



DIARY OF TOUR IN ISLE OF WIGHT

Summer 1850



JOHN HUNT COOKE

John Hunt Cooke, with two companions, made a trip to the Isle of Wight in the Summer of 1850, and this diary was the record of the journey.

Cooke's literary style is somewhat erratic - his punctuation tends to be non-existent, and he rambles at length in a stream of consciousness which is broken only by his attempts at poetry. The results can be difficult to read !

Cooke names a handful of Island characters on the journey, whom we have attempted to identify, and his thumbnail illustrations are charming but naive. He has pasted into the volume cuttings of illustrations from other guide books.

Many thanks to **Jane Rose**, who donated the Diary to the Isle of Wight Family History Society in 2013.

John Hunt Cooke

John Hunt Cooke was born in the Parish of Southwark, Surrey in about 1828-9, to John and Mary Cooke.

He married twice; firstly, Mary Ann Lash Taylor, in London in 1856, and secondly, Rebecca Samways, in Portsea, in 1863.

In 1841, John and Mary Cooke, with their children including John H Cooke, aged 12, are listed at 'West Camb. Road' Bethnal Green, which is assumed to be Cambridge Heath Road. John Cooke is listed as a Warehouseman.

The 1851 Census lists John *Henry* Cooke, the son of Mary Cooke, at 6 Cambridge Heath Road, Bethnal Green, so the Enumerator must have entered his middle name incorrectly; also living there was his grandmother Sarah Hunt. He is listed as a Bookkeeper and Sharebroker.

In 1861 he is listed, with his wife Mary Ann and 3 children, at 32 Peel St, Portsea. He is listed as a Baptist Minister. Mary Ann Cooke died later in 1861 (registered Dec 1861 qtr, Portsea).

In 1871 he is listed, with his wife Rebecca and 10 children, at West Victoria House, Auckland Road, Portsea. Some of the children are from his first marriage, some from his present marriage. He is listed as a Baptist Minister.

In 1881 he is listed, with no wife, but three of his children, at 6, Spring Terrace, Marshgate Road, Richmond, Surrey. He is listed as a Baptist Minister.

In 1891 and 1901 he is listed, with his wife and three of their children, at Coolhurst Road, Hornsey, Edmonton, Middlesex. He is listed as a Baptist Minister (retired by 1901).

He died in Christchurch, Hampshire, on 29 May 1908.

Named or identifiable Islanders :

John Wilkes, M.P. (1725-97), Shanklin

George William and Mary Ann Bright, White Lion, Niton

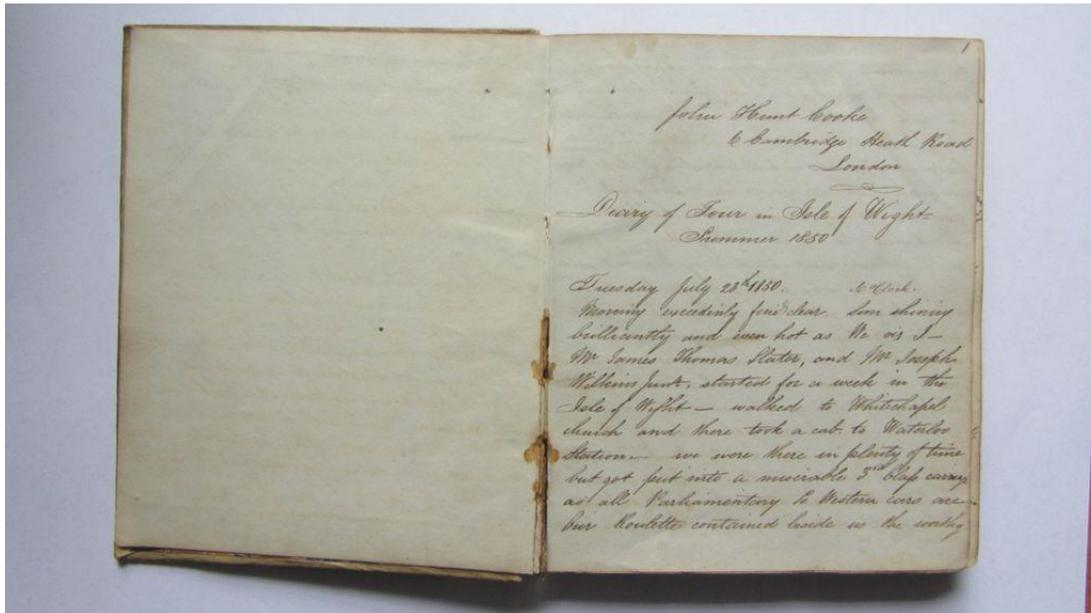
Rev. Legh Richmond, Brading

Henry Southcott ('Captain Sothcott'), Sutton Cottage, Strand, Ryde

Rachel Cox, wife of James Cox, a licensed beer seller and Eating House keeper, at 54 Pyle Street, Newport

Isaac Butler, innkeeper, Yarmouth

Gideon Algernon Mantell or Mantel (1790-1852), geologist.



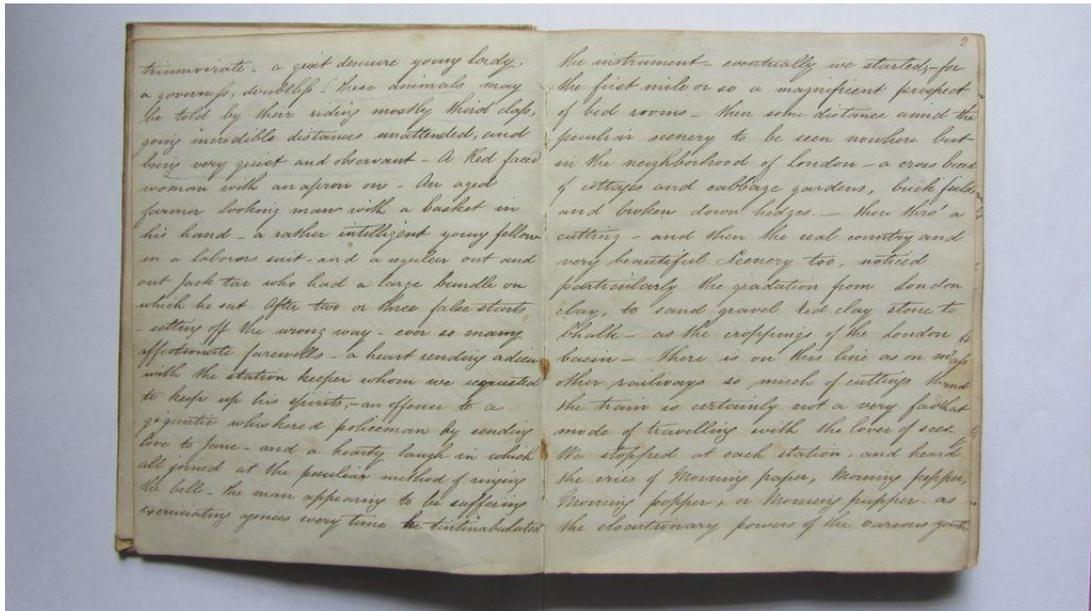
John Hunt Cooke
6 Cambridge Heath Road
London
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*Diary of Tour in Isle of Wight*

*Summer 1850*

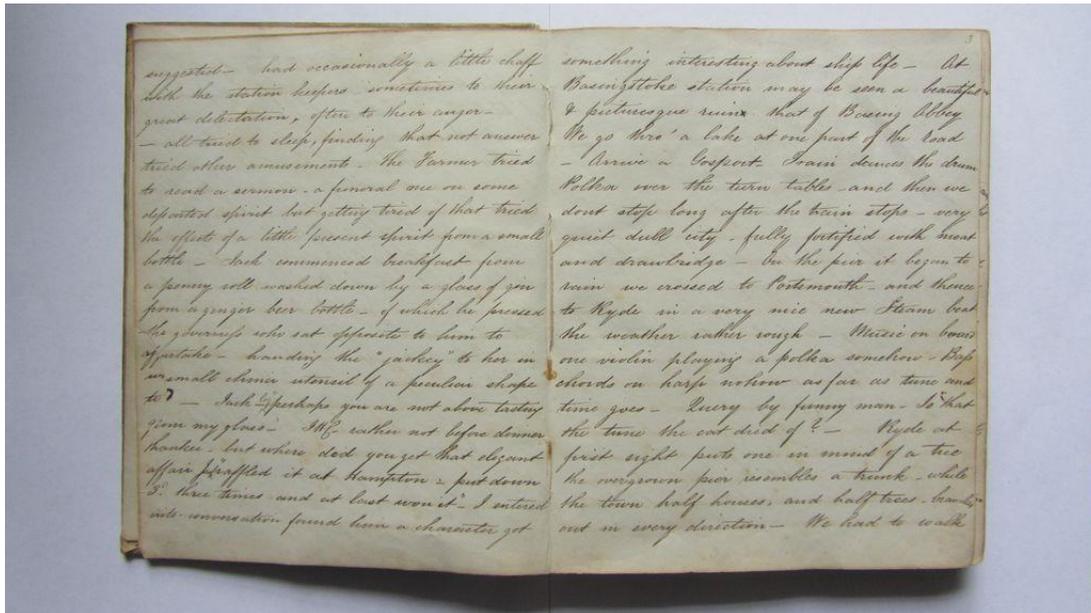
*Tuesday July 23th 1850 6 oClock  
Morning exceedingly fine and clear. Sun shining  
brilliantly and even hot as We viz I -  
Mr James Thomas Slater, and Mr Joseph  
Wilkins Junr., started for a week in the  
Isle of Wight - walked to Whitechapel  
church and there took a cab to Waterloo  
Station - we were there in plenty of time  
but got put into a miserable 3rd Class carriage  
as all Parliamentary So Western cars<sup>1</sup> are  
full Roulette contained beside us the worthy*

<sup>1</sup> 'Parliamentary trains' introduced a minimum standard of third class carriages as a result of the Railway Regulation Act 1844.



triumvirate, a quiet demure young lady,  
 a governess, doubtless - these animals may  
 be told by their riding third class,  
 going incredible distances unattended, and  
 being very quiet and observant - A Red faced  
 woman with an apron on - An aged  
 farmer looking man with a basket in  
 his hand - a rather intelligent looking young  
 fellow  
 in a laborers suit - and a regular out and  
 out Jack tar who had a large bundle on  
 which he sat. After two or three false starts  
 - setting off the wrong way - ever so many  
 affectionate farewells - a heart rending adieu  
 with the station keeper whom we requested  
 to keep us his spirits, - an offence to a  
 gigantic whiskered policeman by sending  
 love to Jane - and a hearty laugh in which  
 all joined at the peculiar method of ringing  
 the bell - the man appearing to be suffering  
 excruciating agonies every time he  
 tintintabulated

the instrument - eventually we started - for  
 the first mile or so a magnificent prospect  
 of bed rooms - then some distance amid the  
 peculiar scenery to be seen nowhere but  
 in the neighbourhood of London - a cross breed  
 of cottages and cabbage gardens, brick fields  
 and broken down hedges. - then thro' a  
 cutting - and then the real country and  
 very beautiful scenery too, noticed  
 particularly the gradation from London  
 clay, to sand gravel red clay stone to  
 Chalk - as the croppings of the London  
 basin - There is on this line as on m[any]  
 other railways so much of cuttings th[at]  
 the train is certainly not a fav[oured]  
 mode of travelling with the lover of sce[nery].  
 We stopped at each station and heard  
 the cries of Morning paper, Morning pepper,  
 Morning popper, or Morning pupper - as the  
 elocutionary powers of the various youths



suggested - had occasionally a little chaff with the station keepers, sometimes to their great delectation, often to their anger, all tried to sleep, finding what not answer tried other amusements. The farmer tried to read a sermon, a funeral one on some departed spirit but getting tired of that tried the effects of a little present spirit from a small bottle. Jack commenced breakfast from a penny roll washed down by a glass of gin from a ginger beer bottle, of which he pressed the governess who sat opposite to him to partake, handing the "Jackey" to her in a small china utensil of a peculiar shape Jack - loq - "perhaps you are not above tasting from my glass" JHC - rather not befor dinner thankee, but where did you get that elegant affair Jack "raffled it at Hampton, put down 30 three times and at last won it" - I entered into conversation found him a character pot

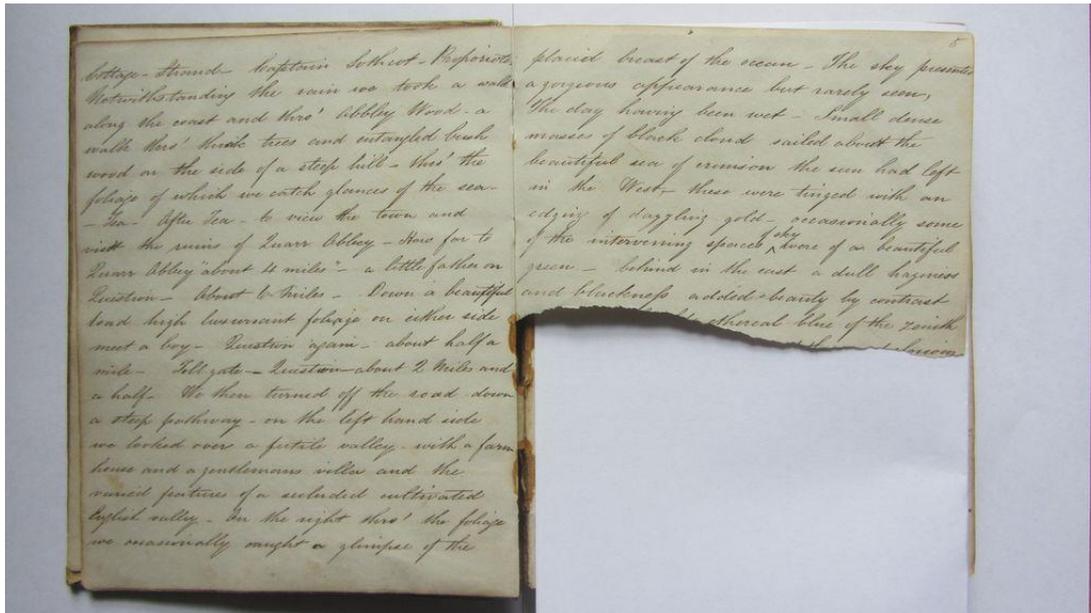
Something interesting about ship's life. At Basingstoke station may be seen a beautiful and picturesque ruin that of Basing Abbey. we go thro a lake at one part of the road arrive at Gosport. Train dances the drum Polka over the turntables, and then we don't stop long after the train stops, very quiet dull city, fully fortified with moat and drawbridge. On the pier it began to rain. We crossed to Portsmouth, and thence to Ryde in a very nice new Steam boat the weather rather rough. Music on board one violin playing a polka somehow, Bass chords on harp nowhere as far as tune and time goes. Query by funny man - Is that the time the cat died of ? - Ryde at first sight puts one in mind of a tree the overgrown pier resembles a trunk, while the town half houses, and half trees, branches out in every direction. We had to walk



[picture of Ryde Pier and Sands]

the gigantic night mare of a pier in a stiff shower of rain, wondering as we journeyed bag in hand if it really did stretch on to the crack of doom, passing an occasional alcove in which was seated a young lady or two trying to look sentimental under her Ugly as those green bathing machine appendages to bonnets are those called (and justly too) Reading or professing to read some pretty book - The blighted bone boilers of Bugboeheath - or Love Hystericks & the doctor's Bill. M.R. (moral reflection) True sentiment is natural & most delightful But that high pressure forced stuff that young

ladies come up, especially at the seaside is most fulsome and offensive. Grub at an establishment opposite the pier. Veal Pie for JS & JW, Mutton chop for me in accordance with dietary scale laid down for myself as my health was in a most disordered condition. After dinner the pleasure of about two hours sea view in a heavy miserable shower of rain from the bar window. Sitting with us in the same room, a lady looking the picture of non comfort in an armchair, waiting for the rain to leave off. On the sofa reclined a gentleman endeavouring to read with the pertinacity proper under the circumstances to read the Hants Mercury of one day in the last month. JW reading Byron's Corsair and pronouncing that poet's genius to be overstated. JJ - Steel Pencil driving, I asleep in a corner. Bye & Bye I made a move and in a short time fixed quarters at Pearl



Cottage, Strand, Captain Sothcott - Proprietor. Notwithstanding the rain, we took a walk along the coast and thro Abbley Wood<sup>2</sup>, a walk thro thick trees and entangled bush wood on the side of a steep hill, thro the foliage of which we catch glances of the sea.

After tea - to view the town and visit the ruins of Quarr Abbey. How far to Quarr Abbey about 4 miles, a little farther on Question, about 6 miles, down a beautiful road high luxuriant foliage on either side, meet a boy. Question again, about half a mile. Toll gate, Question, about two miles and a half. We then turned off the road down a steep pathway, on the left hand side we looked over a fertile valley with a farm house and a gentleman's villa and the varied features of a secluded cultivated English valley. On the right through the foliage we occasionally caught a glimpse of the

placid breast of the ocean. The sky presented a gorgeous appearance but rarely seen. The day having been wet. Small dense masses of black cloud sailed about the beautiful sea of crimson the sun had left in the West, these were tinged with an edging of dazzling gold, occasionally some of the intervening spaces of sky were of a beautiful green, behind in the east a dull haziness and blackness added beauty by contrast [ missing 3 words ] ethereal blue of the zenith

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<sup>2</sup> Appley Wood



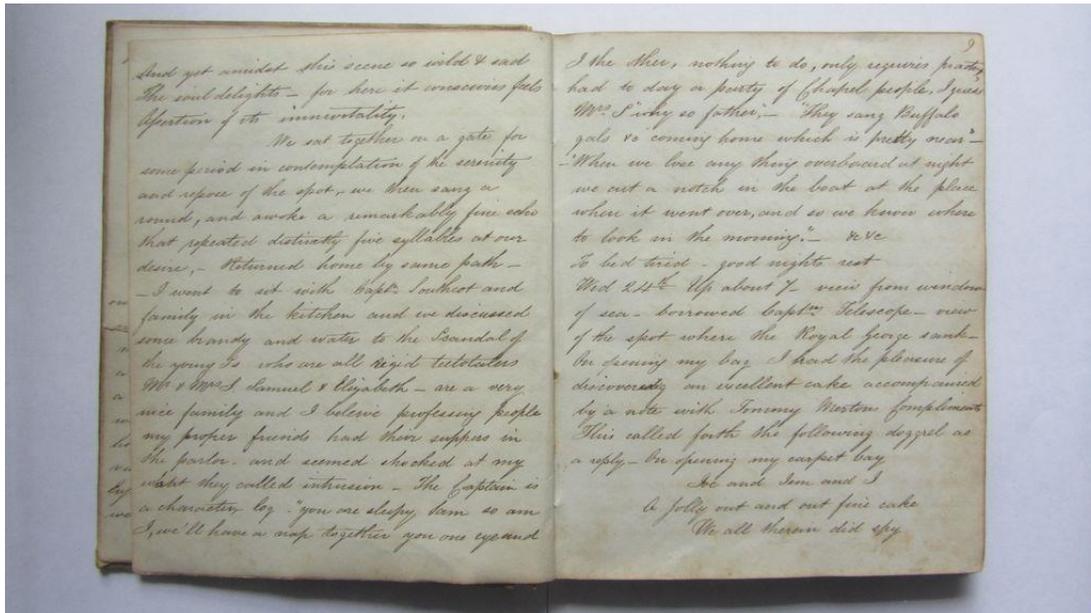
[picture of Godshill Church ]

Own feelings the most [ beautiful ]

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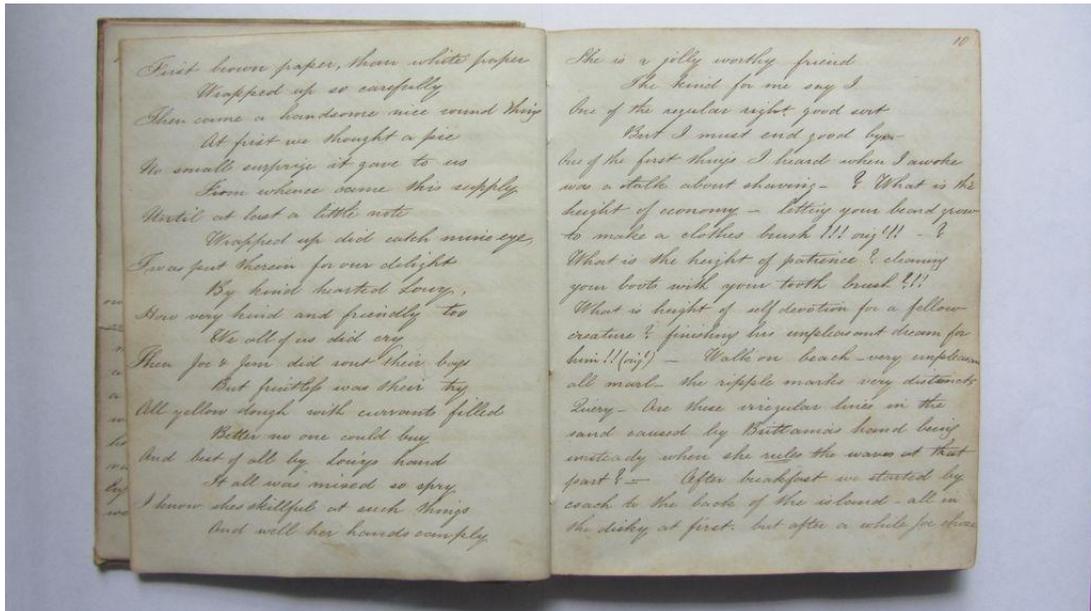
Cheese yet.      Give me at eve  
 The bliss to sit amongst some ancient ruin  
 Let it be on some quiet night when scarce  
 A breath of wind disturbs the solitude  
 By gambolling wantonly among the trees  
 Let not the moon pour forth its brightest stream  
 But at soft twilight hour when both the light  
 And darkness seems to lie in quiescence  
 Then neath the hoary shattered anchorage grey  
 A mouldering mass of what was once a tower  
 With ragged mourning dress of ivy  
 Here will I sit and with past ages talk  
 And watch the pioneering shades of night  
 March slowly by - not here alone am I  
 For spirits of the long time since departed  
 Hold converse - not in words but yet in soul  
 A tinge of gentle melancholy seems  
 To pervade all around, and nature rather  
 Speaks forth in sighs than smiles, for desolation  
 Sits here supreme and loud asserts his reign.



