

ISLE OF WIGHT OBSERVER Saturday Sept 14th 1861

TOWN CRIER

Ryde Commissioners recommend that a hand-bell be provided, and that an allowance be made to the crier and hall keeper (excepting Sundays), £15.12s. per annum, to be paid quarterly; that a suitable uniform of hat, frock-coat, and trousers, with an overcoat, be provided, and that he hold the office at the pleasure of the Board and be subject to re-election in each year as the other officers, it being understood that the hand-bell and also the uniform be returned if he resign or be removed from the office. And your Committee recommend that the 1st day of October next shall be the day for the crier and hall keeper to commence his duties, and that his christian and surname, with the above schedule of fees, be published in one of the front windows of the Market House. The name of each candidate was now called, and being present were request to come forward. Their testimonials were read, some exciting laughter, and a list of signatures, about three yards long in length, astonishment. A ballot was carried out and **BUCKETT** was declared duly elected by the Chairman.

1871 CENSUS: RG10/1166. folio 99. page 1.

Address: Town Hall Cottage, Market-street, Ryde, IW.

Henry BUCKETT. Head. Mar. 31. Mun Town Sergeant Town Crier. Brixton, Hants.

Ellen BUCKETT. Wife. Mar. 32. Ryde, Hants.

Ada Fanny BUCKETT. Dau. 9. Scholar. Ryde, Hants.

Caroline Louisa BUCKETT. Dau. 5. Scholar. Ryde, Hants.

Agnes Lily BUCKETT. Dau. 2. Ryde, Hants.

William Henry BUCKETT. Son. 3 months. Ryde, Hants.

John ELDRIDGE. Wife's Brother. Unm. 26. Assistant Market Keeper Mun. Ryde, Hants.

1891 CENSUS: RG12/891. folios 12/13. pages 18/19.

Address: 32 Surrey-street, Ryde, IW.

Henry BUCKETT. Head. M. 51. Waiter Inn. Brixton, IW.

Ellen BUCKETT. Wife. M. 52. Ryde, IW.

Ada F. BUCKETT. Dau. S. 29. Dressmaker. Ryde, IW.

Agnes L. BUCKETT. Dau. S. 23. Dressmaker. Ryde, IW.

William H. BUCKETT. Son. S. 19. Barman Inn. Ryde, IW.

Amy R. BUCKETT. Dau. S. 16. Dressmaker. Ryde, IW.

Bernard J. BUCKETT. Son. 12. Scholar. Ryde, IW.

Bessie K. BUCKETT. Dau. 11. Scholar. Ryde, IW.

George H. PARSONS. Gr/son. 4. Ryde, IW.

ISLE OF WIGHT OBSERVER Saturday 6th June 1896

Death Notice:-

BUCKETT .. On the 3rd inst., at Surrey Street, Ryde, **Henry BUCKETT**, late Town Sergeant , and Captain of the Ryde Fire Brigade, aged 56 years.

ISLE OF WIGHT OBSERVER Saturday 6th June 1896

DEATH OF MR. HENRY BUCKETT

We have to record the death of Mr. **Henry BUCKETT**, at one time a very popular and respected town servant. Somewhen in the sixties, and before the town had been constituted a borough, the Ryde Commissioners were in need of a Town Crier. There were numerous applications for the office, and several of the candidates were posted at the top of Union Street, and their vocal powers carefully tested by a committee. The subject of our notices was then a good-looking young man, of remarkable strength and activity. No other candidate came near him as regards physique or vocal powers and his election to the vacant position was unanimous. He subsequently combined with office of Town Crier that of Hall-keeper, when the erection of the large hall rendered such an official necessary. When, in course of time, a charter of incorporation was obtained, Mr. BUCKETT was appointed the first Town Sergeant. A remarkably handsome uniform was provided for him, when he appeared at the first Corporation banquet in his silk stockings, knee-breeches, &c., everyone agreed that he presented a very fine figure. Truth to tell, it would have been a difficult to match him in height, size or strength. It is, however, in the capacity of Captain of the Fire Brigade that Henry BUCKETT deserves to be gratefully held in remembrance. He was captain of the Brigade for over 20 years, and during that time kept the Brigade up to a high standard of efficiency. His courage, activity, and strength particularly qualified him for the office. When the Brigade went out for practice, a crowd would be certain to collect to witness some of Captain BUCKETT's feats. To see him, after a pretended rescue from a supposed burning building, carry the biggest and heaviest member down the fire escape in his arm, as lightly as if he were a child, always inspired confidence. His abilities as a captain of the Fire Brigade were sometimes severely tested, but never more than when the Old Congregational Church was burnt down. The church was surrounded by other buildings, and the way in which Captain BUCKETT and his men kept the fire confined to the church, was greatly praised. The interior of the church was of wood, and there being no side windows the fire had burnt for hours before it was discovered, and when the roof fell in the flames were leaping 40 feet or 50 above the building. Everyone expected the adjoining houses would have suffered, and there is no saying where the fire would have extended but for Captain BUCKETT's energy. When the agent of the Fire Brigade came down, he warmly complimented Mr. BUCKETT, and said that what he had accomplished under the circumstances was marvellous. He added that he wished he could take him and his men to London, to show the people there what a little country brigade could do. For some 30 years Mr. BUCKETT was a prominent and popular figure, in proof of which we need only staff that during a very exciting and critical period in the history of the town frequent references to him will be found in the satirical effusions of the time. In one of these (by a gentleman who published his verses under the *non de plume* of "Lord Noes Zoo".) a Town Councillor, after a long meeting, apostrophises the Town Sergeant thus:

*Come BUCKETT, my buck, go get us some swizzle,
Some baccy, and pipes a yard or so long.
From a meeting so dry I should like much to mizzle.
Come Fatcher old chap, can't you give us a song.*

Some other stanzas represent BUCKETT (who was undoubtedly a faithful servant) dying of grief because old masters went out of office:

*Poor BUCKETT, how he wept ! No grief was stronger,
Homeward he went, and vowed he'd live no longer.*

He is then represented as making his will on the door of his office in chalk:

*His stockings, pumps, cocked hat and crier's bell,
With other trifles that he loved so well,
He left to one who, tho' no blood relation,*

Was like himself in height and conformation.

When the town was made a borough a waggish architect (now, alas ! no more) got out some designs for Corporation furniture, and the seat of the Sergeant at mace was shown as an inverted bucket. It will thus be seen that the subject of our notice, if not exactly witty himself, was the next best thing --the cause of wit in others. Like many other big men Mr. BUCKETT was an extremely jovial and kindhearted man, perhaps too much so. He has long been suffering from a painful illness which reduced him to a shadow of his former self, and he died on Wednesday, at the comparatively early age of 56. his father, the brave old coxswain of the Brighstone lifeboat, who has done so much grand service in his day and generation, still survives hale and hearty in spite of the weight of some 80 odd winters.

Researched & typed by
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