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A Guide to the

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1897.

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Faire Iyonesse

A GUIDE

TO THE

ISLES OF SCILLY,

BY

JAMES G. OWEN,

Illustrated with Photographs,

AND

DRAWINGS BY MR. S. THOMAS, A.M.

Head Master Bideford and North Devon Municipal School of Art.



To
THE BEST OF SCILLONIANS,
AND
MOST HELPFUL OF WOMEN,
MY WIFE.

—J. G. O.

PREFACE.

TOURISTS of to-day, to whom I here make my respectful bow, demand hand-books and guides, which are detailed and accurate—yet cheap. There have been several books of the Isles of Scilly written which have fulfilled the former conditions, but none hitherto at a popular price. Heath, an officer in His Majesty's Garrison at Scilly in 1744, published "A Natural and Historical Account of the Isles of Scilly," in 1750; about the year 1794, Parson Troutbeck, for many years Chaplain of St. Mary's, compiled a "Survey of the Ancient and Present State of the Scilly Isles." Dr. Borlase wrote a learned work on the Isles from a philosophic and antiquarian point of view; Dr. Woodley, Missionary from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and Minister of St. Martin's and St. Agnes, published his "View of the Present State of the Scilly Isles," in 1822; and in 1850, Rev. I. W. North, Chaplain of the Isles, issued a lucid guide, under the title "A Week in the Isles of Scilly." At later dates, Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., and Mr. J. C. Tonkin, have each written guides; but nearly all the foregoing are out of print, copies being extremely rare.

Sir Walter Besant, in 1893, gave the world a charming romance, "Armored of Lyonesse," which all visitors to

Scilly should read. Apart from the interest of the tale, the novelist introduces idyllic description of the Outer Isles.

To most of the above I owe something of suggestion or of fact.

Whilst this book was passing through the Press, it was rumoured that the Government had decided to fortify the Isles. Sir Evelyn Wood, I believe, has made inspection, and it is thought that Samson will be strongly fortified, that masked batteries will be placed on other of the Isles, and that Scilly will be utilized as a coaling station for the Fleet.

In conclusion, I would express a hope that I may not altogether fail in my desire to make others love the Isles as I love them.

JAMES G. OWEN.

BIDEFORD,
April 29th, 1897.

P.S.—I would correct an unfortunate blunder in the text. There is a sentence on page 2, which speaks of passengers being half frozen on their railway journey through Cornwall. Those who have travelled in the cosy, comfortable, carriages of the G.W.R., can, from their own experience, refute a slip which was noticed just too late to remedy.

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Photographic
VIEWS & STUDIES



OF THE

* * SCILLY ISLES, * *

INCLUDING THE FAMOUS

Hell Bay Storm Picture

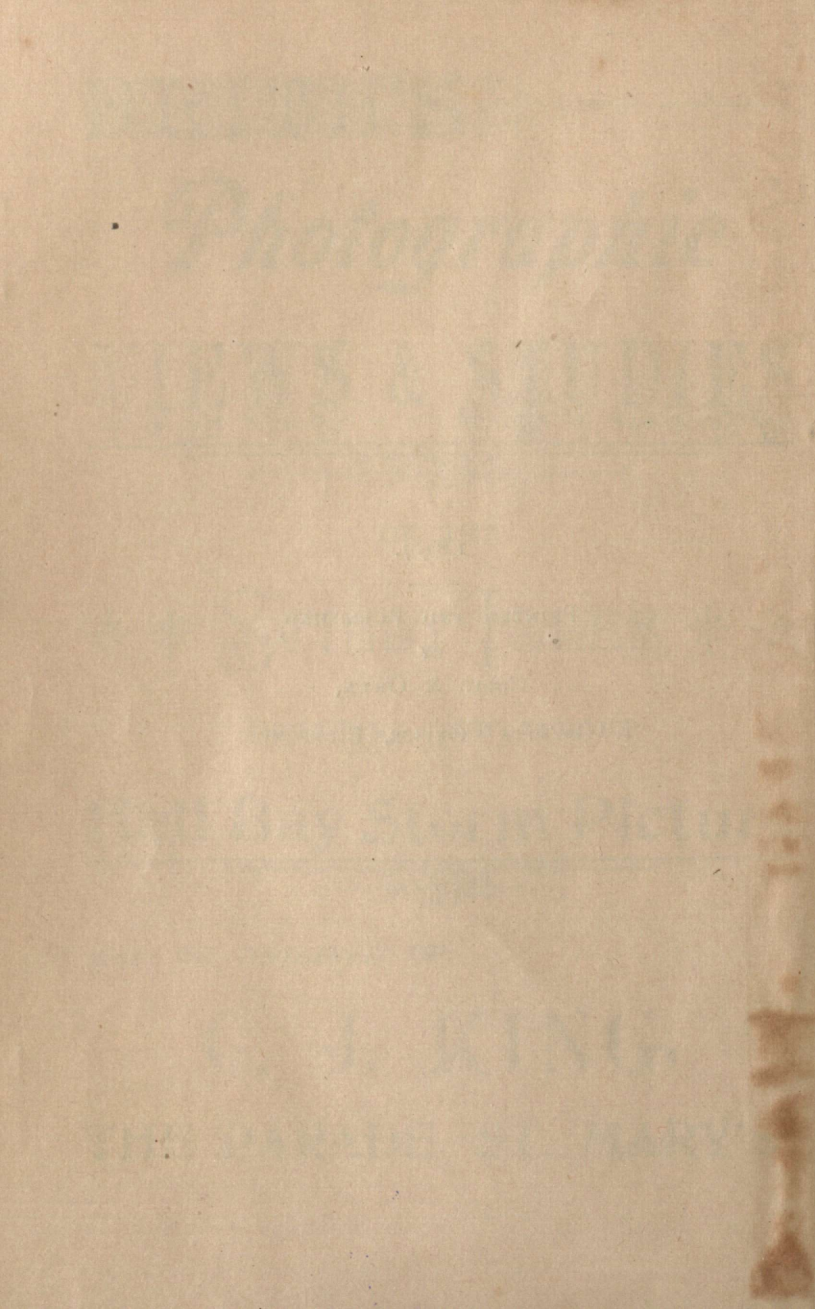


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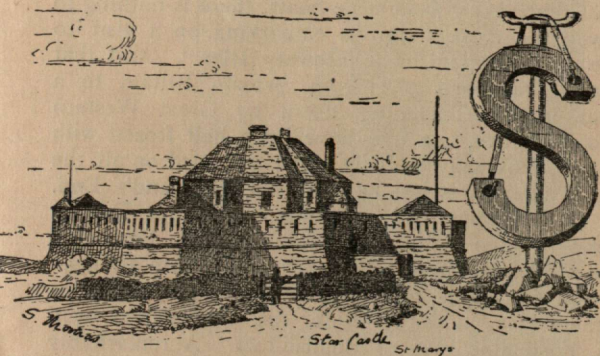
G. J. KING,
THE PARADE, ST. MARY'S.

1897.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
COLES & OWEN,
‘GAZETTE’ OFFICE, BIDEFORD.



FAIRE LYONNESSE.



TANDING
at Land's
End, on a
clear day,
and looking
South-West
over the
Ocean, a
close ob-
server will
see a num-
ber of points
more or less

conical, jutting on the horizon. They are the Eastern group of the Isles of Scilly, which, lying some 27 miles from the extreme western cape of Cornwall, in latitude $49^{\circ} 55' N$, longitude $6^{\circ} 19' W$, luxuriate in a climate unrivalled the world over, and possess natural beauties and attractions equalled by few of the well-favoured regions of Europe.

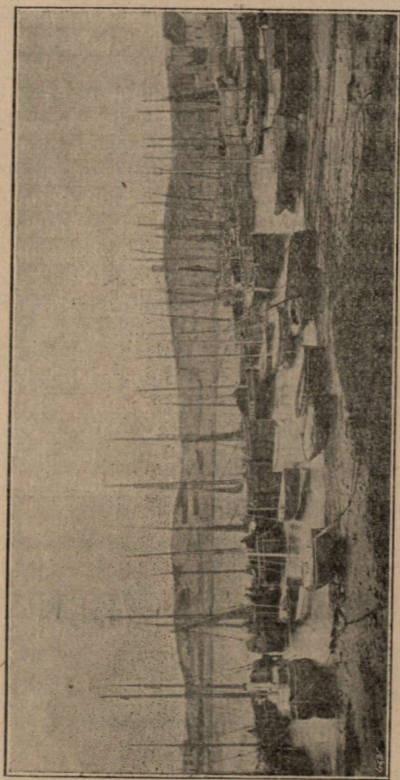
The archipelago aggregates nearly two hundred—*islands, islets, and bare granite rocks*,—but only five are now inhabited: St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Agnes, Bryher, and St. Martin's. Within recent times, Samson—the scene of Besant's novel, "*Armored of Lyonesse*,"—was inhabited also, but for social and economic reasons the late Lord Proprietor evicted Samson folk, and distributed them among the other isles. Upon islets not occupied within the memory of man, traces of stone hedges, and ruins, betoken long-forgotten cultivation. The islands are of granite, and great grey boulders crop up in the black soil, everywhere. Probably Scilly was, at a remote geographical period, joined to the mainland—tradition, soil, scenery, mineral veins, all support that theory. Whatever may have been the



geographical condition in pre-historic times, the actual condition of to-day is that forty miles of water must be crossed to reach the Isles. When sailing ships alone were available, the voyage must often have been tedious and irksome; but now, when it can be accomplished in about three hours, in one or other of the West Cornwall Steamship Company's comfortable boats, there is nothing to prevent even the most timorous embarking on a visit to what have been termed "The Flowery Isles." And that short voyage transports one from prosaic Britain to a sub-tropical land. Travelling down by Great Western Railway to Penzance, one may have been half frozen with cold; ice and snow may be lying thick and hard on all the country-side, but this is left behind with the Land's End. In Scilly, snow is practically unknown. It is our English way to send invalids a fatiguing journey across France to the shores of the Mediterranean, there to sojourn amongst strangers and foreigners, forgetful that at our very doors, as it were, there is a charming winter resort, inhabited by a courteous, hospitable race of English-folk. A remarkably equable climate is the chief recommendation of Scilly to delicate people. During ten years its average summer temperature has been 57° fah., and its average winter temperature 47° fah., and the variations are trifling. Another recommendation is that the isles are within 17 hours of London. During a greater part of the year, steamers make three passages weekly, each way, and there are frequent additional excursions, the summer through. The telegraph cable to Penzance, laid in 1869, keeps the islands in constant touch with the mainland, and by it news messages are received each morning from London, at St. Mary's News-room, summarizing important events, to date.

Tourists and health seekers are naturally very solicitous respecting water supply and the necessities of life. They need have no fear about Scilly on that score. There is an ample supply of water; and such food as the Islands do not produce is regularly brought from Penzance. There are well-stocked shops at St. Mary's, and Penzance firms make regular business calls. The Islands are remarkably healthy,

thanks to the invigorating sea-breezes, that are for ever stirring round them. No factories, or gas-works, pollute the air. Time may be passed pleasantly enough in summer—boating, fishing, playing cricket and tennis, picnicing, rambling over the downs, or lazing amongst the enchanting

*Scilly.***St. Mary's Beach : Fishing Season.***Photo: C. J. King,*

bays of Scilly's deep-fretted shore. There are many capable boatmen ready to place their boats, and their knowledge of rocks and currents, at the disposal of strangers, and the expense need not be great if a little management and

combination are observed. In winter some of these pastimes are withheld, but even then there is seldom necessity to remain within doors a whole day, indeed some of the best weather, bright and balmy, summer-like, is experienced, when in England people are wrapping up and complaining of cold. There are not Battles of Flowers, such as the Southerners delight in, but from Christmas until May visitors may wander by fields full of sweet-smelling narcissi, golden daffodils, and blushing anemones. At the end of May, also, the mackerel fishery begins, and thence on through June the Islands become a rendezvous for Mount's Bay fishing craft. In the height of the season there will be perhaps three or four hundred boats going out west every evening, and returning next morning with their catches. There could hardly be a prettier picture than the western part of Scilly presents on a fine morning, when all the "Sounds" are crowded with the fleet, hurrying to the Pool to sell the fish. When sold, the mackerel are carried to Penzance or to Plymouth, *en route* for the central markets. The proximity of so many fishermen has little or no effect on the normal quietude of Scilly.

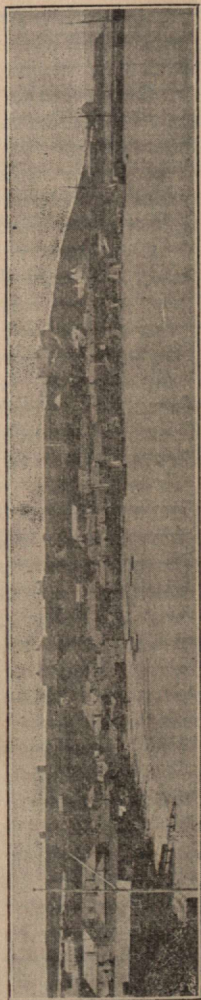
There is comfortable hotel and boarding house accommodation at St. Mary's, and those who desire to be entirely remote from the haunts of other tourists, can obtain lodgings on one or other of the Off-islands.

GETTING THERE.

EXCEPT on certain special occasions, when excursion steamers run from Bristol or Plymouth, passengers for Scilly must embark at Penzance. The steamer fare is: saloon, 7/- single; 10/6 return, available for one month; fore-cabin, 5/-; 7/6 return, available for one month. Through tourist tickets are issued from the larger centres by Great Western Railway. The steamer starts in the morning at 9 o'clock or 10 o'clock, or in the afternoon, according to the season, and the sequence of passages arranged. For quite one-third of the way, the

steamer proceeds close to the iron-bound shores of Land's End. Whilst she is backing out from the Pier, and turning seaward, passengers may observe Penzance from the sea, and take in the sweep of the Bay from Marazion and St. Michael's Mount, to Newlyn, snugly within a bight called Gwavas Lake. Then rounding Penlee Point, the picturesque fishing village, Mousehole, is sighted. Point Spaniard, beyond, reminds one of the descent of a Spanish force on Mousehole. They were stoutly opposed by Cornishmen. Noble cliffs carry the eye on to Lamorna Cove, scarred by extensive quarries. Boscawen Point, and Merthen Point, curving into Penberth Cove, are passed in succession. On a bold cliff is the far-famed Logan Stone, and in the next Bay, Porth Curnow, where the Eastern telegraph cables come ashore. The telegraphist community term themselves "The Exiles," but they have first intimation of whatever is doing in the world, nevertheless. Presently the land falls away to Tol-Penwith, and the Land's End, and the bell-buoy off the Runnel Stone being passed—dolefully tolling—a little more motion will be felt. The steamer is clearing the land, and taking the open sea for Scilly. Off Land's End is the Longships Lighthouse. There is usually much sea traffic hereabout. The next point of interest is the Wolf Lighthouse, commonly termed the half-way house to the Isles. Not long after passing the Wolf, the easternmost Isles will loom up, and then the longer form of St. Mary's, and St. Martin's. Upon a map the Islands appear to be in two columns, one slightly ahead of the other; and a Roadstead between them. The steamer making for St. Mary's, either proceeds between the Isles, from the eastward end, or steams outside St. Mary's, and round by the south and west of that Island, according to the state of tide. If the tide is high, she will pass between the Isles. St Mary's will be the large island constantly on the left. To the right are, first, a number of islets (the Eastern Islands), with a long island on the outer side. United to St. Martin's by a chain of islets, Tresco, where are the famous sub-tropical gardens and the Lord Proprietor's residence; then two conical islands, Bryher and Samson. A wide Sound carries the eye on to the

Western Isles, with the Bishop Lighthouse, needle-like, in the far distance. If the tide is low, the steamer leaves all the islands on the right, keeping close to the south coast of St. Mary's, which has much bold rock scenery. Presently Old Town will open out, then Hugh Town, nestling at the head of a deep bay. The Island with a lighthouse on the left, between which and St. Mary's the steamer now goes, is St. Agnes, with Annet, and the Western Isles, stretching seven miles into the Atlantic. The steamer will continue to follow the coast of St. Mary's, past its battlemented garrison front, and will presently bring up at the Pier, where passengers land. This pier was built in 1835, to supplement the inner or old pier re-built in 1749, by Earl Godolphin, then lessee of the Isles. Strangers will notice a pillar at the shore end, and gate, originally intended for defensive purposes. A few years since, when traffic increased, the present Lord Proprietor, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, lengthened the new Pier, so that the steamers might lie alongside and discharge or ship cargoes at all states of tide. To recoup him, a special toll is levied on certain goods. There is no passenger toll. The pier forms one boundary of the crescent-like Pool, where small yachts and boats lie at anchor. The entrance to the Pool is barred by the Cow, the Calf, and the Bacon Ledges.

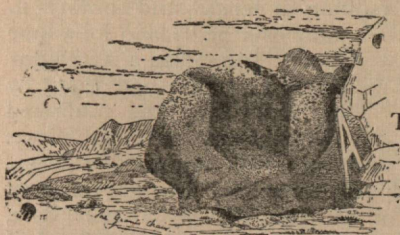


Reigate.

Pool and Garrison, St. Mary's.

Photo Frith & Co.,

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.



TRADITION identifies Scilly with the Cassiterides of the Phœnician mariners. In many respects they answer to the somewhat vague

description of contemporary historians, and there are undoubted tin-workings on various of the Isles. The modern name, Scilly, has by some been derived from Scillèh, signifying "Rocks dedicated to the Sun." It is certain, indeed, that the Islands have been inhabited from earliest times, and they were probably under the dominion of Druidic Sun-worshippers. On almost all the larger isles there are barrows and cromlechs, from which relics have been recovered. Samson, especially, and the eastern face of St. Mary's, are rich in these remains. There is a tradition that, in the long ago, a plain stretched from Scilly to Land's End, and that upon this plain was built the city of Faire Lyonesse, with fertile suburbs, and villages dotted here and there. Ancient writers tell us that when a mighty tempest arose, accompanied by a convulsion of Nature, the sea broke over the plain and submerged Lyonesse, and one hundred and forty towns and villages, with their one hundred and forty Churches. A later writer, Whitaker, reduces the number to forty, and relates that only the Seven Stones Reef, the Scilly Isles, and the Wolf Rock, stood out above the waste of waters. Other historians support the story of Lyonesse by adducing the evidence of Thomas Stideford, of St. Mary's, a fisherman, who pulled up a door and window from near the Seven Stones, forgetting that in the days

when Lyonesse may have existed, such superfluities as glass windows were scorned, or, at least, unknown. The windows and doors may have been recovered ; but they undoubtedly came from the hulk of some tall galleon from the Indies, rotting amongst the ooze and weed on the bed of the ocean. Dr. Woodley, in his reliable, if grandiose, work on Scilly, examines the Lyonesse tradition at length, and confutes it. The Romans extended their sway over Scilly, and for a time made St. Mary's a penal station. Instantius, a heterodox Bishop of Spain, and Tiberianus, were banished there by the Emperor Maximus. Their occupation was confirmed some twenty years ago, by the discovery of several pieces of Roman Pottery, and coins, in a field beyond Old Town, St. Mary's. This proved, also, that Old Town was the most anciently settled part of St. Mary's. At a later date, marauding Danes appear to have made the Islands their stronghold for descents on the Cornish Coast, and as a point for the projection of raids up the Bristol Channel. They were ousted by Æthelstan, A.D. 927. Some of the Danes probably settled on St. Martin's, and the tall, ruddy, strenuous workers of St. Martin's and Bryher still bear the influence of the Norse strain in their veins. The men of St. Agnes, to the west, are swart, lithe men, probably descendents of the original natives mentioned by Tacitus. In the eleventh century the tithes were granted to an unattached order of monks. The isles are not included in Domesday-book, and therefore could have been accounted of little value. The monks seem to have retained their property and independence until Henry I. made them subordinate to the Abbot of Tavistock, in whose hands a portion of the isles remained until the dissolution of monasteries, and consequent confiscation of their property, in 1539. Other of the isles were granted to laymen, who used them chiefly as a refuge for thieves and pirates. In the time of Henry VI., the islands were held of the King, at a yearly rent of fifty puffins, and six shillings and eightpence. When Richard III. caused inquisition to be made as to the value of the isles, they were returned as worth forty shillings in time of peace, and in time of war, nothing. Neither clergy or laymen wrought good in the islands, for

we find Leland, in the middle of the 16th century, stating that the ground on the isles "bere grass, exceeding good pasture for catail," but that St. Mary's Isle "is a poor town, with rooms of the houses sore defaced and worn, while there appear tokens in divers of the islands of habitations now clean down." The old historian then enumerates the many advantages of Scilly, but concludes, "few men be glad to inhabit these islettes for all their plenty, for robbers by sea take their catail by force. These robbers be Frenchmen and Spaniards." This shews to what a sad pass the islands had come. Queen Elizabeth appears to have recognised the strategical value of Scilly, as the key to England, and encouraged Sir Francis Godolphin to place the isles in a posture of defence. Hence arose various batteries on St. Mary's, now in ruins, and Star Castle, in the Garrison. The Islanders naturally sheltered as close under this Castle as they could, and founded the settlement now termed Hugh Town, which is still the commercial centre of the isles. A full century after Leland's time, matters were not one whit improved. Lady Fanshawe, who, with her husband, accompanied Prince Charles in his flight from Pendennis to Scilly, in 1646, records the utter misery she, and the whole party, suffered from bad lodging and scanty food. During the wars of the 18th century the naval forces of England frequented the isles for provisions, and, probably, a large number of the islanders became pilots to the merchantmen that sought shelter in the roadstead while awaiting a convoy up Channel. But these gleams of fortune were only transitory, and at the close of the wars the distress became even more severe. The whole economic system was rotten. Farmers held their land on such precarious tenure that they refrained from all improvements, and seem to have watched matters drifting from bad to worse with apathy. They grew a little corn, which was ground at the old mill still standing desolate on Peninis, and a few potatoes; a few cows and sheep, too, were bred, but they were poor stunted creatures. The situation was further complicated by the habit the islanders had of keeping their sons at home with them, and, on their arriving at manhood, sub-dividing the already too meagre acres, and thus burdening a farm with, perhaps,

origin
Hugh
Town

three or four families where one would have been a sufficient tax upon its resources.

