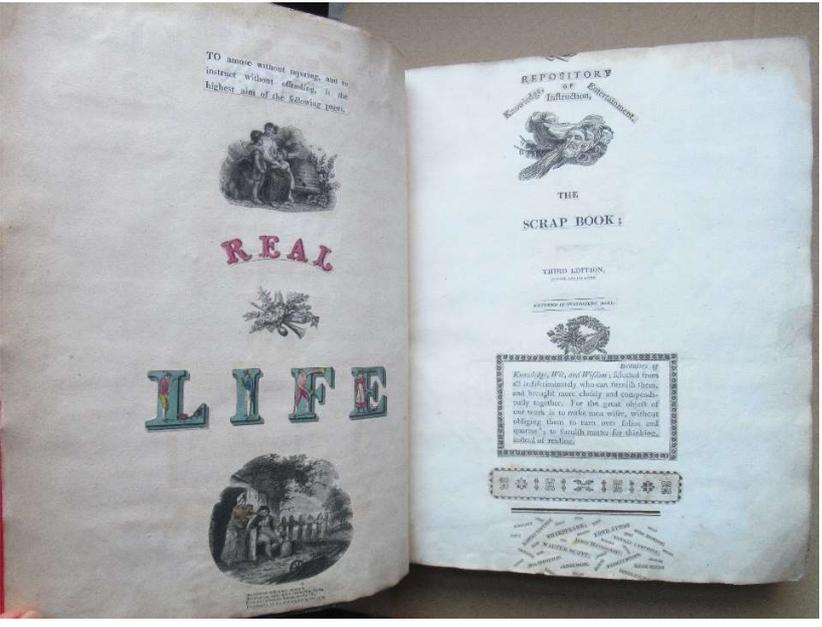


1. **Becket, Elizabeth. A Scrap Book compiled by Elizabeth Becket of Newark, Nottinghamshire in 1828/1829.**



An ambitious and beautifully curated scrap book from the late-Georgian period, comprising approximately 237 pages of scraps, with, additionally, 6 pages of cut out signatures and a ticket for the trial of Warren Hastings. The signatures appear in the main to be those of political figures, and include: the Prime Minister, Henry John Temple, 3rd Viscount Palmerston; the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell; Governor-General of India, William Pitt Amherst, 1st Earl Amherst; Speaker of the House of Commons, Charles Abbot, 1st Baron Colchester; First Lord of the Admiralty and quite instrumental during the Napoleonic Wars, Robert Dundas, 2nd Viscount Melville, English Quaker, abolitionist and activist, Joseph Sturge; notorious reactionary and caricaturists favourite, Charles de Laet Waldo Sibthorp and the writer and journalist, notable for the Dick Turpin penny dreadful, 'The Blue Dwarf',

Percy Bolingbroke St John. The majority of the scrap-book seems to be contemporary, or prior, to the 1828/29 date indicated on the title page, but there are also tipped in letters from 1837 and 1847 and, towards the rear, opposite a page of coats of arms, is another letter from 1865. It has been re-backed, not recently, maintaining the majority of the original green calf binding, which is decorated in gilt and blind with a title label to the spine, the boards are bumped, scuffed and slightly marked with heavy bumping to the corners and some loss of leather. The binding is reasonably firm, the original marbled endpapers and pastedown's have been retained with a decorative leather ownership label to the front pastedown. One page, on the heroes of Waterloo, has had a cutting cut out, several pages have neat tissue repairs and the gutters have been sympathetically and neatly repaired. A possible candidate for the compiler was born in Newark in 1806, the daughter of another Elizabeth, who was a gentlewoman. The quality of the scrap book and the access to the materials it contains suggests a wealthy family of some standing, so that would seem a plausible match. There are effectively four title pages, with some highly skilled collage work which wouldn't look out of place on the cover of a 1960s psychedelic or 1970s punk album, and exude a joyous, anarchic energy. The main bulk of the book lives up to the title pages and is densely packed and interestingly arranged; a section on fashion might be boldly juxtaposed with a page of cuttings on The Plague, and there's a happy balance between text and images that ensures the peruser's experience is never dull. There are sections on: the royal family, natural history, architecture, topography, literature, the heroes of Waterloo, Byron and the theatre. One of the most enjoyable objects I have been fortunate enough to catalogue, still fulfilling its stated purpose: "To amuse without injuring, and to instruct without offending" some 190 years after its creation.



**£1,800**

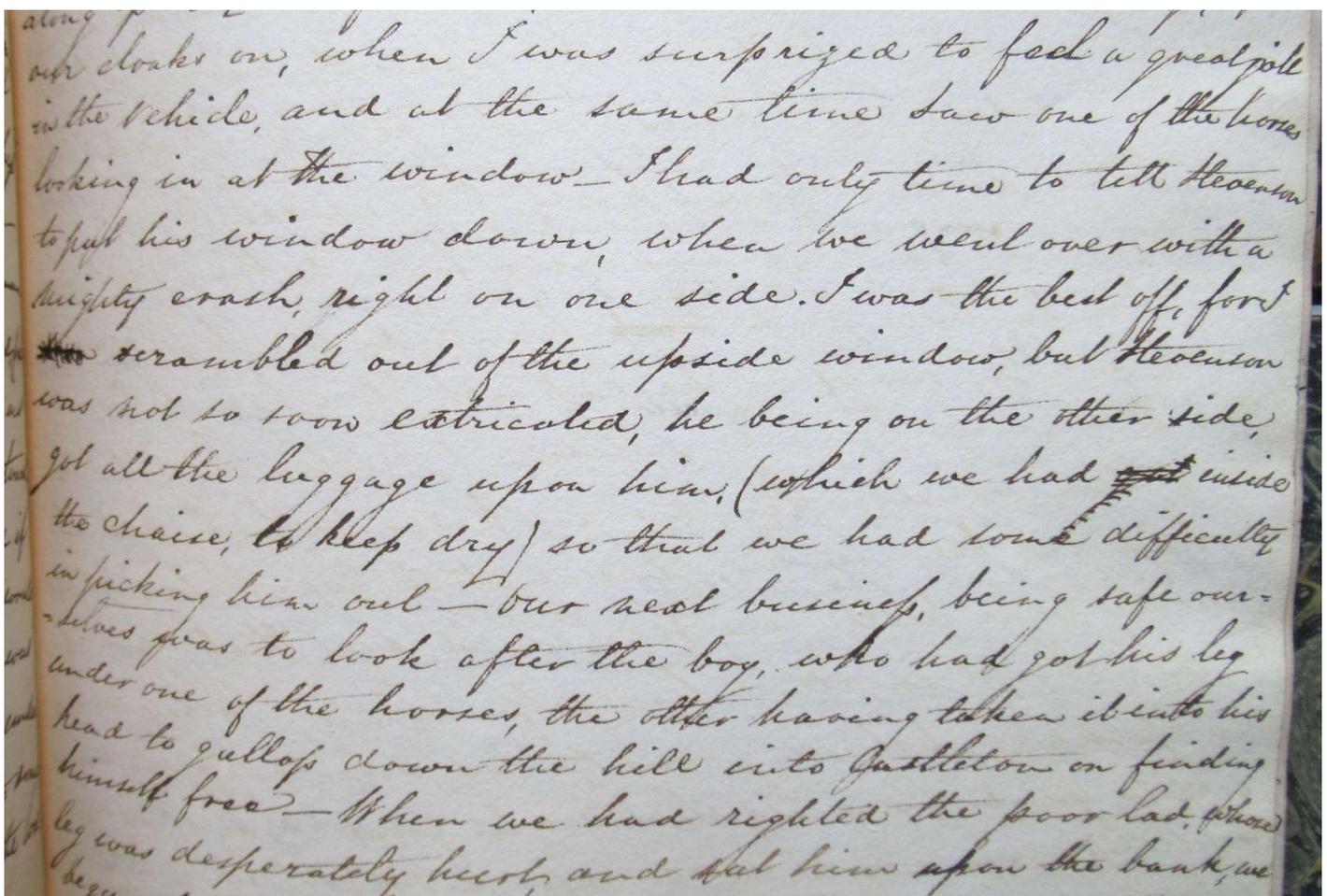
2. **Hurley, Henry Wright. Five travel journals – 1829 - 1832 & 1842, to Wales, Scotland, the West of England and the Lakes.**

