

**A guide to the watering places; with illustrations / By Alfred Crowquill [i.e. A.H. Forrester].**

**Contributors**

Forrester, Alfred Henry, 1804-1872.

**Publication/Creation**

London : J. & F. Harwood, [1845?]

**Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/zf4wm8kb>

**License and attribution**

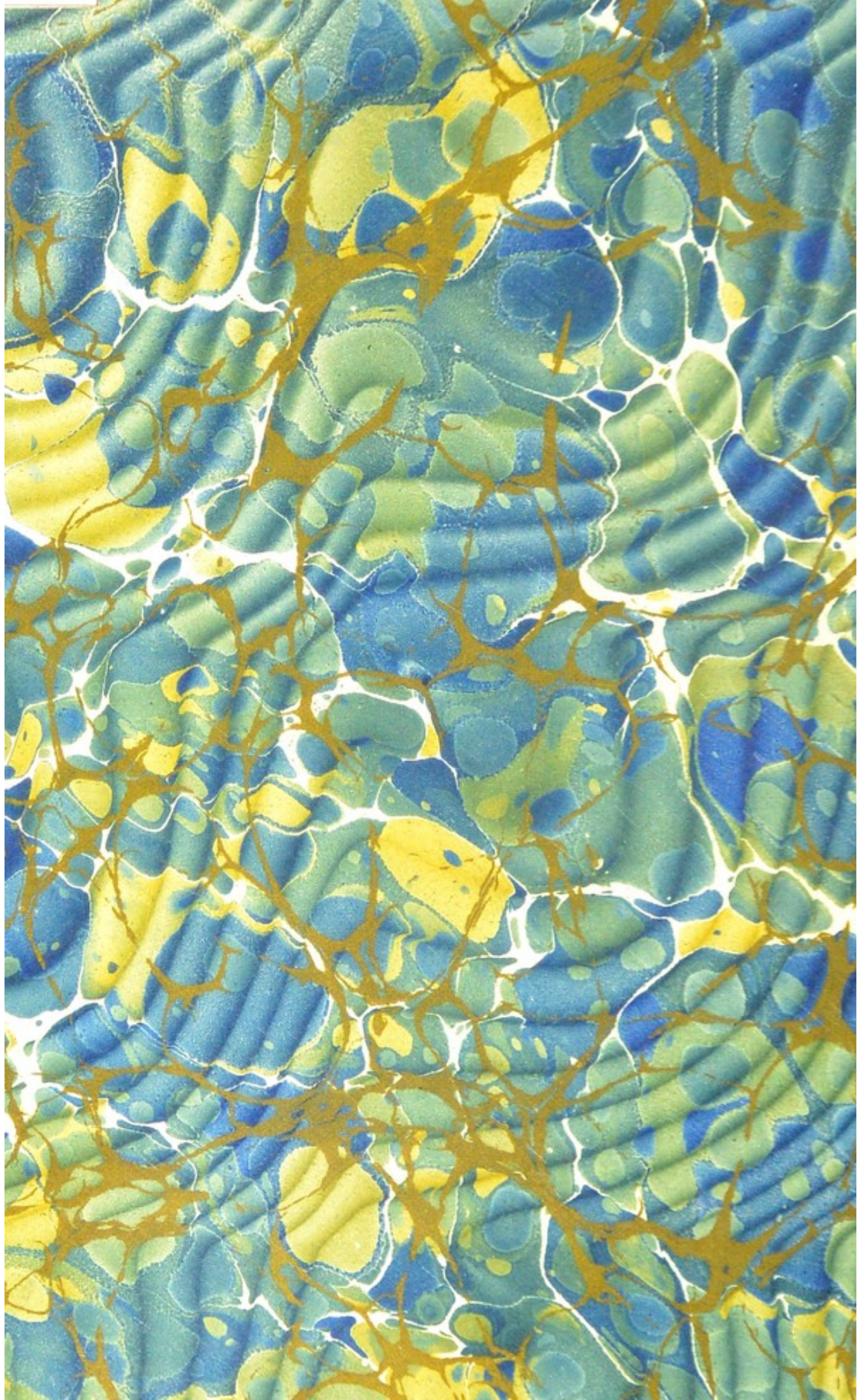
This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

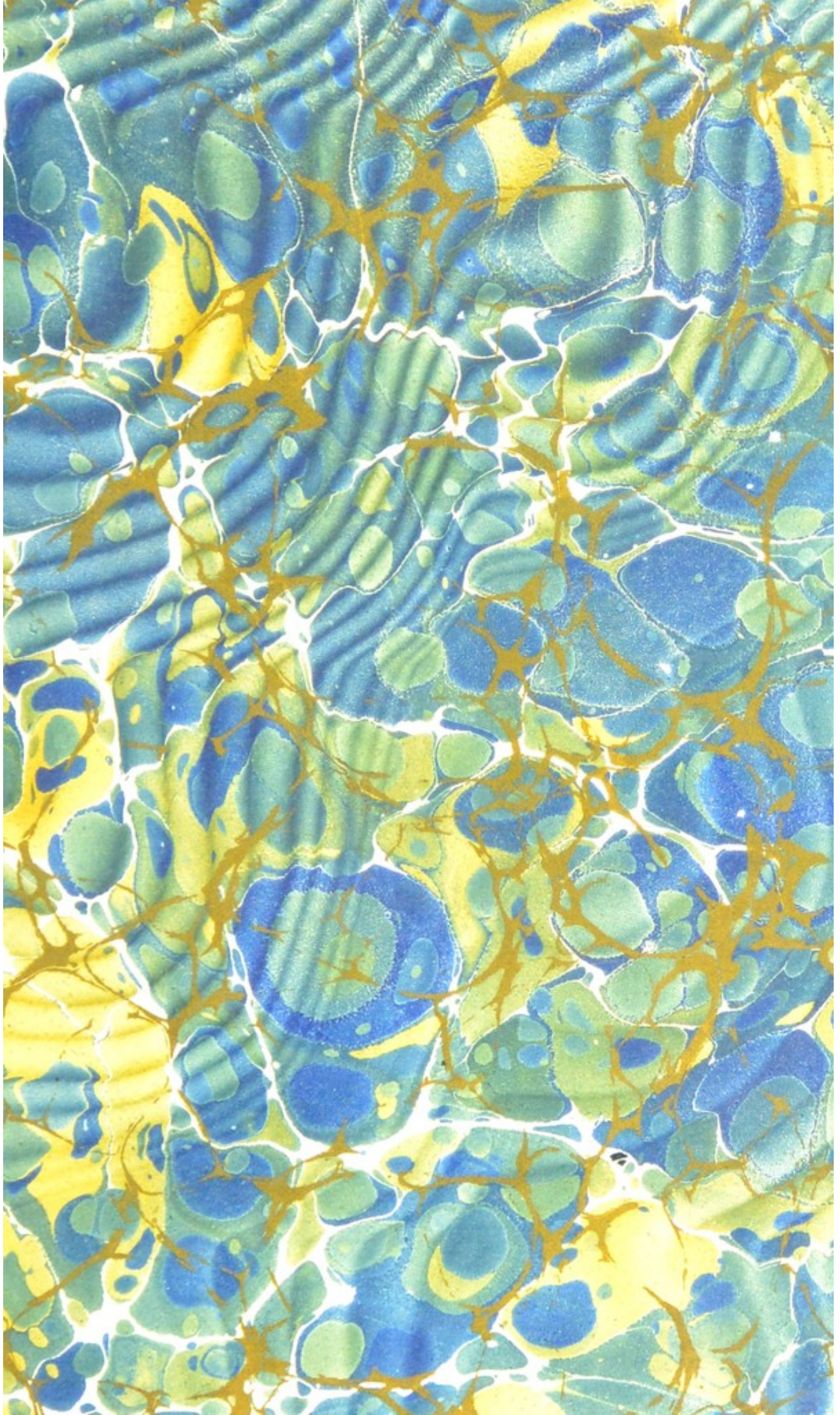
You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.



Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
<https://wellcomecollection.org>







10  
by John Jay Crowquill  
John Crowquill  
CROWQUILL, A.  
c

[1845.]





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016 with funding from  
Wellcome Library

ALFRED CROWQUILL'S

GUIDE

TO THE WATERING PLACES.



LONDON

J. & F. Harwood, 25, Fenchurch Street,

and

Samuel & Marshall, Stationers' Court



93  
Caricatures  
10/6





GOING OUT

A GUIDE  
TO THE  
WATERING PLACES;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

BY  
ALFRED CROWQUILL.

---

LONDON :

J. & F. HARWOOD, FENCHURCH STREET, AND SIMPKIN & MARSHALL,

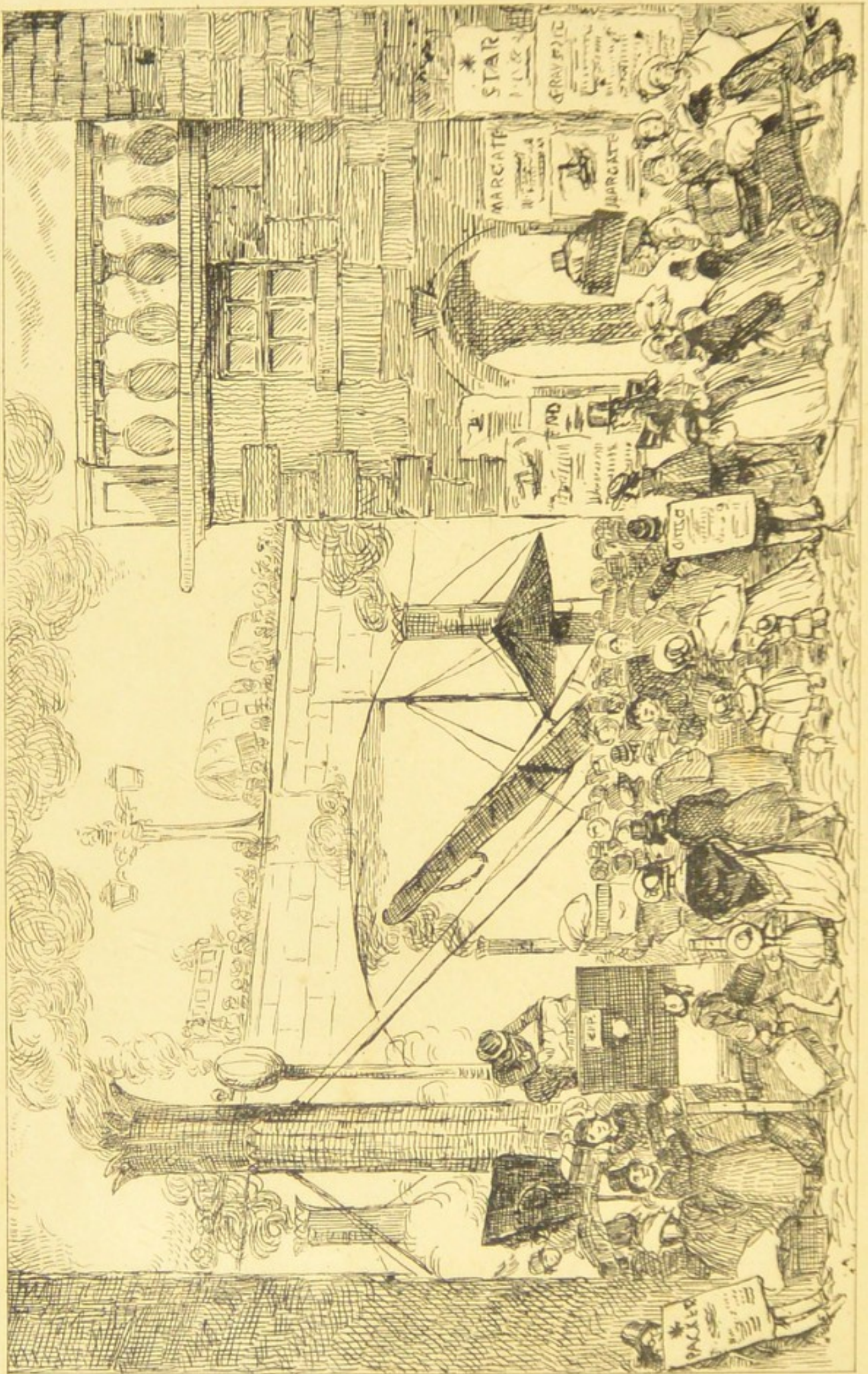
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

PRINTED BY E. COLYER, 17, FENCHURCH STREET.

