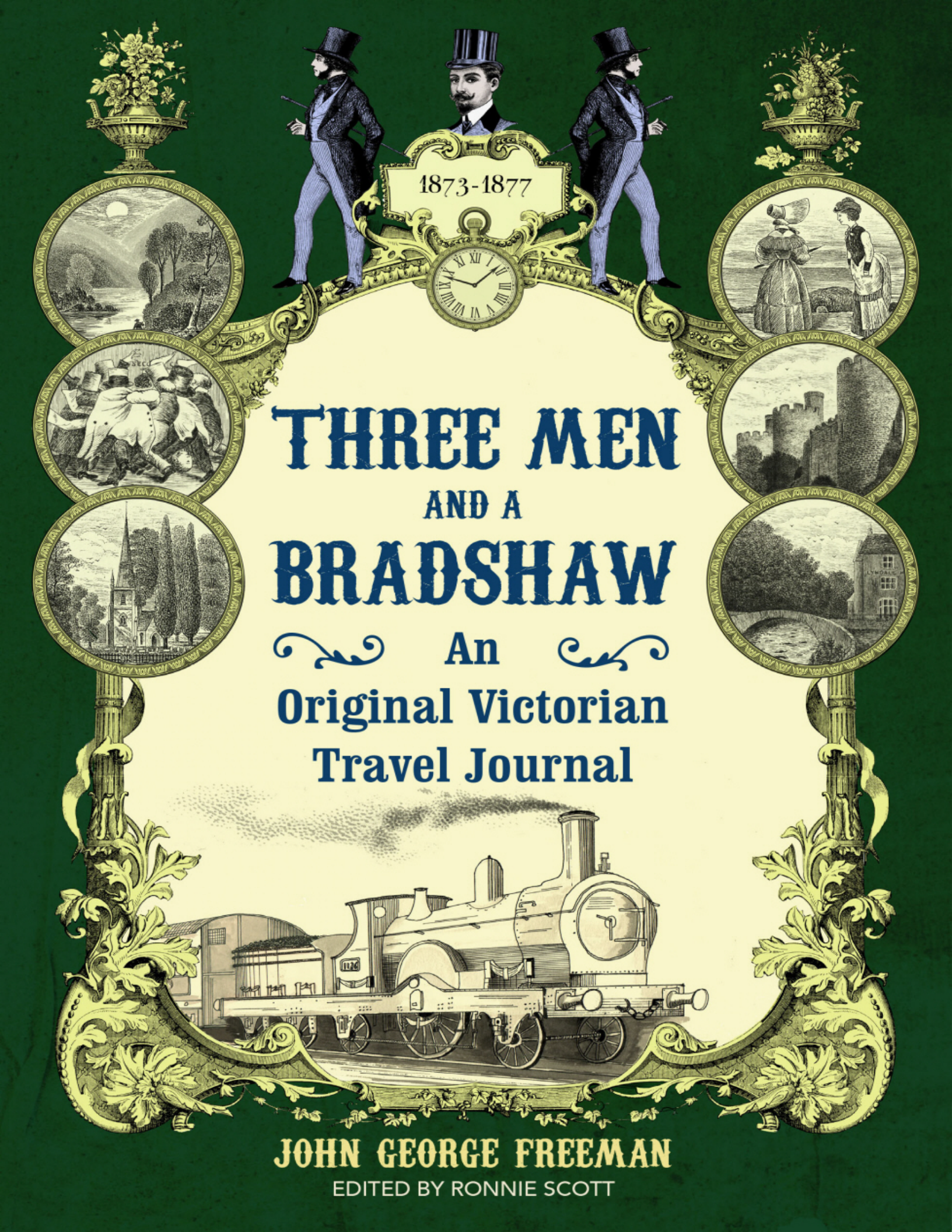

THREE MEN AND A BRADSHAW

An Original Victorian Travel Journal

JOHN GEORGE FREEMAN

EDITED BY RONNIE SCOTT

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About the Book

Wryly humorous and quintessentially British, *Three Men and a Bradshaw* collects the previously unpublished holiday journals of John Freeman, who travelled Britain with his brothers during the 1870s. Each year the trio would settle upon a destination, buy their tickets, and set off – armed, of course, with their trusty *Bradshaw's Descriptive Railway Hand-book*.

John's delightful records of their trips contain much that will resonate with the modern traveller, from the eccentricities of fellow passengers and locals to the tender mercies of the British climate. At the same time they offer insights into the experiences particular to a Victorian tourist, and are full of valuable local history on everywhere from Devon and Jersey to Scotland and Wales.

Beautifully illustrated throughout with John's original drawings, this is a fascinating and uniquely personal historical artefact, as well as an enchanting and frequently hilarious evocation of a distant but still wholly recognisable Britain.

About the Author

John George Freeman was born in 1846 in Marylebone, London. A cloth merchant by trade, he and his brothers, Charles and Joseph, were keen participants in the burgeoning mass-transit tourism of the late nineteenth century. The three brothers travelled widely across Britain in the 1870s, with John keeping beautifully illustrated journals of their adventures throughout. John died shortly after their last holiday in 1883, at the age of thirty-six.

THREE MEN
AND A
BRADSHAW

An
Original Victorian
Travel Journal

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BOOKS

FINDING JOHN GEORGE FREEMAN

> ‘Neatly written and illustrated with pen sketches, a fine example of penmanship, very much in the vein of *Three Men in a Boat*.’

