# ROUND THE COAST

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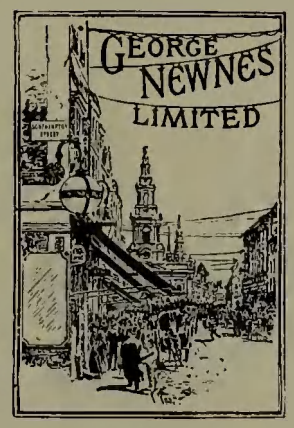
## AN ALBUM OF PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHIEF SEASIDE PLACES OF INTEREST IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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# INTRODUCTION.

WE have not the least hesitation in placing this work before the English-speaking world, knowing full well that it would almost be impossible to find, throughout the length and breadth of our peerless Empire, a solitary individual who is wholly unacquainted with Margate, and Brighton, and Scarborough. We love our haunts by the sea; the poorest among us regards his favourite resort pretty much as the rich man does his country seat—as a place of relaxation from the hurly-burly of life, and yet a home withal. Therefore, we asseverate—and that without fear of contradiction—that it would be impossible to place upon the table in a British household a more interesting souvenir of happy days than this volume. It requires no great effort of the imagination to picture a few friends of long standing glancing through this work. How the eyes brighten at the sight of a familiar spot! And how vividly the old associations crowd back to the mind—memories of glowing, careless days, that gave new life to the jaded worker, and caused the brain-weary to forget their ineffable *tædium vitæ*.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE SOUTH BAY. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SCARBOROUGH.**—This has been called the "Queen of English Watering-Places," and is at least unrivalled on the eastern coast of England. Spread out like an amphitheatre upon a bay and promontory looking over the German Ocean, its houses rise tier behind tier away from the sea. Scarborough is sheltered on the north-east by a precipitous rock, near the top of which is a level space of about nineteen acres, on which stands the Castle of Scarborough, the most prominent feature from the sea. This castle dates from the Anglo-Norman period; the ground on which it stands is nearly 300ft. above the sea, which washes it on the north-east and south sides. It is only accessible on the steep slope of the west side. The principal portion of the ruin is the stately square tower or keep, originally 100ft. high, but now no more than 80ft. Each side of this keep measures 54ft., and the walls are about 12ft. thick. Under an arched vault near the ruins of an ancient chapel, which may be seen in the castle yard, is a reservoir of water called the Lady's Well, which is capable of holding about 40 tuns. The Castle Hill affords very extensive views, the most charming of which is the bay spread out from the foot of the receding cliffs where the sea breaks in waves or ripples, according to its varying mood, to the far horizon, where it ends in clear, sharp outline, or fades into the hazy sky. The season here lasts from May to October, and during the greater part of this time the fashionable South Cliff, with its terraces, walks, and handsome music-hall, is crowded with pleasure-seekers from all parts of the kingdom.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SCARBOROUGH.**—We should mention that Scarborough consists of two parts, the one fronting the north and the other the south sands; between them is the rocky promontory on which the castle stands. The present population of Scarborough is about 35,000. In the older parts of the town the streets are narrow, but by far the greater part of it consists of fine squares and terraces of comparatively recent date. One of the greatest improvements was carried out in 1862, when a new and convenient approach to the sands was effected by the construction of a street to Newborough, which runs in a straight line from the railway station to the harbour. On the south shore there are two hydraulic lifts, to convey passengers from the cliffs to the shore. One of these lifts is near the Grand Hotel, while the other lies south of the Spa. The bathing at Scarborough is famous. Uncontaminated by any large river, the open bay provides water of the greatest purity, transparency, and saltness; the sand is clear, firm, and smooth. As may be judged from the above view, the scene on the sands on a fine morning is extremely animated. While some visitors are gambolling among the waves, others are riding along the sands on donkeys or horses, in order to watch the bathers and the loungers. Charmingly-dressed ladies may be seen sitting on the rocks, reading, sketching, or engaged in ostensibly useful "work"; the old castle, the pier and harbour, the church, the brick houses of the old town, and the handsome range of buildings on the cliff forming a beautiful background to the view.

VIEW FROM THE ROCKS. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SCARBOROUGH.**—One of the interesting features of this beautiful resort is the Valley Bridge, which spans the Ramsdale Valley at the height of 80ft., and opens up a direct access to the new town on the South Cliff. This bridge is altogether about 800ft. long, and has three spans of 180ft. each. The splendid promenade pier juts into the sea on the North Sands, and commands a beautiful view of the whole of the rugged scenery of the castle headland. It is 1,000ft. long and cost £15,000, being opened in July, 1869. The Scarborough mineral waters consist of two springs within a few yards of each other, close upon the sea-shore; they were discovered by a lady in 1620. The Spa Saloon was opened by the Lord Mayor of London in 1880, and contains a great hall, accommodating 1,000 people. Around three sides of this noble room is a spacious promenade, and the orchestra will seat about 300 performers. The parish church originally belonged to a Cistercian monastery, which was established here in the time of Richard I. The ruinous condition of the church is due to its having been used as a position for a battery by the Parliamentary forces in the siege of the castle, in 1644. In 1850 the church was repaired and restored, and will now accommodate about 2,000 persons. The People's Palace and Aquarium was opened in 1877, and cost upwards of £120,000. The Ramsdale Valley, which separates the old part of the town from the South Cliff district, is now occupied by the People's Park. The above view was taken from the rocks, and we may mention that the coast between Scarborough and Filey is rather dangerous when there is a rising tide.

THE HARBOUR AND THE TOWN. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**PORTMADOC.**—This singularly beautiful Welsh watering-place is reached by the Cambrian Railways, and has now become a harbour of considerable importance, accessible to vessels of 300 tons burden. From this place, about 100,000 tons of slate, from the Festiniog quarries, are shipped annually for various parts of the world. Portmadoc is the starting-point for the Snowdonian and Bedd Gelert coaches. The coach ride by the River Glaslyn, through the Pass of Aberglaslyn (the Switzerland of Wales) to Bedd Gelert, a distance of eight miles, thence to Llanberis and Betts-y-coed, runs through some of the grandest scenery in Wales, with Snowdon in view the greater part of the way. A vast extent of land, now under cultivation here, was formerly a sandy marsh, subject to the influence of the tide. This has been cut off from the sea, secured by an embankment, and rendered productive of a considerable income. Two thousand acres on the western side of the river were first inclosed (this was called Penmorfa Marsh), and the engineer subsequently built an embankment cutting off a further piece of land, by which means 6,000 additional acres were secured. The sum expended on these works is stated to be above £100,000. A beautiful view may be obtained by climbing Moel-y-gest, a peak to the west of the town, which is 700ft. high. Although Portmadoc is a long distance from London, it will more than repay a visit; at present the little town is comparatively unknown to the average tripper, and this is the more surprising in that some of the finest scenery in the Principality is within easy reach of it.

THE LANDING-STAGE AND ESPLANADE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**ROTHESAY.**—Here we have the chief town of the County of Bute; it contains 9,034 inhabitants, and is situated in a well-formed bay, which affords safe anchorage in high wind. A fine esplanade faces the bay, and is laid out with much taste; it commands many beautiful views of Loch Striven. In the centre of the town are the ruins of Rothesay Castle, once a Royal residence, and said to have been built about the year 1100. On the east side of the island, five miles from Rothesay, is Mount Stewart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute; the original house was destroyed by fire in December, 1877. The present mansion is built in the Gothic style, and is one of the most magnificent seats in Scotland. Adjoining the parish church, which is situated about half a mile south-west, are the ruins of the choir of the old kirk of St. Mary's, containing some interesting stone effigies and the burial vault of the Bute family. About two miles south-west of Rothesay is Loch Fad, on the shore of which is a pretty cottage, built by the tragedian Edmund Kean for his own use, and afterwards occupied by Sheridan Knowles. On leaving Rothesay by steamer one passes on the left Bannatyne and the bay, and Castle Kames, after which one enters the Kyles of Bute, a sound or strait lying between the north part of Bute and the district of Cowall.

THE HILL, SHOWING LYNTON ABOVE. [*From a Photo. by E. J. Hughes, Bayswater.*

**LYNMOUTH.**—The approach to Lynmouth and Lynton by the high road, by way of Porlock and Minehead, is a most striking one. Unfortunately, the majority of visitors arriving by coach from Barnstaple and Ilfracombe enter by a road giving a comparatively poor idea of the marvellously picturesque situation of the twin villages. The best *coup d'œil* is obtained a few minutes after passing Countisbury. The road, after traversing the high moorlands of Oare Hill at an elevation ranging from 1,000ft. to 1,400ft., descends a long and steep hill, affording fine views of hill, wood, and water. The length of this descent is a mile and a half from Countisbury. At the foot lies Lynmouth, a most romantic village with two brawling rivers—the East and West Lyns, which join their forces in the centre of the village and flow together to the sea. The valley of the West Lyn is clothed with trees, while on either side the rocks rise in fantastic forms, and the river leaps and whirls and seethes down its rugged bed. Lynmouth has no smooth, sandy beach. In lieu of this, there is an expanse of rough black boulders, which afford excellent scrambling for the children, but render bathing somewhat difficult. Closely overlooking Lynmouth, and more than 400ft. above it, stands Lynton on a platform of high ground, half-way to the top of the huge hill, forming the western promontory of the bay. A cliff railway between the two villages was constructed in 1888.

VIEW ON THE CLYDE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**DUNOON.**—This is one of the larger watering-places on the Clyde. It contains a population of 5,300. Besides the parish church, which occupies a conspicuous position overlooking the pier, there are two Episcopal and several Presbyterian churches. On a conical hill above the main pier stand the remains of Dunoon Castle, the hereditary keepership of which was conferred by Robert Bruce on the family of Sir Colin Campbell, of Loch Awe, an ancestor of the Duke of Argyll. The villas at Dunoon extend along the coast to Holy Loch, a short arm of the sea, at the head of which are some fine mountains. Just above the quay at Hunter's Quay stands the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's house, the head-quarters of the regatta races which are held annually in spring. On the north side of Holy Loch is the village of Kilmun, where there are the ruins of a collegiate chapel founded in 1442 by Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch Awe, and used as the burying-place of the Argyll family. East of Kilmun is Strone, a charming little watering-place built on the point of land between Holy Loch and Loch Long. Leaving Dunoon, the steamer skirts the shore of Bullwood, where there are numerous fine villas, and shortly afterwards reaches Innellan. The peninsula of Cowall terminates a few miles lower down at Toward Point, on which there is a lighthouse. Near this is Castle Toward, and the ruins of the old castle of the Lamont family. From this point the steamers steer straight across to the Island of Bute.

THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SKEGNESS.**—The flat coast of Lincolnshire is not very well off for watering-places. Cleethorpes, Mablethorpe, and Skegness almost complete the list, and of these the last-named is the most important, having sprung up into considerable note since the extension of the railway in 1873. The present town, with its broad boulevard streets and well-laid-out gardens and parade, will be hardly recognisable by those who knew the place a generation ago. The great attraction is the firm wide sands, on which donkeys, swings, cocoanut-shies, and other amusements for excursionists will be found in full activity during the season. There is an iron promenade pier with pavilion. Dancing and concerts take place in another pavilion in the Pleasure Gardens. The Sea View Hotel here has an assembly-room capable of holding 1,000 persons. The surrounding country is not picturesque, but from the sand hills along the shore there are extensive views over the German Ocean and the flat marsh land reclaimed from the sea. Fine sunsets may be watched hence, the sky of the fen-land being the best part of the scenery. The curious optical illusion known as the mirage is often seen here to perfection during fine weather, when the sea has the appearance of a sheet of glass. During the dark nights of summer, the phosphorescence of the sea is a very charming sight. At such times, as one walks along the shore by the side of the receding tide, each footprint glows with phosphorescent light. The ordinary population of Skegness is 1,488.

GENERAL VIEW. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**DAWLISH.**—This deservedly favourite seaside resort is 206 miles from London, and lies in a cove formed by the projecting headlands, Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south, and may fairly be described as one of the pleasantest places on the Devon coast. Through the bosom of the valley, which here opens out by the sea, runs a crystal rivulet, spanned by numerous bridges and lined on each side by a broad border of smooth greensward. Above runs a row of houses and shops, many of them in their own snug little plots of garden ground. On the hill slopes beyond are perched numerous fantastic villas, and the Strand and the Teignmouth Road are gay with terraces, hotels, and "marine mansions." In the Strand, and up the valley towards what is called Dawlish Waters, the climate has almost an Italian geniality, and the tender myrtle and other delicate plants bloom freely in the open air. There is excellent bathing at Dawlish, and beautiful drives may be taken up the valley at the back of the town, past the church and between the rows of elm trees to the summit of Great or Little Haldon, where extensive views will repay the visitor. The parish church stands about half a mile west of the town, and dates from 1024.

THE TOWN AND THE BAY. [*From a Photo by Poulton & Son.*

**OBAN.**—This may be fairly called the capital of the West Highlands, and is built along the margin of a semi-circular bay, where the depth of the water affords excellent harbourage for vessels of any class. Being of comparatively recent origin, the streets and buildings have a clean, modern aspect. The latter consist of various churches, banks, and a court-house. The population numbers 4,900. A marine parade was formed along the shore in front of the Alexander and Great Western Hotels, and on the heights above numerous villas have been built. The railway station is situated at the south side of the bay close to the steamboat quay. Many delightful excursions, both by land and sea, may be made from Oban, which has now become a place of great resort. About a mile off the coast of Oban is the Island of Kerrera, about four miles long and two miles broad, which serves as a natural breakwater to the bay. Upon the south side of this island are the ruins of Castle Gylen, a stronghold of the Macdougalls. Also close to Oban are the ruins of Dunolly Castle, situated on a promontory overhanging the bay. Another historical structure is Dunstaffnage Castle, three miles north of Oban, upon a promontory overlooking Loch Etive and Loch Linnhe.

VIEW FROM THE MAWDDACH, SHOWING HEIGHTS. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**BARMOUTH.**—This watering-place is admirably situated at the mouth of the River Maw, or Mawddach. It has a south-west aspect, and is sheltered from the north-east wind by hills and high rocks, which overhang the town. Very little snow falls here, and even when it does it rapidly disappears, though Cader Idris and the distant mountains remain covered. The town consists principally of one long, irregular street, with a few terraces and groups of picturesque old cottages built on the side of the hills and rocks, somewhat resembling Clovelly in Devonshire. Myrtle, aloes, fuchsias, and a variety of shrubs grow luxuriantly here. On the Dolgelly road one obtains a fine view of the Cader range of mountains, the estuary of the Mawddach, and the railway bridge, which is nearly a mile long, and on which there is an excellent promenade. We regret to say, however, that the point of vantage has the somewhat prosaic name of Porkington Terrace. The bathing facilities on Barmouth sands form a principal feature of the place, the best time being about high tide. The beach set apart for ladies extends from below the station to the end of the terrace, and beyond this point towards Llanaber is the gentlemen's bathing-place. The heights above the town are easily accessible by good paths and steps, and command extensive views of land and sea. The views from the railway bridge at full tide, or at sunset, are unrivalled.

THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**ALDEBURGH.**—Wilkie Collins calls this town "a curious little outpost on the shores of England, where the German Ocean has swallowed up streets, market-places, jetties, and public walks, and the merciless waters, consummating their work of devastation, closed no longer than eight years since over the salt-master's cottage at Aldeburgh, now famous in memory only as the birthplace of the poet Crabbe." A peculiar feature is formed by the River Alde, which runs from behind the town, and, when apparently about to enter the sea, turns along the coast, shut in by a narrow spit of shingle twelve miles long. On the other side of the town is the Mere, a stretch of low waste land; and at the back of it a height which makes an agreeable walk, and a common turned into a good golf ground. On this background the town is spreading slowly, the sea-front being limited and made up of old-fashioned houses, without any attempt at the pretentious conventionality of an esplanade. The road, however, forms a pleasant promenade, continued on to the Mere in one direction and to the Spit in the other, with a lively view of sea and shipping—the great north tradeway passing right in front of Aldeburgh. The beach is rather steep and shingly, covered with rolled flints, among which are frequently found pieces of amber, cornelians, and other valuable pebbles. The absence of seaweed keeps it clean. Aldeburgh claims the distinction of having the lowest rainfall in England. The population numbers 2,159.

VIEW FROM THE GARDENS. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**GRANGE.**—A scattering of mansions, cottages, and odds and ends of streets nestling beneath a limestone cliff or half hidden away among wooded slopes, this tiny Torquay of Lancashire has, as yet, escaped the notice it fairly deserves. Looking southward over the wide sands of Morecambe Bay from the promontory between the Kent and Leven estuaries, sheltered by hills, upon a soil of limestone and gravel, it has a climate worthy of its natural charms. Except at high tide, we find here an expanse of mud and wet channelled sand, where bathers and boaters are fain, indeed, to snatch a fleeting joy. Only at certain hours is the jetty accessible to the steamboats that come across from Morecambe. On such occasions, however, one may take a short trip, and thereby obtain a beautiful view of the wooded shore. The principal inland attraction is the walk to Hampsfell Hill, an easy hour's climb of about 800ft. The ascent is by a steep path through the woods leading from the left of the road and running inland at the railway station. At the top will be found a square tower with a flat roof, commanding a view that takes in Ingleborough, Carnforth, Lancaster, Morecambe Bay, the smoke of Barrow, and the chief peaks of the Lake country. Even without such a view to crown it this ramble would be delightful, especially in autumn, when the woods look their best. From Grange one may reach Lakeside, Bowness, or Kendal in a few hours; another easy and pleasant excursion is to Furness Abbey.

THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**STONEHAVEN.**—Situate sixteen miles from Aberdeen and two miles to the south of the ruins of Dunnottar Castle is this small but thriving burgh, with a trade in herring-curing. It is a favourite resort for sea-bathing, and possesses a good golf course and a variety of charming walks. Dunnottar Castle, which covers an area of nearly three acres, stands upon a bold rock washed by the sea on three sides. It was built by Sir William Keith about 1392, but at the present day there is little left of the original structure. Towards the land the castle is defended by a deep chasm, and is approached by a steep and winding path. It was also used as a state prison in the time of Charles II. The adjacent coast of Stonehaven is bold and rugged, and is remarkable for its geological associations. Here are the ruins of the Kirk of Cowie, and the old Castle of Muchalls, which are worthy of the visitor's attention. Although the beach of Stonehaven is stony, it in no way interferes with the safety of the sea-bathing. The population numbers 4,497; and those of our Scottish readers who are in search of a keen, brisk climate, rather than expensive gaiety, we can safely recommend them to pay a visit to Stonehaven. From the cliffs in the vicinity of this beautiful little town one is impressed by the fine view of the German Ocean.

THE PARADE, SHOWING DOVER CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**DOVER.**—This is about two hours' run from London by express train. It is a Parliamentary and municipal borough, and one of the Cinque Ports; it is sixteen miles from Canterbury and about seventy-six from the Metropolis. The harbour may be divided into three parts, namely: the pent, or breakwater, 11½ acres in extent, with an entrance 60ft. wide; the basin, 3½ acres; and the outer harbour, 7½ acres. The quay on the south side of the pent is 431ft. at its greatest length. The entrance to the harbour is 150ft. wide, with a depth of water varying from 14ft. to 18ft. The Harbour of Refuge has an area of 600 acres, with a south entrance 700ft. wide, and an east entrance 750ft. wide. It was begun in 1847, and cost £2,500,000. Other great works are in contemplation at this port. Near the brink of the south-east cliff of Dover stands that well-known piece of brass ordnance known as Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol, which was cast at Utrecht in 1544, and presented to Her Majesty by the States of Holland. It is 24ft. long, and has a range of seven or eight miles, with a charge of 15lb. of powder. Other interesting relics of bygone days are to be found in the Museum, a suitable building in Norman Street. During the summer months there is a good service of steamboats between this interesting watering-place and London.

THE TUNNEL IN SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**DOVER.**—The castle, as it stands, is practically of the date of Henry II. In the walls, from 18ft. to 20ft. thick, are carefully-protected galleries. The summit is crenelated and there are four angular turrets. The height is a little over 465ft. During the present century the turret was made bomb-proof, and was armed with 64-pounder guns. Within the keep is a very ancient well, 370ft. deep. Altogether the castle occupies about 35 acres of ground. The branch of the South-Eastern Railway which runs from Dover to Folkestone is characterized by many engineering triumphs. The timber viaduct which is crossed soon after leaving Dover is 2,000ft. long. The Shakespeare Cliff tunnel is 1,417yds. long, and is shown in the above view. The cliff is about 350ft. above the level of the sea; its height is supposed to have been greatly diminished by bits of rock falling from its summit. A deep valley separates the cliff from the heights on the other side of the town, which are so arranged as to hold quite a large army, and have spacious and complete barracks. The heights communicate with the town by a perpendicular shaft, containing three flights of stairs, with 140 steps in each flight. The entrance is in Snargate Street. The population of Dover is 33,418, and the favourite walks are on the heights to the castle and Shakespeare's Cliff, which commands a broad view of the shores of France.

VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND CHURCH. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**MINEHEAD.**—A coach begins running between Lynton and Minehead about the 1st of May, and runs daily to the end of September. It starts from the Royal Castle Hotel at Lynton, and goes through Porlock, which is 6½ miles from the charming place depicted in our photograph. Minehead is nearly 190 miles from London by the Great Western Railway *viâ* Taunton. It is the nearest terminus of railway travelling, where one finds oneself committed to the breakneck roads of North Devon. The town lies in Somersetshire, on the borders of Exmoor, amid fine scenery. It has a harbour, good sands for bathing, a golf course, and a mild and healthy climate, yet it seems less known as a watering-place than as a tourist centre. Within a short walk are Dunster, with its castle, and Porlock, beloved of artists. Many other charming rambles may be taken from Minehead, and in the summer there are excursions to various parts of the coast. Many people who have passed through the lovely little place on their way to more famous resorts have remained at Minehead, and come away at the end of their holiday enthusiastic about the beauties of the neighbourhood. The population of Minehead is about 2,000.

THE CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**CARNARVON.**—The extent and relative importance of this town, its magnificent castle and historical associations, and the convenience of its situation within a short distance of much of the grandest scenery of North Wales, entitle it to much attention from the tourist. It is situated on the south-east side of the Menai Straits at the mouth of the River Seiont. It seems a little ridiculous to state that the admission fee to Carnarvon Castle is 4d.; yet it is. This is one of the most magnificent ruins of its kind in the empire, and is externally still entire. It occupies a strong position at the west end of the town, and its walls inclose an area of about three acres. These walls are 7ft. 9in. thick, and have within them a gallery with slips for the discharge of missiles, and are flanked with thirteen strong towers, all angular but differing in the number of their sides. The entrance is very imposing, beneath a vast square tower of prodigious strength, having grooves for four portcullises. The Eagle Tower is more lofty and more substantial than the rest, and may be ascended without difficulty by 158 steps. In the lower part of this tower there is a narrow, dark room, measuring 12ft. by 8ft., pointed out as the birthplace of Edward II., the first Saxon Prince of Wales. The population of Carnarvon, in 1891, was 9,804. The above view is obtained from a rugged eminence called Twt Hill, behind the Royal Hotel. From hence one beholds the town and castle, the Menai Straits, the group of mountains surrounding Snowdon, Anglesey with the Holyhead and Parys mountains, and, on a clear day, the distant hills of Wicklow, in Ireland.

GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING CAPSTONE PARADE. [*From a Photo. by F. Frith & Co.*

**ILFRACOMBE.**—In this, the chief watering-place of North Devon, we have a resort in some respects, at least, second to none. Ilfracombe, situate near the mouth of the Bristol Channel, is almost encircled by picturesque, verdurous heights or tors, and is remarkable for a peculiar form of coast, rarely to be met with elsewhere in England. Beginning with the harbour of Ilfracombe itself, the land and sea together combine in making constant alternations of high, craggy, furze-crowned tors, in some cases almost overhanging the sea below, which precipitately break or give place to little bays or inlets, separating and varying what would otherwise be a continuous line of cliffs, with glimpses of inland foliage beyond. Some of these heights serve as landmarks to seamen; and one of them, the Helesborough Rock, rises some 450ft. above the beach. The main street, in which nearly all the shops are situate, is about a mile in length, and terminates near the harbour. The favourite and most convenient resort for visitors, especially in the evening, is the Capstone Parade, which surrounds the rocky knoll called the Capstone Hill, to the north of the Wilder Road. So irregular is the ground here that even the railway struggles in vain to reach the shore; as a fact, one has to make a small mountain pilgrimage to the station, which reminds one of an Alpine chapel. Perhaps no better testimony to the salubrity of Ilfracombe can be adduced than the fact that the parish church contains memorial stones to eight reputed centenarians.

LANTERN HILL. [*From a Photo. by E. J. Hughes, Bayswater.*

**ILFRACOMBE.**—It had better be said at once that Ilfracombe is hardly the best place for children, the promenade here being on rocky cliffs and not on safe sands. On the west are the Tors Walks, a wilderness of crags and heath extending a mile or so along the cliffs. At Tors Point a walk leads down to the charming little cove called White Pebble Bay. At the other end of Ilfracombe is Lantern Hill, below which is the Promenade Pier. Sheltered behind the Capstone Hill, near that rocky corner where visitors gather to watch the grand dashing of the waves in rough weather, stands the Jubilee Shelter, as it is popularly called, a new winter garden, 200ft. long, used for concerts and entertainments. The bathing arrangements here are peculiar. At Crewkhorne one passes under the Runnycleaves by a dark tunnel that casts a shade of serious resolve upon the would-be bather, and on the hottest day inspires a shiver premonitory of the coming plunge. This Avernus-like entrance opens out into a picturesque cove, containing two walled-in bathing pools for ladies and gentlemen, who may here disport themselves safely on the roughest day. Steamer trips are made to Lundy Island, but the chief excursion is to Clovelly and the neighbourhood of "Westward Ho!" fame. It is a quaint village, hanging in a cliff cleft so narrow in parts that there is hardly room enough for a wheel-barrow to pass.

TYPICAL VIEW, SHOWING RUGGED COAST. [*From a Photo. by Hudson.*

**ILFRACOMBE.**—The present population of Ilfracombe is 7,692. The excursions to be taken from this beautiful watering-place are too numerous to be described in detail. Watermouth, with its charming wooded scenery, lies about half-way on the road to Combe Martin, a picturesque old village noted for its silver mines, which were worked so far back as Edward I.'s reign. On the other side, within an easy walk, is Lee, with its cove and wooded glen. Three miles farther along we come to Morthoe, and the fine Woolacombe sands, which are fast becoming known among family parties. Morthoe Church contains an interesting tomb, said to be that of William de Tracy, one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket. The accuracy of this statement is questioned, but the brass monumental figure appears, from the chalice it holds in its hands, to be a priest. Unfortunately, the inscription is now illegible. Greenland's Foot, which juts out into the sea, affords a good back view of the rugged and lonely coast. The Lovers' Walk is a precipitous cliff standing back from the sea. Standing on this point with the sea breaking grandly on the beach below, and with the face turned westward, we may descry Wales with its blue mountains in the extreme distance. The pier was constructed in 1731; it was repaired in 1761, and was enlarged in 1829. Within recent years it has been much improved, a sheltered promenade having been added, adjoining which are several fine lawn tennis courts.

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE RIVER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**ABERDEEN.**—The "Granite City" ranks next to Edinburgh and Glasgow in point of general importance. It is an attractive and agreeable place of residence, combining the conveniences and enlightenment of a large city with something of the retirement and economy of a provincial town. All the main streets are well built, and there prevails a general regularity of plan. The principal business part of the town stands on a cluster of eminences about 100ft. above the sea level, along the north bank of the River Dee, in the vicinity of its confluence with the German Ocean. The western or newer part lies on an extensive flat on the same level, but separated from the older part by the valley of the Denburn. The most fashionable portion is the Albyn Place and Queen's Cross. The Dee is crossed by four bridges—a chain bridge, a railway bridge, a stone bridge of seven arches (the "Bridge of Dee"), and Victoria Bridge, opposite Market Street, a massive granite erection. A handsome promenade extends up the north bank of the river from Victoria Bridge past Duthie Park to Allenvale Cemetery. The Girdleness Lighthouse is about two miles from Victoria Bridge. The principal street in Aberdeen is Union Street, which presents a vista of greyish-white granite about a mile in length. At the top of the street, on the west side, are the Free, East, High, and South Churches, which are conjoined in a cruciform building with a lofty brick spire. In Castle Street are situated the Municipal and County Buildings, one of the largest and most imposing edifices in Scotland.


ON THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

**MARGATE.**—There can be no doubt that Margate deserves the favours it has received at the hands of Londoners. Its cliffs are bold and picturesque; its sands are broad and firm; its inland scenery is rich and varied, and it overlooks a breadth of waters which, in their infinity of change, afford a thousand glorious prospects. And yet "superior" people think it needful to offer some excuse for their being found at such a place, and are at pains to explain how they must by no means be confounded with the ordinary ruck of Margate's guests. There can be no question as to the past respectability—even dignity—of Margate. The narrow High Street, the old houses hidden away here and there, the shallow harbour—all these show that the town was once a fishing port, which, when about to sink into decay, like Topsham and Sandwich, suddenly took a new lease of life as a watering-place, extended itself in tall terraces and genteel squares, and rapidly became the animated place it is to-day. We imagine that Froissart never went to Margate in the season, or he would have modified his celebrated dictum about the way in which we English take our pleasures. There is no affectation, no *blasé* cynicism about your genuine Margate visitors. The above view will be familiar to thousands. The sands are thronged by a crowd of idlers ready to be easily entertained by jugglers, Punch and Judy shows, niggers, and wandering minstrels. There are busy vendors of refreshments and knick-knacks; family parties, encamped with umbrellas and novels; eager children, sprawling babies and their nurses, and scores of adventurous youngsters, wading in the surf or seriously labouring in the sand with spade and wheel-barrow.

THE HARBOUR AND THE JETTY. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**MARGATE.**—It is difficult to realize that the far-famed promenade of Margate is laid out on the site of the "Fort," where once stood a real battery, which has roared out against French privateers. The new Marine Drive, with its covered line of shops, is an improvement that has altered the sea front by the harbour out of all recognition by old *habitués*. The whole line of sea promenade from the Nayland Rocks to Hodge's Flag Staff is admirable in its variety, and the cliffs here have the same distinction as those of Cromer, because from them the sun may sometimes be seen both rising and setting in the sea. The ordinary population of Margate is about 18,419; what it is in August, however, we hardly like to say. The place has a more select and subdued end in Cliftonville; and a quiet quarter has also sprung up at the Nayland Rock extremity beyond the railway stations. The New Road and Promenade extend from the Marine Terrace to the Parade, and the old jetty was replaced in 1835 by a new structure formed of wrought-iron girders resting on iron columns sunk in the bed of the sea. It is 1,240ft. long and 20ft. above the high-water mark. The jetty has been considerably extended, at a cost of £25,000, and has now a grand hexagonal promenade, and serves as a landing-place for steamers and yachts.

THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE AND BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BRIGHTON.**—The Queen of Watering-Places is 53 miles by road from London, and contains 115,402 inhabitants. Brighton is no place for quiet people or poor people, or people who, in populous cities pent, yearn for the sight of green trees and gay flowers and mental repose. Through all that long line of terraces, shops, houses, and palatial hotels, which extends from Hove on the one side to Kemp Town on the other, a distance of more than three miles, presenting such a façade to the sea as probably no other watering-place in the world can rival, there is scarcely such a thing to be seen as even the smallest tree—a result that is due, we suppose, to the occasional violence of the sea, wind, and sea spray. At one opening, indeed, in the apparently interminable range of buildings we do see across the green inclosure, with its fountains, the Pavilion—that elaborate and costly folly of the Fourth George—embowered in foliage; then, arresting the eye as we look onward through the valley towards the old London Road, beyond the Pavilion, one part may be seen where Brighton really does begin to look fresh with verdure and bright with flowers. Can anyone now realize a Brighton with only 1,800 inhabitants, and those mostly poor fishermen? Yet that was the Brighton of little more than a century ago. This famous watering-place, like Ventnor, owes its present prosperity, in the first place, to a physician, Dr. Russell, of Lewes, who removed hence in 1750. The Hotel Métropole, shown in our view, stands on two acres of land, and contains more than 600 rooms.

ENTRANCE TO THE AQUARIUM, SHOWING THE CHAIN PIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BRIGHTON.**—Dr. Russell published a treatise on the advantages of sea-bathing, recommending Brighton very strongly at the same time. By the way, it is amusing to note that Dr. Johnson visited Brighton in 1770, and declared the country "so desolate, that if one had a mind to hang oneself, in desperation at being compelled to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." The Aquarium is situated between the Steyne and the Chain Pier, and is one of the principal attractions at Brighton; it was erected by a joint stock company at a cost of £130,000, and was opened in August, 1872. We rather think it is more of a promenade than an aquarium, with its elegant corridors, conservatory, and saloons provided with newspapers, periodicals, and the latest telegrams for the use of visitors. There are forty-one fish tanks, which are arranged in two of the corridors; and the length of the whole building exceeds 700ft. The sea water is pumped by steam into reservoirs, capable of containing 500,000 gallons. The Chain Pier was commenced in 1822 and completed in the following year, under the direction of Captain Sir S. Brown, R.N., at a cost of £30,000. It is 1,136ft. in length, 15ft. in width, and is supported by four spans, which stand upon piles of oak driven 10ft. into the solid chalk. The ordinary Brighton season is from July to January, becoming more fashionable towards the end of the year. The town is situated just midway in that curve of the coast which extends from Beachy Head on the east to Selsea Bill on the west.

THE WEST PIER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BRIGHTON.**—The West Pier, which cost £35,000, was opened in 1866, and is 1,115ft. in length. As for recreation, Brighton itself might almost be called one great recreation, so thoroughly does it seem permeated with the spirit and means of enjoyment. You can scarcely move on the Parade on a fine afternoon without meeting troops of fair horse-women, attended by their riding-masters, sweeping along, perhaps, towards the Downs, where there are glorious space and air and elastic green-sward, and undulating stretches whereon one may gallop without restraint. The stream of carriages is almost as incessant as on a Drawing Room day at Buckingham Palace. Bands are playing wherever you go, till the very air grows musical. Pleasure boats start off from and return to the beach. In the evening one may attend a concert, where probably some of the finest of our singers may be heard; while "the latest London success" is probably being produced at the theatre. The Marine Parade sea wall is 23ft. thick at the base, 60ft. in height, and was built in 1827 at a cost of £100,000. In 1841 the Brighton Railway was opened throughout; it cost £2,569,359, and occupied two years and a half in its construction. The Royal Pavilion, with its gardens, covers 11½ acres, and is a curious combination of domes, minarets, and cupolas. The original Pavilion was commenced for the Prince Regent by the architect Holland in 1784, and was entirely re-constructed by Nash in 1818, under the immediate direction of the Prince; it is supposed to have cost altogether upwards of a million sterling.

A LONG STRETCH OF THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BRIGHTON.**—The Royal stables of the Pavilion were originally destined for the accommodation of 63 horses. They have now been converted into the Dome Assembly Room, at a cost of £70,000; the circumference of the great dome is 250ft. In 1849, the Pavilion was purchased by the town for £53,000, and has since been adapted for concerts, public meetings, balls, and general entertainments, remaining a building of no ordinary interest, though of far more than architectural deformity. In 1870, Brighton was thoroughly drained at a cost of £100,000, the main sewer, six miles in length, being opened in 1873. An electric railway runs along the beach to Kemp Town, where, under the cliffs, have been constructed spacious shelters to hold thousands of people, with refreshment and reading-rooms. Below the Marine Parade here is a sheltered promenade and drive, known as Madeira Road, at the end of which is a lift, obviating the necessity of mounting the steps to the Parade. The most popular excursion from Brighton is to the Devil's Dyke, five miles by road. This is a remarkable natural fosse, steep, abrupt, and of unusual depth—300ft. The striking and elevated situation of the Dyke, with its wonderful prospect over the smiling Weald of Sussex on the north, and the blue waters of the English Channel on the south, have for centuries combined to fill the spectator with admiration and awe.

THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFFS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RUNSWICK.**—Whitby is a convenient centre for many pleasant excursions, both along the coast and inland. The Whitby and Pickering Railway, which runs through the Vale of the Esk, is, perhaps, the most charming line in England for the beautiful and highly diversified scenery which it commands throughout its course. About three miles from the town itself is Mulgrave Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Normanby ; the grounds are open three days a week. From these beautifully wooded grounds there is a near view of the sea ; and the modern mansion takes its name from an ancient stronghold, the ruins of which still stand in a strong position on the ridge of a hill within the grounds. A castle is said to have been built here 200 years before the Conquest. The ruins consist of two circular towers, guarding the entrance—one of them of considerable height—a square central keep, with towers at the corners, and a great square tower at the south angle of the outer wall. Continuing the excursion along the coast, and passing through the hamlets of Goldsborough and Kettleness, the tourist will arrive at the village of Runswick, eight miles from Whitby. This village is most singularly situated on the south side of Runswick Bay. Its houses are perched in tiers on the cliff, the various elevations on which they are built communicating with each other by footpaths, streets being out of the question. A well-known feature of the locality is the "Hobhole," a cavern excavated by the waves in the Alum Rock, which can be examined at low water.


PANORAMA FROM THE SEA. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**VENTNOR.**—This is the capital of the Undercliff, and may now be classed among the most favoured and most popular watering-places in the south of England. The popularity of this place is due to the remarkable salubrity of its climate, and the singular beauty of its situation. "Forty years ago," says one authority, "Ventnor contained about half-a-dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Sir James Clark's work (which, by the way, bore the portentous name of 'The Influence of Climate in Prevention and Cure of Disease'), its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen." Now we have hotels, churches, shops, cottages, and villas, in every conceivable style and every outrageous shape. From the Esplanade there extends a fine pier, erected by the Local Board in 1887, and from which steamboat excursions may be made to Bournemouth and Brighton. In Steephill Road there are extensive public gardens, containing numerous lawn tennis courts and a bowling green. The Downs above Ventnor can be reached by a road leading from near the railway station. A steep road climbs up the hill to Sloven's Bush Turnpike, the view from the summit of which is magnificent in extent and variety. One then crosses the railway and mounts the hill of Cleveland Wood, and presently arrives at the grounds of Appuldurcombe. Ventnor is essentially a place that has been made by doctors, and nothing can be more astonishing than the rapidity with which the tiny fishing hamlet was transformed into a fashionable resort with hotels, boarding-houses, and shops.

THE PIER AND THE SOUTH LAKE. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SOUTHPORT.**—This town, including Birkdale, bears much the same relation to Blackpool that Ramsgate does to Margate. Situate between the Mersey and the Ribble, with a vast expanse of sands in front, and low sand-hills behind, it claims the title of "The Montpelier of the North." We would point out here that there is not a single watering-place in the kingdom that does not arrogate to itself some high-sounding title, the sonorousness of which is, as a rule, in the inverse ratio to the actual importance of the town. Southport is in many respects quite a unique watering-place; to commence with, the sea has long been retreating from it. But Southport has risen to the occasion. It has, so to speak, brought back the receding ocean by means of an extremely long pier; and furthermore, the peculiar pastime of land-yachting may be daily witnessed on the sands during the summer season. In addition, two artificial lakes have been constructed, and these afford safe and pleasant boating. Southport is half an hour's ride by rail from Liverpool, and is, in reality, a kind of playground for all Lancashire; it has its Lord Street, too, and we are bound to say that this thoroughfare would not disgrace the Metropolis, one side being lined with gardens, and the other with excellent shops. Though the neighbourhood in general must be called somewhat common-place, even by its best friends, one striking feature is the belt of sand-hills which stretches for several miles to Blundellsands.

ON THE BEACH. [*From a Photo by Frith & Co.*

**CLACTON-ON-SEA.**—This new and rapidly rising seaside resort is pleasantly situate on the Essex coast, sixty-eight miles from London. The town has a southern aspect, and commands a really fine view of the German Ocean. It stands on cliffs some 40ft. or 50ft. high, directly facing the sea. Along the coast just here are two or three fine springs of fresh water, where in summer the thirsty pedestrian can obtain a cooling draught. For cleanliness, firmness, and extent, the sands of Clacton-on-Sea cannot be excelled; they are a perennial source of delight to the children, and for visitors generally they form a safe and pleasant promenade for miles each way. Bathing is safe at all times, the sands being firm, and sloping gently out to deep water. The sea wall was commenced in 1881, and is 2,020ft. in length; it is formed entirely of concrete, faced with Kentish rag-pitching for a depth of 9ft. along that part of the wall which is most directly exposed to the action of the sea. At its narrowest part this wall is 3ft. thick, and 9ft. 6in. thick at its widest. There are three equi-distant openings in the wall provided with flights of steps, which give access to the beach. A promenade, 20ft. wide, runs along the entire length of this wall—which, by the way, cost about £13,000. That Clacton-on-Sea is rapidly becoming a popular resort will be seen from the fact that it numbers amongst its institutions an immense corrugated iron building, with a lawn in front, known as Rigg's Retreat, which will accommodate 1,200 persons at one time.

THE APPROACH TO THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CLACTON-ON-SEA.**—One of the chief attractions of Clacton is its fine pier, which has now been so much enlarged and improved, that as a promenade there are very few similar constructions which can equal it. The original pier was constructed in 1871, but has been added to almost continuously ever since; its present length is 1,280ft.; width, 30ft. for a distance of 290yds. from the shore, and 90ft. from thence to the pier head, a further distance of 75yds. No more striking testimony to the rapid growth of Clacton-on-Sea can be brought forward than the surprising increase in the annual number of promenaders on the pier. In 1885, 94,032 pier tickets were sold; while four years later the number had reached 147,538. It will be remembered that the Prince of Wales, on his return from India in 1869, presented the munificent sum of £4,000 to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, for the purpose of founding and maintaining two lifeboat stations, one of which was to be at Clacton-on-Sea. Subsequently, a handsome boathouse of red brick, faced with Portland stone, was erected in Anglefield Road, and the first lifeboat launched here was, appropriately enough, named the *Albert Edward*. On July 10th, 1878, the public presentation of this boat took place, in the presence of from 10,000 to 12,000 persons. The present Clacton lifeboat is 40ft. long, 9ft. wide, and has a crew of fifteen men. In 1877 the Public Hall was erected in Pier Avenue, at a cost of about £8,000.

VIEW FROM HOBBY DRIVE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CLOVELLY.**—This lovely place is 11 miles from Bideford. After issuing from the steep streets of the latter town, the road to Clovelly runs along the pleasant heights for 10 miles to Clovelly Dikes, the point where the high road is left, and one mile from Clovelly itself. The more picturesque way of approach is by turning from the main road a quarter of a mile after leaving the eighth mile-stone from Bideford. Here is the eastern entrance to the famous Hobby Drive, constructed by a former owner of the great house of the neighbourhood, Clovelly Court. This winds through lovely woods, overhanging the sea, for 2¾ miles, until it finally opens out into the village street, about 1¼ miles above the harbour. Clovelly is built on the slope of a picturesque cliff. The slope is in parts almost precipitous, and is varied here and there by steps. The only patch of level is a sort of landing in the street staircase, two-thirds of the way down, which forms a village centre and eyrie for the local mariners; this spot also commands a view of the harbour. Pretty cottages line the street on either side, and at one point the village seems to end abruptly, till the stranger discovers that the road is literally carried through a house, which blocks the way, by means of an archway. At times the tiny harbour is quite full of red-sailed fishing boats, and presents a very pretty sight. Barely 1½ miles from Clovelly is a steep and lofty cliff known as Gallantry Bower, which commands a glorious panorama of sea on one side, and richly wooded country on the other; it is 380ft. in height.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

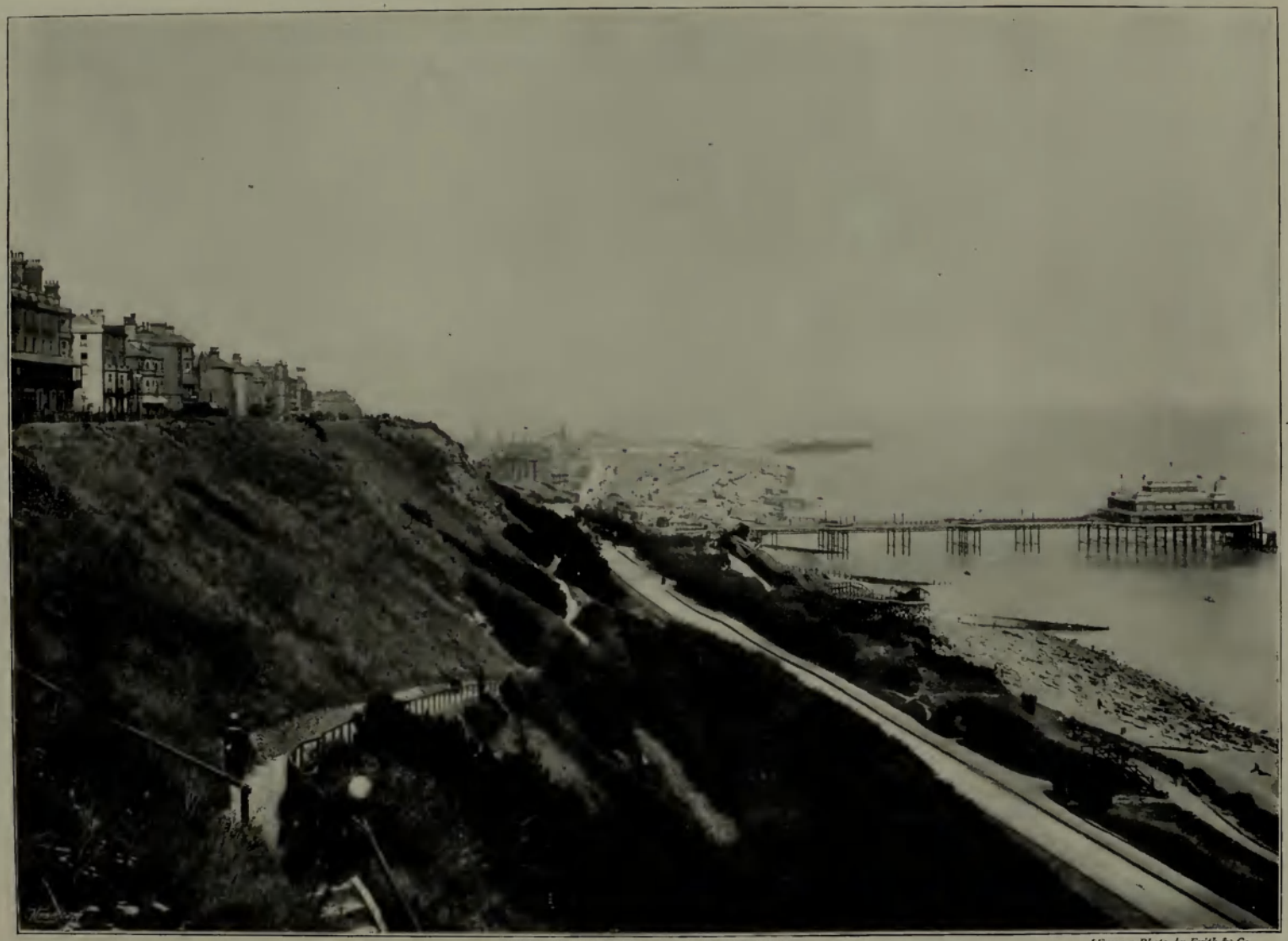
**SOUTHSEA.** — As practically the west-end of Portsmouth, Southsea holds a unique position among watering-places. It would not be rustic or romantic enough for all tastes, but recommends itself to many by the stir of military and naval life, which is its salient feature. What with regimental bands, parades, and reviews by land, and the Solent continually alive with yachts, steamboats, and battleships, it can never be dull ; nor is it surprising that not a few old officers think there is no place like Southsea for a permanent or temporary residence. Leading from the Esplanade to the shingly beach is the bathing stage of the Portsmouth Swimming Club, which is well appreciated by swimmers. One may reach the Isle of Wight by steamer in less than half an hour, and there are also excursions by water to Southampton and Bournemouth. At the head of the harbour is Portchester Castle, now a fine and extensive ruin. The top of Portsdown Hill, which is not far from here, affords a beautiful view of the Isle of Wight, and is greatly resorted to by visitors. Netley Abbey, on the shores of the Southampton Water, although some thirteen or fourteen miles off, is also a very delightful place for excursionists. The charms of this picturesque spot must be seen to be appreciated. Cut off from Southsea by an inlet of the sea, and reached by railway from Havant, lies Hayling Island, recommended as a pleasant resort by reason of its firm, wide sands and its excellent golf links. In addition, the island has a number of pretty walks and some really grand sea views. Southsea Castle was built by Henry VIII. in 1540.

VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE SEA. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SWANAGE.**—Since the opening of the railway, Swanage has vastly increased in favour as a watering-place ; it is situated in a beautiful bay, and commands a glorious prospect of down and sea and cliff. In the neighbourhood lie upwards of sixty quarries of Purbeck stone, which have contributed a great part of the material employed in St. Stephen's, Winchester, the Temple Church, Romsey Abbey, St. Paul's, and Salisbury Cathedral. The total thickness of the Purbeck strata is estimated at about 270ft., of which nearly 100ft. are workable. Several omnibuses run hence to Corfe and Wareham, and others to Bournemouth and Weymouth. Swanage is shut in by a range of chalk hills, about 700ft. high, and the coast is indented with numerous wide coves. The Purbeck peninsula is twelve miles long ; and near here, in a deep, central valley, lie the mossy ruins of Corfe Castle. This castle is said to be one of the finest ruins in the kingdom. At Durlstone Castle is shown an immense granite globe, weighing forty tons, which represents the earth on a small scale. The town of Swanage is unpretending, and its patrons will be those who do not crave for gaiety. It has a population of 2,668 ; and beyond its attraction as a family watering-place, the great interest of the neighbourhood is for the geologist.

