

Frank Cooke

1881 Census – 21 Crocker Street, Newport

<i>Frank Cooke</i>	<i>Head</i>	<i>39</i>	<i>Smith</i>	<i>Carisbrooke, Hampshire</i>
Margaret Cooke	Wife	42		Yarmouth, Hampshire
Wm Frank Cooke	Son	16	Smith	Carisbrooke, Hampshire
Kate A Cooke	Daughter	5	Scholar	Newport, Hampshire
Geo H Cooke	Son	2		Newport, Hampshire

Hampshire Telegraph - 4 August 1875

NEWPORT.

DEATH FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS AND OVER EXCITEMENT - F. Blake, Esq., Coroner for the Isle of Wight, held an inquest at the "Waggon and Horses" beerhouse, Crocker-street, Newport, on Saturday evening, on the body of Frank Cooper [*sic*], a blacksmith, aged 42 years. - Martha [*believe should be Margaret*] Cooke said she was the wife of the deceased, who had lately complained much of his head, since he had been struck on the upper part of the face by a sledge hammer about six months ago, the handle having come out of the hammer while he was using it. About a month ago he fell back on the anvil and hurt himself. Last Monday he left the shop in Lower St. James's-street, where he had been working, and went to Niton to work. Before leaving he complained of giddiness in the head. He also fretted much about their little girl, who was in a very delicate state of health. Before four o'clock on Thursday morning he came home, accompanied by his master, Mr. Whittington, and he then appeared very strange in his manner. He went to bed, and when he arose he looked quite well. About 12 o'clock, although she advised him to remain home, he left to go to Niton, and she did not see him again until 12 o'clock noon on Friday, when he was brought home by two constables, as he could not walk without assistance. On asking him if he knew her he made no reply, and never afterwards either spoke or opened his eyes. He died at half-past one when lying on a bed. Although her husband occasionally drank beer, he was not in the habit of coming home drunk. Witness had frequently said to the children within the last few weeks "How strange your father looks!" — Mr. Frank Whittington said he was a blacksmith carrying on business at Niton, and on Monday last the deceased came to work for him. He did not then notice anything strange in his manner or appearance. The deceased lodged at his house, and at half-past one o'clock on Thursday morning he came and knocked at his bed-room door, and requested him to come to his room. On going there he asked him if his house were haunted? When he answered "No," the deceased said there was something in the room which kept pulling the clothes off the bed. Witness lay down on the bed beside him and tried to calm him; but he seemed much excited, and kept praying and calling out that all sorts of spirits appeared to him, and that he was pursued by a bull. He tried to persuade him that there were no such things; but he got up, and, pointing about the bedroom, he asked him if he did not see 10,000 spirits about there? Observing the state he was in he advised him to dress, and he accompanied him home to Newport, where they arrived at about four o'clock a.m. He (witness) was out at work in the country on Wednesday last; but on returning home was informed by his workmen that the deceased had visited the public-house from eight to nine times throughout the day. In going to Newport, which is 7½ miles distant, deceased walked quite well; but he was subject to strange hallucinations, and, when on the way, he kept exclaiming that spirits were approaching him, and he frequently pretended to fence or drive them off with his stick. At a quarter to six o'clock on the evening the same day, on returning from the country, he saw the deceased in the streets of Niton. He then talked cheerfully; but he perceived he had been drinking. He requested him to return to Newport, and he saw him go in that direction. He gave him

his tea before he left. At a little before eight o'clock on the following morning the deceased came to his shop and threw off his coat to begin to work; but as witness did not think he was in a fit state to do so, he would not allow him to commence working. On learning that he had been visiting people's houses and talking wildly, he sent for the constable, whom he desired to convey him to Newport. The deceased did not eat much when he was at his house. Nine years ago, when he (witness) was employed in the same shop with him at Newport, he had known him drink from nine to ten pints of beer during the day. He had never seen him drunk, but he considered him an habitual drinker. He did not know where the deceased slept on Thursday evening. — Police-constable Thorn said he was stationed at Niton, and on Friday morning he was sent for to Mr. Whittington's shop, where he found the deceased. He told him he wished him to return to Newport to see his little girl, who was ill. In walking along the road with him he always kept calling for beer, and wished to enter every public-house as they passed, but with much persuasion he kept him from entering. However, as he thought he required a rest, he took him into the "Chequers" public-house, and gave him a bottle of ginger-beer. On going along the road he had very strange delusions, and upwards of twenty times he pointed over the hedges and said "Do you see that bull? There it is;" while there was no bull. On reaching Shide he had a great difficulty in getting him past the "Barley Mow" Inn; and lest he should attempt to enter a public-house in the suburbs of Newport, he put him into a carrier's van, which happened to come along the road. After taking him to the police-station, the prisoner became very unwell, and began to tremble all over, and he and another constable were ordered by Mr. Supt. Horan to lead him home, when he seemed in a very drowsy state. He talked a good deal about his little girl on their way to Newport. - Dr. Foster said he knew the deceased, and had for 12 or 14 years attended upon him occasionally. Six months ago he visited him, when he was struck by a sledge hammer on the cheek-bone, and also about a month ago for a bad leg. On Friday, at a quarter-past one o'clock p.m., he was sent for to see the deceased. He went directly, and found him lying on a bed downstairs, half undressed, and in a state of collapse. His eyes were turned upwards. His complexion was very pale, and his skin clammy and cold, and he shook all over. He appeared to be dying. Witness did all he could for him, and gave instructions how he was to be treated if he at all revived. In about 40 minutes he returned and found him dead. There was not the least doubt but that the delusions from which the deceased had been suffering arose from his being an habitual drinker. His death, in his opinion, was caused by *delirium tremens*, brought on by an excessive use of stimulants, combined with over excitement. - The jury returned a verdict accordingly, and expressed their satisfaction with the clear and satisfactory manner in which the witnesses had given their evidence, but more especially with Mr. Whittington and Constable Thorn, for their considerate kindness towards the deceased.

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