

# Rowland's Castle Paintings

by

## Charles Rogers Cotton



The village of Rowland's Castle, once famous for a very large cattle fair twice a year in May and November but has long since done away with. There is one person however, a Mrs Lewis from Stockheath, who up to this time always erects a stall here on the green opposite the Fountain Inn for the sale of her gingerbread.

The village of late has been somewhat improved by the building of a brewery, stabling of horses, and an assembly room, which latter attracts a vast number of pleasure parties in the summer season to this place chiefly from Portsmouth. During the past year 1862 there were at least 10,000 persons including a number of schools brought into the village by railway and other conveyances.

## Charles Rogers Cotton

Charles Rogers Cotton was born 2 June 1797 in the City of London, the son of William Cotton FSA (1759-1816) and Catherine Mary Cotton, née Savery (1769-1803). CR Cotton's great grandfather (1711-1784) was an English customs officer and art collector. He was elected Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries London in 1752 and Fellow of the Royal Society in 1757. The art collection descended to CR Cotton's father who sold it at auction in 1799 and 1801, realizing £3,886 10s.

CR Cotton married Ellen Matthewson (1804-1852) in 1827 they had 3 sons and 2 daughters. He appears to have become a Member of the Worshipful Company of Glovers of London before being admitted to the Freedom of the City of London in 1837. In the 1830s he entered, as a merchant cooper, into a partnership with Robert Owst, a wood hoop merchant at 6 Jacob's Street, Dockhead, Bermondsey, moving to a nearby address in Bermondsey Wall in the 1840s. The partnership was dissolved in 1844. CR Cotton is described in the 1851 census as an annuitant, and in the following year, after the death of his wife, became one of the first Fellows of Stansted College in Rowland's Castle. While at the college he wrote *A Visit to Rowland's Castle* which was published in 1861. He was also an accomplished watercolour artist and painted many views around Rowland's Castle and district. He died at Rowland's Castle on 10 November 1878.



Stansted College was founded by the late Charles Dixon Esq. of Stansted Park, Sussex, in the year 1850. It was opened for the reception, benefit and comfort of six of his less fortunate brethren in trade, being merchants of London, Liverpool and Bristol, on 1 May 1852.

Who thought of those less fortunate,  
Than he himself had been of late.  
Merchants of London they must be,  
Of Liverpool or Bristol free.  
On acres five of ground it stands,  
A coppice wood and garden lands.  
At rear of building pleasure yields,  
To those whose Dixon's bounty shields.



Rowland's Castle is a small village in Hampshire bordering on the county of Sussex and close to Stansted Park. It was once a village of some note from two annual fairs, chiefly for cattle, being held there in May and November. It was also noted as a place much frequented by smugglers, and it is memorable for the murders of a Custom House Officer, Galley, and an informer, shoemaker Chater, in the year 1747.



This view shows the approach to Rowland's Castle from the brow of Red Hill, the chimneys of the College are just seen over its Coppice Wood. Idsworth Downs are in the extreme distance.



The village of Rowland's Castle as seen from the foot of the Great Avenue leading to Stansted Park.

Where parties love to picnic in the shade  
To spread the clean cloth, or on nature's carpet made;  
And there t' enjoy the meal their hands have laid,  
Under th'Etherial sky of Heaven and Sol's bright rade.



In the grounds of Stansted College, the upper walk.

For recreation sweet and contemplative thought,  
The lonely walk, how grateful to the sense!  
When peacefulness of mind and quietude is sought,  
Amidst the cheerful note of birds from thence;  
While list'ning to the echo of their tuneful lays,  
The nightingale pours forth its varied note;  
By day as well as night it sings its own relays,  
And then anon the noise from cuckoo's throat,  
Is wafted from afar, by summer's gentle breeze,  
Which softly murmurs through the sylvan trees.



Rowland's Castle from the high ground skirting Stansted woods. The railway station, Captain O'Callaghan's, the roofs of the houses in the village, Redhill Church, the Forest of Bere and Portsdown Hill are in the distance, they are all distinctly shown.