And yet amidst this scene so wild and sad  
 The soul delights, for here it conscious feels  
 Assertion of its immortality.  
 We sit together on a gate for  
 some period in contemplation of the serenity  
 and repose of the spot, - we then sang a  
 round, and awoke a remarkably fine echo  
 that repeated distinctly five syllables at our  
 desire, - Returned home by same path -  
 I went to sit with Capt. Southcot<sup>3</sup> and  
 family in the kitchen and we discussed  
 some brandy and water to the Scandal of  
 the young Ps who are all rigid teetotallers  
 Mr & Mrs Samuel & Elizabeth - are a very  
 nice family and I believe professing people  
 my proper friends had their suppers in  
 the parlor - and seemed shocked at my  
 what they called intrusion - The Captain is  
 a character, Eg you are sleepy Sam so am  
 I, we'll have a nap together you one eye and

I the other, nothing to do, only requires  
 practice,  
 had today a party of Chapel people, I guess  
 Mrs S why so father - They sang Buffalo  
 gals & &c coming home which is pretty near -  
 When we lose any thing overboard at night  
 we cut a notch in the boat at the place  
 where it went over, and so we know where  
 to look in the morning. &c &c  
 To bed tired - good nights rest  
 Wed 24th Up about 7- view from window  
 of sea - borrowed Capt's telescope - view  
 of the spot where the Royal George sank -  
 On opening my bag I had the pleasure of  
 discovering an excellent cake accompanied  
 by a note with Tommy Merton's compliments.  
 This called forth the following doggerel as  
 a reply -  
 On opening my carpet bag  
 Joe and Jim and I  
 A Jolly out and out fine cake  
 We all therein did spy

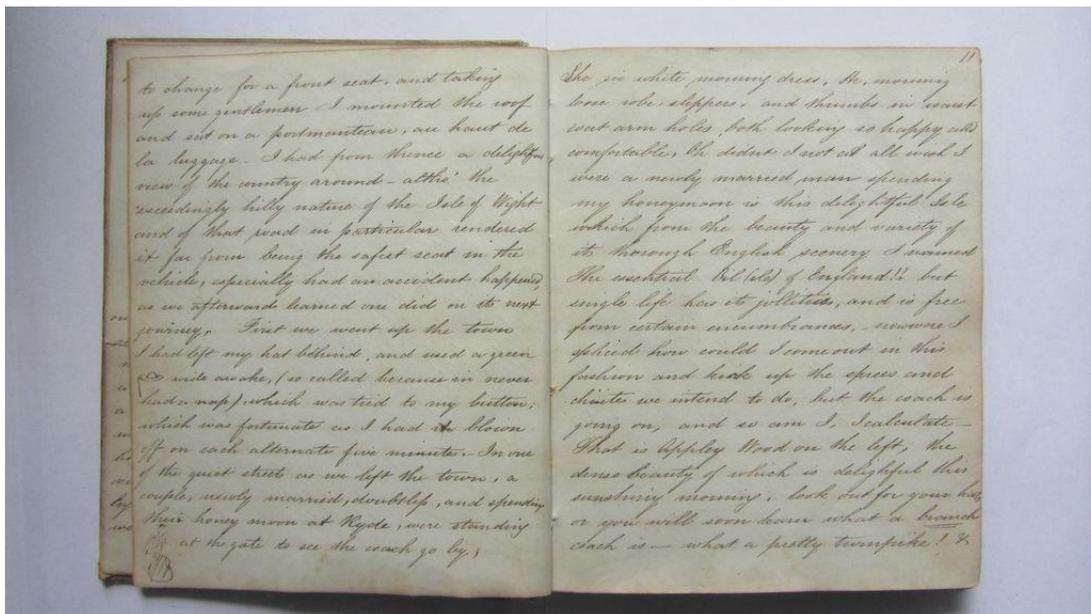
<sup>3</sup> Henry Southcott (Captain Southcott), Sutton Cottage, Strand, Ryde



First brown paper, then white paper  
 Wrapped up so carefully  
 Then came a handsome nice round thing  
 At first we thought a pie  
 No small surprise it gave to us  
 From whence came this supply  
 Until at last a little note  
 Wrapped up did catch mine eye  
 Twas put therein for our delight  
 By kind hearted Lony  
 How very kind and friendly too  
 We all of us did cry  
 Then Joe & Jim did rout their bags  
 But fruitless was their try  
 All yellow dough with currants filled  
 Better no one could buy  
 And best of all by Lony's hand  
 It all was mixed so spry  
 I know she's skilful at such things  
 And well her hands comply

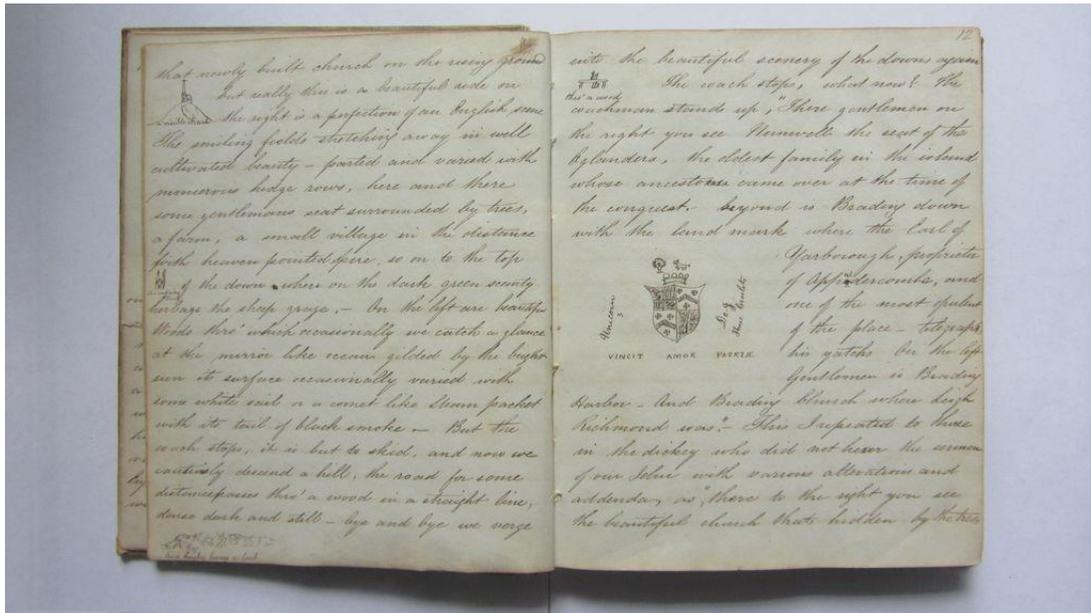
She is a jolly worthy friend  
 The kind for me say I  
 One of the regular right good sort  
 But I must end good bye.

One of the first things I heard when I awoke  
 was a talk about shaving - ? What is the  
 height of economy - letting your beard grow  
 to make a clothes brush !!! origl !!! - ?  
 What is the height of patience ? cleaning  
 your boots with your tooth brush ?!!  
 What is height of self devotion for a fellow  
 creature ? finishing his unpleasant dream for  
 him !! (origl) - Walk on beach - very unpleasant  
 all marl - the ripple marks very distinct,  
 Query - Are these irregular lines in the  
 sand caused by Britannia's hand being  
 unsteady when she rules the waves at that  
 part ? - After breakfast we started by  
 coach to the back of the island - all in  
 the dicky at first, but after a while Joe chose



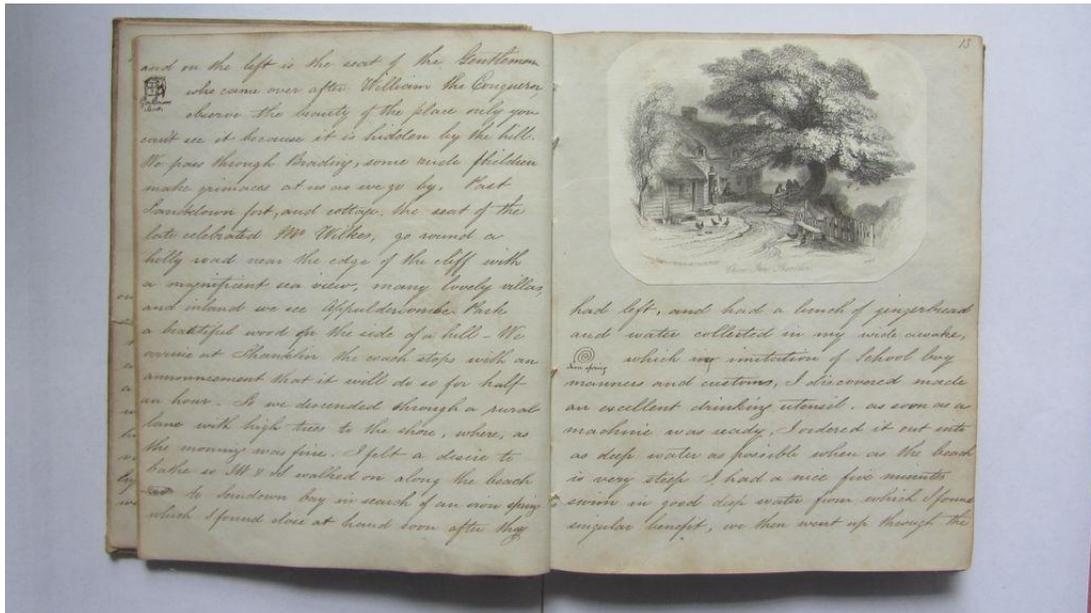
to change for a front seat, and taking up some gentlemen I mounted the roof and sat on a portmanteau, au haut de la luggage. I had from thence a delightful view of the country around - altho? the exceedingly hilly nature of the Isle of Wight and of that road in particular rendered it far from being the safest seat in the vehicle, especially had an accident happened, as we afterward learned one did on its next journey. First we went up the town I had left my hat behind, and used a green wideawake, (so called because in [it] never had a nap), which was tied to my button, which was fortunate as I had it blown off on each alternate five minutes. In one of the quiet streets as we left the town, a couple, newly married, doubtless, and spending their honey moon at Ryde, were standing at the gate to see the coach go by;

She in white morning dress, he, morning loose robe, slippers, and thumbs in waist coat arm holes, both looking so happy and comfortable, Oh didn't I not at all wish I were a newly married man spending my honeymoon in this delightful Isle which from the beauty and variety of its thorough English scenery I warmed. The essential Oil (ile) of England !! but single life has its jollities, and is free from certain encumbrances, - now were I spliced how could I come out in this fashion and kick up the sprees and chites [?] we intend to do, but the coach is going on, and so am I, I calculate - That is Appley Wood on the left, the dense beauty of which is delightful this sunshiny morning, look out for your hats or you will soon learn what a branch coach is - what a pretty turnpike ! &



that newly built church on the rising ground  
 but really this is a beautiful ride on  
 the right is a perfection of an English scene  
 The smiling fields stretching away in well  
 cultivated beauty - parted and varied with  
 numerous hedge rows, here and there  
 some gentlemen seat surrounded by trees,  
 a farm, a small village in the distance  
 with heaven pointed spire, so on to the top  
 of the down, where on the dark green scanty  
 herbage the sheep graze, - on the left are  
 beautiful  
 woods thro' which occasionally we catch a  
 glance  
 at the mirror like ocean gilded by the bright  
 sun its surface occasionally varied with  
 some white sail or a comet like Steam packet  
 with its tail of black smoke - But the  
 coach stops, it is but to skid, and now we  
 cautiously descend a hill, the road for some  
 distance passes thro' a wood in a straight line,  
 dense dark and still - bye and bye we verge

with the beautiful scenery of the downs again.  
 The coach stops, what now - The  
 coachman stands up, There gentlemen on  
 the right you see Nunwell the seat of the  
 Oglanders, the oldest family in the island  
 whose ancestors came over at the time of  
 the conquest - beyond is Brading down  
 with the landmark where the Earl of  
 Yarborough, proprietor  
 of Appuldurcombe, and  
 one of the most opulent  
 of the place - telegraphs  
 his yachts. On the left  
 Gentlemen is Brading  
 Harbor - And Brading Church where Leigh  
 Richmond was. - This I repeated to those  
 in the dicky who did not hear alterations and  
 addenda, as there to the right you see  
 the beautiful church that's hidden by the trees

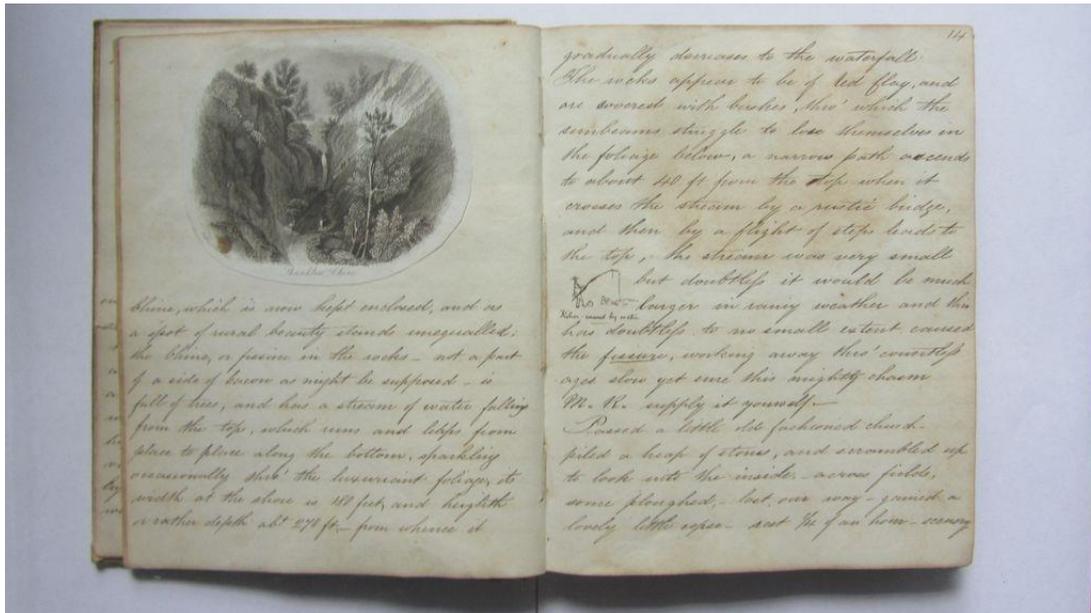


and on the left is the seat of the Gentleman who came over after William the Conqueror, observe the beauty of the place only you can't see it because it is hidden by the hill. We pass through Brading, some rude children make grimaces at us as we go by. Past Sandown fort, and cottage, the seat of the late celebrated Mr Wilkes<sup>4</sup>, go round a hilly road near the edge of the cliff with a magnificent sea view, many lovely villas, and inland we see Appuldurcombe Park a beautiful wood up the side of a hill. We arrive at Shanklin the coach stops with an announcement that it will do so for half an hour. So we descended through a rural lane with high trees to the shore, where, as the morning was fine, I felt a desire to bathe so JW & JS walked on along the beach to Sandown Bay in search of an iron spring which I found close at hand soon after they

[picture of Chine Inn Shanklin]

had left, and had a lunch of gingerbread and water collected in my wide awake which my imitation of School boy manners and customs, I discovered made an excellent drinking utensil, as soon as a machine was ready, I ordered it out into as deep water as possible where as the beach is very steep. I had a nice five minutes swim in good deep water from which I found singular benefit, we then went up through the

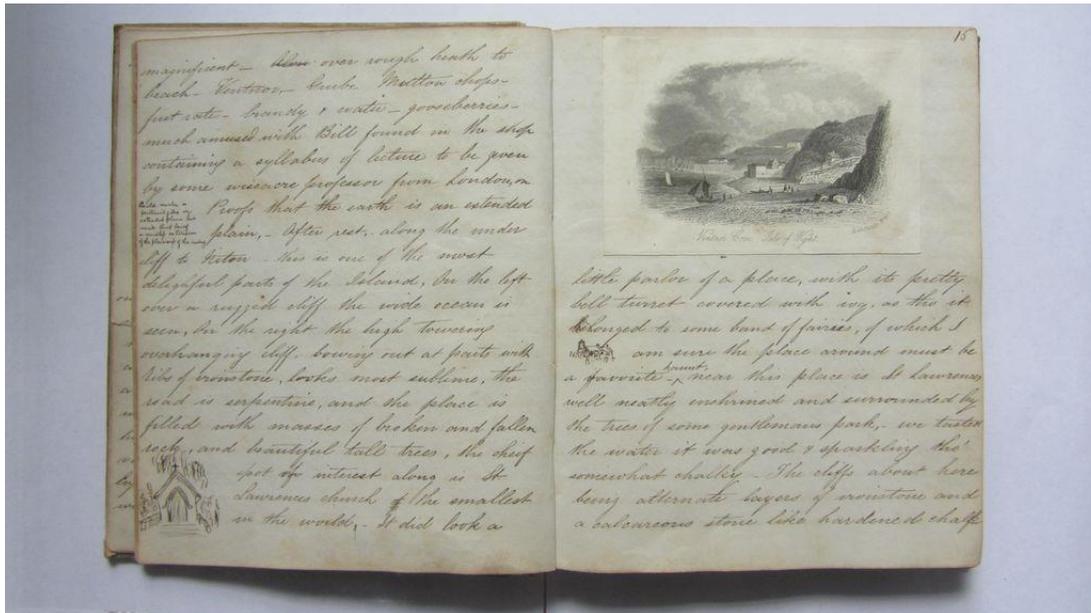
<sup>4</sup> John Wilkes, M.P. (1725-97). There is a plaque in his memory in Sandown.