Five wonderfully legible, detailed, varied and entertaining travel journals, three with a generous peppering of souvenir prints. The writer is a self-described gentleman, a man of sensibility and a “poor bachelor”. The latter phrase applying during the first four journals, which are accounts of trips taken in consecutive autumns at the end of the Georgian era, or the long-eighteenth century. These show a country in flux, with the railways emerging and the consequences of the Reform Bill, which is dragging its sluggish bulk through parliament. The author, Henry, takes pride in interacting with all levels of society, enjoying and recording conversation with the aristocracy, commercial travellers, soldiers, veterans and Quakers. The 1830 journal includes extensive details of a long stay in the Spa town of Cheltenham, following a sighting of the future Queen in Malvern. The 1832 journal has some grim passages, cholera is rife in Bristol and Swansea, the wealthy are fleeing, funerals are continuous, trade is vanishing to Liverpool and the effects of the rioting in Queen Square are still very visible. The 1831 Scottish journal includes a long description of a trip on the recently opened Liverpool to Manchester Railway and a meeting with Patrick Sellar, of Highland clearance and Gaelic language suppression notoriety. The fifth journal is written a decade later, at the beginning of the Victorian era, by a man now seemingly in or approaching middle age and married. All are signed by H. Wright Hurley, or H. R. H., with dates and titles. An address is given as Conduit Street, and there are records of a Henry Wright Hurley, who owns an Upholsterers and Cabinet Makers business at 61 Conduit St, dissolving a partnership in 1846. A possible birth date is 1806/07 and a travel companion in the fifth journal, presumably his wife, is referred to as “Bella”. Physical descriptions and notes on the contents of all five journals follow.

£5000



**Journal of a short tour to the lakes of Westmorland & Cumberland in the autumn of 1829** (22nd August to 10th September). Medium sized notebook (approx. 8 1/4" by 6 3/4"), bound in red calf, with orange marbled boards, endpapers and page edges, some scuffing and bumping, minor loss to the spine ends, the binding firm. Comprises a title page and 83 pages of journal, with no blanks. Henry is accompanied by a young friend, Mr Edward Stevenson, they travel by coach, one of the passengers is compared to a Walter Scott character: "This person put me much in mind of Dandie Dinmont, a man of immense size & large boned, and to judge from his countenance, well acquainted with rough weather". Miles covered in the day are mentioned and they cover 126 to reach Derby, where they stay at: "the King's Head opposite the market place". The Derby Parish preacher is criticised: "I never heard such a snuffling, lazy parson in my life". They walk out to Kedleston Park on the Sunday, when viewing was not permitted: "laid trifling bet with Stevenson that if we got near the house, I would get in some way", a bet which Henry wins, successfully blagging his way in passed the butler. At Matlock they stay in the 'Old Bath Hotel', frequented in the past by the likes of Byron. They visit the heights of Abraham and Rutland Cavern where they are: "met by a little urchin who is appointed by the proprietor to show the cavern". There is mention of the spa water and invalids: "Plenty of sick people at the spring". A length description is given of a visit to Chatsworth House, where there is: "debate upon the propriety of offering any douceur to the smart lady like person" who had shown them round. The "new wing on the north side of the building" is being constructed and they watch the workmen. At Buxton, staying at the Great Hotel, with: "plenty of invalids partaking of the benefit [of the] celebrated hot spring". Dinner with William Keppel, 4th Earl of Albemarle and Sir John Newport, 1st Baronet. They make friends with an Irishman, Gumbleton of Dublin and arrange to meet him in Liverpool to travel to the Lakes. On the way to Castleton their coach crashes, the post boy's leg is badly injured, and the carriage is smashed.