The pressure was somewhat relieved at the close of the century by the kelp making industry, which produced an alkali from seaweed, useful to soap boilers. During the summer months, great numbers of men, women, and children were engaged, at low water, in cutting ore-weed from the rocks ; it was strewed on the beaches to dry, then placed in a kiln and burnt. The stench of the thick columns of smoke arising from the kilns was most offensive, being likened by Woodley to scorched leather. Family parties were in the habit of camping out on the uninhabited off-islands, the Eastern Islands especially, during the kelp season. After a time, however, the islanders adulterated their kelp with sand, and quickly killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. They have been much censured for this, but the truth is that the hireling steward of that period exercised a pretended right of pre-emption of all the kelp made, at half its market value, and probably the adulteration was merely a primitive, though certainly a ruinous, checkmate to their oppressor's tyranny. To the legitimate resources of the isles must be added a brisk trade in contraband—the hardy men of that day used to row across the Channel to France in their great gigs, and return laden with tobacco, spirits, and other dutiable goods, which were smuggled to the mainland at leisure. Walter Besant, in "Armored of Lyonesse," makes the permanent official say: "A Scillonian in the old days, called himself a pilot, a fisherman, a shopkeeper, or a farmer, just as he pleased. That was his pleasant way. But he was always—mind you—a smuggler." This is a novelist's license, of course, but the fact remains that this traffic became so notorious that a revenue cutter, with a strong force of men, was added to the ordinary Customs staff, which effectually crippled the traffic.

Sad, indeed, was the outlook for Scillonians when the 19th century dawned upon the world—their old industries dead ! governed by stewards who cared nothing for their welfare ! smuggling quiescent—starvation rampant ! In 1828 the people of Penzance sent over food and clothing,

but, like various Government grants that had gone before, this generosity just relieved a temporary necessity, leaving the permanent distress as acute as ever. Shortly after that a fishery company was formed, with a capital of about £13,000. Boats, nets, and curing cellars, were prepared; the Government remitted the duty on salt for curing the fish, and the promoters hoped for a large export trade, such as now exists in Mount's Bay, but Scillonians have never shone as fishermen, and, on funds falling short, the enterprise had an abrupt termination. And now, for the first time, the islanders seem to have made an effort to help themselves. Although each individual farmer had but a few acres, and raised very small crops of potatoes, yet in the aggregate it was found that, after supplying the demands of the isles, a surplus remained; and the islanders determined to build ships to export their produce. At that time a duty was levied on ships of sixty tons and upwards, so these shipbuilders rigidly kept down the tonnage of their trim schooners to fifty-nine decimal something tons! In those ships the potatoes were exported to Gibraltar, and to ports of the Mediterranean, where they seem to have averaged about 2s. nett per cwt. The ships then brought home cargoes of fruit to English ports. While this industry was still in its infancy, the islands passed from the lesseeship of the Duke of Leeds to the Crown. During the short time William IV. held them, various spasmodic efforts were made to ameliorate the condition of the Scillonians—a church was built, better houses were thought of, and a new pier was begun. But no effort was made to strike at the root of the evil; that was reserved for Mr. Augustus Smith, one time Member of Parliament for Truro, who might well be titled the regenerator of the isles. On taking possession, Mr. Smith perceived that the islands did not want Government grants or charities, but thorough reorganisation. He forthwith determined to grapple with the difficulty, and, taking up his residence at Tresco, entered on a course which, although regarded as harsh and arbitrary, succeeded admirably in its object of raising the social and material status of the people. Farms were consolidated into respectable holdings of from 10 to 30 acres each, and

the least capable of the farmers, on being dispossessed, turned to shipbuilding for a living, or emigrated. This was autocratic government, of course, and the Scillonians, who possess the quintessence of that insular prejudice with which Britons are twitted, covertly resented Mr. Smith's interference. He might build schools; but why should they be forced to send their children for instruction, and why were their sons sent away from the isles? However, the wisdom of his compulsory system was presently seen. The youth of Scilly entered the world's arena with the advantages of a generous education, at a time when England was still debating whether it would be safe to educate the masses, and this, with the natural intelligence which pertains to the islanders, enabled them to forge to the front. In houses of business Scillonians now fill responsible positions; in the Royal Dockyards they will be found holding master rank, and for one common sailor from these little isles, there are twenty certificated officers.

Under Mr. Smith's wise direction, the farmers became better situated, but it took several years to place them on equal terms with the townspeople, who directed their attention chiefly to matters maritime. Shipbuilding progressed with rapidity, and between 1840 and 1860 townsmen reached their zenith of prosperity. Hugh Town is built on a narrow, low-lying spit between the St. Mary's Island proper, and the Garrison or the Hugh, and is flanked on either side by sandy beaches. Ship-yards were established on both these beaches, and five or six vessels would be building at a time. At this time Scilly was a great port of call, and as ships ran considerable danger in navigating the narrow "Sounds" unassisted, there was a steady demand for pilots. In the palmy days there were eight pilot cutters, carrying twenty-one pilots, stationed at Scilly, and all of them earning good livings. But the introduction of steam did away with the necessity of "bearing up" when a contrary wind prevailed, and it became the fashion also to call off Lloyd's signal stations for "orders." To crown these misfortunes, sailing ships no longer had Scilly on their "Charter-party" as a port of call, Falmouth or Queenstown being substituted. So the pilots languished. The intro-

duction of steam also ruined the ship-building trade. These were not the only troubles which fell on Scilly through the introduction of steam. Wooden ships became unprofitable, and Scillonians, with commendable prudence, sold their fleet; but with less prudence, many invested the proceeds in Turkish Bonds! They may as well have kept their ships. During 1870-71, when the Franco-German war crowded the roads with German ships, things grew brisk for the townspeople, but this was only the after-glow of the sun of prosperity, to be quickly followed by the night of commercial extinction. The shipwrights sought work in England, the pilots turned boatmen or gardeners, and the balance of wealth and power passed from town to country. Although Mr. Smith was a stringent reformer of abuses, no amount of re-organisation could give Scillonians other than a hand-to-mouth existence until adequate transit for their produce was provided them. For years a sailing packet was the only means of communication with Penzance, but in 1859 a small steamer, the "Little Western," was bought for the traffic, and she carried the potatoes and sea-kale, and other vegetables, to Penzance, whence they were taken by rail to the great centres and sold at remunerative prices. Of late, thanks to the flower traffic, the Isles have advanced in prosperity by leaps and bounds, and the Steamship Company, to keep pace with the development, have placed two able steamers, "Lyonesse" and "Lady of the Isles," on the station.

The government of the isles, down to the dissolution of monasteries, was administered by the Abbot of Tavistock. Thenceforward there appears to have been conflicting civil and military jurisdiction until well into the seventeenth century, when the lessee, Earl Godolphin, appointed a Court of Twelve to exercise authority. This Court acted on the primitive but effective method of publicly whipping the fractious, and of ridding themselves of the less amenable by sending them to sea in the first ship-of-war that touched at the isles. As samples of their summary justice, we may note that on January 28th, 1712, Ann Holiday, guilty of stealing sundry articles from the house of Mr. Thomas Smith, was bound to the common whipping-post, and

received forty-four stripes. On December 31st, 1744, Edward Lakey was fined one shilling for behaving rudely and swearing before the Court. On July 2nd, 1744, two women, accused of disorderly practices, were "sentenced to be ducked at the Quay-head, and purified in salt water!" Nowadays the islanders are very law-abiding, though for appearance sake one constable is retained to preserve the peace of Our Sovereign Lady.

The Lessee's Council was succeeded by a Vestry, which was itself superseded by a constitution in harmony with the Local Government Act of 1889. Under this Act the isles are a separate county area, free from taxes, and license duties ; one may open a public-house, provided the lord proprietor agrees, keep dogs, and guns, without paying a penny to the Revenue, though the latter privilege avails little, because the lord proprietor prohibits shooting except during Christmas week.

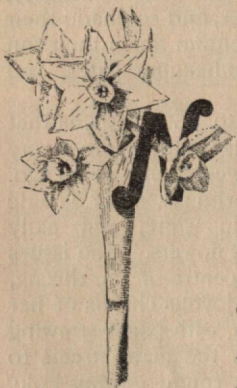
That Scillonians are patriotic, and that they cherish a love so intense for their isles, is due in part to the fact that almost every family is linked to every other family there by a blood tie. Scillonians in London have a club, and it would not be difficult to make every native-born member a cousin of his fellows, in near or remote degree. Religious strife is practically unknown. There was formerly a Baptist community on the Isles, but now the religious denominations are Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Bible Christian. Years ago it was the correct thing to go to chapel in the morning and to church in the afternoon or evening, and to this day there are not a few who have sittings in both church and chapel. Political differences also are not deep. When the extension of the franchise a few years since included the Isles in the electorate, and for the first time men had to consider whether they were Liberals or Conservatives, there was some bitterness. But with time those differences have healed, and there are neither political organisations or political clubs. The bond of brotherly feeling still overrides all else. One Scillonian may discuss another ; but woe to the stranger who dares suggest that any islander is not perfection.

The sports and pastimes of the islanders are necessarily limited. Football is not acclimatized yet ; but they all are enthusiastic cricketers. Swimming, boating, and fishing, are also very popular. Amongst the old customs of Scillonians is that of lighting bonfires and setting off crackers on Mid-summer night. At Christmas time, goose-dancers, or guise-dancers (French "deguiser" to disguise), parade the streets in grotesque costumes, and serenade their friends. The rougher element not unseldom finish their fun by making a raid on the country, unhangings gates, and demolishing fences.

A prettier custom, and one peculiar to St. Mary's, is that of crowning the May Queen. This also dates from a very remote period. It lapsed, but was revived twenty years ago. The Queen is elected by the children, who assemble outside her house on May Day, dressed in white, and gaily decorated with wreaths and garlands of flowers. She issues from her door, and is escorted to the centre of the throng, where she is duly crowned, amidst the joyous chorus of her subjects. Then she heads a procession, with pages strewing flowers before her, and passes through the main streets to the Parade, where the children dance round a May Pole. In the afternoon "Her Majesty" presides over a tea provided for her lieges, by parents and others.

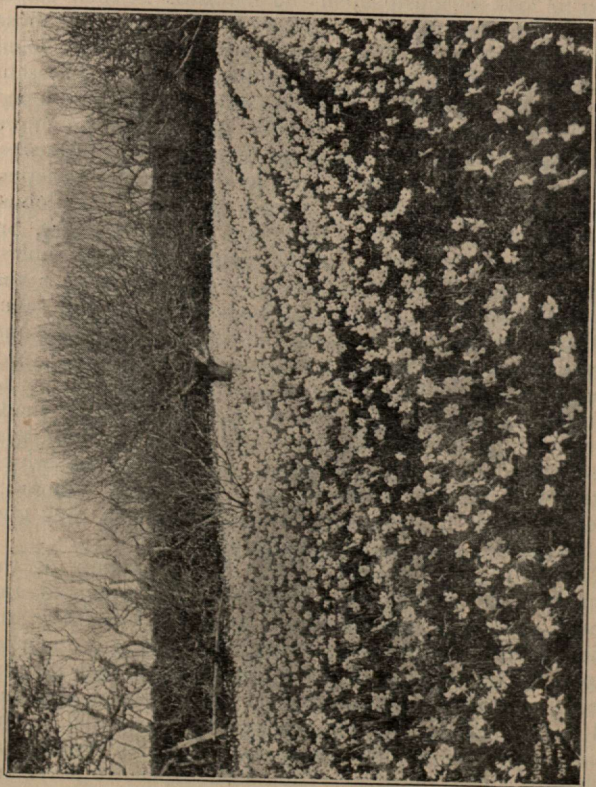


THE FLOWER INDUSTRY.



EARLY thirty years ago Mr. Augustus Smith recommended Scillonians to cultivate flowers for Covent Garden Market, and, as usual, set the example himself by despatching a lot, which realised £1. But for a time the suggestion was not acted on; the farmers were then in the flood-tide of their new prosperity; men were still living who could remember the grinding poverty which prevailed before Mr. Smith assumed the control of affairs, and as the potato crops were bringing large returns, they decided to let well alone. Besides, flowers were not nearly so remunerative or popular as they have since become; in fact, the story is told of a speculative farmer's wife who sent away the blooms from her garden, and received just enough to buy asparagus seed for the farm. There had always been bulbs of different varieties growing wild in the Islands. Thus, one orchard contained Grand Monarques; in the corner of some meadows the Soleil d'Or would blossom year by year for the benefit of school children; Scilly Whites have grown in Newford orchard from time immemorial; and the common daffodil seems to have flourished in most marshy spots. Yet nobody thought of turning them to any pecuniary advantage. However, as years passed, and improved transport service flooded the British markets with foreign early potatoes, prices steadily declined, the more shrewd amongst the farmers of St. Mary's cast about them for a new

industry. The suggestion made by Mr. Smith years before, seemed feasible, and the neglected narcissus bulbs were the very things with which to experiment. Little boxes of flowers were packed and sent to market. The prices were so good as to encourage the enterprising to persevere, with



Penzance and Scilly.

A Few Flowers.

Photo: Gibbon & Sons,

increasing success. Ultimately, therefore, the greater number of the farmers of St. Mary's laid out a few pounds in bulbs, though there was an uneasy fear in the hearts of many that they were engaged in a risky business. It was in

1883 when the Lord Proprietor journeyed specially through Belgium, Holland, and the Channel Islands, and seeing that Belgium and Holland were a month later than Scilly, considered it safe to buy extensively, that the islanders began to look seriously upon the narcissus as their staple product for the future. At the beginning, only those varieties common in the islands were cultivated—Soleil d'Or, Scilly White, Grand Monarque, Gloriosa, Pheasant Eye, and the yellow Daffodil ; but as the industry developed and those sorts became generally cultivated, the more enterprising and moneyed men invested, in some instances, very considerable sums to acquire more expensive varieties, such as the Ajax, Emperor, Empress, Burbidgii, Rugilobus, Maximus, Orange-Phoenix, Cynosure, Princess Mary, Sir Watkin, Leedsi Amabilis, Barii Conspicua, and many others. They all sprang originally from the same stock as the common daffodil, so it is said ; but merchants who scour Southern Europe, and especially the Spanish Peninsula, and the gardeners, have by patience, ingenuity, and skill, produced blooms which bear but the faintest resemblance to the mother flower, though most of them are of some shade in yellow, from the palest primrose to a deep golden hue. The fences of laurel, escallonia, and euonymus, which visitors will notice on every hand, are found admirably suited to shelter the budding lilies, besides which they give the landscape a very pleasing appearance.

The only real difficulty about the cultivation of the narcissi is the first cost. Once they are obtained and planted, moderate attention in thinning and weeding will suffice to make them pay—provided always that the market is good. The disposition of the bulbs, so that each may be placed in a congenial soil and aspect, is important, however, and a close study of their tendencies is essential to the achievement of the greatest success. To proceed at haphazard spells disaster. The more expensive sorts are especially delicate, and if placed in soil not exactly suitable they have a provoking habit of dying out. Yet there is one thing in favour of these bulbs. When they do survive they increase with astonishing rapidity, and once every three years have to be dug up and transplanted, when the one put

in will be found to have three or four other strong flower-bearing bulbs clustering round it. These are pulled off and set out, in their turn, to increase. The export of bulbs has become an auxiliary source of revenue. It should be noted, by the way, that the narcissus growers of Scilly do not cut, or in any way interfere with the vegetation of the lily bulbs. After the flowers have been gathered, the leaves are allowed to die away in course of nature. If cut or torn away, it has been found that the bulb below sustains injury. Cattle may not eat the green leaves without injurious effects, but it was noted, a short time since, that after eating the withered leaves, they did not die, but actually thrive. This gave the shrewd farmers a hint, and now in the yards you may see ricks of lily leaves side by side with the hay ricks, and it is said cows fed upon them yield richer milk and more butter than those fed with hay.

Until about five years ago the islanders were content to let the flowers come in natural course, with occasional assistance in greenhouse, or specially-devised steaming apparatus. But these were clumsy expedients, and presently the more wealthy began to build forcing houses, with heating apparatus, and patent pumps, and all the paraphernalia necessary to open the blooms at the earliest moment. Now these forcing houses may be seen dotted about all over St. Mary's. In winter and spring they are utilized for lilies; then they become tomato houses, large quantities being grown all the summer through. Luscious grapes are also grown in the heated glass houses. It seems a paradox, then, to say that fruit will not grow on the islands. Apples and pears grow freely, so also do blackberries; but one could count on one's fingers the places where strawberries or black currants are to be found. Plums, cherries, and other stone fruits only exist by ones and twos in greenhouses, and just yield a taste to the happy possessors. Penzance supplies the lack.

Of course, everybody who has a yard of land to spare grows flowers—not lilies only, but wallflowers, stocks, and marguerites. A few lilies bloom in the early winter, but they are weaklings which probably did not flower last season. January is the beginning of the flower season for



Scilly, and the work gradually increases, until in February and March, everyone is working at high pressure. The fields—huge gardens rather—are masses of yellow or white, where one could pick a thousand bunches and the farmer scarcely miss them, and the perfume from such enormous quantities of those flowers pervades everywhere. When the quantity is small, the picking and packing for market presents little difficulty; but where tens of thousands of flowers have to be picked, and often despatched in two or three days, as is the case with most growers, the preparations for market becomes a serious matter. A certain amount of care is needful to pick the flowers properly, and carry them into a damp temperature of about 70 degrees, though they naturally are finer and larger if left in the open. The bunching and tying process is the principal operation, and much of it is done by women and children. The preparation of lilies is simply child's play compared with that stripping and tying of wallflowers, or "walls," as they are shortly termed, and stocks. These have to be relieved of their lower bristling leaves, and generally trimmed into shape before they can be tied together. After being tied into bunches of twelve stems, the flowers are placed in water, and at this stage they present a sight unequalled in England. Imagine washing trays, tubs, baths, boxes, tins of every size and shape, filled with yellow blossoms, relieved by the deep brown of the wallflower, or brilliant scarlet of the anemone fulgen, all grouped together. They look beautiful enough in the fields, but the burst of colour presented by thousands of lilies arranged within small compass must be seen to be appreciated. In the water they remain to open, and generally improve, until "steamer-day." The afternoon before the steamer leaves for Penzance the packing of the flowers is commenced. Then that which is to make or mar the venture has to be decided, namely, the market to which the flowers shall be sent. Each flower salesman in the different centres has an agent at Scilly to whom boxes are consigned, and telegrams sent giving the prices of flowers, and the prospects for the next market. The farmer sends for these quotations, and on the report of his messenger decides to whom he will entrust the

sale of his flowers on the morrow. But before this critical point has been decided, little boxes, especially made for the purpose, have been brought out, and into each about five dozen bunches of flowers have been laid very methodically. The packing and labelling completed, the work is put aside until next morning, when the carts are loaded. Then from seven until ten o'clock one long string of carts goes rattling through the town to the pier where the steamer lies. Here the boxes are unloaded and given over to the steamship agent, who consigns them to Penzance, and thence by express train to the various markets.