LULWORTH COVE AND VILLAGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LULWORTH.**—The village of Kimmeridge, in Dorsetshire, lies inland about one mile from the bay to which it gives its name. The shore is black and low, but soon rises into the noble promontory of Gad Cliff, 505ft. high, crowned by the signal of a coast-guard station, and broken up into a thousand curious forms. We then enter Worbarrow Bay, about a mile in width, which affords a beautiful diversity of form and colour. In the centre, the cliffs suddenly divide into the Arish Mill Gap, which opens up a lovely vista of the village of Lulworth. To the east soars the glittering chalk cliff of Ring's Hill, surmounted by a Celtic earthwork. To the west the snow-white bluffs of Bindon Hill rise up in contrast to the darker ridges of the Wealden sand. The view from this point is one of really marvellous grandeur. Keeping close to the Muke Rocks we pass the lofty elevation of the Swine's Back, and descend into the valley, where are clustered the church and cottages of West Lulworth. Lulworth Cove is a sheltered nook of exquisite beauty, which has no equal on the Dorsetshire coast. It possesses a depth at low water of 21ft., and its basin is nearly a mile in circumference, sheltered by lofty cliffs of sand and chalk. From a cavern below the little watering-place there flows a clear stream, which, after supplying a flour-mill, ripples downward into a cove. Lulworth is a typical seaside village, and is well adapted for holiday-seekers in search of peace and quietude.



VIEW SHOWING THE LEES AND THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co*

**FOLKESTONE.**—Seventy miles from London, and an important town with about 23,700 inhabitants. The older portions of the town have steep and narrow streets, but the modern houses on the cliffs are most attractively situated, fronting the well-known promenade called the Lees, from which one may easily reach the beach. The cliff pathway, between this part of Folkestone and Sandgate, is one of the most beautiful walks in the kingdom for lovers of coast scenery. One part of the town lies in a gap between the chalk and the greensand hills ; consequently, the traveller has to climb to the other portion built on the hills the best way he can. The views from this elevated ground, however, will repay him for his trouble. The harbour house at Folkestone was built in 1843. It was much improved in the following year, and a movable railway bridge of iron was constructed, which connects the inner and outer basins. It is said that the castle was built by Eadbald, King of Kent, in the year 630. The harbour is now fourteen acres in extent, and has an entrance 120ft. wide. The season here is short and late, and the policy of the townspeople is such as to discourage excursionists and seek the patronage of the higher class of visitors ; consequently, the humours of the sands, so conspicuous at Margate or at Yarmouth, are hardly to be looked for at Folkestone, where the most exciting pastime is the going and coming of the Channel boats and the landing of their woebegone passengers. There is a lift railway from the Undercliff Gardens to the Lees Promenade on the top of the cliffs.

A VIEW ON THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CLEETHORPES.**—This is rapidly becoming the most crowded watering-place in Lincolnshire. It has recently been made part of the borough of Grimsby, to which it is united by the unattractive suburb of New Clee. Cleethorpes is 3¼ miles from Grimsby Town Station, from which there are frequent trains, with intermediate stations at the Docks and New Clee. This little town is quite a unique development of railway enterprise, belonging, as it does, almost entirely to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, who have built a sea-wall and promenade, laid out public gardens—with a switchback railway and other popular amusements—and constructed a good pier, a quarter of a mile long, from which excursion steamers occasionally start. Cleethorpes, owing to its easy railway access, is invaded daily in summer by enormous crowds of excursionists from Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midland counties. On this account the pleasant little town is scarcely to be recommended to resident visitors. The sands and the bathing here are inferior to those at Skegness, but there is far more life in the place. Between Clee and Grimsby are three artificial mounds, certainly of very early date, which apparently once served as the bases of towers. The favourite excursions from Cleethorpes are to the ruins of Thornton Abbey, and to Brocklesby Park, the Earl of Yarborough's seat, some twelve miles away. One may proceed hence to Hull by steamer in about two hours, but the most eccentric of persons would hardly describe the banks of the Humber as beautiful. Another summer excursion from Cleethorpes, by boat, is to Spurn Lighthouse, in Yorkshire, six miles away.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**WHITBY.**—If Scarborough be the queen of watering-places in the north of England, there are many who find her court too gay, and pronounce Whitby the unspoilt gem of this coast. It lies between two cliffs at the mouth of the romantic River Esk, looking out upon the German Ocean, and, like so many other watering-places, writes, as it were, much of its history in the visibly broad line of demarcation that marks new town and old. The latter is on the eastern cliff, where the grey ruins of the noble abbey still attract the eye. This cliff is 250ft. high, and so steep that the houses seem literally huddled together, tier resting upon tier, and mass upon mass. The rest of the town, New Whitby, rises in more dignified aspect on the western cliff, surmounting its very top, and exhibiting conspicuously its splendid hotel. The two towns are united by a stone bridge of three arches, with a movable centre-piece, allowing the passage of ships to the inner harbour. For the defence of the outer harbour two piers have been erected. The western one of these runs out 1,000ft. into the sea, and forms a fine promenade. The ruined Abbey of Whitby, made famous in "Marmion," is supposed to date from the twelfth century. A peculiar feature of Whitby is the Museum, which contains thousands of fossils, for which the neighbourhood is celebrated. Among these is a gigantic crocodile, 18ft. long. There are many beautiful walks in Whitby, especially along the cliffs, which rise 600ft. above the sea. The number of persons employed in the jet manufacture is 500.

VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BOSCASTLE.**—This town is built upon the slope of a hill between two valleys, which are watered by a rapid stream. The houses are varied with orchards and flower gardens, which give the whole of Boscastle an exceedingly beautiful appearance. The little harbour shown in our view is protected by a small pier and breakwater; and it has been described as "a marvellous instance of what may be accomplished by the right sort of enterprise." Boscastle is a clean little place, which improves on acquaintance. Though not quite near the sea, a walk down either side of the curiously shaped harbour soon brings the sheltered bay of Boscastle into sight. The parish church is situated at Forrabury, the population of which, including Boscastle itself, is 360. A favourite, but somewhat fatiguing, cliff walk may be taken from here to Bude, a distance of 14 miles, passing the picturesque Cove of Pentargane on the way. To reach Pentargane Cove, with its tiny waterfall, we cross the bridge and ascend the steep road to the right. Boscastle has few historical associations; the only relic of the castle that remains is the grassy mound on which it stood. The distance from this little fishing village to the bold and rugged cliffs of Tintagel is four miles along a hilly road.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE FRONT. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**WORTHING.**—This watering-place has of late developed towards the west, till it now includes Heene. Though low and flat, it is inclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, which give more picturesqueness to the neighbourhood than is common in Sussex; and that Worthing has a milder climate than its neighbours is shown by the large quantities of fruit and vegetables which it sends to Covent Garden. The local gardens have 15 miles of glass-houses; and the grapes, figs, and tomatoes of Worthing have more than a local reputation. Thus it will be seen that, besides being a quiet holiday resort in summer, Worthing is well adapted for delicate persons in winter, when the flourishing laurustinus hedges still brighten its streets. Complaint, however, is made of fogs, and still more strongly of the seaweed, which accumulates on the beach here in such quantities as to become a perfect nuisance. Everyone is aware of the misfortune which befell Worthing, when its water became tainted, and the demon of typhoid descended upon the town. That cloud, however, has now passed away, and the drainage is above reproach. There is a good pier, 960ft. in length, and a splendid esplanade three-quarters of a mile long, from which the lights of Brighton may be seen at night. The sands are smooth and hard, and their condition during the summer months has been graphically described as one long mile of nursery. There are many people who prefer this watering-place to Brighton, on the grounds that it is quieter and far more economical to live in.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**STAITHES.**—About two miles to the north of Runswick, in Yorkshire, is the little village of Staithes, which is most beautifully situated, the small stream which here flows into the sea contributing highly to its picturesqueness. The only point of any general interest in the history of this place is that Captain Cook, the celebrated circumnavigator of the globe, was apprenticed here to a grocer. He was evidently a born rover, however, for, in a few months, he got tired of his situation and went to sea. There is not much to interest the tourist in the line of coast between this point and Saltburn, about 10 miles distant, where the railway is reached. Another excursion from Whitby is the trip to Egton, eight miles away, and 1½ miles from Grosmont Station. A walk of about a mile up the Esk brings the tourist to Egton Bridge, a lovely hamlet, situate in a picturesque valley at the foot of Egton Cliff. The small market town of Egton, from which this hamlet takes its name, is about a mile away. From Egton Bridge to Glaizedale the course of the river is highly picturesque. The channel of the Esk is in many places cut through the sandstone and shale, over the opposing ridges of which its waters break musically; while the woods, with their towering cliffs on either side, somewhat resemble the beauties of the Rhine. About half a mile above Egton Bridge is the Beggar's Bridge, a famous place for picnics.


THE ESPLANADE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BOGNOR.**—This town is Worthing's twin sister—a quiet, mild, healthy watering-place, situate on a level in the face of the ever-restless Channel. A reef of rocks, about two miles in length, juts out from the shore and forms a natural, but insufficient, breakwater. About 1785, Sir Richard Hotham, a wealthy Southwark hatter, who determined upon acquiring the glory of a seaside Romulus, set to work to erect a town of first-class villas in this pleasant spot, with a view to creating a truly *recherché* watering-place, to be known to posterity as Hothampton. He spent £60,000; he erected and furnished some really commodious villas, but did not succeed in giving his name to his own creation, and died broken-hearted in 1799. It is interesting to note, however, that one of the best streets in Bognor is known as Hotham Place. The Local Board have expended £14,000 on a sea-wall and fine esplanade, which are shown in our photograph; and the pier, 1,000ft. in length, cost £5,000. The normal population of Bognor is 3,290. One mile to the east of the town, but a short distance from the shore, is the little village of Felpham, which contains 565 inhabitants. Almost in the centre of this hamlet lived and died William Hayley, the friend and biographer of Cowper. Hayley's monument at Felpham Church has a long, verbose epitaph by Mrs. Opie. In this same church there lies interred Dr. Cyril Jackson, who was tutor to George IV. For a Sussex watering-place Bognor is remarkably quiet, but it will doubtless commend itself to some people on this account.

THE TOWN, THE MOUNTAIN, AND THE SEA. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PENMAENMAWR.**—This quiet and delightful spot on the shore of North Wales is screened from every harsh wind by the two headlands, Penmaenmawr and Penmaenbach, which form a northern terminating point to the great Snowdonian range of mountains. The last-mentioned of these is a mass of rock, projecting boldly towards the sea, the road being carried round the point and near to the beach without much elevation ; while, for the railway, the rock is pierced by a tunnel 630yds. long. On the lower side of the town there is a prettily-wooded dell, in which stands the parish church. The ascent of Penmaenmawr, 1,553ft. above the level of the sea, can be made in several directions, but the best and easiest is that which passes the Druids' Circle, a remarkable relic, 80ft. in diameter. This route begins at the old post-office, and ascends by a narrow mountain road until, near the top, it emerges at the Green Gorge, a bright grassy slope in the cleft between the Billberry and Cerrig-y-Druidion hills. From this point a cart track on the right leads to the Druids' Circle. The view from the top embraces the distant hills of Cumberland, the lofty peaks of the Isle of Man, the Irish Channel, and the Hill of Howth. Penmaenmawr is fast becoming a watering-place of repute, being situate in some of the finest scenery in the kingdom, and only a five hours' journey by rail from London.

THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**PORTOBELLO.**—The population of this little town is about 8,181. Portobello is of comparatively recent origin, having taken its name from a villa built on the shore by a retired naval officer, who had been present with Admiral Vernon at the capture of Porto Bello, in the West Indies Expedition of 1739. The sands along the coast are firm, with a gentle slope, rendering bathing delightful. There is a marine parade along the shore, and an excellent promenade pier extends for about 1,200ft. into the sea. Portobello is united with Edinburgh by a tramway line, and may be called the "Margate of Scotland." Three miles by railway to the east of Portobello is the ancient town of Musselburgh, which derives its name from the mussel bank on the sea-shore. It is near the mouth of the River Esk, which is here crossed by three bridges. The links of Portobello are a favourite resort of golf-players, who, with their red coats, may be seen hard at play in the early morning. The links are also used as a racecourse for the Edinburgh race meetings. The excursion we have described is made along the east coast from Edinburgh by the North British Railway, whose line proceeds through some of the most highly-cultivated scenery in Scotland, and affords some very picturesque views of the coast, which is washed by the Firth of Forth.

A LIVELY VIEW OF THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RAMSGATE.**—Many of the characteristics of Margate are to be found at Ramsgate; but it is amusing to note that the guide-books to these popular resorts mention each other, with forced civility, as "among the places of interest in the vicinity." From the end of the pier Ramsgate looks very well indeed. The port, astir with boats and shipping, backed by a group of large hotels and handsome shops; the houses picturesquely crowded in the gap in the heights; the cliffs, on either side, crowned by fine terraces, lined with well-kept gardens and broad walks in front—all these present a *coup d'œil* far above anything that Margate has to show in the way of appearance. At night, too, when the winding, sloping streets light their lamps, and the hotels and cafés around the harbour are alive with visitors, one might almost fancy that one was in a lively foreign seaport, especially as all the world is abroad to take the cool evening air, and the French boatmen are heard chattering in their own tongue. The sands here are not so extensive as at Margate. From the cliffs the view is wide and attractive, reaching over the sandy flats at the mouth of Sandwich Haven, and the Downs, crowded with the shipping of all nations, to Deal and the South Foreland; in fine weather the coast of France can also be discerned.

THE HARBOUR. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RAMSGATE.**—In 1748 the formation of the harbour and new pier was undertaken. The East Pier has a small fort at its head, and measures 3,000ft. by 26ft.; the West Pier is 1,500ft. by 24ft. They are built of Purbeck and Portland stone, and cost £60,000. The obelisk near the entrance to the East Pier commemorates the embarkation of George IV. for Hanover in 1821, on which occasion His Majesty decreed that the harbour should thenceforth be styled "Royal." Ramsgate is finely situated on the Isle of Thanet, its normal population being 24,676. The harbour, shown in our illustration, incloses 46 acres of water, and has an entrance 240ft. wide. The climate here is considerably milder than that of Margate, having more sun and less wind. Consequently, we find here large numbers of really fine private houses. Some of the public buildings here, too, are decidedly superior in style; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that the elder Pugin and his son both lived and worked at Ramsgate. Then, finally, Ramsgate gives access to more varied scenery than lies about Margate. We would remind our readers of Frith's picture of Ramsgate sands, painted a generation ago. During storms the neighbourhood of the dreaded Goodwin Sands affords the all too frequent excitement of a wreck. At these times all Ramsgate is in a commotion, bidding God-speed to the life-boat and the steam-tug with their gallant crews, who are ever ready for their arduous and dangerous duty.

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE CLIFFS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BROADSTAIRS.**—While Ramsgate and Margate are found enacting the traditional comedy of the pot and the kettle—each exclaiming against the vulgarity of the other — it is significant that they seem to join in railing at modest little Broadstairs. This resort, however, needs no defending, having powerful patrons, the most illustrious of whom was Charles Dickens, whose residence at "Bleak House" is still pointed out as the chief monument of the place the great novelist liked so well. Though Broadstairs has grown somewhat since Dickens's day, it still remains quieter and more select than its larger and noisier neighbours, and is especially in high favour with family parties, who find quite a little paradise on the sheltered beach of "Our Watering Place." The Parade is a pleasant walk by the edge of the cliff, which commands charming views of coast and sea and shipping. The sea-front retains much of the honest, old-fashioned simplicity characteristic of Broadstairs; but behind the place is extending in more conventional style across the fields to the tree-embowered village of St. Peter's, where is situated the parish church. This quiet little village lies on the east coast of Thanet, about two miles north-east of Ramsgate, and in an extremely beautiful position. In the Baptist meeting-house here there are some relics of the ancient Chapel of St. Mary, of Bradstowe, in passing which, vessels out at sea were wont to lower their top-sails, and implore the protection of the Virgin.

BRODICK PIER AND GOATFELL. [*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson.*

**ARRAN.**—This island, which belongs to the county of Bute, is about twenty miles long and eleven broad, with a superficial area of 104,000 acres, of which about 15,000 are cultivated. The scenery is remarkable for its picturesque mountain beauty and colouring. The mountains are mostly composed of granite, rising into pinnacles and spires of grotesque forms; or extending downwards in smooth blocks of naked rock. Towards the summit, they are either destitute of vegetation or invested with a slight covering of Alpine plants and mosses. In the two chief villages, Brodick and Lamlash, there are perhaps half-a-dozen good-sized houses, and two or three hotels of no great magnitude. There are views here of ever-changing beauty, and mountain rambles of the first Scottish magnitude Moreover, when the setting sun tinges Goatfell with his lingering beam, and its brother peaks stand out strangely clear against the evening sky—while Brodick Bay lies like a mirror, reflecting the fir trees and heather in its motionless bosom—there are not wanting those who say that you may search the world around without finding a scene to rival this in its own peculiar loveliness. Goatfell, which forms so prominent a feature in this view, is 2,866ft. above the level of the sea, and is the highest mountain in the island. The summit is composed of mighty rocks, ensconced among which one may crouch in shelter from the searching wind and gaze in comfort at the wild picture around and below. According to local tradition, the view from Goatfell, on a clear day, extends from Ben Nevis to the Isle of Man.

FROM THE EAST HILL. [*From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**HASTINGS.**—The twin towns of Hastings and St. Leonards form one borough, with a population of 52,340. Hastings itself lies—for the most part—in a hollow, snugly sheltered by hills, except where it slopes southward to the sea. The original town is believed to have extended some distance to the south, its site being now partly covered by the waves. Of course, the increase of houses and visitors must tend to spoil the natural freshness and original individuality of a population, but in Hastings these qualities are preserved to an unusual extent, especially among the fishermen. By the way, the fishing population numbers about 3,000; the trade is extensive, and is constantly increasing. Under the East Cliff, which varies from 170ft. to 218ft. in height, "Dutch" fish auctions are often held. On these occasions one of the men begins by naming his price, and then steadily decreasing, calling out monotonously—probably sixpence less each time—until a bid is made. Besides pleasantly laid-out public gardens, Hastings has an admirable park on the steep, turfy slopes of its East and West Hills, which at one point have recently been made more accessible by means of a lift, such as is in great favour at many watering-places with the same high back-ground. From the steep cliff beyond the station, one may obtain a sea-view extending on either side to Dover Cliffs and to Beachy Head, and in front to Boulogne, commanding a radius in which, it is said, may be counted ten towns, sixty-six churches, the sites of seventy Martello towers, forty windmills, and five ancient castles.

THE FRONT, SHOWING PIER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HASTINGS.**—Among the distinguished residents at Hastings have been Louis Napoleon, the exile, who lived in Pelham Cottage in 1840, and Louis Philippe, ex-King of the French, who resided at the Victoria Hotel in 1848. Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Titus Oates were two natives of this town, who in very different ways achieved fame. Lord Byron and Charles Lamb have also left records of their stay here, the latter describing his sojourn in Hastings as "a dreary penance." Climbing upwards from the beach by the most picturesque ascent imaginable, and resting, if necessary, on the seat in the nook half-way, one reaches the summit of the East Cliff, from which a really fine view of Hastings is obtained. The Castle stands out boldly on the opposite hill, while below lies the town and the rocky shore, which at low tide has the appearance of so many tongues, or fangs, running out into the sea. If the day be clear, too, one may see the French coast of Picardy and the Harbour of St. Valery—the spot from whence the Normans embarked. The bathing here is excellent in every way. Under the Parade near the pier are fine baths, erected on the foreshore in 1879 at a cost of £60,000; they include a swimming bath, measuring 40ft. by 180ft. The pier at Hastings is 920ft. long, and was built at a cost of £32,000; it has a pavilion capable of seating 2,000 persons. At the top of Robertson Street, near the Queen's Hotel, is the Albert Memorial, a handsome Gothic clock tower, 65ft. high. The Town Hall, which cost £20,000, is close at hand in Queen's Road, and was built in 1880; it boasts of a shield taken from the French at the conquest of Quebec.

THE CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HASTINGS.**—Hastings Castle stands on the brink of the cliff, and presents the most striking view to be found in Sussex. Its principal entrance was necessarily on the land side, where the portcullis groove and the hooks for the gate-hinges may yet be examined. The Castle area occupied about an acre and a quarter. The south side was 400ft. long, and the east side 300ft., with a fosse and a massive wall, strengthened by three semi-circular towers whose fragments are still interesting. The north-west side was a little more than 400ft. in length. To the west, both a square and a circular tower are still standing, also a doorway which formerly opened into the Royal Chapel of St. Mary. There are many delightful walks in the immediate vicinity of Hastings. The bold, bleak ascent of Fairlight Down is 600ft. above the sea, and commands the whole sweep of the coast from Beachy Head to the South Foreland. The village of Fairlight contains about 500 inhabitants. Passing the residence of Fairlight Place, one descends into the leafy and blossomy depths of Fairlight Glen, and proceeds to the Dripping Well, where, under the shadow of a glorious beech tree, a bright, shimmering streamlet plashes over the rock. A path along the hill-side leads hence to the famous Lovers' Seat, where one may sit upon a rude oak bench and look out afar over the sea. Hastings Castle now belongs to the Earl of Chichester, but admittance may be gained at any time to see the ruins—except, of course, on Sundays—on payment of a fee of threepence.

THE MARINA. [*From a Photo by Poulton & Son.*

**ST. LEONARDS.**—Hastings and St. Leonards are practically one, and their united attractions make up what many people judge to be by far the most attractive resort in this corner of England. St. Leonards is modern, stately, and fashionable—the West-end, both literally and figuratively, of Hastings. Winter is the chief season in this quiet and select resort. As it approaches the sea, the ridge of hills that runs through the centre of Sussex divides at Hastings into several spurs, which inclose valleys, and from within which the houses of Hastings and St. Leonards extend to the beach, where they all join into one nearly continuous frontage. The frontage begins at St. Leonards on the west, the road passing under a Doric archway, and consists of one range after another of fine mansions, till Hastings is reached. As we have said before, these two towns, although originally distinct and separated from each other by about a mile, are now connected by a line of terraces and parades, extending for nearly three miles along the coast. On the Grand Parade, near the Royal Saxon Hotel, is an unsightly archway, bearing the date 1828, which marks the eastern boundary of St. Leonards. The St. Leonards Green, the Archery Gardens, and the Alexandra Park are delightful places of recreation; the last-mentioned of these is seventy-six acres in extent, and was purchased by the Corporation and dedicated to the public use by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1882. As may be judged from the above view, the architecture of St. Leonards is unusually good—even imposing. The Marina, with a covered colonnade 500ft. long, is the finest feature among the buildings.

THE ESPLANADE AND PENARTH HEAD. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PENARTH.**—What the Mumbles are to Swansea, Penarth is to Cardiff, of which it may almost be considered a suburb. Twenty years ago it might have passed as the type of a dismal, forlorn resort, with the one solitary advantage of a good look-out on to the busy Bristol Channel. Of late, considerable improvements have been made, and Penarth now stands in high favour—locally and otherwise. There is railway communication with Cardiff, and frequent steamboats ply across the harbour when the tide serves. Close at hand lies Llandaff, with its cathedral, and some miles away are the grand ruins of Caerphilly Castle. Penarth stands on a breezy cliff, where fine pleasure grounds have been laid out. The bathing is not to be praised, the water being muddy and the beach very shingly. There are, however, some excellent swimming baths. To locate the exact position of this little place still more explicitly, we may mention that it lies at the mouth of the Taff Estuary, four miles from Cardiff. It now contains about 12,500 inhabitants. The commercial part of the town lies on the north side of Penarth Head, adjoining the extensive Penarth Docks; while the other side is occupied by comfortable-looking villas, separated from the sea by an esplanade. The Windsor Gardens, above the esplanade, afford pleasant walks and views, but a more extensive panorama is commanded from Penarth Head itself, which is at least 200ft. high. As a matter of fact, Penarth was, until quite recently, merely the marine residence and bathing resort of the well-to-do inhabitants of Cardiff; now, however, the little place is fast becoming known as a holiday resort, and bids fair to become of far more than local importance.

VIEW FROM THE HEIGHTS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SANDGATE.**—The sea near Sandgate makes a bold sweep inland and forms a fine bay, whose southern extremity is Dungeness. Here commences a ridge of green sandstone hills, not so high as the more easterly hills, but more broken and filled with deep valleys, with small streams at the bottom running down to the sea. In one of the valleys is the town of Sandgate, containing about 1,700 resident inhabitants. This is a small but prosperous watering-place, which has sprung up into repute within the last half-century. At Shorncliffe, in this parish, is a permanent military camp, with accommodation for about 5,000 men. Barracks were first erected here in 1784; and a camp was formed in 1806. It is only since the Crimean War of 1854–55, however, that a permanent camp has been established at Shorncliffe. The "huts" are in four rows, and the General Hospital is on the sea face of the cliff, sheltered from the north and north-east winds. Sandgate Castle, dating from 1539, was one of the numerous coast defences constructed by Henry VIII. It was repaired and strengthened in 1806. This little place has been several times damaged by the sea; and at eight o'clock on the evening of March 4th, 1893, it was the scene of a most disastrous subsidence of land, which rendered homeless many hundreds of people. The disturbance was repeated on the following morning when the tide receded; and altogether about 200 houses were wrecked, or more or less damaged. Sandgate has been described as a mere suburb of Folkestone, frequented by lovers of a quieter seaside life than is to be obtained at more pretentious places.

THE FISHERMEN AT WORK. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FLAMBOROUGH.**—This was once a town of considerable importance, but has gradually declined until it is now a mere fishing village. On this account Flamborough forms an interesting exception to the great majority of the resorts that figure in this work. It is, however, even now a most attractive place, beloved by tourists on account of the striking coast scenery in its vicinity. Flamborough is even visited from Filey, Bridlington, and Scarborough, from which latter watering-place it is distant about nineteen miles. The name of Flamborough seems to indicate that at an early date this bold promontory was the site of a beacon. At the west-end of the village may be seen the remains of an ancient tower, which is locally called "The Danish Tower." It is surrounded by irregular mounds, which probably once formed the foundations of other buildings. Two miles from here is Flamborough Head. This celebrated promontory presents the most extraordinary sea-view on the Yorkshire coast. The cliffs, which are composed of chalk, rise perpendicularly to a height of from 300ft. to 450ft., and are slowly, but surely, yielding to the action of the waves. The rugged sides of the promontory are penetrated by numerous caverns, and on its very verge stands the lighthouse, a circular white tower, 82ft. high. The light displayed is a revolving one, alternately red and white, and on clear nights it is visible at a distance of thirty miles. The ledges of the cliffs harbour innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, and we grieve to say that many visitors find "sport" in the useless destruction of these beautiful birds.

SHOWING THE FORT AND THE LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**NEW BRIGHTON.**—If the truth must be told, we fancy that few readers would care to be recommended to New Brighton, except Liverpool people, who already know enough about a place lying so close at hand ; but in order not to wholly pass over the coast of Cheshire, we may mention that this is the chief Mersey bathing-place, which at once gains and loses by its proximity to the great commercial city. There are here a commodious pier, and a sandy beach well supplied with bathing machines, donkeys, nigger minstrels, and the like attractions for the amusement of the Bank Holiday crowds, who are naturally New Brighton's most numerous patrons. New Brighton is built on rising ground, five miles to the north-west of Birkenhead, and on the Cheshire side of the Mersey. A few miles along the beach and its sand-hills will be found Hoylake, another seaside resort of the locality, which is to New Brighton what Broadstairs is to Margate. The pier at New Brighton is 560ft. long, and affords fine views of the shipping and docks of Liverpool, the Irish Sea, and the mountains of Wales. Near the end of the Promenade is the strongly fortified Rock Battery. The railway line from Liverpool to New Brighton passes under the river by the Mersey Tunnel, an engineering feat resembling the Thames Tunnel in London ; it was begun in 1880, and opened for traffic in 1886. New Brighton's little neighbour, Hoylake, is a small watering-place on the estuary of the Dee, and is much frequented by golfers, its links being amongst the best in England. Another way of reaching New Brighton from Liverpool—a distance of four miles—is by steamer, and, as one may imagine, there is a first-rate service between the great city and its gay little resort.

GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MARAZION.**—After leaving St. Ives, the railway strikes across the narrow peninsula that separates St. Ives Bay from Mounts Bay, and touches the southern coast at Marazion. A mile and a quarter from Marazion Station and three miles from Penzance, this town was formerly of some importance, but after its losses from a French attack in the reign of Henry VIII., and the ravages inflicted upon it in 1549 by a Cornish insurrection under Humphrey Arundel, of Laherne, it gave place to Penzance, and has never since recovered its importance. Pleasantly situated on the inner shore of Mounts Bay, it overlooks a wide and beautiful expanse of waters, terminated eastward by the Lizard Point, and westward by the Rundlestone, and commands a glorious prospect of the "guarded mount," St. Michael's striking peak of rugged greenstone. Marazion is the station for St. Michael's Mount, which is reached hence by boat, or at low water (eight hours out of the twenty-four) by a paved causeway, 1,200ft. long. According to Professor Max Müller, Marazion was so named by an early colony of Jews, who traded with the Phœnician miners; and some of the neighbouring smelting-houses are still called Jews' Houses. Anyone in search of absolute repose could not do better than to visit this quaint little village, nestling at the foot of St. Michael's Mount. True, it is a long way from the Metropolis, and not particularly easy of access; but still, when one is comfortably established at Marazion, it is indeed difficult to imagine that one is still within the boundaries of our somewhat prosaic country.

A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**GREAT YARMOUTH.**—This is the most important town and port on the East Anglian coast; it is situated at the mouth of the Yare, and contains about 49,300 inhabitants. Briefly, the attractions of Yarmouth include firm and extensive sands for bathers, a marine parade, three piers, the Theatre Royal, and an aquarium. The older part of the town adjoins the river, and contains numerous picturesque "Rows" or lanes, scarcely more than from three to six feet wide. As Dickens puts it, "Great Yarmouth is one vast gridiron, of which the bars are represented by the 'Rows.'" The Church of St. Nicholas here is the largest parish church in England. It is 230ft. long, 112ft. wide, and has an area of 23,265 square feet. As we have said before, the town is intersected by the "Rows" noticed by Dickens. These are crowded, cobble-paved lanes, running from east to west, and so narrow that the dwellers on either side might almost shake hands. Of course, they are impassable to all vehicles with the exception of the specially-constructed ones known as "Yarmouth carts." For all that, some of the best shops are to be found in this quarter, which almost suggests the stifling bazaars of an Eastern city. There is a marine drive, three miles long; and the climax of the Yarmouth saturnalia is reached with the Regatta in August, when the town seems filled with what one may term the concentrated essence of Bank Holiday. Although it styles itself Great Yarmouth to distinguish it from that small Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, the usual associations of the Norfolk watering-place are less with greatness than with bigness, boisterousness, and a joviality unrestrained by any false pride.

THE TOWN HALL. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**GREAT YARMOUTH.**—Several parts of the town have a decidedly Flemish appearance, especially the Long Quay, with its avenue of trees, where one might easily fancy oneself in Rotterdam—an idea encouraged by the features of the surrounding scenery. The large market-place, too, with its busy camp of booths and stalls, presents a scene seldom witnessed on this side of the Channel. The municipal buildings include a handsome Assembly Room, and in their entirety make up an imposing modern pile. Yarmouth boasts a tall monument to that great son of Norfolk, Lord Nelson, and the summit of it supplies the want of natural eminences to give far-extending views. It is 144ft. high, and stands in the South Denes. It is impossible in the brief space at our disposal to attempt even the briefest description of Yarmouth during the summer season. Besides the piers and the public places of entertainment, there are recreation grounds, golf-links, and switchbacks, not to mention the famous sands, which are not less thronged than those of Margate and Ramsgate, and that by holiday makers who by no means take their pleasures sadly. Then there are the lively scenes at the fish wharf, the unloading of coal, ice, and timber on the quays, and the continual stir of shipping in the Roads, where fifty thousand sail are said to pass every year. In the above view is shown the Town Hall, a large building, which stands on the South Quay, not far from the Toll House. The herring fishery is at its height in autumn, when the far-famed "Yarmouth bloaters" may be seen in all stages of preparation. The fish wharf is near the mouth of the river, and off the coast are numerous sand-banks, between which and the land are the Yarmouth Roads.

A STRETCH OF THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**GORLESTON.**—The pleasant suburb of Southtown and the picturesque village of Gorleston, connected by a tramway with Yarmouth, offer a retreat to those who may find life at the roystering Norfolk watering-place a little too exhilarating—like its air. Much of the country round about is, as we have already suggested, flat and dull. Cyclists, however, might be inclined to give it a high certificate of merit; and there are one or two objects of interest within an easy walk, such as the ruins of Caistor Castle and the Roman remains at Burgh, which have been described as the most perfect of their kind now existing in England. The great attraction of this neighbourhood is, of course, the Broads, for the sake of which one can forgive many monotonous stretches of reclaimed marsh. Their name implies their nature—the broadening out of rivers into lakes and shallows over that district of Norfolk and Suffolk which is for the most part as flat as a billiard table, and where land and water strive for mastery and come to a most delightful compromise. There are between forty and fifty Broads, chiefly to the west of Yarmouth; and they vary in size from 200 to 500 acres. The total area of the Broads is about 5,000 acres, and they are connected by the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney—in all, some 200 miles of navigable river. On either side of the river, and around the Broads, is a dense wall of emerald-green reeds, from seven to ten feet in height. Then come the yellow iris flowers; tall and bending rushes and bulrushes, and the sweet sedge, with its curious catkins.

THE VILLAGE AND PENMAENMAWR MOUNTAIN. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LLANFAIRFECHAN.**—This lovely little spot lies rather to the west of Penmaenmawr, whose advantages it certainly shares. People who take up their residence at the hotels here invariably visit the delightful little village of Aber, about two and a half miles from Llanfairfechan. Aber is situated at the entrance of a romantic glen, through which flows a small stream bearing the name of Gwygregyn. This glen extends in a south-easterly direction for about two miles, having on one side a lofty hill covered with luxuriant woods, and on the other a stupendous rock, known as the Maes-y-Gaer. At the termination of the ravine, the dark mountain, Y-Foel-Fras, presents a vast concave front, down the centre of which a stream is precipitated in a double fall, forming the celebrated cataract, Rhayadr Mawr. Near the village of Aber is the Mwd, an artificial conical mount, on which formerly stood a palace, where Llewellyn the Great received a summons from Edward I. to surrender the Principality. Vestiges of the moat and of the cut from the river which supplied it are still visible. Although Llanfairfechan is eclipsed by its more pretentious neighbour, Penmaenmawr, it is regarded with increasing favour by tourists and holiday-makers, who frequent the out-of-the-way parts of Wales. As may be seen in the above view, this charming little watering-place may be described as having a wooded and well-sheltered situation at the foot of the Penmaenmawr Mountain, and with a singularly lovely seaward prospect. No great crowds of holiday-makers are seen in our illustration, but the astute observer may discern significant signs of the rising watering-place.

PADDLING AT LOW WATER. [*from a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LITTLEHAMPTON.**—What shall we say about Littlehampton? What can be said, except that it lies between Worthing and Bognor; that it is, perhaps, quieter than either; that children will find a paradise upon its sands, with nothing from which they can contrive to tumble; and that some older young folk may be inclined to grumble if asked to spend their holiday there?—though there can be no doubt that Littlehampton has grown far livelier within the last few years. The air is mild—rather too much so for some tastes. The neighbourhood is flat and the soil sandy. The houses stand some way back, and are separated from the sea by a strip of green sward, broken with undulations and clumps of furze, which make this spot a capital playground. This little watering-place lies five miles south of Arundel, and contains a population of 4,452. On the other side of the River Arun are pleasant sand downs; and some very pretty scenery may be reached by boat up the river if the tide be studied. About four miles away stands the great boast of this neighbourhood—Arundel Castle, which is finely situated on a steep hill, and is invested with many historical attractions. Is was first mentioned in the will of Alfred the Great, and has frequently been besieged, the last time being during the Civil War, when Sir William Waller took it, to accomplish which the Parliamentarians had to raise artillery to the church steeple. The mouth of the river here forms a harbour, from which there is steam communication with France, and it is protected on its western bank by a fort, mounting five 68-pounders. There is no pleasure pier at Littlehampton, but there is a jetty and a good parade provided with sheltered seats.

FROM THE EAST. [*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson.*

**MILLPORT.**—This picturesque and interesting resort is situated on the larger of the Cumbrae Islands, distinguished by that time-honoured joke about the minister here, who is said to have been in the habit of praying for the Greater and Lesser Cumbraes, and for the "adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." The larger of the Cumbrae Islands is about 3½ miles long, and displays picturesque grouping of green and rocky knolls, though it is rather bare of wood. The town of Millport stretches for about two miles along a bay at the south of the island, and has a good pier and harbour, and a golfing green. The chief building is the College of the Episcopal Church, a new Gothic edifice, in the construction of which some attempt was made to bring back the ecclesiastical glories of the old days of St. Columba. The College Church is consecrated as the "Cathedral of the Isles"—a somewhat startling designation, which is surely on all fours with the apocryphal minister's prayer. The bathing here is rather poor, but there is excellent boating to be had in the sheltered space shut in by the Little Cumbrae. On this island—which, by the way, is kept as a rabbit warren by the proprietor, the Earl of Eglinton — there is a lighthouse, and on the southern shore are a number of caves worn in the rock by the action of the sea. The largest of these is known as the King's Cave. The ruins of Cumbrae Castle are off the eastern shore of this island.


THE PROMENADE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MORECAMBE.**—There is not much to be said about this thriving town, which may be described as the Gravesend of Lancaster. It is much frequented by trippers from the busy towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, for whose recreation are provided abundant entertainments of a distinctly popular order. There are swimming-baths and assembly-rooms—of a sort—a People's Palace, and a few other places of amusement, chiefly conducted on music-hall lines; a large pier, a tramway, and a kind of Rosherville Garden with a lake for boating. There are strawberry gardens in the neighbourhood; and Morecambe is provided with whole fleets of pleasure boats and excursion steamers. Covered bazaars and open-air stalls form a characteristic feature of the streets. The population numbers about 6,476. The Promenade Pier was opened on the 25th of March, 1869. It is built entirely of iron; starting from the Esplanade opposite Queen Street, it extends 612ft. into the bay. It is said that this pier has cost altogether about £15,000, but this does not appear a very large sum when we consider that 4,000 persons can comfortably disport themselves on it at one time. The People's Palace occupies a fine position opposite the bay, and was built in 1878, at a cost of £40,000. The principal hall is 50ft. wide, and nearly 200ft. long. A delightful walk may be taken from Morecambe to Heysham, which is not more than a couple of miles distant from the Promenade, either by the High Road or along the cliff footpath. Heysham is a quaint little village, nestling between cliffs, and inhabited chiefly by fishing folk.

ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FOWEY.**—This has been described as a miniature Dartmouth, and is a small seaport with a picturesque harbour at the mouth of the Fowey. This little place is 280 miles from London. In the old days it shared with Plymouth and Dartmouth the maritime supremacy of the south of England, and Looe, Truro, and Penryn were merely regarded as creeks belonging to its harbour. The jurisdiction of Fowey, however, was confined by an Act passed in 1677 to the twelve miles of coast extending from Noland Head to the Deadman Point. The small inlets, or coves, which radiate, as it were, from its secure and commodious harbour, are locally termed "Pills." As a western outlet, Fowey has the advantage of every other port in Cornwall. The entrance, which lies nine miles to the north-west, and a quarter of a mile north from the Deadman Rocks, may be readily known at sea by the ruins of St. Saviour's Church on the east side, and an old windmill, erected before the year 1296, which is seen on the west side. The base of the windmill, by the way, is 243ft. above the sea-level at high water. On the east side, at Polruan Point, is a castle, or block-house, of the time of Edward IV.; while on the western side, above the ruins of an ancient castle, at St. Katherine's Point, is St. David's Battery of four guns. Farther in shore are two other small batteries, besides Fowey block-house, in which are mounted six guns. The harbour is a broad sheet of water, sheltered by lofty cliffs; it narrows as it runs inland, but continues navigable as far as Lostwithiel, eight miles from Fowey.

LOOKING ALONG THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**DEAL.**—To many people the principal attraction in this pleasant old Cinque Port will be the ever-changing view of shipping in the Downs. Behind the shelter of the Goodwins, however, the tourist may enjoy safe sailing by the help of the famous boatmen of Deal. A particularly steep and shingly beach, some three miles in length, affords a capital bathing-ground, duly provided with machines and tents; but caution is necessary in rough weather. In all weathers, however, strangers should look out for the place where the sewage is discharged. This beach is continued above Walmer—the quieter and more select part of Deal—which runs a little way back from the sea. At the other end there is a stretch of sand, as a safer place where children may disport themselves in safety; while the cliffs beyond Walmer, running towards St. Margaret's and Dover, supply a pretty promenade for pedestrians. Walmer Castle is the official residence of the Warden of the Cinque Ports. Closely connected with Deal and its history is Sandown Castle, about half a mile to the north, on a low, sandy shore. As a fortification it was useless against modern artillery, and was therefore dismantled; the material of the upper part of the castle was subsequently used for building purposes. The Deal boatmen, limited by statute to the number of fifty-six, are famous for their heroism. Their skill and daring are often put to the proof on this dangerous coast, for beyond the sheltered Channel near the Downs—a vast natural harbour, eight miles long and six miles wide—lie the treacherous Goodwin Sands, from three to seven miles from the shore. They are ten miles long and nearly two miles broad, and at low water are so hard and firm that cricket matches may be played upon them.

A FISHING FLEET IN THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence.*

**KINSALE.**—This beautiful seaport town and important fishing station contains 5,386 inhabitants, and is most picturesquely situated on the acclivity of the Compass Hill and on a fine, natural harbour, forming the estuary of the Bandon. It derives its name from *Ceann Saille*, "The Headland of the Sea," in allusion to the bold promontory now called the Old Head of Kinsale, situated several miles to the south-west. Kinsale was the scene of an engagement between the French and English fleets in 1380, and besides having been captured on several other occasions, it was entered by the Spaniards, and retaken by the English in 1601. The castle fort, completed by the Duke of Ormonde at a cost of £80,000, was, in 1690, stormed by the Duke of Marlborough. Kinsale is reached from Cork by the Cork and Bandon Railway. Shortly after leaving Cork, the line is carried over a deep glen by the Chetwynd Viaduct, 100ft. high and 120ft. in length. In crossing, a good view may be obtained of the city the tourist has just left, and also of the beautiful valley lying on the west. At Waterfall, 6½ miles from Cork, the distant Kerry mountains are seen. A mile or so beyond Waterfall Station, one passes on the right the ruins of Ballymacadane Abbey, founded about 1450 for Augustine nuns, and near it an old fort attributed to the Danes. Emerging from a tunnel, under Mount Mary, about half a mile in length, the train reaches Ballinhassig, ten miles from Cork. The village about a mile to the west from this spot was, in 1680, the scene of a battle between the English and the followers of Florence M'Carthy.

VIEW OF THE BAY, SHOWING THE CASTLE AND THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**ABERYSTWITH.**—Not so picturesque in its background as Barmouth, not so select as Tenby, and not so lively as Llandudno, Aberystwith has hardly the right to proclaim herself "the Queen of Welsh Watering Places," as she rather arrogantly does. The south line from Aberystwith affords direct railway communication with South Wales, Bristol, etc. Since the completion of the railway, great improvements have been made here, one of the most important of these being the construction of Victoria Terrace, by which means the Marine Terrace—a well-built crescent, nearly three-quarters of a mile in length—has been completed from Castlepoint to Craiglais. From a sanitary point of view, Aberystwith has made vast strides. The Corporation have introduced into the town, at a cost of about £20,000, an unlimited supply of pure water from a natural lake called Llyn Llygad Rheidol, situated about 700ft. below the summit of Plinlimmon, 1,700ft. above the sea-level, and about 17 miles from Aberystwith. The water is conducted through glazed iron pipes into a service reservoir, situated about a mile from the town. The pride of Aberystwith is its ruined castle, crumbling upon a rocky promontory, against whose sides the waves of every tide are dashed with a force that is gradually reducing the slaty cliffs, and threatens eventually to sweep away the whole. The great trip which every stranger takes from Aberystwith is the 12-mile drive to the Devil's Falls and Bridge, one of the chief show-places of Wales.

VIEW OF THE FRONT, SHOWING THE TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BLACKPOOL.**—As Justice Shallow might say, Blackpool has two piers, and everything handsome about her. Both the piers are large ; the north one is the more select, and the south the more popular—just a penny pier where dancing goes on all day in the summer. In this Lancashire watering-place there are theatres, a "Grand Opera House," numerous concert halls, an aquarium, a circus, a menagerie, fine winter gardens, and other places of public assemblies, where concerts, fireworks, and all sorts of entertainments will be found duly provided. The Royal Palace Gardens, commonly known as Raikes' Hall, seem to be the most popular favourite among these resorts. The promenade is lighted by electricity, and has an electric tramway. Not to be left behind in any respect, Blackpool now has an Eiffel Tower of its own, which looks down upon a busy scene of enjoyment that suggests a fair rather than a seaside resort. A rate was raised for the purpose of giving these attractions wide advertisement through the medium of handbills and flaring posters ; one would hardly think, however, that this was the best way of drawing the most satisfactory class of visitors to "the finest promenade in England." Blackpool is a popular resort in every sense of the term ; people visit it with the avowed intention of enjoying themselves to their hearts' content ; and that they are successful in this respect is proclaimed by the mighty crowds that flock thither season after season, never tiring of the almost uproarious merriment that characterizes the famous Lancashire watering-place.

A ROUGH DAY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BLACKPOOL.**—Standing solidly upon a low range of cliffs, facing the Irish Sea, Blackpool enjoys its briny breezes for nine months of the year, but its waves sometimes come dashing over the miles of crowded promenade in the manner shown in the above view. To the south extends a fine prospect of the Welsh mountains; towards the north the Lake Country comes into view, while the west commands a wide stretch of sea, on which may often be discerned the dim outline of the Isle of Man. Half a mile out in the sea is the Pennystone, a small rock which is said to mark the place where a beer-shop once stood, at which travellers alighted to fasten their horses, while calling for penny pots of beer. Whatever the precise amount of truth involved in this story may be, it indicates that the sea must have considerably advanced upon the shore, as is shown by the noticeable inroads upon the cliffs that extend northwards toward the village of Norbreck. At low tide, however, these grasping waves retire nearly half a mile, leaving a stretch of sand nearly twenty miles in length, which serves as an enormous playground for a vast concourse of persons of all ages. The amusements on this extensive beach include riding and driving. Strangers should take care not to be overtaken by the rapidly flowing tide. For those who want more luxurious bathing than sands and machines offer, there are three good swimming baths in the town, at one of which the art of fancy swimming is taught by elaborate performances.

GENERAL VIEW FROM THE WISH TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**EASTBOURNE.**—This fashionable and prosperous place is an excellent example of what can be done by enterprise and judicious patronage. There were formerly four districts, known respectively as Old Town, Meads, Southbourne, and Seaside; but the surprisingly rapid development of the town, under the auspices of its owner and patron, the late Duke of Devonshire, has obliterated all these divisions and formed them into one fine borough, consisting of wide, well-planned streets, thickly planted with trees, which form a distinctive feature of the place. The present population is about 34,977. With the powerful help of His Grace of Devonshire, Eastbourne has certainly become one of the finest watering-places in the kingdom, and may confidently be recommended to those accustomed to take their pleasures in a high-class style. To convey any notion at all of this watering-place to those who have never visited it, one must mention that there are noble tree-planted streets and shady avenues, an imposing sea-front of about three miles, an excellent beach of mingled sand and shingle, a pier of the most approved pattern, an abundance of seats and shelters, gardens and promenades, and every convenience for bathing, boating, and fishing, as well as first-class hotels, well-built houses, tempting shops, and irreproachable sanitary arrangements and water supply. Above all—in a dual sense—is Beachy Head, about three miles south-west of the town, and the favourite excursion of visitors to Eastbourne. An easy drive or walk to the top, nearly 600ft. above the sea, will be rewarded by a magnificent view that, in clear weather, takes in the Isle of Wight, and even the French coast.


THE PIER. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**EASTBOURNE.**—The pier at Eastbourne is 1,000ft. long, and forms a very pleasant promenade. It was opened in 1872, and the pavilion and concert hall were added in 1888. No one can accuse Eastbourne of being dull nowadays. The centre of public pastimes is Devonshire Park, a sort of miniature Crystal Palace, with a theatre, a concert-room, cricket and tennis grounds, swimming baths, an occasional exhibition of pictures, reading and billiard rooms, and many other attractions. Illuminated fêtes, too, are given here, and it need hardly be said that electric light is not wanting. This park has an area of about thirteen acres, and is the gift of the late Duke of Devonshire. The baths in Carlisle Road were opened in 1874, and cost £30,000. The old parish church of St. Mary at Eastbourne measures 124ft. by 50ft., and has a lofty tower containing a peal of six bells of Sussex metal, cast at Chiddingly in 1651. Birling Gap, a mile and a half to the west of Beachy Head, was formerly defended, like some of the "gates" on the Kentish coast, by an arch and portcullis, some remains of which may still be traced. Visitors may descend to the beach by this gap and return to Eastbourne through the Cow Gap, which passes upward from the beach on the east side of the headland. Another favourite excursion from Eastbourne is to Hurstmonceaux Castle, about eight miles away. The shell of the castle still remains, and is a very interesting and picturesque specimen of the half-fortress, half-mansion of the latter days of feudalism. The fine main gateway is situate in the south front; the flanking towers were 84ft. high, and were capped by watch turrets from which the sea was visible.

PART OF THE PROMENADE, SHOWING WISH TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**EASTBOURNE.**—The Grand Parade is a beautiful marine treble-terraced walk, which forms an agreeable and fashionable promenade. It consists of an upper and lower promenade, connected at intervals by flights of steps, the intervening slopes being planted with tamarisks and other shrubs and evergreens. From the Anchor Hotel on the north-east it stretches for a mile and a quarter south-westwards to the Wish Tower Gardens, and extends inland to the village of Meads. The Wish Tower is an old Martello, and is situated on a hill, laid out in pleasure grounds, in the immediate vicinity of Devonshire Park. The carriage road to Beachy Head, where our old companions, the South Downs, terminate in an abrupt precipice on the sea-shore, is called the Duke's Drive, and leads directly from the town. We may mention that there are few grander headlands on the southern coast than Beachy Head, and few which have witnessed more frequent or more hopeless shipwrecks. These have been greatly diminished since the erection in 1831 of the Bell Tout Lighthouse, which stands on a lofty headland flung farther out into the sea than Beachy Head itself. Beneath the brink of the cliff are a staircase and a cavern in two compartments, hollowed out in the solid rock, as a means of escape for shipwrecked seamen, by Jonathan Darby, a former vicar of East Dean. This little village, by the way, contains about 290 people, and lies just beyond Beachy Head in a deep valley, one mile north of Birling Gap. Near the railway station at Eastbourne is the Town Hall, which was opened in 1886. It is built of red brick with Portland stone facings, and contains a remarkably fine ball-room.