A south-west view from the College Grounds. Evening. The trees and bushes that grow around in a romantic variety of shade were hardly seen to stir under the influence of the evening breeze.



Stansted College path

Or when upon the rustic seat to sit,  
T' enjoy the pleasure of a fragrant weed.  
A summer's ev'ning is the time most fit,  
To cultivate the thoughts and sow the seed:  
The seed of contentment and of love,  
A gift that is given us from above.





This view shows the approach to Rowland's Castle from the brow of Red Hill, the chimneys of the College are just seen over its Coppice Wood. Idsworth Downs are in the extreme distance.



A continuation of the Upper Walk in Stansted College grounds where you get a view of one of the houses in the village of Rowland's Castle that are in the occupation of Mr John Wilkins.



Rowland's Castle Railway Station The railway line was finished and opened for traffic on 1 January 1859. It runs into Havant where it joins the south-coast line to Landport and affords great accommodation to all parties in the immediate neighbourhood, as well as being the means of bringing a host of people into the village in the summer months from Portsmouth. It is here 61 miles from the Waterloo Station.



Two cottages on the road to Finchdean a short distance after passing under the railway arch at Rowland's Castle, and situated close to the bridal gate entering into Stansted Park

True as the slightest sketch, if justly tac'd,  
Is by ill colouring but more disgrac'd.



The carriage road through the wood leading to Stansted Park.

Welcome ye shades, when Sol's all searching rades,  
Forbids the walk, up th'avenue to stalk;  
Or after rain, a drier path to gain,  
Choose ye this way, and care not for the day.



Scene in the Great Avenue of Stansted.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,  
A careful shepherd tends his flock?  
Whose sense instructs us, and whose judgement sways,  
To keep with care his Master's stock.



The lower farm, commonly called French's farm on the Stansted Estate,  
taken from the great avenue leading up to the house.

From thy luxuriant forest we receive  
More lasting pleasure than the town can give.



Forestside.

On Forestside recumbent in the shade,  
Where stately beech and yew do grow,  
Upon the soft and verdant grasses blade,  
I lay on th' slope of hill below;  
In view of yonder barkless tree, I admire  
Its rough and twisted branches dire;  
Cover'd all o'er with foliage dark and green  
As in th' accompanying view is seen.



Forests side going down the hill towards Dean Lane End. It is here in a field behind the cottages represented in the view that there is a well, which gives an echo, by stooping down and speaking into it your words are reverberated.

The truthful echo all your words repeats,  
Mocks at your laughter, and returns your griefs.



Remains of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise's house at Idsworth.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:  
Although destroy'd, how little have I lost!  
My lands lay waste, my Father's house is gone;  
I'll build another; is not that my own?





Cottages at Woodhouse on the road to Idsworth. They are immediately opposite the farmyard tenanted by Mr Charles Pearson of Red Hill on the estate of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise.



The schools at Idsworth erected at the sole expense of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise for the instruction of boys and girls living in the neighbourhood. They are under the tuition of a schoolmistress who resides on the premises. The schools were opened on 3 June 1861. The children pay one penny per week, and the like sum is given by Sir Jervoise and paid out at the end of the year in clothing or any other thing the children wish for, according to their several claims and attendance.



The old church at Blendworth is an extremely plain building and of very small dimensions, having a wooden porch and belfry. The chancel has been pulled down and the east end blocked up. The interior is equally plain, having 16 pews only and a small gallery at the west end, on the front of which is notified that the church was rebuilt in 1759. At the east end above the ancient arch, which led to the Chancel, are the Royal arms of Queen Anne. Services have been discontinued here since the new church was erected about a dozen years ago, but the churchyard is still used as a burial place.



Blendworth Church is an elegant little structure built about the year 1852. It stands on a high and commanding situation with a spire which, together with the roof of the building, is covered with red tiles. The old church, a part only of which is standing, was found to be too small for the increasing population of the neighbourhood. The parsonage house, situated in the rear of the Church, was built at the same time and with like materials.



