

ings were preserved, and, if you go upstairs to the smaller grill room, you can sit in one of the old stalls on one of the very seats that Tennyson used and order a dinner very much like that which he enjoyed. Around the walls you will see pictures of the old tavern, and, if you are curious, the waiter will show you other relics and will be only too pleased to give you some printed accounts of the old tavern with Tennyson's poem in full.

Isle of Wight. I took the train at Waterloo Station for Lymington, through Winchester, past Southampton, and across a corner of the New Forest. At Lymington you take boat for Yarmouth, lying just across the Solent. As the boat pushes out through the winding channel and reaches the open water you see the downs of the island outlined against the southern sky with the Tennyson cross crowning the highest point. The coach picks you up at the pier and you drive $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, up hill and down, and at last, after passing through Freshwater village, you are set down at Freshwater Bay Hotel, an ideal spot on the cliffs overlooking Freshwater Bay and the English Channel. The outlook is charming, the surroundings are most agreeable. After an early breakfast you start off up the coast. Ahead of you is the high down, now called Tennyson's Down, on the top of which stands the Tennyson Cross, marking the place where The Beacon formerly stood, and on past it to The Needles, just $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Bay. What a grand walk, such bracing air, the hills covered with green velvety sward—to the right a small down covered with purple heather; beyond, the main coast of England; 500 feet below you the waters of the Channel. You are taking the favorite walk of Lord Tennyson, where, as he breasted the breeze and saw a great part of the world's commerce passing beneath him, he had those interesting talks with congenial friends or worked over in his mind many of his inimitable stanzas. Farringford lies below us, hidden among the trees. After dinner we take a walk through the village, turning off to the left up a shady road past Farringford, round by the Home Farm, and come back to the main road by what is known as Tennyson's Lane. You will need to keep a close watch to get a good view of the house, for it is almost concealed by the great trees which surround it and stand thick in the field in front. On through the village we go to the top of the street and there stands Fresh-