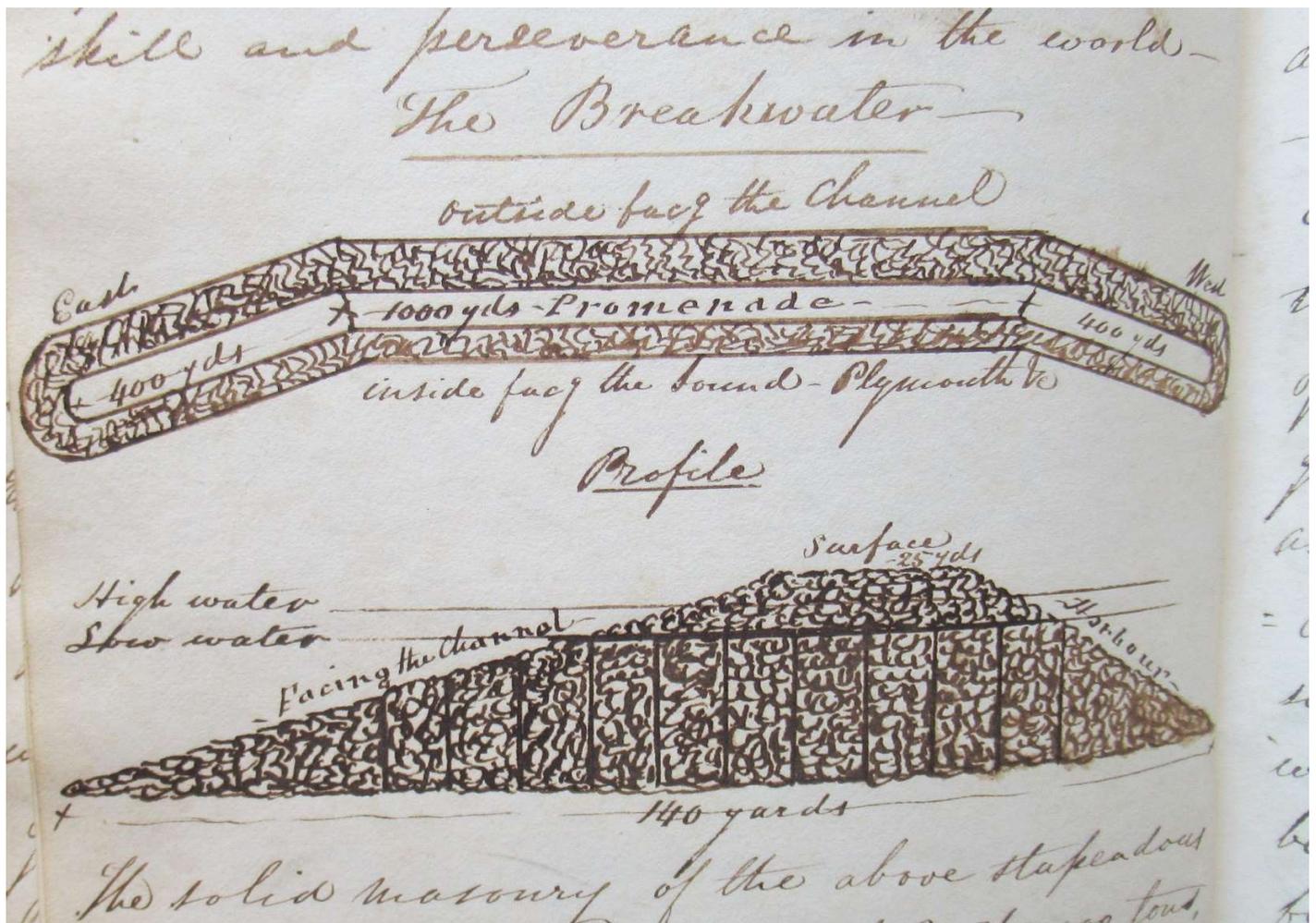
along  
our cloaks on, when I was surprized to feel a great jolt  
in the vehicle, and at the same time saw one of the horses  
looking in at the window. I had only time to tell Stevenson  
to put his window down, when we went over with a  
mighty crash, right on one side. I was the best off, for I  
~~was~~ scrambled out of the upside window, but Stevenson  
was not so soon extricated, he being on the other side,  
got all the luggage upon him, (which we had ~~put~~ inside  
the chaise, to keep dry) so that we had some difficulty  
in picking him out - our next business, being safe our-  
selves was to look after the boy, who had got his leg  
under one of the horses, the other having taken it into his  
head to gallop down the hill into Castleton on finding  
himself free. When we had righted the poor lad, whose  
leg was desperately hurt, and set him upon the bank, we  
began

There are over two pages are devoted to this incident, with much detail. On to Manchester, "saw the poor post boy this morning, to whom we gave a certificate of good behaviour [...] He seemed to walk very lame, and said he was much hurt.". In Manchester they stay at the Bridgewater Arms in Piccadilly, where they see a "young Kean in Hamlet", the notable Shakespearian actor, Charles Kean, who was then touring the provinces at the beginning of his career. It is not a

favourable review: "Of course young Mr Kean's Hamlet was a total failure – a lad of two and twenty, without any one qualification for this arduous character[...] could not be expected to succeed – His person is ungraceful, his voice bad, and his action commonplace. [...] We left the play grieving that Shakespeare should be so often murdered, & made game of, in this way.". On day 2 in Manchester: "We were rather stared at, I suppose because we were smoking cigars in the streets, which is not the fashion here.". Two days in Liverpool, a trip down the river and out to sea in a small boat, a description of the docks and a visit to the theatre to see 'The Young Quaker' and 'Rob Roy', featuring "the celebrated Scotchman W. Mackie of Edinburgh". Stevenson is recalled to London, disaster! Henry proceeds north with the little known, Gumbleton. They journey to Lancaster by coach, with: "convicts chained together who were going to be tried for their crimes at misdemeanours at the assizes[...] they all appeared blackguard wretches". Arriving at Preston "we saw plenty of proofs how destitute the poor manufacturers really are, in the manner the poor half starved beggars crowded round the coach begging, almost demanding charity". Trip to the Assizes, where: "a vast many ladies sat each side of him, who seemed much interested, but it appears remarkable to me, that the gentler sex should flock to the scenes of misery and distress, which generally developed on these occasions.". Arrival at the Lakes, sailing, walking, Windermere, Keswick and Grasmere. Travels around the lake region, a visit to Lowdon Waterfall, and a digression to discuss the disgraced banker, Rowland Stephenson, who apparently owned the waterfall and the land around, all due to be auctioned. A trip to Buttermere and a page devoted to the story of Mary Robinson, the famous Maid of Buttermere. A political digression regarding the sons of Lord Lonsdale monopolising representation of the County of Westmoreland, despite the efforts of Lord Brougham. A solitary trip for Henry overnight for the 110 miles from Carlisle to Leeds, "thro' Appleby, Brough, Greta Bridge, Ripley, Ripon, Harrogate, Harewood & to Leeds". "Leeds certainly is not a place for any man to be in excepting he comes upon business", Henry, being intent on pleasure, departs, traveling the 207 miles all day and all night to London, stopping at Leicester for supper. Intriguingly, upon his return to the metropolis, he accompanies a Mr Faraday across town, who is noted as continuing on to Albemarle St, making me think it too much of a coincidence to have been anyone other than, Michael Faraday, on his way to the Royal Institution.