THE LOWER TOWN, SHOWING FISHING FLEET. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BRIXHAM.**—This is one of the most important fishing stations in the south of England, and the trawling system has prevailed here for many years. The fishermen go to sea on Monday morning and remain at work till the following morning, when they return and land their fish. This goes on every day except Sunday, which is observed as a day of rest. The fishing-ground resorted to by the Brixham boats extends from the Start Point past Tor Bay to the Bill of Portland—a stretch of about sixty miles. The fishing boats, which are large, decked sloops of from forty to fifty tons burden, number about 200. Every intelligent traveller will visit this place when in the vicinity, as it is the head-quarters of the great Devonshire fishery of Tor Bay. Brixham is divided into the Higher and Lower Town, altogether extending a distance of about a mile up a valley; but the Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the only part that calls for notice. A fourth of the manor was purchased many years ago by twelve Brixham fishermen, whose shares have been since divided and sub-divided, so that visitors to the pier may generally have the opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of a "Brixham lord." The trawl net used at Brixham is about 70ft. long, in the form of a bag, and provided with a beam about 40ft. in length to keep the mouth open. It is best to visit this quaint little place on Saturday, because on that day as many trawlers as can find accommodation enter the harbour, while the rest of the fleet moor off the entrance. Brixham Pier was built in 1808, and a breakwater, 1,100ft. long, was commenced in 1843, and completed at a cost of £14,000.

ON THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**LOWESTOFT.**—This town has the distinction of being the most easterly in England, and is unquestionably the chief watering-place of Suffolk, as Yarmouth, ten miles away, is of Norfolk. In more ways than one, these towns have long been rivals. They took opposite sides in the Civil War; they each aspired to be the chief seat of the herring fishery; and now they are found eagerly competing for the patronage of summer visitors. But, notwithstanding the popularity of Yarmouth, Lowestoft is a more select resort; and, indeed, there is no place on the coast of East Anglia that has more claims on the favour of strangers who seek an invigorating air, a pleasant neighbourhood, and abundant means of amusement without too much noise and crowd. The old town of Lowestoft, viewed from the sea, was renowned for its picturesque aspect, the quaint, red-tiled houses standing back on a cliff, with hanging gardens running down towards the open shore. From the long, old-fashioned High Street narrow lanes, locally called "Scores"—like the Yarmouth "Rows"—lead down to the somewhat dilapidated dwellings of the fisher-folk on the beach; but within recent years there has sprung up a well-built new town, extending to the south, in the usual style of watering-place architecture, and including the fashionable suburb of Kirkley. The most remarkable building in Lowestoft is the fine old parish church, built on a slight eminence a little way out of the town, probably to secure it against the inroads of the sea, which have worked such changes here. At the north end of the High Street is the upper lighthouse, about 70ft. high, and 123ft. above the sea. Near this lighthouse a new park has been very prettily laid out, and from it a fine view of Yarmouth may be obtained.

THE HARBOUR AND PARADE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**LOWESTOFT.**—Lowestoft owes its present prosperity to Sir Samuel Peto, who, with great public spirit, built much of the town and made many improvements in the harbour. This harbour, which he purchased in 1844 and almost entirely reconstructed, is protected by two piers, with a lighthouse showing a red light all night at the end of each. The southern pier, 400yds. long, is fitted and arranged as a promenade, and adjoins a fine esplanade, nearly a mile long, from which projects an ornamental pier, with the usual accommodations for pleasure-seekers. A further attraction is the Yacht Basin, between the pier and the inner jetty, from both of which small boats may be hired and frequent steamer or sailing trips taken. When in this quarter, one should not fail to visit the "Denes," a sandy wilderness of miniature mountain scenery on the seashore, which is no less interesting to the geologist and naturalist than to lovers of gorse and heather. At the entrance to the north pier a new fish market was constructed, in 1865, by the indefatigable Great Eastern Railway Company. It measures 480ft. by 60ft. Here the fish are received from the boats, sold by the fish "auctioneers," and conveyed direct to the station. Altogether, the harbour at Lowestoft has cost about £320,000. About 210 vessels, averaging from 20 tons to 40 tons burden, are employed at Lowestoft in the herring trade. "I shall always look upon Lowestoft," says Mr. Clement Scott, "as the very pink of propriety. It is certainly the cleanest, neatest, and the most orderly seaside resort at which I have ever cast anchor. There is an air of respectability at the very railway station—no confusion, no touting, no harassing, and no fuss. I do not think I ever saw so neat a place out of Holland."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**WEYMOUTH.**—The Weymouth of visitors is not really Weymouth, but Melcombe Regis, which bears the same relation to the older town that Westminster does to London. Weymouth proper straggles over low hills with winding streets and alleys on the west side of the Wey. Its genteel suburb is more formal and regular, making a fine sweep round a sandy bay, shut in on the east by chalk cliffs and on the west by the prominent bluff called the Nothe, with its fort. Between them, curving round behind Melcombe Regis, runs the inlet known as the Backwater, the mouth of which forms the harbour. This popular watering-place is very pleasantly situated. The coast here, turning to the south, forms a wide, open bay, shaped in the form of the letter E, the projection in the centre dividing it into two parts, namely, Weymouth Bay and Portland Roads. To the north of this projecting point lies the old town of Weymouth, and connected with it, by a swing bridge across the harbour, is Melcombe Regis, the modern town, extending nearly a mile along the curving shore. Its principal feature is the esplanade, which extends along the shore of the peninsula for about a mile, and is lined with elegant houses and defended by a substantial sea-wall. At the northern end of the esplanade are the Green Hill Gardens, and at the southern end, the Alexandra Gardens; while near the clock tower stands an equestrian statue of George III., erected by the townspeople, in 1809, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of their great patron. In the heart of the town, between St. Mary's Church and the Guildhall, are some very old houses with stone-mullioned windows and gabled dormers.

THE HARBOUR AND LOOK-OUT. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PORTHLEVEN.**—This quaint little place has a population of 2,000, and is the southernmost port of England, being situated in the centre of Mount's Bay, Cornwall, a mile and a half to the west of Looe Bar. Porthleven is a pretty town, and has made such rapid progress within the last few years that it now has some pretensions to be regarded as a watering-place. The church has been restored, while the drainage and water-supply have received much attention. The Bickford-Smith Institute here is open to visitors, and many a stray tourist has spent a pleasant hour or two in its excellent little reading-room. In the above view is shown the harbour of Porthleven, which has been constructed at very great expense, and, from its position on a wild and dangerous coast, would be of the utmost value were it easier of access. As it is, however, in tempestuous weather, when shelter is most required, it is scarcely possible to enter the mouth of this little harbour, since the entrance is so very narrow, and the sea rushes into it with extreme violence. From this picturesque town the tourist may walk to Marazion, a distance of about ten miles, by way of Trewavas Head. On this imposing headland are the remains of a forsaken copper mine, formerly worked under the sea; also a column-like pile of granite called the Bishop Rock, and a raised beach, associated with rocks worn smooth by the waves, though now far above their reach. Trewavas Head extends from the Tregonning and Godolphin Hills, and abuts upon the sea in magnificent cliffs. Continuing the coast-path, the tourist passes Praa Sands, Pengerswic Castle, Bessie's Cove, Cuddan Point, and Perranuthnoe, which latter village is but half a mile from Marazion.

FROM THE PIER. {*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SOUTHEND.**—This popular resort can be heartily commended to all, but especially to Londoners. It is but 43½ miles from Liverpool Street Station, and is reached in little more than an hour by the excellent trains of the Great Eastern and London, Tilbury, and Southend Railways. It is quite remarkable to see the crowds of Londoners poured into Southend by steamboat and excursion train on a fine summer's day. The town consists of a row of houses stretching along the north bank of the estuary of the Thames, here thoroughly salt, and opposite to Sheerness and the mouth of the Medway. At the western extremity, upon a bank or cliff, 80ft. above the water, is the Cliff Town, from whence a broad street stretches inland towards the railways. The slope from it down to the water-side is planted as a shrubbery, and forms a pleasant walk. Passengers to Southend by water are landed on the pier, which many will be surprised to learn is a mile and a quarter in length—the longest in Great Britain. This pier originally cost £42,000, but it was afterwards sold to the always-enterprising Great Eastern Railway Company for £17,000. It was first built of wood in 1838. The coast here is very shallow, and the tide retires nearly a mile from the shore at low water; for which reason Southend is seen to best advantage at high tide, when the pier forms a very pleasant promenade. At Southend, one may be conveyed right out to sea by the electric tramway, which runs down the pier in five minutes. The old town stretches along the shore eastwards from the pier in a line of shops and small houses inhabited by the boatmen and fishermen, who make up the mass of the population.

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LLANDUDNO.**—There is something unique in the situation of Llandudno. It stands back against the mass of the Great Orme's Head, which shelters it from north winds, and on a neck of sand between two bays, which are so close together that in rough weather their spray meets over the town. The outer bay has a fine sweep, fringed with a long promenade and crescent extending towards the lower and more broken heights of the Little Orme. Behind is a flat plain joining the promontory to the mainland. At one time, almost the only drive out of Llandudno was over two or three miles of this sandy isthmus; and for other outlets one had the alternative of a ramble among the hillocks and woods of Gloddaeth, beyond the Little Orme, or of a scramble upon the steep face of the Great Orme, some six miles round and more than 750ft. high. Now, however, the latter has been encircled by a good carriage road, forming a splendid drive five and a half miles in length, and is cut in the rock round the Great Head, underneath the cliffs, and at the edge of precipices above the sea. On reaching the old telegraph station, at an altitude of 750ft., the persevering tourist is rewarded with a magnificent bird's-eye view of Llandudno beneath; while the bright blue waters of the sea on either hand, the hills of Gloddaeth, the conical rock of Maelgwyn towering in the centre of the plain, the gables of Bodysgallen peeping through their ancestral trees, and the majestic ruins and bridges of Conway, all combine to form a prospect of wondrous beauty, which, bounded by the undulating outlines of the mountains, is well worth a pilgrimage to contemplate.

THE ROPE BRIDGE ACROSS THE CHASM. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**CARRICK-A-REDE.**—This strikingly picturesque spot is reached on the way from Coleraine to Belfast by way of Portrush, the Giant's Causeway, and Ballycastle. When the tourist has left the world-famous Causeway, and his car is at last free from the importunities of crowds of guides, offering their services and selling little boxes of fossils and minerals, he cuts across the promontory to Dunseverick, three miles from the Causeway Hotel. Here, on a bold rock, stand the scanty ruins of a castle supposed to have been erected by the McQuillans, a family who arrived in Ireland among the earliest British adventurers. Soon after leaving Dunseverick the road falls into the high road from Portrush, and winds along the strand of White Park Bay to Ballintoy, a small village situated at the foot of the furzy Hill of Lannimore, which is 672ft. high. Close off the shore here is Sheep Island, and about one mile from the village is that of Carrick-a-rede, one of the most singular curiosities of the north of Ireland, on account ot the swinging bridge which connects the island with the mainland. Carrick-a-rede is an isolated rock separated from the mainland by a chasm 60ft. wide and more than 80ft. deep. At this place the salmon are intercepted in their retreat to the rivers. The fishing commences early in spring, and continues till August. A rude bridge of ropes is thrown across, and this remains during the season. This bridge, which is protected by a single-rope rail, swings about in the most uncomfortable manner, often rendering the crossing a most dangerous feat in stormy weather. The natives, however, cross this seemingly insecure bridge at all times, with the utmost indifference.

THE FRONT, SHOWING CLOCK TOWER. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**HERNE BAY.**—This town dates its history as a watering-place from the year 1830. Extensive speculation in building was followed by failure; but the place has entered on a new lease of life since the advent of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway in 1862, and it is now a fairly popular, though comparatively quiet, resort. Coaches run hence daily to Sturry and Canterbury from the New Dolphin and Diver's Arms Hotels. Herne and Reculver are favourite excursions, and the Blean woods afford pleasant rides and drives. Herne Bay commands a magnificent view over the North Sea, and occupies an agreeable and sheltered situation. It has excellent sands, and boasts of a pier 3,640ft. long, built by Telford in 1832, in addition to a marine parade one mile in length and 50ft. in breadth. The present population of this quiet little town is about 3,829. The fine clock tower, shown in the above view, was the gift of a private lady, and cost £4,000. Canary grass, first introduced at Sandwich by the Flemish refugees, is much cultivated in this neighbourhood. The sea air at Herne Bay is considered to be more bracing than at any other resort in England. The village of Herne lies but a mile and a half to the south; but the most interesting place to be visited from this resort is Reculver, about three miles away. The sea has made great inroads on this coast, consequently the cliffs are undermined to a surprising extent. Not very long ago people said Herne Bay was too quiet—even dull; we are quite sure the reproach is unjustifiable now, for there has been a great awakening in the town, and it is not too much to say that it will ere long become one of the most popular resorts on the Kentish coast.

VIEW FROM THE HILLS, SHOWING THE ESTUARY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LOOE.**—This is the terminus of the little narrow-gauge line from Liskeard. Looe is a fishing town, divided by the estuary of the same name into East and West Looe, which have a combined population of 1,924. It is romantically situated in a deep recess, the acclivities above it being hung with gardens, in which the myrtle, hydrangea, and geranium flourish all the year round in the open air. Looe may be described as an old-fashioned town which has descended to us, not greatly changed, from the time of Edward I. It is intersected by narrow lanes, and, before the road was made along the water-side, it was approached on the east side by so steep a path that travellers were afraid of being precipitated on to the roofs of the houses. The estuary is confined between abrupt and lofty hills, whose slopes are clothed with verdure, while at their base, and along the river bank, winds a perfect labyrinth of narrow lanes and old houses, relieved by the battlemented tower of St. Keyne's Church. A remarkable old bridge of fifteen arches once spanned the estuary, but this was removed in 1855 and replaced by a broader, but infinitely less picturesque, structure. The towns of East and West Looe are well worth a visit from those in search of the picturesque. From the harbour of Looe there is a considerable export of copper ore and granite; and during the season the pilchard fishery is actively pursued. Fixed up in the porch of the modern Town Hall at East Looe are the remains of the pillory, one of the very few in England. The view from the seaside presents a dark array of sombre cliffs, and a rocky islet, 170ft. high, which, once the haunt of countless seafowl and crowned by a chapel of St. George, is now used as a coast-guard station.


FROM DOUGLAS HEAD. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**DOUGLAS.**—Few seaside resorts offer a greater variety of attractions than the Isle of Man. Within a stretch of about thirty miles its scenery is highly diversified. Mountain ridges occupy much of the interior, some ending in bold headlands 1,000ft. high. Among these hills are deep chasms hollowed by rapid streams into the beautiful little glens so characteristic of the island. All parts of the Isle of Man are readily accessible by railway, road, or boat; and although the highest mountain does not rise much above 2,000ft., the view from its summit embraces England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The towns — and pre-eminently Douglas — are well supplied with all ordinary requisites, excellent hotels, piers, and promenades. At Douglas, passengers can land at all states of the tide. The bay has been compared by local enthusiasts to the Bay of Naples, because at night a long crescent of lights is seen rising from the water. The Bay of Douglas, some two miles across, is shut in by bold headlands and backed by low hills. In the middle rises a mass of rock, on which a somewhat ornate structure offers shelter to any distressed mariner who may have to play Robinson Crusoe here for a short time. On the south side are the handsome stone piers, and a deep harbour cutting off most of the town from the cliffs and terraces of Douglas Head. Here lies the old town, whose narrow and crooked streets have been cloaked, so to speak, by the fine sea front spreading round to the north end. The principal shops, offices, and public buildings will be found near the harbour, but the best private residences naturally take to the heights, where several buildings form prominent objects in the view.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROMENADE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**DOUGLAS.**—The modern capital of the Isle of Man is on the south-east corner of the island, about midway between its extreme north and south points. The town stretches round the bay, which forms a crescent about two miles wide from Onchan to Douglas Head. The castellated building above the town is Falcon Cliff, once the residence of the Governor. A plain massive stone mansion near the shore, backed by foliage, is Castle Mona, built by John, Duke of Atholl, the last of the Lords of Man, at a cost of £40,000; it is now an hotel, belonging to a company. The northern stone pier is known as the Old Pier; it is 520yds. long and 40yds. wide, and was opened in 1801, having cost £26,000. The larger pier, called the Victoria, Queen's, or New Pier, took five years to build, and cost £48,000. Opening on to the promenade there is also an iron pier, 1,000ft. long, which was opened in 1869. The lighthouse on the old pier shows a white light at night, and a red ball by day, whenever there is a depth of 9ft. in the harbour. The latter shelters fully 200 Manx boats. The Loch Parade at Douglas is about 1,000ft. long, and was erected in 1877 on land reclaimed from the shore. A fine broad street of handsome shops connects the shore with the upper part of the town. The mainspring of the activity of Douglas is, without doubt, the influx of visitors. During the short season from Whitsuntide till October, between 120,000 and 150,000 strangers are brought into the town. For these, and not for the inhabitants of the ancient fishing village, are required the many terraces of handsome houses and shops, the big hotels, and many other features inseparable from the popular seaside resort.

THE BATHING-PLACE AT PORT SKILLION. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**DOUGLAS.**—Port Skillion, the sheltered nook under Douglas Head, has long been a favourite bathing-place for gentlemen. It may be reached by ferry-boat from the pier; or the visitor desiring a cool dip in this delightful spot may take a pleasant walk to it round the head of the harbour. There are stone platforms and dressing-rooms, with suitable shelter, and for these and other conveniences the visitor is charged a fee of threepence. Many lovely walks may be taken from Douglas, setting out by the Peel Road. One soon enters the Braddan Valley, near the opening of which is the Hermitage and the Nunnery, the latter being a modern mansion now occupied by the Speaker of the Manx House of Keys. The pedestrian then passes some handsome terraces and large detached houses, and reaches the Quarter Bridge over the Glas River. On the left here is the road to Castletown, while on the right is the road leading to Tromode, or Onchan village. The big house now visible from the bridge was once the residence of Colonel Wilks, Governor of St. Helena, who took charge of Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo. In 1870, a company was formed to establish here a large and level race-course, with grand-stands and other buildings, but the speculation has not proved successful. Braddan Church, a mile and a half from Douglas, stands in one of the most romantic spots in the island. The church itself is comparatively modern, having been erected in 1773 on the site of an old church of St. Brandon, said to have been founded in the tenth century.

VIEW FROM THE CHURCH TOWER, SHOWING HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**DONAGHADEE.**—This is a pleasant little town lying to the south of the mouth of Belfast Lough, and opposite Portpatrick, in Scotland, between which two points, twenty-one miles distant, it has been proposed to make a tunnel. Indeed, so near is the Scottish coast, that not only the outlines of the hills, but even the houses, can be distinctly seen in clear weather. This is also the crossing point of one of the submarine cables. Donaghadee has a population of 2,671, and is connected with Belfast by a continuation of the railway from Newtownards. The town is built along a crescent-shaped bay, and consists of two principal streets and numerous lanes; one of the streets lies facing the sea. The only relic of antiquity to be seen here is an enormous rath, forming a lofty mound, which is ascended by a winding footpath, and commands fine views. The circumference at the bottom of the trench is 448ft., but much more if measured on the outside; the circumference at the top is 219ft.; and the conical height on the north, 140ft. A powder magazine has been erected on the summit. The harbour is in the form of a crescent, and was improved at a cost of £145,000. Vessels drawing 16ft. of water can enter at any state of the tide. The piers are built of Anglesey marble, as also is the lighthouse, which shows a fixed red light. Over and above its trade, Donaghadee has some little note as a seaside resort, and possesses well-appointed and convenient bathing-places. Close at hand are the Copeland Islands, the nearest only a mile from the mainland. These islands are favourite resorts for picnic and boating parties.

ST. HELIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**JERSEY.**—We feel quite sure that the many charms of the Channel Islands are not sufficiently known to be appreciated at their proper value by holiday-seekers; and yet Jersey—practically a foreign land to the Londoner—is reached by steamer from Plymouth in one night, and from Southampton in eight hours. When approaching the Channel Islands from England, the first seen are the Casquets, a group of rocks rising abruptly out of the water and extending a mile and a half from east to west. Until 1723 these dangerous rocks had no distinguishing mark for the guidance of the navigator; but now they are furnished with a first-class, triple-flashing, half-minute light, on a tower 112ft. above the sea. Jersey has an area of nearly forty-five square miles. St. Helier, with a population of 28,853 is situated on ground that rises from south to north, with little sea frontage. The Victoria or Southern Pier cost £61,000; and the Western or Albert Pier, £200,000. The latter is about a mile long, and is during the summer season one of the most frequented promenades. St. Helier possesses good shops and houses and well-stocked markets, as well as twenty-seven churches of different denominations. At the east end of the town church is the Royal Square, originally the market place, the entire south side of which is occupied by the three principal and most important buildings in St Helier, namely, the Salle des Etats, or Parliament House, the Public Library—which cost £8,000—and La Cohue Royale, or Court House. In 1781, the Royal Square was the scene of a fierce conflict between the French and the English.

GOREY, AND MONT ORGUEIL CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**JERSEY.**—Rising over Victoria Pier, on the south-east side of St. Helier, is Fort Regent, on the top of the Mont de la Ville, a massive ridge of granite, 150ft. above the sea. The site was bought by Government in 1758 for £11,280, and nearly two millions sterling have been spent in the construction of the fort and in the mounting of most formidable guns. The garrison is supplied with water from a well sunk 232ft. in the solid rock, and which can yield 6,000 gallons a day. St. Helier contains more than the usual proportion of handsome churches and elegant villas, in whose gardens grow flower and fruit—the ilex, the magnolia, the laurel, the laurustine, the fig, and the peach. The most luxuriant, however, is the euonymus, or spindle-tree, a vigorous evergreen, with thick, fleshy leaves, seen everywhere, either in the form of a dense hedge, or of a trim, dainty shrub. The visitor to St. Helier should proceed by the Jersey Eastern Railway to Gorey Pier in twenty-five minutes. Passing the station of Gorey Village, which place contains many pretty houses and cottages, half buried in gardens, one arrives at Gorey Pier, the terminus of the railway, whence a road leads up to the Castle from the left of the station. The Castle of Mont Orgueil, the great feature of eastern Jersey, stands proudly on the projecting headland of porphyritic rock that separates Grouville Bay from St. Anne's Bay. The highest part of the Castle is 310ft. above the sea. It is ascended from the pier by 244 steps, and from the main entrance by 195 steps—not to mention odd sections of steep road. The tourist will find in the visitors' book here the following entry: "Her Majesty the Queen visited this Castle, September 3rd, 1846."

PORTELET BAY AND JANVRIN ISLAND. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**JERSEY.**—The Western Railway of Jersey extends from the harbour of St. Helier to that of St. Aubin, nearly four miles west by the coast of St. Aubin's Bay. From St. Aubin, the railway is continued another 3½ miles south-west to Corbière. Arrived at St. Aubin, and ascending by the narrow lane fronting the entrance to the station, or by the road at the south end of the harbour, we pass the principal entrance to the grounds of Noirmont Manor, from which mansion a steep path ascends to the road leading to Portelet Bay. Passing the entrance to the avenue, and ascending still higher, we reach the Portelet Road on the table-land. We then pass on the right the road to St. Bredale, and on the left, the high end of the road from Portelet Manor. Shortly afterwards the sea appears. At the extremity of the cape between Noirmont Point on the east, and Fret Point on the west, is Portelet Bay, with a chapel and village on the table-land above, and granite quarries on the beach; while in the middle of the bay is an island where the entire crew of a vessel perished of plague during quarantine. The last to succumb was Janvrin, the captain, whose name the tower has borne ever since. Phillippe Janvrin arrived in his ship from the then infected port of Nantes, and was obliged to undergo quarantine with his crew in this bay, where he died within sight of his own house. He was buried on the island on the 27th of September, 1721, but there is no trace of his grave. Janvrin Island is easily approached at low water. The path up it commences at the eastern side, over some rough, rose-coloured granite rocks. From the top an excellent view may be obtained of the cliffs of Le Fret and Noirmont Points.

LA CORBIÈRE ROCK AND LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**JERSEY.**—Visitors to this delightful island who desire to walk from St. Bredale to the Corbière Lighthouse should take the road that winds up to the table-land by the wall of St. Bredale's cemetery. Or La Corbière can be reached from St. Aubin by railway, the distance being but three and a half miles. La Corbière, the western terminus, is above a quarry of rose-coloured granite; it is also the station for the lighthouse, which may only be approached at low water. To enter it a permit is required from the secretariat at the Hotel de Ville. From the terminus station a road descends to Corbière Point, where there is a large, substantial house, the residence of the lighthouse keepers. From it projects a smooth paved way to the lighthouse itself, through a wide shoal of confusedly strewn blocks of all sizes, bounded by isolated, serrated pinnacles of reddish granite. At the extreme point of this reef is the largest and most remarkable of the cliffs, the Corbière Rock, which rises 70ft. above high water, and is ascended by ninety-five steps from the paved way to the entrance into the lighthouse. La Corbière Lighthouse was built in 1874, and rises 59ft. higher. Its light may be seen in clear weather from a distance of seventeen miles; and during fogs a bell is sounded three times in quick succession, and at intervals of thirty seconds. The road leading north from the lighthouse will take the tourist to St. Ouen's Bay. Pedestrians can shorten the distance by taking the path which leaves the road at Petit Port Bay and crosses a low, sandy hill to the main road. Corbière Point forms the extreme south of St. Ouen's Bay, and L'Etac, 5½ miles distant, the extreme north. L'Etac is a pyramid-shaped rock standing apart from the cliffs of the coast, eight miles from St. Helier.

THE BATHING-PLACE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**PORTRUSH.**—Portrush is now the chief bathing-place of the north of Ireland, and seems to have thrown completely into the shade its neighbour Portstewart, only three miles off. Both towns have a fine northerly outlook at the mouth of Lough Foyle. Portrush lies within the embrace of a peninsula headland of the Portrush Rock, facing the sea and the Skerry Islands. It has a fine, smooth beach for bathing, but its special attraction is the golf links so well patronized by the half-Scottish sons and daughters of Ulster. Ramore Head, the further-most point of the peninsula, forms an airy promenade and recreation ground, so that the town has now much of the liveliness of a fashionable watering-place. The lion of Portrush is, of course, the Giant's Causeway, about seven miles away, which is reached by an electric tramway, opened in 1883. This tramway runs along the coast, passing the singular White Rocks and Dunluce Castle, a most picturesque pile of weather-worn walls, turrets, and towers, scarcely to be distinguished from the jagged and precipitous mass of rocks on which it stands. The basalt which forms the columnar bed, known as the Giant's Causeway, is a stream of lava, at the most 2,600ft. in width. It consists of three platforms, generally known as the Little, Middle, and Great Causeways. The principal objects of interest in this wonderful place are the Giant's Gateway and Loom, the Giant's Organ and Amphitheatre, the Chimney Tops, Pulpit, Lady's Chair, and many others. Nor should the tourist forget to ascend the Pleaskin promontory, which is 354ft. in height, and commands a really magnificent view over Bengore Head and Fair Head.

VIEW FROM THE WEST CLIFF. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—There is little need to insist on the advantages that in a quarter of a century or so have increased the population of Bournemouth tenfold, and extended its practical boundaries from Hampshire into the neighbouring county. In position and aspect, Bournemouth is unique among English watering-places. From the ever-green valley of the Bourne (whence arose the nucleus of this resort) it stretches for miles in either direction upon the sandy cliffs and pine-clad table-land of a gently curving bay, broken by picturesque chines to the east, including Boscombe and almost Southbourne; and to the west, taking in Branksome and the pretty Dorset village of Parkstone—all of which bid fair to form, at no distant date, one continuous line of more or less thickly grouped residences. In rambling about the town, one comes across Elizabethan and Gothic houses, erected at every conceivable angle and almost hidden among the foliage of the trees, beneath which grow luxuriant crops of ferns. Speaking of this favourite watering-place, one admirer says: "If a part of that road from Brussels to Waterloo which passes through the forest of Soignies were tacked on to Tunbridge Wells, and several patches of Ascot and Hampstead Heaths, and bounded on one side by the sea and sandy cliffs of considerable altitude, with a Scotch moor added on, and a proportion of foreign-looking gardens interspersing the principal valley leading down to the coast; and if there were then set up in the midst of all this a sort of combination of the best part of St. John's Wood and Surbiton-on-Thames, then, indeed, a fair idea of Bournemouth might be realized."

THE PIER APPROACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—It might also be pointed out that not a few of the residences in Bournemouth are fine mansions standing in extensive and beautiful grounds, which elsewhere would rank as country seats. From this select sojourn of delicate ease the working elements of society are for the most part banished to villages and cottages inland and out of sight, so that the town itself, instead of being shut in by shabby suburbs, is at most points fringed by pine-woods and moors, its characteristic background. The pier, shown in the above view, projects from the sea-front between East and West Cliffs, at the mouth of the Bourne Valley. It is 838ft. long and 35ft. wide, and was erected in 1878 at a cost of £22,000. The shelters at the pier head, however, were erected in 1885. Nothing can be more snug and luxuriant than the mouth of the valley, which is here being turned into a long strip of garden, blooming with arbutus, rhododendrons, and other choice shrubs, under the shade of fir trees which clothe its sides. The valley, whose tiny burn runs back for two or three miles, loses itself in the bogs, downs, and thick fir woods of the country behind. On either side of it rise the East and West Cliffs, where the residences are most thickly clustered. The climate of Bournemouth is perhaps most beneficial to invalids during the fall of the year and the early spring, when it will compare favourably with many of the Mediterranean resorts. Between two and three miles to the east of the pier is Boscombe Chine, in and around which nestles one of the favourite parts of Bournemouth. In the opposite direction one reaches Branksome Tower and Glen, a romantic nook, fast losing its primitive wildness, owing to the construction of roads and villas among the pines.

SHOWING THE CHURCH ON THE CLIFFS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CROMER.**—Fast stretching out to the east and west of the church that forms such a prominent landmark, looking straight over the North Sea, Cromer stands high and bracing on its breezy cliffs, from which stairs and zig-zag paths lead down to the sands, which seem to be more and more crowded every summer. There is no harbour here, but a good jetty, from which, on this north-eastern shoulder of Norfolk, the sun may be seen both rising and setting in the water. Situate as it is amid scenery that looks like a piece of Devonshire transplanted into East Anglia, Cromer seems eminently fitted to be a health resort. It is fortified with an esplanade and breakwaters, behind which it holds gallantly out; yet its exposed position is shown by the new lighthouse being built on an eminence a little way back from the shore. On undeveloped tastes Cromer would be thrown away. For children, indeed, a better playground might well be found than above and below its crumbling cliffs, which are covered with an undergrowth of fern and heather, and divided by green paths, as firm and as true as a billiard-table. No glaring white is to be seen anywhere. The cliffs are brown and sandy, the sea blue, and the landscape of a universal green. Once up here, you can wander for miles along the cliffs in peace and quiet, amongst farms and cornfields, and such a variety of wild flowers as is rarely seen collected together. The brilliant scarlet of the poppy, growing not only in the cornfield, but in masses and borderings at the cliff's edge; the bright gold of the wild yellow tulip, the deep mauve of the Scotch thistle, and the constant purple of the heather—all these make the cliffs of Cromer a veritable flower garden, and impart a unique and beautiful aspect to this resort.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE DENE. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TEIGNMOUTH.**—Near the centre of the great bay formed by Straight Point and Hope Ness is Teignmouth, a place of considerable antiquity, and, next to Torquay, the largest of the Devonshire watering-places. The stranger's attention is first attracted by the peculiar shape of the piece of land called the Den, or Dene, projecting out just where the Teign and the sea meet, and on which is the promenade with its beautiful green centre and fine carriage drive. It is to this feature that Teignmouth owes the air of originality for which, apart from the beauty of its scenery and fine position, it is so remarkable. The thing next worthy of notice is the appearance of the town itself, which is divided into two parts, each having a commodious quay. The streets and group of houses nearest the Den, which form with that a long frontage to the sea, constitute East Teignmouth; while the portion farther inland is known as West Teignmouth, the older, less fashionable, and busiest part of the town. The crescent on the promenade is a handsome pile of buildings that command a fine sea-view. The sea-wall forms an agreeable promenade, in continuation of the Den, towards those curious red rocks known as the Parson and Clerk, and the green steeps of Smuggler's Lane. A line of wild, rocky heights is also laid out with walks, from which, as well as from below, fine views may be obtained of the red cliffs that light up the scenery on both sides of the Exe. The bridge over the Teign is said to be the longest in England—1,671ft.; it rests on thirty-four arches, having a swing bridge at one end, and was constructed in 1827 at a cost of about £20,000.

THE CHAPEL ROCK. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BUDE.**—The Cornish coast is rapidly rising in importance as a health resort, and Bude, the most northerly of its recognised watering-places, has undoubtedly felt the influence of this movement. It is a very quiet, modern little place, founded by the late Sir Thomas Acland, and consisting of a few rows of small, white lodging-houses, two hotels, and some detached villas, with the attraction of excellent golf links, which draw visitors in the autumn. It stands about half a mile from the sea, at a place where a rupture in the cliffs, here lining the coast, has formed a sandy creek or bay. The vast and picturesque sea cliffs in this part of Cornwall, by the way, are a great attraction to Bude, and the climate is far drier and more free from fog than most parts of the county. The bathing here is not very good. The tides are too violent for machines, and therefore canvas tents are erected on the sands for the use of the bathers, who have to encounter high and heavy billows rolling in from the Atlantic. The shore is, however, shallow for some distance out. On the summit of Compass Point, the green down above the cliffs, rises an octagon tower — a fine point of view from which to watch the immense waves swaying in upon this coast from the mighty ocean. This tower was built in 1881 to replace a former one carried away in a landslip. The striking cliff known as Beacon Hill, half a mile to the west of Bude, presents a sheer precipice of about 300ft.; but the points most calculated to delight and astonish the traveller are the headlands of Hennacliff, to the north of Bude, and the Dazard, the western boundary of Widemouth Bay, which is 550ft. high.

LOOKING ALONG THE SHORE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence.*

**QUEENSTOWN.**—This is an excursion by river from Cork, returning by rail. The magnificent harbour of Queenstown, pre-eminent for its capacity and safety, is situate eleven miles below the City of Cork ; it is three miles long, two miles broad, completely land-locked, and capable of sheltering the whole British Navy. It is entered by a channel two miles long and one mile broad, and defended by batteries on each side and by others in the interior. On Roche's Point, at the right-hand side of the entrance, is a lighthouse 49ft. high and 98ft. above the sea, showing a red revolving light. Queenstown itself extends for some considerable distance along the north shore of the harbour, and from the improvements that have taken place within the last few years, the town seems likely to rank high among the southern watering-places of Ireland. To the west of the town a splendid promenade is furnished by the quay, erected in 1848 by Lord Midleton. Queenstown is built on the face of a hill sloping down to the shore, and consists chiefly of handsome villas. Seen from the water, to which it presents its whole extent at one view, it has a most charming aspect, the Catholic Cathedral and a handsome Protestant church being most conspicuous among the buildings. If you can picture to yourself Queenstown thus happily situated, with elegant villas, and trees growing gracefully and luxuriantly ; gay yachts and busy shipping in the harbour, various small islands rising out of the water, and the most charming scenery in every direction as far as the eye can penetrate, you will then have some conception of the beauty of this well-known town.

THE TOWN AND THE BAY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MUMBLES.**—Swansea itself might at one time have been called a watering-place of a somewhat modest order; but of late years its flourishing metal works have contaminated both air and water, and though some good folk of the district still remain faithful to its rather dreary sands, most visitors resort to The Mumbles, four and a half miles away, at the end of the bay, along the shore of whose western horn it stretches. This resort is backed by a range of limestone cliffs, and is thus protected from the strong south-westerly breezes. Of course, Swansea Bay has been compared with that of Naples, and it is an interesting fact that in this case, at least, the comparison is really justified. As we have already hinted, the formation of the docks at Swansea has completely spoilt the bathing there, but the pretty little resort shown in the above view may be very easily reached from the big town by omnibus or railway. The sea has made many encroachments here within living memory; and not so many centuries back the high road to Bristol ran along a tract now constantly covered by the waves. At the rocky southern point, about five miles from the town, is Oystermouth, and round the corner are further knots of houses at Langland Bay and Caswell Bay, each with its own snug inlet and strip of land, all of which are in a fair way to form one town under the popular name of The Mumbles. By the way, the oyster fishery here is very valuable, and gives employment to about 400 men. The Mumbles roadstead affords a perfectly safe shelter for shipping in all winds, except those from the north-east, and is, therefore, of considerable importance as a harbour of refuge.


THE LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MUMBLES.**—The Mumbles may be said to nestle cosily underneath the high escarpment of mountain-limestone cliffs, which terminate seawards in two rocky islets, on the further of which stands The Mumbles Lighthouse, and almost immediately under which is the first in order of the interesting Gower Caves, accessible at low water. To the south-east of the village is Mumbles Head—a bold, rocky projection guarding Swansea Bay on the west, and provided with a light-house, whose fixed and brilliant white light is discerned from a great distance. Oystermouth Castle, one of the principal objects of interest at this place, is splendidly situated on an eminence overlooking the Bay, and backed up by an immense cliff of limestone; its plan is rather irregular, the general figure being an isosceles triangle. This castle has been partly restored by the Duke of Beaufort. The little sea-bathing village of Langland is situate about one mile west of Mumbles Head in a miniature bay, which is noted for the number and variety of its shells. There is an extensive sandy beach here, and fair bathing is to be had at most points; the need of caution, however, has often been fatally proved. At Caswell Bay the tourist will find many secluded nooks and caves, which latter occasionally serve as bathing-machines. Fine sea views may be obtained from the cliffs of Gower; and the rugged headlands of the district so named contain many remarkable caves, from which were brought numerous remains of extinct animals, now deposited in the Swansea Museum. A very pleasant walk in the vicinity of The Mumbles may be taken over the moors behind Caswell and through the wooded Bishopston Valley, with its wonderful subterranean stream.

THE AQUARIUM AND SANDS. *[From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**TYNEMOUTH.**—As this is one of the breathing-places of Newcastle, and a close neighbour of North Shields, its propinquity to smoky centres of business may not recommend it as an ideal watering-place; but the bathing is pretty good and the promenades pleasant, while a sheltering curtain of rocks gives it a rather more genial climate than is to be found on most parts of this coast. The Aquarium and Winter Gardens, shown in the above view, constitute a very notable feature, considering the size of the place. In the way of interesting sights, Tynemouth has the ruins of its Castle and Priory, and it also shares the benefit of the fine public park separating it from North Shields. The adjacent villages of Cullercoats and Whitley are preferred by many visitors as being quieter bathing-places. A short line connects Tynemouth with Newcastle, nine miles away; and the North-Eastern Railway has another branch to South Shields, by Durham and Sunderland. There are also good steamboats from London to the Tyne. That Tynemouth and its neighbour, South Shields, are in reality the playgrounds of the adjacent great industrial towns may be judged from the above view, and also from the view on the next page. In the above reproduction is seen the Aquarium, an immense solitary building, wherein visitors to Tynemouth, who experience unfavourable weather, may be entertained both cheaply and well. A switchback railway may also be seen, and, on a fine day, hundreds of children are paddling in the shallow water among the rocks. The population of Tynemouth is now about 46,267.

"ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR." [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SOUTH SHIELDS.**—On the other side of the Tyne, South Shields, or that new part of it which faces the sea, has also become of late a popular seaside resort, for which it is undoubtedly qualified by its dry soil and air, its mile of broad, firm sands, its large breakwater pier, handsome marine park, and miniature yacht pond, to say nothing of the lively stir of shipping in the Tyne. There is an excellent harbour here for pleasure boats, and first-rate swimming and other baths. The cliffs to the south go far to make up for the prosaic flatness of the country behind. A peculiar feature of South Shields' scenery is the enormous "ballast-hills" heaped up on the shore, where many curious plants have sprung up from seeds imported in the ballast of ships. One of the principal sights here, too, is the lifeboat, which has saved more than a thousand lives. South Shields also claims the honour of having been the first to use the lifeboat, about a century ago. A few miles south is Roker, a suburb of Sunderland, which has a good beach, cliffs, piers, a very pretty park, and an interesting neighbourhood, through the attractions of which it is being successfully developed as a watering-place on its own account. Ryhope, Seaham Harbour, and Seaton Carew are other favourite local resorts on the Durham coast. We see from the above picture that the sands are thronged with holiday-makers of all sorts and conditions, and the swings, Aunt Sallies, and other popular institutions are doing a roaring trade. This is as it should be, for no one would expect the toilers of this district to comport themselves as do the promenaders on the front at Brighton.

ST. PETER-PORT AND CASTLE CORNET. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**GUERNSEY.**—Guernsey is about thirty miles in circumference, including curves, and is nine and a half miles long and five miles wide. It contains 16,005 acres, and has a population of 35,218. The land is highest towards the south and lowest towards the north. The culminating point is Haut-Nez, with an altitude of 349ft., at the south side of Guernsey, inland from Icart Bay and east from Forest Church. Ten thousand acres may be said to be under cultivation, and within recent years greenhouses have been very extensively erected, with the result that as many as 12,000 baskets of produce are sent away in a single morning in the height of the season by the various steamers. Guernsey is nearly encompassed with rocks, the most remarkable being the Brayes on the north and north-west, and the Hanois on the south-west. On the western rock of the Hanois group was built, in 1862, a lighthouse 100ft. above high water, which has a revolving red light that flashes every forty-five seconds. The first place the steamers from England call at is St. Peter-Port, the capital of the island, which has an excellent pier, where the steamers moor at all states of the tide. St. Peter-Port is situated on the slopes of eminences bordering the eastern coast. Between the town and the sea is an esplanade 150ft. wide, with a massive sea-wall of granite, stretching 2,500ft. from north to south. From this esplanade projects the northern pier, 1,500ft. long, and the southern pier 1,900ft. long, between which is the harbour, with an area of 73 acres. Connecting Castle Cornet—which is shown in the above view—with the land is the Castle breakwater, 1,900ft. long, 20ft. wide, and 15ft. above the highest tides.

MOULIN HUET BAY, WITH THE "DOG AND LION" ROCKS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**GUERNSEY.**—Fort George, commenced in 1780, commands Castle Cornet and the whole passage of the Russel Strait. It occupies an area of about 100 acres, and within the *enceinte* are barracks for 1,000 men, together with a hospital, magazines, and open spaces that are used as parade and exercise grounds. A short distance from the Castle is Fermain Vale, where is seen the Doyle Monument, an Ionic column 96ft. high, on an eminence 300ft. above the sea, which was erected to the memory of Sir John Doyle, during whose governorship the greater part of the excellent military roads that traverse the island were constructed. A spiral staircase ascends to the top of this column, on which is a square platform protected by railings. Beyond the Doyle Monument is the hamlet of Jerbourg, and from Fermain the car goes on to the village of Saint Martin, where passengers alight for Moulin Huet Bay, 2½ miles south from Saint Peter-Port. Visitors generally descend by a narrow lane, the Rue du Moulin Huet, between trees overgrown with ivy; and at the end of this lane one obtains a charming view of the singularly beautiful bay depicted above. The island of Guernsey is divided by the car-drivers into three "excursions," made either in private carriages, costing 20s. per day, or in the cars, for each seat in which 2s. 6d. must be paid. There is a great similarity in the drives, the chief pleasure in them all being the trotting along the narrow, winding lanes down into the deep valleys; the careering through the commons by the summit of the cliffs, breathing the strong sea air; or gliding along the flat shores of the little bays bordered with golden sands and studded with rocks of fantastic shape, such as those depicted in this view.

THE OLD HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**GUERNSEY.**—At the head of the harbour of Saint Peter-Port is a statue of Prince Albert, arrayed in the robes of the Order of the Garter, and commemorative of his visit with the Queen in August, 1846. This statue stands near the spot where the august couple landed, on a granite pedestal, 17ft. high; it is of copper, and cost £12,000. Behind the statue is the town church, one of the oldest in the Channel Islands, but so frequently altered, repaired, and enlarged as to have entirely lost its original appearance. The old town of Saint Peter-Port is composed of narrow, steep streets, which wend their way up the slopes rising from the sea to the tableland above, where there are handsome and comfortable houses and villas, wide roads, and pretty gardens. The markets offer nothing remarkable, as the best of the produce is sent to London. On the stalls, however, the visitor will notice very large crabs, cray-fish, lobsters, and long conger eels, which latter may be seen lying in great, ugly heaps by themselves on the marble tables. Above the Arcade is that valuable institution known as the Guille-Allés Library, opened to the public on the 2nd of January, 1882. In its handsome and well-lighted halls are more than 60,000 volumes, while the commodious reading-rooms are supplied with the leading magazines and newspapers of England and the United States. There is a lecture-hall, too, capable of seating from 250 to 300 persons, as well as a museum extending the entire length of the building.

FROM THE RAILWAY. [*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson.*

**WEMYSS BAY.**—This charming spot is reached on the way from Glasgow to Arran by one of the fast and splendidly appointed Clyde steamers. This route is longer than the Ardrossan one; but, then, it is infinitely more varied, including as it does the Kyles of Bute, famous for their gorgeous sunset views. The steamer may be reached at Craigendoran Pier, Helensburgh, by the North British Railway, and it crosses immediately to Greenock. From Greenock the tourist is taken back to Kirn, Dunoon, and Innellan, and then the steamer re-crosses to the pleasant little watering-place known as Wemyss Bay, with its well-known hydropathic establishment, hotel, and substantial pier. Wemyss Bay and Skelmorlie are on opposite sides of a rivulet which divides the counties of Renfrew and Ayr. Both places contain fine houses, occupied by well-to-do Glasgow merchants. There is a capital beach for bathing here, and the pier secures deep water at all states of the tide. We should mention that the pier is the western terminus of the Caledonian Railway, so that all the principal boats stop at Wemyss Bay, thus rendering the place a convenient centre for visiting the Clyde scenery. Like Skelmorlie, Wemyss Bay consists of villas built for the most part of the red sandstone of the district; and this characteristic gives the quaint little resort a most attractive appearance when viewed from the water. Its northern boundary is Wemyss Point, with Castle Wemyss, the magnificent seat of Sir John Burns, chairman of the Cunard Company.

A QUIET BATHING-PLACE. [From a Photo. by Frith & Co.

**NEWQUAY.**—The Great Western Railway found Newquay a small and almost inaccessible Cornish fishing village, and have transformed it into quite a fashionable seaside resort, containing nearly 3,000 inhabitants; it is now the terminus of a branch line from Par Junction. Newquay lies at the western end of Watergate Bay, under the shelter of Towan Head—a grand promontory and fine point of view, reached by the path across Beacon Hill. The splendid sandy beach, which is so firm that tennis may be played on it, extends eastward for three miles beneath a range of beautiful cliffs. The scenery around Newquay is well known from the pictures of Hook and John Brett. Although this grand coast is usually visited in the summer, the best time to study its stern, impressive beauty is during the winter season, when the long, crested waves dash themselves against the keen-edged rocks, and the misty rain and salt spray drive inland before the wind, the only spectator being the raven, whose croaking is intermittently heard in the roar of the breakers. The pilchard fishery here employs a great number of hands from July to November, when the shoals disappear as suddenly as they come. They are caught in nets averaging 190 fathoms in length. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Newquay is the Headland, which juts out for nearly a mile and forms a natural promenade and pier, with a bay on each side. The bathing-place on Newquay Beach is provided with caves and bathing-machines. Fistral Beach, on the other side, is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic rollers, and, besides being more wild and broken, it is studded with rocks, pools, and ledges that are the delight of juvenile naturalists.

SCENE ON THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.**—This small but rapidly extending watering-place, washed on two sides by the sea, was formerly frequented in autumn by the gentry of Essex and Suffolk; but it is now largely resorted to by Londoners, who have virtually to thank the Great Eastern Railway Company for "discovering" the place, and handing it over to the tired millions of our Metropolis. The Naze itself is a low promontory stretching into the sea, about three miles to the north of the town, and it is referred to in ancient charters connected with St. Paul's Cathedral. There is, at Walton, a smooth, sandy beach, several miles in extent, which is a veritable Paradise for bathers and children. Some distance beyond the terrace is Walton Tower, built by the Trinity House authorities as a mark for vessels entering Harwich Harbour. The present church at this place was consecrated in 1804; it replaces a former one which, together with a large part of the village, was swept away by an encroachment of the sea. Formerly, one of the prebends of St. Paul's was endowed with land at Walton; "but" says Morant, "the sea hath consumed or devoured it long ago, therefore it is styled: '*Præbenda consumpta per mare.*'" The Crescent Pier at this resort is 130yds. long, and from it passengers embark in the steamboats that ply to London and Ipswich. At one time it was impossible to embark without boats, but a new pier, about 170 yds. long, has been erected which obviates this necessity. South of Walton is a cliff that is much frequented by visitors for the sake of the fossils of the red crag formation, which are numerous and easily got at.

GENERAL VIEW. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TENBY.**—Taking into account all its attractions, Tenby may be considered the most fashionable and well-favoured watering-place in Wales. It stands on a tongue of limestone rock, ending in a green promontory, which is crowned by the ruins of the old castle, and is now pleasantly laid out with walks which serve at once as pier and promenade, and from which are commanded fine views of the bays on either hand, of the bluff islands in front, and of the distant Devonshire coast opposite. The cliffs are very striking, especially to the north, where their rugged faces often clothe themselves in varied shades of green ; and a wooded garden has been brought down almost to the water's edge. The sea front of the town stands imposingly displayed on the brow of the cliffs ; and masses of ruined walls and arches have a fine effect, half revealed as they are among the modern streets. The beautiful transparent greens and blues of the sea, viewed from these cliffs, are another remarkable feature of Tenby. The old walls are preserved to an uncommon extent ; and perhaps the chief scientific interest of the locality is to the naturalist, Tenby having been made famous by Mr. Gosse for its wealth in rare shells, seaweeds, and specimens of marine life. Not only the town itself, but all this corner of Wales is singularly rich in fine monuments of the past, which invite the visitor to excursions. Such are Pembroke Castle, Carew Castle, Manorbier Castle, and Lamphey Palace, to mention only the chief ruins within easy reach. After having left Carmarthen for Pembroke, and passed through Saundersfoot, Tenby presently appears rising like a gem from the sea, and forming a beautiful contrast to the bleak country behind.

