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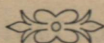
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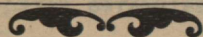
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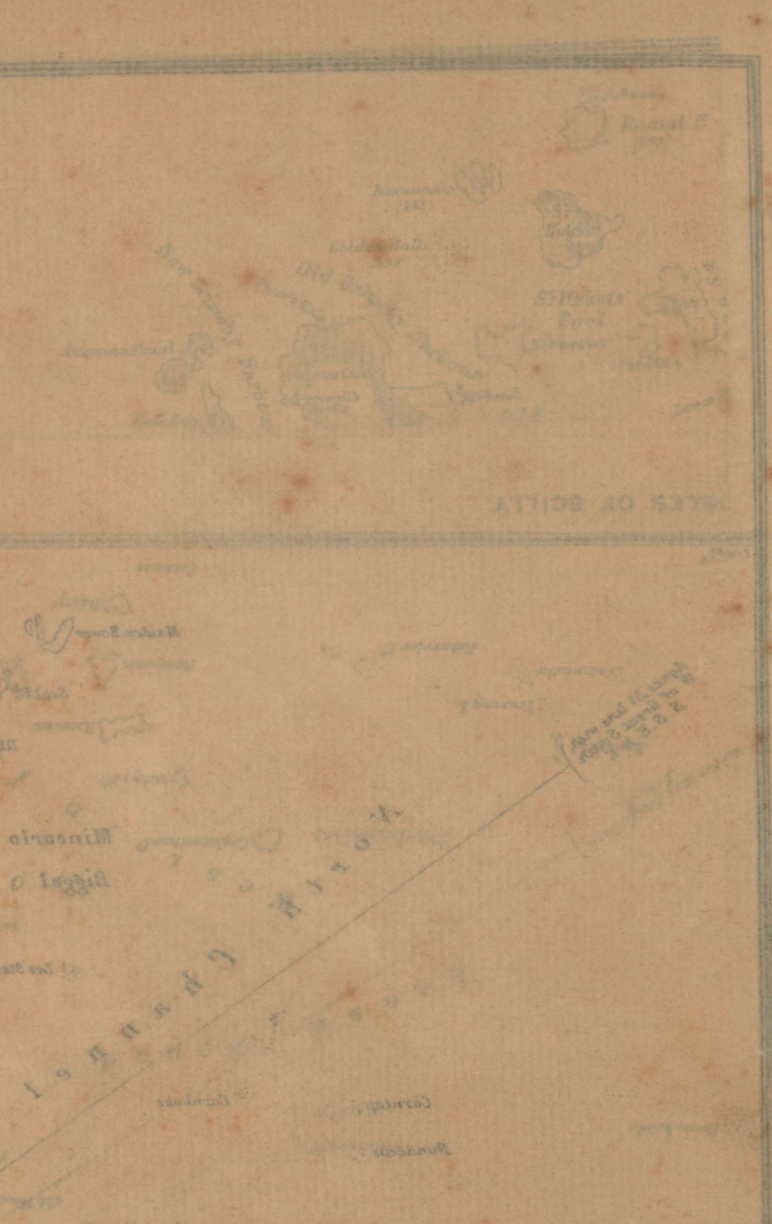
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Photo by]

The Pulpit Rock at Dawn.

[C. H. F. MAJOR.



THE HOMELAND ASSOCIATION'S HANDBOOKS,  
No. IV.

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LYONESSE:  
A HANDBOOK FOR THE  
ISLES OF SCILLY

BY  
J. C. TONKIN AND PRESCOTT ROW.

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER BY

SIR WALTER BESANT.

---

A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL GUIDE,  
FULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS.



SECOND EDITION (ILLUSTRATED).

*Published under the auspices of the HOMELAND ASSOCIATION  
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## INTRODUCTION.



I have been asked by the authors of this Guide Book to write a few words, by way of introduction, to this new Edition. I am very glad to comply with their wishes, in the hope of making this delightful spot better known, and of inducing more people to visit it as a place of resort and holiday at any or all of the seasons of the year.

I must not, by any description of my own, anticipate the authors. Let me therefore confine myself to things more general. First of all, it is easy to get there. The night train leaving Paddington at nine lands the passenger at Penzance about seven in the morning. If he is fortunate he has slept through the greater part of the journey. If he prefers daylight the morning express reaches Penzance in time for dinner. The boat leaves Penzance at ten in the morning and reaches St. Mary's at about two. It must be owned that the vessel is small and the passage long, also that the sea may be rough; but it is not always rough, and one can hardly desire a more delightful little voyage when the sun gives light and life to the waters which are too often grey and white.

We are carried in a brave sea boat: the air is fresh: presently we sight the three hundred islets of the English Archipelago: we are steaming between St. Agnes and St. Mary's: we round the Garrison: we are moored to the jetty: we land at Hugh Town: we make for the hospitable inn.

What time of year is best for Scilly? I have been there in spring and in autumn. I think that perhaps the early spring, when as yet there is no more than a thickening of the buds in the east and north of England is the best time for a visit. For then the flower



farms, though not at their best, can still show some of the flowers for which the islands are famous, and the air is softer than the cold winds of a London March, and it is fine enough and warm enough to spend the whole day long on the water cruising about in the roadstead or venturing outside to the west of Samson, Bryher and Tresco. At this season, too, the walk round St. Mary's is stimulating and bracing; one can trudge along the highland ridge of St. Martin's in the cool wind, and across the downs of Tresco. One can point the prow outside to the shores of the uninhabited islets of Mincarlo and Minalto; to the rocks of the "Western Isles"—Rosevear, Retarrier, Gorrigan—where the puffins collect on the rocks, and fly and swim, and dive, not yet gone off to their unknown summer homes; where the seals may be seen disporting in the wave; where the shags stand on wing, peak, and gable of the rocks. Nowhere around Great Britain is there such sailing among fairy islands of romance.

At first the islands disappoint; the scenery is small; the roadstead is broad; no point is higher than 160 feet; most of the cliffs and rocks are indeed very much less; but day by day as one is borne along from one islet to another, through narrow channels where the dark water races and roars; across broad stretches of ocean; along white sands, under black cliffs, with a breeze which never fails; over shallows of sapphire hue; the islands take such a hold of the imagination and the affections that they can never be forgotten or lost. Two things are necessary, that one should not come by one boat and go home by the next, but should make a stay long enough to know the place; and next, that the visitor must take the Archipelago on its own merits; that is, he must not compare it for grandeur of scenery with one place, or for the luxuriance of vegetation with another. He must just walk about, sail about, look about, and be contented with what the islands have to offer. If, after a week he is not contented, I have no more to say to him.

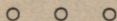
Let him remember, too, that this is not a place for continental hotels. When I was last in Scilly, Tregarthen's Hotel offered homely, comfortable and

well kept quarters ; one would not desire a better place. If plain food, good wine, and clean rooms, and the softest, sweetest air in the world ; air which takes from the Atlantic gales all their refinement and none of their blustering roughness, cannot please, what can ? If lovely water, lovely rocks, lovely beaches of white sand, strewn with purple shells ; lovely gardens in which treefern, bamboo, aloe, and prickly pear flourish as if the latitude were within Capricorn, with the mystery of cairns and pre-historic tombs, and the feeling, rather than the tradition, of ancient Princes and Royal burial grounds in Lyonesse : if these things, I say, cannot please thee, then, dear reader, come not to Scilly. Go seek a more congenial spot. Go on thy summer holidays to lodgings in the Bay of Birmingham, or the Shores of Sheffield, or the Lap of Leeds and Luxury ! Or if the prospect of sea birds allure thee ; have a care ! These islands, for their good, possess a Governor. This Governor will stand no nonsense. Above all, he will not stand the shooting of the wild sea birds. Therefore come not here. There is another land in the north—Spitzbergen is its name—where there is no Governor and the birds are not protected. Go there. But come not unto Scilly, lest thy subsequent report of the place and its treatment of the cockney sportsman strike terror into the hearts of thy compeers and thy kind.

WALTER BESANT,

HAMPSTEAD. *Aug. 1897.*

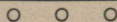




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"Knowest thou the rooms of thine own country;  
before thou goest over the limits thereof."

*Thomas Fuller.*

## The ISLES OF SCILLY.

---

"A small sweet world of wave encompassed wonder." *Swinburne.*

---

**F**AR away in the south-west corner of England are a group of islands with a keenly interesting history, possessed of great natural beauty, and peopled by a hardy race, half seamen and half agriculturists.

Within a short voyage from the mainland these delightful islands lie in an emerald sea, and a greater change from stereotyped holiday resorts can hardly be imagined.

The temperature of the islands is about 47 Fah. in the winter months and about 58 Fah. during the summer, the Scillonian winter being equal in warmth to our average April.

Frost and snow are almost unknown. If snow falls it melts within 24 hours. In the Isles of Scilly there are but three seasons:—spring commences at Christmas and lasts till April, then summer commences and lasts till October, and autumn arrives and remains in these favoured islets till Christmas.

The winds are chiefly from the west and south, and the warm Gulf Stream enfolds the island in its close embrace.

The following flowers are to be found blooming in Christmas week:—wallflowers, marguerites, daisies, narcissi, roses, pinks, marigolds, fuchsias, geraniums and chrysanthemums.



Photo by]

A Field of Narcissus.

[PRESTON.

Aloes attain the height of five or six feet, and in blooming throw up the bloom spike eighteen to twenty feet and the tall dracæna palms flourish well throughout the islands.

Those who are seeking a little rest from the hard grind of noisy existence in our large towns will find a quiet haven in these islets, where the postmen cease from troubling and the news-sheet is at rest.

There are no gasworks, manufactories or factories on the islands, no noise to worry the nerves, very little traffic in quiet Hugh Town, no trains, trams, or omnibuses, nothing but ozone laden breezes fresh from the wide Atlantic, and brilliant sunshine, and for



occupation boating, sea fishing, and sea bathing, the weather never being too cold for the most delicate person to go out every day and never so hot as to be oppressive.

The isles of Scilly are situated about 27 miles to the west of Land's End. St. Mary's, the principal island, is in latitude 49-55 N. and longitude 6-19 W. and from Penzance is distant about 40 miles, the average passage taking about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Between this port and the Islands a regular communication is maintained throughout the year by the S.S. *Lyonesse*, and the *Lady of the Isles*.

Five of the islands are inhabited, St. Mary's having 1160 inhabitants at the last census; Tresco 315; St. Martin's 174; St. Agnes 130; and Bryher 91. This showed a decrease of 176 since the previous census was taken in 1881, caused largely by the removal of workmen employed in building the Bishop Lighthouse.

St. Mary's is the chief island, and here the metropolis, Hugh Town, is situated, here are the shops, and the hotels and the port—the full tide of human existence on the Scillies flows at Hugh Town.

Tresco lies to the north-west, and is reached by boat from St. Mary's in twenty minutes or half an hour. It is notable for the noble gardens of the Lord Proprietor of the Islands, T. A. Dorrien-Smith, Esq., in which you can wander amid tropical vegetation, certainly the most beautiful and interesting garden in the kingdom. Bryher lies to the westward of Tresco, and affords some noble view points, from which, when the long swell of the Atlantic comes home after rough weather and breaks with the noise of thunder on to Shipman Head and into Hell's Bay, the wild turbulence of water makes you shudder as you think of the situation of a helpless crew at the mercy of this wild and rocky coast.

Samson, the scene of Sir Walter Besant's delightful romance, has not been inhabited since 1853.



St. Agnes and St. Martin's have their own special points of interest and are inhabited by a sturdy race of farmers and pilots.

It is possible by enquiring to obtain lodgings at most of the off islands if the visitor is anxious to avoid the beaten track, but usually Hugh Town on St. Mary's is made the head quarters of the visitor and comfortable accommodation is obtainable either at the hotels or private apartments.

Of the hotels, Tregarthen's is the oldest and best known. It is situated on a hill looking over St. Mary's Pool and was established by Captain Francis B. Tregarthen, who, for many years commanded the packets which kept up communication between Scilly and the mainland. \*

The late Captain Tregarthen commanded the "Lord Wellington" from 1835 to 1841, the "Lyonesse" from 1841 to 1850, and the "Ariadne" from 1850 to 1858. In 1859 the "Little Western" S.S. was built, and Captain Tregarthen commanded her until 1870. It is our pleasure to record that during the whole of the time he never met with an accident to life or ship. In the old days of sailing packets it was not unusual to have a passage of twelve hours, but now the average is about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours. The most perilous passage on record took place on November 15th, 1865. The "Little Western" left Scilly for Penzance at 6 a.m., with a moderate breeze from the S.E. The barometer was low, and a very heavy sea running. She was under steam and canvas, and had not proceeded long on her voyage before the wind increased so much that by the time she was near the Wolf it was blowing a gale. It was too hazy to see the Wolf rock. Captain Tregarthen, who was at the wheel, feared that they could not weather the Rundle Stone. But after a long and arduous struggle, however, this was accomplished, and Mount's Bay reached. Off Mousehole the canvas was taken in, and everything secured for the passage across the bay, which

\*A new Hotel with good accommodation has been built at St. Mary's close to the sea, and is being carried on under the management of Mr. Bertie Mumford.

was one sheet of seething waters. The captain then left the wheel and went on the bridge to direct the course. Hundreds of anxious eyes watched her progress across the bay. Often as she sank into the trough of a sea, and was completely hidden from the crowd of spectators on shore, they thought she was gone. When opposite the Battery Rocks a heavy sea struck her on the quarter and washed Mr. Christie and Captain Stevens (a passenger) from the wheel. She broached to, with her head to the rocks, but the men were soon at their post again, and got her out of this perilous position. Then came the crisis, the passing between the two pier heads. One false move and all would have been lost. Just as she rounded the Extension, a tremendous sea struck the vessel, and threw her on her broadside. Hundreds of people standing on the north pier thought she was gone, but she rose, and quickly regaining her position, was soon inside the pier, and in safety. Great anxiety was felt at Scilly, and as at that time there was no telegraphic communication, nothing was heard of her till the following Wednesday, when the ball hoisted on the Telegraph announced her appearance. Some idea of the force of the gale may be obtained from the facts that thirty-six stones were washed from the Wolf Rock, all the glass in the Lighthouse on Penzance Pier was broken, a piece of lead weighing sixteen hundredweight was torn from the roof of the railway station, and shops had to be closed to prevent damage being done.

A painting of the incident hangs in the hotel, which will be found most comfortable and convenient. Sir Walter Besant wrote most of *Armored* while staying here.

Boarding house accommodation and private apartments can be obtained in the town.

There is a regular postal service, and telegraphic communication is now established between Scilly and the mainland. The first cable was laid in September, 1869. This proved a failure, as the wires were covered chiefly with manilla rope; and it is generally supposed



that it was broken during the laying, as communication was never established. In 1876, another and stronger one was laid down. These cables were both laid by private companies, and the cost of an ordinary message was three shillings and sixpence. In 1878 the existing cable was purchased by the General Post Office, and the regular tariff now exists.

The Church at St. Mary's was begun by King William IV. and completed by the late Augustus Smith, Esq. It is a building of granite, and in it is a small but finely toned organ. The present chaplain is the Rev. Walter E. Graves. A list of the chaplains from 1669 will be interesting:—

EDWARD HUGHES,	buried June 9th, 1669.
NICHOLAS PHILLIPS,	from 1669 to 1681.
WALTER HOSKEN,	from 1681 to 1688.
JOHN MAURICE,	from 1691 to 1707.
HENRY PENNECK,	came and went in 1707.
PETER THOMAS,	from 1708 to 1709.
JOHN VIGURS,	from 1710 to 1722.
ABRAHAM TYETH,	from 1712 to 1714.
JAMES TREWINNARD,	from 1715 to 1718.
ROBERT MCNOE.	from 1719 to 1724.
RICHARD SYMONS,	from 1725 to 1736.
PAUL HATHWAY,	from 1737 to 1747.
RALPH MELWAY,	from 1749 to 1759.
SAMUEL RYDER,	from 1761 to 1763.
HERBERT LEWIS,	from 1764 to 1780.
JOHN TROUTBECK,	from 1780 to 1795.
WILLIAM TREMAYNE,	from 1796 to 1814.
WILLIAM PRICHARD,	from 1815 to 1817.
THOMAS BUXTON,	from 1817 to 1834.
EDWARD JOHN WILCOCKS,	from 1835 to 1842.
ISAAC WM. NORTH,	from 1842 to 1850.
JOSEPH S. TREACHER,	from 1851 to 1863.
HENRY MCDUGAL,	from 1863 to 1865.
DANIEL PRING ALFORD,	from 1865 to 1870.
FRANK GARRET,	for a short time in 1870.
JAMES HENRY WHITE	came in August, 1870.
Died March 23rd, 1884, and was buried at St. Mary's.	
F. S. CUNNINGHAM,	from 1885 to 1888.
WALTER E. GRAVES came in November, 1888.	

Both John Troutbeck and Isaac North left behind them an historical survey of the islands.

The Wesleyans have a chapel and resident minister

at Hugh Town, and a meeting house at Old Town, and Holy Vale. The Bible Christians have chapels in Hugh Town, and at St. Martin's, and St. Agnes, and three resident ministers, who do duty on each island in rotation.

Scilly has also its agricultural and floricultural shows, and an occasional regatta. The islands are, however, very far behind in sports. Ten or fifteen years



Photo by]

**The Harbour, St. Mary's.**

. P. Row

ago there were several good cricket clubs, but these have greatly declined. This is owing to the fact that most of the young men have to leave the islands to push their fortunes in other parts.

There are three very excellent National Schools on St. Mary's—Boys', Girls' and Infants', each taught by certificated teachers. A good sound and practical



education is given, a fact which is abundantly proved by the success of many of the scholars in after life.

In the spring of 1869 the Mount's Bay fishing boats first made the islands a rendezvous during the mackerel fishery, which commences the first week in May, and ends about the middle of June. The fish are packed in baskets or boxes, of about fifty or sixty in each package, and taken by boat to Penzance, and thence by rail to the London and other markets. The scene on the quay at early morning during the fishing season is very exciting. The sound of the auctioneers' bells calling auctions, and the hurry and scurry of buyers, sellers, and packers, all tend to make a confusion and noise which must ever be impressed on the memory of a looker on. Since the introduction of ice in the packing, the price of the fish has risen. Thirty shillings per hundred (six score) is by no means an uncommon price. Formerly the fish were all washed before being packed, now they are placed in layers with crushed ice. Two hundred or more boats may often be seen in the harbour at one time.

The crab and lobster fishery is carried on chiefly by fishermen from the Land's End, who visit the Islands periodically for that purpose. These fish were formerly taken chiefly to Southampton by specially fitted up smacks; they are now sent by rail.

There are also good fishing grounds around the islands, and efficient boatmen can at all times be engaged. For those who prefer a drive round St. Mary's, a comfortable carriage, which has been patronized by several members of the Royal Family, can be obtained.

The islands have been honoured by several visits from members of the Royal family. The Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales visited them in 1846; the Prince of Wales in 1865; Prince Leopold in 1879; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in 1881.

We will close this short preliminary chat about the islands with an amusing true story that occurs to us.

A school inspector a short time since was asking a class of boys to name the islands of this realm; no lad

mentioned the Isle of Man. To remind them the official asked kindly "What would you call an island that had no women in it." "I know, sir," gallantly exclaimed a small urchin, "The Scilly Isles."

### SCILLY AS A HEALTH RESORT.

In the year 1795 the Reverend John Troutbeck, who was installed in the Isles of Scilly as chaplain to the Duke of Leeds, the governor at that date, wrote:—"The air here is so brisk and healthful, that sickness is seldom known amongst the inhabitants, it being fanned by the sea breezes proceeding from every quarter, and is not at all infected by unwholesome vapours arising from marshy grounds.

"It is never so cold here in winter as in England, Ireland and other neighbouring countries. Frost and snow are very seldom known and never continue longer than a few days. Frost seldom happens unless the air is calm and it is generally gone after the sun has shone two or three hours. The summers are not scorching, by reason of the frequent summer breezes flying over the islands. The inhabitants know but little of sickness or dizziness, they are seldom affected by ague, and a fever is very uncommon. Those that are temperate live to a great age."

This shows that even in the eighteenth century the climate was recognised as very fair, and warmer than that of the mainland, and the following facts as to the salubrity and mildness of the climate are taken from a little manual on "The Climate of the Isles of Scilly" written by T. Thornton Macklin, M.D., by whose courtesy we are permitted to include them.

There is no doubt that the reason why Scilly is so mild and equable is traceable to the all pervading influence of the Gulf Stream which bathes the shores of these islands; there is so much sea and so little land in proportion that "terra firma" seems to have little or no modifying influence on the temperature. In fact a visit to the islands is like one long sea voyage without its discomfort and monotony, and as such can be



recommended to all. Sunshine is abundant, a total of 1,551.1 hours being shown for 10 months, from March to December of 1894, or five hours every day for that period. The rainfall is very moderate when compared to other places in the West or South West, and in Scilly it has the accommodating and engaging habit of raining when it does rain, at night—and leaving the day fine. The days on which visitors require to be confined to the house on account of rain are few and far between.

The soil of the islands is light, loose and sandy, and is composed chiefly of disintegrated granite and is porous and easily and rapidly drained. The air is abundantly charged with ozone, known to be a most powerful disinfectant and antiseptic, and being uncontaminated by public works and factories its purity is unimpaired.

In fact, if the advantages of Scilly as a health resort were fully appreciated it would become the sanatorium of the United Kingdom. It is a haven of refuge for sufferers from chronic bronchitis, phthisis and consumption in all its terrible forms, insomnia, and victims of overwork; and for delicate children it is one vast and healthy playground with free and open beaches and sands, unsurpassed in recreative qualities by any part of England.

### HOW TO GET THERE.

The jaded worker yearning to get away from the dust and bustle of London streets for a change that will be at once a rest to the body and to the mind, decides, very wisely, that he will try the Isles of the Westward. He is at once confronted with the problem, "How am I to get there?" and, thanks to the thoughtfulness of the GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, he will find the path so smoothed for him that the distance between Paddington and Hugh Town seems hardly worth considering. A comfortable roomy carriage receives him, and provided with all accommodation for a long journey, and with the atmosphere warmed to a pleasant temperature if the weather is at all cold, the terrors of travelling are for

the time removed. Should it be desirable that the railway journey be taken at night, a comfortable sleeping apartment of the most up-to-date character is obtainable, and travelling (say) by the nine o'clock train from Paddington, he will awake to find the train steaming through farthest Cornwall, and be ready after a comfortable breakfast at Penzance to go on board the boat belonging to the West Cornwall Steamship Company. That will be waiting for him at the Quay, and by lunch time he will be steaming gently into St. Mary's Pool.

On each Friday during the summer, excursion tickets, including the boat fare, to S. Mary's are issued by a train leaving Paddington at 10.10 for the low sum of 31/-, a remarkable example of economical travelling when you consider that you are covering 370 miles of land and sea, or 740 miles for the return journey.

The steamer fare from Penzance to St. Mary's is: Fore cabin, 5/- (7/6 return); saloon, 7/- (10/6 return). Return tickets are available for one month, and the boats make the journey four days a week during the autumn, three times a week from January to May, every day during June (the mackerel season) and twice a week in the winter months.

A line in advance to the West Cornwall Steamship Company, The Parade, Penzance, will elicit by return certain information as to the times of sailing.

Through tourist tickets are issued from all the chief stations in England and Wales to the Isles of Scilly.

The journey from Paddington is full of interest, and particulars of the history and information respecting the famous towns through which you pass is provided by the Great Western Railway, published by Cassell at 1/- and obtainable at the bookstalls *en route*.

The voyage over on a calm day is delightful to all, whether you are numbered among the good or bad sailors. The craggy shore of the mainland affords beautiful studies of rocky scenery. Steaming out of Mount's Bay, as the boat turns with her head to the west a splendid view of Penzance from the sea is



presented; the noble Mount of St. Michael, the legendary "Hoar rock in the wood," rising out of the water castle-crowned, and behind it the ancient town of Marazion.

"Majestic Michael rises ; he whose brow  
Is crowned with castles, and whose rocky sides  
Are clad with dusky ivy ; he whose base,  
Beat by the storm of ages, stands unmoved  
Amidst the wreck of things, the change of time.  
That base, encircled by the azure waves,  
Was once with verdure clad ; the towering oaks  
Here waved their branches green ; the sacred oaks  
Whose awful shades among the Druids stay'd  
To cut the hallowed mistletoe, and hold  
High converse with their gods."

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

In passing through Gwavas Lake adjoining the Bay towards the picturesque fishing village of Newlyn, a fine view of Penzance is obtained. Penlee Point being passed, Mousehole opens out to view. This place was the scene of the last Spanish invasion, and here is still preserved a cannon ball, which killed trusty John Keigwin as he led on the country folk to oppose the foreign foe.

The coast scenery from Mount's Bay to Land's End is very grand, and compares favourably with that of any other part of England.

Soon after passing Mousehole, Lamorna Cove, with its granite quarries, presents itself to view. Then comes Cape Boscawen and Merthan Point, enclosing the quiet and charming nook of St. Loy. Castle Treen is next seen, with its famous Logan Stone. From this place there is a fine view of Porthcurnow Bay, and the station of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the colony of operators which, being nine miles from anywhere, have been pleased to term themselves the "Exiles." Nook after nook, and point after point are passed in rapid succession till the Bell Buoy is reached. This is a large buoy placed near a dangerous reef named the Runnell Stone. Affixed to the buoy is a bell which is rung by the rise and fall of the sea. Here the swell of the broad Atlantic is felt, and the voyage may be said to begin. The Land's End and Longships Lighthouse are left behind, and after an hour's steaming the Wolf Rock Lighthouse is reached. This, the half-way house to

Scilly, and one of the finest specimens of engineering skill along the British coast, was designed by Mr. William Douglas, C.E. It was first lit on January 1st, 1871.



Photo. by]

The Wolf Lighthouse.

[B. P. Row.

After another hour's steaming the Day-mark on the island of St. Martin's is seen, being the easternmost headland of the group. One by one the islands apparently rise from the sea, and three hours after leaving Penzance, Menawethan—the easternmost island—is reached.

There are two ways of entering the harbour. The usual one is by St. Mary's Sound, which is available at any time of tide. The course lies to the southward of St. Mary's, and the rock scenery on this side of the island is very grand. The first opening is Porthellick Bay, where the body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore. The next point is Giant's Castle, a massive pile of rocks. Then follows Blue Cairn, Porth Mindick, and Old Town with its pretty little Bay. The course is now close to the land, and the Pulpit Rock, Monk's Cowl, and Tooth Rocks are passed in succession, with Peninnis Head, which is at the entrance to St. Mary's Sound.

Steaming up St. Mary's Sound a good view is obtained of the Garrison on the right, and St. Agnes,



with its lighthouse, on the left. An almost landlocked harbour is now reached, and on all sides may be seen numerous islets, forming a rocky barrier round it.

The voyage is now accomplished, and Hugh Town being reached, visitors will have no trouble in accomodating themselves in comfortable lodgings, either at the hotels or private houses.

### SCILLY OF LONG AGO.

The old time history of Scilly goes back into the period of hazy romantic legend. The story is told of the far off time when Scilly was connected with the mainland, and houses and churches and people flourished on a tract of country known as the Lyonesse, now long since submerged in the ocean. The site of the principal assemblage of houses is supposed to be by the Seven Stones, known to fishermen up to this day as "The City."

The following legend, that tells of the mighty convulsion of nature that sank Lyonesse beneath the sea, is culled from a little book written by Mr. Whitfield (who visited Scilly by the sailing packet in 1840). As the book has been long out of print, we propose to insert it here in an abbreviated form as

#### THE LEGEND OF THE LYONESSE.

Those who have pored over the old romances of chivalry know well the state of things that existed during the reign of King Arthur. We see the Round Table of Lancelot, with its unrivalled knights. As they feast in the hall their forms rise up before us: Sir Kay the Seneschal, Sir Bors de Gamis, Sir Caradoc and Sir Tristram, false King Mark, and Lancelot of the Lake, the peerless warrior, "The meekest man and the gentlest that did ever eat in hall among ladies, and yet the sternest knight to his mortal foe that ever laid lance at rest." At the head of the board is Arthur, every inch a king, with his majestic presence and his kindly smile.

At the time of my story Arthur is holding high court at Tintagel, surrounded by his Paladins. But the spirit of the assembled knights was not what it was, for treason had stolen in and seduced some from their allegiance, and the ominous gap made by the absence of Prince Mordred seemed filled by a shadowy form with a diim likeness to something terrible and strange. The assembly broke up in ghostly silence. The knights separated to pray against the ills to come.

These came, alas, too soon. Next morning arrived a weary post with the tidings of the revolt of Mordred. Foes banded together and friends fell off, the bands united swelled into an army, and the army with Mordred at its head endeavoured to strike a blow for the crown of Britain.

The land of Cornwall, never too friendly to Arthur, was alive with his foes. They marched upon Tintagel where the old chief lay grimly in his fastness, his renowned knights within his walls; and in the centre of the whole, himself, a host, calm, unshaken, and resolute.

Suddenly at day-break one morning, the trumpet sounded to horse, and Arthur rode out from the gate followed by the mighty who still adhered to him. Hitherto unconquerable, in proud defiance they went forth to do battle for God and for their king—Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram, Sir Banyan and Sir Bor, Sir Caradoc and Sir Percival, without a stain. Alone, at their head, rode Arthur with a brow of marble, to his last of fields.

Next evening a band of warriors were seen urging their steeds across the wild heaths of Cornwall. Their course was in the direction of The Cassiterides and of that fair tract of country, called in the Cornish tongue, Lethowsow. They hurried for life and death over the wastes, their hacked armour and torn surcoats telling their sad fate. These were all that remained of the chivalry of Britain. Arthur lay dead upon the plain. The survivors of the dreadful day were fleeing for their lives, and Mordred thundered upon their rear.



