

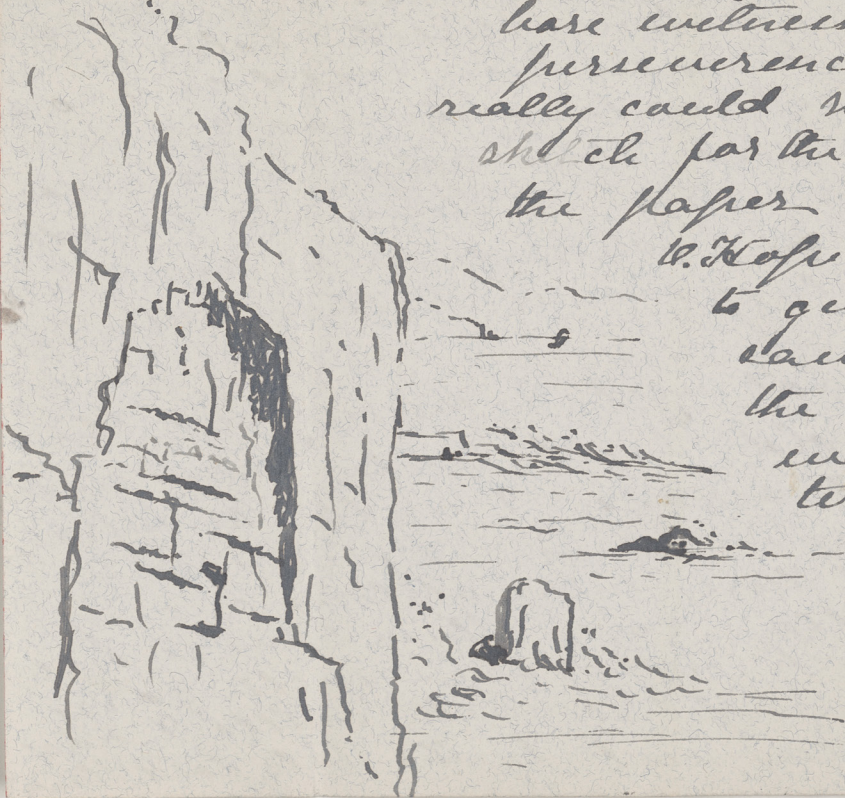
Isaiah Lawrence
June

We have been
very short of
of it & partly
to see him later
that we'll N. G. P.
are staying on
the Monday
I like about
a few family
especially Mrs.
& Mr. G.
down to all
A. S. P.

Yesterday we had a lovely
sunny day, really summer like, & we
took advantage of it to drive to the
South Stack, it is a wonderful place.
The wild, weird, melting, of a wild coast
I think Cape Eternity is the only other rock
of similar height & absolute sheer descent,
that I have seen, but here the yellow & red
colours of the stone, the seething waves at its
foot, & the countless sea-birds which were
flying & lining every crack & cranny, all
filled the place with interest, & the pathways
down the rock, & the arched bridge & lighthouse
bare witness to the power &

perseverance of man - one
really could not make a proper
sketch for the cliffs ran out of
the paper both ways. & also

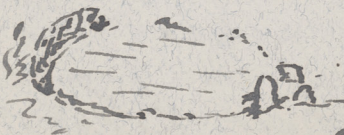
W. K. G. was in a hurry
to get on to town, we
saw the S. Stack in
the distance which
was just such another
terrific descent to the
sea - was was in-
deed to the ship
who nears this
coast in fog or
tempest before
these lights were



made, I even saw no life boat is kept
at the Stack, because in rough weather it
could neither be launched, nor be
all the supplies, are carried in boats
to a cave like recess, from whence they
are hoisted by a crane to the height of the
houses above. A donkey & a pony used to
live on this high house part - I used to ascend
the 300 odd steps to the top, but the donkey
did not like the pony, & one day finding him
near the edge of the cliff, simply huddled him
over, & no rescue was possible. so Mr Donkey
now reigns without a rival.

at a look-out house, St Helen by name
& near the Stack, there is a collection of old
implements found about here & going back
to very ancient times. several large round
stones hollowed out to grind corn, one very
shapely & with the stone used as a pestle in
it. Several heavy stones with holes in the
centre, supposed to have been used as a sock-
it far a pole supporting the roofs of their
dig-out-huts - also stone adze, & hammers
all with the groove to tie them to a handle
just as our h.-a. Indians were wont to do
& some fragments of coarse pottery, very like
those we find.

We also got out & examined the
remains of the old "fresh huts", some quite
large 20 or 25 ft across - & with the entrance
marked by large stones. Besides the circular
ones there were oblong ones of
smaller size - these were all
much overgrown with grass
& trampled with cattle & had
been dug out by the late Lord Stanley



This makes them more easy to recognize ³
but without further protection, well, I fear
only make it more easy to obliterate them.
In some cases stones had evidently been
taken from them to repair modern walls.
The present Lord Stanley cares for none of
these things - his heart is set upon preserving
his rabbit-warren, & shooting about it!

Also we passed two old Druid stones
standing unmoved through the centuries, &
supposed to commemorate the last pitched
battle between the Druids & Saxon Kells -
no one knows exactly & it is quite
confusing to find what
different stories are
told about these old
remains - but there the
old things stand steadfast
& unchangeable, like the hills behind them &
bearing witness to the fact that if their builders
were men of few ideas, they were grand &
patient ones, & carried out with a clear &
single aim which has been achieved.

Another curious thing I saw, was
a station where in a yard was a duplicate
of every buoy about this Island & sea, so
that in case of any accident - happening, to one
it could be at once replaced. Curious &
quaint - monsters they seemed lying tight &
dry on land - this was near the Jamaica
breakwater, a mile & a third long, which keeps
the storms at bay - & the stone for it, has
made a huge hole in the side of the mountain
& altered its whole flank.



Friday

We have had two more drives, but only to
grow more familiar with the Island Land-
scape - we have seen no more wonders. ^{Thurs}
a walk to Town Chapel Bay was interesting
both for its beauty now, & the remembrance
of the old chapel that once stood on a rock
now sea-covered at high tide, & which was
said to be built on the spot where the per-
secuted Irish saint, Bridget, landed, she
having sailed from Ireland on a green sward
which took root & flourished, & became the
hillock on which the church was built. Is
it a parable? or only a tale that has been
altered as it was repeated?

Bad weather we have had a good
deal of & only one really warm day. Sybil W.
says the weather has been shocking in Scot-
land - but we have filled up the time
very pleasantly, & I am only sorry that the
week here is so near an end - I have here
tomorrow to meet Mrs White in Chester, we
are going $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour by train to a little
vill near Beaton Castle & we will stay over
Sunday there - Monday, I meet Aunt E. &
party at Chester, & return to Rock Ferry
then Scotland on Thursday or Friday &
I hope to get back to Rock F. about end of June.

I wrote to Mrs White to ask her what she
was doing - I was it-not-odd that - she sh-
be going to Chester just now, & free by this
Saturday - I think she feels very lonely now
her daughter is in India, & her eldest son in
Africa: & I can tell her so much she will
glad to know about her old home -

D. Hope is to be back today - but Mrs A. - has had quite
a severe turn of Lumbago! & been in bed 3 or 4 days
he is better now - but is not allowed to leave his room.