

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE KILVERT SOCIETY



Number 52

March 2021



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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The Treasurer would like to thank all who responded to his appeal to change their standing orders to the new subscription rates. There are still a few members yet to make the change.

Contributions to the *Journal* should be sent to the Hon Editor by post or email. Address above
Deadlines: 1st January and 1st July

Forthcoming Events 2021

Events are subject to change should this be required by current health regulations. Please help us to keep in touch with you by making sure that we have your contact details up to date including, if you have it, an email address. Send your details to the Secretary: jeanbrimson@hotmail.com

Friday 30 April

Annual General Meeting at the Bishop's Palace, Hereford, 7pm. After an interval for buffet supper, Mr Mark Jickells will present a talk entitled 'Walking along the Wye.'

Saturday 1 May

Morning seminar 10.00 for 10.30 at the Pilgrim Hotel, Much Birch.

Speakers: 10.30 Patrick Furley presenting 'A Victorian Magic Lantern Show.'

12:15 Gillian and Colin Clarke present a talk on the connections between Frederick Grice and the Kilvert Society and introduce their new book about Mr Grice: *The Handkerchief Tree – a Life in Letters*.

Annual Dinner 6.30 for 7pm at the same venue.

Saturday 26 June

Visit to Aberedw *the famous rocky gorge, the Edw and the Wye and the meeting of the sweet waters* (Vol 1, p 60). This visit has been held over from 2020. Confirmation and details of the event will be sent out with the summer newsletter.

Future events to be confirmed



Jeff Marshall being formally thanked by Alan Brimson on behalf of the Society for his work as Editor. A photo from the 2010 AGM.

Photo: Val Dixon

Front cover: *The Nightingale sisters painted c 1836: a watercolour by William White (National Portrait Gallery). Frances Parthenope, standing with book, was to become Lady Verney, author of novels enjoyed by Kilvert.*

Back cover: *Jeff Marshall and the new Bredwardine Gates in 2015. Photo: Alan Brimson*

From the Editor

The end of 2020 brought the deeply sad news of the death of 'editor emeritus' and kind friend, Jeff Marshall. His entertaining conversation, positive phone calls and encouraging postcards are much missed. His second hand bookshop browsing habit led to a number of interesting *Journal* pieces and readings at the Annual Dinner. His commitment never flagged and his final contribution was an article in the September 2020 *Journal*. An obituary appears later in these pages.

Your *Journal* package with this edition includes the fruits of the editor's lockdown labours: an index to the *Journal* for the last twenty years. I am sure that this is not a perfect piece of work and will not satisfy everyone, including its compiler, but I hope it will go some way to showing the range of Kilvert studies and encouraging new contributions. The index will ultimately go on to the Members Section of the KS website. I hope that I can add any corrections from members to the manuscript before it is uploaded, which I anticipate will be at the end of this year. A separate index of Society excursions recorded in *Journals* over the last twenty years has been prepared and will appear in the September *Journal*.

The articles in this edition do not appear in the index, as I had to complete the index before I started preparing this *Journal*. I recommend you make your own additions to your printed copy. All our events and excursions for 2020 having had to be cancelled, I am very grateful to the contributors who have kept me supplied with a wealth of material to fill the pages of this *Journal*. Articles and short pieces for the next edition are invited.

AGM papers are also included in this mailing. Make sure you don't miss them.

From the Secretary

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of The Kilvert Society has been arranged for Friday 30 April at the Bishop's Palace, Hereford to commence at 7pm. Nominations for the committee and propositions for consideration at the meeting must be sent to the Secretary to arrive no later than 30 March. Following the meeting there will be a buffet supper and a speaker, Mr Mark Jickells, who will give a talk entitled 'Walking along the Wye'.

The following day, Saturday 1 May, we will meet at the Pilgrim Hotel, Much Birch at 10am for coffee. At 10.30 – 12 noon our speaker is Mr Patrick Furley who will give us his presentation 'A Victorian Magic Lantern Show'. At 12.15pm Gillian & Colin Clarke will give a talk based on the journals of Frederick Grice, 1946-83 entitled *The Handkerchief Tree – A Life in Letters*. Frederick Grice, the father of Gillian and father-in-law of Colin, was Vice-President of the Kilvert Society in the 1970's and early 1980s, and the author of *Francis Kilvert and His World*. The purpose of the talk will be to offer readings from Fred's journal that relate to Kilvert, the Kilvert Society, and its various activities, and to give an inside view of the relationship between Fred and some of his closest associates in the Society, such as Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, Oswin Prosser and David Lockwood.

Copies of the book will be on sale at the concessionary price of £20 on the day (cash or cheque) – hardback with maps and photographs (normally £25).

Continue overleaf

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Inside Back Cover

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about Francis Kilvert

On the evening, at the same venue, at 6.30 for 7pm, our Annual Dinner. A convivial evening of readings, conversation, and banter. If you have not previously booked, please do join us for what I consider the highlight of the year. For those who previously booked the dinner and/or accommodation at the hotel, you have no concerns as your reservations have been carried forward.

In the present circumstances, due to the Covid 19 epidemic and lockdown situation, it may be necessary to postpone the AGM to a later date in the year. This decision might have to be made at the last minute: however, we will do our best to get the ‘show on the road’.

The Society has been in hibernation, like us all, in 2020. The committee optimistically hope to re start our activities with a visit to Aberedw on Saturday 26 June but in the present circumstances the final decision and arrangements will be included in the summer newsletter. It is now more important than ever that we have your up-to-date email address as decisions may have to be made at short notice; also it would be of great help if you can let me know of your intention to attend the AGM and/or seminar.

A member has a full set of Newsletters and Journals from 1994 onwards, all in very good condition. If they are of any use to anyone, he is happy to forward them in return for postage. If you are interested, please contact the Secretary.

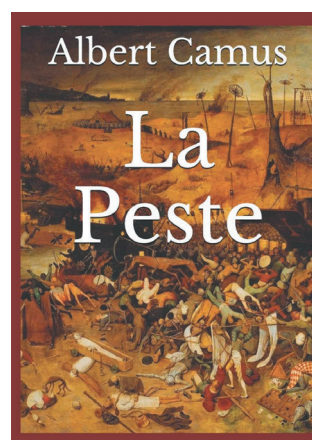
From the Chairman

During the Covid-19 pandemic I took the opportunity to re-read Albert Camus' novel *La Peste*, a book I last read as an A Level French set text more years ago than I would care to mention. The novel, translated into English as "The Plague" and undoubtedly one of the finest works of twentieth century European literature, centres on an outbreak of bubonic plague in the Algerian city of Oran at an unspecified point in the 1940s, and the city's subsequent closure from the outside world. The book can be interpreted on various levels, being construed by some as an allegory of the German occupation of France in the second world war, by others as a metaphor for the human condition in the face of the fundamental absurdity of existence. On a more concrete level the narrative presents us with a strikingly objective account of the efforts of the people of the city to come to terms with the abrupt intrusion into their lives of a deadly plague that kills arbitrarily and without mercy. In its themes of separation from loved ones, isolation and a disease which strikes at random, it inevitably calls to mind the conditions under which we have all been living over the past year. Camus' portrayal of the struggle of doctors and volunteer medical teams – the main character and narrator is himself a doctor – to battle against the most resolute and dangerous of foes mirrors the heroic efforts of health workers in our own time to combat the threat of our pandemic.

In our comfortable, materialistic and wealthy first world societies we have grown unused to the notion of disease-borne death coming en masse and without warning. For most of our lives, except perhaps in old age and at those moments when the death of a relative or acquaintance punctuates the daily routines of life, most of us scarcely think of death at all. This, of course, has not always been the case. For centuries past, as far back as the dawn of man, death has stalked our ancestors and has been a constant companion in their lives. This was certainly true of the world that Francis Kilvert knew. Tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid, typhus and smallpox, to name but a few, were common causes of death in nineteenth century Britain. Infant and child mortality rates were high, and childbirth itself, the very mainspring of life, frequently entailed all too fatal risks for women. Kilvert's diary contains repeated references to death, particularly early death. We only have to think of the

three Gore sisters of Whitty's Mill dying of consumption, little Lily Crichton and her three siblings who all died young, eight year old Davie Davies of the Old Weston, Mary of Penllan with her "churchyard cough," at eighteen "so young, so bright, so beautiful", and Emmeline Vaughan of Newchurch, whose death at the age of thirteen deeply affected Kilvert. He himself tells of a sister who died young, and his own death of peritonitis at the age of thirty-eight could today most likely have been prevented by means of a routine operation.

To us, as to the citizens of Camus' Oran, illness, suffering and death have come in an unaccustomed shape. Which of us would have imagined, just fifteen months ago, that in the twenty-first century we would be self-isolating, quarantining, distancing ourselves from one another or wearing protective masks to go shopping? Hopefully the coronavirus may have taught us at least two lessons, ones which our ancestors knew well: to uniquely value the truly important things in life and to be aware that we are not quite so immune from unforeseen suffering and death as we may have thought. At the end of *La Peste* Camus leaves his readers with a warning that the plague, though it seems to have departed of its own accord, is not gone forever, that it is merely biding its time and that it will one day again "for the misfortune and education of men... awaken its rats and send them to die in a happy city". We would do well to heed this message.



Recent Kilvert Research

From Teresa Williams

The following two newspaper items relate to the paternal great-grandparents of Robert Francis Kilvert, the Diarist. (Please note all spelling, punctuation, etc, is original.)

Thomas and Elizabeth Kilvert

From: *Wood's British Gazette*, Saturday 1 May 1773

“TO BE SOLD - And parted with *immediately*

FIFTEEN Brace of Deer of Antlers

FOURTEEN Brace of Does;

TEN Brace of Male Fawns,

And NINE Brace of female Fawns –

All Letters directed to **THOMAS KILVERT**, of

Condover (*Post Paid*) will be duly answered.”

NOTE: Similar advertisements appeared during May and June 1773 in Shropshire newspapers in connection with Thomas's work. We know that following the death of Thomas in February 1782 and his burial at Condover on 12 February, his widow (and second wife) Elizabeth and her family came to Bath to live.

On 25 June 2021 it will be the bi-centenary of her death at Bath. She was buried at South Stoke, Somerset on 30 June 1821. The clergyman at South Stoke was the Reverend Charles JOHNSON (1768-1841). The grave of Elizabeth Kilvert [a flat slab stone] is, as you may know, on the right-hand side of the path to the porch at St James's Church, South Stoke.

From: *The Bath Chronicle*, Thursday 28 June 1821

“Death: Monday (June 25th) died at her house in Caroline Buildings, Bath, Elizabeth KILVERT, the Relict of Mr Thomas KILVERT of Condover, Salop.”

NOTE: Elizabeth KILVERT left a Will dated 17th October 1817, the month following the death of her son, Francis KILVERT, father of Robert, and grandfather of the Diarist. The Will, proved in London in July 1821, had two executors, Francis Kilvert, her grandson (later, the Antiquary) and Anna Kilvert, her daughter-in-law. Grandsons, Francis (the Antiquary), Robert and granddaughters, Maria Kilvert, Mary Kilvert and Anna Maria Parsons each received a legacy of £100 whilst Anna (her daughter-in-law) received a legacy of £20 specifically as a mark of respect to

her, with the wish that she purchase a Mourning Ring. This bears out what Robert Kilvert said in his ‘Memoirs’ (*More Chapters from the Kilvert Saga*, p 11) about Elizabeth becoming very close to her daughter-in-law, Anna, in the last years of the old lady's life. All the legacies to the other grandchildren, Richard Kilvert, John Kilvert, William Kilvert, Edward Kilvert, Kilvert Parsons and Thomas Parsons were payable upon their attaining their 21st year and were for the sum of £50.

Sadly, Elizabeth Kilvert suffered more bereavements in her last years with her son, Richard's death in December 1817, (her grandson Thomas had died in October 1816). Another grandson, William died in September 1819 and was buried on the 22nd of that month.

Robert Kilvert

The following Appeal for Charity includes the only newspaper reference, found so far, which names the Diarist's father, the Reverend Robert Kilvert, as *Curate of Keevil*.

From: *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, Monday 18 April 1831

“CASE of URGENT DISTRESS:

The following Case of extreme Distress is strongly recommended to the benevolent attention of the Public, by the Reverend Edward WILTON, Curate of Erchfont, near Devizes, the Reverend Robert KILVERT, Curate of Keevil near Trowbridge, and the Reverend Francis KILVERT, Darlington-Court, Bath; by all of whom as well as by the Publisher of this Journal, and at the several Banks and Libraries in Bath, the smallest donation will be thankfully received: Thomas FUTCHER, Maltster of Erchfont, an individual of excellent character and respectable connexions, but much reduced in his circumstances, met with Death instantaneously* at Keevil on the 26th March last, by a kick from a horse.

By this awful dispensation, a Widow in delicate health and six Children, the eldest only fourteen years, the youngest but five weeks old, and one of the number a cripple, have been left in such a state of destitution, that, but for the benevolence of a distant connexion, the funeral expenses could not have been defrayed; and without the aid which public sympathy, added to private exertion, may afford, the family must be consigned to want and wretchedness. The object of this Subscription is to assist the Widow in entering upon some Business for the support of herself and her Children. – The following Subscriptions have been already received:-



Photo: NLW

J T COMPTON, Esq, Erchfont - £5 0s 0d.

Reverend R KILVERT, Curate of Keevil.....£0 5s 0d:

Reverend F KILVERT of Bath, £0 5s 0d:

Reverend Edward WILTON, Curate of Erchfont- £0 5s 0d.”

[NOTE: There were 22 other subscribers, the total pledged was £20 14s 6d.]

*The accident was described in many newspapers as follows:

From: *The Berkshire Chronicle*, Saturday 9th April 1831

“*Melancholy and Fatal Accident*: On Monday week ago, M Thomas FUTCHER, a respectable Maltster of Urchfont, went to a public house situated between Seend and Trowbridge for the purpose of purchasing a horse. On going into the stable to look at it, he put his hand on the back of the animal, when it gave him a kick in the stomach, which occasioned his death within five minutes. Mr Fletcher was much respected and has left a widow and six children.”

Mrs Kilvert and the Misses Rowlands

(The following Kilvert related items have just been found due to the continuing expansion of online digital newspapers available for research, by subscription, in the British Newspaper Archives.)

We already know that Mrs Elizabeth Kilvert, widow of the Diarist, and her sisters the Misses Rowland, left their home at ‘Hollybank’ in Wootton, Oxfordshire in 1902 following the death of their father John Rowland during February that year. The following item shows the reaction of the village to their departure.

From: *Oxford Weekly News*, Wednesday 16 July 1902

“WOOTTON, OXON: PRESENTATION –

The family of the late JOHN ROWLAND of Hollybank, have recently left their old home and taken up residence in Eastbourne. Considerable regret is felt at their departure, as they were always to the fore in all good works in the village, and their assistance at parochial institutions and social gatherings will be very much missed.”

“They were all Church Sunday School teachers, and the Clothing Club, for a considerable number of years was completely managed by the family. Miss Louie M Rowland, for the past two years, has acted in the capacity of organist at the church, and her voluntary services have been very much appreciated. Many of the villagers received some souvenir from one or other of the family previous to their departure from Wootton, and the members of the Mothers’ Meeting were entertained to tea by Miss Kate Rowland.