Catherington Church.

Death has indeed been here and sorrow,  
    See its traces on the ground;  
But soft'nd and depriv'd of horror,  
    When we gaze and look around  
On those who sleep beneath the turf,  
    And view the period of their birth:  
Far distant some, their souls in air,  
Who once had been what we now are.



The Holt

In solitude I wander through the Holt,  
And its rich avenue of trees;  
Listening to the tuneful voice of birds,  
And murmuring melody of the breeze:  
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,  
But in my heart a chaster thought abides;  
Wher'ere you walk cool shades do fan the glade,  
Trees set so thick do crowd into a shade.



A view of a part of Durrants taken from the field adjoining Red Hill churchyard. The Staunton Arms public house is on the left. The roads from Emsworth to Horndean and from Havant to Rowland's Castle cross at this point.



Durrants from behind the Staunton Arms. In the little gardens where fruit trees and bushes are mingled with kitchen herbs, a heap of brushwood is piled upon the common to indicate that the winter fuel was provided.



Durrants from a spot near Whicher's gate on the road to Emsworth. John Stanley and his wife and daughter, who belong to the tribe of Gipsies of that name, and of great notoriety, live here. They get their living by making baskets, begging, and hawking them about the country.



Durrants



‘Tis evening on Durrants common while the summer sun is yet lingering.

As though unwilling to bereave  
The landscape of its softest beam,  
So sweet, one can but look and grieve  
To think that, like a passing dream,  
A few brief fleeting moments more,  
Must see its reign of beauty o’er.



Mrs Baker's cottage at Durrants. There is a simple home look about the whole scene which recalls many a dreary day passed in the secluded enjoyment of some quiet country cottage.



The house and farm in the possession of Robert Lasham, a cow keeper, situated at the foot of Durrants Hill on the road to Havant. Formerly it was the Robin Hood public house, one of the places of resort for smugglers and gipsies who at that time infested this part of Hampshire.





This view is on the road from Westbourne to Racton by way of Aldsworth. These cottages are situated at the lower part of Westbourne common, the wooden bridge which crosses the rivulet by the thatched cottage leads to it, and on to the beautiful cricket ground laid down by Mrs Dixon of Stansted Park. The club is well supported by her son Edmund Wilder Esq., who, although no cricketer himself, takes the liveliest interest possible in the game.



Cottages situated at the foot of Red Hill in the occupation of Pinnock, Hobbs and Quinnet, taken from the broken ground opposite Stansted College, looking towards the common.



The Staunton Arms



Farmhouse in the occupation of Charles Collins situate in Wellsworth Lane, leading out of Bull Hill Lane, near to Rowland's Castle. He is Bailiff or Land Steward to Mr Canning the iron founder at Finchdean, whose property it is.



The site of Rowland's castle; a dell, which is now nearly filled up by the railway passing through it. The mass of flint stones firmly cemented together tells one with what materials the castle was built; it once stood upon the opposite high bank amongst the trees, and fell down somewhat about the year 1848. There are other traces of flint masonry to be found, but that is all that remains of a castle, which was in a perfect state in the reign of Henry II.



Distant view of the Isle of Wight as seen from the west end of the Great Avenue in Stansted Park, overlooking what is called Maize Copse, which was not very long ago, that is, within the memory of man, one mass of wood, but now cultivated and let out as a farm in the present occupation of Mr. Reeves.



Stansted House, the seat of Mrs Dixon, a substantial square built house having the porticos fronting east and west, it contains 42 rooms. The principal apartments are very handsome, and the walls of some of the rooms are hung with Arras tapestry, the suit, representing the halt and foraging of an army, was brought from Flanders by the First Lord of Scarborough in 1686 who was then the proprietor. The estate of Stansted consists of about 4,000 acres.