61871







STARTING.

# A GUIDE

TO

## WATERING PLACES.

---

### THE DEPARTURE.

WHAT pen can describe the nervous bustle of the various parties bent on pleasure! All Thames-street is crowded with waggons, fish-carts, cabs and Hackney-coaches; the whole place bristling with whips!

'Take care' and 'by your leave' preceding a blow from trunk or portmanteau! portly dames bawling and hauling along their progeny as the warning clangor of the bell peals out its summons to the loiterer. Respectable tradesmen 'rigged out' and laden with baskets, carpet bags and umbrellas, perspiring, and popping down the lanes and alleys leading to the wharf in as great a commotion as if a bailiff were at their heels! Affectionate maiden aunts and grandmamas, swelling the concourse with the amiable purpose of 'seeing off' their nephews and nieces and little grandchildren!

Young men, in Mackintoshes and Taglionies, with cigars in their mouths, lounging along without care or incumbrance, with



all the pleasurable feelings of single blessedness; and some dressed as lightly as if they were going to a ball.

Young ladies, in twos and threes, as delicate and pale as lilies, about to strengthen their fragility by inhaling the unadulterated sea-breezes.

Peripatetic publishers, running to and fro, eagerly puffing their penny publications, and palming off the odd numbers of some work long since departed from the literary hemisphere. All these, and many more too numerous to particularize; and this 'here advertisement,' as Lord Duberly quaintly observes, go with and tend to swell the populous stream. The little boats, the terror of nervous dowagers, are no longer in requisition; the pleasure voyagers now walk the plank, and tread the newly swabbed decks, and look about them with an air of perfect contentment and security.

Plumes of various dyes dance in the sunbeams and flutter in the breezes; the wearers, (happy in their ignorance,) little dreaming of the rude gusts that await them at the Nore, and which will inevitably make them droop, like the willow that gracefully bends to the stream.

After taking their seats upon the pleasant green benches, or lounging aristocratically in the snug boxes attached to the paddles, the word is giving to cast off the mooring ropes—and then a running to and fro of the sailors—and a repetition of the 'go on,' 'ease her,' 'stop her,' echoed by the shrill piping voice of the boy stationed above the engine—the immense steamer 'wheels about and turns about' and 'off she goes' in all her pride and power, dashing aside and cleaving the flashing waters, to the terror and dismay of Thames wherries and coal-laden barges—threading her way through the pool—ever and anon throwing out her cork fenders, and trembling as she comes in contact with the heavy craft. Nor do the fairer portion of

the voyagers feel quite at home 'till the band strikes up 'Rule Britannia,' and the handsome front of Greenwich Hospital appears in view; and then believing themselves at sea, the sandwiches are unpacked, the shrimps picked, and the demolition of edibles commences in earnest.

---

### THE VOYAGE OUT,

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

—————It was really a pleasant party—Mr. D———— was reading a wet Morning Herald—his family, consisting of two full grown youths; a ditto daughter; a smaller pledge, in white frock and trowsers; and his rib, (more like a substantial 'round' than a 'rib') were like the aforesaid paper, all in print, their whole paraphernalia having that every morning issued from the press! —————The eldest born, the *man* of the family, was looking down his 'innocent nose' and placidly contemplating the graceful curls of an ignited Cuba!—The second son was gazing upon the receding city, which appeared modestly retiring in the smoky distance.—The elegant daughter was looking round and beautiful, and beheld, or imagined she beheld, some kid-gloved hand waving from the sea of heads that dotted the parapet of the o'er-arching bridge—doubtless the farewell sign of some affectionate school-fellow! Warm and genial was the day, and so delightfully calm, that the emancipated *blacks* from the huge chimney fell upon the deck, like myriads of miniature Molyneux', for want of wind! It was, in sooth, a gay group—happy in the anticipation of pleasure in the land of promise, towards which they were rapidly propelled.

Not a cloud passed over their mental horizon, except, indeed when the 'ease her,' 'stop her,' of the captain announced the approach of some passengers, tugged in a wherry from the shores; when the kind-hearted, sensitive Mrs. D. would just wrinkle her ruddy features, like 'the crumpling of roses,' and nervously mutter—'Dear me! those little boats!' and then presently expiring a long breath, gratefully exclaim, as the party came on board 'Thank Goodness!' 'them ladies is safe.'

---

### SEA BATHING.

Sea-water is generally allowed to have a most miraculous effect. 'Try the sea-side'—is the last recommendation of the physician when weary of his patients '— complaints.'

Lean spinsters, with slender pittances, periodically resort thither with the forlorn hope of bettering their condition, and invariably instal themselves in the boarding-houses.

The tallow-chandler's wife, who boasts a husband of the kindest 'mould,' repairs there for a 'dip.'

The singing-master, worn out with a season of exertion, performs a 'run' to Margate in order to give a tone to his organs.

The reckless roué may be seen lying upon the beach like the wreck of a first-rate.

The dancing-master of sundry fashionable seminaries for young ladies—heartily tired of the 'kit'—goes 'en avant seul,'





and strengthens his legs with fresh soals and eels—spending his mornings in the ‘pump’ room.

The black-leg and gambler having tried the ‘shallow’ in town with success hope to reap some advantage from the ‘deep.’

The imbiber of foreign wines and spirits, with his ruddy apoplectic physiognomy, has been induced by his medical adviser to abandon the produce of other climes and try the native *current!* and soon finds his bad spirits ‘rectified,’ and returns to town again ‘bottled up’ for a repetition of his Bacchanalian orgies.

There the slender branch of some family threatened with premature decay puts forth fresh buds of promise—and leaves—the renovating air of the sea-girt coast in restored bloom and vigor.

Old bachelors become young husbands, and old maids young wives, and all from the effects of the rejuvenating sea-air!

Neptune having brought them together and kindly introduced them to the saffron-robed hymen!

The burly bathing-women, enveloped in blue flannel garbs — with raw-beef complexions, have full employment and appear quite in their element—ducking timid ladies and kicking infants—being too accustomed to the sea to be moved by a squall.

---

## THE DONKEY PARTY.

“Write me down an ass.”

Among the various amusements for passing the hours at a watering-place, donkey-riding, along the cliffs or on the smooth sands, is frequently resorted to.

Droves of small Jerusalem ponies, propelled by little boys with large sticks, tempt the indolent to enjoy the greatest quantity of sea-air and exercise at the smallest cost. The most sultry days are the busiest with the patient quadrupeds—and like the ‘busy bee’ they toil the livelong day—although—*unlike* that pattern of industry—they obtain more *whacks* than honey! The boys accustomed to the trade they drive, generally find the stoutest ladies the most engaging—and the donkeys—albeit too poor to give Christmas-boxes—are sure to ‘remember the *weights!*’

It is really ridiculous to view one of these bulky dames going along with the angle of her expansive ‘five-quarter’ shawl hanging over her donkey, his tail wagging to and fro, and his slender legs bending beneath the burden—looking at a distance like a donkey half-dressed, taking a walk over the sands upon his hind-legs!

— Unfortunate and degraded beasts that in the race of life are always beaten, or if they do ‘come in’ for the stakes—they are in the formidable shape of hedge-stakes! The only revenge they have upon their merciless backers is giving them a roll on



THE RIDE.





the sands, or putting their noses between their fore-legs and throwing their inexperienced riders over head and ears.

—“ Vant a donkey, sir ? ” inquires the ragged owner of the unfortunate quadruped—“ Here’s vun, sir, as goes like vinkin!—tame as a lamb, sir, and swift as a harrow ; vhy he’ll carry you there and back agin in no time at all, sir,—Do try him.”

— The appeal is irresistible—the cockney in his white ducks does ‘try’ him—most cruelly ; sawing his mouth with the snaffle-bit—and pulling him in to make him go, ’till the half-starved animal probably begins to wish that he had never had a *bit* in his mouth, and paradoxically regrets the sunshiny day that is the cause of his being—*reined* in—while a shower of blows salutes the rear of him who never rears at all.

Whatever his natural temper may be he is so continually ‘crossed’ during the season, that he becomes sullen and dogged—never ‘answering a bit’ even when addressed in the kindest language.

If he passes any beauty above the common it only proves a bait—rather tending to increase than abate his toil—for he has the dubious honor of being invariably selected by all the fastidious damsels and dowagers. And, though the boy proudly declares he is not to be beaten for swiftness—he belabors him a-stern ’till the poor beast proves more swift than gay!

---

## THE N O R E.

“ Si sic onmes.”

“ Wie befinden—sea-sick ? ”—HOOD'S GERMAN.

Bound for Margate—all the passengers enjoy the invigorating breezes in spite of the ‘funnel smoke’ evolved in thick volumes—as dark and melancholy as Monk Lewis’s—until passing the Nore-light;—when a heavy swell—(not a Bond-street one!)—occasions the boat to reel and roll about like an elevated alderman. The wind gives them a blow they have not the power to parry. The tremor of the laboring vessel soon pervades every frame—and many a youth dashes away his half-smoked Havannah with a shudder, and calls anxiously for a glass of ‘cold without.’ The most prudent of unwedded spinsters is fain to confess that she is giddy!

Fleeting forms as pallid as unrevenged ghosts stalk with goggling optics and compressed lips towards the cabin stairs and vanish from the deck.

Little children begin to squall and reject sweet cakes and shrimps,—and numerous heads—drooping over the sides of the vessel—contemplate, with a feeling never before experienced, the awful wonders of the deep.

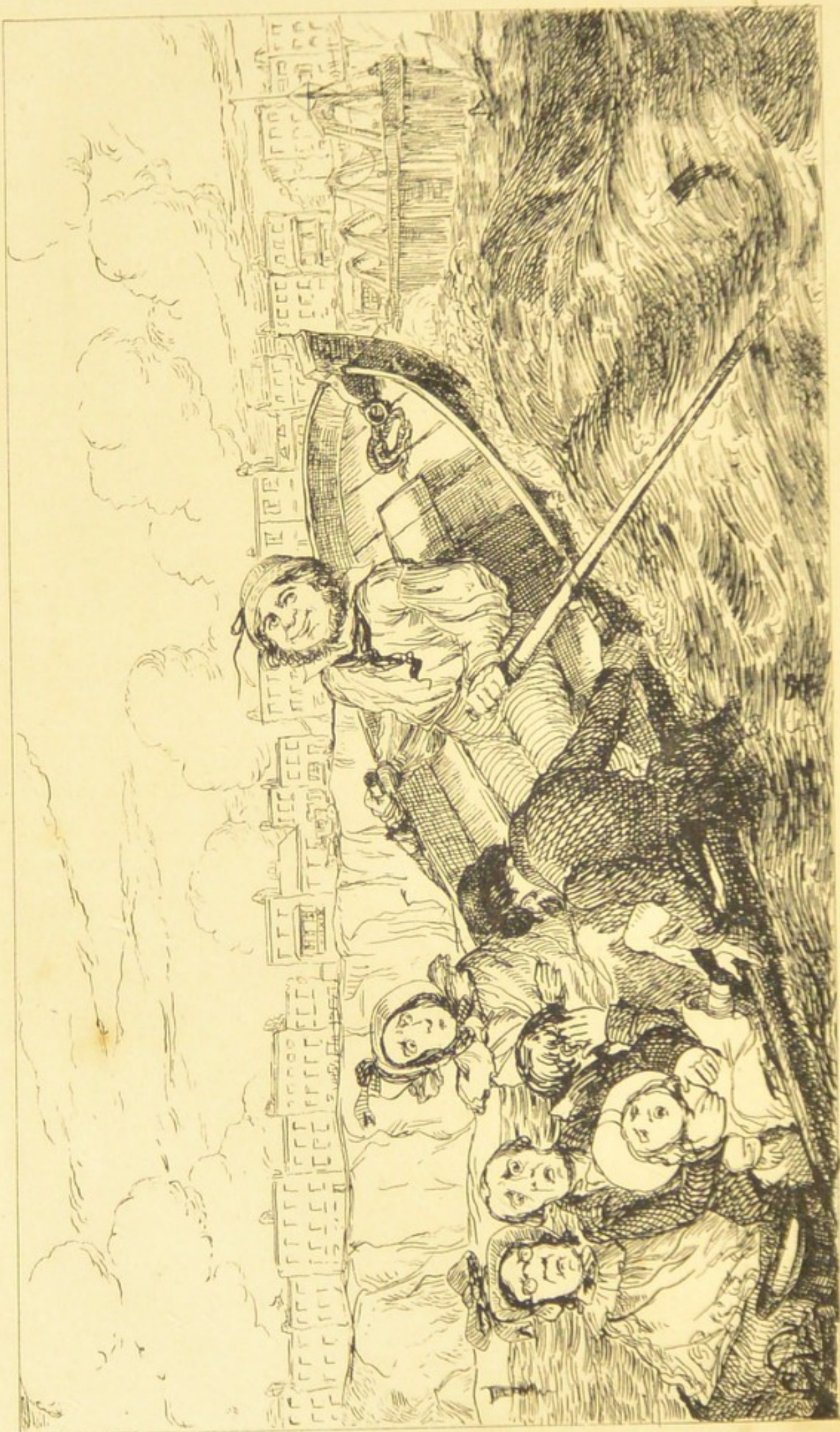
Some itinerant dancing-master fancies he has swallowed a pair of pumps instead of his breakfast and that they are actively ‘doing up the middle.’