[picture of Shanklin Chine]

Chine, which is now kept enclosed, and as a spot of rural beauty stands unequalled. The Chine, or fissure in the rocks - not a part of a side of bacon as might be supposed - is full of trees, and has a stream of water falling from the top, which runs and leaps from place to place along the bottom, sparkling occasionally thro' the luxuriant foliage, its width at the shore is 180 feet, and height or rather depth abt 270 ft. - from whence it

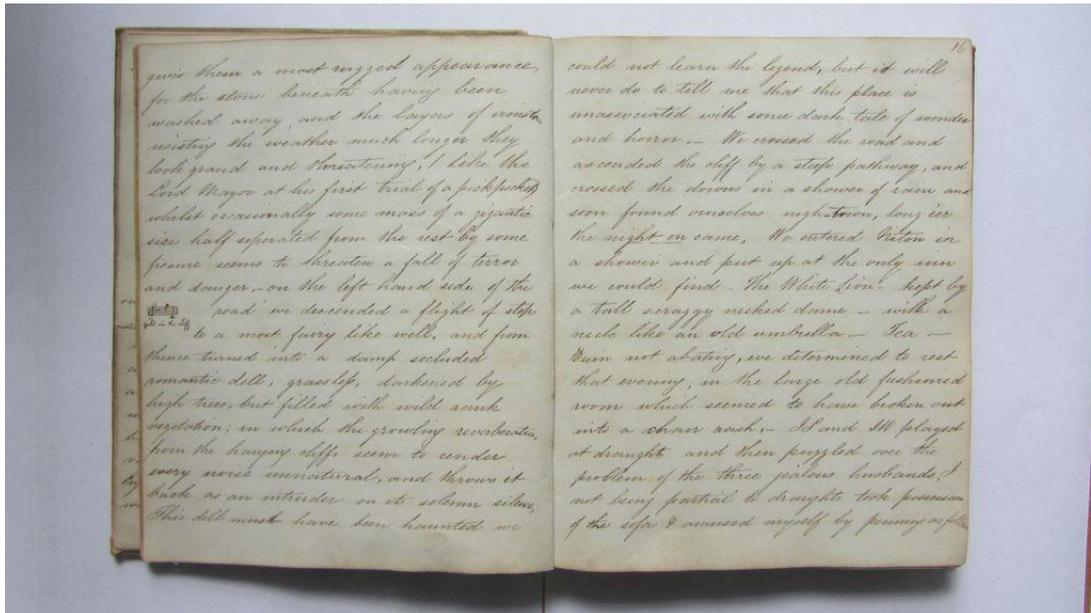
gradually decreases to the waterfall. The rocks appear to be of red clay, and are covered with bushes, thro' which the sunbeams struggle to lose themselves in the foliage below, a narrow path ascend to about 40 ft from the top when it crosses the stream by a rustic bridge, and then by a flight of steps leads to the top, the stream was very small but doubtless it would be much longer in rainy weather and this has doubtless to no small extent caused the fissure, working away thro' countless ages slow yet sure this mighty chasm M. R. supply it yourself. Passed a little old fashioned church, piled a heap of stones, and scrambled up to look into the inside, - across fields, some ploughed, - lost our way - gained a lovely little copse - rest ¼ of an hour - scenery



magnificent - over rough heath to beach - Ventnor, - Grubs. Mutton chops first rate - brandy and water - gooseberries - much amused with Bill found in the shop containing a syllabus of lecture to be given by some wiseacre professor from London on proofs that the earth is an extended plane, - after rest, - along the under cliff to Niton - this is one of the most delightful parts of the island. On the left over a rugged cliff the wide open is seen. On the right the high towering overhanging cliff, bowing out at parts with ribs of ironstone, looks most sublime, the road is serpentine, and the place is filled with masses of broken and fallen rock, and beautiful tall trees, the chief spot of interest alone is St Lawrence's Church, the smallest the world. - It did look a

[picture of Ventnor Cove]

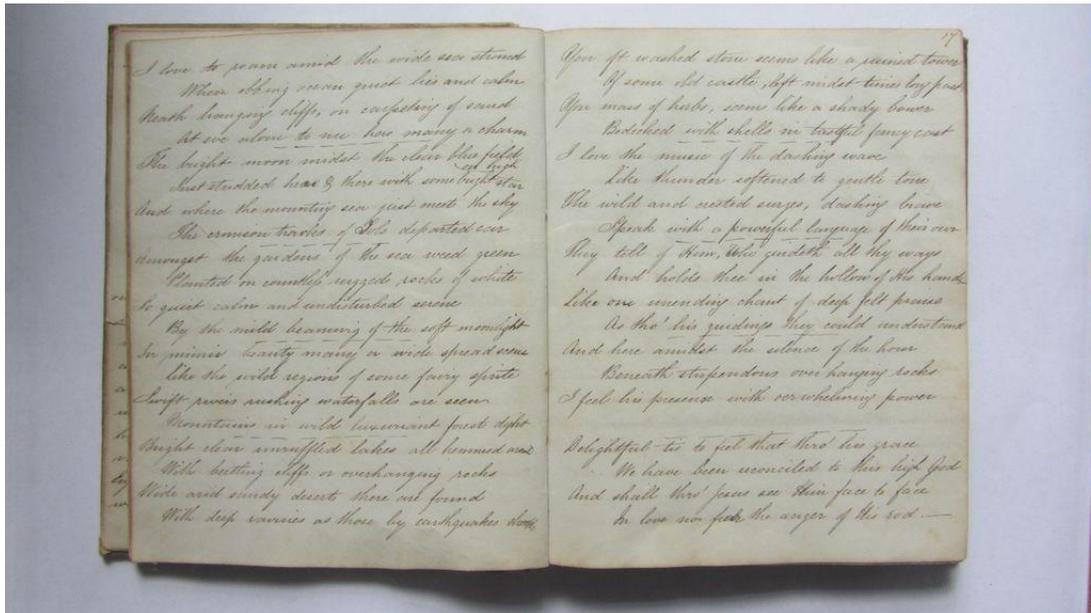
little parlor of a place, with its pretty bell turret covered with ivy, as tho' it belonged to some band of fairies, of which I am sure the place around must be a favourite haunt, near this place is St Lawrence's well, neatly enshrined and surrounded by the trees of some gentleman's park, - we tasted the water it was good & sparkling tho' somewhat chalky. The cliffs about here being alternate layers of ironstone and a calcareous stone like hardened chalk



gives them a most rugged appearance, for the stone beneath having been washed away, and the layers of ironstone resisting the weather much longer. They look grand and threatening, ( like the lord mayor at his first trial of a pickpocket) whilst occasionally some mass of a gigantic size half separated from the rest by some fissure seems to threaten a fall of terror and danger, - on the left hand side of the road we descended a flight of steps to a most fairy like well, and from thence turned into a damp secluded romantic dell, grassless, darkened by high trees, but filled with wild rank vegetation; in which the growing reverberation, from the hanging cliffs seem to render every noise unnatural, and throws it back as an intruder on its solemn silence. This dell must have been haunted we

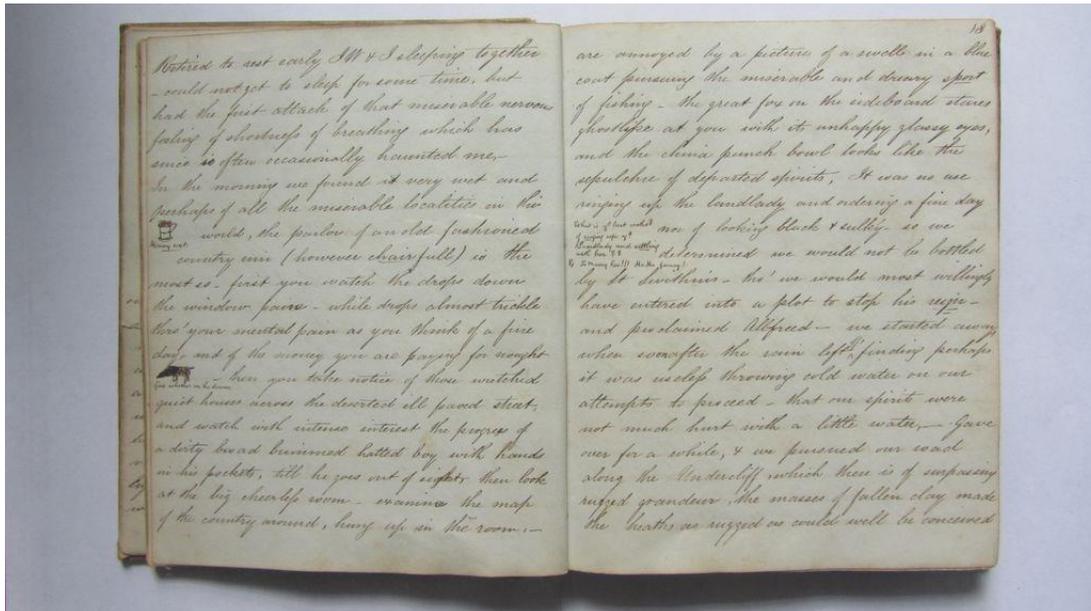
could not learn the legend, but it will never do to tell me that this place is unassociated with some dark tale of wonder and horror. we crossed the road and ascended the cliff by a steep pathway, and crossed the downs in a shower of rain and soon found ourselves nigh-brown, long eer the night on came. We entered Niton in a shower and put up at the only inn we could find - the White Lion - kept by a tall scraggy-necked dame<sup>5</sup> - with a neck like an old umbrella. - Tea - rain not abating, we determined to rest that evening, in the large old-fashioned room which seemed to have broken out into a chair rash: JS and JW played at draughts and then puzzled over the problem of the thrice jealous husbands; I not being partial to draughts took possession of the sofa and amused myself by penning as follows

<sup>5</sup> the 1851 Census lists the Innkeeper and his wife as George William and Mary Ann Bright, both aged 40. Also present is his mother, Sophia Charlotte Bright, aged 78. It is not clear which of these ladies Cooke is describing here !



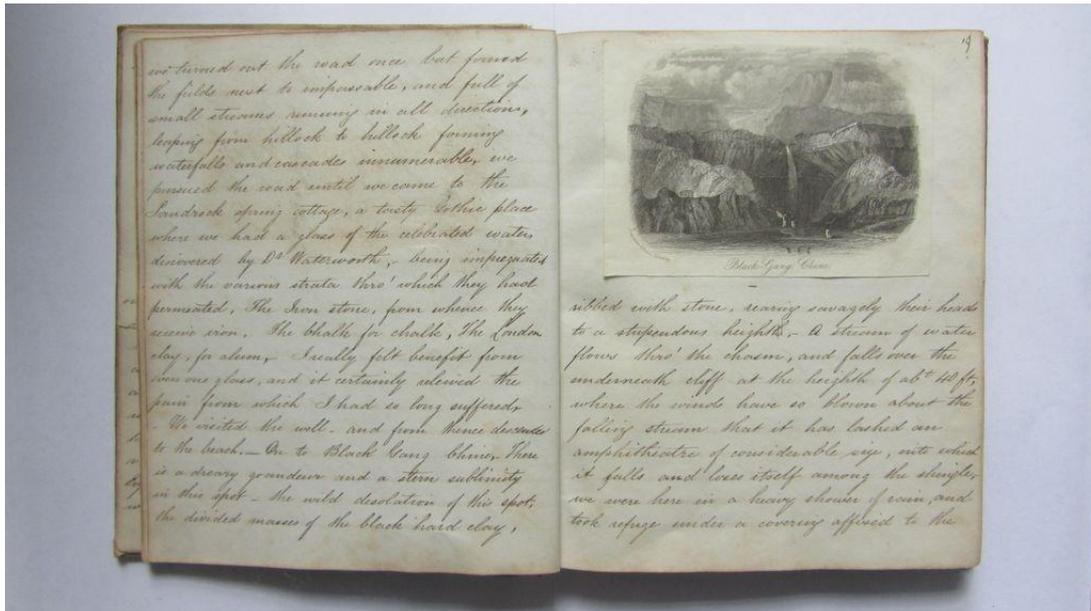
I love to roam amid the wide sea strand  
 where ebbing ocean quiet lies and calm  
 neath hanging cliffs, on carpeting of sand  
 at eve alone to me has many a charm  
 the bright moon midst the clear blue field on high  
 just studded here and there with some bright star  
 and where the mounting sea just meets the sky  
 the crimson tracks of souls departed are  
 amongst the gardens of the seaweed green  
 planted on countless rugged rocks of white  
 so calm and undisturbed serene  
 by the mild beaming of the soft moonlight  
 in mimic beauty many a wide spread scene  
 like the wild regions of some fairy sprite  
 swift rivers rushing waterfalls are seen  
 mountains in wild luxuriant forests delight  
 bright clear unruffled lakes all hemmed around  
 with beating cliffs or overhanging rocks  
 wide arid sandy deserts there are found  
 with deep ravines as those by earthquakes shocks

you oft washed stone seems like a painted tower  
 of some old castle, left midst times long past  
 you mass of herbs, seems like a shady bower  
 bedecked with shells in tasteful fancy cast  
 I love the music of the dashing wave  
 like thunder softened to gentle tone  
 the wild and crested surges dashing brave  
 speak with a powerful language of their own  
 They tell of Him, who guideth all thy ways  
 and holds thee in the hollow of His hand  
 like one unending chant of deep felt praise  
 as tho' His guidings they could understand  
 and here amidst the silence of the hour  
 beneath stupendous overhanging rocks  
 I feel His presence with overwhelming power  
 Delightful tis to feel that thro' His grace  
 we have been reconciled to this high God  
 and shall thro' Jesus see Him face to face  
 in love nor fear the danger of His rod.



Retire to rest early JW and I sleeping together could not get to sleep for some time but had the first attack of that miserable nervous feeling of shortness of breathing which has since so often occasionally haunted me. In the morning we found it very wet and perhaps of all the miserable localities in this world, the parlour of an old-fashioned country inn (however chair full) is the most so - first you watch the drops down the window pane - while drops almost trickle thro' your mental pain as you think of a fine day and of the money you are paying for nought then you take notice of those wretched quiet house across the deserted ill paved street and watch with intense interest the progress of a dirty broad brimmed hatted boy with hands in his pockets, til he does out of sight, then look at the big cheerless room - examine the map of the country around, hung up in the room,

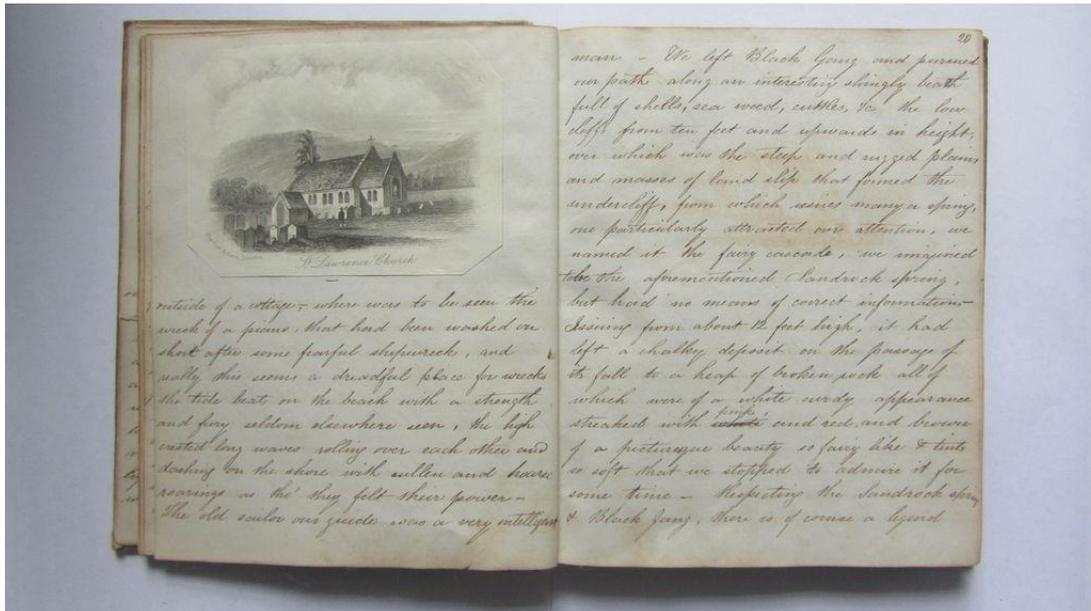
are annoyed by a picture of a swell in a blue coat pursuing the miserable and dreary sport of fishing, - the great fox on the sideboard stares ghostlike at you with its unhappy glassy eyes, and the china punchbowl looks like the sepulchre of departed spirits. It was no use ringing up the landlady and ordering a fine day nor of looking black and sulky, so we determined we would not be bothered by St Swithins - tho' we would most willingly have entered into a plot to stop his reign and proclaimed Allfreed - we started away when soon after the rain left off, finding perhaps it was useless throwing cold water on our attempts to proceed - that our spirits were not much hurt with a little water, - gave over for a while, and we pursued our road along the Undercliff, which there is of unsurpassing rugged grandeur, the masses of fallen clay made the heaths as rugged as could well be conceived.