ST. MARY'S.

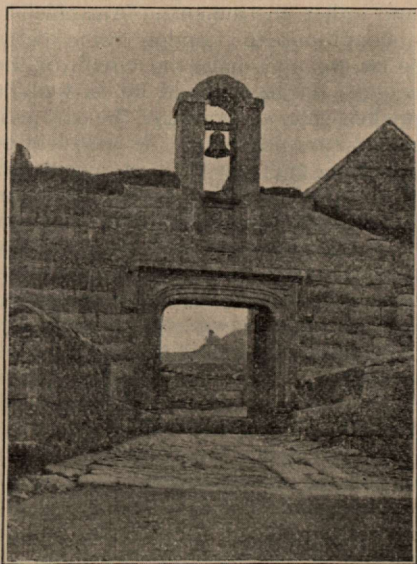


MARY'S is the largest island of the group, having a circumference of nine miles. It has 1,620 acres, of which about one half is under cultivation. In shape it is not unlike a wasp, the Country being the body, the "Hugh," or Garrison, the head ; and the sand bar, upon which Hugh Town is built, the nexus. It attains a maximum height of 158 feet above the sea, and visitors will at once be struck by the fact that it comprises a number of granite ridges with low-lying valleys stretching from sea to sea. St. Mary's is the seat of government for the Isles, and having the Post Office, Telegraph, and Banks, is naturally the business centre also. Recently, the other islands have been placed in direct communication with the Post Office by telephone, which makes the Off-islander less dependent on St. Mary's than before. Here he must still come, however, for supplies, and to despatch his produce.

THE GARRISON.

HAVING made good the ravages of sea-travel, visitors will probably commence their peregrinations by a tour of the Garrison. This is a solid mass of granite, of some altitude, which in olden times was possibly termed the Hugh, or Heugh. It has been surmised that this, like the Plymouth Hoo, or Heo, is derived from the fact that the height was a favourite station

for the "huer," as the watcher is called who stands on a cliff and signals the approach and direction of shoals of fish to the fishermen in the town. But what of the Gugh, a similar granite mass, connected with St. Agnes by a sand bar? Is Gugh a corruption of Hugh, and is Hugh a corruption of Hue? When George III. determined to provide Scilly with defences against the French, the Hugh was chosen as the point of vantage. It was encircled by a

*Photo: Gibson & Sons,**Penzance & Scilly***Garrison Gateway.**

broad stone rampart, pierced for guns, with batteries at salient angles. Barracks were built within the fortification, and thus the Hugh became the Garrison, and such it remains to this day. Access is obtained through a strong gateway, commanded by a battery. Over this gateway is an alarm bell, still rung on New Year's Eve, and daily to call workmen to labour; and beneath the bell is a tablet, carved:

"G.R.—1742—F.G." The extended initials A.T., immediately over the arch, commemorate Abraham Tovey, Master Gunner, under whom the works were constructed. On the outer side of the gate are stone benches, where, presumably the military guard sat, and immediately within, solid buildings which were the guard-rooms, storehouses, and magazine. Now, one of the rooms is utilized as a Meteorological Office, with self-registering barometer, a Greenwich timepiece, and other instruments. An official wires the atmospheric conditions to London twice daily. Having proceeded so far, we may make the circuit of the Garrison by several routes. Perhaps it will be as well first to pass through a wicket gate, and mount the steep hill to Star Castle, so named from its shape. It has eight angles, each projecting 24 feet, and on each is a watch-house; the rampart wall is pierced with 96 loopholes for musketry practice. Built by Sir Francis Godolphin, first Governor of the Isles, it bears above its entrance the monogram of Queen Elizabeth, and date 1593. Within the outer wall and the Castle proper there is a deep narrow passage, and in this passage are situated two lead water-tanks, elaborately decorated, and embossed. Originally the residence of the Island Governors, it is now occupied by the Steward of the Isles, Mr. Allen. In 1645, Charles, Prince of Wales, flying from the Parliamentary forces, remained here six weeks, proceeding hence to Guernsey. In 1651, Cromwell turned his attention to the Royalist Privateers, who made the Islands their base, and sent Sir George Ascue and Blake with forces which reduced the Isles to submission. In 1637, John Bastwick, of Colchester, was imprisoned in Star Castle for libelling the Government.

From the height upon which Star Castle stands there is a magnificent panoramic view of the Isles, their dark granite sides, and silvery beaches, their green fields, and russet bracken. Turning off to the left, a path leads to Lloyd's Signal Station. Curious pitched basins, or pits, will be noticed near the Castle. About half-way to the Signal Station there is a wind guage, set up by the Meteorological Office. The flat green sward to the left is the Island Cricket and Lawn Tennis Ground. Lloyd's Signal Tower,

and a ruined tower near it, were formerly windmills for grinding corn, probably for the use of the Garrison. From either of these St. Agnes and the Western Isles may be noted, straggling away into the Atlantic. Great ships pass homeward or outward bound, fluttering their flags as they go, that their safety may be telegraphed to Lloyd's. The fascinations of this spot are irresistible to most folk. You may stand here when the sea is smooth as glass, and glinting in the sun of noon-day; you may stand here at eventide, when the sun sinks in a blaze of golden splendour, when the twilight throws its soft veil over land and sea, and the beacon lights of St. Agnes and the Bishop pierce the darkness, and Round Island shoots forth its ruby gleam. Beyond, and eastward of these, when the night is clear, you may see the Sevenstones, the Longships, and the Wolf Lights also, flashing alternately the long night through. Or again, you may stagger against wind and rain to the Mill, and, clinging to the stones, strain your eyes through the wrack, westward, when a hurricane tears up from the west, churning the sea into steamy froth and driving mist. Woe to the ship that drifts within the Bishop on such a day. Watchers here have seen ships blown in, and crushed on jagged ledges grinning blackly through the surf.

From Star Castle, or from Lloyd's Signal Station, a number of paths winding over the seaward face of the hill will lead to the fortifications below. For our purpose, however, it may be as well to start from the garrison gate again, and make a complete tour.

Let us then turn to the right hand. Immediately behind the Guard House is a fort—Jefferson's, which commands views of the Pool, Pier and Rat Island which is incorporated with it. The buildings on Rat Island were used by the Trinity House, for the preparation of material when the Bishop Lighthouse was encased and made higher a few years since. Jefferson's Battery, and a small one below, were probably for saluting purposes only. Proceeding down the path, we shall pass houses, now occupied by Coastguards, formerly by military; then through a wicket, and into the fortified works. There are the remains of a

swivel arrangement in Charles' Battery. Presently the stone walls cease, and the path lies at the foot of a gorse and bracken clothed hill. Each step reveals some new beauty of the Isles ; in due order one marks St. Martin's, rearing its day-mark to the eastward, Tean, St. Helen's, Round Island, Tresco, Hangman's Island, Bryher, Samson, Mincarlo, then a wide stretch of water, framed by a jutting arm of the Garrison. Closer, indeed right under one's eyes, are the Newman, a sharp, black rock, Woodcock's Ledges, not so prominent, and the Barrel of Butter. The last is noted because of the wreck of an Italian barque in 1881. She struck the Crim, a western rock, in fog, was abandoned and then sliding off, sailed serenely into the Roads with all sails set, and dashed herself against the Barrel of Butter.

Visitors may wander at will down the tiny paths nearer the sea, or ascend a beaten track to the fairly kept walk near the crest of the hill. Many paths lead from Lloyd's Signal Station to this walk, and indeed to any part of the Garrison. Following the trend outwards, we descend, and and, at the Stevel, mark the beginning of the second and most important fortification. There was a sod battery, outside the wall here, and probably anterior to it, overlooking the Stevel Rocks. From this point the whole of the Western Isles are spread to the eye—Annet terminating in the shapp toothed Haycocks, Big Smith, Burnt Island, St. Agnes crowned by its white lighthouse, and the Gugh, terminating in Cuckold's Carn and Dropnose Point. St. Mary's Sound, between, is dotted with warning buoys, over Bartholomew Ledge, West Bartholomew, the "Serica" wreck, and Spanish Ledges. The s.s. "Serica," just mentioned, was a fine new steamer, which, being swept by a storm, put into Scilly in 1893. Going out St. Mary's Sound on a very neap tide, she struck a rock unknown to the pilots, and was run ashore under the Garrison, where she gradually broke up, and disappeared. Following the course of the wall, it will be noted that there are a great number of embrasures. Only the batteries, however, were provided with cannon ; and all except two of these were removed in 1863. Two batteries of considerable strength lead on to the key of the defence—Woolpack Battery. Within one of

the former is a mast, used for Rocket Life Saving Apparatus drill. The Woolpack Battery is overlooked by a nobly proportioned Carn, is walled on every side, and entry is under an arch. To the immediate right is a sally-port. Placed at the most southern point of the Garrison, this battery commanded the entrance to St. Mary's Sound, and and was armed with eleven respectable 32lb. cannon. Two only now remain, for exhibition purposes. In one corner is an ammunition house, or possibly equipment shed. In its day it was strong. Upon its plastered walls will be found in two places initials, over date 1772. From this formidable work, on to Morning Point, one of the arms of Porthcressa Bay, the soil outside the wall has been converted into flower gardens. Morning Point Battery commands Porth Cressa, one approach to Hugh Town. It affords a charming view of rugged Peninis, swelling Buzza Hill topped by its mill, and of the town, with roadstead and Off-islands as background. A long breast-work, ending in two minor batteries, with sally-port between, and the powerful King George's Battery commanding the Pool or Quay approach to the town, complete the fortifications. George's Battery, its walls clothed in ice-plant, is now a Coastguard Look-out Station.

The curious ladder-on-end arrangement in this Battery, is a barometer signal, arranged by the late Lord Proprietor. The thick rungs of this ladder indicate degrees, and the thin rungs, parts of degrees. The black board between the uprights is hoisted or lowered as the barometer rises or falls; if the tail of the black board is turned down, the barometer is falling, if up, rising. It is a useful ready reference for the weather-wise.

On the way from Morning Point to King George's Battery, tourists will pass through a kissing gate, by Trinity Lightkeepers' houses, two substantial granite houses, formerly officers' quarters, and, finally, just as the circuit of the Garrison is completed, will espy, in a corner, the fearsome door of St. Mary's Clink.

THE TOWN.

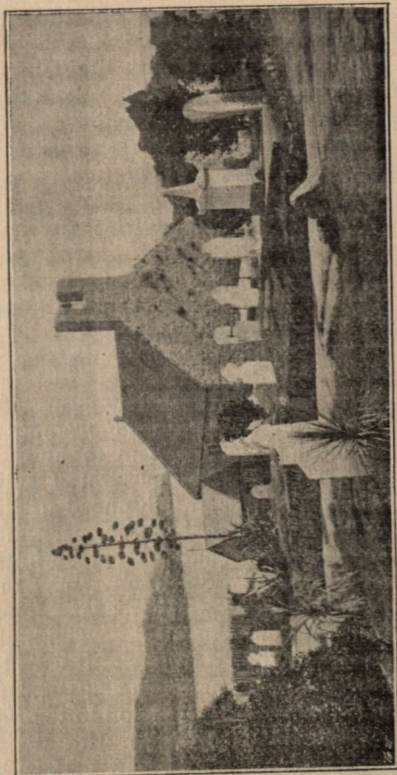
HUGH Town is built on a low sandy isthmus, on one side of which is the Pool, where ships, small boats and yachts lie, and on the other, Porth Cressa, where the life-boat house stands. There are large houses and small. Some still have the old thatched roofs, netted over with ropes weighed at the ends with big stones, to resist the force of storms; the majority, however, have tile or slate roofs. Almost without exception island granite is the building material. It gives a grey tone to the colour scheme of St. Mary's. Turning to the right, half-way through Hugh Street, one finds a commodious Wesleyan Chapel; the lane leads to the "Mount of Olives," and Garrison Gate. Beyond Hugh Street is the Parade, where the soldiery used to exercise. For years this was a howling wilderness of sand, wherein salvage from wrecks such as masts, spars, sails, boats, doors, ladders, brasswork, was usually laid out and sold by auction. The wreck, herself could not be brought to the Parade square—she would be six or seven miles away, probably at the foot of a rock. But she was sold also, and the speculative purchaser, praying for fine weather, would engage divers to recover anything of value from the hull. Recently the Council of the Isles took the Parade in hand, railed it off, turfed the centre, laid flower beds, and placed a few seats in position, thus effecting a notable improvement. At the lower right-hand corner of the Parade is a substantial Public Building, commemorative of the Queen's Jubilee, in 1887. Erected by shareholders, it has since become the property of the Parish. There is a spacious Hall for concerts and public gatherings generally; a smaller room for the Council, and a Chamber below used as a Meat Market. Keeping to the right, the Church will be found at the head of the street. On the left of this street, just

beyond the Parade, are a Bible Christian Chapel, and the Girls' and Infants' School. To the left of the Parade the road leads pass the ruins of the old shipbuilding industry—the yards were here—to the country. That stone building standing apart on a hillock—Carn Thomas—is the Boys' School. Carn Thomas is supposed to be a corruption of Cairn Tommen, *i.e.*, “A little hill with a heap of stones,” which accurately describes the Carn. The Bay beyond is Porth Mellin, with glorious sands for bathers. The streaks of black that lie about it are formed of particles of mica. On the town side of Carn Thomas, bones have been found, and it is supposed this was a burying-ground for strangers, long ago.

THE CHURCH.

CHAPLAIN, is the official title of the clergyman of St. Mary's, and the ministers of other Isles are curates subject more or less to him. The term Chaplain is, of course, a survival of military occupation. The Church, situated at the head of the town, is an imposing granite building, built in part through the generosity of George IV. There is an organ in the gallery, small but sweet-toned, and occasionally some organist, on holiday, will delight islanders with a recital. The reading-desk and pulpit are of mulberry wood. The mulberry tree out of which it was sawn had a history. It used to stand in the chaplain's garden, overhanging the “Back-lane.” The ripe berries were too great a temptation to the youth of St. Mary's, who attacked them each year with stones. Some stones were not accurately aimed, and at length the late chaplain, tired of dodging the missiles as he walked in meditation up and down his garden paths, had the tree cut down, and its wood fashioned into the reading-desk and pulpit. The Church stands open every day.

The churchyard of St. Mary's is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. It may be reached by turning up the road to the right of the Church, then at some distance, passing through a gate, and down a well kept, steep path. Bowered amongst palms, and aloes, and blue gums, and other sub-



Reigate.

Old Church and Churchyard, St. Mary's.

Photo: Frith & Co.,

tropical vegetation, it lies at the side of Old Town Bay, where the sea is for ever crooning its mystery song. From the midst of the graves rises the old church, recently restored, through the exertion of the present Chaplain of

the Isles—Rev. Walter E. Graves. At the eastern pinnacle of the church, visitors will notice a lichen-grown granite cross, curiously wrought. That was taken a few years since from a hedge bounding High Cross Fields. How it came there no one knows. All that can be said is that successive tenants of the fields kept the cross in position in the hedge until it was finally removed to the church. Not far from the ancient position of the cross a Roman way was found twenty years ago, and around it various pots and implements. Upon the eastern wall of the old church, on the outside, are tablets to the memories of wives of two Governors of Scilly in the seventeenth century. The inscriptions are partly effaced. Within, forming the central aisle, are memorial stones which remind one of half-forgotten chapters of Scilly history. One is to the memory of the lieutenant of H.M. sloop Hornet, guardship at St. Helen's Pool, who died 1810. This reminds one of the glorious days when every Scillonian was a smuggler, and when the hardy islanders ventured across the Channel in open boats, to return laden with the spirits, and silks and laces, of France. So great did this illicit trade become that His Majesty sent sloops of war to break it up. Tradition points to Bryher, St. Helen's, and Samson, as places where smuggled goods were usually hidden, pending removal to St. Mary's for conveyance to England. Another stone preserves the memory of the surgeon of the Quarantine establishment of the Isles—the Pest House as it is locally known, which stands on St. Helen's, a grim reminder of the days when ships arrived with their crews decimated by scurvy and fevers that bred in the slow sailing wooden vessels of the last century. It is curious to note, in the churchyard, the gradual evolution of fashion in Island tombstones. Until the early years of this century mourners were content to quarry a lump of granite from nine inches to a foot thick, and on it carve in great letters, two inches deep, the name, age, and date of decease. There are several stones of this character. Then came the age of slate slabs, then of free stone, and more recently of polished granite and marble. Epitaphs, though not common, are quaint.

High Cross
Roman
remains
X

Thus, one corpse is made to recite :—

Tho' Boreas' Blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro :
In spite of both, by God's decree,
I harbour here below.
Where I do now at anchor lay
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again we must set sail
Our Saviour Christ to meet.

Another headstone, to the memory of Robert William Maybee, who was "unfortunately drowned," addresses the reader thus :—

If youth or strength my life could save
And keep me from a watery grave,
This lonesome stone would not be found
To tell, alas, that I was drowned,
And in a moment snatched away
From shades of Night to realms of Day!

No stone marks the resting-place of another Robert Maybee, who for years was the Island Laureate. He composed an epic of the Isles, and recounted the fate of every vessel of note wrecked on the Isles, in doggerel. For a few pence poor Robert would recite yards of verse, with a certain wild fervour and untutored strength which bespoke the true bardic faculty. He was a poor old man, and not appreciated for his native worth.

To return to our epitaphs. There is true poetry in this :—

A smile divine illumin'd their cheek,
And spread a radiance round their bed,
They triumphed in the power of grace,
And, smiling, sunk among the dead.

There is the right ring also in the following lines, carved to the memory of a mother who died untimely :—

The branch shoots, but the stem withers. The Babe springs to Life,
but she that bare her breathes her last.

What passion of regret and depth of resentment are expressed on the stone raised at the head of "Jenephir Potter, of Lelant, who died ye 27th of July, 1804."

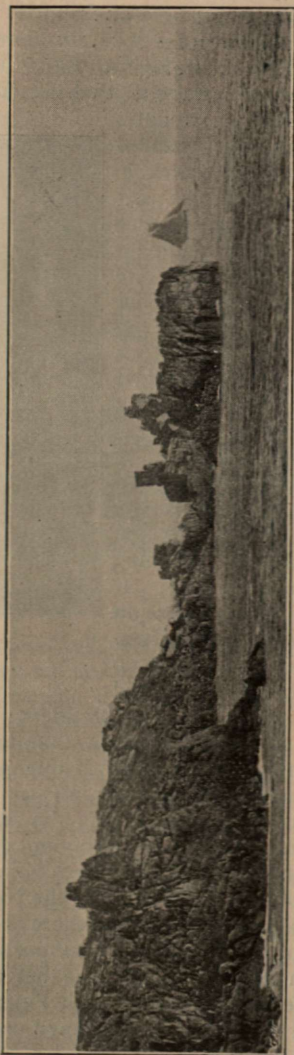
"She died in labor on the eleventh child, for want of aid in this unlucky Isle."

To this day there is but one doctor on the Isles, and four clergymen. Against the bitter lament of Jenephir's husband must be set the "grateful sense of kindness and attention received at the hands of the Islanders by a youth cast away here on his way from Mauritius to Hampshire," expressed by the poor youth's relatives upon a stone which stands near the entrance to the Churchyard. Not far from it is the massive square monument to the memory of a post-captain who died nearly a century ago. The young people of St. Mary's have for generations devoutly believed that if they walk round it nine times they will hear the sound of knives and forks! The captain is reputed to have been a rare trencherman. One feature which distinguishes this Island cemetery from all others is the number of foreign memorials to be found in it. French, German, Danish, Dutch, Russian, Italian, rest side by side, in one plot, and over their heads rise wooden crosses, some slowly rotting, and stones carved in strange tongues. One very beautiful grave is that in which a young French fisherman sleeps. Boulogne fishermen even now come sometimes to pray at his grave. His sweetheart made a lovely souvenir of beads, which is protected in a glass case at the grave foot. It is well known, of course, that over a hundred persons drowned by the "Schiller" disaster of 1875, lie buried in this churchyard. Their graves were formerly marked by stakes bearing their number in the parish register, but all, save one, of these stakes have rotted and disappeared. More permanent is the graceful granite shaft—a landmark for all the country round—reared by a frantic young husband to the memory of his wife, who was a passenger in the ill-fated "Schiller." Her body rests in the deep. Another granite shaft is the tribute of Islanders to the memory of the "Old Governor," Mr. Augustus Smith, who died in 1872.

