of the Isle of Wight. He knew of seven or eight officers in the Army at the present, natives of the Island, who had, like himself, risen from the ranks, and the chairman's father was a very distinguished officer in the Coldstream Guards.

The Chairman, responding to the toast of success to the Society, spoke of the enormous attractions the Island provided in the shape of sport. If they liked sailing, the Solent afforded unequalled facilities for that recreation; they might get becalmed fourteen miles from home as readily as in any other part of the country. They could steam at any speed they desired up and down the Solent. If they affected that curious game which consisted in knocking a ball into a furze bush, picking it up and knocking it into an extremely small hole, with a great loss of time and a great display of the varied capabilities of the English language—if they wanted to do that they had every facility in the Isle of Wight. If they were motorists, there was every facility for them to break their necks in a motor car. There were roads as narrow, inconvenient, and dangerous as any, but before long, under improved conditions, it would be said that not a single motor accident had occurred for many years past. Amongst objects of historic interest in the Island they had Carisbrook Castle, the Roman villa at Brading, Quarr Abbey, and the Isle of Wight Central Railway. A tourist could always find something to interest him in their beautiful Island.

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