ST. CATHERINE'S ROCK AND FORT. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TENBY.**—This resort may be said to be situated on the summit and sides of a peninsula bounded by steep rocks, which form a lofty basement to the town overlooking Carmarthen Bay, into which a rocky promontory stretches out, crowned by the ruins of the Castle. The only portions of this Castle that remain are the keep, or watch-tower, now used as a signal station by the Preventive Service; some parts of the walls; a circular bastion overhanging the cliff; and the main entrance gateway. On St. Catherine's Island, or Rock, opposite the old Castle, a very strong fort has been erected, which is protected by nine powerful guns. This precipitous rock is accessible on foot at low water, and it contains a number of beautiful caverns. Walks have been made on the Castle Hill, and from this elevated terrace —which, since 1864, has been surmounted with a statue, 8ft. 9in. in height, of the late Prince Consort in Sicilian marble, resting on a massive basement of Pembrokeshire marble—a really charming view of Carmarthenshire presents itself, with the rocky headlands and sweeping bay, the Isle of Caldy, and farther out to sea, Lundy Island; while directly opposite the Worms Head stands out in bold relief. Almost in the centre of Tenby is the parish church of St. Mary, a large and beautiful building with a lofty steeple rising to a height of 152ft., and therefore a well-known landmark to mariners. Both on the north and south sands, which are separated from each other by the Castle Hill and harbour, there are numerous bathing machines; and it should be mentioned that in this respect Tenby is above reproach.

IN THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TENBY.**—Enough has been said to suggest Tenby as an excellent place of sojourn, even out of the regular season, which lasts from June to the end of October. In winter it has a climate of the same character as Torquay, and its inhabitants complain that it is unduly neglected then by many who may not be aware of its advantages. The trade of the port is not extensive, and most of the vessels frequenting the harbour belong to other places. The fishermen from the coast of Devonshire come hither in pursuit of their occupation, and take their cargoes to Bristol. Caldy Island, 2½ miles from Tenby Harbour, is frequently visited in boats, and its beach and cliffs receive numerous picnic parties. It is of irregular form, and has an area of 650 acres. There is a lighthouse at the southern and most elevated part of the island, also the modern mansion of the proprietor of Caldy. Prior to the time of Elizabeth, Tenby was a port of considerable importance, but after that period it declined greatly, and was at length almost deserted. During the present century, however, it has rapidly revived, and has become a fashionable bathing resort, extending far beyond the limits of the ancient town, and now possessing all the characteristics of a flourishing modern watering-place. Its advantages in this respect are the variety of its aspects, the clearness of the water, which is unpolluted by the discharge of any river, the firmness and extent of its sands, the purity of its air, and its freedom from the smoke of manufactories and from the bustle of more frequented seaports.

VIEW OF THE BEACH AND THE HEIGHTS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SHANKLIN.**—This is one of the prettiest villages in the Isle of Wight, though, indeed, it should now be termed a town; yet its openness and want of formality help to preserve much of the village character. Lord Jeffrey describes it as being "all mixed up with trees, and lying in sweet, airy falls and swells of ground which finally rise up behind the breezy town, 800ft. high, and sink down in front of the edge of the varying cliffs, which overhang a pretty beach of fine sand." Shanklin lies partly under high cliffs and partly on elevated ground, where one cannot fail to notice the excellent taste displayed in the construction of villas and houses, which are often almost hidden in clusters of trees. People have complained that Shanklin does not "go ahead" fast enough, but no one who loves it desires anything of the kind. Crowded assembly-rooms and inferior theatres are indeed poor substitutes for a moonlight view from Shanklin Downs, a view of the peaceful bay with its sea breaking in a low, hushed voice at the foot of the great crags, and its breath, sweetened in the passage through luxuriant gardens, sweeping over the Downs in a life-giving draught, waving the cornfields before it, and making a soft rustling in the shadow of the distant wood. The town occupies a singularly beautiful situation. From the side of the Shanklin Downs it extends for more than a mile along the sea-frontage, and for half that distance inland from the cliff. In 1890 and 1891 a new iron pier was built for a local company, and in the latter year, also, a hydraulic lift was built by Sir George Newnes, Bart., M.P., at a cost of about £4,000; it was opened at the end of the season, and was a popular means of transit between the esplanade and the town.

THE CHINE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SHANKLIN.**—Shanklin Chine ranks among the chief attractions in the Isle of Wight. It is usually entered by the gate at the bottom on the seashore, and a fee of 6d. is expected by the guardian, by whom the paths are repaired and the whole kept in, perhaps, too precise an order. The Chine is merely a glen, or chasm, opening out to the seashore; it is rather less than a quarter of a mile long and about 230ft. deep at its mouth, but of very inconsiderable width. The sides are remarkably steep and almost covered with rich brushwood and overhung by young oak trees, the branches of which in some places nearly meet over the ravine. Into its gloomy depths pours the waterfall from the hills, and runs along the narrow bottom to the sea. After proceeding about a hundred yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left and grows much narrower. The sea immediately opposite the mouth of the Chine was once the scene of one of those thrilling disasters that sometimes overtake even the finest vessels. The *Eurydice*, a training frigate with more than three hundred men and boys on board, homeward bound from the West Indies, capsized here on Sunday, March 24th, 1878. Only two of the crew escaped. A particularly lovely view may be obtained from the narrow terrace that winds along the steep banks of Shanklin Chine. From this point one may contemplate the fine natural effects of this lovely spot, watching meanwhile the play of the light green foliage and listening to the soothing music of the little waterfall below.

THE TOWN AND THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence.*

**GLENARM.**—This is a neat little town, consisting of a number of cottages situated in a beautiful vale, opening on to the lovely bay of the same name. Glenarm contains about 1,276 inhabitants, and its Castle, erected in 1639, is the seat of the Antrim family. This Castle stands in a commanding position near the town, and is surrounded by a splendid deer park, encompassed by an embattled wall. The remains of a monastic building are in the churchyard here. This monastery was founded in 1459 by a Scotsman, Sir Robert Bisset, who had been banished from his own country for being accessory to the murder of the Duke of Athol, and was therefore patronized and established here by Henry III. There is a small harbour at Glenarm, and some trade is carried on with Scotland, the import being coal, and the principal exports grain, iron ore, and limestone. The tourist in Ireland who can spend two or three days in sea-bathing cannot select a better spot than Glenarm. A brook sparkles through the valley, and here and there little waterfalls run down the black rocks on either side, keeping the land well irrigated, and covering it with a carpet of the brightest verdure imaginable, as well as affording nourishment to the most beautiful clumps of stately old trees, which dot it here and there. Near the village and Castle all traces of wilderness vanish entirely, and the charming park and lovely flower garden lend additional beauty to the scene.

THE ESPLANADE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RHYL.**—The town of Rhyl, like most of the Welsh watering-places, is of very recent growth, and not many years ago there was no town here at all, but merely a few fishermen's huts upon the shore. The sands, which are extensive enough to give the full benefit of ozone to those who avail themselves of its health-giving properties, form an excellent bathing-ground, entirely free from danger. Hence Rhyl has become noted for the number of children that visit it, and these little ones find an inexhaustible fund of pleasure on its beach. There is a splendid promenade, about a mile in length, and of great width, also a fine promenade pier. Apart from these seaside charms, Rhyl has exceedingly beautiful inland attractions. Its situation is at the mouth of the River Clwyd, and the Valley of the Clwyd is one of the most charming of all the Welsh valleys. The ancient city of St. Asaph is only five miles away, and on the road one passes the picturesque ruins of Rhuddlan Castle. The pretty town of Abergele is also about five miles distant. The iron pier at this watering-place was built in 1867, and cost about £23,000. It is 785yds. in length; and towards the end of 1891 a grand pavilion was erected at the entrance, capable of seating 2,500 persons. Behind the stage in this building is erected one of the largest organs in England, that of the Manchester Exhibition, by Messrs. Bishop and Son. Quite recently took place the inauguration of the new marine lake, which covers forty acres, and cost £10,000. In clear weather the views from the beach embrace the Great and Little Orme's Head, Penmaenmawr, and the Snowdon range in the far distance.

CREUX HARBOUR. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SARK.**—The Island of Sark is about 8½ miles east from Saint Peter-Port, in Guernsey. It is encompassed with vertical cliffs, from 250ft. to 380ft. high, sinking towards the south and pierced with innumerable caves. This charming little island is 3½ miles long, 1½ miles broad, and contains 1,274 acres, with a population of 580. Sark was almost uninhabited until 1663, when it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Helier de Carteret, who brought with him forty Jersey families. Almost in the centre, on the highest point, stands the windmill, to the west of the harbour; this is the most important landmark on the island, and its base is 365ft. above the sea. As the steamer approaches Sark, there come into view Le Tas, a lofty mass of granite rising boldly out of the sea; Little Sark, with Brenière Point and Rocks; and the Pot, a deep hole down to the beach, with which it communicates through a natural archway. Beyond this archway, to the left, two galleries were opened, one of them in search of gold in a vein of quartz. The Coupée now begins to appear; then Dixcart and Derriblle Bays, and presently La Motte Bay, with Buron Rocks and the Creux Harbour, which are shown in the above view. During the summer season steamers leave Saint Peter-Port four times a week for Sark, remaining there from five to seven hours; the fare for the return journey is only 2s. The pier is on the east side of the island, and carriages and carts await the steamer. After passing through the pier tunnel, a steep road, nearly a mile long, ascends to the tableland of the island, and at the top is the Hotel Bel Air.

"LES AUTELETS" ROCKS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SARK.**—The Manor House, or Seigneurie, is a handsome and substantial building, with a conspicuous tower rising from the centre. In front of the house is a large fruit and flower garden, surrounded by a high wall, under whose protection fruit trees and tender plants grow freely. At the back of the house, on a grass plot amid the trees, is a battery, and on one of the cannons is an inscription setting forth that the gun was given by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth to Helier de Carteret, the first Seigneur of Sark. A little beyond is the pond, which was the highest and principal reservoir of the mill, belonging to the monastery of St. Maglorius. From here a road leads down to the Port du Moulin, where the mill stood. The Port du Moulin is encircled by cliffs nearly 300ft. high, and in one of these is an opening like an enormous window. To get to the top of it there is a road round by the cottage, from whence a path leads by the top of the cliffs to above the Tintageux and the Autelets—masses of detached angular rocks, resembling altars or tables. The Coupée, or where the island is cut into two parts, the Great and Little Sark, may be safely crossed by a carriage, as each side is now built up with strong masonry. The roadway is rather less than 29oft. above high-water mark, and its length from bank to bank is about 28oft. The coast of Sark shows some of the most fantastic work of the sea, and the tourist should not fail to visit the Gouliot Caves, which are surely its wildest and maddest freak.

LOOKING DOWN THE PRINCE'S PARADE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BRIDLINGTON.**—The town of Bridlington, often called Burlington, is pleasantly situated on a gentle acclivity about a mile from Bridlington Quay, which lies in the recess of a beautiful bay. This place may be considered one of the less pretentious neighbours of Scarborough, sharing its advantages of situation and climate, but without its rather expensive gaieties. The sands, as is usual on this coast, are all that family parties can desire, while the cliffs offer fine views. To the north Bridlington is protected by Flamborough Head, the lion of the neighbourhood, whose airy heights are accessible by an hour's walk or by regular conveyances. This is no mere mushroom watering-place, but the harbour of the old town of Bridlington, connected with York by a Roman road. The town consists chiefly of one long, irregular street with a number of good houses and shops. Bridlington Priory, the greater part of which was pulled down in 1539, is invariably visited by tourists. The foundations of the walls with which the Priory was fortified, in 1164, can still be traced about a quarter of a mile from the beautiful and interesting parish church. Bridlington Quay, a mile east from Bridlington, is a favourite seaside resort. It constitutes of itself a small but handsome town, very pleasantly situated and possessing extensive sands for bathing purposes. The sea-wall promenade, with a pavilion in the centre, extends northward from the harbour a distance of about 700ft. The wall, including the promenade, was erected between 1866 and 1869, at a cost of £20,000.

DRAKE'S ISLAND, FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PLYMOUTH.**—Plymouth and Devonport are practically parts of one and the same town. All that lies between them is an inlet of Plymouth Sound, bearing the names successively of Stonehouse Pool, Stonehouse Lake, and Mill Lake. The two boroughs return four members to Parliament, two for Plymouth and two for Devonport. There is no seaport in England that has a higher interest than Plymouth. It is more especially the great national harbour—the principal nursery of our fleet, and its unrivalled advantages of position and scenery, as well as the most romantic and stirring nature of its history, invest it with an importance which it is difficult to over-rate. The tourist who merely wishes to see those special features of Plymouth which distinguish it from other towns may easily include them in the range of a few hours' walk. The interior of the town possesses little to detain the visitor. Except in the neighbourhood of the Hoe and the municipal buildings, the streets are narrow and tortuous without presenting much compensating picturesqueness. One of the most interesting objects in the Sound is the breakwater, about two miles south of the Citadel at Plymouth. It was commenced in 1812, under the direction of Rennie, and for thirty-four years necessitated the daily labour of two hundred men. Its length in the centre is 1,000yds., with two arms 350ft. long. About 4,000,000 tons of granite were used, at a cost of £1,582,000. The above fine view was taken from Mount Edgcumbe, undoubtedly the loveliest spot in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth. The Mount is the extreme end of a promontory, four or five miles long and three miles broad, and has been carefully cultivated into a beautiful and extensive pleasure garden.

THE HOE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PLYMOUTH.**—Starting from any of the hotels, the visitor to Plymouth should visit the Hoe, the Citadel, the Municipal Buildings, and the Church of St. Andrew; after which he may with advantage undertake the longer excursion to Mount Edgcumbe, the breakwater, Cawsand, Saltram, and up the Tamar. The beauty of Plymouth itself arises almost entirely from the happy combinations of sea and richly-wooded hills which its favourite points of view present. The Hoe, a slight but commanding elevation partly covered with grass, which overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound, is one of the features of Plymouth. It is nearly half a mile long from the Millbay Station by the street along the south side of the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, and is not only the best, but also the most easily attained point for those visitors whose time or opportunity is limited. Along the summit of the Hoe runs the favourite promenade of the Plymouth people, and along part of the side farthest from the water stretches a handsome façade of modern houses, ending with the Grand Hotel. The view comprises Mount Edgcumbe, the breakwater, St. Nicholas Island, the entrance to the Catwater and Mount Batten, as well as Devonport and Stonehouse. Smeaton's old Eddystone Lighthouse has been transferred to the Hoe; the building being opened to the public in 1884. The replica of a statue, by Boehm, of Drake, at Tavistock, was erected on the Hoe on the 14th of February, 1884; and the foundation stone of a national memorial to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada was laid on July 19th, 1888, on the supposed spot where, three centuries previously, Drake and Howard of Effingham received tidings of the approach of the hostile fleet.

THE PIER. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PLYMOUTH.**—Below the pier is the splendid promenade pier opened on the 20th of May, 1884; it cost £40,000. To reach the Citadel from the Hoe, one must walk round the north end of the famous hill, till the entrance is reached—an elaborate classical gateway. The present Citadel was built in the time of Charles II. on the site of an older fortress, but it is, of course, quite obsolete as a fortification. The town is, however, defended by a chain of forts, surmounted by guns of the heaviest calibre, and embracing the whole circumference both landwards and seawards. The Royal Victualling Yard occupies a rocky promontory at the extreme south of Stonehouse. Vast excavations had to be made before the building was commenced; and the structure consists of large quadrangular blocks, covering, with the courts, an area of fifteen acres. Rennie was the architect and engineer, and the total cost was a million and a half. The Royal Naval Hospital on the east side of Stonehouse Lake covers twenty-four acres, and contains 1,200 beds; it was built in 1762. Plymouth also has its Theatre Royal; and a Post Office (in Westwell Street) that cost £12,000. The historical Church of St. Andrew is at the corner of Bedford Street, and grouped with it is the palatial Guildhall with its tower 200ft. high, and splendid hall 146ft. long. The organ in this fine public building cost £2,100. If the visitor will first visit the Citadel and walk round its ramparts, he will obtain, besides a magnificent view, a clear notion of the position of the town and its two harbours. It should be stated that Plymouth is as beautiful as it is important—which is saying a great deal.

FROM SPITTAL, SHOWING BERWICK BRIDGE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BERWICK.**—This ancient town is situated on the northern bank of the River Tweed, near its mouth. It has a peculiarly picturesque appearance when approached from the south, as the streets rise from near the water's edge to considerably more than 100ft. on the slope which terminates in Halidon Hill. The streets are spacious and well built. The more central part of the town is surrounded by a complete wall, with bastions and gates, considered by competent authorities to be the finest example in the United Kingdom of the Vauban system of defence. This wall is about 300 years old, but an older wall existed previously, embracing an area about one-half larger. The site of the old castle now belongs to the station of the North British Railway; but the ruins have been left standing, and still form an object of interest. The Royal Border Bridge, opened by Her Majesty the Queen on August 29th, 1850, here spans the Tweed. It connects the North British with the North-Eastern system, and presents an imposing appearance, being 104ft. above high-water mark, and 2,160ft. in length. The town is connected with Tweedmouth by Berwick Bridge, which was built 255 years ago. On the northern side of the river mouth is a pier 24ft. wide and extending 2,900ft. into the sea. It protects the harbour and forms a fine promenade; at the end is a lighthouse more than 60ft. high, over the very summit of which the water breaks in stormy weather. Near the southern side of the mouth of the river lies the little fishing village of Spittal, from which this view was taken. Spittal has a splendid sea-beach, and is on that account a favourite bathing-place.

FROM THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Hedges, Lytham.*

**LYTHAM.**—Lytham, with its sylvan beauty and quiet, tranquil air of contentment and repose, stands on the north bank of the Ribble estuary. It is a very pretty little town, with fine streets, luxuriant foliage on almost every hand, beautiful gardens embowering handsome villas, and a general aspect of unruffled orderliness and neatness of arrangement, such as is seldom seen at other much-frequented resorts. By many this is considered the prettiest watering-place on the Lancashire coast, and it possesses a wealth of foliage and flowers that grow almost down to the water's edge. The beach is well provided with comfortable shelters and seats, and the view from it in clear weather is in itself a great attraction. There is a fine sweep of sea, across which may be plainly discerned a great portion of Southport; while the main features of the coast right up to Preston stand out quite distinctly. The principal place of amusement at Lytham is the pier, which has recently been enlarged, and now extends 914ft. into the sea. It is lighted with electric light, and at the centre a handsome and commodious pavilion has been erected, in which concerts and other entertainments are given daily. Perhaps the most popular resort among visitors to this charming watering-place is the handsome park, known as Lowther Gardens. This park is artistically laid out, and one may stand near the basin of the great central fountain in it and watch the groups of fashionably dressed people promenading among the parterres of flowers or listening to the band, while lawn tennis players in their gay costumes are scattered here and there over the sward, the picturesque square tower and ivy-covered walls of St. Cuthbert's Church appearing above the trees in the background.

VIEW OF THE TOWN FROM COLLEGE CHURCH TOWER. *[From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.*

**ST. ANDREWS.**—What first strikes the visitor to St. Andrews is its regularity and picturesqueness, and the union of a cheerful, well-to-do present with the relics of a romantic past. This famous town, standing on a rocky and exposed promontory jutting into the North Sea, is a strange combination of an ancient cathedral and University town; it is also a fashionable resort of golfers, whose Mecca it is universally admitted to be. The Autumn Golf Meeting here, at the end of September, is the principal event of the year. The golf course, nearly five miles round, is over the links west of the town; there are also ladies' links and a children's course. The fine club house was built in 1853, and is available for limited periods for strangers, properly introduced. At the east-end of the town are the ruins of the Cathedral, which, when perfect, was no less than 358ft. long. The only remains are part of the south wall of the nave, which consisted of twelve bays pierced with windows, of which two to the east are round-headed, and all are at least 18ft. above the ground. Portions of the eastern and western ends also stand isolated, marking the vast extent of the church. The University of St. Andrews—the oldest but smallest in Scotland—was founded in 1413. It comprised the colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, which, since 1747, have together formed the "United College," the buildings of which are on the north side of North Street. The pier at St. Andrews is a thing of use; and the Step Rock must be proclaimed the finest of natural swimming-baths.

THE CASTLE, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. *[From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.*

**ST. ANDREWS.**—The remains of the archiepiscopal Castle of St. Andrews stand upon a rock at a short distance north-west from the Cathedral, and overlooking the bay. It was founded about the year 1200, by Roger, one of the Bishops of St. Andrews, and was repaired towards the end of the fourteenth century by Bishop Trail. The castle is now an empty but very picturesque shell. James III. was born in the Castle of St. Andrews in 1445, and on the open space in front of it the burning of the Reformer, George Wishart, took place by order of Cardinal Beaton, who was himself in turn surprised and assassinated within its walls by Norman Leslie and his associates in 1546. The year after this the castle was partly demolished, and subsequently fell into decay. The grounds are laid out as a public park, and form a delightful resort on a summer's day. On the north-west corner of the area is the famous bottle-shaped dungeon, hewn out of the solid rock, and so placed that the miserable prisoners could hear the beating of the waves on the outer walls. In the vicinity of St. Andrews is Mount Melville, formerly the residence of the novelist, Mr. G. J. Whyte Melville; and in the centre of Market Street is a memorial fountain to this novelist. East of the cathedral is the small harbour, and at the east end of South Street, near the south-western corner of the Cathedral, is the Priory Gateway, consisting of two stately and finely-groined Gothic arches. The town church was originally built in 1112, and was restored in 1798, galleries being added, so as to seat nearly 2,500 people.

LOOKING ACROSS THE BAY. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**KILKEE.**—This is a fashionable bathing-place in the south-west of Ireland, nine miles north-west from Kilrush, which charming little market town may be reached from Limerick by one of a regular line of steamers. Kilkee is, without doubt, one of the loveliest watering-places in Ireland, and is finely situated in the neighbourhood of a great variety of magnificent rock scenery. The small bay on which it stands is known as Moore's Bay, and is sheltered from the waves of the Atlantic by a ledge of the Dunganna Rocks. The town is built close to the sea, along a semi-circular strand with a bright, smooth, sandy surface. A very fine Danish fort in the vicinity is formed by a bank of earth, 700ft. in circumference, succeeded by a wide moat, inside which rises a platform. It contains several rooms, which are reached by labyrinthine passages, and are said to be of pre-historic formation. The Cave of Kilkee is about two miles from the town, and is best visited by boat from the harbour, a fine view being in this way obtained of the cliff scenery along the shore. The arched entrance to the cave is about 60ft. in height, and on entering it the visitor's attention is attracted by the numerous jutting rocks, the stalactites depending from the roof, and the variety of rich metallic tinges from the copper, iron, and other mineral substances held in solution by the water. The whole coast from Kilkee to the extremity of Loop Head—a distance of 16 miles—is remarkable for its stupendous cliff scenery, the rocks being quite black and worn in many places into blow-holes, caverns, and natural bridges.

THE INLET AND THE VILLAGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**POLPERRO.**—Proceeding from Looe towards Fowey one comes upon the charming little fishing village of Polperro, at a distance of three and a half miles. The situation of this place is eminently romantic, nestling, as it were, on the rocky shore and ledges of an inlet, which enters among the hills through a fissure in a dark coast of transition slate. Jonathan Couch, F.L.S., author of a very pleasant history of Polperro—whose name is well known to all naturalists—was born here in 1789, and died in 1870. His life was spent in his native place as a country doctor. Polperro is an ancient place, mentioned by Leland as "A Fishar Towne with a Peere." Some of the older houses, especially those on the south side of Lansallos Street, near the river, are well worthy of notice. The lower floor is generally used as a fish cellar, the second or dwelling-room being reached by a flight of steps, ending in a porch, locally called an "orel." The views from Chapel Hill and from the top of Brent Hill are exceedingly fine, looking far and wide over the sea, with the curiously situated village of Polperro nestling below. On Chapel Hill, too, may be seen the relics of a chapel dedicated to St. Peter, the patron of fishermen. This quaint, old-world place is interesting to an extraordinary degree. The rocks and beach are the delight of geologists; and on the beach inside the old quay are some remains of a submerged forest, parts of which are found at intervals all round the Cornish coast from Plymouth to Padstow. The road from Polperro leads through a deep valley to high ground, where Lansallos Church, an important sea-mark, will be observed on the left.


A PLEASANT WALK. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**PORT BANNATYNE.**—From Glasgow to Rothesay (Island of Bute) is a trip that may be taken by a fast steamer in 3¼ hours. And certainly it is an extraordinary experience to sail down the famous Clyde, with its mass of shipping and wonderful double line of quays, docks, ship-building yards, and embankments. Having arrived at Rothesay and visited Mount Stuart, the beautiful seat of the Marquis of Bute, one may drive in a northerly direction to Port Bannatyne, two and a half miles away. Port Bannatyne, or Kamesburgh, is a picturesque town on Kames Bay, at the head of which is Kames Castle, whose quaint old tower dates from the fourteenth century, and is surrounded by a park of magnificent trees. In this castle John Sterling was born, in 1806; and close beside it is Wester-Kames Castle. The remains of a fort may be seen on the left, some three and a half miles from North Bute Church; and farther along on the right a standing stone, marked with a cross, occupies the site of St. Colmac's Chapel. The drive may be prolonged four miles north, along the shore to Kilmichael Ferry, where the remains of a church, dedicated to St. Michael, may be seen. Another beautiful drive is by Kames Bay and along the far-famed Kyles of Bute to Colintraive Ferry, a distance of eight miles—always considering the Royal burgh of Rothesay as our head-quarters. This last-named road keeps along the base of Kames Hill, 911ft. high, and therefore the highest ground in the island. There is a first-rate hotel and hydropathic establishment at Port Bannatyne; the bathing is all that could be desired, and the excursions are among the most beautiful in the kingdom.

VIEW SHOWING THE BEACH AND THE OPPOSITE SHORE. *[From a Photo. by A. G. Carlile, Exmouth.*

**EXMOUTH.**—This is a good old fashionable watering-place, with a south front that faces the open sea; an excellent beach and warm, red cliffs, round which runs a pleasant walk to Budleigh Salterton. The more modern houses are built upon the side of Beacon Hill, commanding fine views of the opposite shore with its hills, woods, stately mansions, seaside villages, and the curious flats near Star Cross. The country behind presents exceedingly pleasant uplands of the Devonshire type, the mingling of luxuriant woods and meadows, with broken heaths and wild banks of verdure. Exmouth is provided with baths, bathing machines, libraries, assembly-rooms, archery and lawn tennis grounds, public gardens, and golf links, which latter have been recently established. Holy Trinity Church was built in 1824, by Lord Rolle, whose wife's family have been great benefactors to the town, which is largely their property. The sea wall, constructed from the designs of Mr. Plewse in 1841-2, is 1,800ft. long, 22ft. high, and affords a really admirable promenade. In the centre of the town there is a pleasure ground known as the Strand Enclosure, presented some years ago by the Hon. Mark Rolle; and this, together with the Manor grounds, recently acquired by the District Council, adds considerably to the freshness and beauty of the place. The railway service is excellent, there being an average of a dozen trains each way daily between Exmouth and Exeter, a distance of ten miles. These trains run in connection with the through main line expresses to Waterloo, from which terminus Exmouth is 182 miles distant. The population of this beautiful seaside town is now nearly 10,000.

THE HOTELS AND THE BEACH. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BEXHILL.**—This watering-place is increasing in public favour by leaps and bounds, and already numbers thousands of Londoners among its regular annual patrons. Bexhill lies about five miles to the west of St. Leonards, and possesses attractions that cannot be excelled even on our beautiful south coast. It has a dry soil and a partly sheltered but airy situation. The bathing is above reproach, and there are excellent golf links. The old village is at some distance, but between the station and the sea quite an ideal watering-place is springing up under the auspices of the Earl De La Warr, the chief landowner. The fine wide sea-wall and esplanade is between one and two miles in length. Early in the century the sum of £80,000 was spent in attempts to find coal here and establish a colliery. On the sea-shore the remains of a submarine forest have been discovered; and it is a remarkable fact that the sea is receding from instead of encroaching upon this coast. Until within a few years ago, Bexhill was a mere fishing village, but it has made extraordinary strides since 1884, when it added the words "on-Sea" to its name, and entered into the race for patronage with its important neighbours. The old village is situated on high ground, and its ancient church, dedicated to St. Peter, is of considerable interest. The ancient east window of this church was removed by Horace Walpole, through the agency of the Earl of Ashburnham, and became for a time one of the glories of Strawberry Hill. Bexhill possesses most of the attractions of its famous neighbours, Hastings and St. Leonards, without their obvious disadvantages.

VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE BAY. [*From a Photo. by Maclardy, Oswestry.*

**ABERDOVEY.**—This lovely resort takes its name from its unrivalled position at the mouth (in Welsh, "Aber") of the River Dovey. It is a delightfully situated port and watering-place on Cardigan Bay. The chief attractions are its firm sands, which extend for five or six miles, and the mild and equable climate, which rivals that of Torquay or Bournemouth. Aberdovey faces the west, and the air is so balmy, yet invigorating, that the tender myrtle will grow out of doors all the year round. In the season, pleasure boats are in great demand among visitors for sailing and rowing on the estuary of the Dovey, which affords one of the most convenient and safe places in Wales for boating. This is because the beach from the harbour to Penhelig Point—a distance of over half a mile—enables one to land at all states of the tide. At low water, by the way, Borth may be reached across the sands. Charming walks abound in the neighbourhood, the Happy Valley being the most frequented; and we have no hesitation in saying that this particular spot is matchless for beauty, even in picturesque Wales. The ever-enterprising Cambrian Railways Company brings many other delightful excursions within the reach of visitors making Aberdovey their head-quarters; and the company has spent a considerable amount of money in providing harbour and pier accommodation for all kinds of vessels. We hold no special brief for the Cambrian Railways, but we can confidently recommend the lovely places on their system to the notice of those who contemplate a new departure in the way of holiday-making, and who are desirous of sojourning cheaply and well in the very heart of the most beautiful scenery in the United Kingdom.

THE TOWN AND THE BAY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FRESHWATER BAY.**—The Isle of Wight contains so many beautiful resorts, each with its own peculiar charm, that we are constrained to scatter them here and there throughout this album, the only alternative being whole numbers devoted entirely to the lovely island — an arrangement which might not meet with the entire approval of those who look for variety and strong contrasts in each part of this work. To reach the lovely little watering-place depicted above, we cross the estuary of the Yar by the bridge, and proceed through the village of Freshwater to Freshwater Gate. This latter place is one of the most delightful in the Isle of Wight, especially for those who love to take their pleasures in peace and quiet. Another way of reaching Freshwater Gate from Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) is by way of Thorley, Wilmingham, Easton, and Farringford, formerly the residence of Lord Tennyson. Here the tourist turns to the left, and passes through the narrow "gate" or opening in the chalk range formed by the River Yar, when Freshwater Gate and the open sea of the English Channel come into view. A few yards inland, and separated from the sea only by a narrow bank of shingle and pebbles, is the source of the Yar. The river is tidal from Yarmouth to Freshwater Mill, a distance of about two miles. At Freshwater Gate quite a number of new villas have been erected, and in its vicinity are the famous chalk cliffs, which rise to a height of 490ft.

SHOWING "THE ARCHED ROCK." [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FRESHWATER BAY.**—Climbing the hill which overlooks the Yar, and which commands a very beautiful view at high water, we pass through More Green, and at a distance of two miles from Yarmouth arrive at the delightful little village of Freshwater, which is a mile and a quarter north of Freshwater Gate, or Bay, and to the south of which the coach to the Needles passes. The majority of tourists leave the village, however, and go on to the Needles, to Totland Bay, or to the hotels at Freshwater Bay. Freshwater comprises the whole of that district which lies to the west of the River Yar, and thus includes the old village of Freshwater, with its houses prettily clustered round the ancient church, School Green, Pound Green, Norton Green, Freshwater Bay, Alum Bay, Totland Bay, and Colwell Bay. By rail Freshwater is brought into connection with the whole extent of the island, being some forty minutes' journey from Newport and an hour from Ryde. Freshwater Bay, or Freshwater Gate, as it is sometimes called, may be truly described as a rising watering-place. What better testimonial could it have than the fact that the late Poet Laureate made his home in its immediate vicinity? Surely Farringford House is a very tangible and eloquent recommendation. In the bay itself is the Arched Rock, shown in this fine view. This rock is one of two isolated masses of chalk, separated from the cliff by natural causes, and formed by the action of the sea on the chalk cliffs. A similar mass at no great distance from it is called the Stag Rock, and in the cliffs on the shore close by there is a small cave. This part of the coast was often sketched by Morland, who made here some of his studies of fishermen, and frequented a small cabaret known as "The Cabin."

THE PARADE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SEAFORD.**—This may be described as a pleasant and sheltered watering-place near the South Downs, and many people would find it a welcome change from the expensive gaieties of its neighbours on either hand—Brighton and Eastbourne. The salubrity of the place is vouched for by the fact of its being chosen for the situation of a large convalescent hospital, the first of the kind established in the country. The bathing and boating are very good indeed, and the walks over the Downs and through the valleys are especially attractive by reason of the abundance of beautiful wild flowers. Seaford is a limb of the Cinque Port of Hastings, and takes rank immediately after the seven greater ones. The old harbour, now entirely closed, was the original outlet of the Ouse; and the modern town, with a bold sweep of sea before it, and lovely hills rearing their rounded crests behind it, is so picturesque, that we may confidently anticipate for it a long and prosperous career. The last Martello tower, No. 74, stands—or stood—on the neighbouring shore; and one of Henry VIII.'s circular forts is placed under the cliff. During the last few years considerable improvements have been carried out at Seaford, new roads having been laid out, and a large number of houses built. The sea-wall, too, has been prolonged, and an excellent promenade formed. The undulations in the chalk cliffs between Seaford and Beachy Head are known as the Seven Sisters, and in these cliffs peregrine falcons and ravens annually rear their young. The kestrel, too, may be seen fluttering along the margin or dropping over the edge of the precipice on his return to his own little home from a mousing expedition into the interior.

GENERAL VIEW. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**KILLINEY.**—After having thoroughly explored Kingstown, the tourist in Ireland should proceed to Dalkey, a town of 3,234 inhabitants, two miles farther on. Dalkey now shares, to a considerable extent, the prosperity of Kingstown, than which it at one time ranked higher in importance. In the town and neighbourhood are extensive remains of fortifications, erected to defend the town and harbour against the incursions of Irish pirates, who, at one time, swarmed in the Channel. At a short distance from the mainland is situated Dalkey Island, the sound between which and the land is said to be about eight fathoms deep at the lowest tide. The island contains 22 acres, mostly pasture. It also contains the ruins of an ancient church, and the remains of a Druidical altar. Killiney Hill, situated close to Dalkey, is a notable feature in the landscape, although rising only 472ft. above the sea. A Druidical circle exists not far from it, and a pyramidal pillar at Ballybrack marks the spot where the young Duke of Dorset was killed by a fall from his horse when out hunting with Lord Powerscourt's hounds. Near the village there is a very old church, and on the north side of the hill are extensive granite quarries. From Killiney Hill there is a magnificent view of Dublin Bay. Those who think the toil of ascending the hill too great will find it well worth their while to hire a car for the purpose of enjoying the delightful views from the summit. There are stations at Killiney and Ballybrack, and the railway continues along the coast to Bray.

THE TOWN AND "THE ISLAND." [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**ST. IVES.**—This old Cornish town is not only the head-quarters of the pilchard fishery, but also the centre of a very beautiful district, more than one point of which may claim to be considered as an independent watering-place. St. Ives itself has a splendid reach of silver sand, a conspicuous promontory, known as the Island, and a line of "towans" or grass-grown sandhills; then, not far off, is a wealth of the splendid cliff, cove, and cavern scenery so characteristic of Cornwall. The town lies nestling under low hills on the very skirt of St. Ives Bay, and, with the blue sky and ocean, the green tints of the shallows, and the sparkle of the bright yellow sandy shore, forms altogether a picture of uncommon beauty. St. Ives is picturesquely built on broken ground, and the old streets in the lower part are narrow and crooked enough to be almost mediæval in effect, while the heights above are studded with handsome modern residences. The rocky peninsula, known as the Island, lies to the north of the town, and on it is a battery commanding a fine view. To the west of the Island there is a small sandy bay, and south of the quay begins the long stretch of golden sands forming the shore of St. Ives Bay, and affording splendid bathing. The church stands close to the beach, and is sprinkled by the sea during gales of wind. The pier was constructed in 1767 by Smeaton, the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse; and a breakwater was commenced in 1816, but abandoned after an outlay of £5,000. In 1862 a wooden breakwater was erected, which now survives as a ruin, and in 1890 Smeaton's pier was strengthened and extended so as to provide better accommodation for the fishing fleet, which in the season makes the water bright with life and motion.

THE PROMENADE AND BRAY HEAD. *[From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**BRAY.**—Clearly, this is one of the most beautiful towns in Ireland; its air is invigorating to a surprising degree, and the town is close to the grand scenery of the Wicklow Hills, one of the choicest districts in the Emerald Isle. The main feature of the coast here is Bray Head, a wooded promontory rising boldly to a height of nearly 800ft. From this height one may obtain fine and far views seawards, and landwards upon the Sugar Loaf Mountain—obviously so called from its conical shape—and a noble array of other summits besides. The place is divided into two parts—one on the Wicklow side of the river containing a very long, irregularly built street, with other shorter streets diverging from it; the bulk of the houses, and also the chief public buildings. The other section, Little Bray, lies on the Dublin side, and the two parts are united by an old bridge. Above all the rest, on a piece of high ground, stands the church, with its fine tower. There are many handsome villas here, with charming grounds, and also neat, thatched cottages, containing from three to eight rooms, for the accommodation of visitors. The environs are sprinkled with elegant residences, and the whole aspect of the place is airy and cheerful. The true lions of Bray, however, are Enniskerry, a beautifully-situated village on a steep hill and on the banks of a rapid stream which flows into the Dargle; the stately mansion of Powerscourt; the Dargle itself; and the Devil's Glen. During the summer season Bray—which is twelve miles from Dublin—is quite a fashionable watering-place, with a fine marine promenade, bathing on the beach, military bands, flower shows, regattas, and other amusements.

VIEW FROM EAST COWES. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**WEST COWES.**—West Cowes is the more frequented part of this resort, distinguished from East Cowes on the opposite shore of the Medina estuary, which is here a mile broad. As a watering-place, the popularity of West Cowes dates from the establishment of the Royal Yacht Club in 1812, and the foundation of the Club House in 1815. The Royal Yacht Squadron includes about 300 members, and registers about 150 yachts, which employ upwards of 2,000 seamen. Each member has a warrant from the Admiralty to carry the St. George's ensign, and the yachts are admitted into foreign ports free of port dues. The castle was purchased by the club in 1856, and has been refitted and repaired at considerable expense. Originally it was one of the circular forts built by Henry VIII., but it ceased to be of use after the entrances east and west of the island were guarded by the new fortifications. If the Committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron had had the place made to order, nothing more suitable for their purpose could have been produced. A navigable estuary, a deep sea, a sheltered shore—all on a lovely island; what more could be desired? Cowes, either East or West, carries no burden of ancient history. Neither the one nor the other stands on the banks of the Medina sighing for past greatness or lost opportunities. Without doubt, both are up to date, and both ask the same favour from the visitor—that he will kindly view them from the water. From that point they present the most charming view imaginable, terrace upon terrace rising in masses of foliage, and rendering it a matter of some little difficulty for the visitor to make up his mind on which side of the estuary he would like to land.

THE CLIFFS AND THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LYDSTEP.**—This is pre-eminently one of those places which have to be "discovered," so to speak, by the roving holiday-maker. And it is well known that while there are thousands of people who flock regularly every year to places whose names are indeed familiar as household words, there are also a vast number who look about them circumspectly before making final arrangements for a much-needed and well-earned holiday. A prospective tourist of this sort not unfrequently takes considerable trouble to find out some charming seaside village in which he may dream out his few brief weeks of leisure in ineffable content and rest, soothed by the ever-present, placid sea, the rugged, flower-clad cliffs, and the charming, old-world life that goes on around him. To such is unhesitatingly recommended the delightful place shown in this view. When the visitor to Tenby has exhausted the attractions and resources of that far-famed and beautiful resort—if such a thing be possible—he may walk to Waterwinch, a charming little dell running north from the sea-shore for about a mile, returning along the north sands, if the tide happens to be out. Another lovely walk from Tenby is to Lydstep and Giltar Point along the south sands. The quiet and beautiful village of Lydstep is about three miles from Tenby, and offers bathing facilities that cannot be surpassed. Near the village are some remarkable caves on the coast, which may, however, only be visited at certain states of the tide. The whole of the coast scenery hereabouts is very grand, commencing with Proud Giltar, with its sheer face of rock rising perpendicular from the ocean.

FISHING BOATS GOING OUT. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**TARBERT.**—A coach leaves Campbeltown at six o'clock every morning for Tarbert, thirty-eight miles distant, catching the steamer thence to Glasgow, or to Ardrishaig and Oban. This route skirts the western coast of Kintyre, and certainly affords a very beautiful excursion. Twenty-seven miles from the starting-point is the village of Clachan, prettily situated at the bottom of a dell to which several streams converge. It is sheltered by the woods and grounds of Ballinakill, which belong to Mr. Mackinnon. The Hill of Dunskeig, overlooking the property, is marked by a fort and entrenchments, and is worth ascending for the sake of the lovely view over West Loch Tarbert, a long, narrow arm of the sea running inland for about ten miles, and separating the districts of Kintyre and Knapdale. Tarbert is most picturesquely situated at the head of East Loch Tarbert, which is about a mile in length, and is the chief centre of the herring fishery of Loch Fyne. East Loch Tarbert is overlooked by a fourteenth century castle, which, though now crumbling, was once the stronghold of Kintyre, and for a time the residence of Robert Bruce and James II. A scheme was formed some years ago to cut through the isthmus a ship canal between East and West Lochs Tarbert at a cost of £140,000, but the idea has now been abandoned. Near the village a pier has been constructed for the use of steamers. The accommodation at Tarbert and its vicinity is homely enough, but who would look for a "Grand Hotel" in such a lovely, old-world district as this?

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BAY. *(from a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SAUNDERSFOOT.**—The county of Pembroke is entered at Whitland, and a run of five miles brings us to Narberth, a busy, thriving town, containing dwellings of great antiquity and some of very recent date. There are in Narberth three very excellent hotels. At the entrance to the town the ruins of a Norman castle, built in the twelfth century, crown the summit of a hill. Market is held here on Thursday, and there are eight annual fairs held in the town—which, by the way, forms the centre of a district of some industrial importance. From Narberth we proceed directly southwards for seven miles to the village of Saundersfoot, which is most beautifully situated on a bay of the same name. Saundersfoot possesses a commodious harbour for coal vessels, connected with the collieries by tram roads. This little town is now quite a thriving seaside resort, and every facility is forthcoming for first-class sea-bathing. There are excellent hotels, too, and lodging-houses; and 3½ miles beyond the town lies Tenby. Not far from Saundersfoot, proceeding inland, is the Church of St. Issell, with its narrow defensive tower and its curious font. Tourists here cannot fail to notice that although Saundersfoot exhibits such a busy working and commercial life, the scenery is surprisingly diversified and beautiful, the coast rocky and bold, while the cliffs are frequently wooded to their very edge. Altogether, Saundersfoot may be described as one of the most delightful spots even in beautiful Wales, either for a long holiday or for a mere trip from its pretentious neighbour close by.

THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**COLWYN BAY.**—The coast of North Wales is rapidly being transformed into one long series of delightful watering-places. From Rhyl to Carnarvon and away down the west coast are springing up towns and villages, all developing with more or less rapidity, and all in the main catering for the vast army of health and pleasure seekers who annually wend their way to the seaside for days, weeks, or months, as means and opportunity permit. Colwyn Bay is situated on the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, and is very conveniently placed for short excursions to many other of the best-known pleasure resorts in North Wales. The thriving town of Colwyn Bay must not be confounded with the village of Colwyn, or Old Colwyn, as it is commonly called to distinguish it from the modern resort. They are at no great distance from each other—only a mile and a half, or thereabouts; but the old village is not upon the beach, being situated a little way inland. Of the fine climate of Colwyn Bay there can be no doubt whatever. Flowers bloom here until well on towards Christmas, and are out again in some profusion in February. The gently-sloping sands extend for a mile or two, and are perfectly safe for children; while the deep water wherein the expert swimmer loves to disport himself is not too far out to be tiresome. The views of sea and coast are very fine, and this watering-place possesses the comparatively rare advantage of being beautifully wooded, the very streets resembling fine boulevards, and the surrounding district affording lovely walks along the rising and well-wooded slopes. The local authorities, too, are displaying great activity in improving the place.

FROM THE CLIFFS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SANDOWN.**—The visitor to the Isle of Wight a few years ago would have found no Sandown at all, only a lovely horse-shoe bay paved with solid, shining sand, a few fishermen's cottages, and a half-drowned fort. Now it is one of the most popular resorts in the island, thanks to the railway, its lovely situation, and perfect bathing accommodation. Sandown stands on the north-eastern horn of its crescent bay, which is guarded by the curious Culver Cliffs on one side, and by the dark sandstone promontory of Dunnose Point on the other. A large number of hotels, lodging-houses, shops, churches, and chapels now fringe the shore; and a small but elegant pier has recently been added. The esplanade, too, has been lengthened by the addition of two new sections of roadway, extending in an easterly direction. During the season, coaches leave here daily for Shanklin, Ventnor, and Blackgang Chine, returning *viâ* Carisbrooke and Newport. There are also coaches for Ryde and other parts of the island. Delightful walks may be taken along the cliffs to Shanklin, Bembridge Down, and the Culvers. John Wilkes was a resident at Sandown from 1788 to 1797, the year of his death; his house occupied the site of the Royal Heath Cottage. The old fort of Sandown, now removed, was built by Lord Conway, Governor of the island, in 1632, the old quadrangular block-house, erected by Henry VIII., having been destroyed by the encroachments of the sea. A new fort on a much larger and more improved scale has recently been erected farther to the north-east. It is built of brickwork and turf, and faced with granite.


THE BATHING BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SANDOWN.**—Sandown may be described as lying right round the corner, with no land opposite to break the invigorating sea breeze. It is a good place for families and children, and is on that account still increasing in prosperity every year. Occupying a break in the line of cliffs of iron-sand and dark coloured clays, which form the sides of the ample bay, it enjoys the benefit of the inland breeze as well as the sea air, and is consequently less oppressively hot than Shanklin or any of the towns along the Undercliff. But the chief advantage of Sandown is its long range of beautiful sands, which afford excellent bathing, and extend, when the tide is out, for some miles from the Culver Cliffs to Shanklin. The walks along the shore in both directions are very pleasant, the sides of the cliffs being clothed with abundant vegetation, and in some places gay with flowers. Ashey, Bembridge, and Shanklin Downs are all within the limits of an afternoon's walk; and the views over a great part of the island which may be enjoyed from their summits are unrivalled for extent and loveliness. Canoeing is a favourite amusement here. The visitor to Sandown must not be repelled by the first aspect, which is somewhat bleak, owing to the absence of trees; and, moreover, as the cliff does not rise immediately behind the town, it can never be so pretty or so picturesque a place as Bonchurch or Ventnor. This disadvantage, however, is more than compensated by the greater coolness and the less relaxing character of the climate. The soil is dry and the drainage perfect; and, as hundreds of thousands of people well know, Sandown is altogether one of the most delightful resorts in the United Kingdom.

LOOKING TOWARDS WHITE CLIFF. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SEATON.**—Between Lyme Regis and Sidmouth over the Devonshire border lies the quiet little town of Seaton, which adds to their climatic advantages that of a less inclosed situation, making the air more bracing, though the town is protected by high lands. Seaton lies about a quarter of a mile from the station on the edge of the hills that sink to the Axe estuary, and on the curve of the shore lying between White Cliff and Haven Cliff. The town consists mainly of one street running inland, but it has a pleasant little esplanade along the old bar of the Axe, and very good sands for promenading and bathing purposes. To the east are large freestone quarries. The small bay, close to which Seaton is built, is bounded on the east by Culverhole Point, and on the west by an ivy-hung chalk cliff, known as Beer Head. The principal features of the shore are the valley boundaries abutting on the sea, namely: on the west, White Cliff, a rocky and very picturesque headland; and on the east, Haven Cliff, a lofty height towering above a mansion of the same name. Between Seaton and Haven Cliff is a great bank of shingle, stretched across the mouth of the valley like a dam. At its east end is a ferry to a road running to Axmouth, and to a diminutive quay and pier at the mouth of the river, which is a shifting opening, little broader than the vessels which enter it. The view from the little pier is most charming. The cliffs of Seaton are remarkable for their colour; in the centre of the bay they are of bright red sandstone, capped with grass, and as red and green are complementary colours, and therefore heightened in tone by juxtaposition, the effect is very brilliant indeed.

THE BEACH AT LOW TIDE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**HARWICH.**—This town may be described as an ancient seaport and borough at the confluence of the Stour and Orwell, built on a small peninsula, which commands the entrance of the harbour, and with Landguard Fort, opposite, defends the mouths of both rivers. Its harbour is the best on the east coast of England between the Thames and the Humber; and during easterly gales it is not unusual to see 400 vessels sheltered within it. Owing to the dredging up cement-stone off Felixstowe, in Suffolk, and the falling away of Beacon Cliff on the Essex shore, Landguard Point, a low, shingly beach on the east of the harbour, has advanced 500yds. during the last forty years or so, or at the rapid rate of about 12yds. a year, blocking up the best entrance. To remedy this evil a stone breakwater, 1,200ft. long, has been run out from Beacon Cliff, and a channel into the harbour has been dredged to a depth of 18ft. at low water, or 30ft. at high water of ordinary spring tides. This has effectually restored the entrance to its former depth. Among the fishing establishments at Harwich is an extensive nursery for lobsters, which are brought here from the coast of Norway, fed in tanks, and then consigned to Billingsgate. Four thousand men and boys are employed by the proprietor (Mr. Groome) during the season—at first in fishing on the Dogger Bank, and then in taking lobsters. Harwich Church, which is shown in this view, is a modern structure of white brick, with stone buttresses and steeple, built in 1821 at a cost of £20,000.