PENINIS.

PENINIS is one of the show places of Scilly ; it is the most awe-inspiring mass of rock on St. Mary's. The headland forms an arm of Porth Cressa. This bay faces south, and its beach is a pleasant lounge the summer through. Years ago, ships were built here ; latterly, pilot gigs have been kept in huts on the ridge, ready for a rush to ships in the offing that might signal for a pilot. At the eastern end is the Lifeboat House—the boat is kept afloat in the Pool in winter. Skirting Buzza Hill, which has a decayed windmill at its summit, and crossing the inevitable stile, we proceed along a very narrow path, which presently broadens out into a down-like area, once cultivated probably, if one may infer anything from the stone hedges which descend the slope at intervals. The sea is gradually eating out the land on this shore, and well-defined, curved, lines of boulders, one beyond the other, to be seen at low-water, indicate where the sea limit once was, and the extent of each fall. Proceeding, we presently ascend the shoulder of a hill, by Dutchman's Carn, whence we may view Peninis Head in profile, and admire its grim lines. From the summit of the Carn, Hugh Town assumes a new and picturesque aspect, with Samson and Bryher in the background. A descent, and yet another rise, and we stand on Peninis Head, an immense, granite ridge, ending in a rude semi-circle of majestic crags, at the head of which is Monk's Cowl, one hundred and four feet high. Tooth Rock, twelve feet broad at the bottom, and tapering with a remarkably fine fluted fang, thirty feet high, keeps ward over Pitt's Parlour. Entrance is by an opening immediately under Tooth Rock ; within one may sit and watch the sea churning far below. North says the Parlour is named after a Mr. Pitt, who was wont to spend summer evenings here discussing politics, and his neighbours, with a party of chosen friends. Two hundred yards inland from Tooth

Rock, are a series of truly remarkable rock basins, termed the Kettle and Pans. There has been much speculation whether the hollows are the work of Nature or of Man. To the westward diligent seekers will find a flat stone bearing the impress of a Giant's Foot! To the east of Monk's Cowl, rocks lie in grand, but indescribable confusion. Some monsters, weighing hundreds of tons, seem poised so delicately that a touch might send them toppling into the ocean. Climbing down or around the lower tiers of rock, the sea face of Peninis is seen in its gaunt majesty—polished by the storms of many centuries, deep fissured, lichen covered wherever a lichen can cling, the rocks stand boldly and proudly, gazing ever steadfastly Westward, impervious alike to thunder of green billows, and the sting of blinding spray. Amongst these rocks too is the Macdonald Logan Stone, so named after the Islander who accidentally discovered it in 1893. It forms one side of a cavity termed Sleep's Abode, much frequented from time to time. Mr. Macdonald



Reigate.

Peninis Head.

Photo. Frith & Co.,

was sheltering here one Sunday from a squall, and leaning against the great rock, suddenly thought he felt it move. Looking closer, he found that it actually was moving, and more wonderful still, that it could be oscillated by a slight exertion of strength.

The discovery caused much excitement in the Island. By measurement the rock is estimated to weigh 313 tons. Another very near has been rocked off its balance. Jolly Rock is the outer of a granite mass eastward of Peninis proper. It is bluff, with natural platforms at the bottom. The rocks lie about in strange confusion, as if flung down by Titans. It is an eerie sensation

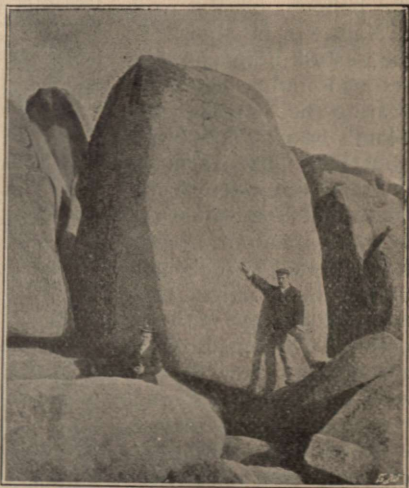


Photo: Gibson & Sons,

Penzance & Scilly.

Logan Rock.

to descend "Izza-com-Pucca," a deep narrow shaft, formed by over-lapping boulders, which leads to a lower tier of rock. The sea thunders and surges amongst the hollows. The ship "Minnehaha" struck Jolly Rock one foggy night in January, 1871. Her stern sank, and nine of her crew were drowned; the remainder were surprised next morning to find the jibboom of their ship well over part of this rock. They dropped from the spar one by one, and walked to the town. At the base of the cliff which curves in beyond Jolly Rock, there is a small cave, approached by a long, narrow passage—Piper's Hole, containing a pool of fresh water. Heath says that this Hole communicates by subterranean passage with Piper's Hole at Tresco. Stories were formerly current of men entering this passage and never

returning, and of dogs going quite through, and appearing at Tresco with most of their hair off! Woodley repudiates them all. Pulpit Rock is a perfect illustration of horizontal decomposition. It is about fifty feet long, but the only reason one can suggest for its name, is that the overhanging mass bears some faint resemblance to a pulpit sounding-board. From this point, which affords piquant

*Frith & Co.,***Pulpit Rock.***Reigate.*

peeps of the Blue Carn, and Giant's Castle, and the interior of St. Mary's generally, we may either descend to the shores of Old Town Bay, and through the Churchyard (see page 30), or, if our rock explorations have tired us, we may strike the road near an old mill (bearing over its lintel, inscription F. G., 1726), and reach Hugh Town again via Buzza Hill. Visitors should go on Buzza Hill, if only for its wonderful panorama—landscape and seascape combined. The Mill not yet unroofed, was working until quite recently. A short distance in front of it, there is a Barrow. Descent by a winding path leads to Porth Cressa.

TO OLD TOWN AND GIANT'S CASTLE.

IF instead of turning back to Hugh Town we go forward from Pulpit Rock, we shall reach the Churchyard. A graceful carn to the right is Carn Lêh. Bearing round to the right from the burial ground, past two cottages called "Nowhere," and skirting Old Town Bay, we arrive at the entrance of Old Town proper, which was probably, as its name implies, the earliest-settled part of St. Mary's. In ancient days it was dominated by the Castle of Ennor, perched on the hill above. On this side of St. Mary's, burial places of Ancient Britons abound; here were found the relics of Roman occupation already mentioned; here the Monks of Tavistock established their port, and stretching a chain across from Tolman to Carn Lêh, exacted toll from all fishermen and mariners desiring entrance. It is said that Richard I. landed here, incognito, and being importuned for toll, became incensed, and struck a monk dead. Now, Old Town is a cluster of farmers' houses and labourers' cottages, gay with trailing fuschia and geranium, and extensive forcing-houses for the cultivation of narcissi. If we followed the road we should cross the island, and reach the opposite shore, or branch off to Holy Vale and the "Back of the Country." Let us suppose, however, that we are following the coast-line. We shall turn off sharp at the entrance to Old Town, and traverse the other arm of the bay. Within a garden on the left, the curious may see a huge stone trough, holding eighteen Winchester bushels. It is supposed to have been a fish-curing vat for the inhabitants at large. Tolman juts out, a rugged peninsula, bearing faint traces of defensive works; beyond it Porth Minick curves away. We cross the beach, and regaining the cliff traverse Blue Carn, with its salient Inner and Outer Carns. The rocks here are in splendid

probably a receptacle
of the Monks.

disarray ; ferns grow in the deep clefts of the larger rocks, and lichens lend a soft gray tone to the gaunt granite. On to Giant's Castle by Church Point and Ledge (so named because in line with the Old Church it was a mark for pilots),—the scenery is bleak and forbidding, with pits where stones have been quarried for building purposes. One of these pits has a more human, almost pathetic, history. Years ago, an islander dreamt, three nights following, that if he dug near the foot of a certain cairn he would find gold. Possessed by the idea, he went off on moonlight nights and dug and dug, without finding the gold ; he continued his fruitless labour for some time, until friends induced him to desist. The pit remains, partly filled in now.

Giant's Castle is a noble headland, rising abruptly to a height of one hundred feet. It has no peer on this side of St. Mary's. It declines gently shorewards. Upon it there are traces of fortifications. Troutbeck writing in 1795 suggests that the fort, which is built in a series of rings, with sod walls and ditches, and an inner work of stone, was raised by the Danes as a rallying point, when raiding the Isles. Giant's Castle is the site selected for a lighthouse, which the Trinity Brethren have contemplated building for some years past, to supersede St. Agnes Light. To the rear of the headland are Sallakee Downs, covered with bracken, and bramble, and yellow gorse. Near Giant's Castle, and under a heap of solid rocks, is a small cave, open towards the sea called "Tom Butt's Bed," where, in the reign of Queen Anne, a boy of that name hid himself three days and three nights to avoid being pressed for the Navy. Pushing on by the coast we shall presently open out lovely Porth Hellick Bay. This is indeed a gem—limpid water, broad sands, many hued seaweeds, tawny rocks—it may well have been the spot chosen by Druids for the celebration of their rites. Above the shores of this Bay, on either side, are stones on end, and set in circles, which tradition says, were sacred to the druids of old. All this side of the Island is pregnant with Bardic lore, and the emblems of their Priest-craft. Here they worshipped the sun ; here, too, they buried their dead. And the tourist lingering round one or other of the Barrows, thickly

studded over the Downs, may well imagine the mystic ceremony with which the noble dead were laid to rest in the dim ages of which tradition and myth alone bring tidings. Behind Porth Hellick, the Moor, stocked with game, penetrates a considerable distance. The Pool, or Lake, close at hand, is the resort of numerous water fowl. On its shores pampas grass grows luxuriantly. Charming peeps of the Island present themselves. On the bank of this Porth, is the reputed burial place of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, a gallant seaman, who rose from powder-monkey to admiral, only to end miserably, a drowned waif, on the shores of Scilly. He was sailing his fleet home from the Mediterranean in 1707, and during a fog ran it on the Western Ledges. His ship, the "Association," struck the Gilstones (there is another Gilstone off Old Town Bay), and sank with all hands, a similar fate overtaking the "Eagle" and "Romney." The others escaped, though some touched the rocks. The body of the Admiral came ashore in Porth Hellick, and as the custom was, received burial where found. It was afterwards identified, by "Mr. Paxton, purser of the Arundel," and removed to Plymouth, where after lying in State, it at last found rest in Westminster Abbey. The burial place is still marked, however, and tradition states that grass will not grow on the grave because Sir Cloudesley hanged a Scillonian seaman, who presumed to warn him of his proximity to the Isles. Some versions of the story allege that the poor wretch was actually dangling at the yard-arm of the Admiral's ship at the moment she struck. Porth Hellick is associated, also, with another curious sea-tragedy. In 1840, early one November morning, a man walking on the Downs was amazed to see a ship on the rocks, bottom up. He went round her, and thrusting in his hand where a hole had been made by the rock, was alarmed to find it instantly seized by some person inside, who cried out in French. The man ran for help, the hole was cut larger, and three men and a boy were assisted out. They had been cooped up, for three days and nights, without food, and were very exhausted. The vessel was the "Nerina," of Dunkirk, capsized in a November gale. Curiously enough she had been sighted bottom-up, from St.

Mary's, the day before, and two pilot cutters had attempted to tow her to port, but were compelled by heavy weather to leave her, ignorant, of course, that there were living men on board her. The towing, however, was probably their salvation, for it drew the wreck out of ocean currents, and into shore currents which drifted her to land. Two of the crew were drowned at the time the ship capsized; another was drowned whilst trying to leave the ship when she grounded and before assistance arrived. His body was interred in St. Mary's Churchyard.

Dick's Carn, or the Loaded Camel, is a curious rock, or series of rocks, moulded into shape, rather in the foreground of the eastern shore of Porth Hellick. Clapper Rocks are another example of granite upheaval, which picnic parties explore whilst the kettles are boiling; for the archæologically inclined, there are sepulchral barrows and Druidic remains to hunt out, and dilate upon when found. Drum Rock deserves attention, and Sun Rock, also, 15 feet high and 50 feet in circumference, lying in solitary and impressive state. From the hill, there are noble peeps of headland, and porth. Giant's Castle looms up frowning and magnificent, and to the East the Eastern Isles, cluster prettily. Having come thus far, visitors should sit in the Giant's Chair, a rock, carved in the form of a comfortable arm chair, whether by nature, or man is matter for speculation. Tradition, says the Arch-Druid sat there to watch the rising sun. Some distance further, beyond Normandy Gap there is a large conical rock, resting tripod-like on another, called the Druid's Throne. It is a curious example of the attrition of granite by long exposure to rain and wind. The only headland of note just here is Deep Point, interesting as the point where the telegraph cable from the main-land is landed. The end is carried within a hut, a few yards from the sea. Some fishing may be had from Deep Point. The rising ground is Mount Todden, where are remains of a battery. Under, or at the foot of Mount Todden is Darrity's Hole; Smugglers had intimate acquaintance with it. Proceeding east we reach Pelistry Bay, with a white beach, and Toll's Island, at its mouth. Dr. Woodley says Pelistry is a

corruption of Palæstra, or field of battle ; tradition, however, does not support his theory. Toll's Island is about 7 acres in extent, and affords pasture for a few sheep and a refuge for conies. There is a ruined redoubt there ; indeed, from this point onwards, there are many defensive works, of various dates, constructed to keep the eastern entrance to the Roadstead, by Crow Sound. There was at one time a small resident military force, in charge of the fortifications, and the foundations of their houses may still be seen amongst the undergrowth. Water Mill Bay, next to Pelistry, is often resorted to by steamers bearing up before a westerly gale. A tiny stream picks its way down the valley from the heights above, but there is no vestige of a mill. Helveor Hill, is the north western limit of Water Mill Bay. It was the site of a strong fortified place, the foundations of which remain. Insidgen the next point of interest, a quarter of a mile distant, is the most easterly headland of St. Mary's. It was fortified in olden days ; now, however, its chief attraction is a remarkable barrow, of unusual construction. There are other sepulchures in the vicinity. Reaching Bar Point, we exchange jagged rocks for wide spreading fine white sand. So shallow is the water, that at low tide it is possible to wade across the Sound to St. Martin's, thence, to Tresco, and on to Bryher and Samson. The tour has been made within recent times. Our faces are now turning homewards. Off Penrithen Cove, where boats owned by farmers are sheltered, is "The Crow," marked by an iron globular beacon. The next rise is Bant's Carn, near which are two great barrows, probably the burial places of chiefs ; one is now in ruins. This carn is the Eastern arm of Hellingy Bay. On the downs above, there is a cromlech 18 feet long, five feet wide, and four feet high. The Crebe Rocks push out to the west of this bay. There is little of interest round the remaining shore to Porth Loo (pronounced Low), except Carn Morvel, where in former times there was a fortification commanding the entrance of the Pool. It will be as well now to strike up across the downs to the "Telegraph" Tower—a coast guard look out, on what is probably the highest point of the Islands. There we can bound the horizon in a circle ; the scene on

a brilliant summer day has ravishing beauty. All the Isles are spread under one's gaze; disposed at their best. From the Telegraph, at night, one may see six lights—St. Agnes, Bishop, Round Island, Seven Stones, Long Ships, and Wolf. This station is relied on for reconnoitering purposes during Naval Manœuvres. When the steamer is coming to the Isles, you will hear people say "The ball is up"; and a little later "The ball is down." The explanation is that when the watchman at the telegraph sights the steamer approaching he hoists a black ball on the flag-staff, and when she is well within the Islands, he lowers it again, and people know it is time to go to the Pier if they wish to be there when she arrives. People grumble sometimes because the steamers are not as big and fast as Cunarders. They should read Heath's account of the service in his day:—"These Islands not being furnished with a decked vessel for crossing over those seas in rough weather . . . a passage, depending so much on the weather, is seldom performed oftener than once in a month, or six weeks, in the summer; but in winter not so often. And as they are usually made in small, open, fisher-boats, amidst the running of several cross-tides, the passengers are forced to venture at the extreme hazard of their lives, when necessity or duty calls them." The idea of crossing for pleasure never dawned on Heath. Later, Troutbeck writes "the inhabitants want a constant and even monthly communication with England." In Woodley's time, two sailing sloops, of 40 tons burthen, were engaged in the traffic. A good passage then was one of eight or nine hours, but one six-and-thirty, or eight-and-forty hours, was not unknown. In 1822 the signal of approach was a red flag, hoisted at the Telegraph, an answering pennant being hoisted at Star Castle.

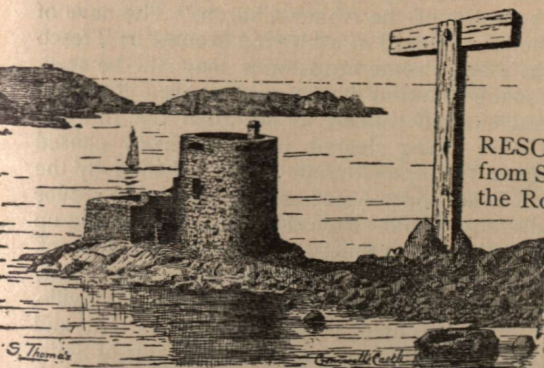
Descent from the Telegraph by a steep path to the right, brings us to Porth Loo, off which are Taylor's Island and Newford Island, with the barrier reefs, Cow, and Calf, beyond. Then we cross Thomas' Porth, at the foot of Mount Flagon, upon which are Harry's Walls. These walls are two bastions and a curtain, portions of a strong defensive work, supposed to have been commenced in the reign of Henry

VIII., but never finished. Not far distant is a huge stone, ten feet high and six feet in circumference. Its history is conjectural. A few minutes bring us to Porth Mellin, or Permillin, which we traverse, and ascending the shoulder of Carn Thomas, arrive again at Hugh Town. Troutbeck says the sand of Permillin was much coveted by Cornish people for scouring pans, pewter, etc., and for drying up ink. In Heath's time parcels of it were sent to different parts of England, and were much appreciated presents.

Holy Vale, which is in the centre of the Island, is charmingly embowered in trees, a sharp contrast to the rest of St. Mary's, which is almost devoid of woodland. The country road past Carn Thomas and Porth Mellin leads that way. Take the first turning to the left beyond the Porth, and presently ascend Rocky Hill. Follow the Eastward Road and the land will fall to the Vale. Palms and aloes, and a pool of water, lend piquancy to the scene. The houses in the Vale are low, but roomy. One is the residence of Mr. Richard Mumford, to whom has descended, from his ancestors, the Crudges—men of note in Island Records,—a chair, said to have been used by King Charles II., of pious memory, when he came to the Island as a refugee in 1645. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, confirmed the Royal Tradition, for when visiting Scilly in 1865, he honoured Mr. Mumford with a visit, and sat in the chair. Her Majesty the Queen visited Scilly in 1846, with Prince Consort, and other members of the Royal Family have come from time to time. Carn Friars is the name of a farm-house, which confirms the tradition that Holy Vale was once the home of a religious order. The summit above Holy Vale is called Maypole. It permits a magnificent survey of the Isles.

There is a tiny Wesleyan Chapel at Holy Vale, and another, with a very steep roof, at Old Town.

TRESCO.



CROMWELL'S CASTLE.

trusty boatmen, always at the command of large or small parties. Tresco is the island of second importance in this archipelago. Possibly it was of premier importance before the sixteenth century, when the Abbey was in its full splendour. Even to-day it is apparently, for many, the one and only spot in the Isles to be visited, for here are the far-famed Tresco Gardens, rivalling Kew in their wealth of strange exotic flora. The Island comprises 880 acres, but ancient records return its area at a much higher figure, leading one to suppose that Bryher, and possibly Samson, must formerly have been portions of it. Leland writes of Inniscaw or Trescaw as the largest of the Isles. It was certainly the most densely populated. Wool spun on the other Islands was woven at Tresco and at St. Martin's, adjoining, in fact this seems to have been the most prosperous island until the erection of Star Castle, substituting military for religious domination, gave St. Mary's that ascendancy it has since retained. Upon Tresco, on the site of the present gardens, a branch of the Benectine

RESCO is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. Mary's, across the Roadstead. Steam launches make regular trips throughout the summer, and there are rowing and sailing boats, with

Monks of Tavistock established themselves, in the tenth century, countenanced and supported by the Earls of Cornwall, after the Conquest of 1066. The Abbey is clean gone, not even its foundations remain ; but two pointed arches of Caen Stone, and a portion of granite wall are supposed to be relics of the Abbey Church. The nave of the ruined Church was used as a burying ground by Tresco folk until about 1820. ; some headstones may still be seen. The ruins are made beautiful by creeping plants. Pieces of bomb-shell, and charred timber, found when the ruins of the west end were being cleared in 1782, have caused experts to suggest that the Church was demolished by the Parliamentary force, under Ascue and Blake, sent to reduce this last Royalist stronghold. Round shot have been dug up in the gardens from time to time, and there is ample proof, otherwise, that Tresco bore its part valiantly in the bloody feud between Royalist and Roundhead. Sir John Granville, Governor of the Isles, held them for Charles II., and harassed shipping, so that the doings of the Pirates of Scilly called down the dire wrath of Cromwell ; hence Blake's expedition. It must be said to Sir John Granville's credit, that he was Englishman before Royalist, so that when gallant Admiral Von Tromp invited him to surrender the Isles to a Dutch Fleet, in the name of the Stuarts, he emphatically declined. Tresco's two harbours, Old Grimsby and New Grimsby (Dr. Woodley writes "Grinsey,") were defended from attack at this time—the former by Block House and Dover Battery, the latter by Cromwell's Castle, lately superseding Charles' Castle above.

