

THE
Journal
OF
THE KILVERT SOCIETY



THE KILVERT SOCIETY

*Founded in 1948 to foster an interest in the Reverend Francis Kilvert,
his work, his Diary and the countryside he loved*

Registered Charity No. 1103815

www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk

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Website: www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk (for additions or corrections, please email the Editor of the *Journal*). If you have mislaid the password for the Archive section of the website, please email the Editor, who will send it to you.

Dates for your diary

2013

Saturday 28 September

Visit to Lacock, Wiltshire.

We suggest you arrive late morning to walk around this lovely National Trust village. There are plenty of places for lunch or bring a picnic. Park behind the Red Lion (free) where we will meet outside at 2pm for a flattish walk in the meadows surrounding the Village. Tea afterwards at the Whitehall Garden Centre, £5.99 per person.

2014

Wednesday 5 March

Visit to Dulwich Picture Gallery, London (see leaflet enclosed with the *Journal*).

Friday 25 April

AGM at the Bishop's Palace, Hereford. Speaker the Very Rev Michael Tavinor, Dean of Hereford.

Saturday 26 April

Radnorshire Arms Hotel, Presteigne.
Seminar 10.30 am. Speakers to be announced.
Annual dinner 6.30 for 7pm.

Saturday 28 June

Visit to Clyro with lunch (to be confirmed)

Sunday 29 June

Commemorative Service (to be confirmed)

Saturday 29 September

Visit to Llanthony Priory

Sunday 30 September

Commemorative Service (to be confirmed)

PLEASE HELP THE SOCIETY CUT POSTAGE COSTS: The Society would like to send all relevant communications to members by email to reduce our postage costs. If you are on email, please tell the Secretary at jeanbrimson@hotmail.com. Otherwise mailings will be sent to you by post as usual. The Journal will continue to be printed and posted.

Front Cover At dusk on 15 December 1873, Francis Kilvert was in Langley Burrell when *there came a flashing of lights and a rattle of horsehoofs and the bride and bridegroom whirled past to Draycot with four greys and postilions*. The bridegroom was Captain Fred Wellesley, third son of the 1st Earl Cowley of Draycot House. He is portrayed on our cover as a six-year-old still in skirts as was the custom by Frederic Leighton. As Tim Couzens writes (p247), he was the Cowleys' greatest character, or 'a somewhat scapegrace son', as one critic put it.

Back cover Scenes from our visit to Oxford in March. For Dudley Green's report, see page 227.

From the Chairman

NEARLY two hundred years before Kilvert the Rev Ralph Josselin died at the age of sixty-seven. He spent most of his life in north-east Essex where he was a country parson from 1640 until 1683. As well as being a parson he was concurrently a farmer, schoolmaster and chaplain to a Puritan Regiment during the Civil War. He began writing his diary in 1644.

There are mundane entries concerning his business and commercial interests. However, there are many poignant passages concerning his family, friends and parishioners. An entry for 20th and 21st February, 1647 concerns the death of his 10-day-old son:

Ye night again my sonne very ill; he did not cry so much as ye night before; whether the cause was want of strength I knowe not; he had a litle froth in his mouth continually....Lord thy will bee done....what God will doe I know not, but it becometh mee to submit to his will....

This day my deare babe Ralph quietly fell a sleep, and is at rest with Lord....

Diaries are a direct way into people's thoughts and feelings. They give us some insight into the human condition. They are important historical documents and can give us a unique insight into the expectations and fears of our ancestors.

From the Secretary

A QUARTER of our members have now volunteered their e-mail addresses and the Society is now able to give regular updates on its activities and likewise members can be in touch with the Society through its website www.thekilvertociety.org.uk where all e-mails can be responded to by the Secretary.

So if the Society has not got your e-mail address I hope you will consider giving it to the Secretary; it will not be divulged to any third party.

The website, edited by Charles Boase, is having a very positive effect, all enquiries coming in now are by e-mail. The most memorable was a recent one enquiring about Kilvert and the Isle of Wight. Thinking it was an enquiry from the UK, I did my best to answer the questions and suggested they visit the island. Our enquirer replied he was sitting in the middle of the desert in Arizona! He was researching a paper for a lecture to be given at a college in Flagstaff, Arizona. Such is the scope of the worldwide web, our website really is working for us.

The committee continues to work hard. Our recent discussions have involved planning next year's programme of events along with the AGM weekend for 2014. Please see the provisional programme on the facing page in this issue. Further progress has been made on the restoration of Addie Cholmeley's memorial gravestone at Croft, Lincolnshire. I hope to give a final report on this in the next issue.

Our member Charles Bass of Builth Wells has kindly donated a volume of verse by Kilvert's uncle, Francis Kilvert the Antiquarian. The Society has had the binding repaired and it will join the Kilvert collection on loan at the Museum in Chippenham. Our thanks go to Mr Bass for not only discovering the find but so generously donating it to the Society for safe keeping.

I do hope you will support the Society events wherever possible.



The Chairman, David Elvins, left, and Secretary Alan Brimson read passages from the Diary at the university church of St Mary during our visit to Oxford in March

Contents

Inside front cover Officials of the Society and Dates for your Diary

225 From the Chairman and From the Secretary

226 Our Commemoration Service at Glascwm witnessed an unusual two-handed sermon from Bishop John Oliver and his wife Meriel

227 There is nothing like Oxford says Dudley Green, echoing the Diarist on our visit to the city in March

231 Charles and Maureen Weston make the case for a Kilvert debt to Wordsworth on our Tintern visit

232 Stephen Massil reveals a continental dimension to Kilvert's world through the connections of Richard Lister Venables' first wife

237 Margaret Collins finds poetry in Kilvert's infatuation with the unattainable Emma Hockin

241 Rob Graves continues the story of the children of Llanthomas, this time featuring the cruel fate that befell the second son, John

246 Tuck in to Dave Horner's alternative view of the Kilvert Pilgrimage

247 Draycot House gave Kilvert an entrée into the county smart set. Tim Couzens explores the Wellesley connection in the *Diary*

252 John Toman's new book, *Kilvert's World of Wonders*, leaves Michael Sharp full of admiration

253 Lyndall Hancock tells the amazing story of what the *My Bee Book* man William Cotton did next when he got to New Zealand

254-256 Notes, Reviews and Obituaries

256 Eric Ball has devised a little quiz to test your knowledge of the *Diary*.

Inside Back Cover there is a list of society publications for sale, as well as recommended titles that can be bought through bookshops



Keeping a distance from what might have been

Bishop John Oliver, in an unusual two-hander with Meriel his wife, spoke at the Commemoration Service about the harsh realities of life Kilvert encountered as he went 'villaging'. CHARLES BOASE tries to catch the mood of a most informative and instructive address

ONE sometimes wishes Kilvert had seen what might have been, said Bishop John Oliver in his sermon at the Society's Evensong and Commemoration Service on June 30.

Speaking in his church of St David at Glascwm, tucked away down an improbable number of tiny lanes beyond Painscastle, the former Bishop of Hereford picked up from the reading by Michael Reynolds from the Book of Micah: 'He hath shewed you, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with the God.' And that, said John Oliver, is what Kilvert did and what we feel deeply grateful for.

Talking afterwards he joked that his address didn't really count as a sermon. It was indeed unusual in style being presented as a two-hander with his wife Meriel who read from the *Diary*.

At the start he said, to some amusement, that Meriel had corrected him on some point of rubric, but he had replied, echoing the *Diary* (I 344) that he was bishop in this place and they would follow cathedral practice.

The theme they took was to look at *Diary* entries each year for around about today's date, June 30, in the expectation it would give a spread of human experience. But talk about the dark side of Kilvert! One year's entry was about facial disfigurement and a pub row; another a deluge and madness; in another, Merseyside, offered some respite, but, even there, there was the gloom of sorrowful partings on steamers and worry about what might lie ahead; one (unidentified) was too harrowing for Meriel to read; there was wet summers, rural depopulation, four inches of mud in the Rhydspence Inn; the sheer poverty of rural life. Even the vanishing number of Waterloo veterans sixty years on was a cause for regret. So many entries, said John, are of pain, sorry decline, poverty or some kind of sorrow or another.

Then there are other entries that show Kilvert's sensitivity to beauty. This is also the real Kilvert, said John. He is buffeted about. There were huge changes wrenching Victorian society in entirely new directions. Darwin posed a terrifying challenge to Christianity in 1859, that the Bible's account was wrong. The next year, *Essays and Reviews* tried to come to terms with a new historical and cultural approach to the Bible (and catch up with German research of the past fifty years). To be a churchman in Kilvert's time needed an openness to study and a willingness to work with new analytical tools.

Farming reached its apogee in 1860: more people than ever before were employed on the land. Technology, machines and

fertilisers made it the most prosperous time. But the repeal of the Corn Laws in the late 1840s allowed imports to flow in from the vast prairies of the Mid West of the United States – terrible for our agriculture but it meant the teeming poor in our cities were able to eat. The collapse in prices lasted right up to the outbreak of war in 1939.

Other things were happening: in 1867 the franchise was extended; in 1870 the Education Act came in (Kilvert mentions the Act only once, but it was very important for him); in 1871, unions were legalised, the power of the working men was taken seriously; in 1872, Joseph Arch founded the Agricultural Union in Leamington Spa, sowing the seeds of dignity and a living

wage; and John's survey concluded with a powerful quote from GM Trevelyan on the sudden collapse of English agriculture in 1875.

How much did Kilvert know and understand, asked John. He was essentially conservative, and suspicious of liberal theology which was to be the salvation of Christianity. He was nostalgic. Unions? He feared them. Socially, he looked to how things used to be, not to the future. He was a caring, pastoral person who was dearly loved. Some said he should stand for the county council, but he kept his distance.

The dark side showed much that couldn't be changed, but

there was hope. Only a few years later, in 1884, the NSPCC was formed (it was soon dealing with five million cases of cruelty), and one thinks instantly of Corfield lashing his daughters (vol 1 367-8; was this the passage Meriel wouldn't read?).

We might wish Kilvert had seen what might have been, said John, but he was a wonderful man and his wonderful *Diary* shows the background against which he had to live life.

The service included a reading from St Matthew, chapter 5 (the Sermon on the Mount) by Val Dixon. And, being Petertide, the bidding prayers remembered those who were to be ordained that weekend.

The hymns were 'Praise my soul, the King of Heaven', 'Hark, Hark my soul', and 'Lord of beauty, thine the splendour'. The last was sung to the tune St Audrey, composed by Basil Harwood (1859-1949). He is mentioned in the *Diary* (III 399, 404). He was twice at The Cottage, Bredwardine, when Kilvert called.

Music was powerfully provided by Schola, directed by David White. Members come from various choirs (including Cantorion) in Llandrindod Wells and Brecon. The applause they received was richly deserved.

After the service, a splendid tea was enjoyed in the church.



No rest for Bishop John Oliver as he serves teas after conducting the Commemoration Service at Glascwm



‘There is nothing like Oxford’

Even for an old Oxford hand like DUDLEY GREEN there is something very special going around the university guided by excerpts from the Diary. Familiar scenes and Diary descriptions enrich each other. And the whole experience was gilded by our whole-hearted welcome at Wadham, the Diarist’s old college

THE Society Winter Event this year took the form of a visit to Oxford, to view some of the places associated with Francis Kilvert’s time at the University. On a dry, bright day over forty members gathered on the pavement outside Wadham College to hear our Secretary Alan Brimson explain that the plan was to take a leisurely stroll around central Oxford in the morning, and to visit Wadham after lunch. Then, before handing over to the Chairman, David Elvins, who was to be our guide for the day, Alan set the scene for our visit by reading an extract from Kilvert’s Diary in which he describes his arrival at Oxford on Monday, 22 May 1876:

To-day I went to Oxford by the 1 o’clock train to pay a visit to my dear old College friend Anthony Lawson Mayhew at his new home St. Margaret’s, Bradmore Road. I had not been to Oxford for two years. The first sight of the old university from the railway, and the noble cluster of towers and spires always rouse in me an indescribable thrill of pride and love and enthusiasm. There is nothing like Oxford.

Francis Kilvert went up to Oxford in 1859, at the age of 19, to take up residence at Wadham College. He was the fourth member of his family to secure entrance to the university. His uncle Francis had entered Worcester College in 1811, in 1822 his father Robert had been admitted to Oriel College, and his uncle Edward had later gone to St Alban’s Hall (incorporated into Merton College in 1881). Kilvert did not start his diary until 1 January 1870, eight years after he went down from the University, so we have no direct record of his activities as an undergraduate. Our information for this period of his life is almost entirely derived from his account of the two subsequent visits which he made to Oxford, in May 1874 and May 1876.

At the time of his entry, Wadham College was a small community of about sixty undergraduates and in Kilvert’s year there were only thirteen new students. In such a small community it might be thought that he would have been able to play a full part in college life, but barriers of class and wealth were still very strong at Oxford. Also, like his father before him, Francis would have had little spare money to pay for more than the bare necessities of life.

The final degree school which Kilvert chose to study was the combined one of Law and Modern History. This course had been established nine years earlier as a result of the University Reform Act of 1850 which modernised many features of the university and created a range of new honours schools. Candidates who wished to gain an honours degree had to offer two separate degree schools. For the first part of their course they were required to take Literae Humaniores (the study of Classical History and Philosophy) and then they might choose one other from a choice

of Mathematics, Natural Science or the new school of Law and History.

Kilvert obtained a pass level in the Literae Humaniores examination, which he would have taken in the Hilary Term (spring term) of his third year, 1862. He would then have had about six months to study for his second subject of Law and History, which he took at the end of the Michaelmas Term (autumn term). It is clear that History was Kilvert’s first love. We learn from the diary that throughout his life he took a great interest in



The Third Earl of Pembroke (1580–1630) welcomes Society members to the Divinity School

the history of buildings and places and in the historical memories of those whom he met. But he seems to have displayed no interest in the law and studying it may have been the price he had to pay for choosing history.

Kilvert graduated in 1862 with a fourth class degree. This has usually been considered a disappointing result and an indication of his lack of academic ability. To gain a more accurate impression, however, it is necessary to compare his performance with that of the twelve students who entered Wadham College with him in 1869. Two of these left Oxford without taking a degree and nine took pass degrees. The three who gained honours degrees all took their finals a year later than Kilvert, thus having the benefit of a year’s further study. Kilvert only stayed three years and a term. Presumably the reason for this was the family lack of finance.

This lack of financial resources probably also meant that, like his father before him, Kilvert was unable to engage a private tutor to assist him in his preparation for the examination. It was generally agreed that the poor quality of the teaching provided

by many of the Fellows at Oxford at this time made such extra assistance essential. A report on the Royal Commission into Oxford of 1851 states that:

Many Fellows undertook so little teaching that an undergraduate anxious to get a good degree, or indeed any degree at all, was normally obliged to employ a private tutor.

Taking these circumstances into account it would seem that Kilvert's academic performance at Oxford was a creditable one. As Mr C.S.L. Davies, the Keeper of the Archives of Wadham College, wrote in the *Kilvert Society Journal* in June 2005:

Measured by the standards of his peers, Kilvert's results were above average, in that most of them took pass degrees. Had he taken four years rather than his three his class in honours would almost certainly have been higher. His performance was by no means disreputable.

Although we have little direct evidence of Kilvert's career at Wadham, his diary accounts of the two later visits which he paid to Oxford, in 1874 and 1876, enable us to gain some insight into his time at the University. On his first visit (20–23 May 1874) we sense his great pleasure at being back in Oxford for the first time since he had gone down twelve years earlier. On the first evening of his stay he attended evensong at New College and then went down to the river to watch the boat races from the Queen's College barge:

There was the old scene bright and busy which has been going on ever since I left Oxford. The river alive and moving with all sorts of boats, skiffs and canoes. The great crowd moving down the towing path and the meadows on the Oxfordshire side, the barges crowded with University men and ladies, the first gun at Iffley, the puff of white smoke far down the river succeeded after some seconds by the dull report, the 2nd and 3rd guns and soon afterwards the distant roar, growing nearer and louder, of the crowd running with the boats and pouring over the long Bridges, then the sharp nose of the first boat and the white jerseys of the straining crew gliding swiftly round the corner of the bank, the intense excitement, the shouting, the uproar as boat after boat dashed past.

This vivid account reveals a sharpened awareness of the lively scene on the river. It is clear that he is reliving the interests of the past and drawing on affectionate memories of time spent down by the river supporting his college.

Later that day he went to the house of his old scout (college servant) George Hawks to borrow a cap and gown so that he might visit the University Museum. When he had first arrived in Wadham in 1859, he had been delighted to find that by some quirk of fate his scout George Hawks, was the same man who had served his father at Oriel. He was struck by the sense of continuity represented by the man's long period of service:

George Hawks was my father's scout at Oriel 40 years ago, and he was my scout at Wadham and he is scout at Wadham still. One generation passeth away and another cometh in its stead.

The general impression to be gained from these comments,

made after an absence of 12 years, is that he looked back at his time at Wadham with affection, and that he was sad to reflect that the Oxford of his day had gone for ever. His words have a warmth and an enthusiasm which seems missing from his father's unemotional memoir of his Oxford days.

Kilvert's account of his second visit to Oxford two years later (22–27 May 1876), while not displaying the same feelings of nostalgia and loss, does provide information on one or two of his former contemporaries at Wadham. On this occasion he was

staying with his 'dear old college friend Anthony Lawson Mayhew'. Anthony Mayhew entered Wadham a year after Kilvert and seems to have been his closest friend in the college. When Mayhew paid a visit to Langley Burrell in July 1875, Kilvert recorded: *He has been much entertained by some of my old journals which I gave him to read.*

It would seem that Mayhew had the distinction of being the only person to read portions of the diary while Kilvert was still



Wadham High Table. Francis Kilvert achieved a long-held ambition dining there in 1876,

alive. After his ordination as priest in 1866, he held a succession of clerical appointments and became a great expert on philology. His obituary in *The Times* described him as 'one of the foremost English scholars and philologists in the country'. At the time of Kilvert's 1876 visit, he had moved to Oxford in order to further his great interest in the subject.

When Kilvert arrived at Oxford station on 22 May 1876 he was met by Mayhew who had just been attending a lecture on the Slavonic languages. His account of the lecture prompted Kilvert to make an ironic comment:

Mayhew met me at the station at 3 o'clock. He came straight from the Taylor Buildings where he had been attending a lecture given by a Dane named Thomassen fresh from Copenhagen. The lecture was on the Slavonic languages and as the lecturer had a severe cold and a 'Slavonic cough' and spoke in a very low voice. Mayhew was not much wiser.

As the pair were walking through the Parks on their way towards Mayhew's home in Bradmore Road, they encountered two other men who had connections with the college:

In the Parks we met Griffiths, the present Warden of Wadham, a kind pleasant courteous old gentleman, and Spurling whom I remember as a very junior scholar when I took my degree and went down. He is now Dean of Keble College.

On the next evening Mayhew and Kilvert dined with the Fellows on High Table in Hall. In doing this Kilvert was achieving a long-held ambition:

This evening Mayhew and I dined at the High Table at Wadham with the Fellows, an object of my undergraduate ambition achieved at length. We were a party of six, Thorley, the Subwarden, Richards the junior fellow and another master who brought a friend, an officer in the army. Thorley was very agreeable. I sat on his right hand and we had an exceedingly pleasant dinner and evening over the dessert in the Common Room. I had never been in the Common Room before.

Kilvert's dislike of high church practices was revealed on the next evening when they went to St Barnabas' Church to hear

Father Stanton preach at 'the grand function of the Ascension'. The service was performed with much high church ritual and the procession included incense bearers, a great gilt cross, thurifers and acolytes. Kilvert was not impressed:

As we came out of Church, Mayhew said to me, 'Well, did you ever see such a function as that?' No, I never did and I don't care if I never do again.

After taking his degree in December 1862, Kilvert left Oxford and returned to the family home at Langley Burrell. It is clear that he had already decided to follow in his father's footsteps and he spent the next few months assisting his father and continuing his studies in preparation for ordination. In 1863 he was ordained deacon in Bristol Cathedral.

David Elvins commenced our tour by leading us past Blackwells, the famous university bookshop, and across Broad Street into the quadrangle of the Old Bodleian Library. We entered the magnificent medieval Divinity School, constructed between 1427 and 1483. It has a fine ceiling of elaborate cross-ribbed vaulting and was designed for lectures and discussions in Theology. It is the oldest surviving university building. There is a charge for entry and I was delighted to find that graduates of the university may go in free and may also admit two guests. The two members following me in the queue were able to take advantage of this bounty! Every undergraduate wishing to use the Bodleian Library has to sign the Statutory Declaration that:

I hereby undertake not to abstract from the Library, nor to mark, deface, or injure in any way, any volume, document, or other object belonging to it; nor to bring into the Library or kindle therein any fire or flame, and not to smoke in the Library; and I promise to obey all the regulations of the Library.