A general desire was expressed to make a slight recognition of the great esteem and respect in which they, the family, were held by the parishioners. A Subscription list was opened and the following articles were presented –

Mrs KILVERT – An Epergne:

Miss ROWLAND – A silver-mounted Stick:

Miss Kate ROWLAND – A Trinket Set:

Miss Louie ROWLAND – A silver-mounted Salts’ Bottle:

Miss Janie ROWLAND – A silver Pen and Pencil in Case:

Miss May ROWLAND – A silver-mounted Purse.

The recipients highly appreciated the gifts which were quite unexpected.”

Miss Helen Dew

The following item is self-explanatory.

From: *The Western Mail*, Monday 19 March 1951

One of the few remaining links with FRANCIS KILVERT, the Diarist, has been severed by the death of **Miss Helen Frances DEW** at Hereford at the advanced age of 95 years. She was the last surviving child of the Reverend Henry DEW, rector of Whitney-on-Wye for 58 years, who is frequently mentioned in *Kilvert’s Diary*.

In her younger days she knew Kilvert well, and described him as “A striking and vital personality.” More than once she declared emphatically, “Kilvert was a good man; if he had not been good, he would have been a dangerous man.”

The Penny Readings

A chance house clearance find

By Nicholas Green

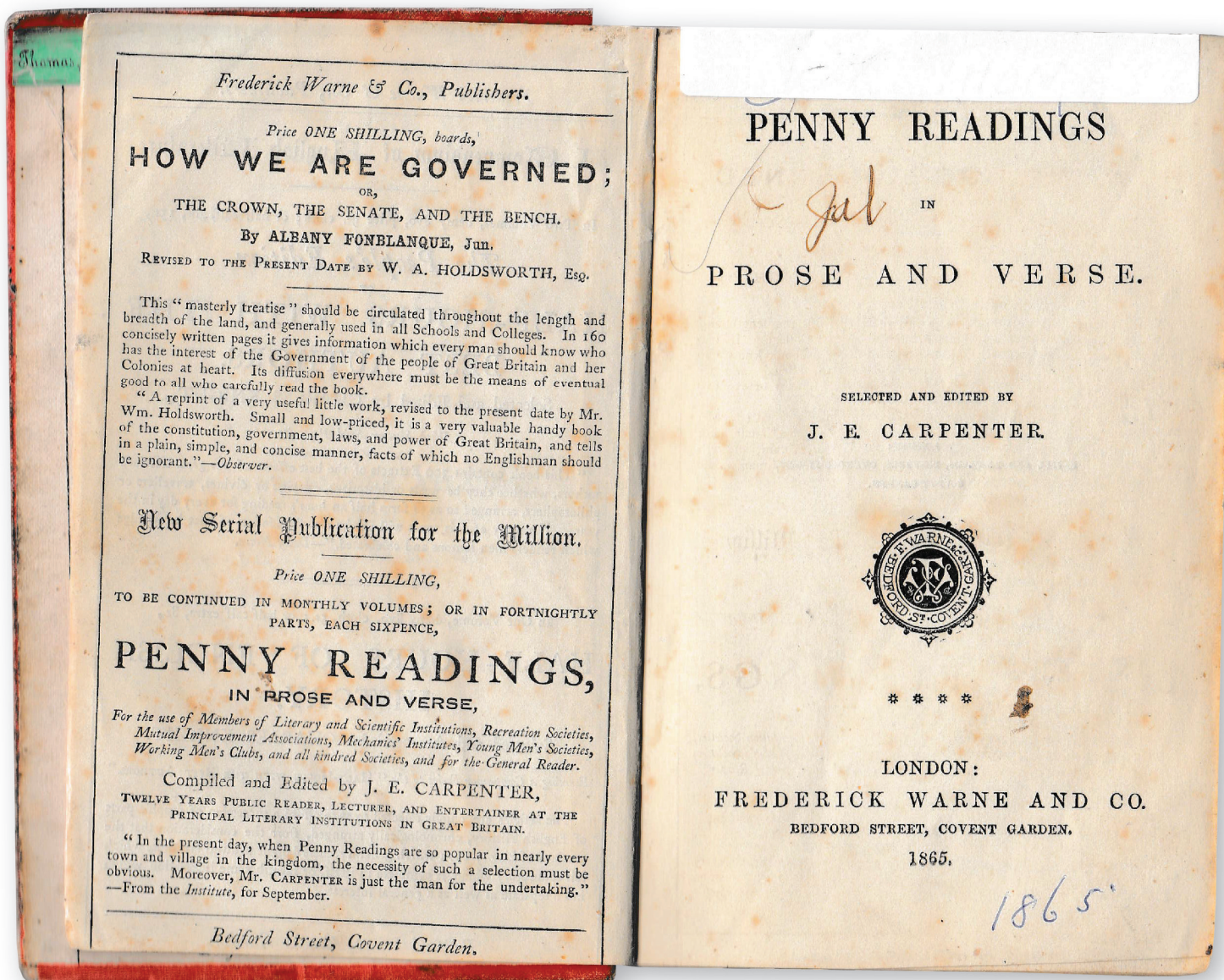
Kilvert makes thirteen references in the *Diary* to the Penny Readings held during the winter months at the school in Clyro. Popularised by Charles Dickens, they were public performances of readings and musical entertainment, aptly named as audience members paid a penny to attend. In an age when fewer people had access to books, if indeed they could read, they were an opportunity to experience the written word. The benefits of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 which created compulsory education for children aged between five and thirteen were yet to permeate society.

According to Kilvert they were clearly popular in Clyro:

Friday 3 February [1871] This evening we had our 4th Penny Reading. The room was fuller than ever, crammed, people almost standing on each other's heads, some sitting up on

the high window seats. Many persons came from Hay, Bryngwyn and Painscastle. Numbers could not get into the room and hung and clustered round the windows outside trying to get in at the windows. The heat was fearful and the foul air gave me a crushing headache and almost stupefied me. I recited Jean Ingelow's 'Reflections' and my own 'Fairy Ride'.

Saturday 4 February I hear that last night there were some 60 people standing outside the school during the whole time of the Readings. They were clinging and clustering round the widows, like bees, standing on chairs, looking through the windows, and listening, their faces tier upon tier. Some of them tried to get through the windows when the windows were opened for more air. (Vol 1 p 301-2)



Monday 27 November [1871] Busy all day getting ready for the Penny Readings this evening. There were 167 people present and we took at the doors £1 1s. 6d. (This is enough pennies for 258 entrants; did some people make an extra contribution? The Diary does not tell us what happened to the takings – school funds or church charities, perhaps.) I recited some passages from the Deserted Village, the Village Ale House, the Village Schoolmaster and the Village Clergyman. I did not do it well and broke down several times, but I got through more than 100 lines with the help of Mr. Venables who had the book and prompted me . . .

Price of the Swan lent his piano for the occasion. Four men carried it on their shoulders through the village from the Swan to the School like a coffin exactly, and I walked behind like an undertaker supporting the pall. (Vol 2, p89)

These evocative excerpts took on a new meaning for me when, clearing out our house for sale, I stumbled across a copy of *Penny Readings in Prose and Verse* published in 1865 (the year of Kilvert's arrival in Clyro) by F.W. Warne & Co. who went on to publish the books of Beatrix Potter, born in the following year. The table of contents includes some well-known authors none of whom Kilvert mentions in the Penny Reading references. We may wonder though whether Kilvert was acquainted with this delightful pocket-sized book.

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The Hereford Times reports the Penny Readings

The programmes for two of the Penny Readings were traced by Teresa Williams in the *Hereford Times* and reproduced on page 3 of the May 1982 Newsletter. The article for Saturday 11 February, 1871, reads:

POPULAR READINGS –CLYRO – The 4th of these Readings were held yesterday (Friday) sen't night, (3rd February 1871) in the National School Room, Clyro, the Reverend R. Lister Venables kindly presiding. The Room which will hold 250-300 people was literally crammed. The readings throughout were listened to with marked attention and were frequently applauded. The music was very efficient. Mrs. Partridge's and Miss Haines' rendering of "The Barbier de Seville" was everything that could be desired, and elicited loud applause. The Church choir sang the several glees with capital precision; the "Carnovale" being strongly encored but the rule of 'No Encores' was strictly adhered to throughout. We understand that it is intended to hold one more Reading sometime in March. We copy the programme.

Mrs Partridge & Miss Haines – Duet Piano, 'Barbier de Seville'
 Mr. J Williams – Reading, 'Tall Talk'
 Mr. Evans – Song 'Jones' Sister'
 Reverend R.F. Kilvert – Recitation, 'Reflections' by Miss Jean Ingelow
 Choir – Glee, 'Sigh no more, Ladies'
 Mr. Evans – Reading, Jonathen Muggs' Letter
 Mr. Lacey – Song 'That's the Style for me'

Mr. L. Williams – Reading, Selection from 'Childe Harold'
 Miss Gibbins & Mr Evans – Duet, 'The Gentle Stranger'
 Mr. O Meara – Reading, 'Nothing to Wear'
 Miss Williams – Song, 'The Wishing Cap'
 Choir – Glee, 'Hail, Smiling Morn'
 Mr. Partridge – Song, 'My Old Friend John'
 Rev. R.L. Venables – Reading, Selections from Macaulay
 Mrs. Partridge – Piano solo, 'German Air'
 Mr. L. Williams – Reading, 'The Misadventure at Margate'
 Mr. H. Anthony – Song, 'Little Daisy'
 Mr. Harris and Party – Trio, Song, 'The Lordly Gallants'
 Reverend R.F. Kilvert – Recitation, 'The Fairy Ride'
 Mr. Liggins – Reading 'The Knight's Lady'
 Mr. Williams and Party – Trio, 'The Traveller's Song'
 Mr. Dallman – Recitation, 'Sign Boards'
 Mr. Vaughan – Song

FINALE...GOD SAVE THE QUEEN... The End'

Miss Gibbins was Mrs Venables' maid. Participants in the 27 January 1872 Penny Reading included Mr Crichton and Captain Adam, stepson of the Revd Venables. Kilvert recited 'The Battle of the Baltic'.

Kilvert and the Wider World

This would have been the address at the 2020 Kilvert Commemoration (sadly cancelled) which was due to be held as part of the morning service at Clyro Church on 27 September. It is by J Paul Baker.

On August 14th 1947 Jawaharlal Nehru stood up in the new Indian Parliament and made one of the more famous speeches of the twentieth century. He began:

‘Long years ago, we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially.

At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. A moment comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends, and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance.’

The new state of India had come into being when the midnight chiming of an English clock and the blowing of India conch shells together with the speech signalled the end of the Indian Empire. Sadly, all was not peaceful. Far away across the border in Pakistan in Lahore was the writer and newspaper correspondent Wynford Vaughan-Thomas. He was covering the refugees and communal massacres which were happening in the Punjab. Having spent the day witnessing these awful scenes he returned to his hotel and there found a pile of books left behind by a departing English official. Among those books was a small blue-covered book entitled *Kilvert's Diary*. He took it to his bedroom and began to read; he was transported, transported as many of you will appreciate, back to a world of Victorian order and certainty.

Many of us will know Vaughan-Thomas as a writer, war correspondent and broadcaster¹ and his work overseas gave me the idea that we should explore what Francis Kilvert has to say in his *Diary* about overseas events, about ‘foreign news’.

The first example I should like to quote comes from Saturday 16 July 1870:

To-day we heard rumours of war and or war itself. Henry Dew brought the news stated in the Globe that war had been declared by France against Prussia, the wickedest, most unjust most un-reasonable war that ever was entered into, to gratify the ambition of one man. I side with the Prussian and devoutly hope the French may never push France to the Rhine. Perhaps the war was a dire necessity to the Emperor to save himself and his dynasty. At all events the war is universally popular in France, and the French are in the wildest fever to go to the Rhine.

I think that it is clear whose side Kilvert was on: in this he was with the majority of his fellow countrymen. France was a Catholic country, Great Britain and Prussia were Protestant albeit that one was Anglican and the other Lutheran. Taking sides is often a difficult decision especially as the outbreak of the Franco Prussian war was an example of fake news. If I may

summarise, a diplomatic exchange between Paris and Berlin which was presented by Bismarck to give the impression that Prussia was seeking to demean the French, and possibly by further mistranslation in the French press, so inflamed French public opinion that war was the inevitable consequence.

On Monday 8 August while our hero is in Chippenham, the *Diary* records; *Today came the news of the two battles of Forbach and Woerth won by the Prussians on Saturday. ‘France reeling under two fearful blows’.* The next day Kilvert speaks to Wharry the Chippenham chemist who *told us that he had been in Normandy, found it very uncomfortable, was mobbed, and very glad to get out of the country.*

Clearly Kilvert is reporting his feelings but perhaps slightly in favour of one side. The next Monday he becomes perhaps more objective. Back in Clyro: *This being the Napoleon Fête Day it had been supposed that the Emperor would hazard a battle for the sake of French sentiment. Went to see the old soldier and talk to him about the War. I asked him as an old enemy of the French which side he took, French or Prussian. He said he knew nothing of the Germans, the French were more natural to him and he wished them well. They were very kind to him, he said, when he was quartered in the Allied Army at a small village near Arras. He helped them to dig their fields, garden, cut wood or do anything that was wanted. In return they rewarded him by giving him nice white bread, while the dark hard ration went to the pigs. Morgan said that there was often a good and friendly feeling between English and French soldiers when they were in the field. He had often been on picquet duty less than 50 yards from the French sentries. He would call out, ‘Bon soir’. The Frenchman would sing out in return ‘Will you boire?’ Then they would lay down their arms, meet in the middle space, and drink together. Morgan liked drinking with the French sentries as they mostly had something hot. He believes and believed then that if they had been caught fraternizing, he would have been shot or hung.*

The *Diary* continues to relate the movement of the war but we will change the subject slightly and go to Wednesday, September Eve 1870, Kilvert goes to Hay to an S.P.G. meeting. Mr Bodiby gave a very interesting address about what he himself had seen in St Helena... *The rollers on the north coast of the island are very destructive in February, sweeping away boats and timber from the yards and wharves. These great cylindrical waves are caused by some disturbance close to the Rock and do not come from a distance where the sea is quite smooth. St Helena is 10 miles by 7, very hilly. They have scarcely any earthquakes or thunderstorms. Lightning was seen once, towards America, by the oldest inhabitant of the island. The tomb of Napoleon stands in a dreary valley by a well beside which he used to be fond of sitting to read. He chose this favourite spot as his burial place. When someone asked Napoleon what was the happiest time in a man's life he replied, ‘The time of his first Communion’. He said on another occasion, ‘An extraordinary power of influencing and commanding man has been given to Alexander, Charlemagne*

¹ Wynford Vaughan-Thomas was President of the Kilvert Society from 1974 – 1987 (ed)



Napoleon III and Bismarck having a conversation after Napoleon's capture at the Battle of Sedan.

Painting by William Camphausen, 1878

and myself. But with us the presence has been necessary, the eye, the voice, the hand. Whereas Jesus Christ has influenced and commanded his subjects without His visible presence for 1800 years.'