The stars in their courses had fought against him and palsied their stout arms, and made their skill and valour vain.

A prolonged wail of a trumpet filled the air, and looking back, the shields, morions, and lances gleamed fitfully from the brow of a distant hill. It was the glimmering of the pursuers' arms. Should they make a stand and die? There was the traitor, the murderer of his kinsman and sovereign, should they not await his coming and strike one blow in revenge?

While they paused, gloomy and irresolute, there seemed to come between them a shadowy dimness like the mountain mist, yet it wore the shape and aspect of humanity. There was a likeness in its gruesome lineaments, and it upraised its huge outline between the spoilers and their prey; it was the awful ghost of Merlin. It was a gulf between the two parties, impassable as that between the Egyptians and the flying Hebrews, and it checked the following host in their headlong speed.

Mordred reached a lofty slope from which he could more clearly see his retiring enemies. They were already at a considerable distance upon the winding road that led over the fertile tract of country called "Lethowsow" and in after days, the "Lyônésse."

Around him was that fair land now so long lost and forgotten where men dug mineral wealth, and upon which were seen no fewer than one hundred and forty stately churches. Broken sunlight floated over its soft glades; it never looked so grandly glorious as in that hour of its fate. Mordred pressed on, already in imagination hemming in his enemies to slaughter.

Suddenly his attendants began to be sensible of a change in the atmosphere, huge battlemented clouds, tinged with lurid red, hung over the horizon. A tremulous and wavy motion shook the ground, a low sound like distant thunder moaned around and struck terror into the hearts of the attendants of his train. But Mordred perceived it not.

At last, amid a sudden silence that might be felt so full was it, the fearful shade that had hitherto gone

before him suddenly itself stopped ; it was the form of Merlin the Enchanter. Right in Mordred's path, face to face did the avenger stand, and the great wizard raised his hand. Then there ensued a confused muttering, a sound as though the foundations of the great deep were broken up. Soon the voice of the subterranean thunder increased and the firm soil began to rock with the throes of a labouring sea. With a wild cry of agony the pursuers became in turn the pursued, they wheeled and rushed, but in vain. The earth, rent in a thousand fragments, upheaved its surface, and then at once sank down for ever beneath the level of the deep. In a moment a continent was submerged with all its works of art, its piety, and its people.

Mordred and his soldiers were whirled away in the storm created by that sudden gulf, which, even to this day, flows so violently over its prey below. That morning had dawned upon as bright a scene as ever met the eye ; at evening there was naught from what is now termed the Land's End to St. Martin's head, but a howling and boiling wilderness of waves bearing here and there upon its bosom from the perished world below, a fragment over which the sea birds wheeled and screamed.

The remnant that was pursued reached in safety Cassiterides, called afterwards, Silura, now Scilly. In this island home where the sea encroaches daily, they dwelt secure. From St. Martin's height they saw the catastrophe that overwhelmed their enemies, and dismounting, knelt upon the turf and thanked God for their deliverance. They no more sought the Britain of their hopes and fears. Arthur was in his tomb, Guinevere was dead, the Round Table was broken. In the Isles of Scilly thus miraculously severed from the mainland they lived and died. In after days their children reared a stately religious house at Tresco over their bones, but the memory gradually faded away and was forgotten.

Strangers make pilgrimages to Scilly and marvel whether it ever exceeded its present limits. But the account of its isolation is remembered only as a confused dream, a mystery, old-world tale, a fragment



of which, like a portion of a wreck, floats about here and there with the visions of the past.

Such is the legend of the Lyonesse.

But we will pass from these charming stories of romance to the facts of cold history, and recount a few of the incidents in the story of the islands that can be gleaned from the most accurate sources.

The Islands are said to have been discovered 3,000 years ago by Hamilco, a Carthaginian of the Silures, a Phœnician colony in Spain. He had been employed by that State to explore the western coast of Europe.

They were called by the Romans, *Sillinæ Insulæ*; and by the Greeks, *Hesperides* or *Cassiterides*, from their westerly situation.

Phœnicians traded to them for tin, and for a long time they concealed their trade from other nations, as it was exceeding remunerative to them. The Romans employed ships to follow them, but the Phœnicians ran their ship ashore, and the Romans' design was frustrated. We are told that the Phœnician master was recompensed for the loss of his ship. It is extremely doubtful as to tin ever being found in the islands, but is very probable that it may have been brought from Cornwall to the islands, and then reshipped by the Phœnicians, Diodorus Siculus, writing during the time of the Roman occupation, and speaking of the tin trade in Cornwall, says that "it was first refined, and then carried to an adjacent island, from which it was shipped into Gaul."

The Scilly Isles were reduced by the Romans at the time of their occupation of Britian, and Publius Cassius visited the islands and instructed the people in the peaceful arts and navigation. It was used as a place of banishment by the Romans. "The Emperor Maximus sent Instantius, a fractious and seditious heretic, here and also Marcus for prophesy."

When the Romans quitted Britain the islands were left in the possession of the natives, but they were afterwards subdued by Athlestan, the eighth Saxon king of England.

From information gained from old manuscripts it is not improbable that they were once joined to the Land's End.

*Leland* has given the following account of Scilly :—  
 “There be countid 140 Islatts of Scille, but bere grass, exceeding good pasture for catail.

St. Mary Isle is five miles or more in cumpace ; in it is a poor Town, and a neatly strong pile, but the roues\* of the buildings in it be sore defacid and worin.

“The ground of this isle berith exceeding corn ; insomuch that if a man do but cast corn where hogges have rotid, it wyl cum up.

“Iniscaw longid to Tavistock, and there was a poore Celle of Monkes at Tavistock. Sum coulled this Trescaw ; it is the biggest of the Isles, in cumpace a 6 miles or more.

St. Martin's Isles. St. Agnes Isles, so caulled of a chapel theryn. The Isle of St. Agnes, was desolatid by this chaunce in *recenti hominum memoria* the hole numbere of v households that were yn this Isle came to a marriage or a feast into St. Mary Isle, and going homewarde were all drownid.

“Ratte Island, Saynct Lydes Isle weryn times past at her sepulchre was great superstition.

There appere tokens in diverse [of] the Islettes o habitations now clene down.

“Gulles and Puffins be taken in diverse of these Islettes ; and plenty of Conyes be in diverse of these Islettes. Diverse of these Islettes berith wild Garlick. Few men be glad to inhabit these Islettes for al the plenty, for robbers by the sea that take their catail by force. These robbers be Frenchmen and Spaniards.

“One Danvirs a gentilman of Wiltshire, who chief house at Daundesey, and Whittington a gentilman of Glocestershire, be owners of Scilly ; but they have scant 40 marks by yere of rentes and commodities of it.

“Scylley is a Kenning, that is to say about XX miles from the very Westeste Pointe of Cornwalle.

\*Rooms.



"Sir John Scylley, a knight and his wife sum Tyme dwellyng in the Paroche of Crideton (near Excester) are buried in the north part of the transept of the new church there."

In the island of Iniscaw (now Tresco) there was a cell of two Benedictine Monks, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and belonging to Tavistock, even before the Norman conquest. Henry I granted to Osbert, Abbot of Tavistock, all the churches of Scilly, also all wrecks but whale and whole ships. Henry III in 1248 sent a governor, Drew de Barrentine, and bailiffs under him, to administer justice to the islanders, and gave him lands to the value of ten pounds as payment.

In the year 1300, Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, granted to Sir John de Aled and his heirs the whole of St. Agnes, with all its rents, customs, and wrecks cast ashore, for a yearly payment (on Michaelmas-day at Scilly) of half a mark.

Edward I, in 1306, granted the Castle of Ennor in Scilly (the supposed ruins of which may still be seen at Old Town, St. Mary's) to Randolph de Blankminster, who was to find and maintain twelve armed men at all times for keeping the peace; at the same time he received the islands from the Crown, on a yearly payment of three hundred puffins, or six shillings and eightpence. In 1308, William le Peor, coroner of the islands, complained to the king that Blankminster, instead of maintaining peace as his agreements stipulated, was receiving rogues, thieves, felons, and outlaws, thereby encouraging them, and hindering the coroner in the performance of his duties. Blankminster caused Le Peor to be imprisoned at Le Val (supposed to be Holy Vale) for this information, and fined him one hundred marks.

During the French war, in the reign of Edward III, the monks petitioned the king for two secular clergy to perform the duties while they retired to Tavistock, which was granted.

In 1351 St. Agnes was granted to Lawrence Hawley, by his brother Ralph, on payment of one grain of wheat

for the first seven years, after which the yearly rent was one hundred shillings.

When Cornwall became a duchy, and was granted to the king's eldest son, the islands were not included in the grant.

A large portion of the Islands belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock, and when it fell in 1539 they passed to the Crown.

From the first Abbot, Almerus, in 981, to the last (John Perin) in 1539, thirty seven Abbots ruled the Islands. For thirty years after the last there is no authentic record how they were governed.

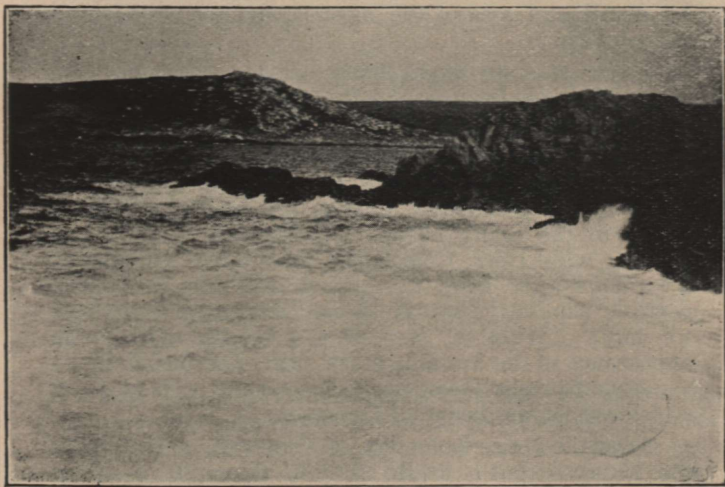


Photo b

**The Foam Fringed Shore.**

[G. F. CROSS.]

In 1539 Queen Elizabeth granted the civil power to the Honourable Sir Francis Godolphin, to whose descendants it was leased till 1785, with the exception of the time of the Protectorate. The different members of this family to whom it was leased after the above mentioned were, the Hon. Sir William Godolphin, the Hon. Francis Godolphin, Esq. (appointed Military Governor in 1640), the Hon. Sir John Granville



(afterwards Marquis of Bath) in 1651, the Hon. Sidney Godolphin in 1702, during whose time a Major Bennet governed for a short period, but he was withdrawn in 1733, Godolphin having applied for and received his commission as Military Governor. The Right Hon. Francis Lord Godolphin succeeded him in 1766, and the Right Hon. the Marquis of Caermarthen (afterwards Duke of Leeds) in 1785. On the 25th of June, 1791, the Duke and Duchess landed on St. Mary's from one of His Majesty's ships, and they were conducted to the Star Castle. On entering the Garrison a salute was fired, and in the evening there were bonfires and illuminations. His Grace left one hundred pounds to be distributed among the most needy, and sailed again on the 28th.

From 1645 to 1651, Scilly became the scene of a series of battles between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces.

General Fairfax, in 1645, having routed and defeated the King's forces in Cornwall, the Prince of Wales, who was then at Pendennis Castle, retreated for further safety to the Scilly Islands. He landed on the 4th of March, with Lord Colepepper and other attendants. Two days after Lord Colepepper was sent to France, desiring supplies, both in money and men, to be sent to him. After a stay of six weeks, fearing the appearance of the Parliamentary fleet, and being in no condition to resist them, the Prince on the 17th of April embarked for the Island of Guernsey.

After the entire reduction of Cornwall, and Charles the First was put to death, Sir John Granville, governor of the islands, carefully defended them for Charles II. Information from time to time being laid before Parliament of several ships being taken by the Pirates of Scilly, thereby causing an interruption of trade, a fleet and land force were immediately fitted out under the command of General Blake and Sir George Ascue to reduce them to obedience. On the 8th of May, 1651, General Blake and Sir George Ascue intended to fall on St. Mary's. The Governor sent to them for a treaty, which was agreed to, but took no effect. Whereupon

the fleet opened fire on St. Mary's. A letter received from Sir G. Ascue, dated the twelfth, gave an account of the action, and said that Captain Morris behaved himself most gallantly in the storming of the islands. He also referred to the islands as being the key of a passage to several nations. Sir John Granville and eight hundred soldiers were taken prisoners; Colonel Axtel, Colonel Saddler, and Colonel Le Hunt were among the prisoners, but were released.

Before the reduction of the islands by the Parliamentary forces, privateers from them had taken several Dutch ships. The Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, was ordered to fall upon the islands with twelve men-of-war. At the same time he had private instructions to treat with Sir John Granville for the delivering of them up. Sir John however nobly refused the proposal. The Dutch excused their unsuccessful attempt, under pretence of putting Charles II. in possession of his rights.

From time to time the islands were used as a place of banishment for notorious persons. In 1637, John Bastwick, M.D., of Colchester, for writing seditious and libellous books against the Church and government, was sentenced to pay a fine of £1000, and stand in the pillory and have his ears cut off, after which he was sent a prisoner to St. Mary's Castle.

The modes of punishment during the 17th and 18th centuries resemble those commonly practised in England at that time, such as whipping and confinement in the stocks. Among others might be mentioned the "ducking chair." This chair was placed at the head of the quay, and offenders being tied in it, received the benefit of a ducking in the salt water. Troutbeck records that on the 28th of January, 1712, Ann Holiday, accused of stealing sundry articles from the house of Mr. Thomas Smith, was ordered by the council to be bound to the whipping post and receive forty stripes, which order was duly excuted. On July 2nd, 1744, two women, accused of disorderly practices, were sentenced by the court to be ducked at the quay head.



In 1701, for the more easy and better maintenance of the Church and poor, an order was passed in council that all persons concerned in boats as pilots, or otherwise, should pay on every sum received of £3 or upwards 12 pence for every £1 received, not only for piloting ships, but for all casualties that should happen in or about the islands, the Churchwarden to have power to distrain goods of any persons refusing to pay the said sum within six days after demand.

During the French war, in the early part of this century, the Channel Squadron frequently lay off the islands for supplies, and a regiment of soldiers was kept in the Garrison. Fleets of merchantmen made the islands a rendezvous, to wait for a convoy up the Channel. When the war was over the people were deprived of these means of obtaining a living, and many were thrown out of employment. Kelp making was introduced, and it found employment for many of the people.

In 1828, Boatswain Smith remarked that the chief supports of Scilly—smuggling and kelp-making—being destroyed, the inhabitants were almost in a state of starvation. The proprietors very rarely visited them, and the management was left entirely to the stewards, who neither introduced nor encouraged any new industry, Smith's statement having been brought before the notice of Penzance people, food and clothing was sent to him for distribution.

Shortly after a few gentlemen succeeded in the establishment of a Fishery Company, and about £13,000 was collected for this object. Boats, fishing gear, and fish cellars were provided, and the Rev. Mr. Selby succeeded in getting the duty taken off the salt imported for the purpose of curing the fish. This industry, however, soon collapsed for want of funds. Ship building was then started by a few enterprising Scillonians, the class of vessels built being about fifty-nine tons in register. A duty had to be paid on vessels of sixty tons and upwards. These vessels were used for carrying the surplus produce (chiefly potatoes) of the islands to various parts of Europe. This formed the nucleus of a ship building trade, which became more

important, and ships were built up to five hundred tons register. These building yards were in full swing from 1840 to 1864, employing about one hundred men and boys.

Before this time, however, the islands had passed over to a new lord proprietor, and a brighter era commenced for them. The lease of the Duke of Leeds expired in 1831, and he not caring to renew it, the islands became the property of Augustus Smith, Esq., of Ashlyn, Herts. When that gentleman became lord-proprietor he found that all the government grants and public charities had tended but little to improve the condition of the inhabitants. He was a man of great determination, and at once struck at the root of the evil. His early acts seemed to be very arbitrary, but the inhabitants are to this day enjoying the fruits of his foresight, wisdom, and strong will. He paid great attention to education, and it was made compulsory here long before the Act became law in England. The effect of this was to make the people more enterprising. Young men left the islands to gain their living in other countries. At this time Scillonians are filling responsible situations in all parts of the world, and as ship-masters and sailors they are not excelled.

Mr. Smith in every possible way kept up this spirit of enterprise. On one point he was very particular, he would not allow small holdings among the farmers. He died at Plymouth on July 31st, 1872, and was buried at St. Buryan, Cornwall. Mr. Smith was for some years the Liberal M.P. for Truro.

Since his death, under the governorship of his nephew, Lieut. Smith-Dorien, who takes the greatest interest in continuing the work of the old proprietor, the islands and the islanders, have through his fostering encouragement, passed into happier and more prosperous times.





north, and Porth Cressa Bay on the south, two arms of the sea encompassing the town on each side and only 150 yards apart.

The tide has often broken over the narrow slips and submerged the houses on the lower levels, and the islanders have been assured again and again by gloomy prophecies that Hugh Town has a fair prospect of being a city of the drowned, with its inhabitants washed away some rough night. But the Scillonians are not frightened by tales of this sort and simply see that the protecting bank on the Porth Cressa side is kept in proper repair.

The way off the quay takes you under a stone archway and you turn left into the principal street of the capital. It is bordered by substantial stone houses and cottages without great architectural pretensions; with a few shops, all containing as many departments and variety of goods as a co-operative store; a customs house and a business-like telegraph and post office. The gardens of the cottages are luxuriant with green leaves and flowers all the year round. At the upper end the houses are larger and more imposing, streets branch off right and left, and you will find a square with a green enclosure, and a simple and handsome church built in the reign of William the Fourth, and its expense contributed to by that monarch to the extent of £1,000. It was finished by the late Lord Proprietor and is the principal church on the island.

Previous to the sixteenth century, Old Town, on the other side of Peninnis, was the chief town. We shall see this and the old church on another ramble.

## A WALK ROUND THE GARRISON.

The first thing that a visitor should do is to walk round that part of the island upon which the Garrison is built.

What the Hoe is to Plymouth, the Leas to Folkestone, so is the Garrison Walk to St. Mary's. Troutbeck called it "The Mall" of Scilly. It can be visited at any time,





but whether early morning is chosen or the dusk of evening when the kindly lights from the beacons all round us are twinkling, you will find it always delightful and always invigorating and pleasant.

To reach the Garrison you climb the hill to the right of the chief street and pass between the pretty gardens of Tregarthen's Hotel (right), and an ivy covered cottage opposite.



On the left you will see a mysterious erection of black poles and cross bars suggesting a guillotine. This is a huge barometer signal, composed of two masts sixty feet in height, with cross bars marking off equal distances.

Each bar is figured to correspond with the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st degrees of the barometer. Smaller bars come between the long ones, marking the five-tenths of each degree. A square black board runs in a grove between the masts, and by this the position of the mercury in the barometer is indicated twice a day. The board is raised or lowered to correspond with the barometer, and a semicircular piece of board attached to one end of it indicates whether the mercury has risen or fallen since the signal was last attended to. If this piece is turned up, the mercury has risen, and *vice versa*. This was an original idea of the late Augustus Smith, Esq., for many years proprietor of the islands, and it was erected by him for the convenience of pilots and shipmasters.

On the left is a strongly built building with walls four feet thick, formerly the powder magazine, now the prison where the very few people who do wrong in Scilly are temporarily lodged.

The entrance to the garrison is effected through a strong gateway. Over the gateway is a large bell, which, during the time the garrison was occupied by

soldierly, regularly rang the hours from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. The entrance is a massive piece of masonry, and over the arch is the following inscription—G.R., 1742, F. G. A. T. Just inside the gateway, on the left hand side, a room—formerly used as a guard-room—is now fitted up with instruments of the latest improvement as a Meteorological office. Twice a day the person in charge telegraphs to the head office as to the state of the weather and force of the wind. A wind gauge for this purpose is fixed on the top of the hill near the signal station.

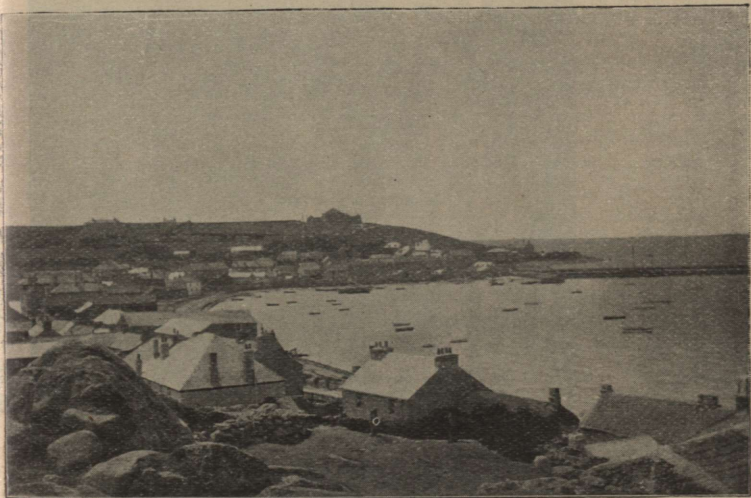


Photo by]

**Garrison Hill and Star Fort.**

[G. F. Cross.

We will now turn to the left and from the terrace in front of the house, formerly Hugh House Hotel, we will stand and look over Hugh Town at our feet, and can here realise the extraordinary position of the houses with the sea threatening them on either side.

To the right is Porth Cressa Bay ; the rugged rocks of Peninnis Head closing it in on the east. The Monk's Cowl group can be seen at the head of the seaward



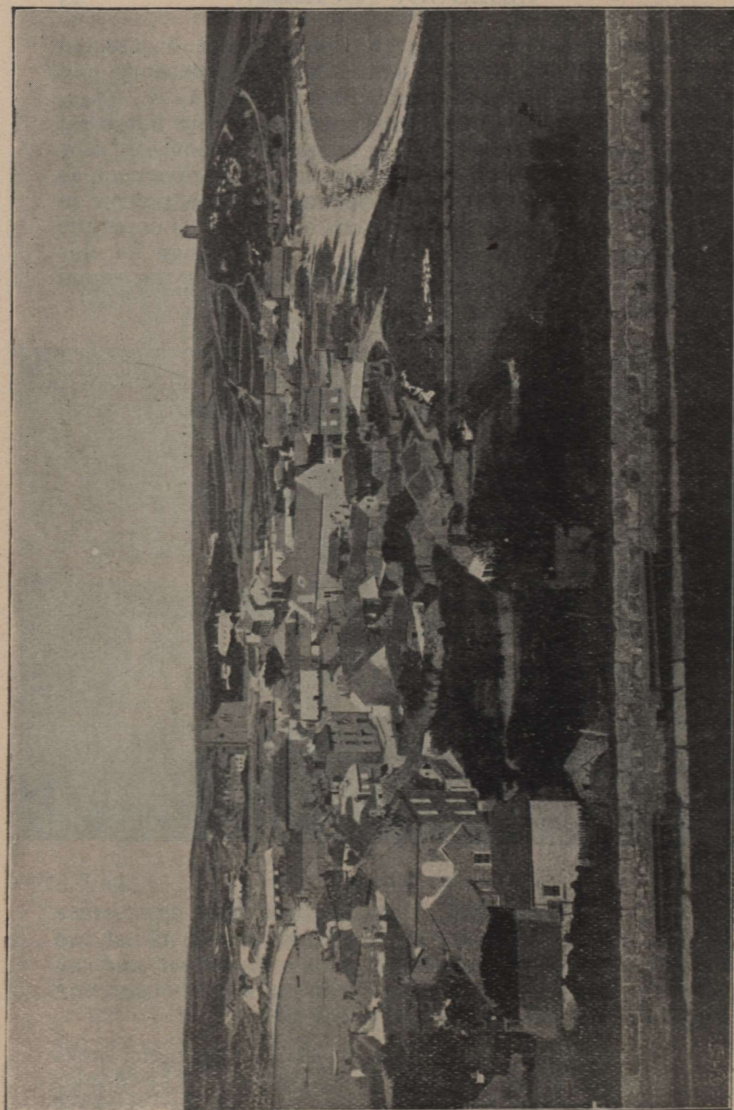


Photo by]

Hugh Town from the Garrison Hill.

[VALENTINE,

group, and the Tooth Rock standing by itself a little inland.

Buzza Hill, with a disused Spanish windmill a little to the left, is prominent.

St. Mary's Church shows up in the centre of the picture. The sea to the left is St. Mary's Pool, with the harbour. Carn Thomas, to the left, a bold pile of rocks 80 feet high, divides it into two crosses, the furthest being named Porth Mellin.

On the hill across the harbour is the 'Telegraph Station with its semaphore, and a coastguard look-out station.

We now follow the road passing some houses (right) occupied by the keepers of the lighthouses when they enjoy their welcome relief on shore.

The left hand wall is embrasured for guns and is breast high. These embattlements were built by George II, 1742, and run all round the garrison. The different buttresses have their own respective names, Morning Point, The Woolpack, St. Bartholomew, The Steval being among the most important.

The Garrison was dismantled in 1863, leaving only two thirty-two pounders in the Woolpack Battery. The guns with which the garrison was armed were chiefly ships' guns recovered from the wreck of the Colossus, lost near the Western rocks in 1777. The guns were recovered after being under water fifty-four years.

One walk now takes us through a granite cutting, and here the island of St. Agnes comes into view; you will see its white lighthouse plainly. Away in the distance over St. Agnes the Bishop lighthouse shows up like a slender factory chimney. The lower island to the right of St. Agnes is Annet, and if there is any swell at all, the white foam round the conical rocks, The Haycocks, at its North Western extremity, makes it easily distinguishable.

From the Haycocks as we continue the road the open sea of the North Channel unbroken by rocks or islands forms the horizon. Then Minalto appears and the Southern Hill of Samson, Over Samson Mincarlo shows on the horizon.



\*The road here diverges from the fortifications and begins to slope upwards. At the top of the hill you see Bryher from where we are standing, apparently contiguous to Samson. Hangman's Island shows up like a rugged pyramid between Bryher and Tresco where the white beaches gleam in the sun. Over Tresco lies Round Island with another light. As we continue the walk, Tëan and St. Martin's come in turn into view.



On the right as we return towards our starting point we pass Star Castle, built in 1593 by the Honourable Sir Francis

Godolphin, the first governor of the islands. The castle was first called Stella Maria (Stella, a star: and Maria, the name of the island). It is built with salient angles resembling the rays of a star, and surmounted by ramparts, which are loopholed for musketry. On each of the angles is a strong built sentry box. Over the entrance are the letters E.R. (Elizabetha Regina) 1593. From this point a fine view is to be obtained of the Bishop Lighthouse, and outlying Western Rocks. Broad Sound, Samson, Bryher, Tresco, and St. Martin's can be taken in at a glance, while nothing can exceed in grandeur a sunset seen from this point. The castle is occupied by Mr. H. G. Allen, Mr. Smith's steward, and there is a communication between it and the Abbey House by means of a telephone.

The walk round the garrison hill can be done comfortably in three-quarters of an hour, and affords a fair and lovely prospect of the blue waves, and rugged rocks. The hill path itself is bordered with a wilderness of blossoming furze and bramble, is well stocked with rabbits, and in 1852 was the home of a fine herd of deer. The garrison walls are fringed with dangerous reefs and ledges. The Barrel of Butter, near which the Italian barque "Indipendenza" laden with guano came ashore September 24, 1881, in a dense fog; Doctor's Keys,

\*Since writing the above the garrison has been taken over by the Military Authorities who are fortifying the Islands, and this road is now stopped, the ramble round the garrison hill can be completed however by taking the footpath outside the old wall for the rest of the distance.

Woodcock Ledge and Bartholomew-ledge, are other dangerous rocks. Their positions can be seen on the maps.

## A ROCK SCRAMBLE AT PENINNIS, AND A VISIT TO THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

The visitor should make the Rocky peninsula of Peninnis his next rendezvous.

There are two ways of getting there, one by passing through Hugh Street and Silver Street to a path skirting Port Cressa bay with its beautiful white sand.

Another and one that affords finer views goes by way of Buzza Hill, and is approached by road to the right of the Church.

On the top of the hill will be found an old windmill, built after the style of those common in Spain, and formerly used for grinding the grain on the Islands. The view from this spot is as charming as it is extensive. There are evidences of sepulchral barrows on this hill.



From Buzza Hill it is about half a mile to another ruined mill. Further south go through the gate and you are on Peninnis Down; continue straight on towards the sea, and

you arrive at the Tooth Rook and the Monk's Cowl, the fine groups of rocks that can be seen from the Garrison and form Peninnis headland.

This promontory extends, in the form of a gentle curve, about two hundred yards into the sea. The rocks, washed by every tide, seem to have grown black and grizzled with age. The effect produced in a strong S.E. gale is very grand. The sea is one mass of creamy foam.

The Tooth Rock and Monk's Cowl lie in close proximity, and rise about one hundred feet above the sea level. The former is easily recognised by its



resemblance to a tooth. It is about thirty feet high. The Monk's Cowl is an immense and grand pile of rocks touching the Tooth Rock on its south side.

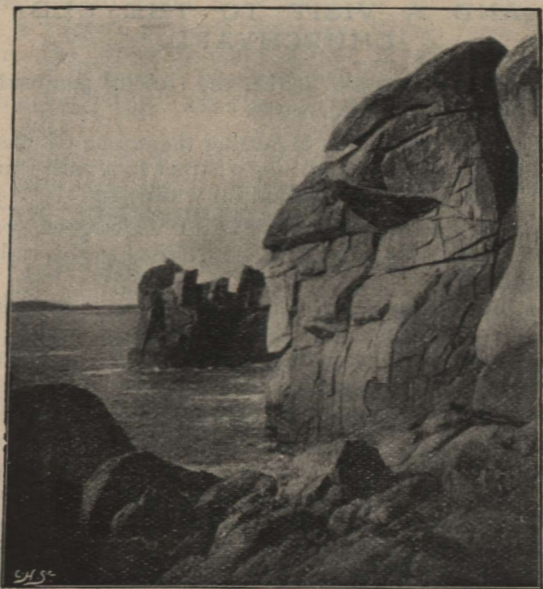


Photo. by]

**The Monk's Cowl, Peninis.**

[B. P. Row.