We turned out the road once but found the fields next to impassable, and full of small streams running in all directions, leaping from hillock to hillock forming waterfalls and cascades innumerable, we pursued the road until we came to the Sandrock spring cottage, a lovely Gothic place where we had a glass of the celebrated waters discovered by Wordsworth, being impregnated with the various strata thro' which they had permeated. The Iron stone, from whence they receive iron, The Chalk for chalk, The London clay, for alum, I really felt benefit from even one glass, and it certainly relieved the pain from which I had so long suffered. We visited the well, and from thence descended to the beach. On to Black Gang Chine, there is a dreary grandeur and a stern sublimity in this spot - the wild desolation of this spot, the divided masses of the black hard clay,

[picture of Black Gang Chine]

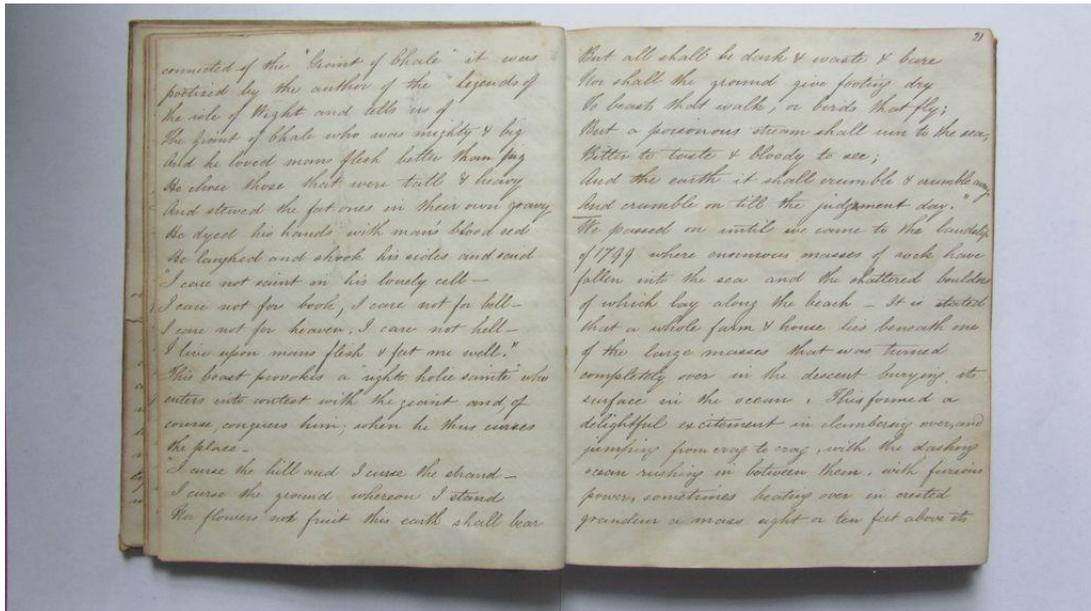
ribbed with stone, rearing savagely their heads to a stupendous height. A stream of water flows thro' the chasm, and falls over the underneath cliff at the height of abt 40 ft, where the winds have so blown about the falling stream that it has lashed an amphitheatre of considerable size, into which it falls and loses itself among the shingle, - we were here in a heavy shower of rain, and took refuge under a covering affixed to the



[picture of St Lawrence Church]

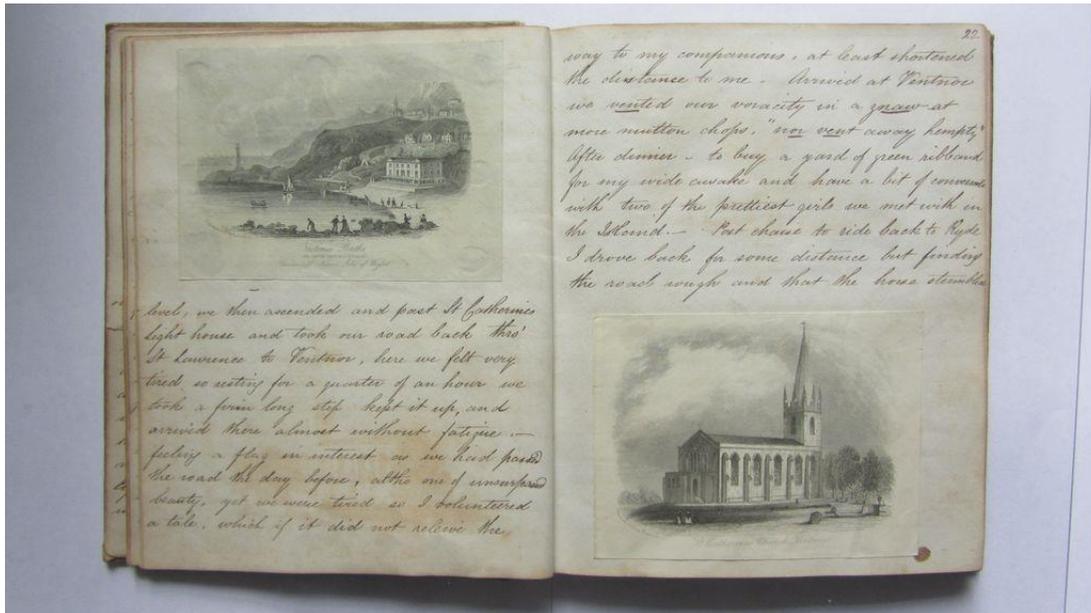
outside of a cottage, - where was to be seen the wreck of a piano, that had been washed on shore after some fearful shipwreck, and really this seems a dreadful place for wrecks the tide beats on the beach with a strength and fury seldom elsewhere seen, the high crested long waves rolling over each other and dashing on the shore with sullen and hoarse roarings as tho' they felt their power - The old sailor our guide was a very intelligent

man. We left Black Gang and pursued our path along an interesting singly beach full of shells, sea weed, cuttles &c the low cliffs from ten feet and upwards in height, over which was the steep and rugged plains and masses of landslip that formed the undercliff, from which issues many a spring, one particularly attracted our attention, we named it the fairy cascade, we imagined to be the aforementioned Sandrock spring, but had no means of correct information, - Issuing from about 12 feet high, it had left a chalky deposit on the passage of its fall to a heap of broken rock all of which were of a white curdy appearance streaked with white pink, and red, and brown of a picturesque beauty so fairy like & tints so soft that we stopped to admire it for some time - Respecting the Sandrock spring & Black Gang, there is of course a legend



connected of the Giant of Chale it was  
 poetized by the author of the Legends of  
 the Isle of Wight and tells us of  
 The Giant of Chale who was mighty & big  
 And he loved mans flesh better than pig  
 He chose that were tall & heavy  
 And stewed the fat ones in their own gravy  
 He dyed his hands with man's blood red  
 He laughed and shook his sides and said  
 I care not saint in his lonely cell -  
 I care not for book, I care not for bell -  
 I care not for heaven, I care not hell -  
 I live upon mans flesh & fat me well.  
 This boast provokes a righte holie sainte who  
 enters into contest with the giant and, of  
 course, conquers him; when he thus curses  
 the place -  
 I curse the hill and I curse the strand -  
 I curse the ground whereon I stand  
 Nor flowers nor fruit this earth shall bear

But all shall be dark & waste & bare  
 Nor shall the ground give footing dry  
 To beasts that walk, or birds that fly;  
 But a poisonous stream shall run to the sea,  
 Bitter to taste & bloody to see;  
 And the earth it shall crumble & crumble  
 away  
 And crumble on toll the judgement day.  
 We passed on until we came to the landslip  
 of 1799 where enormous masses of rock have  
 fallen into the sea and the shattered boulders  
 of which lay along the beach - It is stated  
 that a whole farm & house lies beneath one  
 of the large masses that was turned  
 completely over in the descent burying its  
 surface in the ocean, This formed a  
 delightful excitement in clambering over, and  
 jumping from crag to crag, with the dashing  
 ocean rushing in between them, with furious  
 power, sometimes beating over in crested  
 grandeur a mass eight or ten feet above its

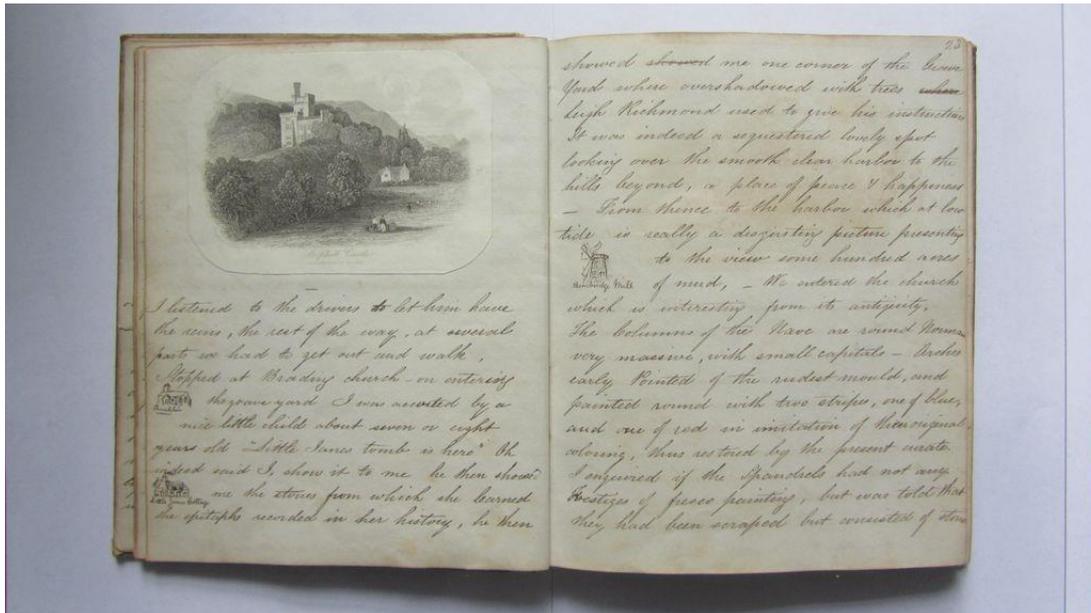


[picture of Victoria Baths, Undercliff]

level, we then ascended and past St Catherine's Light house and took our road back thro' St Lawrence to Ventnor, here we felt very tired so resting for a quarter of an hour we took a firm long step kept it up, and arrived there almost without fatigue. - feeling a flag in interest as we had passed the road the day before, altho one of unsurpassed beauty, yet we were tired so I volunteered a tale, which if it did not relieve the

way to my companions, at least shortened the distance to me. Arrived at Ventnor we vented our voracity at a gnaw at more mutton chops, nor vent away empty After dinner - to buy a yard of green ribband for my wide awake and have a bit of conversation with two of the prettiest girls we met with in the Island. Post chaise to ride back to Ryde I drove back for some distance but finding the road rough and that the horse stumbled

[picture of St Catherine's Church Ventnor]

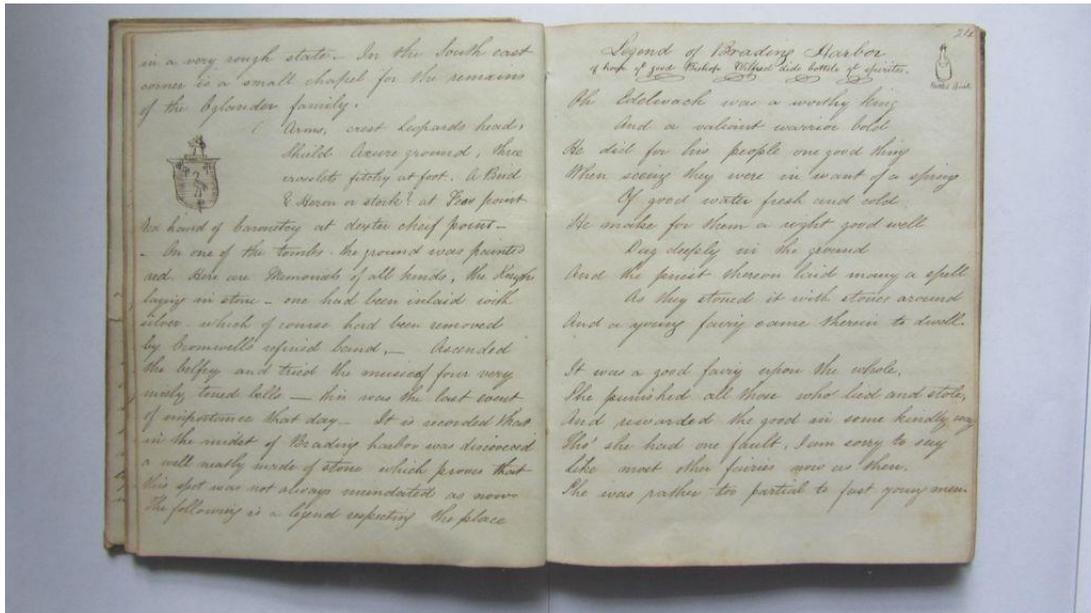


[picture of Steephill Castle]

I hastened to the driver to let him have the reins, the rest of the way, at several points we had to get out and walk. Stopped at Brading church - on entering the graveyard I was accosted by a nice little child about seven or eight years old "Little Janes tomb is here" Oh indeed said I, show it to me, he then showed me the stones from which she learned the epitaphs recorded in her history, he then

showed me one corner of the Grave Yard where overshadowed with trees where Leigh Richmond<sup>6</sup> used to give his instructions. It was indeed a sequestered lovely spot looking over the smooth clear harbor to the hills beyond, a place of peace & happiness. From thence to the harbor which at low tide is really a disgusting picture presenting to the view some hundred acres of mud, - We entered the church which is interesting from its antiquity. The columns of the Nave are round Norman very massive, with small capitals - Arches early Pointed of the rudest mould, and painted round with two stripes, one of blue, and one of red in imitation of their original colouring, thus restored by the present curate. I enquired if the Spandrels had not any vestiges of fresco painting, but was told that they had been scraped but consisted of stone

<sup>6</sup> The Rev Legh Richmond, noted for accounts such as The Dairyman's Daughter, Annals of the Poor, etc



in a very rough state. In the South east corner is a small chapel for the remains of the Oglander family.

[ drawing of arms ] .

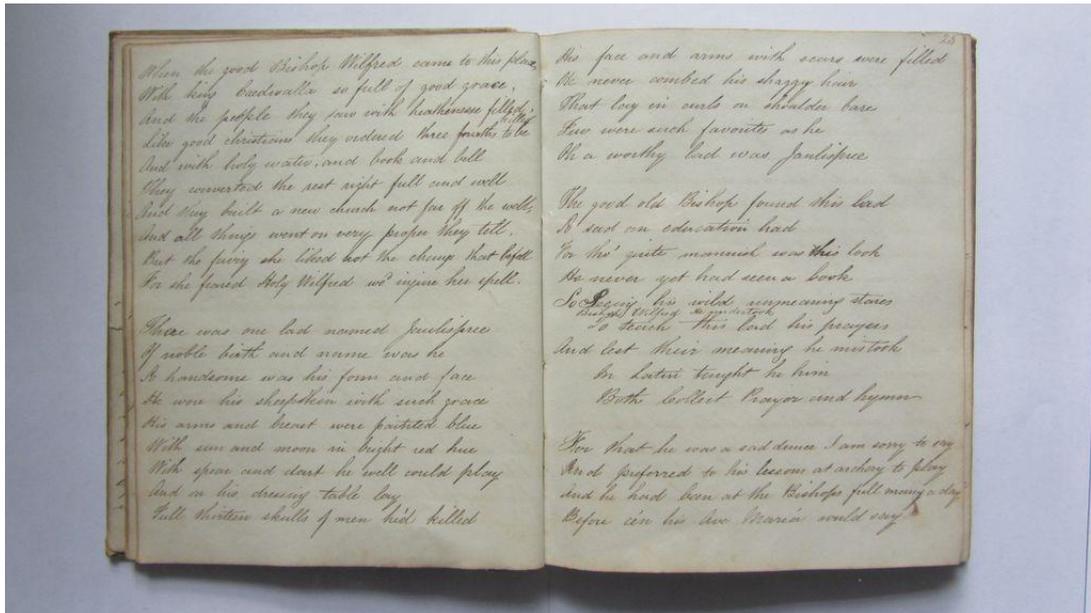
Arms. crest Leopards head, .  
 Shield azure ground, three  
 crosslets fitchy at foot. A Bird .  
 ? Heron or stork ? at Fess point - .  
 Red hand of baronety at dexter chief point. .

On one of the tombs the ground was painted red. Here are memorials of all kinds, the Knight laying in stone. One had been inlaid with silver - which of course had been removed by Cromwell's refined band, - Ascended the belfry and tried the musical four very nicely tuned bells - this was the last event of importance that day - It is recorded that in the midst of Brading harbor was discovered a well neatly made of stone which proves that this spot was not always inundated as now The following is a legend respecting the place

Legend of Brading Harbor

of howe y<sup>e</sup> good Bishop Wilfred dide bottle y<sup>e</sup> Spirites

O Edelwach was a worthy king  
 And a valiant warrior bold  
 He did for his people one good thing  
 When seeing they were in want of a Spring  
 Of good water fresh and cold  
 He make for them a right good well  
 Dug deeply in the ground  
 And the priest whereon laid many a spell  
 As they stoned it with stones around  
 And a young fairy came there to dwell.  
 It was a good fairy upon the whole  
 She punished all those who lied and stole  
 And rewarded the good in some kindly way  
 Tho' she had one fault, I am sorry to say  
 Like most other fairies now as then  
 She was rather too partial to fast young men



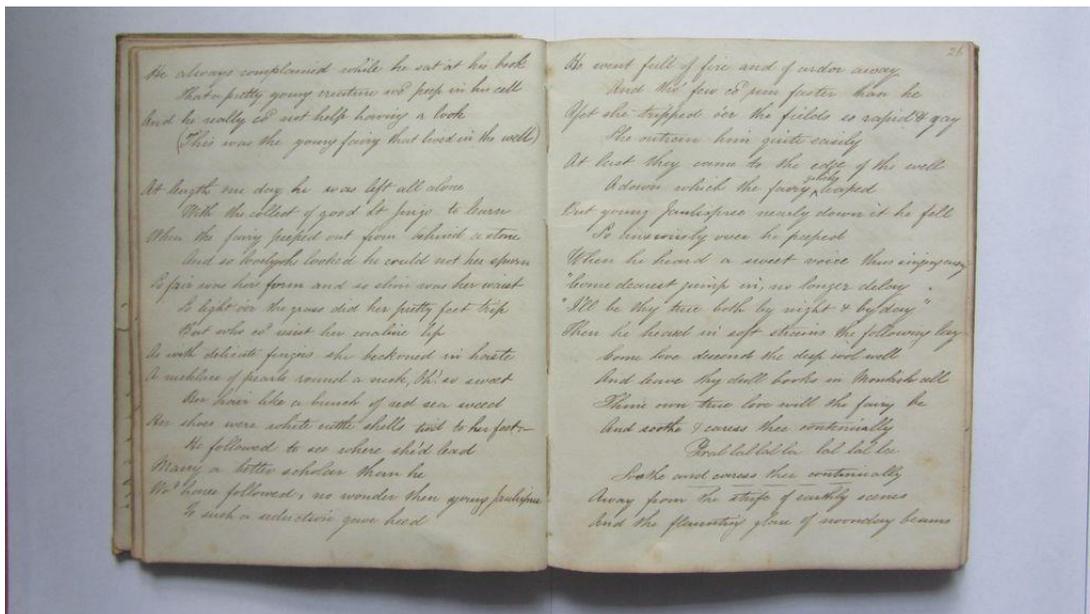
When the good Bishop Wilfrid came to this place  
 With King Caedwaller so full of good grace  
 And the people they saw with heathenness  
 filled  
 Like good Christians they order three fourths to  
 be killed  
 And with holy water, and book and bell  
 They converted the rest right full and well  
 And they built a new church not far off the well  
 And all things went on very proper they tell  
 But the fairy she liked not the change that befell  
 For she feared Holy Wilfred wo<sup>d</sup>  
 injure her spell

There was one lad named Jackspace  
 Of noble birth and name was he  
 So handsome was his form and face  
 He wore his sheepskin with such grace  
 His arms and breast were painted blue  
 With sun and moon in bright red hue  
 With spear and dart he well could play  
 And on his dressing table lay  
 Full thirteen skulls of men he'd killed

His face and arms with scars were filled  
 He never combed his shaggy hair  
 That lay in curls on shoulder bare  
 Few were such favourites as he  
 O a worthy lad was Jackspace.