On Monday, 3 October How odd, all the news and letters we get from Paris now coming by balloon and carrier pigeons. If I may now contrast that with the entry for the following day, Today I sent my first post cards, to my mother, Thersie, Emmie and Perch. They are capital things, simple, useful and handy. A capital invention.

I should like to mention here that on the outbreak of the Franco – Prussian war the artist Renoir joined the colours while Monet left Paris and on 19 July was settled in London. There he stayed until the following May. Kilvert was in Claygate in Surrey in January 1871 and on 12 January he went up to London. It was at this point that Kilvert, innocent of many of the ways of the world, approached a photographic shop and asked to see some photographs. Later he has to have it explained that the shopkeeper is suspected of selling pornographic material and suspected Kilvert was a spy. It is here in the *Diary* that I perhaps most closely related to Kilvert: despite my 67 years I am still in many ways an innocent aboard. That aside, I have often wondered whether on his trip up to town did Kilvert glimpse Monet busy about his work?

Although the *Diary* has been seen as a wonderful evocation of rural Victorian life, we are not spared the nasty bits from abroad. Wednesday, 22 January 1873. *Visited the Goughs. Gough came in. He is a pensioner. He was in the 19th Regiment (now better known as the Green Howards) and directly after landing in England*

volunteered to go to India at the time of the Indian Mutiny. He landed in Calcutta and his regiment marched through Cawnpore 48 hours after the Massacre." He said the scene was horrible, shocking and disgusting that it could not be explained or described... The soldiers were furious, almost ungovernable, as they marched through Cawnpore and saw these shameful sights.' I admit that I have left sections of that story out for fear of upsetting you.

I think that we have seen that Kilvert's *Diary* has sections which do not conform to Wynford Vaughan-Thomas' description of it as a world of Victorian order and certainty. As those of us who have read it know, it is life, warts and all. Kilvert was a clergyman, a wonderful pastor to his people but he was not shy of the wider world.

Paul Baker first became interested in Francis Kilvert in the summer before he took up his first teaching post in Montgomery. In the library in his north Cheshire village was a shorter edition of Kilvert's Diary. He was impressed, and later that summer his girlfriend, now wife, found a copy in the White Horse bookshop in Marlborough. In due course, he came to live in Glasbury and fell under the influence of the Revd David Lockwood, (who succeeded Wynford Vaughan-Thomas as President of the Society). Paul is the person referred to in David's acknowledgements in his selection of the Diary. Paul now helps the incumbent of Clyro, the Revd David Thomas, as his lay reader and also as the PCC treasurer in Clyro.

‘Capital fun it was, screaming fun’. Kilvert’s Notebook Number 3

David Gouldstone explores the ‘Harvey notebook’, one of only three surviving complete Diary manuscripts.

The story of the sad fate of most of the twenty-two manuscript notebooks of Kilvert’s *Diary* from which William Plomer made his selection has been often told. Only three now remain, (numbered by Kilvert 2, 3 and 4), two in the National Library of Wales, the other in Durham University Library. In this article I shall focus on one of them, No. 3, which covers the period from 11 June – 18 July 1870.

The National Library of Wales bought this manuscript volume from Charles E Harvey in 1985, and published it in 1989; it was edited by Dafydd Ifans, who supplied a valuable introduction and footnotes. It’s a very attractive little book, printed on good-quality paper and well illustrated with a useful selection of black and white photographs.

It’s often said, following Plomer, that about a third of Kilvert’s original diary was preserved in the three volumes printed in the 1930s. Ifans repeats this in his introduction. However, the back of my envelope suggests that, as far as Notebook No. 3 is concerned, the true figure is more like a quarter. The original runs to approximately 29,000 words, as opposed to the abridgement’s 7,500.¹

Plomer, and the publisher Jonathan Cape, were taking a risk when they contemplated publishing the diaries. 1938, when the first selection was issued, was not the happiest or most prosperous of times, with the ever-present threat of war and unemployment not far short of two million. There was no guarantee that the sixty-year-old diary of an unknown rural curate would find an audience. Publishing the unabridged diary, or even an unabridged part of it, was out of the question. Plomer had to take some harsh decisions about what to exclude.

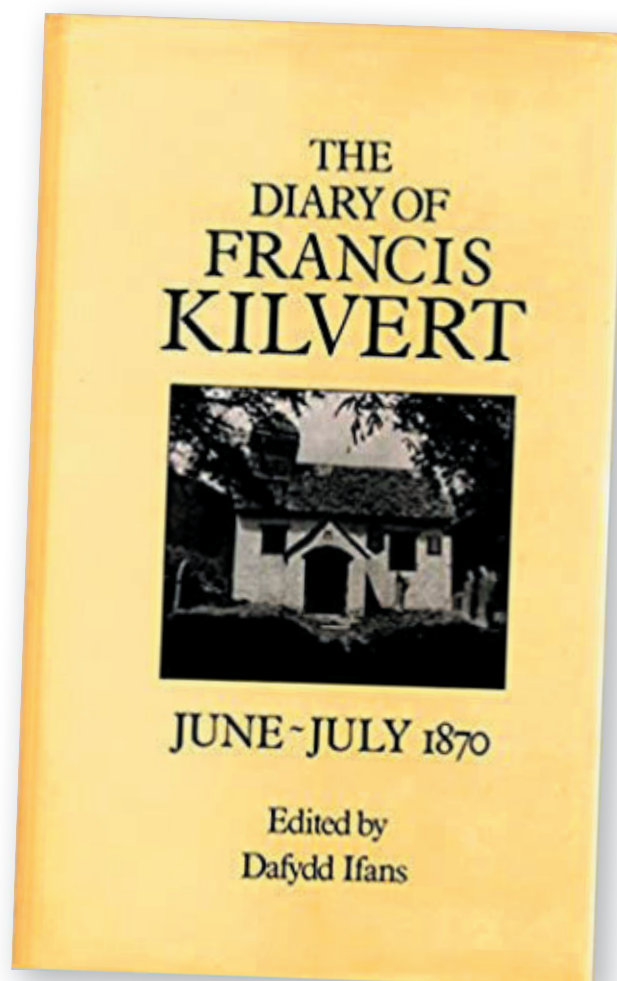
In preparing to write this article I went through Notebook No.3, trying my best to forget what I remembered about Plomer’s selection, putting a pencilled tick (or occasionally a double tick) against the passages I’d particularly like to preserve. I had the luxury, denied to Plomer, of choosing as much as I wanted. Then I drew lines down the margins denoting the passages that he had chosen.

My selection is of course just as subjective, perhaps even as arbitrary, as his. Probably no two people will ever entirely agree on what to include. Unsurprisingly, the majority of Plomer’s chosen passages have been ticked by me. Surprisingly, however, there are a few things he includes that I’d very willingly sacrifice in favour of passages he excludes that I regard as far superior.

Among these are the first paragraph Plomer chooses from Notebook No. 3, from 15 June, concerning a child with *the itch*, whom Kilvert recommends treating with *sulphur and hog’s lard*. I can only think that this was included because of the quaint medication. Another is from 8 July, mentioning a letter from Mrs Venables on the (to me) less than gripping topic of *caps for the Confirmation girls . . . at her own expense*.

Much that Plomer excludes is just as good as anything else in the published three volumes. His statement that he took ‘the cream’ from the manuscripts must be taken with a pinch of salt (which sounds quite tasty, actually). He ruthlessly cuts eighteen whole days, and never includes a whole day’s entry (the closest he gets is on 4 July when just the final paragraph is omitted).

He sometimes reduces a day’s entry by snipping out paragraphs, or a few lines, here and there, for example the description of a fishing expedition Kilvert takes with his father and brother on 22 June. He includes the opening sentence but cuts the rest of the paragraph and the whole of the next five. Then includes most of one, cuts two, includes two, cuts two, includes



¹ The figure of one quarter is borne out by a page count too: the printed version of the original *Diary* is 101 pages long, of which Plomer omitted the equivalent of about 77. In the abridgement the 38-day period is covered in about 22 pages. He was much more generous in his selection from Notebook No. 2 (which is about the same length as No. 3), which is allotted as many as 39 pages. Notebook No. 4, describing Kilvert’s Cornish holiday with the Hockins, is shorter than the previous two (Kilvert has torn out the final four leaves in order to make a self-contained book), and, like No. 3, is reduced by Plomer to about 22 pages. No. 3 draws Plomer’s short straw, being the most drastically shortened of the surviving notebooks.



Murmuration of starlings – see Diary extract below.

one, cuts one, includes one, cuts most of one, includes one and cuts the last six. More than two-thirds of the whole entry is lost. What's especially galling about this is that Plomer contrives to end the day's entry with Kilvert's observation that the occupants of another boat were *screaming and laugh[ing], as if a great romp were going on and as if the girls were being kissed and tickled*. This gives a false emphasis to Kilvert's predilection for 'romps' with girls, which isn't really at all prominent in this entry (or Notebook No. 3 as a whole).

More importantly, Plomer should have continued for one more paragraph, because it's one of the most exciting descriptions anywhere in the *Diary*:

Then a sudden noise swept over the lake growing louder and louder as if a great wind were rushing swiftly towards us. I thought it was a squall sweeping down from the mountains, but it was the rushing sound of starlings' wings. A vast flock of them swept by us and wheeling about, settled like a black cloud upon the trees by the lake shore. Again and again they took wing and we heard the rushing noise growing louder and then fainter in the distance. When the starlings had perched, they chattered for a while and then the chatter rose into a crescendo scream till the excitement seemed to become insupportable and irrepressible, the climax was put to the confusion by the whole flock rising again like a black cloud with a whistle and rush and relieving their overcharged feelings by whishing and sweeping in a short excursion about the lake.

I'd give a whole congregation of Confirmation caps for this marvellous bit of vivid, empathetic writing.

Here is a brief chronological summary of some other parts of the *Diary* cut by Plomer:

11 June. Kilvert uses the delightful phrase *a sad hamper all round* to describe a minor difficulty. He and his brother Perch go on a walk during which *a pheasant sprung from the roadside, so close that we could have knocked it down with an umbrella... Through the dark valley wound the S of the Wye like a silver serpent in the gloom.*

12 June, Sunday. *Knocked at the Tall Oaks and there came to the door the peat reek and a handsome, dark gipsy-looking girl with black eyes, rosy cheeks and a low broad brow.*

13 June. A four-page description of a walk with Perch, eminently quotable. . . . *an old woman was watching three horses watering. She had a fine grey and white sheep-dog with her; and a pretty little white and tabby cat with a great tail trotted on before.*

14 June. A five-page description of a walk, as above. *Pigs wandered up and down the street, white and hideous as lepers.*

16 June. Gipsy Lizzie *opened her large eyes wider under her clear dark pencilled eyebrows and long lashes, and gave me an arch look and a pretty smile with a gleam of her white teeth.* Kilvert watches *a herd of cattle fording the Wye from Herefordshire into Radnorshire, England into Wales . . . hoping I suppose to find some better grass in Wales than in England.*

20 June. Perch accompanies him on a walk to baptise a baby. *A funny little old-fashioned woman, trim and tidy, came to the door, a sort of Mother Hubbard or Mother Goose.*

23 June. A four-page description of a fishing expedition, almost as quotable as that on the previous day. *As we landed a bell from the church and village of Llangorse was wheeling rustily and*

wheezily, and a flock of geese paddling and pluming round the landing stage in the green broad reeds.

24 June. A seven-page description of a walk to Llanthony, of which Plomer includes only a page and a half.

26 June, Sunday. Preaches at Bettws. *Two red cows with white faces came and looked at me through the window whilst I was reading prayers.*

30 June. Visiting. *From the Lower Bettws I went on to see her mother at the Old House, a slatternly-looking, brown woman and she was suckling a baby at her sinewy, withered breast.... Going up the ladder to see the old bed-ridden grandfather Jones, I found I could not have chosen a more utterly unfortunate moment and I came down the steep ladder a great deal faster than I went up.*

11 July. *The gathering and parade of the Foresters...Two men on horseback dressed to represent Robin Hood and Little John in green tunics, white capes, white breeches and large red boots, with flat black caps and bugles slung over their shoulder, rode and rolled about on their carty bay horses looking very foolish and uncomfortable in fine borrowed feathers and false beards.*

There are numerous other examples I could have chosen. There are, it is true, some entirely routine, rather dull paragraphs (28 June: *Mr Venables came home at 9 o'clock this evening. He goes to Presteign to Quarter Sessions tomorrow*), but many of these are enlivened by a sudden Kilvertian turn of phrase (such as *a sad hamper all round*, quoted above). Despite these occasional lapses, on the whole the reader's interest is sustained, with many passages that bring delight. It's marvellous that three notebooks escaped destruction, but their survival also brings home the scale of the tragedy of the loss of the other nineteen. The missing two-thirds must have contained much that we would treasure.

The unabridged *Diary* reveals the full extent of Kilvert's social life at this time. Over the 38 days covered by the notebook, as well as attending Hay Fair, the Foresters' parade and 'Mrs Preece's sale' of her effects after her death (all major events by local standards) and paying social calls not previously arranged, he is invited to supper, breakfast, tea and a picnic lunch once each, lunch twice, dinner four times, and to croquet and/or archery parties (which usually involve a meal, sometimes 'high tea') no fewer than thirteen times (once every three days on average). Croquet and archery were evidently highly fashionable, and Kilvert enjoys them as much as anyone. Once he comes close to complaining about their becoming routine (8 July: *It was the usual thing – croquet and archery, and much the same party as at Wye Cliff on Wednesday*), but much more often he relishes them, as much for their social interactions as for the love of sport. On 14 July he comes perhaps the closest to expressing hilarity and joy to be found anywhere in the complete *Diary*:

Croquet in a field, the ground rough and lumpy, the balls leaping over other balls, hoops and everything. Capital fun it was, screaming fun. And then tea – high tea. I sat next to Mrs Oswald and we laughed so that we spilt the salt. We were told that we could not be allowed to sit together again. Mrs Oswald is superstitious and made me throw the salt over my shoulder. Mrs Allen said that next time we should both sit below the salt.

Not much can be determined from the complete *Diary* about Mrs Margaret Oswald; she's included in a list of 'young ladies' but is old enough to have a son who is clearly old enough to have opinions of his own. The most fascinating fact about her is that she has a *story of the swearing parrot and the chicken* (6 Nov 1871), which Kilvert tells to a party mixed in age and sex who are *enchanted* by it (perhaps Victorians weren't as prudish as is often believed),² but sadly that's all the information we get. (Surely Plomer can't have cut this anecdote if Kilvert had written it down?) Kilvert obviously shared an affinity with her, in particular a sense of humour.

In one rather curious incident, on 14 July, a children's choir have been invited to an adults' garden party. There is a table of presents for the children, and Kilvert waits until Mrs Webb, who is overseeing the giving of 'prizes', has her back turned and then *stole a prize, a photograph frame, and offered it first to Margaret Oswald and then to Lucy Allen as a token [of] my esteem. However they both declined it.* Assuming that he is serious when he relates this rather than making some sort of joke, it doesn't reflect well on him. He is willing to steal from children to try to ingratiate himself with women. Plus he thinks that the gift of a probably not high-quality frame, perhaps all too obviously purloined, is just the job for making himself attractive. His occasional naivety is sometimes endearing, but not here.