These words were in the auction description for a Victorian journal written by one John George Freeman, and they immediately caught my attention. Of course it pays to be cautious about such things; it’s hardly unusual for an auction house to allow themselves a little poetic licence when describing a lot since they are keen to sell it and secure their commission. However, something made me linger over this particular entry.

Perhaps my optimism was in part due to the good fortune I’d had in the past. In similar auctions I had managed to buy the World War I diaries of Thomas Cairns Livingstone, and the World War II diaries of Colonel Rodney Foster. They became, respectively, the books *Tommy’s War* and *The Real Dad’s Army*, and I was enormously pleased and proud to have helped bring the stories of those remarkable men to a wider audience. Was this a similar literary gem waiting to be discovered?

Well, faint heart never won fair lady (or journal), so trusting in my gut feeling, I bid on and eventually won John George Freeman’s journal. A few days later Royal Mail delivered it. With great anticipation I tore away the bubble wrap and tissue paper in which it was wrapped. As soon as I began to examine the leather-bound volumes I realised that in fact the auction house had greatly understated their magnificence. I skimmed delightedly through page after page of John’s exquisitely neat handwriting, pausing now

and then to admire the incredible detail and character of the ink drawings.

It wasn't long before John's sharp wit and keen observations about Victorian society had captivated me completely. His journal seems to have an almost magical power to transport one back in time – it is so vivid, so saturated with the life and character of its author.

At the same time, the wealth of detail it contains about the locations John mentions fired my curiosity – I wanted to find out what those places were like today, and soon began to research in earnest. I was pleased to find that in spite of the fact that he was writing some 140 years ago, most of the buildings that he talks about are still standing, and most of the hotels he patronised are still in the hostelry trade. Perhaps there should be a Freeman trail where you can walk in his footsteps and relive his adventures. Certainly the brothers chose some incredibly beautiful locations for their holidays – visiting them in the name of research was no hardship!

It has taken three years to get John's work published. To use railway metaphors, the journey had a few visits to the sidings and the odd delay due to maintenance but overall the excursion was definitely first-class and the destination has turned out to be everything I could have hoped. My fellow travelling passengers have been great company (unlike many of John's carriage companions), especially Ronnie Scott, whose careful editing and footnote research has added to the wonderful scenery. I am also deeply indebted to John's descendants, who have been extremely generous in supplying additional material, namely the last two holidays in Scotland and South Wales.

It is extremely satisfying to have rescued another long-lost voice from the past. I feel both proud and privileged to have the chance to champion John's work. I also feel certain that he would love the fact that his work has now been published. I hope you enjoy reading about his

adventures; perhaps you might at some stage travel the same paths yourself. I heartily recommend it – but don’t forget your puggaree!

Shaun Sewell, Northumberland, 2015

INTRODUCTION

John George Freeman and the art of Victorian holiday travel

> To remain stationary in these times of change, when the whole world is on the move, would be a crime. Hurrah for the trip – the cheap, cheap trip.
>
> —THOMAS COOK, 1854

Tourism may now be one of the biggest industries in the world, but it was still in its infancy when John George Freeman and his brothers took to the railways and highways of Great Britain during the 1870s. We are fortunate that John recorded their travels in meticulous detail, illustrating his wry prose with sketches that might easily grace the pages of any Victorian periodical. *Three Men and a Bradshaw* brings together five of John's holiday journals, giving the modern reader a rare insight into the experiences of a Victorian holidaymaker.

We first meet our 'three men' at the start of their trip to Jersey in September 1873. They are John George Freeman, our diarist, aged 27, his older brother Joseph Henry Freeman (28) and his younger brother Charles James Freeman (23).

John was born in 1846 in Marylebone, London, one of the five children of Ann and Joseph Henry Freeman. The family had lived in Marylebone from the early 19th century, and by 1841 they were residing in Norfolk Street (now Cleveden Street), where Charles Dickens also spent several years of his early life.

The Freemans were in the tailoring trade, and at the time of the diaries Joseph was working as a tailor, while Charles

ran a tailoring business at 134 Regent Street, Mayfair, very close to the renowned Savile Row. George, another brother, who partnered John in his trek through South Wales, was also connected with 134 Regent Street. In addition, John refers to his father, ‘who keeps a shop for breeches’. John himself was a mercantile clerk in a cotton warehouse, run by De Lannoy & Nash, Warehousemen, of 14 Friday Street, in the City of London close to the Mansion House.

As the reader will discover, the brothers sometimes travelled with additional companions. Others who took part in their trips are Lucy, who married Joseph Freeman in 1872 and lived with him in Balham with their young son (born June 1873), and Edward Falkner, a draper who lived in Camberwell.

His journals show that John was a respectable and God-fearing member of the commercial lower-middle class. Like others in his family, he was a committed member of the Baptist Church, a singer in a leading Sol-fa choir and an adherent of the Temperance cause. John and his brothers worshipped at the popular Soho Chapel, 406 Oxford Street, but when on tour were willing to sample the services of a variety of Protestant churches, from an English Wesleyan chapel in North Wales to Dunkeld Cathedral (Church of Scotland).