The good old Bishop found this lad  
 So sad an education had  
 For tho' quite mannish was this look  
 He never yet had seen a book  
 So seeing his wild unpreaning stares  
 Bishop Wilfred he undertook  
 To teach this lad his prayers  
 And lest their meaning he mistook  
 In Latin taught he him  
 Both Collect Prayer and Hymn

For that he was a sad dunce I am sorry to say  
 And preferred to his lessons at archery to play  
 And he had been at the Bishop's full many a day  
 Before he in his Ave Maria could say



He always complained when he sat at his book  
That a pretty young creature wo<sup>d</sup> peep in his  
cell

And he really cd not help having a look  
(This was the young fairy that lived in the well)

At length one day he was left all alone  
With the Collect of good St Jingo to learn  
When the fairy peeped out from behind a stone  
And so lovely she looked he could not her spurn  
So fair was her form and so slim was her waist  
So light o'er the grass her pretty feet trip  
But who cd resist her coraline lip  
As with delicate fingers she beckoned in haste  
A necklace of pearls round a neck, O! so sweet  
Her hair like a bunch of red sea weed  
Her shoes were white cuttle shells tied to her  
feet

He followed to see to see where she'd lead  
Many a better scholar than he  
Wo<sup>d</sup> have followed, no wonder then young  
Jackspace  
To such a seduction gave heed

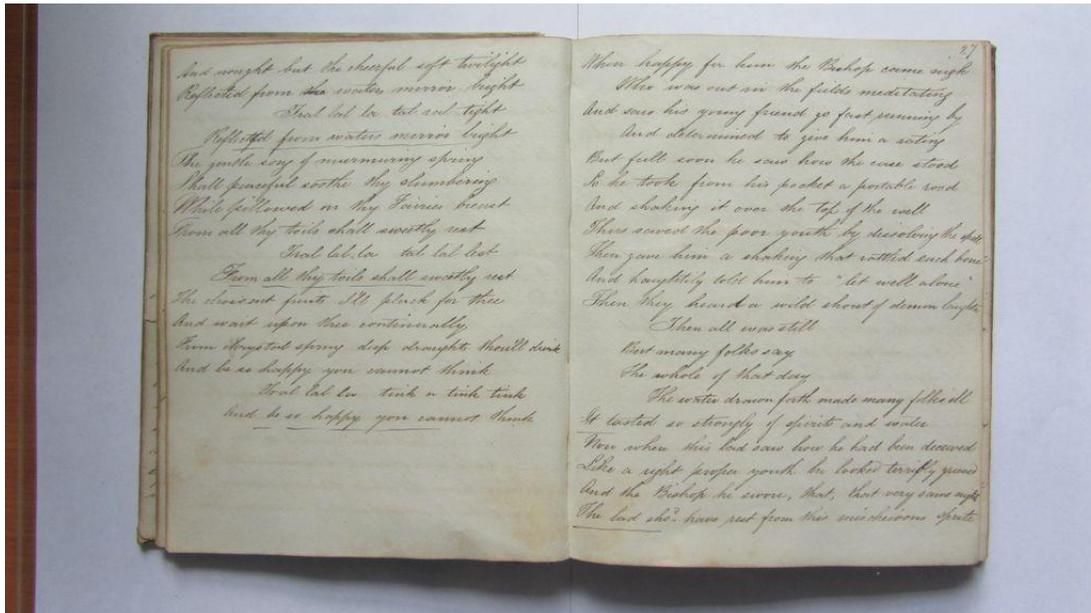
He went full of fire and ardour away  
And tho' few cd press faster than he  
Yet she tripped o'er the fields so rapid and gay  
She outran him quite easily

At last they came to the edge of the well  
On down which the fairy quickly leaped  
But young Jackspace nearly down it he fell  
So anxiously over he peeped  
When he heard a sweet voice thus singing away  
Come dearest jump in, no longer delay  
I'll be thy true both by night and by day  
Then he heard in soft strains the following lay  
Come love descend the deep cool well  
And leave thy dull books in monkish cell  
Thine own true love the fairy will be  
And sooth and caress thee continually

Grat lal lal la lal lal lee

Sooth and caress thee continually

Away from the strife of earthly scenes  
And the flaunting glare of noonday beams



And naught but the cheerful soft twilight  
 Reflected from waters mirror bright  
 Tral lal la tal ral tight

Reflected from waters mirror bright

---

The gentle song of murmuring spring  
 shall peaceful sooth thy slumbering  
 While pillowed on thy fairy's breast  
 From all thy toils shall sweetly rest

Tral lal la tal lal lest

From all thy toils shall sweetly rest

---

The choicest fruits I'll pluck for thee  
 And wait upon thee continually  
 From crystal spring deep draughts thou drink  
 And be so happy you cannot think

Tral lal la tink a tink tink

And be so happy you cannot think

When happy for him the Bishop came nigh

Other would out in the field meditating

And sees his young friend go fast running by

And determined to give him a rating

But full soon he saw how the case stood

So he took from his pocket a portable rood

And shaking it over the top of the well

Thus scared the poor youth by dissolving the spell

Then gave him a shaking that rattled each bone

And haughtily told him to let well alone

Then they heard a wild shout of demon laughter

Then all was still

But many folks say

The whole of that day

The water drawn forth made many folks ill

It tasted so strongly of spirits and water

Now when this lad saw how he had been

deceived

Like a right proper youth he looked terribly

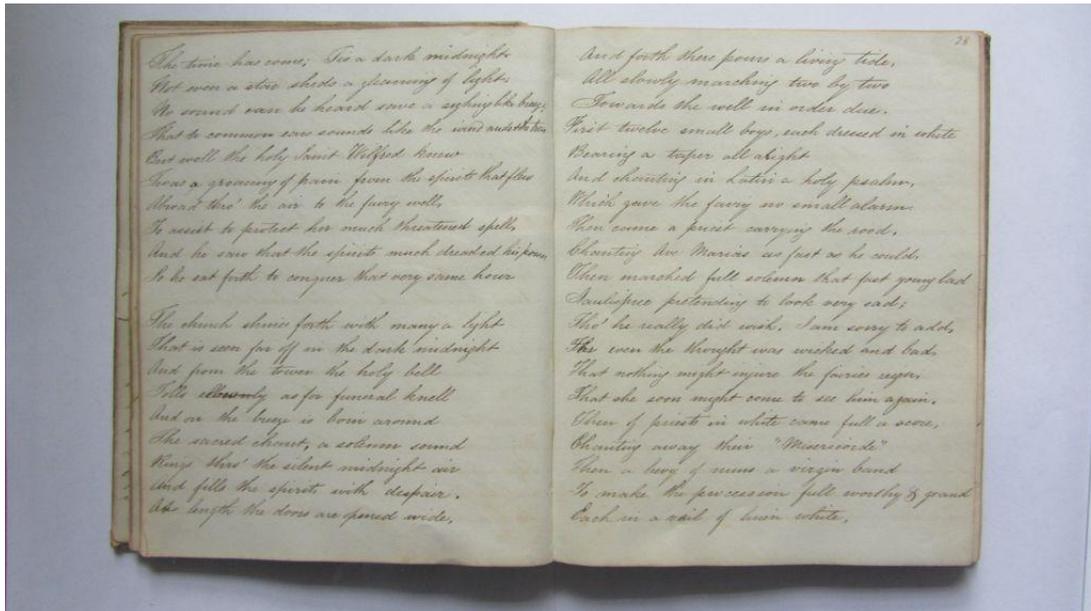
grieved

And the Bishop he swore, that, that very same

night

The lad who'd have rest from this mischievous

sprite

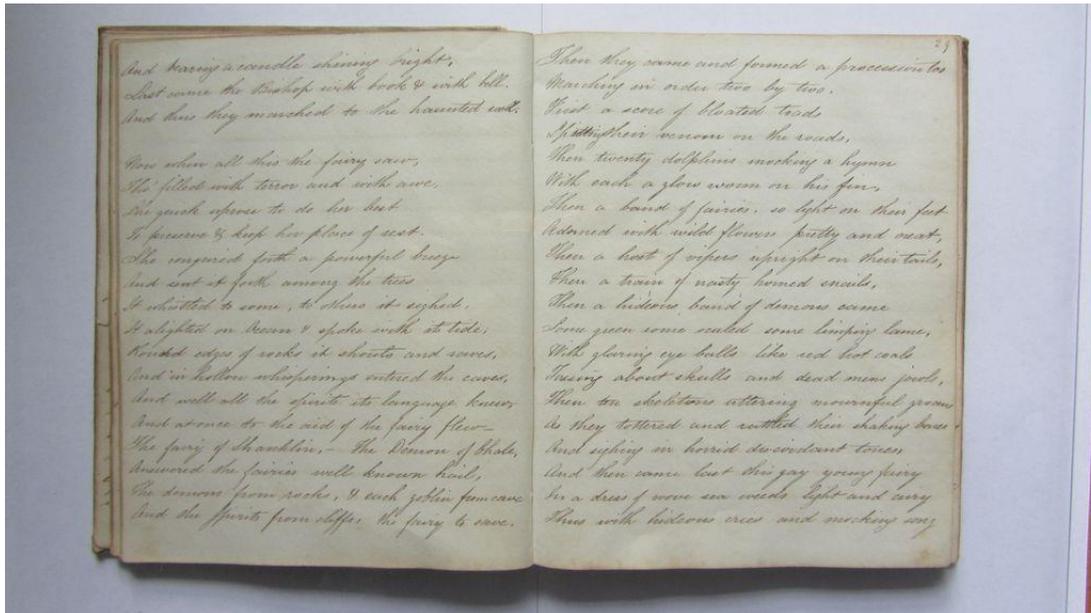


The time has come; 'Tis a dark midnight  
 Not even a star sheds a gleaming of light  
 No sound can be heard save a sighing like breeze  
 That to common ears sounds like the wind  
 under the trees  
 But well the holy saint Wilfred knew  
 'Twas a groaning of pain from the spirits that  
 flew  
 Abroad thro' the air to the fairy well  
 To assist to protect her much threatened spell.  
 And he saw that the spirits much dreaded his  
 powers  
 So he set forth to conquer that very same hour

The church shines forth with many a light  
 That is seen far off in the dark midnight  
 And from the tower the holy bell  
 Tolls sorrowly as for funeral knell  
 And on the breeze is borne around  
 The sacred chant, a solemn sound  
 Rings thro' the silent midnight air  
 And fills the spirits with despair.  
 After length the doors are opened wide,

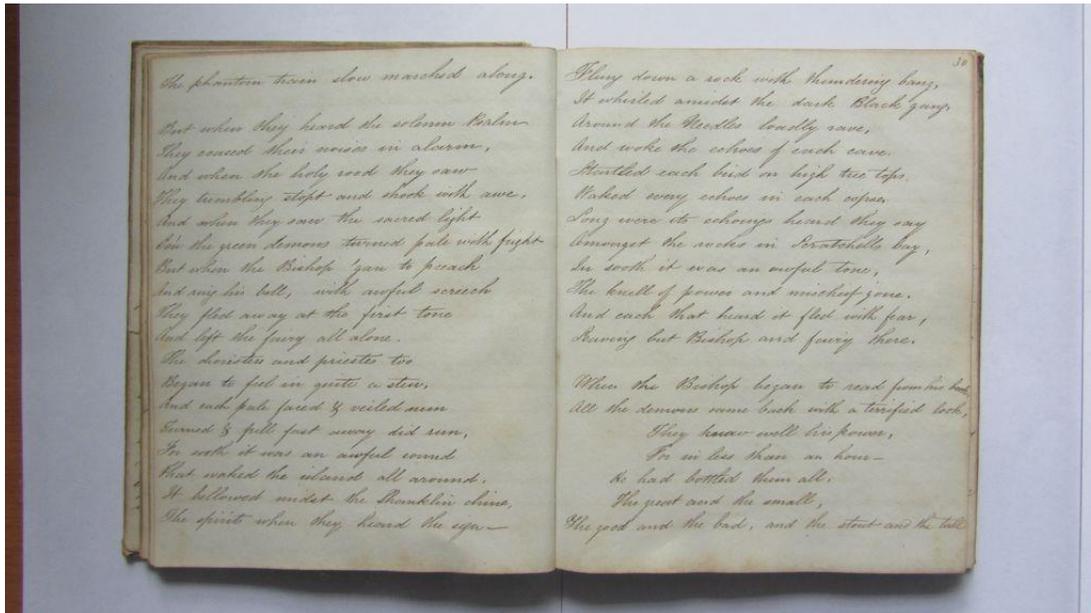
And forth there flows a living tide,  
 All slowly marching two by two  
 Towards the well in order due.  
 First twelve small boys, each dressed in white  
 Bearing a taper all alight  
 And chanting in Latin a holy psalm,  
 Which gave the fairy no small alarm.  
 Then came a priest carrying the rood,  
 Chanting Ave Marias as fast as he could.  
 Then marched full solemn that just young lad  
 Jackspace pretending to look very sad;  
 Tho' he really did wish, I am sorry to add,  
 For even the thought was wicked and bad  
 That nothing might injure the fairies reign  
 That she soon might come to see him again.  
 Then of priests in white came full a score,  
 Chanting away their "Misericorde"  
 Then a bevy of nuns a virgin band  
 To make the procession full worthy and grand  
 Each in a veil of linen white

And bearing a candle shining bright.  
 Last came the Bishop with book and with bell  
 And thus they marched to the haunted well.



Now when all this the fairy saw,  
 Tho' filled with terror and with awe,  
 She quick uprose to do her best  
 To preserve & keep her place of rest.  
 She conjured forth a powerful breeze  
 And sent it forth among the trees  
 It whistled to some, to others it sighed,  
 It alighted on Ocean and spoke with its tide;  
 Rounded edges of rocks it shouts and raves  
 And in hollow whisperings entered the caves  
 And well all the spirits its language knew  
 And at once to the aid of the fairy flew -  
 The fairy of Shanklin, - the Demon of Chale,  
 Answered the fairies well known hail  
 The Demons from rocks, & each goblin from  
 cave  
 And the spirits from cliffs, the fairy to save.

Then they came and formed a procession too  
 Marching in order two by two  
 First a score of bloated toads  
 Spitting their venom on the roads  
 Then twenty dolphins mocking a hymn  
 With each a glow worm on his fin  
 Then a band of fairies so light on their feet  
 Adorned with wild flowers pretty and neat  
 Then a host of vipers upright on their tails  
 Then a train of nasty horned snails  
 Then a hideous band of demons came  
 Some green some scaled some limping lame  
 With glaring eye balls like red hot coals  
 Tossing about skulls and dead mens jowls  
 Then the skeletons uttering mournful groans  
 As they tottered and rattled their shaking bones  
 And then came last this gay young fairy  
 In a dress of wove sea weeds light and airy  
 Thus with hideous cries and mocking song

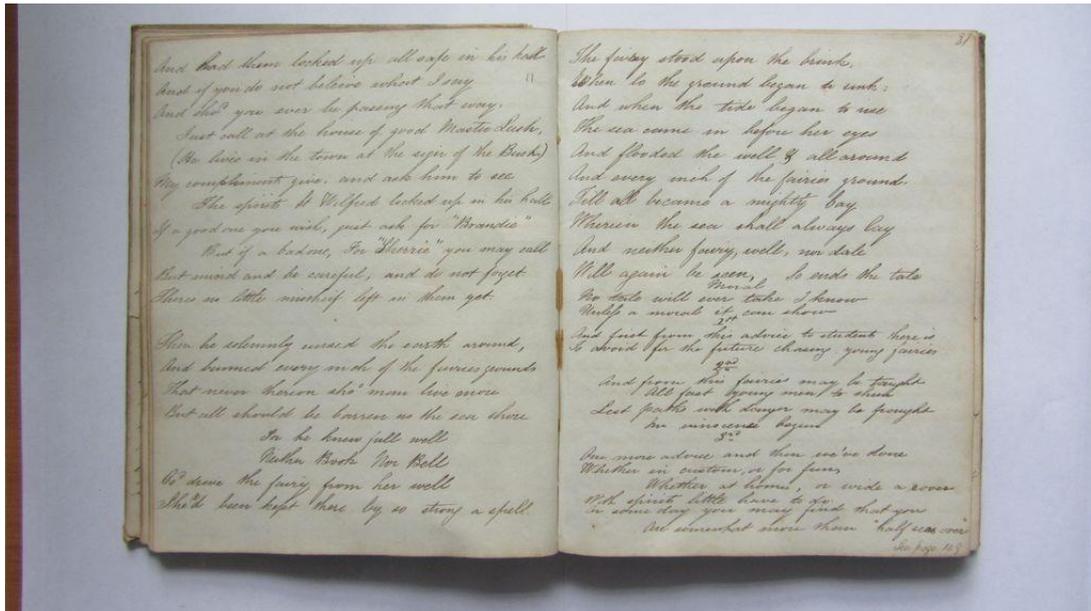


*The phantom train slow marched along.*

*But when they heard the solemn Psalm  
 They ceased their noises in alarm  
 And when the holy rood they saw  
 They tumbling stopt and shook with awe.  
 And when they saw the sacred light  
 E'en the green demons turned pale with fright.  
 But when the Bishop 'gan to preach  
 And ring his bell, with awful screech  
 They fled away at the first tone  
 And left the fairy all alone  
 The choristers and priests too  
 Began to feel in quite a stew  
 And each pale faced & veiled nun  
 Turned & full fast away did run  
 For sooth it was an awful sound  
 It bellowed midst the Shanklin Chine  
 The spirits when they heard the sigh -*

*Flung down a rock with thundering bang  
 It whirled amidst the dark Blackgang  
 Around the Needles loudly rave  
 And woke the echoes of each cave  
 Startled each bird on high tree tops  
 Waked every echoes in each copse  
 Long were its echoings heard they say  
 Amongst the rocks in Scratchell's bay  
 It sooth it was an awful tone  
 The knell of power and mischief gone  
 And each that heard it fled with fear,  
 Leaving but Bishop and fairy there.*

*When the Bishop began to read from his book  
 All the demons came back with a terrified look  
 They knew well his power  
 For in less than an hour  
 He had bottled them all  
 The great and the small  
 The good and the bad, and the stout and the tall*



And had them locked up, all safe in his hall  
 And if you do not believe what I say  
 And sho'd you ever be passing that way  
 Just call at the house of good Master Lush  
 (He lives in the town at the sign of the Bush)  
 My compliments give and ask him to see  
 The spirits of Wilfred locked up in his hall  
 If a good one you wish, just ask for Brandie  
 But if a bad one, for Sherrie you may call  
 But mind and be careful, and do not forget  
 There's no little mischief left in them yet.

Then he solemnly cursed the earth all around  
 And burned every inch of the fairies grounds  
 That never thereon sho'd man live more  
 But all should be barren as the sea shore  
 For he knew full well  
 Neither Book nor Bell  
 Co'd drive the fairy from her well  
 She'd been kept there by so strong a spell.

The fairy stood upon the brink  
 Then to the ground began to sink  
 And when the tide began to rise  
 The sea came in before her eyes  
 And flooded the well & all around  
 And every inch of the fairies ground  
 Till all became a mighty bay  
 Wherein the sea shall always lay  
 And neither fairy, well, nor dale  
 Will again be seen, so ends the tale.