He is clearly attracted to several other women too (presumably all younger than him). Over the 38 days of the diary he describes the physical appearance, and sometimes the character, of at least five women (I've not counted simple passing references). For example, on 17 June he meets *Sir Joseph's sister, a nice-looking, healthy, red brown and white girl, spirited and full of fun and I should think a very nice girl . . . I took a great fancy to her.* I (He calls her a 'girl', which then as now can be ambiguous; in this case I take it to mean a younger adult.) On 13 July he describes Miss Lyne as *a very nice, simple, unaffected girl, rather pretty with dark curls, grey eyes and a rich colour, and pretty little white hands.* Two days later he is wondering *Shall I confess how I longed to kiss that white little hand, even at the imminent risk that it would instantly administer a stinging slap on the face of its admirer.*

However, he is particularly keen to describe younger girls (again, it's hard to know exactly how old most of them are, but they're presumably prepubescent). I've counted 26 of these occasions, on average about two every three days. Several of the 26 involve one girl, Gipsy Lizzie (aged nine), when he's at his most rapturously effusive, most of which are included by Plomer. But Kilvert meticulously describes the attractive features of many others. On 13 June he meets *a rosy-cheeked, dark-curved, grey-eyed child*; on 22 June *a tall girl in black, with reddish hair and a small black hat, rather good looking*; on 25 June *Mary [Williams, aged 16] came to the door fresh and rosy from milking, her light sunny brown hair ruffled and tangled by the wind, and such a smile in her clear, lovely, liquid, grey eyes and such a radiance on her beautiful broad brow. . . . Mary stood by the door in her beauty*; on 14 July *one pretty young girl with a fine rich complexion and bright curly fair hair in windy fly-away curls, a grave mouth and face – but merry, pretty blue eyes, and when she smiled her whole richly rosy face lighted up like sunshine with a gleam of her white even*

² It's conceivable that 'swearing' is used here in the sense of 'taking an oath', but I think it's much more likely that the intended sense is 'using profane language'. Presumably though the parrot's profanity would be exceedingly mild to 21st century ears.

pretty teeth. All readers of the three abridged volumes edited by Plomer are aware of this aspect of Kilvert's personality, but it's verging on shocking to find how frequently it makes itself known in the unabridged original. Plomer has cut all of these references, except two lengthy ones concerning Gipsy Lizzie and one about Mary Williams, and we must wonder how many he cut in the *Diary* as a whole.

We might also wonder how welcome Kilvert's attentions were. Usually he simply looks, or perhaps stares, maybe making the girl uncomfortable. But twice he records touching Gipsy Lizzie's hair, firstly on 7 July: *At the school no child in the reading class knew the meaning of the word "tresses". "These pretty things" stroking back and lifting some of Gipsy Lizzie's dark silky curls. She will never forget what tresses are now.* And then on the following day: *my darling was working diligently and looked up with a sweet radiant smile on eyes and mouth as I put back the clusters of soft dark curls from her brow and temples.* Who can say if what Kilvert interprets as a 'radiant smile' wasn't a nine-year-old's nervous reaction to having a bushy-bearded man pawing her?

When reading the abridged *Diary* as published by Plomer it's hard to escape the impression that Kilvert lives a mostly leisurely life. He seems to be able to suit himself most of the time (except on Sundays, of course, but even then he has time to relax). Naturally, this could be because Plomer thought (probably correctly) that the details of Kilvert's working life would not be as interesting to the general reader as, for example, his descriptions of nature and his emotional ups and downs. Two of the surviving complete volumes of the *Diary* give us a chance to see how far this is true (the third describes a holiday, and so isn't relevant for this purpose).

Notebook No. 3 covers 38 days, about five and a half weeks; on eleven of those days he does nothing that can fairly be called work. This is roughly the equivalent of having modern two-day weekends, and, although the standard at the time was for most people to have only Sundays off, doesn't make him seem unduly casual in his job.

I have, however, been generous to Kilvert when counting his workdays. On the six Sundays he of course officiates at services, often preaching morning and evening, and usually taking a confirmation class too; on one occasion he teaches at Sunday school twice in one day. He spends parts of six more days at the village school, where he teaches (on 4 July, for example, he takes a *reading class*). (On one of these six days he also helps run the village savings bank.) He records once writing a sermon (11 June). On 5 July he spends some of the morning helping Mr Venables with parish admin.

In addition to these fourteen days he sometimes visits parishioners, usually when they're ill or otherwise needing help. (Writers about Kilvert usually describe this as 'villaging', but the word Kilvert uses, at least in Notebook No. 3, is *visiting*.) He does this on seven days, sometimes seeing more than one parishioner on the same day. On two days he officiates at a baptism, and on another (when he also went visiting) a funeral. On a further two days he speaks to a parishioner about confirmation.

Most of these tasks don't take much time. For example, on 28 June *Mary Williams of Penllan came down to me nicely dressed and we had some nice quiet talk about her Confirmation.* By 4.30 he and his mother are setting off on a social visit to Cae Mawr. On 7 July he *went to Hay by the fields, [and] sat at the Savings Bank from 1 to 2*, and then lunches at Hay Castle, then goes home where he writes a personal letter, after which he

leaves for a dinner party at Clifford Priory where he stays till night-time. On 12 July *At 12.15 John Bowen of the Bird's Nest came down to say his father-in-law old Thomas Meredith, was very ill. . . . I went up to the Bird's Nest immediately as fast as possible.* On the journey he notices a *fresh-coloured, dark-haired young girl, straight and slender and supple, dressed in black with a coquettish white straw hat.* Despite this distraction he is *Home again soon after 1*, and by 2.30 he is off to a croquet party at Clifford Priory, which occupies him for the rest of the day, not leaving until after 10pm.

I think a fair assessment would be that Kilvert, although he responds quickly and willingly when asked for help, doesn't work very hard. On only fourteen days out of the 38 recorded in the notebook does he undertake any sustained tasks, and on most of those fourteen he still has plenty of time for leisure. On 4 July, for example, he takes a reading class in the morning (apparently spending most of it mooning over Gipsy Lizzie), but in the afternoon pays social calls first to Wye Cliff, then to Hay Castle (where he enjoys a good gossip), then to Pont Vaen.

On 24 of the 38 days he either does no work at all or only brief tasks. (Plomer's abridgement includes only three examples of Kilvert working in this period, making him seem even less industrious.) It might be, of course, that Kilvert hasn't recorded all his official commitments, thus giving us a false impression.

Although the title I've chosen for this article isn't entirely representative of Notebook No. 3, (most of his pleasures in it are much more placid and sedate), it is noticeable that the illnesses, melancholy (occasionally bordering on mania) and hopeless love affairs of the later *Diary* are almost entirely absent. Kilvert is in his twenties with his whole life ahead of him. He shows little if any sign of being discontented with his rather lowly status as a curate, and hasn't yet (so far as we know) fallen in love. He has plenty of leisure time. He is, we might say, an innocent, still full of wonder at the world. This part of the *Diary* is carefree and sunny (metaphorically and literally, as much of it was written in a heatwave); he spends plenty of time with his mother, father and brother, calls on friends who as he says *entertained me with scandal at luncheon* (7 July), and goes to dinners and croquet parties, where *everyone . . . is so pleasant and friendly that we meet almost like brothers and sisters* (12 July). He admires good-looking young women, rejoices in nature, gets plenty of healthy exercise and generally enjoys himself. He doesn't seem to worry about the future. On 20 June he and Perch walk across the fields to Penrheol; as he goes off to baptise a baby Perch snoozes in the sunshine, and when Kilvert has finished he wakes him with a vigorous whistle. I very much like the thought of a whistling Frank.

As subsequent volumes of the *Diary* progress he suffers setbacks in love, makes slow progress professionally, suffers illnesses and gloom. Experience teaches him some tough lessons. It's hard to imagine him whistling later in the decade. Presumably the now lost final volume or volumes of the *Diary* would have corrected this impression to some extent as it or they must have happily recorded his courtship and marriage. However, as it is, the *Diary* ends in limbo. But at least at the beginning there is some fun.

REFERENCE

Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans, eds *The Diary of Francis Kilvert*, June- July 1870 (The Harvey notebook)

Maps and Distances in the *Diary*

By Richard Parker

Francis Kilvert traversed many miles in his ramblings, often in unfamiliar territory, yet though he often quotes the number of miles he, (and sometimes others) have covered, by contrast, never in the *Diary* (as it has come down to us) does he state that he consults a map of his own for the purpose of finding his way. In fact, I believe the word ‘map’ exists in the published *Diary* only three times: so how do we square these opposing facts?

Colin Brookes raised the question of Kilvert’s use of maps in the *Journal* of September 2012, (*Journal* 35, p175) where he confirmed that the OS First Series of one inch to a mile maps would have been available for purchase by the public. Those covering the Radnorshire area appear to have been published from 1832/3 and by 1863 the one inch map sheets were priced at 2s 6d, within the budget of our Diarist. However, these maps were printed as unfolded single sheets and not intended to be carried about by ramblers; pre-folded one inch maps with covers really only became available in the early 20th century.¹ Personally, I do not think Kilvert had ready access to detailed maps because whilst he seems sure of finding many places in his home parish, he is clearly much less sure of himself further afield and quite often has to seek directions from locals, even admitting to getting lost on a few occasions.

Returning to the three references to maps in the *Diary*, they comprise: (i) 3 June 1870 when Kilvert visited Samuel Collett (the estates steward) and they looked over an estate map of Cabalva prior to its sale, (ii) 29 July 1870 during the Cornish holiday when Kilvert and Captain Parker consulted the latter’s map and (iii) most significantly, on 4 May 1876 when Kilvert is in St. Harmon and delights his host’s children by reading the names of local farms and hills from an ordnance map – I will

refer again to this particular case. These precious few instances at least suggest Kilvert had an interest in maps and the paucity of reference to them in the *Diary* could be the result of William Plomer’s severe editing, whereby he regarded map minutiae as rather boring. On the other hand, perhaps Kilvert himself didn’t feel inclined to record such facts or even felt reluctant (for whatever reason) to admit to their use.

Here are a few notable examples of Kilvert’s quoting of distances travelled where his limit of precision is half a mile:-

- (i) 16th March 1872, a drive from Clyro to Three Cocks: *5½ miles*
- (ii) 10th June 1878, a walk from Killay Station to Ilston Rectory: *4 miles*.
- (iii) 4th May 1876, St. Harmon’s Church to Llysddinam *14 miles in all from St. Harmon’s*.
- (iv) 3rd May 1870, Clyro to Newchurch and back via Bettws Chapel *I travelled ten miles today*.
- (v) 5th April 1870, From Llanigon to Llantonny Abbey and back, Kilvert notes it was a *25 mile walk*.
- (vi) 8th April 1875 reference to a lady riding from Cold Blow, Clyro to Brobury, *13 miles*.

How could Kilvert gauge distances if no maps were available? On turnpike roads, milestones, as well as marking off mile intervals, usually bore distances to the next market town or principal village; also guideposts at some road junctions carried similar information. For example, there was a guidepost just outside Clyro school, which is depicted in his sister Thermuthis Kilvert’s sketch of 1865, in which *Hay 1* (mile) is clearly readable, (unfortunately, lettering for the other two directions is not).² Surely as keen an observer as Kilvert would have noted down such mileages where he came across them?

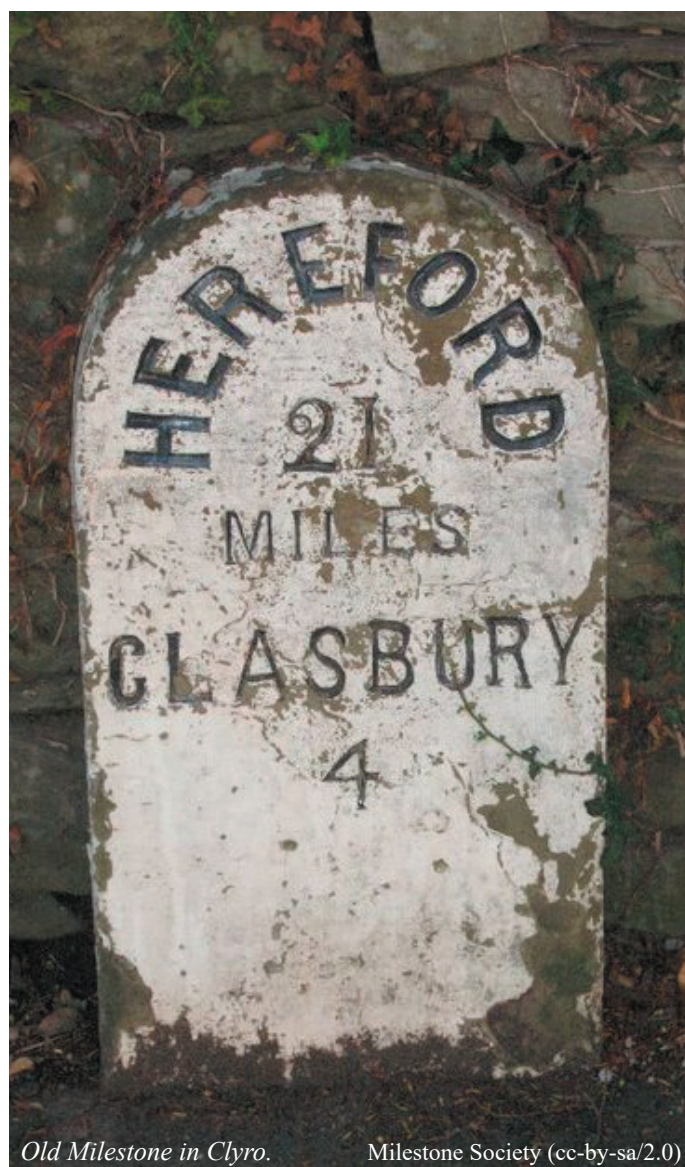
Clyro School, on the corner of the road to Hay. A small black and white copy of the watercolour sketch by Thermuthis Kilvert, appeared in Journal 36 (p223) – you can just see the signpost. It was taken by Charles Harvey, then owner of a set of sketches; they are now in the National Library of Wales.

Photo: KS Archive



Examples (i) and (ii) can easily be tackled using milestone information. I note for (i) from the Baskerville Arms, Clyro, the milestone there records Glasbury 4 miles with a further MS down the Three Cocks road then the remaining distance would have to be estimated by Kilvert, which comes out at $\frac{3}{4}$ mile (using the OS online map measuring tool),³ so $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles in all.

Example (ii) concerned a stay with the Westthorps at Ilston Rectory when their carriage failed to meet Kilvert at Killay station and he was forced to walk. There is only one route feasible as Kilvert notes he walked over the *fine high common* (which must be Fairwood Common) and the road has milestones for most of its length, the end stones being just beyond the station stating *Swansea 4* and a very short distance past the turning for Ilston stating *Swansea 7*, so 3 miles between plus the distance remaining to the Rectory, which I estimate at $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, using the OS online map measuring tool, giving a total distance of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles, not quite Kilvert's 4 miles. However, as we have already observed, Kilvert did not record distances of less than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, so his 4 miles is understandable. I also note that in Kilvert's time, there was a guidepost at the road junction north of the Common, which, although unlikely, might possibly have displayed the mileage to Ilston. Sadly, I must add that anyone hoping to see Fairwood Common as Kilvert saw it is due for disappointment – it is the site of Swansea Airport (which evolved from a WW2 RAF airfield).