I still have the card bearing the Declaration which I signed on 12 October 1954. I assume that Kilvert had to sign one too in order to gain access to the books in the library. The Bodleian is not a lending library and all books have to be read on the premises. In 1645 Charles I was politely but firmly told that the Statutes forbade the removal of any book or manuscript whatsoever, and nine years later Cromwell was subject to the same restriction.

David then led us up Catte Street and through Radcliffe Square, past my old alma mater, Brasenose College, to visit St Mary's, the University Church. St Mary's, with its soaring 14th century spire, was the early centre of the university of Oxford and the first seat of university government. Lectures were given here and degrees conferred. In an upper storey of the church the first books of the university's library were kept, and in 1942 the first meeting of Oxfam took place. In this church the trials of the Oxford martyrs, Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London and Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury were held. Here, on 21 March 1556, Cranmer famously withdrew the recantations of his protestant beliefs which he had made, saying that the hand which had signed them would be the first part of him to be burnt. John Wesley preached on several occasions in this church, as did John Henry Newman who was vicar for fifteen years from 1828 until 1843. Here too, on 14 July 1833, John Keble preached his famous assize sermon on National Apostasy, which is generally regarded as the start of the Oxford movement's attempt to revive catholic spirituality in the Church.

We then crossed The High (as High Street is generally known) and went down Oriel Street to gain a glimpse of Oriel College, where Kilvert's father Robert was an undergraduate. The college was closed to visitors but we looked through the main gateway to view the elegant Front Quad. Robert entered Oriel College in October 1822 and most of our information about his time there

is derived from the Memoirs which he wrote many years later when he was the Rector of Langley Burrell. He described his life at Oxford as 'very uneventful'. This may partly have been due to lack of money. For his first two years the only accommodation he could obtain in college consisted of 'two very miserable rooms at the top of a winding staircase, close to the college bell'. He describes himself as having 'one or two friends' but 'very few acquaintances' and records that during his time in Oxford he 'never drank a glass of wine ... nor any fermented liquor at all'. He adopted a simple daily routine, going for a run in Christchurch Meadow before morning chapel and spending most afternoons on a two-hour walk into the country.

During Robert's first two terms John Keble was a tutor at Oriel. Robert wrote that he had many pleasant recollections of him and recalled how delighted he was when his work met with Keble's approbation. He described him as 'a small dark man, most unimposing in manner and speech' yet 'having a nameless waft of simple goodness about him' and 'commanding a degree of respect and even reverence such as is rarely met with'. In 1826 John Henry Newman became a tutor at Oriel. It is clear Robert had some contact with Newman, for Kilvert recorded in his diary that, when some years later his uncle Francis had spoken to Newman about Robert, Newman had replied:

I remember him well, he left a fragrant memory behind him at Oriel.

Robert seems to have applied himself diligently to his studies and read widely, but shortage of funds prevented him engaging a private tutor who would have assisted him in his preparation for the public examinations. The result was that, when in 1827 he took his Finals, his knowledge of his reading had never been tested and, much to his 'great disappointment and mortification', he was placed in the Third Class in both Classics and Mathematics.

David then led us through Oriel Square into Merton Street where we paused outside Corpus Christi College. This was the occasion for another reading from the *Diary*. On his 1876 visit, Kilvert and Mayhew were on their way down to the river to see the boat races when they met an old college friend, Robert David Laing. Laing is the only exact contemporary of Kilvert's who is mentioned in the diary. As an undergraduate he had been a brilliant scholar and he was now a Fellow of Corpus Christi College. He was clearly a very unstable person and was well-known in the University for his eccentricity. At one time he had made a bonfire in his room, which had fortunately been discovered by a neighbour and extinguished before serious harm was done. He regarded himself as under the protection of St Cuthbert of Durham and in 1886 he changed his name to Cuthbert Shields. Laing accompanied Kilvert and Mayhew to the Queen's College barge. At first he behaved in an unpredictable manner and suddenly, while walking backwards and declaring that he would rather be a drunkard than a teetotalter, he overbalanced and nearly fell into the river. Before leaving them he invited them to take breakfast with him on the following day. So the next morning they went round to Corpus to his 'luxurious double rooms, oak-panelled, in the Fellows' Buildings':

We had a merry laughing breakfast spiced with many college stories and recollections of old days. David read us some of his own poetry and treated us also to a selection from the Jacobean poets and the beautiful noble lines to his dead wife by Richard King, Bishop of Chichester [an error: the bishop's name was Henry King].

We then continued past Merton College on our way back to The High. In 1876 Kilvert and Mayhew, finding the iron gate of the college gardens open, went in and walked around.

I had never been in Merton Gardens before. They are very beautiful and

the famous Terrace Walk upon the old city walls and the lime avenue are most delightful. The soft green sunny air was filled with the cooing of doves and the chiming of innumerable bells. It was a beautiful peaceful spot where abode an atmosphere of calm and happy security.

As they were enjoying this peaceful environment they suddenly realised that a large group of people was approaching:

We suddenly became aware that the peace of this paradise was being disturbed by the voices and laughter of a company of people and immediately there came in sight a master and a bachelor of arts in caps and gowns and carrying a ladder on their shoulders assisted by several men and attended by a number of parish boys.

The party carried white willow wands in their hands and were beating the bounds, 'noisily beating and thrashing the old City walls and the Terrace Walk'. The master of arts in charge of them was the Rev Edmund Knox, the Vicar of the parish of St John the Baptist, who was later to become the Bishop of Manchester. His son was the famous Ronald Knox who, after a most distinguished career at Oxford, became a Catholic convert and was the Roman Catholic chaplain to the University from 1926 to 1939.

Kilvert and Mayhew decided to follow the procession into the private garden of Corpus Christi College, where by ancient custom those who beat the bounds 'were ragaled with bread, cheese and ale from the private buttery of the President of Corpus.' When Kilvert and his friend shared in this bounty Edmund Knox ironically commented that those who beat the bounds were expected to contribute to the expenses of the church, but all to no avail! The procession passed on through an outer court where the boys were liberally splashed with cold water by undergraduates from the rooms above and moved into Oriel College. Here the proceedings became more unruly when the men in the procession threw old hats to the boys which were immediately used as footballs. They also threw biscuits and hot coppers with the result that:

the quadrangle echoed with shouting and laughter and the whole place was filled with uproar, scramble, and general licence and confusion.

When Mr Knox eventually got his boys under control the procession passed up Oriel Lane and Kilvert and Mayhew left them.

Mindful of all this misbehaviour we decorously continued on our way into The High, and turning down Queen's Lane entered the narrow, medieval New College Lane. Here we took a break for lunch. Several of the party chose the nearby Turf Taven, a 17th century inn approached by a narrow passageway off New College Lane. Originally called the Spotted Cow, it became a well-known centre for gambling, hence its name change. A large notice of 'Welcome' described the inn as 'An Education in Intoxification'. Situated off the narrow St Helen's Passage (its original name was Hell's Passage) it seemed an ideal location for Kilvert Society members to take lunch!

When we reassembled at the Porter's Lodge of Wadham College we met our guide for the afternoon, the College Chaplain, the Rev Ben Williams. The college was founded early in the seventeenth century out of money left in the will of Nicholas Wadham, a large landowner in Somerset, who died before he could achieve his object of founding a college in Oxford. His wife Dorothy, however, was a redoubtable character who presided over the establishment of the college and the first scholars took up residence in 1614.

At the time when Kilvert entered Wadham in 1859, the Warden was Benjamin Symonds, an inveterate opponent of John Henry Newman and the Oxford Movement. During the 40 years Symonds served as Warden (1831-1871) the college became known as a stronghold of evangelicalism. It may have been this evangelical reputation, together with its strong West Coun-

try links, which influenced Robert Kilvert in selecting Wadham for his son Francis.

Under the guidance of the Chaplain we were taken on a tour of the college. We visited the fine hall with its striking hammer-beam roof, where Kilvert would have dined every night. It contains some fine Tudor portraits and also one of Sir Christopher Wren who was an undergraduate here. We then went to the chapel. This is entered through an ante-chapel on which are several fine wall monuments. The chief attraction for us, however, was the memorial plaque to Francis Kilvert. Since attendance at college chapel was compulsory Kilvert would regularly have attended services here. The plaque was dedicated at a special service in the chapel on 7 July 1991. Some eighty members attended, including the President, Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn. The plaque, which was unveiled by Mrs Sheila Hooper (Kilvert's great-great niece), reads:

Robert Francis

KILVERT

1840-1879

Priest and Diarist

Undergraduate

1859-1862

The Chaplain had kindly arranged for us to take part in a Memorial Service to Francis Kilvert. This was a simple, intimate, but dignified service which we all found a moving experience. We sang the sixteenth century metrical version of Psalm 100: the hymn 'All people that on earth do dwell', which would no doubt have been familiar to Kilvert. We then read some verses from Psalm 90: 'Lord, thou hast been our refuge: from one generation to another'. In an ecumenical spirit the Chaplain said that the pause we should leave at the end of each line of the psalm should be long enough to say either 'Hail Mary' or 'Martin Luther' according to our ecclesiastical inclination! Michael Sharp read from the Epistle of James and Alan Brimson gave a reading from the Diary, and the service concluded with Prayers and a Blessing.

On a tour of the college gardens we passed the strange head-and-shoulders memorial seat to Maurice Bowra, a great Oxford character and the most famous twentieth century Warden of Wadham. Sadly, however, we could not say as Kilvert had on Thursday 21 May 1874:

All was as usual, the copper beech still spread a purple gloom in the corner because that fine beech tree has now been cut down. But we were glad to be able to re-echo his statement that:

The fabric of the college was unchanged, the grey chapel walls still rose fair and peaceful from the green turf.

A visit to one's old haunts inevitably raises feelings of nostalgia and I think we were all moved by the sentiments which Kilvert expressed on his first return to the college in 1874:

The familiar friendly faces had all vanished, some were dead and some were out in the world and all had gone away. Strange faces and cold eyes came out of the doorways and passed and repassed the porter's lodge. One or two of the College servants remembered my face still, almost all had forgotten my name.

It is perhaps some compensation, however, that these do not seem the comments of a man who had led a lonely, restricted life while he was an undergraduate, as his father had done. The reference to *familiar friendly faces* would seem to suggest that he is looking back with affection to the time at Wadham when he was proud to belong to the intimate brotherhood of the college.

❖ *Our thanks are due to David Elvins for his informed commentary on the places which we visited on our tour and to Alan Brimson for his administrative work in making this event possible.*

‘One wants a little more ruin’

Francis Kilvert’s day-trip to Tintern started unpromisingly with a view of the ‘ugly foreshore and wastes of hideous mudbanks’ of the ‘filthy ditch they call the Wye’ at Chepstow but at the sight of the Abbey he fell under its spell. Here, CHARLES WESTON discusses the probable inspiration for the Diarist’s excursion from William Wordsworth’s lines ‘Composed A Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey’

WHEN Maureen and I first offered our services to Alan to read the appropriate extract from the *Diary* on Kilvert’s experiences in Tintern for the Society’s summer outing it soon became apparent that his inspiration for the visit made on July Eve 1875 probably came from a poet who had made a visit here some 77 years previously – one William Wordsworth.

Wordsworth had written his ode to the Abbey and the countryside around it in July 1798. Was it, we wondered, a mere coincidence that Kilvert chose to make his visit here at the same time of the year that Wordsworth wrote his poem? And was it possible that, in an attempt to emulate Wordsworth, he wrote his own poem dedicated to the Abbey? Certainly in his *Diary* entry for Saturday July 3rd 1875 he records that he wrote ‘Tintern Abbey’: ... presumably a poem but unfortunately neither I nor Archivist Colin Dixon have managed to track it down.

Kilvert’s love of both William Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy’s poetry is well documented. She was the companion of her brother for most of her life and both of them often visited Radnorshire farms where she had family connections. Dorothy was a writer of beautiful prose and seven references in total are made of her in the *Diary*. On the occasion of Kilvert’s 35th birthday

From the Diary

Wednesday, July Eve: Tintern Abbey at first sight seemed to me to be bare and almost too perfect to be entirely picturesque. One wants a little more ruin and ivy and the long line of the building should be broken by trees, but within the precincts of the Abbey the narrow aisled vistas, the graceful lightness of the soaring arches and the exquisite and perfect tracery of the east and west windows are singularly beautiful. I climbed to the top of the walls....

It was a solemn grey day, very quiet, a perfect day for seeing a ruined Abbey which is less imposing in glaring sunshine and under a cloudless blue sky.

he mentions the gift of a copy of Dorothy Wordsworth’s *Journal* – given to him by his mother. In the final published entry of his *Diary* on March 13 1879 – recording a visit to Brinsop Court – a place with Wordsworth family connections – he refers to the painting of ‘dear Dorothy Wordsworth’ on the sitting room wall.

His admiration of William also is apparent from his *Diary* entries, with some twelve references in total. Wordsworth’s poem Tintern Abbey is a glorious anthem in praise of the beauty of nature. It encompasses reflective thoughts on how our judgements of our experiences of life mellow with the passing of time. Some of the descriptive phrases such as one describing the hedgerows ... ‘hardly hedge-rows, little lines Of sportive wood run wild...’ or the River Wye itself ... ‘O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro’ the woods. How often has my spirit turned to thee!’ ... would have resonated with Kilvert.

Wordsworth in his poem speaks as a ... ‘worshipper of nature ...’ Kilvert in his *Diary* entry is less explicit but echoes Wordsworth’s sentiments in his prose, as for example when describing how the soft grey mist ... ‘creeping up the valley with the rising tide, veiling the crests of the wooded cliffs with light woolly clouds, seemed in harmony with the spirit of the place...’

Rain had begun to fall lightly and the soft grey mist which came creeping up the valley with the rising tide, veiling the crests of the wooded cliffs with light woolly clouds, seemed in harmony with the spirit of the place. For a long time I was alone in the ruins. There was no sound amongst the lofty walls and vast grey arches but the chattering of the jackdaws, the gently singing of birds from the orchard and gardens without the walls, and the soft falling of the quiet rain as it dropped tenderly like the tears of Heaven weeping upon the greensward floor of the ruined Church....

Saturday, 3 July: Wrote ‘Tintern Abbey’



Maureen and Charles Weston reading from Wordsworth’s ‘Tintern Abbey’ at the old Tintern railway station, where we had tea. The line opened in November 1876 and closed in 1959. About thirty members took part in a walk along the Wye, preceded by a visit to the Abbey ruins and lunch at the Anchor Hotel



Mary Augusta Poltoratskaya, 'a lady of Scottish connections' and her families

Francis Kilvert, on holiday in Cornwall in 1870, reports the captain of a Russian vessel wrecked off the Lizard 'looked ... Russian and reminded me strongly of Captain Adam' – hardly surprising since the captain's mother (the first wife of Richard Lister Venables) was herself half Russian. Here STEPHEN MASSIL reveals a continental dimension to Kilvert's world, taking us to the verge of Pushkin studies and 'Eugene Onegin'

TAKING up the threads first tied in the *Newsletter* of the Kilvert Society in 1969-70 braided alongside detail from Canon Owain Jones's edition of Richard Lister Venables's 'Family memoir' of 1878 (reproduced in part in the *Journal* for March 2010 (No. 30), I should like to offer some further material giving both the first Mrs R.L. Venables's Scottish and Russian (and Birmingham) connections and some detail of her son, 'Captain Adam', taken up as a step-son by the Rev Richard Lister Venables (and his brother) when he married Mary Augusta Dalrymple Adam in 1834.

Poltoratsky Family

Mary Augusta Poltoratskaya was the daughter of General Poltoratsky, as Kilvert's readers will know. Aleksandr Markovich Poltoratsky (1766-1839) was the fourth son of Mark Fedorovich Poltoratsky (1729-1795) and Agafokleya Aleksandrovna Shishkova (1737-1822) (her brother was Aleksandr Shishkov (1754-1841) of the Academy of Sciences); two of his elder brothers were students at Edinburgh in 1783-4. Following his early military career Poltoratsky entered the civil service at Arkhangelsk and in 1790 was appointed to the staff of the Chief Commissary at Petrozavodsk

It was at Petrozavodsk that he married Marie Gascoigne in 1791 and became assistant director of the Alexander gun factory there in 1793; subsequently, going through the degrees of State Councillor he became Director of the Mint at St Petersburg in 1808 a position from which he eventually retired.

One of Poltoratsky's brothers, Konstantin Markovich Poltoratsky (1782-1858) was certainly famous before Moscow and on subsequent campaigns, but was captured at Champaubert, the opening engagement of the Six Days Campaign of February 1814, and apparently engaged by Napoleon himself in an exchange of rivalries at the time whilst held a prisoner.

I leave most the detail of the wider Poltoratsky family aside at this point, except to mention that amongst Poltoratsky's nieces, Mary Augusta's cousins, the story holds us at the verge of Pushkin studies: the poet Aleksandr Pushkin (1799-1837) was first brought to the attention of European readers through the writings of Serge Poltoratsky (1803-1884), son of Poltoratsky's eldest brother Dmitri (1761-1818); Anna Petrovna Poltoratsky (1800-1879), daughter of his brother Peter Markovich Poltoratsky (1775-1851), married to General Kern, was the recipient of one of Pushkin's most famous love poems; another of Pushkin's amours was Anna Olenina (1808-1888), daughter of Poltoratsky's sister Elizaveta Markovna Poltoratskaya (1768-1838) who was married to Aleksandr Nikolaevich Olenin (1763-1843), first director of the Russian Imperial Library and President of

the Academy of Fine Arts. Pushkin's friend Aleksandr Bakunin was brother to Ekaterina Pavlovna Bakunina (1795-1869) who married Mary Augusta's brother Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Poltoratsky (1792-1855) – and it would appear that this Aleksandr was the prototype of Pushkin's Onegin 'born on the banks of the Neva' and quintessential 'English dandy' in the terms of the poem. A son of Poltoratsky's second marriage, Mikhail Poltoratsky (1801-1836) befriended Pushkin in his exile at Chisinau.

For readers of Richard Lister Venables's *Domestic scenes in Russia* (see below) one further detail of Poltoratsky's brother Dmitri is that he was the companion of Robert Lyall on his tour in Russia (1816-17) reported in his *The character of the Russians and a detailed history of Moscow*, 1823 – which included a visit to the Poltoratsky family house at Torjok, a reference knitted into Vladimir Nabokov's commentary on *Eugene Onegin*. I make a point below that the 'letters' as published in Venables's *Domestic scenes* tend to omit the more personal details of his Journals. For instance, Venables refers to General Konstantin Poltoratsky warmly in *Domestic scenes* but quotes quite fully his account of the altercation with Napoleon in his Journal.

Gascoigne Family

Mary Augusta was also granddaughter of Sir Charles Gascoigne (1738?-1806) of the Carron Works at Falkirk and of the ironworks at Petrozavodsk ['Peterwoodski' as the Scottish obituarist had it on her mother's death in 1795]. He was apparently the son of Woodruffe Gascoigne of a Yorkshire family, and Grizel Elphinstone, a daughter of the 9th Earl.

Gascoigne went to Russia in 1786 and became very well placed in the court circles and development of the iron industry in Russia and had the residence of a purpose-built mansion at the ironworks where his daughters lived or joined him over time. This gives the Russian background to their story some force and an underpinning to British involvement in the Russian iron industry for those who research such matters

Gascoigne was in partnership at Falkirk with Samuel Garbett of Birmingham (of Pool Hall, Warwick) and married as his first wife his daughter Mary Garbett (1740?-1796), in 1759. They had three daughters who all played a part in Mary Augusta's story (and impinged also on the life of the Venables family).

The eldest daughter was Anne (1760-1840) who married firstly Thomas Haddington, 7th Earl (d. 1795). They had a daughter, Charlotte Hamilton (1790-1793) whose death in infancy gave a point to the adoption of Mary Augusta by Anne Haddington when she married Captain James Dalrymple of Stairs (1754-1832) in St Petersburg in 1796. They lived in Haddingtonshire, North Berwick.

After the Captain's death Anne Dalrymple, known nevertheless as the Dowager Countess Haddington, resided at Foley House, Great Malvern (a house in a terrace described in Pevsner's *Worcestershire*) with a curious memorial in the Priory Church there in the form of a creased leaf from a scroll.

The second daughter was Mary Augusta's mother, Mary Gascoigne (1771-1795) who married General Aleksandr Markovich Poltoratsky in 1791; they had three children: Aleksandr

(1792-1855), Mary Augusta (1794-1865) – later Mrs Venables – and Konstantin (1795-1833) and it maybe that Mary died of puerperal fever in this last childbirth or soon after. At this point the General allowed Lady Haddington to take the infant daughter Mary Augusta back to Scotland where, brought up by Captain Dalrymple, she acquired his name Dalrymple and was brought up in the Protestant faith. Poltoratsky himself made a second marriage and had further family.

