

# **ADAMS'S GUIDE TO NETLEY ABBEY**

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Adams's Guide to Netley Abbey by Eustace Hinton Jones

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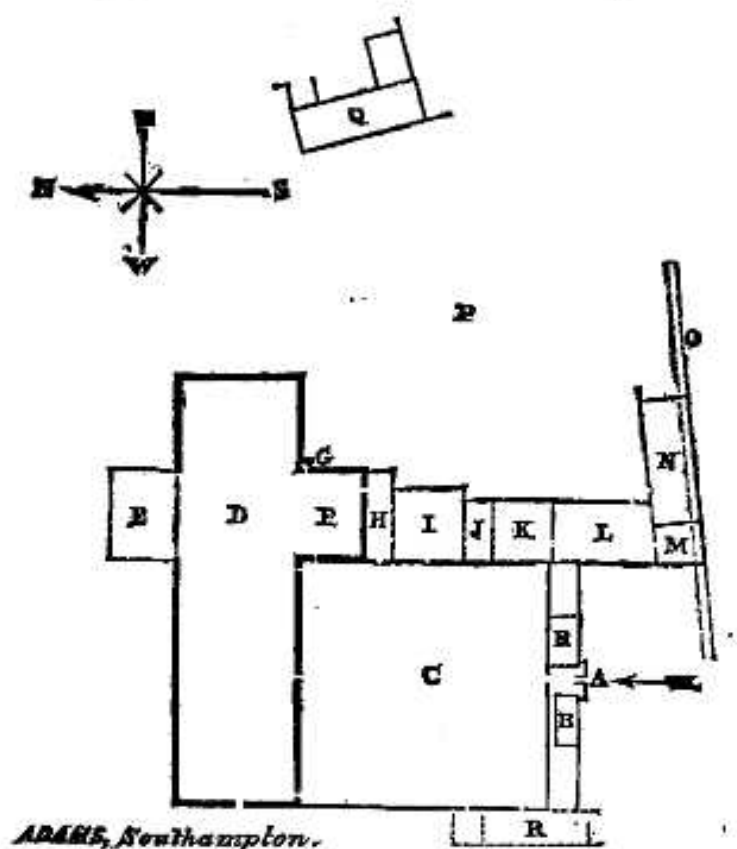
**EUSTACE HINTON JONES**

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## GROUND PLAN OF NETLEY ABBEY.



### KEY TO PLAN.

- |                   |                      |                          |
|-------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|
| A Entrance Door.  | G Turret Stair-case. | M Buttery.               |
| B Porter's House. | H Sacristy.          | N Kitchen.               |
| C Cloister Court. | I Chapter House.     | O Subterraneous Passage. |
| D The Church.     | J Passage.           | P Garden.                |
| E North Transept. | K Parlour.           | Q Abbot's House.         |
| F South Transept. | L Refectory.         | R Ruined Buildings.      |

ADAMS'S  
GUIDE TO  
Netley Abbey.

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BY RUSTACE HINTON JONES.

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NEW EDITION.

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# Adams's Guide TO **NETLEY ABBEY.**

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## I. ABOUT GOING THERE.

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**NETLEY ABBEY**, which is about two miles and a half from Southampton, may be reached either by land or water.

The more speedy route is by land. The most agreeable of the two, perhaps by water.

First of all then, by land. Having crossed the Floating-Bridge, which is within five minute's walk of the South-Western Terminus, we see to our right the Cliff Hotel, from whence conveyances may be obtained to the Abbey. Should the visitor decide to walk, which will well repay him for his trouble, the first turning to the right, after passing

the Hotel, will take him by a direct road to Netley. If the tide be high, the walk is a very pleasant one. On the one side we have a beautiful view of the Docks and the Southampton Water, with the village of Hythe and the skirts of the New Forest on the distant shore, and on the other side we have green fields and woodlands, and the tall and leafy grove of Weston, whose cool, green shadows, that tremble and flutter through the leafage, fall softly down to refresh the pedestrian. Passing a rude sea-weed hut on the open shingle; apparently erected on Ancient-British principles of Architecture but really constructed by a nineteenth-century fisherman, to hold his boats and nets; our road winds through West Wood, a tangled copse of beeches and hazels. A little hill ascended and to our left we have the Netley Hotel. On the other side, at the foot of a beautiful sloping lawn, stands the Fort, shaded by graceful trees, and a stone's throw further on is the entrance to Netley Abbey, whose grey walls we already see peeping through the wood.

Or, if you will visit our fine old ruin by water, a boat from the Southampton Quay, will land you close to the spot.

On a still summer evening, when the twilight and the moonlight, and the lamplight of the distant town, are all struggling for the mastery, a trip by water to the Abbey will not readily be forgotten. The boat on the calm, bright river—the ripples that follow in the wake, tipped with glancing silver by the glimmering moonlight which is rapidly spreading over the heavens and driving away the last lingering streaks of red and purple from the west—the water chuckling under the bow—the holes which our oars break in the glittering sheet of brightness on which we float, holes which become the graves in the shining sea for our shadows as we pass—the moon and the sky above, and the moon and the sky that glitter far down in the water beneath us—embowered in sombre trees in the distance, the grey old Abbey whither we are bound—all render the row to Netley at eventide as attractive as an excursion with the fabled Sinbad the Sailor to the Loadstone Mountains. Moreover, when the streaming moonlight brings out into bold relief the shafts, and the columns, and the traceried windows of the Abbey Church, and throws great, slanting, black shadows across the Chancel, we see the grey old pile with