The Freemans may have been somewhat puritan in their social and religious outlook, but they found great enjoyment in the worldly pleasures that a holiday could deliver, and were early adopters of the low-cost tourism that new forms of mass transit – particularly the railways – made possible.

Tourism, as an activity for individuals, depends on the availability of two things – surplus money and surplus time. Real income increased for most workers in the last quarter of the 19th century, and better employers offered a 56-hour working week (which was enshrined in law in 1874). That

said, there was no compulsion for employers to provide paid holidays until the Holidays with Pay Act of 1938.

The Railway Regulation Act 1844 obliged railway companies to provide third-class accommodation on many services, which helped working-class people to afford holidays at distant resorts. This legislation, which was intended to help people find work, included a luggage allowance of 56 pounds, which of course was very useful for the holidaymaker. Competition between train companies also helped to keep fares low.

John and his family were clearly making enough money to afford both time away from work and the expenses of holiday-making, but the diaries nonetheless contain many examples of prudence, if not parsimony. These holidays were still a luxury.

Each year John would ask his family and friends if they wanted to holiday with him, the party would consult their *Bradshaw's Descriptive Railway Hand-book* to help narrow their choices, and they would choose a destination. George Bradshaw's guide would reveal what opportunities the railways offered for combining trains with walking in their chosen area, and a local guide book would help in planning a route.

George Bradshaw, a mapmaker and engraver, published his first guide to railway travel in 1839, and his annual handbooks quickly became essential reading for travellers. They combined timetables for the various regional and national railway operators with descriptions of routes and destinations, helping travellers to plan journeys and choose holiday locations. Where appropriate we have included extracts from Bradshaw in this book to supplement John's own observations.

Victorian holidaymakers did not necessarily have to make their travel arrangements themselves, since this period also saw the birth of the travel agent. In 1875, the Freeman brothers bought their train tickets in advance from Thomas

Cook & Son, which had opened its first London outlet a few years earlier at 98 Fleet Street, and had then established their headquarters in Ludgate Circus by 1873.

The Fleet Street shop was supervised by John Mason Cook, son of the founder, and sold travel tickets, guide books, maps, bags and cases, telescopes and stout footwear. John may have bought his first copy of Bradshaw from John Cook himself.

Patronising the Cooks' business would have appealed to the brothers, since Thomas Cook was a Baptist who began his business organising train trips for Temperance believers in Leicester to travel to public meetings in nearby towns.

John's writing reveals much about the typical Victorian tourist experience, with its focus on scenic walking routes, pleasure boats, gardens and other attractions to amuse and engage the traveller – not to mention a plethora of guides (in person and in print) waiting to help the tourist to enjoy their temporary surroundings.

But while Thomas Cook championed mass travel and large-scale resorts such as Blackpool, Morecambe, Brighton, Bournemouth and Scarborough, the Freemans used the infrastructure of mass travel to visit rural and coastal areas that had been made accessible by the railways and travel industry, but not commercialised to the same extent.

The brothers seem to have been drawn to scenery, romantic ruins, landscape and fresh air. They were certainly benefiting from the timetabled trains and affordable accommodation that the burgeoning tourist industry offered, but John and his brothers wanted time and space for contemplation, not the organised entertainment of the promenade and the bandstand.

In this sense, John, Joseph and Charles were also in the vanguard of a new way of looking at nature which came, perhaps surprisingly, from the way people viewed

paintings. The language they adopted was derived from art galleries, not the open air: they adored the picturesque (views that looked like pictures), they admired the scenery (views that looked like the scenes in which people or events were portrayed) and appreciated landscapes (views like those paintings that were dramatic or sublime enough to fill a canvas without foreground figures).

Previous generations regarded wild seas as treacherous, mountains as dangerous and thick forests as hiding places for savage beasts. Romantic writers such as Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Byron and Coleridge hugely influenced how people saw ‘untamed’ and ‘wild’ nature, making it awe-inspiring rather than terrifying.

However, it would be misleading to suggest that the Freemans spent all of their time in silent contemplation whilst on holiday. For one thing, they adored singing; the brothers were active in the Tonic Sol-fa movement, which had been established in the 1840s by John Curwen, a Congregationalist minister.

Curwen and his followers assigned names to the seven tones of the major scale, a system that was far easier to read and remember than traditional musical notation. The names, familiar to many people from the film *The Sound of Music*, are: doh, ray, me, fah, soh, lah and te. The system allowed people without formal musical education to quickly become competent in learning new songs and in choral singing. Curwen first used Sol-fa to teach his Sunday School students to sing hymns, and went on to make such a success of the sight-reading technique that by 1891 around 2.5 million people in Britain were being taught in this way.

John was a member of Joseph Proudman’s Sol-fa choir, which was made up of 70 male and female singers, and which had competed in the annual competition organised by the Tonic Sol-fa Association in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, in 1873; he also played the cello.

On holiday, the brothers were keen to use the hymn books and tune books they were familiar with, not only because they were in Sol-fa notation, but also because they contained the hymns and psalms acceptable to Baptists and other Dissenters. The volumes included *A Collection of Hymns* (Methodist, 1870) and *The Bristol Tune Book: A Manual of Tunes and Chants* (first published 1863).