Our readers know that the Venableses made their trip to Russia in 1837 to see her family – for Poltoratsky was conscientious in his relations, and having been to England (I presume in 1814 at the gathering of imperial notables on the defeat of Napoleon), and become (somehow) acquainted with the Adam family, was duly approached and gave his blessing writing from Tambov to Lady Haddington at the marrying of Mary Augusta in 1817 so we may judge that communication was steadily kept up over many years. From *Domestic scenes in Russia* we can glean that Mary had in fact made a prior visit to Russia when Venables refers to an incident on the road with her brother at Novgorod; and visits to London gain corroboration by the fact that General Konstantin Poltoratsky's wife Sophie Borisovna was the first of the family to meet the Venableses on their arrival in St Petersburg in June 1837 and recognised Mary Augusta in the street – a detail in the *Journal* but not in *Domestic scenes*. But while she (Princess Galitzine) might have visited London in 1814 as a Maid of Honour at Court, she was not married to the General until 1818.

Mary Augusta Dalrymple brought up in North Berwick was married there, at Pittenweem, in August 1817 to Francis James Adam (1791-1820) youngest son of William Adam (1751-1839), M.P., Lord Chief Commissioner, whose wife was a daughter of the 10th Earl of Elphinstone.

Francis James Adam resided at Mortlake and had his business office at 3, Copthall Buildings, London (while his father and brothers had the residence of Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park). Where they lived is not exactly known. They had a son, also William Adam (1819-1893) known, fortunately, in much



The grave in Clyro churchyard of Maria Augusta, the half-Russian first wife of Richard Lister Venables. She had been widowed in 1820 and married Mr Venables in 1834. Her son 'Captain Adam' became his stepson. She died in 1865 and Mr Venables in 1894

of the correspondence as 'Willie' and in later life as 'Captain Adam, late of the 72nd Highlanders' which helps keep the various William Adamses apart. But Francis James died at sea returning from Demerara in 1820 and Mary Augusta was early widowed like her other aunt, Elizabeth Primrose Gascoigne

Elizabeth Primrose (1775-1858), the third Gascoigne daughter, also born at Falkirk, married George Augustus Pollen MP (1775?-1808) in St Petersburg in 1803. He also was active in the

iron industry but died at sea in 1808, Mrs Pollen also aboard the ship. Mrs Pollen did not remarry but clearly kept close to her sister Anne Dalrymple and is to be found residing initially at Beanston, Haddingtonshire around 1816. Venables in his 'Memoir' notes that aunt and niece had spent some time in Germany, in Berlin, so as well as proficient in German and French, Mary Augusta had also a good singing voice. Subsequently Mrs Pollen lived with Mary Augusta at Richmond in her widowhood at the Adam residence, and later at Chester House, Westside, Wimbledon from certainly 1850 until her last year – where Mrs Venables was nursing her at her death in May 1858 at Lingfield Road.

Mary Augusta, her Aunts and her Cousins

It was on the visit of these ladies, the widow Mrs Pollen and her niece the widow Mrs Adam, to the Whittakers of Newcastle-Court, Radnorshire (and Mrs Whittaker was Mary Garbett (1775-1846), their cousin, a daughter of Francis Garbett (1743-1800) brother of Mary Gascoigne, the mother) in the summer of 1833 that the Revd Venables met them and came to woo Mrs Adam. He was visiting them at Richmond by November 1833, they were engaged and then married there, in February 1834, the ceremony conducted by the Rev Lord Thomas Hay (1801-1890), a friend of Mrs Adam, as Venables averred – but Hay was not local to Richmond and though he was Rector of Rendlesham in Suffolk, he was in fact a native of Yester, Haddingtonshire, North Berwick, a son of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and would have known Mary Augusta from childhood thereabouts.

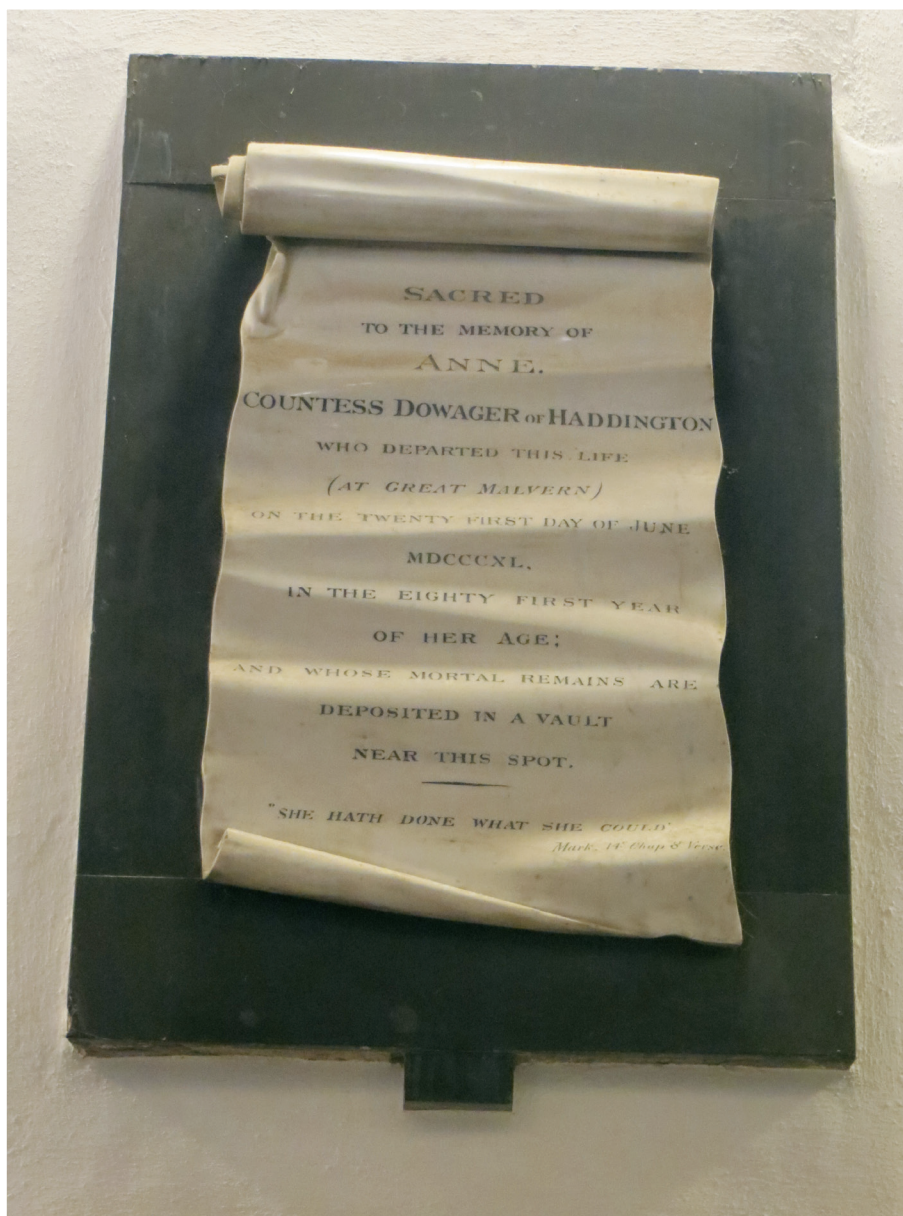
Whether the ladies were also visiting Lady Haddington at Great Malvern in the course of their travels to and from Radnorshire in 1833, Venables in his *Domestic scenes in Russia* records that they visited her in May 1837 on their way to London for their passports to go to Russia – so that these details of Petersburg society, Haddingtonshire, Richmond, Great Malvern and Wimbledon bring out the family background and the intimacies of the womenfolk.

The connections in Haddingtonshire must be seen as intertwined with the records of the Adam family of Blair Adam in Kinross-Shire, and these records are also overlapped by arrangements for Mrs Venables in the Llysdimam (Venables) Papers at the National Library of Wales, where there are also Poltoratzky letters from before and after the visit of 1837-38.

The Rt Hon Lord Chief Commissioner was son of John Adam (1722-1790), eldest of the Adam Brothers, sons of the architect William Adam (1689-1748) married to Mary Robertson of Gladney (1699-1761), noted in their generations for buildings in Scotland and England, for the Adelphi development in London in particular, and the embedding of neo-classicism in British architecture; and with the drawings of the Adam Archive at Sir John Soane's Museum. The archives at Blair Adam include significant material relating to the support of Mary Augusta Adam as a widow with a young son to be brought up, with details of his schooling, some difficulties his uncles had with him, a love for his dogs and a pony.

It is with Ensign Adam that the Revd Venables and his wife travel to London in May 1837, residing there at Thayer Street prior to their departure for Russia, he no doubt 'conspicuous in his splendid Highland uniform, black ostrich plume bonnet, and trews of the Prince Charles Edward tartan' of the 72nd Highlanders, off to join his regiment at the Cape. In fact, Mrs Venables in a letter of May 13, to William George Adam indicates that they were uncertain of the sailing of his ship the *Sesostris* '...and we are most willing to do what we can to keep Willie as long as possible out of London'.

The movements of the Regiment can be traced. The *Sesostris* sailed on 4 July, 1837; the 72nd returned to England in 1840 with various postings until Dublin in 1847 when at the point of its departure for the Caribbean, having become Captain in 1846,



The curious memorial to Anne Haddington (the Countess Dowager of Haddington) (1760-1840) in the Priory Church at Great Malvern. The death in infancy of her daughter, Charlotte Hamilton (1790-1793) gave a point to the adoption of Mary Augusta by Anne when she married Captain James Dalrymple of Stairs

Adam transferred to the 48th of Foot and stayed in Ireland, then in England and on to Weedon, Northants by 1851 when he retired from the force. Subsequently he became Barrack Master at Kinsale and later at Longford down to 1869 before eventually settling in Wales and England. Some of his progress can be traced through the Llysdimam Papers (with notices of appreciation to the Rev Venables while it is George Stovin Venables who appears to handle the financial side of their transactions); and he is mentioned in Kilvert's *Diary* on a few occasions (and it's a pity that the Folio Society edition omits all the references to Captain Adam).

Both the Captain and his mother, Mrs Venables, are recorded in the Will of Mrs Pollen in 1858 as beneficiaries of shares and dividends of Carron Works stocks and also of Russian iron shares.

Mrs Venables, as mentioned, attended her aunt in her final illness at Wimbledon and remained afterwards dealing with the solicitors and preparing for the probate on her will. Mrs Venables had a good motherly eye for her son's failings and also his good points and her concern for his career and financial affairs comes through at this time and later. Her temper may be judged by a reference following a lengthy session with the solicitors (Loch & Nicholson) in June 1858:

'...I must own to a considerable degree of disgust at the whole business. No hope of getting rid of those brutal charities. They cannot move ...'

And she notes the 'probate on the pearls which were my mother's ...' which takes us back to Petersburg and the Poltoratskys.

Mrs Pollen's Will seems to have been more concerned with dispositions to charities than to the family. In making allocations (in his case to receive £400 p.a.) she expresses the wish that her 'great-nephew William Adam, late Captain ... in case he shall have married a proper and respectable wife who shall survive him ...'.

Mrs Pollen and Mary Augusta's husbands

It would appear that Mrs Pollen took upon herself a severe role of vetting suitors for her niece's hand: firstly in respect of Francis James Adam in 1817 which emerges in a letter from Francis writing to his father:

London, March 8, 1817: I am delighted to tell you that I have a letter today from Helen [Houstoun] after their return from Beanston telling me that Mrs Pollen has had a long conversation with Mary & that she has become quite a convert to our marriage [she had apparently objected to his mercantile profession]

And Venables, reflecting in his Family memoir:

As to Mrs Pollen - 'I believe she never really liked me'.

Kilvert's Diaries

In case your interest is flagging, let me interrupt and record the few references to Captain Adam in Kilvert's *Diary*.

Kilvert came on the scene as curate at Clyro in January 1865 the year that Mary Augusta Venables died; she was buried at Clyro where her grave lies within the rails beside Venables's parents. A tablet inside the Church also records Sophie Davies née Garbett (1776-1838), younger sister of Mary Whittaker of Newcastle-Court.

In 1865, writing from Longford in Ireland to his step-father, Captain Adam requested an advance of £150 from funds due from Mrs Pollen's Russian shares to pay for the academic fees of his son (Stanhope) who was completing his medical studies (as a surgeon) at Trinity College Dublin.

Clearly Kilvert soon became familiar with the Captain and mentions him on several occasions:

Wednesday 20 July, 1870:

Kilvert in Cornwall in the summer of 1870 reports the wreck of a Russian vessel off the Lizard. *The Captain, a short man with a red face was walking about in a white deerstalker. He looked very foreign and Russian and reminded me strongly of Captain Adam.*

In a letter, not the *Diary*, one of the very few of Kilvert's letters to have survived:

13, Raby Place, Bath. 22. December. 1871

My dear Mr Venables

Thanks for your letter received here this morning I am glad to hear that matters are so far satisfactorily settled. But should any delay or unforeseen difficulty arise you may depend upon my seeing you through the remainder of your time at Clyro I owe this to you, & for myself I shall be deeply sorry when the day comes to leave a place where I have spent seven such happy years.

I have had a busy day in the town. The fine market here has been very prettily decorated & tonight they are putting up in the middle of the market a good figure of Old Father Christmas who holds a box into which a good deal of money usually finds its way for the benefit of the Bath Hospital.

I am sorry to have missed Capt. Adam, Oakfield has indeed been festive. It is a most hospitable house. I have enclosed a note for Mrs Venables & a Christmas Card for Minna, & it is nearly dinner time.

Believe me

Sincerely yours

R. F. Kilvert

Sunday, 14 January, 1872:

Dined at the Vicarage and convulsed by Captain Adam's stories of the manners and customs of the Irish - the Irish phase of his life is thus of note;

Friday, 19 January, 1872:

... but the dog cart drove up to the door to take me to dinner at Oakfield and Capt. Adam was halloing and shouting to know if I meant to be all night coming. We drove to Hay where Capt. Adam was to dine ...;

Thursday, 25 January, 1872

At 3 o'clock walked to Hay with Mr. Venables and Captain Adam....

Walked back to Clyro with Capt. Adam, he limping with rheumatic gout in the ankle.... When [the dog] Cadger killed the rat Capt. Adam made such a fearful noise and uttered such shouts that I feared a woman who was passing would think him drunk. The Captain's familiarity with dogs is repeated in another place where there were four dogs in the kennels; these included a young setter and young pointer sent from Ireland by Captain Adam;

Friday, 26 June, 1874

Kilvert dined at 62 Warwick Square, Pimlico (the Rev Venables's then London residence) and recorded the company: *Tompkins Dew, and Capt., Mrs and Miss Hope Adam.* Their London address at this time was apparently 94, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill.

The Family of Captain Adam

Hope Adam (1853-1930) was married in March 1874 in a ceremony conducted by the Rev Eben Rae (1834-1918) of Dulwich, brother of the bridegroom, James Rae (1841-1914) merchant of London and Leghorn, assisted by the Rev Venables. James Rae was named as Executor to Captain Adam's Will in a codicil dated August 1893. They have descent now in Brazil and the USA.

In other words, I have just intimated to the alert reader that Captain Adam had a family and that Mrs Pollen aware of this was not happy with his situation (as at 1858).

It is not necessary at this point to go into all the details (and I am not sure that Clyro was fully aware of the extent of the relationship that Captain Adam had been involved in from perhaps 1846 - but probably, on the evidence even as early as 1842) but at some point by the late 1840s Captain Adam was conducting a liaison with Amelia Helen Dyer née Robertson (1813-1870), married to Richard Thomas Swinnerton Dyer (d. 1874) at Teignmouth in 1834. He was the illegitimate son of Sir Thomas Swinnerton Dyer (1778-1854) of Tunstall, Dartmouth, in Devon.

The papers at Kew referring to the Dyers' formal separation (in 1851) and divorce (1858-9) commence with depositions made in 1849 in the course of which Dyer is not precise enough as to dates but his accusations against Adam (and other men in a frenzy of accusation) go back some years. While it is not possible to say that Dyer did not father any children by his wife ('Emily') their firstborn son Stanhope Swinnerton Adam Dyer (1842-1882) (referred to in Captain Adam's letter above, 1865) was born only in December 1842; three more children (the one daughter died in 1847) were then born to Amelia Dyer up to 1848, and the next, William Frederick Adam, was born at Everden, Northants in August 1850 at the point the 48th took up its station at Weedon. (The papers at Blair Adam know of this infant by some communication of 'evidence' in 1853). The Captain's retirement followed on March 7th 1851, the family (four children alive) was recorded at Wolverhampton at the 1851 census (March 30th) and a daughter Florence Augusta was baptised in Dublin in July 1851, Hope Howard Adam mentioned by Kilvert was born in Dublin in 1853 and a lastborn son, Arthur Granville Adam (1854-1920) was born at Mount Nebo, Gorey in Wexford in 1854.

I find as yet no indication that Mary Augusta Venables knew her grandchildren prior to the Captain's marriage to Mrs Dyer in 1860.

As indicated the Dyers were (formally) divorced in 1858 and Dyer made a second marriage in 1860 (again no children - he died intestate and the Administration indicates only a sum under £600 available to his widow) while Captain Adam and Amelia Helen were also married in 1860. Her decline into ill-health is recorded in the Llysdyman Papers from their all being together

at Leamington Spa for the waters in July-August 1862 when Mrs Venables reported back to her husband about the state of William's career. She is not over-solicitous but notes that Amelia's state is exacerbated by the very recent death of her brother Arthur Robertson (at Lyndhurst in July 1862). Amelia died at Galway of phthisis in 1870 and Captain Adam made a second marriage – to Mary Ann Wilkinson, a widow – in 1872 and she is the Mrs Adam at Venables's dinner at Pimlico on 26th June 1874; when Captain Adam suffered a fall from his trap on the highway at Tenbury in 1888 and was out of commission over several months it was Marion who wrote on his behalf to the Revd Venables as to his progress.

If I seem to be labouring the point of the Captain's relationship and belated marriage to Amelia Helen Robertson, it is because Amelia Helen Robertson was the eldest daughter of Daniel Robertson (1775?-1849) American-born architect, closely connected with Mary Robertson, of Gladney, mother of the Adam Brothers so that the children of this liaison carried the Adam genes in a double pool, and have descent in Australia to this day.

His fame shines still from the New Clarendon Building at Oxford and some surviving 'Tudor-Gothic' mansions in the Irish countryside (Wexford, Longford, Carlow, and the gardens at Powerscourt in Wicklow) but his architectural heritage goes back beyond even the Adam Brothers and separately to the Scottish architectural dynasties of the Mylne and Smith families of Edinburgh, master stone masons of the seventeenth-century from whom his grandmother was descended.

And it is Robertson's ingrained condition as a bankrupt from 1817 when in partnership with William Adam (1738-1822) of the Adelphi, and from 1829 at Oxford and Exeter down to 1843 in Dublin that the trajectory of his career helps chart the lives of his fourteen children (only one dying in infancy) including Amelia Helen's marriage at Teignmouth in 1834, his youngest daughter Blanche Alice born in Hampshire in 1833, and his youngest son Clement's baptism at St Arvans in Monmouthshire in 1830. That the Captain and Emily in presumably social retreat in Ireland with their string of children did not have any social entrée at the houses her father had built (for the Doynes at Gorey in Wexford and for Chief Justice Tom Lefroy at Longford) but a dozen years before may have perhaps under-ridden the Barrack Master's mirth that Kilvert succumbed to in Adam's company.

The Carron Works have the last word, however. Captain Adam died at Stourbridge in 1893 and his will was featured in the London gazette on account of uncertain claims.

The Gazette also carried in 1926 and 1927 references back not only to claims on this Will but also to claims on Mrs Pollen's Will of 1858 and sums due to claimants of hers and William Adam. None coming forward, the Trustees of the Carron Works arranged for the outstanding shares in Mrs Pollen's name to be distributed to charities – at a time when the children of Arthur Granville Adam (1854-1920) some of them orphaned from his third marriage were placed for adoption in South Australia by their parents' executors not apparently aware of funds available to them in Britain dating back to Petrozavodsk in 1800.

In conclusion, I have a question and some comment on texts:

In respect of Kilvert's entry of July 1870 [Cornwall]:

Did Kilvert know of Adam's family background or did he just see the Russian face brought face-to-face with it after the wreck and this put him in mind of Captain Adam's part-Russian visage? From Blair Adam there is a letter from the infant Willie's

uncle William George Adam (1781-1839) writing to his father, the Lord Chief Commissioner in 1822:

We were an hour at Beanstone & graciously received salt. Willie is just what you described him, a very nice lad full of spirits and very ill-managed as to discipline. He seemed to recollect me: at least he was quite familiar with me, more than with others. The lower part of his face very like his mother's – but not in any other respect like anybody he is connected with.

Kilvert thought the ship was Russian. I understand that it was in fact *The Scottish Queen*, registered in Sunderland and the captain's name was Errington. She was on a trip from Odessa to Falmouth which is probably why Kilvert thought she was a Russian ship.

And a comment on texts; these are: Venables's book of 1839: *Domestic scenes in Russia: in a series of letters describing a year's residence in that country, chiefly in the interior ...*, John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1839, which is derived from documents retained at Llysdim (rather than at the National Library), the Journals of 1837-38, and his Family Memoir of 1878 published in part by Canon Owain Jones, as: *The memoir of Richard Lister Venables*, by O.W. Jones, in Radnorshire Society Transactions, LXIV, Kington, 1994, pp. 63-78.