**An excursion to the West of England in the Autumn of 1830** (14th August to 5th September). Medium sized notebook (approx. 8 1/4" by 6 3/4"), bound in slightly bumped and rubbed red half-leather, with marbled boards, page edges and endpapers. The binding is quite firm, cracked at points but with no loose pages. Title page, blank, 174 pages of journal. Contains six engravings, five coloured, and a technical drawing of the recently constructed breakwater at Plymouth. "Perhaps, there is, if anything, an advantage in travelling alone; you are more your own master; can better choose your route, and have only your own taste to consult." Down to Portsmouth in the rain, via Guildford, Godalming and Petersfield in an open carriage: "The old gentleman and myself managed to wrap up the young ladies pretty tolerably, to keep them as dry as possible; and with the aid of brandy and water, had great hopes of preventing any cold.". Henry stays at the Fountain Hotel in Portsmouth, and pays a visit to the Isle of Wight, where he meets an old fisherman and his wife, who make a living taking visitors around the Chine. On the way back to Portsmouth, the wind drops and they are becalmed, fortunately it picks up again after the sun sets, though "We nearly met with a serious accident, on entering Portsmouth harbour, a huge steamer, one of the Dublin boats, came along so fast that she almost touched our boat [...] I heard the boatmen holloa, and could distinguish the whizzing sound of her engine, as she crossed our bow.". To Ryde by steamer: "there are, at this season, two every hour from Portsmouth to the island.". At Ryde: "we noticed several invalids, who were enjoying the warm sun and sea breezes". (a note tucked into the book, possibly from a later family member, suggests that the journals were written for an invalid sister, perhaps explaining the frequent invalid spotting, the author assuming other invalids would be of especial interest!). There are comments on fashion: "Old Lord Spencer, who has a seat in the neighbourhood – his costume was irregular enough to us, unaccustomed to see a peer in a short sailor's jacket, with a blue handkerchief round his neck – but this mode of dress is not at all outré at Ryde". "Old" indicating that this is George Spencer, 2nd Earl Spencer, notable bibliophile and founder and first president of the Roxburghe Club. At Carisbrooke Castle their guide is: "an antique dame, who hobbled before us, with an ebony staff, about 5ft long in her hand, quite in a primitive style.". Much excitement regarding the visit of the ex-King of France. A sighting of Admiral William Carnegie, 7th Earl of Northesk on a visit to his flagship HMS St Vincent, who is setting off to meet the ex-king "on board the American ship the Great Britain". Visit to the Victory – "not very handsome and wants painting badly[...] I was showed the exact spot where Nelson fell, and they pretended to point out blood stains, but I could not see them.". Steamer from Portsmouth to Plymouth, in humble communal quarters: "soon found

my berth, with my name attached to it -- & lost no time in tumbling in, as they say at sea, and made myself as comfortable as a man could do who was screwed into a box, about 5 ft long by 1 ft 6 wide". A description of approaching Devon, specifically Torquay, from the sea: "some of our passengers disembarked here, and we took in instead some eggs and cream for breakfast, perhaps a good exchange, breakfast being better than invalids.". A visit to the recently built theatre in Plymouth, to watch 'Quite Correct' and 'Aladdin', Henry notes: "Nearly fell out with my clerical friend on our return: he hated cigars he said, and begged I would not smoke -- [...] I coolly told him, I was sorry for his prejudice, but I could not, from habit, do without my cigar". "Walked into Plymouth about eleven, and soon discovered that it was a dirty place...". Henry hires a boat out to see HMS Caledonia, which gets a page of description, and meets a: "young mid-shipman [...] He insisted upon giving me some "regular sailors' grog", as he called it, but which I found horrible stuff". An observation of the locals: "I noticed a piece of paltry economy in the Plymouth people, which I was surprised at -- this was the absence of all light in the streets during summer months, as the gas is then discontinued on acct of the expense -- if they have many nights as dark as this was, Devonport must be a very unsafe place after dark for walkers, both as



respects their purse or persons". Plymouth to Exeter by coach, with a stop at the races where: "there could not be less than 20,000 people". Sees "Sheridan's Rivals [which] was not all together murdered" at the theatre. A 2 page description of the journey from Exeter to Bristol overnight by coach, followed by the Steamer to Chepstow. Henry goes salmon fishing in the Severn: "It certainly was a curious and novel sight, the immense shoals of great fish, they were hauling out in their long nets, and altho' there were more than 20 boats engaged, each seemed to secure a good booty -- Every boat had a sort of well or box in the centre, with a wooden lid of bars at the top, and the moment a salmon was on board it was thrown into this receiver, and effectually secured by the bars -- it is not an uncommon occurrence for a fish to break these wooden bars with a single stroke of their tail, and indeed their jumping about in this receiver is so strong that I expected every moment we should have been upset, from the boat rolling thro' their dying exertions". Three pages devoted to a night of punch and singing in an inn at Hereford. A disapproving visit to the cathedral: "but utterly to spoil

any pretensions to beauty it might lay claim to there were a good many workmen busily employed in whitewashing, not only the groined roof, but also all the carved work of the sides, tombs, &, thus reducing the whole place to one mass of staring white, instead of the usual, quiet hue of the natural stone – Precious evidence this of the good taste of the Dean & Chapter of Hereford”. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, Princess Victoria are observed in Malvern. The last significant action of the journal is a stay in the spa town of Cheltenham, a relatively long visit with 26 pages devoted to it. Henry visits the Rotunda to hear the band: “Every body here was drest quite in opera costume, and many of the ladies wore high and towering plumes of feathers in their very becoming black velvet hats [...] Princess Esterhazy was in the room, with a numerous suite and seemed the “observed of the observers””. Shortly before a ball a new guest causes Henry alarm: “...our new associate was an extraordinary man in one particular, being 7ft 3 in height, and broad in proportion. He was a pleasant, facetious young man and did not seem at encumbered with his superabundant length and breadth [...] I was terribly afraid when we began to talk about the ball that he would offer to accompany us, as I should not have liked the observation that he would be sure to draw in a large company, and had no idea of being his little companion.”. A return to London via Oxford occupies the final page.