NEARING THE NORE.







A PLEASURE BOAT.

One dandy forward—they are always forward—loses his hat and mutters an oath—a *beaver-dam* of course! and continues his forced employment in spite of his teeth.

The full-blown damask-roses that erst bloomed on the ruddy orbicular visage of many a votary of Bacchus—have fled—a faithful remnant only (looking rather blue) still retaining a position on the nasal promontory—as if on the look-out.

The contemner of tee-totalism makes a vow 'not loud but deep'—that he will never again 'take water'—unless qualified with spirits.

Some fold their arms and pace the deck resolved to brave the storm—determined not to yield—but alas! they war against their fate in vain—they are ultimately compelled to give up!

At last the great Boat itself brings up at Margate, and more dead than alive, the passengers drag listlessly along the pier amid the gaze and giggle of the assembled multitude!

---

## THE PLEASURE BOATS.

"My boat is on the shore."—BYRON.

"Pleasure seems sweet, but proves a cup of bitters."

Jenkins had sung "The sea, the sea"—with such unbounded applause in his little parlor over a tumbler of toddy, that he had infected all his family with perfect enthusiasm for the element, and induced them to believe that he possessed the very soul of a sailor.



One evening his rib seizing a favorable opportunity obtained a promise that they and the little ones should have a trip to Margate. Upon second thoughts, however, he was of opinion that Brighton was genteeler and the air 'more purer,' and that moreover he had an insuperable objection to steaming it; declaring that the fear of an explosion would keep him in 'hot water' during the whole voyage, and although he had heroically sung "I never was on the dull tame shore!" the fact is he had no notion of an ocean 'roaring around him,' and had never tried even the Thames-water—unmixed! But he had heard strange tales of travellers who had suffered from sea-sickness, and perfectly convinced that his stomach was no sea-chest, resolved that he would not expose his valuable trunk and its contents to be rummaged, tumbled, and disordered. To Brighton therefore they went; and after inhaling the invigorating breezes for a few days, and becoming, as he poetically described himself, as strong as a horse, he was at last induced by the insinuating address of one of those intrusive fishermen that infest the coast of Sussex, to betake himself and party on board a well trimmed boat.

At first they glided over the undulating waters, gently rising and falling like the strains of the Æolian harp! Jenkins, however, who was a perfect musician, proved himself a greater master of the *shake* than the *swell*, and certainly did not 'love the blue sea more and more' upon an intimate acquaintance. They were soon beyond the chain-pier, and as yet he commanded his feelings—

"Brighton is the delightfulest place"—said he—"and even without that pier—would be peerless!"

"My head's werry unstiddy, J——" remarked his spouse—"Tommy, child what ails you?"

"Oh! my!—I am so ——" the child's eloquence could no farther go; and indeed the whole party was presently all 'so'—as the boy most emphatically expressed it.





COMING HOME

Jenkins, had he not lost his voice, would certainly have ‘sung out’—to their sun-burnt and mahogany-visaged Charon, “Row we back!” “Row we back!” but alas! the boat pitched so he could not pitch the key; and had scarcely power to utter ‘*sotto voce*.’

“Beach—beach—it’s all up with us, by goles!”

---

### THE VOYAGE HOME.

“Home, home, sweet home.”

A few weeks afterwards I observed the same party returning. There was a visible change. The old gentleman sat pensively with his left hand thrust to the bottom of his pocket, turning over the remnant of the loose cash which was unspent, and evidently calculating the expense of the pleasure-trip. His right hand resting upon his oaken staff, supporting his chin, no doubt for the purpose of preventing his physiognomy from assuming that elongated appearance vulgarly termed ‘chop-fallen.’ Mrs. D. was wrapped up in her thoughts and sundry shawls and handkerchiefs. The feathers drooped as feathers are wont to do after a heavy rain. The youths anticipating the resumption of their duties in some dark and dingy office, already looked by anticipation in a ‘brown study’—or like vessels wrecked on a shingly beach that had a distant prospect of—*righting!*

The young lady who had lately swam through the populous stream, on the pier, or waded through the thronged Bazaar like a swan, now looked as melancholy as a matchless dove!

Visions—(like a team of night-mares)—of long bills and boarding-house extortions intermixed with ‘flies’—that had drawn them like Spanish flies—and donkeys ‘wot wouldn’t go’—and calculating thoughts of retrenchment at home as bright and sharp as a saw—all filled up the measure of the mental cogitations of Mr. & Mrs. D.—While Miss sighed as she thought of the attentions of the very genteel young man, known to nobody—who politely vacated his seat for her at the crowded library, and so kindly handed her contributory shilling to the man at the loo-table—and was so very lucky as to win three prizes worth six or seven shillings, at the cost and outlay of about thirty.

And who, she was quite sure, was about to pop the question—when they vexatiously popped off. ‘The little pet was reposing on her father’s knee having cried herself to sleep at the prospect of returning to school.

The sea was rough—the weather flatulent—and the spray put them in an ill-humor and a sad pickle!

---

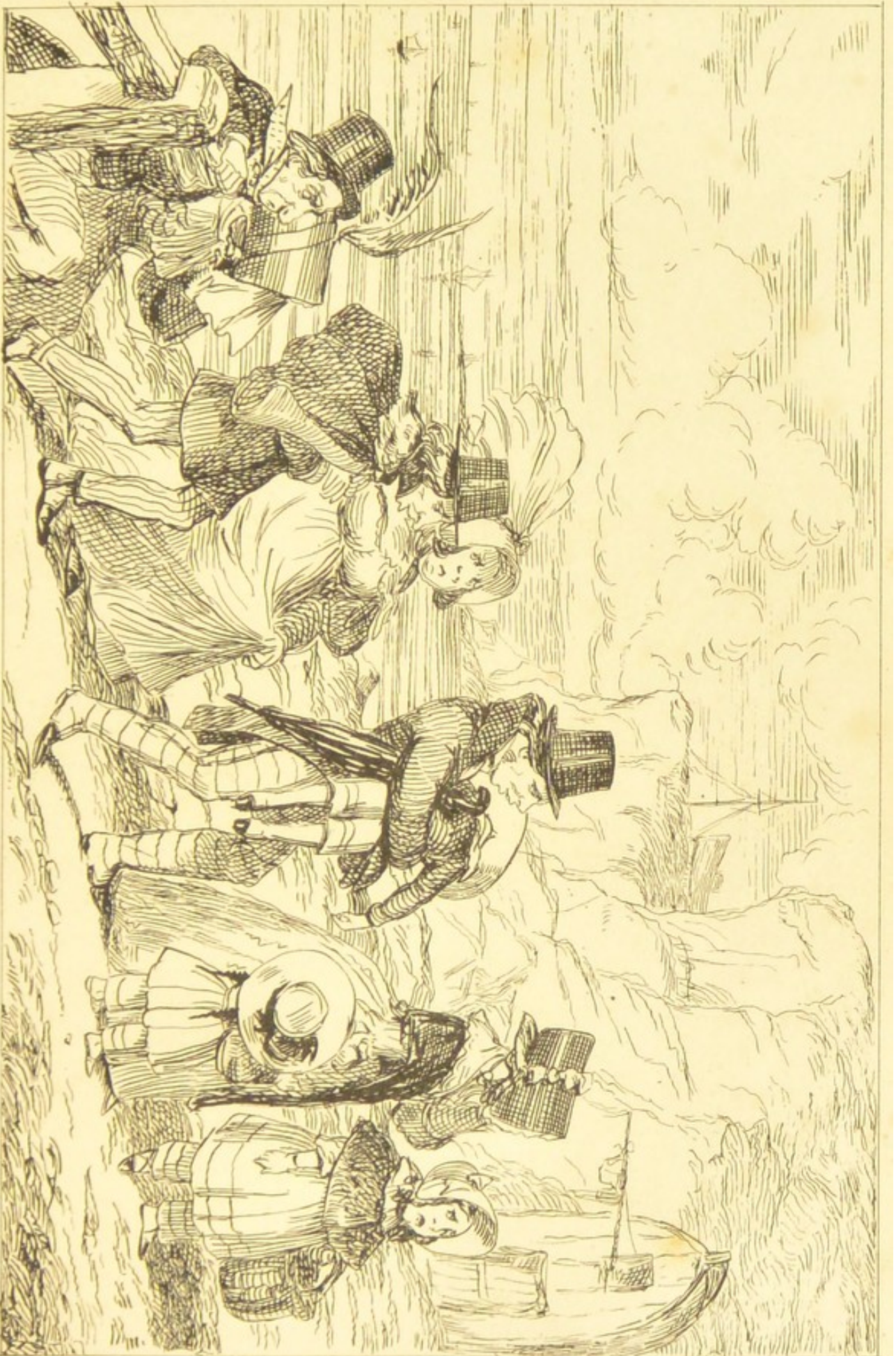
## THE RETURN.

### JENKINS’ LAMENT.

The sea no doubt is werry fine  
 For fish and ships to swim in,  
 But this ‘ere game o’ pitch and toss  
 Quite unmans all the women!

And me that is a landsman too,  
 Oh! vot on earth could make me  
 Venture in such a vessel frail  
 And let them breakers break me?

RETURN OF A SAILING PARTY.





Bay-salt and brine is werry fine  
 To pickle legs o' pork in,  
 But if agin I'm cotch'd—O! me,  
 May Neptune stick is fork in.

The gals look vite—the mother blue,  
 And Tommy, poor sick babby,  
 Just like a parsnip werry stale,  
 Is yellow, limp, and flabby!

No little boats for me!—they cost  
 Too much tho' low their charges,  
 My wife and chicks I'll never put  
 In nothin' less than Barges.

A swan-hoppin' to Twickenham  
 A very diff'rent thing is,  
 The city barge ve'll patronize,  
 But to Old Nick ve'll fling *his!*

They'll cotch me in no little boat  
 Or to its terrors blind me—  
 They must persuade me to a *deal*  
 A-board who wish to find me!

---

### MARGATE.

Insula rotunda Tanatos quam circuit unda  
 Fertilis et munda, nulli est in orbe secunda.

MARGATE, or as formerly written Mere-gate is the metropolis of the Isle of Thanet; which is about ten miles long and seven broad.

This highly favored watering place, is seventy-two miles from London, forty from Maidstone, and sixteen from Canterbury.



Although formerly but an inconsiderable fishing hamlet ; originally consisting of one long and irregular street ; the annual increase in the number of the visitors, mainly attributable to the facilities of transit afforded by the modern improvements in steam navigation, has excited the speculation of individuals ; and it has gradually become a town of great extent and importance, expanding its numerous buildings over the slopes of two extensive hills, and the valley between them.

The magnificence and magnitude of the many public and private buildings, renders the place not only attractable, but commodious.

For the superior character of its taverns and boarding houses ; the salubrity of the sea breezes ; the scenery of the neighbourhood and the various amusements of the place, Margate stands pre-eminent among those summer retreats to which the citizens of London annually flock ; in the pursuit of pleasure, or, for the renovation of health.

The roads in Thanet are excellent, for the bottom being chalky and the country pretty level, they are maintained in order at a small expense.

The PIER is the first object that strikes the eyes of the visitor upon his arrival.

It is a handsome, substantial, and convenient structure, measuring nine hundred feet in length ; in shape it forms part of a polygon, and is admirably calculated to secure the town from the inroads of the sea ; and to afford protection to the numerous vessels which take shelter in the harbour.

As a marine walk, the promenade formed by the outer elevation of the pier, is unrivalled by any in the kingdom.

The LIGHT HOUSE is a beautiful building. The shaft consists of an elegant Grecian Doric column, placed on an octagonal base, surmounted by a richly ornamented lantern of cast-iron.