Firstly, in the 'Memoir' there are details to correct:

p. 67: The second was Mrs Pollen, the widow of Colonel Pollen who had been lost in the year 1804 or 1805 in the Baltic. The youngest of the three was the mother of Mrs Adam. She married a Russian gentleman ...

But: Colonel Pollen = George Augustus Pollen, MP (1775-1808) who died at sea in 1808;

Mrs Pollen (1775-1858) was in fact the third of Sir Charles Gascoigne's daughters, Mrs Poltoratsky (1771-1795) was the middle daughter;

And Francis James Adam was in fact the youngest son of his father, the well-known Lord Chief Commissioner;

It was Lord Thomas Hay [not 'Haig' in Venables's handwriting] who officiated at the marriage at Richmond in 1834.

More interestingly, there is the fact that the published texts lack certain more intimate and personal references that give, I hope, the interest to my account; for instance, at the point when Venables first met the ladies at Newcastle-Court, Mary Augusta had been in mourning for the recent death of her younger brother Konstantin which is not mentioned in the published Family Memoir and is only alluded to in *Domestic scenes*; and at the very outset of the *Domestic scenes* when they '... embarked on the Countess of Lonsdale for Hamburg ...' the published text omits from the Journal that '... for Hamburg, Willie Adam accompanied us on board and we dropped him at Greenwich ...' and many such instances of closer family detail recorded in the manuscripts, omitted in print.

❖ *Acknowledgements are due to Keith Adam and the Archive at Blair Adam, the Llysdim Papers at the National Library of Wales and the private papers of Llysdim, courtesy Sir John Venables-Llewelyn; Margot Brennan, of Perth, W.A., granddaughter of Arthur Granville Adam; Anne Backhouse of Malvern Museum, and Julija Luzhnova for some entrée into the Russian sources regarding the Poltoratskys and Pushkin.*

I am pleased to note that the Editors have accepted my family notes on Charles Gascoigne and Andrew Garbett for amendment of the entries for these figures in the 2013 update of the ODNB. I have published two articles in the Scottish genealogist in 2012-13 on the family of the architect Daniel Robertson and of his father Andrew Robertson of Gladsmuir, in America.



The Cornish Idyll and Ophelia's Flowers

Poetry, says MARGARET COLLINS, formed the backdrop for a lot of Kilvert's thinking. Here she follows the clues in his 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference' to read between the lines and tease out with intriguing insights his 'infatuation' with the married and therefore unattainable Emma Hockin during his 'happy days' at 'Tullimaar, dear Tullimaar'

THE drooping of transplanted flowers and the withering of tendrils torn from their clasp.

This is the last line of Kilvert's *Cornish Diary* notebook (19 July-6 August 1870). It stands alone and appears to be a quotation summing up Kilvert's feelings at the end of the holiday he had so enjoyed with his friends William Hockin (1838-1916) and his wife Emma (1844-1890), *H* and *Mrs H*, at their home 'Tullimaar' in Cornwall. The editors of *Kilvert's Cornish Diary*, Richard Maber and Angela Tregoning, whose superbly detailed notes tell us so much about the text, are unable to establish the source of this reference. In William Plomer's Volume I 207 this line appears at the start of the next section of the *Diary*, written on the day of Kilvert's return to Langley Burrell, where we have his outpouring of despair *The desolate misery, the acute agony* at leaving Tullimaar and all its happy associations and in particular the charming Emma Hockin. Plomer's version adds the word 'the' and a comma, so the line reads *The drooping of the transplanted flowers, and the withering of tendrils torn from their clasp*. The fact that Kilvert repeats this sentence when beginning his next notebook (now lost) indicates its significance for him.

Nearly six years later on 5 April 1876, Kilvert goes to meet the Hockins at Chippenham station as they travel to London for the University Boat Race when *Mrs Hockin looked as young, fresh and charming as ever. How her face and voice and manner brought up the dear old memories of Cornwall and Tullimaar*. On 13 April 1876 on their way home, the Hockins break their journey and stay for a few days with the Kilvert family at Langley Burrell. Kilvert tells how *Mrs H* appears unchanged, *bright and young...and those bright blue eyes as quick and sly and merry as ever*. The use of the word *sly* is revealing for we can picture Emma darting mischievous glances to catch Kilvert's eye at some shared private amusement. She certainly made a lasting impression on him.

We remember Kilvert's unattributed quotation *Aside the Devil turned* as he and his hosts have coffee in the summer house at Tullimaar during the afternoon of Sunday 24 July 1870. The editors traced this to Book 4 of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (lines 497-503) and quote it in the notes, where it becomes clear that Kilvert envied the wedded happiness of the Hockins.

In 2008 (*Journal* 25), I suggested that this allusion to *transplanted flowers* may have been inspired by Sonnet 44 from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. We know that Kilvert had borrowed Mary Bevan's copy of *Mrs Browning's poetry* on 3 March 1870. It is interesting that Sonnet 44 'Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers' follows what is nowadays the best known poem from this collection, Sonnet 43 'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways' where Mrs Browning beautifully articulates her love for her husband Robert. With its sentiments so redolent of the scene in the summer house, could Kilvert's reading of it have led him to the adjacent Sonnet 44 which is about flowers? Poetry formed the backdrop for a lot of Kilvert's thinking and we know that he had already turned to

the poetry of Milton in order to express his thoughts about that afternoon.

While still of the opinion that Sonnet 44 is a strong contender for the origin of that elusive final sentence of the *Cornish Diary*, I was recently looking through Kilvert's poetry in *Collected Verse* where on page 12 we have the poem 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference'. Its title is an almost direct quotation of words spoken by Ophelia in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* Act 4/5. Kilvert changes only the two pronouns in order to make the sentiment expressed more personal. Ophelia, who is out of her mind with grief, enters and gives away the wild flowers she has gathered:-

OPHELIA:- 'There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts... There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays O! you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died...'

Kilvert's poem 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference' is worth quoting in full so that we may read verse 5 in context (my emphasis in bold):-

1. When sweet Ophelia culled her flowers
From garden-beds that summer's day,
And washed them with her tears' wild showers
And gave them all away;-
2. Pansies, that lovers' thoughts entwine,
For dear remembrance, rosemary,
Fennel, herbgrace, and columbine,
And the day's golden eye:-
3. Though her sweet soul was sore distraught,
With sorrow darkened in its prime,
There gleamed a method in her thought,
And reason in her rhyme.
4. From the sad garden where it grew,
Of those who culled and brought it thence,
Some for pure sorrow wear the rue,
And some for penitence.
5. And some the bitterest smart have borne,
Which these poor hearts doth search and prove,-
The anguish of heart-tendrils torn
By unrequited love.
6. And, sweet Ophelia! be it mine
A sharer in thy tears to be,
(Though reason's flickerings dimly shine,)
And wear the rue with thee,
7. Than reign a partner in the guilt
That no remorse can wash away,
And hear the blood cry, murder-spilt,
For vengeance day by day.

8. Since none this weary world may tread,
And long escape the common doom,
Since every eye some tears must shed,
Some grief each life must gloom;

9. Let it be mine to seek relief
In comforting another's moan,
To wear the rue for others' grief
As well as for mine own.

Rue is a herb traditionally and poetically indicative of sorrow and sadness. The folk song 'Blow Away the Morning Dew' tells of a young man who spies a beautiful damsel gathering flowers. His happiness at their meeting is short-lived for she runs away and he is left to lament 'And unto me around my feet is only left the rue'. Indeed, Mrs Browning's Sonnet 44 tells of flower beds 'overgrown with bitter weeds and rue'.

It seems to me that maybe the inspiration for the last line of the *Cornish Diary* has to do with the events of Monday 1 August, Lammas Day. Kilvert and Emma Hockin had spent a day of easy companionship at home. He had admired her *beautiful copy* of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. In the afternoon *we were sitting on the garden seat....looking through the photograph albums*; whether William Hockin was present is not clear. A practical man, he may have taken this opportunity of a quiet day off from touring to attend to business matters. On the previous Saturday Kilvert had helped him to measure the *ruinous old kennels* with a view to dismantling them and selling the material to a builder, so perhaps *H* was off sorting this out. Kilvert then tells us that Emma decided



Emma Hockin, from the John Hockin Collection

to drive herself on an early evening shopping trip to Truro and *took me with her*. Just before their return journey the two met up for the *Tryst at the pastrycook's*. Significantly, this line stands alone. I noted previously (*Journal* 25) the particular use of the word *Tryst*, which went unremarked upon by the *Cornish Diary* editors. I also wondered if Emma would have used the same word. Happily married, Emma may (or may not) have been taken aback to know what was going through Kilvert's head. While Kilvert's regard for Emma during the Cornish holiday develops rapidly, the editors do comment in their excellent Introduction that 'she too was clearly not indifferent to the handsome and enthusiastic young clergyman'. Throughout the *Cornish Diary* Emma is referred to rather formally as *Mrs H* and yet Kilvert surely must have used her Christian name in conversation, unless he began by calling her *Mrs H* and it stuck in the way these things do and became his special title for her. The Hockins almost certainly called him 'Frank'.

The companionable closeness of the day continues during the drive home from Truro. Shakespeare is discussed and in particu-

lar there are two quotations from *Hamlet*, with Ophelia's line (Act 4/5) 'The owl was a baker's daughter' perhaps being occasioned by the fact that the *Tryst* was in the baker's shop. There is also a quotation about the importance of friendship where Polonius advises Laertes (Act1/3) that true friends should be grappled 'to thy soul' with steel. Among other things Kilvert and Emma also discussed *Othello*. With its theme of marital jealousy and betrayal we can only wonder what direction their conversation took.

The next day's *Diary* entry on 2 August begins *Another sea fog. As I sat writing in my bedroom before breakfast....* Was Kilvert, his head full of the intellectual intimacies of yesterday evening's *Shakespeare talk*, writing his poem about Ophelia 'We Wear our

Rue with a Difference'? It is the eleventh poem in a collection of fifty-four ('Forgive and Forget' and 'She' on p.8 seem to be the same poem). Does this indicate that it could have been written earlier than some of the other poems in the collection, perhaps in 1870 on the Cornish holiday? This is conjecture for we cannot possibly be sure but the four poems we know to have been written during the Bredwardine period, 'Little Davie' (p.20), 'The Shepherd's Farewell' (p.22), 'To Some Little friends at Aberystwyth' (p.28) and 'The Tanybwllch Beach' (p.29), certainly appear later on in the anthology. It is through his poetry-writing that Kilvert seeks to express his deeper emotional responses.

On Saturday 6 August, having missed the early train home, Kilvert returned to Tullimaar for a few hours and was leaning on the window sill outside the potting house watching Emma and *making her laugh with Cowper's 'Tithing Time'*. Emma was planting the *Gurnard's Head Asplenium* ferns which Kilvert had helped

to pick for her on 29 July. He had recorded earlier, on 21 July, the search for *Asplenium Marinum* and *Asplenium Lanceolatum.... it is very hard to get them up by the root*. Did the imagery from the fifth verse of his Ophelia poem *The anguish of heart-tendrils torn/By unrequited love* later become *The drooping of transplanted flowers and the withering of tendrils torn from their clasp*? Was the enigmatic final sentence of the *Cornish Diary* therefore inspired by imagery from Kilvert's own poem 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference' and so not a 'quotation' from another source at all? It is to be noted that Kilvert uses quotation marks when referring to *Tithing Time* and is consistent in doing so when quoting throughout the *Cornish Diary*. However, he does not use quotation marks for this final sentence.

Ferns were a fashionable Victorian enthusiasm and it seems that the fern *Asplenium Marinum* is something of a recurring theme running through the *Cornish Diary* and beyond. On Saturday 14 September 1872, just before leaving after another stay with the Hockins at their new house in Taunton aptly named 'The Ferns', Kilvert made *a last turn round the gardens....and fern-*

eries with his hosts. *Hockin gave me a quantity of cuttings...and Mrs Hockin gave me what I valued extremely, one of the plants of Asplenium Marinum fern which I got for her at the Gurnard's Head two years ago and which she has kept ever since.* Once again *Asplenium Marinum* was associated with parting from Emma Hockin. She surely gave it to Kilvert as a token and remembrance of his stay at Tullimaar, perchance recalling their shared moments of laughter as she was planting it on that Saturday morning two years ago. William Cowper's poem *Tithing Time* - 'The Parson merry is and blithe' - begins:-

'Come ponder well, for 'tis no jest
To laugh it would be wrong;
The troubles of a worthy priest
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of the year,
But oh! It cuts him like a scythe
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of frights and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh...'



Asplenium marinum

The inference is that Kilvert quoted these three verses and one wonders why he should have picked them for they speak of a priest's unhappiness. The rest of the poem is full of comic observation about the various rustic characters present at a tithe dinner whose lack of manners and refinement are the reason for the parson's *frights and fears*. It could have been these later verses that made Emma laugh but my suggestion is that Kilvert amusingly parodied the first three verses in order to tell of his sorrow at leaving Tullimaar. Given that he had just missed his train, perhaps it went something like 'This priest he merry is and blithe.....But oh! It cuts him like a scythe when departing time is near' etc. We know that just five days previously Kilvert had been impressed and amused enough by Emma's parody of a verse of the Miner's Song *Here's to the devil/With his spade and wooden shovel...* to record her humorous *amendment* in full. Emma too must have been sad that their holiday was at an end and maybe Kilvert was attempting to cheer her up by composing a parody. Was it here in the garden at Tullimaar that Kilvert fancied he saw *tears in those blue eyes*?

Another telling episode takes place less than two days before Kilvert's holiday ends. On the evening of 4 August we have the entry detailing the *singing in the drawing room after dinner* which followed a *quiet day*. The songs, presumably chosen by Emma Hockin as hostess, were on themes of romantic longing and loss:- 'Robin Adair', 'Ye Banks and braes of bonnie Doon' etc. but as the editors rightly point out such themes were 'a staple of Victorian drawing-room songs'. However, there were songs on other subjects that could have been selected but the choice for that evening seems to have been for songs on the subject of doomed or unrequited love. The editors suggest that these were the only ones Kilvert chose to mention but the inclusion of others would have made for a pretty long evening and my feeling is that Kilvert was not selective in what he chose to record here. *Children's voices* may indicate that the Hockin children were either present or could be heard in the background. As they were very small (Ernest Frederick b. 1867 and Florence Mary b. 1869) it is unlikely they were officially part of the proceedings in the drawing room.

The editors of the *Cornish Diary* have done much diligent research in identifying the fragments of the songs that Kilvert mentions. The song 'Auld Robin Gray' tells the sad tale of a young woman who believes that her sweetheart Jamie has perished at sea. Unable to earn enough to support her parents who have become ill she marries an old man, Robin Gray, who is a good man and provides for both her and her parents. The only verse from the evening's entertainment that eludes the editors is the one beginning *No more she could weep, her tears were a' spent*.

Thanks to the internet I eventually located this verse as a quotation heading Chapter 26 of *The Pirate*, one of the Waverley Novels by Sir Walter Scott published in 1822. The author of the verse and of the song 'Auld Robin Gray' which featured in the evening's programme at Tullimaar was Lady Anne Lindsay (1750-1825). In *The Pirate* the verse is used as a heading for Chapter 26 and runs thus:-

Nae longer she wept, - her tears were a' spent
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped, like a lily broke down by the hail
Continuation of Auld Robin Gray*

Chapter 26 of the story then begins:- 'The condition of Minna much resembled that of the village heroine in Lady Lindsay's beautiful ballad...'

A footnote at the bottom of the page runs:-

* 'It is worth while saying, that this motto, and the ascription of the beautiful ballad from which it is taken to the Right Honourable Lady Anne Lindsay, occasioned the ingenious authoress's acknowledgement of the ballad, of which the Editor, by her permission, published a small impression, inscribed to the Bannatyne Club'. (The Bannatyne Club, founded by Sir Walter Scott, was devoted to rare Scottish literature.)

There is also a longer version of the same ballad 'Auld Robin Gray' by the Victorian poet Henry Morley (1822-94). It appears in his anthology *Bundle of Ballads* (1891). In this version there is a second part to the poem with a happy ending. The young woman's true love Jamie did not drown and reappears. Auld Robin Gray dies, wishing them both well. Subsequently they marry and they have a 'bonnie bairn'. The verse Kilvert quotes appears as the second verse in this second part (where the first line has the word 'mourned' not 'wept' as in the original). Given that Sir Walter Scott's novel was published in 1822, the year Henry Morley was born, it would seem that Morley had simply added to Lady Anne Lindsay's original poem.

Kilvert's emphasis on the two words in the second line of the verse is interesting:- *Despair* it was come and she thought it *content*. In the *Cornish Diary* and Plomer's Vol 1 this emphasis is given by these words being in italics but the two other versions I found do not have this emphasis. The style of Kilvert's handwriting was such that italics would not have stood out. Did he make this emphasis in his original notebook by underlining? Also, why did he choose to emphasise these two words? This is the only verse from the evening's programme that he quotes in full, indicating that it must have had some significance for him. We may wonder whether, in his heightened state of romantic sensibility, Kilvert related it to Emma Hockin. During their conversations had she maybe given some hint that she was not as happy as she appeared to be? These emphases go unremarked upon by the editors.

Emma and William Hockin had been known to the Kilvert

family since 1867 when they rented Langley Lodge in Langley Burrell for two years prior to their move to Tullimaar in 1869. On the first page of the Harvey Notebook we read that on 11 June 1870 Kilvert receives letters from home one of which informs him that *The Hockins propose a driving tour round the Cornish Coast while I am with them. This will be delightful.* On 7 July he writes:- *Got home just in time to write to Mrs Hockin to ask when she expects me at Tullimaar. She alludes to me in her letter to my Mother as 'Frank' and I think it is very friendly and nice of her.* Although the Hockins and Kilverts had been neighbours for over two years by the time the invitation was issued and Dora had already visited Tullimaar, there is no suggestion in the published *Diary* that Kilvert had entertained any feelings for Mrs Hockin beyond those of family friend. This was to change significantly over the course of the holiday. Aged 26, Emma was an engaging young woman; confident and outgoing she comes across as rather modern. In the early stages of pregnancy (her daughter Beatrice, Kilvert's godchild, was born on 10 February 1871) she undertook this energetic tour of Cornwall. Despite the constraints of Victorian women's clothing Emma sat herself down on the steps of the quay as she waited for a boat. On another occasion *she conceived the brilliant idea of sitting down on the floor of the waggonette* by Kilvert's and *H's* feet, amusingly swathed up to her chin in a blanket to keep the rain off as Kilvert and *H* held her little umbrella over her head. Sadly, we don't have the full notebook accounts for the subsequent *Diary* references to the Hockins but reading the *Cornish Diary* certainly makes us feel that we have met William and Emma Hockin, along with other characters such as the ebullient Captain Parker. *Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary* speaks of 'The attractive Emma Hockin... who infatuated Kilvert'. As we have the whole *Cornish Diary* notebook this episode in Kilvert's relationship with the Hockins is well documented. While the fact that Emma is married and therefore unattainable undoubtedly adds piquancy to Kilvert's admiration, it also means that he is able to relate to her as a young woman to whom he can talk easily, in the same way that he spoke with his sisters and with Mrs Venables. Emma Hockin is Kilvert's intellectual equal, sharing his interest in poetry and literature. William Hockin, adventurous and down-to-earth, was

a likeable man and it is clear that he and Kilvert got on well. The experience of this delightful shared holiday deepened his bond with the Hockins and he was later thrilled to become godfather to their baby, Beatrice. We do not know whether, as close family friends, William and Emma Hockin were present at Kilvert's wedding to Elizabeth Rowland in August 1879. On a more som-

bre note we cannot but wonder whether they attended his funeral a few short weeks later. What we can be sure of is that on hearing of Kilvert's shocking and untimely death, vivid memories of him and of the Cornish holiday would have come flooding back. Both would have had their own particular recollections of Frank and of the time he spent with them at *Tullimaar, dear Tullimaar* during those summer days of 1870.

A few weeks after his return from holiday, on 30 August, Kilvert visits the Hay Flower Show where he sees the fern *Asplenium Marinum* which *carried me back to dear Gurnard's Head, and for a moment I forgot the Show and people and everything else.*

Kilvert's holiday in Cornwall was undoubtedly a memorable and special time for him. Maybe in expressing his great sadness at leaving *Tullimaar, and the happy days* he drew upon the

imagery contained within his own poem 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference'. With its vision of Shakespeare's tragic Ophelia and her wild flowers, was it giving voice to Kilvert's state of mind following that evening carriage drive *à deux* along the Cornish lanes? It was just over a week since Kilvert's brief *Diary* reference to Milton's *Paradise Lost* hinted at a remarkable disclosure of his emotions. Kilvert records the subjects that he and Emma talked about during their journey home from Truro but the details of what was actually said we do not know. Possibly it was just pleasant chatter but reading between the lines one senses something more.

It could be that 'We Wear our Rue with a Difference' gives us some insight into Kilvert's feelings, spoken or unspoken, at that time.