**A Trip to Scotland in the Autumn of 1831** (30th July – 23rd August). This is a grander, more considered affair, substantially larger than the other journals at 11” \* 9 ¼”, with chapter headings and literary quotes, and greater attention paid to style and presentation. It was compiled upon the return home, presumably from notes or a rougher journal. Bound in somewhat bumped and rubbed half leather with marbled boards and page edges, and contrastingly marbled endpapers. Text block firm, slight cracking but no loose pages. The contents consist of a title page, approximately 177 pages of ms, no blanks, including 24 engravings, 3 of them taking up an entire page. A foreword to the main journal ends: “But in this present diary of occurrences during a short trip to the Highlands and western coast of Scotland, I have, besides the inducements mentioned above, a further object – an endeavour to dispel [...] a little of the melancholy train of thought, that has been called up, by the occurrence of a severe family calamity which, at this moment, bows me down, in unavailing sorrow and regret. Conduit St H. Wright Hurley.”. London to Aberdeen by Steamer, ‘Queen of Scotland’, with a detailed description of the ship. Lord Darlington, William Vane, The Marquess of Cleveland is on board. Also the daughter of famed sportsman (who walked 1000 miles in 1000 hours), Capt. Robert Barclay Allardice, Margaret, who moved to America, married twice, became a writer and lived until 90, but at this early stage of her career (age 15) she is dismissed as: “a bold, and rather masculine, young lady [who] said she was never ill at sea [...] However she had cause to rue her boasting as she was wretchedly sick afterwards.”. The notable Scottish farmer, Patrick Sellar, of Highland clearance and Gaelic language suppression notoriety is present, returning from London having received “a gold medal from some society” awarded for a treatise on improving a breed of sheep. He is initially dismissed as “a fair specimen of the better sort of farmers[...] of the North”. A rough passage as they get to the coast of Scotland beyond Bamburg Castle, much sea-sickness. Upon arrival at Aberdeen there is a description of: “a ludicrous scene between our Scotch Patriarch, Mr Sellar, and a French man, who, was a watchmaker by trade” – the Frenchman having been taken ill and wrapped himself up in Mr Sellar’s coat, which he refuses to release. They are 3 days at sea to cover the 520 miles to Aberdeen. Several pages on salmon fishing in the Brig of Don and the sights of Aberdeen. A 13 hour coach journey to Inverness with a German named Mr Bergen (who becomes Henry’s companion for much of the trip) and Peter Sellar, now described on closer acquaintance as: “such a strait forward, open hearted person, that he was sure to win the regard of any body, he might be acquainted with”, and a disapproving digression on the Elgin marbles: “Strange, that a collection of ancient marbles torn from their classic soil, should be named after the nobleman who brought them, and who, but for this robbery, as it is termed, would have remained as obscure as the little town, from whence he takes his title – Better to have called them the ‘Grecian Marbles’ at once, then it would not have immortalised the despoiler”. At Inverness: “All along the banks on each side were girls standing in their tubs, with their garments pulled up far above their knees, stamping on the linen with all their might – they did not appear to be at all abashed, when I stopped to notice some of them, but continued their display, with the utmost sang froid – However, custom is everything – and the Nymphs of the Nep, think there is nothing indelicate, (if they think at all about the matter) in shewing their “fair proportions””. Also, accounts of an auction outside a bookshop and of the first day of the Inverness Fair. A number of pages devoted to Loch Ness, staying at the Inn at Drumnadrochit, with much complaint regarding the food and fleas: “The Landlady[...] said she never saw a single flea in her house, to which I agreed, as from the number that “overloaded” me, they must have been all married and had large families.”. They are caught in a storm

and take shelter in a poor cottage, where they are given whisky, the warmth of a peat fire and hot potatoes. Numerous pages on the steamer from Loch Ness to Fort William along the Caledonian Canal, on board with Lord Abercorn and a large party. On arrival at Fort William: "It appeared to be a wretched town, and when we got to the Caledonian Hotel, they would hardly look at us, the whole house being engaged for the Marquis of Abercorn and his party". They cannot get a bed anywhere in Fort William, curse the idleness of the inhabitants and decide to ascend Ben Nevis by moonlight, leaving at 11pm, anticipating that it will take 7 hours to cover the nine miles there and back. After stumbling about, losing their way, sinking in bogs, losing shoes and narrowly avoided falls with their horses, they decide to retrace their steps at 1.30am, the guide breaks into the hotel and they go to sleep on the floor at 3am. Leaving at 5am, presumably abandoning the hotel in a state for Lord Abercorn, to hurry "down to the steamer [...] to make our toilet on board". On the steamer down to Oban, arriving about 1pm. To Tobermory by a smaller ship, in the company of a honeymooning couple whose "cooing [...] was rather a bore to a poor bachelor like myself" and "the dead body of a poor youth, who had been killed in the hills, during a Highland fray, and was now in his coffin on the deck, attended by his sorrowing mother, destined for internment at Tobermory.". An attempted trip to Staffa has to be aborted due to poor weather and much sea-sickness, so they return to Tobermory: "our Captain had given the necessary orders to his cook,(a black, wo bye the bye, was a droll fellow)". A day looking about Mull, then in the evening the passengers gate-crash a Highland Wedding, between a sailor and a local girl, with three pages of detailed description of events. Second attempt to reach Staffa on 'The Maid of Morven'(the same steamer which carried: William Wordsworth, the painter, Joseph Turner, and the musician and composer, Felix Mendelsohn to Staffa, and appeared in Turner's painting of 'Fingal's Cave'). "A few of our passengers were left behind, afraid to venture again into the Atlantic, and stayed at Tobermory to be picked up by the steamer on her return – One good thing was, that we had all the ladies with us, who are in reality, not half such cowards as us men, and when there is anything to be seen, are generally foremost". Henry witnesses: "some ten or a dozen women [...] acting the Mermaids of Tobermory [...] and as the steamer passed close by them, we took them unawares, and managed to obtain a fine view of the naked beauties of Mull". There are 4 ½ pages devoted to a trip to Iona, and about 9 pages on staffa, including 3 devoted to Fingal's Cave. After which there is a self-referential reflection on scrap-booking and journal writing: "It was curious to see our cabin this afternoon – Having dined, every body pulled out his scrap book, and bean to make notes of the days proceedings, even the softer sex were seized with the mania of journalising, so that the cabin table was soon covered with paper and pens, intertwined with seaweed, specimens of minerals &c &c and I should think we had enough stone on board, to stock a museum – It was quite a Quaker's meeting, people were too busy, racking their brains and noting down their ideas, to talk, and the only companion we at all encouraged in his advances was the whiskey toddy, which our somewhat bibulous Captain had concocted.". On the their return to the mainland, not being satisfied with the dull coach route, Henry and Bergen hire a chaise and a boy and take the scenic route to Inveraray, eight pages devoted to this, and a day's travel, arriving at 9.30pm at the George. To Glasgow, via Loch Lomond, then a steamer from Dunbarton up the Clyde. Complaint about the "multitude of noisy, low people that were on board." Followed by noting that: "A Glasgow tradesman told me, that he paid ten shillings a month! for his ticket, which admitted him to the privilege of going by half a dozen steamers to all the various places, and, seeing some of the most romantic scenery in Scotland". Henry goes to see the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers preach, but it not impressed by his "peculiarities". Compliments are paid to the table of Walker, Landlord at the Tontine Hotel, where they stay. Bergen leaves for Ireland after they have been "companions now for a fortnight" and our bachelor, Henry feels accordingly melancholy at being left alone in Glasgow. Theatre in the evening, 'the Opera of Cinderella'. Coach to Edinburgh: "our coachman was quite of the old school, [...] and had driven the mail between Edinburgh and Glasgow for the long space of 48 years – He was more respectable in appearance than others of his class, and was a small proprietor of the coach, and drove several teams of his own horses – Being a very tall, thin man, his long career of driving, and sitting on a coachbox had caused him to have a very singular bend in his back, and he told us he could not stand upright, and had not done it for many years.". Several pages on Edinburgh, including a trip to Peebles and back. Several pages on the journey to Carlisle with the delightful Scotch lady, Mrs James Balfour, on her way to meet her husband with her daughter at Liverpool, they have "a charming tete a tete for an hour or so" over tea at Carlisle and that's the extent of the romance, though there is much comparison between the freedom of manner and conversation of a Scotch gentlewoman to her English counterpart. Journey to Liverpool in the rain, with Quakers: "How often did I contrast in my mind the pleasant journey I had yesterday, with the enlightened conversation of a beautiful woman, and that of the