THE QUAY AND GREAT EASTERN HOTEL. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HARWICH.**—One of the loveliest trips imaginable is that taken from Ipswich to Harwich by steamer, down the Orwell. Leaving Ipswich, with its busy docks, behind us, we are presently abreast of that glorious hillside we saw in the distance. It is all aflame with flowering gorse, and dotted here and there with the dazzling whiteness of the newly-shorn sheep, basking in the summer sun. Still onwards, past hanging green woods and picturesque riverside villages. The river grows broader; we are nearing the sea; at last we steam into the spacious harbour at Harwich, in which, in bygone days, nearly the whole of the English fleet has anchored, and probably find all the ships gaily decked with bunting, and the regatta going on. It is a pretty sight. Look at those yachts as they gracefully round the buoy and swiftly pursue their course, dashing the spray from their bows! On the broad quay opposite the Great Eastern Railway Company's spacious hotel, and in the harbour, in all kinds of craft, are thousands of spectators. What an old-world town Harwich is! The old-fashioned shops in the narrow streets remind us of those in some quaint Dutch town, and still more are we reminded of Dutch surroundings as we pass through some of the smaller streets, with their red brick houses. Harwich is one of the great high roads to the Continent. And, indeed, where will you find a better service of steamboats? Luxuriously and conveniently fitted up, swift, and safe, the steamers of the Great Eastern Railway vie with those of any company in the land. Harwich, moreover, possesses the advantage of having a pleasant seaside resort on its left, and another on its right—Felixstowe and Dovercourt—both almost within rifle-shot.

THE VILLAGE AND THE CASTLE-CROWNED HILL. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LLANSTEPHAN.**—Llanstephan is a watering-place beautifully situate on the shore of Carmarthen Bay, at the entrance to the River Towy, and about eight miles from the town of Carmarthen. The appearance of Llanstephan is peculiarly charming, nestling, as it does, under the shadow of a high hill, shown in our view. The sands are extensive and the bathing excellent, while the cliff near the village is densely wooded, affording a charming view and a shady promenade in all weathers. Llanstephan communicates by a convenient ferry with Ferry Side, about a mile distant, where there is a station of the Great Western Railway, whence come crowds of holiday-seekers to the village during the summer months. Ferry Side is celebrated for its extensive cockle fishery, and is also a little resort on its own account, much frequented by the people of Carmarthen and the neighbouring towns. Ferry Side overlooks a large expanse of sand at the mouth of the Towy, and stands opposite to the headland and ruined Castle of Llanstephan, which keeps guard from on high over the lovely little village snugly embosomed in the trees by the water's edge. The view of the sands and Carmarthen Bay from the hill at sunset is not one to be easily forgotten. The walls of Llanstephan Castle, which dates from 1138, are of considerable extent, and at a distance have an imposing appearance, though in reality they are a mere shell. In the churchyard of this romantic little place are some magnificent yew trees, one of which is 22ft. in girth. People who have "found" Llanstephan are quite enthusiastic about the charms of the lovely little place.

FROM THE ROCKS, SHOWING NORTH BERWICK LAW. *[From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**NORTH BERWICK.**—This is a pleasant and fashionable watering-place, 22½ miles east of Edinburgh, by Drem Junction, and had its origin in an old fishing village. A firm, sandy beach, eminently suitable for bathing, extends along both sides of the town, and the coast is beautifully diversified with rocks and bays. A fine stretch of dunes, or "links," extends westward for several miles, and forms one of the best golfing greens in Scotland. The Golf Club House is a fine building, occupying a site at the east end of the links. South of the town rises the cone-shaped hill known as North Berwick Law, 612ft. in height, from which there is a magnificent view embracing the Fife coast, Arthur's Seat, Pentlands, Dunbar, St. Abb's, Tantallon and the Bass, and the Isle of May. North Berwick is a station for the herring fishery, pleasantly situated on the Firth of Forth, and is the most favourite watering-place of the upper classes in Edinburgh. On the south side of the railway station may be seen the scant remains of a priory for Cistercian nuns, founded by Duncan, sixth Earl of Fife, towards the end of the twelfth century. The ruins consist of part of the refectory, with cellars underneath the kitchen, in which the grand old fireplace still remains; and at the east-end a fragment of the chapel is still standing. Off the coast here the sea is dotted with several rocky islets, of which the principal are Craigleith and Fidra, the latter containing a ruined chapel and a new lighthouse.

TANTALLON CASTLE AND THE BASS ROCK. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**NORTH BERWICK.**—The principal sights in the neighbourhood of North Berwick are Tantallon Castle and the Bass Rock. The latter may be visited in favourable weather direct from North Berwick, or from the inn at Canty Bay, where a boat may be hired for half a sovereign. Exactly three miles east of North Berwick, and half a mile beyond Canty Bay, are the stately ruins of Tantallon Castle. Within a deep natural moat on the south side was formerly the outer courtyard, one tower of which is still standing. A passage through an archway leads into the inner court, where, probably, were the stables and offices. On the north side of this was the artificial moat, crossed by a drawbridge, the piers of which are still to be seen on each side of the entrance to the Castle. The great tower in the centre is quadrilateral, with rounded corners. From it extends to the edge of the rock on each side a solid curtain about 50ft. high, terminated by lofty towers, each of which incloses a staircase. The inside of the Castle appears to have consisted of three sides of a square. It is not known at what time Tantallon Castle was built, but it formerly belonged to the Earls of Fife, being now in the possession of Sir Hew Dalrymple's family. The present proprietor has had the well cleared out, the staircase restored, and a gallery made, from which a magnificent view may be obtained. The Bass Rock, which is a mass of basalt, 350ft. high, with precipitous sides descending to the water, starts out of the sea just opposite to Tantallon Castle. It is inhabited by innumerable sea-birds, especially solan geese, which literally darken the air when the discharge of a gun puts them on the wing.

THE STRAND, WITH SLIEVE DONARD. [*From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN.**—This charming and popular Irish watering-place is beautifully situated at the foot of the Mourne Mountains on the south-western curve of Dundrum Bay; it is five miles from Dundrum, and thirteen miles from Downpatrick. The village was, until quite recently, hardly known, and consisted almost entirely of a few fishermen's cottages. The slopes at the base of the mountains that overhang it were covered with a deep natural clothing of heather and furze, which it was not easy to penetrate. In 1821 the late Earl of Annesley chose a site for his residence under the brow of Thomas Mountain, where he began to build Donard Lodge, with its walled demesne and extensive plantations, which form so great an ornament to the place. Since then, Newcastle has gradually increased in size and importance, until, on account of the beauty of its scenery and the many attractions of its neighbourhood, it now ranks among the most-frequented watering-places in the north of Ireland. It took its present name from a castle which certainly would not be "new" if now standing, but of which not a vestige remains. This castle was demolished in 1835, and the baths, which are much resorted to, were erected on the site where it stood. Entering from the direction of Dundrum, the road crosses the Shimna River by the Castle Bridge; and the hotel and baths are on the left hand. Between these buildings and the "Rock," and in front of the terraces and other houses facing the sea, is the promenade, with its gravel walks, grass plots, and rustic seats, having the expanse of the sea to the eastward, the woods of Tollymore to the west, and on the south-west, and close above the village, the various eminences, which culminate in Slieve Donard, the highest mountain in Ulster.

VIEW OF THE CLIFFS, BEACH, AND PIER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SALTBURN.**—This watering-place, situate about eight miles south of the Tees mouth, in the bay named after that river, is the property of Sir J. W. Pease and partners, who have taken a very great interest in developing the delightful features of the place as a seaside resort. Saltburn-by-the-Sea is accessible from all parts, whether on the North-Eastern, Midland, or London and North-Western Railway Companies' systems. The town stands about 130ft. above the sea-level, and when the visitor stands on the promenade, which passes along the top of the sea banks, he has a splendid view over the North Sea ; while on the other side of the Tees Bay may be seen the old seaport of Hartlepool, with its lighthouse on a projecting headland at the northern extremity of the bay. The pier at Saltburn is 1,200ft. long and 20ft. wide. It is provided at the extremity with a head, 120ft. long by 70ft. wide, with ornamental covered shelters. A band plays twice daily, either on the pier or in the gardens. Facing the terraces on the high ground there is a promenade, laid out with walks and seats. The ground on which Saltburn stands is broken on the east side of the town by a valley, through which flows the Skelton Beck. This valley is beautifully laid out as an ornamental pleasure garden, and is unique of its kind at any watering-place. The elegant iron-girder bridge across the valley is 136ft. high, 25ft. wide, and 600ft. in length, and gives access to the country beyond the gardens. Opposite the pier an inclined tramway conveys visitors to and from the promenade.

LOOKING ALONG THE ESPLANADE. *{From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**REDCAR.**—Redcar and Saltburn are neighbours in the Cleveland corner of Yorkshire, and visitors are unanimous in praise of the fine air, broad sands, and picturesque cliffs and ravines, which have made them such high favourites with the people of the northern counties, and might well attract visitors from farther south. This little town lies a few miles south from the mouth of the Tees, and forms, along with the adjoining village of Coatham, a very well-known sea-bathing resort. A sea wall has been constructed, forming a fine terrace 30ft. wide, and there are two promenade piers. The sands of Redcar can nowhere be surpassed in extent, being ten miles in length and a mile broad at low water; they stretch from the Tees mouth to Saltburn, and have been characterized as "smooth as velvet, yet so firm that neither horse nor man leave their imprint on them as they tread the strand." Redcar consists mainly of one long street, with the backs of the houses on one side turned to the sea. A very pretty walk from this charming watering-place is to Coatham Church, built in 1853–54. The stained-glass windows in this church are exceedingly beautiful. Redcar and Saltburn are reached by the Great Northern Railway from London in six or seven hours. As a watering-place, Redcar dates from 1842, since when it has progressed at quite an extraordinary rate, and certainly owes much to its magnificent sweep of sands. The Durham coast extends opposite, and the mouth of the Tees on one side and the hills towards Saltburn on the other form the boundaries of this delightful watering-place.

THE VILLAGE AND THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**CRAIL.**—This delightful little Scottish town is reached on the way from Thornton Junction to St. Andrews, by way of Leven, Anstruther, and the East Neuk o' Fife (North British Railway). Crail is a Royal burgh, and has an interesting old church with finely-carved seats. By the way, one authority declares that "of all the country churchyards in Fife, that of Crail is by far the richest in quaint old tombstones." Among these is that of Miss Cunningham, who was betrothed to Drummond of Hawthornden, but died about the year 1619, at the age of nineteen. This particular tombstone was discovered as recently as 1893. At this little place Knox began the preaching of the Reformation; and Archbishop Sharpe was parish minister here before he became an Episcopalian. In the Town Hall, too, are Bulls granted by Pope Julius II. and Leo X., from which it is evident that Crail is rich in ecclesiastical associations. This is the last of the sea-board towns on the Fife shores of the Firth of Forth. The quaint, red tiled roofs of the fishermen's houses, though rapidly growing fewer, are exceedingly picturesque when seen from the sea. Two miles to the north-east is Fife Ness, the most easterly promontory of this corner of Fife, and one mile west of the headland is Balcomie Castle, where Mary of Guise was entertained upon her landing to marry James V. in 1538. The dangerous Carr Reef, now marked by a lightship, lies about a mile to the north. After leaving Crail the line turns north-west, and runs for eleven miles to St. Andrews, the far-famed paradise of golfers.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE RIVER [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**WICKLOW.**—This is the county town of Wicklow—one of the most beautiful districts in Europe, if not in the whole world. The town itself is twenty-eight miles from Dublin and sixteen miles from Bray. After leaving the latter fashionable watering-place, the railway closely hugs the coast for the remainder of the distance to Wicklow. Indeed, the line runs so close to the sea that in many places it tunnels through projecting headlands, or is carried at great heights over cliffs, gullies, and ravines, at the bottom of which the waves may be seen leaping up with terrible fury. Wicklow presents a wholly delightful picture to the tourist, the quaint-looking town stretching in a semi-circle round the bay, with the stately tower of Black Castle and the distant promontories of Wicklow Head. This town is said to have derived its name from its position at the outlet of a long, narrow creek, called the Murragh, which runs north nearly as far as Killoughter and receives the waters of the Vartry. Killoughter, we should mention, is the station for Ashford and the neighbourhood of the Devil's Glen; it is also about three miles from the picturesque town here depicted. A huge castle was begun at Wicklow by Maurice Fitzgerald in the twelfth and finished by Fitzwilliam in the fourteenth century. Portions of the tower still remain on a promontory at the end of the town. There are many beautiful walks to be taken from Wicklow, notably the cliff paths to Bride's and Wicklow Heads, on each of which, by the way, is a lighthouse. Excursions may also be taken from this town to Rathdrum and the Vale of Avoca.

THE PROMENADE AND BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SHEERNESS.**—This, the capital of the Isle of Sheppey, is a remarkably healthy town, more connected, indeed, with docks and naval workshops than with invalids; but it has bracing breezes and a pleasant beach for the refreshment of jaded Londoners. Lying almost opposite Southend, it is divided into two parts, quaintly known as Blue Town and Mile Town, with Banks Town and Marina for suburbs, near the noted oyster beds. Blue Town is within, and Mile Town without, the garrison limits. Four wells, of unusual depth, supply Sheerness with water; and, in sinking them, the labourers met with a subterraneous forest, through which they could only penetrate with the aid of fire. The docks and garrison of Sheerness occupy the north-west point of the island, a position of extreme importance, since it commands the entrances of both the Thames and the Medway. Among the attractions of Sheerness may be mentioned excellent conveniences for bathing, a public hall and gardens, where entertainments are given, and a pier 3,000ft. long; so that, without being fashionable, the place cannot fail to be lively during the summer months, and is at all times kept astir by soldiers and sailors, and the coming and going of vessels. Two miles from the town Sheppey Cliffs commence; these are of moderate height, but they abound in very picturesque scenery. The little village of East-end nestles among orchards just under the brow of one of the hills, the abrupt sides of which form the cliffs. The great feature of the view from here is the passing ships of every size, build, rig, and country. The panorama from the cliffs, too, embraces the Kentish coast from Margate to Whitstable.

VIEW OF THE BEACH AND THE CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CRICCIETH.**—Criccieth is a rapidly-growing watering-place, situated on Cardigan Bay, midway between Pwllheli and Portmadoc. Excellent boating and bathing can be obtained here. The chief attraction is the ancient castle, now the property of Lord Harlech. This picturesque ruin is beautifully situated on a hill, rising perpendicularly from the sea, and commands a very fine and extensive view of the mountains of Carnarvonshire and Harlech Castle on the other side of the bay. Many beautiful excursions may be made from Criccieth, among which is a visit to the village of Llanystymdwy; to Beddgelert, over Moel Hebog, is another favourite excursion, beloved of tourists. The following mountains can be seen from Criccieth in clear weather: Snowdon (3,571ft.), Cader Idris (2,911ft.), Moel Hebog (2,850ft.), and Moel Wynn (2,566ft.). The water at Criccieth is pure and plentiful, and the drainage excellent. There is also a good hotel and other accommodation. The visitor to Criccieth feels that there is an openness and plenty of room about the place, yet it possesses all the characteristics of an ideal watering-place. There are terraces and lounges, pebbly beach and sands, bathing and boating, mountain and valley, lovely rural walks, and splendid fishing; good hotels and shops and lodging-houses, and ample railway and postal facilities. We should mention that Mr. Alfred Aslett, the indefatigable manager of the Cambrian Railways, on whose system Criccieth is, seems to take these resorts under his special protection in order that he may make their manifold charms known to those seeking rest and health. What resort is more beautiful than Aberystwith, or where will you find a lovelier or more peaceful spot than sunny, invigorating Criccieth?

SHOWING THE ROCKY BEACH AND THE STEAMBOAT PIER. *[From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**INNELLAN.**—After leaving the much-frequented Clyde watering-place, Dunoon, the steamer crosses the Western Bay, along and above which are numerous private residences, and after passing the Gantock Rocks and skirting the shore of the Bullwood, it reaches Innellan, which resort is opposite Wemyss Bay. It would seem that the Scotch people appear to be far more liberal than the inhabitants of English cities in the way of treating themselves to good long country holidays. Well-to-do Edinburgh families feel hardly used if they cannot have two full months among the hills or at the seaside; and Glasgow folk, with such grand playgrounds close at hand, are even more keen on seeking fresh air "doon the water"—a fact amply demonstrated by the many health resorts which dot the shores of the beautiful Clyde, and continue to extend till they bid fair to become almost continuous suburbs of the great northern city, broken by arms of the sea like a gigantic Venice. Indeed, steamboats of all kinds ply through the Clyde and its estuaries almost as thickly as omnibuses in a London street, giving easy access to mountain and seaside scenery; while by the help of the trains and coaches, in connection with which many of these boats run, short excursions may be made into the most famous parts of the Highlands. Greenock is the great starting point of the host of Clyde steamers. The lovely little resort here depicted is sheltered by beautiful hills, and the rough beach has been cleared in many parts in order that visitors may enjoy excellent bathing. Golf is played here, of course; tennis too, and bowls; and there is first-rate sea-fishing.

VIEW FROM THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RYDE.**—This is practically the chief town of the Isle of Wight, and the centre of the summer season, as well as a very favourite place of residence—a distinction it owes in part to its position as the most frequented landing-place, the crossing here occupying less than half an hour. Besides, the scenery is very beautiful; and the picturesque houses and gardens rise, "as spectators in an amphitheatre," upwards from the sea, and have at times an august spectacle to look upon, in the assemblage of British fleets off Spithead. Thus naturally and artificially favoured, it is hardly to be wondered at that Ryde should have risen from the mere fishing village it was to the attractive and much-frequented watering-place it is—so beautifully and regularly built, with handsome shops and fine, airy streets. The popularity of Ryde seems to be increasing; stuccoed houses and villas are springing up in every direction, heightening, rather than deteriorating, as is too frequently the case, the general beauty of the place by their being embowered among trees and in their own gardens. These trees, by the way, form one of the attractive features of Ryde; they grow luxuriantly down almost to the very verge of the water—a peculiarity that, seen from the sea, is singularly beautiful. Ryde dates the beginning of its prosperity from the construction of its pier, which was commenced by a joint-stock company in 1813, and opened in the following year, its length then being 1,740ft. The pier head and pavilion date from 1842, and many other improvements have been made. The present length of the pier is about 2,280ft., and its extremity commands a view of Spithead, Portsmouth, Calshot Castle, and Southampton Water.


THE ESPLANADE. [*From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Co.*

**RYDE.**—The cheerful and picturesque esplanade at Ryde was constructed in 1856, by carrying the roadway along a marshy meadow, a piece of waste land formerly known as the Duver, in which were buried the bodies of the unfortunate crew of the *Royal George*. This delightful marine promenade measures about 1,400yds., and now includes Appley Walk. The agreeable sanitary features of the town were recognised as early as the middle of the last century by the novelist Fielding, and as his remarks are still applicable they may with propriety be quoted here. "This pleasant village," he says, "is situate on a gentle ascent from the water, whence it affords that charming prospect I have already described. Its soil is a gravel, which, associated with its declivity, preserves it always so dry, that immediately after the most violent rain a fine lady may walk without wetting her silken shoes. The fertility of the place is apparent from its extraordinary verdure; and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberance greatly exceeds it." Westward of the pier stands the club-house of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, a large building with a saluting battery, whose first stone was laid by the Prince Consort in 1846. There are in Ryde a fine theatre, the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary, and a large number of beautiful churches, while the Town Hall in Lind Street has an assembly-room capable of holding 1,000 people.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AND IRELAND'S EYE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**HOWTH.**—Dublin is well off for bathing-places. All the world knows how dear its bay is to every Irish heart, and the pride of this famous bay is the Hill of Howth—an elevated promontory connected with the mainland by a sandy isthmus, and forming the northern entrance of Dublin Bay, over which it is elevated 560ft. above low-water mark. The town, which is on the north side, consists of one street running along the edge of the cliff, and overlooking the harbour, which is 52 acres in extent, and is inclosed by two fine piers. Owing to the difficulties of the undertaking, the cost of this harbour was very great—no less than £300,000—a large portion of which might have been saved by the selection of a more judicious spot. The importance of constructing a harbour here was first urged upon the attention of the Government in 1801 by the Hon. and Rev. W. Dawson, who proposed that mail packet boats should start from it. At length, after many applications, the work was commenced in 1807 by that ubiquitous engineer, Rennie. The pier to the left of the harbour runs out for a distance of 2,280ft.; that on the right is 2,700ft. in length, but is so constructed as to form two sides of the boundary, leaving in front an entrance 320ft. wide. There is a fixed lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour. The charming rocky island, seemingly a stone's throw from the pier, but in reality about a mile distant, is well known as Ireland's Eye, and may be reached by boat, in fine weather, for a couple of shillings.

THE BATHING-PLACE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**HOWTH.**—The village of Howth, consisting of a single street, is situated pleasantly on the face of the hill. Originally it extended farther towards the Castle, and at that time was merely a fishing village. Howth is now a favourite sea-bathing place and summer resort, the slope of the hill being studded with villas. There is a bath-house to the east of the harbour. The approach to Howth from Dublin lies through most charming country, and in the very centre of the little town are the ruins of Howth Abbey, whose venerable architectural remains are inclosed within an embattled wall. Most visitors mount the famous hill to enjoy the magnificent prospect obtainable from the summit. From this point of view Dublin itself may be seen in all its beauty, with its picturesque environs and lovely bay. Howth Castle, the entrance to which is about 200 yards west from the railway station, is the family seat of the St. Lawrences, who have held it since the twelfth century. It contains a veritable museum of antiquities, among the interesting objects being the bells from Howth Abbey. The steep rocks of Carrickmore overhang the beautiful grounds of the Castle; and among the other interesting features of the place must be mentioned the little Church of St. Fintan, on the south side of the town; and the Baily of Howth, a lofty, precipitous rock, standing out boldly from the waves, green with verdure, and bearing upon its conical top a lighthouse, marking the north entrance to the bay. There cannot be the least doubt that Howth is a very charming watering-place; and, owing to the close proximity of the capital, it should be even more frequented than it is by English tourists.

THE "HERDSMAN." [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

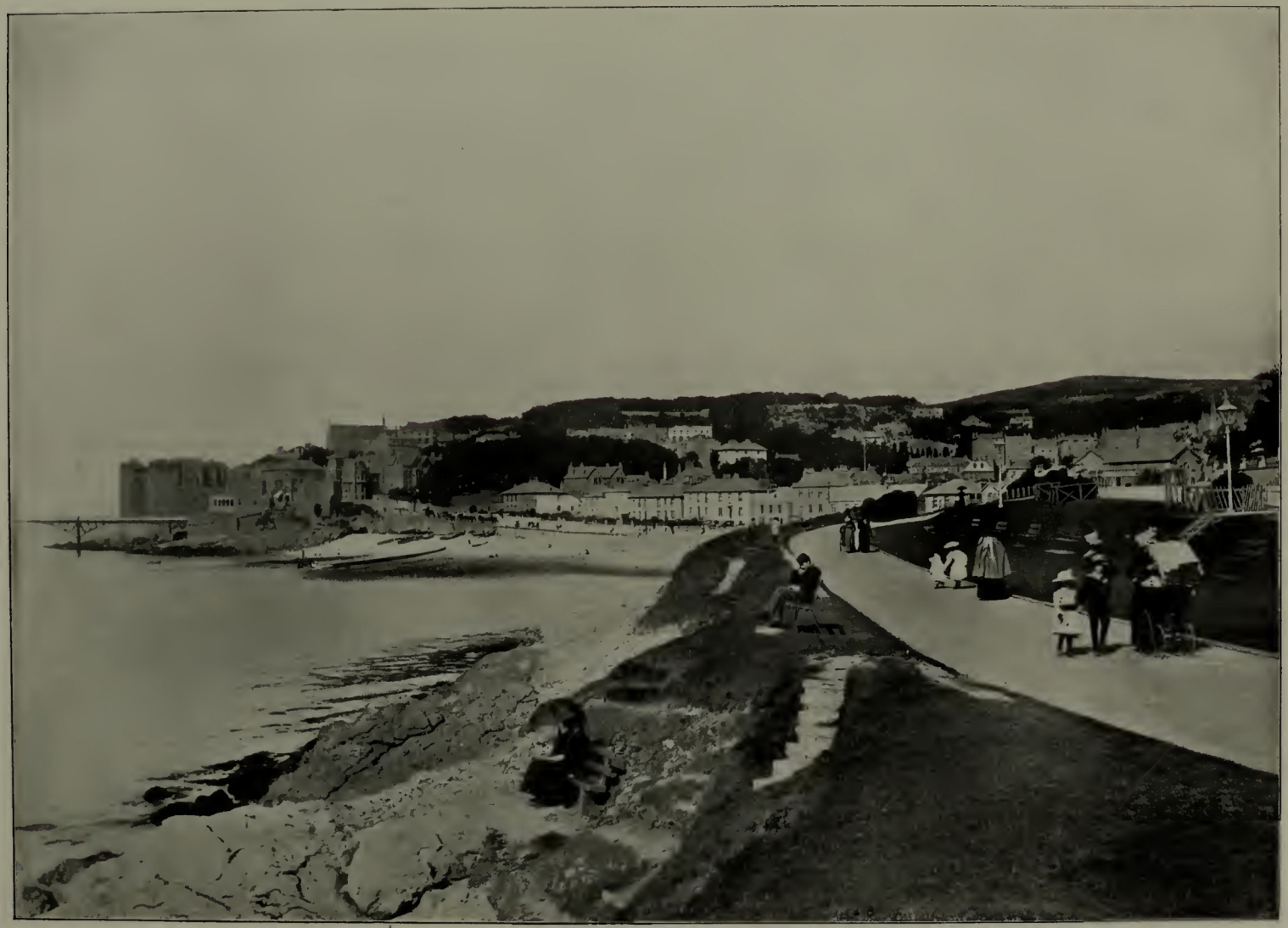
**STAFFA.**—In fine weather the excursion from Oban round Mull to Staffa and Iona occupies nine or ten hours. Passengers are landed at the two last-named places in small boats; and in rough weather the landing at Staffa is on the north-east end of the island, involving a walk of three-quarters of a mile to the entrance to Fingal's Cave. The Island of Staffa is of irregularly oval shape, and is about 1½ miles in circumference. The greatest elevation lies towards the south-west, and is about 144ft. The surface of the island is covered with a rich, luxuriant grass, affording excellent pasture for cattle. The island is rented by the steamboat company, who have a large boat, with boatmen who come from Gometra, four miles off, awaiting the arrival of the steamer. The usual landing-stage is at the mouth of the Clam Shell Cave, of no great dimensions, but interesting from the curious curvature of its basaltic columns, which are bent like the ribs of a ship, while the opposite wall is made up of horizontal columns, resembling the surface of a honeycomb. This cave is 30ft. in height, and 16ft. or 18ft. wide at the entrance, its length being 130ft. On landing the tourist passes westward, holding on, if necessary, to the railing supported by iron stanchions driven into the rock, across the Great Causeway, which is similar to the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. On the left is an extraordinary islet, called the "Buachille," or "Herdsman." As may be seen in the above view, the "Herdsman" is a conoidal pile of columns about 30ft. high, and is passed in walking along the colonnade which extends along the whole face of the cliff, almost to where the ladders afford access to the top of the island.

FINGAL'S CAVE. *(From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**STAFFA.**—This is the most famous of all the caverns. Its length is 227ft., and the height from the water at mean tide 66ft., the depth of the sea within being about the same. The sides of the aperture are vertical, and nearly parallel. The whole of the sides, ground, and roof is composed of black pentangular or hexagonal pillars, not consisting of one solid mass from top to bottom, but divided transversely by joints at a nearly uniform distance of two feet. A good path with a stout hand-rail has been made along the interior, and in calm weather visitors are taken in by boats. Sir Robert Peel declared that he "had seen the temple not made with hands, had felt the majestic swell of the ocean—the pulsation of the great Atlantic—beating in its inmost sanctuary, and swelling a note of praise nobler far than any that ever pealed from human organ." And, indeed, the receding sides of Fingal's Cave run inwards in solemn perspective, yet ever and anon, as the ocean heaves and falls, rendered visible by the broad and flashing light reflected by the foaming surges, sweeping onwards from below. Then, from the broken and irregular gallery which overhangs that subterranean flood, we behold rich and varied hues of red, green, and gold, which give such splendid relief to the deep and sombre columns. The other caves of Staffa are of less extent and beauty, and are not usually visited. They are the Boat Cave, Mackinnon's, or the Cormorant Cave, and the Clam Shell Cave, of which we have already made mention.

FROM THE BATH HOTEL. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**FELIXSTOWE.**—In the south-eastern corner of Suffolk, with a southern aspect over the estuary of the Orwell, and enough shelter to give it a milder climate than most places on this coast, Felixstowe has of late years risen rapidly, and already bids fair to outstrip its older rivals. The visit of the German Imperial Family certainly did much for the place by proclaiming the merits of its sea-bathing; but what has chiefly helped to bring this resort into prominence is the adjacent golf links, now renowned as among the best in England, and, moreover, very conveniently situated for Londoners. The single line of railway to Felixstowe was opened in 1877, and it joins the Great Eastern main system at Westerfield, the first station on the Lowestoft and Yarmouth line. Londoners, by the way, have much to thank the Great Eastern Railway for. Upon no other system can so many delightful seaside resorts be reached with comfort from the Metropolis. The summer excursion fares, too, are amazingly low; the courteous officials and fine stations a standing reproach to certain other great railway companies we could mention, and the trains well-appointed and punctual to a really wonderful degree. But we have digressed. As if confidently expecting continued good fortune, Felixstowe has taken plenty of room to grow, straggling, as it does, for three or four miles along the bay, from Landguard Fort towards the links. Climb up the cliff and you have a fine view over the busy Harbour of Harwich, over Landguard Fort, and over Dovercourt, to the distant landmark which points out the way to Walton-on-the-Naze. Perhaps the most prominent feature of Felixstowe is the palatial Bath Hotel, with its splendid lawn tennis ground, consisting of seven courts.



THE GREEN BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**CLEVEDON.**—This is a delightful and fashionable watering-place, about fifteen miles from Bristol, and 124 miles from London by the Great Western Railway. As a health resort Clevedon undoubtedly occupies a very prominent place, whilst its immunity from the heavy excursion element which affects many seaside towns renders it a veritable haven of rest, commending itself each year more and more to professional men and others from Bristol and the neighbouring inland towns. Clevedon is snugly situated with the broad expanse of the Bristol Channel fully open to its western front; on the south lies Wain's Hill, and on the north flows the River Severn, while to the eastward the town is fully sheltered from adverse winds. On leaving the new station in the Ken Road, the visitor should take the left-hand turning in order to reach Coleridge Cottage, where the famous author of "The Ancient Mariner" brought his bride in October, 1795. The walk across Wain's Hill is delightful, and the view from the top repays the trouble of the climb. It embraces the esplanade and the broad expanse of the Bristol Channel, Severn mouth and the Welsh hills, and the Steep and Flat Holmes. The most popular and fashionable part of the promenade is that known as the Green Beach, shown in this view. It consists of an extensive plateau of greensward, about 40ft. above the shelving beach, and provided with an elegant band-stand, a plantation, and a very handsome drinking-fountain. The esplanade is a continuation of the sea-front, and extends northward to the pier, which was originally opened on March 29th, 1869, having cost £12,000. It was re-opened by Lady Elton in 1893, after numerous improvements had been made.

VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**NEWLYN.**—This exceedingly beautiful and picturesque little place is about one mile from Penzance, walking along the coast. Newlyn stands on the shore just where the Land's End Road turns away from it. It is a fisher colony, with narrow paved lanes that glisten with pilchard-scales in the season, and with external staircases and picturesque interiors, of which glimpses are obtained through open doorway or window—the delight of artists, of whom quite a number have taken up their abode in the village, which is now pretty thickly studded with studios. As everyone knows, a very great deal of beautiful work has been sent out by what is known as the "Newlyn School," some of whose members have attained considerable eminence. The principal feature of the "Newlyn School" is the treating of English subjects in French style. The old pier in the centre of the town is very picturesque, and was erected about the time of James I. to replace one built in 1435, during the Wars of the Roses. The new pier, a fine work of massive engineering, is constructed on plans by Mr. Inglis, C.E., of Plymouth, and stretches eastward into the sea for about 750ft. When the northern arm is complete, Newlyn will have one of the best harbours for small craft in the west of England. St. Peter's Church, Newlyn, is a handsome granite edifice, possessing several windows of stained glass. It stands apart from the shore by the side of a clear stream, which here enters the sea, and up whose shady vale runs the road to Land's End, passing the tin-smelting works at Stable Hobba. These works, by the way, are well worth the visitor's inspection, as the effects when the tin is poured out of the furnace are very beautiful indeed.

DARTMOUTH AND KINGSWEAR CASTLES. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**DARTMOUTH.**—The journey from Torquay to Kingswear and Dartmouth abounds in lovely views. For the first four miles the railway follows, more or less closely, the shore line of Tor Bay, which is certainly one of the most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. From north to south it stretches four miles, and its coast line measures twelve miles. Two miles beyond Torquay lies Paignton; and another couple of miles farther on finds the railway leaving the shores of Tor Bay and ascending the slight ridge between it and the Dart. Near here is Kingswear, a village built on the hillside exactly opposite Dartmouth, of which it commands a full view. In the above beautiful picture is shown Dartmouth Castle, a very picturesque structure, situated at the extreme point of the promontory which bounds the entrance of the harbour, and mounting guard at the very edge of a shelving rock of glossy slate, washed by the sea at high water. It consists of a square and a round tower, the latter of which is the older, and is supposed to date from the reign of Henry VII. The hill behind rises to a height of 300ft., and is crowned by the remains of another fort. The round tower of the castle is now used as a magazine. Kingswear Castle is also shown in this view. It has been restored and occupied as a private residence by its owner, Mr. C. Seale Hayne. Two miles and a half from Kingswear, and five miles south of Brixham Quay, is Pudcombe Cove, a charming little spot beloved of all tourists.

GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE BRITANNIA FLOATING NAVAL COLLEGE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**DARTMOUTH.**—This town originally consisted of three independent hamlets, namely, Clifton, Dartmouth, and Hardnesse. The first-named of these is still an appendage of the parish of Stoke Fleming, while the other two are included in the parish of Townstall. Dartmouth acquires that picturesqueness for which it is so famous partly from the abruptness of the slopes on both sides of the river, and partly also from the peculiar style of its buildings. Looking upwards from the main street, it is difficult to see the next tier of houses above, so steep is the ascent of the slope. North of the pier, a few hundred yards of comparatively level ground extend inland, and are utilized to form one of the principal streets. Only a few of the old picturesque gable-fronted houses remain—the principal row being in the Butterwalk; but a modern and extremely handsome block of buildings a little south of the pier is a most satisfactory copy of the late Tudor domestic style. In the harbour, a little above the town, is the Britannia Floating Naval College, which may be discerned in the extremely beautiful view reproduced here. Near the entrance, and rather more than a mile south of the landing-stage, stands the small but quaint church of St. Petrock, on a point of land, below which are situated the remains of Dartmouth Castle. The romantic harbour of Dartmouth is a lake-like expanse, completely landlocked, opening to the sea by a narrow channel, and encompassed by steeply-shelving hills ranging from 300ft. to 400ft. in height.

THE BRIDGE AND THE TOWN, FROM THE RIVER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**LYMINGTON.**—This beautiful and picturesque town is agreeably situated on a slope which descends to the river, at the point where the Boldre begins to broaden into the Solent. It consists in the main of one long, steep, and quaint street—the High Street—with which are connected Church Street, Quay Street, St. Thomas Street, and Southampton Buildings. In the High Street, near its upper termination, stands the church, with its picturesque, ivy-mantled tower. It is dedicated to Thomas à Becket. The principal thoroughfare is some little way from the sea, to which a line of wharves and ship-building yards runs along the river bank. Lymington is on the London and South-Western Railway branch from Brockenhurst, 105 miles from London. This resort is very conveniently placed for communication with the west end of the Isle of Wight, steamers crossing in half an hour several times a day to and from Yarmouth; another boat runs daily to Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth, returning in the evening—a cheap and very pleasant trip. About a mile to the north of the town is a group of large earthworks, known as Buckland Rings, forming an irregular circle, with a deep trench and double vallum. The trench is now covered with wood—fir, holly, and oak—but there is a path through it which may be safely followed. The strong point of Lymington is the country behind. The New Forest may be said to begin at Brockenhurst, four miles off, but patches of wood and stretches of heath straggle down almost to the coast. The whole district is a veritable paradise for cyclists and pedestrians.

A SHELTERED CORNER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PWLLHELI.**—This watering-place is beautifully situated on the shores of Cardigan Bay, in South Carnarvonshire. It is the terminus of the coast section of the Cambrian Railways. Pwllheli (pronounced Poolth-helly) possesses perhaps the finest sandy beach in Wales; and there can be no doubt that in a very short space of time it will become one of the most attractive seaside places in the kingdom. The air is delightful, and the sanitary arrangements all that could be desired; the water, too, is above suspicion. Pwllheli has a southern aspect, and is sheltered from cold winds by the encircling mountains on the north and east sides. The wide esplanade facing the sea was constructed a few years ago. The South Beach Land and Building Corporation, Limited, are building very extensively; and hotels, boarding and private houses are now being erected very rapidly. River fishing abounds at Pwllheli, and a boating excursion, in fine weather, to St. Tudwall's Islands, or Bardsey, is a very enjoyable trip. A coach drive of seven miles brings those who delight in fine coast scenery to Abersoch. Another favourite excursion with visitors to Pwllheli is a glorious drive, by woodland, sea, and mountain, to Nevin, where Edward I. once held a tournament. Close to Nevin is Porthdinlleyn, which has a magnificent natural harbour. The coast and beach at Nevin and Porthdinlleyn, with the "Rival" mountains, rising over 2,000ft. clear from the sea, form a superb spectacle—probably the most beautiful piece of coast scenery on Cardigan Bay.

FROM THE EAST. [*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co., Limited.*

**ASHTON.**—This may be described as the more fashionable part of Gourock, and is still frequented by crowds of summer visitors. Ashton extends from Kempock Point to the Cloch Lighthouse, which is an important beacon. Two miles west of Gourock, and beyond its suburb of Ashton, stands the ruined tower of Leven Castle; and about a mile farther west still is the Cloch Lighthouse, where the open Firth, running north and west, may be said to begin. The beauty and picturesqueness of Ashton may be judged—at least to some extent—from the view given here; and from this charming little place a number of exceedingly beautiful excursions may be taken. As illustrating this, we may mention that Ashton—or, to be quite correct, Greenock, in which Gourock is now practically merged—may be described as the base of operations wherefrom the innumerable pleasure steamers proceed to the various beautiful resorts on the far-famed Clyde. Among these may be mentioned the starting point, Gourock; then Wemyss Bay and Skelmorlie; Largs, Millport, Seamill, Ardrossan, Troon, Helensburgh, Kilcreggan, Cove, Strone, Blairmore, Garelochhead, Kilmun, Dunoon, Innellan, and Tighnabruaich. We feel sure that the tourist who is bent on thoroughly exploring the beauties of the Clyde watering-places will be tempted to spend a considerable time in Gourock and its delightful little suburb, Ashton. And after having visited the many ideal haunts with which the Clyde is enriched, he will cherish a conspicuously pleasant memory of this quiet and charming little spot.

THE TOWN AND THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

**GOUROCK.**—This is the oldest bathing-place on the Clyde, and is now practically part of Greenock. The tourist in this well-known Scottish resort will have ample opportunity of enjoying the superb views of the Clyde and the opposite lochs—views that may be had in perfection from a wild moor behind the town, where half an hour's climb places one high above the smoke—among scented heather and fenceless roads. There are at Gourock an excellent pier and harbour, and safe anchorage in the bay, formed by the point of the great bend of the Clyde where it turns into the Firth. The bay of Gourock is largely used for laying up yachts during the winter months. Since the extension of the Caledonian Railway, and the erection of their large station and pier in 1889, Gourock rivals Princes Pier and Craigendoran as a place for embarkation for the Clyde excursion steamers. The Darroch family have a great deal of property here, together with a mansion in place of an old castle. Off Kempock Point, the western boundary of the bay, the steamer *Comet* was run down by the *Ayr* in 1825, and the result of the collision was that fifty passengers were drowned. The Caledonian Extension line to the beautiful town depicted in this view, though short, has been difficult and costly, a great part of it being tunnelled. One tunnel at the Greenock end passes under a tunnel of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and is 1⅓ miles in length, the longest in Scotland.

A STRIKING COAST SCENE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**CLIFFS OF MOHER.**—About six miles to the south-west of Lisdoonvarna, the inland spa of County Clare, are the famous Cliffs of Moher, one of the sights of beautiful Ireland. By the West Clare Railway from Ennis to Miltown Malbay, the stupendous cliff scenery of this coast has been rendered easily accessible. At Lehinch the tourist may hire a car and proceed to the promontory of Hag's Head, the commencement of the Cliffs of Moher, which run for about five miles with a sheer precipice wall of 600ft. Although not nearly so high as the Cliffs of Croghan in Achill, or Slieve League in Donegal, the Cliffs of Moher form some of the most sublime objects on the western coast, and when seen in rough weather, with the mighty waves of the Atlantic dashing over them in showers of spray, they present a spectacle never to be forgotten. The view is magnificently extensive, embracing the whole of the coast from Loop Head in the south to Black Head in the Bay of Galway, while the three Aran Islands are conspicuous in the north-west. A very good road runs the whole length of the cliffs; and at some of the points where the best views are obtained, fences have been erected so that one may lean over the precipice in security and look down on the waves more than 650ft. below. About a mile north of the highest point a narrow, winding path gives access in fine weather to the foot of the precipice; and it is difficult to say which is the nobler prospect—the one looking up to the great pile of horizontal beds thus eaten into by the waves of the Atlantic, or the other, from the summit, over so many miles of tumbling waters, with the Isles of Aran spread out like a map midway between the spectator and the distant mountains of Connemara.

THE TOWN AND THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

**CARNOUSTIE.**—This charming little watering-place is reached on the way to Aberdeen from Dundee by way of Arbroath and Montrose (North British Railway). This is the line over which trains are run from Dundee and the south to Aberdeen by the Forth and Tay Bridges. The express trains from Dundee to Aberdeen make the run in little more than two hours. Carnoustie Station is, as near as possible, 10¾ miles from Dundee. A glance at the view reproduced here plainly shows that Carnoustie is a seaside resort; but it might be of interest to note that it is provided with a very excellent golf-course. About two miles north of Carnoustie is East Haven Station, where is situated Panmure, the palatial seat of the Earl of Dalhousie. This is a modern Scottish castle, by Bryce, which replaces the old twelfth-century castle destroyed in 1651 by General Monk. After leaving East Haven Station, the railway follows the shore until it reaches Arbroath, 17 miles from Dundee. We well remember our own stay at Carnoustie. The place is lively enough, as may perhaps be judged from the number of people seen in this view. As a matter of fact, this resort possesses all the attributes of a large watering-place; and yet, curiously enough, it is one of the quietest and most secluded places that one could desire. We feel absolutely certain that when the unrivalled bathing facilities of Carnoustie become more fully known, this resort will be inundated by tourists. As it is, there are bathing-machines to be had on the smooth and spacious sands, and the children find the place a veritable paradise. On the golf-links stands Bruce's Hotel, which can be confidently recommended to tourists.

THE PROMENADE: DEPARTURE OF THE ISLE OF MAN STEAMER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FLEETWOOD.**—Sixty years ago the land upon which this now flourishing seaport and watering-place stood was a wild, barren waste, unprotected from the westerly ozone-laden breezes which swept across it, and the home, moreover, of myriads of unmolested rabbits and sea birds. The west side of the peninsula was washed by the Irish Sea, and along its easterly limits ran the clear waters of the River Wyre as it dashed on its course to the ocean. These were primitive days, indeed—very different, in fact, from the busy, bustling scenes of commercial activity which now abound on every hand. From Blackpool to Fleetwood is not a far cry; indeed, the two towns are inseparably associated, and are naturally prominent in any description of the particular features of the Fylde district. The idea of establishing a town at this particular part of the coast originated with Sir Peter Hesketh-Fleetwood, the lord of the manor, after whom this popular resort has been named. The earliest foundation was laid in 1836, at the south-west corner of Preston Street, where the Fleetwood Arms Hotel—which still bears that name—was built. The streets were marked out by the plough, and so arranged that all the principal thoroughfares, with the exception of the main road of entrance into the town, converge towards the largest "star hill," now known as the Mount. The highly ornamental railway station at Fleetwood is 900ft. long; and an overhead corridor leads to the steamers for Belfast, Londonderry, and the Isle of Man. In this view is seen the magnificent saloon steamer, *Mona's Queen*, which runs daily between Fleetwood and Douglas.

THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FLEETWOOD.**—Emerging from the station, the visitor may turn to the right, and pass along the broad asphalted walk, which varies in width from 37ft. to 50ft., and is at all times a favourite promenade. The visitor will soon arrive at the Fielden Esplanade, named after Mrs. Fielden, of Todmorden, who presented to the town the Fielden Institute and Free Library. The next feature of Fleetwood one comes to is the Park, which occupies the space intervening between the esplanade and the Euston Barracks. This last-mentioned structure is in the form of a crescent, having a main frontage of 300ft. Between the railway and the river, exactly opposite the Wyre Dock Station, lie the Docks of Fleetwood, on the east side of which stands the huge grain elevator, built after the style of those so largely used for grain storage in America. It is 140ft. high, 300ft. long, and 90ft. wide, and embraces 147 bins, 65ft. deep and 12ft. square. The storage capacity of this elevator is not less than 30,000 tons of grain. On returning from the docks visitors should turn to the right at the railway and proceed along the Jubilee Pier, where may be seen Fleetwood's fleet of between sixty and seventy deep-sea smacks—second to none on the whole of the west coast—besides thirty or forty prawn boats. As a rule, the boats leave on Monday morning and return on Friday. The value of fish brought into Fleetwood during the year 1892 was no less than £6,500.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BUDLEIGH SALTERTON.**—This charmingly-situated little watering-place lies in a sheltered valley, and its garden-girt villas are further beautified by a sparkling brook, spanned by numerous rustic bridges. Myrtles and hydrangeas bloom lustily in the open air in this delightful spot. The sheltered esplanade is a unique recommendation, and the beach is famous for its prettily-marked pebbles, which are so smooth that artists sometimes use them to paint upon. Among the chief attractions of the neighbourhood are Ladram Bay, and the lofty cliffs near Otter Point. The River Otter may be crossed by a wooden bridge half a mile from the sea, and then the tourist may go on to Budleigh, a true Devonshire village with its "cob" cottages; Hayes Barton, the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh; and to West Down Beacon. The latter, a short distance west, is an eminence by the shore, commanding a fine view of the estuaries of the Exe and Teign, and a grand sweep of coast and hills. It is approached by a delightful cliff walk, provided with seats, and should be ascended to the summit, which is marked by a lofty flagstaff. An omnibus runs four times a day from Budleigh Salterton to Exmouth, five miles away, so as to meet the trains. Budleigh Salterton is, indeed, a charming little spot, which, thanks to the absence of the railway, retains much of its primitive simplicity—a characteristic that has chiefly helped to raise it in the estimation of the judicious as a quiet resort, whether in the summer or winter season.

THE WEST BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**WHITSTABLE.**—Formerly a mere straggling village, Whitstable may now be said to rank among the celebrated Kentish watering-places. This is partly due to the influence of the railway, and in an even greater degree to the energy of the local authorities. The church is dedicated to All Saints, and has an embattled tower: it stands about half a mile inland, and has been partially restored. Off Whitstable the tide leaves dry, for three-quarters of a mile, an ancient causeway, called the "Street," popularly supposed to represent part of a former town submerged by the sea. We should also mention that Roman bricks are often brought up by the net hereabouts. Some of the largest English oyster-beds lie off this coast, and the scene, when the white-sailed fleet of about 160 dredging boats is fluttering and tacking across them, is full of animation. The "mid-channel" oysters, from a great natural bed which stretches for forty miles between the ports of Shoreham and Havre—discovered only a few years ago—have somewhat disturbed the old trade; but, notwithstanding this, the real "natives" are greater aristocrats among their fellows than ever, so much higher is their incomparable delicacy of flavour. These are regularly cultivated by different companies. The "spat," or young brood, is frequently brought from a great distance and laid in the bed, where it remains for about three years before being brought to market. There are many oyster companies at Whitstable, but the greatest of all is that presided over by Captain Absalom Anderson, who did much to banish the scare that recently threatened the succulent bivalve.

LOOKING OVER THE VILLAGE AND THE BAY. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**KILLYBEGS.**—This is a clean, pleasant little seaport, distant about 17 miles from the town of Donegal, by way of Mount Charles, and 34 miles from Stranorlar, *viâ* Barnesmore Gap. Killybegs is a capital base wherefrom to visit the southern district of Donegal; and a particularly pleasant excursion may be made from it westwards to Carrick and Slieve League, through a country picturesque in the extreme, and sure to afford unending delight to a tourist who is fond of long pedestrian rambles, and who could subsist for a day on the contents of his wallet. This charming little place can hardly be said to aspire to the dignity of a watering-place; but, having regard to the magnificent scenery in the vicinity, it seems almost superfluous to remark that the town is well worth a visit. The tide here comes almost up to the doors of the houses. At the entrance to the bay is a lighthouse; and on the western shore lie the wooded grounds and residence of the incumbent, together with the meagre remains of a castle and of a church, overgrown with brushwood. About ten miles from Killybegs lies Carrick, another highland village, situated on the bank of the Teelin and at the foot of the gigantic mass of Slieve League, which rises to a height of 1,972ft., and has a very prominent and peculiar edge. The ascent is by no means difficult. Our space is totally inadequate to describe in detail the view from the summit of this mountain; we can only describe Slieve League as a mural precipice, nearly 2,000ft. high, descending to the water's edge in one superb escarpment.