RELATED READING

Kilvert's Cornish Diary edited by Richard Maber and Angela Tregoning
Collected Verse by The Reverend Francis Kilvert, KS Publications
The Diary of Francis Kilvert June-July 1870 Edited by Dafydd Ifans, NLW
Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary by Tony O'Brien edited by C J Marshall, KS Publications



Tullimaar House, the home of the Hockins situated between Truro and Falmouth, where Francis Kilvert stayed for nearly three weeks on holiday in 1870. (Picture: John Hockin Collection). Below, the first-floor front corner bedroom where Kilvert slept





‘He is a right good fellow’

– The Story of Captain John Thomas

ROB GRAVES recounted the lives of the unmarried daughters of Llanthomas in Journal 35. Here, he catches up with the sons, and in particular the cruel fate that befell Daisy’s brother John, of whom Francis Kilvert seemed quite fond

IT HAS become a commonplace to claim that Fanny Thomas and her sisters, daughters of the excessively controlling Reverend William Jones Thomas, led tragic lives through failing to achieve or being denied marriage and families of their own. Aside from the virtual certainty that it would never have occurred to them to view themselves in this light, the very word tragic seems wholly inappropriate in this context. The five sisters, it has to be stated, benefited from a materially privileged and secure existence. They shared the fate of a great many women of their time who did not marry, often out of choice, and thus did not have to face the risks of childbirth and potential rigours of serial pregnancy on the model of their mothers’ generation. Apart from Mary, who died at the age of forty-two, the sisters lived long and healthy lives by the standards of their time.

In certain key respects it is not to them that we should look for evidence of tragedy but to their brothers, whose various callings led them far and wide into a perilous world, leaving the sisters to the sheltered confines of Llanthomas where, even in vulnerable old age, they never lacked for support or protectors to ensure that their interests were safeguarded.

An examination of the fate of the six brothers in this respect is illuminating. It is noteworthy that none of them followed in their father’s footsteps by taking up a career in the Church.

Charlie, the second youngest, had no chance to pursue a career at all, dying of typhoid in 1873 at the age of twenty-two whilst in Rome. Mary Bevan, much affected by his death, makes frequent heartfelt references to it in her diary, though Kilvert does not mention it.

Five years on, Lechmere was the next to die, succumbing in September 1878 to cholera in Ceylon, where he and his brother Walter had established themselves initially as coffee and later as tea planters. Lechmere was just thirty-three at his death and had been married a mere eighteen months to Nina de Winton. The only child of this marriage, named Edward Lechmere after his father, was to perish of a brain tumour whilst at Eton in 1892 aged fourteen. His grave is in Llanigon churchyard beside those of his mother and his stepfather, Edward Dumaresq Thomas.

As for Walter, the youngest of the eleven Thomases, he too was to fall prey, in 1901, to an illness contracted during his time in Ceylon, psilosis, a disease of the small intestine causing pernicious anaemia. He was forty-seven. His wife Violet, his junior by twenty years, would outlive him by nearly forty-eight years, whilst their eldest son, also Walter, would be killed in the Great War in 1917.

It is noteworthy that the three youngest brothers all died before their elders. Of the latter, William, the oldest, never married. He pursued a military career, seeing service as an officer in the Second Dragoon Guards during the Indian Mutiny. He succeeded to the management of the Llanthomas estate on the death of Mr Thomas in 1886. William was a magistrate and a respected pillar of the community like his father before him, but suffered from financial constraints that Mr Thomas did not ex-

perience. Under William’s regime Llanthomas slipped gradually into a state of disrepair from which it would be rescued only through the generosity of Nina’s second husband, Edward Dumaresq Thomas. William died in 1909 aged sixty-nine.

Henry, the third of the Thomas sons, was perhaps the most favoured by fortune. Like William he took to soldiering, joining the East Yorkshire Regiment and ultimately rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. In 1878 he married Alice Mabel Davies, an event to which Kilvert refers, and the couple had two children. In 1911, following the deaths of both his older brothers, he became heir to the Allensmore estate near Hereford along with the right to assume the arms and name of the Pateshall family from which his mother was descended. Allensmore was a larger and more profitable estate than Llanthomas and the inheritance was a lucrative one, but Henry lived to enjoy its benefits for no more than a year, dying of influenza in 1912 also at the age of sixty-nine.

It is to the second eldest Thomas son, John, though, that we must turn to witness the full unfolding of a genuine personal tragedy.

John also embarked on a career as an army officer. In November 1858, when he was seventeen, John David Cove Thomas became an Ensign, the most junior rank of officer, in the second battalion of the Twenty-Second Regiment of Foot, the Cheshire Regiment, which was at that time stationed in Preston. As with each of his later promotions John acquired this post by purchase, a normal practice of the time and one not finally abolished until November 1871. The battalion had been formed earlier that year, along with second battalions of all other senior line regiments, to make good the loss of men to the Empire resulting from the flow of regiments into India in the wake of the Mutiny.

On 11 May 1859 John’s battalion embarked from Portsmouth on the *Etna* steamer to provide part of the Malta garrison. The battalion was to be on Malta for six years, during which time it was employed in detachment duties, meaning that its various companies were distributed to barracks around the island, and occasional ceremonial duties such as providing honour guards for visiting dignitaries. In June 1861, whilst still on Malta, John purchased his lieutenantancy, and in May 1862 he was appointed adjutant, a post requiring him to assist his commanding officer, Colonel David Anderson, with routine administrative tasks such as communicating orders and dealing with battalion correspondence. It is recorded that he carried out his responsibilities with much credit.

On 6 July 1865 the battalion left Malta, embarking for Gibraltar en route for Mauritius. The records of the battalion, provided by the Cheshire Military Museum in Chester, show that forty-nine women and eighty-nine children accompanied the men. Their departure was timely, for a cholera epidemic was then starting to rage through both the military garrison and the civilian populations of Malta and Gozo, and would persist into October. In the first days of that same month John’s battalion was arriv-

ing at Port Louis, Mauritius, where it relieved the second battalion the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, which some fourteen years later would suffer significant losses in the Zulu War and whose B Company would distinguish itself in the much celebrated defence of Rorke's Drift. Coincidentally, the Twenty-Fourth was also the regiment with which William would become associated after resigning his commission from the regular army in 1870.

As before, the routine of garrison duty was the chief feature of John's time on Mauritius, and again disease proved the only enemy to be confronted. In January 1867 the island was struck by an outbreak of marsh fever which had a devastating effect on the civilian population due to lack of sanitation, but which left the garrison largely untouched. John's battalion remained on the island for two years.

On 9 July 1867 the battalion embarked on HMS *Orontes* for home waters, docking first at Queenstown in the south of Ireland and arriving in the Mersey on 31 August. The record shows that two men and one child died on the voyage, and two children were born. Once back at home the battalion was to be largely employed in aid of the civil power, helping to keep the peace in northern industrial cities, most notably in Sheffield in January 1870 during the South Yorkshire Colliery dispute where there was a great deal of violent unrest. In the meantime, in January of the previous year, John had purchased his captaincy. This was to be the highest rank he would achieve.

It is possible to trace some aspects of John's further life in Kilvert's *Diary*, though caution must be exercised on this point as Kilvert does not always reliably reveal which of the brothers he is referring to. As has been seen, John's brother William resigned his regular army commission in 1870. In that year both brothers were captains. On 31 March 1870 Kilvert records meeting a Captain Thomas at Llanthomas without revealing his first name. Kilvert tells us that the captain in question seems to 'think times hard and gloomy and openings few'¹ in the army, talking of the possibility of getting a Queen's Messengership (a post as a courier charged with carrying diplomatic documents). Whilst it is just possible that the captain in question could be John, as is usually assumed, it appears far more likely that Kilvert is in fact writing about William. This captain speaks of his 'intention of selling out of the army', suggesting a decision already made and soon to be acted upon. Like William, John did resign his commission, but he was not to do so until two years later, in March 1872. Whichever brother is here being singled out, however, one general conclusion to be drawn from this extract is a disillusionment with regular army life that was almost certainly shared by them both. Being a regular officer in the Victorian army at this period with its rigid structure and minor colonial wars must for many have been a frustrating and unrewarding experience.

John first appears in the *Diary* unequivocally and by name on 6th November 1871. Kilvert writes of going to Llanthomas on this date to return Captain John Thomas' call of a week ago. He is met at the door by John and eventually a walk is proposed to Hay in which a group of nine set out, including Kilvert, John and the five girls, accompanied by the Thomas family dog. Captain John puts on his military cloak, in which, observes Kilvert, he resembles 'one of the Church Militant'². On their way the party meet Mr Bevan and his daughter Mary who fall in with them. Playfully claiming that he could almost do battalion drill with so great a number, John makes them all walk in column while he gives the word of command from the rear, and in this manner they march to Hay Castle to be received by Mrs Bevan with tea. Trivial and amusing though this incident may seem, it

is one which will have a fateful echo some years later in his life.

Further fleeting glimpses of John are to be found in other parts in the diary. There is an oblique reference to him in an entry for 13 February 1872, when, at a Rifle Volunteer Concert in the Hay



National Schoolroom, Fanny Thomas tells Kilvert that her family has recently had a group photograph taken. This can only be the celebrated picture of the Thomases posed *en masse* outside the front entrance of Llanthomas. In this photograph (left) John is seated to the left of centre, next to his mother who is leaning slightly towards him. Somewhat later that year, on 5 April, at the ball at Clifford Priory where Kilvert writes of dancing clumsily with Fanny, she tells him that John has come home and that the two of them have been for a walk to the River Wye that afternoon. By

this date John would have been out of the army for less than a month. The diary makes no further reference to him until nearly a year later when, on 19 March 1873, Kilvert goes to Llanthomas to dine and sleep. He finds John alone in the house and agrees to walk with him towards Hay to meet the girls who are returning home. John informs him that he is trying for the Chief Constableship of Radnorshire. 'I hope he will get it, I am sure,' comments Kilvert. 'He is a right good fellow'³.

There are just two more occasions when the diary makes any mention of John, and these are of the briefest kind. In the first, on 16 March 1874 Kilvert meets Fanny whilst waiting for a train at Three Cocks Junction, describing her, rather oddly, as 'a tall girl with a fresh colour'⁴, and appearing not to recognise her at first. 'Her brother John was with her,' adds Kilvert, but he gives no hint of any exchange of words with him. The second occasion is ten days later, on 26 March, where Kilvert records a visit to Llanthomas to take luncheon with John. After lunch he walks in the garden with Fanny and Charlotte, and observes the tears springing to Fanny's eyes when the moment comes for him to leave. 'I saw the anguish of her soul. What could I do?'⁵ he comments with characteristic helplessness.

John did not get his Chief Constableship, which was perhaps just as well. From now on the contrast between his fate and that of his brother William is stark. Whereas William was able to resume a military career by accepting an appointment as major in the Breconshire Militia Regiment in March 1871, and, with the eventual amalgamation of militia and regular battalions, would rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel the Third Battalion South Wales Borderers (the Twenty-Fourth Regiment of Foot) and Aide de Camp to Queen Victoria, John's life from about the point at which we lose sight of him in the *Diary* is a tale of terrible decline.

On 17 May 1878, two months before Henry's wedding and four months before Lechmere's death in Ceylon, John David Cove Thomas was admitted as a patient at the Crichton Royal Institute in Dumfries. This Institute would then have been termed a lunatic asylum. His medical notes, conserved in the Dumfries archives, describe his main symptoms on admission as taking the form of delusions, auditory hallucinations and wildly gesticulating movements, all of which are ascribed to chronic alcoholism originating in his time in Malta and Mauritius. His father, who accompanied him to Dumfries, informed the medical staff that he had been in this condition for some considerable time but had worsened greatly in the previous two or three weeks. His case notes reveal that the first 'attack' had occurred five years before, that is to say at some time in 1873. When he was admitted the notes disclose that John was in an excited state, imagining that



John Thomas was to spend over twenty years at the West Malling private mental hospital. As he gained weight he substituted whist for more energetic pastimes

he had come to see the Prince of Wales, fancying himself of royal blood, and talking a great deal about Freemasonry and the Royal Family. Clearly this is not the John we recognise from the *Diary*.

Nowadays John's condition would be classed as psychosis, more specifically schizophrenia, and would be treated with a combination of anti-psychotic drugs and rehabilitation. It seems probable that he resorted to alcohol in a vain attempt to suppress or control his symptoms. Curiously, the medical staff initially placed him on a small allowance of whisky, though this was gradually discontinued. The notes state that by 30 May 'he has... been very industrious and good-natured in conversation, however

a considerable amount of intellectual weakness is evident.'⁶

The choice of this particular institution by Mr Thomas is significant in more than one respect. Firstly, it seems evident that distance played a part. It is no secret that in Victorian society and especially among respectable families like the Thomases, the stigma of mental illness made it a subject to be shunned and kept hidden. There are references to mental illness in the *Diary* which hint at this. With its strong moralising tendency the Victorian world drew a connection that would be unthinkable today between mental disorder and moral degeneracy. Doubtless John was intentionally placed as far from home as possible in order

to be out of both sight and mind as far as his family was concerned. Yet despite this, it is also possible that Mr Thomas made his choice with more consideration than might at first appear to be the case. The Crichton Royal Institute, under the guidance of its first Resident Medical Officer, Dr W.A.F. Browne, had become strikingly advanced in its treatment of mental illness, pioneering the use of occupational therapy and highlighting the importance of curing rather than confining patients. By the time of John's admission the Institute possessed not merely its own library and magazine, together with a printing press, but also a museum and facilities for the patients to paint and draw, to participate in sports and theatrical productions and to produce concerts. The case notes for 18 September 1878 state: 'Captain Thomas is now in fair bodily condition. He comes to the Table d'hôte – and the mental weakness noted above is diminished. He is still however very lethargic, in this however (sic) he is improving and some time since he took part in a concert.'⁷ We know from several sources that the Thomases were a musical family. John was here clearly drawing on a positive aptitude which the staff at the Institute were keen to encourage. Admittedly, this entry also contains a more ominous element, for the writer goes on to observe: 'It is to be feared that as soon as this gentleman returns to the outer world he will give way to the same excess as before.'⁸ The 'excess' in question presumably being a reference to his alcoholism. Nonetheless, some twenty months later, on 18 May 1880, the case notes record that 'Captain Thomas... has appeared as a vocalist at several of the concerts and also plays lawn tennis.'⁹

In February 1881 his illness manifested itself in a new guise. This was the year in which his sister-in-law Nina, Lechmere's widow, was to marry Edward Dumaresq Thomas, a widower and cousin to the younger Thomases of Llanthomas, who would one day do much to restore Llanthomas to its former grandeur. Having convinced himself in his delusional state that both Lechmere and Edward Dumaresq's wife were still alive, John wrote to Nina to warn her against the perils of bigamy. His letter, evidently intercepted by the medical staff and sent for clarification to Mr Thomas, reads as follows:

My dear Nina-

My mother says that you are going to marry Edward from Ceylon. I don't believe that Lechmere is dead so you must be particularly cautious about what you are at as I believe that his own wife is alive. I don't think it will be necessary to trouble the law courts, but that a letter will be a proper warning to him that bigamy is not quite correct. Think about the matter for I am pretty determined.

I remain your affectionate brother

John Thomas

Mr Thomas, without even taking the trouble to procure a sheet of fresh notepaper, dashed off a hasty and not entirely intelligible reply on this letter before returning it. His note reads cryptically:

'Nina' is the widow of my late son Mr E.L. Thomas who died Sept. 1st 1878: and of his death (sic) he was acquainted at an early period. 'Edward' is a widower whose wife died in Ceylon in 1879 and a cousin of my son.

The two parties above mentioned are about being (sic) married with my approval and concurrence.

W. Jones Thomas

Father of Captain Thomas and Uncle of Mr E.D. Thomas

Llanthomas 5th Feb. 1881¹⁰

Throughout 1882 John's condition continued in much the same vein. The case notes tell us that he was still bursting into inexplicable fits of laughter and kicking out his legs in a peculiar fashion. He was also growing corpulent, though this does not

appear to have affected him excessively. The notes for 28 October read: 'He still laughs loudly without evident cause and is very absent in his behaviour. He takes part in any games that are going.'¹¹ On 9 April 1883 he is reported as being in good bodily health except for a slight cold contracted over the winter, and on 31 July of that year he was judged physically well enough to be discharged and sent home to his family.

Sad to say, John's mental condition was not to prove lastingly stable. In January 1890, almost seven years after leaving the Crichton Institute, he was again admitted to a mental institution, this time a private asylum in the village of West Malling in Kent. He was suffering from much the same symptoms as those which had afflicted him in 1878. It seems that, following five years of relative stability at Llanthomas, he had during the next two years again become a victim of auditory hallucinations and had once more taken to the bottle. His case report on admission at West Malling is explicit on this point: 'Within the last year or two (he) has again been drinking as much spirit as he could by any means find and apparently never less than one and a half bottles of whisky daily.'¹² Whilst at Llanthomas he is reported as having suffered some sort of fit requiring the presence of medical attendants. The medical certificate on which he was admitted gives the following graphic summary of his condition: 'He hears voices and shouts and gesticulates in reply; is dirty in his habits and lost to all sense of decency. Wanders about at night and sleepless (sic), and fancies his brother threatens to kill him... says he hears voices in the air to which he replies; says there are spies all about him. Believes he is a person of very high importance and controls the course of events, and directs invisible beings under his command. Has been in the streets of Hay addressing an imaginary army, putting them through their drill.'¹³ This last detail, horrific as it must have been to his family, seems a nightmarish re-enactment of the scene described by Kilvert in the *Diary* entry of 6 November 1871 where John puts the family through battalion drill on their way to Hay Castle.

Mr and Mrs Thomas had both died by 1890, and it was William who escorted his brother to Kent. Just why William chose this asylum instead of returning John to Dumfries is not known, but whatever the reason, as with his father, distance and seclusion must have played a role in his decision. John would be far enough from home not to cause his family further embarrassment, and this time there would be no discharge. He was to spend the remainder of his life, over twenty years, at West Malling. As at the Crichton Institute, he appears to have been humanely and considerately treated. Once more he was at first put on a moderate dose of whisky, now mixed with egg, this again being gradually lessened. Bodily he was afflicted by gout and still corpulent. His disorder is described as manic hallucination in the medical register. When possible, however, and once recovered from his gout, his case notes show that he was able to play a little tennis and cricket and also billiards. He was allowed to leave the asylum to watch county cricket matches, and it is recorded that he even watched the Australians play.

With the passage of time John grew stouter. His hallucinations continued, and as he gained weight he substituted whist for more energetic sports. The case notes for 7 January 1901 declare uncompromisingly: 'very stout and unwieldy. Almost impossible to get clothes to fit him properly.'¹⁴ On 10 March he was informed of his brother Walter's death. The notes show that he took the news placidly and did not appear much affected by it. On 14 April he is recorded as shouting when alone in a loud, altered tone of voice, hardly recognisable, imagining that military delinquents have been brought before him for admonition. However,

he is also described as playing whist and patience, smoking his pipe and religiously reading the news daily.

By 1902 he had become enormously stout, and was still suffering from hallucinations. A note dated 28 March 1903 tells us that he was aging in appearance. In the summer of 1904, despite his hallucinations, he was able to spend time at a seaside house in Broadstairs, from where he wrote that he was now nineteen stone in weight. This seaside break was repeated



The church of St Mary the Virgin, West Malling, Kent, where John Thomas was buried under the name of Pateshall on 6 May 1911. He was 69. His grave cannot be identified today

in the summers of 1905 and 1906. In 1909 he had a change of air and went to Deal. On 15 October of that year he is described as being 'fairly well considering all he has passed through.'¹⁵

His hallucinations, though, did not diminish. An entry in the case notes for 3 January 1910 reads: 'Hallucinations. Animated conversations in quite another tone of voice. Has invisible offenders brought before him, subjected to sundry punishments with the addition of abusive language.'¹⁶ He was now extremely corpulent, with swollen feet obliging him to lie in bed for two or three days at a time. In spite of this, he still managed a break by the sea at Sandgate in June 1910. By an ironic twist of fate, on 19 August of that year a notice appeared in the London Gazette declaring that 'the King has been pleased to grant His Royal licence and authority enabling John David Cove Thomas, now residing at the West Malling Asylum In the county of Kent, sometime captain in His Majesty's army... to take upon himself and use the surname of Pateshall in lieu of that of Thomas, and to bear the arms of Pateshall.' William having died in 1909, John was now the oldest living Thomas son and thus, on the demise of his aunt Anne Elizabeth Pateshall in April 1910, legitimate heir to the Allensmore estate and the Pateshall name.

Whether he was ever told of his inheritance is unknown. By this stage he was in a state of serious physical deterioration. The case notes for this period refer to breathing difficulties, especially at night and to his being treated with digitalis. Some improvement is noted, but by December he was again on various medications, including doses of four to six ounces of whisky. In January 1911, with the renewal of his breathing problems, his medication was increased. On 1 May the asylum informed his brother Henry that John was close to death. He died at ten o'clock in the evening on 2 May. He was sixty-nine years old and had spent more than twenty-five years of his life in mental institutions. His death certificate, dated 18 May and made out in the name John David Cove Thomas, with an addendum 'otherwise Pateshall', gives the cause of death as cardiac disease and gradual exhaustion.