Stansted Park and a distant view of the House. The trees here represented are as in nature, dead, decayed, withered and bleached; still life shows itself in some of them. The age of these trees must be very great, for I have never heard that they were at any time struck by lightning or in any other way damaged, so as to cause their premature decay.



Distant view of Stansted House from the Horndeane Road, catching a glimpse of the Great Avenue, the roofs of the houses in Rowland's Castle, the College, and the Racton Tower in the distance.



Forestside church and schools were built by the late Mr Dixon at considerable cost. The church, schools and master's dwelling are all connected and are built of flint with Caen stone dressings. There are two large play-grounds for the boys and girls, and a burial ground is attached to the church. The gardens and lawn surrounding the building are kept in the nicest order. The gardener's house stands within the grounds detached from the other building.



Racton or Halifax's Tower was erected by the Earl of Halifax in 1750; it is now a ruin, but once upon a time was furnished, and in 1763 was honoured with the presence of Royalty, for it is said that George III partook of refreshment there, while on a visit to the Earl of Halifax at Stansted. It was formerly surmounted by a lantern, and tradition has it that the Earl was impeached for using it, supposed to be as a mark of assistance for the invasion of England by France. A treacherous act on his part, if true.



Site of the old Pottery on the Stansted Estate near Westbourne Common. There are two ponds here, and a preserve for wild ducks. The manufacture of bricks, tiles, pots & Co. has been removed to Westbourne Common where suitable premises are erected.



View from Westbourne Common embracing a wide expanse of the sea, Thorney Island, and the village of Westbourne. Westbourne Common comprises about 200 acres, and is the property of Mrs Dixon, she being Lady of the Manor, gave compensation to the Copyholders by way of purchase in 1858. It was originally an open common with a good deal of wood on it. Mrs Dixon entirely cleared and grubbed up the land, laid it down in grass, and went to a great expense in making a cricket ground which lies on the lower part of it behind the Union.



Dean Lane End taken from Forestside looking towards the valley of Idsworth. Idsworth Down is in the distance. The Portsmouth direct railway runs through this valley.



Finchdean is a small village in the parish of Chalton and near to Idsworth. Mr Canning has his iron foundry here, there is also a blacksmith's shop in the middle of the village and a large walnut tree growing alongside of it whose numerous roots are seen above the level of the ground forming a complete pavement, as it were, round its stem. Mr Canning is a staunch supporter of Mr Spurgeon who has several times preached in this village to a large assembly of people.



Distant view of Idsworth, ruins of the old house, the little Chapel which formerly served as the place of worship for the inhabitants of Rowland's Castle and its neighbourhood previous to the building of the Red Hill Church, Ditcham Grove the seat of William Green Esq. in the distance, Finchdean in the bottom and the direct Portsmouth railway. Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise and his ancestors lived in the house marked by the ruins, until the present Baronet built the new house as shewn on the following leaf.





The best view of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise's new house, itself standing on high ground, is from the corresponding high ground on the opposite side of the valley, for you there see its commanding situation and you lose sight of the offices which certainly do not add to the picturesque beauty of the building as seen in the following view.



This house has but recently been built, it is of red brick with Caen stone dressings, an irregular but massive pile of building containing, I believe, 46 rooms. The estate of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise comprises nearly 20,000 acres; it is bounded to the north by Chalton, on the west by Horndean and Blendworth, on the east by Stansted Park and extending southwards to the Forest of Bere.



Dean Lane End – taken from Forestside looking towards the valley of Idsworth. Idsworth Down in the distance. The Portsmouth direct railway runs through this valley.



Cottage on the road leading to Horndean just after passing Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise's house.