To-day Tresco is the home of Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, Lord Proprietor (*i.e.*, lessee) of the Isles, who farms practically the whole of the Island. He has a superb collection of lily bulbs, and in addition to the wonders of the Abbey Gardens, he has a model farm, steam corn mill, and steam saw mill, for the use of the Islanders generally.

The population in 1891 was 315 ; in 1881, 325 ; in 1822 it was 480, mostly pilots and fishermen. To-day the Tresco folk are, with few exceptions, directly or indirectly in the employ of the Lord Proprietor.

To reach Treco, visitors must either take advantage of the steam launch excursions from St. Mary's, or if something beyond "the Gardens" is to be attempted, a boat and boatmen may be hired. The latter is, in some respects, the pleasanter, if more expensive, course to adopt. Embarking at the New Pier, we shall strike a more or less direct line for Carn Near, the most westerly point of Treco. It is a fine carn of rock, with a convenient landing place, and a road leading thence, over undulating, fine, white, sand hills, covered with stout ferns, and furze, to an entrance to the Abbey Gardens.

The Abbey House, and Gardens, are modern, being the creation of the late Mr. Augustus Smith. His nephew and successor, Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, the present Lord Proprietor, has maintained, indeed increased, the unique reputation of the Gardens. On the rockwork of the further entrance is a stone tablet, inscribed :—

"To the Gardens.

"All persons are welcome to walk in these gardens, but are requested to keep the main walks—not to go up to the house nearer than the under terrace in front, and to abstain from picking flowers or fruit, scribbling nonsense, and committing such like nuisances.

"Enter then, if it so please you, and welcome."

This is still the attitude of the Lord Proprietor towards visitors. Everyone has the freedom of the Gardens, to walk in, and to enjoy; polite gardeners are pleased to act as cicerones, and to point out the curious and wonderful flora with which this domain abounds. Visitors will enter at the main lodge, and after signing the visitors' book, which contains many illustrious names, will pass to the Lawn Tennis Ground. Here is that tragic collection of figure-heads, and anchors, set up by the late Lord Proprietor, shewn in the illustration "Relics of Wrecks." Each figure once headed a noble ship: all ended their career on some of the dreaded fangs of Scilly. On a slight eminence is the Old Cresset, which until 1790 stood on the top of St. Agnes Lighthouse. Its coal fire was then the only warning to mariners to beware of the dreaded Isles. The Cresset is introduced as an initial to the chapter on St. Agnes.

Pausing a moment here, the noble prospect culminating in a classic bust of Neptune, must be admired, and then the grand tour will commence. Plants bloom in these gardens that are found nowhere in England ; the vegetation of widely severed Continents flourishes side by side ; within the space of a few acres one finds natives of Lower Australia,



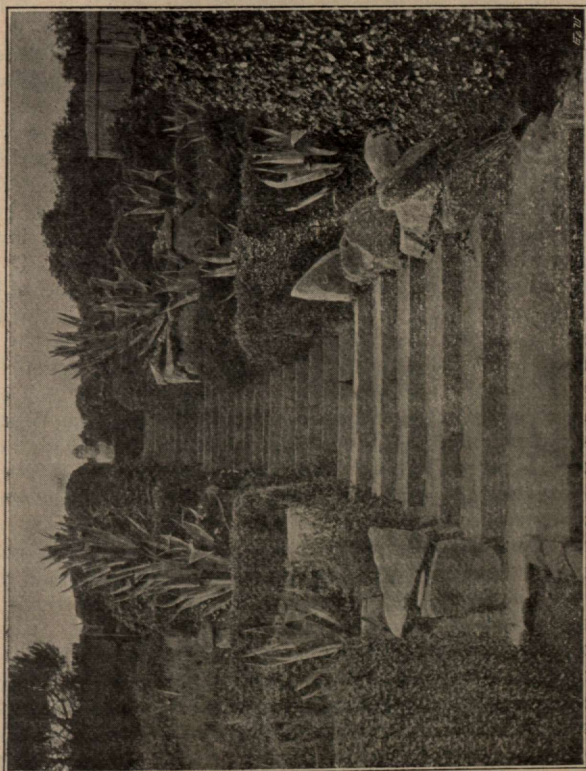
Photo: C. J. King,

Relics of Wrecks.

Scilly.

Higher Australia, New Holland, Tasmania, the Cape of Good Hope, and the West Indies ; the *Podocarpus andina* and *Puya Chilensis*, of Chili, exchange greetings with nodding Palms from China, Hindostan, and Japan ; a young Norfolk Island Pine, called by the learned *Araucaria excelsa*, is pushing up towards the sun, and will shortly be taking a survey of the surrounding Isles ; here and there the fleshy Cactus is throwing up its spike, and preparing, after living a century, to put forth its bloom and die ; words cannot tell of the wealth of pampas grass, and flowering plants innumerable, that spring everywhere—it is all a transplanted forest of the Tropics—a Fairy land ! Probably we shall be first introduced to the “Wilderness,” where British, Sub-Tropical, and Australasian ferns, luxuriate ; beyond is Lower Australia, so called from the flora cultivated there. Thence visitors will be transported to

Higher Australia, where amidst a profusion of beautiful vegetation, is the Iron Bark Tree, which when, in blossom, becomes the Blazing Bush! Presently we shall enter the "Long Walk," extending eight hundred feet, bordered by aloes, gum trees, giant camellias, Indian azalias, and graceful palms; the paths branching off on either side, lead one



[Penzance & Scilly.]

Aloe Staircase, Abbey Gardens.

Photo: Gibson & Sons.]

to most delightful and fragrant groves. The effect indeed is so superbly tropical, that in passing beneath the trees, and big foreign shrubberies, one involuntarily anticipates monkeys, snakes, and those gorgeous butterflies and won-

derful creeping things that travellers tell of. But this Eden garden has no serpent. There are no live snakes on any of the Isles, though there is a carved one in the mouth of an eagle perched on a capstan, at the end of this Long Walk. In the nursery adjacent, slips and seeds from Kew are reared. We may now proceed by a broad drive to a lawn, near the lake, where fancy poultry, and Emus a variety of Ostrich, are kept; or return by the Long Walk to explore what remains of the Abbey Grounds, formerly the garden cultivated by the Monks of Tresco. Lovely flowers blossom here. Outside the Abbey precincts, to the right is the Italian Pebble Garden. Here rare bulbs are cultivated. In the garden for bedding plants, adjacent, there is an erect holed stone, four feet long, two feet wide, and six inches thick. It has been surmised that this is a Druidic betrothal stone; lovers clasped hands through the holes in token of troth. If the conjecture is correct, this stone is the most antique object in this part of the garden. Visitors are conducted through the magnificent vineries, and a fernery unmatched in the United Kingdom; thence to the upper terrace, where the flora is wildly tropical. But the loveliness of seascape transcends even the beauty of the flora here. The Western Isles, the Outer Isles, the craggy islets, the shining channels between, have inexhaustible charm. Traversing the terrace to the flagstaff at its eastward extremity, one may catch charming and unexpected peeps of the Eastern Isles, and look down upon the lake, and a portion of the narcissus ground. Descending to a lower level, the tour is completed by an inspection of the romantic carn upon which the Abbey House is built. Many curious and exotic plants—aloes, prickly pears, sedums and mesembryanths, are rooted in the crevices of the rocks. Leaving the gardens we shall proceed along a charmingly wooded lane to a cluster of houses called the "Palace," "from a house of public entertainment formerly kept here" (*Woodley*.) We shall note on our right one of the larger pools of fresh water, containing a store of eels, and on our left the towering heights of Bryher, terminating in noble Shipman Head. The tour of the gardens is fatiguing, and

therefore it will be as well, perhaps, to turn off beyond the farm, across the island, in the direction of Dolphin's Town, and make for "The Canteen." Here, if the visitor is inclined, he may obtain refreshment, and here is kept the key of the little boat used in crossing the pool at Piper's



[Penzance & Scilly.]

The Long Walk, Abbey Gardens.

Photo: Gibson & Sons,]

Hole. An alternative route is to keep on by the coast, past the Farm, and, reaching Cromwell's Castle, to lunch there. Supposing we have determined on the Dolphin Town road, we shall presently come to the Church, beyond the schools, and a neat parsonage.

The Church, pleasantly situated on a cultivated plain, not far above the sea level, is, beyond question, the most beautiful fane in these Isles. Tresco has always been favoured in this respect, for we find Dr. Woodley, who, representing the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, viewed the Churches on each island with critical eyes, admits that the Church of his day was "not only neat, but elegant, the pews being painted blue and white, and the pulpit desk and communion table covered with fine blue cloth." It was built by one of the Godolphins, formerly lessees of the Isles, who provided Churches on other of the Isles also. A clergyman was engaged for St. Mary's alone, and he held his appointment at the will of the Lord Proprietor, receiving the keys of the Church from his agent. This agent appointed fishermen to read the prayers and sermons on the Off Islands. Early in the present century the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sent a clergyman to Tresco. There is now a clergyman resident at St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martins, and St. Agnes. Each Church has its churchwardens, and each island may for all practical purposes be considered an ecclesiastical parish. But to return; the Tresco Church of which Woodley speaks was superseded in 1879 by an edifice built nearly on the same site, which visitors will have now the opportunity to inspect. It was erected by Lady Sophia Tower, and Mr. Dorrien-Smith to the memory of the late Mr. Augustus Smith, for many years Lord Proprietor of the Isles, and dedicated to St. Nicholas, patron saint of Tresco. This Church is 81 feet long, 22 feet wide, and has a transept 48 feet by 24 feet. There is a tower, with a dwarf spire at the south-eastern end. The exterior has no striking architectural beauty—it is plain, strong, good looking, and harmonises with its grey surroundings. The Churchyard is exquisitely kept, and visitors will not fail to note that the headstones rise out of a level sward. The shrubs and slender trees are picturesque, and help remove the least trace of that depressing melancholy so often induced by remote churchyards. The only entrance to the Church, that on the north side, is reached by a path across the Churchyard. Entering, one is immediately struck by the richness of the accessories, and

the beauty of the fittings. The east window is a lovely example of the glass-stainer's art. It has three lights, designed and executed by Mr. Kemp. The color scheme is characteristic. Of the higher lights, the central represents the crucifixion ; St. Andrew, patron saint of fishermen, occupying one side-light, and St. Nicholas the other. Below are representations of the call of St. Andrew, "Our Lord walking on the sea," and an illustration of the legend of St. Christopher crossing the stream with the infant Christ on his shoulder. This window was given by Lady Sophia Tower, an intimate friend of the late Lord Proprietor. The inscription is :—"To the glory of God and to the memory of Augustus Smith, this window is dedicated." The reredos of Cornish serpentine and granite, cunningly wrought, and bearing a Cornish cross within its central panel, was presented by Colonel Smith-Dorrien. The font also is of Cornish serpentine, mounted on granite pillars. The pulpit, too, demands attention. It has a well-modelled angel figure at the base. The rose west window is filled with stained glass to the memory of Robert Algernon Smith-Dorrien, and the subject is found in Revelations vii., 11th and 12th verses. A representation of the Virgin Mary and the infant Christ fills the central light ; in each of the smaller surrounding lights there is an angel bearing a bell. The conception and execution of this window are very chaste. Another lovely stained glass window has lately been added, to the memory of the late Mrs. Dorrien-Smith, wife of the Lord Proprietor, who died in 1892, much lamented. A Parish Nursing Fund was also instituted at St. Mary's, to keep the memory of this gracious lady green. The remaining windows are filled with cathedral glass. Four steps lead from the nave of the chancel. Everything there is in perfect taste.

Dolphin's Town—a corruption no doubt of Godolphin's Town—lies at the foot of Dolphin's Down, or table-land, 140 feet high, and thickly strewn with chunks of a species of alabaster. The snug bay with jutting pier is Old Grimsby (or Grinsey) Harbour, and from the beach there are impressive glimpses of Northwithel, St. Helen's, Tean, Round Island, and the precipitous north western-shore of St.

Martin's. The south-eastern horn of old Grimsby is Blackhouse Point, upon which are the ruins of Dover Battery; the outer cape of old Grimsby is the Lizard, which forms a northern limit to Pentle Bay—a perfect paradise for children, and for adults, too, who find pleasure in walking over broad stretches of lovely sand, hunting for delicate shells. Proceeding south and west from this beach, we should come again to Carn Near. Seeing, however, that after the gardens the most interesting sight afforded by Tresco is Piper's Hole, the boatmen will probably advise visitors to turn to the left, after an inspection of the Church, and climbing to the top of Dolphin Downs, proceed past Merchant's Point, the other limit of Old Grimsby, and Gimble Bay, to the northern part of Tresco. In this direction the broken water over Golden Ball Bar, will carry the eye to "the rent and jagged crest of the great pile Menavawr."

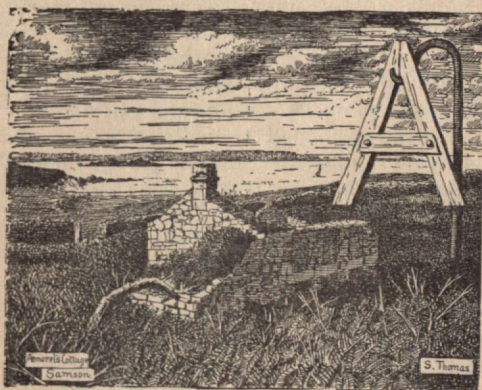
Piper's Hole is "in the side of Tregarthen Hill, and is approached by descending some large, rugged, and dangerous rocks, and again scrambling over some ponderous stones, which the sea has thrown against this part of the island." It is undesirable to attempt the entry, unless escorted by boatmen who know the passage, and who have candles or limelights burning, for there are boulders above, and below, through which one has to insinuate oneself a considerable distance, before it opens into a cavern thirty-four feet high, in which is pool of water sixty-one feet long, and from ten to fourteen feet deep, varying with the seasons. The water is fresh, cool, and pellucid. On the further shore of this pool is a fine sandy beach, reached by boat, already mentioned. Once on this beach, candles and blue lights are lit, the scene then being wierd and altogether awesome. There are two other caverns at this north end of Tresco, supposed by Woodley to be old tin-workings, and on the north west side, three hundred yards from Piper's Hole, a cavern called The Gun, containing a never-failing fresh spring. Our steps will now be directed round the shoulder of the Downs, whence we shall descend on Charles' Castle, and Cromwell's Castle, admiring as we go the southern prospect through New Grimsby. On the right are Shipman

Head, and the precipitous cliffs of Bryher; on the left Tresco, rising steeply from the sea ; Hangman's Island is between them, and right ahead the Roadstead and St. Mary's, with a peep of St. Agnes, crowned by its white lighthouse, and, on the horizon, the Western Isles.

There is very little to see, nowadays, of Charles' Castle, which being ill situated for the defence of the Channel, was dismantled, after the reduction of the Isles by the Roundheads, and its stones used to build Cromwell's Castle below. It was a very strong tower, nevertheless, had a small battery on the land side as a precaution against surprises, and the credit of being the last fortified place to hold out for the Stuarts against the Commonwealth. Cromwell's Castle was repaired in 1704, and thus, although the lower parts are now gutted, the roof, flat and bomb proof, and the parapet walls six feet high, are intact. The tower is sixty feet high, and about one hundred and fifty feet in circumference ; its walls are twelve feet thick, and formerly mounted a battery of nine pounders. On the sea front there is a platform, defended by a strong parapet, from which guns swept the harbour in every direction. Being built at the head of a bold promontory, joined to the mainland by a narrow rocky neck, it was favourably situated either for offence or defence. There is little else of interest in Tresco, so it will be as well to walk on to New Grimbsy and meet the boat there, unless, indeed, she is awaiting the party at Cromwell's Castle. Hangman's Island, a pinnacled pile, seen to advantage from Cromwell's Castle, has held its portentous title since the day when a batch of Roundhead soldiers were hung there for insubordination. Having embarked, we shall sail or be rowed down New Grimsby channel, noting, as we leave Tresco shore, if we have not already remarked it, a granite shaft on the hill, in memory of the late Lord Proprietor. Once clear of the beaconed Hulman, we shall in due course be landed at the new Pier, St. Mary's, tired, possibly hungry, but certainly pleased and impressed with the sights of the day.

SAMSON AND BRYHER.

SAMSON.



ARMOREL of Lyonesse has thrown a glamour of romance over Samson, Bryher, and their outlying satellites. Samson was the home of Armorel, and Sir W. Besant, approaching

it from St. Mary's, touches in the description with a master hand—"I only see Samson. He groweth bigger as we approach. That is not uncommon with islands. I perceive that he hath two hills, one on the north, and the other on the south; he showeth—perhaps with pride—a narrow plain in the middle. The hills appear to be strewn with boulders; and there are carns. There are also, I perceive, ruins." And there are only ruins still. Samson never did lend himself to cultivation, but fifty years ago there was a small population, keeping this side of starvation by fishing, kelp making, and occasional piloting. Their roofless, crumbling walled houses, remain, and on the sands there are traces of hedges, betokening cultivation, and assisting the theory that at one time, not very remote,

Samson, Bryher and Tresco were one. At low water spring tides they are divided by very shallow straits, the weedy fordable flats being the happy hunting ground of many shrimpers the long summer through. As an unconventional sport, and an appetiser, shrimping, on Samson Flats, has much to recommend it. "The landing-place of Samson, is a flat beach covered with fine white sand, and strewn with little shells, yellow and grey, green and blue. Behind the beach is a low bank on which grows the sea-holly, the sea-lavender, the horned-poppy, and the spurge, and behind the bank stretches a small plain, low and sandy, raised above the high tide by no more than a foot or two. Across this plain lies the way to the Northern Hill, rough, rugged, wild, uncultivated. The slope facing the south is covered with gorse and fern, the latter brown and yellow in September. Among the fern at that season stand the tall dead stalks of foxgloves. Here and there are patches of short turf, with the withered flowers of the sea-pink, and long branches of the bramble trailing over the ground. The hand of some pre-historic giant has sprinkled the slopes of this hill with boulders of granite; they are piled up across each other so as to make carns, headlands, and capes, with strange resemblances and odd surprises." Upon the summit of this Northern or Bryher Hill of Samson is the finest kistvean the islands can shew. It was opened by Mr. Augustus Smith in 1862, and a human jaw, and teeth were found within. Sir Walter Besant, therefore, was not altogether without warrant when he made Roland Lee find in one of these disturbed graves the pure gold torque which Armorer afterwards wore. There are several other barrows in the immediate vicinity. From a granite carn boldly projecting on this hill, one may survey the Isles at leisure. Westward are the Outer Islands. "Look! that great rock with the ledge at foot is Castle Bryher; that noble rock beyond is Maiden Bower; the rock farthest out is Scilly." Descending the Northern Hill we cross the plain to the Southern Hill, passing Western Porth, with White Island, reef-fringed, at its mouth, and stately Mincarlo keeping watch beyond. This White Island must not be confused with the more terrible White Island off St.