A note on the right hand side of the death certificate, referring to the alteration of the name, states: 'Clerical error in column

2. Corrected on the 10th July 1911 on the authority of the Registrar General by me George Down Registrar, in the presence of Edith E. Adam occupier.' Given the nearly two months lapse of time between the date of the certificate and this addendum, it is tempting to see Henry's hand in this, anxious as he must have been to prove the legitimacy of his own claim, as the last surviving Thomas brother, to the Pateshall estate.

From information furnished by the Rev David Green,

the present incumbent of St. Mary the Virgin Church, West Malling, it can be established from the parish records that John was buried, under the name Pateshall, in the churchyard on 6 May 1911. It is to be assumed that Henry attended the burial. During the almost twenty-one years he spent in the asylum there is only one record of a visit to John by any member of his family, and this was made by William in December 1891, barely two years after his admission.

As for his headstone, it is impossible to discover any trace of it, the majority of the stones in the churchyard being so badly weathered as to have lost whatever inscriptions they once bore. In death John lies hidden from the world, just as he was for so many years in life.

During his more lucid moments he may indeed have known a measure of contentment and placidity, but given his state of mind these are but relative concepts, and to the outside observer his fate seems a cruel one. There is in it more of loss than any of us would care to contemplate with equanimity for ourselves. Mental illness may have forfeited some at least of its stigma in our world, but it still retains its ancient power to arouse fear in us. If the life of any of the eleven Thomas siblings merits the description tragic, then surely it is his.

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The Kilvert Pilgrimage – an alternative perspective

There's no shame in admitting the high point of many a Kilvert outing is the tea – it's the stuff dreams are made of. After all, even Chaucer's band met in a pub. And when the Llanbedr ladies are providing the fare, well DAVE HORNER would gladly climb any number of 'Kilvert Hills' to tuck in

FORTUNATELY for me the Oxford English Dictionary defines a pilgrimage as 'a journey to a place of particular interest or significance'. This comes as a great relief as, if I were to follow Wikipedia's definition which adds the words 'moral and spiritual', I would have had to miss out on a wonderful day, spent with friends, on the annual Kilvert Pilgrimage.

Many of my fellow pilgrims would have no problem with the Wikipedia definition, but for me the OED's 'place of particular interest' is the third stop, on our delightful journey across the Welsh hills.

The church of St Peter at Llanbedr lies in a near perfect location and, as Kilvert members are aware, was a ruin when he was walking these hills. For me that restored building is indeed a place of pilgrimage, and my 'particular interest' is not the building itself but the truly memorable afternoon tea served by the ladies of the parish.

When I overheard one of our weary group say that she had been dreaming of this tea since last year's pilgrimage I knew exactly how she felt. Laid out over the pews at the back of the church is a feast which I find hard to describe, but I will try.

Plate One

Sandwiches, you must start with sandwiches. I tried two quarters, with bread the correct thickness and cucumber and tomato featuring strongly. Cheese was a delicate addition – just the right amount to preserve the subtle taste of the cucumber. The addition of a small slice of quiche, fresh from the oven, and a perfectly baked cheese scone, completed plate one.

Plate Two

Those who had gone straight to cakes and cream scones were now giving their verdicts, and so I was able to be very selective on plate two. I had already spotted the scones, with jam first and



On Sunday 28 July the 15th Kilvert pilgrimage was held. It followed its traditional pattern of starting with Morning Service at Newchurch, the parish of its originator the Rev Humphrey Fisher, after which flowers were laid on the grave of little Emmeline Vaughan. Then, by way of a Service of Readings and Music at Bryngwyn and tea at Llanbedr, the pilgrims reached Llandewifach for Evensong at 6pm



PHOTOS ARE FROM PREVIOUS YEARS

then cream on top – surely the only way to eat them. Would two be justified? I think so, and that left just enough room on the plate for probably the best Victoria sponge I had tasted since my Mother's prize-winning exhibits, which featured strongly at WI shows throughout the North Riding in the 1950s.

There is something deeply satisfying about a Victoria sponge cake. Is it the memories of childhood family teas, taken around the living room table and always eaten at 5.15pm (5 minutes after Dad got home from work)? Or is it the taste of those amazingly fresh eggs, so yellow that they could only have come from contented chickens? Whatever it is, it is perfection on a plate and so light that there is plenty of room for. . .

Plate Three

This is the tricky one! Do you go for repeats or do you attempt to choose just three of the many other wonderful cakes on offer? I decided on the latter, and was not disappointed

A perfect buttered malt loaf is difficult to achieve, but the ladies of Llanbedr rose to the challenge and produced a masterpiece. It was truly malty, and yet so light that the butter just melted sufficiently to bring out the full flavour of the fruit. I took one slice, and added to this a portion of Dundee cake.

Double fruit, I hear you say, but this was so much lighter and crumblier than the heavily fruited traditional Christmas cake (which, if I am honest, I prefer), that I hardly noticed. In place of the third cake I added a slice of Cheddar cheese, no Wensleydale being available, and this cut through the fruit without

distracting from the subtlety of the baking.

There are many things which draw the Pilgrims back and I will be joining them again next year, to my place of particular interest, in the expectation that the ladies of Llanbedr will once again produce the perfect tea. They haven't failed me yet, and I doubt they ever will.

The Wellesley Family in Kilvert's Diary

Draycot House, just north of Langley Burrell, gave Francis Kilvert an entrée in to some of the smartest county life around. Here, TIM COUZENS – whose surname will be familiar to readers of the Diary – illuminates the fascinating stories behind the fleeting names

THE Draycot Estate, centred on Draycot Cerne, lay just to the NE of Langley Burrell. From 1428 until 1863 Draycot House was owned by members of the Long family. In that year, William Long-Wellesley, 5th Earl of Mornington, willed the estate, in trust, to his second cousin, Henry, 1st Earl Cowley. Draycot House and its owners fitted into the same local social structure as Bowood, Spye Park, Badminton and the other great houses of Wiltshire. The patronage of both Draycot and Seagry churches was controlled by the owners of Draycot House. Through their incumbents, his Wiltshire clerical friends, Kilvert could associate with the local aristocracy. These aristocrats, in their turn, were in regular contact with the Royal Houses of Europe.

We get a fascinating glimpse of life at Draycot in the 1870s from a number of quite lengthy quotes from Kilvert's *Diary*:

Tuesday 27 December 1870

After dinner drove into Chippenham with Perch [Edward Kilvert, the Diarist's brother] and bought a pair of skates at Benk's for 17/6. . . . Across the fields to Draycot water and the young Awdry ladies chaffed me about my new skates. . . . There was a distinguished company on the ice, Lady Dangan, Lord and Lady Royston and Lord George Paget all skating. . . . I had the honour of being knocked down by Lord Royston, who was coming round suddenly on the outside edge. . . .

Wednesday 28 December 1870

An inch of snow fell last night and as we walked to Draycot to skate the snow storm began again. As we passed Langley Burrell Church we heard the strains of the quadrille band on the ice at Draycot. . . .

Thursday 29 December 1870

Skating at Draycot again with Perch. Fewer people on the ice today. No quadrille band, torches or fireworks, but it was very pleasant, cosy and sociable. Yesterday when Lancers was being skated Lord Royston was directing the figures. Harriet Awdry corrected him in one figure and he was quite wrong. But he immediately left the quadrille and sat down sulking on the bank, saying to one of his friends, 'Those abominable Miss Awdrys have contradicted me about the Lancers'. This was overheard and repeated to Harriet by a mutual friend, and next time she saw him she said 'Lord Royston, sometimes remarks are overheard and repeated'. . . . However soon after he wanted to make it up and asked her to skate up the ice hand in hand with him. 'Certainly not, Lord Royston,' she said. Lady Royston skates very nicely and seems very nice. A sledge chair was put on the ice and Lady Royston and Lady Dangan . . . were drawn about in it by turns, Charles Awdry pushing. . . . A German ladies' maid¹ from Draycot House was skating and making ridiculous antics.

New Year's Day 1871

When Perch came back from skating at Draycot last night, he amused us with an account of Friday's and Saturday's doings on the ice. . . .

During the torch skating Harriet Awdry hurled her half-burnt torch ashore. Lord Cowley was walking up and down the path on the bank watching with great impatience the skaters whom he detests. The fiery torch came whirling and flaming through the dark and hit the noble diplomatist sharply across the shins, rebounding from which it lay blazing at the foot of a tree. Lord Cowley was very angry. 'I wish these people wouldn't throw their torches about here at me,' grumbled his lordship. 'Come away and hide behind the island or he'll see you,' said Perch to Harriet. So they glided away and from the cover of the island they watched Lord Cowley angrily beating the blazing torch against the ground to try to put it out. But the more he beat it, the more the torch

flamed and showered sparks into his face. Harriet described the incident thus, 'I hit old Cowley such a crack over the shins.'

Thursday 24 October 1872

A wild wet morning. Charles Awdry of Draycot came over to call on me this afternoon, and I walked back with him as far as Cold Harbour. He told me he once said to Lord Cowley at Draycot House, 'My ancestors owned this estate when yours were peasants', 'It is true', Lord Cowley said. 'We are only a hundred years old.'

Monday 15 December 1873

Fanny went to luncheon at Langley Fitzurse. I called there at 1.30 and walked to Draycot with her to see Draycot House. . . . Miss West the housekeeper showed us over the house. The entrance hall was matted with fallow deer skins from the chase. The walls were ornamented with fallow bucks' heads and horns from every branch tip of which sprung a jet of gas. . . .

To-day Captain Wellesley was married to the daughter of Lord Augustus Loftus. The bride and bridegroom were expected down by the 5 o'clock train to spend the honeymoon at Draycot. About an hour and a half before they arrived we were being shown through their bedroom, dressing and sitting rooms and looking at their photographs.

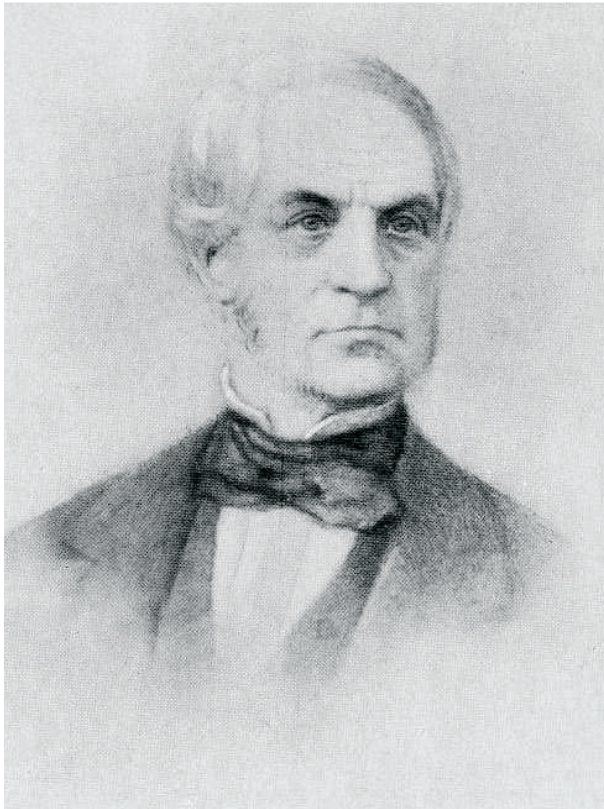
Coming home I met Mrs Ashe and as I stood talking to her in the dusk, there came a flashing of lights and a rattle of horsehoofs and the bride and bridegroom whirled past to Draycot with four greys and postilions.

Despite my many years of research and contact with the Wellesley and Awdry families, no photo or illustration has come to light, so far, of the skating parties on the ice at Draycot House. Similarly, the few interior photographs that do exist of Draycot House are not from the entrance hall, in the East wing, that Kilvert mentions. This article therefore concentrates on the people mentioned in these extracts from the diary.

Lord Cowley

Henry R.C. Wellesley was the eldest son and heir of 1st Baron Cowley, the youngest brother of the Duke of Wellington. He had a difficult childhood as his mother Charlotte (née Cadogan) had an affair with the Earl of Uxbridge² when Henry was just six years old. This resulted in a crim. con. case, for which his father received £24,000 damages from the Earl³ and divorce.

His diplomatic career began in 1824 as attaché at Vienna. He followed this with envoys to Germany and Switzerland. In 1852 he was appointed Ambassador to France and kept this difficult post until his retirement in 1867. He had a hand in the alliance between France and Britain during the Crimean War and the Treaty of Paris that ended it, for which he was rewarded with an earldom.⁴ His eldest son and heir was thereafter known as Viscount Dangan – a reference to the old family estates in Ireland. His career was noted for a close working relationship with Emperor Napoleon III (although it is clear from his letters to the Foreign Office that he did not always approve of his behaviour. The letters to his friend, the Foreign Minister Lord Clarendon, bring out his lighter side with descriptions of the lewd behaviour of the French court and gossip). There were very successful reciprocal State visits during his tenure. He was well rewarded for the greatly improved Franco-French relations and lived in some



Lord Cowley, the nephew of the Duke of Wellington. He restored Draycot House to the condition that Kilvert knew

style at the Château de Chantilly.⁵ In 1870 Countess Cowley was the first person to visit the captured Emperor, after the battle of Sedan, and the Cowleys must have assisted getting him to exile, at Chislehurst, Kent, in some way.

In 1863, when he inherited the wreck of the Long-Wellesley estates, Lord Cowley was 59 years old. The Earl of Mornington had disinherited his sister, Victoria, and there was speculation in the press that Lord Cowley would need all of his diplomatic skills to smooth over the repercussions. This he did, with gifts of family portraits from Draycot House and the Long family records from the library.⁶

Draycot House needed a lot of attention and in 1864 work went ahead which included the installation of gas, the erection of a new stable block,⁷ a conservatory and a great deal of re-decoration. It is the house after these renovations that Kilvert visited in 1873.

On his death in 1884 the obituaries in the British press were largely respectful. *The New York Times*, however, gave a picture much more in tune with Kilvert's description of 'Old Cowley'. And *The London Truth* wrote:

'Lord Cowley was essentially a passionless man. To the end of his life he had the joylessness of that terrible semi-orphanhood which a break-up in the paternal ménage gives. . . . Lord Cowley could have been a great many things besides an Ambassador. He could have been a grave butler, a careful, trustworthy steward or land agent, an impassive poor law guardian, a highly respectable vestryman with no sympathy for new-fangled ideas, a sleeping partner in a firm of solicitors. . . . Lord Cowley was a fair average man. He was cold, civil, obliging when asked to oblige, never did anything with a good grace, nor yet with a bad one, was correct, orderly, and had no feeling upon any subject . . . unless a proprietary or family interest were bound up in it. . . . Fêtes and functions bored him. He appeared more like a personal attendant of his wife than a British nobleman. . . . His figure was tall, and more stiff than dignified the eyes had the expression of a man trying to feign attention to a sermon to which he was not listening, and his

mouth was generally somewhat pursed up'.

By contrast, the columnist had nothing but kind words for Olivia, Countess Cowley.

Lord Cowley's dislike of functions is confirmed by his son:

During the Paris season weekly receptions were given at the Embassy During one of these social entertainments my father, who hated anything in the shape of a party, wandered into the throne-room where he found himself alone with one of his guests . . . who, not knowing who he was, exclaimed 'This is very slow, isn't it, Sir?' to which my father replied, 'Yes Sir, it is. But you have one decided advantage over me, and that is you can go away when you please, whereas I am obliged to remain to the bitter end'.⁸

I have donated several photos of Lord Cowley to the Kilvert Society Archives.⁹ The picture on the left is from the frontispiece to *Secrets of the Second Empire*, edited by his son Col F.A. Wellesley,¹⁰ which so closely matches the description, given above and in Kilvert, that it was the obvious choice.

There are stained glass windows at the east end of St James's Church, Draycot Cerne, in memory of the 1st Earl and Countess Cowley. They are buried in the family tomb on the north side of the church, close to the site of the East Wing of Draycot House.

Lord Cowley's most important change had been the clearance of the old village of Draycot Cerne, close to the house, to create a new main drive from the Swindon road, lined by Wellingtonia pines, some of which still stand today. One can speculate that Lord Cowley was not keen on having villagers so close to his new mansion. All that is left to show the position of the old village are a few hummocks in the field and the occasional daffodil. It is this area that visitors pass through on the way to see the lake on which Kilvert skated.

In 1991, the owners undertook the clearance of the lake at Draycot House, which had gradually silted up over the years. Because the span was so wide, two steam engines were used, with a large scoop suspended on wires between them. It took a number of weeks, and produced a lot of sticky mud with dead reeds, but the swans soon returned to the wide expanse of water and the island, beyond which Harriet Awdry hid, is now clearly visible.

Lord & Lady Royston (from 1873 the 5th Earl & Countess of Hardwicke)

Charles P. Yorke, 5th Earl of Hardwicke was born in 1836.

The eldest son of the 4th Earl he was styled Viscount Royston until 1873. He goes down to history as 'Champagne Charlie' for his love of the high life, a British aristocrat, Conservative politician, dandy and bankrupt.¹¹ He married Lady Sophia G.R. Wellesley, younger daughter of the 1st Earl Cowley in 1863. She had been born in Stuttgart where her father was a diplomat. In July 1860, probably at about the time of her coming-out, there was a concerned letter from Lord Clarendon to Lord Cowley, who appears to have been out of favour at Court:¹²

'As I take all but the same interest in your girls as in my own and am quite anxious and fidgety about them, I have been perhaps more annoyed than yourself at the incivility of the Queen to them and Lady Cowley . . . so when next I was at Osborne I tried to fish for a reason, and, sitting next to the Queen, I talked of your girls



Lord Royston, later the 5th Earl of Hardwicke, who goes down to history as 'Champagne Charlie'



The portraits by Winterhalter – Queen Victoria's favourite painter – of Lady Feodora Wellesley (Feo), left, the elder daughter of the 1st Earl Cowley, and her sister Sophia (Sophie), who married Lord Royston, later the 5th Earl of Hardwicke ('Champagne Charlie')

and she responded most warmly to all I said, and thought them charming, and very pretty, particularly Sophie. She spoke, too, in kind terms of Lady Cowley, but there she stopped and said nothing about not having seen them this time. . . . I am afraid therefore that it is a somewhat shabby way of marking that they are no longer as well satisfied with you as they used to be, which is more the Prince's feeling than the Queen's – he is so rabid against the Emperor [Napoleon III] that it quite distorts his usually correct judgement. . . .'

The Roystons had one son, Albert (1867-1904) and two daughters – Feodora (named after Sophie's sister) and Magdalene (named after her great aunt, the Dean of Windsor's wife). At the time of the 1871 Census they were all staying at Draycot House again. This is probably a coincidence, although it is possible that financial hardships were already being felt. Sophie appears to have come to some arrangement with her father to take some servants with her to Wimpole, as a groom – Richard Pratt – was born there in 1871 and later returned to Draycot House by 1891.

The 5th Earl of Hardwicke had started out respectably enough – the Dragoons, which saw service in India at the time of the Mutiny (where he may have met his brother-in-law, the 2nd Earl Cowley) and MP for Cambridgeshire from 1865 until 1873. He was Comptroller of the Royal Household 1866-68 and Master of the Buckhounds from 1868. His friend, the Prince of Wales, was godfather to Albert. In 1873 he inherited the 19,000 acre Wimpole Hall estate,¹³ which was then in a strong financial position. Within 18 years he was broke and heavily in debt. He tried to sell Wimpole in 1891 but it did not reach its reserve. He hung on to it for a further 3 years until his chief creditors, Roberts the Bankers, accepted it as part settlement of the £300,000 he owed the bank.¹⁴

The popular music hall song, 'Champagne Charlie Is My Name', was written by George Laybourne and Alfred Lee in

1866. So his reputation for excess preceded his succession to the earldom, by a good few years, and pre-dates his mention in Kilvert's *Diary*. Whether Kilvert knew of this is an interesting but unanswerable question.

Countess Cowley was a great patron of the arts and a fine antiques collector. In addition to the portraits reproduced here, she commissioned early work from Frederic, Lord Leighton (see below) and from the French sculptor, Henri de Triqueti (the latter, now in Draycot Church). From the date, 1863, it is clear that Lady Cowley commissioned Winterhalter's¹⁵ portrait of Sophie to celebrate her marriage to Viscount Royston. She might even be wearing her wedding dress. The Cowleys were already familiar with the work of Winterhalter – the Queen's favourite painter – as they had two large portraits of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III on the staircase at Draycot House until the sale of 1920.

Lady Cowley must have liked the portrait of Sophie, for the next year she commissioned Winterhalter to do a picture of the elder sister, Lady Feodora Wellesley.¹⁶ Despite not being mentioned in Kilvert, the portrait is reproduced here.¹⁷ She was a contemporary of the Prince of Wales and, in 1863, had been one of Alexandra's bridesmaids. The occasion was lavishly illustrated in the papers.¹⁸ The wedding was already a family affair, being presided over by her uncle, Gerald Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor.