A QUIET RESORT. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SUTTON-ON-SEA.**—The branch line from Willoughby to Sutton-on-Sea was extended in 1888 to Mablethorpe, thus forming a complete loop to Louth. Trains from the south generally run as far as Mablethorpe, and from the north as far as Sutton-on-Sea, giving both places a double service. The name of Sutton-on-Sea was thought by the inhabitants of this popular watering-place to be more attractive than its proper one of Sutton-in-the-Marsh. This little village is three-quarters of a mile from the station, and, like all the resorts on the Lincolnshire coast, has been rising in favour at an astonishing rate. It is not so crowded and noisy as Skegness—or even Mablethorpe—and is, moreover, rather favoured in access, having besides the railway a steam tramway, which runs two or three times a day to Alford, a charming little town, with a quaint and interesting church standing on an artificial mound. The sands here are remarkably broad and firm, and are well suited for children; the sandhills, too, covered with marram grass, sea-holly, etc., are here at their highest. It is proposed to construct a harbour at Sutton-on-Sea, with a lighthouse, principally as a haven for fishing-boats, there being no natural haven between Grimsby and Boston. The old church was washed away, and the present edifice does not create enthusiasm in the mind of the beholder. Half-way to Mablethorpe is the little village of Trusthorpe, which has quite a respectable collection of lodging-houses. The ancient church at Trusthorpe was also destroyed by the raging sea, which is extraordinarily destructive on this coast.

VILLADOM ON THE CLIFFS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**WESTGATE-ON-SEA.**—In this fashionable resort we find all the estimable advantages possessed by a place that begins its career as it means to continue. In the past history of Westgate we find no humble fishing village, with its ancient customs and homely cottages; no ill-planned and awkward rights; nothing, in fact, but a lordly soil with lordly owners able to plan and complete a high-class fashionable neighbourhood, much as a great Tottenham Court Road firm of upholsterers would furnish your house throughout. Westgate-on-Sea is rather more than a mile from Margate, and less than two hours by rail from London. The walk to Margate along the cliffs is extremely enjoyable, and so, too, is the route by road: in the one you have the companionship, so to speak, of a lovely sunlit sea, dotted with craft of every conceivable kind; while the other walk lies through some really charming country scenery. This delightful little watering-place is within the parish of St. John's, Margate. As might be expected, it abounds in handsome new villas, and is thronged with visitors in summer. It has several splendid hotels, and a railway station of its own. The great reputation for salubrity which this resort has acquired, together with the spirited enterprise of its new Parish Council, which first met on January 1st, 1895, satisfactorily account for the extraordinary rapidity with which Westgate has grown in public favour. Speaking from actual experience, we are able to say that the charming watering-place depicted above is quite an ideal resort for those pleasure-seekers who long for the very happy medium between excessive gaiety and sheer dulness.

THE TOWN AND THE BAY, FROM MORNINGTON PARK, PRINCETON. [*From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**BANGOR.**—The town of this name in North Wales must not be confounded with the thriving watering-place on Belfast Lough, a view of which is shown here. Bangor is twelve miles from Belfast, and is the chief watering-place for the inhabitants of that famous city and its neighbourhood. During the summer months frequent steamers ply between the two places, and trains run almost every hour. There is excellent hotel accommodation here, also hot and cold baths, and a fine beach for bathing. Bangor commands very fine sea views, Ailsa Craig and the Scotch coast being visible in clear weather. The quay is overlooked by the well-preserved ruins of Bangor Castle. The country behind is extremely picturesque, one of its most beautiful features being Clandeboye, the magnificent mansion and demesne of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. Clandeboye is about two miles from Bangor, and its museum contains an extensive collection of antiquities and curios from various countries, acquired by the present Marquis, our accomplished Ambassador at Paris. Stretched round the bay, on the other side of Rocky Point, is Ballyholme, the charming little suburb of Bangor. Here may be found a very fine beach, and on the other side of the point are bathing-houses, with steps and other conveniences, for both ladies and gentlemen—an excellent substitute for machines, by the way, and a feature that might well be imitated by resorts of more pretension. An abbey was founded at Bangor as early as A.D. 556, and it was plundered by the Danes in 818. No remains of the building now exist, but the parish church occupies its site.

THE STEAMER "COLUMBA" AT ARDRISHAIG QUAY. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.*

**ARDRISHAIG.**—One of the most popular of the Scottish steamer excursions is that from Glasgow to Oban, by way of the Kyles of Bute, Ardrishaig, and the Crinan Canal or Loch Awe; this is known as the "Columba route." Practically, the whole voyage is landlocked, or otherwise so sheltered as rarely to cause discomfort to tourists unaccustomed to the sea. Moreover, the *Columba* and *Iona*, which take the traveller as far as Ardrishaig, are superb boats, both in point of speed and in fittings. The saloons are sumptuously furnished, and there is a hurricane deck for fine weather. On board the *Columba* —which steamer is shown above—there is every convenience for passengers, including newspapers, books, a post-office, and an irreproachable cuisine. The old and now disused church of Inverneil, and behind it Inverneil House, the fine residence of Captain D. Campbell, are passed on the left before entering Loch Gilp and reaching Ardrishaig, where the tourist leaves the *Columba* to be transferred by the Crinan Canal to the Oban boat. Ardrishaig is the south-eastern terminus of the canal, and is a busy little village, surrounded by several villas, which have sprung up since the opening of the little water-way. Opposite Ardrishaig is Kilmory Castle, the magnificent seat of Sir John Orde, Bart.; and from the village a coach runs during the summer months (on the arrival of the steamer) to Ford, on Loch Awe, where another steamer conveys passengers to the head of the loch, joining there the Callander and Oban Railway. The Ardrishaig Hotel will be found equal to all demands made upon it by tourists in this beautiful district.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE LANDING-STAGE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BEAUMARIS.**—It is easy to get to the very ancient and quiet little town of Beaumaris from Bangor by the steam ferry, which takes you across for sixpence; or if you start from Liverpool or Carnarvon, you may be landed there direct by the Liverpool steamboats. Most people, however, reach Beaumaris by way of Bangor or Menai Bridge Railway Station, from whence there is a magnificent drive of six or four miles respectively over the Menai Bridge. We may remark, in passing, that the foundation stone of this bridge was laid on the 10th of August, 1819, by Mr. Telford, the engineer; the general opening of the bridge took place on the 30th of January, 1826. The stupendous fastenings of the Menai Bridge are a curiosity, and many tourists visit the subterranean caverns to inspect the massive chains that are attached to the rocks therein. Beaumaris is the county town of Anglesey. As you leave the boat and come upon the landing-stage, the large and important building facing you is the chief hotel of the town—the Williams-Bulkeley Arms. The chief object of interest in Beaumaris is the Castle, said to have been built in 1295. One first notices the very slight elevation of the walls and towers of this structure. It is quite possible that some of this effect may be produced by its situation, backed up, as it is, with high cliffs. It is built of grey stone with many circular towers, and is for the most part covered with the most brilliant of green ivy. The castle covers a large piece of ground—nearly 60yds. each way—and once within its walls you may wander about at will, tracing out the principal apartments and admiring the picturesqueness of the stately ruin at every turn.

THE SPA. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FILEY.**—This prosperous watering-place was little more than thirty years ago an insignificant fishing village. It is, however, a place of very great antiquity. Authorities have not yet agreed whether Filey or Dunsley is the "well-havened bay of Ptolemy"; but there can be no doubt that the former was at one time an important Roman station—a fact established in 1857, when the heavy floods washed away large portions of the cliff, exposing remains of undoubted Roman work. It is very probable that the watering-place of to-day was a resort of the Romans ages before it passed into the obscurity from which it has so recently emerged. Its picturesque position on the cliffs of one of the noblest bays on the east coast of England, and its fine beach, along with its splendid hotels and handsome private houses, make Filey one of the most attractive resorts in the United Kingdom. About half a mile to the north of the town is the Car Naze, a narrow headland, or cliff, with a summer-house, from which a very fine view is obtained. The parish church, dedicated to St. Oswald, stands on a commanding eminence, separated from the town by a deep ravine, which forms the boundary between the North and East Ridings; thus the church, with a few houses near it, is in the former division of the county, while the town is in the latter. The old parts of Filey consist mainly of two streets, running parallel to the ravine already mentioned. New Filey, as the southern part of the town is called, is mostly composed of villas and boarding-houses arranged in handsome streets.

FILEY BRIG. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FILEY.**—Filey Brig, the southern boundary of the bay, is a remarkable ridge of rocks, projecting north half a mile into the sea, and perfectly dry at low water. It is not unlike the famous mole of Tangiers; and the surface is mostly level, although occasionally broken by large steps, holes, and masses of rock scattered about. From the end the views of Scarborough on the left, and Flamborough Head on the right hand, are exceedingly fine. Lashed and beaten by the storms of ages, Filey Brig presents an appearance of rugged grandeur. The honey-combed rock is, in many places, built up like coverts and clothed inches thick with seaweed and barnacles. The ever-restless waters by day and night beat themselves into a creamy foam against the jagged sides of the Brig, until the sea itself is hidden beneath the boiling mass, and the air filled with fleecy flakes driven hither and thither like unto a December snowstorm. In the winter months the Brig is crossed by sea-fowl of all kinds, and the patient sportsman, willing to watch and wait, may secure ample reward for his vigilance and skill. Mallards and black ducks are numerous, and the wild swan has also been shot in the vicinity. In one portion of Filey Brig the waves have eaten their way into the solid rock, forming miniature caves that are well worth inspection. The sea has also scooped out large basins, which the receding tide leaves full of water, and the visitor may enjoy a delicious bath in these pools if he is so minded.

FROM THE EAST, SHOWING SANDBANK AND KILMUN. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SANDBANK.**—This charming little village is reached on the way to Inveraray from Glasgow, travelling by way of Dunoon, Holy Loch, Loch Eck, and Strachan; this excursion usually takes about five hours. On the southern shore of Holy Loch is the mansion of Hafton, and farther on the tourist comes to Sandbank, which has some excellent hotels and steamboat piers. The steamers from Greenock, Gourock, and Craigendoran call here, and also at Kilmun, opposite Sandbank. Kilmun, by the way, means "the Church of St. Mun," and as the church here dates from the sixth century, it was probably the cause of the Loch being called "Holy." Two miles beyond Sandbank is Cothouse Inn, at the head of the Loch, and here is crossed the Eachaig, a beautiful stream issuing from Loch Eck. An excellent road runs westward up the little Eachaig, across Glen Tarsan, round the head of Lochs Striven and Riddon, and across Glen Daruel and the hills to Otter Ferry, on Loch Fyne. In short, the walks and drives in this district are picturesque in the highest degree—notably from the head of Holy Loch, by way of Loch Eck, Glen Messen, and Glen Lane. One could not wish for a more delightful resort than the lovely little village shown in this view, with its hotels and villas nestling in a sheltered and well-wooded nook. The charming situation of the village, as seen in this view, the white-sailed yachts in the miniature bay, the long vista of hills, and the air of perfect peace that seems to pervade the place, even in this picture, convey a really excellent notion of Sandbank and its picturesque vicinity.

THE WEST BAY. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**BRIDPORT.**—Bridport is a large, airy town, situated on a gentle ascent, flanked on the north by an amphitheatre of hills, and sloping on the south towards the sea. The streets are in the form of the letter Y, the two branches running from the east and west towards the centre, where stands the red brick Town Hall; the third street runs south towards the harbour. To the west of the town is the picturesque green mound of Colmer's Hill; and out of the network of streets which makes up Bridport proper, starts a wide and somewhat sinuous thoroughfare leading to Bridport Quay, about a mile and a half away, where, besides a small harbour, there is a fishing village and good bathing sands, in front of which is a new esplanade. The quay may also be reached by a footpath, diverging to the right at the brewery. The principal manufactures are those of twine, shoe-thread, and rope. In the time of Henry VIII. most of the cordage used in the Royal Navy was made here, or within a radius of five miles. Bridport takes its name from the River Bride, or Bredy, which flows into the sea at Burton Freshwater, below the town. This beautiful resort is connected with the Great Western and South-Western systems by a branch line to Maiden Newton, on the Dorchester and Yeovil line. Even at the present day there are twine-walks at the backs of most of the houses, and these are interesting enough to be well worth inspection. The church here is dedicated to St. Mary, and dates from the fifteenth century; it was restored in 1859–60.

THE PROMENADE AND BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**SIDMOUTH.**—This uniquely beautiful watering-place is situated at the centre of a great bay, the arms of which are formed by the Bill of Portland on the east, and the land stretching to Bonny Head on the west side. The valley in which it nestles is shaped like a horse-shoe, bounded on either side by Peak and the Salcombe Hills, each nearly 500ft. above sea-level. The bend of the horse-shoe is formed by a spur of the Honiton range of hills, Core Hill, and Ottery East Hill; over which run winding roads from Honiton and Ottery St. Mary. The aspect from the sea is very striking. The town lies in front of red sandstone cliffs, or climbs up into the narrowing valley, overhung by their wild, rugged fronts, which present a mixture of dark green and blood red, crowned with cultivated land, between which the eye catches glimpses of more softened beauty — shady woods and fields, and villas embowered in foliage, with gay gardens sloping down to the little River Sid. This river adds not a little to the beauty of the whole. Winding about, and here and there seen glittering in the sunlight through the trees, it rushes on, only to have its tiny voice drowned in that of the great sea, after leaving on its way thither a clear, bright little pool on the firm and sandy beach. Along the front of the town extends a sea-wall, about three-quarters of a mile in length, which was completed at great cost in the year 1838, in place of the natural barricade of gravel and sand that was washed away by a violent storm. It goes without saying that no one need be at a loss for excursions at Sidmouth; they abound in every direction, and are of incomparable loveliness.

A SUMMER SCENE ON THE SANDS. [*From a Photo. by Payne Jennings, Ashstead.*

**WESTON-SUPER-MARE.**—This popular west of England watering-place—which is almost daily increasing in size and importance—is situated some twenty miles west of Bristol on the Great Western Railway, and may be reached within three and a half hours from Paddington, and less than six hours from Manchester. Weston began to develop into a watering-place in the year 1811, when its population was returned at 163. At the last census Weston-super-Mare showed a resident population of 15,529, which number is, of course, more than doubled during the summer season, the Midlands contributing a large proportion of the visitors. More than half a century has elapsed since the first railway station was built here, and since then, in order to keep pace with the requirements of the town, two other stations, each twice the size of its predecessor, have been built. The present passenger station, with the goods station, sidings, and approaches, stands on several acres of land. In addition to pure air, Weston has an unlimited supply of pure water from a never-failing spring, owned by the town, which is said to have its source in the Mendip range of hills. There are lovely roads and drives in the immediate neighbourhood, notably through the woods, and around Worlebury Hill. The public buildings include the Town Hall, near the railway station; the Summer and Winter Gardens; the Victoria Hall, situate in the Boulevard; and the Assembly Rooms, whose largest apartment will seat 600 persons. Weston-super-Mare possesses one of the most extensive, and certainly one of the safest, bathing beaches in the kingdom; in short, we cannot hope to enumerate even a tithe of the attractions of this charming resort in the very small space at our disposal.

THE TOWN, AND THE HILL OF DUNIQUOICH. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**INVERARAY.**—This picturesque town may be reached from Glasgow in five hours by way of Rothesay, the Kyles of Bute, and Loch Fyne (*Lord of the Isles* route). A quarter of an hour after leaving Strachur pier the steamer arrives opposite Inveraray, and an excellent view of the town, castle, and grounds is obtained as it sweeps round the beautiful bay. This is the county town of Argyllshire, and is finely placed at the lower end of a small bay, where the River Aray falls into Loch Fyne. Inveraray is six miles from the head of the loch; and between the rivers Aray and Shira rises the grand wooded conical Hill of Duniquoich. This hill, which is shown in our view, is 900ft. high, and overlooks the town and castle of Inveraray. The town itself consists of a row of whitewashed houses and a broad street running from it, in the middle of which the church is placed. Inveraray Castle, the residence of the Duke of Argyll, is about a quarter of a mile from the town, and stands on a level green meadow beside the Aray. The grounds are thickly wooded with ancestral trees—beech, lime, Scotch and silver fir, and ash of great age and enormous growth—to make way for which the original town was moved to its present site. In 1877 the castle was partially destroyed by fire, and subsequently underwent a complete restoration. The old castle stood nearer the sea, but is now quite swept away. As seen at present, Inveraray Castle is a spacious quadrangular moated structure, of greenish-grey slate, or soap-stone, which in rainy weather becomes almost black. There are round towers at the angles, and the whole is surmounted by a central tower. The castle is shown to strangers when the family are absent.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**ARDGLASS.**—On a high promontory, stretching out into the Irish Channel, stands Ardglass, about seven miles south-east from Downpatrick. At one time this was the principal port of all Ulster, and was considered to be of such great importance as to require the protection of no fewer than five castles, the ruins of which are still to be seen. Although these palmy days are gone, Ardglass even yet enjoys a good deal of trade, being the head-quarters of the northern herring fishery, in which something like 3,000 fishermen are engaged. It is also an attractive bathing-place for the residents of Downpatrick and the vicinity. There is an excellent harbour here, and vessels of 500 tons can come in at all times. The name of Ardglass (in Irish, "Ardglas"—"green height") is derived from its position between two hills — the Ward of Ardglass on the west, and the Ward of Ardtole on the east; both of these are useful landmarks to sailors. A large trading company obtained a grant from Henry IV. and settled here; and it is probably to them that must be ascribed the erection of the New Works, a very singular range of buildings overlooking the rocks of the bay. These are 250ft. in length, and are flanked by a square tower at each end, in addition to one in the centre, the intervening walls being entered by fifteen arched doorways, between each of which is a square window. The whole was evidently used as a fortified warehouse for merchants in troublous times. Overlooking the town on the north-west is the ancient King's Castle, which has been incorporated with the handsome modern residence of Mr. A. de V. Beauclerk, the proprietor of the town. It was from the King's Castle that the above fine view of the harbour was taken.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE TOWN AND ITS VICINITY. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**PORT ERIN.**—This beautiful little town may be described as a capital centre for visiting the rock scenery and other objects of interest in the south-western section of the Isle of Man. The bay is inclosed by the Cassels, or Castles, on its south side and by the Bradda Hills, ending in the grand promontory of Bradda Head, on the north. Port Erin, 16 miles by rail from Douglas, is the terminus of the southern branch of the Isle of Man Railway. There are here two or three first-rate hotels, besides many refreshment-rooms, shops, and lodging-houses. In order to render the port a harbour of refuge for vessels of all sizes, a breakwater, upwards of 950ft. in length, was constructed from the designs of Sir John Coode, the famous engineer. It consists of solid concrete blocks, weighing from 14 to 17 tons each, thrown at random into the sea upon a bed of rubble. This structure, with subsequent works, cost about £80,000, but its utility has not come up to expectation. For the convenience of landing, a low-water pier has been constructed, 310ft. long and parallel with the quay. Speaking of Port Erin, one well-known authority on the Isle of Man writes: "It is a pleasant nook of seaside life at the head of the bay. But as I look seaward, the headlands grow wilder as they recede, ending in scenes of savage grandeur among the storm-worn crags which front the open sea." Excellent boating, fishing, and bathing may be had at Port Erin, and the place has, moreover, been thoroughly drained and provided with a good supply of water. The view from the heights of this lovely Manx watering-place embraces nearly the whole of the island, the Mourne Mountains in Co. Down, and the Mull of Galloway in Scotland.

BRADDA HEAD, WITH THE MILNER TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**PORT ERIN.**—Port Erin is really one of the most delightful places imaginable. About the middle of the somewhat scattered town a modest chapel stands in a little patch of ground inclosed by low white walls. The whole scene is picturesquely varied. There are the wild mountain tops clustered in the direction of Fleshwick, as if in solemn counsel; the craggy headlands at the entrance to the bay, with the blue sea heaving between them; the smooth beach, where the tide is singing and surging; the quiet, irregularly-built village, and the fertile plain rolling away landward between the hills in picturesque undulations. Bradda Head, to the north of Port Erin, stands out in bold grandeur, being 766ft. high. Its almost perpendicular sides are the habitat of innumerable sea birds, while the sea, dashing around it and enveloping it in foam, completes a picture of sublime grandeur. From the Falcon's Nest Hotel at Port Erin there are good footpaths the whole distance to Bradda Head—a walk of perhaps a mile and a half. The copper mines, worked by the Romans, may still be traced on the face of the cliff, but there are difficulty and danger in approaching them. The modern mine extends under the sea. The Milner Tower, which crowns Bradda Head, is a memorial to the late Mr. Milner, the head of the well-known firm of safe makers, who was something of a philanthropist in this district. Over the door will be found the following inscription: "To William Milner, in grateful acknowledgment of his many charities to the poor of Port Erin, and of his never-tiring efforts for the benefit of the Manx fishermen, this tower was erected by public subscription A.D. 1871."

THE NORTH CLIFF. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

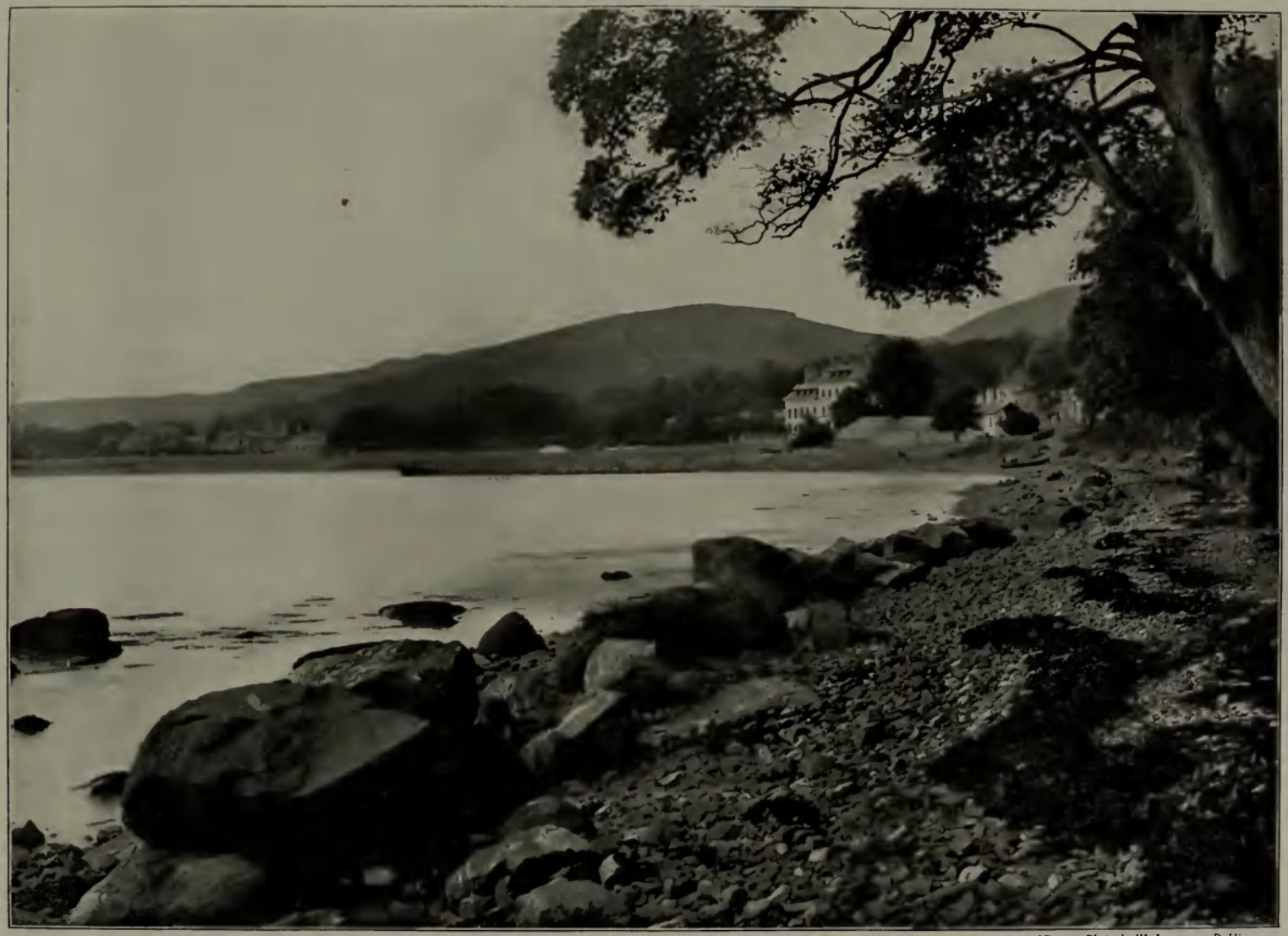
**SOUTHWOLD.**—There is a ring of importance about the name of this pretty little east coast watering-place that is somewhat deceptive. One is inclined to picture, as one sees it in print, a smart and fashionable holiday haunt with the customary pier and promenade, and the inevitable and somewhat wearisome supply of seaside "attractions." Such, however, is very far from being the case. Southwold remains a quiet, sleepy, picturesque, and wholly delightful retreat, innocent alike of piers and nigger minstrels, of ugly terraces, and of those indications of "life" which induce lovers of peace and the picturesque to fly in dismay from popular resorts by the sea. Round about this charming place there is abundant material for the archæologist, the artist, and the romancist, as well as the idle holiday-maker—for all, in fact, who love quiet beauty and quaintness. There is about Southwold a curiously unconventional air which instantly charms the visitor whose soul does not pine for a brass band and a general uproar. As soon as Halesworth is left behind, and the droll little toy train begins its fussy journey to the coast, along the Southwold branch line, one begins to realize that the resort for which one is bound is no ordinary place. The whole town seems to overflow with sunshine, which lights up every corner of its rambling, unconventional streets; yet the eye is never wearied, because, turn where you will—round by the church, in and out of the market-place, among the trim villas and shops, and even by the sea itself—there is always a little "green," a miniature common, round which all the houses and buildings of this delightful little town are arranged in pretty groups.

GUN HILL. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SOUTHWOLD.**—The feature we have just spoken of gives Southwold a fresh and airy appearance that few seaside towns possess. The children love these little oases in the midst of the shops and houses; and the grassy Gun Hill, facing the sea, with its six formidable cannon, captured at Preston by "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and won back again at Culloden by "Butcher Cumberland," who gave them to Southwold, is a special haunt of the little folks, for whom Southwold positively seems to have been specially designed. For boys it is a veritable paradise. What can a boy desire better than to run wild on these beautiful commons by the sea, where cricket and tennis are always in progress? But children of a larger growth, and especially those who are artistically inclined, find Southwold a truly happy hunting-ground. There is a wealth of material hereabouts for brush and canvas, and, indeed, the pictures are almost ready-made. There are, too, innumerable colours of a certain kind supplied by the red-roofed, mellow-toned, old farm-houses; the peaceful silvery stretches of water, with their fringe of many-tinted grasses; the picturesque ferries; and the long, flat landscapes, seen against skies that no artist can ever reproduce. Then one may wander by the beautiful Blythe, that flows through Laxfield, by lawns and grassy plots in brambly wildernesses, and in and out among parks, until it reaches Blythburgh, where it becomes a picturesque broad. Stealing again among the meadows, round about the commons, and half hidden by the reeds and long grasses, yellow irises, and bulrushes, the little river at last finds its way to the sea by Walberswick, beautiful from source to mouth.

FROM OMEATH, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF CARLINGFORD LOUGH. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**WARRENPOINT.**—This beautiful and thriving town lies at the mouth of the Newry River, and has a good harbour, which serves as a port to the town of Newry. It also has a really first-rate bathing beach, gently shelving, covered with small, round pebbles, and wholly free from mud or sea-weed. This favourite Irish resort may also be described as situate at the very head of Carlingford Bay. It is five miles by rail from Newry; there are also coaches to Newcastle, and a tram-service to Rostrevor. In one part the houses form a little square, while in another they stretch along the edge of the shore, where there is a very convenient quay, from which steam packets sail to Liverpool twice a week. There was formerly a very extensive rabbit-warren here, from which circumstance the place derives its name. Warrenpoint exhibits at one end the characteristics of a seaport, and at the other those of a fashionable seaside bathing-place. From this latter portion—which, by the way, is washed by the waters of the Lough—there is a view such as rarely falls to the lot of the watering-places of Great Britain. On the right are seen the great ranges of the Carlingford Mountains, among the chief of which are Clermont Cairn, 1,674ft., and Carlingford, 1,935ft. At their foot nestles the charming village of Omeath, nearly opposite Warrenpoint; and farther down is Carlingford itself. On the horizon are seen the lighthouses of Greenore Point and the Block House. On the left the Mourne Mountains rise still higher and more abruptly. In a corner, under Slieve Bân, is Rostrevor, embowered in beautiful woods.



WOODSIDE, ROSTREVOR. *[From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**ROSTREVOR.**—The "Montpelier of Ireland" is three miles by tram-car from Warrenpoint. Rostrevor took its present name on passing into the possession of the Trevors, Viscounts of Dungannon; the Irish word "Ross" signifies a headland. This delightful town is situated on rising ground overlooking the bay, in a most beautiful neighbourhood, well wooded and plentifully besprinkled with villas. On a beach, with a background of rough mountain, rises an obelisk with an appropriate inscription to the memory of General Ross, a native of Rostrevor, who fell in the Battle of Baltimore in 1814. The chief attraction at Rostrevor is the bay, which, all the way from Warrenpoint, has the appearance of a beautiful and spacious lake, in the midst of woods and mountains. An immense granite boulder, locally known as "Clough More" ("the great stone"), stands about half-way up the Slieve Bân, the total height of which is about 1,595ft. As one might imagine, a magnificent view may be obtained from the summit of this hill. Below Rostrevor the Lough expands, but contracts at Greencastle, from which point the open sea may be said to commence. Rostrevor is built upon the lowest slopes of the Mourne Mountains, which shelter it from cold winds. Beautiful oak woods fill the ravines, climbing upwards on the hills and ridges, from which there is a surpassingly beautiful view of the bay. This view embraces the ocean and the hills; the Isle of Man and the Hill of Howth; with lovely Rostrevor in the immediate foreground.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, SHOWING NELSON'S BATTLESHIP, "THE VICTORY." *(From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**PORTSMOUTH.**—Portsmouth, the strongest fortified town in England, stands on an island called Portsea, which is separated from the mainland by a small creek or arm of the sea. Standing on Portsdown Hill we see an island 5,568 acres in area, three miles long and two and a half miles wide, formed on the north by a narrow channel which separates it from the mainland; by the broad expanse of Langstone Harbour on the east; by Portsmouth Harbour on the west; and by the waters of Spithead on the south. Opposite, like a natural breakwater, lies the peerless Isle of Wight, and on the other side of the harbour, the pretty town of Gosport. Nearly up to the hill on which we stand (four miles) extends the strip of water we have spoken of, and whose entrance is commanded by Fort Victoria and Southsea Castle on the east, and by Fort Monkton on the west. It is always more or less thronged with ships of war of every conceivable size and variety. The *Victory* is, of course, the great feature of attraction at Portsmouth. This historic vessel has been repaired and restored until but little remains of the glorious ship that carried Nelson's flag at Trafalgar. You are still permitted to see the spot where England's great naval hero received his death-wound, and also the corner in the cockpit where his indomitable spirit passed away. The *Victory*, which is shown in the above view, was first launched in 1765 and was rebuilt in 1800; her burden is 2,164 tons. A sail up Portsmouth Harbour is, perhaps, the visitor's chief enjoyment; and at high water, on a fine summer day, when a fresh breeze comes up from the distant Channel, it is not to be despised even by the most fastidious of tourists.


THE HARD. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PORTSMOUTH.**—Let us return to our imaginary point of view. That portion of the great town which lies nearest to us is called Portsea; beyond it stretches Landport, and away to the south extends Portsmouth. On the south-east are the fine new houses of the well-known and delightful watering-place, Southsea. Ramparts, bastions, moats, redoubts, and drawbridges intersect and encircle the whole place in a manner peculiarly perplexing to the unprofessional eye. Let us now visit the Hard at Portsea—always a scene of extraordinary liveliness and bustle, and commanding a very picturesque view of the harbour, with Gosport on the opposite shore. Portsmouth Dockyard should next be visited. This is the largest dockyard in the kingdom (120 acres), and from its resources the most important in the world. On the east is the Royal Naval College, built in 1817; and in a line with the Mast Houses are the Hemp and Sea-store Houses, measuring 800ft. by 60ft.; the Rigging House, with its clock tower; and the Sail Loft, which is 600ft. long. Westward lie the Docks, which were greatly extended by the works completed in 1876 at a cost of over two millions, much of the labour having been performed by convicts. About one mile south of Gosport is the Haslar Hospital, an immense red brick building, erected between 1746 and 1752. It is the chief establishment of the kind in Great Britain, and can accommodate two thousand sick and wounded officers, seamen, and marines. The frontage of the Haslar Hospital is 576ft., and the wings are 553ft. long. Nor should any visitor leave Portsmouth until he has inspected the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, our greatest naval storehouse.

FROM THE PIER, SHOWING THE CASTLE OF RUSHEN. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**CASTLETOWN.**—This quaint and beautiful Isle of Man watering-place lies at the head of its dangerous rocky bay, at the mouth of the little Silverburn, or brook. It has a pier about 600ft. in length, and was formerly the seat of the insular Government, the residence of the Governor, and the capital of the island. The Castle and other antiquities, both within and near the town, and the very curious and varied natural features of the southern coast attract many visitors; but Castletown is not so extensively patronized as are Douglas and Ramsey. Nevertheless, we anticipate that this in itself will be a recommendation to many prospective holiday-makers. In the Market Place here is a Doric column, 50ft. high, erected in 1836 in honour of Lieutenant-Governor Smelt, who held office from 1805 until his death in 1832. Near Smelt's Monument is a very curious stone globe, having thirteen facets, by which are shown, not only the time of day by the sun, but also that of the night by the moon. But the chief object of interest at this place is the Castle of Rushen, which is shown in our view. This massive and venerable pile is associated throughout the history of the Isle of Man as the stronghold and palace of its Kings, the seat of the Legislature, and the general prison. The Castle walls vary in thickness from 7ft. to 12ft.; the embattled wall is 25ft. high and 9ft. thick. The flagstaff tower is 80ft. high, and the other towers about 70ft. The view from the top of one of these towers embraces not only the insular peaks, but also, in favourable weather, the Parys Mountain, in Anglesea, and the Snowdon Range, while beyond Port Erin are seen the Black Comb, the Mourne Mountains, and Slieve Donard.

THE WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE CANAL, AND THE SOUND OF JURA. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**CRINAN.**—It is at this beautiful little place that the Crinan Canal terminates in the Sound of Jura; and travellers arriving here betake themselves to the steamer for Oban, a voyage of about two hours. The Crinan Canal, by which passengers are conveyed across the Isthmus, from Ardrishaig, on Loch Fyne, to Crinan on the west, is nine miles long, and was cut in 1793–1801, to obviate the necessity of the long and dangerous voyage of 70 miles round the Mull of Kintyre, for which purpose it is broad enough to receive vessels of considerable burden. The Crinan Canal is supplied with water from natural reservoirs in the hills. There are altogether fifteen locks, thirteen of which are 96ft. long, 24ft. wide, and about 12ft. deep; the other two are 108ft. long and 27ft. wide. After leaving Ardrishaig, the steamer presently arrives at the ivy-covered mansion of Auchindarroch; and farther on is the Cairnbaan Inn, a capital station for anglers, from about a mile beyond which a road goes south through the hills to Loch Swen, which stretches into the Knapdale district for about ten miles. After leaving Bellanoch Bay, with its beautiful little village, another couple of miles through delightful scenery brings us to Crinan, at the west end of the canal, across whose lovely bay may be seen to the north the finely placed Castle of Duntroon, an ancient seat of the clan Campbell. The old village of Crinan is built upon a rock which becomes an island at high water. There is a capital inn at this place, also a fine lighthouse. It is twenty-nine miles from Crinan to Oban, and the steamer proceeds thence through the Dornsmore or Great Gate between the Point of Craignish and one of the chains of islets situated here.

THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LYME REGIS.**—This pretty Dorsetshire town lies between Weymouth and Sidmouth, near the mouth of the Char. Once a place of some importance that, before the Reform Bill was passed, returned two members to Parliament, it remains a favourite watering-place, as, indeed, it was in the days of Jane Austen, who, in her novel, "Persuasion," has thus described Lyme Regis and its neighbourhood: "As there is nothing to admire in the buildings themselves, the remarkable situation of the town, the principal street almost hurrying into the water; the walk to the Cobb, skirting round the pleasant little bay, which, in season, is animated with bathing machines and company; the Cobb itself, its old wonders and new improvements, with the very beautiful line of cliffs stretching out to the east of the town—all these are what the stranger's eye will seek, and a very strange stranger he must be who does not see charms in the immediate environs of Lyme to make him wish to know it better. The scenes in the immediate neighbourhood—Charmouth, with its high grounds and extensive sweeps of country, and still more, its sweet, retired bay, backed by dark cliffs, where fragments of low rock among the sands make it the happiest spot for watching the flow of the tide, and for resting in unwearied contemplation; the woody varieties of the cheerful village of Uplyme; and, above all, Pinny, with its green chasms between romantic rocks, where the scattered forest trees and orchards of luxuriant growth declare that many generations must have passed away since the first partial falling of the cliff prepared the ground for such a state—these places must be visited and visited again to make the worth of Lyme understood."

THE RIVER, THE HILLS, AND CUSHENDUN BAY. *(From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**CUSHENDUN.**—The road from Ballycastle follows the Vale of the Carey as far as the hamlet of Ballynoy, where a branch is given off along the coast, past Torr and Runabay Heads to Cushendun. For pedestrians desirous of obtaining superb coast views, this route is very advantageous indeed; and is, moreover, only about a mile longer. The car-road crosses the Carey, and then strikes into the hills, passing along the base of Carneighaneigh, which is 1,036ft. high. The view from the top of the hill overlooking Cushendun is very charming, and embraces the little village with its pretty church and neat residences, nestling by the sea-shore, and on the banks of the Glendun, a river of some volume, rising in the Slieve-an-Orra Hills, and flowing for its whole course between mountains of considerable height. About two miles from the village this river is crossed by a lofty and exceedingly-picturesque viaduct, which, when seen from a distance, appears to completely span the vale. This viaduct is 80ft. in height, and is supported by three arches; it was erected at a cost of £17,000. Farther south, at the head of Red Bay, is Cushendall, quite one of the sweetest villages in all Ulster. It is connected with Ballymena by a mineral railway line. On the sea-shore at Cushendun the tourist will find many picturesque caves, one of them resembling an immense grotto 141ft. in length. The greater part of the district, from Ballycastle to Cushendun, is composed of granitic rocks. From the latter place, however, the Devonian, or old red rocks, make their appearance and are exposed in magnificent sections all along the coast, and particularly at the romantic little village of Glenariffe, into which the road is actually carried under short tunnels of old red rock.

FROM THE ALBERT TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**RAMSEY.**—Steamers arriving at Ramsey usually land their passengers at the Queen's Pier, while occasionally at high tides the vessels go right into the harbour. Ramsey lies in the centre of its open bay, which is eight miles across, and therefore the largest in the Isle of Man. The River Sulby here flows into the harbour, the town being on its banks. The older parts—shops, railway station, etc.—are on the level ground, the modern buildings occupying the slopes on the north and south, as well as the high sandy cliffs, called Broughs, which skirt the shore. The town is intersected from east to west by one long thoroughfare, known as Parliament Street. There are two piers guarding the harbour, and that on the south is about 1,000ft. in length. This charming watering-place is a well-built and eminently respectable town, quiet and healthy, surrounded by most attractive scenery, and in every way a suitable place for those who are in search of invigorating air and other seaside advantages in full measure. There are in Ramsey several first-class hotels, excellent shops of all kinds, and a well-supplied market. Fish and vegetables are abundant, cheap, and varied. Horses may be hired, and there are troops of the meekest of meek donkeys for the children. As regards the bathing, we may mention that the water is beautifully transparent, and the sands broad and free from quicksands, holes, or other dangers to bathers. Ramsey is the visitors' best centre for the northern district of the Isle of Man, and there is a great variety of fine scenery in the vicinity—mountains, glens, waterfalls, broad, sandy shores, and rocks of huge dimensions and every conceivable shape.

THE BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RAMSEY.**—We should have mentioned that the foregoing view was taken from the Albert Tower, which is 45ft. high and 16ft. square. Over the entrance is an inscription setting forth that the monument was erected on the spot where Prince Albert stood to view Ramsey and its neighbourhood, during the visit of Her Majesty the Queen, on the 20th of September, 1847. The bathing machines and boats are kept on the south shore of this resort, but they may also be had on the north shore, if ordered. North Ramsey, by the way, is separated from the main part of the town by the River Sulby, over which is a very old bridge, 180ft. long; nearer the mouth of the river a fine swing-bridge has recently been constructed. From the south pier at Ramsey a broad, asphalted promenade extends southward about 2,000ft. to the principal pier, which is 2,200ft. in length. The sands extend beyond this to Ballure Glen; and at low water the walk may be continued past a fine range of rocks to Port Lewaigue, about a mile from the town. The north shore may be reached from the end of Windsor Terrace or Coburg Road, or by the swing-bridge leading to the Mooragh—a splendid park of about 200 acres, with a salt water lake for boating. A gate at the other end of the Mooragh leads to the sands, which may be traversed without hindrance round the Point of Ayr as far as Kirk Michael. Other delightful walks are to Maughold Head, with its old church, and Glen Auldyn, near Snaefell. Altogether we have no hesitation in saying that those who have regularly patronized more common-place resorts find Ramsey a charming and wholly novel change therefrom.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**TOBERMORY.**—The Island of Mull, in Scotland, is some thirty miles long, while its greatest breadth is twenty miles. The indentations of the bays and creeks, however, are so deep and irregular, especially on the west, that while the coast-line measures some three hundred miles, it is only three miles from sea to sea between Salen Bay and the Atlantic at Loch-na-Keal—a long, broad, and deep fjord that nearly cuts the island in two. A grand view of the Mull Mountains, with Ben More (3,185ft.) in front and Ben Talla conspicuous to the south, is enjoyed as the steamer crosses to Salen, a good place from whence to make excursions, either to Loch-na-Keal or to the summit of Ben More. A little beyond the powerful, rock-built fortress of Aros Castle, the steamer enters the Harbour of Tobermory, the only town of any size in Mull. It was founded in 1788 by the British Fishery Company. Five miles inland from here is Loch Freisa, which is four miles long, and therefore the largest inland lake in Mull. Excellent fishing may be had in Lake Freisa. Tobermory stands on the shore of a well-sheltered bay, having in front the small Island of Calve. It is rapidly increasing in popularity as a summer resort, and therefore grows larger every year. The town faces the south-east, and with high ground behind it, has a somewhat gloomy appearance, although on a fine summer day the thick woods are delightfully shady. There is a pretty waterfall in the stream at the back of the town, and also several cascades in the woods around, which, after rainy weather, fall directly over the cliffs into the bay with a peculiarly beautiful effect.

AN EXCURSION STEAMER AT THE PIER. *[From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TOTLAND BAY.**—Leaving the Needles Battery by the road which runs along the north side of the Down, the Isle of Wight tourist may descend the northern slope of the Down by a steep footpath to the Warren, a broad, rugged tract of heath between the Down and Headon Hill. After Alum Bay comes Headon Hill, 397ft. high, and with a new fort. This hill must certainly be ascended by every tourist in search of the picturesque. Colwell and Totland Bays; the Valley of the Yar; the wooded lanes and green meadows between Yarmouth and Newtown; Hurst Castle; Lymington, and the distant shadows of the New Forest—all these are included in the magnificent prospect overlooked by Headon Hill. The charming spot depicted in the above view is Totland Bay, which lies on the north side of Headon Hill, and is rapidly becoming known among the famous Isle of Wight resorts. It will be seen that this rising watering-place already has an iron pier, 450ft. long; and its sea-front bids fair to be covered with handsome villas. The sands here are white and firm, and the bathing is quite perfect. Steamers call regularly at the pier, and delightful excursions may be made thence to all parts of the island. There are excellent hotels at Totland Bay and Alum Bay. At Headon Hill, on the north side of Alum Bay, the tourist is in sight of the finest and most striking scenery in the island. The chalk on the south side of the bay forms an unbroken face nearly everywhere perpendicular, and in some places formidably projecting. The vast wall extends nearly a quarter of a mile, and is more than 400ft. in height; it terminates in a thin projection of bold, unbroken outline, apparently continued by the wedge-shaped Needle Rocks.

GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**THE NEEDLES.**—Perhaps no excursion in the Isle of Wight is more popular with tourists than the one from Freshwater Bay to the Needles, Alum Bay, Headon Hill, Totland Bay, and Colwell Bay. Leaving Freshwater Bay by the road which leads up to the village, we presently pass the new Fort, planted on a plateau scooped out of the lofty cliffs, to the foot of High Down. Ascending this hill, which rises to a height of 600ft. above the sea, we continue our course past the Beacon. A little farther on we come to a milestone recording the fact that we are 13 miles from Newport. We now go straight on to the Needles Battery, erected in 1862, where the Down breaks off abruptly in a bold bluff overhanging the sea. On the left-hand side will be observed Scratchell's Bay and the Needles, and on the right Alum Bay and Headon Hill in the nearer distance, with Hurst Castle, across the Solent, on the mainland. The celebrated Needles are three isolated masses of the extreme west point of the middle range of Downs, which have been produced by the decomposition and wearing away of the chalk in the direction of the joints or fissures with which the strata are traversed. The angular or wedge-shaped form of these rocks is due to the high angle of the inclination of their beds. In 1764 one of the Needles (known as "Lot's Wife") fell into the sea with a tremendous crash; it was 120ft. high. A lighthouse was erected in 1859 on the outermost Needle Rock, to replace the old one, which was often rendered useless by the thick mists which at certain seasons enveloped it. The present lighthouse is 109ft. high, with an occulting light 80ft. above high water, and seen at a distance of 14 miles.

THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**PORTPATRICK.**—This delightful Scottish watering-place is about eight miles by rail from Stranraer, and is the nearest point on the Scottish coast to Ireland, Donaghadee being only 21½ miles distant. Indeed, who has not heard of the fabled exploit of Saint Patrick in stepping across at this point? Portpatrick is the most important of the charming little watering-places on the coast of Wigtownshire. It lies at the foot of surrounding cliffs, with a delightful south-western frontage to the sea. The harbour and pier here were constructed by Rennie in 1843, at a cost of £200,000, but not proving convenient, the mail service between Portpatrick and Donaghadee has long been discontinued, and the sea is rapidly destroying the work of the famous engineer. This town, however, is now much frequented as a watering-place, the climate being reputed the mildest in Scotland. Dunskey Glen and Castle, both in the immediate vicinity, are well worth seeing; and there is some fine coast scenery in the neighbouring bays and creeks. The ruins of Dunskey Castle stand on a rocky cliff, which is pierced with many caves and projects into the sea. Portpatrick has the advantage of being easily accessible by railway, by which also its visitors may penetrate the recesses of the really admirable, but somewhat neglected, Galloway mountain scenery. As we have already said, the coast-line hereabouts is very fine, especially at the point of the Mull of Galloway, where one may sometimes look down on the spectacle of a storm beating against this southernmost outwork of Scotland.

THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—To form a correct general idea of the thriving and rising Port of Southampton, it is necessary first of all that one should grasp its geographical position; for it is to its position that Southampton owes the importance and prosperity it enjoys to-day. The town stands on a wide, V-shaped tract of land projecting into that estuary of the Channel known as Southampton Water, which is navigable by the largest vessels afloat, at all states of the tide. Into this estuary, on the east of the town, runs the small but charming Itchen, the river of Isaac Walton. We may trace this river back through Bishopstoke to the old capital of England, the City of Winchester. Close by, at Eastleigh, are the carriage works of the London and South-Western Railway, now covering forty acres of ground and employing about 1,150 men. Southampton Water is a landlocked arm of the sea about eight miles long, and averaging one mile in width. The fairway is wide enough for all purposes; and the depth of water is such that the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel ever built (680ft. by 83ft.), could swing at anchor close to Southampton. The most remarkable feature of Southampton is, of course, the Docks, which cover altogether something like 230 acres, including the quay space. There are three floating docks, and five "graving," or dry docks, for the repair of vessels. The largest of these, just completed, is the most spacious in the world, measuring 750ft. (with an additional 50ft. if required) by 87½ft. The Royal Pier was opened in the year 1832 by Her Majesty the Queen (then Princess Victoria), and was extended in 1892. It contains a railway station, a landing stage, a pavilion, and a spacious promenade.

THE WESTERN SHORE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—The double tide renders Southampton Water especially attractive to yachtsmen. Opposite the entrance to the Royal Pier is the Royal Southern Yacht Club, of which Her Majesty is the patroness, and which was authorized to fly the blue ensign as long ago as 1843. The visitor to Southampton, on passing Simnel Street, will emerge into full view of the Western Shore, a bight of water in the left bank of the Test, which presents a very charming spectacle when the tide is high. A well-known engineer has hazarded his professional reputation on the statement that it would be neither expensive nor difficult to make the Western Shore show a sheet of water at all states of the tide. This idea, by the way, has long been talked about in Southampton. On the right of the road at this point are the "forty steps," running from the Western Shore road to the town by way of mounting an old wall. Here, too, may be seen the recently disclosed Norman vault, used in the early history of the town as a place of storage. Still farther along one comes to the end of the wall, where it turns east to the old Northgate or Bargate—a fine example of Norman fortification and the most striking feature in the streets of Southampton. The Bargate divides the principal thoroughfare in Southampton into the High Street and Above Bar. After leaving the Club House of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, the visitor to Southampton should pass through Cuckoo Lane in order to reach the West Gate, fronting the West Quay. This is one of the oldest portions of fortified Southampton. The gate has been fairly well, but not too well, preserved, and is therefore of much interest.

THE PLATFORM. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—Leaving the Docks by any of the entrances into Canute Road, we find ourselves in the midst of the shipping offices. The flag of any of the companies flying from the roof of these offices, or from that of the handsome South-Western Hotel, indicates that a ship belonging to that particular company is signalled at Hurst Castle; and then the sometimes too numerous aggregation of casual labourers know that it is time to apply for tickets for the job of assisting to unload the cargo. Leaving the South-Western Hotel, with the Docks Station in immediate connection with it, we pass by the platform where there are a number of Russian guns, a cannon of the time of Henry VIII., and other ordnance. More serviceable weapons, used for saluting, are kept at the head-quarters of the 1st Hants Artillery Volunteers. Opposite is the Queen's Park, which displays in the centre a statue of General Gordon, who resided here. It was to his sister in Southampton that this hero addressed his last letter from Khartoum, and the last sentence from that letter—"I am happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty"—is engraved on the memorial. Southampton numbers among its attractions a common of 375 acres; and close to it, at Bannister Park, is the County Cricket Ground, generally admitted to be one of the finest cricket grounds in the kingdom; nor should we omit to mention the Ordnance Office, where the whole of the maps of the United Kingdom are prepared. The resident staff, including Royal Engineers and civilians, is about 750; but the number of men engaged in the Ordnance Survey throughout the kingdom is about 3,000.