At the lower extremity of the pier, stands the DROIT HOUSE. It is a small but very handsome stone edifice, from the centre of which rises a bell and clock turret, having four illuminated faces.

To the east of the pier is JARVIS'S LANDING PLACE, by which passengers are enabled to reach the shore when the water is too low to allow the entrance of vessels into the harbour. A handsome cast-iron archway adorns the entrance of the landing place.

Besides the ASSEMBLY ROOM, the BAZAARS, the THEATRE, the LIBRARIES, the BATHS, and the BATHING ROOMS, the walks and drives in the vicinity, in fair weather, afford a delightful recreation to the visitants.

The principal places and objects are:—THE MILLS, situate near Dane or Hooper's Hill; KINGSGATE, about three miles from Margate, where are a number of fanciful buildings, erected by Lord Holland, and intended to represent ancient ruins and antique edifices; of which the most remarkable is the CASTLE.

ARX RUOCHIM, a small castle, very near the cliff's edge, built of red brick, and faced with squared chalk. According to the opinion of the Reverend Cornelius Willes, this tower was built in the time of King Vortigern, about the year 448.

HARLEY TOWER, (erected in the year 1768, in honor of Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor of London,) a round flint building on a brick base, surrounded by a square out-work of flint.

THE NORTH FORELANDS, a short distance from Stone. The extensive view commanded by the light-house, erected on this Cape or Promontory will amply repay the traveller for the fatigue of arriving at its summit.

WHITFIELD TOWER, near Northdown, which stands upon the highest point of the Island.

BUENOS AYRES and WESTBROOK, at the outskirts of Margate, on the London Road, which being reached by the sands, afford a pleasant stroll after bathing.

FORT ROCK.—

THE ROYAL SEA BATHING INFIRMARY, a charitable establishment for the indigent sick, situate at Westbrook.

The delightful garden of TIVOLI, about a quarter of a mile from Margate, opened for the reception of the public. There are here coffee and refreshment rooms, alcoves, and attiring apartments, with a large and elegant concert room. The amusements are public breakfasts, concerts, dancing, fire-works, and musical promenading.

QUEX, about four miles from Margate, where the light and elegant WATERLOO TOWER (serving the purposes of a belfry and an observatory,) forms an interesting object.

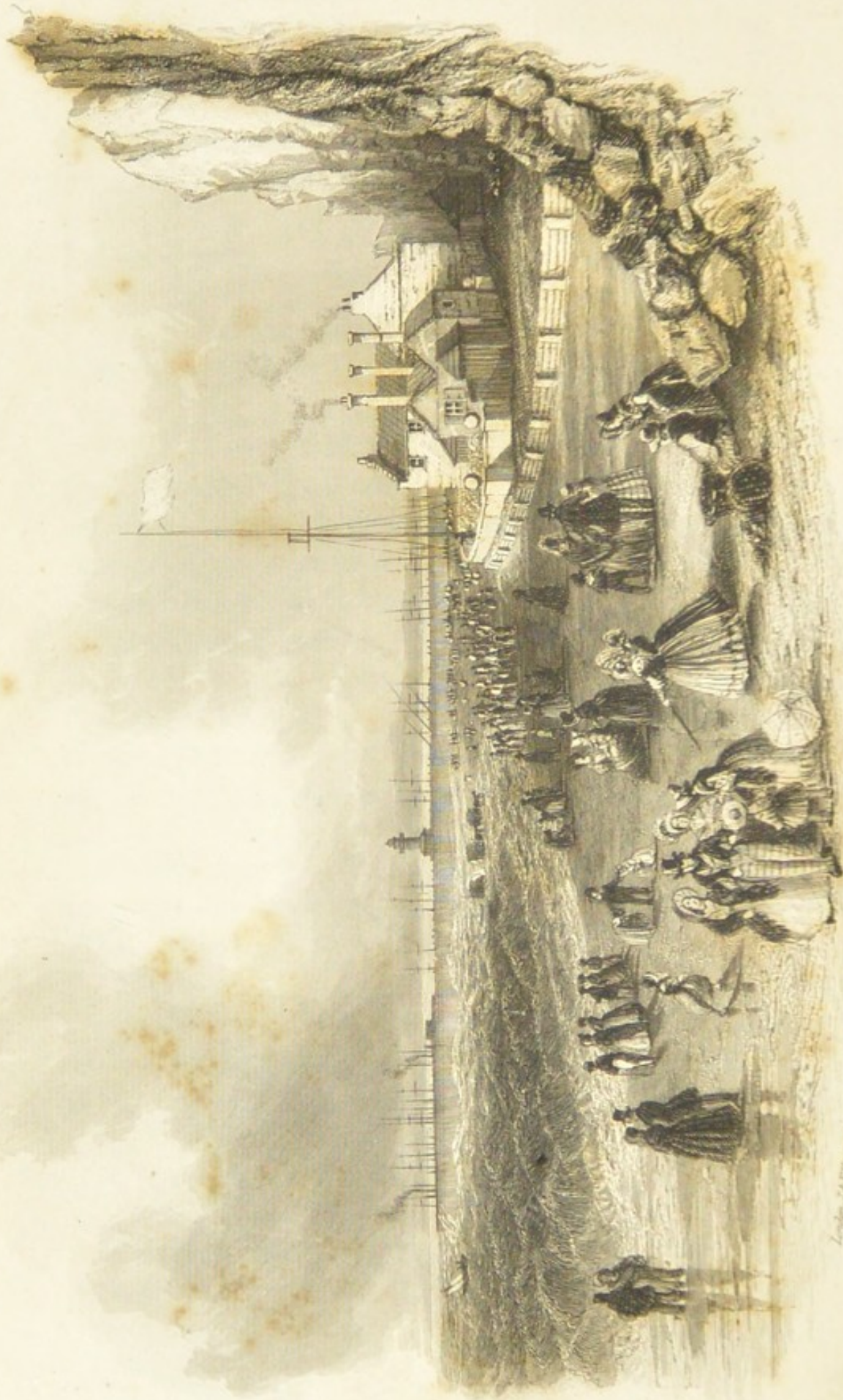
MINSTER and its Church; the situation of Minster is very romantic; the scenery being perhaps the most pleasing, as its soil is certainly the most fertile in Thanet.

There are also tea-gardens and promenades and music, fire-works, and other attractions, are provided for the entertainment of the visitors.

NASH COURT and NASH.—

MOUNT PLEASANT, to the north-west of Minster, greatly frequented on account of the beautiful prospect it commands.





Ramsgate Sands.

London: A. E. Barrett, 11, Beaufort Street.

The RUINS at CHAPEL BOTTOM, on the road leading from Margate to Sandwich.

DRAPERS, about half a mile from Margate, at which place is an Hospital, or Alms House, founded in 1709, by Michael Yoakley, a member of the Society of Friends.

#### RAMSGATE.

Ramsgate, like Margate, was once a small fishing hamlet, belonging to the parish of St. Lawrence, but is now an extensive, well built, and fashionable watering place, frequented by some of the first families in the kingdom. In 1826, it was separated from St. Lawrence by Act of Parliament, and is considered a parish of itself.

It is subject to the jurisdiction of Sandwich, and is a market town, situate about four miles from Margate, in a valley opening to the south-east, commanding a delightful prospect of the Downs and the British Channel.

The new buildings are large and commodious, and are so placed as to command an extensive view of the sea.

In 1821, His Majesty George the Fourth directed Ramsgate to be called a Royal Port, as an expression of his gratification at the loyalty of the inhabitants, who on the occasion of His

Majesty's embarkation from that place, on a visit to his Hanoverian dominions, presented an address of congratulation to the King. His Majesty was also pleased to land here on his return:

The Custom House was soon afterwards removed from Sandwich, of which it was the chief support, and Ramsgate is therefore now a more flourishing and important place than that ancient cinque port.

But though it may in some respects be considered as the rival of Margate, and is filled with very respectable, and even more select company, it is never likely to supplant that favourite resort; for the place itself is smaller and less populous than its neighbour, and is wanting in many of those amusements which attract the young and the gay.

The walks in the neighbourhood are pleasing and varied; and the admirers of sea views, an open country, and quiet though bold scenery will find their expectations of enjoyment fully realised.

Many objects and situations being equally common to the visitors of Margate and Ramsgate, we refer for what may appear deficient here, to the descriptions of the former place and its environs.

As at Margate, the most remarkable and important structure at Ramsgate is the

#### PIER,

which is one of the most stupendous and magnificent works in the kingdom.

The building was commenced in 1750: it is constructed of

Portland and Purbeck stone ; and was finished at the expense of more than half a million of money.

The principal head extends nearly 800 feet into the sea, and then forms its first angle ; is twenty-six feet broad at the top, including the parapet ; and increases in depth from eighteen to thirty-six feet.

The building forms a polygon, of which the east is about 2000 and the west head 1000 feet long, which are left 200 feet asunder for an entrance into the harbour.

There are five angles on each side, and the two elevations are respectively terminated by an octagon sixty feet long.

A cross-wall 1400 feet long, with sluices and flood-gates, separates the area, enclosed by this important work, and comprising a space of more than forty-six acres, forming an outer harbour and an inner basin ; for, when the pier was on the very eve of completion, it was discovered that the sand accumulated so rapidly within the area as to threaten to render it useless, and to leave it a mere dry mound. In this dilemma the celebrated Engineer, Mr. Smeaton, was consulted, and by his direction this cross-wall was erected ; effecting all that was required, and facilitating the entrance of ships in hard gales of wind ; for whose reception and safety, on this exposed coast, the whole was originally undertaken.

Having already described the vast length and breadth of the pier, it is almost necessary to observe that it forms the favourite promenade of the visitors ; and certainly none can be more delightful or salubrious. It commands views of the Downs, the coast of France, the towns of Deal and Sandwich, and many of the hills and fertile vallies of East Kent ; while the sea breezes are as well enjoyed as though in a sailing vessel.

The LIGHT HOUSE is a handsome structure, and stands on the west head near the mouth of the harbour.



The **PIER HOUSE**, used as an occasional residence by the Trustees, is a capacious building, having an elegant saloon and balcony in front.

The **OBELISK**, erected to commemorate the visit of George the Fourth, is built of granite.

**JACOB'S LADDER** is the medium of communication between the Pier and Nelson's Crescent; it is an elegant and substantial stone structure, and well worth examination; it consists of 92 steps, the fatigue of ascending which and reaching the top of the cliff, which is here more than fifty feet high, is greatly diminished by an occasional landing place. The old ladder was an ingenious wooden one, of curious construction, but being decayed and unsafe, was replaced by the present work.

For agreeable drives, we recommend those to

**EAST CLIFF LODGE**.—This delightful marine villa is in the gothic style, and commands an extensive sea and land view.

The caverns here, which communicate by a subterranean passage with the shore, are well worth exploring.

**ELLINGTON**, about a quarter of a mile to the westward of Ramsgate, was long the seat of a family of that name.

**ST. LAWRENCE**.—A pleasant village half a mile from Ramsgate; situated on a hill, commanding many extensive prospects. The church is very ancient, and the tower in particular is of curious Saxon architecture.

**NETHER COURT**.—A handsome seat, belonging to a gentleman, and situated a short distance from St. Lawrence.

**PEGWELL BAY**, from its proximity to Ramsgate, being only a mile distant from that place, is admirably calculated to attract

visitors. The scenery around is delightful, and therefore parties of pleasure are continually flocking to

BELLE VUE INN, to enjoy the views, and to regale themselves upon the famous shrimps caught in this bay.

Fish abounds here; and the grey mullet especially, from its acknowledged excellence, is in great demand by all epicures.

---

## D O V E R.

This celebrated sea-port has, of late, imitated many of its neighbours, in aspiring to the rank of a regular watering-place.

It is a town of high antiquity, lying in the eastern part of the county of Kent, seventy-two miles from London, sixteen from Canterbury, and twenty-two from Margate.

Its situation is in a pleasant valley, and was once walled round, having ten gates, of which only three remain.

The hill on which the Castle stands, rises with a bold abrupt ascent, to the northward of the town, and the venerable fortress still seems to bid defiance to any invading foe.

Part of the Castle is said to have been erected as early as the time of Julius Cæsar, and so great has been its reputation, that it was formerly esteemed the key of the kingdom.

There are also, on the western heights, some extensive and curious fortifications of modern date, erected at a great expense. The delightful situation of Dover, coupled with the purity of the sea air, and the advantages of a fine beach for bathing, have caused it to be much resorted to of late for that purpose.