Martin's. Samson's White Island is about half-a-mile in circumference, and bears a tall coarse grass. When the s.s. "Delaware" was thrown upon Tearing Ledges, between Mincarlo and Minalto, by a furious December gale, in 1871, the first and third officers were washed ashore on White Island. They were saved. All the Islands had seen the gallant ship drift across the Sound, helpless in the grip of the gale, had seen the waves curl over her, and fall with sickening crash on her deck, had seen her rise high out of the water over the ledge, and then with one convulsive plunge, sink in the vortex. They had seen all this, and still watching, they saw three poor wretches crawl up over White Island. Bryher men launched a boat, rowed to the Eastern Porth of Samson, landed, dragged their boat across the plain, between Samson's Hills, and once more putting out, struggled to White Island, and rescued two out of the three men; the third had dropped off exhausted. These two were carried to the boat; and returning as they came, the grand men of Bryher reached their own Island in safety. Forty-eight strong men went down in the s.s. "Delaware," within a mile of the land; but only one body was ever recovered. The ship's cargo of cottons, velvets, silks, and such goods, consigned to Calcutta from Liverpool, strewed the shores of the Isles.

The Southern Hill of Samson, towards which we are proceeding, was especially thick with the "Delaware's" cargo. There is little to detain one here except the view westward. The hill is picturesque from a distance, with its clean conical outline, but it fails on acquaintance. Low down on the north side of the hill are the ruins of a building, of which apparently there is no written record. It is supposed by some to have been a Church. Armored's cottage is on this hill also. From Southward Wells, off its southern end, to Nut Rock—a mere button above the water of the Roadstead,—and on to Mare Ledges, is an excellent stretch for pollocking. To cruise off Southward Wells, however, is dangerous for any except island boatmen. The ledges lie thick and sharp, and the currents are most powerful.

BRYHER.

REJOINING our boat we cross to Bryher, landing at a pier opposite Tresco shore, and immediately below the Island Church. In some respects, Bryher is the most splendid of the Isles. It is verdant in places, grimly sterile in places, it has sandy beaches, and forbidding, black, giddy heights—an island of strange contrasts. Its population in 1891 was returned at 91, gaining comfortable livings from farm and fishery. Bryher men are expert “crabbers,” i.e., men who set traps for the crabs and lobsters abounding on the sunken reefs by which the Isles are surrounded. Bryher has a circumference of three miles, and contains about three hundred and thirty acres. Three miles separate this Isle from St. Mary’s, but it is not more than a quarter of a mile, at most, from either Tresco or Samson. The eastern shore of Bryher, with the western shore of Tresco, forms New Grimsby Harbour. At its southern end the channel is so very shallow, that boats have difficulty in passing at low water; at the northern end the water is deep. There we find that stupendous rock mass, Shipman Head, divided from Bryher proper by a deep gulf or chasm, only two yards wide. It would appear as if the headland was rent from Bryher by an awful convulsion of nature. A boat may pass through the chasm, with care, on a still day. When a strong wind prevails, the sea around Shipman Head, notably in Hell Bay, just to the south-west, is terrific, and indescribably grand. The Northern Hill of Bryher is hard walking, owing to the uneven surface caused by the removal of turf, for fuel, in olden days. The cliffs all round are dangerously steep. Here, as elsewhere on the island, there are remains of rude Druidic circles, and barrows. At Hell Bay there is a constant spring of water, upon which, owing to the formation of cliff, the sun never

shines. It is very cold, and pure, and appears to have been resorted to years ago as a cure for wounds and sores. By-the-bye, it is curious to note of two of the wells of Bryher, that one becomes dry, and another nearly so, at neap tides, thus proving their connection with the sea ; yet the water is excellent. Watch Hill is the highest point of Bryher. On it is the Coastguard Look-out. The prospect thence, from every point of the compass, is charming. Gweal Hill is a steep, bold promontory, opposite Gweal Island, to the south-west. Back from the point, a little distance, is a pond of fresh water, slightly brackish, an acre or so in extent. The bay between Gweal and Heath Point, to the south, is Great Porth. Rounding Heath Point, we find the Colvet Rocks not far from the land, Castle Bryher and the other Outer Isles, being grouped picturesquely in the distance. That side of Bryher nearest Samson is Samson Hill of Bryher, just as at Samson the corresponding height is Bryher Hill of Samson. The reason of this quaint exchange of compliments between the Isles is not known. There are three barrows on Samson Hill of Bryher. On the west side of the hill is a plain, leading down to Rushy—or Russia—Bay. Why so named it is impossible now to say. Until quite recently there was at the head of this bay a ghastly reminder of an awful disaster—a deal coffin made in readiness for any body that might drift ashore from the ill-fated German mail-boat, "Schiller," which was wrecked on the Retarrier Ledges, in 1875. We may embark here for a cruise round the Outer Islands. "Some of them are close together, some of them are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm ; at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth. The swell of the Atlantic, on the calmest days, rises and falls, and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Those who sail round these rumbling water-dungeons, begin to think of sea monsters. . . . in these recesses walk about huge crabs. On the sun-lit rocks one looks to see a mermaiden, with glittering scales, combing out her long fair tresses ; perhaps one may unfortunately miss this beautiful sight, which is rare even in Scilly ; but

one cannot miss seeing the seals flopping in the water and swimming out to sea, with seeming intent to cross the broad ocean. . . . Everywhere, here as to the westward, except in the rare places where men come and go, the wild sea-birds make their nests; the shags stand on the ledges of the highest rocks in silent rows, gazing upon the waters below; the sea-gulls fly shrieking in sea-gullic rapture—there is no life quite so joyous as a sea-gull's; the curlews call; and in spring, millions of puffins swim and dive, and fly about the rocks, and lay their eggs in the hollow places of these wild and lonely isles."



OUTER ISLANDS.

SCILLY, the most northerly of the group immediately under notice, lies a quarter of a mile off Gweal Hill of Bryher. It is a huge mass of granite, eighty feet high, divided by a narrow chasm through which the tide boils, except when absolute calm prevails. Each half is surmounted by a small rock, termed its Cuckoo. "On one there is a little rank grass, on the other a pool of water." The sea around is very deep, and a landing must be effected with the utmost care. Woodley, writing in 1822, relates that during a violent storm, some years previously, a ship was thrown by a wave into the fork or chasm, where she was held until dashed to pieces. A few of the crew scrambled to the top of one of Scilly's pinnacles, and when the weather moderated, a pilot-boat from St. Agnes ventured near, and took them on board. But the boat upset, and almost all in her were drowned. Between Scilly and Bryher is GWEAL, derived from Guêl, or Huêl, now generally spelt Wheal, a working for tin. It is about ten acres in extent, but is uninhabited and uncultivated. Next,

there are four islets very much in line—Maiden Bower, Black Rock, Seal Rock, and Illiswilgie, with Castle Bryher between the latter and Heath Point of Bryher. MAIDEN BOWER is a storm-gnawed pile, jagged, and fearful of aspect. At high water the lower or connecting link is hidden, and then the islet appears as two. The s.s. "Zelda" was wrecked here during a fog in 1873. The crew happily escaped, and much of the cargo was saved. Not far from Maiden Bower, the boat comes abreast of SEAL ROCK, another ugly looking ridge; the top of it struck somebody as resembling a seal, hence its name. On December 17th, 1885, the s.s. "Sussex," homeward bound from Baltimore with a general cargo—lard, tinned goods, flour—much of it for Crosse and Blackwell,—and 200 head of cattle, struck one of the hidden ledges off this rock, and became a total wreck. All but 23 of the bullocks drowned miserably, and 133 carcasses washing ashore, had to be buried at ruinous expense by the Overseers. This wreck occurred during a dense fog, and at the time the captain calculated he was a clear 25 miles south of Scilly. He had not allowed enough for the insetting current.

ILLISWILGIE, or Inaswittick, is a ledge of considerable size, with one tall peak. It is dwarfed by its neighbour, CASTLE BRYHER, sixty feet high, rudely but massively fashioned by Time, and at once remarked as one of the prominent features of the rock scenery here. Next we shall cruise down by MINCARLO, lying like a lion couchant, about a mile from Samson. The island is under twelve acres in extent. It is precipitous towards the sea, but is accessible in most parts; its surface is poorly carpeted with coarse, grassy, turf, through which springs bracken fern. You may remember that Armorel and Roland Lee landed on Mincarlo and dined, whilst Peter sat in the boat keeping her off, with head bent as if asleep. That is a characteristic boatman's attitude whilst so engaged. People do not usually select Mincarlo as a restaurant; and one rather fancies the boy Peter had his private opinion of Armorel's choice on this occasion. An orange ship was dashed in pieces against this islet, on her way from the Azores, many years ago. Off Mincarlo is the Biggal and

Les Steeple Ledges, and Broad Ledges carry on the jagged links to MINALTO, Great and Little, bluff sentinels on the southern flank of Samson. The tide swirls furiously round the base of Great Minalto, flecking it white with spray. Once clear of its ledges, we may shape our course through the Roadstead for St. Mary's Pool. Description cannot convey a real idea of the extent of the reefs or ledges which stud the sea amongst the islets just left behind. It would be imprudent for a stranger to attempt the navigation unaided. Long ore-weeds spring from the depths, and trail this way and that, with the tide, and when least expected, a ledge shoals up. To be touched by one involves disaster, possibly instant destruction. But with a native boatman in charge, these fascinating Outer Islands may be visited, and inspected, in perfect safety; nimble visitors may land on many of them, provided, of course, the boatman considers it prudent to approach.

On the inner side of Samson there are a number of rocks—Green Island, Black Rock, Yellow Rock, and so on, but they do not call for particular notice.



THE WESTERN ISLES.



Photo, King,

Scilly.

And yet the Western Isles must be visited. A strange fascination impels men to go out to them, again and again, as if sirens reclined there and sang their songs of witchery. They are so gaunt, defiant, immobile, strong, so far from the habitations of man. Sailing in and out amongst them, over the black water, with no human sounds distracting—only the swirl of waters against granite bulwarks, and the shrill call of sea birds, one feels in touch with the elemental forces. Eastward are the Isles, westward the heaving Atlantic, northward, southward, nought but ocean. Now we pass a fantastic pile of rock, crowned by noble pinnacles, worn smooth by storms of a thousand years ; again we tack warily along a reef over which surf breaks, although the sea around is unruffled ; another time looking over the side we see a submerged ledge gleam suddenly out of the darkness, waving its long weeds

CLEAR sky and a smooth sea are essential preliminaries to an exploration of the Western Isles of Scilly. Even in the finest weather some of the rocks are almost inaccessible because of the Atlantic swell which comes rolling in ; when the horizon blackens, and the waves don their white caps, it would be simple madness to attempt to sail amongst the reefs and shoals.

in the rushing tide. The larger rocks, or islets, bear coarse grass, and are the haunt of innumerable sea birds, which stand in rows upon some jutting peak, motionless, with outstretched wings. Here and there, upon low-lying shelving rocks, black seals bask in the sun, barking now and then a note of warning or of fear. Sometimes a school of porpoises will tumble and blow in and out of the narrow sounds, driving the fish before them; noble sailing ships, their sails gleaming, and smoke-trailing steamers, move steadily on their trackless way, their voyage just begun or almost ended, and steadfast, beyond all, is the Bishop Lighthouse, mutely declaring the genius of man triumphant over tempest and flood.

Choosing a suitable day, we shall embark at the pier fairly early in the morning, equipped with luncheon basket and fishing tackle, and, pushing off, steer a course westward. The garrison with its picturesque battlements, and Star Castle on the height, will slip under our lee, and we shall presently feel increased sea motion as we cut across the entrance of St. Mary's Sound, and approach St. Agnes. Keeping that island at a distance for the present, the boat will be headed to weather Great and Little Smith, massive rocks at the entrance of Smith Sound, and the Haycocks, as the series of conical rocks off the northern head of Annet are termed. We sail cautiously between the larger islets, on the left hand, and the very dangerous but less conspicuous reefs—Le Jeffery, Old Wreck (marked by a buoy), Gunner, and Nundeepts on the right hand. Their situation is generally shewn by broken water as the ocean swell passes over them. Slightly further west, a mile and a half to the northward of the Bishop, and seven miles from St. Mary's, are the noted CRIM ROCKS, which have been as fatal to shipping as any of the rocks of Scilly. In recent years a large steamer struck there, but was saved by her watertight compartments, and managed to reach Falmouth safely. No one can tell the number of sea tragedies, of which the cruel Crim reef has been the centre, adown the long centuries since man first navigated the narrow seas. Coasting along easily from the Crim we shall reach the BISHOP ROCK, upon which stands a famous lighthouse.

It is almost incredible that no attempt was made to mark the westernmost rocks of Scilly until well into the present century. The Tower at St. Agnes was undoubtedly a boon, and under favourable circumstances its beams might be seen by shipmasters coming up Channel, before they reached the farthest ledges. Nevertheless, disastrous wrecks continued with terrible regularity, and in 1849 the Trinity House determined to erect a lighthouse on the Bishop Rock, an outlying reef of moderate extent. The original tower, which was sketched in the Illustrated London News, of November 24th, 1849, and forms the frontispiece to North's interesting book on Scilly, was of cast iron columns sunk into the rock, stayed with wrought iron rods. Entrance to the lighthouse was to have been by a staircase in the central column. It was 120 feet high, and was designed to withstand the heaviest seas. Before the tower was completed,



however, a severe gale, on February 5th, 1850, swept it away. The Trinity Brethren examined the rock, and finding it intact determined to build a masonry tower 120 feet high. This was completed without mishap, and lighted for the first time on September 1st, 1859. About ten years ago the Elder Brethren became dissatisfied with the Bishop, and desired to have it heightened so as to throw its beams further seaward. The operation was undertaken by Sir James Douglass, whose father

built the other Bishop, he being the resident engineer. The old tower was encased in solid masonry, and the lantern run up another 30 feet, making the height from

the sea 165 feet, and gaining for the Bishop the distinction of being the tallest in the world. It is fitted with the most modern apparatus, and has an upper and a lower light, which together throw a beam equal to one million candle power. Except in thick weather however, only the lower is used. Outside the old lighthouse a fogbell swung; a former bell weighing five cwt. was wrenched away by a storm wave—one of the breakers, which, during rough weather, go right over the lantern, and shake the tower. The second bell being inadequate to warn ships during the dense fogs that settle round the islands for days together, the improved lighthouse was fitted with an apparatus, from which guncotton bombs are fired every five minutes whilst a fog lasts. The heavy boom is distinctly heard at St. Mary's, seven miles distant, and is depressing to a degree. Still, that is comfort compared with the experience of the keepers when a storm rages, when the sea is as a boiling cauldron, and the tower quivers under the buffet of the gale. There is no more exposed light in the world—some authorities say there is none to equal it.

The Bishop lighthouse is a "rock light." It may be explained, that the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House classify all their establishments round the coast as rock lights, or as shore lights. A rock lighthouse is a lantern tower with quarters for the keepers only who happen to be on duty. A shore light has quarters attached for the men and their families, and there they must live, even if, as not unfrequently occurs, the particular shore light is away on a desolate cape, miles from every other habitation. Every aspirant for the post of lightkeeper first reports himself at the Trinity Wharf, London, where he learns the rudiments of his duty. Then, as the service demands, he is drafted to a rock light. Thence he goes to a shore light, whence he may hope to pass again to a rock light as principal, finishing his term may be, at a comfortable shore light, and retiring finally upon a fairly adequate pension. When men are attached to rock lights, houses are usually provided for families on shore. But it should be noted, as a set-off, that the keeper has to provision himself while at the rock, and thus in a measure keep two establishments



going. The pay is not excessive, being £6 6s. per month for an ordinary keeper, and about £8 for principals. "Three off and one ashore" is the average proportion of keepers to a rock lighthouse; but in exceptional cases, such as at the Bishop, there are six men attached, four down, and two up recruiting, the relief being made every two weeks, weather permitting. Sometimes the weather does not permit, and on one occasion persistent storms reduced the keepers at the Bishop almost to a state of famine. A certain reserve of food is kept in rock lighthouses for emergencies, and about a twelve months' supply of oil, wicks, chimneys, and other etceteras. At the Bishop the sea is often rough, great Atlantic rollers coming in and dashing themselves amongst the barriers which lie thick around the tower. The relief boat, with keepers on board, lies off at a respectful distance, and communication being set up by means of a line, men and provisions are hauled to the lighthouse. The men who have served their term, and are due for a spell ashore, leave the lighthouse, and are pulled into the boat, in like manner. The operation is anything but dignified, and one needs to have strong nerves to regard it as safe, especially as the keepers have sometimes to be dragged through the surf. Visitors are welcome to land and inspect the tower. Those who contemplate doing so will be more welcome if they take papers or books in their hand, as gifts to the keepers.

Beyond the Bishop and all the other isles, far out in the track of shipping, is a strange land, seventy fathoms deep, known to Islanders as the POWHLL. It may have lifted its head above the waters long ago, and have been submerged as a result of volcanic disturbances. Tradition and legend are alike dumb respecting it however, and all the Islanders know is, that taking certain bearings and casting anchor, they find rocky ground, extending several acres, at varying depths, with hills and valleys similar to those on the other Isles. This Powhll is a prolific breeding ground for large fish—ling, and skate, and turbot, and cod. Sharks circle round the boat, and occasionally strange monsters of the deep are hooked and hauled to the surface. In the

olden days men of St. Agnes used to go there regularly, catching fish which they split and dried for winter food. Nowadays, so many steamers are rushing up and down channel, that it is somewhat dangerous to anchor at the Powhll. But any who long for sport, who have patience to pay out and pull in hundreds of feet of line, who find fierce joy in playing a big fighting fish, may have their fill over this drowned island. That, however, is an excursion apart from all others ; therefore let us return to the more pacific tour of the Western Rocks proper.

Half a mile south-east of the Bishop are the RETARRIER LEDGES, upon which the German liner s s. "Schiller" was wrecked on May 8th, 1875. That is the most awful catastrophe the Islands have known, in modern times. A splendid ship of 3,600 tons, built on the Clyde in 1873, the "Schiller" left New York on April 27th, with fifty-nine first class passengers, seventy-five second class, and one hundred and twenty steerage. Her crew numbered one hundred and one. In addition to mails and a general cargo, she carried specie valued at 300,000 dollars, consigned to Cherbourg. All went well until May 4th, when dirty weather set in, making observations impossible. On the evening of May the 7th, the ship ran into a dense fog, and speed was reduced one half. Night fell, and the captain, who knew he must be near Scilly, looked in vain through the fog for the Bishop light. At ten o'clock, without the slightest warning, there came a sickening crash—the ship had struck the Retarrier Ledges. A heavy sea was breaking at the time, and as the tide rose, and the doomed vessel settled down, successive waves raced madly along her decks clearing everything movable. Passengers were swept off like flies into the howling, frothing waters, and dashed against a rock or drowned. Boats, were launched, overcrowded, foundered. At length a pavilion in which woman and children were huddled, was lifted bodily by a great green roller, and carried into the night. There was one awful scream of agony, and then a tragic stillness. St. Agnes boatmen heard the signals of distress, and launched their boats in the darkness, but the fog baffled them. They could hear the screams of the drowning, and they were

driven almost insane as they frantically endeavoured to locate the sounds and reach the ship. At length the fog lifted, and they saw the ship, and men floating by. These were saved, and the boatmen pressed on. Two Land's End fishing boats also joined in the rescue. Altogether forty five persons, including one woman, were saved, out of a total of three hundred and fifty four. Those who bore a part in that tragedy shudder still, as they remember the wail of agony borne across the water from the ship. On Saturday seventy eight bodies drifted ashore, and others at intervals. In most instances a lifebelt was fastened round the body. Each corpse was reverently laid out, coffined, and buried in a specially consecrated portion of St. Mary's churchyard. The Islanders followed in procession, and deposited beautiful flower wreaths upon the coffins, and in the graves. Careful descriptions of the bodies were kept, and some, being identified, were subsequently exhumed and removed for burial elsewhere. Only one of the register stakes fixed at the head of each grave remains, but a noble obelisk on the higher terrace is a permanent memorial. The German Emperor rewarded those who saved the living, and those who cared for the dead. The specie was afterwards recovered from the wreck.

One mile east of the Bishop, and two miles from Annet Head, are the twin islets CREBAWETHAN and LITTLE CREBAWETHAN, rugged and worn. The Ship "Douro" was wrecked here in January 1843, and all her crew perished. In 1887 Crebawethan was the scene of the last important shipwreck on these Isles. The s.s. "Castleford," homeward bound from America, laden with cattle, and a general cargo, struck heavily during a fog, and remained. Her crew was saved, and the deck cargo of cattle salvaged, each beast being hoisted over the side, and towed, swimming, to Annet. It was curious to see a large herd of half-wild cattle perambulating that Island. Most of the poor frantic animals below deck were drowned, and as the ship remained in position throughout a long hot summer, the stench at length became intolerable. It could be smelt half-a-mile off. With the first autumn gale the s.s. "Castleford," collapsed, and sank. North of Crebawethan is the

Gunner Ledge, upon which in 1843 a schooner was lost. The crew launched a boat and reached Bryher in the night. Across Crebawethan Neck, to the south, is fearsome JACKY'S ROCK, famous as the scene of the s.s. "Thames" wreck in 1841. That ship was blown out of her course whilst proceeding from Dublin to London, on January 4th, and struck. The squalls of snow and hail rendering aid impossible, sixty-one poor souls drowned miserably. Intrepid St. Agnes men ultimately reached four survivors, and saved them. THE PONDS, responsible for the loss of s.s. "Sado" in 1869, are other ugly reefs separated from Rosevear by Santaspery Neck.