The journals also showcase John's wry observational humour and his wonderful sketches. In his account of his holiday in Jersey, he credits the magazines *Punch* and *Fun* with influencing his 'would-be humorous' drawings, and certainly the style of the former publication can also be seen in his writing, in which he blends observation and opinion, and uses a wide range of allusions to classical literature, the Bible and various Dissenter hymns and psalms, as well as secular choral favourites.

John's topics and style are also reminiscent of two bestselling Victorian authors of English comic novels. The first of these is George Grossmith, whose *Diary of a Nobody* was first published in serial form in *Punch*, beginning in 1888. It documents the life of Charles Pooter, a fictional City of London clerk struggling to negotiate the proprieties of life in a middle-class household in Holloway. Grossmith's book is a light comedy of manners, but delivered with sharp wit and much irony. Pooter undermines his rigid respectability with his dutiful recording of trivia and pretentious thoughts on everyday life. The accompanying illustrations, by George's brother Weedon Grossmith, also bear some resemblance to John's comic sketches.

By coincidence, George Grossmith grew up in Marylebone within a few hundred yards of John and their paths may have crossed when Grossmith was a reporter at Bow Street Magistrates Court and John worked in Regent Street. John may well have seen the Grossmith brothers' early contributions to *Punch* before the hugely popular

Pooter diaries (which were published later than John was writing).

The other late-Victorian author with close similarities in style and content is Jerome K. Jerome, probably best known for *Three Men in a Boat*, to which of course this book owes its title. It was first published in 1889, and details a boating holiday on the Thames undertaken by three men and a dog. Jerome combines a travelogue delivered with observational humour and slapstick with a more subtle satire on the pretensions of Victorian society.

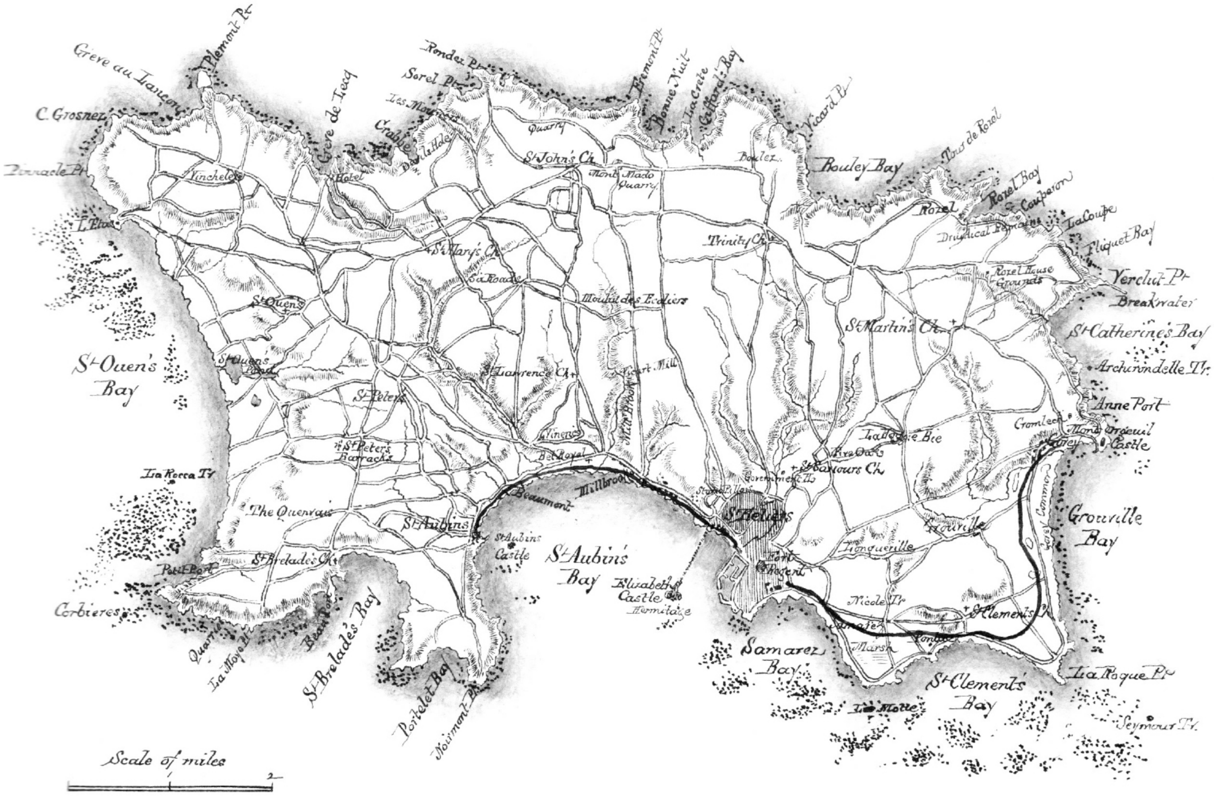
John was writing before these two English comic classics were published, but he was certainly living, reading and writing in the same circles. His diaries emerged from the same literary and social traditions, with strong but flawed narrators moving through unsettling times. John's journals can therefore be seen as prequels to these Victorian bestsellers, combining the comedy and pathos of the Grossmith brothers with the wit and relish of Jerome.

Sadly, John died at the age of 36, shortly after the brothers' last holiday in 1883. His diaries live on, however, as a fitting memorial to a keen observer of the early years of the travel industry, and of the changing times in which he and his brothers lived.