The 5th Earl of Hardwicke died in May 1897. Sophia, Countess of Hardwicke died in 1923.

Lady Dangan

Emily Gwendolen Peers Williams, known in the family as Gwen, was one of the large family of Lt-Col Thomas Peers Williams of Craig-y-Don, Anglesey and Temple House, Berkshire. He was MP for Great Marlow for 48 years, eventually becoming

Father of the House. She married Viscount Dangan in 1863 at St George's Hanover Square, London. Before inheriting the Draycot Estate and the Earldom, in 1884, they lived at Woodside, in Old Windsor. Very little is known about her, apart from the occasional charity event, both in London and at Draycot, and she seems to have led a very quiet life. Her fourth sister, Evelyn, married the 3rd Duke of Wellington¹⁹ in 1882. The inter-relationships are further complicated by the fact that Evelyn, Dowager Duchess of Wellington married, secondly, Col F.A. Wellesley (his third wife) in 1904.

Soon after the death of the 2nd Earl Cowley, in 1895, she moved to a newly built Dower House, at Bodwen, Wotton, near Cowes on the Isle of Wight. Here she lived an even more reclusive lifestyle than when she was married. She died in 1932 and is buried in the Cowley family tomb, on the north side of St James's, Draycot Cerne.

Captain Wellesley

Captain Frederick A. Wellesley, known in the family as 'Fred' or even 'Freddy', mentioned in the last of the extracts from Kilvert's *Diary* (above), was the third son of the 1st Earl Cowley, and their greatest character. As mentioned, one of Countess Cowley's earliest art commissions was a portrait of six-year-old Frederick Wellesley, still in skirts, by Frederic Leighton.²⁰ His two biographies²¹ paint a picture of what his son described as

An adventurous and versatile turn of mind, with a keen sense of humour, he moved with equal ease in the highly sophisticated atmosphere of royalty as in witnessing the unspeakable scenes of depravity in the opium dens and thieves kitchens of London's underworld²² or at public executions. It is in this wide and strangely varied range of experiences that lend a certain piquancy to his many-sided activities and tastes.²³

He had married, on the day of Kilvert's visit, Emma Loftus, the granddaughter of the Marquess of Ely and the daughter of Rt Hon Lord Augustus Loftus. Loftus was a career diplomat, with Embassies to Germany and Russia in the coming years, so would have known Earl Cowley well.

Like the Earl of Hardwicke, Fred's career had started respectably enough. In 1863 he was exchanged into the Coldstream Guards, instead of The Rifles, when the family unexpectedly inherited the Long-Wellesley estates – and enough money to pay for the higher commission.

After varied tours of duty in Ireland, the Chippenham election riots of 1865 and Paris, after the Commune, he was sent to St Petersburg as the British Military Attaché in 1871. This initial promotion was questioned in the House of Commons. Promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1875 (over the heads of 900 fellow soldiers)²⁴ – this was indeed influenced by family connections.²⁵



Captain Fred Wellesley with his prize-winning borzoi at Merton Abbey in 1881– the year before he divorced and married Gaiety Girl Kate Vaughan. By 1890 he was bankrupt

A son and heir, Victor, was born in 1876, one of Queen Victoria's many godchildren, and later one of her pages of honour.

He was to play a part in a major diplomatic intrigue of 1877, going behind the back of the Foreign Secretary on behalf of the Prime Minister, Disraeli, and Queen Victoria. The details of the mission are beyond the scope of this article. But, in essence, he was used to pass a secret message to the Emperor of Russia that they must terminate the ongoing war with Turkey,²⁶ before reaching Constantinople – or they would be at War with Great Britain. This was not Foreign Office policy, the Cabinet were divided on the issue and the Foreign Minister was not aware of the back channel communications. In these difficult circumstances Colonel Wellesley did rather well to pass on the ultimatum, without causing a diplomatic incident. His reward, in 1878, was to be made Aide de Camp to the Queen and then First Secretary of the Embassy at Vienna, where his autobiography details some funny stories about the Empress Elizabeth performing for him, in private, at the Spanish Riding Stables.

His appointment in Vienna only lasted two years (clearly he didn't do very well as a diplomat). He returned to the Coldstream Guards in 1880, retiring the following year to Merton Abbey near Wimbledon – and it is here that the photograph was taken, with one of his prize-winning borzois.

It is clear from his autobiography that he had always been a bit of a stage-door Johnny, but nothing could have prepared the family for what happened next. By 1881 his first marriage was over – they divorced in 1882 – and the following year he married a Gaiety Girl and stage beauty, the skirt dancer Kate Vaughan (real name Catherine Candelin²⁷). Needless to say, his appointment as Aided de Camp to her Majesty was terminated at the same time.

Also in 1883 Fred went into business with the owner of the Gaiety Theatre, John Hollingshead, by purchasing the lease of The Old Falstaff Club. He was also involved with Evans's Supper Rooms, Covent Garden. Neither venture flourished and it was as a club proprietor that he went bankrupt, owing at least £25,000 in 1890.

In later life things seem to have calmed down again and the newspaper cuttings of literary and London nightlife connections are replaced by horticultural prize winnings. As noted above, he married the Dowager Duchess of Wellington in 1904 and they lived at West Green House,²⁸ Hartley Wintney, Hants. Despite his earlier brushes with the law²⁹ he was appointed a Magistrate at Woking in 1910. This must be him – 'Mr F.A. Wellesley. Fines Mr Graham-White for speeding. The subject flies to court in one of the prototype aeroplanes and is invited to tea by the magistrate!'



The clerical Charles Awdrys, nicknamed 'Christian' Charles Awdry of Seagry, left, and 'Pagan' Charles Awdry, of Draycot Cerne

'Pagan' Charles Awdry and 'Christian' Charles Awdry

'Pagan' Charles Roston Edridge Awdry, Rector of Draycot Cerne, and 'Christian' Charles Hill Awdry, Rector of the neighbouring parish of Seagry, were second cousins – descendants of the Awdrys of Notton House, near Lacock. The family were the most numerous 'suppliers' of clergymen in Wiltshire – and if they didn't go into the church they stayed with the Law. Their nicknames in the family derived from their church views – Draycot traditionally being very low church, Seagry was high church.

'Pagan' Awdry's comment to Lord Cowley is quite true – if a bit blunt, to someone of the Earl's character. His grandmother was Sarah Susannah Roston. Sarah, in turn, was the granddaughter of Sir James Long, 5th Baronet, of Draycot House.³⁰ Unfortunately for Rev Awdry, the initial connection with the Longs was nothing to boast about, as detailed by this quote from

the Diary of Viscount Perceval³¹ for 3 August 1732:

'My Lady Long's daughter [Susanna³²] has also just married her mother's gardener [Thomas Roston or Rostyn]. The gardener, when it was over, sent a message to my Lady to acquaint her with it, and to desire she would order a lawyer to settle his wife's fortune, which is £7,000, in such manner as she pleased, for the advantage of his wife and the children she might have by him. But my Lady's answer was, that she hoped he would spend it fast, that she might have the pleasure to see her daughter a beggar.'

The couple were banished to Derbyshire and it was many years before the two branches of the family had anything to do with each other.³³

'Pagan' Charles died in 1875 and is buried in the chancel of St James's, Draycot Cerne. There is a memorial stained glass window and brass plaque. The photos reproduced here³⁴ must therefore date close to the time of Kilvert's visit.³⁵

The Rev Wilbert Awdry,³⁶ of Thomas the Tank Engine fame, is a distant cousin to both clergymen.

ENDNOTES

- 1 The only German born ladies maid on the 1871 Census was Maria H Klinges, aged 33. No city given. Countess Cowley would have spoken good German and fluent French.
- 2 1810.
- 3 Later Marquess of Anglesey.
- 4 Created 1857.
- 5 Now an important French Art Museum.
- 6 Now in Wiltshire and Swindon History Centre.
- 7 The only part of Draycot House that survives to the present day.
- 8 *Recollections of a soldier-diplomat* by Col the Hon F.A. Wellesley.
- 9 There are numerous photos in the Royal Collection, Windsor and a lithograph, from the time of the Peace of Paris, 1857, is in the public domain.
- 10 Unfortunately there is no further information about the pencil sketch.
- 11 OBDNB and Wikipedia.
- 12 *Secrets of the second Empire. Private letters from the Paris Embassy*, ed Hon F.A. Wellesley. Harper and Brothers. London 1929.
- 13 Now National Trust.
- 14 Extracted from *Cambridgeshire Encompassed* by W. Bro Jim Whitehead, a History of Freemasonry in Cambs. And quoted on <http://pglcambs.homestead.com>.
- 15 I am grateful to Eugene Barilo von Reisburg for passing details of the Wellesley portraits by Winterhalter from his catalogue raisonnée.
- 16 Feodorovna Cecilia, known in the family as Feo and named after Queen Victoria's sister. She married, in 1874, at Draycot Church, Frances Leveson Bertie (pronounced Lewson Bartie), later Viscount Bertie

- of Thame (cr 1918) and also Ambassador to France during WWI. She is not mentioned once in his autobiography. She died in 1920.
- 17 Both Portraits, together for many years, are now in the USA.
- 18 Lady Agneta Yorke, daughter of the 4th Earl of Hardwicke was another bridesmaid.
- 19 Died 1900, no issue.
- 20 Painted 1851 while Leighton and the Cowleys were in Frankfurt. There was an equestrian portrait of Lady Cowley done at the same time. Lord Leighton was then only 19 and he later requested that this example of his early work be destroyed. Fortunately this request was ignored and it now hangs in the Leighton Museum, Kensington.
- 21 *With the Russians in Peace and War. Recollections of a military attaché* by Col the Hon F.A. Wellesley. Eveleigh Nash, London. 1905
- 22 At the height of Jack-the-Ripper's activities in Whitechapel he wrote a letter to *The Times*, recommending a small mobile force of plain clothes police officers, on bicycles, to patrol the area at night – which he knew from 'doing the slums' when first enlisted in The Guards, London.
- 23 *Recollections of a soldier-diplomat* by Col the Hon F.A. Wellesley ed Sir Victor Wellesley. Hutchinson, London, 1933.
- 24 His promotion was again questioned in Parliament as was his appointment to the Vienna Embassy.
- 25 *Splendid Isolation? Britain, the Balance of Power and the Origins of the First World War* by John Charmley. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1999, p89. Charmley describes him as 'a charming rogue' and Lord Cowley's 'somewhat scapegrace son'.

- 26 As Military Attaché, Col Wellesley was already observing the Russo-Turkish war at close hand. He was accused of spying by the Russians and nearly killed by Turkish bombardment in the process.
- 27 They divorced in 1897, supposedly on the grounds of her adultery with another Gaiety Theatre performer, John Leathcourt (real name Lorimer). She died penniless in South Africa, 1903.
- 28 National Trust Gardens. The house had been rented by William Long-Wellesley in 1828.
- 29 Times Online. Fined for keeping dogs without a licence and threatened with 12 days in prison for non payment of rates at Merton Abbey – which he managed to keep, despite the insolvency.
- 30 Sir James Long 5th Bart (1681-1728) was MP for Wootton Bassett for many years. He married Henrietta Greville (d. 1765), daughter of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke of Warwick Castle in 1702.
- 31 Later 1st Earl of Egmont.
- 32 Named after her paternal grandmother, Susanna Strangways of Melbury, Dorset. She married Thomas Roston 19 July 1732.
- 33 Sarah Susanna Roston was named to inherit the Draycot Estate, in case of the failure of the entail to Sir James Tylney Long's will of 1794.
- 34 By kind permission of Richard Awdry and Lt Col John Awdry (1920-2008), 1st Batt. Parachute Regiment, grandson of CRE Awdry.
- 35 The family rather unkindly compare and contrast 'Pagan's' looks with Christian Charles of Seagry.
- 36 Wilbert Awdry was the Grandson of John Awdry III of Notton (1811-1875), first cousin to CRE Awdry of Draycot.

Book review

John Toman's latest book on the Diarist reveals Francis Kilvert to MICHAEL SHARP in a completely new light

The BBC's dramatisation of Kilvert's Diary in 18 parts in 1977 introduced me to Francis Kilvert right out of the blue. Although I was reasonably familiar with Kilvert's part of the Welsh border country, the sudden realisation that this Victorian clergyman of such engaging and fascinating personality had been walking the streets of the little town of Hay, which I had come to love, a hundred years earlier totally captivated me.

I used the word dramatisation and this is all it was meant to be, a two dimensional, attractive and somewhat superficial portrayal yet which betrayed something a lot deeper. When I obtained my set of the *Diary* Francis Kilvert was revealed as a caring man devoted to those he came to serve, a good priest and a very human person. The two qualities of the *Diary* I quickly saw were its remarkable descriptive nature, particularly of the natural scene, and what I believe to be an even greater achievement, its value as social history. Kilvert gets to the soul of contemporary life, all the joys, concerns and horrors of Victorian daily life are there: better than any textbook.

Yet we rarely discern what Kilvert was thinking, thinking about, what he discussed seriously with those who mattered most to him, what books, events, prevailing issues really motivated him, and why.

Enter John Toman and *Kilvert's World of Wonders – Growing up in mid-Victorian England*. We are introduced to an amazing world, indeed full of wonders.

It has long been the popular sport (to be fair, more so sixty years ago than now) to mock and deride everything Victorian. To be sure, there was indescribable poverty – one reason for reading Kilvert! – the fall-out from the Industrial Revolution, disease, alcohol abuse (who are we to shout about that?) staggering population growth and so on. But even what are now regarded as truly monumental architectural triumphs were treated with scorn and derision – Euston and St Pancras railway stations!

To balance that, medical advance, technological innovation, real battle against moral issues of all sorts, including crime, education and, yes, big improvements in living standards, made gigantic advances because of that remarkable evangelical, unconquerable, single-minded energy which so marked the mid to late Victorian years.

In the Prologue, Toman sketches the world into which Francis Kilvert was born, his family background going back to the Shropshire days and the early days at Bath; a world of industry, Evangelical zeal, family devotion and, above all, the enquiring mind. This was perhaps the thing that broadly speaking pushed the Victorians to the tremendous heights they were to reach in so many fields of endeavour.

Something that strikes me forcibly in an age no less technically advanced is the contrast in attitudes. While today we are inclined to say 'not in my backyard' Toman shows us how real enthusiasm and informed interest then prevailed for every kind of new wonder that came along. Science, the arts, manufacturing, railways, Liverpool docks, the Royal Albert Bridge, educational progress all stirred Kilvert's open, inquisitive and enthusiastic mind.

In the first book of his trilogy, *Kilvert the Homeless Heart*, we were taken beyond the Kilvert most of us had cosily nurtured in our minds – the gentle, sentimental, unintellectual rural clergyman and the three dimensional, dynamic, even controversial man of action began to appear. This book certainly opened my

eyes and re-focused my appraisal of the Diarist. I didn't agree with all that Toman said – and I know he would say that is how it should be – but I encountered for the first time the real man, Francis Kilvert the priest, the thinker, the man of action, even the man of controversy – a man who engaged keenly with all aspects of the world he immersed himself in.

Besides the Introduction and Prologue there are twelve chapters ranging from his childhood influences; his mother's Moravian and Quaker background, his Uncle Francis, the Dillwyns, the Foxes, the Bodilys, the Marryats and many others, to the natural world, steam boats, viaducts and railways – my favourite! – science and technology and natural law and the mind, teaching, museums and evolution. In *Natural Law and the Mind* there is a discourse on mesmerism – a subject which stirred up debate when Toman spoke about it at the Society's AGM a few years ago. *Natural Law and the Mind* and *Religion and Evolution* touch on another subject which even at my age I have barely dipped my toes in – the relationship of science, religion and the poetry of science, a remarkable breadth of academic study.

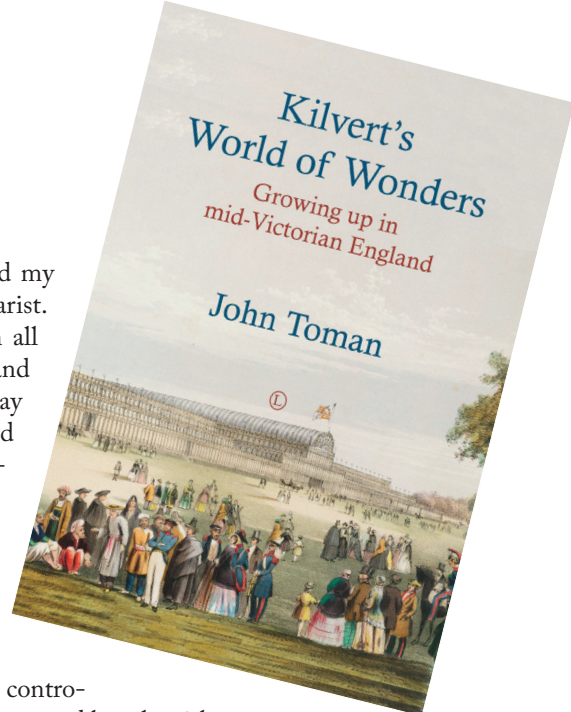
There is such a plethora of names in the first fifty or so pages that the intense nature of these early chapters nearly overwhelmed me but, as he says, we shall meet them all later in their turn. A lot of people whom I had encountered for all sorts of reasons – Asa Briggs, Sir Humphry Davy, Charles Kingsley, the Stotherts (of Stothert & Pitt), Gilbert White, William Wordsworth, the Rev Henry Moule, Fox Talbot, the Falkners, Michael Faraday, Charles Darwin etc. They and many others fill the pages of this incredible tour through Kilvert's 'World of Wonders'. The four-dimensional Kilvert, what 'makes him tick', is here in depth.

This was the age of unbounded and sometimes misguided self confidence, an age when no problem was too great to be tackled, when everything was talked about, evaluated and acted upon with such eagerness. It got us into trouble at times but it lifted the country out of the laissez-faire attitude of the eighteenth century to an era of vision and 'can-do'.

Kilvert, as the author show us, enjoyed it all, wanted to know more, wanted to talk about it, and above all he thought deeply about it. It undoubtedly changed the way many people thought, from an acceptance to 'why is it the way it is?'.

This is Kilvert as we have never perceived him. This is the magic interaction of God-inspired Evangelical endeavour, its influence on science and endeavour, discovery, academic thought, the natural world which so interested Kilvert and a driving forward such as this country has not seen before or since.

❖ *Kilvert's World of Wonders – Growing up in mid-Victorian England*, by John Toman, is published by Lutterworth Press (tel 01223 350865), RRP £25. His *Kilvert's Diary and Landscape* is available from the same publisher





Tying more threads in Cotton's story

A mention of New Zealand by Karl Showler in Journal 35 had our esteemed former Editor, Jeff Marshall, springing into action to ask our 'local' LYNDALL HANCOCK what she knew about William Charles Cotton. What she found is an amazing story

AFTER Fr John Baggeley gave the Society the copy of William Cotton's *My Bee Book* that had once been in the Kilvert family, Karl Showler wrote in *Journal 35* about the book and its author. Cotton, he said, had joined his friend from his Eton days, Bishop George Augustus Selwyn, who was to lead a team to New Zealand to institute the first colonial diocese in the Church of England.

I didn't know about Cotton's book until I read Karl's article in the *Journal*. And then, as I am a 'local', so to speak, came a suggestion from Jeff Marshall that I should find out what else Cotton did in New Zealand.

It was quite a lot, I found. Cotton spent five years in this country and he is best known for being one of a party of Maori and *pakeha* (non-Maori) who made an arduous journey the length of the North Island in the summer of 1843-44. It took five months from October to March. The nominal leader was Bishop Selwyn, with Cotton as his chaplain, and William Nihill, who was a young theological student. But it was Renata Kawepo who held the party together – without him and the other Maori men the three *pakeha* may not have survived.

Renata, at 35, was older than the others, a high-born *rangatira* (chieftain) and an educated man of many parts. Helen Hogan, in *Renata's Journey* (Canterbury University Press, 1994) thought it unlikely that his *pakeha* companions fully realised how much his qualities and tribal contacts made him truly indispensable for the bishop's main purpose. This was the visiting of many isolated mission posts where Maori were known to be awaiting baptism and confirmation.