The variety of scenes which the place exhibits, its intercourse with the Continent, especially in these times of peace, the romantic and beautiful views which in every quarter around are displayed to the eyes, and the salubrity of the air, make it equally desirable for those who visit the coast for bathing, and to the valetudinarian who comes in quest of health.

A little to the south of the tower is SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, so called from the beautiful description by the Poet in the tragedy of Lear :—

“ There is a Cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep, &c.”

The samphire grows in abundance upon the chalky cliffs, and of which a finely flavoured pickle is made. The poor people who gather it, fix a rope to an iron crow driven in the ground at the top of the cliff, then lower themselves by the rope over the precipice, and collect the samphire in a basket; an employment which makes the spectator shudder.

Dover is one of the principal Cinque Ports and sends two members to Parliament.

The principal object of curiosity is undoubtedly the CASTLE, which has often invited the pencil of the artist and arrested the attention of the traveller. Almost inaccessible from its natural position, endeavours have been made to render it impregnable by the military constructions of successive ages.

It offers, in consequence, to the eye a confusion of style in its several parts; the more ancient of which have been suffered to moulder into ruins, while the latter additions have a manifest reference to the altered system of warfare.

Since the bow and the battle-axe have been superseded by the use of the cannon and the mortar, the commanding hills in the neighbourhood, formerly of little avail, now present a formidable means of attack, and considerably lessen the importance of the fortification.

The Roman and Saxon fortifications, the ruins of many of which alone remain, will afford great gratification to the antiquary; for a detailed account of which we refer to the "Sketch of the Ancient and Modern History of the Town and Castle," by W. Batchellor, of Dover—a work as excellent in its arrangement as its contents are correct and amusing; an unpretending but valuable little work.

The views from the Castle are truly romantic. Those on the north are bounded by the surrounding hills, between which and the battlements a deep valley descends towards the sea.

While those from the summit of the Keep extend over the eminence to the Isle of Thanet, and take in a vast expanse of country.

From the western battlements the prospect is most delightful, spreading over fertile valleys, down one of which descend the small river Dour and the main road from London.

The other valleys branch off to the left, and are intersected by lofty hills.

The populous villages of CHARLTON and BUCKLAND occupy a considerable extent in this direction.

Fronting the battlements on the south-west, at the distance of about half a mile, the extensive and lofty heights raise their fortified crest higher than the most elevated pinnacle of the Castle.

Directly opposite lies the coast of France, about twenty miles distant; and in clear weather the lofty cliffs, the fields, the houses, and a wide extent of country are distinctly visible.

On the right lies the town of Boulogne. From the many elevated points in the neighbourhood, and particularly from the London road, the Castle strikes the beholder with all its majestic grandeur, and he would rather suppose it to be a fortified city than a single fortress.

The mail steam-packets, three of which sail between Dover and Calais, and two between Dover and Ostend, are under the direction of the General Post Office, who have an agent residing in the town.

Besides these, several steam and sailing vessels, and two French packets are employed in the passage.

They are generally fitted up in an elegant and costly manner for the accommodation of passengers; and some of them are daily leaving or entering the harbour.

Besides the theatre, libraries, and other amusements provided for the visitors, the villages in the vicinity offer a great attraction.

The rural and beautiful village of RIVER, interspersed with cottages, gardens and fertile meadows, is situated in the valley, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Dover, on the west of the London road. Near it is situated the magnificent mansion of Kersney Abbey, built in the monastic style of architecture.

The river Dour meanders through the valley. On the other side of the London-road is Old Park, delightfully seated on a hill, a most rural and picturesque residence; and more to the northward is Archer's Court, which it is said is held by the singular tenure of supporting the king's head when he crosses the channel, if he should happen to be affected by sea sickness.

SIBERTSWOLD OR SHEPHERDSWELL is now a boarding house; and several Roman entrenchments are still visible in the neighbourhood.

WEST LANGDON is an equal distance between the London and the Deal roads, and is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Dover.

The ABBEY is about four miles from Dover on the north-west side of the Deal road, and originally belonged to the Convent of St. Augustin, in Canterbury. It was founded in the reign of Richard I., for monks of the Premonstratensian order, and dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The air in this part is so remarkably healthy, that many of the inhabitants live to a very advanced age.

WALDERSHARE.—This rural parish is situated on the new road from Dover to Sandwich; and is about five miles from the latter place. The noble family of Guildford, at present, resides here.

The seat is built after a design of Inigo Jones, and is an elegant structure; surrounded by an extensive park, well stocked with deer and adorned with groves, pleasure grounds, and delightful avenues; shaded by lofty trees, and enriched by a multiplicity of beautiful shrubs.

The BELVIDERE TOWER, erected by Sir Henry Furnese about the year 1700, on the highest ground in the park, lifts its majestic head above the surrounding trees.

The view from the summit of it is grand, and extends to a great

distance over the surrounding country—the Nore and the coast of France being distinctly visible.

Sumptuous monuments, belonging to the families of Monius, Bertie, and Furnese, adorn the little church, which is dedicated to All Saints.

In a short sketch like the present, it is impossible to do ample justice to the beauties displayed by the environs of Dover.

---

## HASTINGS.

The ancient town of Hastings, the principal of the Cinque Ports, stands near the eastern extremity of the county of Sussex, and is distant about sixty-five miles from London.

The romantic walks and rides in its vicinity, and the interesting objects to which they conduct; the purity of the air and the amenity of situation, point it out as an eligible station for bathing or recreation.

It well deserves the character given of it by its local historian, who observes, that one circumstance must, above all others, render Hastings a universal favourite—"The society at Hastings," says he, "is gay without profligacy, and enjoys life without mingling in its debaucheries; while innocent recreational delights, card assemblies, billiards, riding, walking, reading, fishing, and other modes of pastime, banish care from the mind; whilst the salubrity of the atmosphere expels disease from the body."



Engraved by J. B. Kneller, del. J. B. Kneller, sculp.

London, W. Baynes, 1840.





The BEACH is very fine ; nor can the water anywhere along the coast be purer or more fully impregnated with the saline particles than it is here.

Hence it has deservedly risen into reputation as a bathing-place ; and every year it seems to obtain a fresh accession of visitors.

The entrance to Hastings by the London road from Fairlight Downs is extremely beautiful.

It opens on a smooth terrace from the Downs, from whence is an extensive prospect of Pevensey Bay, Beachy Head, Bourne Hills, and a wide range of ocean ; which latter exhibits a continued round of changing variety.

The town is delightfully situated in a valley, surrounded on all sides, but the south, with high cliffs and hills, which protect it from the cold winds and render it one of the most healthy towns in the whole island.

There is here a remarkably fine beach, and the best bathing of any along the coast.

Upon the hill to the westward of the town, are the remains of a very large and ancient castle, in shape bearing some resemblance to an oblique spherical triangle, having the points rounded off.

The base or south side, completing the triangle, is formed by a perpendicular cliff, in length about four hundred feet, which appears to have had no wall or fortification ; indeed, such would have been useless and unnecessary, nature having made it sufficiently inaccessible on the side opposite the sea.

The MARINE PARADE is considered one of the finest promenades in the kingdom ; its length is upwards of eight hundred feet, and commands a most expansive view of the sea, Beachy Head, Eastbourne Hills, and Pevensey Bay.

**ST. CLEMENT'S CAVES**—Situated under the West Hill, at the back of Gloucester-place, are well worthy the attention of the curious.

They were originally of considerable size, but were increased by persons digging away sand for domestic purposes.

They are now shut to the public, except on certain days—once a fortnight in the summer and once a month during the winter season—when they are illuminated and thrown open to the curious, on paying a small fee at the door, intended to defray the expense and trouble of lighting them.

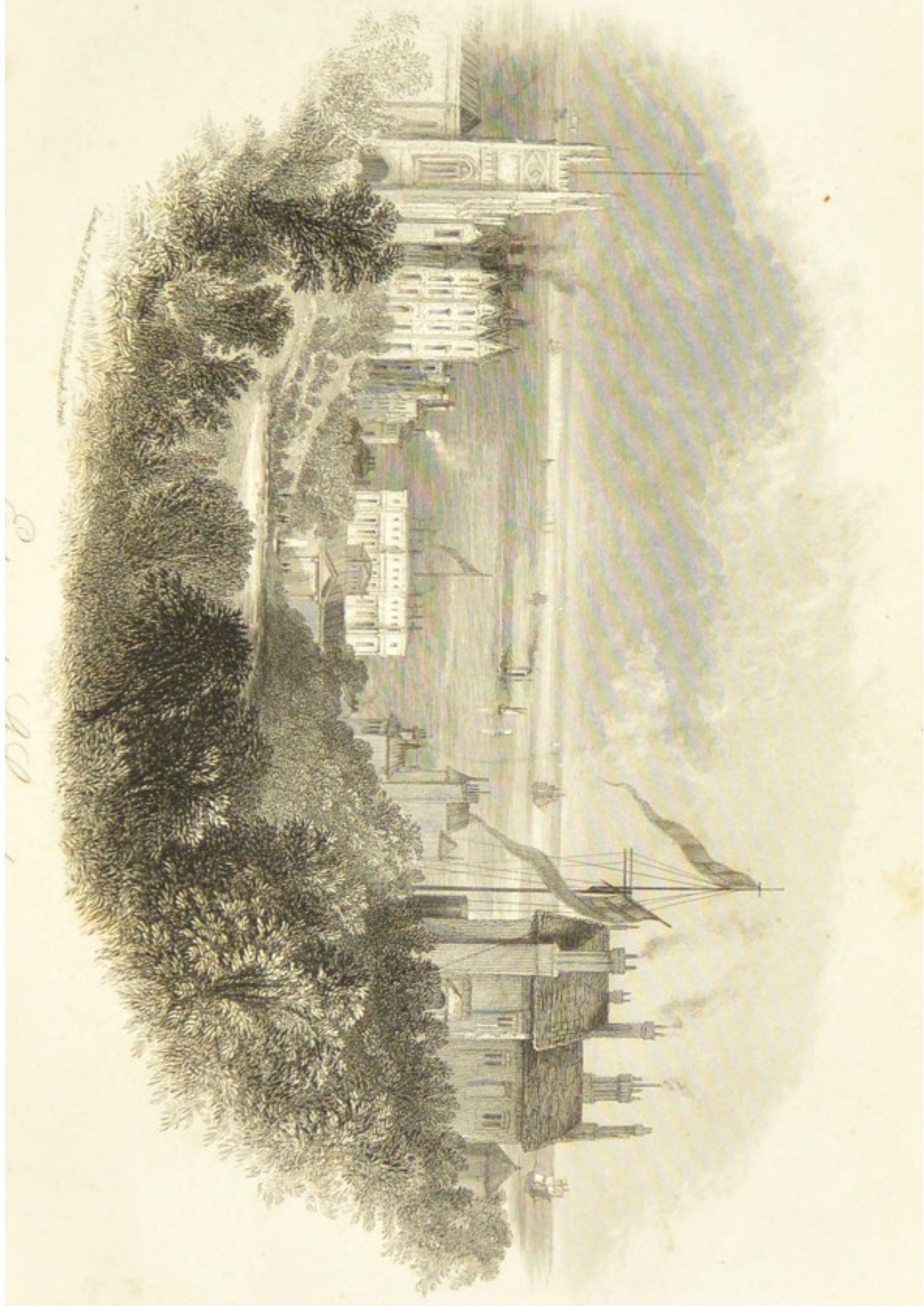
### ST. LEONARD'S NEW TOWN.

A short distance beyond is Bopeeps, a small inn; and near here is situated the Race-course, at a little distance from the shore, surrounded by gently rising hills, in the form of an amphitheatre. The races generally take place in September.

**BEXHILL**.—A village about six miles to the west of Hastings. A delightful morning ride along the coast.

There is a good inn for the accommodation of strangers who visit this rural spot.

**PEVENSEY BAY AND CASTLE** are about seven miles from Bexhill. The Bay is famous for being the landing-place of William the



*View of the Harbour of Bristol, from the Clifton*

*W. & A. S. 1825*



Conqueror, when he came to assert his right to the crown of England.

The CASTLE is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It occupies a large space of ground—in fact, nearly half as much as Dover Castle. The Keep is an irregular polygon or hexagon, flanked by round towers, with the entrance on the west side over a bridge, and is surrounded by a ditch on all sides but the east.