The journals clearly have great value as documents of social and cultural history. Just as importantly, though, they transport the reader irresistibly into John Freeman's world, a world of simple pleasures: feasting on fresh buttered rolls on a quayside, walking through the countryside on a sunny day, bursting into song on a scenic hillside. Everyday life for the modern reader may seem more exciting, faster and more frantic, but perhaps we can all learn something from the Freemans.

Ronnie Scott, 2015

JERSEY 1873.


Greve au Lancon
Plemont Pt.
C. Grosnez
Pinnacle Pt.
Greve de Lecq
Sorel Pt.
St. John's Ch.
Bouley Bay
Rozel
Vicard Pt.
Tour de Rozel
Rozel Bay
La Coupe
Fliquet Bay
Verclut Pt.
Breakwater
St. Catherine's Bay
Archirondelle Tr.
Anne Port
Mont Orgueil Castle
Gromlech
Gorey
Grouville Bay
Grouville
St. Martin's Ch.
Trinity Ch.
St. Mary's Ch.
St. Ouens
St. Ouen's Bay
St. Lawrence Ch.
St. Peters
St. Peter's Barracks
La Rocca Tr.
The Quenvais
St. Aubins
St. Aubin's Castle
St. Aubin's Bay
St. Brelade's Ch.
St. Brelade's Bay
Corbieres
Portelet Bay
Noirmont Pt.
Elizabeth Castle
Hermitage
St. Heliers
Fort Regent
Samarez Bay
St. Clements
St. Clement's Bay
La Rocque Pt.
Seymour Tr.
Longueville
Marsh
Scale of miles
1
2

PROLOGUE

Charley and I had asked ourselves,
‘Where shall we go this year?’
And Jersey was decided on,
Though ’twould be rather dear.

When Joseph said to me one day:
‘I think we’ll come with you,
‘But much I fear that mal de mer
‘Will visits make to Lu.’

‘By all means,’ I to him replied,
‘So be it as you say,
‘And let us hope old Nep won’t wish
‘For tribute on that day.’

Now just a few short days before
We had arranged to start,
A gent came o’er from Camberwell,
And opened thus his heart:

‘O pity please to take on me,
‘I am a friendless lad,
‘Permettez-moi to go with you,
‘And I shall then be glad.’

To him retorted Charles and I
In deprecating tone:
‘We don’t want to offend, but we
‘Would rather go alone.’

But Joseph sent a little note,
With words dulcét and mild;

Said he: ‘Why you can come with us,
‘And be our little child.’

So off we on our travels went,
And if you’re so inclined,
A full account of all our deeds
By reading on you’ll find.[fn1]

THURSDAY 11 SEPTEMBER

Time: 8.35 p.m. The scene: the platform of Waterloo Station.[fn2] Principal persons thereon – as far as this diary is concerned – Edward Falkner Esq., the noted Camberwell draper, Charles Freeman of the 'Lane', and his fraternal relative John, all resolved to have a holiday and enjoy it, or know the reason why not. This trio was waiting for a married couple hailing from Balham, Joseph and Lucy Freeman by name, as the quintet had agreed to make an invasion of the island of Jersey, wind and weather permitting. These individuals at last arrived and after mutual congratulations Joseph purchased five little slips of paper – intrinsically worth about one farthing – for the enormous sum of nine pounds and ten shillings sterling, then we took possession of the compartment of a second-class railway carriage and at 9 o'clock precisely off we started on our expedition, for better or worse. Be it here recorded that though it was a 'mail' train ladies were allowed to travel therein, and notwithstanding the fact that Charles and myself are unmarried (and according to all appearances likely to remain so) we did not speculate in 'single' tickets. The conversation consisted of such pleasant subjects as railway accidents and sea-sickness: with regard to the former, we felt tolerably safe, as one had happened a day or two previously, which of course would make the officials more careful for the time being; as to the latter Charley and I had done our best to avoid the inconvenience arising therefrom by coming to a close acquaintance with some of Mr Morison's numerous family and having a capital meal at home before we started, while the Camberwellonian was in possession of Nux vomica to which as a specific charm he occasionally resorted.[fn3]

At Woking we stretched our legs for a few minutes on the platform and then rattled on again. There were but two other occupants of our compartment besides ourselves and they were very quiet, not to say morose; however, we were merry enough and certainly made sufficient noise for seven. At Basingstoke, ten minutes is allowed for refreshments etc., during which time we alighted and among other deeds inspected the postal carriage.

This is specially fitted up and provided with a great number of pigeon holes, wherein to place the letters for various towns, and by this means the sorting is being rapidly accomplished whilst the train is going at full speed.[fn4] Here also the two persons of the male persuasion before mentioned journeyed to the next compartment. Whether the two ladies there were of any attraction I know not, but am rather inclined to think we were too merry for their peace of mind. One could certainly say: 'And melancholy marked them for her own.'[fn5] Anyhow, we unanimously passed them a vote of thanks and appreciated their room more than their company.