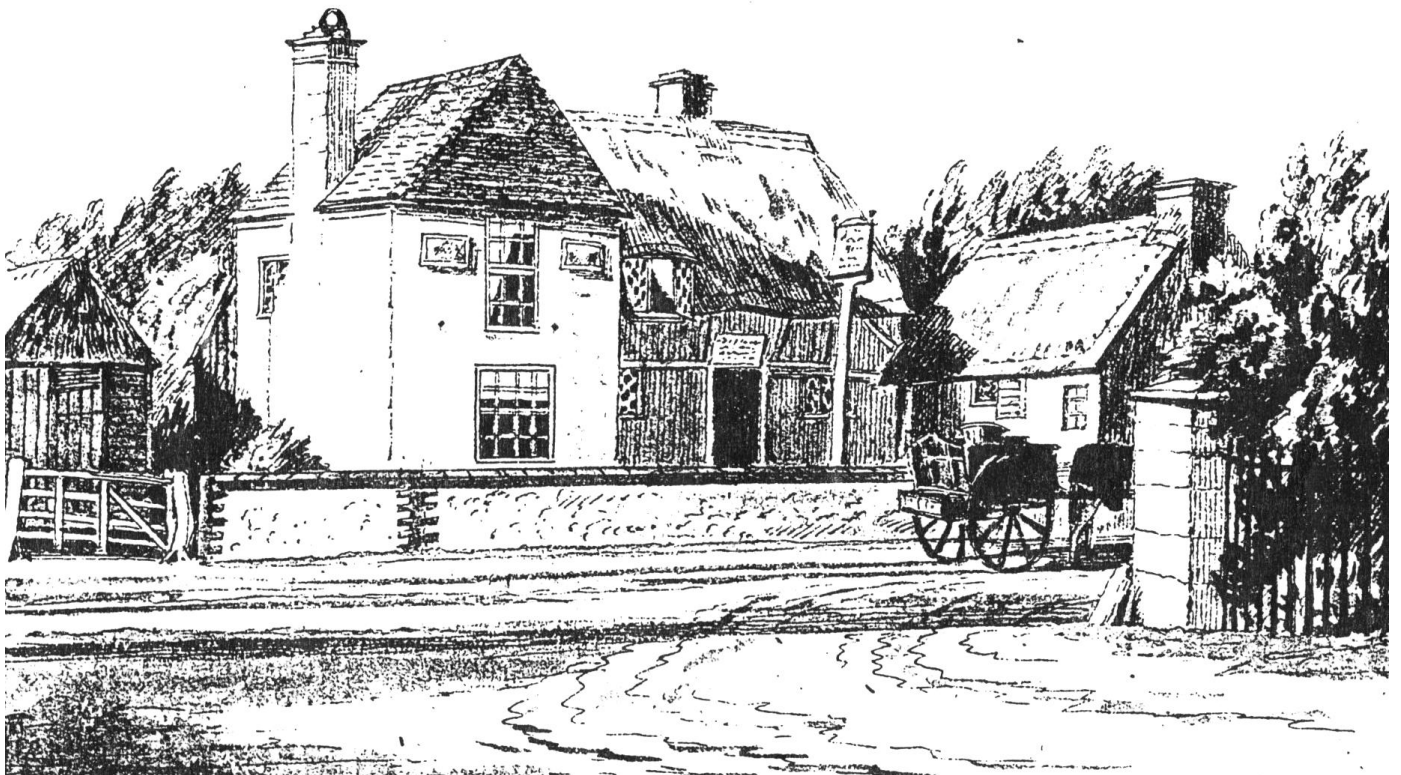
Treadwheel Farm on the estate of Sir Jervoise Clarke-Jervoise at Idsworth that is situated on the road leading to Blendworth. The view is taken from a field bordering the north part of the Holt.



The Beacon in Leigh Park gardens looking northwards shewing Idsworth House, the Parsonage, Redhill Church and Redhill School, [not strictly in their correct positions], and the clump of trees on Chalton Downs. The distant trees on the right are in Stansted Park.



An old and very large Beech tree in the Great Avenue of Stansted.



The White Hart Inn circa 1847. This was the scene in 1747 of the capture by smugglers of custom's officer, William Galley, and an informer, shoemaker, Daniel Chater, who were subsequently murdered. It was later renamed the Castle Inn. In the 1850s it was demolished and built over by the railway arch. The licence was transferred to the present Castle Inn.