ROSEVEAR the most important of these islets, having a circumference of three quarters of a mile, is of fair height, and bold towards the west. Upon it are ruins of houses occupied by the men engaged in building the first Bishop lighthouse. Its surface is covered with grass and rank vegetation, and is the home of a numerous puffin colony. The stormy petrel also shelters there. In 1784 the East Indiaman "Nancy" was lost upon this Isle, and all on board were drowned, amongst them being Mrs. Ann Cargill, an actress of reputation, and several Anglo-Indian officers. The body of this lady, with others, was buried in St. Mary's churchyard. In 1844 Rosevear caught the Dutch barque "Nubicto," on her passage from Batavia to Rotterdam, only two of her crew escaping. They were thrown up by the sea on Rosevean, and were subsequently taken off in safety. ROSEVEAN is the bold, cruel-looking mass south of Rosevear. South-west of Rosevean are the Gilstone Ledges, which closed the career of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, in 1707 and of part of his fleet, and hurried seven hundred men into eternity. South of Rosevean is DAISY, a bleak rock, and PEDNATHEAS, the sea between being literally studded with smaller reefs, and isolated points of granite.

East of Rosevean, is GORREGAN, a curiously shaped desolate islet, having a deep indentation on its southern side. The shy kittiwake is at home here, and the great black-backed gull breeds in its inaccessible heights. THE RAGS are two isolated rocks between Rosevean and Gorregan. It

ST. AGNES.



T. AGNES is the Isle of Mystery. Its history is read through a red mist of legend and myth, and its people come to us out of the past—fierce, intractable men, cruel, revengeful women, even its children singing a song of blasphemy,

and of doom for storm-tossed mariners. The wreckers of St. Agnes ! What a vision of wrack, of blood, those words call up. It may be that in the dim centuries, through which

learned men grope uncertainly for the truth, St. Agnes was the abode of sea-wolves, red with the blood of seamen, and fat with the spoil of galleon and caravel ; it may be that the men and women threw pins down St. Warna's well—she who crossed from Ireland to St. Agnes in a coracle—and prayed her to “send a wreck before morning ;” it may be too, that the beacon fire was sometimes allowed to flicker and die, and that a lanthorn tied between the horns of a hobbled cow, lured shipmasters to the rocks. But granting the worst, the inhabitants of that Isle were no worse than their contemporaries, the longshore men of Cornwall or of Devon. People surmise that the former inhabitants were wreckers ; we know that the St. Agnes men of modern times, have risked life and property, times without number, in carrying succour to distraught and drowning men. Night or day, storm or fog, have never stopped the intrepid Islanders of St. Agnes, when they have heard the boom of cannon, or rocket to westward, fired by sailors in distress. Being the most isolated of the inhabited Isles, St. Agnes retained its primitive ways until recent years. Forty or fifty years ago, for instance, the residents burnt fish oil in smoky earthenware chimney-less lamps. They caught large quantities of fish, and boiled them down for oil, and sometimes there were sealing expeditions, seal oil being much appreciated for winter light. The houses were, and are still, somewhat scattered, built snugly, with thatched roofs strongly netted and weighted with stones. A legend, current since Leland's time, states that all the ancient inhabitants were drowned whilst returning from a wedding at St. Mary's, but we are not told when or how the Island was re-peopled. To-day, as always, the inhabitants are a distinct race—swart, lithe, strong in body and mind, Celts to their finger tips, with the characteristic light-heartedness, and optimism, of that race. They have also, strongly developed, a gift for applying apt nick-names, useful where nearly all answer to the same name, and must have some distinguishing cognomen. They have had their ups and downs like other Scillonians—fishing, piloting, potato-growing have failed them in turn—but they are now sharing in the new prosperity of narcissus culture.

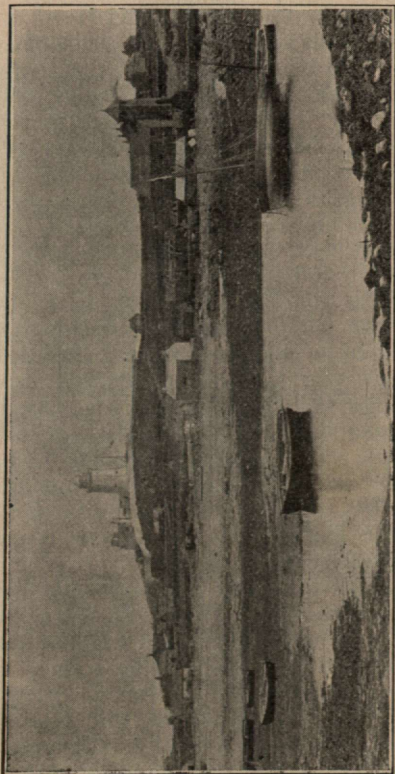
Priglis Bay, where we now land, offers no difficulties whatever to those who have been scrambling over the rocks westward. Having landed their passengers to inspect the Island, the boatmen will probably sail round to Perconger and await them there. There has been much controversy respecting that word Priglis. Troutbeck and Woodley assert that it is a corruption of Pericles, and the latter adduces it as an argument in favour of his pet theory, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Isles. Another piece of evidence in his favour was the discovery of a number of urns and pots in a field behind this Bay, many years ago. Visitors to-day find the Lifeboat and Church on the shores of Priglis Bay, of more lively interest.

In the midst of a Churchyard where many waifs of the sea rest peacefully after life's storms, is the little Church, bearing about it an intangible savour of the ocean. The interior is painted. The cost of a former Church, according to Drew's history of Cornwall, was defrayed by the Islanders in 1685, out of salvage money received from the owners of a French vessel which they extricated from the Western Rocks, and navigated to St. Mary's. after she had been abandoned by her crew. The building was repaired in 1760, and superseded in 1822, a bell from Star Castle, St. Mary's, being presented to the new building. Captain Tiddy, a Scillonian, has in his possession a bible bearing date 1794. On the fly-leaf is the following inscription :—"This book was bought by the Churchwardens, Obadiah Hicks and Abraham Hicks, in the year of our Lord 1804. Cost £2 14s. od., for the parish of St. Agnes." At the bottom of the first page is this curious notice :—"Mr. Crocker may paye for it if he pellse or leavit" Whether he pleased, or left it, history sayeth not, but the words are a significant indication of an independence common to the Islanders. Captain Tiddy's grandfather accepted the book from the Churchwardens in part payment of a debt !

There is a Bible Christian Chapel at no great distance from the Church.

Although the tour will be interrupted, it may be as well to turn aside and visit the Lighthouse, which occupies a central position on the main ridge of the Island. It

is the oldest of Scilly lights. In the early centuries there could have been comparatively few ships sailing so far west. Still, seeing that there was no beacon or warning light whatever on Scilly until 1680, one may guess at the number of vessels -- Spanish, Dutch, English, and indeed of all maritime nations, which came to anchor with a short, sharp shock, within the area of Scilly. It is not too much to say that every rock rearing its head above the water, aye, and every reef grinning



Penzance and Scilly.

"St. Agnes."

Photo: Gibson & Sons.

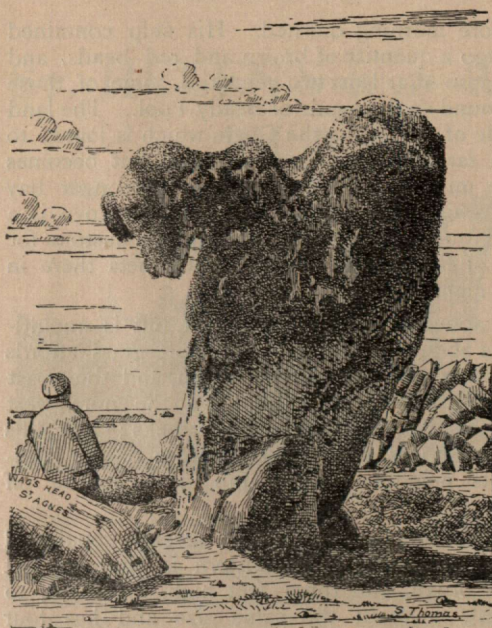
awash with surf, is a tombstone marking the wreck of a ship now lying crushed at its base. The constant petitions of merchants at length induced the Government to move, and in 1680 a bold tower, with apartments within it large enough for townhalls and ball rooms, was raised. But as the Smeaton's Tower was erected merely to show the dim flicker of a few tallow candles, so this grand tower, at

St. Agnes was surmounted only by a cresset, in which coals were burnt. The lightkeepers of that day may have been conscientious, but when gales of wind tore round it, and floods of rain poured down, the coals must have sent forth more smoke than flame ; and Heath was possibly not far wrong in his surmise that the light was often allowed to go out. The cresset did duty until 1790, when the tower was fitted with thirty Argand lamps and silvered copper reflectors. These were arranged in three sets of ten, to allow of flashes as the apparatus was slowly revolved by clock work machinery which had to be wound every four hours. The Argand lamps and simple clockwork are still used, and this St. Agnes light projecting its beams thirty miles in clear weather, is justly valued as one of the brightest and safest around our coasts. There is a superb panorama of the Isles from the gallery outside the Lantern, and visitors will not fail to notice how the dwellings of St. Agnes are disposed in Higher, Lower and Middle Towns.

Returning again to the coast, westward, we shall be amongst the picturesque sharp-pointed rocks abutting on Camperdizl Point. Upon the edge of the cliff there is a curious maze outlined in pebbles. It bears the name Troy Town, and visitors are usually invited to enter and pace their way round and out again, without crossing the boundary lines. The origin of this singular tracery is unknown. Is it another Grecian relic ?

Sancta Warna Bay is the principal bight of the south-west coast of the Isle. Here is St. Warna's Well, now filled with stones, where, according to tradition, the lawless Islanders of a past generation brought their votive offerings and prayed for wrecks. The day after Twelfth Night was dedicated to thanksgiving and ceremonies in the Saint's honor, and though it had long degenerated into a mere merry making, the rite was observed until the end of the last century.

The Nag's Head is a Time sculptured granite rock of considerable height on the Downs above this bay. The coast line is carried on by Peraskin Bay, Horse Point, Wingletang Bay (Winn—furze ; tang—seaweed), to the Cove. Bold headlands are agreeably diversified by pretty bays, but they need



not detain visitors, who may profitably strike across Wingletang Downs and inspect the Punch Bowl, which Woodley supposes to be the logan stone, described by Borlase thus:—"There is a very remarkable stone of this (logan) kind on the Island of St. Agnes in Scilly. The under rock is ten feet six high, 47 feet

in circumference round the middle, and touches the ground with no more than half its base. The upper rock rests on the point only, so nice, that two or three men with a pole can move it; it is eight feet six high and 47 in girt. On the top is a large basin . . . by the globular shape of this upper stone, I guess that it has been rounded by art."

Continuing across the Downs, visitors will reach the eastern coast of St. Agnes, where and several objects of great interest. The Sun Rocks, from the existence of barrows in their vicinity, are supposed to have been associated with Druid rites. Boy's Rock and Beady Pool are linked by a strange story. Beneath the former there is a flat ledge, where many years ago the body of a cabin boy was found. It is presumed that he was cast ashore from a wreck, and crawled to this rock for shelter, dying from

exhaustion before morning dawned. His ship contained amongst her cargo a quantity of brown and red beads, and to-day, after a lapse of at least two centuries, some of those beads may be found on the sands of Beady Pool. The land on the other side of the gulf is the Gugh, which is joined to St. Agnes by a sandy isthmus at low water, but becomes isolated by the mingling of tides between Perconger Bay and the Cove, at highwater spring tides. The Cove is a prolific fishing ground, and it was formerly the custom for the inhabitants of each Island to draw their nets there in turn, usually at night.

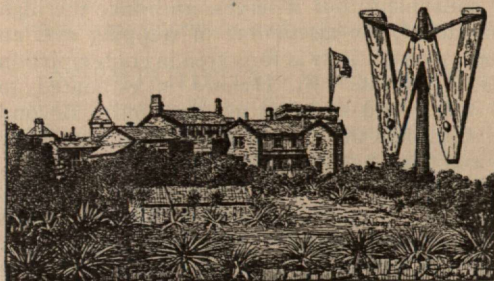
The Gugh is about ninety acres in extent, but is uncultivated. Rabbits abound there, and its short grass affords pasturage for cattle. The surface is uneven, and the coast noted for grand carns ; the Kittern at the north-west extremity, and the Bow, are magnificent rocks ; Cuckold's Carn, massive and hoary, is a marked feature of the landscape, as is its neighbour Old Man of Drognose, off Drognose Point.

On the heights of the Gugh are several sepulchral barrows. One, not far from the Kittern is fourteen feet long, four feet broad, and three feet high. Another, to the South West, is about the same size and has four covering stones. Another Druidic relic situate above Drognose Point, is a stone, nine feet long and seven feet in girth, set at considerable inclination, and known as "The Old Man Cutting Turf."

Returning to St. Agnes, visitors may if time permits, follow the coast line by the left to Perkill Bay, where a large ship stranded during a gale. According to Island tradition there were no rats on St. Agnes before the accident, the suggestion being that they were imported by this wreck.

Returning to Porth Conger, visitors will embark for St. Mary's. Two dour looking rocks, the Cow and Calf guard the entrance to the bay. Once clear of them, there is a clear course across St. Mary's Sound, to St. Mary's, where this excursion, in many respects the most exciting of the series, ends.

ST. HELEN'S AND ROUND ISLAND.



TRESCO ABBEY HOUSE.

HETHER by taking so few islands at a time the tour of Scilly is being unduly protracted may be matter of opinion. Anywho think

so can easily rectify the imputed error by combining, modifying, or re-arranging any or all of the trips, aided by the advice of the boatmen engaged. The present excursion will include Norwithiel, St. Helen's, Menavawr, Round Island, Lion Rock, and White Island. The two latter belong rather to St. Martin's, but they are sufficiently detached to warrant the proposed arrangement. Leaving the Pool, by this time fairly familiar to the visitor, we shall proceed obliquely across the Roads, with its dark rocky bottom, giving the Crow a wide berth, and presently having brought Skirt Island abeam, we shall find ourselves shoaling. We are now in the belt of St. Martin's Flats, the bottom is gleaming white, the water transparent, and of those delicious hues we associate with southern skies. To our right is Guther's Island, and its outlying ledges. Upon the grey granite shafts, and amongst the long rank grass below, are many herons, which, at our nearer approach, stretch their long necks, and getting on the wing rise to a safe distance. Directly we are fairly gone, they settle down again, pensively dreaming—pessimism incarnate! With favouring breeze we enter St. Helen's Pool, a safe deep anchorage formed by the islands Norwithiel, St. Helen's, and Tean.

ST. HELEN'S.

THE landing place at St. Helen's is not elegant, it is hardly convenient, but it serves, and once the high bank is gained, the discomfort of stepping over an impromptu, weed-covered, jetty is forgotten in contemplation of the Island's loveliness. St. Helen's is estimated to contain eighty acres, and to be $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles round. Beyond the fact that it was made the quarantine station for Scilly by George II., and that the ruined pest-house—never used, by-the-way—still remains, there is little absolutely authentic known of the Isle. Even its name is disputed; thus Borlase, quoting Leland, calls it St. Lide's Isle; Rev. J. W. North, M.A., former Chaplain of the Isles, suspected the true name to be St. Elid. The Island was cultivated at one time, for there are traces of hedges still. Possibly it was inhabited by a branch of the religious order established at Tresco, if not by laity. In Troutbeck's time there were extensive ruins of a Church, the most ancient in all the Isles, and he gives interesting details of length, breadth, and height. But seeing that hardly one stone is left upon another at this time, it is scarcely profitable to trouble visitors with that detail. The site was a good one, on sloping ground, sheltered from the fury of a Northern gale, and protected in a measure on every side, save the Southern, by adjacent Islands. It is worth while landing and roaming over St. Helen's, if only for the sake of the new aspect the archipelago wears when viewed from the craggy eminences. Goats run wild on St. Helen's. And by-the-bye, there is one apartment of the Pest-house, having plastered walls, upon which it is the correct thing for strangers to inscribe their names or initials as in a visiting book. In the Hospital ward is a fire-place where the frequent pic-nic parties light fires and boil kettles. St. Helen's being deep in bracken fern there is always an abundance of fuel, of a sort, in dry summer weather. Not far from the House, and conveniently near the landing pier, is a level stretch of turf where cloths may be laid, and the

al fresco banquet spread ; there is indeed no jollier place in the Isles for a pic-nic. When the meal is finished we may climb the hill, and walk to the North, and admire afresh giant Menavawr, and gaze on the troubled waters over the reef which joins Golden Ball to St Helen's, and watch the current swirl by Round Island. Then we return to the boat, and continue our exploration.

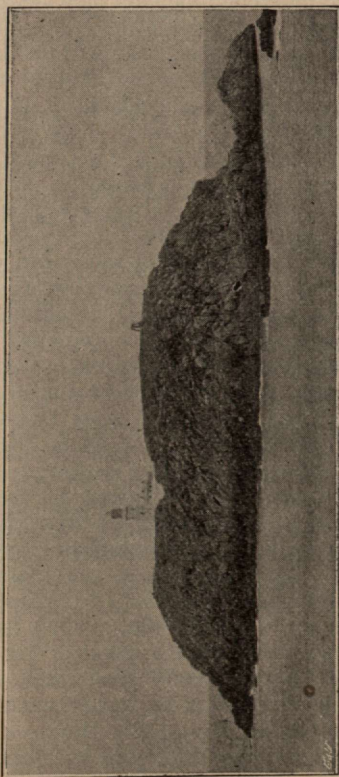
NORWITHIEL lies between St. Helen's and Tresco. It is estimated to contain nine acres, bearing coarse pasture. For visitors the only interest here is a few Druidical remains and ancient sepulchres. "One is distinguished by a large flat rock, above twenty feet wide, lying on two stones erect, so that a man might creep under."

MENAVAWR lies North-west of St. Helen's, indeed the soundings and reefs lead one to surmise that it was once a headland of the Island. Its name is rendered in several ways. Woodley writes Menaworth ; the Admiralty Chart is printed Menawore ; present-day Scillonians know it as Man-o'-war, from its fancied resemblance to an old line-of-battle ship in full sail, when viewed from the Telegraph, St. Mary's, for instance. Menavawr towers, massively proportioned, to a height of 142 feet, and has three peaks ; between two is a chasm through which small boats have passed in fine weather. If there is any "tumble," however, not only is this passage impossible, but the whole island had better be given a wide berth. It is possible, though difficult, to scale the precipitous flanks, but the view from the top is worth all the labour of getting there. The islet is a resort of numerous sea-fowl.

ROUND ISLAND AND Lighthouse.