THE TIMES, WEDNESDAY 3 SEPTEMBER 1873

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT

(By Telegraph) Hartlepool, 2 September

Today, about half-past 12 o'clock, the passenger train from Sunderland was approaching Hartlepool Station at a speed of nearly 20 miles an hour, when, just after passing Trinity Junction, the engine left the rails, dragging after it three third-class carriages and one second-class. The engine struck the buttress of a massive timber footbridge which crosses the line at this point, hurling it to the ground, and with it two boys named Coward and Gill. One of them sustained a severe concussion of the brain, and the other a fractured skull. The bulk of the bridge fell upon the first carriage, smashing it completely to pieces, and burying its four inmates. A strong body of workmen was soon on the spot, and it was ascertained that Joseph Talbot, tailor, of Thornley, had been frightfully crushed and internally hurt. He was conveyed to the hospital, but expired on the road. Michael Watson, son of a blacksmith at Thornley, had his right leg fearfully injured. No hopes of his recovery are entertained. A woman named Webb, belonging to Wheatley Hill Colliery, was also injured on the head and the legs. She was conveyed to the Bridge Hotel, where she now lies. A fourth occupant of the carriage escaped unhurt, as also did the driver and fireman, George Short and Thomas Murrell. Had the accident happened at the dinner hour, when the bridge is usually crowded, the loss of life would have been appalling.

It was nearly midnight before we reached Southampton, when the engine was taken off and horses proceeded to draw us down to the docks; meanwhile we wrote postcards and sent them to record our safe arrival. Immediately on boarding our steamer the ‘Southampton’, everyone rushed below to secure a berth by putting therein an overcoat, umbrella, bag etc.[fn6] There are but 21 of these in the second-class cabin (which we occupied), each of which is about six feet long, three wide and two high and is provided with a very necessary utensil resting on an iron ring in the corner so as to be ready for an emergency.[fn7] It appears that in the high season the accommodation is quite insufficient to supply the wants of the numerous passengers; it is then a case of ‘first come first served’ and the unfortunate ones must do as best they can. However, on this occasion we had room to spare. Went up for a short time on deck but, though a fine night, it was cold and very damp, so thinking we had better obtain a little rest while possible, we each retired to our respective berths, but it was some time before I fell to sleep owing to the strangeness of the place.

FRIDAY 12 SEPTEMBER

2.30 a.m. ‘Hark I hear an angel calling’, at least so it seemed, but on becoming thoroughly awake I found it was Lucy saying ‘Joseph! Joseph!’ However, that individual did not seem at all inclined to answer, so soundly was he sleeping. This being the case, I tumbled out and ascertained that the said lady wished for her shawl as she felt queer, and thought she would be better on deck. So I roused Joseph and he (though against Lucy’s wish) accompanied her to the upper region. My sleep was rendered rather uneasy by the rattle of the aforementioned utensil against the iron ring by various performers who had by this time commenced in grim earnest. Some time after this, Joseph came from above to borrow the brandy flask for Lucy, who was very ill indeed. Charles, who had possession of this article, was half asleep and half awake, and whilst he was fumbling among his things, Joseph felt an inward movement and cried out: ‘Make haste Charley, for goodness sake!’ Truth compels me to state that the speed was not sufficient, and my eldest brother … but let us draw a veil over the scene. He rushed on deck and could not be prevailed upon to descend during the voyage.

About 5.30 a.m. I awoke and tried to persuade Charley to get up, but was unsuccessful. However, half an hour later he did so, and I followed his example, but unfortunately at this juncture a sudden qualm took possession of me. Knowing that ‘he gives twice who gives quickly’, I obeyed the generous impulses of my nature and gave Neptune his due to the amount of that coin which is supposed to be purposely made to enable Scotchmen to

give to charitable objects, viz, one farthing. Having thus paid my footing, I was perfectly well during the remainder of the journey.

Arriving on deck, I found many persons engaged in the medical problem known as ‘casting up their accounts’, which they accomplished by adding to the washy deep, subtracting from their own persons, and multiplying the fishes’ food. 7.30 a.m. Passed the isle of Alderney and the Casquets, these grim-looking rocks standing far out at sea, upon which are placed three towers with revolving lights which can be seen at a distance of 20 miles in fine weather to guard the mariner from venturing in that direction.[fn8] Edward now appeared on deck, wrapped in a railway rug that gave him the appearance of a ‘spotted leopard’, pretending to feel very ill. Soon after this, the sailors began hauling the cargo from the hold, which occupation continued and afforded us amusement till 9.30 a.m., when we arrived in Guernsey.

BLACK ON THE NIGHT MAIL

Via Southampton, daily direct service (Sundays excepted). The night mail (9 p.m. except Saturdays, when it is 5.15 p.m.), from London (Waterloo Station) carries a mail for the Channel Islands, leaving Southampton Docks for Guernsey and Jersey every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday throughout the year at 11.45 p.m., Saturdays at 8.30 p.m. This service is performed by powerful steamers. In fine weather, the boat should reach Guernsey at 8 a.m. and Jersey at 10 a.m. Passengers may travel by any previous train. The railway carriages go alongside the steamer at Southampton, and luggage is placed on board without trouble or expense. Fares: Through from London, 31 shillings and 21 shillings. Return (one month), 45 shillings and 35 shillings. Southampton to the islands, 20 shillings and 14 shillings. Return, 33 shillings and 23 shillings. Steward’s Fees included.