Old Milestone in Clyro.

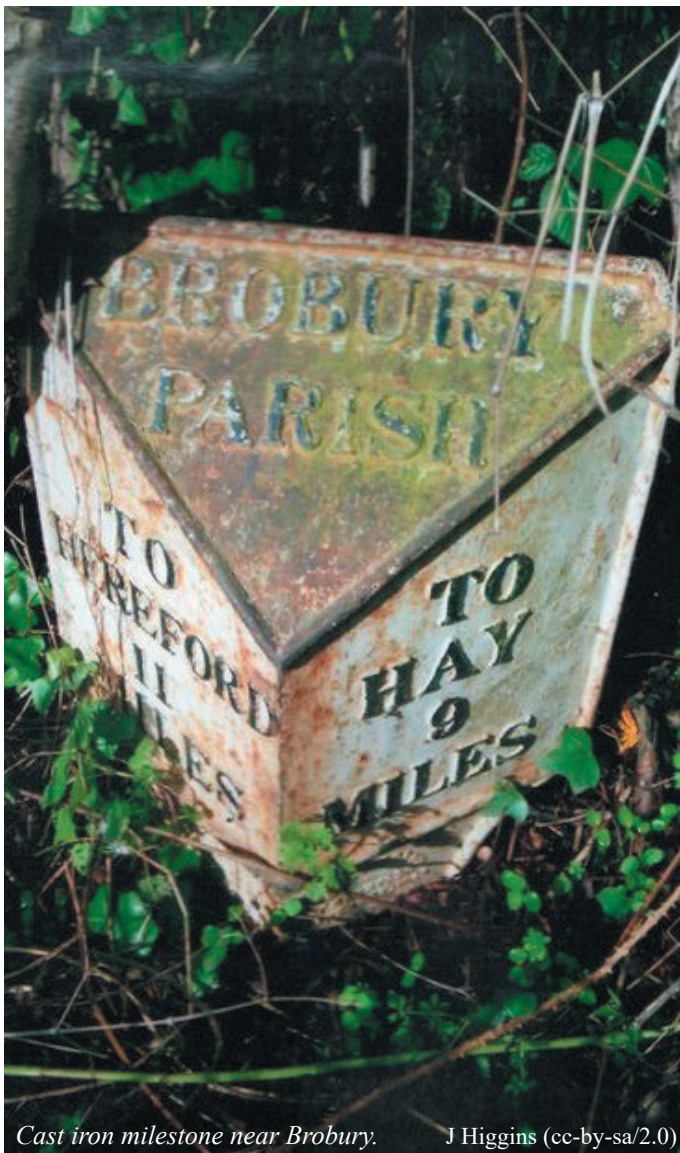
Milestone Society (cc-by-sa/2.0)

Now what of the lanes and byways that were not turnpikes and therefore not blessed with milestones and lacking guideposts? One rough and ready method is to estimate from the time one takes to walk that route – an experienced walker will know his or her typical average speed e.g. one mile in twenty minutes; although allowances must be made for long or steep hills and particularly stops and if several were made, this would entail the meticulous keeping of notes to maintain any semblance of accuracy. Now we know that Kilvert did take a notebook with him on his perambulations but it stretches credibility somewhat that he would go to all that trouble, particularly if he had company.

Should we consider (and quickly dismiss) the possibility of Kilvert owning a pedometer? Such instruments were available in the 19th century but would have been expensive luxuries, probably beyond Kilvert's resources. These are not accurate measuring devices – even modern ones allow a 5% margin of error and presumably Victorian ones were even more unreliable. There is no mention of such a device in the *Diary* but as Sheila Jones has reported, Richard Lister Venables's diary records the use of a pedometer by Venables in December 1876, when he and Kilvert walked $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles around the Llysddinam estate.⁴

So let's put some of the longer quoted distances to the test starting with example (iii) the journey from St. Harmon to Llysddinam Hall where Kilvert states: *14 miles in all from St. Harmon's*. Now the average person would surely be tempted to round this up and declare that they walked 15 miles – to me, 14 miles suggests a confidence in the accuracy of this figure. The background to this episode is that our curate had been staying with the Venables at Llysddinam (near Newbridge-on-Wye) and wanted to view St. Harmon's church as a prospective living. Kilvert's reference to the map is significant because it could imply that he is carrying an OS map with him but interestingly, when he is in Jones the church clerk's house he states: *producing the ordnance map* instead of saying *producing my ordnance map*, so was it lent to him by Jones? Kilvert notes: *he [Jones's son] gave me a Railway Guide to the district* – so could a local section of the OS map be included in the Guide? The other remote possibility is that it was lent to him by Richard Venables, although it would be hard to imagine Venables allowing his map to be folded up for portable use.

Having travelled there by train Kilvert decided to return on foot and instead of taking the direct route southerly to Rhayader, he struck off southwesterly towards Aber Marteg (Pont Marteg on modern maps), undoubtedly because this is a much more level route (and the course of the railway) and Jones's house, Temple Bar, being situated along this road ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the church). Even if Kilvert didn't have a map with him, the route is a fairly easy one to follow. From here to Rhayader and then to Newbridge-on-Wye (not named on the 1833 one inch map), the distances are readily obtained from milestones or the one inch map itself. The latter is marked by figures at milestones on turnpike roads giving the distance in miles to the next town, rather like a modern motoring map. So at Pont Marteg, the figure is 3 miles to Rhayader and from Newbridge the figure is 8 miles to this town. This leaves the start and end section distances to be estimated because no guideposts or milestones were available. If Kilvert did have access to the OS map, then he could have run a length of string (say) along these start and finish roads and computed



Cast iron milestone near Brobury.

J Higgins (cc-by-sa/2.0)

the mileages from the map scale. Using online means, I obtain 2.7 miles for St. Harmon to Pont Marteg and 0.6 mile from Newbridge to Llysddinam, so allowing for a slight overshoot of the milestone in Newbridge to the road taken, this gives a total journey of 14.2 miles, thus verifying Kilvert's assessment. One curious point is that at Pont Marteg, instead of turning south he turned north as far as Bwlch Gwynne and Glyn Gwy (dwellings), before retracing his steps to the Marteg; partial explanation for this apparently unnecessary $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile round trip diversion is offered by Jones's son pointing out *the tombstone of the late Mr. Foxton, the Atheist of Bwlch Gwynne* and one time Vicar of St Harmon. In fact, further explanation comes by way of a prior visit on 20 April 1870, which shows that Foxton moved from Bwlch Gwynne to Glyn Gwy.⁵

The one inch map Sheet 56⁶ (accessible online from A Vision of Britain) published 1833 includes St. Harmon and would have guided Kilvert all the way to Llysddinam Hall (marked on this map). Whilst this map contains far less detail than the 6 inch map (only available from 1888) it does indeed name many of the local farms and some hills.

Walk (iv) is interesting as there were no milestones or guideposts at all to assist Kilvert. The OS measuring tool gives a round trip figure of nearly $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles which shows Kilvert's *10 miles* is better than a wild guess. The walk begins at Ashbrook House and reaches Whitty's Mill as the next place

mentioned (I'm assuming via Clyro Pitch & passing Court Evan Gwynne) then to Whitehall, Pant-y-ci, Crowther's Pool, Cwm Ithel*, Saffron Hill*, over the boundary brook* then by Tyn-y-cwm meadows to Newchurch before reaching the Vaughans' place at Gilfach y rheol. Those items marked thus * are only gleaned from the Sandford Notebook⁷, likewise the return journey, which Plomer omits entirely. The return is via the Bettws road (Kilvert never having ventured that way before), which implies the southwards track east of Little Mountain eventually visiting Cae Higgin before reaching the chapel and returning to Clyro.

Walk (v): again no milestones or guideposts to assist Kilvert. On this occasion he rode with Morrell by horse carriage to Llanigon but from thereon it was on foot over the Black Mountains (via the Gospel Pass) and down to Capel y ffin monastery. The OS map tool gives 7.4 miles to this point, however, after visiting the new monastery, they then walked to the ruins of Llanthony Abbey, which adds 3.66 miles, the return to Capel y Ffin is 0.33 mile shorter as they did not go as far as the monastery, so 7 miles must be added to the 14.8 miles to give a round trip of $21\frac{3}{4}$ miles, still short of Kilvert's 25. They finished up at Morrell's abode Cae Mawr and assuming that they walked from Llanigon another $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles has to be added to the journey making a total of $25\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

There is an interesting comparison to be made here with the walk of 24 June 1870,⁸ when Kilvert was accompanied by Perch, Morrell & a Captain Johnson, the last named grumbling on the return journey that he had been informed that it was *only nine or ten miles from Hay to Llanthony ... and declared it was more than twelve miles*; my estimate is $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles. This at least confirms that there were no distance markers on this route.⁹

Walk (vi) is much more problematical as it was undertaken by a third party and the route taken is not known. What's the point of considering an unspecified journey? It's the implied accuracy of Kilvert's mileage that intrigues and an anomaly concerning a milestone. His involvement concerns a visit to an old friend, Julia Morgan (now Mrs Hanley) in Brobury and when she mentions that her mother had been to see her Kilvert asks: *But how did she travel the 13 miles from Cold Blow?* (Cold Blow being the location of her house on Clyro Hill).¹⁰ It beggars belief that Kilvert would instantly know that distance and if this was not volunteered by Mrs. Morgan or her daughter then it must surely have been estimated later. To me the most obvious route would be: Cold Blow – Rhydspence – Winforton – Letton – Brobury (the modern A438 from Rhydspence to Letton). Now milestones can be used for Rhydspence to Letton, which give 6 miles and an OS map used for the ends i.e. Cold Blow to Rhydspence is 3.8 miles and Letton to Brobury is 1.83 miles, thus yielding a total journey of about $11\frac{3}{4}$ miles; roughly $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles short of Kilvert's 13 miles. An alternative route via Bredwardine and Hay is almost exactly 13 miles, using the Bredwardine MS and adding the end distances. Now the anomalous milestone already mentioned which lies north of Brobury, near New Court does not lie on either of the two routes discussed but it should be noted that the *Hay 9 miles* inscription implies it is 2 miles to the Bredwardine *Hay 7 miles* MS whereas it is only $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Finally, to turn to two much longer distances quoted by Kilvert that were line-of-sight observations of Cader Idris and

thus utterly independent of milestones: 22 February 1870: from the top of Drum du [elev. 537m, 1,765 ft.] to Cader Idris *near 50 miles* and that Black Mountains trip again of Midsummer Day (24th) June 1870⁷ observing from Gospel Pass: *rose one gigantic solitary mountain ... from its outline, size and position could have been no other than Cader Idris sixty miles away*.

So are the quoted distances correct? For the view from Drum Ddu, the OS tool gives a distance of 36.3 miles: comparing this with Kilvert's *near 50 miles*, how could he have got this so wrong? This rather implies he did not refer to a map and was guessing or taking on trust someone's (Mr. Venables?) erroneous estimate, unless a mistranscription of the *Diary* has occurred. Turning to the other case, the sighting from Gospel Pass, Black Mountains to Cader Idris, the OS distance measuring tool gives 58.6 miles – quite a good agreement with Kilvert's estimate. To know this distance would surely imply that Kilvert had access to a small scale map of Wales, which perhaps was the case at Clyro school.

So has the vexed question of Kilvert and maps and distances been resolved? Not really as he never justifies his mileages: the evidence seems clear that he did not carry a detailed map on his travels but possibly had occasional access to one owned by an acquaintance such as Richard Venables or Richard Meredith, the old land surveyor. He might also have availed himself of any maps found in the private libraries of his wealthier friends.

NOTES & REFERENCES

- ¹ Rachel Hewitt, *Map Of a Nation* (Granta Books, 2011).
- ² As the MS outside the Baskerville Arms bears distances to Hereford and Glasbury, it might be surmised that these names appeared on the guidepost.
- ³ The tool presents distances in kilometres – in this article these are converted to miles.
- ⁴ *KS Journal* September 2013, p201
- ⁵ The 20 April 1870 diary entry is a prime example of potential confusion and confusing geography, as explained by John Wilks in the June 2008 *Journal* (pp.19/20). Additionally, a reader might assume that K has travelled to St Harmon village but this contradicts the assertion that they followed the Wye – *vicarage of St Harmon's* refers to Bwlch Gwynne. Not for the first time a name is introduced, Middleton Evans, with no explanation of who he was (High Sheriff of Radnorshire); neither is there a clue as to the purpose of their jaunt.
- ⁶ Map 56 does not quite extend to Clyro, Map 42 covers the village and southwards.
- ⁷ Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans, eds *The Diary of Francis Kilvert, April- June 1870*. (The Sandford notebook)
- ⁸ Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans, eds *The Diary of Francis Kilvert, June-July 1870*. (The Harvey notebook)
- ⁹ Those interested in K's Black Mountain walks and references are directed to David Bentley-Taylor's excellent article reprinted in the September 2016 *Journal* (original article in June 1984 newsletter), as it corrects some errors in the *Diary* & clarifies other entries. Do note that in 1984 the Harvey Notebook had not been published, hence the lack of detail for the 24 June 1870 walk.
- ¹⁰ The name Cold Blow poses its own problem: nowhere does this name appear on OS maps, not even the Tithe map, however, the Morgan family lived at Little Plas Warren which was situated on the lane north of Plaswarren, just below the crossroads, near the summit of Clyro Hill. Apparently, Cold Blow is a very local name for this specific area and is even mentioned as a field location by Clyro Council in a recent wind turbine report. I am grateful to Oliver Balch for information in this respect.

Walking (and drinking) across the border

About midnight, I passed over the Rhydspence border brook, and crossed the border from England into Wales. The English inn was still ablaze with light and noisy with the songs of revellers, but the Welsh inn was dark and still (Vol 2, p191).

This is Kilvert noticing the difference between an English and a Welsh pub on a festive day, May Day 1872. Later, in 1881, 'dry' Sundays became the law in Wales, until 1961 and to 1996 in some areas, and a tradition began of cross border pub visits. This was forgotten, or perhaps remembered, by the Welsh government in November 2020 when it published a request to its citizens not to drive to England to get a drink. A 6pm curfew had just been imposed upon selling alcohol in Wales; separate lockdowns meant that England was moving to a system of tiers that proved to be rather confusing.

It's bad for the hospitality industry, but Kilvert would have appreciated early closing at the Swan, opposite his lodgings.

12 April, 1870: *Last night the Swan was very quiet, marvellously quiet and peaceful. No noise, rowing or fighting whatever and no men as there are sometimes lying by the*

roadside all night, drunk, cursing, muttering, maundering and vomiting (Vol 1, p86)

Even better, for him, the New Inn, Clyro (pictured) *is now shut up as an Inn and abolished* (11 November, 1871).



Kilvert's Dentist – Charles Gaine MRCS, orthodontic pioneer

Chris Stephens

Six entries in the Diary provide the only glimpses of the Bath practice of this distinguished dental surgeon.