About one hundred yards inland, to the north of these, is a group of rocks called the Kettle and Pans. These take their names from the large and regularly formed rock basins found on them. Various are the suppositions as to the formation of these basins. From the soft nature of the granite, however, it is probable that they were worn by the action of the rain water with which they are always filled.

Borlase and Troutbeck have entered into the subject of these rock basins from the point of view of their being of Druidical origin, but the commonplace theory that they are the work of the elements appears to be the correct solution. The rain and air decompose the granite and gradually form these rounded cells.

Close by to the left of the Monk's Cowl, among the boulders, is an enormous rock, the largest logan stone in Scilly. It was discovered a few years ago by accident; a resident was overtaken by a rain storm while on Peninnis Down and stood for shelter to the leeward of this block of granite. The wind was blowing hard, and to his surprise and consternation he found the solid rock against which he was leaning rocking gently to and fro in the gale. It is estimated to weigh 360 tons, and can be moved by the application of energetic assistance at the base. When once started it rocks with ease.

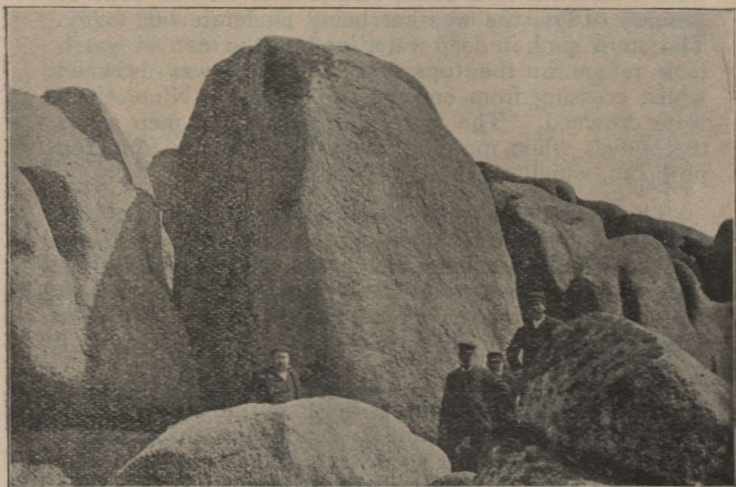


Photo by]

**The Logan Stone, Peninis.**

[R. II. PRESTON.

Passing along the cliff in an easterly direction, several masses of rocks of most peculiar and grotesque shapes are to be met with. Pitt's Parlour and Sleep's abode are situated among these. The former is directly under the Tooth Rock, and the view seaward from it is very grand. The latter lies among the mass of rocks to the eastward of Monk's Cowl. Both of these are caves (as may be supposed from their names), which are



formed by vast rocks lying in very peculiar positions. But by far the finest piece of scenery is that seen from about two hundred yards to the eastward of Tooth Rock. In the foreground, looking westward, the eastern side of Monk's Cowl is seen, and in the distance St. Agnes. Between these is St. Mary's Sound, and it would be extremely difficult for an artist to find a prettier bit of scenery.

Jolly Rock, frequented by fishermen, next claims attention, as being the scene of a melancholy shipwreck. The "Minnehaha," a large ship laden with guano, going from Falmouth to Dublin, struck here on the 18th of January, 1871, the weather being moderate but foggy. The stern sunk in deep water, and all the men on watch took refuge in the tops. The Captain was drowned whilst crossing from one mast to another. Nine others were drowned. The mate with nine other men saved themselves when morning broke by dropping from the jib-boom, which overhung the rocks.

The next mass is the Pulpit Rock, but between this and the Jolly Rock, at the foot of the cliff, is Piper's Hole. This is a small cave in the cliff, in which is a pool of pure fresh water. Rumour hath it that a subterranean passage communicates from here with Piper's Hole in Tresco.

The pulpit Rock is the most remarkable specimen of horizontal decomposition to be found in the islands. There is nothing in its name to denote the shape of the rock. In fact, from the northward, it looks far more like a hundred ton gun, pointed out to sea, than any pulpit we ever remember seeing.

The inner part rests upon a pillar, while the outer part overhangs another large rock. This lower rock might be styled a rostrum, from which an orator with stentorian tones might make an attempt at oratory to the passing ships, the wild sea birds, or the wilder billows dashing with mad fury on the rocks beneath. From the upper rock, which can be reached without much difficulty, a fine view can be obtained. Looking inland, Old Town Bay and a large part of St.

Mary's is seen, while the view to the eastward shows Blue Carn, and Giant's Castle.

Continuing the walk, a tolerably defined path takes us past Carn Lea to the Old Church of the Islands of Scilly at the end of the Bay.

This is called Old Town Bay, from the hamlet contiguous, which in the old time was the chief town of the Island. The Old Church, of which only a portion is now standing, was originally the only one in the Island, and was left to go to decay, but was restored in 1891 by voluntary contributions.

The Church yard, from its situation and from the curious blending of tropical and English vegetation, is probably one of the most curious and striking in the kingdom.

Three terraces were added by the late Augustus Smith, Esq., and aloes, dracænas, and mesembrianthemums have been planted. Amongst the monuments there are two very conspicuous. On the second terrace there is one to the memory of the late Lord-proprietor. It is a granite obelisk, resting on a pedestal of unworked granite, and bears the following inscription:—"To the memory of Augustus John Smith, for thirty-eight years Lord-proprietor of the Isles of Scilly. This monument is erected by the inhabitants generally, to preserve among them the recollection of a name henceforth inseparably connected with those Isles. He died at Plymouth, 31st of July, 1872, and was interred at St. Buryan, Cornwall."

On the third terrace there is a beautiful obelisk of polished granite, resting on a pedestal of granite. It is surrounded by strong iron rails, and was erected by Mr. Holzmaister, of New York, to the memory of his wife, who was lost in the S.S. "Schiller." It bears the following inscription on the east side:—"In memory of Louise Holzmaister, born at New York, May 15th, 1851, who lost her life in the wreck of the S.S. 'Schiller,' off the Scilly Isles, May, 7th, 1875. Her body rests in the deep. This monument has been erected to her memory as a mark of affection by her sorrowing husband."



On the west side are the following words:—"In the wreck of the S.S. 'Schiller,' more than 300 persons perished, about 100 of whom were buried in this churchyard." On the north and south sides are two inscriptions in German,

"UNVERGESCLICH" (*Never to be forgotten*).

"DEN DEINGEN" (*Yours*).

Two others are erected to persons lost in the wreck of the "Schiller."

One is a Greek cross, with tablet, bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of Hermann Zinkeisen, of Milwaukie, U.S.A., born at Altenburg, Germany, 22nd August, 1827, and his wife, Celina Bertha Natalie Mohr, born at Treves, Germany, 21st July, 1828, and their daughter Anna Cecilia Zinkeisen, born at Crossplains, Winconsin, U.S.A., 14th September, 1862, who were drowned in the wreck of the steamship 'Schiller,' off this coast, in the night of 7th of May, 1875."

Close by is another, inscribed thus:—"\* Hier ruht Clara Just, mit ihrem Soehnchen Eduard, sie war geboren am 1sten, Sepbr., 1846, und starb am 8ten Mai, 1875, beim untergange des Schiffes Schiller, mit ihren beiden Kindern, Else und Eduard. Ruh sanft mit deinen Kindern, du edles treues Weib, du gute liebevolle Mutter."

The wreck of the Schiller is the great tragedy of the Islands, and most of the bodies recovered, about 120, sleep in this old Church yard, which contains many sad memorials of lives cut short amid the surrounding natures.

The Church is used as a Mortuary Chapel. The original building was in the form of a cross. Troutbeck says, that in 1662 it was enlarged by the addition of a north aisle. The length of the church was sixty feet,

\* "Here rests Clara Just, with her little son Edward. She was born September 1st, 1846, and died 8th May, 1875, at the sinking of the ship "Schiller," with her two children, Else and Edward.

"Rest softly with thy children thou noble faithful wife, thou good and loving mother."

and the breadth of that aisle nineteen feet. There was a cross aisle, the length of which was sixty two feet, and the breadth sixteen feet. The south aisle was built in 1677 by Sir William Godolphin and eight of the principal inhabitants.

On each side of the Communion Table was a large seat, the one for council men, and the other for the wives and widows of council men. On the 10th day of April, 1732, it was agreed by the members of the council that if any of their fraternity shall die and leave a widow she during the time of her widowhood shall have liberty to sit in the said seat with the wives of the surviving members; but if she shall get another husband that may happen not to be a common council man, she shall then lose her privilege.

The bodies of Sir John Narborough, Captain Lodes, and Henry Trelawny, Son of Bishop Trelawny, all of whom perished with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, were buried in the chancel.

Against the east end of the church is a tablet of black marble, to the wife of Joseph Hankin, an old governor of the Isles of Scilly, with the following verse:—

“Blest soul thy race is run, while we behind  
Strive for that crown, which those prepared shall find  
By Christ; here shall thy body rest  
Till with thy soul it be for ever blest.”

The tablet is in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding its exposure to the sand and spray, which is often driven against it by S.E. gales.

Troutbeck says that this monument, which must have cost a considerable sum of money, and is so ancient, should have been taken more care of.

There is also a tablet to the memory of John, the son of Thomas Ekins who built the Day-mark on St. Martins'. It bears this motto:—“Non mortuus sed dormit.”

At a little distance from the church, the chaplain's house formerly stood. It was rebuilt in 1726, but the materials being old, it became so ruinous that in 1764 the chaplin refused to live in it. It was afterwards used



as a hospital for some wounded soldiers, who were landed from a transport ship which was driven ashore during her passage to England after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

From the Church yard, if the ramble has been long enough, the main road leads you back to Hugh Town in an easy twenty minutes.

### A COAST RAMBLE FROM OLD TOWN.

At Old Town, the former capital of the Island, you will find a considerable collection of cottages and houses and among them some excellent specimens of Scillonian architecture that cannot fail to strike the eye of the stranger.

Wherever the roofs of the cottages are thatched with straw they are not finished off with eaves in the usual southern fashion, but are fastened down by ropes and twisted bands, which are secured to wooden pegs driven into the masonry. This is done out of respect to the rude attention of the winds of Scilly, which at times would make short work of any ordinary thatching.

Continuing round Old Town Bay, Tolman is reached. An old legend says that when Scilly was under the jurisdiction of the Monks of Tavistock, and Old Town being the only port of St. Mary's, a chain extended from Tolman head across the landing, so that all who landed or embarked were subject to a toll as often as they did so. Even the fishermen were not exempt. This was abolished by Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, who on landing in disguise, and being compelled to conform to the iniquitous practice, struck the holy friar dead at his feet.

One curiosity to be seen here is a trough cut out of one stone, capable of holding eighteen Winchester bushels. It is said to have been used in common by all the fishermen of Old Town, to salt their fish, and stages were at that time erected on Tolman Island for the purpose of drying them. Tolman Island is improperly so called ; it is a peninsula.

To the east of Tolman is the bay Porth Minick.

On the eastern side of this bay, and not far from high water, there is a breastwork thrown up, 150 feet long, which formed a good covering point in case of an enemy landing. On the western side the land is low, and several years ago the sea broke in and inundated the fields, entirely destroying the crops, and covering two of them with sand and pebbles.

The next point of interest is the remains of a Druidical grave, in a field above the sands. At the top of the hill, to the eastward of Porth Minick, are two masses of rock, the inner and outer Blue Carn. Here the rocks are lying about in a wild chaos of confusion, giving some faint conception of the great convulsions of nature. Perpendicular and horizontal decomposition in all its stages can be studied here. At the outer carn, the granite has a peculiar formation not to be found at any other place in the island. Veins of quartz, from one to four inches wide, intersect the blocks vertically, at distances from one to four feet apart. The outer edges of quartz appear as if they were composed of small blocks; the granite being of a softer nature than the quartz, in some instances leaves the latter projecting from one to two inches outside the granite. In the clefts of the rock are fine specimens of the fern *Asplenium Marinum*.

Continuing the walk round the cliff, Giant's Castle is next seen. This is the boldest promontory on the southern coast of the island, and is one of those curious relics of bygone humanity known as Cliff Castles, and the only one in the Isles of Scilly.

Troutbeck's description of it in 1795 may with advantage be given here. "This fort is supposed to have been built by the Danes. Towards the sea is an immense crag of rocks, heaped on each other, about one hundred feet high. This heap or turret of rocks has a sudden decline, but not so rough towards the land as towards the sea. It then spreads to join the downs, where at the foot of the hill it has first a ditch crossing the neck of land from sea to sea, and then a low rampart in the same direction. After this, there is another ditch, with a higher vallum, and lastly, near the top of the



crag, there was a wall of stone surrounding every part of it, unless where the natural rocks were a sufficient security. This wall, by its ruins, appears to have been very high and thick. It was probably designed by the Danes as a retreat from the Saxons, in case they should be cut off from their ships." It must have been a place of great strength at that time, but now nothing remains but the ruins of ditch and vallums. The view seawards from the top of the castle is very good, and it is curious to realize that you have nothing but ocean between you and Newfoundland.

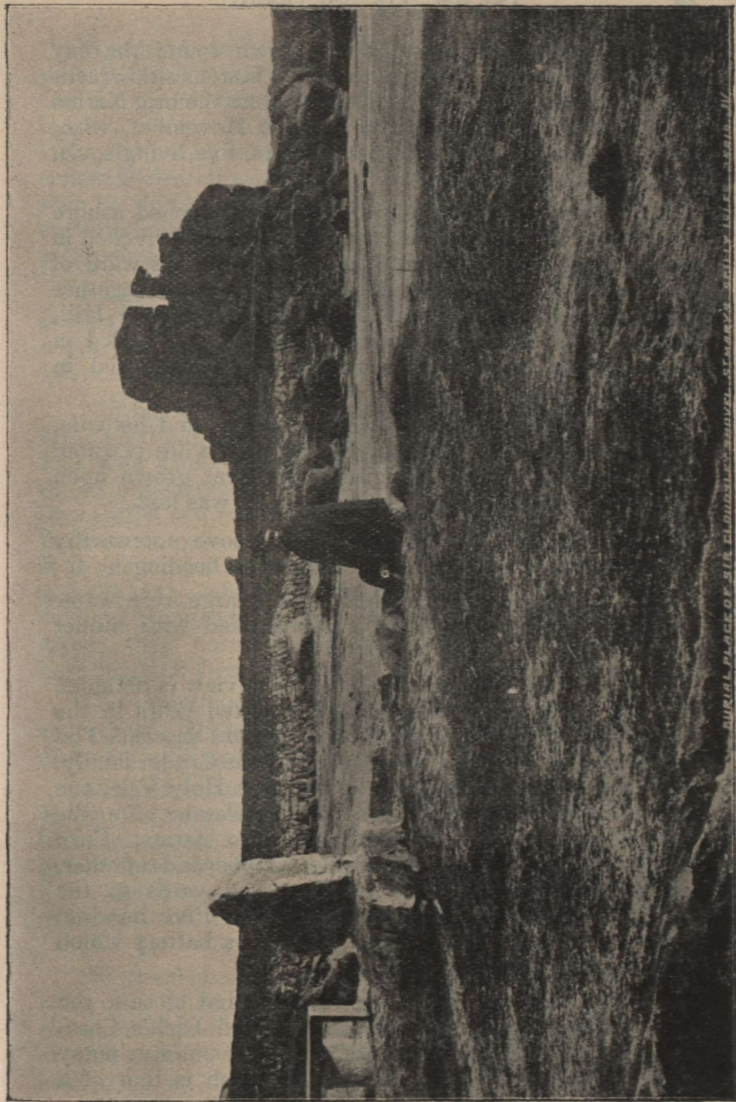
On the west side of the Giant's Castle is a Logan Stone, weighing about fifty tons, and so nicely poised that it can be set in motion by a gentle touch.

The large tract of land inside the Castle, covered with heath, is called Sallakee Downs. On these downs are several barrows, and the remains of a Druidical temple. The floor is a natural rock which seems to have been cleared of its unevenness, and on the edge of the circle are several large stones, with others of a smaller size, but there is no uniformity in their shape or position. On these rocks are several basins which Troutbeck considered to be works of art.

On the high ground near Wardhill, within a circle of stones, is a large flat stone, with a hole sixteen inches square through it. It is supposed to have been placed there for the fixing of a flag staff, when Giant's Castle and Old Town were in their glory; this being the highest land in the neighbourhood.

The next opening is Porth Hellick, (the Bay of Willows). On the downs above the Bay is a large enclosure, 300 feet in circumference, surrounded by large stones. In the centre of the enclosure the sod has been removed, and a large hole sunk to the rocky bottom. At the foot of the downs is a large round rock, resting upon a flat base, called Drum Rock. Situated as it is, on a large mound of earth-work, it would appear that it was once used as a place of Druidical worship.

At the foot of the downs lies Porth Hellick Bay, of which Giant's Castle forms the western boundary. The



BURIAL PLACE OF SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL, SENARY, GULLY ISLES, ANTARCTICA

Photo by]

The Burial Place of Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Dicks Garn.

[VALENTINE.



path lies along the edge of the down round the bay notable as the scene of two of the many famous shipwrecks that have taken place in the Islands. Here the brig *Nerina* drifted with keel upwards on the 18th November, 1840, carrying entombed beneath her timbers, five living souls, four of whom were saved.

Here also Sir Cloudesley Shovel was washed ashore when the four ships of the British Fleet were wrecked in 1707 among the Western Island. To the eastward of the bay, two fine blocks of quartz cemented together and placed there by Mr. W. Trevillick of Rocky Hill, mark the spot where his body was temporarily buried in the sand before it was removed to be enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

The finders of the body were a soldier and his wife, who were rewarded by Lady Shovel with a life pension. A tradition is extant that grass has never grown upon the patch of sandy shore where the body was laid.

The full details of both of the above noteworthy wreck stories will be found under another heading.

At the back of Porth Hellick is a large fresh water pond, the resort of wild fowl, and stocked with mullet and eels.

Looking inland from the bay, a fine view is obtained of Long Stone Farm, for over two hundred years in the possession of the Mumford family, who are descended on the female side from Godolphins through the Crudge family; and at the extreme end of the valley is Holy Vale, one of the most sheltered spots on the island. On the eastern side of the pond are two farms, Carn Friars and London, and on the hill beyond another, called Normandy. About two hundred yards to the N.E. is another named Mount Todden. Five hundred yards to the east of the farm house is a battery which mounted one swivel gun.

On the east side of Porth Hellick, and close to the water's edge, is a fine pile of rocks, called Dick's Carn. This pile, viewed from separate points, assumes as many different shapes, the most peculiar of which is that of a loaded camel.

We next come to the Clapper Rocks. These rocks are scatterd about in the wildest confusion. On the top of the hill above Clapper rocks there are four barrows. On the highest point of this enclosure is a large flat rock, in which are several rock basins. The centre is cleared away to the bare rock, in which may be seen a number of small channels. This, with the surroundings, affords ample proof that it was once used as a Druidical temple.

From this point there is a grand view. To the west is seen the Giant's Castle and the Star Castle, and, to the north, the Daymark on St. Martin's, and the Eastern Islands.

Not far from the enclosure before mentioned there is lying on the ground a large stone, twelve feet long and four feet wide, which no doubt was, in past ages, an object of veneration. A little furthur on, near the edge of the cliff, is a rock named the Giant's Chair, so called from its shape being that of an old-fashioned arm chair. It is one solid stone, the back being about five feet high, and the seat—which is very comfortable to sit on—about two feet from the ground. It looks like a work of art rather than nature; and according to tradition it was here the Arch Druid was wont to sit to watch the rising sun.

The coast here is rugged and iron-bound. and is exceedingly dangerous to shipping. The effect produced during a S.E. gale is terrific.

The next opening is Normandy Gap. Here the rock scenery is very fine. On the summit of the cliff are large masses of rock in such positions that at the first glance it would seem no hard matter to topple them over into the abyss below. In abrupt and picturesque grandeur the coast here is second only to Peninnis Head.

On the downs, just above the gap, there is a large rock, the shape of a leg of mutton, having a circumference of forty feet. It rests on a large flat rock on three points, having a diameter of about two inches, and being at the distance of eighteen inches from one another. In the lower rock are several rock basins, as is



also the case in the upper one, as well as channels down the side. This rock is called the Druid's Throne. About five yards to the east are two more upright rocks of similar size and shape to that last mentioned. On the top of one of these rocks is a beautiful arch, and there are rock basins on both. These rocks are named the Twin Sisters.

The next point, after Normandy Gap, is Deep Point, the rocks here being as grand as any on the islands. The small opening to the north of this point was chosen in 1869 as the landing place of the first telegraph wire, an account of which is given in this book. Darrity's Hole, a large cavern in the cliff, is near Deep Point. At the top of the hill, above the point, are several barrows which have been opened, but nothing of importance was found in them.

Above this point is Mount Todden Farm, which has been spoken of before. Near Mount Todden Battery is a fine sepulchral barrow. The small hut just below Deep Point contains the shore end of the telegraph wire.

About a quarter of a mile east of Mount Todden Battery is Toll's Island, on which are the remains of an old battery named Pellew's Redoubt. At low water the island can be reached on foot, over a low sandy bar. It shows signs of former cultivation, but at present it is a resort for rabbits, and occasionally a few cattle or sheep. The bay inside the island is named Pellistree. At the foot of the downs, above the bay, is a breast-work, extending all the length of its shores. The landing of an enemy here would be an easy matter if it were not fortified. On Toll's Hill is a sod battery, with three salient angles. This point partially guarded the entrance into Crow Sound. At the foot of the hill are terraces, extending to the edge of the cliff, where there is a breast-work. In the side of the hill, to the south west, are the ruins of several houses, named Mary's Walls. They were probably the homes of the soldiers stationed on this part of the island. At the foot of the hill is a battery formerly mounting one gun, and about one thousand yards from this point, seaward, is a ledge of rocks named

Trenear's Reef. Vinegar Ledges lie between Toll's Hill and Island.

New Quay, the next opening, is a small gulf which affords a place of safety for the boats kept by the farmers. From this point to Water Mill Bay is a breast-work. Since the time of Troutbeck a portion of it has been washed away by the encroachment of the sea. Water Mill Bay takes its name from a small stream running down the valley. This stream is fed by a small spring named Lenteverne Well, lying about half way up the valley. Below the well are some farm houses, named Water Mill. There is nothing in the appearance of either the well or stream which would lead one to suppose that there was ever a mill hereabouts.

The northern boundary of the bay is Helvear Hill, on the top of which is a battery. Several sepulchral barrows are scattered over the side of the hill, and at its foot is a breast-work about three hundred yards long. At the foot of the hill, two thousand yards to the north of Water Mill Bay, are the ruins of an old house, called by Troutbeck "Block House." That this was a place of some importance appears from the foundations on which the structure stood. At this extreme point, where it touches two large rocks facing the sea, there is a regularly paved causeway. This extended throughout the whole of the work. The enclosure is of a triangular shape. In one of the rocks already mentioned is a large hole which probably supported a signal pole. The entrance to the enclosure is guarded by a breast-work on each side.

Inisidgen Point is about a quarter of a mile N.E. of Block House. At high water it is cut off from the mainland. There is a breast-work from Block House to this point. On the top of Inisidgen Hill\* is a large cave, fifteen feet long and four feet high, built in the shape of a modern grave. At the ends it is four feet wide, and the extreme breadth is five feet and a half. The top is covered by large flat stones, eight feet long. It was built on the surface, and the earth has been thrown up around it.

\*This hill takes its name from an island just opposite. In an old MS. it was called Enys-au-geon, or St. John's Island.



Probably it was the sepulchre of some great personage. A good view of the surrounding islands can be obtained from this point. There is a barrow at the foot of the hill. From this point to Crow Bar there is a breast-work.

The scene now changes from a rocky to a sandy coast. Here we have low sandy beaches, backed by low cliffs, with a soil of clay. The large expanse of sand now seen is called Sandy Bar. The sea between this point and St. Martin's is very shallow. At times there is only four feet of water on it, and the bar has been traversed at low water from one island to the other. All the islands are situated on a high sandy bottom. At low water they can be forded, all except St. Agnes and the Western Islets. On each side of the inner part of the bar the ground rises, and then slopes a little toward the land, thus affording a good shelter to soldiers who might be drawn up to prevent an enemy landing.

Crow Rock lies west north-west about a quarter of a mile. H.M.S. "Glasgow" struck here in 1778, carrying away a large piece of the rock in her bottom, and leaving her forefoot behind. The vessel afterwards put into Plymouth, and the piece of rock was taken out. A beacon is now placed on the Crow Rock.

Penrithen Quay is just inside the Crow Rock; the breakwater affording shelter for a few small boats.

On the top of the hill, just above the Quay, is a stone nine feet high and ten feet in girth. It is supposed to have been an object of Druidical worship. These stones invariably face the east. About one thousand yards from this stone, in the middle of a field called the Pungies, is a rectangular stone, five feet high, the end of which is three feet square. It is surrounded by a circle of stones.

Bant's Carn is about a quarter of a mile from the Pungies. To the S.W. of this carn is a fine barrow, and to the east of it another, but not in such a perfect state as the first mentioned.

On the west side of the carn is Hellingy Bay, and beyond it a reef of rocks named the Creeb, part o

which is always above water. On the top of Hellingy Downs is a fine barrow in a good state of preservation, Like the one on Inisidgen Hill, it is built in the form of a modern grave, and is covered with large stones, nine feet long, and built upon a mound, which is surrounded by inner and outer rows of stones.

On the other side of Creeb there is a sandy bay called Toll's Porth, on the bank of which there are the remains of an old breast-work. From this bay to the next point, Carn Morvel, vegetation has a stunted appearance. On the top of Carn Morvel there is a large earth-work which commanded an important position. The view of the Islands to be obtained from this point is very good, but there is a better one from the Telegraph Hill, a Coastguard station about half a mile from here. From Carn Norvel there is a good view. Looking towards Hugh Town in the foreground would be Newford Island and Taylor's Island, while in the distance would be St. Agnes, and the Bishop.

On Newford Island, which is surrounded by water only during part of the tide, is a fine carn of rocks, and the ruins of some old buildings. Outside the Island are two reefs, named the Cow and Calf. Between Newford Island and Taylor's Island is Porth Loo Bay. On its north side, in 1777, a transport ship with wounded soldiers from Boston was driven from the roadstead where she was lying at anchor. The ship became a total wreck, but no lives were lost. Troutbeck speaks of Newford Island as Pym's Island.

The next opening is Thomas' Porth, and above it, on the western side, is Mount Flaggon. Here are the remains of an old fort named Harry's Walls, commenced in the reign of Henry VIII., but it was never finished. There are two bastions with a curtain still remaining. The material used for filling the walls is a conglomeration of cement and small stones, and such is its peculiar nature and strength, that it is almost an impossibility to separate it from the stone. It is probably in much the same state now as it was when abandoned, though a good many of the stones were taken away to help to build the new church at Hugh Town. Near it, on the



north-east side, is a large upright rock, ten feet high, and six feet in girth. It is situated on a rocky plat, and was also probably an object of Druidical worship.

At the foot of this hill is Permellin Bay, which is an excellent place for bathing. The sand of this bay is so fine that in Heath's time parcels of it were sent to different parts of England as presents, and it was specially used for polishing brass. It was also much used for drying ink, but is of course now superseded by blotting paper. These sands are further remarkable on account of the thin streaks of black mica which lie on their surface and give the bay a peculiar appearance not to be found in any other part of the Islands. Carn Thomas is a fine pile of rocks above the western shore of the bay, and near it is the Carn Thomas School for boys. At the foot of the carn, on the western side, is a piece of ground formerly used as a burying place for strangers. A few years ago the loose sand on the surface was blown away by a furious north-west gale, unearthing a quantity of human bones. Hugh Town is now reached, thus completing a tour of St. Mary's.

## TO ROCKY HILL AND HOLY VALE.

This is a mid-Island ramble and should be certainly taken by those who would see all sides of Scillonian civilization. Rocky Hill with its picturesque grouping of grey stones and green verdure is one of the most delightful sites in the whole of the beautiful Islands and has many points of interest beside the natural charm of its surroundings.

To get to Rocky Hill take the left road by the church skirting Porth Mellin and Mount Flaggon. The courteous occupant of this beautiful spot, Mr. Trevellick, very kindly welcomes visitors over his beautiful gardens where flower culture in early spring can be seen carried on to perfection, with the advantage of having at the head of its organization a gentleman who was one of the first to establish the flower growing industry that has brought so much prosperity to the Island.