Bishop Selwyn was energetic, capable and enthusiastic, but he could also be autocratic. He believed the doctrines of the Church of England were truly best for Maori and he wanted English standards all round (even insisting his catechists should be scholars of Greek, Hebrew and Latin!). On this difficult journey he still had his rules. It helped greatly, though, that he and

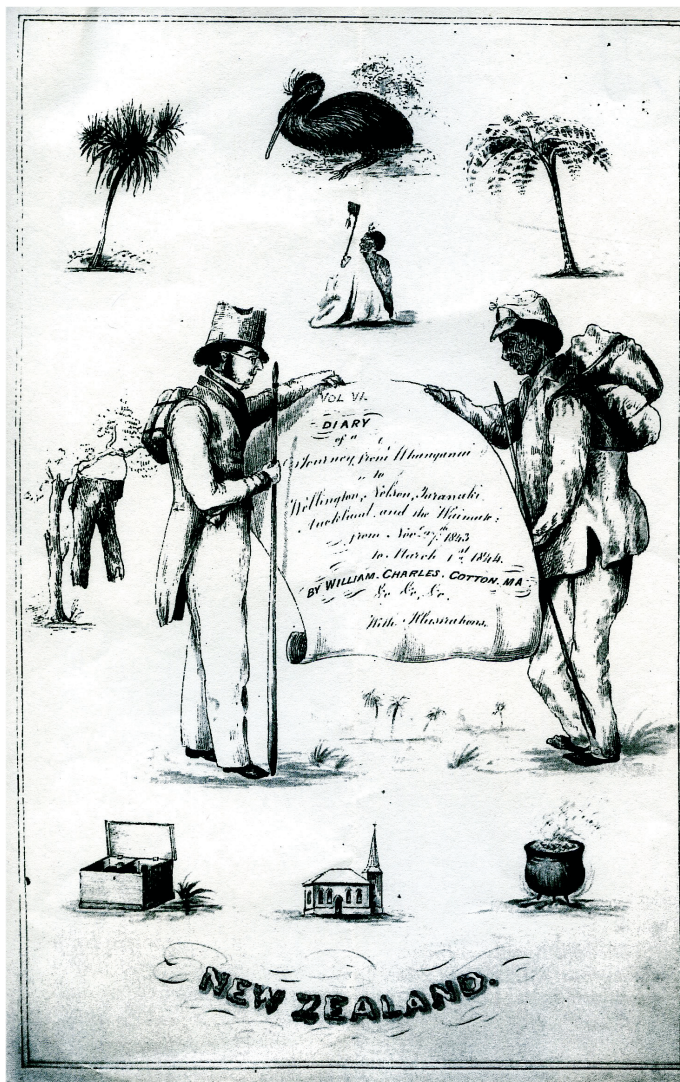
Cotton and Nihill were all fluent speakers of Te Reo (the Maori language).

The bishop kept only brief notes, but Cotton wrote detailed daily journal entries describing all that would be new and interesting to his mother and sisters who would later read it. His long account is in vols V and VI of the twelve large journals he kept during his New Zealand years. He could take time to sit down and write after the daily dangers and miseries of fighting through thick bush and over mountains and rivers because it was the Maori who carried the considerable baggage and then set up two camps each night. The bishop decided each day who would carry what, with no swaps allowed, and 25-30lbs per person. He and Cotton and Nihill carried almost nothing. Here and there the party could follow tracks or stay the night at a settlement (and enjoy better food!), but often it was sheer hard going for all of them through virgin territory.

After the long journey was over, Renata wrote his own account from memory, as was the Maori way. Helen Hogan points out that, being written from a Maori perspective and almost certainly the earliest known long prose piece, it has a most valuable place in New Zealand history. Her book contains Renata's text, its transcript, much of Cotton's text with linking sections, and a number of biographies.

This journey took place at a time of rapid changes and conflicts. Even among the Church of England pioneers in the North Island there had been conflicts between leaders over policies and High/Low Church

affiliations, and between the Church and other religions, especially Wesleyan and Catholic. Cotton generally steered a middle course through all this, continuing his busy life as a school headmaster, lecturer, beekeeper, writer, Bishop's chaplain and much more. His seesawing mental health improved in New Zealand, which was fortunate – for otherwise we could not have had this vivid account of his five gruelling months.



The frontispiece to volume VI of Cotton's twelve volume New Zealand Journal. The men depicted are Cotton and Renata Kawepo. The artist is unknown, probably T B Hutton. The text reads: 'Diary of a journey from Whanganui to Wellington, Nelson, Taranaki, Auckland and the Waimate from Nov 27th 1843 to March 1st 1844 by WILLIAM CHARLES COTTON M.A etc, with illustrations'

Notes, Reviews, Quiz and Obituaries

The Society warmly welcomes the following new members

Mrs Geraldine Dick, of Uppermill, Saddleworth, Lancashire

Mrs Julie Evans, of Cobham, Surrey

Mrs Fiona Hellowell, of, St Albans, Hertfordshire

Mr John and Mrs Enid Evans, of Clarboston Road,
Pembrokeshire

Mr Desmond Nancholas, of Redruth, Cornwall



As Margaret Collins writes (p237), poetry formed the backdrop for a lot of Kilvert's thinking. That's a thought that must have occurred to our President, going by a snippet from his 'word from Wormingford' *Church Times* column (appropriately sent to the *Journal* by Margaret).

In it Ronald Blythe writes after a glorious day last March:

In the evening, I read Kilvert's *Diary* for mid-March:

'This morning I received a nice letter from dear Louie Williams, who is barmaid at the Bell Hotel, Gloucester. She enclosed a piece of poetry entitled "Clyro Water" and signed Eos Gwynndwr which she had cut out of last week's *Hereford Times*, not knowing the verses were mine...'

Poor Kilvert; when he asked his father, should he publish his poems? the answer was a definite no. What old Mr Kilvert would have made of the great diary, the Lord only knows. The Welsh border, to which, one way or another, I seem to become more and more attached, is haunted by the robust and yet short-lived Francis Kilvert. How hard he worked! How far he walked! How self-revealing he was.



Member Harry Scharf is intrigued by the misericords seen in cathedrals and some smaller churches and wonders if they are found in churches connected with Francis Kilvert. What are they? Harry explains: 'They are the brackets under the tip-up seats in choir stalls. The word comes from the Latin *misericordia* (pity, heart, mercy). They originated in the 11th century. At a time when, following the Rule of St Benedict, services were very long and tiring, the monks found relief by leaning back on the bracket under the tip-up seat as a compromise between standing and sitting.

'The carvings depicted medieval life. Some were religious, some homely; others were based on legends or fables. Examples I have seen illustrated or have seen in churches are described as "a domestic brawl", the Green Man, an elephant with a castle on its back, Jonah and the Whale, the unwise owl, mouth-pulling, Bible stories.

'I have a few examples copied from originals, such as "a woman washing", serpents, a jester, a Lincoln imp, and a devil playing an instrument. Sometimes it can be difficult to be sure what they represent.'



Teresa Williams writes:

'I saw this little item in the *Wiltshire Gazette* for Thursday 8 January 1925 and wondered if Perch [Kilvert's brother Edward] knew of her, as they seem to have started at Marlborough College a month apart, and she eventually went to work in 'C' House. According to John Toman's article in *Journal* 35

Perch was put into 'C3' House which I think was probably one and the same.'

Saturday's *TIMES* included in its Obituary the following:

HIGGINS: Died on the 31st December 1924 at Marlborough, Miss Emma Higgins, known as 'EMMA' for 62 years the Wardrobe Maid at 'C' House, Marlborough College, in her 80th year. It was at the age of 16 in September 1861 Miss Higgins began work in the Work room at the College and two years later removed to Wardrobe, where for 60 years she worked conscientiously and well. She retired in 1923 since which time she has been in receipt of a Pension from the College. She has lived with her sister, Mrs PONTING at 7 The Green, Marlborough, since her retirement and it was there her death occurred after a comparatively short illness.



Tim Couzens has expanded on the mention he makes in passing in his article above on the *Diary*'s Wellesley connection that Col Freddy Wellesley's military service included the Chippenham election riots of 1865 (page 249). He writes:

In his article on Kilvert and politics (*Journal* 34) Laurence le Quesne correctly states that the landed gentry had enough influence in Chippenham to swing the election results, in favour of the Conservatives. However, this did not always go unchallenged by the Liberals and their associates. The rumours which Kilvert reported in 1874 – that the nearest Army garrison, in Trowbridge, was on alert in case of riot – were well founded, given the events of the 1865 election in Chippenham.

This account comes from Col. the Hon F.A. Wellesley, who was with 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards, in his autobiography, *Recollections of a Soldier-Diplomat*, edited by his son Sir Victor Wellesley and published by Hutchinson, London, 1932:

At the time of the General Election in 1865 my battalion was quartered at Windsor. Election riots on a large scale broke out at Chippenham and we were ordered to send a detachment down to restore order. About one hundred men were sent under Colonel M. Heneage, Captain Buller and Mr Vesey. I happened to be at a ball in London on the day they left Windsor, and there I met my colonel, who, knowing that my home was close to Chippenham, ordered me to join the detachment there on the following day.

I believe that in the Queen's Regulations of those days it was specially laid down that an officer belonging to the neighbourhood in which disturbances occur should never, when avoidable, accompany the troops sent to quell them. Thinking that we should very likely have some fun, I was delighted at the idea of going to Chippenham, which I did the next morning. I found on arrival that the place was quite quiet, the presence of troops having been sufficient to dissuade the rioters from further mischief. The officers were established at the Angel Hotel, which, owing to an attack that had been made on it by the mob before the arrival of the detachment, had not a single unbroken window left. Fortunately the weather was hot, so the absence of windows was pleasant rather than the reverse. We had an excellent mess at the 'Angel', as I had a dogcart sent from my father's place at Draycot every morning with provisions from the cellar, garden and farm. Fortunately the family were away at the time. . . .

It happened to be the time for killing a certain number of fawns in our park, so two or three of us drove over to Draycot every day to shoot in the bracken. I do not suppose that officers in uniform ever went out fawn-shooting in England before, but having no plain clothes we had no option. We remained some days in Chippenham, and when the old ladies of the town heard we were going they stopped us in the street and begged us to remain, so certain were they that the disturbances would recommence as soon as the soldiers left.



Llwynbarried Hall, near Rhayader, above, is understood to have been on the market this year. It was for many years the home of the motoring journalist Bill Boddy, who died in 2011 at the age of 98. In the world of motor racing and vintage cars Boddy's is a revered name and he is said to have been the longest serving journalist in the country.

Llwynbarried Hall, a Grade II listed building which has fallen in a state of poor repair, enchanted Francis Kilvert when

he went there in April 1870. The house, he writes, 'lies bosomed deep among woods.' 'One speciality of this house,' he says, 'is a multitude of clocks which strike at all hours, half hours and quarters without any regard to each other or the right time.' He mentions hearing the stable clock striking eight 'at last'. There hasn't been a stable clock for many years until this year when Boddy's daughter, Nondus, who lives there, decided to reinstate a striking clock on the stable arch.



David Harrison's talk on the Prince Imperial at the Society's Seminar in Presteigne in April put Eva Morgan in mind of the link between her village and Rorke's Drift (*Diary*, 11 February 1879, vol III p454).

One of the 11 VCs awarded for the heroic defence of the remote outpost in the Zulu Wars – the greatest number for a single encounter – went to the 21-year-old Robert Jones, who is buried in the churchyard at Peterchurch in the Golden Valley. 'We have many visitors who come to see the grave,' says Eva.

She sent the *Journal* copies of cuttings from the *Hereford Times* about the sale of his VC in 1996. And in the course of telling that story the cuttings recount the sad end of Robert Jones himself.

In the battle he received assegai wounds and it is said his last days were haunted by visions of the contest between thrusting bayonets and the equally lethal slash and stab of the assegais.

In the 1964 film *Zulu*, Robert Jones, played by Denys Graham, is shown defending the thatched hospital to the last, shrugging off wounds to help the wounded and sick to escape before the Zulus finally managed to set fire to the roof.

Jones, from Raglan, Monmouthshire, left the Colours in 1888 and settled with his wife and five children at Peterchurch where he worked as a labourer on the estate of Major de la Hay.

The *Hereford Times* reports: 'Tragically, his mental and physical health rapidly deteriorated and in September, 1898, on reaching

his employer's house, Crossways, he took a shotgun to go and shoot vermin. A shot was heard in the major's garden and the gallant defender of Rorke's Drift was found dead with the back of his head blown away.

'The inquest verdict was suicide, although many contended then and do so still today that the shooting was an accident.'

The internet says his body is interred in Peterchurch churchyard with the gravestone facing a different way to all the others and that there has been a campaign to have it realigned.

Seven of the 11 Rorke's Drift VCs were won by members of the 24th Regiment of Foot, later the South Wales Borderers, and Robert Jones' medals were the only SWB group from that historic action not owned by the regimental museum in Brecon.

The museum naturally was keen to buy it but because of cut-backs in the military budget for regimental museums (nothing's new) it lacked the funds. The auctioneers Dix & Webb in London said: 'The South Wales Borderers tried to get National Heritage to get the money from the lottery, but couldn't come up with the proportion they would have had to pay themselves.'

The cuttings say members of Robert Jones's family, including grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren watched as the medal went for £92,000. It had last changed hands for £98 in 1950. It is believed to have left the family's hands in the early 1900s. Now it is displayed in the Lord Ashcroft Gallery at the Imperial War Museum in London.



An extra Society outing was slipped into the programme in August to ascend The Begwens, a 415m above sea-level viewpoint known as the hill without the climb. It is a very gentle ascent and the view from the top is well worth it. To the north, the sites associated with The Solitary are spread at your feet, though Llanbychllyn Pool's 'silver shield' is hidden by a fold in the hills; and to the south is Hay Bluff and road to Llanthony. The so-called Roundabout, the walled area at the top, was originally constructed by the landowners, the de Wintons, to commemorate Queen Victoria's golden jubilee. It was restored for the Millennium. Resting on the Millennium seat are, from left, Alan Brimson, Colin Dixon, Peter Beddall, Emma Bedall, Carole Beddall, Rob Graves and Mrs Graves. The picture was taken by Charles Boase

How well do you know your Kilvert?

ERIC BALL has come up with a quiz on the Diary. He has taken as his theme 'School howlers in Kilvert's Diary'. Readers are welcome to devise their own quiz – also preferably along a theme – and send it in to the Editor

1. What was the answer given by a Langley Burrell pupil to the question: 'Who made the World?'
2. Kilvert asked the children what was the beautiful image and picture of peace in psalm 23 of 'The Good Shepherd leading his sheep to ---' What was a practical boy's prompt reply?
3. At Bredwardine, what answers were given to: 'What is meant by the prodigal?'
4. What did school children at Bredwardine think 'an embalmed Egyptian mummy' was called?
5. What was the answer Thersie received to the question: 'Who died for us on the Cross?'
6. What did young Eleanor Williams at Clyro think happened on Palm Sunday?

Answers below

- 1 'Mr. Ashe.' See 21.7.1872
- 2 'To the slaughter.' 16.1.1875
- 3 'Our Lord.' and 'The Devil.' 7.2.1878
- 4 'A life preserver' and 'A muffin.' 15.9.1878
- 5 'Lord Chesterfield.' 31.12.1871
- 6 'Jesus Christ went up to heaven on an ass.' 9.3.1872

It is with regret that we record the death of Aylmer Alexander, one of the organisers of the annual pilgrimage from Newchurch to Llandewifach. His funeral was held at St Peter's, Llanbedr on August 22, not a month after this year's pilgrimage.

We offer our sincere condolences to his family and friends.

Three-Volume Diary, packed in slip case, available to members at £60 plus £10.50 p&cp.

The Lost Photo Album: A Kilvert Family Story, by John Toman (including a facsimile of Anna Maria Kilvert's Album). Copies from the Publications Manager (address below)

Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary
A fully comprehensive Who's Who with over 400 biographies and 22 family trees, compiled by the late Tony O'Brien. £13 including p&cp.

More Chapters from the Kilvert Saga (reprinted)
Contents: The Memoirs of the Rev. Robert Kilvert (the Diarist's father) and Recollections of Emily Wyndowe (the Diarist's sister); also extracts from Augustus Hare's account of the school at Hardenhuish Rectory. £5.

Jubilee Praise. The Tom Palmer Memorial Booklet, compiled to celebrate the Society's Jubilee in June 1998. This new publication, edited by our former Chairman, Michael Sharp, is a selection from the Newsletters of the last thirty years. £5.50.

Francis Kilvert Priest & Diarist, by Frederick Grice. A reprint of the 1975 original. £5.50.

Collected Verse Contains the 55 poems of Francis Kilvert printed privately in 1881. £4.50.

The Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet Contents: The Missing Year – Kilvert & 'Kathleen Mavourneen'

by Laurence Le Quesne; two hitherto unpublished articles on Kilvert by Frederick Grice; several articles, also by Frederick Grice, reprinted from various newsletters. £5

Kilvert's 'Kathleen Mavourneen', by Eva Farmery and R.B. Taylor. The publication records the painstaking research, extending over some 35 years, into the Heanley family of Croft, Lincolnshire, and the related Cholmeley family, who were related by marriage to the Kilvert Family. Particularly interesting is the section dealing with Katharine Heanley ('Kathleen Mavourneen'), her relationship with the Diarist and her tragic death. £5.

A Kilvert Symposium. Eight contributions from members who read papers at the Kilvert Conference held at Attingham Park in 1975. £4.50.

Kilvert and the Wordsworth Circle, by R.I. Morgan
The author summarises his researches into the Wordsworth – Monkhouse – Dew connection, in which Kilvert was so interested. £4.50.

Looking Backwards. References to Kilvert's wife, their marriage and honeymoon; accounts of their home-coming to Bredwardine and of Kilvert's death and funeral; extracts from the diary of Hastings Smith (Kilvert's nephew) relating to his enquiries into his uncle's year at St Harmon, etc. £4.50

List of publications, 2013

Miscellany Two: The Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet. Contents: The Solitary of Llanbedr by the Rev D Edmondson-Owen; Radnorshire Legends and Superstitions by Mrs. Essex Hope; Honeymoon Journal by Dora Pitcairn; The Venables Diaries by L. Le Quesne; Memories of the Monk by Ann Malinson. £4.50.

Kilvert's Poetry: A Study, by Bernard Jones. £4.

The Other Francis Kilvert. Francis Kilvert of Claver-ton (1803-1863), by Teresa Williams and Frederick Grice. The authors, after diligent research, have produced an extremely interesting account of the life and work of the Diarist's Uncle Francis. £2.

The Books Kilvert Read, by John Toman. £2

Index of Journal/Newsletters 1956-2000, by the late Revd Dr Nigel Rowe. £2.

The Bevan-Dew Extracts. Entries from the original Diary relating to the Bevan and Dew families which were omitted from the published Diary. £2.

Kilvert and the Visual Arts, by Rosalind Billingham. A transcript of the authoritative lecture given by Miss Billingham at the 1979 Annual General Meeting. £1.50.

Vicar of this Parish, by John Betjeman. £2

Children of the Rectory, by Essex Hope. £1.50

Newsletter/Journals. Back

numbers of some Newsletters and Journals. £2.50.

The following books can be purchased from booksellers or the internet:

Francis Kilvert, by David Lockwood. Seren Books, 1990. ISBN 1-85411-033-0 paperback.

Kilvert The Victorian, by David Lockwood. Seren Books, 1992. ISBN 1-85411-077-2.

After Kilvert, by A.L. Le Quesne. OUP, 1978. ISBN 0-19-211748-3.

Francis Kilvert and His World, by Frederick Grice. Caliban Books, 1980. Hardback ISBN 0-904573-52-4; Paperback ISBN 0-904573-78-8.

Kilvert The Homeless Heart, by John Toman. Logaston Press, 2001. ISBN 1-873827-37-7.

Growing up in Kilvert Country, by Mona Morgan. Gomer, 1990. ISBN 0-86383-680-1.

Exploring Kilvert Country, by Chris Barber. Blorenge Books, 2003. ISBN 1-872730-24-8.

Moods of Kilvert Country, by Nick Jenkins and Kevin Thomas. Halsgrove, 2006. ISBN 1-84114-525-4 / 978-1-84114-525-9.

John Toman's *Kilvert's Diary and Landscape*, £27.50, and *Kilvert's World of Wonders – Growing up in mid-Victorian England*, £25, both published by The Lutterworth Press, PO Box 60 Cambridge CB1

2NT. Tel 01223 350865, email publishing@lutterworth.com

The three books below are copies of Kilvert's original Diaries and are complete – the only surviving examples of his work.

The Diary of Francis Kilvert, April-June 1870 edited by Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans. National Library of Wales, 1982. ISBN 0-9077158-02-1.

The Diary of Francis Kilvert, June-July 1870 edited by Dafydd Ifans. National Library of Wales, 1989. ISBN 0-9077158-02-1.

Kilvert's Cornish Diary, edited by Richard Maber and Angela Tregoning. Alison Hodge (Cornwall), 1989. ISBN 0-906720-19-2.

SEND orders to the Publications Manager, Colin Dixon, Tregothnan, Pentrosfa Crescent, Llandrindod Wells, Powys LD1 5NW (tel 01597 822062).

Prices include UK postage and packing, unless noted. For overseas orders, please see below. If postage prices change, the price list may have to be amended.

Remittances for publications (kept separate from subscriptions and donations etc.) should be made payable to The Kilvert Society and accompany orders.

Overseas members kindly note most items can be sent by surface mail at printed paper rate for an additional charge of £6. For airmail rates please enquire from the Publications Manager. It is regretted that, owing to the prohibitive cost charged by British banks to convert foreign currencies, only drafts in sterling can be accepted.

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