Early life

Charles Gaine (1827-1914) was born in Ludlow, Shropshire the son of a commercial traveller. He was certainly well educated and his subsequent apprenticeship to Thomas Bell FRS in London would have been costly. How these were paid for is a mystery. Bell was dental surgeon to Guy's Hospital London, and did much to raise dentistry to the rank of a profession.¹ He was Secretary of the Royal Society from 1848 to 1853 and a President of the Linnean Society.

By the age of 23 years, having completed his pupillage, Gaine was working as a dental assistant to William Robert Wood (1807-1893) a surgeon dentist of 7, German Place, Brighton.² There were good reasons for Gaine choosing to go to Brighton: the arrival of the railway in 1839 had improved its connections with London, enhancing the resort's popularity among the leisured class and the town would soon be described as the "Queen of watering places".³ The Woods were a well known and well connected dental family and Gaine's employer was also a Brighton Alderman.

Boarding schools were increasing in number at this time and Brighton would soon be known as a "school town".⁴ It was not surprising therefore that Gaine would become interested in "regulation of the teeth" and he was soon treating orthodontic patients successfully using screws. (It should be appreciated that up until the mid 19th century, what little orthodontic treatment there was, involved the placing of gold wires around misaligned teeth and around appropriately placed hooks soldered on to a cast gold baseplate. These ligatures were then tightened every few days by the dentist to effect tooth alignment.)

Gaine did not suggest that he was inventor of the orthodontic screw; his only claim was that it was more effective than contemporary methods of treatment. It was his principal William Wood who 'considered the process and the results sufficiently novel and important to be illustrated by models and plates which were accepted for, and their merits acknowledged at the exhibition of 1851.'

Some accounts have suggested that the orthodontic screw was invented simultaneously in Britain by Gaine and the United States by Dwinwelle.⁵ Its successor, the American Emerson C. Angell's "jackscrew", was first described in 1860;⁶ this was two years after Gaine's book had been published, and nine years after Gaine's simple screw appliances had been exhibited in London. Unhappily for Gaine, at the insistence of his influential employer, the records of his treated cases were exhibited under Wood's name "Mine was the invention, his the kudos".⁷ This led to Gaine leaving the practice and eventually setting up on his own in Bath.⁸

Move to Bath

The Census of 1851 records Gaine as back in Ludlow, now living with his grandmother Jane Thompson a retired grocer at 84 Old Street but practising at 33 Broad Street. Maybe he had established this practice after completing his apprenticeship in London. Quite why Gaine then chose to move to Bath in the summer of 1856 is unknown but by the 1850s, although its days as the spa of choice for the social elite were over, it had become a city for the retired middle classes with all their dental problems. Moreover the opening of the Hereford, Gloucester and Ross Railway in 1855 made it possible for Gaine to travel by train to Bath while still maintaining his practice in Ludlow.^{9, 10} This he did until 1868.

Weekly advertisements in the Bath Chronicle and Weekly Gazette, which first appeared in August 1856, announced Gaine as the successor to the dentist Robert Shew at 10 Bladud Buildings.¹¹ Over the next 20 years Gaine moved his practice from here to number 13 and then to 3 Bladud Buildings.¹² These were all in a Georgian terrace which at the time housed a variety of small shops on the ground floor with living accommodation above.

In April 1858, two years after he arrived in Bath, Gaine's orthodontic textbook was published by the local Bath entrepreneur and bookseller Charles Oliver of 24, Milsom Street.^{13,14} Advertisements for the book, price one shilling,¹⁵ now replaced those announcing Gaine's arrival in Bath. These new adverts included mention of Gaine's recent treatise on the use of chloroform as an anaesthetic in dental surgery and continued to appear fortnightly until January 1859.

Gaine's book consists of 32 pages of which the first 25 are devoted to general principles of treatment adopted by the author

7-10 Bladud Buildings today.



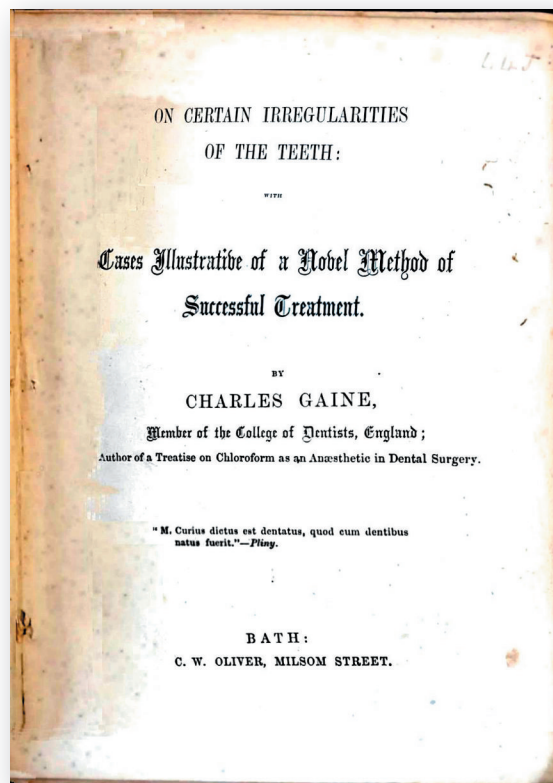
but in the last seven pages he describes in detail the treatment of four cases to show the effectiveness of orthodontic screws. These appear to have been pieces of gold rod into which a screw thread had been cut which were set into the gold baseplates of his appliances. As these cases had been treated while Gaine was employed by Wood they are likely to have been the cases which were demonstrated at the Great Exhibition. It is regrettable that there are no illustrations in the book. Maybe Gaine could not afford for engravings to be included; on the other hand it is likely that the plaster models and appliances used in these cases were retained by his principal.

Medical Studies in Bristol

The fact that Charles Gaine called himself a surgeon-dentist at this time was of no significance as the use of this title by unqualified U.K. practitioners was not outlawed until the passing of the Dentists Act of 1878. Nevertheless further regulatory changes were coming. Perhaps this was the reason why, shortly after arriving in Bath, Gaine who had no qualifications, registered as a part-time medical student at the Bristol Medical School 13 miles away. What proportion of his time Gaine was required to attend the School is not clear. Medical training in Bristol, in the era before there was even a University College, was carried out by an independent medical school run by members of the clinical staffs of the Bristol Royal Infirmary ("Church of England and Tory") and the Bristol General Hospital ("Non conformist and Whig"). Each student was required to be attached to a hospital surgeon or physician for which the fees would have been £10 per year in addition to the £33-3s charged by the Medical School; in total about what a clerk might expect to earn in a year.

There is no record of Gaine carrying out any orthodontic treatment in Bath. At that time the wealthy formed a mere 14%

The Bristol Medical School Park St 1832.



The frontispiece of Gaine's textbook.

of Bath's population of whom a high proportion were the elderly retired. For the remainder wages were barely above subsistence and would not have extended to dental treatment of any kind apart from extraction.¹⁶ What little we know of Gaine's practice at this time comes from the Reverend Kilvert whose diaries recorded his visits from 1871-1878.^{17,18,19,20,21} For example in October 1878 he mentions *Went to Bath by the 9.45 train (from Chippenham). Had two teeth stopped by Gaine and bought 6 pairs of gloves at Harmer's for 1/6d.*²²

Gaine achieved his MRCS in 1862 and was then able to apply for the advantageous post of Assistant Surgeon at the General Hospital Bath, an appointment which he gained three years later and held until 1899. He was thus its first qualified dental surgeon. Gaine clearly undertook significant maxilla-facial surgery there.²³ The General Hospital, which had been established in 1742 in a purpose built three storey building in Beau Street, by this time had 133 beds.²⁴

Perhaps as a consequence of his hospital appointment Gaine also became Assistant Surgeon to the 2nd Somerset Militia, then based in Bath, which had close links with the General Hospital. This is explained in Section IV of the hospital's Conditions of Admission.²⁵ However little is known of Gaine's duties in connection with his military appointment. The only indication of these again comes from the Reverend Kilvert's *Diary* for May 1871: *Then I went to Gaine's and had two teeth stopped. He had just come in from ball practice with the militia to whom he is attached. A surgeon is always required to be on the ground during ball practice. He was still in his uniform, black tunic braided, and black trousers with a narrow red stripe, and looked very soldier like.*²⁶

In the same year, Gaine joined the influential Odontological Society,²⁷ which by this time had merged with the College of Dentists become the Odontological Society of Great Britain.²⁸ Here Gaine was following the example of his younger colleague George Christopher McAdam MRCS of Hereford,²⁹ who also treated the Revd Kilvert while was curate to the Vicar of Clyro. Both dental surgeons were interested in the new nitrous oxide anaesthetic.³⁰ In July 1871 Kilvert reported *I went to see the dentist McAdam in Hereford. He took out a temporary tooth stopping and put another temporary tooth stopping in, and I have to go and see him in a fortnight. He showed me the apparatus for giving people the new anaesthetic Laughing Gas which he thinks is much safer than chloroform, indeed quite safe*³¹. There were good reasons for McAdam saying this as Gaine had earlier reported an unexplained death from chloroform while he had been acting as anaesthetist for a colleague at the Bath General Hospital.³²

In 1868, Gaine married Adele Bridges Smith (1846-1877) in St. Swithin's Church, Walcot, Bath and was soon living and working from 8 Edgar Buildings, only a few yards from

Bladud Buildings. In this move he had taken over the practice of James Robertson.³³ Ten years later he moved his practice to 30 Gay Street (once the home of Josiah Wedgewood) where he remained until his retirement in 1909. By now he was clearly making a good living and had bought an imposing residence in Weston Park, Bath, which was close to the Grove Weston Boarding School with its 50 teenage pupils. Did he perhaps undertake orthodontic treatment for some of these? Gaine could now also afford to send his younger son to Marlborough School and thence to Emmanuel College Cambridge to study medicine before he joined the army as his elder brother had done.

The BDA, BMA and Dental Reform

Medically qualified dental colleagues who Gaine met at Bristol during his medical training time must have included Thomas Cook Parsons and Samuel Hayman both of whom had joined the Odontological Society of London in 1863 and would play key roles in developing dental education in Bristol.^{34,35} The Western Counties Dental Association of which they and Gaine were early members had been created in 1879 but in 1880 it had voted to merge with the newly formed British Dental Association thereby becoming its first branch. Cook Parsons was the first Branch President, Gaine became its third President in 1883 soon to be followed by Macadam.

Gaine was also now actively involved in the British Medical Association of which he became Branch President in 1886.^{36,37} Always concerned that dentistry should remain a surgical speciality and not become a separate profession³⁸ in 1875 he became a member of the Dental Reform Committee whose efforts would eventually lead to the passing of the Dentists Act of 1878. Thus in April 1877 when it became clear that the exclusive rights of medically qualified surgeons to practise dentistry were to be denied, he and a number of others resigned from the Committee.³⁹

By the time of his death at 1 Norfolk Crescent Bath on 19 December 1914, his wife and children had all predeceased him and his former regiment had sailed for duties in India. It is therefore not surprising that the long-retired Charles Gaine had no published obituary apart from a few lines in the *Bath Weekly Chronicle*. His ashes were scattered near the memorial he had built for his wife and children in Lansdown cemetery.

Chris Stephens is Emeritus Professor of Child Dental Health at the University of Bristol. 'The Beautiful Englishman', his biography of clergyman and socialite the Reverend Dr Thomas Sedgwick (1746-1828), was published by Bristol Books in 2020.

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- 10 The arrival of the railway had also caused the collapse of the Ludlow glove industry and a rapid decline city's economy which may well have been a further incentive for Gaine's move to Bath.
- 11 This seem to have been a long standing family business since a Mr Shew dentist is mentioned as one of two dentists in the city in Taylor's New Bath Guide of 1800.
- 12 *London and Provincial Medical Directory*, London: John Churchill, 1865.
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- 14 Charles Wellington Oliver (1816-1890) was born in Grimsby and had been a bookseller in Rutland before his move to Bath where he rose to become an Alderman, later taking over the lease of the Bath Assembly Rooms in 1870.
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Those Charming Books by Lady Verney

Kilvert and the Nightingale sisters

By Mary Steele

On three occasions, Kilvert describes in his *Diary* going outside to a sheltered spot to read, on 18 May 1872 *that charming book Lettice Lisle* and a couple of months later on 2 July *Fernyhurst Court* which he took from his lodgings to read in Clyro churchyard. He does not name the author of these books, which does not appear on the title pages of either volume, but Plomer adds a footnote each time to identify her as ‘Frances Parthenope, Lady Verney, a sister of Florence Nightingale.’ Some time later, on 16 April 1875 while staying with the Mr and Mrs Venables at Llysdimam, Kilvert joined a fishing expedition, but as observer only. *Col Pearson was fishing for salmon and Charlie for trout, and I took Lady Verney’s charming book Llanaly Reefs to read by the river side* (Vol 3, p 171). It’s a shame that we don’t know from Kilvert the reasons for choosing these books other than their charm, but there are connections between his interests and those of the author and also family links with her famous sister.

Lady Verney was Frances Parthenope, the first child born to Frances and William Nightingale. She was born in Naples on 19 April 1819 and her curious middle name is connected to a

Greek myth about her birth place. She was generally known in the family as Parthe. Florence called her ‘Pop’. A year later, on 12 May 1820¹, still in Italy, Florence, her only sister, was born in the city of that name. The family came home for the girls to be brought up in large country houses belonging to Mr Nightingale at Lea Hurst in Derbyshire and Embley in Hampshire. Their father, a scholar himself, ensured that they had a good education at home. The London season was spent in hotels and there was further foreign travel. It was a very conventional affluent existence until Florence insisted, to her mother’s and sister’s horror, on becoming a nurse, and then made the family name famous with her astonishing achievement in bringing nursing care to the nightmare of the Crimean War hospitals.

In 1857, Sir Harry Verney approached the Nightingales, whom he had known socially before the war. Sir Harry had been recently widowed and it had been one of his late wife’s dying wishes that their daughter should meet the heroine of the Crimea. Florence had been fending off enquiries like this since her return to England the previous year and the request was initially declined. Sir Harry renewed his acquaintance with the

Florence Nightingale and Sir Harry Verney photographed with a class of Nightingale nurses at Claydon in 1886.





Claydon House.

family, became a regular guest at their Hampshire home and, in June 1858, he and Parthe were married. As Lady Verney, she became chatelaine of Claydon House in Buckinghamshire. Her visible memorial there is the library she created in the eighteenth century withdrawing room in the west wing, fitting in specially made bookcases around the carvings and under the elaborate plaster ceiling and making a catalogue of the books.² At Claydon, her interests in literature and history blossomed. She sorted the enormous family archive and began the definitive history of the Verney family from the time of the English Civil War, which was completed by her stepdaughter in law when disability and illness overtook Lady Verney. Parthe also wrote short stories, essays and articles and five novels, three of which we know Kilvert read.