present moment, pent in as I was among a parcel of heavy dull, wet quakers." Unspecified persons apparently have doubts as to Mrs Balfour's bona fides: "It has been suggested to me, since my return, that this lady was merely playing a part, which insinuation I repelled with indignation, being sure almost that no mere adventurer let her talents be what they may, could have imitated the character of a respectable lady, the mother of a family &c such as this female appeared, to such perfection." On arriving at Liverpool: "The whole and engrossing subject of the coffee room conversation was upon the distressing loss of the Rothsay Steamer", which had occurred 3 days previously on the 17th August. This continues on the following morning: "The townspeople were collected together in groups about the streets, engrossed in conversation respecting the wreck of the Rothsay Castle steamer, and as at present, no idea could be obtained of the extent of the damage, or the numbers of persons lost, their state of uncertainty must have been

seats or private property, (except Lord Derby's) to interrupt the line - and above all, the merchants at Liverpool and spinners at Manchester are rich, and able to pay the charges to meet the undertaking - Having just now obtained a print of the Sankey Viaduct by chance, I thought I would place it here

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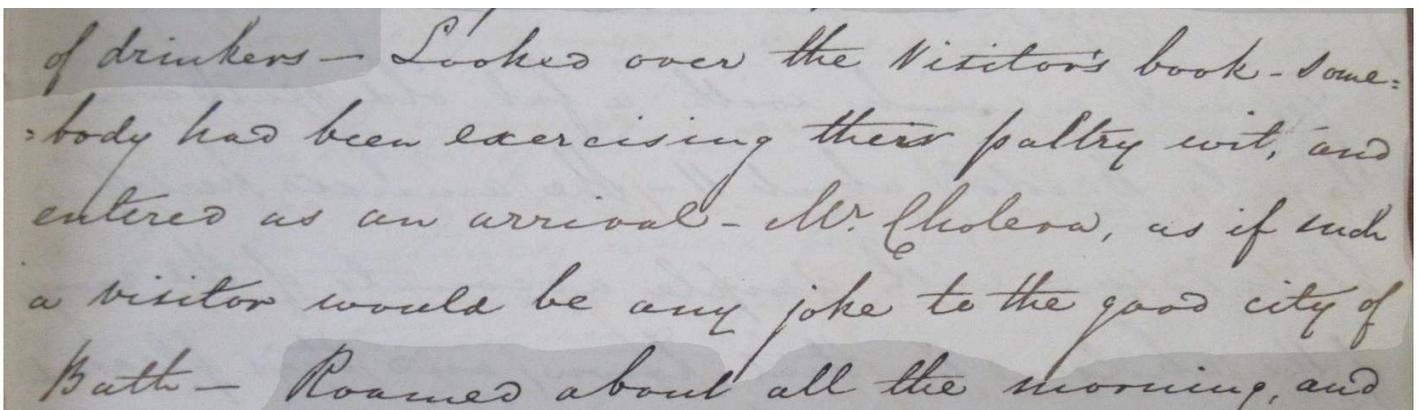


Rail Road - Viaduct over Sankey Canal -

I was just speaking of the expense of the Rail road, and obtained the exact items at Manchester, of the cost of the whole proceedings, which I shall insert here merely as a sort of

dreadful, particularly as it was conjectured many of the unfortunate passengers were inhabitants of this town, & consequently friends of many of them.”. Thirteen pages on our writers first railway journey, with two very nice engravings, on the Liverpool to Manchester Railway, which was then a year into its operation. Henry ensuring he has a good view: “each seat being railed off with arms like a chair, so that one has not the disagreement of being pinned in a corner by a fat neighbour &c – Upon taking my place, No. 40, I found that if I remained there I should not be able to see anything, and as I particularly wished to observe the engine at work, I bribed the guard of this carriage –(they have all guards) with a shilling to allow me to mount on the roof of the first vehicle, the one next to the steam engine.”. Much excitement about the tremendous velocity and the smoothness of progress: “Soon after leaving the Tunnel, we met another train, going at the same velocity, the different direction, which was terrific to behold – It came on like a huge leviathan, the engine appearing as the head of the monster, and the train afterwards as the body, and puffing and smoking, threatening destruction to every thing in its career, as it passed us with the gleam of a fiery meteor.”. There is a reflection on the impact the railway will have on other modes of transport: “Under this bridge is the Sankey Canal, the business of which, I should think could suffer greatly from the presence of its new and powerful neighbour, The Railroad.”. The musings on railway safety are astonishingly sanguine: “what I mean, is that people travelling by it, are not subject to upsets &c like a stage coach – the only accident that can happen is the blowing up of the engine, which, as it is quite detached from the carriages, would merely, in that event, stop the train, not hurt any body – besides there are, in general, two or three carriages full of goods between the passengers and the engine”. The journal concludes sadly, with the death of the writer’s mother on his return to London by coach, solving the riddle set at the start as to the sorrowful event which has caused the gloom he is trying to dispel in the composition.