**Moral**

No tale will ever take I know  
 Unless a moral it can show

1<sup>st</sup>

And first from this advice to students there is  
 To avoid for the future chasing young fairies

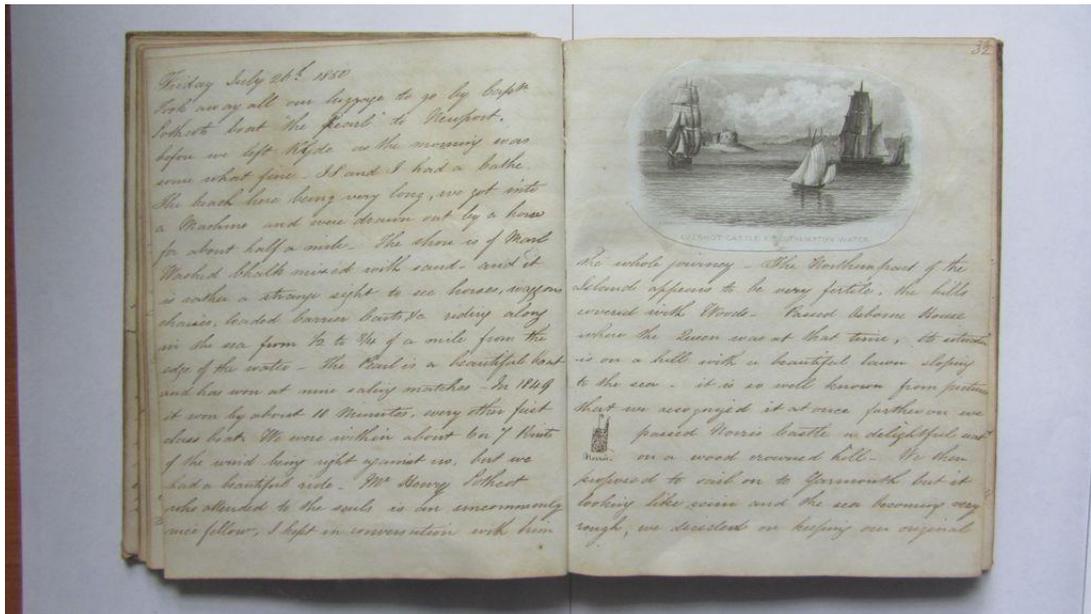
2<sup>nd</sup>

And from this fairies may be taught  
 All fast young men to shun  
 Lest paths with danger may be fraught  
 In innocence begun

3<sup>rd</sup>

One more advice and then we've done  
 Whether in custom, or for fun  
 Whether at home, or wide a rover  
 With spirits have little to do  
 As some day you may find that you  
 Are somewhat more than half seas over

See page 49



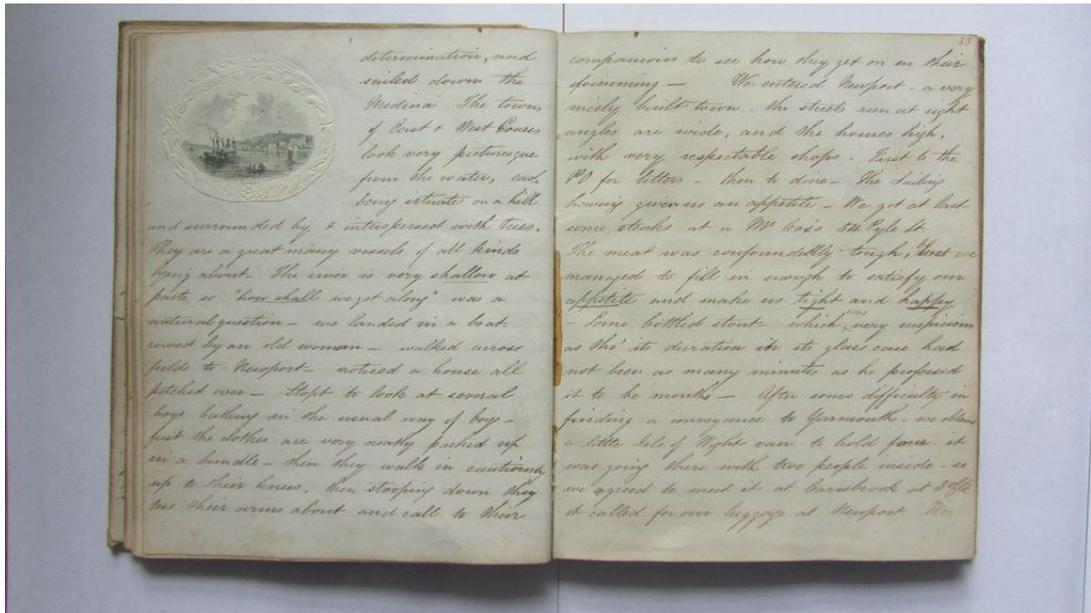
Friday July 26th 1850

Took away all our luggage to go by Capt Sothcots boat the Pearl to Newport before we left Ryde as the morning was some what fine. JP and I had a bathe The beach here being very long, we got into a machine and were drawn out by a horse for about half a mile. The shore is of Marl Washed Chalk mixed with sand and it is rather a strange sight to see horses, waggons chaises, loaded carrier Carts &c riding along in the sea from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from the edge of the water - The Pearl is a beautiful boat and has won at nine sailing matches - in 1849 it won by about 10 minutes, every other first class boat. We were within about 6 or 7 points of the wind being right against us, but we had a beautiful ride. Mr Henry Sothcot <sup>7</sup> who attended to the sails is an uncommonly nice fellow. I kept in conversation with him

[image of Calshot Castle and Southampton Water]

the whole journey. The northern part of the Island appears to be very fertile, the hills covered with woods. Passed Osborne House where the Queen was at that time, its situation is on a hill with a beautiful lawn sloping to the sea - it is so well known from pictures that we recognized it at once father on we passed Norris castle a delightful seat on a wood crowned hill. We then proposed to sail on to Yarmouth but it looking like rain and the sea becoming very rough, we decided on keeping our original

<sup>7</sup> Henry Southcott (Captain Southcott), Sutton Cottage, Strand, Ryde

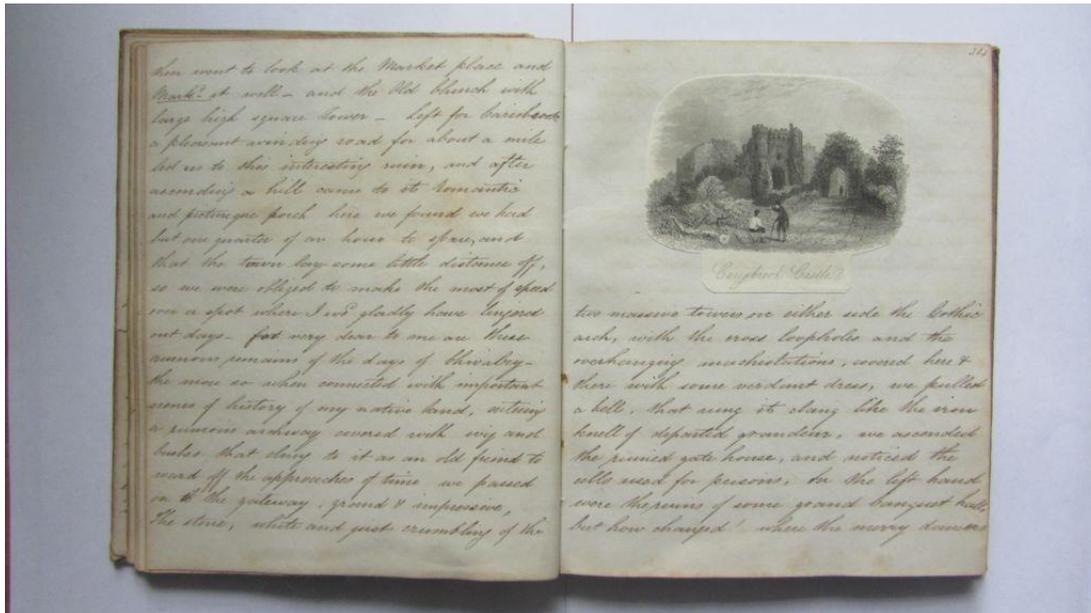


[image of Cowes]

destination, and sailed down the Medina. The towns of East & West Cowes look very picturesque from the water, each being situated on a hill and surrounded by & interspersed with trees. They are a great many vessels of all kinds lying about. The river is very shallow at parts so how shall we get along was a natural question - we landed in a boat rowed by an old woman - walked across fields to Newport - noticed a house all pitched over - Stopt to look at several boys bathing in the usual way of boys - first the clothes are very neatly packed up in a bundle - then they walk in cautiously up to their knees, then stooping down they toss their arms about and call to their

companions to see how they get on in their swimming. We entered Newport - a very nicely built town, the streets run at right angles are wide, and the houses high, with very respectable shops. First to the PO for letters - then to dine - the sailing having given us an appetite. We got at last some steaks at a Mrs Cox's<sup>8</sup> 54 Pyle Street. The meat was confoundedly tough, but we managed to fill in enough to satisfy our appetite and make us tight and happy - some bottled stout which was very suspicious as tho' its duration in its glass case had not been as many minutes as he proposed it to be months. After some difficulty in finding a conveyance to Yarmouth we obtain a little Isle of Wight van to hold four - it was going there with two people inside - so we agreed to rent it at Carisbrooke at 3 o'clk. It called for our luggage at Newport. We

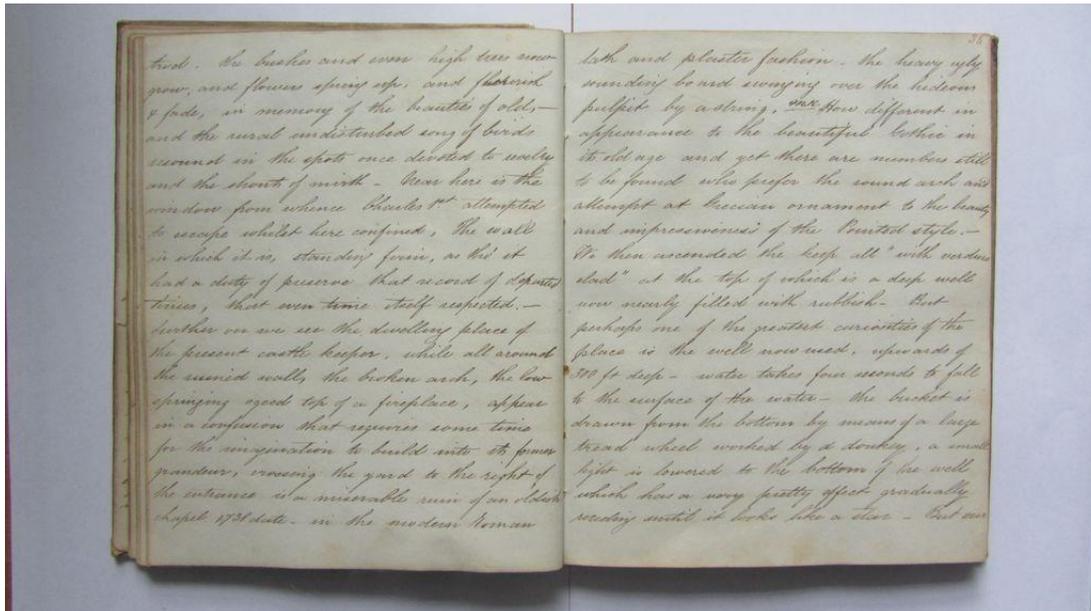
<sup>8</sup> Rachel Cox, wife of James Cox, a licensed beer seller and Eating House keeper, at 54 Pyle Street, in 1851



then went to look at the Market Place and Mark'd it well - and the Old Church with large high square tower. left for Carisbrook a pleasant winding road for about a mile led us to this interesting ruin, and after ascending a hill came to its romantic and picturesque porch here we found we had but one quarter of an hour to spare, and that the town lay some little distance off, so we were obliged to make the most of speed over a spot where I wd gladly have lingered out days - for very dear to me are these ruinous remains of the days of chivalry - the more so when connected with important scenes of history of my native land, entering a ruinous archway covered with ivy and bushes that clung to it as an old friend to ward off the approaches of time we passed on to the gateway, grand & impressive, The stone, white and just crumbling of the

[image of Carisbrooke castle]

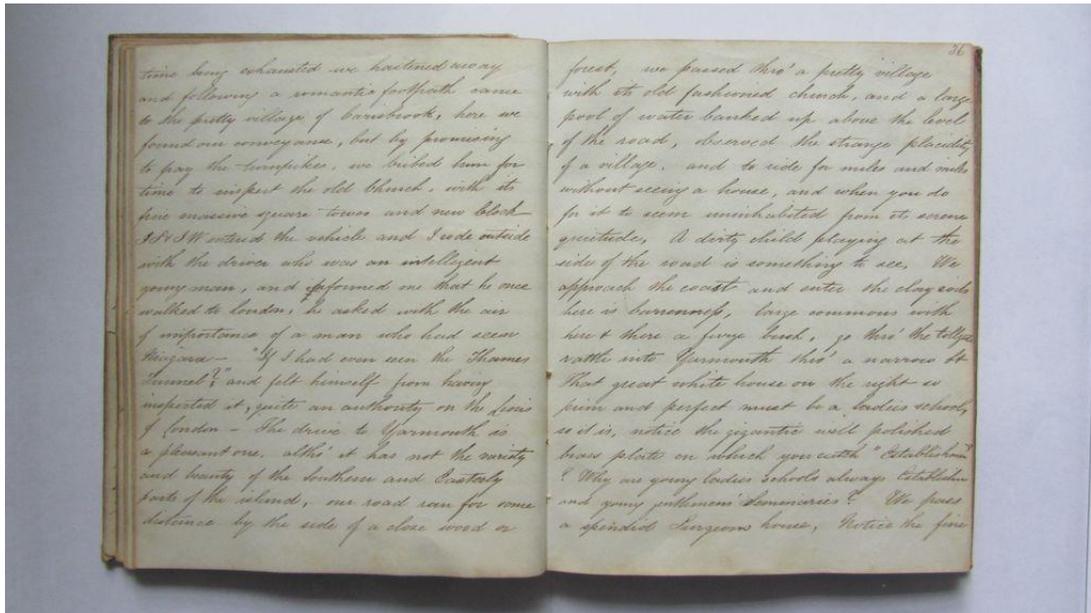
two massive towers on either side the Gothic arch, with the cross loopholes and the overhanging machiollations, covered here & there with some verdant dress, we pulled a bell, that rung its clang like the iron knell of imparted grandeur, we ascended the ruined gate house, and noticed the cells used for prisons. On the left hand were the ruins of some grand banquet hall but how changed ! where the merry dancers



trod the bushes and even high trees now grow, and flowers spring up, and flourish & fade, in memory of the beauties of old, - and the rural undisturbed song of birds resound in the spots once devoted to revelry and the shouts of mirth. Near here is the window from whence Charles 1st attempted to escape whilst here confined. The wall in which it is, standing firm, as tho' it had a duty of preserve that record of departed times, that over time itself respected - further on we see the dwelling place of the present castle keeper, while all around the ruined walls, the broken arch, the low springing ogeed top of a fireplace, appear in a confusion that requires some time for the imagination to build into its former grandeur, crossing the yard to the right of the entrance is a miserable ruin of an oldish chapel 1738 date in the modern Roman

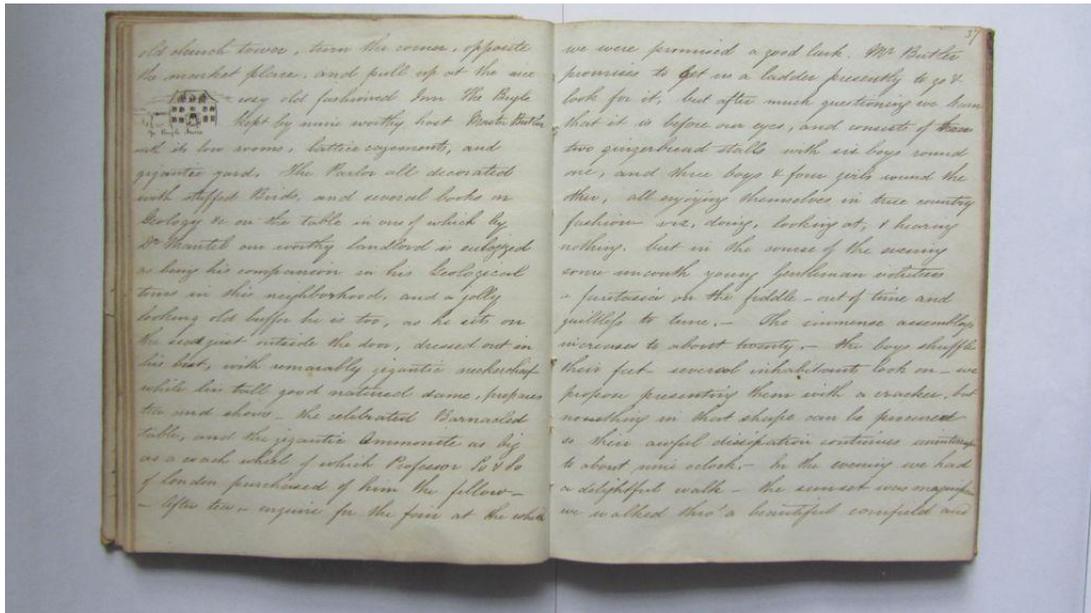
lath and plaster fashion - the heavy ugly sounding board swaying over the hideous pulpit by a string. M.R.<sup>9</sup> How different in appearance to the beautiful Gothic in its old age and yet there are numbers still to be found who prefer the round arch and attempt at Grecian ornament to the beauty and impressiveness of the Pointed style. - We then ascended the keep all with verdure clad at the top of which is a deep well now nearly filled with rubbish. But perhaps one of the greatest curiosities of the place is the well now used, upwards of 300 ft deep - water takes four seconds to fall to the surface of the water - the bucket is drawn from the bottom by means of a large tread wheel worked by a donkey, a small light is lowered to the bottom of the well which has a very pretty effect gradually receding until it looks like a star - But over

<sup>9</sup> M.R. – Moral Reflection



time being exhausted we hastened away and following a romantic footpath came to the pretty village of Carisbrook, here we found our conveyance, but by promising to pay the turnpikes, we bribed him for time to inspect the old Church, with its fine massive square tower and new clock. JP & JW entered the vehicle and I rode outside with the driver who was an intelligent young man, and informed me that he once walked to London. He asked with the air of importance of a man who had seen Niagara - If I had even seen the Thames Tunnel? and felt himself, from having inspected it, quite an authority on the lions of London. The drive to Yarmouth is a pleasant one, altho' it has not the variety and beauty of the Southern and Easterly parts of the island, our road ran for some distance by the side of a close wood or

forest, we passed thro' a pretty village with its old fashioned church, and a large pool of water banked up above the level of the road, observed the strange placidity of a village, and to ride for miles and miles without seeing a house, and when you do for it to seem uninhabited from its serene quietude. A dirty child playing at the side of the road is something to see. We approach the coast and enter the clay soils here is barrenness, large commons with here & there a furze bush, go thro' the tollgate rattle into Yarmouth thro' a narrow St. That grat white house on the right so firm and perfect must be a ladies school, so it is, notice the gigantic well polished brass plate on which you catch Establishment ? Why are young ladies schools always Establishm [ents] and young gentlemen's Seminaries ? We pass a splendid Surgeons house, notice the fine



*old church tower, turn the corner, opposite the market place, and pull up at the nice*

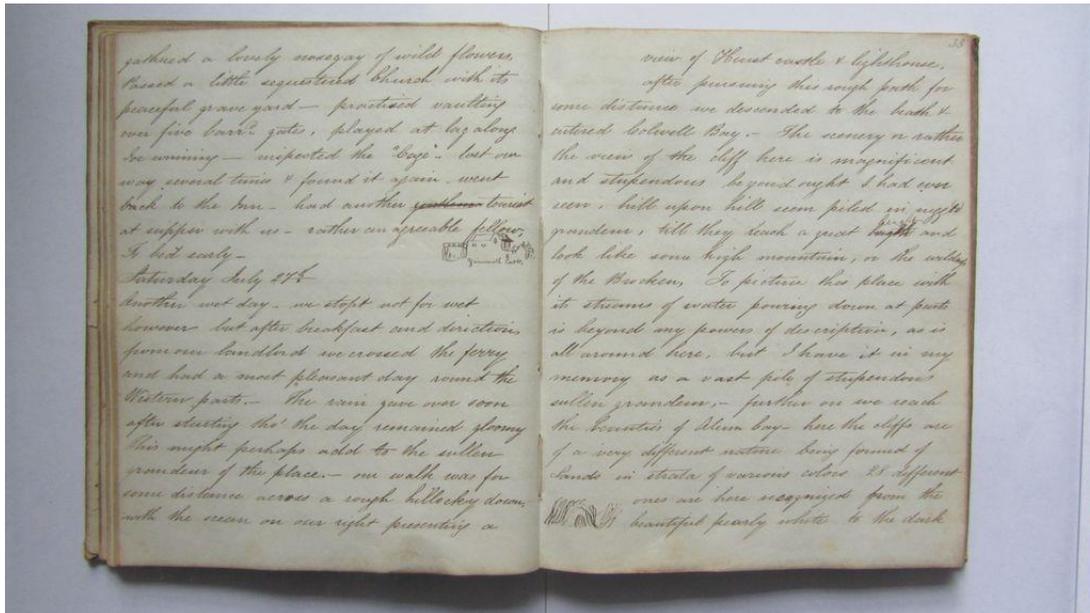
*[sketch of Bugle]*

*cozy old fashioned Inn The Bugle kept by mine worthy host Master Butler<sup>10</sup> with its low rooms, lattice casements, and gigantic yards. The Parlor all decorated with stuffed Birds, and several books on Geology etc on the table in one of which by Dr Mantel<sup>11</sup> our worthy landlord is eulogized as being his companion in his Geological tours in this neighbourhood, and a jolly looking old buffer he is too, as he sits on the seat just outside the door, dressed out in his best, with remar[k]ably gigantic neckerchief while his tall good natured dame prepares tea and shows the celebrated Barnacled table, and the gigantic Ammonite as big as a coach wheel of which Professor So & So of London purchased of him the fellow. After tea, enquire for the fair at the which*

*we were promised good luck. Mr Butler promises to get us a ladder presently to go & look for it, but after much questioning we learn that it is before our eyes, and consists of two gingerbread stalls with six boys round one, and three boys & four girls round the other, all enjoying themselves in their country fashion viz, doing, looking at, & hearing nothing, but in the course of the evening some uncouth young Gentleman violates a fantasia on the fiddle - out of time and guiltless to tune. The immense assemblage increases to about twenty, - the boys shuffle their feet - several inhabitants look on - we propose presenting them with a cracker, but nothing in that shape can be procured so their awful dissipation continues uninterrupted to about nine o'clock, - In the evening we had a delightful walk - the sunset was magnificent we walked thro' a beautiful cornfield and*

<sup>10</sup> The 1851 Census names Isaac Butler, born c 1791 Ringwood Hants, with his wife Kezia, sons Harry, Robert, Albert and George at the Market Square in Yarmouth, but does not name the Inn.