There are two entrances to the Castle, one at Pevensey, on the east; the other at Westham, on the west. This is, perhaps, the greatest and most entire remains of Roman building in Great Britain.

HURSTMONCEUX.—The lordship and estate of Godwin, Earl of Kent.

The remains of a castle, supposed to have been built by Roger de Fiennes in the reign of Henry VI., is perhaps the largest and finest piece of brick-work in the kingdom. There is a deep moat round it, which has been kept dry for many years, and the sides planted with fruit trees.

OLD ROAR is about two miles north-west of Hastings. There was formerly a cataract here, the noise of which was heard some miles distant. The situation, together with the surrounding scenery, is beautifully romantic.

Two miles beyond is

HOLLINGTON CHURCH.—Remarkable for the singularity of its situation, being erected in the middle of a wood, and no house of any kind within a quarter of a mile; nor is there any account when or by whom it was built.

Among the numberless attractions to strangers with which the vicinity of Hastings abound, the following places are particularly

distinguished ; being close to each other, and only a mile and a half from the town, they are the favourite and daily resort of strangers :—

**THE FISH PONDS.**—Close to the Fish Ponds is a farm-house, where parties will meet with refreshments, which they can partake of sitting at the house or under the shady branches of the trees. From hence, walks branch out in every direction, intersecting each other at intervals, where seats present themselves in the most romantic situations.

Past the Fish Ponds, the path leads across two fields, through a small wood, to the brow of the cliff ; from whence is a fair view of the ocean, Dungeness Point, and the coast of France.

At the end of the terrace, from whence this beautiful view is enjoyed, is a small gate, opening upon a flight of steps descending over the face of the precipice to the

**DRIPPING WELL.**—A fairy retreat, embowered by trees. Passing Covehurst Cottage, a path winds through the wood upon the hill ; thence turn to the right and gain the summit, a little below which, on the other side, a winding track leads to a recess overhanging the wood, known by the name of

**THE LOVER'S SEAT.**—The singular situation of this enchanting spot is perhaps not to be equalled.

A short distance up the valley from the Lover's Seat, is

**FAIRLIGHT GLEN.**—A sequestered spot, through which meanders a small stream.

**BATTLE and BATTLE ABBEY.**—The town of Battle, about seven miles from Hastings, on the London road, and which derives its name from the decisive battle fought there between Harold and the Duke of Normandy, is small, consisting of only one street.

But what is most worthy of observation at this place, is the Abbey, built by William the Conqueror the year after the battle of Hastings, and in pursuance of a vow made before the fight commenced.

Though the Abbey is in part demolished, yet the magnificence of it appears by the ruins of the cloisters, &c. ; but the extent of the whole Abbey may be better understood from its circumference, which is nearly one mile.

---

## B R I G H T O N.

This delightful place, formerly a small insignificant town on a corner of the coast little frequented, has now become fashionable, elegant, and universally known.

It is only fifty-four miles distant from London, and stands on an eminence, which gently declines towards the south-east with a regular slope to the Steyne ; and thence again rises with a moderate ascent to the eastward along the cliff to a considerable distance.

It is protected from the north and north-easterly winds, by an amphitheatrical range of hills, which are easy of access, and covered with a short carpet-like verdure.

The soil is naturally chalky and dry, and the heaviest rains that fall here seldom prevent the exercise of walking or riding for any length of time ; a circumstance not unworthy of regard in a place of pleasurable attraction.



The whole town was formerly contained between the western boundary of the Steyne and West-street ; but now the enumeration of all the streets would occupy too large a space for our purpose ; some idea, however, of their number may be formed from the extent of the town.

The distance from the extremity of Kemptown to that of Brunswick-terrace is two miles and a half ; and from the Steyne to the extremity of the parish on the London road is about one mile and a quarter.

The most fashionable parts of the town are, the cliffs, and the several squares and streets branching from them, and also what are commonly called the Old Steyne and the North Steyne ; comprising the Pavilion and Grand Parades, as well as Gloucester, Marlborough, and St. George's Places.

There is every requisite for bathing, the baths being numerous and the accommodation for visitors excellent ; and, indeed, many advantages are to be found here, which are wanted in smaller and less frequented watering-places.

The ROYAL PALACE is an unique and splendid edifice, said by some to have been modelled after a Chinese plan brought over by Lord Amherst, while others suppose the design was suggested by the Kremlin at Moscow.

To the north of Elm-grove is situated the ROYAL STABLING, a magnificent pile, octagonal without and circular within, lighted by a glazed dome, whose diameter is only twenty feet less than that of the dome of St. Paul's Church in London.

The CHAIN PIER is a light and elegant structure, commenced in 1822, and opened in the following year. Its length is 1134 feet, and the promenade is thirteen feet wide, enclosed on each side with a neat iron railing. Four iron towers, erected on plat-

forms raised on piles driven into the solid chalk rock, support the chains. These towers are about 200 feet distant from each other, and are fitted up as shops. The Pier-head is a platform raised on piles; it is paved with Purbeck stone, and has lately been considerably enlarged. A band is, during the summer months, occasionally stationed on this spot, which forms one of the most agreeable walks in the town, uniting the advantages of the purest sea air with convenience of access.

The entrance to the Pier is by an esplanade 416 yards in length, commencing at the bottom of the Old Steyne, where the Toll-house is situated. A second entrance is by a flight of steps, descending from the cliff opposite the New Steyne.

The OLD STEYNE was formerly a piece of waste land; it has, however, long been surrounded by handsome buildings; the lawn has been divided into two parts and enclosed.

In the northern enclosure is placed a bronze statue of his late Majesty George the Fourth, executed by Chantrey.

The GRAND JUNCTION PARADE is a new road, which forms the connecting link between the eastern and western parts of the town; is built on the beach, and was completed in December, 1829.

BRIGHTON PARK and GERMAN SPA are in the rear of the east part of the town, nearly in a direct line with Rock Gardens and Egremont-place. The whole is a new plantation commenced in the year 1824. One of the leading features of this place is the German Spa establishment, where chemical imitations of the mineral waters of Germany are prepared in high perfection.

The CHALYBEATE, situated on the western side of the town, is a commodious and elegant building; comprising a reading-room and other conveniences, which, together with a rustic cottage, have been recently erected.

It is in a most retired and picturesque spot, and is nearly surrounded with trees: and is much frequented during the summer, as well for the beauty of its situation as for the purpose of drinking the water.

There are also spacious archery grounds.

The TEMPLE, between the Church-hill and the Chalybeate, was formerly the residence of J. R. Kemp, Esq., M.P., but is now a school.

There are two BAZAARS, the one on the Grand Parade and the other on the Grand Junction Parade.

The THEATRE, allowed to be the prettiest theatre out of London, is situated in the New-road.

The MARKET is a lofty and spacious building, erected in 1830. Its situation is in the centre of the town.

The BEACH, from the looseness of the shingle and dampness of the sands, is but little frequented, especially since the formation of the Esplanades; it nevertheless affords many pleasant strolls.

The RACE-COURSE is on the summit of the Downs, to the north and north-east of Brighton, on one of the loftiest eminences in the vicinity of the place.

KEMP TOWN is situated to the eastward of Brighton, at a place called Black Rock.

The whole has a southern aspect, opening from the centre of a crescent whose span is eight hundred feet, terminated at both extremities by a wing of three hundred and fifty feet.

The Buildings are magnificent.

There is a fine esplanade in front, with a tunnel from the lawn.

The LIBRARIES are too numerous to mention in detail.

The CAVALRY BARRACKS are situated about a mile from Brighton on the Lewes road.

The OLD CHURCH stands on a hill at the north-west of the town; it is well worth a visit, the view from the church-yard being one of the most extensive in the vicinity.

ST. PETER'S.—The New Church is situated at the north end of the town, and is a handsome gothic building; erected in 1827.

RIDES and WALKS in the vicinity of Brighton :—

PRESTON.—A beautiful village, on the London road, one mile and a half from Brighton; and about half a mile farther is the village of PATCHAM.

The DEVIL'S DYKE is a favourite drive; and which, though nothing more than a precipitous valley formed by Nature, is erroneously ascribed, like many other earthly things, to Satan.

From the summit of the Dyke, which is reached by a gradual ascent from the south, there is a romantic view of the whole Weald of Sussex and the adjoining parts of Hampshire, Surrey, and Kent. A prospect more picturesque and beautiful is scarcely to be imagined.

POYNINGS is a small rural village at the foot of the Dyke.

STANMER PARK is on the Lewes road. It is the seat of the Earl of Chichester.

LEWES is eight miles from Brighton, and is a borough; the

situation is both pleasant and healthy, being on a rising ground and surrounded partly by hills, and watered by the river Ouse.

The town is large, populous, and well built ; a handsome bridge bestrides the river ; there is also a most excellent Race-course.

The CASTLE is a very ancient structure, Camden supposes it to have been built by William de Warren.

ROTTINGDEAN is a village four miles from Brighton, the road running eastward along the cliff, and is a very delightful drive. It consists of only one long street, seated in a hollow open to the sea, with a road cut down to the water-side through the cliff.

Beyond Rottingdean are Newhaven, Leaford, Beachy Head, and Eastbourne.

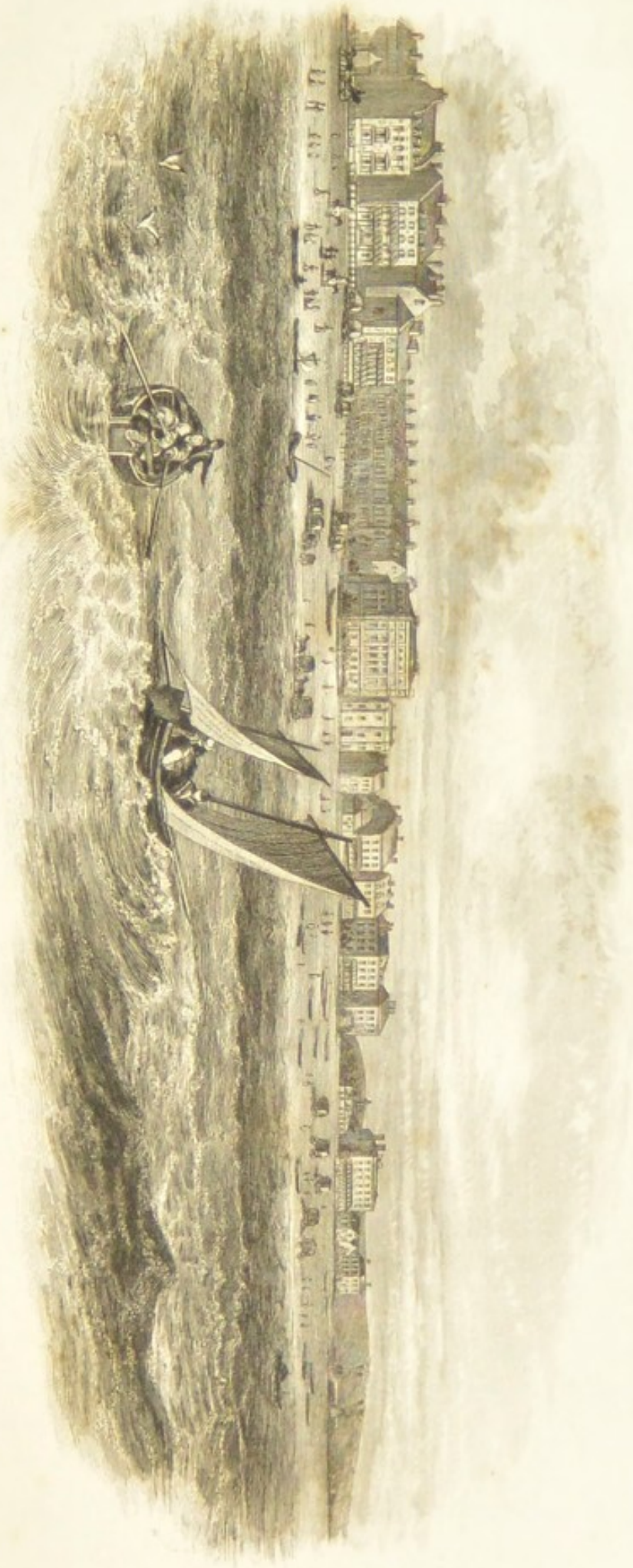
NEW SHOREHAM is about six miles to the westward of Brighton. The harbour is considered the best on this part of the coast.

OLD SHOREHAM is about half a mile beyond New Shoreham. An inconsiderable village. The Church, though a great part is now in ruins, exhibits vestiges of a building that must have assimilated with the former importance of the place, rather than its modern state.