ROUND ISLAND is half-a-mile north of St. Helen's. The ocean swell is felt as we sail or row towards it, and we realize that we are beyond the shelter of inner islands, and in very truth navigating the Atlantic. Everybody goes to Round Island now, but there was a time when its three acres of solid rock, rising abruptly from the ocean on every side to a height of 150 feet, were inaccessible to man, and innumerable puffins bred there unmolested. The change was brought about by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, who, after the Bishop Lighthouse had been raised, some ten years ago, carried out their cherished design of a tower here to warn mariners off the northern and eastern rocks of Scilly. The keepers are, comparatively speaking, in clover. They have a fair-sized island to wander over, they are not subject to very violent storms, and they receive many visitors. Their one sorrow is that there is no soil upon which to grow vegetables—hardly a blade of grass shews itself; the island is simply one mass of rock. There are a few rabbits, but they do not increase; indeed they would become extinct if the keepers did not feed them. Their untoward environment has developed strange tastes, so that they are not at all averse to meat; they will gnaw a bone as cleanly as a dog! The lighthouse is a show place. Like all the establishments of the Trinity House, it is kept scrupulously clean, all paint and brasswork look quite new, the floors are spotless. The keepers, three of whom are always at the Rock, are courteous, and eager to explain the Lighthouse and its machinery to guests. When one has managed to climb the 160 rough-hewn steps, leading from the landing stage to the top of the Rock, one passes close to the oil tank, in which about twelve hundred gallons of oil are usually stored. Next one skirts the enginehouse, where compressed air is forced into a reservoir that runs up through the

centre of the Lighthouse tower. The compressed air drives the machinery. Then one inspects the living and sleeping quarters of the light-keepers. The doors and other fittings are of oak, and the walls are painted a light colour. At the Bishop all doors are of iron or brass, as a safeguard against fire. Here that precaution is unnecessary. After writing one's name in the Visitors' book, which contains, amongst others, the signature of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, one is conducted upstairs. On the first floor are the service oil reservoirs. The oil is first pumped from the storage tank to a reservoir on the ground floor, thence it is forced by hydraulic power to this first floor, gongs striking when the tanks are full, and again when they are empty, to warn the keepers. Near the tanks a cupboard is fixed, containing spare chimneys. Another flight of iron steps leads to the lantern. Here all is glittering metal and glass, reflecting the colours of the rainbow. Round Island is a red light. This is secured by a ruby cylinder or chimney over the lamp. The lenses, which gather the rays, and the bulls'-eyes which focus and flash them forth, are

*Reigate.***Round Island.***Frith & Co.*

ordinary transparent glass—of great thickness, of course. Set in a steel frame surrounding the lamps, and weighing eight tons, these great lenses revolve slowly on a steel table. The spaces between the bulls'-eyes are in darkness, and the recurring bulls'-eyes, as the apparatus revolves, project the light. There are always four flashes from the Lighthouse, but at different moments they are at different points of the compass. A delicate little engine, just beneath the lantern, driven by compressed air, is the motive power. It cost about £500. There are actually three lamps within the lantern. One above, which is only lit in murky weather, when its beams augment those of the lower light, and two below. Only one of these is used at a time, the other being a reserve, which can be put in position at any moment by touching a lever. There are eight wicks to each lamp, fitted, nest fashion, in a circle, one within the other; and the heat, especially when upper and lower lights are burning, is intense, sometimes reaching as high as 115deg. The average temperature in the lantern is 80deg. Chimneys often crack, and not uncommonly they collapse and melt, although made of specially-prepared glass. The lamp is kept cool by a constant stream of oil passing around and through it. A lightkeeper is on duty in the lantern throughout the night, and his feelings when the temperature rises above 80deg. may be imagined. There is a constant interchange of work among the keepers; thus, whilst one watches the light, another takes charge of the machinery, and a third acts as housemaid and cook—turn and turn about. This Lighthouse has a small library, and visitors who bring books or papers are especially welcome. One would have thought that Scilly's flame girdle would suffice to keep ships off the rocks; but though mishaps occur much less frequently now, they do occur. By a grim humour of chance, an Italian steamer ran her nose right in under Round Island Lighthouse a short time since. She got off, and was towed into Falmouth for repairs.

The sail from Round Island to White Island, near the north-west extremity of St. Martin's, will not, of course, be thought of unless the wind is fair; and the boatman's advice in this and other matters relating to the outlying islands

and rocks, should always have first consideration. If we go on to White Island, however, we shall enjoy the delightful feeling of skimming over deep water, with the open sea on one side of us, at least. On our way we shall pass, first, Black Rock and Ledge, then Lion Rock and Pernagie Island, connected by a dangerous reef upon which the ship "Polinarus" was wrecked in December, 1848. None of the crew escaped, but seventeen bodies were recovered and buried, twelve at one time, in St. Mary's Churchyard.

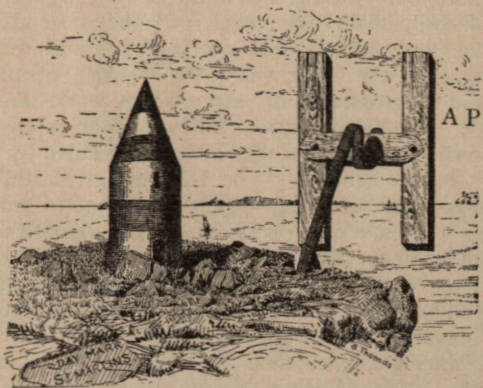
WHITE ISLAND is the most northerly of the Scillies. It contains fifty acres, and bears a heavy crop of ferns. At low water it is joined to St. Martin's by a stony isthmus. "On the east side of this Island," says Troutbeck, "a cavern extends so far that no person now living ever saw the further end of it. . . It is supposed to have been an old tin work." This is another Piper's Hole, entered at low tide, and is an object of some interest. The probabilities are that this cavern is the result of volcanic action, rather than a tin-working. There is a rock on the surface of the hill to which tradition points as marking the limit of possible exploration within the cave. Not far from Piper's Hole is another large fissure—in fact all White Island bears eloquent testimony to the warring mood of Nature. From a high hill on the northernmost extremity of the Isle, which has a barrow, there is an extensive view.

Leaving St. Martin's and the Eastern Isles for another day, unless much sight-seeing has to be compressed into little time, we shall coast back towards St. Helen's Port to inspect Tean.

TEAN.

TEAN, or Theon, lying between St. Helen's and St. Martin's, was inhabited until well into the eighteenth century. Mr. Nance, of Cornwall, who introduced kelp-making in the Isles in 1684, lived there, and his family after him. Woodley says their house remained and was occasionally inhabited in his day, Nance's descendants at St. Martin's holding a lease over the Island, which contains about seventy acres. If there had been no written record of the fact, hedges and other signs would have proclaimed former cultivation. The only thing remarkable about Tean to-day is a breed of white rabbits. Its coast is iron-bound on three sides, whilst on the south there is a firm white beach. The colour and formation of the rocks suggest mineral deposits. There are no barrows on Tean, but on Yellow Carn there are broken traces of a Druidical circle. Great Hill, northwards, is a romantic carn. The passage between Tean and St. Martin's is Tean Sound. Fifty yards off the north coast of Tean, and a prominent object approaching from seaward, is Penbrose, a corruption of Pedn Brauze, *i.e.*, High Headland—an apt name for this wild forbidding bluff. From the high ground of Tean, the Seven Stones Lightship is visible in clear weather, and beyond it the Land's End; towards Tresco, the harbour of Old Grimsby and St. Helen's Port; on our left St. Martin's and the Eastern Isles; in the foreground St. Mary's roadstead, gleaming and rock-studded. St. Mary's occupies the middle distance, and far away in the west is St. Agnes and its dreaded tail stretching to the Bishop. The picture is a masterpiece of Nature's designing, and her colour scheme—grey granite, silvery sand, green water, darker green bracken, purple furze, and yellow gorse, and a white-winged yacht or two to give animation: where will you find a more fascinating appeal to the artist soul? But the sun is westerning, and there is no time for hyperbole or heroics, so rejoin the boat, and heigh-ho! for St. Mary's once again.

ST. MARTIN'S.



APPY is the country that hath no history." St. Martin's, the most easterly of the inhabited Isles fulfils this aphorism in both particulars. It has no history

and it is very happy. Perhaps that dictum is a trifle exaggerated. It would be fairer to say it has none to compare with the other Islands. East and West are not further asunder in this respect than are St. Agnes and St. Martin's. The former has its halo of romance, its terrible traditions. St. Martin's seems always, as far as records serve, to have been contented, peaceful, well-to-do, if a trifle humdrum. A thunderbolt made things lively once on a time, but that was long ago. St. Martin's in short, is remarkable mainly because of its daymark, of which more anon. Distant four miles from St. Mary's Port, it has an extreme length of two miles, and a circumference of six miles, which enclose about seven hundred and twenty acres. Of its early inhabitants nothing is known, nor is there the slightest clue to its original British name. The Church being dedicated to St. Martin, of Tours, it is fair to assume that the Isle was re-christened by the Norman monks, established at Tresco. There is no doubt, from the number of barrows, and discovery of cemeteries, that at one time it had many inhabitants, although Troutbeck, writing in 1794, states that one hundred and sixty years earlier, it had not one inhabitant. There is

no explanation for this depopulation. The earlier inhabitants were great farmers, as witness their stone hedges, still marking the boundaries of fields now reverted to common. The later inhabitants, numbering 174 at the last census, have been skilful, shrewd, thrifty farmers, too; they are also fishermen, sharing with Bryher the "potting," *i.e.*, crab and lobster catching, industry. For years St. Martin's people have been noted as possessed of means—they work hard, and spend little on idle pleasure. They have an intense love for their own island, a fact which was noted also by a historian early in this century. The bane of St. Martin's has been the heavy drift of sand, which from time to time has covered the soil, especially on the southern side. And here it may not be improper to remark that the beaches of the Isles abutting on the "Roads" are fine white sand, whilst those on the seaward side of the Isles, almost without exception, are gravelly. Porth Cressa, or better still, Porth Hellick, on St. Mary's, are instances in point. The south-western approach to St. Martin's—facing the Roadstead—is over St. Martin's sand flats; indeed almost from the Crow Beacon the boat passes over a gleaming white bottom, which is plainly distinguishable through a considerable depth of water. These sand-flats are estimated to be nearly twice the dimension of the Island itself; they touch Sandy Bar, St. Mary's, on one hand, and Tresco sands on the other, and they become entirely dry at low water spring tides; therefore it is peculiarly advisable to be careful of tides when proposing to visit this Island: unless indeed you want a day's cockle-raking, which is not to be despised either as exercise or sport. The imposing headland which we approach, forming the south-western extremity of St. Martin's, is Cruther's Hill; it is thickly strewn with loose granite boulders, which rear their grey heads in curious fashion, from amongst the tern and grass. On its summit are three coffin-shaped barrows of immense size at intervals of sixty yards. At the foot of Cruther's Hill, on its north-western flank, is a landing pier, the abutting fore-shore deeply sanded. It may be better, however, to land at Lower Town Bay, within South Carn, not far from Tean. Bab's Carn, a hundred feet high, is sentinel over the

approach. A little settlement, termed Lower Town, lies behind this Carn. Middle Town is further inland across a rich valley, and Higher Town, where the Church is, will claim our attention later. Tean, with its outlying "Old Man" islet, presents a new face when viewed from Bab's Carn. Proceeding on the inevitable tour, we shall turn our faces northwards, and climb Tinkler's Hill, where at an altitude of 111 feet, there is an old pilot's look-out. It affords a superb panoramic peep of the Isles dealt with in a former chapter—Round Island, Pernagie Island, Lion Rock, St. Martin's, and so on. The real point of interest here, however, is Tinkler's Rock, which is supposed, on little or no evidence, to have been a Druidic fetish. There are two circles of stones, each about sixty feet round, and an ancient burial-place, close by. Next we shall cross the Down to Top Rock, an impressive height—lonely, wildly grand. It owes much of its fearsomeness to the effect of a thunderbolt, which shattered its higher parts on November 20th, 1751, toppling huge masses down the sides. One fragment weighing half-a-ton, was hurled one hundred yards to the northward, whilst smaller rocks were flung a quarter-of-a-mile off. A horse and upwards of sixty sheep were killed by the explosion. From the altitude of Top Rock we may look down upon White Island across Permowan Bay. Descending the northern side of Top Rock we shall come on the shore of St. Martin's Bay, half-a-mile in length. On its eastern side are three mounds, locally known as the Frenchmen's Graves. Though nothing is positively known, it is suggested that they cover the bodies of drowned French sailors, wrecked, possibly on White Island. There is a profusion of granite outcrop on the neighbouring gaunt heights, and springs of fresh water spurt out of the cliffs at two or three points. Turf Hill, the eastern extremity of St. Martin's Bay, probably gained its name as yielding fuel for islanders in bygone days. Between this hillock and the next eastward steep—Burnt Hill—is Bull's Porth, and due north of Burnt Point, below, is Murr Rock or Islet, so named from the seabird which frequented it. A little west of Burnt Hill is Culver's Hole, a circular opening in the earth at the foot of the cliff and near the sea which has

access by an arch about twenty feet high, and ten feet wide. The hole is about thirty feet deep. Woodley, ever on the alert to ride his particular hobby of Phœnician traffic, claims this hole, and a smaller one further west, as old tin workings, but there is nothing to warrant the conjecture. Both holes are probably natural. Skirting the deeply indented shores of Bread-and-Cheese Cove, between Loophole Point and Chapel Brow, with its cruel black ridge, we shall arrive at the Daymark crowning noble St. Martin's Head. This bluff rises abruptly from the sea to a sheer height of about 160 feet. It is the most easterly point of the Island. Upon its highest point is the Daymark, a round tower, with conical top, forty-three feet high. The structure is painted in alternate bands of white and red, and is distinguishable at great distance. Within, a narrow flight of steps leads to an upper story, whence, through loopholes, we may inspect the Eastern Isles at leisure, and, if the weather be clear, catch a glimpse of the Land's End ; or, looking north-east, we shall note a line of broken water indicating the Seven Stones series of reefs, off which a lightship is anchored. Even the presence of this ship does not entirely avert disaster, as witness the gruesome experience of some "potters," who, going one morning, six or seven years ago, to haul their crab-pots, found the topmasts of a large ship sticking out of the water. Looking down, they could trace her sails all set. How she came there, and the fate of her crew, remain a mystery. One shudders to think of the number of ships and mariners who found doom on the Seven Stones before the lightship was placed in position. Formerly the light-keepers of this ship had shore quarters at Tresco, but those are now at Penzance. Over the doorway of the Daymark a stone is carved "T.E. 1687." These letters immortalise the tower-builder, Thomas Ekins, the first resident Steward of the Isles. Borlase states that "he was a considerable merchant." It is certain that he secured a lease of St. Martin's from Earl Godolphin, and that he encouraged settlers to take up land there. By-the-bye, North cites a curious story in connection with the Daymark. It seems that during the last French war, a boat, manned by two St. Agnes' men, put out to a ship in the offing, with fish

for sale. She proved to be a French cruiser, and the Scillonians being ordered aboard, their boat was wantonly sunk. It happened that a naval signalman was stationed at the Daymark, and he duly notified the strange sail in sight. Captain Pellew, being with his ship in the Roads, weighed anchor, and brought the Frenchman to action off the Lizard. The fight was sharp, but decisive, and when Captain Pellew sent a prize crew on board he found the Scillonians in the hold, and liberated them.

Following round the coast from the Headland, we shall pass Pope's Hole, a cavern romantically situated in a craggy cliff, the resort of puffins or popes; hence its name. Just one hundred yards south is Carn Levereth, St. Martin's edition of Giant's Castle. There is a curious platform at the base. The entire coast line now, on to English Island Point, is rugged and grand, descending into deep black water, and fringed by ugly reefs. Off Brandy Point are the Chimney Rocks, and between this point and rotund English Island Point with its barrow and Druidical stone circle, is Perpitch Bay. English Island is a Rock not far off the point which bears its name. We can now make for Higher Town to inspect the Church. As we proceed along the breezy upland we shall note the delicious greens and blues of the sea, and the kaleidoscopic variety of scenery. It is not well to attempt word-pictures, which, even when drawn by master hands, fall far short of the reality of loveliness. The prospect at all points of the compass is enchanting.

The origin of the Church in St. Martin's is shrouded in mystery. There is no tradition, no folk-lore, such as we find on other of the isles. In Troutbeck's time the Church was "a decent structure, handsomely seated"; but its side walls were only seven feet high, and twenty feet long; its roof thatched. In 1820 it was in a ruinous state—no altar, no font, no pulpit, no tower. A small sundial, fixed on a rude stone pillar in the Churchyard alone denoted the hours of service. The following year saw the Church thoroughly renovated, and improved out of knowledge. It was struck by lightning in 1866. The current passed down the bell chain, up through the Church, and out under the altar.

Luckily it spared the east window, which is of stained glass representing St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. To this day the Church has no tower. It is plain outside, but has a bright interior. This and other off-island Churches were anciently served by the Chaplain of the Isles, resident at St. Mary's, who sailed up to hold service on occasional Sunday afternoons. Regular services were held by duly appointed fishermen lay readers, chosen, says Heath, for their exemplary morals. For the past twelve years there has been a resident Clergyman. The Bible Christian denomination is strong on this Island, and its Chapel is not above three hundred yards south of the Church. Having completed our tour of St. Martin's, we descend by Cruther's Hill to the pier at its foot, where the boat is waiting to convey us to the Eastern Islands.



THE EASTERN ISLES.



Photo ; C. J. King,

Scilly.

Cormorant's Nest and Eggs.

REQUENTLY the roughest sea of the passage to Scilly is experienced not far from these Islands, for the steamer then passes through the "Race of Menewethan" where ocean currents clash.

Menewethan is the bold

steep islet nearest the steamer as she passes into Crow Sound. The larger islet to the rear is Great Ganilly, with Nornor under its shores ; the pleasant white-beached island next after Menewethan, and linked to it by a bleak, rugged island, is Great Arthur, with Little Arthur and Little Ganilly in line towards St. Martin's ; and finally Great and Little Ganinick, a few fathoms distant. These are the salient members noticed as the steamer enters the Channel. Being at St. Martin's, however, we shall take the group very much in inverse order, although that order will be such as wind and tide, and the prudence of our boatmen, direct. Supposing the wind to be fair, we might sail at once to NORNOR, or Noroneur, which has three pinnacles. Its three acres are covered with long coarse grass. A natural pavement of flat rocks may be seen through the pellucid water, stretching across to Great Ganilly. When the steam packet "Earl of Arran," brought up on Irishman's Ledge in June, 1872, her passengers were landed on Nornor, the steamer being beached there for that purpose. And now we will inspect the outermost of this interesting sub-group,

HANJAGUE, pronounced 'Hanjig,' which from its peculiar shape, is known locally as 'The Sugar Loaf.' It is the most easterly of the Scillies. Its sides, eighty-five feet high, are difficult of access, and there is nothing to be gained by risking life or limb in scaling them. The water around is from 25 to 29 fathoms deep, and there is usually considerable swell. Returning, and noting as we come the MOULS with its triple points, LITTLE INISVOULS and GREAT INISVOULS, we may make a close survey of MENEWETHAN, a black repelling mass, its feet planted in deep water, its sides uninviting to any living thing, save the wandering sea-birds which shelter at times amidst its rank grass.

Next we shall steer for GREAT GANILLY, the premier of the Eastern Isles—St. Mary's in miniature. Its northern hill is 104 feet high, and comparatively flat at the top, whence the Isles may be seen in perspective, north and west. There is a strong probability that this Island, twenty acres in extent, was cultivated in former days; it was the summer residence of kelp-making families, and to-day is one of the pleasantest spots imaginable for an off-island pic-nic. There is a large barrow on the highest point of this Island. Embarking again we shall pass RAGGED ISLAND, an aggregation of unsightly discoloured granite—and land at Great Arthur, pronounced 'Arter,' which is a gem in its way. "It has the best landing-place in all Scilly," says Woodley, "consisting of a fine sandy beach, gently sloping, and guarded on each side by smooth rocks, stretching to a small distance in the sea, and forming a complete bason." Great Arthur has a moderate soil, cultivated formerly, but now surrendered to bracken and rushy grass, which give the flanks a verdant appearance. "On a commanding eminence is a cromlech and sepulchral cave, in fair order. The walls of the cave are of large flat stones, laid with their edges smooth, and there are two very large stones, laid flat at the head of the grave. It is about twelve feet long, four feet deep, and five feet and a half wide. It is surrounded by an artificial mound." There are two other barrows near. At high water the northern and southern hills of Great Arthur are separated, but at low water these, with Little Arthur, are connected and form one. LITTLE ARTHUR, which is low,

presenting no salient rock features, has three fine barrows. A flat rock on the north-east side has been termed King Arthur's Table. LITTLE GANILLY, which belongs to the Arthur line of rock, is separated from Little Arthur by a strait. It is scarcely worth visiting, nor is there much to interest us at either GREAT or LITTLE GANINICK—dark, rugged, with tufts of reedy grass, wherever there is an inch of soil, like most of the off islands. Great Ganinick contains about 16 acres.

There is nothing to detain us longer, so we may hoist sail, and away to St. Mary's—'the Hats,' the Wreck Buoy, Crow Leacon, the Crebe, marking our course, as it were, to the Pool. And as we glide serenely on, may we be favoured with one of those glorious sunsets of Scilly, which, once seen, remains a treasured memory—the western isles rise black in a sea of molten gold, the sky pulsates with light, suffused with glorious colour; the sun sinks in a blaze of crimson glory; the fire dies out of the heavens; a cool breeze stirs across the water; the stars peer uncertainly through twilight haze; the Bishop's white beam tells of a sleepless vigil; our day is done—night has come, and with night, rest.



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