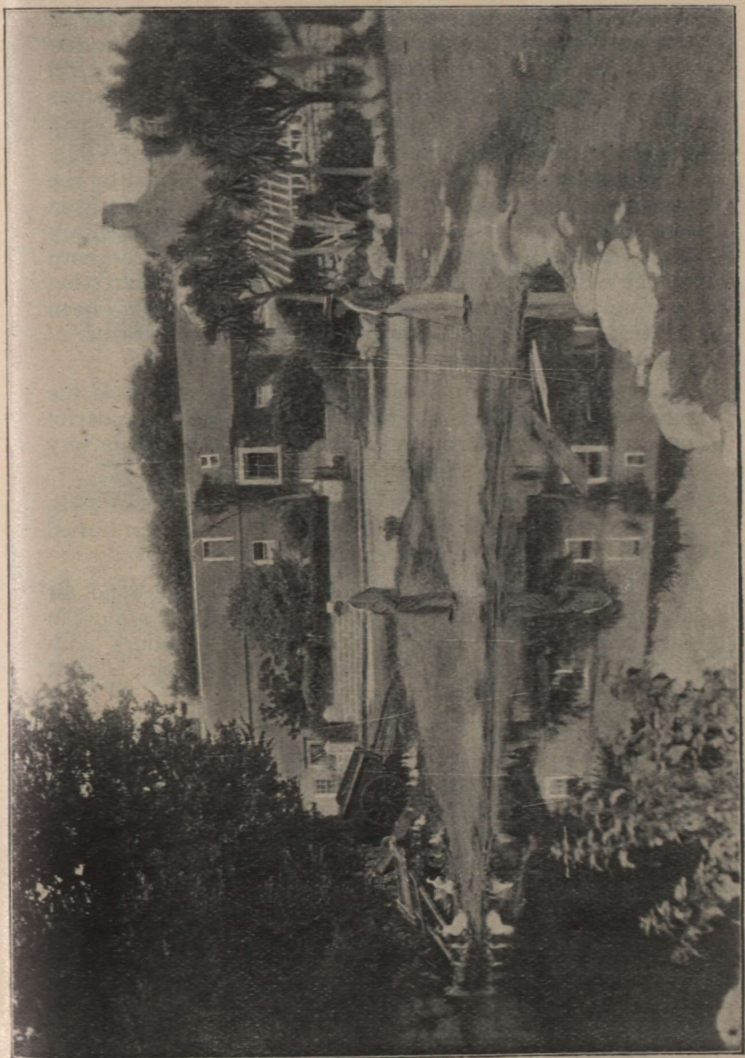


Photo by]

Holy Vale.

[G. F. Cross.



Rocky Hill is one of the most sheltered spots, and in the garden you wander from one enclosure to another where the tender flowers from the bulbs in February fill the air with scent, and are secured from the boisterous winds with fifteen feet hedges of *Euonymus*, a species of tea plant, and the pink flowered *Escallonia macrantha*.

The gardens are full of odd curiosities collected by the proprietor from time to time, quaint figure heads from long lost ships, cannon balls fired by the Parliamentary army, relics of granite hand mills used to grind the corn of the old time Scillonians. In fact, nothing interesting relating to the past history of the Islands has been allowed to escape the careful attention of the owner of the house and gardens.

Lastly, running through the lower gardens is the paved way, known as the Old Roman Road, in wonderful preservation and formerly supposed to be the main way to Hugh Town.

At Porth Loo, a short distance north of Rocky Hill, are the remains of houses supposed to have been buried by a sand drift in the year 1701.

After leaving Rocky Hill and continuing the road for about half a mile we reach Holy Vale, situated almost in the centre of St. Mary's, sharing the honours with Rocky Hill of being the prettiest and most sheltered spot in the Island.

There are now a group of four farms facing the sea looking down the valley to Porth Hellick Bay. In 1751 the chief house, then inhabited by Mr. William Crudge, Deputy Commissary of Musters, was burnt down, and re-built by the Earl Godolphin. Mr. Crudge's father, Mr. John Crudge, married Ursula, the second daughter of Sir Francis Godolphin. The house at the end of the row is now inhabited by Mr. Richard Mumford, a descendant of the old family. In it is an old-fashioned arm chair, which belonged to Charles II. when he was at the Star Castle in 1645. The Prince of Wales visited the house and sat in the chair in 1865.

The names Holy Vale and Carn Friars, a farm on the hill nearer Porth Hellick Bay, suggest a religious

settlement in this part of the Island, but nothing can be traced in the old records of the History of Scilly to warrant this supposition.

The surrounding trees here, growing to a greater height, and more luxuriantly than at spots where the exposure to the wind is greater, embower the groups of houses in Holy Vale, and sheltered from every blast they afford a charming picture of quaint and peaceful comfort.

A good road takes the visitor back to Hugh Town.

## TRESCO AND ITS GARDENS.



As a rule the first thing, and sometimes unfortunately the only thing, done by a visitor to the Isles of Scilly, is to visit the island and the

wonderful gardens of the Lord-proprietor at Tresco. A launch plies daily during the summer months from St. Mary's (Fare, 1/-), or it is a sheltered and smooth passage as a rule in the little sailing craft of the Scilly boatmen, whose usual price is 5/- return fare, landing at Carn Near.

The Abbey Gardens should be first visited. From this point to the gardens, there is a good carriage drive. Before reaching the gardens, however, on the right hand side, will be seen a pond of fresh water, which is the largest on the island. On the hill top to the left will be seen the carn erected to the memory of the late Lord of the Isles, Augustus Smith, Esq.

Admission is gained at the Garden Lodge, by ringing the bell over the gate. Here in the ante-room is kept a Visitors' Book, in which all parties entering the gardens are requested to write their names. It contains the autographs of several of the Royal Family, including the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, and of many other distinguished personages.



Leaving this room, accompanied by the gardener, the first thing to be noticed is the Tennis Lodge, ornamented with figure-heads of ships which have been wrecked on or near the islands. They are placed very effectively, and with the remains of some old anchors—which, from their appearance, must have been under water a great length of time—give to the spot a very nautical appearance.

To the right is a well kept lawn-tennis ground, and on the elevation at its further end is an old cresset burner, which up



to the year 1790 served as a night beacon at St. Agnes. Coal was burnt in it. The top of the burner is now utilised as a huge flower pot, being filled with scarlet geraniums.

Looking from this point towards the gardens, there is a fine view of the avenue leading to the upper terrace, crowned at the top by an old figure-head of Neptune.

Passing up the avenue, we begin to see some of the treasures of this wonderful storehouse. One must needs be both gardener and botanist even to attempt to catalogue this unique collection of trees and flowers from all over the globe. Taking the first turning to the left, the "Wilderness" suddenly comes into view. Here are to be seen, in all their native beauty, Australian, New Zealand, and other exotic and British ferns, including, *Dicksonia antarctica*, *Alsophila australis*, *Cyathea dealbata*, *Lomaria magellanica*, and *Asplenium Nidus avis*, or Bird's nest fern.

The next portion, called Lower Australia, is specially devoted to the growth of Australian plants. Here on all sides are choice and rare palms, conspicuous among which are *Corypha australia*, *Chamaerops humilis*, *Taxodium sinense*, and *Pordocarpus andina*, this last coming from Chili. There is also a great variety of Acacias or Australian wattles, Aloes, and fine clumps of

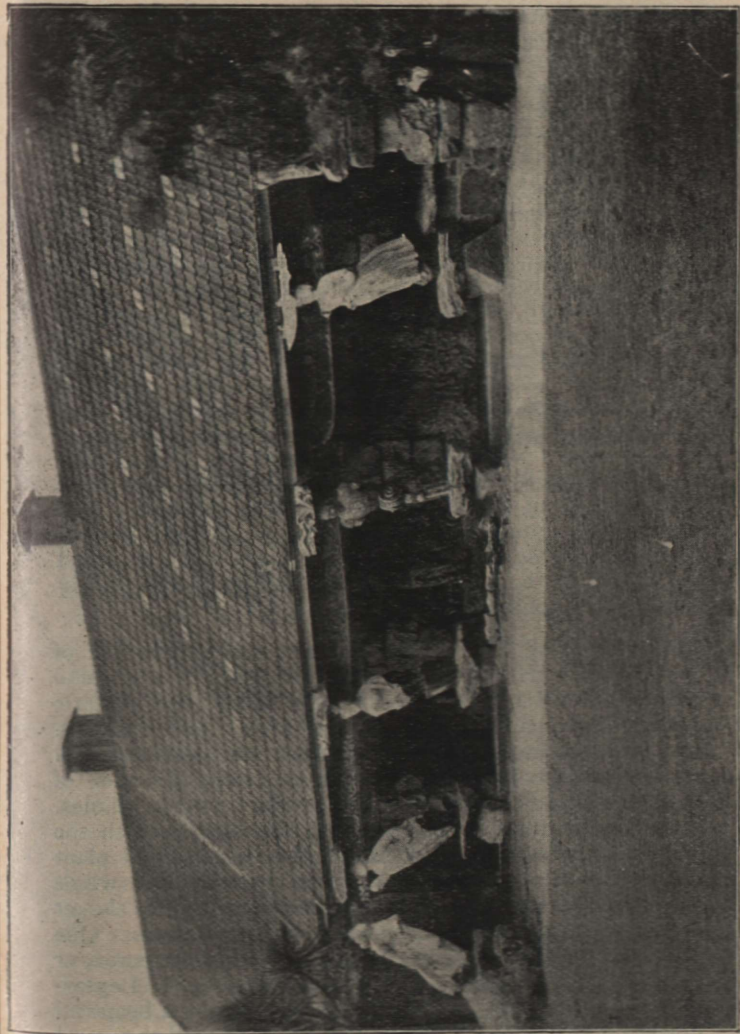


Photo by]

Figure Heads of Wrecked Vessels in Tresco Gardens.

[G. F. Cross.



Bamboos. The whole is flanked on either side by fine hedges of *Escallonia macrantha*, and *Berberis Darwini*, ten feet high.

Leaving this part, and crossing the central walk, Higher Australia is reached, in which is a large variety of New Holland plants. Here is a very fine specimen of *Tasmannia aromatica*, or Winter's pepper bush, from Van Dieman's Land. This tree bears and ripens its berries. Here also are several varieties of *Hakea*, including *Hakea oleifolia*, *Hakea suaveolens* and *Hakea prostrata*, as well as *Escallonia Montevicensis*, about twelve feet high, with its beautiful white blossom. Near it is the cinnamon tree, and a fine specimen of the sweet scented *Pittisporum Tobia*. But the *Metrosideros robustus* or Australian iron bark, is especially worthy of notice. This tree when in full bloom is the handsomest in the garden, and has been termed the "blazing bush."

Returning from this part of the garden, the main road, or "Long Walk," as it is called, is reached. It is about eight hundred feet long. At one end will be seen the capstan of some unfortunate ship, on which is placed the figure of the Mexican eagle, standing on the prickly pear, with a snake in its mouth.

The "Long Walk" is the most striking feature of the garden. Here at a glance are seen the graceful palm, *dracœnas*, gum trees, Cape aloes, the gigantic cactus, *canellia* trees twenty feet high, Indian azaleas, and fuchsias more like forest trees than garden plants. Walks diverge from it on either side, and avenues of *dracœnas*, and other rare plants from foreign climes. The English furze is seen growing side by side with the prickly pear of the West Indies, each individual plant vying with the other in its native beauty, the whole presenting a scene long to be remembered, while the air is filled with the aroma of the plants and flowers. One should not fail to notice in passing the *Clethra arborea*, or tree lily of the valley, also a fine specimen of *Leptospermum baccatum*, or Australian tea scrub, a beautiful flowering shrub about twelve feet high, as well as several specimens of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, or "tree of health."

This tree is said to absorb its own weight of moisture in twenty-four hours, and has been found greatly to improve the sanitary conditions of malarial districts. In its native country it attains the height of four hundred feet, with a circumference of sixty feet at the base of the trunk. There is also a variety of palms from China, Hindoostan and Japan. Other plants found in this walk are the Australian musk (*Aster argophyllus*), a young *Araucaria excelsa* or Norfolk Island pine, and a fine specimen of *Embrotium coccineum* with magnificent scarlet flowers, as well as many others, the whole forming a scene so attractive, that lady visitors rightly style it "fairy land."

At the east end of the walk, a turning to the right brings one into the nursery ground, not large, but well stocked with rare plants from Kew, and with contributions from gentlemen interested in horticulture and botany. There are also a large number of plants contributed by sea-faring persons belonging to the islands. At the extreme end is an elliptical flower-garden, with edges of the old and pretty fuchsia, *Thompsonii*. The scarlet bedding dahlia figures conspicuously here; but the most attractive plant is *Aralia papyrifera*, or Chinese paper plant, from the pith of which the Chinese make the beautiful rice paper. This plant is sixteen feet high. The whole of this portion of the garden is surrounded by trellis-work, on which hops are grown, and greatly add to the beauty of the spot.

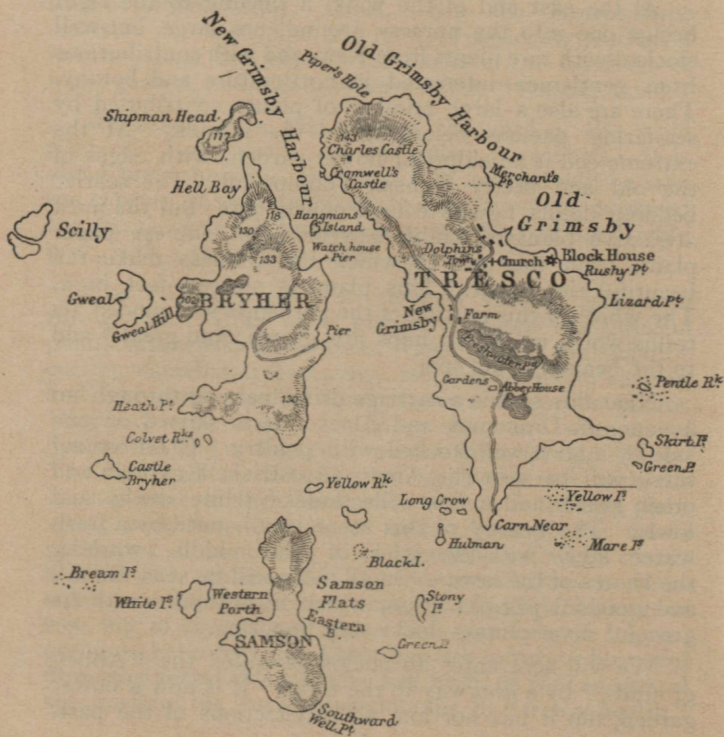
Near this spot is a carriage drive, passing through an avenue of *Dracœnas* and *Aloes*. It is skirted on one side by a lawn well stocked with poultry. Chief among these will be seen the American ostrich, Egyptian and other geese, and a fine collection of white ducks and fowls. The beauty of this scene is enhanced by a fresh water lake, with an islet in the middle, washing the shores of the lawn. On all sides will be seen the tall and graceful pampas grass, which in autumn—with its graceful silver plume—looks very imposing.

We will here enter an enclosure called the "Abbey grounds," by a doorway to the right. It is now a flower garden, but it has not lost all recollections of the past.



The old well still remains. Within this enclosure is a fine specimen of the *Puya Chilensis*, a native of Chili. It has flowered several times, and is the only plant of its kind that has flowered out of doors in the British Isles. Its flower stalks have the appearance of large heads of asparagus. The *Magnolia grandiflora* also flowers profusely here, filling the air with perfume; and near them are two large plants of *Brugmansia suaveolens*, or *Datura arborea*.

Passing out by another door will be seen all that remains of the old Abbey of St. NICHOLAS, which, though attached to the monastery of TAVISTOCK, was not inferior in old days to some of the proudest religious



establishments. Nothing is now left but two old arches, the grey walls and a few antique graves. You will notice that there are many inscriptions on the grave stones of comparatively recent dates. This is accounted for by the islanders using the old Abbey as a burial place till the early part of this century. They seem to have a prejudice in favour of laying their dead within the old walls of the mouldered Abbey. Some of the epitaphs are quaint, but we have only room to affix one that sternly reproves the reader in the last couplet :—

Farewell, vain world, I have seen enough of thee ;  
 I am now careless what thou says of me.  
 Thy smiles I count not nor thy frowns I fear,  
 My troubles past, my head lies quiet here.  
 By death from pain I am relieved,  
 With Christ a blessing to receive.  
 May heaven be my happy shore, to sing  
 God's praise for evermore. Amen.

In memory of Mary Nicholas Ward, 1807, aged 24.

What faults you have seen in me, take and shun,  
 And look you all at home, there is enough to be done.

On the ground in the Abbey enclosure will be noticed some rusty round projectiles fired during the siege of the house during the Parliamentary wars.

The walls of the Abbey are covered with ivy, while around the graves the lily of the valley, Hydrangea, and blue and white *Agapanthus umbellatus* unite to disperse the melancholy associated with such surroundings.

Leaving the Abbey, and turning to the right, the visitor reaches the Italian pebble garden. This garden is specially devoted to the growth of Cape bulbs, such as the *Sparaxis*, *Ixias*, *Nerine*, or *Guernsey lily*, *Babianas*, *Tritonias*, and *Ixia viridiflora*, with its large spikes of lovely green flowers, with dark eyes, so much admired in spring. The nature of the soil is specially adapted to the growth of these plants.

In passing to the garden for bedding plants, there is a specimen of *Erica vagrans*, which was brought from the Lizard. It is found in no other part of the world except Portugal, and there probably only in Sir Francis Cook's famous gardens at Cintra, near Lisbon.



This garden looks well in summer, and the effect is heightened by the presence of many tropical plants. On the western side is a high wall, covered with choice climbers, including *Edwardsia grandiflora*, *Clianthus puniceus*, *Passiflora racemosa*, *Mandevilla suaveolens*, *Lasiandra macrantha*, *Solanum pulcellum*, and *Habrohamnus elegans*.



Photo by]

In Tresco Gardens.

[B. P. Row.

Passing into the vinery, where grapes are grown abundantly without the aid of artificial heat, there is a fine specimen of *Dicksonia*, as well as many other ferns. Here also is *Bougainvillea speciosa*, which flowers abundantly.

A little further on is the fig house, well stocked with fig tree in pots, as well as peaches and nectarines on the back wall. A portion of this house is occupied by choice ferns, and fine foliage plants. The most conspicuous is a bank of *Adiantum cuneatum*. Nothing can exceed its beauty, which, under the fostering care of Mr. J. Jenkin, the head gardener, produces a mass of fronds a foot or more in length.

In passing from this house to the upper terrace you will notice the large number of Aloes scattered about the gardens. There are a great many varieties, and not a summer passes without many of them blooming. They take from fifteen to twenty years to mature their growth, and throw up, in a few weeks, flower spikes to the height of twenty or thirty feet. There are also several large plants of *Fourcroya longeva*, and large brakes of scarlet geraniums.

The upper terrace commands a fine bird's eye view of the gardens, with St. Mary's, St. Agnes, the Bishop Lighthouse, and Sampson in the distance, while the many channels separating the islands greatly add to the beauty of the scene. Here the fig tree ripens its fruit abundantly. The Cape fig, *Mesembryanthemum edule*—which grows here—is eaten by the natives of South Africa, and sold in the markets of Natal and Cape Town. Conspicuous among the flora of this portion of the gardens is the *Belladonna lily*.

The gardener has planted plum trees, and has found them to do well, in spite of the impression that appears to be general that stone fruit does not arrive at perfection in Scilly.

Apple and pear trees produce good crops, and in the kitchen garden there is a full supply of vegetables (salads included) all the year round. These are well grown in the open air. Raspberries, strawberries, and gooseberries grow remarkably well.

The Abbey House is built on a carn of rocks, just below the flag staff, and no better spot could have been chosen on the island. At the western end of the house, and beneath the conservatory, is some artificial rock work,



in the crevices of which are found growing Aloes, Prickly pears, Sedums and Mesembryanthemums of various sizes and colours, as well as many other plants.

At the end of the lawn, beneath the rock work, at the east end of the house, is a tablet erected by the late Augustus Smith, Esq., bearing the following inscription:—

“TO THE GARDEN.

“All persons are welcome to walk in these gardens, but are requested to keep the main walks, and not 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.

“N.B.—The gardens are open (for the islanders) from 2 to 5. Children must not come by themselves.

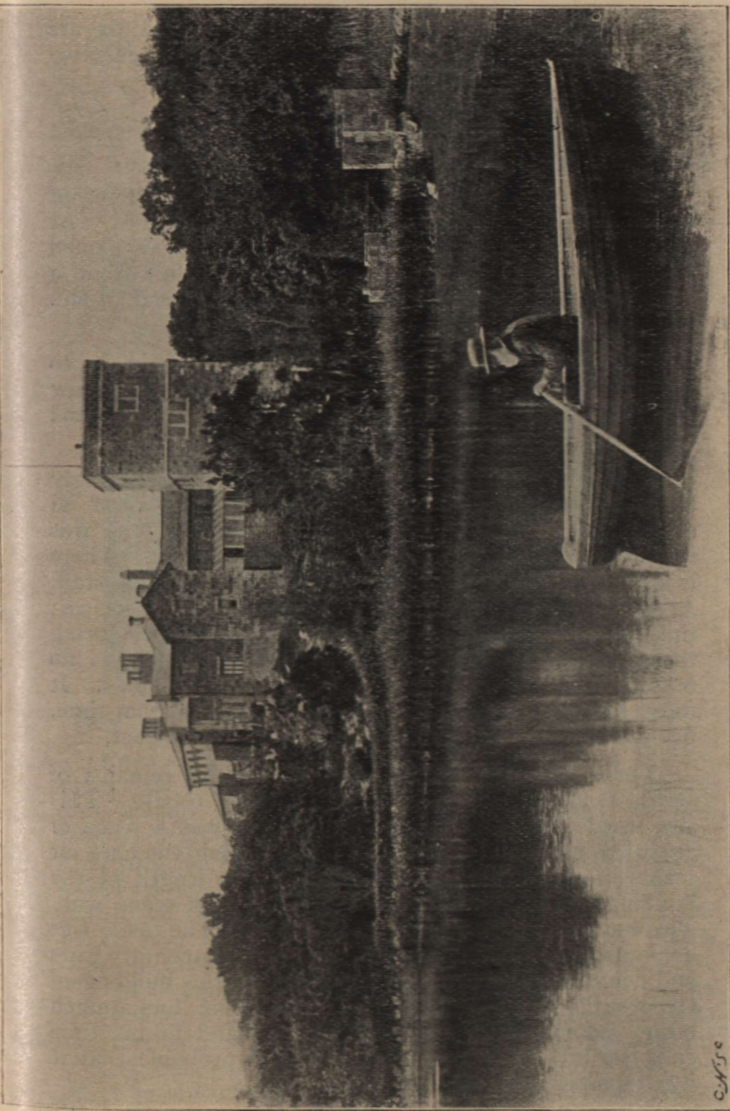
“Chains, bars, or round stones mark the walks which are not to be used.”

From this point there is a carriage drive round the island. This road for the first half mile passes through a plantation of Rhododendrons, Dracœnas, and Hydrangeas. The latter deserve special notice, on account of the beauty of the foliage and rich colouring of the flowers. Finer specimens cannot be seen in England.

Among the forest trees there are fine specimens of *Picea nobilis*, and *Pinus insignis*. The *Cuppressus maecrocapa*, and *lambertia* are numerous, and mixed with the pineasters they thrive well in this climate.

A fine young Cedar of Lebanon must not be omitted. It was the gift of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the late Augustus Smith, Esq., and was brought from Lebanon by the Prince.

There are along this drive many choice specimens of Rhododendrons, comprising the Himalayan species, *Edgeworthii*, and other Indian varieties. At the extreme end are many fine clumps of New Zealand flax, which give a pleasing effect to the scene. The plantation is well stocked with game.



C.H. 18

*Photo. by*

**The Home of the Lord Proprietor.**

*[Valentine.*



The farm house and farm buildings close by are fitted with all the modern appliances for effective agriculture : glass houses for forcing tomatoes and narcissi : baliff's house, dairy, carpenter's and blacksmith's shops, and all conveniences for a well stocked and well kept farm, will be found adjacent.

Near the farm is a fine sandy bay, on the shores of which the Parliamentary forces encamped in 1665. At the further end of the bay is a group of houses named The Palace; it is said to have taken its name from a house of entertainment which formerly stood there. Here also is a small pier.

The walk along the edge of the cliff leads to Cromwell's Castle, which overlooks the entrance to New Grimsby Harbour (the water between Bryher and Treco).

The castle is about sixty feet high, it is strongly built, the walls being twelve feet thick, and raised on arches. The roof is flat and bomb proof, and was formerly armed with a battery of nine-pounders. There is a parapet wall at the top, and fixings for a signal staff. At the base, and next to the sea, is a stone platform; this was also armed. The castle was built during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, but there is no reason for supposing that he ever visited the islands. It must have been a place of great strength at that time, but it now stands a grim and silent relic of the past.

There are also on the hill above the remains of another old fort or castle, named Charles' Castle. This also faced New Grimsby Harbour, and was a place of great strength and size. The walls facing the harbour seems to have been bomb proof. The length of the building appears to have been divided by a stone wall. The main or outside wall is six feet thick. The castle was no doubt held for the King during the Parliamentary wars and demolished to provide materials for the building of Cromwell's Castle, which, from its position, had a much better command of the harbour. Leland in his time calls it a little pile or fortress, but it is probable that it was repaired and enlarged later.

From the ruins of Charles' Castle, the highest point in Tresco, there is a fine view of Shipman's Head across New Guernsey harbour, Menavawr, to the north east St. Helen's and Round Island with its lighthouse. And during a north-west gale the sight of the ceaseless beat of the Atlantic rollers against the rocks is grand in the extreme.

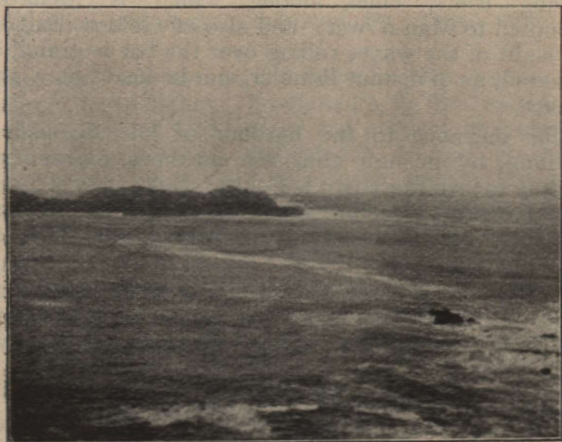


Photo. by]

**Shipman Head, from Tresco.**

[B. P. Row.

Piper's Hole on the north shore of Tresco is the other lion of the island (5/-, apply at the Canteen) and should not be omitted. The entrance to this subterranean cavern is from the rocks at the base of the cliff, and for the first twenty yards the explorer has to crawl on his hands and knees over huge boulders. It has to be explored by torch or candle light. Near the centre is a small lake, the surface and depth of which varies considerably at the different seasons of the year. A boat is kept here, and the explorer can cross to the other side, where there is a sandy beach, stretching to the further extremity of the cave. One of the present writers once lit it up with magnesium wire, and the effect produced was very weird and romantic. It also



looks very pretty when lit up by candles placed on the sides of the cavern, with here and there tiny lights floating on the waters.

There are other caverns on the islands, but none so large as Piper's Hole.

The road over the downs from Piper's Hole leads to Dolphin Town. A fine view is obtained here of the outlying islets, chief among which is Menavawr (corrupted to Man-o'-war), and also of Golden Ball bar. The sight of the waves rolling over the bar is grand, and the sound, as of distant thunder, can be heard at a great distance.

The entrance to the harbour of Old Grimsby is overhung by a high cliff, the northern extremity of which is called Merchant's Point. Near it is a pile of rocks named Permellin Carn, and there are also two rocks just off the coast named Merchant's Rock and Permellin Rock.

At Dolphin Town there is a small landing place, from which, if the weather is fine, it would be advisable to embark and explore the surrounding islets and outlying rocks.

Here a charity school was instituted in 1747, by the Earl of Godolphin, for the purpose of educating twelve boys. It has now developed into a well kept and excellent National School.

The old Church formerly stood near the school, but it has disappeared, and a new one has been erected nearly on the same spot.

The foundation stone of the new church was laid on the 12th of September, 1877. It was erected by Lady Sophia Tower and Mr. Dorrien-Smith, chiefly by the former, who from a long friendship with the late proprietor, thought it a proper tribute to his memory. The church is named St. Nicholas, which recalls to memory the patron saint of the island, to whom the old arches in the Abbey Gardens were dedicated, when they formed part of the Abbey.

The church has sitting accommodation for two hundred and fifty people. It is surmounted by a small

square tower at the south east end. A considerable plot of ground has been added to the old church-yard, and it has been much improved.

There have been planted on the north west side, aloes, which greatly add to the beauty of the surroundings, while a road through the church-yard leads to the only entrance, which is on the north side. The ceiling is arched. Most of the work was done by workmen on the estate, assisted by others from St. Mary's.

The east window is the finest in the church, and consists of three lights. Underneath is the inscription, "To the glory of God and to the memory of Augustus Smith, this window is dedicated." It was given by Lady Sophia Tower and her three sons. Its chief subjects are a figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of fishermen; a representation of the crucifixion, which fills the greater portion of the central light; and a figure of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the islands, with bishop's staff and mitre. The subjects in the lower portion of the window are "The call of St. Andrew," and "Our Lord walking on the sea," while beneath St. Nicholas there is a representation of St. Christopher crossing a stream with the Infant Christ on his shoulder.

Beneath the window is a handsome Reredos of Cornish serpentine and granite, the gift of the late Col. Smith-Dorrien. A Cornish cross adorns the central panel. The pulpit, at the base of which is the figure of an angel, was the gift of Mrs. Smith-Dorrien. The font is mounted on small granite columns, and is a perfect specimen of necessary church furniture. It was a gift from the brothers and sisters of Mr. Dorrien-Smith. The handsome Bible and Prayer-Book are due to contributions raised at penny-readings, given by the islanders of Tresco. The two chancel chairs are the gift of Mrs. Le Merchant (sister of the late proprietor). The altar cloth is the work and gift of Miss Tower and the altar linen is the work and gift of Mrs. Smith-Dorrien. The cushions for the Communion rails are the work and gift of Mrs. Arthur Tower, and Mr. Lawrence contributed the book of Altar Services. A new Organ,



the gift of Miss Smith-Dorrien, has been added. The side windows are very effective.

The subject of the west window is taken from Revelations. The centre light represents the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus, while in each of the eight surrounding lights is an angel playing on a bell. Beneath the window there is a brass tablet bearing the inscription:—"At eventime it shall be light." "In memory of Robert Algernon Smith-Dorrien, this window is dedicated by Thomas Algernon and Edith Dorrien-Smith, October 8th, 1879."