What would attract Kilvert to these novels? One specific reason is in the introduction to *Lettice Lisle* which describes it as ‘the last of three stories [the others were *Avenhoe* and *Stone Edge*] which attempt to save some of the relics of speech and thought still remaining from the old days but which are disappearing so rapidly before advancing “civilization”’. Parthe was using her novels to describe and include dialect words from the countryside where she had spent her young days. This is an interest Kilvert shared; he collected Radnorshire dialect and made a habit of using certain dialect words in the *Diary* such as ‘mawn’ for peat.³ Kilvert could also have been in sympathy with the nostalgic tone of the book, ‘the sense of the old life seemed to be wiped away...as if they had been a dream.’⁴ Regional dialects were disappearing and new houses being built over old villages. Parthe could regret this loss in fiction and was also aware that the landscapes of her youth were lost to her; for

lack of a Nightingale son, her childhood homes were entailed to a cousin after Mr Nightingales’s death, which took place in 1874.

Fernyhurst Court is subtitled ‘An everyday story’ and chapter headings include ‘Life in a Country House’, ‘A Dancing Tea’, ‘Firelight confidences’, all names that could be given to *Diary* extracts. Later chapters have titles ‘Constancy’, ‘Life’s Schooling’, ‘Moving On’ and ‘In Harness’. The heroine, May Dimsdale, feels rootless and unwanted; this may well have struck a chord with Kilvert in the summer of 1872 when his love affair with Daisy was unrequited and he was about to leave his job and adopted home. It explains why Kilvert took the book out of the house to the churchyard, the focal point of the village, and sitting on his favourite old Catholic tomb near the Church combined reading *Fernyhurst Court* with musing and mourning over the thought of my departure from Clyro. The people crossed the Churchyard by the old path passing to and fro, now a child going to the shop for his mother, now a girl going with a pitcher to the well, or a labourer returning from his work. All the familiar sights and sounds of the dear old village were going on around me. He must have anticipated his own departure from Clyro when reading about May’s departure from Fernyhurst.

‘She had a recollection hung round almost every tree and bush, every peep of blue distance and sunny slope, upon each evidence of thought and taste so lavishly bestowed upon the inanimate things, far longer lived than the devisers who had fashioned them with such care; and she looked her last out of each side of the carriage alternately, with a bitter, silent renunciation of all that had made life dear to her, which was almost stern in its completeness. That chapter in her life was indeed ended.’⁵

The novels are adventure stories as well as evocations of country life. *Lettice Lisle*, set in Hampshire near the seaside, is about ‘fair traders’ or smugglers. *Llanaly Reefs*, set on Anglesey is about wreckers who deceived ships on to dangerous coasts and plundered the cargo. Parthe’s knowledge of North Wales came from the Hay Williams sisters, Margaret Maria and Maude, of Rhianfa on Anglesey, who married two Verney brothers, Edmund Hope and Frederick. The book depicts the North Welsh as a mixture of the barbarian wreckers and the kind villagers who rescue and look after the destitute heroine, Winifred. She gradually realises that their unselfish care is stronger than the cruelty of the wreckers who killed her father. The survival of the Welsh language is discussed: Winifred marries her Welsh sweetheart but initially refuses to learn the language and, though she does make the attempt, does not become proficient.⁶ The consideration of Welsh as a language and of local Welsh people would have attracted Kilvert to the book and it appealed as appropriate reading on a return visit to mid-Wales from Wiltshire. On the fishing trip he records, he seems to have rather self-consciously chosen the most rugged place as close to water as he could reasonably be while reading the book.

While the Colonel was fishing, I lay out on the dry warm rocks with my book, quietly reading, surrounded by the deepening roar of the waters, and within a yard of the place where the white plunging foam, and the solid masses of deep, clear green water came rushing through the narrow rocky channel (Vol 3, p 171).

The other Nightingale sister

The Crimean War

It is curious that Kilvert, who takes an interest in the Crimean War on several occasions, never mentions Florence Nightingale. The usual caveat applies here, that we only have the published extracts, but it’s a noticeable omission. The Crimean War (1854-6) was recent history when Kilvert was writing in the 1870s. Kilvert Society members had a vivid reminder of this at our Snodhill picnic in June 2019 when member Paul Sandford appeared in the uniform of an Adjutant-General of the period and related to the group the history of his character’s career during and after the war. Society newsletters from 1976 and 1984 included the history of John Ashley Kilvert who was wounded at Balaclava and taken to Scutari hospital, arriving there at about the same time as the party of nurses led by Florence Nightingale. He survived until 1920, the third longest lived veteran of the Charge of the Light Brigade.⁷

Kilvert records conversations with two Crimea soldiers, Colonel Pearson (of the Llanaly Reef fishing expedition, a relative of Mrs Venables) and John Gough in Wiltshire, soldier turned farm labourer, with whom Kilvert discussed India as well as the Crimea. Both senior officer and common soldier told stories about the poor communications and lack of care which typify the murderous muddle of the war. Colonel Pearson remembered a French officer being turned away because he did

The first Nightingale Hospital – a newspaper illustration showing Florence on her rounds at Scutari (Wellcome Collection)





Elizabeth Thompson, later Lady Butler; 'The Roll Call' (Royal Collection).

not speak English and Pearson's senior officer did not speak French. *'Tell him to go away! As if he had been an organ-grinder! And' said Colonel Pearson with an expressive shrug 'perhaps next morning a hundred lives might depend upon that message'* (Vol 2, p177-8). Gough, who fought at Alma and was injured at Inkerman, vividly described the privations. *'No one but themselves who went through it', he said, 'will ever know what our soldiers endured in the winter of 1854-1855... As many men died of neglect, mismanagement, cold, starvation and needless disease as died in battle'* (Vol 2, p 421-3.) Gough was right about the preventable losses; in fact, more men died from disease than injury, as was revealed by Florence Nightingale's pioneering use of statistics to analyse the causes of death. John Gough was *overflowing with reminiscences* (Vol 2, p 431), but nothing was recorded about Florence Nightingale.

In her 'Rambling Recollections', Kilvert's sister Emily recalled 'The Crimean War was the first War I remember anything about. We had been at peace for so long that it made all the greater impression upon my young mind, I suppose. I remember what quantities of warm clothing, socks and comforts etc were made and collected by Mama and her friends and sent out to the Crimea, and I also recollect hearing that many bales of these warm articles had been lost and never reached their destination, which vexed the senders greatly'⁸. Some deliveries disappeared going through customs. A large cargo of winter clothing and medical supplies was sunk during a hurricane in November 1854. It is also the case that supplies, including food, reached harbour but were not unloaded for lack of the right paperwork. Injured soldiers such as John Ashley Kilvert wore the same filthy uniforms for weeks and had no blankets. The Army's procurement system completely failed to cope with the situation and Florence Nightingale, who had been entrusted with the proceeds of money donated by readers to the *Times* newspaper, became the main provider of food and equipment at Scutari.⁹

The Crimean War was the first to be reported in newspapers, thanks to recent inventions bringing faster communications: steamships and the telegraph. This was the reason for Florence Nightingale's rapid rise to fame, and for the outcry about the suffering of the soldiers. Kilvert took an interest in the commemorative art that was created in the generation after the war. On Thursday 25 June, 1874 at the Academy exhibition, *There was a great press of people, 100 or more, round Miss Thompson's famous picture 'Calling the Roll after the Battle of Inkerman'. A policeman stands on duty all day by this picture from 10 o'clock till 6 in the evening saying, 'Move on ladies. Ladies, please move on'* (Vol 3, p 43). On Saturday 27 May, 1876, Kilvert met another Balaklava survivor in Oxford, a Keeper at the Taylor Galleries (now the Ashmolean). *He was very anxious to go to London to see some pictures of the famous Light Cavalry Charge which he had heard are now on view. 'I could get the time', he said, but he added sadly, 'I cannot afford to go'. We thought it hard that a man who had helped to make history should not see the picture of the history he had made, so we started a little subscription to make up 15/- to send the old soldier to London* (Vol 3, p 322).

A Nightingale Nurse

The absence of any mention of Florence Nightingale in the *Diary* is made more striking by the fact that Kilvert had a cousin who was a Nightingale nurse. I was very interested to read in Bob Leonard's article for *Journal 44* that Elizabeth Kilvert (known in the family as Lizzie or Lizzy) trained to be a nurse at St Thomas's Hospital in London in the early 1860s¹⁰. The training school was funded with the public collection that was a tribute to Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea, the money being devoted by her to fulfil her dream of creating a properly trained nursing profession. Its first intake was in 1860, so Elizabeth was an early Nightingale trainee. Kilvert's sister Emily provides the

evidence in her ‘Rambling Recollections’: ‘Lizzy...went into S. Thomas’ Hospital to learn nursing and became Matron of Derby Infirmary’.¹¹ Lizzie may not have met Florence, who was bedridden for some years after her return to England and did not visit the nursing school, though, when she was settled into a London home, she received graduating nurses individually for an interview and tea; the legend was that the poorer the visitor’s dress, the larger the slice of cake offered. However, Florence took a close interest in the nurses, the compliment recorded by Bob Leonard that ‘the beef tea provided by Miss Kilvert actually contained beef’ being typical of her attention to detail. She would certainly have been involved in the decision to appoint Lizzie Kilvert to Derby Infirmary, Derbyshire being a Nightingale home and her interest personal as well as professional. The intention of the nursing school was to train women to serve in public hospitals and become trainers themselves. Lizzie’s move to Derby in 1866, and to the new fever hospital in Stockwell in south London in 1871, fitted into this scheme but in September 1873 Lizzie got married and her nursing career came to an end, no doubt to Florence’s disappointment.¹² The wedding took place at Langley Burrell and is described in the *Diary* (Vol 2, p 373-4). Kilvert made no mention of Lizzie’s recent position or where she met her husband, who was a neighbour in Stockwell. Perhaps Kilvert did not approve of a relative working as a nurse; it is even possible that this could be a reason for Florence Nightingale not being mentioned in the *Diary*. It is sad to read in Bob Leonard’s article that the marriage appears not to have lasted, the Census showing the couple living apart by 1881.

India

While Lizzie Kilvert was becoming one of the vanguard of the nursing profession in England, Florence Nightingale was trying to establish a health service in India. This grew from her concern for the soldiers, some of whom, like John Gough, served in India as well as the Crimea. The project entered the territory of Kilvert’s brother-in-law, Samuel Wyndowe, who was a senior officer on the medical staff of the British army in India.¹³ Data for a Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army in India was gathered during 1859-60.¹⁴ During this period, in late 1860, Sam Wyndowe started his career in India.¹⁵ Unfortunately, no comment from Sam about his profession survived into the published *Diary* and we do not know if he mentioned Florence Nightingale. Her major disadvantage was that she did not visit the sub-continent, but she collected statistics, reviewed evidence, consulted experts on water irrigation, interviewed successive Viceroys before they left England to take up their post, wrote an extensive report for the India Office and authored a pamphlet entitled, sharply, *How people may live in India and not die*. She extended her work into campaigning for better conditions for the Indian peasantry. The Great Famine of 1877 left her feeling distressed and impotent; she sent Sir Harry Verney into Parliament to ask questions.¹⁶ He was Liberal MP for Buckinghamshire for 50 years and his interventions on her behalf gave him the nickname of ‘MP for Miss Nightingale’.

Later life

In later years, the lives of the Nightingale sisters converged on South St, London, where Florence lived and the Verneys had their London home, and at Claydon House. Florence visited

Claydon for two months every summer and had her own suite of rooms. Flowers were sent from the Claydon gardens to St Thomas’s and nurses in training were invited to Claydon each summer for an excursion and picnic. Florence discussed health issues with Sir Harry and his younger son, Frederick, and helped Margaret Maria nurse Parthe through a long final illness. Parthe died aged 71. Sir Harry died three years later, in 1893, at the age of 93. Florence’s last visit to Claydon was in 1895, after which she was cared for through a slow decline at her South St home. The India Office continued to send her papers until 1906, when it was explained that she could no longer understand them. In 1907, she was awarded the Order of Merit. She died in her sleep on 13 August 1910, in her ninetieth year. The Diarist had, by then, been dead for thirty years, but his brother-in-law Samuel Jardine Wyndowe, retired Deputy Surgeon General for the Indian Army, lived until 1919, dying at the age of 89. Lizzie Kilvert (Anderson), former Nightingale nurse, died in Bath in 1899.

REFERENCES

Lettice Lisle first appeared in 1870, *Fernyhurst Court* in 1871 and *Llanaly Reefs* in 1873.

The last major biography of Florence Nightingale was in 2008, by Mark Bostridge (author of the introduction to the 2019 one volume edition of Kilvert’s *Diary*.) A bicentenary edition of the biography was published in 2020.

- ¹ Coincidentally, Florence Nightingale shares a birthday, 12 May, with Kilvert’s mother. It is also the day of Parthenope’s death on 12 May, 1890, Florence’s 70th birthday. Plans were made to celebrate the bicentenary of Florence’s birth in 2020. Instead, emergency Nightingale hospitals were named after her.
- ² Claydon House is now in the care of the National Trust. After closure during the pandemic, limited opening is planned from May 2021. Check the NT website.
- ³ See Frederick Grice *Francis Kilvert and his world* (Caliban, 1980) p 159-162, a chapter ruefully entitled ‘The other missing manuscript’ as Kilvert’s folklore studies, as well as the *Diary* manuscript were destroyed by Frances Essex Hope. A list of Radnorshire dialect words is on p213.
- ⁴ *Lettice Lisle*, British Library reprint, p 328
- ⁵ *Fernyhurst Court*, British Library reprint, p 258.
- ⁶ *Llanaly Reefs* is not obtainable as a reprint. I am grateful to Jane Aaron, *Nineteenth Century Women’s Writing in Wales: Nation, Gender, Identity* for a précis of the plot.
- ⁷ March 1976 Newsletter, p 9-10 and September 1984 Newsletter, p 3-5. Maurice White, author of the 1984 article, concluded that any family connection with the Diarist was ‘very weak’.
- ⁸ ‘The “Rambling Recollections” of the Diarist’s sister Emily (Mrs. S. J Wyndowe) in *More Chapters from the Kilvert Saga*, (Kilvert Society, n.d.), p 114
- ⁹ Cecil Woodham-Smith, *Florence Nightingale* (Constable, 1950). Chapter 9 of this classic biography contains a graphic account of the conditions at Scutari during the winter of 1854-55. See also Mark Bostridge, *Florence Nightingale* (Viking 2008) Chapter 9 ‘Calamity unparalleled’.
- ¹⁰ ‘Musings in Verse’ by Bob Leonard, *Journal* 44, p 20
- ¹¹ ‘Rambling Recollections’ p 111
- ¹² ‘Like others ... who, to Florence’s chagrin, chose marriage above nursing, she was regarded as a loss to the cause’ Bostridge p452 (pbk ed), writing about Miss Elizabeth Torrance.
- ¹³ For a discussion of Samuel Wyndowe’s career, conditions in India and the famine years, see John Toman, ‘Missions, Medicine and Military Men’, *Journal* 45, p 6-12.
- ¹⁴ Bostridge, p 400 (pbk ed)
- ¹⁵ Toman p 6
- ¹⁶ Bostridge, p 470-8 (pbk ed) for an account of Florence’s work towards healthcare in India.

Jeff Marshall – in his own words

During his editorship, Jeff ran a series called 'Discovering Kilvert'. Here is an abridged version of his contribution, reprinted from 2007.