## WORTHING.

Worthing, distant fifty-nine miles from London, and eleven west of Brighton, possesses many attractions, which contribute

*Worthing.*





to render it a desirable residence for those who wish to enjoy the benefits of sea air or sea bathing.

The quiet and tranquillity of the place, above all things, make it particularly agreeable to invalids. It is surrounded, at the distance of two miles, by the uninterrupted chain of the Sussex Downs ; which, forming nearly an amphitheatre, exclude, even in the winter months, the chilling blasts of the north and east winds. It is consequently a common thing to see a considerable number of bathers here even in the depth of winter, the thermometer being generally higher than at Brighton, and, on an average, between two and three degrees above what it is at London.

Never was there an instance of the effects of public partiality more strongly exemplified than at Worthing. In a short space of time, a few miserable fishing huts and smugglers' dens have been converted into long rows of superb buildings, most of them sufficiently extensive and elegant to accommodate the first families in the kingdom. And it is now become a fashionable and much-frequented watering-place.

Worthing is in the parish of Broadwater, a village about the distance of half a mile, which now looks contemptible when contrasted with the growing splendour of its favoured dependant.

It consists, at present, of several wide streets and elegant rows of houses.

The neighbourhood of Worthing is exceeded by no place in the kingdom in the variety and agreeableness of its rides.

The Downs are always dry, the soil being chalky, with a stratum of brown mould or clay ; and, when cultivated, produce good crops of corn, besides feeding large flocks of sheep.

The SANDS afford delightfully dry and smooth rides : four miles



eastward to Laucing, itself a retired watering-place, and eight miles westward to Little Hampton, to either of which the turnpike roads present a pleasing variety, in going or coming, when the tide is in.

The STEYNE, consisting of upwards of three acres, is in front of Warwick-house.

The CHAPEL OF EASE is of modern erection. The INDEPENDENT CHAPEL is a neat building of moderate size. The principal LIBRARIES are, Miss Carter's, in Warwick-street; the Marine Library, near the Steyne Hotel; and Dowley's, Marine Parade. The THEATRE is in Ann-street, leading out of High-street.

The principal INNS are, the Sea House Hotel, the Steyne Hotel, the Marine Hotel, and the Nelson Inn.

Among the conveniencies at Worthing, may be named that of bathing in the sea at almost any hour of the day.

The BEACH, which is as smooth as a carpet and level as a lawn, stretches itself from Shoreham to Little Hampton, an extent of fourteen miles.

To the east, are Shoreham and Brighton, with the cliffs of Rottingdean, Seaford, and Beachy Head: to the west, are Little Hampton, Bognor, and the Isle of Wight.

The MILLER'S TOMB.—This curious monument is on Haydown Hill, about four miles from Worthing. It is encircled by iron rails; is six feet long, and three broad; the sides are built of brick, and the top and ends of stone.

It was erected in the year 1766, by John Oliver, the miller, being twenty-seven years previous to his decease; he died April 22, 1793, at the age of eighty-four.

The monument is inscribed with many a pious text from the burial service, and some rhyming effusions of his own muse. This eccentric man is said to have had his coffin made for many years before his death; and having a taste for mechanism, he caused it, upon touching a spring, to run out on castors: it was wheeled every night under his bed.

The Summer-house near the tomb was also built by the miller; the delightful prospect from it constituted his greatest enjoyment; and it is to be regretted that this house is suffered to remain in its present dilapidated state, as Oliver left a handsome annuity of twenty pounds to keep this and the tomb from falling to decay.

On the left is seen CASTLE GORING, the seat of Sir Timothy Shelly.

The most distant hill seen beyond this house is CHINKBURY HILL; its summit is crowned with fir trees, which may be seen many miles distant:—this was a Roman station.

The high ground, partly obscured by the iron rails of the tomb, is called CÆSAR'S HILL, where Roman entrenchments may be distinctly traced; and historians assert that Cæsar's tent stood in the centre of these works.

FINDON is situated in a valley near this hill. The church spire, on the right of the tomb, next the sea, is Tarring; and the houses seen to the extreme right, are part of Worthing.

This tomb is much resorted to by the visitors of Brighton and Worthing, not only for its singularity, but to gaze upon the most enchanting scenery the eye can wander over.

“ ——hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
Now land, now sea. —— ”

MILTON.

LITTLE HAMPTON, being within five miles of Bognor and eight of Worthing, is a very favourite trip.

ARUNDEL, however, is the principal object of attraction in this vicinity, particularly on account of its magnificent Castle, the princely seat of the Duke of Norfolk. It is about twelve miles distant from Worthing, twenty-one from Brighton, and four from Little Hampton.

The town is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill. The principal street is wide, with a steep ascent, at the top of which stands the CASTLE, which proudly looks down upon the town, and commands extensive views over the ocean and surrounding country.

It was celebrated for its strength in the early periods of the Anglo-Norman and even of Saxon History; and since the repairs and improvements made by the late Duke, is worthy of equal favour for its architectural beauty.

The bridge crosses the river Arun, from which Arundel derives its name.

At the northern extremity of the town stands the CHURCH, which was formerly collegiate; and is still a large gothic structure, adorned with several monuments of the Arundel family.

---

## SOUTHAMPTON.

Southampton, equally adapted for health, pleasure, and commerce, is distant about seventy-seven miles from London.

*The Pier Southampton*





It occupies a kind of peninsula, the soil of which is a hard gravel ; and as the buildings rise with a gentle ascent from the water, the streets are always clean and dry.

The approach from the London-road is uncommonly striking ; indeed, is almost unparalleled in the beauty of its features for the space of two miles.

At first an expanse of water and the distant view of the Isle of Wight, and the charming scenery of the New Forest, strike the eye of the tourist.

Elegant seats and rows of trees, nearer the town, line the road on both sides ; and on entering the place by one of its principal streets, that memorable remains of antiquity, the BAR-GATE, arrests the attention.

Many new and elegant piles of buildings have arisen within the last few years. The population has proportionably increased.

In some places the ancient walls are quite destroyed, and only an antiquary can trace their course ; in others, they still present a venerable appearance.

Near the water, the west wall still presents a very picturesque and interesting object.

Towers appear to have been erected at certain distances, several of which still remain. The whole circuit of the walls is computed to be a mile and a quarter.

The CASTLE stands near the middle of the south part of the town.

From the High-street the approach to it is up Castle-lane. The area of the Castle appears to have been of a semicircular form, of which the town wall to the sea formed the diameter. The Keep

stood on a high artificial mount ; and, from its ruins, a small round tower has been constructed, from which there is a beautiful bird's-eye view of Southampton and its delightful environs.

The NEW BATHS, erected on the Beach, is an elegant structure.

At the bottom of High-street is the SOUTH-GATE ; over which is the BRIDEWELL ; and at a little distance opposite the water is the GAOL for Debtors.

The BOTANIC GARDENS are elegantly fitted up, and well worthy the notice of the most fashionable company. The entrance is near the "Coach and Horses," above Bar. The Spa, or Chalybeate Spring, is well attended, and much more frequented since it has been adorned by the beauties of Nature. It has likewise the advantage of a rare and extensive collection of the choicest plants, both indigenous and exotic ; and those who are fond of the study of botany, will be amply gratified by a visit to the spot.

The PIER, erected at the bottom of French-street, and extending thirty feet beyond the Breakwater, obviates the disagreeable necessity of employing small boats in landing from the steam-packets.

The principal PROMENADE is above Bar-street, towards the London-road.

The walk round the Beach, on the margin of what is called the Southampton water, is much frequented on account of its airiness and picturesque scenery.

For riding and walking, indeed, in every direction, there is the greatest inducement in this vicinity, as the roads are excellent, and, for some miles round, lead to a succession of pleasing or magnificent scenery.

No amusement, however, which Southampton affords, can be

more salutary or delightful than sailing. A boat or pleasure-vessel may be engaged by the hour or day, offering a cheap and agreeable aquatic excursion, which is frequently enjoyed by the company resorting to this place.

So numerous are the seats and remarkable objects round Southampton, that we must confine ourselves to a few of the principal ones :—

The NEW FOREST is an extensive tract, containing upwards of 92,000 superficial acres ; its circumference being upwards of eighty miles.

It is generally supposed to have been converted into a forest by William the Conqueror, that he might enjoy his favourite pastime of hunting without interruption.

Richard his elder brother, Richard his nephew, and William Rufus his son and successor, all perished in the New Forest.

The latter, as recorded in history, was accidentally slain on the first of August, 1100, by an arrow shot from the bow of Sir Walter Tyrrel, which glanced against a tree at a place called Canterton, near Stoney Cross.

This extensive tract is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, heaths, and forest scenery.

The oak, in particular, seems to delight and flourish in the soil ; and would probably, with better management, produce a sufficient supply for half the navy of Great Britain.

Within the precincts and near the centre of the New Forest, is the beautiful village of LYNDHURST, with roads branching from it in every direction. Here our ancient monarchs used to reside while enjoying the pleasures of the chase.



BEAULIEU.—A pretty village, through which flows a small river. There was formerly an Abbey of Cistercian monks, the ruins of which are still considerable ; and, apparently, the monastic pile must have been of considerable extent.

NETLEY ABBEY is the principal place of resort of the visitors of Southampton.

The distance, by land, is three miles ; by water, six. The picturesque and still beautiful ruins stand on the gentle declivity of a hill, a small distance from Southampton river. A profusion of luxuriant ivy formerly covered the mouldering walls, but they have been of late years, in a great measure, stripped of their verdant coat.

The FOUNTAIN COURT is first entered by the great door. It is a spacious area. On the right of this court is an apartment which was probably the refectory, and adjoining is the pantry and kitchen ; opposite to which, a subterraneous passage is pointed out, supposed to lead to Netley Fort, erected by Henry VIII., which has suffered less from time than the Abbey.

Returning from the refectory, the chapter-house is entered ; and by the south transept or cross aisle, the abbey church. Part of the church still remains ; its beautiful eastern window is universally admired, and, till within a few years, some portions of the fine arched ceiling were remaining.

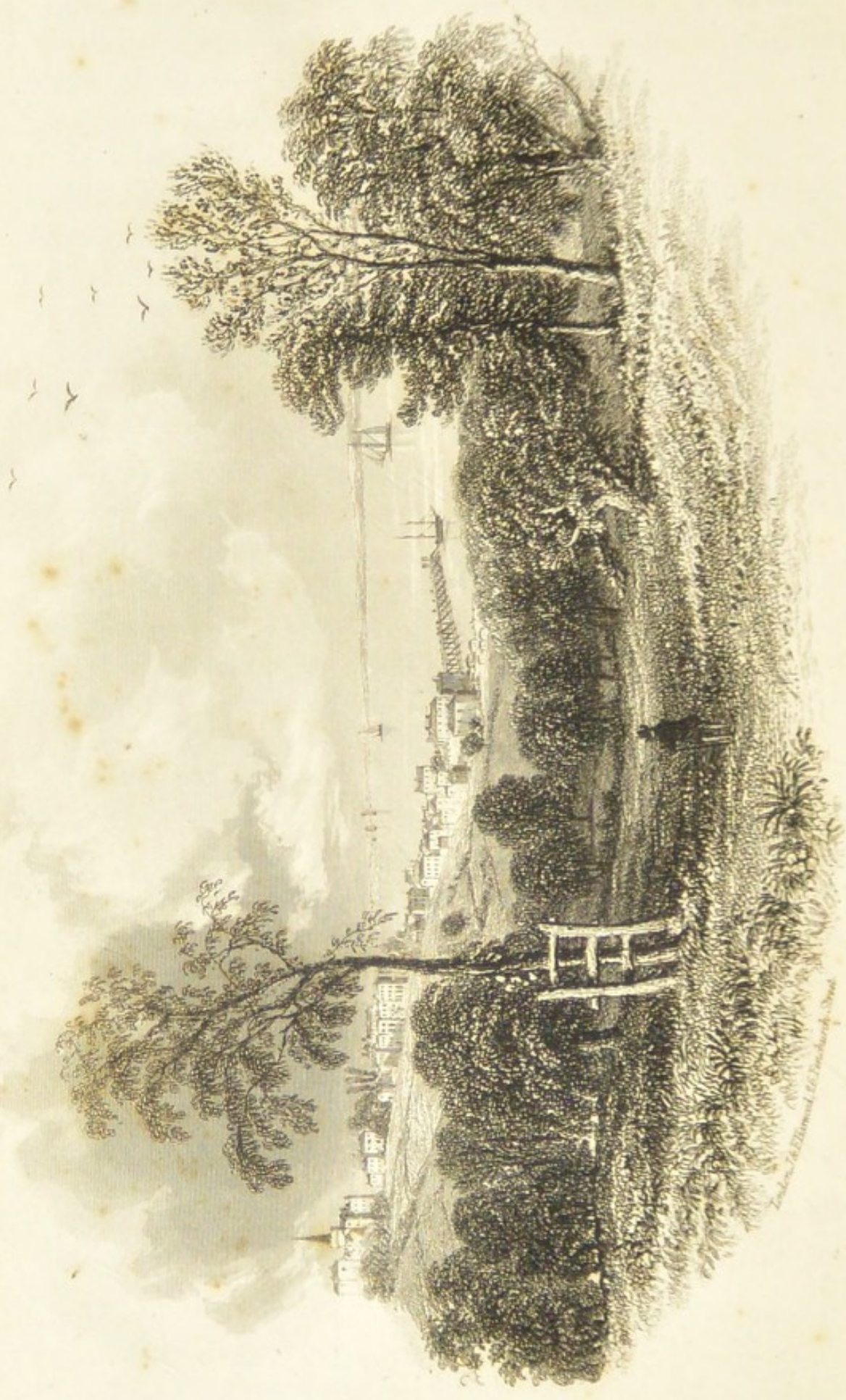
Behind the abbey is an enclosure, which was the garden ; and a short distance above the abbey, are two fish ponds.