The church was opened on June 17th, 1879, by Dr. Benson, late Archbishop of Canterbury then Bishop of Truro, and consecrated on July 16th, 1882, the late Bishop Claughton, Bishop of St. Albans, assisting in the ceremony. There is a resident clergyman, who lives close by the church.

It would be advisable now to visit the outlying islands. Embarking from the old pier, the harbour of St. Helen's pool is entered. The seaward boundary of the harbour is formed by the islands of St. Helen's, Tean, Northwithiel, and Foreman. It was appointed by Act of Parliament in 1756 for vessels to perform quarantine in this harbour.

St. Helen's Isle is about a mile and a half in circumference, and contains about one hundred acres. The soil on the lower part is good and from the remains of hedges it apparently was at one time cultivated. Troutbeck, writing in 1795, says, "There are the ruins of a church on this island, which is the most ancient building on all the islands. It consists of a south aisle thirty-one feet six inches long, by fourteen feet three inches wide, from which two arches, low and of an uncouth style, open into a north aisle twelve feet wide, by nine feet six inches long. There are two windows in each aisle, formed in the most rustic manner, and near the eastern window, in the north aisle, there is a stone jutting out like a platform, on which it is supposed by some that the image of the saint stood to whom the church was dedicated." If this conjecture be true, the stone must have been placed

there long after the church was founded, for it is undoubtedly older than image worship, which was not known in England till the latter end of the eighth, or the beginning of the ninth century. It is probable that monks, at one time, resided near the church, for there are still the remains of houses, built in the form of cloisters.

Since Troutbeck's time these ruins have gone to decay. There is a building on it now known as the Pest House, and used in past times to receive sailors and others affected with contagious diseases.

This island is worthy of inspection. A fine view of Round Island and Menavawr is obtained from the northern side, where the coast is high.

The next object of interest is Round Island, on which may be seen a large number of Puffins. It is very rocky and difficult of ascent, and is one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. On this island is erected a lighthouse, which shows a red flash light.

Menavawr lies to the north west of Round Island. It is easily distinguished by its three peaks, and although it would seem a great difficulty to climb its rugged sides, yet it may be done with but very little exertion. It is about one hundred and forty feet high, and is the resort of an innumerable number of wild sea birds. There is between two of the peaks a narrow channel through which a boat may pass in fine weather. Menavawr has been styled the "Mount Blanc of Scilly—stern, massive and grand—at once repellent and inviting, the most stupendous of the mighty crags of this wild land."

From this point visitors will return to St. Mary's through Old Grimsby Harbour and channel. Passing down the channel one cannot fail to notice a square block of buildings, built on a high carn of rocks. This is the old Block House. On the top are two platforms, with a parapet. The walls of this fort are forty feet high, and four feet thick. It is almost impregnable on the east side, which is on the crest of the carn. The guns have been removed, but from its commanding

Visitors will be made very welcome by the keepers of the lighthouse. It is interesting to note in passing that Round Island lighthouse possesses the largest burner in the service.



position, it would still form a stronghold, if put into a state of defence.

Rushy Point, Lizard Point, Pentle Rock, and Skirt Island are passed in succession, and the course then lies through the Roadstead to St. Mary's.

### SAMSON AND BRYHER.

Many folks have their first introduction to the Flower Islands by reading Sir Walter Besant's charming romance, "Armored of Lyonesse," in which he, like Mr. Blackmore with his Somersetshire tale "Lorna Doon," did much to draw the attention of the general reader to a comparatively little known but entirely delightful district.

Sir Walter fixed the home of the beautiful Armored on Samson, and to Samson the visitor will sail at an early opportunity. Bryher, a delightful island with some of the finest scenery on the Archipelago, can be seen on the same day.

The island of Samson consists of two hills and lies  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Garrison, from which its appearance at sunset on a summer's evening is especially grand.

Forty years ago it had a population of fifty people, living in ten houses. In 1855 there was only one family living on it. It is now uninhabited, and the houses are in ruins. It is used as a place of pasturage for sheep and cattle from the Abbey Farm. Formerly the inhabitants supported themselves by fishing and kelp making, and some of the land was cultivated, though in a very slovenly fashion. No doubt there was a little business done in a private way with their French neighbours. All this however was changed by the late lord-proprietor, who acted wisely in placing the inhabitants on other islands, where they might be better employed, and the children educated in a proper manner.

We will suppose that you have landed from your boat on the Eastern Bay, and that you take first the hill to your left, where you will notice the roofless houses of the folks who left the island years ago.

Up the hill, wild and uncultivated, you climb, picking your way amid the boulders of granite. At the foot of the north side are the remains of a building supposed to have been a church, flourishing no doubt during the time of the early Abbots of Tavistock.

The view from the top of the hill is very extensive and grand, over rocks and islets laced with foam.

On the ridge are a few sepulchral barrows, but we shall see more of them on the other hill.

The southern point of Samson is Southward Well, and opposite, lying off the coast, is a dangerous ledge of the same name.

We will now make our way back and climb the northern hill.

The northern hill of Samson is very barren, but on its summit are the finest archæological remains to be found in the islands. One of them was opened by the late Augustus Smith in 1862, and in it was found the most perfect kistvean known to exist in Cornwall. The lower and upper jaw of a man, and the remains of teeth were also found, but all had been subjected to the action of fire. Within a radius of one hundred and fifty yards are eleven very large barrows, with sepulchral caves covered with large stones. One cannot but be struck with awe while standing among the remains, and the surroundings are well calculated to bring up visions of the past. There are also several smaller barrows on the side of the hill.

The opened grave is still to be seen, the slabs of stone that formed the sides of the grave remaining in position and the large flat stone which covered them lying close beside.

"They found," said Armorel, "the bones of the king lying on the stone. But when someone touched them they turned into dust. There is the dust at your feet in the grave. The wind cannot bear it away. It may blow the sand and earth into it, but the dust remains. The rain can turn it into mud, it cannot melt it. This is the dust of a king."



The view from this hill is very fine, as indeed are most sea views in Scilly, and we cannot do better than let Armorel be our guide once more and describe it in her own words.

"The island across the channel is Bryher. This is Bryher Hill because it faces Bryher Island. Yonder on Bryher is Samson Hill because it faces Samson Island." To the north east she pointed out and distinguished The Eastern Islands, the group between St. Martin's and St. Mary's, Great and Little Arthur, Ganilly with its two hills like Samson, the Gannicks and Meneweather, Ragged Island and Inisvouls.

To the northward she showed them the long island of St. Martin's with its white houses, its church, its gentle hills and the white and red daymark on its highest point.

"Half of St. Martin's was hidden by Tresco and more than half of Tresco by Bryher; over the downs of Tresco rose the dome of Round Island crowned with its white lighthouse, and over Bryher out at sea showed the rent and jagged crest of the great rock, Menavawr."

On returning down the hill to the right is White Island. It is not cultivated, but is covered with a quantity of long grass. It was here that the first and third officers of the S.S. "Delaware" landed, their ship having been lost between Mincarlo and Seal Rock. All the rest of the crew perished; these two officers were taken off the island by a boat's crew from Bryher.

We will now return to our boat and if the tide will serve, for the channel is very shallow, land on Bryher at the pier.

Bryher,—or Brehar as it was formerly called,—is about three miles from St. Mary's, and lies to the west of Tresco, from which it is divided by New Grimsby Channel. It is about three miles round, and contains over three hundred acres.\*

The best place for landing is at a little quay on the north side of Green Bay. This bay is opposite the

\*Accommodation can be obtained, if one should desire to stay in Bryher, at the Vine House (Mr. Jenkins).

Farm on Tresco. Not far from the landing place is the Church; it was built in 1742 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and enlarged by Mr. Augustus Smith. The service is conducted by the resident clergyman of Tresco, on Sunday afternoons. There is also on the side of the hill a Meeting House, in which the service is conducted by the islanders.

In the little churchyard of Bryher a veteran Scillonian lies; his epitaph tells us that:—

“Though I’ve been where billows roar,  
Still, by God’s help, I’m safe on shore;  
And now I’m here among the fleet,  
Waiting for Jesus Christ to meet.  
This is to let you see,  
I’ve had the fifth generation on my knee.  
Jacob Hicks, 1852. Aged 96.”

From the Watch House, which is on the hill above the church, a very bold and grand view may be obtained. To the west the islets dot the wide expanse of water, which is often lashed into fury, and the scene is then magnificent. The Bishop Lighthouse will be distinctly seen, as well as St. Agnes with its beacon. The sheet of water separating the island has often the appearance of a polished mirror, while the numerous bays are lined with sand of dazzling whiteness. To the east lie Tre-co, St. Martin’s and the Eastern Islets. The appearance of the last is especially striking.

Bryher, like most of the other islands, abounds in Druidical remains and sepulchral barrows. They are too numerous to receive special notice, but a few of the principal ones are deserving of attention.

Leaving the Watch House Hill, and proceeding in a northerly direction, the cliffs along this coast are very high and precipitous, and a good view of Cromwell’s Castle may be obtained. Just opposite Cromwell’s Castle, on the Bryher shore, is a conical shaped mass of land named Hangman’s Island. It was used as a place of execution by the Parliamentary forces during the Great Rebellion.

Shipman Head is the most northerly point of this island. It is a bold mass of rocks about seventy feet



high, and is separated from the main part of the island by a chasm in the rock about twelve feet wide. Just inside this point, on the western side, the barque "Maipu," laden with saltpetre, ran ashore on the night of July 27th, 1879. On the same night the "River Lune," was wrecked near St. Agnes. All hands were saved from both vessels.

Proceeding from this point, in a south westerly direction, Hells Bay is reached. The famous surf



Photo. by]

**An Iron Bound Coast.**

[G. F. CROSS

photograph, published by Messrs. Frith and Co. was taken here. This bay is flanked by rocky cliffs named Higher Rocks. At the foot of the cliff is a spring of fresh water, which is the best on the island. A curious fact is that it is so situated that the sun never shines on it. At the foot and sides of the hill are several barrows, invariably encircled with stones. Some of them have been opened, and in them were found urns full of a gritty dust, which gave out a strong odour.

The northern hill of Bryher is very rough and barren. On the top of the hill, above Higher Rocks, are two large barrows, with inner and outer circles of stones.

From this point a good view is obtained of the rocks around this part of Bryher. Foremost among these is Scilly, from which the group is said to take its name. It is about one mile in circumference, and a narrow channel a few feet wide divides it into two parts. A mass of rock crowns each of these parts, which are named respectively the North and South Cuckoo.

A small uncultivated island named Gweal lies between Scilly and Bryher. It has an area of about eight acres.

Gweal Hill on Bryher, opposite to Gweal Isle, is a high peninsula. On its western side are three sepulchral barrows. The rocks are of various and grotesque forms, and are covered with lichens. Gweal Hill is flanked by two bays, namely, Porpoise Cove on the west, and Great Porth on the south. Between these bays is an isthmus, on which is a pond of fresh water, with an area of about two acres. There are several other bays, but none worthy of special notice.

Heath Point is on the north west part of the island, and opposite it are the Colvel Rocks.

If the weather is fine this will prove a good place for embarking for the purpose of visiting the outlying rocks.

Castle Bryher is very conspicuous, being sixty feet or more in height. It is bold and majestic in appearance, and is seen to the best advantage when viewed between Bryher and Samson. Its sides are precipitous.

Between Castle Bryher and Maiden Bower lies a dangerous pile of rocks called Seal Rock, so named from the topmost rock bearing a great resemblance to a seal.

On one of the sunken ledges the S.S. "Sussex" ran on shore, on the night of December 17th, 1885, and became a total wreck. The crew were all saved. She was from Baltimore bound to London, and, in addition to a general cargo, had on board 200 head of cattle, 23



of which were saved alive. Of the remainder 133 were washed on shore and buried at a cost of £130, which cost fell on the ratepayers. Mr. Smith, the lord-proprietor, contributed £50 towards the amount.

Maiden Bower is another fine mass of rocks lying to the west of the last mentioned. At high water it is divided into two parts; the channel is very dangerous. Here the S.S. "Zelda," with a general cargo, was lost during a fog in April, 1873. The men were saved, and a great part of the cargo was salvaged by the divers.

This is a very dangerous part of the coast, and the visitor should never attempt to survey it without a pilot.

Illiswilgic lies to the south of Maiden Bower, and Mincarlo to the west of these. The latter is a high and rugged mass of rock. Great and Little Minalto lie to the south of it.

Near these is the North West Channel, one of the entrances through Broad Sound into the Roadstead.

From Mincarlo it would be advisable to return to St. Mary's.

## ST. AGNES AND THE WESTERN ISLES.

A voyage to St Agnes can be made to include, if the weather is propitious, a delightful cruise among the islands dotted about the south west of St. Mary's. If the weather is very kind to you the lonely Bishop itself can be negotiated and a visit paid to those brave fellows who with quiet endurance stand the stress and strain of service on the most exposed and weather-beaten of the many "coastwise lights of England." But this, of course, must be left to the discretion of our skipper for the day.

We will, however, suppose that the oracle has spoken and that we may visit the Western Islands and with a fair wind we have worked round to Steval Point and are well on our way towards St. Agnes. The course to the Bishop leaves St. Agnes on the left, passing near the Big and Little Smith, which are at one end of Smith

Sound. Annet Head is the next point of interest. It is easily distinguished by its outlying conical shaped rocks called the Haycocks.

Annet is an island of about 90 acres, uninhabited, and thronged in May and June by thousands of puffins that have made it a breeding ground for many years. Continuing through the south west passage, which is between Annet and the dangerous ledges of Lunsteeples, we pass Lunjeffery, Old Wreck (on which there is a buoy), Gunner Nundeeps, and the Crim, all of which form the northern boundary, and stretch about two miles beyond Annet Head.



From the Crim the course to the Bishop is open, and free from any dangerous ledges. The Bishop Rock is four and a half miles from St. Agnes, and was selected as the most fitting spot for the lighthouse, on account of its outlying position.

In 1849 the first attempt was made to place a building there. It was composed of cast iron pillars fixed in the rock, and stayed by wrought iron rods, but before it was completed it was demolished during a heavy gale on the 6th February.

The present lighthouse is built of granite, by Sir James Douglas, and was completed and first lit on the 1st September, 1859. It has a diameter of 40 feet at the base, and is 165 feet high, including the lantern.



Some idea of its exposed position may be formed from the following facts. Some time after its erection, a fog-bell weighing 5 cwt., and fixed one hundred feet from the base, was broken off by the sea, and a ladder and flagstaff which were lashed outside the lantern were carried away at the same time. In September, 1870, during a heavy gale, the sea broke continually over the lantern from eight a.m. till two p.m., causing the building to vibrate in such a manner that a great number of cylinders, used for the lamp, were broken, and putty from the lantern strewed the floor. The building was afterwards strengthened by iron girders, and is now encased from the base to the cornice with additional masonry. The light is a white one and shows 2 flashes every half minute. The revolving lantern weighs 10 tons and is worked by a Davy Motor Steam Engine.

While on St. Mary's, during foggy, misty weather, you have no doubt heard the sullen roar like the report of a gun from a ship at sea.

That was an evidence that the watchers on the lonely Bishop were attending to their duty, and that the finest life saving apparatus ever established in the Isles of Scilly was at work. The sound that you heard was caused by the explosion of tonite, a kind of gun cotton, which is discharged, as a warning to ships, from a frame raised above the lantern. For four years this friendly warning has been effectually doing its work, and during that period no wreck with loss of life has occurred on this dangerous reef.

If the weather is very calm, an inspection of the interior will well repay the visitor for his trouble. The lower door, which is on the south east side, is gained by means of a brass ladder. The door is of brass, and from it a spiral staircase leads up to the lower room, in which is kept water, coal, and other stores. Above the store room is the kitchen, which is followed by the bedroom, and service room, respectively. In the latter is a library. Above this is the lantern. There is a reserve store of provisions kept in the Lighthouse by the Trinity Board. Three men are always in the Lighthouse, while the fourth is on leave. The relief is

every four weeks, but owing to heavy weather it is not an uncommon occurrence for it to be two, three, and even six weeks over time. The oil and other stores are landed annually from one of the Trinity yachts, on which occasion the Elder Brethren also pay a visit.

The men who serve the Bishop have a trying and nerve destroying time and look thoroughly done up after their spell of one month is over. Visitors are courteously welcomed by them, and if, in the plentitude of our books and newspapers, we could remember to send an occasional post packet to the lonely watchers on the Bishop they would be very grateful.

Leaving the Bishop and steering in a southerly direction we find ourselves among an endless number of those rocks and shoals that have made Scilly a terror to sailors for generations. It is difficult to realise with a bright sun and smiling sea the terrible aspect of this grim locality when the winter storms are raging. Every rock and island that we are now near is haunted by fearful legends of wreck and disaster. There is generally a swell rolling in from the Atlantic sufficient to tell you that it is a ground upon which you must venture warily, for "that whereon thou standest is hallowed" by many a sorrowful story of destruction, and loss of life.

Jacky's Rock, on which the S.S. Thames was lost in 1841, only three being saved out of a crew of 65; the Retarrier Ledges, where the Schiller was lost in 1875; Crebawethan, one mile to the east of the Bishop, another island where many ships have been lost; Rosevean, the puffin haunted, remembered chiefly because of the loss of the Nancy with all hands in 1784, and so the sad tale goes on. Near Rosevean is a dangerous rock named The Rags. In 1685 a French steamer struck and was abandoned. In the morning the boatmen of St. Agnes took possession and brought her to St. Mary's, where they found the captain and crew, who claimed the vessel and paid the salvage demanded. The people of St. Agnes being at that time without a church, the boatmen appropriated the salvage money for the building of one. The uncultivated island of Gorregan lies



east of Rosevean, and if you desire to land on Annet, the sea gull haunted, you pass Melledgan and the dangerous reef with the sinister name Hellweathers.

Annet lies to the West of St. Agnes, Smith's Sound lying between. It has an area of about 90 acres, covered with turfy grass. Though at present uncultivated, it shows indications of not having been so in past times. There are several rock basins and an excavation called Lake Anthown, said to have been an old iron mine. On to the north end is a pile of rocks known as Carn Irish. Smith Sound is available at all times of the tide for ships of any draught of water. Big Smith and Little Smith, two rocks on the inner end of the sound, are worthy of notice. Passing between the two Smiths and leaving St. Agnes on the right we sail to our landing point in Port Conger (or Perconger) Bay. This harbour is formed in the north side of Agnes by the Gugh on one side and St. Agnes on the other. A bold mass of rock standing near the middle of the entrance is called the Cow, and between it and the Gugh is a half tide rock called the Calf. The Kittern is a name given to a fine carn of rocks on the Gugh, opposite the Cow.

The landing can be made below the Coastguard's Watch-house, from which there is a road leading by the abodes of the hardy St. Agnes Islanders to the Lighthouse, which should receive the visitors' first attention.

The building was erected and first lit in 1680. The light was then obtained by burning coal. The old coal burner has been mentioned before in connection with the visit to the Abbey Gardens. This light must have been very variable, and sometimes extremely dull, as it was then scarcely distinguishable from St. Mary's. Heath tells us that an opinion prevailed in his time that it was often allowed to go out. In 1790 the Corporation, ever zealous to avail themselves of every improvement, fitted it up with Argand lamps and reflectors. There are thirty lamps arranged on the faces of a triangular prism in the following manner: on the bottom row are three, above them four, and three on the top row. The lamps

are arranged similarly on each face. The reflectors are made of copper, thickly coated with silver, and are twenty-two inches in diameter. It is a revolving light, and formerly it accomplished one revolution every three minutes, showing a flash at every point of the horizon. It is now altered to minute flashes, to distinguish it from other revolving lights. In clear weather the light can be seen at a distance of thirty miles. The revolution of the light is effected by means of clock-work machinery, which is wound up every four hours. The consumption of oil is about thirteen hundred gallons annually. The ground occupied contains a little more than an acre, the whole of which is surrounded by a high wall. The buildings are all white-washed, which makes them very conspicuous. It is built on the highest ground on the island, and near it is a coastguard look-out. From the gallery around the lantern, which is fifty feet above the ground, a fine view is obtained of the Bishop, and the Western Rocks, previously spoken of, as well as of Samson, Bryher, Tresco, St. Martin's and the Garrison, while to the south is an extensive view of the broad Atlantic and passing ships.

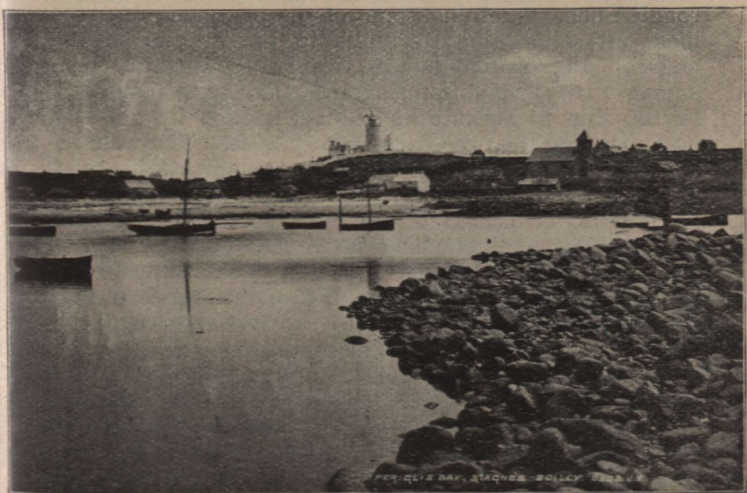


Photo by]

Priglis Bay, St. Agnes.

[VALENTINE.



Having inspected the lighthouse and chatted with the courteous keeper, we will now journey forth to see the wonders and beauties of St. Agnes. Below the lighthouse is the collection of cottages know as Lower Town, with the little church that ministers to the spiritual needs of the islanders; and the bay that occurs at this spot is known as Priglis Bay, supposed to be a corruption of the *Portus Ecclesiae* or Church Bay.

Captain Tiddy 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 the following notice:—"Mr. Crocker may paye for it if he pellse or leavit." This Bible came into Capt. Tiddy's possession through his grandfather, the late Mr. Downing. Mr. Downing having executed some repairs to the church some fifty or sixty years ago, could not for a long time get a settlement for his work; as a last resource the Bible was offered to him in part payment, which offer he accepted.

Before leaving the church, one is reminded of a story told of St. Agnes Church. It appears that during a rough Sunday morning some of the boatmen prefer the look out points on the hills to the interior of the church, and watch for a vessel desirous to come amongst the islands for shelter. The usual course is for the ship to indicate its need of a pilot by running up a flag, and then the excitement begins. The watcher runs off to the chapel and church, and putting his head inside the door shouts: "A ship with a Jack." Instantly the building is cleared of the male portion of the congregation, who run out their boats and race to be first aboard the vessel to pilot her in. This brings back another old story, said to be told of St. Agnes during the wrecking days, when the parson, confronted with the same sudden break up of his discourse through the news of a wreck on the coast, said from the pulpit, "Boys! one word with you before you go," and as they slacked up to listen, scooted down the steps, taking off his gown as he went, and having got on the level, added, "Let's all start fair."

Now leaving the church, and keeping near the sea, one cannot fail to notice the number of fine carns of rock with which the coast is studded. Here they assume the shapes of turreted castles and church spires, in this respect differing from the massive piles to be met with on the other islands.

At the southern entrance to Smith's Sound there is a dangerous rock known by the name of Monglow, which is above water at half-tide. Opposite it, on St. Agnes, is an old breast-work one hundred feet long. Gamperdizil Point is next reached, and close by is Gampergurling. Near these, like giant sentries, stand several pile of rocks called the carns of Kestillier. Close to the edge of the cliff is a curious enclosure called the Town of Troy. It takes its name from the Troy of ancient history; the streets of ancient Troy were so constructed that an enemy, once within the gates, could not find their way out again. This enclosure is composed of an outer circle of white pebbles on the turf with an opening at one point, the whole supposed to represent the walls and gate of Troy. Within this there are several rows of stones; the space between these represents the streets. It presents quite a maze, and but few who enter can find their way out again without crossing one of the boundary lines. It is not known when, or by whom it was constructed, but it has from time to time been repaired by the islanders.

The next opening of any importance is Santa Warna Bay, which is bounded on the west by Landing Carn, and the Carn of St. Warna on the south. On the south east side of the bay is St Warna's Well, where the people of St. Agnes used to call upon their patron saint (St. Warna). They invoked her to preside over their good fortunes, and send them wrecks. The well (into which, as into that of St. Winifrid's, whoever drops a pin and utters a wish will obtain what they seek) which was at one time much deeper, is now filled with stones. Tradition tells us that Santa Warna came from Ireland in a wicker boat covered with hides, and landed in this bay. The people used to show their devotion and gratitude to the saint by visiting the well on the day



following twelfth day, cleaning it and using superstitious ceremonies, which were followed by the customary feasting and rejoicing.

On the brow of the hill, above the bay, are two large rocks called Adam and Eve. They are nine feet high, and have a circumference of about six feet. There is a space of about nine inches between them. Here too is the Nag's Head, which is the most curious rock to be met with on the islands; it has a remote resemblance to the head of a horse. From its surroundings it would seem to have been an object of worship. It is surrounded by a circle of stones. To the south is Castle Vean, a bold promontory, fifty feet high, while to the west is Castle Brose, a fine pile of rocks surrounded by water at spring tides. Above the high water mark in some of the many pretty bays are large number of boulders overgrown with lichens. These were no doubt thrown up by the high tides of 1771 and 1774, when the sea broke over the banks at Porth Cresa and threatened Hugh Town with destruction.

Wingletang Down abounds in curious piles of rock, huge in dimensions and grotesque in shape. The most conspicuous of these is the Punch Bowl; it is probably the Logan Stone spoken of by Borlase, and is composed of two circular rocks. The under one, which rests on a platform of granite, is ten and a half feet high and forty-seven feet in circumference. The upper rock is about nine feet high and forty-eight feet in circumference. On the top of the upper one is a large basin. Close by are many other curious rocks with basins, as well as the remains of a Druidical temple.

Passing Pedneybrow, Horse Point, and Wingletang Bay, by wild coast scenery, Beady Pool and Boy's Rock are reached. About these there is a tale of thrilling interest, showing the dangers of this coast. One stormy morning, many long years ago, some of the inhabitants of this island in their perambulations round the shores (as they were wont to do in such weather) found in a narrow bed at the foot of a high rock, the lifeless body of a sailor boy. On proceeding to the shores of the bay they found a quantity of wreckage,

affording ample proof of a fearful shipwreck during the night. No other bodies, however, were found. It is supposed that the lad by some means reached the shore, and had crawled as far as his strength would allow him from the angry billows. He reached the rock, and either from sheer exhaustion, or on account of the friendly shelter thus afforded him, he lay down to rest. While the storm raged, and the angry billows beat with maddened fury on the rocks beneath, breaking the ill-fated ship in pieces, the poor lad passed away into his long rest. Among the cargo of this ship was a large quantity of beads, and although more than two hundred years have passed, beads are still washed up by the tide, and especially in one part named Beady Pool. Boy's Rock and Beady Pool take their names from the circumstances just narrated.

The Cove lies between this part of St. Agnes and the Gugh. Here the inhabitants of this island, as well as those of Tresco and St. Mary's, haul their net at certain times. In past years the catches were plentiful, but they are now much less.

The Gugh is connected with St. Agnes by a narrow bar of sand, which is covered at high water during spring tides. It has an area of about ninety acres. The remains of hedges give ample proof of former cultivation, but it is now only used as a place of pasturage for sheep and cattle. On the south west side is a pile of rocks, named Carn Bite, which resembles the cheese Ring of North Devon. To the south of this is a high point of land, known as "The Works," from which sights were taken during the late Admiralty survey. Below this point is Target Rock, which forms a first-rate mark for the rifle practice of the Coastguards.

On the top of the hill are several unopened barrows, and on the highest point is one about forty feet in diameter, with an inner and outer circle of stones. On the top of this barrow is a large cave. The walls are firmly built, and it is covered with large flat stones. About fifty yards to the south of this point there is a ruined earthwork that appears to be the remains of an old battery. On the south east point of the Gugh is a fine pile



of rocks named Cuckolds Carn, and to the east of this is a large upright rock, surrounded at high water, called "The Old Man of Dropnose." Inside is Dropnose Point. In 1754, a transport ship, with convicts for Philadelphia, was near the islands. Several of the seamen were refractory, and the captain (determined to make an example of one of them) placed the ringleader on this rock, providing him with a small keg of rum and two guineas. Fortunately he was released from this dangerous position by a passing boat, for had he remained there two hours longer he must have been drowned. Between Dropnose Point and Carnhimbra is a small bay. Above this point, in the fall between the two hills, is a stone. It is not in an upright position, like those on St. Mary's, but is inclined towards the sea, at an angle of forty-five degrees. This seems to be its original position, in which it is supported by a circle of stones at the base. It is called the Old Man.

Close by is a large mound of earth, with an inner and outer circle of stones. To the north of it, about one hundred yards, is a similar one, on the top of which is a sepulchral barrow. All the covering stones have been removed, and it is now filled with rubbish. On the summit of the north hill is a fine barrow, in a good state of preservation. About fifty yards further north is a smaller one, but it is in a very imperfect state. We have now nearly made a circuit of the island and have got back to our boat in Perconger Bay.

Agnes contained in 1891 130 people. You will no doubt have noticed how the names of Hicks and Pender predominated. St. Agnes being exposed to the westerly gales is not always to be approached from St. Mary's, and some of the superstition and queer ideas always noticeable in remote parts linger here. We have heard strange stories of a cow being cured from disease by placing a "twenty legged spider" under her tongue, of a St. Agnes man suggesting that his ducks died because "the sun gave them cramp, and the rain broke their backs," and dark stories of a wight who cured himself from boils by crawling seven times under a bramble bush. But our boat is skimming away towards St. Mary's across the Sound to our landing place at the Pier.