Staunton-on-Wye in the early 1970s, scene of blissful family holidays that never lasted long enough; these were breaks free of the cares of work, with cycle rides along the surrounding lanes, to Brobury and Bredwardine, with walks by the Wye (the Scar, Monnington, Byford) on the Begwyns and in the Black Mountains, and, as a bonus, views from the sitting room window of our holiday home, on loan from very old friends who were lucky enough to live there. So, for an occasional week or two within a few years we were surrounded by and enveloped in the tranquil beauty of the Kilvert Country...except that, in the beginning, I did not know that this was the Kilvert Country; I had never heard of Frank Kilvert or of his *Diary*!

In my desire to learn more about this wondrous stretch of the middle Wye between Builth and Hereford I began to collect and read topographical books (the closeness of Hay was very useful in this respect) which referred to this Paradise.

One such was *Roaming down the Wye* by W.H. Potts (Hodder and Stoughton, 1949) which is not to be confused with the well known, but less readable, in my opinion, *Coming Down the Wye* by Robert Gibbings (Dent, 1942). I bought them both second-hand in Hay and, how about this for an amazing coincidence, the latter once belonged to C.T.O. Prosser [an early Secretary of the KS] whose name and address are inscribed inside the front cover, but I did not know him then either.

Anyway, Potts' book, which opens at the Dyffryn Castle Inn near Ponterwyd on the lower slopes of Plynlimon and ends, of course, at Chepstow, contains a chapter, chapter eight, entitled 'Mirror to Yesterday' and it was here that I met Francis Kilvert.

'A few years ago' writes Potts, 'some diaries came to light written by a country vicar...it was a fortunate thing that these diaries were brought to the notice of someone with literary taste...[they] were subsequently edited and' declares Potts erroneously, 'published in four volumes'. I was beginning to become interested.

Even more so, as I read on: 'Kilvert was a very unassuming character... and although he did nothing to alter the shape of things to come, he held up a mirror to yesterday...almost every day he scribbled something in his diary, something of what he had done or seen or heard and how the country folk around him were leading their lives. It is this bundle of almost *priceless documents* (my italics) which was brought to light a few years ago...*To those who have not yet made acquaintance with Kilvert's part of the country, the Diaries are delightful in themselves* (again my italics). To those who have, there is quite a thrill in recognising inns, churches, farms and country houses where Kilvert visited and in hearing of people he met there...'

That was it. I simply had to read these diaries. Enquiries revealed that the three volumes were *readily* available at, I think, eleven guineas, rather more than I could afford then, which seems ridiculous now when even the humblest, throw-away



paperback can cost close to a tenner. So, I bought the abridged version: some may remember the handsome Cape edition with its stylish black and white dust jacket (quite pricey also, I think) and borrowed the three volumes from our public library, again readily available on the shelves!

Shortly afterwards, wishing to share my discovery, I was speaking of it to a then colleague, Peter Bolton, who as a historian, I assumed, would be interested. I was right, yet even so I found myself very surprised indeed by his response. Not only did he know all about RFK and the *Diary* but he also revealed to me the existence of ... a Kilvert Society, of which he and his wife were members, and still are. He encouraged me to join (not much encouragement needed) alluding to the AGM and Social Evening, held in those days in the Shire Hall, the accompanying grand buffet and to the remarkable Newsletters which appeared three times a year. Indeed, these were remarkable; C.T.O. Prosser's Newsletters have to be viewed to be believed; important items are entirely capitalised and often underlined too for good measure and exclamation marks are copiously scattered throughout the text. What is more, there are quirky opinions therein and the enticing mention of the Society's then 'elastic' subscription i.e. pay what you like but not less than five shillings (25p, for younger readers), pitched at that sum so that 'no one interested would be prevented from becoming a member through lack of funds.'

This sounded very much like my sort of Society, so I joined.

Some years later I volunteered to become the Society's publications' manager in succession to Reg Morgan and thus I became a member of THE COMMITTEE! Now I find myself editing the Society's *Journal*. How did that come about?

Thank you, Jeff (ed)

The Filming of 'The Wonders of the Borders'



Richard Weston writes: All members and other pilgrims who have taken part over the years in the annual summer pilgrimage from Newchurch to Bryngwyn, over to Llanbedr, ending up in the lovely little church of Llandewi Bach, will know the pleasure of being offered tea, coffee and refreshments by the parishioners at the various stops en route.

Obviously the fame of this hospitality has been heard of near and far for recently a TV film portraying Newchurch's hospitality has been made.

In September a TV crew from ITV Wales descended on the church to interview Adrian Chambers, who has organized the Pilgrimage since the death of Humphrey Fisher. Adrian and his wife, Edwina, were questioned about the history of the church, its ancient bells and of the tradition of providing refreshments to walkers, two of whom appeared as filming was taking place.

Also interviewed was Ann Dean who, as she lived nearby, had been asked to represent the Society and she was quizzed by the presenter, Sean Fletcher, on the story of Emmeline Vaughan and why Kilvert had been so moved by her death, and also his friendship with the Vaughan family. Ann was able to talk of Kilvert's love of children and his particular sadness at Emmeline's death.

The Pilgrimage has traditionally started with the placing of floral decorations on Emmeline's grave and it was beside the grave that Ann was interviewed. [The grave is behind Ann, out of shot].

The programme *The Wonders of the Borders* will be screened on ITV Wales in the Spring and on ITV nationally later in the year; it will also contain other aspects of the Welsh Borders.

The Trouble with Tongue

May I never sit opposite a tongue again: the June-July 1870 (Harvey) notebook, discussed by David Gouldstone in this issue, also includes the full account of how Kilvert struggled to carve with a blunt knife at a tea party. An abridged paragraph appears in the three volume and one volume published Diaries in the entry for Saturday 16 July, 1870. *I heaved and hacked away at the tongue, cut it up into small bits and made a complete wreck and ruin of it.* The book published as a companion to the 1980s BBC series *The Victorian Kitchen* contains a recipe for preparing tongue which might explain his problem, on which he blamed the cutlery. 'One spectacular dish was ox tongues shaped into glazed arches'. The boiled tongue was cooled in water then while it was still 'warm and manoeuvrable, [the cook] put the tongue on to a wooden board by the kitchen wall and with a rolling pin beneath it pushed the end of a tongue right against the wall at the same time raising it into an arch'. There it remained, pinioned to the wall by a fork, until the cook was sure it would stay in shape, after which it was glazed, garnished and decorated with a paper frill (which Kilvert sent to Henry Dew along with some *morsels of fat*). A version of this recipe was included by Elizabeth David in her *Salts, Spices and Aromatics in the English Kitchen*, published in 1970. She suggested curling the tongue round in a meat press or a cake tin in which it will just fit, then glazing it. 'Failing home-made meat glaze or jelly, few people nowadays would have any hesitation about using packet aspic'. Elizabeth David's magisterial prose makes a chapter on Cured and Brined Meat unmissable even for a vegetarian, but as Jennifer Davies, author of *The Victorian Kitchen* concludes, it looked 'noble' but a 'difficult dish to cut'.

Vaccinations

Nothing to do with the vaccination we are all talking about: this was vaccination against smallpox, a procedure developed by Edward Jenner based upon the importation of the idea of inoculation into the UK from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1721. Kilvert recorded, on Monday 27 February 1871 *Fifteen people summoned for failing to have their children vaccinated, but they got off by paying costs.* Vaccination of babies under four months was made mandatory in the UK in 1853. Smallpox scarred for life when it did not kill, but, despite the visible evidence, vaccination was strongly protested against. Some people objected on religious grounds; others were afraid that the process would introduce other illnesses. Penalties for non-compliance were introduced in 1867; hence, perhaps, the interest in the cases at Clyro Petty Sessions in 1871. *A full bench of magistrates, 5, and the Chief Constable was present.* Protests increased in violence, including the effigy of Jenner being hanged by a huge crowd in Leicester in the 1880s. Compulsory vaccination in the UK was abolished in 1907 and no legislation has been attempted since. The world was declared free of smallpox in 1980, the first time an infectious disease had been eliminated. The World Health Organisation, which made the declaration, stated 'It was eradicated solely through vaccination'. Kilvert writes of the summoned parents 'failing' and that they 'got off' which hints that he thinks they should have obeyed the law, but he is more interested in watching the magistrate who came in late, covered in mud and *amused himself during a dull part of the proceedings by combing his grey hair with a pocket comb.* (Vol 1, p306)

Ref: The Pharmaceutical Journal, May 2016, reporting on an exhibition about the history of vaccination at the Hunterian Gallery.

The Stones of Snodhill

In reply to my Postscript 'The stones of Snodhill' in *Journal* 51, Eva Morgan wrote:

The question posed on page 32 regarding the round pillars noticed on farm buildings by RFK when on the way to the Snodhill picnic. I know of several local farms where there are some similar. I don't think that there is any connection with the Castle, just a way of making, usually buildings near the farmhouse, often opposite it, look attractive.

Eva added to the tribute to Anne Wheeldon: The Anne Wheeldon obituary reminded me of when she treated my neck so well in the early 1970s at Hereford General Hospital. She was very gentle and efficient and a great favourite of my surgeon, who had great faith in her skill.

Of the 'Walk to the River Arrow' she commented: The River Arrow Valley article took me on a lovely walk up past Bird's Nest Cottage where dear Annie Williams lived in my childhood who often called at Penlan, my home, while walking from the

bus to see her mother or sister. My father's Land Rover always took her on up after a cuppa with us. Radnorshire is where we all my ancestors originate, so I am very fond of it. You will know it too from the *Diary*.

We do, and we hope to be there soon.



River Arrow.

Photo: Richard Parker

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Welcome to new members. We really hope we will be able to meet together as a Society this year.

OBITUARIES

Mr C. J. (Jeff) MARSHALL

29 June 1936 – 27 December 2020

Alan Brimson writes:

It is with great sadness I have to announce the passing of Mr. C.J. Marshall.

Jeff Marshall, along with his wife Pam, joined the Society in 1975 and have been stalwarts of the Society over their 45 years of membership.

Jeff took on many roles for the Society, firstly Publications Manager before being cajoled by our former Chairman, Michael Sharp, to become Editor of the Society newsletter. What a great move this was. Jeff went on to change the title to the *Journal*, introduced a full colour publication and brought it bang up to date to become the *Journal* we all look forward to dropping through our letter boxes today. Having resigned once as editor, he was dragged back, reluctantly, from retirement to continue when the future of the *Journal* was in jeopardy. Finally, he stood down when the present editor, Mary Steele most ably took over.

Jeff was not finished however: a committee member for more years than I can recall, he then took on the position of Minute Secretary before calling it a day in September 2020.

Personally, I shall miss Jeff greatly; he always kept in touch taking a keen interest in Society affairs. 'What's new?' 'What's happening?' 'What's going on?' He was, for me, a great sounding board, with a sympathetic ear and sound advice. The absence of his phone calls will leave a regrettable void in my life.

In committee he more than held his own and was a respected, forthright committee man. A fitting memorial to Jeff is the new Kilvert Memorial Gates at St. Andrews, Bredwardine, which at the instigation of Jeff, were replaced by the Society in 2015. He also managed their maintenance, ensuring preservation was regularly applied.

We have lost someone who lived and breathed for the Society, whose dedication could not be faulted, and he will be greatly missed.

Our condolences go to Pam and daughter Annie Garside, who manages our website. A great Marshall family trio.

The funeral was held in Leamington Spa on 15 January.

Richard Weston spoke the eulogy:

Jeff was a very special person, much loved by everybody here today, he was my cousin, second cousin actually, my mother's cousin – the youngest in the family, so nearer in age to my sister, brother and me.

We grew up holding Jeff in high regard – he was always seen as a model – hard working and committed but still amusing, charming, great fun.

Jeff was born in Pontypool in 1936 – he went to West Mon Grammar School and then to Aberystwyth University where he studied Modern Languages (French and German).

He started teaching in Warwickshire and taught in two of the independent schools in Warwick and Leamington (Leamington College for Boys) after marrying Pam in 1960. Jane and Annie completed their family and Jeff remained as a teacher finding great satisfaction in his job and earning a high degree of respect from colleagues and students alike.

Whilst always living in England Jeff remained a proud Welshman returning often to visit family in Pontypool. As an avid Welsh Rugby supporter he took pleasure in celebrating Welsh successes over his English cousins.

Jeff was a believer, celebrating regularly in this church. Jeff and Pam, as members of the Prayer Book Society, very much loved services held using the 1662 Book of Common Prayer.

Jeff was an avid reader on all subjects, as the groaning shelves in Upper Holly Walk testify. He was a true polymath. Jeff was guaranteed to have knowledge of any subject under discussion – always vital for a regular quiz participant. He was also a cruciverbalist, a keen crossword solver, loving the intricacies of word play that so intrigues linguists.

Whilst he was at Warwick School Jeff took on the editorship of the School Magazine, a task which he enjoyed and carried out until his retirement. On retirement he was asked by the then Chairman of the Kilvert Society to take on board the editorship of the Society newsletter, which at that time was a modest home-printed triannual sheet. Jeff decided that the Society deserved better and with his experience of the School Magazine he single handedly turned the *Journal* into what is considered to be the finest small society magazine in the country, producing it three times a year, later twice. Jeff and the Society were justifiably proud of this work which is still produced in the way that Jeff created it originally.

Jeff and very many talents, charm and intelligence, he was an exceptionally loving husband to Pam, father to Jane and Annie, grandfather to Evie and Daisy and father-in-law to Nathan – he was indeed a very special man to all of us and above all Jeff was a good man – were we all as good.



Mr William BARRY

Mr William Barry, of Cockermouth, died on 10 October 2020, aged ninety. He had been a member since 2000.



Mr John DAME

Mr John Dame (Jim), of Uckfield, died in September 2020. He had been a member since 1979.



Mr William PRITCHARD

Mr William Pritchard, of Chester, died in September 2020. He had been a member since 2014.

SPECIAL OFFER

Three-Volume Diary, packed in slip case, available to members at £60 plus £12.98 p&p (or can be collected post free)

Kilvert Society DVD

A film depicting the early days of the Society. £15 + £2 p&p.

East End: West End. Alone in London

by John Toman
The history of Victorian clergyman George Trousdale and his wife, Bee Smallcombe, who was known by Kilvert. (Vol III, pp184,186). Their lives are explored in comparison with the *Diary*. £15 inc p&p.

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&p.

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.

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 homecoming 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.

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

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

The Other Francis Kilvert Francis Kilvert of Claverton (1803-1863), by Teresa Williams and Frederick Grice. £2.

Index of Journal/ Newsletters 1956-2000, by the late Rev 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.

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 on 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.

Kilvert's Diary and Landscape (978-071883-0953) and **Kilvert's World of Wonders – growing up in Victorian England** (978-071889-3019). Both by John Toman. Lutterworth Press.

A Deep Sense of the Uses of Money: Kilvert's forebears in Bath and India. **True Heirs to Israel:** Kilvert's theology. **The Lost Photo Album** (2nd edition). All available directly from John Toman johntoman@dymond.force9.co.uk

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 0-907158-02-1.

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

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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.

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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.

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