—*Black’s Guide to Jersey*
(Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1870)

Pleasures of a sea voyage

This seems a pleasant-looking place, but though the weather was dry it was not at all a bright morning. One of our fellow passengers, who had been in these regions before, gave us the information that refreshments were to be obtained here on shore at prices very much below those charged on the steamer, which are exorbitant, viz, sixpence for a cup of tea or coffee and other things in proportion. So Edward and Charley took his advice and rushed off whilst I stayed with Lucy, as Joseph had disappeared in the nether regions. As soon as he came on deck I followed suit, but hardly knew which direction to take till I saw Charley in a very excited state of mind, his mouth full and frantically waving aloft a piece of bread and butter. I followed, and indulged in a beautifully hot cup of coffee, roll and butter, all for the sum of two pence.

We would have repeated the dose but were afraid of missing the boat, which does not stop for any stated time but only sufficiently long to land the cargo. I cannot believe that this refreshment stall is opened for the gain of filthy lucre, but would rather think that it is supported by some charitable philanthropist who may, having been in the same position as ourselves, have resolved that henceforth the suffering and hungry of humanity should be benefited by having a cup of hot – not warm – coffee in place of the ‘Chops of the Channel’ which

had been our sole nutriment since leaving England.[fn9] If such be the case, may blessings rest on him whoever he may be.

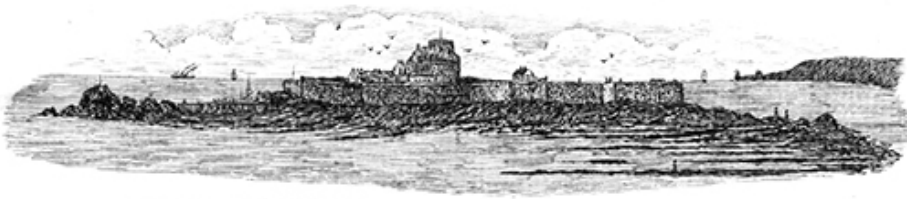
10 a.m. Steamer started off again, Lucy and Joseph not having been able to breakfast in the regions of bliss. Discovery made by Charley in the course of conversation that the before mentioned individual who had informed us of the coffee at Guernsey is a Sol-fa-ist and, more than that, belongs to Venables' choir.[fn10] Of course, we immediately commenced an animated discussion and very soon convinced him of the error of Mr V's ways.

Jersey at last. Passed the Corbiere rocks, on which a lighthouse is in course of construction; also St Brelade's Bay, which looks very pretty from this standpoint.[fn11]

1 p.m. St Helier. This town is situated on St Aubin's Bay and has a very fine harbour built of granite or, more strictly speaking, three overlapping each other. On landing we handed our luggage over to a carrier for safe custody, and then proceeded towards the town. I had heard that lodging house touts abound here, and was just congratulating myself that the story was a gross exaggeration when I saw a flock of them waiting for their prey, who as they came from the steamer were at once surrounded. Having our greatcoats over our shoulders and an umbrella apiece, we were rather conspicuous personages and consequently the objects of their special attention.

This being the case, we formed a very imposing procession down the quay, having for escort a vehicle from the top of which the driver made orations while eight or ten persons, some of whom were certainly the reverse of respectable, card in hand dilated upon the advantages of being taken in and done for by their respective employers. At last we divided into two parties, but they did the same and before long we were in possession of a fine collection of cards. When some desisted, fresh faces returned to the charge like flies on a piece of raw meat. Some were catering for hotels, some boarding houses and some private apartments which, if they spoke the truth, were each and all little short of perfection. One old man was particularly attentive, but we were warned against him by one of his opponents who said with great vehemence: 'Don't listen to that old liar, Sir, his place won't do for you, Sir!'

1.30 p.m. Seeing that we could not do much in so large a body (Parsonage stuck to us like a leech) we deputed the two seniors to make an exploration for the company, whilst we others made our way to the Albert Pier and waited, promising to meet at the railway station in an hour.[fn12] Thinking to 'make hay while the sun shone', I did my best to make a sketch of Elizabeth Castle, which stands out in the bay about a mile from the mainland; it is quite surrounded by water at high tide, but can be approached at low water over what is called a natural bridge consisting of stones thrown together by the action of the waves. It is said that once upon a time the whole of what is now St Aubin's Bay was fertile land, but the sea has changed all that.



Elizabeth Castle

2.30 p.m. Off to the railway station, but could see no Joseph or the 'spotted leopard'. I then explained to Parsonage that I hoped he would not allow us to keep him, as our friends did not seem successful in their search; he thought he would not and accordingly took up his quarters at Shaw's Hotel. Whilst speaking, I saw the two wanderers behind him but said nothing, as I did not care to have for a companion one of whom we knew absolutely nothing. I do not know that I should like to have a parson always with us, much less a Parsonage.

The result of their explorations was that they had not found anything at a reasonable figure which was suitable, and experienced some difficulty in obtaining three bedrooms. It was now past 3 p.m. so we all started on another tour and after several enquiries Edward and I knocked at the door of No. 16 Royal Parade, where the rooms seemed just what we wanted. On enquiring the terms of the interesting female in charge, she replied at first one shilling and sixpence per head a day which is, according to Cocker, £2.12.6, but which seemed to her equal to

25 shillings per week, and she even offered to make a reduction on this as we were going out to acquaint the others with our good fortune.[fn13] Having found them, they were of our opinion, so we took possession at once and were very glad to divest ourselves of all encumbrances and have a good wash.