## ST. MARTIN'S AND THE EASTERN ISLANDS.

To see St. Martin's and make a voyage in and out among the beautiful Eastern Islands will take a long summer's day. A boat with two men should be taken, and providing the weather is all we should hope for, a delightful cruise will be enjoyed.

St. Martin's is the first island that the voyager's eye catches as he approaches the Isles of Scilly from Penzance, and it is the last point to bid him farewell, as heavy hearted, with a sense of holidays over, he goes again towards the main land. The striped Daymark perched upon a high hill on the easternmost point is one of the last objects seen.

From Hugh Town St. Martin's lies about three miles N.N.E. from the pier. The course lies past Carn Morvel and through Crow Sound, with charming views of the grassy knolls and rocky carns of the north west side of St. Mary's on your right, while the sandy bottom in summer is plainly seen through the clear waters. The chief landing place is on the south western side, and even this cannot be reached at all times of the tide. At low water an immense tract (nearly two square miles) of sandy beach is left dry—a happy hunting ground for the collector of shells.

St. Martin's is a narrow ridge of high land about two miles long and six miles in circumference. It has an area of about five hundred and twenty acres, and a population of one hundred and eighty-four. This island at one time had very few inhabitants, in 1630 there being not one inhabitant.

But Mr. Thomas Ekins, the first steward, after the islands were granted to the Godolphin family, obtained a long lease, built the Daymark, and encouraged the people to settle there. The present occupation of its inhabitants, like that of the people of St. Agnes, is chiefly in connection with farming and piloting.

The greatest number of inhabitants ever known on St. Martin's was two hundred and eighty in the year



1821. The present islanders are tall and well-built men, well known for their sobriety, and excellent sailors, many of them having risen to good positions in the merchant service. The soil is well adapted for the growth of early potatoes, which are grown in the most sheltered spots, and generally in small patches.

Landing at Lower Town, the first point of interest is Bab's Carn, from which there is a fine view of Tean with its many bays, reminding one of an immense cuttle fish, petrified and grass grown. The channel between Tean and St. Martins is named Tean Sound, and is available for vessels of light draught of water.

Tean is the eastern boundary of St. Helen's Pool. It has a surface of about fifty acres, and a good supply of fresh water. It is noted for being the home of one Mr. Nance, of Cornwall, who first introduced the manufacture of Kelp into the islands in the year 1684. His descendants are now living at St. Martin's. The island is now uninhabited, but there are large numbers of white rabbits, placed there by the late proprietor.



Leaving Bab's Carn, Tinkler's Hill is soon reached. On the top of this hill is a look out, composed of a semi-circle of large stones, about six feet high, which is now used by the pilots. Here also is a curious rock named Tinkler's Rock, which was probably an object of Druidical worship, and two mounds, about thirty feet in diameter, with an inner and outer circle of stones, near which is a sepulchral barrow.

From this point there is a fine view of Lion Rock and Pernagic Isle. On the brow of the rocks connecting these two points, the "Polinarus" from Demerara to London, was lost on the 27th of December, 1848. Not one was saved to tell why the ship was so far out of her course.

About a quarter of a mile to the south east of Lion Rock is White Island, which can be reached on foot at low water. It contains about fifty acres, and produces large quantities of long grass, which affords good pasturage for sheep and cattle. There is a large cavern on the eastern side, which can only be entered at low water. About thirty fathoms have been explored, but the extent is not fully known. It is supposed to have been an old tin mine.

On the western side of this (St. Martin's) bay is a high carn named Top Rock. On the 20th of November, 1751, this rock was struck by lightning, and a large piece, weighing about ten cwt., was hurled a distance of more than one hundred yards. About sixty sheep were killed at the same time, and the ground was torn up in a most surprising manner. Ferns, which before this time attained the height of three or four feet, now scarcely reach the height of one foot. On the eastern side of the bay are three mounds known as the Frenchmen's Graves. Here, no doubt, were buried the bodies of some French sailors who had been drowned near the island.

About a quarter of a mile inland, on the top of Penagie Downs, are three very large and regular mounds of earth, nearly one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. They are about eight feet high, circular in front, and partly surrounded by a low hedge two and a half feet high.



One hundred yards to the north east of these are the remains of an enclosed encampment. From this, extending in a N.E. direction for a distance of more than a thousand yards, is a row of large stones, some of them being about seven feet high, and having a girth of ten feet. It appears to have been a boundary line. About three hundred yards from the extreme end of these stones is a circle of stones thirty feet in diameter, and about twenty yards to the south east of this are the remains of a sepulchral barrow.

Prescella Well, on the eastern side of St. Martin's Bay, is a spring of fresh water oozing from the rock, which never dries. Close to the shore, in Wine Cove, are the remains of what is supposed to have been a tin mine.

Mackerel Rock lies off Turfy Hill, the eastern boundary of St. Martin's Bay, and between it and White Island is Merrick Ledge. Bull's Porth lies off Turfy Hill and Burnt Point. The coast here is very dangerous, owing to the large number of sunken rocks skirting the coast. Just above this porth are some fine clumps of rocks, well worthy of attention. Off Burnt Hill is a large rock called the Murr, so named from the particular kind of sea bird which frequents it.

The next point is a large excavation, known as Culver's Hole, supposed by many to have been an old tin mine; by others to be natural. It is situated at the base of a hill, bordering on the sea. The cliff is about twenty feet high, and the hole commences a few yards inland from the cliff. The floor is partly washed by the sea. Facing the sea is a fine arch in the cliff, cut out of the solid rock, and there is every indication which might lead one to suppose that this arch was the entrance to the mine.

Chapel Brow is the eastern point of a deep bay, known by the curious name of Bread and Cheese Cove, while Loophole Point forms the Western boundary; On the sides and top of the hill above this cove the rocks assume a variety of grotesque shapes. Huge masses are piled one on another, or are lying edgeways, in some places forming natural archways, or flat roofs.

In the crevices are found magnificent specimens of the fern *Asplenium marinum*.

The next point of interest is St. Martin's Head and the Day-Mark. St. Martin's Head, a fine bold headland, about one hundred and sixty feet high, is the most easterly point of the island. A fine view can be obtained from this point of the eastern islets, and in the distance, if the day be clear, the Land's End. About seven miles to the north east of St. Martin's Head will be seen a long line of foaming sea. Here are the Seven Stones, a dangerous reef of rocks, which have proved fatal to many a brave ship. In the year 1870 the "Primo," a Spanish ship, struck here, and one man only was saved on a piece of a boat, which floated into the bay below Higher Town, before the islanders were aware of the wreck having happened. A lightship is now moored about two miles to the east of the reef.

The Day-Mark is a round tower, built on the hill above the Head. It was built by Thomas Ekins in 1683. This tower was used as a signal station during the last French war, and its utility was, we may suppose, often put to the test. The following story will prove this. "The signal was one day hoisted, to inform Capt. Pellew, the commanding officer of the station, that a French ship was in sight. Pellew gave chase, overhauled her, and after a heavy fight compelled the Frenchman to pull down his flag. On boarding he found two St. Agnes fishermen, named respectively Thomas Hicks and Henry Nance. They told Pellew that they had gone to the ship, not knowing her to be an enemy, and they were made prisoners. Their boat had been sunk by heavy shot thrown through her, and the money and fish which they had with them had been taken away. Pellew, exasperated at this, spoke sharply to the captain and officers of the French ship, and a subscription from the crew of the English man-of-war soon provided the fishermen with money for the purchase of a new boat."

The surroundings of the Day-mark have the appearance of Druidical remains; and although the usual upright stones are absent, yet we have the remains of



circles. Not far from this stone is a large cavern in the cliff, called Pope's Hole. The sound of the sea rushing into it resembles distant thunder.

Two hundred yards to the west of this hole is a fine pile of rocks, named Carn Levereth. It is about one hundred feet high, and its bold appearance is similar to that of Giant's Castle on St. Mary's.

The next point is Brandy Rock, on the east side of Purpitch Cove. It is about thirty five feet high. On the high ground above the cove is a circle of stones, fourteen feet in diameter, in the centre of which is an upright stone, three feet high, the end of which is eighteen inches square. This is certainly Druidical.

English Island Hill is about five hundred yards to the west of this circle. Higher Town Bay has Cruther's Hill for its western boundary. A fine view of St. Mary's, St. Agnes, and the Western Isles is seen in the distance, while just opposite are the Eastern Isles. The fields, sloping almost to the water's edge, are very fertile. The scene is generally enlivened by the boats and pilot cutters lying at anchor near the shore.

On the top of the hill above the bay are three sepulchral barrows, at a distance of sixty yards from each other. The middle one stands on the highest ground. There is another barrow near the Bible Christian Chapel. The Church is about three hundred yards to the north of the Chapel, and near Higher Town. It was restored in 1821, and in 1866 was struck by lightning and considerably damaged. It was re-seated by the late Augustus Smith, Esq., and a handsome stained window, representing St. Andrew and the beggar, was placed in the chancel. A bell in the turret belonged to a vessel wrecked on the islands. There is a good school for adults and infants a little beyond the Church.

On visiting the Eastern Islands it would be well to embark from Higher Town Bay, or from the old pier to the west of Cruther's Hill. Nornor is the nearest island, containing about thirteen acres. There is but little vegetation. In June, 1872, the "Earl of Arran"

steam-packet with over one hundred persons on board, struck Irishman's Ledge, and, to save the lives of the passengers, she had to be grounded on Nornor. All were saved, but the steamboat became a total wreck. Irishman's Ledge lies between English Island Point and Nornor, between which there is a channel for vessels of light draught of water, but it should never be taken without a pilot.

Great Ganilly lies to the south of Nornor, and is the highest of all the islets, being one hundred and ten feet high. It contains about twenty acres. There is a good landing place on its western side. Little Ganilly lies about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of Great Ganilly. It is two hundred yards long. Landing can be effected in fine weather. Great Ganinick lies to the south west of the last island, and it is connected with Little Ganinick by a brow of rocks, which may be passed at low water. It has a circumference of about three quarters of a mile. Little Ganinick is covered with long grass, which is the case with nearly the whole of these islands. East by south of little Ganinick is Great Arthur, commonly called "Great Arter." It is the largest and most interesting of the Eastern Isles. On the south side is a rocky bay, and to the east of this is the Frenchman's Rock.

There are several barrows, and one on the eastern hill deserves special notice. It is similar to that on Innisidgen Hill, St. Mary's. At the base of the hill is a cave in the cliff, and a natural arch, where the *Asplenium marinum* flourishes. At one time this island must have been extensively cultivated, judging from the fact that the hedges still remain.

Little Arthur contains about seven acres, and is joined to Great Arthur by a high brow of rocks and sand, which is covered at high tides. The fine sandy beach between the two islands forms a convenient landing place. Ragged Island, which from its rough appearance is well worthy of the name, lies between Great and Little Arthur, and Menawethan, the easternmost island. Menawethan is very bold and precipitous, being about ninety feet high. There is only bare



pasturage for a few sheep. The water to the south and south east is very deep, so that ships can pass very close. From this island, Great and Little Inisvouls are soon reached. At low water they are united, but here is nothing worthy of special notice.

Between these islands and Hangague are the Moul's, where in former years the inhabitants of St. Martin's, Tresco, and the country portion of St. Mary's hauled their nets for scads, but the fish of late years have gone from the coast. Hangagne, commonly called the Sugar-loaf, is a conical shaped rock about one hundred feet high. The water round it is twenty-five fathoms deep. There is nothing here to repay landing, but the view of it from the water is worthy of notice.

The passage to St. Mary's may be through Crow Sound, or to the South of St. Mary's. The latter has attractions to lovers of boating, who will be well repaid by the view of the rocks on the south part of St. Mary's. The course would be through St. Mary's Sound. Guthier's Island will be passed if the course through Crow Sound be taken. It is near the "Flats" spoken of in the former part of this chapter. There is a fine cove on the island, the sides of which are very rugged. It is the favourite resort of sea birds, which make their nests among the long grass that covers the island. If the tourist is provided with fishing tackle he may get a little sport during the return journey to St. Mary's.

## SEA FISHING IN SCILLY.

### A FEW PRACTICAL NOTES.

Of late years the lover of the gentle art of angling has been turning his attention more and more seriously to the sport of sea fishing, and year after year we see further additions to the noble army of sea anglers at all points of vantage along our coasts.

Sea angling grows on one. First of all it is itself a health giving occupation; secondly, you are almost always sure of getting good sport and of not having to go home with empty creels with the mournful story of the fish being

The following note bearing on the sea fishing in Scilly is taken from the Report of the Gresham Angling Society during the Autumn of 1898: A very interesting letter was read from Dr. Ladell, giving us the result of his month's holiday at Scilly and Penzance. The weather was anything but suitable, but, nevertheless, he succeeded in taking the following fish: Eighty-one sea bream (largest 6lb.), twenty-eight conger (largest 22lb.), twenty-

“off”; thirdly you can eat your fish when they are captured, and if you want to send a present, what is better than a hamper of freshly caught fish of your own catching?

The Isles of Scilly as a sea fishing resort have not yet caught the eye of the members of our sea angling clubs, but when they do fishermen will at once pack their rods and tackle and make for the west, there to enjoy grand sport among fish big enough to make the most unscrupulous narrator of fish stories hesitate to increase the actual weight and inches of his spoil.

What do you think of wrestling with fine tackle with a 60 lb. conger or playing with a couple of ling caught at the same time on two hooks, one little chap weighing 27 lbs. and the other 23 lbs? And yet these things are possible and not unusual in the bays round the islands.

From childhood all Scillonians are fishers. As soon as they can walk boys and girls find their way to the water, and become initiated. On Saturdays and school holidays if the weather be favourable scores of boys and girls, barefooted and brown-legged, swarm over the rocks angling for a small fish which they call the “garlip.” Their tackle consists of two or three feet of slender cord or thread and a bent pin, and their bait, a limpet, is found adhering to the rocks around. They are true sportsmen, and only catch their fish to return them again to the water, or perchance take a few home to their beloved cats.

In a year or two they may be found on the pier fishing with a rod or long hand-line for wrasse, pollock or even conger.

Then the next step is “whiffing” for pollock in the roadstead from a boat, which they handle with great dexterity.

Pollocking is the chief sport round the Islands. The fish are plentiful and vary from 1 lb. to 3 lbs. in the Roadstead, and 70 or 80 are often taken in about 3 hours. They are generally caught by “whiffing” a line of 10 to 20 fathoms weighted by leads trailing behind a rowing boat. When a sailing boat is used, heavier leads are required.

four gurnard, twenty chad, eighty-nine pollack (largest 6lb.), fourteen cuckoos, four mackerel (largest one-and-a-half lb.), four whiting (largest 2lb.), sixty-six plaice (largest 4lb.), six dabs, nine dog fish (largest 20lb.), two sharks (largest 5ft. long), ten wrasse (largest 5lb.), one John Dory, and ten wrasse (largest 14lb.) a total of 368 fish.



The bait used very largely in Scilly is the artificial eel of red or brown rubber piping. Rods and tackle of the most approved designs, manufactured by Mr. Gillett, of Fetter Lane, London, can be supplied by Mr. Tonkin, who will give any information and assistance to anglers.

But pollocking in the Roadstead is tame compared with the sport to be had to the "Westward," (i.e. outside Annet and around the rocks which lie to the westward of St. Agnes.) Here the fish are larger, bite voraciously and require careful handling even with the strong tackle which is invariably used. Eight, ten, and twelve pound fish are common, and very frequently they have been caught and scaled to weigh 18 or 20 lbs. From 100 to 200 lbs are frequently caught in a day.

It is very necessary to take a boatman when fishing from a boat, owing to the number of sunken rocks, around which, of course, the fish are found.

Then too the boatman knows where the best fishing is to be had at the various times of the tide.

Mackerel are caught while whiffing in September, though in August, 1896, they were abundant, 80 or 100 being taken then by two fishers in a day.

In May and June large quantities of shoal mackerel are taken off the island by boats from Mounts Bay, and the east coast.

Rock fishing is most enjoyable here, and almost at every part of the coast wrasse are very abundant. They weigh from 1 to 6 lbs and give plenty of sport. The tackle used is generally a hand line, and the bait worms which are dug up from among the rocks on the beaches. No ordinary lead is used, but a small stone which is fastened to the main line by a piece of ordinary string. The reason is soon apparent, as owing to the rocky nature of the bottom the line often fouls, and then it is an easy matter to clear it, with the loss of simply a stone. However, it is well to be provided with a good supply of

small stone sinkers and extra hooks. The best places for wrasse fishing on St. Mary's are in the Garrison just below the Coastguards' houses, from several parts of Peninnis, and from Deep Point on the eastern side of the island.

Chad and bream fishing from boats gives some of the liveliest sport imaginable. This can only be enjoyed at stated times of tide, but those times are easily found out when one sees the swarm of small boats anchored on the Rudge or Triskey (in the roadstead) or on the Spanish Ledges (in St. Mary's Sound). From 80 to 100 chad are often caught in a few hours by two men, who fish generally with two lines, on each of which may be three or four hooks. The bait again is worms, or the soft part of the edible crab, which is perhaps superior to worms, though more troublesome to use.

Conger are plentiful, and may be caught by long hand lines, or on "boulters." These are long stout lines, on which are fastened, at distances of about 12 feet, smaller lines with hooks which are baited with pieces of pollock, wrasse, or pilchards. The boulder is laid around the ledges and left down perhaps for a night, or if during the day, for about four hours; don't leave them too long, as the dog fish make free with your catches and leave only the heads on the hooks. Good catches are invariably made.

Shrimps are abundant, and excellent sport may be had if one cares for a few hours' hard work wading and pushing the net through the sedgy weed found in the shallow water. They are found all round the coast, but the largest are caught around the pier at St. Mary's.

Cockling on the bar at St. Martin's affords fine fun for a picnicing party

Fishing with the trammel net gives much variety in the kinds of fish taken. The following are some:—pollock, wrasse, plaice, soles, grey and red mullet, and garnet. Seals have been known to visit your trammel and take a free lunch on your spoils.

But of all the fishing to be found round the islands perhaps that at the Powl is most thought of by the enthusiast.



The Powl is about 4 miles to the S.W. of St. Agnes. It is a high bank in the sea bed, and can only be visited when the tides are slack and the weather fine. Everything must be ready on the previous day, for bait (pollock, wrasse or pilchards) has to be caught, and all has to be in readiness for an early start. This is an expedition for good sailors, as there is always a good deal of swell at the Powl. Cod, ling, conger, turbot, skate, and sharks up to five feet long are abundant, and from one to two tons are frequently taken by one party in a day.

Ere leaving the fishing let us mention excellent sport which is not often attempted. On a clear moonlight night, when the tide has gone down, a small fish locally known as "lance," can be scraped up in the sands on Porth Cressa beach. It moves rapidly in the wet sand, but is easily distinguished by its silver sides, which gleam brightly in the moonlight. Served like white-bait it is excellent.

July, August, and September are the best months for fishing.

### THE FLOWER FARMS.

On a chilly morning in February the mere Londoner, facing the cutting east wind in Oxford Street and feeling that life is on the whole a great burthen, might suddenly on reaching the "Circus" be confronted with a blaze of yellow from the baskets of the flower girls picturesquely grouped under the lamps in the middle of the road, and take courage.

The daffodil that "comes before the swallow dares" is here, and the genial warmth of summer does not seem so far off after all. For Scilly has come to the rescue of London, and bright, beautiful nosegays of narcissi, wall-flowers and daffodils can be bought by the market bunch in any street to make bright the homes of rich and poor alike. If you ask the flower girl where her flowers come from she will probably tell you she doesn't know; if you suggest Scilly, she will remember seeing the name on a box, and will ask you finally (as the writer was asked) in what part of France the place is!



The staple industry of the islands has varied from time to time. In the old bad times, when Scilly was left to the tender mercies of a non-resident proprietor and an over-reached steward, the great bread-winning occupation was kelp-making.

The kelp was made by cutting and drying large masses of the seaweed—that broad-leaved ribbon sea-weed that grows everywhere in the rock channels.

It was then cast into large pits and burnt until it became liquid, when it was stirred with long iron prongs and allowed to cool.

The alkali thus prepared was shipped to Bristol and other ports, where it found a ready sale among the soap manufacturers, realising, according to Troutbeck, as much as 44 shillings the ton.

Things have changed since those times, and the disagreeable scent from the smoke of the burning seaweed that spread itself over the islands has now been replaced by the perfume of millions of flowers, and the hardships and semi-barbarism of 1780 by the cultivation, comfort and prosperity of 1900.

Like most successful enterprises, the flower industry arose from very small beginnings, and like most of the beneficial measures connected with the islands, counted among its promoters the helpful encouragement of the present Lord Proprietor, T. Algernon Dorrien-Smith, Esq.



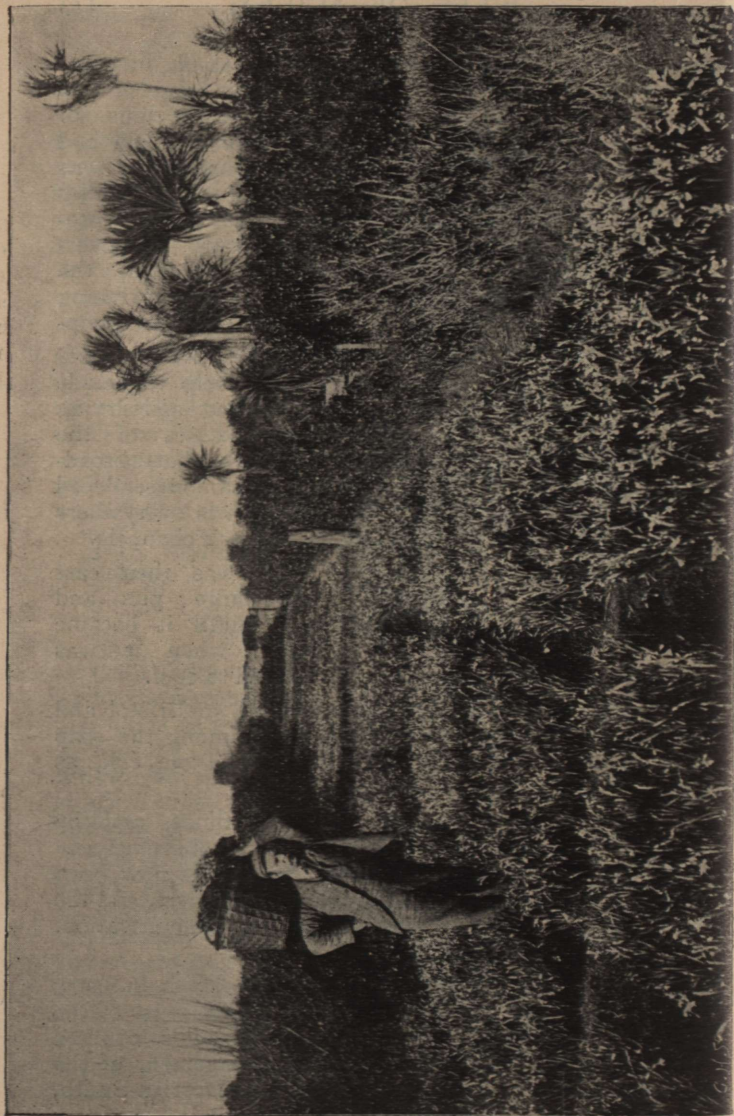


Photo by I

Sellonian Flower Fields.

[VALENTINE.

Some twenty-three years ago a small body of men, among whom were Mr. Smith, Mr. W. Trevellick, of Rocky Hill, and Mr. Mumford, of Holy Vale, realised the possibilities of flower growing as a profitable industry, and set to work, quietly but busily, at cultivation—year by year increasing their stores of bulbs and sending more and more flowers to the markets of London and Manchester. In those days prices ruled high; the demand was larger than the supply. Others were spurred on to take an interest, and gradually more and

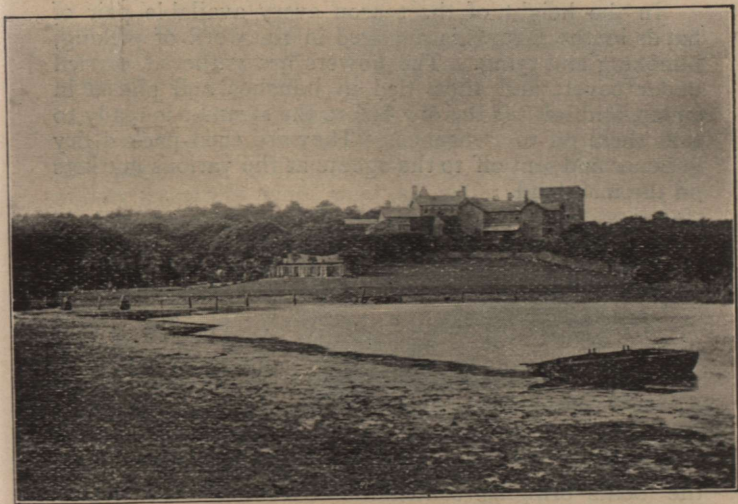


Photo by]

Treſco Abbey.

[G. F. CROSS.

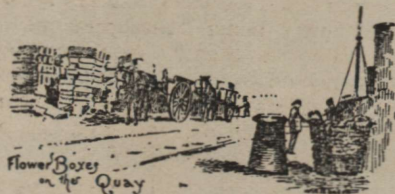
more attention was given to the flower growing. Now everyone, from the Lord Proprietor to the boatman, cultivates flowers and sends boxes, in ones or twos or by the hundred, to the flower markets of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.

Many of the bulbs are indigenous. The fragrant Scilly White, the Sol-d'or, the Grand Monarque, and Perkin's Peerless Primrose were among those that were to be found in sheltered corners and favoured spots. As



the interest grew, and when it was found that there was "money" in the flower-growing, Holland, Belgium and the Channel Islands were ransacked for suitable strains to introduce to the island soil, and now many and varied are the names of the valuable bulbs that are cultivated. The harvest of the flowers commences at Christmas-time and continues till June. The bulbs are planted out in small fields or gardens, protected from the east wind by thick hedges of laurel, elm, euonymus and escallonia, "looking like largish boxes with the lids off."

In the height of the season every available pair of hands in the Islands is engaged in the work of picking, bunching and tying. The flowers are gathered, carried under cover, and then tied in bunches and placed in water, and left till the day before the steamer is ready to take them off to Penzance. They are then packed dry in boxes and sent off to the agents at the various markets on the mainland.



The scene at the quay on a heavy flower-sending day is very interesting. As many as 38 tons of flowers have been carried over by the *Lyonesse* at one time. A procession of vehicles bringing the flowers from all parts of St. Mary's unburden themselves, and the boats bringing contributions from Tresco, Bryher and the other islands add their quota to the supply that will the next day brighten the shops and streets of the large towns hundreds of miles away.

## THE STORIES OF THE WRECKS.

Before the present complete system of lighting was perfected, and especially before the detonating fog signal was affixed to the Bishop's light, the Isles of Scilly had an evil notoriety among seafarers as being one of the most dangerous parts of the English coast.

Wrecks by the thousand there have been in the old days, and every rock and reef round this iron-bound cluster of islets has its story of disaster—as Sir Walter Besant says: “There is a shipwreck story told of every rock of Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks; as there are about as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the stories would take long in the telling.”

Before, however, we attempt to tell any of them, this seems to be a place for a few words about the wreckers, for the islanders in the old



St Mary's lifeboat

days had a sinister reputation of luring the unfortunate ships to their doom with false lights and signals. The bad name has continued even to the present century among seafarers who have no acquaintance with the Islands and their inhabitants, and a pathetic story is told of some shipwrecked mariners being cast upon one of the smaller islands. When a friendly boat put out from the harbour to rescue them, they kept the brave fellows away by showers of stones till they fell to the ground with weakness from exposure and had to be carried by main force into a place of safety.

One of the most famous and romantic memories of Scilly is connected with the wreck of the British Fleet in the year 1707, when Sir Cloudesley Shovel and many a stout seaman and tight ship were lost. An account of the wreck may not be uninteresting. Sir Cloudesley Shovel in the “Association,”\* the “Eagle,” Captain Robert Hancock, of seventy guns, the “Royal Ann,” in which Sir George Byng bore his flag, the “Romney,” Captain William Cony, of fifty guns, the “Firebrand,” fire-ship, Captain Piercy, the “St. George,” in which was Lord Dudley, and the “Phoenix,” fire-ship, were returning from Toulon after the capture of Gibraltar. On the morning of the 22nd of October they came into

\* The cabin fender of the “Association,” the property of the family of the late Captain John Tregarthen, was shown at the meeting of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society, in 1882.



soundings of nineteen fathoms. The weather being thick and dirty, and deeming that they were near land, the whole of the fleet were brought to during the afternoon. At six in the evening the Admiral made sail again, and stood away under canvas. Soon after he made signals of distress, which were returned by several of the fleet. Sir G. Byng, in the "Royal Ann," who was a mile to windward of him, saw the breakers and, soon after, the rocks. He saved himself with much difficulty, having his quarter boat carried away by a rock named Tene-mean; but the ship escaped without further damage. The "Association" struck about eight o'clock upon the Gilstone, and in two minutes went down with all on board save one. He clung to a piece of the wreck and was thrown upon Hellweathers, one of the neighbouring rocks. He remained there for some days, as the weather was too rough for a boat to approach the rock. The "Eagle" and the "Romney" were also lost and not one of the crew was saved. The "Firebrand" was lost as well, but Captain Piercy and most of the crew were saved. The "Phoenix" ran ashore, but got off again. The "Royal Ann" was saved by the presence of mind of her officers, who set her topsails when she was within a ship's length of the rocks. The "St. George" was saved by a mere accident. She struck the same rock as the "Association" and about the same time, for the wave which sunk the Admiral's ship floated the "St. George" from the rocks. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was picked up on Porth Hellick by a soldier and his wife and buried in the sand. It was afterwards conveyed to Plymouth, where it lay in state in the citadel. Lady Shovel had it afterwards removed to her house in Soho Square and then to Westminster Abbey. Her ladyship rewarded the soldier with a pension for life, and she received from him the diamond ring found on Sir Cloudesley's finger. There is a tradition associated with this wreck which runs thus:—A seaman on the Admiral's ship warned the officer of the watch that unless the ship's course was altered they would soon be on the rocks of Scilly. This being reported to the Admiral, the man was brought to him, when he still held to his opinion. This roused the Admiral, as he thought

that his officers ought to be able to navigate the ship without the interference of a sailor, and he ordered the man to be hanged at the yard-arm. One request was granted to the man, namely, that he should be allowed to read aloud a psalm to the assembled crew. The one read was the one hundred and ninth, calling down judgment upon him "who remembered not to show mercy, but persecuted the poor and needy man that he might even slay the broken in heart"; after the scripture was read the man was hanged. That night the vessel was lost. On the bank at Porth Hellick a spot is still shown as being the burial place of the Admiral. According to the tradition of some of the older inhabitants, grass has never grown upon this spot; but many similar spots may be seen on the bank.

The monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovell is to be found in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, and carries the following inscription, which, perhaps, will be interesting.

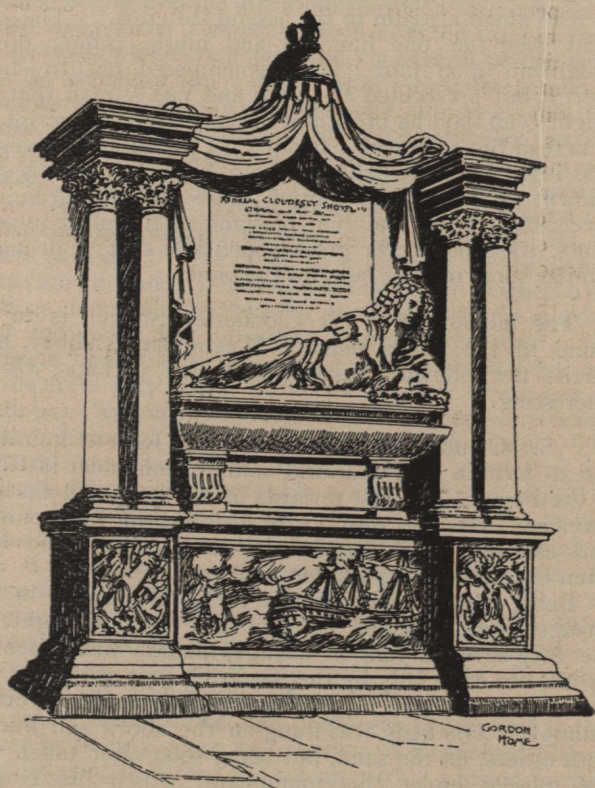
"Sir Cloudesley Shovell, Knight, Rear Admiral of Great Britain and Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet. The just rewards of his long and faithful services. He was deservedly beloved of his country and esteemed tho' dreaded by the enemy, who had often experienced his conduct and courage.

Being ship wreckt on the rocks of Scylly, in his voyage from Thoulon, October 22, 1707, at night, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, his fate was lamented by all, but especially by the seafaring part of the nation, to whom he was a generous patron and a worthy example. His body was flung on the shore and buried with others, on the sand, but being soon after taken up, was placed under this monument, which his Royall Mistress had caused to be erected to commemorate his steady loyalty and extraordinary virtues."

It was the lot of the unfortunate admiral to close his career in a sudden and tragic manner, and after death his monument should be the subject (as an example of memorial sculpture in the worst possible taste) of scathing criticism for all time.







SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVELL'S TOMB IN WESTMINSTER  
 ABBEY.

The tomb is the work of Bird, and as Horace Walpole remarked, his monument to Sir Cloudesley "made men of taste dread such honours." Addison in the "Spectator" singles it out as an example. "Instead of the brave, rough English Admiral which was the distinguishing feature of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument, for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible to reap any honour."

Porth Hellick—so closely connected with the loss of Sir Cloudesley Shovel in 1707—was on the 19th of November, 1840, the scene of a most (if not *the* most) remarkable wreck in the history of Scilly.

Early on the morning of that day, before it was yet light, several of the neighbouring farmers were in the porth gathering sea-weed as manure for their land. They had not been there long before they discovered the wreck of a vessel bottom upwards. The tide having left they proceeded to examine her, and found from sounds which they heard that it was probable, although as it seemed to them almost impossible, that some of the crew were still alive in the after part of the ship. One of the men placed his ear against the plank and distinctly heard the sound of human voices.

An adze was soon procured, and a hole was cut large enough for one of the men to thrust his hand in. This being done, the captain seized the hand from within. A piece of plank was now cut away and three men and a boy were drawn out of the ship. On being rescued the poor fellows could not find words to express their gratitude. They were in a very exhausted state, having been three days and three nights without anything to eat. They were taken to Sallakee farm-house, the residence of Mr. Tobias Thomas, where they were well cared for. The captain and boy kept up a correspondence with Mr. Thomas and his family for many years after.



The "Nerina" belonged to Dunkirk, and was commanded by Captain Pierre Everaert. She was from Marseilles with a cargo of oil, and was capsized on the 16th of November while lying to in a heavy gale. One man who was on deck was immediately drowned. The captain, mate and boy were in the cabin and three men in the forecabin. The former succeeded in gaining the lazarette, and one of the latter in attempting to reach the same place was drowned. The other two were more fortunate, and succeeded in reaching the captain, mate and boy. They had scarcely room to move, and were almost suffocated for want of fresh air. In their desperation they attempted to cut a hole through the side with a pocket knife for the purpose of getting fresh air. Luckily the knife soon broke, for it was the confined air which materially assisted in keeping the vessel afloat. They were in this position three days, during which time they were without food, and the water reached as high as their waists. Occasionally they took turns to relieve themselves by stretching at full length between the cargo and the keelson. After grounding, the saddest part of the whole story occurred. After the days of jeopardy when succour was so near, one of the men was drowned in attempting to leave the lazarette before the water had sufficiently ebbed. The body was recovered and interred on St. Mary's.

The ship was seen bottom upwards from St. Mary's on the 18th, and was taken in tow by two pilot cutters—who had no idea that living beings were entombed within the hull—but they were forced to slip her again, as they made but little progress owing to the heavy weather, and night was coming on. If she had not been so towed towards the islands she must have drifted out into the ocean, and all would have been lost.

The loss of the "Delaware" is another memorable wreck, and calls for special comment on account of the splendid record of pluck and hardihood in saving life shown by the boatmen of Bryher. The 20th of December, 1871, was a day long to be remembered in Scilly. The wind was blowing a furious gale from the

north-west, and the sea lashed itself into fury upon the rocks and ledges. The sky was of a leaden hue, enveloping the islands in a mantle like a funeral pall. Woe betide the hapless ship that might be driven upon the rocks on such a day as this, for no assistance could be rendered from the shore.

During the morning a large steamer was sighted from St. Agnes. As she neared the islands the huge billows threatened every moment to overwhelm her, and it was soon apparent from the shore that she was partially disabled. She was watched with great interest as she sank now and then into the trough of a huge wave. Assistance could not be rendered, for no boat could possibly live in such a sea.

She was next seen from Bryher fast approaching the dangerous ledges which lay scattered in every direction. The men of that island watched her anxiously, knowing that nought could save her, and all attempts on their part would be fruitless. Nearer and nearer she came to the rocks, over which the waves broke mountain high. When she reached Tearing Ledge, between Mincarlo and Minalto, a sea rose to a fearful height, and falling on her deck, caused her to stagger and almost come to a standstill. Before she could recover from the shock another wave, not less fearful than the first, broke on her like an avalanche with overwhelming force. Rising high out of the water, with one terrific plunge she sank, and in a moment the work of destruction was completed,

No ray of hope remained that any of the crew could escape, but notwithstanding this, a sharp look out was kept for any indication of life. Soon, however, three men were seen to land upon White Island, about a quarter of a mile from Samson. A boat was launched from Rushy Bay by the Bryher men, who willingly risked their lives to save the poor sailors from their still perilous position. From this point they rowed to the eastern porth of Samson, which was sheltered from the full fury of the gale. They had now to carry their boat bodily across the isthmus between the two hills of Samson to the western porth. This was accomplished



under great hardships, as they were exposed to the full fury of the gale, which was blowing the sand in blinding clouds against them. At the western porth the full force of the sea was felt, but with perseverance and after a severe struggle the boat was once more afloat and on its way to the island. There they found the first and third officers (Mr. McWhinnie and Mr. Jenkins) of the s.s. "Delaware." The other man had disappeared before the arrival of the boat. The rescued men were carried to the boat (being too weak even to crawl), and the western porth was reached in safety. Here they had again to carry their boat across the isthmus, soon after reaching Bryher, where they were welcomed by their families and friends, who had anxiously watched their progress. The rescued officers were carried to comfortable quarters, and after a few days' nursing they were able to proceed to St. Mary's. In this fearful shipwreck forty-eight lives were lost.

The s.s. "Delaware," Captain Preston, was from Liverpool, bound to Calcutta with a general cargo. She had to bear up on account of the fury of the gale, and the bearing of the engines becoming heated, she was stopped to allow them to cool. Before they were able to get all right she was driven close to the islands, and then became unmanageable.

Soon after she went down the shores at St. Mary's were strewn with wood, bales of cotton, prints, velveteens, silks, and other articles of a buoyant nature. One body was recovered and was buried at St. Mary's.

### WRECK OF THE S.S. "SCHILLER."

Weird voice of night, from o'er the raging sea,  
 Shrieking like a lost spirit round the house;  
 Why waitest thou, and what would thou with me?  
 "I come," methinks the phantom wind replies,  
 "From o'er the waters, on my viewless wings,  
 I bear the message of despairing cries."

The 8th of May, 1875, is a day ever to be remembered in the annals of Scillonian history. About 8 a.m. some boats arrived from St. Agnes with their

living freight, and announced the loss on the Rettarier Ledges, of the German mail-boat "Schiller," and about three hundred lives.

The effect caused by such a calamity was such as cannot be adequately described. In a short time the "Lady of the Isles," with the lifeboat, were on their errand of mercy; but, before their arrival at the spot, there was nothing to indicate the position of the "Schiller" except the wreckage which was vomitted from the bottom. The "Schiller" was built on the Clyde in 1873. She was three hundred and eighty feet long, forty feet beam, and twenty-four feet deep in the hold. Her registered tonnage was 2,326, but her actual carrying capacity was 3,600.

Her engines were compound, of six hundred horsepower nominal. She was one of the finest American liners afloat, and under the command of Captain Thomas, an Englishman, but a naturalised German, and an officer of great experience and bravery.

The "Schiller" should have left New York on the 27th, but owing to the tides could not pass the bar till the following day. She carried fifty-nine saloon passengers, seventy-five second, and one hundred and twenty steerage, making on the whole two hundred and fifty-four, and her crew numbered one hundred and one. She had on board the Australian and New Zealand mails (two hundred and fifty bags), and in addition to her general cargo, 300,000 dollars of specie for Cherbourg. She was due at Plymouth on the 8th of May.

For three days previous to the disaster the weather had been exceedingly dirty, so that no observations could be taken. Early on the evening of Friday, the 7th, a dense fog set in, so dense that one end of the ship could not be seen from the other.

Captain Thomas, thinking himself to be near the islands, ordered the engines to be reduced to half-speed; but about ten o'clock, without the slightest warning (for although within a quarter of a mile from the Bishop Lighthouse, the fog was so dense that the



light could not be seen, neither could the fog-bell be heard), she ran on the Retarrier Ledges. The first shock was not a heavy one, but this was followed by others more violent, until all her water-tight compartments gave way, and she heeled over and became a total wreck.

But few of the passengers had retired to their berths, consequently the deck very soon became crowded with frightened men and shrieking women and children.

Captain Thomas coolly and steadily gave orders to lower the boats. These orders were attended to by the mates as well as possible under existing circumstances; but several of the boats got swamped, and those in them met with a watery grave.

As the tide rose, the waves broke more furiously over the "Schiller," carrying with them numbers of the passengers. Several of them had cork jackets on, which accounted for so many dead bodies being picked up.

The women and children, for further protection, crowded into the pavilion. At length a sea more heavy than any preceding one came, and with one fell swoop carried away the pavilion with its living freight. One fearful shriek and all was hushed, save the roaring of the waves, and the cries for help of those left behind. This was the climax of the horrors of that fatal night. The captain remained on the bridge almost to the last; but leaving for a short time a sea came and washed him overboard, and he was never seen again.

About forty-five were saved out of three hundred and fifty-four. Among the rescued was one woman, a Mrs. Jones, whose husband was also saved in the same boat. She was the only lady survivor. The close of Saturday saw seventy-eight dead bodies brought on shore. In nearly every case they had a life-belt on.

On Monday, the 10th, the first funeral took place under the especial superintendence of Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, the coroner (Mr. T. L. Hall), and jury. Each corpse was decently laid out and coffined, and taken to the churchyard in carts. Nineteen carts were drawn

up in single file, each horse being led by its driver, and into each cart (with the exception of one) two coffins were placed. This cart was especially reserved for a young man supposed to have been a Good Templar, and was taken charge of by the members of the Hope of Scilly Lodge, No. 2,275.

As the mournful procession wound its way along to the graveyard, the inhabitants turned out *en masse*. Shutters were closed and blinds drawn in all the houses along the route. At the graveside the burial service was impressively read by the Rev. J. H. White, the chaplain of the islands. The greater part of the coffins had wreaths of flowers on them, while in the graves a quantity of flowers were strewn.

Several of the identified were embalmed and sent to their friends. Among them were Messrs. Schirner, Friend, Klinck, Harrison, Uhlmann, Walter, Mrs. Becher, Mrs. Dimock, M.D. The last was proceeding to London to pursue her studies. The rescued were taken care of by Mr. John Banfield, Vice-Consul, who, through the German Ambassador at London, received a telegram from Prince Bismarck to do all in his power to relieve the distressed Germans.

A portion of the cargo was saved, and £70,000 in specie recovered by divers, under the superintendence of Captain Lodge, the late Mr. Ridyard, of Liverpool, being one of the successful divers. The specie was in eight small barrels, each one containing £10,000.

The German Emperor acknowledged the services of those concerned with the living and the dead by various presents, such as a field glass, gold watches, bearing the Emperor's cypher and other articles.

Mr. Henry Stern, one of the survivors, a saloon passenger gave the most striking narrative of the whole. He said: "The 'Schiller' left New York on Tuesday, April 27th, but did not pass over the bar at Sandy Hook until noon of the following day. All proceeded well on the voyage, although we experienced rather heavy weather, with a high sea until Friday last. We had been unable to take observations for three days, and at



about seven o'clock a very thick fog set in, and gradually increased, insomuch that one could not see a ship's length ahead of us.

"The speed was reduced to about one half, and we proceeded along slowly and carefully; no one could have taken more care than the captain did; but unfortunately, the wind was blowing heavily from the south-west, with a high sea running and the tide flowing. I got into the forecabin about nine o'clock to look out for the Scilly light, because we knew pretty well where we were. We were still going very slowly, when shortly before ten o'clock we struck heavily on some rocks. Captain Thomas was on the bridge at the time, and a very large proportion of the passengers were on deck. A few of the women and children—those who were to leave at Plymouth—were in their berths asleep, as were a few of the men, but most of the passengers were about.

"Distress guns were fired and rockets sent up for upwards of two hours, but there was no reply, and we did not know our position. The greatest excitement and distress prevailed; such a scene as I hope I shall never see again. About twelve o'clock, when I was in the rigging, the fog cleared, and I saw the light at the Bishop's Rock.

"During those two hours, and after we first struck, we bumped again and again on the rocks several times before settling down. Altogether ten guns were fired, and then the powder became damp, and we could do nothing further in that direction.

"The sea broke over the vessel furiously as the tide rose, and she was shattered in all directions and filled rapidly. Captain Thomas ordered the boats to be launched, and I assisted in launching four, but there was such a rush, and such a tremendous sea running, that they were swamped almost immediately.

"Capt. Thomas behaved with the utmost bravery, and fired his revolver over the heads of the men who were rushing to the boats, to frighten them. The women and children had no chance. About two o'clock the pavilion over the saloon, in which there

was a light, and the wretched women and children all huddled together, was struck by a heavy sea and washed away with all its contents. Such a shriek as was raised I trust I shall never here the like of again. At three o'clock Captain Thomas was still on the bridge, when he was called down to save some persons. He went on deck, but a sea came in and literally tore his clothes from him and afterwards washed him over the side.

"Poor fellow, he had not been in bed for five nights, and throughout the trying and terrible scenes acted with marvellous coolness and bravery. He had had several narrow escapes previously, one when the smoke stack went over the side and smashed a boat, killing a number of people. Neither he nor any others made an attempt to save themselves.

"I then took to the rigging, where I remained till nearly daylight. The foremast—in the rigging of which I was—was then carried away, and all who were in it were left struggling in the water. As soon as I got into the water I commenced to swim and succeeded in keeping myself afloat until I was eventually picked up by a fishing boat, in which were two little boys who worked and pulled with a bravery that could not be excelled. Such plucky little fellows I never saw before.

"The women and children were washed away in groups every time a sea would break over us, and it is a wonder to me how Mrs. Jones was saved. I was landed.

"The bravery of some Land's End men deserve notice.

"Two luggers belonging to Sennen (which were at St. Agnes lobster fishing), were near the wreck when the mizen mast fell in; the sea at this time had risen considerably and was breaking so continuously over their boat as to keep one man constantly bailing. Nevertheless they pushed on towards the poor fellows who were struggling in the water, and succeeded in picking up five men—one alas! was dead and another died after he was taken on board.

"'Twas no use then" they said, "to think of danger, 'twas life for life."





## THE SEA BIRDS OF SCILLY.

One of the most interesting features of these Islands during the spring and early summer months is the sea birds. A great number of them are permanent residents, but at this time of the year, many thousands of the migratory species come to visit us, and make the outlying islets and rocks of Scilly their home during the breeding season. Were this fact more widely known, I think it would be an inducement to naturalists and particularly to ornithologists, to pay the islands a visit, as few places, if any on our British coasts, can offer greater facilities for watching and studying sea fowl.



Photo by]

**Annet, a favourite haunt of the Sea Bird.**

[C. J. KING.

For years I have been devoting considerable attention to photography among the birds, and as this has led me to make excursions to all their most favoured haunts, I propose, for the benefit of those who come here to see them, to give a brief description of *how* and *where* best to do so.

**How.**—Well, as they are only to be found on the uninhabited islands and rocks, the first thing is to procure a good boatman with a good boat. Visitors will find no difficulty in this respect, for if good boatmen are to be found anywhere around our coasts, surely it is in Scilly. Where else is good boatmanship so essentially necessary as in a district where the boat takes the place of the 'bus, the cab and the railway train? Yes, here first class boatmen abound, for Scilly has, for many



generations, produced splendid sailors, and the nautical instinct is bred in Scillonians, so there will be no difficulty in getting to the homes of the birds.

**Where.**—This depends, to a certain extent, upon who wishes to see them, for some of their haunts would not be desirable landing places for ladies and children. But I will mention a few of those where they could land without difficulty, before reverting to the more inaccessible ones.

There is no doubt whatever that for sightseers, the best island is Annet. It is only about a couple of miles from St. Mary's and has a very fair landing place, which is, in fine weather, available at all times of tide. But let me caution the unwary as to how they proceed, for once off the fringe of rocks which forms a natural breakwater to this, as to all the other islands, care should be taken as to where one's feet are planted, for the sandy soil is literally honeycombed by the shearwaters and puffins which make their nests, or at any rate lay their eggs under ground. The holes are plainly visible and can be avoided, but much of the ground which looks firm enough is very little better than a trap. Much fun is caused by the repeated stumbling occasioned by this treacherous ground, but a sprained ankle might very easily be the result of careless walking.

Annet is the home of several species of birds. The lesser black-backed gull, the herring gull, puffin, shearwater and shag being most numerous, though oyster-catchers and terns are also found here. The island itself is somewhat snake-like in form, and in early summer when the sea pink is in full bloom, the view from the rising ground towards the western end is very beautiful. The bright pink flowers of the thrift, dotted with the countless white breasts of the gulls and backed by the deep blue of the broad Atlantic form a lovely picture.

Among the other western islands on which an easy landing may be effected are Rosevear, Rosevean, Gorregan and Maledgan.

Rosevear is perhaps the best of these, though Gorregan and Maledgan run it very close. Gulls, puffins, razor-bills and shags may be seen in large

numbers on Rosevear; the same applies to Gorregan but guillemots and kittiwakes may be added. The great cormorant may sometimes, but not always, be found on Rosevean, and Maledgan is generally a favourite nesting place for shags. I have seen large numbers of nests here built out in the open year after year.

The eastern islands were at one time much frequented by the birds, as was also St. Agnes, but they do not appear to be in such favour with them now, nor do I think it would be advisable for ladies and children to attempt to land on Menavawr, Scilly or Mincarlo.

Menavawr is a grand rock for sea birds, but can only be negotiated in very fine weather. A great variety of birds may be found on it.

Scilly is even more difficult than Menavawr for landing upon and is hardly worth the risk, as the same birds, in greater numbers may be seen close by on Mincarlo, which is more accessible and is the home of shags, great cormorants (at times), razor-bills, guillemots, puffins and gulls.

I am sure a few days spent among the birds will be thoroughly enjoyed. It is most amusing to watch the love making of the puffins and razor-bills, and the affectionate way in which they preen each other. A colony of shags' or cormorants' nests is well worth seeing. The nesting place of the gulls on Annet should be visited by all. The fluffy young gulls with their spotted down nestling among the thrift will amuse both children and adults.

No doubt all those who read these lines, will already have seen Sir Walter Besant's splendid "Introduction" to this Guide Book and will have noted what he says about the sea birds and the "Governor". Let me supplement Sir Walter's remarks to this extent—what applies to the birds applies also to their eggs.

As I am instructed that I must not occupy too much space, I must refrain from further description; but shall always be pleased to give all the assistance in my power to any visitor, who will honour me with a call.

C. J. KING.



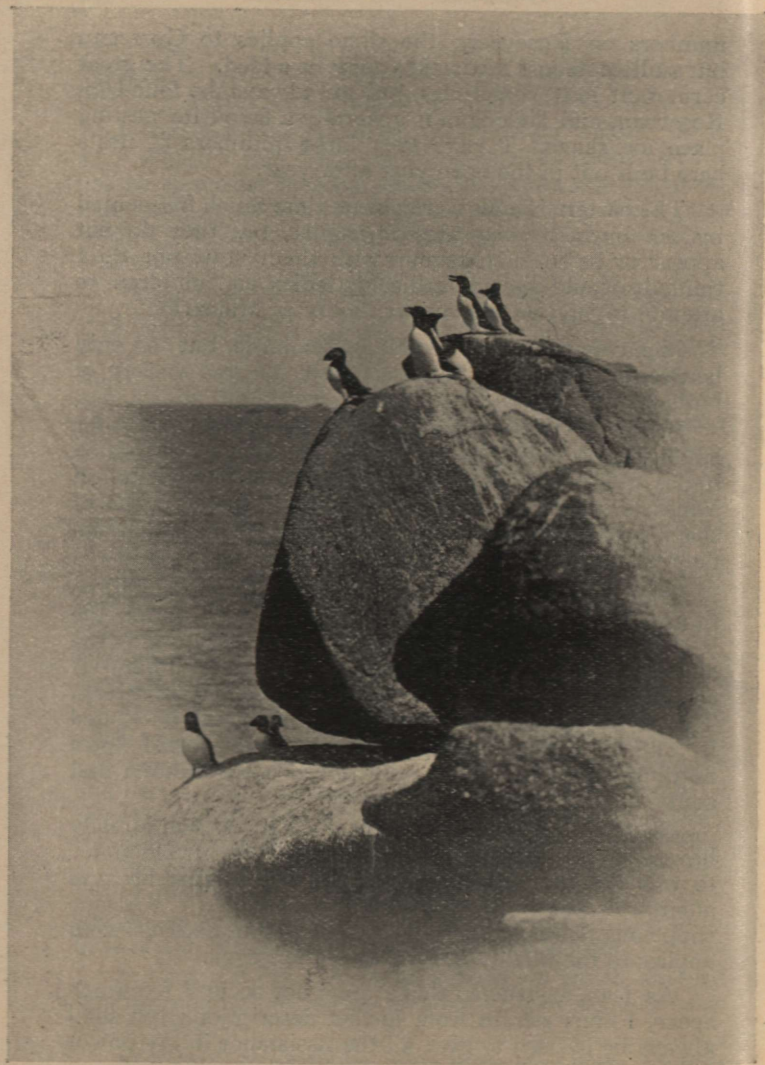


Photo by]

**Razor-bills and Puffins on Mincarlo.**

[C. J. KING

# Sea and Land Birds of the Isles of Scilly.

*Contributed by Mr. Ambrose White, Divisional Officer of  
H.M. Coastguard.*

## SEA BIRDS.

### DIVERS AND SWIMMERS.

Great Cormorant	Phalacrocorax carbo	Resident
Crested "	" cristatus	Ditto
Gt. Northern Diver	Colymbus glacialis	Winter resident
Common Guillemot	Uria troile	Arrive in April, leave in August
Razor-bill Black Auk	Alca torda	Ditto
Puffin, or Sea Parrot	Fratercula arctica	Ditto

### SWIMMERS.

Common Gull	Larus canus	} A few remain all the year round, the greater number leaving in the autumn and returning to their breeding ground in April.
Herring Gull	" argentatus	
Lesser Black-backed Gull	" fuscus	
Kittiwake Gull	" tridactylus	
Iceland Gull	" Islandicus	Very rare
Gannet (Solan-goose)	Sula bassana	Spring visitor
Bean Goose	Anser segetum	} A few visit the Islands at uncertain periods in winter with east winds.
Bernicle Goose	" leucopsis	
Brent Goose	" brenta	

### DIVERS BY IMPETUS.

Kingfisher	Alcedo ipsida	Resident
Arctic Tern	Sterna arctica	} Arrive in May and leave in August
Sandwich Tern	" Cantiaica	

### SWIMMERS, WADERS AND DIVERS.

Eider Duck	Somateria mallisima	One shot at Tresco, 1881
Wild "	Anas boschas	} Winter resident : a few remain to breed
Common Scoter Duck	Oidemia nigra	
Widgeon	Anas Penelope	Ditto
Teal	" Crecca	Ditto



## WADERS.

Curlew Sand Piper	<i>Tringa subarquata</i>	Resident
Common „	<i>Totanus hypoleuca</i>	Ditto
Knot „	<i>Tringa Canutus</i>	Ditto
Purple „	„ <i>maritima</i>	Ditto
Bar-tailed Goodwit	<i>Limosa rufa</i>	Ditto
Black-tailed Goodwit	„ <i>melanura</i>	Ditto
Common Redshank	<i>Totanus calidris</i>	} Arrive in spring ; a few remain all winter
Snipe Sand Piper	<i>Tringa variabilis</i>	
Little Stint	<i>Tringa Minuta</i>	

## SWIMMERS AND SKIMMERS.

Manx Shearwater	<i>Puffinus Anglorum</i>	} Arrive in April, leave in July
Storm Petrel	<i>Thalassidroma procellaria</i>	

## WADERS.

Dotterel	<i>Charadrius morinellus</i>	Resident
Curlew	<i>Numenius arquata</i>	Ditto
Turnstone	<i>Streptilas interpres</i>	Ditto
Whimbrel	<i>Numenius phæopus</i>	Ditto
Oyster Catcher	<i>Hœmatopus ostralis</i>	Ditto
Common Heron	<i>Ardea cinerea</i>	Ditto

## LAND BIRDS.

Black Cap	<i>Curruca atricapilla</i>	Resident
„ Bird	<i>Turdus merula</i>	Ditto
Common Bunting	<i>Emberiza miliaria</i>	Ditto
Yellow Bunting	<i>Emberiza citrinella</i>	Ditto
Coot	<i>Fulica atra</i>	Ditto
Corn Crake	<i>Crex pratensis</i>	Ditto
Crane	<i>Grus cinerea</i>	Very rare : one shot in 1882
Hooded Crow	<i>Corvus cornix</i>	Winter visitor
Common Crow	<i>Corvus corone</i>	Ditto
Cuckoo	<i>Cuculus canorus</i>	Summer visitors, in great numbers
Dabchick	<i>Podiceps minor</i>	Resident
Ringdove	<i>Columba palumbus</i>	Spring visitor
Fieldfare	<i>Turdus pilaris</i>	Winter „
Goatsucker	<i>Caprimulgus Europœus</i>	Resident
Golden Plover	<i>Squatarola cinerea</i>	Ditto
Goldfinch	<i>Carduelis elegans</i>	Ditto
Hawfinch	<i>Coccothraustes vulgaris</i>	Very rare

LAND BIRDS—*continued.*

Jack Snipe	Scolopax gallinula	Resident
Mountain Linnet	Linota Montium	Ditto
Brown Snipe	Macroramphus griseus	One shot at St. Mary's in 1857
Grey Linnet	Linota cannabina	Resident
Long-eared Owl	Otus Vulgaris	Ditto
Skylark	Alauda arvensis	Ditto
Sand Martin	Hirundo riparia	Ditto
House Martin	Hirundo urbica	Arrive in April and May
Kestrel	Falco tinnunculus	Resident
Mountain Finch	Fringilla montifringilla	Ditto
Ring Ousel	Turdus torquatus	Occasional spring visitor
Short-eared Owl	Otus brachyotus	Resident
Lapwing	Venellus cristatus	Arrive about Christmas
Pied Wagtail	Motacilla alba	Summer visitor
Meadow Pipit	Anthus pratensis	Resident
Rock " "	Anthus petrosus	Ditto
Robin Redbreast	Erythaca rubecula	Ditto
Common Swift	Cypselus apus	Arrive in spring
" Snipe	Scolopax gallinago	Resident
Snow Bunting	Plectrophanes nivalis	Rare
Song Thrush	Turdus musicus	Resident
House Sparrow	Passer Domesticus	Ditto
Hedge " "	Accentor modularis	Ditto
Sparrow Hawk	Accipiter Nisus	Ditto
Starling	Sturnus vulgaris	Winter visitor
Swallow	Hirundo Rustica	Summer " "
Garden Warbler	Curruca hortensis	Resident
Moorhen	Gallinula chloropus	Ditto
Water Rail	Rallus aquaticus	Ditto
Wheat-Ear	Saxicola œnanthe	Ditto
Woodcock	Scolopax rusticola	Arrive in October
Wren	Troglodytes vulgaris	Resident
Gold Crested Wren	Regulus cristatus	Winter visitor in large numbers
Redwing	Turdus iliacus	Ditto
Golden Oriole	Oriolus galbula	Very rare
Common Crossbill	Loxia curvirostra	A large flock visited the Islands in 1867

Stonechat ; Winchat ; Linnet, common or brown ; Hedge Sparrow or Hedge Accentor.