GENERAL VIEW FROM WALDRON HILL. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TORQUAY.**—A celebrated art critic has declared that Edinburgh, Venice, and Torquay are the three most beautiful towns in Europe. Be this as it may, the latter is certainly one of the loveliest and most popular winter resorts in England. And yet its fame is of comparatively recent date. When the English fleet, during the great French War, lay at anchor in Tor Bay, many of the wives and families of its officers flocked down to the fishing village adjoining the bay to take up their residence there for the time being. "What a beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" were the words of the great Napoleon as he, a prisoner, gazed over Tor Bay; and truly it is of incomparable loveliness. It is bounded on one side by Berry Head, a high promontory, and on the other, at a distance from it of more than four miles, by the headland called Hope's Nose. This celebrated and fashionable winter resort occupies the northern corner of Tor Bay, and is securely sheltered from all winds, except those from the south-east. It is a town of charming villas, which, amphitheatre-like, stretch upwards from the shore in terraces to the higher ground overlooking the sea. To say that a place is in Devonshire is almost tantamount to saying that it is a lovely place; and to say that a town is one of the most beautiful and popular in such a county is at once to affirm its supremacy in all that is picturesque and charming. To be conspicuously beautiful and picturesque, in a county of rock and river, of tor and fell, of grassy meadows and blooming orchards, of evergreen, myrtle, and perennial flora, is indeed to occupy a position of unique distinction among the lovely places of the world. And such is the position of Torquay.

THE NATURAL ARCH ("LONDON BRIDGE"). [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TORQUAY.**—On the summit of Chapel Hill we find the ruins of St. Michael's Chapel, consisting of four arches and a roof of solid stone, standing 90ft. above the road. Close by is Windmill Hill, commanding extensive views. Casting our eyes seaward, a romantic rocky coast beckons us away to mermaid caves and sheltered creeks, where ferns and creepers watch the rippling waves; and we involuntarily scramble down the wooded path in order to make our way in the direction of Daddy Hole Plain, passing *en route* Tor Bay Club House, the Bath Saloon, the Lifeboat Station, and the Ladies' Bathing Cove. We next notice some lovely pleasure-grounds sloping in terraces right down the cliffs close to Land's End, where we behold "London Bridge," a beautiful structure consisting of a natural arch made by the waves, which for countless ages have surged under and about it. We then take the path over the rocks, and soon find ourselves in the centre of Daddy Hole Plain. We notice the chasm or hole in the cliff, and also the vegetation that thrives so vigorously on every side. Nor must we forget the Shag Rock, Thatcher Rock, the Oar Stone, and Load Stone—verdure-clad rocks that dot the sea and give such poetic beauty to the shore. And presently we will be crossing Meadfoot beach, where a thousand men might bathe simultaneously, for it is one of the finest beaches in the world, extending from Daddy Hole Plain on the one side to Kilmorie on the other. Antiquaries and geologists, too, will find much in this neighbourhood to interest them.

ANSTEY'S COVE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TORQUAY.**—The little creek at Torquay, formerly with its rude pier and cluster of homely cottages, is now a spacious and important harbour, in which vessels of from six to seven hundred tons may lie in safety. The new piers form here, as elsewhere, delightful promenades. The Victoria Parade, leading as it does to the Public Baths and Ladies' Bathing Cove, is one of the most fashionable resorts of the town. The two piers inclose an inner basin, which has an area of about six acres, and affords splendid shelter to ships in the roughest weather. To enlarge the accommodation for yachts, another pier or breakwater has been constructed at a cost of £48,000. This pier is 1,550ft. long. The sweetest little inlet between Teignmouth and Dartmouth is Anstey's Cove. The wider one of Babbicombe immediately to the north of it is also very beautiful, and the two together are the great features of the most delightful ramble that can be taken from Torquay. Anstey's Cove is a deep and rugged recess in the cliffs, wrought out, probably, by the action of the water and the consequent subsidence of land. On the other side are scattered bold, richly-tinted rocks. To the left a promontory of the hardest marble has been rent by the sea into several jagged peaks, over which the ivy and the lichen clamber, and on the right rises a lofty hill covered with coppice and brushwood. The vegetation of the undercliff is of the most varied and luxuriant description. The rocks, with the variegated tints of marble, limestone, and shale; the dancing waters of the cove, blue or green as the case may be, with the little belt of shining yellow sand; and the ferns, wild flowers, and plants which occupy every possible nook and cranny—all contribute to the beauty of this delightful spot.

THE BEACH, BABBICOMBE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TORQUAY.**—The fame of the climate of Torquay spread far and near, and so the lovely town was compelled to grow in order to receive the ever-increasing crowds that came to find health and strength beneath the shelter of the lovely hills that tower above its gentle sea. Thus the little fishing hamlet, that boasted only a mean wooden structure in its midst that did duty as pier and promenade, extended until it absorbed the neighbouring hamlets of Tormoham, Torwood, and Cockington in one direction, and Babbicombe and St. Mary Church in the other. In the census of 1801 the population is given as 838. In 1891 the return was 25,534. From Anstey's Cove, Babbicombe is rather less than a mile, either by the shady lanes or by a path over the cliffs. It may also be reached by a pleasant and breezy ramble across Warbery Hill, and a descent among the sweet-scented pines. The older part of Babbicombe village lies at the foot of the hill, and is reached by a precipitous road. Here the tourist will find boats and boatmen, with whom arrangements may be made for a trip to Watcombe or Oddicombe Bay. Oddicombe Bay has of recent years sprung into popular favour, and, indeed, its natural charms and splendid bathing facilities were bound to produce such a result. Babbicombe has now become a suburb of Torquay, from the centre of which it is not more than two miles distant. A little way back from the lofty cliff which overlooks the bay, and separated from it by a wide green promenade, runs a line of villas with a first-rate hotel (The Royal) standing in the midst of them.

THE SANDS. *[From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

**DOVERCOURT.**—This delightful and popular Essex watering-place, with its fine beach, hotels, and lodging-houses, is a suburb of Harwich, about ten miles from Manningtree, to which station the Great Eastern main line runs direct from Liverpool Street. Although there may be many people who have not even heard of this charming little place, there are an incredible number of organized excursions to it, and it is the favourite beanfeast resort of scores of the factories in the East-end of London. The beach is of firm sand, and affords capital bathing. There are now several terraces of fine houses overlooking the wide stretch of sea between Harwich and Walton-on-the-Naze. A carriage-drive, too, has been made along the cliffs, and Dovercourt also possesses a pretty esplanade, on which are reading and refreshment rooms. On the land side there is not a great deal to interest the visitor in the immediate neighbourhood of Dovercourt, but a really pleasant excursion may be made through winding lanes to Walton-on-the-Naze. Ipswich, too, is readily accessible by railway, and the charming scenery on the Orwell may be reached either by boat or by steamer from Harwich. The church, which is in Upper Dovercourt, about one mile from the lower village, was famous for a miraculous rood, to which pilgrimages were made from all quarters, and which is fully described in Froude's "History of England." Dovercourt, an ideal resort from the children's point of view, is less than two hours' run from Liverpool Street Station; and even those who visit the place for a single day cannot fail to notice that the town bids fair to become in time a second Margate.


VIEW FROM THE RIVER. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**BROUGHTY FERRY.**—There is almost hourly access by railway from Dundee to Broughty Ferry, which is the chief residence of the merchants of that important town. Broughty Ferry contains a very great number of handsome villa residences and some churches of considerable architectural beauty. The Castle is built upon a rock which juts out into the Tay; it was occupied by the English in 1547, after the victory of Musselburgh. It was also stormed and dismantled by the French auxiliaries in the Scotch service in 1550. Of late years, however, Broughty Castle has been repaired and fortified so as to guard the entrance of the Tay, which river it commands. Both Broughty Ferry and Carnoustie — the popular bathing-place and golfing-ground close by — are on the line from Dundee to Arbroath, and between them lie the eighteen-hole golf links of Monifieth, which are very extensively patronized by the good people of Dundee. Monifieth, by the way, has excellent accommodation for bathers, and appears to be developing entirely on its own account. The charming resort shown in this view occupies a pleasant position at the mouth of the Tay, and may be described as being at once the Gravesend and the Hampstead of Dundee, to which it will soon be almost joined, the distance from the busy streets of the great town being little more than an hour's walk. Safe bathing for children and others, boating, fishing, and a pleasant sea view make up the principal attractions of Broughty Ferry. Then there is the grand old Castle on a rock jutting out into the estuary, and the hillside covered with charming houses.

THE COVE AND VILLAGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**KYNANCE COVE.**—Here we have the most picturesque and striking scene in the Lizard promontory. It is useless to visit Kynance except at low water; it may easily be explored by ladies, but strangers are warned to pay strict attention to the state of the tide, for by lingering too long, beguiled by the varied attractions of the place, they risk having their retreat cut off by the rising water. A steep path through a notch or chine in the cliffs, here composed of dark serpentine, leads down to the shore at a spot cumbered with huge broken fragments, the remains of a cave which has fallen in. Scrambling over these, round a corner of rock generally washed by the tide, you enter a land-locked amphitheatre, or oval recess, deserted by the waves at low water from two to four hours every tide, leaving a broad expanse of white sand shut out from the sea by a group of lofty, isolated rocks, rising in fantastic shapes of towers, pinnacles, and obelisks. The biggest of these is called Asparagus Island, because that plant used to grow wild upon it. On the land side this arena is walled in by lofty, overhanging cliffs, at whose base are several wave-washed caverns, to which fanciful names have been given, such as the Kitchen, Parlour, Drawing-room, and so on. The most prominent object in the Cove is a narrow, pinnacled rock, known as the Steeple, which rises in the middle like a huge obelisk. Between it and Asparagus Island is a deep chasm, which at certain states of the tide exhibits a curious phenomenon. A narrow fissure, fancifully denominated the Devil's Bellows, pierces the island and runs from the sea to the Cove.

GENERAL VIEW. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LAXEY.**—This comparatively little-known and most beautiful resort is 7½ miles from Douglas and 8½ miles from Ramsey, Isle of Man. The high road gives an almost unbroken sea view. A saving of more than a mile is effected in walking from Ramsey by going down the old bridle path opposite Abbey House; this leads to Old Laxey, on the banks of the river. Laxey has a population of two or three thousand. It owes its extent and celebrity to its lead mines, in which several hundred men are employed. The ore is very rich in silver. Of the 4,700 tons of ore raised on the island, 2,500 tons are obtained at Laxey; and of this quantity three-quarters is pure lead, yielding 2½ tons of silver. Copper and zinc are also found in the mines. Visitors are allowed to go over the works only by special order, but specimens of the ores may be purchased in the town. The well-known Great Wheel of Laxey was erected in 1854, and is 72ft. 6in. in diameter. It is so truly set that no oscillation is perceptible, and it has never been stopped except for painting and repairs. There are several excellent hotels here, and among the principal attractions of the place may be mentioned the Victoria Park, which is very tastefully laid out on the slopes of Glen Roy, and for admission to which threepence is charged. Laxey Glen, almost inclosed by mountains, forms a beautiful scene; while the white houses thickly scattered over the hill sides, the pretty little new church rising among them, and the Great Wheel and mining works, all render Laxey one of the most interesting and picturesque spots in the Isle of Man. Laxey is about half-way between Ramsey and Douglas by sea, and during the summer months excursion steamers call twice a day.

THE OLD CASTLE AND HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PEEL.**—Eleven miles north-west from Douglas is Peel, situated at the mouth of the little River Neb, which rises in Sartfell. The chief points of interest in Peel are its ancient ruins and its fishing fleet. The streets are very narrow and irregular, and these, as well as the large cellars with which many of the old houses are provided, greatly facilitated the smuggling which was once so prevalent throughout the island, but more especially in Peel after its garrison was removed. The arrival or departure of the fishing fleet, which sometimes musters two hundred boats of the very best construction, well manned and equipped, is a singularly interesting spectacle. The mackerel fishery is chiefly carried on at the south-west of the island, the season being from March to June. The Manx herrings are taken from June to September, and after this the Peel boats work on the coast of Ireland until the end of the year. No fewer than 2,000 men and boys are now employed in the trade, the capital invested being at least £100,000. The visitor to Peel, who may possibly have noticed the very high price of herrings in London, should be on the look-out for the arrival of the fishing fleet, when he will see herrings sold at the harbour for a shilling a hundred! The Castle and Cathedral are on an islet 7½ acres in extent, called St. Patrick's Isle, now joined to the mainland by a substantial causeway of stone. There is also a ferry-boat by which, or by crossing the river near the railway station, the Castle may be reached. The buildings are all inclosed by a sixteenth century wall. A flight of steps cut in the rocks leads up to the Castle, which is entered through a fine portcullis.

ECCLES' HOTEL. *[From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**GLENGARRIFF.**—It is by treading its tangled pathways and wandering amidst its secret dells that the charms of Glengarriff become revealed in all their power. Here most fanciful and picturesque views spread around on every side; a twilight grove, terminating in a soft vale, whose vivid green appears as if it never had been violated by mortal foot; a bower, rich in fragrant woodbine, intermingled with a variety of clasping evergreens, drooping over a miniature lake of transparent brightness; a lonely wild, suddenly bursting on the sight, girded on all sides by grim and naked mountains; a variety of natural avenues, leading through the embowering woods to retreats in whose breathless solitude the very genius of meditation would appear to dwell, or else to golden glades, sonorous with the songs of a hundred foaming rills. Tropical and sub-tropical plants are to be found here, which grow nowhere else in Europe; and the balmy air, with the frequent showers, gives to all the vegetation a marvellous richness and profusion. Arbutus, holly, and birch envelop the rocks in luxuriant foliage down to the water's edge. The most eminent authorities on health-resorts give their opinion that this charming Irish resort possesses one of the finest climates in Europe for invalids. In this view will be seen Eccles' Hotel, which is most beautifully situated; and from it the car to Killarney starts. Eccles' Hotel has been specially constructed and arranged so as to promote the comfort of winter visitors. From a wooded steep on the Old Berehaven Road, near an old ruined bridge, called Cromwell's Bridge, there may be obtained a glorious panorama of ocean and mountains, rivers, waterfalls, glens, and bays.

THE ESPLANADE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**GLENGARRIFF.**—This district presents a wonderful succession of pictures, ranging from the softest and most graceful landscapes to the wildest and most fantastic creations of the rude and magnificent. Inclosing a majestic sheet of water —the far-famed Bantry Bay—vast mountain ranges extend themselves in every direction; and intense, unbroken solitude is the prevailing characteristic. Bantry Bay, unsurpassed by any in the world for natural beauties and natural advantages, is twenty-one miles in length, and from three to five miles in breadth; but, save for a few fishing hookers drawn up in some solitary cove, and an occasional visit from the Channel Squadron, or from yachts in the cruising season, it lies comparatively empty and deserted. The two principal islands in Bantry Bay are Bere and Whiddy, the first lying away on the seaward limit, and the other at the head of the Bay, in front of Glengarriff. The coach route from Bantry to Glengarriff follows the north-east bend of the Bay, passing the fantastic Fall of Dunnamark, caused by the descent of the River Mealagh over a ledge of rocks. On the way to Glengarriff one passes the Coomhala Mountain, and soon afterwards reaches the spacious grounds of Roche's Hotel, which commands a magnificent view of Glengarriff Harbour and the Caha Mountains. This exquisitely beautiful place is surrounded on all sides by lofty, wild, and irregular mountains, while in front is the peerless bay with its irregular shores stretching out to the open sea, and studded with numerous fantastic rocky islets. The largest of these is Garnish, crowned with a picturesque fort and Martello tower.

THE COVE AND LIGHTHOUSE, ST. AGNES. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SCILLY ISLANDS.**—The Isles of Scilly are 34½ miles from Land's End. Of the thirty or forty islands forming the group, only five at most are worthy of the attention of strangers. These are: St. Mary's (containing the capital, Hugh Town), Tresco, St. Martin, Bryher, and St. Agnes. St. Agnes is separated from St. Mary's by St. Mary's Sound, and at high water spring tides it is divided by the sea into two parts, that on the north-east being termed the Gugh. Upon this there are several stone-covered barrows; and near the centre stands a pillar, 9ft. in length, locally known as "The Old Man Cutting Turf." Off the north-west point is the Kittern, deserving notice on account of its picturesque form; and at the south extremity, between the Gugh and St. Agnes, lies the Cove, in which the islanders often capture in a single night as many as 40,000 herrings. In St. Nicholas, or Priglis, Bay (a corruption of Porte Eglise) stands the church, which was erected about 1845 to supply the place of a smaller building, said to have been partly built with salvage money paid to the islanders for rescuing a French ship from the rocks in 1685. Beyond Priglis Bay is the lighthouse, which is 72ft. high and commands a wild and magnificent view. This lighthouse displays a revolving light, which is seen by mariners in connection with the lights on the Seven Stones and Longships. To the south-east of the lighthouse, on Wingletang Downs, is the Punch Bowl Rock, so called from its rock basin, which is nearly 4ft. in diameter. The Island of St. Agnes contains 300 or 400 people.

HELL BAY, BRYHER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SCILLY ISLANDS.**—In visiting these islands care should be taken to employ only experienced boatmen, and to secure good boats. The rocks, winds, and currents are sufficiently dangerous to require strangers to be extremely cautious. Bryher Island opposes on the west side a lofty barrier to the seething waters of the Atlantic; and from the above view of Hell Bay some idea of the awe-inspiring spectacles to be witnessed on this coast may be conveyed to those who have never visited the Scilly Islands. Bryher is a wild and rugged island, deriving its name from *brê*, an old Cornish word signifying a hill. Its highest lands are on the west side, and they add much interest to the deep, romantic bays which the mighty ocean has excavated on that side. On the south side of the island lies Gweal, an eight-acred "isle of gulls," to which you may walk dryshod at low water; and on the north is the promontory of Shipman Head, one of the finest in all the Scilly Islands. Shipman Head is about 60ft. high, and is separated from the mainland by a deep and fearful chasm, hedged in by precipices. The north-east side of Bryher Island forms, with Tresco, the harbour of New Grimsby, whose leading features are a rock in mid-channel, known as Hangman's Isle, and Cromwell Castle on the opposite shore. Before leaving Bryher you should ascend Watch Hill, from the summit of which an absolutely unique view may be obtained over the Scilly Islands. The population of this island numbers 105 souls. It should be mentioned that the striking features of these islands are their luxuriant vegetation and their extreme mildness of climate.

THE SOUTH PROMENADE. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**ST. ANNE'S-ON-SEA.** — This watering-place is situate on the Fylde coast, about midway between Blackpool and Lytham. It stands amidst wild sandhills; and a beautiful town has taken the place of what was formerly a bleak, barren waste. The permanent population at the present day is between three and four thousand. St. Anne's is a thoroughly well-planned town; the streets are fine and wide, and there are a great number of trim villas standing in well-kept grounds. Its long promenade commands a really magnificent view of the Irish Sea and the lofty hills of Cumberland and Wales, with an occasional glimpse of the Isle of Man mountains. St. Anne's is essentially a resort for families. The children desire no more enjoyable pastime than a ramble among the sandhills on each side of the town. Here may be found a profusion of vegetation, including all kinds of curious plants, flowers, grasses, and lichens. The bathing, too, is all that could be desired. The pier is 1,200ft. in length, and was erected by the Land and Building Company for the use and convenience of visitors and residents. Pleasure steamers from neighbouring resorts periodically call at the pier-head during the summer months to take up and set down passengers. Visitors will also find a well-equipped fleet of sailing boats ever ready to minister to their requirements. The Lifeboat Memorial, seen in this view, was erected on the promenade to the memory of the local lifeboat crew, all of whom lost their lives in going to the assistance of the wrecked barque *Mexico* one stormy night in 1886. The value of property at St. Anne's-on-Sea is said to be not less than £300,000.

A REMOTE CORNISH VILLAGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**POLKERRIS.**—This is a wild and beautiful fishing cove and village near Fowey. As a matter of fact, the picturesque environs of Fowey are by no means so well known to tourists as they should be; if they were, there cannot be the least doubt that this part of Cornwall would receive an amazing influx of admiring visitors from all parts of the kingdom. Among other interesting excursions to be made from Fowey may be mentioned those to the Carclaze Tin Mine, near St. Austell; the Valley of Carmears; the Treffry Viaduct, and the Harbour of Par, near St. Blazey. Then, again, there are Polruan, on the shore opposite Fowey; and Menabilly, the beautiful seat of the Rashleighs, celebrated for its grotto and unrivalled collection of minerals. Menabilly is perched upon the promontory of the Greber Head, about two miles to the west of Fowey. While here one may proceed by road to the eastern entrance of the Park in order to visit the Longstone, an interesting monument of the Brito-Roman era. Before quitting Menabilly the stranger should certainly visit the Grotto erected near the sea-shore. This is constructed in the form of an octagon with the finest marbles and serpentine, interspersed with crystals, shells, and pebbles. To the north of the Park at Menabilly lies the beautiful little village depicted in the above view. No one in search of absolute repose and entire change could do better than penetrate to this remote Cornish fishing village. We say penetrate advisedly, for it is by no means easy of access from the great towns and centres of industry. It is, however, essentially one of those delightful little spots that well repay the trouble of a tiresome and expensive journey.

THE FRONT AND BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**HUNSTANTON.**—On the north-west angle of the coast of Norfolk, looking westward from the ancient kingdom of East Anglia, stands the pretty watering-place of Hunstanton St. Edmunds, which, during the summer months—like most of the seaside resorts on this coast—is crowded with visitors, the rooms which out of the season can be got for five shillings fetching a guinea a week, or more. This latter fact is not surprising when we consider that the little town is perched upon a hill 60ft. or 80ft. above the sea-level, the top of which is a chalk down, while the western side forms a picturesque sea-cliff, overlooking a pleasant and safe beach which extends far seaward at low water, and at the base of which the sea (except in very stormy weather) permits a safe passage for the wayfarer. This sea beach, with certain diversities of character, but flat and firm in its nature, extends to Old Hunstanton, and for miles farther along the coast round Brancaster Bay to Holkham, Wells-by-the-Sea, and Weybourne. At Weybourne the cliffs begin upon which Cromer is perched; but this same beach extends to Trimingham Beacon (where the cliffs attain their greatest altitude) and right away as far as Mundesley and Happisburgh. Hunstanton is about 115 miles from London, 16 miles from King's Lynn, and one hour's drive from Sandringham Hall, the famous country residence of the Prince of Wales. It is the only watering-place on the east coast of England with a western aspect, and it commands extensive views of the opposite coast of Lincoln, twenty miles across. On a clear day the noble tower of Boston Church may be plainly discerned.

SHOWING THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**LAND'S END.**—The most direct route from Penzance to the Land's End is by way of Crowsanwra and Sennen. This, the most westerly point of England, is wholly composed of granite, toned by the spray of the sea and the mists driven past it from the Atlantic to a warm red, stained with grey and russet and gold, but glistening in the more sheltered parts with bright yellow as the sunlight breaks over them. The extreme point, a long, low promontory of granite, bristling with spines, descends into the sea like the snout of an alligator. It is pierced by a natural tunnel, and is not more than 60ft. in height. The cliffs, however, rise on either hand to a much greater elevation; and below them, in gloomy recesses, lie huge rocks, rounded like pebbles, and eternally buffeted, at the mouths of caverns, in which the voice of the sea is never hushed. The huge boulders and grey cubical rocks, piled up fantastically all around, are covered with grey lichen, three inches thick. The view includes, beyond the mingled tints of emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires of the near waters, a vast extent of ocean, which merges across the waste in the grey horizon, and, when the winds are abroad, presents a spectacle of grandeur which is truly sublime. At these times masses of foam are driven inland for miles. About a mile and a quarter from the shore, the Longships Lighthouse rises from a cluster of rocks, as may be seen in the above view. The tower is built of granite; the circumference at the base is 68ft., and the height from the rock to the vane of the lantern, 52ft.

FROM THE WEST. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**ST. MONAN'S.**—This wholly delightful little Scottish watering-place may be reached from Thornton Junction, whence the East of Fife branch line reaches the coast again at the town of Leven—a small seaport at the mouth of the river of the same name, with good golf links stretching eastward to Largo. Largo, it is necessary to explain, is a flourishing fishing village 8¾ miles from Thornton, and is famous as the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, of whom there is a bronze statue near the harbour. Tourists in this part of Scotland should not omit to climb Largo Law (965ft.), a conspicuous conical hill commanding a singularly beautiful view. After leaving Largo, the train passes Kilconquhar and Elie, which latter village runs west to its suburb, Earlsferry, and the golf course, which, with the sands, make it a favourite summer resort. The ruins of Newark Castle, a seventeenth century structure, are conspicuous just before reaching St. Monan's Church and St. Monan's, 16¼ miles from Thornton. St. Monan's Church, built by David II. about the year 1362, in gratitude for his recovery at St. Monan's shrine, was originally cruciform. The pretty little edifice was restored in the year 1828. After leaving the quaint and beautiful seaside resort depicted in the above view, the line runs through Pittenweem and Anstruther—a small seaport town, on whose harbour something like £80,000 has been spent. About six miles south-east from Anstruther is the Isle of May, with a lighthouse—the only one in Scotland lighted by electricity. The whole of this district abounds in charming little resorts, whose picturesqueness is only equalled by their salubrity.

THE QUAY. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**WELLS.**—This charming, sleepy little place is 21 miles from Cromer, proceeding by way of Holt. In driving from Cromer, however, it is possible to take the by-road to Sheringham, through the beautiful grounds of Sheringham Bower, emerging thence into the Holt road. Wells is the terminus of the Fakenham and Wells Railway. It may be described as a small trading port lying in a tortuous creek, which is very liable to be silted up by the action of the northern winds; it has, however, been recently improved and provided with a stone quay. The tide rises 21ft. in the harbour, and vessels of 200 tons can enter. The trade itself is chiefly in corn, coal, and timber. The archæologist will be much interested in the church here, which is Perpendicular, and has been very rich. There is a fine doorway leading to the vestry on the north side, with beautiful carving of vine leaves and birds. The nave is bepewed and galleried to a curious degree. In the parish register at this place (A.D. 1583) is recorded the perishing on this coast of fourteen persons coming from Spain, "whose deaths were brought to pass by the detestable working of an execrable witche of King's Lynn, whose name was Mother Gabley; by the boyling or rather labouring of certayn eggs, in a payleful of colde water." Wells is the station from which Holkham, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Leicester, is usually visited. The house is distant about three miles, and the walk or drive along the marshy level to the park is not cheerful. The privileged visitor to Holkham, however, will be amply rewarded by a thorough examination of the magnificent country seat of the Coke family.

THE TOWN AND THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**DUNMORE.**—There are two popular watering-places to the south of the important city of Waterford, namely, Tramore and Dunmore. Of these, Dunmore is eleven miles by car from Waterford, and is a delightfully picturesque little seaside village on the west side of Waterford Harbour. Dunmore is much frequented by bathers and by yachtsmen; it has an excellent stone pier, and is well sheltered from inclement weather. To the south of the pier is a high promontory called the Black Knob, and underneath it is Merlin's Cave, which is of such great depth that a lantern is required to explore its mysterious inmost recesses. The cliffs in the immediate vicinity of this charming little bathing village are honeycombed with caverns of all sizes, which the tourist in Ireland will doubtless spend many hours in exploring, as they are a never-ending source of interest to strangers. There is a harbour here, from which the mail steam packet service was formerly carried on to and from Milford Haven. Dunmore is, of course, patronized extensively by the Waterford people, but its neighbour, Tramore, is first favourite. A short line of railway runs from the city to Tramore, a distance of seven miles, and this pleasantly-situated little watering-place certainly possesses remarkable advantages. It is placed on a hill at the north-west corner of Tramore Bay, which is a fine, open bay, though terribly exposed to the southerly gales. The cliffs on the west from Tramore to Great Newtown Head are bold and precipitous, but eastward is a long extent of narrow strand, which shuts off from the sea a large lagoon, known as the Back Strand.

GENERAL VIEW, FROM PENDENNIS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**FALMOUTH.**—Falmouth is situated in the midst of some of the finest scenery and grandest marine views to be met with in the United Kingdom. During the last ten years the beauties of the town have become better known, and each year has witnessed a large increase in the number of visitors and residents. At the same time, the landowners and townspeople generally, whilst not paying less attention to shipping—for which Falmouth has always been famous—are rapidly developing the many eligible building sites, and erecting thereon large and commodious houses and charming terraces, which overlook the harbour and the surrounding country. The effect is very striking. The old town, quaint and picturesque, is situate on the low ground near the edge of the harbour; and, as a matter of course, the streets are very narrow. On the other hand, the new portion of the town lies for the most part on high ground, towering above old Falmouth and overlooking the magnificent harbour on the one side and the English Channel on the other. The history of Falmouth really commences with the building of Pendennis Castle, which was erected about the year 1538 by command of Henry VIII. The great tower of this fine structure is 35ft. in height, 56ft. in exterior diameter, with granite walls 11ft. thick, pierced with circular and arched embrasures to casements, in three tiers, for artillery. The beautiful Castle Drive forms an esplanade the like of which is not to be met with in the kingdom. The most charming trip to be made from Falmouth is unquestionably that up the River Fal to Truro; and steamers run several times a day.

FROM THE SEA. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**LARGS.**—This well-known Scottish resort may be reached by the Glasgow and South-Western Railway from Glasgow in about an hour and a half. Largs is forty-three miles from Glasgow, and is a fine clean town, with several large churches, including a Gothic Episcopal chapel built in 1877, which contains many painted windows and a beautifully carved reredos. There are in Largs a great number of excellent houses for summer visitors, besides handsome and comfortable residential villas in the neighbourhood. The railway was opened in 1885. There is now a golf course here; and the shelter afforded by the Great Cumbrae makes Largs a first-rate place for boating. Behind the town lies some very high country, into which run innumerable lovely glens. Largs is celebrated for the victory gained here by Alexander III. over Hakon IV., King of Norway, on October 3rd, 1263, the date being fixed by the calculation of the eclipse that occurred just previously. The battle took place on the southern portion of the plain on which the town now stands. Hakon fled north and died at Kirkwall; and the result of the victory was the cession of the Hebrides and Man to Scotland, after they had been occupied for 400 years by the Norwegians. The Northmen buried their slain in a mound, which is still in existence; and on being opened, in 1873, it was found to contain calcined human bones. The principal seat in the neighbourhood of Largs is Brisbane House, standing inland about a mile and a half to the north-east. Two miles north along the coast is Knock Castle, beyond which lie Skelmorlie and Wemyss Bay. Largs commands a magnificent view of Arran; and there is a railway from the town along the coast to Ardrossan, a distance of twelve miles.

THE CHESIL BEACH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**PORTLAND.**—The Chesil Beach at Portland may be likened to a string stretched from Portland to the mainland at Abbotsbury, 10¾ miles distant. It is a compact ridge of shingle, in places mixed with sand, and slopes steeply on each side to the water, its extreme height at the south-eastern end being 37ft., and its width 200yds. at Portland and 170yds. at Abbotsbury. It is a singular fact that the pebbles forming the Chesil Beach gradually increase in size from west to east, the bank commencing at Bridport with sand, and terminating at Portland with stones 3in. or 4in. in diameter. Throughout this distance of seventeen miles, the change is gradual and regular. In heavy western gales, this long line of beach is lashed by a frightful sea, the slope being abrupt and the water deep. Another noticeable characteristic of the Chesil Beach is its barren desolation. The Creek, which divides this extraordinary ridge from the mainland, is called the Swannery Fleet, deriving its name from the Swannery at the north-west extremity belonging to Lord Ilchester. As many as 7,000 swans were kept here in the old monastic days, but their number now rarely exceeds 800. On arriving at Portland, the visitor notices to the north-east of the railway station the grey walls of Portland Castle, erected by Henry VIII. in 1520, on his return from the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Portland Breakwater is a triumph of engineering skill, and took more than twenty-three years to build. The structure has cost upwards of a million sterling, yet it was almost entirely built by convicts.

PANORAMIC VIEW. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PORTLAND.**—The usual route from Weymouth to Portland is across the broad and smooth Smallmouth Sands, which extend from a point near Sandsfoot Castle to the Creek or "Fleet," which separates the mainland from the narrow peninsula of the Chesil Beach, and is spanned by a swing bridge 600ft. long, built in 1838. Standing upon this bridge one sees the Isle of Portland, towering above at a considerable elevation—bold, rough cliffs facing seaward—and the long, narrow, dreary ridge of pebbles, called the Chesil Beach, not more than 40ft. above the level of the waters and extending westward for some 10 or 11 miles. The Isle of Portland is a rocky peninsula, 4½ miles in length, 1¾ miles in width, and 9 miles in circumference; and it projects into the Channel in the shape of a tongue or beak, from which configuration its southern extremity is known as the Bill of Portland. The peninsula is one solid mass of oolitic limestone, and presents an even surface which slopes southward in a long, inclined plain, from a height of 495ft. at the Verne, to 30ft. above the sea level. The cliffs that form its sides are extremely rugged, being exposed to the amazing fury of the waves. Numerous by-paths branch out from the main road here, and descend into the famous Portland quarries, of which there are about a hundred, distinguished by different names. The quarries are leased by the Crown to different proprietors, who pay a certain royalty on every ton of stone exported. Much of the work at the quarries is now done by the convicts of Portland Prison, which penitentiary was built in 1848, and accommodates about 1,600 convicts, who are under the charge of about 260 officers.

THE HOTEL, FROM THE CLIFFS. *(From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**ST. MARGARET'S BAY.**—This beautiful bay lies at exactly the south-eastern-most point of England, enjoying, though in more sheltered position, the fine air which is the glory of the Isle of Thanet. Twenty miles across, the French coast is in full view throughout the day, and at night-time the great lights of the South Foreland on the cliffs above are answered by flashing stars from Calais and Cape Gris-nez. From the cable hut on the shore starts the telephone line by which Paris talks with London, and here may still be seen the relics of the first boring for a Channel Tunnel. A little group of houses, nestling beneath the towering chalk cliffs, is all that there is of St. Margaret's Bay proper—a "Hermitage," a dozen pretty cottages, and a picturesque and comfortable little hotel within a few yards of the line of high tide. Half a mile distant is the village of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, containing a most interesting Norman church, and the high ground above the bay itself is beginning to be dotted with the villas and bungalows of private owners who have learned the secret of St. Margaret's Bay. For here, within a few yards of the actual meeting of the North Sea and the English Channel, and at the edge of the Goodwin Sands, is an unrivalled haven of rest for the weary brain-worker. Martin Mill, the nearest station, is 2½ miles away, and the drive from Dover is almost twice as long; hence piano organs, bands, and excursions are unknown in this fortunate spot. Within medical, theatrical, literary, and other professional circles, it has for some years been in great repute; but it is unlikely that the secret of St. Margaret's healthful, restful, and sociable retreat can much longer be kept.

THE TOWN AND HARBOUR. *From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**PORT ST. MARY.** This well-known and popular resort lies on the north-east part of the little peninsula which, with the Calf, forms the extreme south of the Isle of Man; Port Erin is on the opposite side. This part of the island has hitherto been one of the most secluded and primitive, and within and around it may be seen some of the grandest rock scenery and geological formations of the highest interest. These and many other attractions have rendered Ports Erin and St. Mary favourite resorts of thousands of visitors, and, as a natural consequence, the hotels, lodging-houses, and shops are increasing with surprising rapidity. Port St. Mary is important also on account of its fishing fleet, in which are employed about 800 men and boys, who live in and near the village. The little harbour, too, offers shelter to many vessels besides its own fleet. A breakwater has been recently built, and gives good anchorage in deep water to vessels of considerable size. The foundation-stone of this work was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh (now of Coburg) during his visit in January, 1882. The event was noteworthy, owing in the first place to the importance of the breakwater, and also as this was the first stone laid by Royal hands in the island. The Insular Government contributed about £16,000 towards its cost. Within easy walking distance are the Chasms, Spanish Head, Port Erin, and the Mull Hills; also the interesting villages of Cregneesh, Howe, Fleshwick, and Fistard. The whole coast hereabouts is extremely picturesque, and abounds in geological curiosities. As a matter of fact, many a Londoner who has not done so will do well to visit the Isle of Man, as its watering-places are so very different from those on the south coast of England.

FROM THE HILLS. *(From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**GARELOCH-HEAD.**—One of the most beautiful, popular, and interesting excursions from Glasgow is that to Fort William by Gareloch, Loch Long, Loch Lomond, Glen Falloch, the Moor of Rannoch, and Glen Spean (West Highland Railway and N.B.R.). The construction of this line through some of the most desolate and uninhabited parts of Scotland was an exceedingly difficult undertaking; and its deep and difficult cuttings, with only one short tunnel; its numerous lofty viaducts; artificial foundations over miles of bog, and innumerable culverts across the beds of mountain torrents, are all triumphs of engineering skill. The West Highland Railway traverses a greater variety of scenery than probably any other railway in Scotland, embracing as it does really grand views of the Clyde sea lochs; of the upper reach of Loch Lomond; of the wild and solitary Moor of Rannoch, and of lonely Loch Treig. Gareloch-Head is a delightful little town with a great number of handsome villas, and a railway station of its own on the West Highland Railway. It may be reached from Helensburgh by road; and there is an omnibus daily that plies between the two places, a distance of 7½ miles. Gareloch-Head is situated at the head of the loch of the same name; and a well-made road, two miles in length, crosses the ridge which separates the Gareloch from Loch Long. Near the top of the pass stands Whistlefield Inn, where a striking view is obtained of both lochs as well as of the foot of Loch Goyle. The Gareloch is so free from commotion of wind and tide that it is a favourite resort of newly constructed vessels on their trial trips, and of ships that need to adjust their compasses.


THE ESPLANADE. *[From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**PENZANCE.**—We have now to consider an important municipal borough and seaport on the spacious Bay of St. Michael. Penzance is a very convenient head-quarters wherefrom to explore the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood. It is also celebrated as a watering-place on account of its mild climate, which makes it the resort of invalids suffering from pulmonary complaints. Mount's Bay is an expanse of sea contained within the headlands of Tol-Pedn-Penwith, west of Penzance, and the Lizard, which looms in the blue distance, twenty miles off, to the east. The old town of Penzance, spread picturesquely round part of Mount's Bay, has delightfully narrow streets that ascend the hill from the fine esplanade at the edge of the sea. Since the seventies a new quarter has sprung up to westward, with really fine modern streets, for the accommodation of visitors. Such thoroughfares are the Trewithen, Morrab, and Alexandra Roads ; the latter a favourite promenade, planted with limes, and leading from the Esplanade to Alverton. The Esplanade at Penzance is a broad, asphalted walk along the shore, with baths at the West-end ; and at the other end what are known as the Battery Rocks, of greenstone. The Esplanade commands a beautiful view over the fine expanse of Mount's Bay, margined by a semi-circle of low hills, in front of which stands out the splendid pyramid of St. Michael's Mount, the striking feature of a noble prospect, that is also frequently enlivened by the entering or departure of a fleet of the fishing-boats for which the district is famed. The Penzance Public Buildings, in Alverton Street, is a huge pile, erected in 1867 at a cost of about £15,000. The town lies 326 miles to the south-west of London, and consists mainly of four large streets.

FROM THE ROCKS NEAR MARAZION. [*From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.**—At the foot of St. Michael's Mount lies a small fishing village, with a population of perhaps 84 persons, and furnished with a harbour capable of admitting vessels of 500 tons. It was visited in 1846 by the Queen and Prince Albert, and this event is commemorated by a metal tablet in the wall of the east pier, and by a brass footprint marking the spot on which Her Majesty placed her foot on landing. From the sea the hill rises abruptly to a height of 230ft., its sea margin being about one mile in length. The body of the hill is of granite, but its north base is of slate. After passing the village, one goes through a gateway attached to a modern lodge, built in 1877, and then proceeds to the summit by a rocky path, winding and stony, the same by which the pilgrims of old plodded their way to the chapel. About half-way up the hill is a tank called the Giant's Well. Here, too, is a flight of steps leading to the principal entrance, in front of which are two small batteries of iron guns and one of brass, the latter taken from a French vessel during the wars with that country. The church contains the shrine of the Archangel Michael, and was a much-frequented resort of pilgrims from all parts of Europe. The oldest portion remaining appears to be the chapel, with its central tower dating from the fourteenth century. Mr. St. Aubyn, who purchased the Mount from Mr. Bassett, first fitted it as a private residence and lived here. Extensive alterations and improvements were made by the fourth baronet, Sir John St. Aubyn, and also by his son; and the present owner, Lord St. Levan, has carried out very extensive additions, consisting of a large block of buildings on the east side of the old works.

PRINCE'S DOCK: WITH THE WILBERFORCE MEMORIAL AND DOCK OFFICES. *[From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HULL.**—The town of Hull ranks third in commercial importance and extent of shipping among the seaports of Great Britain, being surpassed only by Liverpool and London. It is situated on the north bank of the broad Humber, at the junction of a small and sluggish stream called the Hull, which gives its name to the town. As may be judged from this view, Hull is a place of extreme bustle and activity; and the prospects from the sides of the docks, crowded as they are with shipping, are sometimes, in good effects of light, singularly picturesque and interesting. Hull received the name of King's Town from Edward I., who visited it in 1299, and may be looked upon as its real founder. The town stands on a level plain, so low as to render embankment necessary; and the flatness of the surrounding country is unbroken by anything that could be reasonably termed an elevation. Originally the streets were limited to the space inclosed within the docks on the west, and by the Hull and Humber on the east and south. At the beginning of the present century the population was 29,580, but the census of 1891 showed that Hull at that time contained 199,991 inhabitants. Of course the most important feature of the town is the docks. The Hull river itself forms a natural dock—narrow, but thronged with vessels and lined with warehouses for a distance of a mile and a half. The Humber Dock was opened in 1809, and the Prince's Dock in 1829. The former dock communicates with the Humber by a basin, protected by piers. The passage across the docks is maintained by means of drawbridges, and steam dredging machines are constantly at work, removing nearly 100,000 tons of mud annually.

THE PIER AND FRONT. *[From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HULL.**—The Quay, extending along the Humber from the Victoria Hotel to the mouth of the docks, presents a very animated spectacle at all hours of the day. From the Victoria Pier, ferry-steamers cross the Humber in a quarter of an hour to New Holland Railway Station and to Barton several times a day. The Trinity House at this port is one of three in England, the others being at London and Newcastle. The Trinity House itself was rebuilt in 1753 round two courts, with a chapel, opened in 1843, between them. The whole place is kept as clean and neat as the decks of a man-of-war; and it contains some pictures and plate of considerable interest, which are shown on application to the housekeeper. The most important of the Hull churches is that of the Holy Trinity, in the Market Place, where, by the way, there is also a gilt statue of William III. Holy Trinity Church is on the west side of Hull Market Place, and this venerable and interesting edifice is considered to be the largest parish church in England. It was restored in 1860, under the superintendence of Sir Gilbert Scott, at a cost of £57,000, raised from subscriptions by the Hull people and their neighbours. The church consists of nave, aisles, chancel, and transepts, the whole being as beautiful as it is complete. The magnificent east window is worthy of the finest cathedral. Hull Town Hall, opened in January, 1866, is no doubt the finest modern building in Hull. The style is Italian, with a clock tower, or campanile. On the ground floor are the sessions and county courts, the offices of the Corporation, and those of various other public bodies connected with Hull.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by W Lawrence, Dublin.*

**KINGSTOWN.**—This prosperous seaport was a mere fishing village until 1817, when an extensive harbour was commenced from designs of Rennie, which was finally completed in 1859, at the great cost of £829,000. The refuge harbour is not unlike that at Howth in form, but it embraces a much larger area. The depth of the water varies from 13ft. to 27ft. A revolving light visible for half a minute for a distance of about nine miles is placed on the eastern pier. This harbour is 251 acres in extent, and is surrounded by piers to the length of 8,450ft. It is also the principal yacht station in Ireland. The Kingstown Royal Harbour Boat Club has recently built a very handsome club-house near the eastern pier. Kingstown Harbour was declared by the Tidal Harbour Commissioners to be "one of the finest artificial ports in the United Kingdom." The granite used in its construction was obtained at Killiney Hill. An obelisk raised on a mass of rockwork, and surmounted by a sculptured crown, here commemorates the visit of George IV. This charming and interesting town may be described as a pleasant resort on the south side of Dublin Bay, whereto much of the fashion of the Irish capital migrates for fresh air and sea-bathing. Kingstown is exceedingly well built and handsome; it consists of several fine streets and terraces, commanding animated and picturesque sea views. The town itself is rather straggling, most of the houses fronting the sea being of a superior class to those at the back, after the fashion of modern watering-places. The mail steamers ply from this port to and from Holyhead, sixty-four miles distant, twice daily, in conjunction with the London and North-Western Railway.

THE "TANTALLON CASTLE" LEAVING THE PIER. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**ABERDOUR.**—This is a favourite seaside resort of "trippers" from Edinburgh, steamers plying almost hourly from Leith in summer. The railway from Edinburgh to Burntisland runs viâ the Forth Bridge and Aberdour. This place is 17½ miles from the Scottish capital. As it is necessary to cross the Forth Bridge during the journey from Edinburgh to Aberdour by rail, a very brief description of this triumph of engineering may not be out of place. The length of the bridge proper is 5,349½ft. The South Viaduct, with eleven stone piers, is 1,680ft. long, and the North Viaduct, with six piers, measures 1,069ft. Thus the total length of the Forth Bridge is 8,098¼ft., or rather more than a mile and a half. The height of the bridge above the Firth of Forth is 150ft. There were 250,000 tons of solid masonry used in the piers; and 5,000 men were employed on the bridge during the busiest period. The cost amounted to about £2,750,000, of which sum more than one million went in wages and salaries. The train takes about 2½ minutes to cross the bridge. The sea-bathing village of Aberdour and the old castle are situated three miles westward of Burntisland, and may be reached from the latter place by a pleasant shore path through the woods, which have been considerably damaged by the construction of the railway to North Queensferry. The fine ruined Norman church here has a stately row of Norman arches separating the nave from the south aisle. An excursion may be made from Aberdour by boat to the Island of Inchcolm, distant a mile and a half. On this island may be seen the remains of an ancient abbey of Canon's Regular, founded in 1213.

FROM NORTH END, CARNFORTH. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**ARNSIDE.**—All the Morecambe Bay pleasure resorts are largely dependent upon the great towns and teeming populations of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The charming little place shown in this view is developing very rapidly, and is already a formidable rival to its popular neighbour, Grange-over-Sands. Arnside has not, perhaps, such fine views of the Bay as may be obtained from Grange, but, on the other hand, the views of mountain scenery from its sea-front are very much finer. Coming from Carnforth, Arnside is the last station before reaching Grange, and the railway journey between these two resorts takes less than a quarter of an hour. Grange is on one side of the estuary of the Kent, and Arnside on the other. This place can be thoroughly "done" in a very short time. The visitor to Arnside will, however, notice the substantial appearance of the neat villas, houses, and shops; the firm and excellent sands, on which the children are at play; and the delightful situation of the town on the slope and at the foot of the hill known as Arnside Knot. A little stone pier projects from the promenade, and from it the pleasure-boats put off. A notable feature of the estuary is the rapidity with which the flood tide covers the vast expanse of sands here, so that one runs some little risk in rambling over the sands too far away from the shore. The parish church of St. James is situated on the high ground at the back of the town, which, by the way, has a resident population of about 600. Near the church is Saltcoat Farm, an interesting old house that comes upon the visitor quite as a surprise among the modern villas of Arnside. This farm is a delightfully picturesque old place, with mullion windows and carved door-jambs and is dated 1679.

A LONELY SPOT. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**CAPE CORNWALL.**—One of the most popular excursions from Penzance is taken to Cape Cornwall, nine miles away. From St. Just there is a footpath about a mile long leading to this place. The junction of the granite and slate here may be seen to great advantage, especially on the beach to the north-east in Porthleven Cove, below Boswedden Mine. On the isthmus connecting the Cape with the land the ruins of a Norman castle, called St. Helen's Oratory, are still to be seen in a field called Parc-an-Chapel. The summit of the Cape is 230ft. above the sea, and from it there is a truly magnificent view, to the southward, of the cliffs as far as the Land's End. At the very point is an old engine-house, now disused, but once belonging to the Little Bounds, a submarine mine. In part of these works, significantly called Saveall's Lode, the avarice of the miner has actually opened a communication with the sea, and the breach, which is covered at every tide, is protected by a platform caulked like the deck of a ship. The noise of the waves is distinctly heard in every part of this mine. Immediately south of Cape Cornwall lies Carrickgloose Head (the Hoar Rock), which commands another striking view of this wonderful coast. In Pornanyon Cove, just south of the Hoar Rock, is a fine example of a raised beach, 15ft. above high-water mark. A mile and a half to the north-east of Cape Cornwall, and reached by a very interesting walk, is the Botallack Tin and Copper Mine, the extreme depth of which is 1,050ft. Some of the galleries stretch for more than 1,200ft. beneath the bed of the ocean. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a more sublime spectacle than that which is witnessed at this spot during a storm.