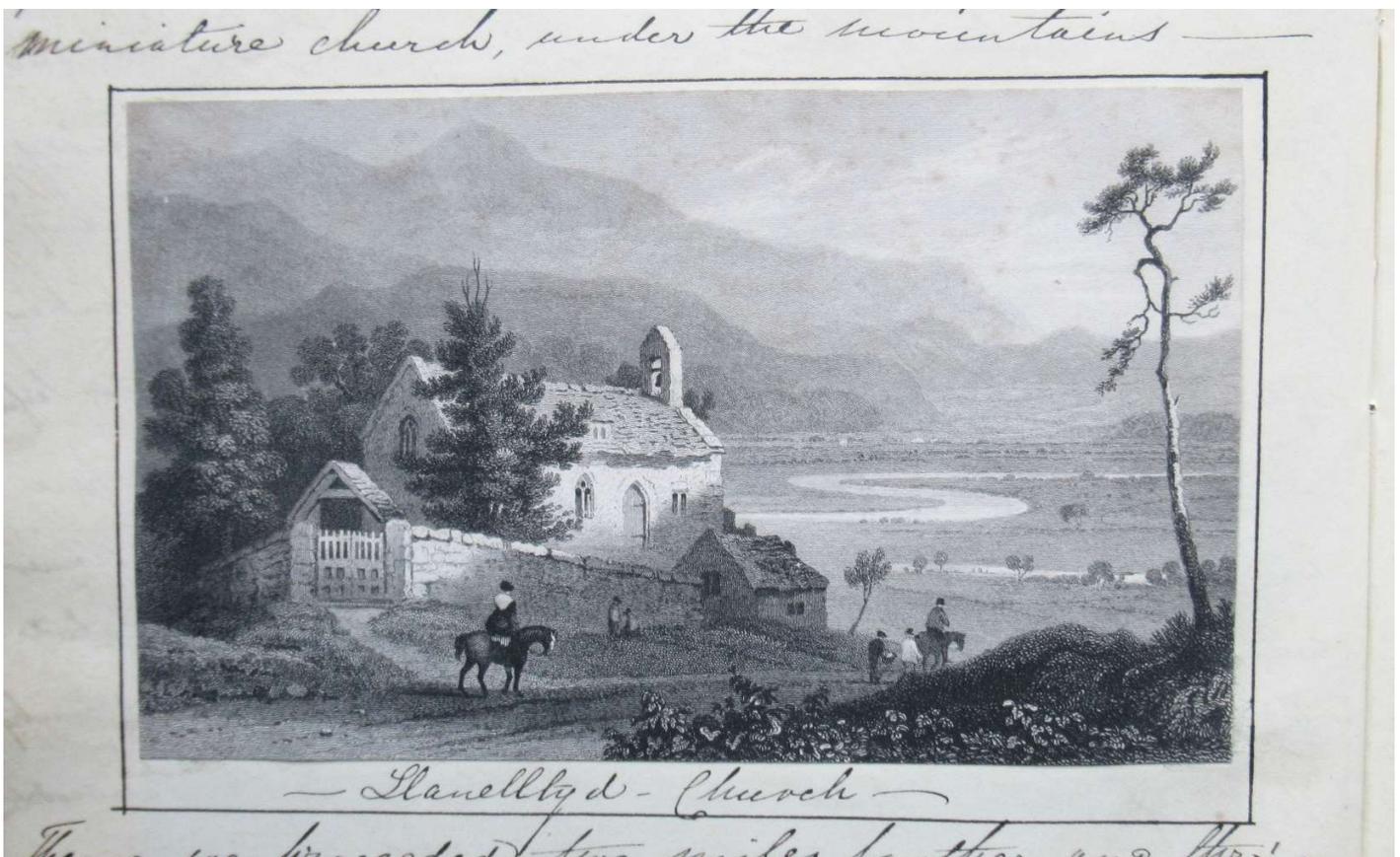
**Account of an Excursion into North & South Wales in the Autumn of 1832** (16th August to approx. 5th September). Medium sized notebook (approx. 9 1/4 “ \* 7 1/2 “). Bound in half leather with gilt bands to the spine, some loss of leather to the bottom of the spine. Marbled boards, speckled page edges and blue endpapers. The text block is somewhat cracked at points with a few pages working loose. Title page. 189 pages of ms with 27 engravings tipped-in, a page of the route, all major towns in order and 1 blank. Purpose of trip - “to Wales, where I purpose sojourning for a short time, to enjoy the beautiful scenery, of which I have heard so much, and likewise to note the peculiarities of the natives of the Principality, the honest descendants of the Ancient Britons.”. On the coach to Bath Henry is “much amused with the conversation of an old weather beaten Veteran, who had served under the Duke of Wellington in India and during the whole of the campaign in the Peninsula [...] It seemed to me, that in spite of his services, his country had not rewarded him much, for he was shabbily attired, and in defiance of his endeavour to appear easy & gentlemanly, (true military signs) – his threadbare, blue coat, buttoned up to the throat, with a dingy black stock, sufficiently testified to the low state of his finances.”. There are several pages on Bath: “many melancholy reflections, as one contemplates the numberless modern monuments and tombs, which crowd the walls of this mausoleum, in memory of the sick from all parts, who hasten to Bath as a last resource & where too many find a grave.”. In a sign of what lays ahead someone has made a joke in a visitor’s book about a “Mr Cholera”.



of drinkers – Looked over the visitor's book – some-  
body had been exercising their paltry wit, and  
entered as an arrival – Mr. Cholera, as if such  
a visitor would be any joke to the good city of  
Bath – Roamed about all the morning, and