The Manx Shearwater and Storm Petrel both obtain their food in precisely the same manner, viz., by swimming along the surface of the waves, the oil from the fish being their principal food. In the latter part of July, 1886, when coming from St. Agnes, I observed at one time, at the lowest estimate, one hundred thousand of them pitched on the water through fatigue, when on passage from South to North. It was truly a grand sight.



## BOATING.

In Scilly the sailing boat takes the place of the bicycle, cab and omnibus. It is the means of transit available to the traveller on business and pleasure alike, and is the only method of passing from one island to another.

Numerous boatmen, generally to be discovered on the Quay or at the Custom House, hold their boats at the disposal of the visitor. They are stoutly built craft, sound and seaworthy, and very suitable for the passage in and out among the islands. They are managed by

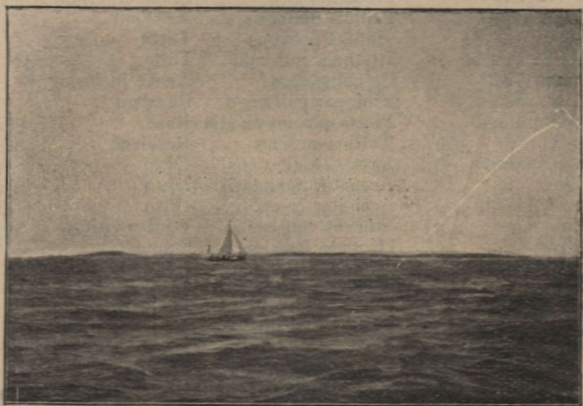


Photo. by]

Bound for Tresco.

[B. P. Row.

able men who know the difficulty and dangers of the archipelago, and it is a noteworthy and remarkable thing and speaks volumes for the care taken, that never in the whole history of the Islands has the life of a visitor been lost when on an excursion under the care of a Scilly boatman. This is a record that is notable.

As regards payment for services the negotiations are managed, if you permit it, a good deal after the style adopted by the one Scillonian cabman who used to say when asked for the amount of the fare, "I'll leave it to your curiosity, sir."

The usual scale of charges is 10/6 per day for two men and a boat. 5/- will usually pay for a journey to Tresco and back. A steam launch makes frequent journeys in the summer, and has a modifying effect upon the boat charges.



A Veteran, St. Mary's.

## FERNS.

This chapter is specially written for those who, taking an interest in this branch of botany, have but little time at their disposal for searching out the different kinds of ferns.

There are many rare ferns found, and chief among them is the *Asplenium marinum* or Sea Spleenwort. It is a very handsome evergreen fern of tufted habit with lanceolate fronds of deep glossy green. It is very fertile, being found in all the islands, especially near the shore where it is washed by the spray from the sea. It is found in the crevices of rocks, where the fronds attain a length of from twenty to thirty inches. It is also found in various wells, but here the specimens are smaller. The finest specimens are obtained at Peninis Head, and



an authority on this subject tells us that here they are not to be excelled by any in Great Britain or perhaps even in Europe.

There is a great difficulty in obtaining very fine specimens, as the roots, which are brittle, are found penetrating far into the coarse, decomposed granite. It is not easily cultivated away from its haunts unless in the humid atmosphere of a warm greenhouse or under a bell-glass. The soil best adapted to its growth is sandy peat mixed with fragments of stone.

*Asplenium Adiantum nigrum*, or Black Maiden-Hair Spleenwort, is found in several places in St. Mary's. The finest specimens are to be obtained just above Rocky Hill. The fronds grow in tufts from three to twelve inches long, and they are drooping or erect according to the situations in which they are found. The shape of the frond is triangular, very much elongated at the point, and as they grow old the under surface is covered with spore cases.

*Asplenium lanceolatum*, or Lanceolate Spleenwort, is an evergreen Fern, which is largely distributed through St. Mary's and St. Agnes, being found near the coast. They are very plentiful at Holy Vale and Mount Todden. Its fronds are from four to eight inches long and lanceolate in form. The young ones are of a light green colour. The more vigorous plants are nearly erect, but those that are stunted are of a spreading habit. This Fern is easily cultivated.

*Asplenium trichomanes*, or common Maiden-Hair Spleenwort, is found only in the walls of one of the old mills in the Garrison beyond the Star Castle. They are very small, but they have a very interesting appearance from the regularity with which the bright green pinnæ are disposed. It grows in tufts, and is found in the joints of old masonry. It is an evergreen and grows well on rock work. In its most vigorous state it will produce fronds from six to eight inches long.

*Asplenium Filix-fœmina*, or Lady Fern, is very plentiful in the marsh between Hugh Town and Old Town, and also in the Higher Moors near Porth Hellick. The

plant is tufted and in the older ones the crowns are a few inches high. The fronds spring from the top of the crown in the month of April. They reach maturity early in the summer, before which time a few additional fronds spring from the centre. The exquisite grace of its growth, its delicacy of hue, and elegance of form, gives it precedence over most other British ferns. It luxuriates in a moist shady place, and is easily cultivated.

*Lastrea Filix-mas* (Male or common Buckler Fern) is widely distributed through St. Mary's and is more abundant than any other variety (*Pteris aquilina* excepted). It takes its name from its robust appearance, being contrasted with the more delicate though similar fern *Filix foemina*. It is an annual, having a very robust appearance. It will grow almost anywhere. The fructification of this fern is generally very copious, and it is usually confined to the lower half of the pinnules.

*Lastrea recurva*, or Triangular Buckler Fern is found but sparingly in the marsh between Hugh Town and Old Town. It is a very elegant plant of moderate size and drooping habit. It is very valuable as a pot plant owing to its size and evergreen character.

*Lastrea dilatata* or Broad Buckler Fern appears in the marsh above mentioned. It is one of the most compound of British Ferns. The fronds are generally drooping and lance shaped. At the base they are densely clothed with pointed scales.

*Lastrea spinulosa*, which is a species of the last mentioned, but unlike it in habit, is found in the marsh. It is an erect grower with a stout stem. This Fern is confined to only a few countries in Europe.

*Ophioglossum lusitanicum*, or Dwarf Adder's Tongue, is found only at St. Martin's. This species is easily distinguished by the small lanceolate barren branch of its fronds. From the crown of the rhizome the frond rises to the height of about two inches and is divided above into a barren leafy branch, and a spicate fertile branch. Occasionally a barren lanceolate frond accompanies the two branch frond. The fertile branch comes somewhat later than the barren one and bears on its margin several



imbedded spore cases. It is fully developed in May. In 1854 this curious little Fern was first discovered in Guernsey, and in the same year its existence was made known in the Scilly Isles at St. Martin's. It inhabits those parts of Europe and Africa washed by the Mediterranean Sea and also the Madeira and Canary Islands.

*Osmunda regalis*, or Flowering Fern, is found in great abundance in the Higher and Lower Moors at St. Mary's. It is also called the Royal Fern and it well deserves this regal name. It is the most majestic of all British Ferns, by growing to the height of five feet. It is easily known its size as well as by the appearance of the fronds, which are leafy in the lower part and very fertile at the top. The pinnæ at the apex of the fronds is changed from a leafy form into a dense mass of spore cases of a chocolate colour. These give it the appearance of a mass of brown flowers, hence the name Flowering Fern. It is easily cultivated and is well suited for the base of rock-work abutting on a piece of water.

*Polystichum lobatum* and *Polistichum angulare* are very rarely found.

*Botrychium lunaria*, or Moonwort, is found only at St. Martin's and there it is very scarce. It is nearly related to the *Ophioglossum lusitanicum* or Adder's tongue. The points in which it agrees are, the parts are folded straight in its undeveloped state and the fronds are two branched, one being leafy, the other fertile. The fructification however is different, the fertile branch is divided into two parts on which the spore cases are produced. It is not easily cultivated.

*Pteris aquilina*, or common Brake Fern, is found in abundance on all the islands, and on Samson it attains the height of four feet.

*Scolopendrium officinarum*, or Common Hart's Tongue, is an evergreen Fern easily cultivated. This Fern produces fronds two feet in length of a bright shining green. It is found in one or two old wells in St. Mary's and at Newford, where the varieties are very good.

*Polypodium vulgare*, or Common Polypody, is very abundant on hedges and in brakes. Very fine specimens are found at Holy Vale. It is an evergreen Fern producing fronds eighteen inches long. The stalk of a full grown frond is nearly equal in length to the leafy portion. The fructification is confined to the upper half of the frond, which, when ripe, is of a bright golden colour.

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## Flora of the Isles of Scilly.

*Contributed by the Rev. HENRY BOYDEN, B.A., of  
Pendeen Vicarage, Cornwall.*

### INTRODUCTION TO THE LIST OF FLOWERING PLANTS.

HAVING had the privilege of joining the excursion of the members of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society on August 9th, 1889, to Treseco, one of the islands of the Scilly group, I spent some happy hours in wandering, at will, along the walks and alleys of the famous Abbey Gardens, with their sub-tropical luxuriance,—a miracle of British horticulture,—“beautiful as a dream.”

But the objects of my search were not the cultivated plants, whether of taste or commerce, for which the Isles are so famous, but simply nature's wildlings, which I might gather as I pleased. My botanical rambles, during the week's sojourn, were chiefly confined to St. Mary's Isle. There I noticed 154 species of our British flowering plants, but failed to discover several rarities reported by that eminent botanist, the late Wm. Curnow, their flowering season having passed. From what I saw in so short a time, I concluded that at least 400 different species of wild flowers might be obtained in the Isles of Scilly by those who searched for them the whole year round.

The floral products of the marshes were similar to those of my own neighbourhood of Pendeen, and the Land's End.

I also directed my attention to the Marine Algæ of



the Islands, and collected about 100 specimens. But having compared my list with that of the late Mr. Ralf's for West Cornwall, I regret to say that I cou'd add nothing new to his list. I found, as one might expect, a similarity between the sea-weeds of the Isles and those of Sennen Cove.

## FLOWERING PLANTS.

Lesser Spearwort— <i>Ranunculus Flammula</i>	Marsh St. John's wort— <i>Hypericum e'odes</i>
Long smooth-headed poppy— <i>Papaver dubium</i>	Sea tree mallow— <i>Lavatera arborea</i>
Yellow horned poppy— <i>Glaucium flavum</i>	Dwarf mallow— <i>Malva rotundifolia</i> (St. Agnes)
Common fumitory— <i>Fumaria officinalis</i>	Thyme-leaved flax seed— <i>Radiola linoides</i>
Common watercress— <i>Nasturtium palustre</i>	Mountain crane's bill— <i>Geranium pyrenaicum</i>
Common barbary— <i>Barbarea vulgaris</i>	Dove's foot crane's bill— <i>Geranium molle</i>
<i>Alyssum maritimum</i>	Small flowered crane's bill— <i>Geranium pusillum</i>
Common scurvy-grass— <i>Cochlearia officinalis</i>	Herb Robert— <i>Geranium Robertianum</i>
Common hedge-mustard— <i>Sisymbrium officinale</i>	Common furze— <i>Ulex europæus</i>
Black cabbage— <i>Brassica nigra</i>	Lucerne (probably escaped from cultivation)— <i>Medicago sativa</i>
Shepherd's purse— <i>Capsella Bursa-pastoris</i>	Tooth medick— <i>Medicago denticulata</i>
Penny cress— <i>Thlaspi arvense</i>	Spotted medick— <i>Medicago maculata</i>
Purple sea-rocket— <i>Cakile maritima</i>	Zig-zag clover— <i>Trifolium medium</i>
Wild radish— <i>Raphanus Raphanistrum</i>	Hare's-foot trefoil— <i>Trifolium arvense</i>
Mignonette— <i>Reseda alba</i>	Hop trefoil— <i>Trifolium procumbens</i>
Violet— <i>Viola arvensis</i>	Lesser yellow trefoil— <i>Trifolium filiforme</i>
Sea Campion— <i>Silene maritima</i>	Common bird's foot— <i>Lotus corniculatus</i>
<i>Silene gallica</i>	<i>Lotus pilosus</i>
Red Robin— <i>Lychnis diurna</i>	Narrow leaved trefoil— <i>Lotus angustissimus</i>
White Campion— <i>Lychnis alba</i>	Tufted vetch— <i>Vicia cracca</i>
Chickweed— <i>Stellaria media</i>	Herb bennett— <i>Geum urbanum</i>
Procumbent Pearl-wort— <i>Sagina procumbens</i>	<i>Potentilla tormentilla</i>
Corn Spurry— <i>Spergula arvensis</i>	Creeping cinque foil— <i>Potentilla reptans</i>
<i>Lepigonum rubrum</i>	
Common Tamarisk— <i>Tamarix gallica</i> (Tresco)	
Trailing St. John's wort— <i>Hypericum humifusum</i>	

- Goose-grass—*Fotentilla anserina*  
 English stonecrop—*Sedum Anglicum*  
 Biting stonecrop—*Sedum acre*  
 Purple loose strife—*Lythrum Salicaria*  
 Marsh penny-wort—*Hydrocotyle vulgaris*  
 Sea holly—*Eryngium maritimum*  
 Wild celery—*Apium nodiflorum*  
 Common fennell—*Feniculum officinale*  
 Sea Samphire—*Crithmum maritimum*  
*Peucedana numsativum*  
 Wild carrot—*Daucus carota*  
 Ivy—*Hedera helix*  
 Elder—*Sambucus nigra*  
 Yellow bedstraw—*Galium verum*  
 Heath bedstraw—*Galium saxatile*  
 Water bedstraw—*Galium palustre*  
 Hedge bedstraw—*Galium Aparine*  
 Fieldmadder—*Sherrardia arvensis*  
 Premorse Scabious—*Scabiosa succisa*  
 Daisy—*Bellis perinnis*  
 Least filago—*Filago minima*  
 Marsh cud-weed—*Gnaphalium uliginosum*  
 Common yarrow—*Achillea millefolium*  
 Stinking chamomile—*Anthemis Cotula*  
 Common chamomile—*Anthemis nobilis*  
 Yellow Ox-eye daisy—*Chrysanthemum segetum*  
 White Ox-eye daisy—*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*  
 Scentless may weed—*Matricaria inodora*  
 Common wormwood—*Artemisia Absinthium* (St. Agnes)  
 Mugwort—*Artemisia vulgaris*  
 Ragwort—*Senecio Jacobea*  
 Burdock—*Arctium majus*  
 Spear-plumed thistle—*Cnicus lanceolatus*  
 Creeping-plumed thistle—*Cnicus arvensis*  
 Black knap-weed—*Centurea nigra*  
 Common nipple-wort—*Lapsana communis*  
 Smooth hawk's beard—*Crepis virens*  
*Leontodon hispidus*  
 Dandelion—*Taraxacum officinale*  
 Corn sow-thistle—*Sonchus arvensis*  
 Sheep scabious—*Jasione montana*  
 Heather—*Calluna erica*  
 Fine leaved heath—*Erica cinerea*  
 Thrift—*Armeria maritima*  
 Sea milk-wort—*Glauca maritima*  
 Scarlet pimpernel—*Anagallis arvensis*  
 Bog pimpernel—*Anagallis tenella*  
 Brook weed—*Samolus Valerandi*  
 Centaury—*Erythraea Centaurium*  
 Borage—*Borago officinalis* (St. Agnes)  
 Gipsy wort—*Lycopsis arvensis*  
 Tufted water scorpion grass—*Myosotis caespitosa*  
 Forget-me-not—*Myosotis palustris*  
 Great bind weed—*Calystegia sepium*  
 Field bind weed—*Convolvulus arvensis*  
 Woody nightshade—*Solanum Dulcamara*  
 Black nightshade—*Solanum nigrum*  
 Henbane—*Hyoscyamus niger*  
 Water figwort—*Scrophularia aquatica*  
 Fox-glove (purple)—*Digitalis purpurea*  
 Field speedwell—*Veronica agrestis*  
 Germanda Speedwell—*Veronica Chamædrys*  
 Brooklime—*Veronica beccabunga*  
 Common Vervain—*Verbena officinalis*  
 Wild Thyme—*Thymus Serpyllum*  
 Field Calamint—*Calamintha arvensis*  
 Meadow Clary—*Salvia pratensis*  
 Self heal—*Prunella vulgaris*  
 Wound wort—*Stachys arvensis*  
 Wood sage—*Teucrium Scorodonia*



Common bugle—*Ajuga reptans*  
 Greater plantain—*Plantago major*  
 Rib-wort plantain — *Plantago lanceolata*  
 Buck's horn plantain — *Plantago Coronopus*  
 Sea-beet—*Beta maritima*  
 Spreading Fruited Orache—*Atriplex patula*  
 Prickly Salt wort—*Salsola Kali*  
 Climbing Persicaria — *Polygonum Convolvulus*  
 Knotgrass *Polygonum aviculare*  
 Spotted Persicaria — *Polygonum persicaria*  
 Pale-flowered Persicaria — *Polygonum lapathifolium*  
*Rumex conglomeratus*  
*Rumex pulcher*  
 Curled-dock—*Rumex crispus*  
 Common Sorrel - *Rumex Acetosa*  
 Sheep sorrel—*Rumex Acetosella*

Sun spurge—*Euphorbia Helioscopia*  
 Water spurge — *Euphorbia platyphyllos* (Tresco)  
 Sea spurge—*Euphorbia paralias*  
 Portland spurge—*Euphorbia portlandica*  
 Annual Mercury — *Mercurialis annua*  
 Great Nettle—*Urtica dioica*  
 Small Nettle—*Urtica urens*  
 Common pellitory — *Parietaria officinalis*  
 Yellow Iris—*Iris Pseudacorus*  
 Common Rush—*Juncus conglomeratus*  
 Sea Rush—*Juncus maritimus*  
 Lesser duck weed—*Lemna minor*  
 Grass wrack—*Zostera marina*  
*Scirpus maritimus*  
*Phalaris canariensis*  
*Agropyron junceum*

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The following are Plants recorded in Mr. Tonkin's  
 Guide, not seen by me.

Tubular Water Dropwort—*Ceanothus fistulosa* (St. Mary's)  
 Sea Bindweed—*Convolvulus soldanella* (Tresco)  
 Chaffweed — *Centunculus minimus* (St. Mary's)  
 Fumitory (variety of) — *Fumaria palidifolia* (St. Mary's)  
 Elecampane—*Inula Helenicum* (St. Mary's)  
 Tree mallow (variety of)—*Lavatera Sylvestris* (Tresco, St. Agnes, St. Mary's)  
 Bird's foot Trefoil (variety of) — *Lotus hispidus* (Tresco and St. Mary's)  
 Creeping water Scorpion Grass—*Myosotis repens* (St. Mary's)  
 Horse mint—*Mentha sylvestris* (St. Agnes)  
 Lady's Tresses — *Niottia spiralis*

(St. Mary's)  
 Sand Joint Vetch — *Ornithopus ebracteatus* (Tresco, Bryher, St. Mary's)  
 Lesser Broom Rape — *Orobancha Minor* (St. Mary's)  
 Pondweed—*Potamogeton pectinatus* (St. Mary's)  
 Crowfoot (variety of)—*Ranunculus Baudotii* (St. Mary's)  
 Water Dock — *Rumex aquaticus* (St. Mary's)  
 Dock (variety of) — *Scrophularia Scorodonia* (St. Mary's)  
 Balm leaved figwort — *Rumex upetris* (The Gugh, St. Agnes)  
 Smooth Roundheaded Trefoil — *Trifolium glomeratum* (St. Mary's)  
 Trifolium (variety of) — *Trifolium suffocatum* (Tresco and St. Mary's)

## SEA WEEDS.

Halidrys siliquosa		Plocamium coccineum
Cystoseira feniculosa		Rhodomenia bifida (var).
Fucus versiculosus		"    laciniata
"    serratus		Calliblepharis jubata (var).
Fucus nodosus		Rhodomenia palmata
"    canaliculatus		Cystoclonium purpurascens
Himanthalia lorea		Grateloupia dichotoma
Alaria esculenta		Gelidium corneum (var).
Laminaria digitata		Gigartina mamilliosa
"    saccharina		Chondrus crispus
"    bulbosa		Ptilota sericea
Dictyota dichotoma		Ceramium rubrum
Asperococcus Echinatus		"    flabelligerum
Leathesia tuberiformis		"    echioniatum
Myrionema strangulans		"    acanthonatum
Cladostephus spongiosus		Halluru equisetifolia
Polysiphonia elongata		Griffithsia corallina
"    fastigiata		"    setacea
"    nigrescens		Callithamnion brachiatum
Dasya coccinea		"    floridulum
Laurencia pinnatifida		"    Turneri (var).
Chylocladia articulata		"    tetricum
Corallina officinalis		Codium tomentosum
Delesseria alata		Cladophora rupestris
"    ruscifolia		"    diffusa
Nitophyllum Hilliæ, with		"    glaucescens
capsules		Enteromorpha compressa
Same with tetraspores		Ulva latissima
Nitophyllum Laceratum		Porphyra laciniata
	(var).	Calothrix confervicola



# The Marine Shells of Scilly.

Contributed by CLIFFORD BURKILL, Esq., and  
J. T. MARSHALL, Esq.

- Argiope decollata* Chem.  
*A. cistellula* S. Wood.—Menavawr.  
*Modiolaria discors* L.—St. Mary's.  
*Galeomma turtoni* Ed. Zool. Jour.—Menavawr.  
*Lepton sulcatulum* Jeff.—Menavawr.  
*L. clarkiae* Clark.—Menavawr.  
*Montacuta dawsoni* Jeff.—Menavawr.  
*Tellina balaustina* L.—St. Mary's Sound.  
*Amphidesma castaneum* Mont.—Menavawr and St. Mary's Sound.  
*Lyonsia norvegica* Chem.—St. Mary's Sound.  
*Cyclostrema cutlerianum* Clark.—Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.  
*C. nitens* Phill.—Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.  
*C. serpuloides* Mont.—Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.  
*Trochus granulatus*.—St. Mary's Sound, living specimens.  
*Trochus granulatus* var. *lactea* Jeff.—With the preceding, also living.  
*Lacuna puteolus* Tur.—St. Mary's, in weed at low water.  
*Rissoa striatula* Mont.—Muncoy Neck.  
*R. calathus* F. and H.—Muncoy Neck.  
*R. inconspicua* Alder.—Muncoy Neck.—This species which was recorded as Scillonian, but with no authority, is now confirmed.  
*R. vitrea* Mont.—St. Mary's Sound.  
*R. soluta* Phil.—St. Mary's Sound, Muncoy Neck, and Menavawr.  
*Jeffreysia diaphana* Alder.—St. Mary's, in weed.  
*Skenea planorbis* Fabr. — Under stones and on weeds at tide-marks.  
*Cæcum trachea* Mont.—Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.  
*C. glabrum* Mont.—St. Mary's Sound, Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.  
*Aclis unica* Mont.—Muncoy Neck.  
*A. ascaris* Tur.—Muncoy Neck.

- A. supranitiad* S. Wood.—St. Mary's Sound.
- A. gulsonæ* Clark.—Muncoy Neck and St. Mary's Sound.
- Odostomia minima* Jeff.—Menavawr. One specimen.
- O. nivosa* Mont.—Menavawr. This species is recorded (as *O. cylindrica*) in the Tresco Abbey List, and now confirmed.
- O. truncatula* Jeff.—Menavawr.
- O. lukisi* Jeff.—Menavawr and Muncoy Neck.
- O. albella* Lov.—St. Mary's, under stones between tidemarks.
- O. rissoides* Han. St. Mary's, confirming Abbey List.
- O. diaphana* Jeff.—Menavawr.
- O. obliqua* Ald.—Menavawr.
- O. dolioliformis* Jeff.—Muncoy Neck.
- O. interstincta* var. *saturalis* Phil.—Muncoy Neck.
- O. scalaris* Phil.—St. Mary's Sound and Menavawr.
- O. pusilla* Phil.—Menavawr.
- O. scillæ* Scac.—Menavawr.
- Adeorbis subcarinatus* S. Wood.—St. Mary's Sound.
- Cerithium perversum* var. *pallesces* Jeff.—Menavawr.
- Cerithiopsis tubercularis* var. *nana* Jeff.—Menavawr and St. Mary's Sound.
- C. tubercularis* var. *Albescens* Marshall.—Shell of a pale straw colour. Muncoy and Menavawr.
- C. pulchella* Jeff.—Menavawr, Muncoy and St. Mary's.
- Buccinum undatum* L.—St. Mary's. Exceedingly rare. Five living examples were taken.
- Fusus gracilis* var. *convoluta* Jeff.—St. Mary's Sound. The type is recorded in the Abbey List as *F. islandicus*.
- Nassa incrassata* var. *minor* Jeff.—Menavawr.
- Defrancia purpurea* var. *philberti* Mich.—Muncoy Neck.
- Pleurotoma reguloso* Phil. Muncoy Neck. A very rare shell.
- P. rufa* var. *lactea* Jeff.—St. Mary's Sound.
- Utriculus expansus* Jeff.—Menavawr. A most interesting shell, found also in the Shetland and Lofoden Islands, and on the west coast of Ireland.
- P. catena* var. *zona* Jeff.—Menavawr.
- P. pruinosa* Clark.—St. Mary's Sound.



- Philine scabra** var. **circa** Marshall.—Dredged off Muncoy. This form is rare, and recorded from one other locality only—Killala Bay, west coast of Ireland.
- Aplysia punctata** Cuv.—St. Martin's Flats.
- Spirialis retroversus** Flem.—Menavawr, Muncoy and St. Mary's Sound.
- 

The following additions to the Scilly List, which brings the Molluscan fauna of that region up to date, has been contributed by the Rev. R. W. J. SMART, who for some time did duty at Tresco:—

- Pecten Opercularis** var. **lineata** Da Costa.—Menavawr and St. Martin's, alive (Smart and C. Jefferys).
- Mytilus Phaseolinus** Phill.—Menavawr. Small but numerous (C. Jefferys).
- Montacuta substriata** Mont.—St. Martin's Flats and Pentle Bay on *spines* of *Spatangus purpureus*, common (C. Jefferys).
- Loripes lacteus** L.—St. Mary's, living (C. Jefferys).
- Scrobicularia nitida** Mull.—Identified among specimens of *S. Alba* submitted to Mr. Marshall.
- Rissoa Cimicoides** Forbes.—Also identified by Mr. Marshall among specimens of *R. Reticulata*.
- R. striatula** Mont.—Menavawr.
- Odostomia rissoides** Han.
- O. rissoides** var. **dubia** Jeff.
- O. rissoides** var. **alba** Jeff.
- O. pallida** var. **augusta** Jeff.
- O. conoidea** var. **australis** Jeff.
- O. unidentata** var. **elata** Jeff.
- Akera bullata** Mull.—Menavawr (A. H. Cooke). This species was recorded by Lord Vernon, and now confirmed.
-

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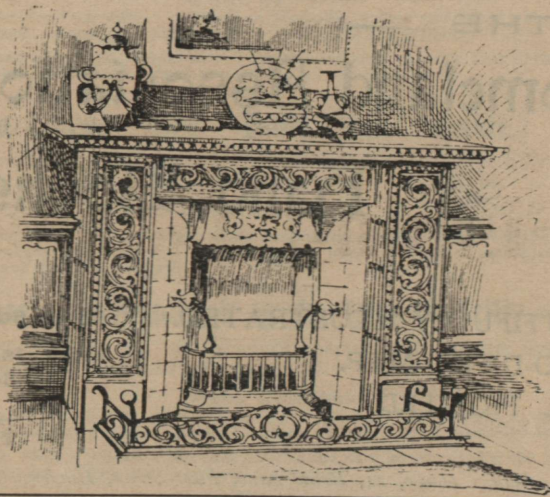
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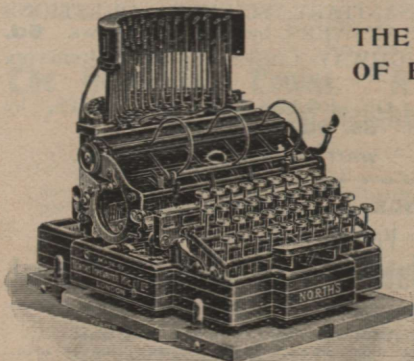
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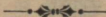
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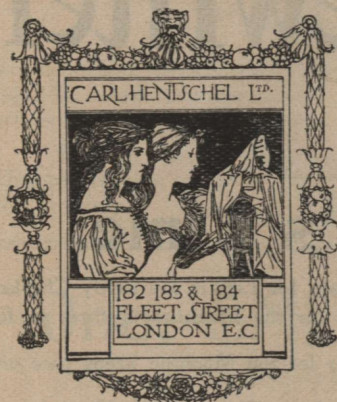


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