<sup>11</sup> Presumed to be Gideon Algernon Mantell or Mantel (1790-1852) who wrote "Geology of the S.E. of England" often referred to as "Mantel's geology of the S.E. of England"

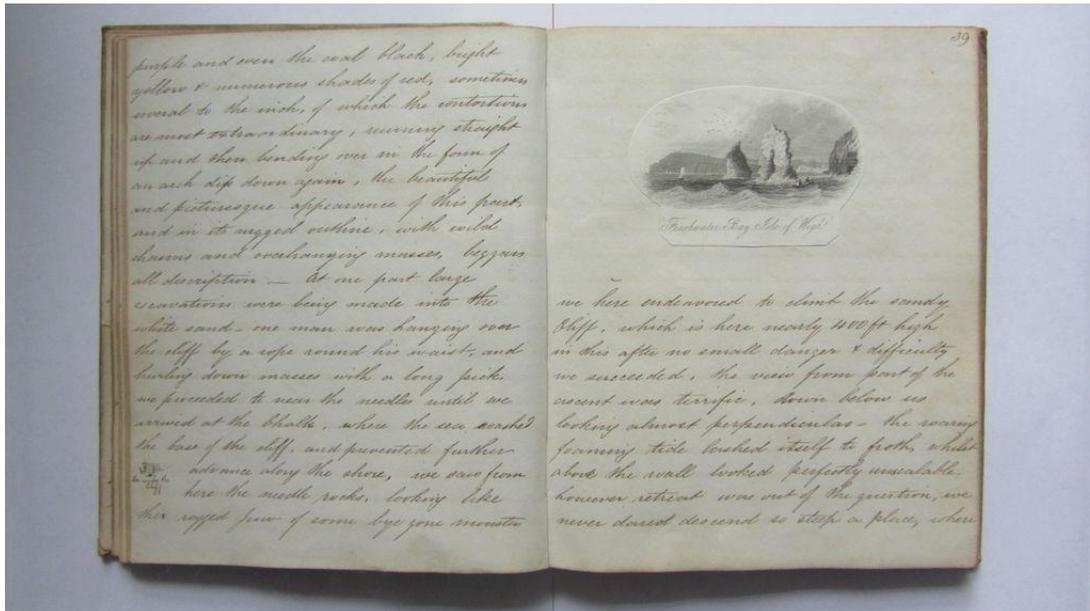


gathered a lovely nosegay of wild flowers  
 Passed a little sequestered church with its  
 beautiful graveyard - practised vaulting  
 over five barr'd gates - played at lag along  
 I've winning - inspected the Cage - lost our  
 way several times & found it again - went  
 back to the Inn - had another gentleman tourist  
 at supper with us - rather an agreeable fellow.  
 To bed early.

Saturday July 27<sup>th</sup>

Another wet day - we stopt not for wet  
 however but after breakfast and directions  
 from our landlord we crossed the ferry  
 and had a most pleasant day round the  
 Western parts. The rain gave over soon  
 after starting tho' the day remained gloomy  
 This might perhaps add to the sullen  
 grandeur of the place. - Our walk was for  
 some distance across a rough hilly down  
 with the ocean on our right presenting a

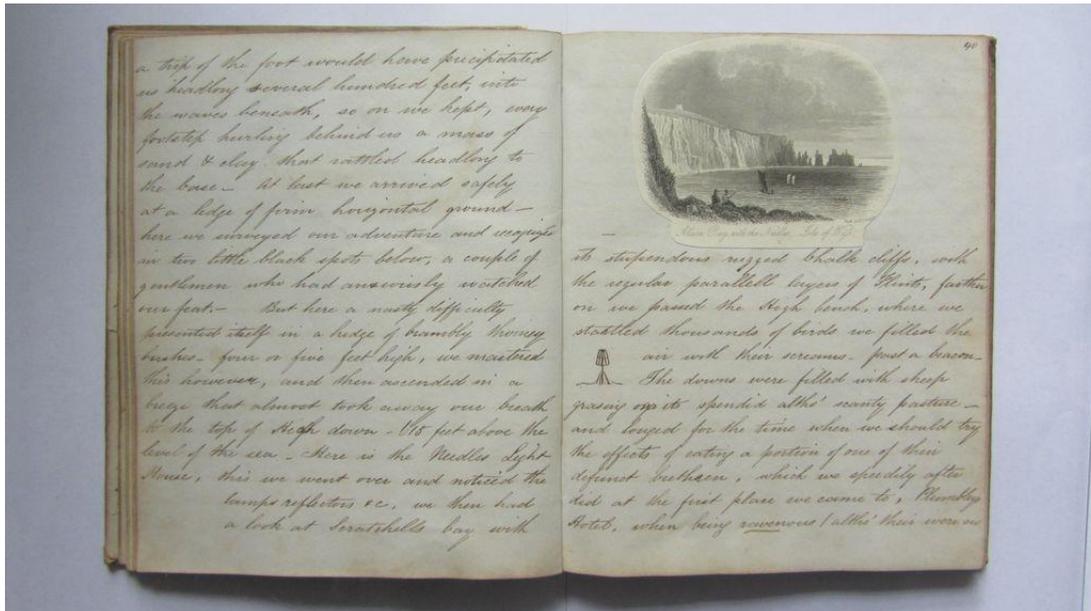
view of Hurst castle & lighthouse,  
 after pursuing this rough path for  
 some distance we descended to the beach &  
 entered Colwell Bay. The scenery or rather  
 the view of the cliff here is magnificent  
 and stupendous beyond ought I had ever  
 seen, hill upon hill seem piled in rugged  
 grandeur, till they reach a great height and  
 look like some high mountain, or the wildness  
 of the Bracken, To picture this place with  
 its streams of water pouring down at parts  
 is beyond my powers of description, as is  
 all around here, but I have it in my  
 memory as a vast pile of stupendous  
 sullen grandeur, - further on we reach  
 the beauties of Alum bay - here the cliffs are  
 of a very different nature being formed of  
 Sands in strata of various colors 28 different  
 ones are here recognized from the  
 beautiful pearly white to the dark



purple and even the coal black, bright yellow & numerous shades of red, sometimes several to the inch, of which the contortions are most extraordinary, running straight up and then bending over in the form of an arch dip down again, the beautiful and picturesque appearance of this part and in its rugged outline, with wild chasms and overhanging masses, beggars all description - At one part large excavations were being made into the white sand - one man was hanging over the cliff by a rope round his waist, and hurling down masses with a long pick. We proceeded to near the middle until we arrived at the Chalk, where the sea washed the base of the cliff, and prevented further advance along the shore, we saw from here the needle rocks, looking like the ragged jaw of some bye gone monster

[image of Freshwater Bay]

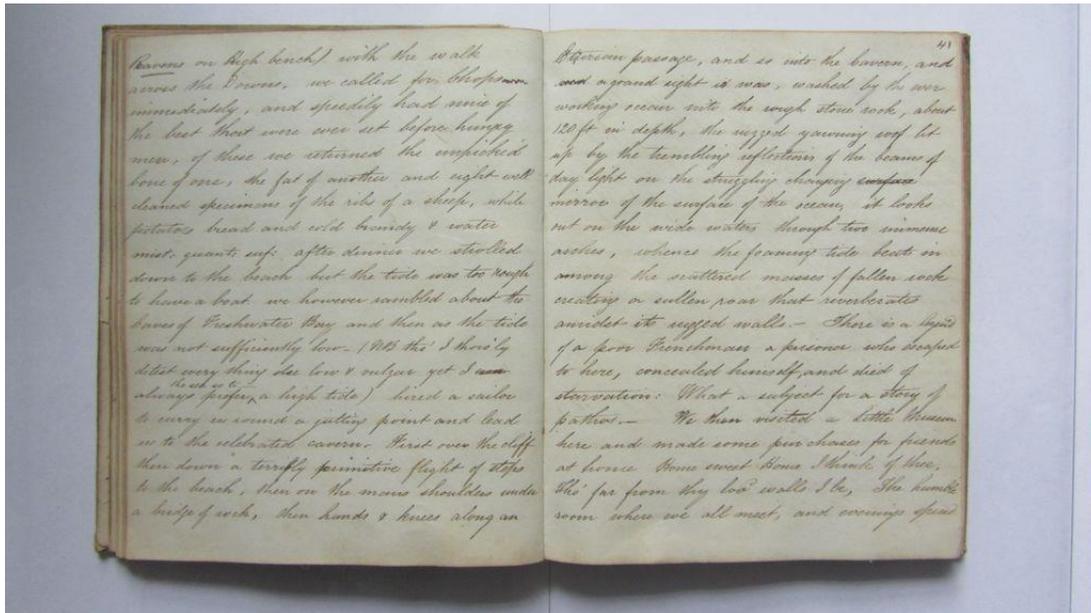
We here endeavoured to climb the sandy cliff, which is here nearly 400 ft high in this after no small danger & difficulty we succeeded, the view from part of the ascent was terrific, down below us looking almost perpendicular - the roaring foaming tide lashed itself to froth, whilst above the wall looked perfectly unscalable. However retreat was out of the question, we never dared descend so steep a place, where



a trip of the foot would have precipitated us headlong several hundred feet, with the waves beneath, so on we kept, every footstep hurling behind us a mass of sand & clay that rattled headlong to the base - At last we arrived safely at a ledge of firm horizontal ground - here we surveyed our adventure and recognized in the little black spots below, a couple of gentlemen who had anxiously watched our feat. - But here a nasty difficulty presented itself in a hedge of brambly thorny bushes, four or five feet high, we mastered this however, and then ascended in a breeze that almost took away our breath to the top of High Down - 615 feet above the level of the sea. Here is the Needles Light House, this we went over and noticed the lamps reflectors etc, we then had a look at Scratchells bay with

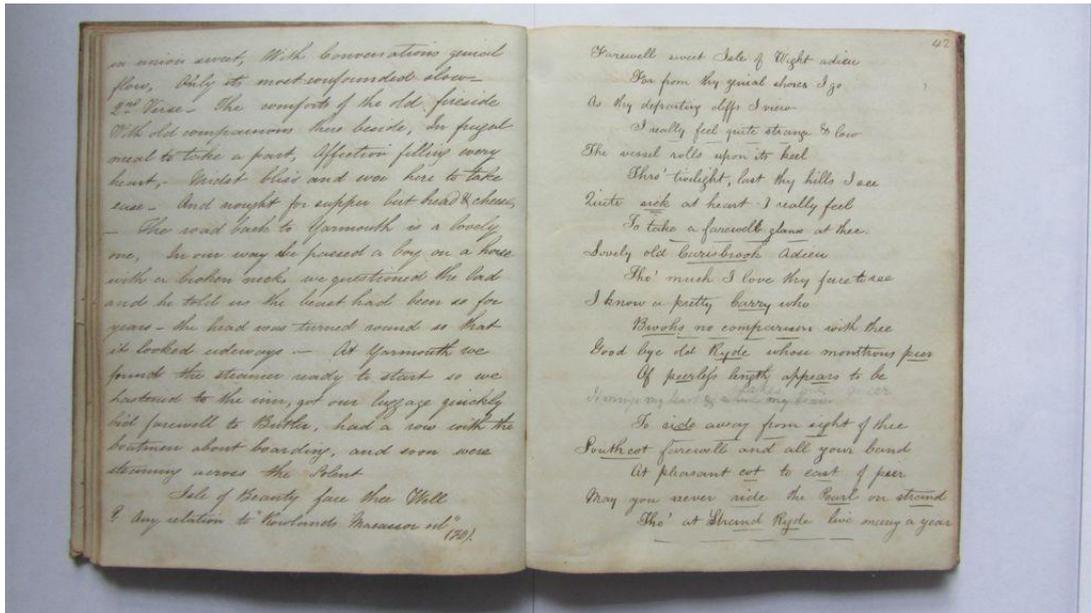
[image of Alum Bay with the Needles]

its stupendous rugged Chalk cliffs, with the regular parallell layers of Flints, further on we passed the High bench where we startled thousands of birds we filled the air with their screams, past a beacon. The downs were filled with sheep grazing on its splendid tho' scanty pasture, - and longed for the time when we should try the effects of eating a portion of one of their defunct brethren, which we speedily after did at the first place we came to, Plumbley Hotel, when being ravenous (altho' there were no



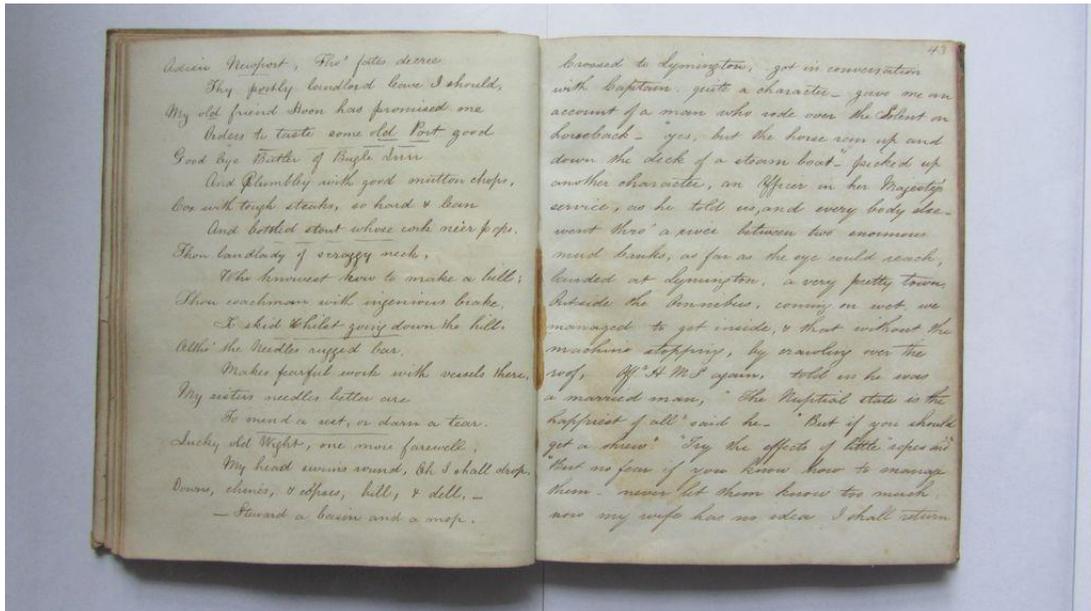
Ravens on High bench) with the walk across the Downs, we called for Chops immediately, and speedily had some of the best that were ever set before hungry men, of these we returned the unpicked bone of one, the fat of another and eight well cleaned specimens of the ribs of a sheep, while potatoes bread and cold brandy & water mist; quant; suf; after dinner we strolled down to the beach but the tide was too rough to have a boat. We however rambled about the Caves of Freshwater Bay and then as the tide was not sufficiently low (NB tho' I thoro'ly detest everything else low & vulgar yet I always prefer the sea so to a high tide) hired a sailor to carry us round a jutting point and lead us to the celebrated cavern. First over the cliff then down a terribly primitive flight of steps to the beach, then on the mans shoulders under a bridge of rick, then hands & knees along an

Airian [?] passage, and so into the cavern, and a grand sight it was, washed by the ever working ocean into the rough stone rock, about 120 ft in depth, the rugged yawning roof lit up by the tumbling reflections of the beams of day light on the struggling changing surface mirror of the surface of the ocean, it looks out on the wide waters through the immense arches, whence the foaming tide beats in among the scattered masses of fallen rock creating a sullen roar that reverberates amidst its rugged walls. There is a legend of a poor Frenchman a prisoner who escaped to here, concealed himself, and died of starvation. What a subject for a story of pathos. We then visited a Little Museum here and made some purchases for friends at home. Home sweet home, I think of thee, Tho' far from thy lov'd walls I be, The humble room where we all meet, and evenings spend



in union sweet, with conversations genial  
 flow, Only its most confounded slow -  
 2nd verse - The comforts of the old fireside  
 With old companions there beside, In frugal  
 meal to take a part, Affection filling every  
 heart, Midst bliss and woe here to take  
 ease, And nought for supper but bread & cheese.  
 The road back to Yarmouth is a lovely  
 one, In our way we passed a boy on a horse  
 with a broken neck, we questioned the lad  
 and he told us the beast had been so for  
 years - the head was turned round so that  
 it looked sideways. At Yarmouth we  
 found the steamer ready to start so we  
 hastened to the inn, got our luggage quickly  
 bid farewell to Butler, had a row with the  
 boatmen about boarding, and soon were  
 steaming across the Solent  
 Isle of Beauty fare thee well  
 ? Any relation to Rowlands Macassar oil  
 (FD)

Farewell sweet Isle of Wight adieu  
 Far from thy genial shores I go  
 As thy departing cliffs I view  
 I really feel quite strange & low  
 The vessel rolls upon its keel  
 Thro' twilight, last thy hills I see  
 Quite sick at heart I really feel  
 To take a farewell glance at thee  
 Lovely old Carisbrook Adieu  
 Tho' much I love thy face to see  
 I know a pretty Carry who  
 Brooks no comparison with thee  
 Good bye old Ryde whose monstrous pier  
 Of peerless length appears to be  
 It maims my heart and makes me queer  
 To ride away from sight of thee  
 Southcot farewell and all your band  
 At pleasant cot to east of pier  
 May you never ride the Pearl on Strand  
 Tho' at Strand Ryde live many a year



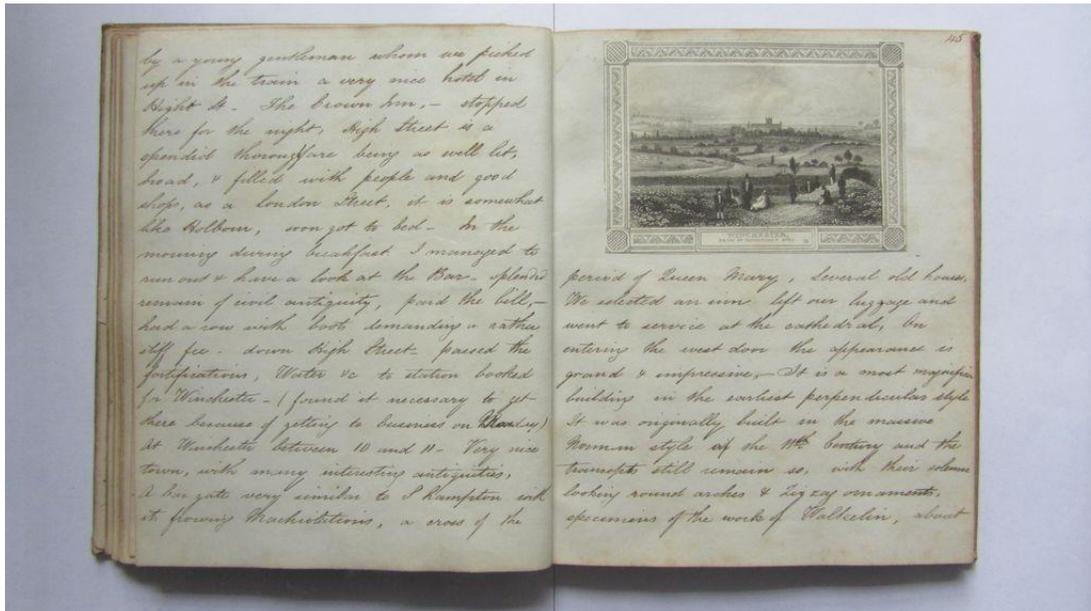
Adieu Newport, Tho' fates decree  
 Thy portly landlord leave I should  
 My old friend Hoon has promised me  
 Orders to taste some old Port good  
 Good bye Butler of Bugle Inn  
 And Plumbley with good mutton chops,  
 Cox with tough steaks, so hard & lean  
 And bottled stout whose cork ne'er pops.  
 Thou landlady of scraggy neck,  
 Who knowest how to make a bill;  
 Thou coachman with ingenious brake  
 To skid whilst going down the hill.  
 Altho' the Needles rugged bar  
 makes fearful work with vessels there  
 My sisters needles better are  
 To mend a vest, or darn a tear.  
 Lucky old Wight, one more farewell,  
 My head swims round, Oh I shall drop,  
 Downs, chines & copses, hill, & dell, -  
 - Steward, a basin and a mop.