FROM THE OPPOSITE SHORE. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin*

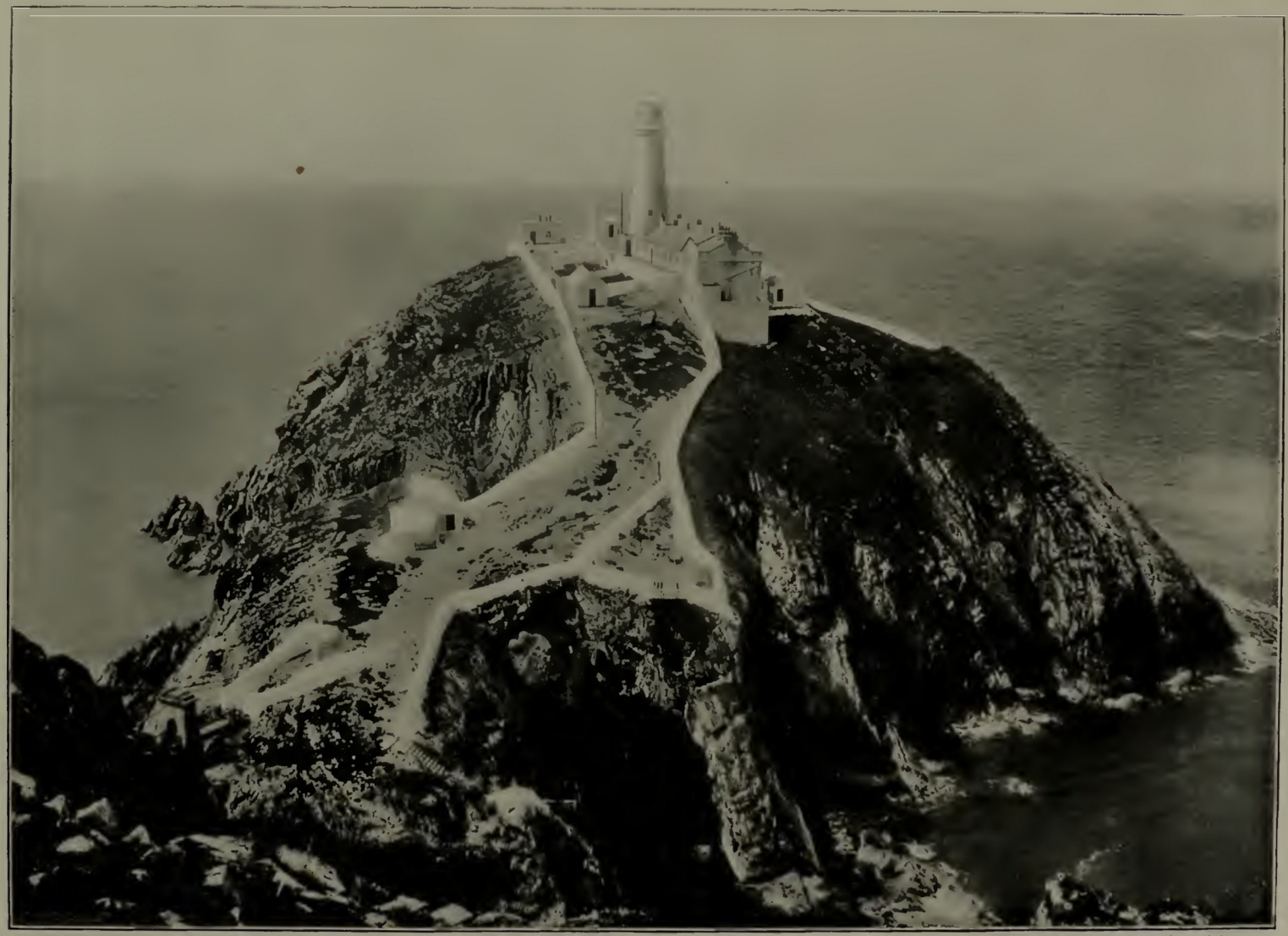
**WEXFORD.**—This is the chief town of the Irish county of the same name, and has a population of about 11,500. Wexford is picturesquely situated on the south bank of the River Slaney, where it enters Wexford Harbour. This harbour is about 7,390 acres in extent at high water, and would be admirably adapted for commerce were it not that a bar at its mouth does not permit the entrance of vessels of more than 200 tons burden. The construction of the new pier near Rosslare will, however, afford the necessary facilities for trade. Wexford was at one time inclosed within walls, and the remains of these can still be traced. The most interesting ruin in the place is that of the Abbey of St. Sepulchre, near which is the modern parish church. The first treaty between the English and Irish was signed here in 1169. Among the principal buildings in Wexford must be mentioned St. Peter's College, for the education of Catholic clergy. This is a fine building in the Tudor-Gothic style, and its grounds extend to about 15 acres. This interesting town is literally studded with the ruins of castles and churches, founded by the early Anglo-Norman invaders, who here made their first landing in Bannow Bay. The Barony of Forth, a district of Wexford inhabited by a race of people very different from the rest of Ireland in habits and appearance, lies a little distance south of the county town; and to thoroughly enjoy the fine scenery of this charming district, a boat may be taken between the two towns, by which means the picturesque banks of the Slaney will be seen to full advantage. The most interesting object in the vicinity is a square keep, which is all that remains of Carrick Castle, easily visited from Wexford, being about two miles from that town.

SHOWING THE HARBOUR AND CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Eyre & Spottiswoode.*

**ST. MAWES.**—We may mention, by way of introduction, that Falmouth Harbour consists of the creeks or estuaries of several rivers, ramifying like the fingers of a hand, and opening into Falmouth Bay between the heights of Pendennis and St. Mawes, which are one mile apart, and are crowned by strong forts. The sixth inlet of Falmouth Harbour is one of some importance, extending as it does about three miles, and constituting, for a distance of three-quarters of a mile from its mouth, the harbour of St. Mawes. Upon the north side of the entrance stands one of the largest circular castles in England, but, nevertheless, a fortress of inferior size to Pendennis. The Castle of St. Mawes was erected about the same time as the latter, namely, 1542, by Henry VIII., whose praises are commemorated in Latin inscriptions carved on the towers, and said to have been composed by Leland. It crosses fire with Pendennis, but its battlements are on a level with the water; and the whole fortress surrendered to Fairfax in 1646. The town of St. Mawes, inhabited principally by fishermen and pilots, and built along the north shore, is named after a Welsh saint, variously styled St. Machutus or Mauduit; and in Brittany, St. Malo. This little town is the chief seat of the pilchard fishery and curing, the inhabitants being employed during the summer months in capturing these fish and dispatching them to Italy. Near St. Mawes was dredged up, about the year 1823, a remarkable and ancient block of cast tin, which is now deposited in the museum at Truro. The creek of which we have been speaking is bounded on the south by St. Anthony's Head, or Zoze, a point which, with the lighthouse, projects into the sea at the mouth of Falmouth Harbour.

THE BREAKWATER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**HOLYHEAD.**—This important port is situated at the west extremity of Anglesey, on an island connected with the mainland by means of an embankment. Holyhead has received much attention from the Government and from the London and North-Western Railway Company, which controls the traffic of the port. Since 1847, it is estimated that more than £2,000,000 has been spent on the harbour works, which are now perhaps the most complete of their kind in the world. They consist of the connecting embankment, nearly a mile and a half long, the harbour and docks, and the breakwater. It was in 1873 that the North-Western Railway Company determined to abandon the old harbour and pier, and to establish a harbour and quays for their own use. These were opened and completed in June, 1880. The present harbour consists of the old and the inner basins, which are provided with quay walls, the one on the east side being 2,000ft. long, and that on the west side 3,000ft. long, where the Irish mail steamers may be seen receiving and discharging their freights at all states of the tide. The dimensions of Holyhead Harbour may be given as follows: length, 2,000ft.; width, 600ft.; and water area, twenty-four acres. The steam packets employed are among the finest and fastest vessels afloat, and for them a graving dock has been expressly built. But the most interesting feature connected with the harbour works is without doubt the magnificent breakwater, which extends into the sea for 7,860ft., and forms a secure roadstead of 400 acres. A promenade is carried along the whole of the breakwater, and is protected by a parapet on the seaward side. At the end it is surmounted by a lighthouse.



THE SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE. *(From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**HOLYHEAD.**—Holyhead forms the chief point of embarkation and debarkation between England and Ireland. The most interesting excursion from the town, on account of the grandeur of the sea-cliff scenery, is to the South Stack, 3½ miles distant, and on the south-east of Holyhead Mountain, which is 709ft. in height. Following the high road for about two miles, and then turning to the right, taking the telegraph posts as a guide, one comes to the edge of the precipice, from which is seen the South Stack Lighthouse, standing on an isolated rock, whose cliffs of slate are wonderfully twisted. The zigzag path, carried down the face of the cliff by 383 stairs, leads to a chain bridge, which crosses the raging waves. It is a scene of sublime grandeur. Many caves have been worn in the rock by the action of the sea, and give shelter to myriads of sea-birds. The lighthouse stands 212ft. above high water. The narrow passage between the rock and the main is flanked and fringed with bristling rocks, the most remarkable feature of which is an incredible number of guillemots, razor-bills, and cormorants; and even peregrine falcons are bred here without fear or restraint, as they are protected on account of the services they render to vessels in foggy weather by creating a frightful uproar immediately a gun is fired. If it be early in the season a very singular sight presents itself on looking over the side of the stairs, when one will perceive long rows of young birds, unable to fly, but perched on the narrow ledges. As the eye gets accustomed to the rock one may see thousands of fledglings at different levels; like little specks, which, but for their movements, might be taken for stains on the rock. The lighthouse-keepers relate many strange stories about the periodical migration of birds.

THE VILLAGE AND BAY. [*From a Photo. by Fyre & Spottiswoode.*

**ROBIN HOOD'S BAY.**—A delightful excursion may be made from Whitby, southwards, along the coast to Robin Hood's Bay, the charming spot depicted here, which is about six miles from Whitby. About half-way, the road passes through the village of Hawsker, where it is said that a couple of arrows, shot by Robin Hood and Little John from the tower of Whitby Abbey, alighted on the spots subsequently marked by two upright stones. Close here some gates made from whale-ribs, and an arch formed by the jaw of a whale, used to recall an old and departed industry of Whitby. Robin Hood's Bay is about 15½ miles from Scarborough. Both bay and village are supposed to have derived their name from the outlaw of Sherwood Forest; and it is said that he fled hither to avoid capture. On the moors above may now be seen a couple of small hills, locally known as "the Butts," where tradition asserts that Robin Hood practised his hand with the long-bow. The peaceful little place shown in this view is an old smuggler's haunt, with quaint and cosy houses; and the speculative builder has been slow in finding it out. Of late, however, new villas have been erected both here and in the adjoining pretty village of Thorpe. The old town, as well as the modern portion, is well sheltered from north-east winds by high lands and cliffs; and the climate, while bracing, is not unsuited to the most delicate constitution. In short, the place is wholly delightful and unfashionable. The house in which you sleep will not tumble into the sea, although you may think there is every probability of such a disaster. Many people prefer this tiny village to its wealthy and fashionable neighbours.

EAST BAY. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**HELENSBURGH.**—Opposite Greenock, on the north coast of the Clyde, is the sea-basin called Gareloch, which begins at Helensburgh and stretches north for about 7½ miles. Its shores are attractive and literally studded with villas. Express trains run from Glasgow to Helensburgh in 45min. Helensburgh Station is 23¾ miles from Glasgow, and, together with another station half a mile to the north, lies on the West Highland Railway system. This resort may be said to date from 1777; it acquired its name at the end of the eighteenth century from the wife of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, on whose property it was built. This charming town consists of a row of shops and lodging-houses, facing the sea, and stretching along the shore for nearly a mile, and of a hill behind, which is covered with pleasant villas, and with roads intersecting each other at right angles. The road crossing this will lead to Loch Lomond. Near the fine pier at Helensburgh—from which, by the way, steamers sail several times a day to the opposite side of the Clyde—is a granite obelisk in memory of Henry Bell, originally a mason, who, in 1812, launched the *Comet* on the Clyde. This, the first steamboat in Europe, was propelled by an engine of three-horse power. The streets of Helensburgh are laid out on a regular plan, and contain a fine town-hall, banks, churches of no small architectural merit, and many other public buildings, plentifully intermixed with neat and pretty villas. Although not so great a favourite as other well-known Scottish resorts, Helensburgh certainly claims the distinction of being the coming Clyde watering-place.

THE CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MANORBIER.**—Four miles from Tenby lies Manorbier Station, nearly two miles south of which, upon the coast, is the small but charming village of that name, together with the ruins of a Norman castle, built in the reign of Henry I. The walls are lofty and embattled, with circular towers at the angles, and a larger tower and watch-turret at the entrance. All the windows open into an inner court. The whole structure is destitute of ornament, and remains practically unaltered save by the destroying effects of Time. Manorbier Castle presents a capital example of a feudal fortress upon a commanding site, frowning upon the coast below. A lofty embattled wall, pierced with loopholes and retaining part of its ramparts, surrounds the whole. The entrance gateway, originally approached by a barbican and drawbridge, has lost one of its flanking towers. Some years since Manorbier Castle was let to Mr. Cobb, a solicitor from Brecon, who has rendered habitable a portion of the building. Manorbier was, in 1146, the birth-place of Gerald de Barri, better known as Giraldus Cambrensis, the Archdeacon of Brecon, who, in his great book, has left a glowing description of his native place, Manorbier; and who has dilated upon its fishponds and hazel groves, and many other attractions, rendering it, in his estimation, "the pleasantest spot in Wales." It must be stated, however, that the present whitewashed ruins and village present a sorry contrast to Manorbier in its palmy days. The church at this little place is one of the most peculiar in the county. The tower, the north transept, and the quaint north aisle are thrown together, apparently without any further connection.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BRANKSEA ISLAND.**—At the mouth of Poole Harbour lies Branksea Island, which is about six miles in circumference. Its sides are clothed with groves of fir, and its interior is broken up into numerous shady glens and romantic hills. This island once belonged to Cerne Abbey, and was the abode of a hermit. It was long used as a deer park by the families who formerly possessed it. At the extreme eastern point of the island stands Branksea Castle, first erected as a defence for the harbour in the reign of Henry VIII., and strongly fortified by Parliament during that of Charles I. The castle has since been occupied as a family residence, and is now full of art treasures. A few years ago Branksea Island was sold to Colonel Waugh, afterwards notorious for his connection with the Royal British Bank, which proved so disastrous to himself and other speculators. The gallant colonel occupied the castle, and furnished it luxuriously. He also reclaimed 100 acres of waste land, and opened pits to work the excellent potters' clay, of which the island is chiefly composed. Colonel Waugh also built a pier, laid down a tramway, and erected St. Mary's Church for the accommodation of his labourers. After his failure, the estate was offered for sale by order of the Court of Chancery, and after having been for some time in the hands of the mortgagees, it was purchased by the Right Hon. G. A. Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., who has done much to improve its natural beauty. The harbour of Poole, which contains Branksea Island, is a beautiful and capacious estuary, resembling at high water an inland lake, which branches in every direction into the heaths which surround it. The harbour opens on the north into a land-locked cove or gulf, called Hole's Bay.

FROM BANGOR WOOD. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**MENAI.**—The island county of Anglesey is anything but interesting or attractive to the average visitor. That part, however, which is bordering on the Straits, and includes the ancient town of Beaumaris and the modern growing town of Menai Bridge, is in remarkable contrast to the rest of the island, and presents some of the finest views in Wales, if not in the whole kingdom. The Menai in this portion gets narrower and more sinuous, while the land on either side rises steeply to a considerable height and is beautifully wooded. Here and there a stately mansion or secluded villa with beautiful gardens peeps out among the abundant foliage, the lawns of these residences running down to the water. Numerous pleasure craft and steamers glide along the sparkling waters almost within speaking distance of the shore. Then, again, there are the bridges—Telford's Suspension Bridge and the Britannia Tubular Bridge—probably the chief attractions of the place. The contrast between the two bridges is very remarkable, the first-named being a light and graceful structure, while the latter is remarkable for its colossal towers and general appearance of massiveness. Tourists by rail or road approaching on the Carnarvonshire side from Bangor, or from the direction of Carnarvon, must cross the Suspension Bridge. From Bangor to Menai Bridge is a pleasant walk of a little over two miles. Leaving the old town of Bangor at the upper end by the railway station, one turns up the Holyhead Road and so through Upper Bangor. Presently there is a turn in the road, and crossing over the brow of an ascent you come in full view of the town of Menai, which from here looks very pretty, as it clusters on the Anglesey shore.

THE BATHING BEACH AND SUSPENSION PIER. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**SEA VIEW.**—We imagine that no one needs to be told that there are innumerable lovely walks in the vicinity of Ryde, the charming capital of the Isle of Wight. Bearing westward from this town, one soon reaches Binstead, or Quarr Abbey. To the south lies Haven Street, with Ashey Down conspicuous by its beacon in the distance, under the south face of which runs a long lane leading to St. Helen's and the east coast of the island. Thence, turning north, one keeps along the shore, passing Sea View itself, an ambitious and rising watering-place, backed by wooded heights. As a matter of fact, after leaving Ryde, the rambler may keep in sight and sound of the sea, or he may wander through sequestered and sylvan valleys in which the summer silence is only broken by babbling brooks, or the song of the birds. The walk from the esplanade at Ryde, along the shore in the direction of Sea View and St. Helen's, is positively unrivalled for its variety and beauty. Sea View may be described as a quiet little resort with a great future before it. Its inhabitants have recently erected a very handsome—one might truthfully say imposing—suspension pier, which runs 1,000ft. into the sea, and has a pier-head wide enough for three steamers to lie beside it simultaneously. The coast-walk from Sea View in the direction of St Helen's is also very pleasant. Skirting Priory Bay one soon reaches Watch-house Point, at the entrance of Brading Haven, whence there is a ferry across to Bembridge. The Church of St. Helen stands inland a short distance from Sea View, on a site to which it was removed in 1719. The original parish church stood on a spit of sand at the entrance of the haven, but was washed away, owing to its being a little too near the sea.

FROM THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**ARBROATH.**—Seventeen miles from Dundee lies the important seaport and manufacturing town of Arbroath, in the district of Angus, and next to Dundee in point of trade and population ; it contains 24,806 inhabitants. This busy town and Parliamentary burgh literally bristles with chimneys and large factories, where coarse linen and canvas are woven. The town stands on a height above the sea, where a stream, not conspicuously clean, pours itself into a harbour which has been scooped out by art, and, therefore, is necessarily confined and difficult of access. A dock was added to this harbour in 1877. The unabbreviated name of Arbroath is Aberbrothock, from its situation at the mouth of the Brothock River. The town was made a Royal burgh by William the Lion (1165-1214), to whom it is also indebted for its abbey, which lies at the end of the long High Street, about ten minutes' walk from the station. The Abbey of Arbroath was founded by William the Lion in 1175, and dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Its remains, which were visited by Dr. Johnson in 1773, by Burns in 1787, and by Scott in 1814, are very disjointed and fragmentary, but their position is grand and their outline picturesque. The south wall of the nave is still standing, also the bases of two towers and a part of the south transept. For many years the municipal authorities were in the habit of selling the materials of this ruin —hence the disappearance of so much of the once stately edifice. This traffic was stopped in 1815. About eleven miles off the coast of Arbroath stands the Inchcape Lighthouse, built in 1810 at a cost of £60,000. It stands upon the Bell Rock, rendered immortal by Southey's ballad.

VIEW ON THE TYNE. [*From a Photo. by Lyd. Sawyer, Singleton House, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

**NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.**—Situated on steep declivities on the north bank of the Tyne, ten miles from its mouth, is the town of Newcastle, which, through the rich mineral products of the neighbourhood, and the industrial genius and activity of the inhabitants, has attained a position of the first importance among the great centres of British business enterprise. The port, which is one of the Tyne ports, has a very extensive trade, greatly facilitated by the Northumberland and Tyne Docks, which cost £2,500,000. A great feature of the town is its series of five bridges across the Tyne to Gateshead. The famous High Level Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson in 1846–50, is 1,375ft. long, and 112ft. above high water. The Swing Bridge, opened in 1876, and constructed by Sir W. Armstrong, is one of the largest of the kind in the world, and allows free navigation of the river. Newcastle was practically rebuilt by Richard Grainger, on one uniform plan, the works costing about a million and a half sterling. One of the greatest works of the age is that of the improvement of the Tyne in order to develop the town. The two piers at the mouth of the river have been built to make a safe harbour, and to bring the water depth under control. The north pier is 3,000ft. long, and the south pier 5,400ft.; and the two cost £660,000. Dredging is employed to deepen the river 20 miles from the sea, in order to bring the largest ships to Newcastle, and screw steamers of 1,200 tons above the town. There are at work six enormous dredging-machines, seven tug steamers, forty hopper barges, ten screw barges, ten craft-repairing shops, and many others. Newcastle, though not a popular resort, is in the highest degree an interesting town.

THE COVE AND VILLAGE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**COVERACK.**—This wholly delightful little spot may be reached by steamer from Falmouth. Coverack Cove is six miles from Lizard Town, and is, in the estimation of the geologist, a singularly interesting place, since the great mass of serpentine is here succeeded by a beautiful rock, which continues along the shore as far as the Manacles, and predominates in the interior through the greater part of the parish of St. Keverne. This far-away and beautiful little cove was the scene of the shipwreck of the *Despatch* in January, 1809, when Major-General Cavendish, with sixty officers and men, returning from Corunna, lost their lives. These unfortunate men have a monument in the neighbouring Church of St. Keverne, about a mile to the north-east. Coverack may also be reached from Pendennis by way of Manaccan and Mawgan-in-Meneage. The Naze Point is next passed; and a curious cave may here be examined. The cliffs from this spot to the Lizard, though not of lofty elevation, are geologically remarkable. They are chiefly formed of serpentine, glittering with a thousand rich hues and shifting colours. There are at Coverack a small pier and a lovely rippling stream; and above the quiet little cliff-defended village rises Crousa Down, whose summit is crowned by a huge fragment of diallage, quaintly named the "Brothers of Grugith." The cliffs of serpentine now assume a greenish hue, and are pierced with fantastic caverns and basaltic grottos, riven with jagged fissures and appalling chasms. Very lonely and somewhat desolate is this long line of coast against whose formidable ramparts roll the long, fierce billows of the Atlantic. It were easy to imagine oneself a thousand miles from London, snugly established in this little Cornish hamlet.

SHOWING KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**TINTAGEL.**—The distance from Boscastle to Tintagel by road is about four miles, the intermediate country, though hilly, bearing some resemblance to a natural terrace, bounded on the seaboard by precipices, and on the land side by a range of elevated hills. Tintagel is an upland village, swept by every blast. The weather-beaten church, dedicated to St. Simforian, stands alone and unsheltered on the summit of a tremendous cliff, overlooking the wild Atlantic. So violent is the fury of the ocean winds here that it is necessary to support the very tombstones with substantial buttresses of masonry. The population of the village is a little under a thousand. The ruins of Tintagel Castle, the reputed birthplace and residence of King Arthur, stand partly on the mainland and partly on a huge peninsular mass of rock known as "The Island," though it is attached to the mainland by a narrow isthmus of about 80yds. in length. This isthmus might be styled a natural bridge, since the rock underneath is perforated from side to side by a cavern, or tunnel, through which the sea passes at every tide. This may be reached from the village in a walk of a quarter of an hour, descending a green dell by the side of a brawling brook. The key of the Castle is kept at a cottage close to the sea. The bold promontory on which this Castle stands is 300ft. above the raging ocean. The scanty ruins on the headland occupy an area of some acres in extent, and consist of dark walls, pierced by small square apertures and arched entrances, and built of Cornish slate, with coarse mortar of a hard, durable nature. Tintagel is still known to the Cornishmen as King Arthur's Castle, and many a rustic tradition is associated with its tempest-beaten ruins.

LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE BRIDGE. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**SUNDERLAND.**—This great seaport town lies at the mouth of the Wear, on the North Sea, thirteen miles north-east of Durham. It has stations on branch lines of the North-Eastern Railway. On the more northern of the two noble piers at the entrance to the harbour stands a fine lighthouse, 98ft. high. The other lighthouse on the south pier is 58ft. high. The municipal borough comprises the parish of Sunderland and parts of the parishes of Bishop Wearmouth on the south, and Monk Wearmouth on the north bank of the river, which is spanned by a noble cast-iron bridge of one arch, 236ft. across and 100ft. above the Wear at low water. This bridge was erected in 1796, and restored, widened, and improved at a cost of about £40,000 in 1858, under the superintendence of the late Robert Stephenson. The town is well paved and lighted, and has a good supply of water from wells sunk to the limestone rock at Humbleton Hill, Fulwell, and Cleadon, in the immediate vicinity. The docks and harbour of Sunderland have an aggregate area of 75 acres; the registered shipping belonging to the port consists of 469 sailing and 607 steam vessels, besides 96 boats engaged in sea fishery. Sunderland is one of the largest ship-building ports in the United Kingdom, and ranks with Newcastle as one of the greatest coal-shipping ports in the world. Monk Wearmouth Colliery is, perhaps, the deepest excavation known, and is within the municipal borough. This town was formerly much resorted to as a bathing-place, but latterly, in consequence of the formation of the docks, this has been confined to the much-frequented village of Roker, within a mile of the town. Roker forms the subject of the next sketch.

THE BEACH, FROM THE TERRACE. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**ROKER.**—There is at Sunderland a beautiful public park on an eminence commanding a fine view of the sea and the Yorkshire coast. It contains a statue in bronze by Behnes to the memory of the late General Sir Henry Havelock, a native of the town. In 1894 the population of Sunderland was 136,101. In this view we get a capital idea of the attractions of Roker, the pretty little seaside suburb lying to the north-east of Sunderland, and noted for its caves in the limestone rock, many of which are known by fantastic local names. From this pretty little suburb of a great industrial town one may obtain a striking view of the coast stretching northward to the mouth of the Tyne, and including the Marsden Rock, a huge detached piece of cliff in the form of an arch, through which boats can pass. The Marsden Rock is four miles from Sunderland. Another interesting feature of this district is that the torpedo boats and other fast warlike craft turned out from Lord Armstrong's famous Elswick Works at Newcastle may frequently be seen taking their trial trips along the coast in front of Roker and Sunderland. This little place is not only the resort for the surrounding district, but so great are its attractions, that people visit it from all parts of the north of England; so that it presents, as one might imagine, a very animated spectacle on Bank Holidays and other festive occasions. One may reach Roker by tramway from the very centre of Sunderland in a few minutes. Immediately behind Roker is the north suburb, Monk Wearmouth; and about a mile from the town, at Southwick, is the Pemberton coal-pit, which is 1,794ft. deep. A comparison of this view with its predecessor is distinctly interesting.

FROM THE LANDING STAGE. *[From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**KIRN.**—Opposite Gourock, on the north, is Kilcreggan, whereto the excursion steamer steers, having the entrance to the Gareloch on the right. Kilcreggan may be described as a row of somewhat florid villas, stretching along the shore, and continuing westward without interruption for about two miles. One passes this town during the excursion from Glasgow to Inveraray by way of Loch Long, Loch Goil, Hell's Glen, and St. Catherine's. To the west of Kilcreggan open Loch Long and Holy Loch, at the mouth of which, and on the south side, is Hunter's Quay. From Gourock a steamer generally crosses direct to Kirn, the quaint little village depicted in this view. Kirn is about 29¾ miles from Glasgow, and is so situated as to command most extensive views of the Clyde and its adjacent lochs. It has been described as a mere prolongation of Dunoon, one of the most frequented of the Clyde watering-places, where numerous steamers call daily, and, from its position, commanding the whole sweep of the Firth. From here the coach starts for the Loch Eck route to Inveraray. The villas of Dunoon extend along the coast by way of Kirn and Hunter's Quay to Holy Loch. Although the little place shown in this view may be, to some extent, overshadowed by its more popular and fashionable neighbour, it has hotels of its own, and bids fair to become altogether independent of Dunoon. Of course, the proximity of the great Clyde watering-place has done much for the delightful little town shown above ; but Kirn possesses so many attractions of its own, in a small way, that of late years visitors have taken up their residence in its cosy villas, and use the place as a sort of head-quarters wherefrom to visit the manifold points of interest in the locality.

SHOWING THE RUINS OF CARLINGFORD CASTLE. *(From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**CARLINGFORD.**—This fine town lies on the south side of Carlingford Lough, about nine miles south of Newry by a branch line. The tourist proceeding from Newry to Belfast, through Rostrevor and Downpatrick, should take an excursion to Carlingford from Warrenpoint. Carlingford claims the honour of being the landing-place of St. Patrick in the fifth century, and was once a town of such importance that it is said to have possessed no fewer than thirty-two buildings in the shape of castles and monasteries. The probable explanation of this statement is that in the warlike days of the Pale every house in Carlingford was built in the castellated form for the purposes of defence and protection. The town is most charmingly situated in a little nook of the Lough, and commands glorious views of the Mourne Mountains; its one disadvantage is that, owing to the height and position of the hills behind, it gets deprived of a large proportion of sunlight. Carlingford Castle, attributed to King John, is a fine old ruin overlooking the water. The walls are in some places 11ft. thick. Though Carlingford is well situated for the purposes of trade, it has little, save in oysters, for which it is famous. The oyster-beds extend from Greenore Point up to Narrow Water, and during the season a whole fleet of boats is engaged in dredging. Besides the Castle there are in the town the remains of two other ancient buildings, on the walls of which are some curious devices carved in the stone. Outside Carlingford are the ruins of a great Dominican monastery, founded in 1305. The ruin is picturesquely situated under the craggy mountain that overhangs the town. About three miles from Carlingford is Greenore, the important packet station for steamers from Holyhead.

VIEW OF THE DOCKS, WITH THE HYDRAULIC TOWER. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**GRIMSBY.**—Everybody has heard of Grimsby, and many, of late years, have heard of Cleethorpes. These two places are upon the east coast of Lincolnshire, facing the broad estuary of the Humber and looking across to Spurn Head, the extreme south-eastern point of Yorkshire. From Grimsby to Spurn Head is about seven miles. Grimsby is about 170 miles north-east of London. There is comparatively little to attract the stranger in the town except the docks, and these are certainly interesting in every sense of the word. The importance of Grimsby may be said to date from 1800, in the last month of which year a new dock was constructed at a cost of £70,000. The present flourishing condition of the trade of this port, and the astonishing development of the town generally, are in the main due to the foresight, wisdom, and vigorous action of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, who began operations here in 1845. The Royal Dock at Grimsby is said to have cost £700,000, and is 25 acres in extent. Besides this, there are several other docks, including what is called the New Dock, opened in 1879, which connects the Royal with the Old Dock. It is computed that more than 1,200 vessels are engaged in the fishing trade of Grimsby. Towering far above the masts of the vessels at this port may be seen the elegant hydraulic tower which forms such a prominent beacon for many miles when you are approaching Grimsby Harbour. It is about 300ft. in height, and provides the power for working all the hydraulic machinery in connection with the docks. Another attraction of Grimsby is the New Park, opened in 1883 by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. It is twenty-seven acres in extent, and in the centre is an ornamental lake, with water-fowl.

SHOWING MULLION ISLAND. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MULLION COVE.**—Here is a delightful and most beautiful spot that may be reached on the way to the Lizard from Falmouth. Mullion, itself, is a very healthy, compact little village, about a mile from the sea. The old inn may be mentioned on account of its late worthy proprietress, Mrs. Mary Mundy, whose visitors have left testimonials in her favour in the shape of Latin and English epigrams of this kind: "Munditiâ floret sic vetus illa domus!" Mullion Cove, about a mile from the village, is one of the most remarkable of those extremely picturesque retired inlets which abound on this coast. It is shut in by cliffs of serpentine, sheltering a mill and one or two coastguards' houses, but unapproachable by ships, which reach it only to suffer total wreck on its reefs and precipices. The Cove should be visited at low tide, as the shore is adorned by enormous rocks, and an arch, or chink, in the cliff a little way to the left is accessible from the shore only when the tide is out. This opening will admit the adventurous explorer to one of the most beautiful serpentine caverns even in this district of magnificent coast scenery. Mullion Island, shown in this view, is about a mile in circumference, and is also well worth a visit, for the cliffs look their best from it across the "Gap." It is also very interesting in itself, and the landing is quite safe. A new harbour was constructed by Messrs. Lang and Sons, of Liskeard, at the expense of Lord Robartes. Mullion Church, dedicated to the Breton saint, Malo, has a tower, partly granite and partly serpentine, built in the year 1500. Over the west door will be seen a curious carving of the Crucifixion. In the east window of the church are to be seen some interesting remains of old glass.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND THE HAVEN. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**MILFORD HAVEN.**—The estuary of Milford Haven stretches for ten miles inland, varying in breadth from one to two miles, and having five bays, ten creeks, and thirteen roadsteads, affording anchorage to the largest ships. The tide, passing up through its ramifications into the very heart of the county, washes the towns of Pembroke and Haverfordwest, situated at the extremity of two of its forks. It is well sheltered from storms by undulating hills around, which, being destitute of trees and only scantily clad with vegetation, present a desolate rather than a picturesque aspect. A vessel may safely run in without anchor and cable, as there are from fifteen to nineteen fathoms of water in most parts. From Milford Haven the Fleet of Henry II. set out to conquer Ireland, and here the French invading army, 12,000 strong, sent over to co-operate with Owain Glyndwr, against Henry IV., effected their landing. On a lofty cliff at the west end of the Haven, above the village of Dale, are St. Anne's Lights, which were erected in 1800. They are of great service in the navigation of the Irish Channel, and serve to protect vessels from a dangerous rock called the Crow, about five miles distant. The town of Milford is splendidly situated on the right side of the Haven, about six miles from its mouth, and between two small creeks opposite the anchorage called the Man-of-War Road. It consists of three parallel streets ranged along the hill-side, and commanding fine views of the harbour. In 1811 the Royal Dockyard and other institutions were removed from Milford, to the very great detriment of the town, but a brighter prospect now seems in store for it. Many fine private residences dot the coast-line between Milford Haven and St. Bride's Bay.

THE SANDS, FROM THE PIER. *[From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.*

**PAIGNTON.**—About two miles by rail from Torquay, and at the centre of the long-drawn arc of the Bay, stands Paignton, with its fine hotels and villas. It is also connected with Torquay by a frequent service of steam-launches. This watering-place may be described as a handsome and extensive suburb of Torquay, of which town there is a singularly beautiful view across the water. Near the old and capacious church—a fine building, dedicated to St. John—may be seen the mouldering ruins of a palace of the Bishops of Exeter. Of late Paignton has been greatly improved; a promenade pier has been erected, and the Esplanade—on which there is a band-stand—greatly extended. The Torquay cycling track occupies a large extent of ground opposite the Esplanade. This charming resort should be visited in the apple blossoming season, for the cider apple is largely cultivated in the neighbourhood, and cider is manufactured on a large scale. Originally some distance from the sea, Paignton has now approached it, and, like its fashionable neighbour, Torquay, it is rapidly extending in every direction. The town is, however, very old, having belonged to the See of Exeter from a period before the Conquest. The remains of the Bishop's Palace before alluded to consist of a crenelated wall and a tower of the fourteenth century adjoining the churchyard. Several lanes lead from this town to the shores of the Dart, and more particularly to Stoke Gabriel, a retired and picturesque village, remarkable for its yew tree, which is said to be the second in England in point of size and age. Like Torquay, Paignton possesses splendid climate and remarkably fine sands. The bathing, too, is excellent; the surrounding country is fertile and well wooded, abounding in the coombes which are so characteristic of the district.

FROM THE WEST. [*From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons.*

**PITTENWEEM.**—This charming little Scottish watering-place lies between St. Monan's and Anstruther; it is 17¾ miles from Thornton Station, on the North British Railway. Near the Town Hall at Pittenween are the remains of the dormitory and refectory of a splendid Priory which, before the Reformation, dominated this district and owned large territories in Fife (including the Isle of May), and also in other counties of Scotland. About a mile and a half to the north-west of the town lies Balcaskie, the handsome residence of Sir Ralph W. Anstruther, Bart. The gardens belonging to this fine mansion are interesting on account of their hanging terraces and clipped hedges. After leaving this quiet spot, the railway line passes on through Anstruther, Crail, Kingsbarns, Boarhills, Stravithie, and Mount Melville. Two miles from the last-mentioned station we come to St. Andrews, which, as everyone knows, is the head-quarters, so to speak, of the Royal and ancient game of golf. About six miles south-east of Pittenweem is the Isle of May. At nearly all these pleasant seaside towns in Fife there will be found capital accommodation for tourists. The inns, although small, are everything that could be desired, and their proprietors are at all times most anxious to promote the well-being of the passing stranger. The next station past Pittenweem, on the way to St. Andrews, is Anstruther, another pretty little seaport town. Great efforts have been made to improve its harbour, and about £80,000 has been laid out in piers and breakwater, constructed under the direction of Sir John Hawkshaw, C.E. Anstruther, West Anstruther, and Kilrenny, which form practically one town, are three distinct Royal Burghs.

FROM MONKSTOWN PIER STATION. [*From a Photo. by W. Lawrence, Dublin.*

**MONKSTOWN.**—About eight miles from the city of Cork is Monkstown, situated among thick woods, at the mouth of one of the small rills that run into the main estuary. Its particular object of interest is the castle, a quadrangular building, flanked by square towers, built in 1636, at the cost of one groat. We are told that Mrs. Anastasia Archdeckan, while her husband was absent in a foreign land, determined to afford him an agreeable surprise, by presenting him, on his return, with a castle of her own erection. Having engaged workmen, she made an agreement with them that they should purchase food and clothing solely from herself. The thrifty lady then laid in a good store of these necessaries, charging the workmen a commission on the sales. When the edifice was completed, on balancing her accounts of receipts and expenditure, she found that the latter exceeded the former only by 4d. Probably this is the first example on record of a truck transaction on a large scale. Above the harbour here may be seen the handsome Roman Catholic Church, which has a turreted spire. If we are travelling by steamer, the vessel now rounds the point and enters the magnificent harbour of Queenstown. This district is noted for its picturesque beauty. If we leave the quay at Cork near St. Patrick's Bridge we can have one of the most delightful steamer excursions in the kingdom by proceeding in this way to Queenstown, which is reached in about an hour, calling on the way at the pretty little town of Passage, embosomed in woods. At Passage, which is situated about a mile from Monkstown, the river widens out into a lake. The resort just mentioned is in repute as a healthy place, and is much frequented by the people of Cork for sea-bathing.

THE HARBOUR AND TOWN. [*From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**PORTSTEWART.**—Here we have a very pretty little Irish watering-place, four miles from Coleraine on the Portrush branch line. Portstewart is situated on a dry and sandy soil, at the foot of a basaltic promontory. There is a first-rate inn here, known as the Montague Arms Hotel. There are also two or three other hostelries. Connecting the station with the centre of this town is a steam tramway, which may be seen in the above view. This resort is so situated as to command exceptionally fine views of the opposite promontory of Innishowen. A wooden castle, built by Mr. O'Hara, was placed on the cliffs, which here terminate on the west of the great basaltic range. Close to Portstewart lies Castlerock, also a charming little seaside resort at the mouth of the River Bann. Castlerock commands extensive views of Innishowen Head and Portstewart, on towards the Giant's Causeway, with the wide sweep of the Atlantic directly in front of it. The little watering-place of which a view is reproduced on this page is close to some of the finest scenery in all Ireland. The busy seaport town and fashionable watering-place of Portrush is only three miles away; and then there are the famous White Rocks on the way to Dunluce, which are among the most interesting objects on this extraordinary coast. It is said that within a distance of two miles there are no fewer than twenty-seven caverns, all natural excavations worn by the action of the waves on the white limestone. Nor must we omit to mention the far-famed Castle of Dunluce, which stands about 100ft. above the sea on a sharp, jagged, and precipitous mass of rock—a stately pile of ruins, turrets, walls, and towers, grey with age and exposure.

CROYDE BAY. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**BARNSTAPLE.**—There are at Barnstaple three railway stations; the Great Western, in Fortescue Street, half a mile from the centre of the town, is the station for Taunton, Bristol and the North, Bath, and London. Barnstaple Junction Station, on the farther side of the River Taw, is the station for Exeter and the South-Western line for London in one direction, and for Bideford and Torrington in the other. For Ilfracombe, the most convenient station is Barnstaple Quay, and there is a daily coach to Lynton and back. This town may be considered the capital of North Devon, and it is finely situated on the broad, land-locked river and in the bosom of gentle hills. Barnstaple Bridge is supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century, and was widened in 1834; it consists of sixteen small arches—eight less than the bridge at Bideford. The view from it is very pleasant, the River Taw and its vale having a fine background on the east, called Coddon Hill. In the square near the bridge rises the handsome clock tower, erected as a memorial to the late Prince Consort. Queen Anne's Walk, on the Town Quay below the bridge, is a colonnade intended originally for an Exchange; it was rebuilt by the Corporation in 1798, and was named from a statue to Queen Anne presented in 1708. Charming views of the town are to be obtained from Coddon Hill, three miles distant, which rises to a height of 623ft. just above Bishop's Tawton. The almshouses in Litchdon Street were founded by John Penrose, mayor of the town, in 1627, and are built in the form of a quadrangle, with a sort of cloister, wooden roofed, and supported on granite columns, opening out on the road.

GENERAL VIEW. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**YARMOUTH (ISLE OF WIGHT).**—This delightful little Isle of Wight watering-place is situated at the mouth of the Yar, opposite Hurst Castle, which may be visited by taking steamer to Lymington. As one may judge from this view, Yarmouth possesses a good pier, and during the summer season the steamer from Ryde to Bournemouth calls here, both going and returning. Alum Bay, the Needles, and Freshwater Gate are within a day's easy ramble. This little place is more sheltered than Ryde from the keen east winds, and is, at the same time, less exposed than Ventnor to the glaring, burning sun. In coming from Shalfleet we pass, at about ten miles from Newport, the little village of Thorley, situated in an agricultural district. Leaving the Church of St. Swithin behind, we cross the Thorley rivulet, and quickly reach the shores of the Solent, along which the road now runs at a slight elevation, commanding most beautiful views of Lymington River, Hurst Castle, and the general line of the Hampshire coast. We next enter the little town which forms the subject of this sketch. The castle here commands the entrance of the Yar, and is now nothing but a semi-circular battery, armed with four guns. The Town Hall at Yarmouth was rebuilt in 1764, and is a small, plain, brick building. The carrier's cart, which takes passengers, leaves Yarmouth in the morning for the capital of the island. The present church at Yarmouth dates from 1611, and is very picturesque. It consists of a nave, north and south aisles, chancel, and a square tower; some repairs were executed in 1873. This beautiful little place possesses a fine natural harbour, and is the head-quarters of the Solent Yacht Club. The George Hotel here was once the residence of the Governor of the Isle of Wight.

THE EAST STRAND, WITH THE GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL. *[From a Photo. by R. Welch, Belfast.*

**BUNDORAN.**—Mail cars leave, or used to leave, Sligo daily for Bundoran, the favourite resort of the Enniskillen people, who frequent it in large numbers. As a matter of fact, Bundoran is rapidly becoming a kind of Irish Southend, only its scenery is far more interesting and beautiful. This watering-place is 21½ miles from Sligo, and is perhaps the most popular bathing-place in the north-west of Ireland. It is well situated on a bold portion of the coast of Donegal Bay, but like many other watering-places, it is not too well off for vegetation or shelter. The hills, although very fine objects in the landscape, are a little too far off to be available as a near resort. The opposite coast affords very fine views of St. John's Point and Lighthouse, Inver and Killybegs Bays, terminated in the extreme distance by the cliffs of Teelin Head and Slieve League. The action of the sea at this place has worn the cliffs into numerous grotesque forms, an example of which may be seen in what is known as the Fairy Bridge, a single arch with a span of 24ft., having a causeway of half that breadth, perfectly formed and detached from all architectural incumbrances. One of the most beautiful drives imaginable may be obtained by hiring a private car at Bundoran and driving through Kinlough to Manor Hamilton, a distance of fifteen miles. On the way the Drowes is crossed at Lennox's Bridge, which river flows into the sea from Lough Melvin. Just before reaching Bundoran, coming from Sligo, the Duff River is crossed at Bunduff Bridge, from which point the road hugs the coast, as it trends in a north-easterly direction. The view opens out very finely over Bundoran and the Bay of Donegal, backed up on the north by the coast line and the mountains.

FROM THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**WIGTOWN.**—On a slight eminence, overlooking its fine bay, is Wigtown, the capital of the Scottish county of the same name and a Royal burgh since 1469. Many of the houses are elegantly built, and the principal street is wide enough to admit of a large bowling green being established in its centre. This picturesque and pleasant little seaport town possesses a handsome Town Hall, which, with the County Buildings, forms a picturesque group at the north end. An obelisk stands on high ground behind the town, commemorating the Wigtownshire Covenanters, including Margaret McLauchlan, an old woman, and Mary Wilson, a girl of eighteen, who were tied to a stake and drowned by the rising tide of the Bladenoch River in 1685. They are buried in the parish churchyard below, where a slab with a lengthy rhyming inscription marks their resting-place. We should mention that drowning was an old mode of punishment in Scotland, and especially in Galloway, where the right of pit and gallows—that is, of inflicting death either by drowning women or hanging men—prevailed longer than in the other counties. Not very far from here is the little village of Bladenoch, across the river of the same name. On one side is a village noted for its whisky, and on the opposite bank is seen the little quay of Baldoon, and also the ruined Castle of Baldoon, belonging to the Earl of Galloway. In the vicinity is the elegant mansion of Monreith, belonging to Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. Wigtown is on a branch line of railway running south from Newton Stewart, the line running through a cultivated country, past the old hamlet of Penninghame, with its deserted church and burial-ground. On a clear day the Manx mountains can be seen from the hills in the vicinity of Wigtown.

IN THE HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**NEWHAVEN.**—The tourist at nine miles from Brighton descends the hill to Newhaven, lying in a deep valley at the junction of the Ouse with the Channel. The walk along the crest of the glorious South Downs is one not easily to be forgotten, but rather to be remembered as a joy for ever. From this elevated height the eye surveys a wonderful expanse of country; quiet, leafy villages with a grey old church tower; picturesque, many-gabled houses; broad reaches of pasture; ample stretches of yellow corn-fields; and perhaps a noble mansion crowning a gentle knoll. At Newhaven a swing-bridge is thrown across the river. Formerly the Ouse entered the sea at Seaford, but in 1570 a great storm changed its course and formed a new mouth, whence this port derived its name. The railway station is on the opposite bank, and communicates with the quay, whence steamers depart for the Continent—the ever-popular "Newhaven and Dieppe route," whereby one reaches Paris in the shortest possible space of time. The harbour is held in considerable estimation from its position on the exposed coast of the Channel; and it is defended by a battery on the hill above. Two fine wooden piers protect the entrance, which is 200ft. in width. The London and Brighton Railway Company have spent upwards of £520,000 in improving and deepening the harbour, and constructing on the west a breakwater, 3,000ft. in length. The steamboat journey from Newhaven to Dieppe, a distance of sixty-four miles, is performed in fine weather in four and a half hours, but has been done in three and a half hours. Vessels of some size are built here, and Newhaven is said to be "the only port of moderate value between Portsmouth and the Downs."

COMMISSIONERS' HARBOUR. [*From a Photo. by Poulton & Son.*

**EAST HARTLEPOOL.**—About 250 miles north-east of London by rail lies this important Parliamentary borough, which embraces the municipal borough of Hartlepool and the town of West Hartlepool, and is designated "The Hartlepools." The important seaport we are now considering is about eighteen miles south-east of Durham, and has a population of a little less than 60,000. There are about 80 vessels belonging to this port, the total tonnage exceeding 20,000. There are here a fine old church, Town Hall, Mechanics' Institute, theatre, banks, and many other important public buildings. The harbour is safe, affording the best shelter on this coast. The trade of the port, formerly insignificant, is now greatly extended by the formation of railways in connection with the Durham collieries. New docks have within recent years been constructed here on a magnificent scale; and the character of the town has rapidly changed from that of a quiet sea-bathing place to a bustling commercial port. West Hartlepool is a modern market town about a mile west of the ancient borough, and within the townships of Stranton and Seaton Carew. It has a station of its own on a branch line of the North-Eastern Railway. The harbour, begun in 1847, and originally 12 acres in extent, is now enlarged to more than 44 acres. It has separate docks for coal, timber, and merchandise, besides two large graving docks. There are at Hartlepool large brass and iron foundries, engine and boiler works, and shipping, ship-building, and coast-fishing form other valuable employments of the inhabitants. Hartlepool Lighthouse, at Heugh, is 73ft. high, and has two fixed lights.

THE VILLAGE AND THE RECULVER TOWERS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**RECULVER.**—Walking east along the cliffs from Herne Bay, the principal object that meets the eye is the lion of this part of the coast—the far-famed Reculvers. From the top of the cliffs we see the small hamlet of Beltinge lying inland to the right. Farther along we pass Bishopstone Dell and the interesting Hillborough Church. Continuing close to the cliffs, we are soon at the Reculvers. Regulbium is mentioned by Antoninus, and with its sister fortification, Rutupiæ, is supposed to have been the first place occupied by the Romans in Britain. It is difficult now to realize its importance in those days, face to face with the present conditions. Then it was a proud and formidable castle, past which sailed ships of war and merchantmen on their way to London. In those days it guarded absolutely a wide and busy arm of the sea, into which no vessel dare venture without its permission. Eight acres of land were occupied by this imperial and important fortification. The principal entrance was in the west wall, which, like the other walls, was about 12ft. thick, and consisted of pebbles, flints, and layers of septaria. Of the walls of the ancient castrum the south and east are yet standing, but are much shattered and crumbled, and are thickly covered with ivies and lichens, mosses, grasses, and elderberries. Leland tells us that the castrum stood at a distance of half a mile from the sea, but in 1780 the encroaching waters had crept up to its very margin, and the fall of the cliffs brought down the whole of the north wall. The village of Reculver is about three miles from Herne Bay. The old monastic church here was pulled down in 1809, but the Trinity House authorities interfered and saved the two western towers seen in this view, which serve as a useful landmark.

SHOWING THE ROCKS. [*From a Photo. by Frith & Co.*

**THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.**—One of the most popular excursions from Plymouth is a sail to the celebrated lighthouse at the Eddystone. Weather permitting, you will probably be tempted to visit this wonderful work, which, erected on a mere point in a stormy sea, affords a unique beacon and guiding-light to mariners. The Eddystone is a narrow rock of gneiss, situated 14 miles from Plymouth, daily submerged by the tide, and of most mournful celebrity as the scene of repeated disasters. In 1696 Mr. Winstanley placed a lighthouse here, which he believed to be as firmly seated as the rock itself. No sooner was the building completed, however, than a furious storm engulfed it (1703), together with its unfortunate projector. After a lapse of three years Mr. Rudyard constructed a second lighthouse, but this fell a prey to fire. It was then that Smeaton planned his structure, taking, it is said, as his model, the trunk of an oak. This work was commenced in 1757, and finished in 1759; and the success with which it braved the storms of 123 winters is sufficient proof of the skill of its designer. The fourth lighthouse was commenced in July, 1878, the engineer on behalf of the Trinity Board being Sir J. N. Douglass. The top stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh (now of Coburg) on June 1st, 1881. The lantern is 133ft. from the water, and the cost of the whole work was about £80,000. As is shown in this view, the sloping cylinder of the old plan, which was found to assist the waves to ascend, and at times to curl over the very top of the building, has been replaced by a lofty square basement. The old tower was carefully taken down, its stones numbered, and re-erected on the Hoe at Plymouth.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