A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT BY TWO WIGHTS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649501762

A Visit to the Isle of Wight by Two Wights by John Bridge

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

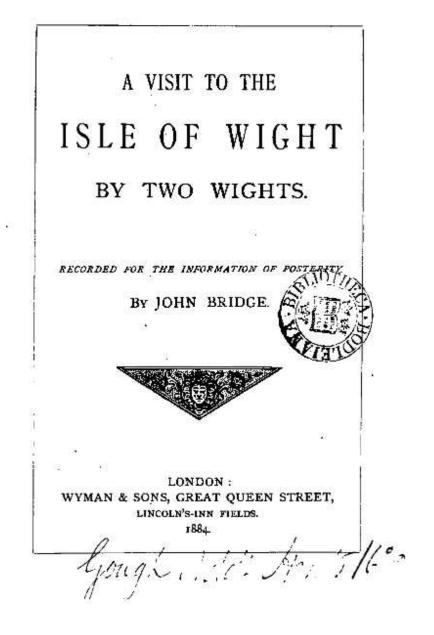
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JOHN BRIDGE

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Trieste





Epistle Bedicatory.

LAST effort of my spuring pen; Last ebullition of my brain; Last record of a sunny glean; Last memory of a waking dream; To whom shall I confide thee? I form'd thee not in hope of gain; Yet thou must not exist in vain; Thy mission must not be to vex, Thy influence must be reflex; I give thee to the gentler sex,— Success must now betide thee.

Ye nymphs, who daily stand and wait, With luring smile and tempting bait; Who with such winsome arts enthral Each swain who looks upon your stall,

And fill with wild confusion; Your favour I would now bespeak, To dedicate to you I seek This short and unpretentious tale, In your fair hands it cannot fail To find a large and ready sale, Without undue obtrusion.



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Spistle Apologetic.

7 HEN I state that this little book was written and printed solely as a contribution to the BAZAAR, the bisarre nature of its contents will be immediately recognised if not appreciated. It contains the simple story of the experiences, conversations, and thoughts of two unsophisticated and unobtrusive individuals who spent a few days in the Sunny South during the month of October last. When the journey was projected, there were three young hopefuls eager for the fray; but one gentleman, as the following pages mournfully testify, retired from the conflict before it began. The number was reduced from three to two, not by decimation, but by trigonometry. We will not now dwell upon our loss, nor in this place attribute the smallest particle of blame to our departed friend, because it is simply unnatural that "two Wights should make one black."

"Going away in October!" was the ejaculation of numerous friends who have never dared to venture from home later than the middle of August. Some suggested that the weather would be fit only for the peregrinations of an octopus, whilst others were of

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

opinion that the long dark nights would be simply unendurable. All were unanimous in predicting our speedy return in a state of chronic hypochrondriasis. Fortunately, we had tried October before, and our experience justified us in trying it again.

We drew up a programme of a most comprehensive nature, embracing the whole coast-line from Plymouth to Portsmouth, and including Dartmouth, Weymouth, and Bournemouth. On mature reflection we discovered that any attempt on our part to fill so many *mouths* would result in the whole of our time being remorsely swallowed up. This discovery also put a fine point on the old moral, that "one swallow does not make a summer"; although one *mouth* is usually sufficient to make a *swallow*. The programme soon degenerated into that unhappy condition known under the Public Companies Act as "Limited and reduced;" with what consequences the gentle reader will learn by-and-by.

My companion in travel (Mr. Thomas Morley) being already an old friend of all frequenters of Bazaars in this neighbourhood, and consequently of nearly all who are likely to buy or read this book, needs no introduction here. In the following pages I shall follow the homely example of Lady Brassey, and call him Tom.

J. B.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, SALE, March, 1884.

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