

Edwin Broomfield

1891 census, 77 High Street, Newport

<i>Edwin Broomfield</i>	Head (single)	70	Journalist	Southampton, Hampshire
Edith H Archer	Lodger (widow)	69	retired umbrella manufacturer	Newport, Isle of Wight

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NEWPORT

DEATH OF MR. E. BROOMFIELD. - The death of an old inhabitant, in the person of Mr. Edwin Broomfield, living alone at 77, High-street, took place early on Sunday morning. The deceased, who had reached the age of 78, was known to be in failing health, apparently due to senile decay. Late on Saturday night, consequent on anxiety among friends who had not seen deceased about since the previous evening, Chief Inspector Ayres and P.C. King went to the house, and from what was seen through the bed-room window by the aid of a ladder and policeman's lantern the police forced the front door. On going upstairs they found deceased lying on his face by the side of the bed, apparently lifeless. The police put their ambulance skill into practice by rendering "first aid" and summoned medical aid, Dr. Hatton Castle arriving immediately after. Restoratives were applied, but all efforts proved futile, as deceased never regained consciousness, though he lingered on to the early hours of Sunday morning. It is conjectured that deceased had an apoplectic seizure and fell on the floor, where he had presumably been lying for a considerable time. The facts were communicated to the Coroner, who did not think an inquest necessary. The funeral of deceased took place at Carisbrooke Cemetery on Wednesday. The late Mr. Broomfield, though not, we believe, a native of the Island, had lived here for the greater part of his life. Many years ago he held school appointments, first at Wootton and afterwards at Newport, and he subsequently became a newspaper correspondent, acting for a considerable period as the Newport representative of the *Hampshire Advertiser*. By his death the licensed victualers of the Island have lost one of their most militant supporters. He was ever ready to champion their cause, and if his efforts in their behalf were not always marked by discretion, there was no mistaking the zeal which characterised them. Though often strange and eccentric outwardly, those who knew him best were well aware that there were some very admirable traits in his character. He was a great admirer of all things beautiful in nature, he loved little children, and his regard for dumb creatures was of the tenderest description. He called at our office on Friday night - only a few hours before he received the first premonition of the impending end. He then seemed extremely ill, but he brightened up as he was reminded that his favourite time of flowers and singing birds was come. "Beautiful," he said. And we saw him and heard him no more.

Transcription by Rosemary Stewart, additional research by Tony Barton for the Friends of Newport & Carisbrooke Cemeteries © 2019

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