Of one thing there could be no question, viz, that we were all in possession of remarkably good appetites but nothing wherewith to satiate them, so the question was: Shall it be the chops? (as they can be quickly cooked), to which the answer was soon given. 'Certainly, chops and tomato sauce, yours etc. Pickwick'.[fn14] While the necessary purchases were being made, I went to Ann Street to order our boxes to be sent up, but – owing to the motion of the boat and the want of food I suppose – was very giddy and had some difficulty in making progress. However, by the time I returned, dinner was ready and so was I. By the way of welcome a pianoforte downstairs struck up 'The King of the Cannibal Islands', but I hope his majesty does not reside here or our holiday may not be so pleasant as we have anticipated, especially if he takes a liking to cold ex-superintendent, ex-secretary or librarian for dinner.[fn15]

This very necessary meal having finally disappeared, we of the male persuasion strolled through the town to the College Grounds. A fine view is obtained from this quarter as it is very lofty, but the smoke from the houses spoilt the effect to a great extent. The town consists mostly of narrow streets. King Street is the great thoroughfare and contains some large and exceedingly long shops; the streets nearly in every case have English titles, but the inhabitants' French names are the rule, 'Le Sueur' being very common.[fn16] On reaching home we found Parsonage had been enquiring after us, wishing to know where we intended going tomorrow, so I suppose he will be under our window early in the morning. Wrote home, but were all very sleepy and glad to go to bed.

SATURDAY 13 SEPTEMBER

6.50 a.m. Rose and called my compatriots, but Joseph was so overcome by his exertions of yesterday that he was not clothed till nearly 8 o'clock when, as it had been raining, we of the male

persuasion, umbrellas in hand, strolled through the markets, of which there is one each devoted to fruit, vegetables, meat and fish. The contents of the first named are very plentiful and magnificent in quality, causing us almost to exclaim: ‘Oh for a thousand tongues!’[fn17] Near here are several houses which are great objects of curiosity in as much as they have lost any ideas of the perpendicular they may have once possessed, and resemble their brother the leaning Tower of Pisa.

After breakfast, which by the aid of eggs and bacon we managed to put out of sight, the subject of discussion was ‘How should we spend the day?’ While talking, the veritable Parsonage appeared and gave us the benefit of his advice, which was to go out on a car; these are vehicles peculiar to the island holding about 25 persons, drawn by four horses and driven at a great pace in a rather reckless manner, turning sharp corners in a remarkably rapid style. Half a dozen different proprietors send out these cars every morning and as they are all provided with a guide to name the places of interest etc. it is a very good means of seeing the various points of interest.

10.20 a.m. Accordingly, Joseph, Parsonage and I rallied forth and had not gone far before we met the Royal Blue Car, upon which we mounted and were driven round the town in order to pick up any would-be excursionists, but as it looked as if it would rain every minute, people did not seem on pleasure bent. Calling at No. 16, we took in the other three numbers of our party, also our topcoats and umbrellas, and it was 11.20 a.m. before we fairly started, having two car-loads of tourists.

Our guide, who is known by the name of ‘Joe the Royal Blue Guide’, has a very ready fund of wit, though he sometimes ‘draws the bow at a venture’,[fn18] as may be inferred from the following fair specimen of his eloquence:

BLACK ON EXCURSION CARS

An excellent means of obtaining a general view of the whole island is afforded by the excursion cars which start every morning for different parts, returning in the afternoon. The

cars remain at the most interesting places in the island a sufficient time to admit of their being leisurely inspected. A different route may be taken each day. The fare is 2s. Route 1 (Monday): Gallows Hill, Mount Cochon, St John's, 'Creux Terrible' or Devil's Hole, Mouriers Waterfalls, Sorel (lunch provided), La Lavoir des Dames, Mont-Mado Quarries, Frémont Point, Bonne-Nuit Bay, Proscrit's Obelisk, Sion Cemetery, Rouge Bouillon.

'Ladies and gentlemen, on the right is Gallows Hill, where until lately gentlemen not friendly with the government were often elevated in a pendent position so as to have plenty of fresh air.'

'Now gentlemen, no smoking abaft the funnel!'

'On the left is Martello Tower and you will please observe over the entrance the hole from which boiling lead was poured on any assailant.'

'Here is also the house where Mr and Mrs Manning were captured and at Rose Dale, King Charles the Second lived in 1845.' (expressions of surprise) 'Oh no! I mean 1645!'

'Perhaps, gentlemen, you are good at riddles. If so, you may be able to tell me what relation a loaf is to a railroad? ...Give up? Why, mother of course; the first is a necessity, the second an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.'

And so he from time to time kept us alive and had plenty to say for himself.

The scenery as we drove along was very pretty, though several smart showers fell and, as we were obliged to put up our umbrellas, this interfered both with the view and our comfort. The railroad runs down to St Aubin's Bay and in one part hangs over the beach so that when the sea is very rough, the traffic is suspended. Near St Aubins, as we were slowly ascending a hill, our guide said he would with our permission sing a song, and forthwith gave the nursery rhyme 'The death of Cock Robin'. We were all supposed to join in the chorus, which ended every verse and was as follows:

> All the birds in the air were sighing and sobbing
> When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin

After this he favoured us with 'Hurrah for Jersey' with chorus, and then we arrived at St Brelade's Bay; here we all dismounted and preceded by the guide visited St Brelades Church; this edifice dates from 1111 but has little more to recommend it than