Crossed to Lymington, got in conversation  
 with Captain. quite a character - gave me an  
 account of a man who rode over the Solent on  
 horseback - yes, but the horse ran up and  
 down the deck of a steam boat - picked up  
 another character, an Officer in her Majesty's  
 service, as he told us, and every body else -  
 went thro' a river between two enormous  
 mud banks, as far as the eye could reach,  
 landed at Lymington, a very pretty town.  
 Outside the Omnibus, coming on wet, we  
 managed to get inside, & that without the  
 machine stopping, by crawling over the  
 roof, Offr. H.M.S. again, told us he was  
 a married man, The Nuptial state is the  
 happiest of all said he. But if you should  
 get a shrew try the effects of little rope and  
 but no fear if you know how to manage  
 them - never let them know too much,  
 now my wife has no idea. I shall return



tonight. But suppose she sho'd be too  
 much for you then the world's wide &  
 I'm young, that's all Arrived at Brockenhurst  
 a little village on the borders of the forest  
 Took a walk partly into the forest, chaffed  
 some young natives playing at cricket, and  
 got showers of classical commands to goo  
 home and till yer mither too cheere  
 oop oogly Had tea, Train to Southampton  
 Off. H.M.S. again, night but we cd see  
 that the rail ran chiefly thro' the borders of  
 the forest, before we left Brockenhurst took  
 a beautiful walk under high trees towards  
 the church yard, but when about ½ a  
 mile from the station had the felicity of  
 hear the train arrive, run back at  
 express speed, when in consequence of  
 the train being 10 minutes before time  
 got our tickets. Arrived at Southampton  
 late at night and very tired, were shown

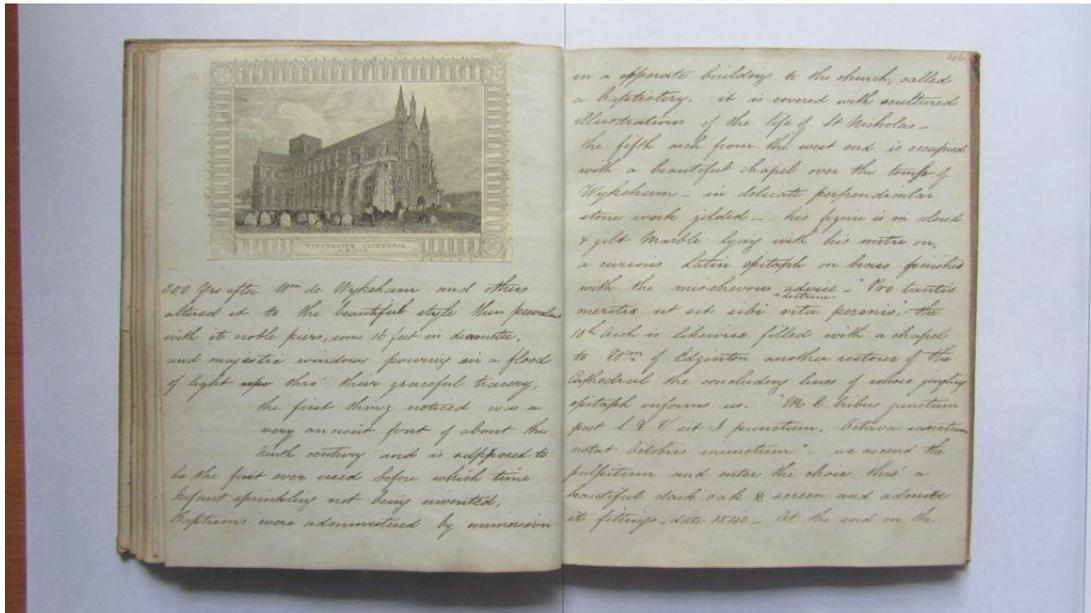
[picture of The Bar Gate, Southampton]



by a young gentleman whom we picked up in the train a very nice hotel in High St. The Crown Inn, - stopped there for the night, High Street is a splendid thoroughfare being well lit, broad, & filled with people and good shops, as a London Street, it is somewhat like Holborn, soon got to bed. In the morning during breakfast I managed to run out & have a look at the Bar, splendid remain of civil antiquity, paid the bill, - had a row with boots demanding a rather stiff fee, down High Street, passed the fortifications, Water &c to the station booked for Winchester - (I found it necessary to get there because of getting to business on Monday) At Winchester between 10 and 11 - Very nice town, with many interesting antiquities, A bar gate very similar to S'hampton with its flowing Machicolations, a cross of the

[picture of Winchester]

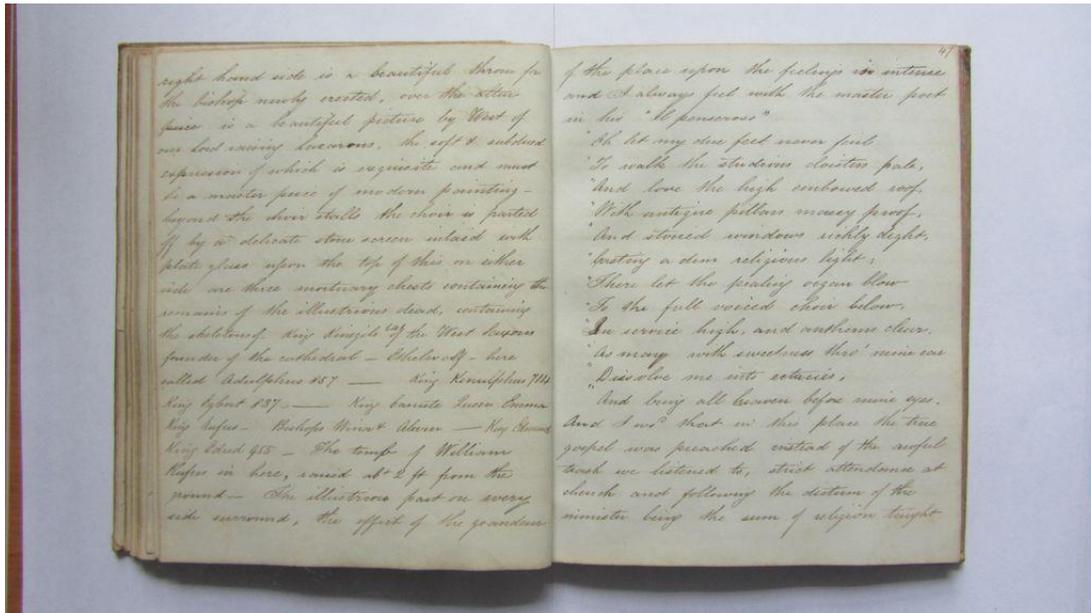
period of Queen Mary, several old houses. We selected an Inn left our luggage and went to service at the cathedral, On entering the west door the appearance is grand and impressive, - It is a most magnificent building in the earliest perpendicular style It was originally built in the massive Norman style of the 11th Century and the transept still remains so, with their solemn looking round arches & zigzag ornaments, specimens of the work of Walkelin, about



[picture of Winchester cathedral]

300 yrs after Wm de Wykeham and others altered it to the beautiful style thus prevalent with its noble piers some 16 ft in diameter, and majestic windows pouring in a flood of light thro' their graceful tracery. the first thing noticed was a very ancient font of about the ninth century and is supposed to be the first ever used before which time, Infant sprinkling not being invented, Baptisms were administered by immersion

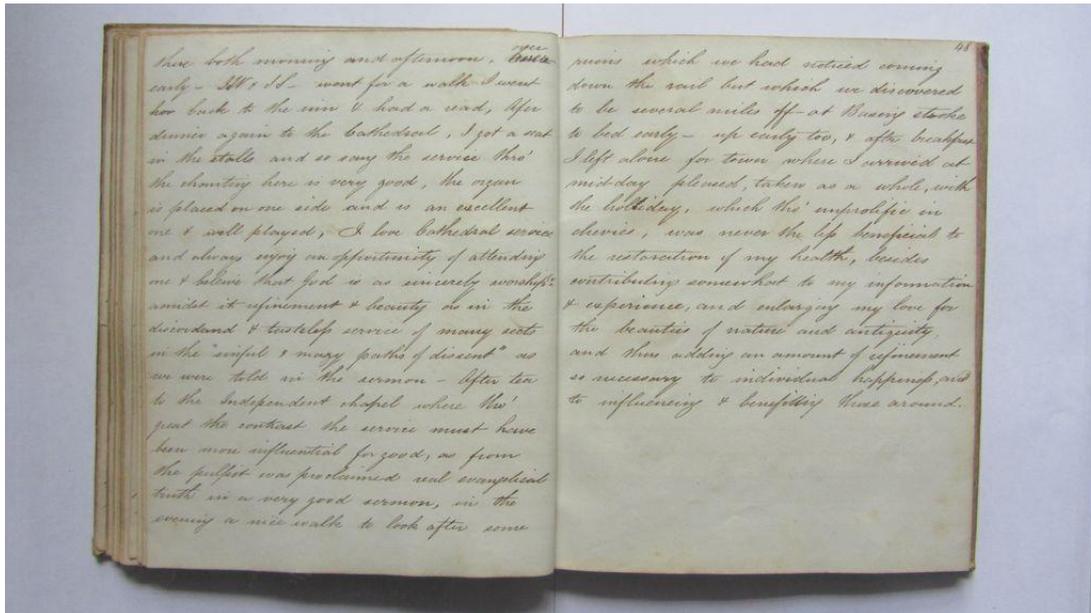
in a separate building to the church, called a Baptistry, it is covered with sculptured illustrations of the life of St Nicholas - the fifth arch from the west end is occupied with a beautiful chapel over the tomb of Wykeham - in delicate perpendicular stone work gilded - his figure is in colored & gilt marble lying with his mitre on a curious Latin epitaph on brass finished with the mischievous advice doctrine - Pro tantis meritis ut sit sibi vita perennis, - the 10th arch is likewise filled with a chapel to Wm. of Edginton another restorer of the Cathedral the concluding lines of whose jingling epitaph informs us M C tribus junctium post LXV sit I punctium, Octava sanctum notat Octobris inunctum - We ascend the pulpitiun and enter the choir thro' a beautiful dark oak screen and admire its fitting - date 1546 - At the end on the



right hand side is a beautiful throne for the bishop newly created, over the altar is a beautiful picture by West of our Lord raising Lazarus, the soft & subdued expression of which is exquisite and must be a master piece of modern painting - beyond the choir stalls the choir is parted off by a delicate stone screen inlaid with plate glass upon the top of this on either side are three mortuary chests containing the remains of the illustrious dead, containing the skeletons of King Kinegils 641 of the West Saxons founder of the cathedral - Ethelwulf here called Adulphus 837 - King Kenelphus 714 King Egbert 837 - King Canute Queen Emma King Rufus - Bishop Wincr. Alwyn - King Edmund King Edred 955 - the tomb of William Rufus is here, raised abt 2 ft from the ground - The illustrious past on every side surround, the effect, the grandeur

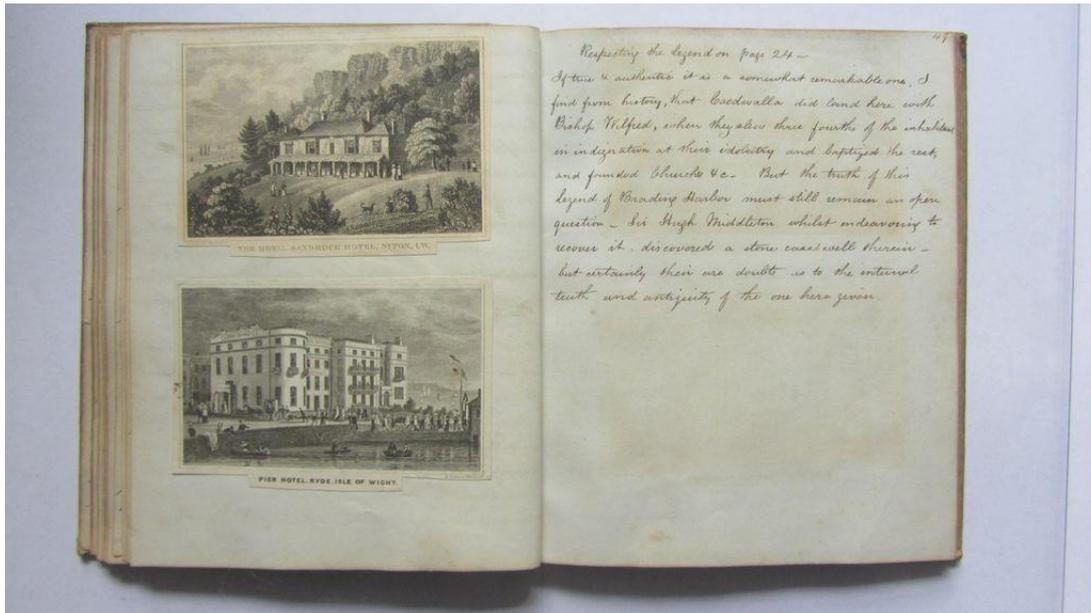
of the place upon the feelings is intense and I always feel with the master poet<sup>12</sup> in his *Il penseroso*  
 O let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloisters pale  
 And love the high unbowed roof  
 With antique pillars massy proof  
 And storied windows richly light  
 Casting a dim religious light  
 There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the full voiced choir below  
 In service high and anthems clear  
 As may with sweetness thro' mine ear  
 Dissolve one in to ecstasies  
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.  
 And I wd that in this place the true gospel was preached instead of the awful trash we listened to, strict attendance at church and following the dictum of the minister being the sum of religion taught

<sup>12</sup> John Milton, 1645



there both morning and afternoon, over early, IW & SS, went for a walk I went back to the Inn & had a read, After dinner again to the Cathedral, I got a seat in the stalls and so sang the service thro' the chanting hear is very good, the organ is placed on one side, and is an excellent one & well played, I love cathedral services and always enjoy an opportunity of attending one & believe that God is as sincerely worshipp'd amidst its refinement and beauty as in the discordant and tasteless service of many sects in the sinful and magy paths of dissent as we were told in the sermon - After tea to the Independent Chapel where tho' great the contrast the service must have been more influential for good, as from the pulpit was proclaimed real evangelical truth in a very good sermon, in the evening a nice walk to look after some

ruins which we had noticed coming down the rail but which we discovered to be several miles off - at Basingstoke to bed early - up early too, & after breakfast I left alone for town where I arrived at mid-day please, taken as a whole, with the holiday, which tho' unprolific in chevies, was never the less beneficial to the restoration of my health, besides contributing somewhat to my information & experience, and enlarging my love for the beauties of nature and antiquity, and thus adding an amount of refinement so necessary to individual happiness, and to influencing & benefitting those around.



*[picture of the Royal Sandrock Hotel, Niton]*

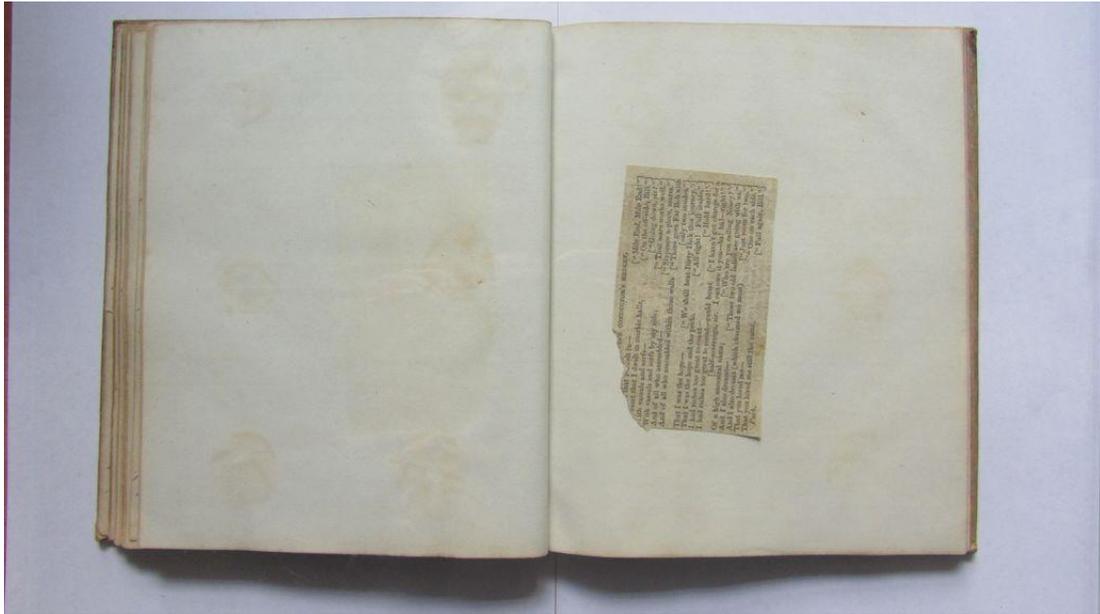
*[picture of the Pier Hotel, Ryde]*

*Respecting the legend on page 24 -*

*If true & authentic it is a somewhat remarkable one. I find from history, that Caedwalla did land here with Bishop Wilfred, when they slew three fourths of the inhabitants in indignation at their idolatry and baptized the rest, and founded Church &c. But the truth of this legend of Brading Harbor must still remain an open question - Sir Hugh Middleton whilst endeavouring to recover it, discovered a stone cased well therein - but certainly there are doubts as to the internal truth and antiquity of the one here given.*



*[picture of Castle Dinas Bran, Denbighshire]*



*[cutting The Conductor's Medley]*