One of them is nearly quadrangular, fringed with underwood, backed by luxuriant vales.

The other is very beautiful, being partly overhung by trees.

The ancient city of WINCHESTER, the Saxon metropolis, and





London: W. B. Edwards, 45, New Street.

Printed by G. Johnson.

the place where many of the kings of that time are buried, lies within twelve miles of Southampton ;—a pleasant morning ride.

Its CATHEDRAL and other antiquities are well worth visiting. The River Itchen waters the valley in which it stands.

About a mile from the city, is the HOSPITAL of ST. CROSS; originally founded by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, about the year 1136.

There are maintained here, during life, a master, a chaplain, and ten poor brethren.

There are also out-pensioners, who receive an annual stipend.

An allowance of bread and beer is made to the porter, for the refreshment of poor travellers ; who are entitled, on demand, to a piece of white bread and a cup of beer.

---

### THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

This beautiful island, deservedly named “ THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND,” is situated nearly midway between the counties of Dorset and Sussex, and constitutes a part of Hampshire.

There is reason to suppose that it was originally connected with the main land, from which it is now separated by a strait of unequal breadth, being not more than one mile at the western extremity, and nearly seven at the eastern.

The form of the island is rhomboidal ; measuring twenty-two miles and a half from the western to the eastern angle, thirteen miles from north to south, is about sixty miles in circumference, and contains between 90,000 and 100,000 acres.

The whole is divided into two hundreds, called East and West Medina; thirty parishes, and three boroughs, Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth.

The principal river is the Medina ; from whence the names of its hundred are derived, and which divides the island into two nearly equal parts.

The face of the country presents every variety of the picturesque—woods, rocks, hills, rivers, and vales.

The climate is peculiarly favourable to vegetation, and equally propitious to health ; and, indeed, such is the genial mildness of the air, that even exotics thrive here as if in their native soil.

The fertility of the island is almost proverbial, and it is said to produce as much in one year as would maintain its inhabitants for eight.

The voyage from Southampton by the steam-packet—which route we recommend to all travellers—is peculiarly beautiful, and is frequently performed in an hour and a half. The principal port of the island is called WEST COWES, and exhibits all the bustle of a sea-port town.

The MARINE PARADE is a delightful promenade.

At the extremity of the Parade is the CASTLE, the residence of the Governor ; which has a battery facing the sea.

From the hill overlooking the town of Cowes, is seen Northwood Park.

Crossing the ferry at the extremity of the town, the tourist arrives on the shore of EAST COWES.

There are two modern Castles—EAST COWES CASTLE and NORRIS CASTLE—both erected in commanding situations near the shore.

NEWPORT, the capital of the island, is pleasantly situated in a valley through which the Medina winds, and which is navigable for barges and small vessels.

It is a neat little town, and cheerful in appearance. There is a Town-hall, a Theatre, a Grammar-school, &c.

About a mile from the town stands the venerable ruins of CARISBROOK CASTLE; to which a winding road, overlooking a deep valley, conducts.

The area, enclosed by the remaining walls, is about an acre and a half; the shape is that of an oblong square, with the sides rounded off. The entrance is on the west side. The inner gate is machiolated, and flanked with two round towers.

The old door, with its wicket, still remains. On entering the court-yard, the Chapel of St. Nicholas is on the right-hand, whilst on the left are the remains of several apartments; amongst others, the rooms in which Charles I. was confined.

On the south-east angle of the fortress is the Keep, which is an irregular polygon raised on an artificial mount. The ascent to it is by a steep flight of seventy-three steps, and, after entering the door, there are nine more. The prospect from this elevation has a grand effect. Below is the beautiful village of Carisbrook, with its ancient Church. In the distance are the Solent or West Channel, and the New Forest. Newport and Medina, the sea beyond Cowes, and farther on the channel to the north-east of the island and Portsdown Hill; while to the east the landscape is

bounded by St. Catharine's Hill, disclosing a fine expanse, varied with hills and dales.

RYDE is the third principal town in the island; and is divided into Upper and Lower Ryde. It is only seven miles from Portsmouth.

The Pier, which was opened in 1814, is one of the chief objects, extending, at low-water mark, to a distance of more than 1,700 feet.

There are several seats in the vicinity of the town, as the Priory, Apsley House, &c.

---

### TOUR OF THE ISLAND.

A trip round the island generally occupies three days. From Ryde the tourist will proceed to BRADING, four miles from the former place. The CHURCH, being the oldest in the island, is worth notice.

Brading Haven is covered by the tide at high-water. From NUNWELL, a beautiful seat, there is a fine prospect of the sea.

SANDOWN FORT is a quadrangular fortification, which is kept in excellent repair.

Two miles distant is SHANKLIN, in which there are several picturesque houses.

After traversing several fields, the CHINE, one of those fissures common on this coast, is arrived at. The height of the Chine is about two hundred and eighty feet; and its width, at the summit, about three hundred.

Passing Luccombe, a cove in the side of Wroxall Down, where there is another Chine inferior in size to that at Shanklin, the UNDERCLIFF is reached, the varied beauties of which no pen can describe.

BONCHURCH, a romantic village, is the next object which attracts the attention, and here is the famous PULPIT ROCK.

The VILLA OF ST. BONIFACE, VENTNOR MILL, and the Hotel called the "CRAB AND LOBSTER," where there are excellent Teagardens, are on the road to STEEPHILL; only important on account of its beautiful scenery. One mile from Steephill is the little village of ST. LAWRENCE, whose Church is celebrated as being the smallest ever built.

MIRABLES and the ORCHARD are two elegant villas, about two miles from St. Lawrence.

The road now takes a turn to the right, and NITON, or as it is commonly called CRAB NITON, is approached; a village about one mile east of ST. CATHARINE'S, a mountain rising 750 feet above the level of the sea.

On an eminence stands the SAND-ROCK HOTEL; so called from its vicinity to the celebrated Sand-Rock Spring.

BLACK GANG CHINE is a vast and terrific opening, probably effected by some convulsion of the earth. On the shore is a rugged Precipice forty feet high; and near this spot is a remarkable Echo.



CULVER CLIFFS is another object of curiosity; and about half a mile from thence is CHALE, from whence, through Kingston, Shorwell, Brixton, Mottiston, Brooke, and descending Afton Down, the tourist arrives at FRESHWATER CLIFFS, which terminate in the Needle Rocks about three miles distant.

The BAY is distinguished on the east side by two isolated rocks; the one of a conical form, and the other an irregular arch.

On the western side of the Bay is a natural CAVE, formed in the cliff.

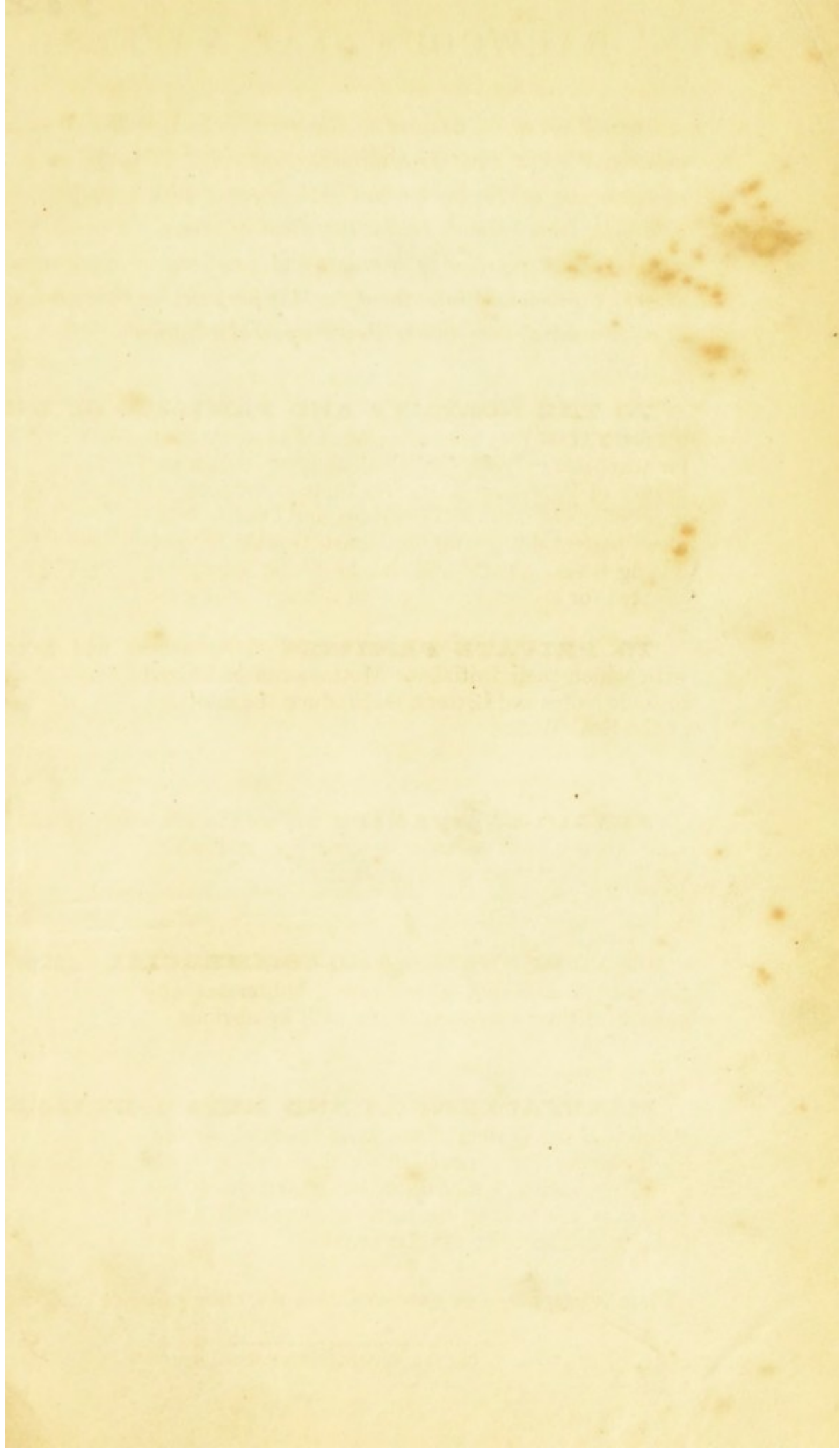
Three miles from Freshwater is the NEEDLES' POINT; at the foot of which are the NEEDLE ROCKS, which appear like rugged wedges set on their bases in the water.

ALUM BAY, the most western inlet on the north side of the island, is finely contrasted with the immense masses of chalk-rock, by its variegated tints. A LIGHT-HOUSE is erected on these lofty cliffs.

SCRATCHELL'S BAY is also situated in the cliffs near the Needles.

YARMOUTH, ten miles from Newport, and its ancient CASTLE, will also repay a visit from the tourist in the Isle of Wight.

FINIS.



ALL THE WORLD IS ON THE WATERS