There are four pages on Bristol, grim reading, focussing on the cholera outbreak, the numerous funerals, the terrible effect on the prosperity of the town and the effects of the reform riots. To Swansea by coach, where things are little better: “Swansea is generally full at this time, but they have the cholera here also, and the visitors are alarmed – they

say it was brought from Bristol in the steam boat, and have stopped that conveyance for the present – a very useless precaution now the scourge is among them. – In my poor opinion, if it did come from Bristol, it has been cherished in Swansea by the confounded smoke from the copper works in the neighbourhood of the town.”. There is a description of a large, Welsh funeral and a walk to the Mumbles, with a description of the Mermaid Inn. To Camarthen, staying at the famous Ivy Bush Inn, still in use as a hotel, where, having escaped the cholera, the tone becomes more cheerful. To Tenby, Faulkner’s Hotel, and a visit to the local theatre to see ‘Pizarro’: “laughed heartily at a little fat Welshman who enacted Rolla!” and “If the play was bad, however, the company was brilliant, and the number of fresh looking, beautiful girls, was quite enough to amuse our eyes, at any rate.”. A visit to Pembroke and then around Milford Haven by boat. There are several pages on a foolish descent to the beach, being trapped by the tide for three hours and then rescued by boat. Then on the following day, a bad sprain, caused by jumping 14 ft out of a window to win a bet, means Henry is laid up for a day at an inn, where he reads Don Juan and listens to the Landlord’s fifteen year old daughter play the harp; there is a lengthy description of this, and the later dancing of the locals. Several pages on a severe storm in Aberystwyth, with the wind “blowing from the south-west, direct from the sea” – which had “torn away all the railings for half a mile in length” along the Parade and “broken most of the window panes in the houses.”. They see a conjuror named Mr Orlando Young perform. “Archery just now, is much the fashion at Aberystwyth” and we get a description of this, also of “a pebble picker, one who got a scanty living by polishing and selling curious stones, that are found on the beach. – Every body at Aberystwyth knows the “Handsome Sara” [...] She has a lovely complexion, a pure brunette, and her eloquent blood spoke in her cheek” with eyes and ringlets of a raven hue”. Aberystwyth to Machyranleth, then on to Dolgelly by open coach, privately hired with three other tourists he meets, as there are no further public coaches. They go via Caldar Idris. A Dance in the Pengwern Arms in Ffestiniog (still there), run by Mrs Martha Owens, “The dance [...] was an annual one, given by certain Oxonians, who make Ffestiniog their retreat during the vacation, for the ostensible purpose of reading, but in reality, to shoot grouse with the men and kiss and dance with the women.”. There are three detailed pages on the dance, of which Henry is an observer only due to his sprained leg. Joseph Edwards, “the Captain of a gang of guides” is described, and a party of 9 or 10 go up Snowden, which covers about 12 pages. Perhaps 19 or 20 are devoted to Telford’s Menai Suspension Bridge. “Troops of children” follow the coach for miles on the way to



Shrewsbury, begging for "Halfpenny, the only word of English they understand.". There is an interesting visit to the famous Plas Newydd House near Llangollen, shortly due to be auctioned after the deaths of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby (the Ladies of Llangollen), 4 pages devoted to it, but the carvings are summed up as: "certainly a mad taste, and also an expensive one, but the fair inmates were crackbrained themselves, and therefore were liable to these freaks.". There are 6 further pages relating the story of a "tourist" who visited the Ladies of Llangollen before they died.

**Excursion in Wales 1842** (approx. 21 days August – September). Small notebook (7 1/2" \* 5") Reasonably firmly bound in slightly bumped and rubbed quarter leather, with gilt bands to the spine, marbled boards, page edges and endpapers and a title label gummed to the front board. 193 pages of journal, 2 pages of towns visited and distances covered, and 22 blanks. A decade on from the previous journal our "poor bachelor" now appears to be married, to someone referred to as "Bella" and frequently complains of "fatigue". "To Bristol by the Great Western Railroad – Stopped for 10 minutes at Swindon Station to bolt a sandwich and a bottle of ginger beer.". The excitement of rail travel for Henry seems to be long gone, a gloomy cynicism has replaced the earlier curiosity: "perhaps the Directors of the Great Western imagine that the elegance of their saloon at the Swindon Station makes up for the bad quality of the provisions & the exorbitancy of the charges.". The beginnings of the Clifton Bridge are not looked favourably upon and there is a discussion of people crossing by a suspended rope: "on looking up, the rope across appears like a thread, with the basket attached in which the venturesome are dangled, suspended between heaven & earth for sixpence! Each.". The "Wye" Steamer Bristol to Chepstow - "with breakfast, served in steam boat fashion, that is, rough and dirty". To the Beaufort Arms Hotel – George Wombwell's famous Travelling Menagerie is in town just outside the hotel, with the "roaring of wild beasts & grinding of organs, enough to turn quiet people crazy". A visit to Ragland: "the beau ideal of feudal grandeur in decay", where, interestingly, "every accommodation is here available for artists – stools and sketching desks are seen in every direction, for their use". Then on to Brecon by coach, staying at the famous Castle Hotel, which is found to offer: "more pretension than real comfort" and, on paying the bill: "to be as dear as it is indifferent". Llandrindod Wells occupies about 10 pages, at least 3 on a description of the dinner at the Inn, everyone in full evening dress at 3pm, with servants behind their chairs, in an otherwise modest environment, which confuses and amuses our writer in equal measure. The mail coach to Aberystwyth, staying at "the Belle Vue Hotel, in the centre of the Crescent". Quite a number of pages on Aberystwyth, including a visit to the market, noting the low prices: "a couple of fowls for 1/6- a goose for 2/- and other articles in proportion". Archery is still the fashion, and there is a description of the German Band on the Parade for which: "the town subscribed, and paid them six guineas a week during the season". At Dolgelly they stay at the Golden Lion and are shown the scenery by Mr Pugh, the hotel guide. To Tan-y-bwlch, staying at the Oakley Arms, Ffestiniog, perhaps 15 pages on the local surroundings, details of Mrs Oakley, a widow, who owns the pub and land there about. Church at 2pm on the Sunday, the earlier service being entirely in Welsh, "The service was performed in the most primitive manner – Mrs Oakley's pew took up a large part of the aisle, and she herself attended with a party" ( it is apparently Mrs Oakley who pays the expense to have the additional English service). To Canarvon, then on to Bangor. Talk of the reduced traffic to Dublin via the Menai Bridge, due to the railroad, most of it now going by Liverpool. A substantial number of pages are devoted to Conway, following an alarming drive in the coach along the coast road. Then the mail coach to the "dirty town" of Chester where they stay at the Royal Hotel and rue the change: "Our breakfast was bad – very ancient ham, sky-blue milk –(where is the Welsh cream) and a suspicious looking table cloth". Chester covers 10 pages, with much comment on the two-tier shops and covered ways. Then on to Llangollen, where on another visit to Plas Newydd House they find the new ladies from Liverpool who bought it on the death of the Ladies of Llangollen are away, so they bribe the maid half a crown and look over the house. There are 3 pages devoted to the interior, after a repeat of the outside grounds. Lastly, they visit Valle Crucis Abbey, still at this point being used as a farm: "the long aisles of this old church, which once echoed with the hymns of the monks, now reverberate with the squeaking of pigs and poultry\_ I saw an old cow put her head out of as fine a circular window as can be imagined.".