

THE  
**JOURNAL**  
OF  
*THE KILVERT SOCIETY*



Number 53

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# 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](http://www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk)**

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## *Forthcoming Events 2022*

**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](mailto:jeanbrimson@hotmail.com)**

### **Wednesday 9 March 2022**

Visit to Worcester. (Please return the enclosed expression of interest form).

### **Friday 22 and Saturday 23 April 2022**

A.G.M, seminar, and annual dinner. (Details to follow)

### **Saturday 25 June 2022**

Visit to Aberystwyth. (To be confirmed).

### **Saturday 24 September 2022**

Hay Castle and Hay on Wye. (To be confirmed)

The committee decided to revert to April for the AGM weekend which will mean another AGM within 8 months. This will enable us to return to our regular schedule of events in 2022. Then subsequently and hopefully we will be back to normal?!

**See the 'From the Secretary Column' for September and October 2021 events.**

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

**Front cover:** *Llywelyn's cave, Aberedw*. Photo Rob Graves

**Back cover:** *Silbury Hill, Wiltshire*. Photo Chris Gunn via Wikimedia Commons

## From the Editor

At last, an excursion to report on. Aberedw was one of Kilvert's favourite walks, and a popular outing for Society members in the past, so it was a happy coincidence that we resumed events with this visit.

In this edition, we visit Wiltshire for a long walk with Kilvert and his brother, and, in the following month, a shorter walk Kilvert took with Louisa (Georgie) Gale. The minor characters in the *Diary* are seen to have had fascinating lives of their own. As promised, the index to Society excursions reported in *Journals* 1-51 appears in this *Journal* and I write about their history. **If you would like the list of excursions as a separate document to go with the index sent out with *Journal* 52, let me know and I will email or post you a copy.**

You may have been frustrated, upon opening the last two editions of the *Journal*, to have noted the Forthcoming Events column, only to read in an insert sheet that the advertised events have been postponed. The reason is that the *Journal* goes to press some weeks before the inserts which can be produced at short notice just before the *Journal* package is prepared for posting. As we know, in the last year those weeks have involved the lockdown situation changing, and changing again. Irritating though it can be, please make sure you check the inserts, after which you can go on to enjoy the main body of the *Journal*.

The Rectory Society ([rectorysociety.org.uk](http://rectorysociety.org.uk)) was formed in 2006 'to help further interest in all former and existing rectories, parsonages and other clergy dwellings.' They recently asked us for an article about *Kilvert's Diary*, and clergy dwellings mentioned included Hardenhuish, Langley Burrell and Bredwardine, and also Kilvert's lodgings at Clyro and St Harmon, and John Price, *the Solitary*, whose clergy homes included three bathing machines and a converted chicken hut, described by Kilvert on 3 July, 1872.

## From the Secretary

At long last, following the 18 months of lockdown and a succession of cancelled meetings and events, the gathering at Erwood, Aberedw and Llywelyn's Cave at the end of June, proved to be a great success with some 30 members in attendance. Our thanks go to Rob Graves, our Chairman, for organising the day and to Sue and Mike Rose who, with my wife Jean, provided us all with a splendid al fresco cream tea, also not forgetting 'Uncle Frank' for ensuring the sun shone on us all.

There is currently a superb Kilvert exhibition at Chippenham Museum, Market Place, Chippenham. This includes the two notebooks on loan from the National Library of Wales, as well as the Kilvert Family Photo Album. The exhibition finishes on Saturday 9 October and is well worth a visit. The curator, Melissa Barnett, deserves our support for the museum's initiative.

On Sunday 26 September St. Michaels Church at Clyro are holding their Harvest Festival Service with a Kilvert theme and will include an organ recital by the distinguished organist Hilary Davan Wetton. The service commences at 11 am. I hope as many members as possible will be able to support this event.

## Contents



### Inside Front Cover

Officials of the Society  
and dates for your diary

- 1 From the Editor
- 1 From the Secretary
- 2 From the Chairman

### EVENTS AND EXCURSIONS

- 3 The June Visit to Aberedw  
by Rob and Kerry Graves
- 6 Index of Kilvert Society Excursions, 2000 – 2020

### FEATURES

- 8 Motor Coach from Hereford
- 10 Sarah Hamlin of the Bell Inn, Overton  
by Teresa Williams
- 14 'Sweet' Georgie Gale – Mysteries and Coincidencies  
by Richard Parker
- 18 Kilvert: drink, temperance – or the road to ruin?  
by Robert Anthony
- 23 Changing Plans  
by Mary Steele



- 24 REVIEW  
The Handkerchief Tree

- 26 IN THE MEDIA  
How to save a castle

- 27 FROM THE ARCHIVE

- 28 OBITUARY  
Miss Margaret Pugh

- 28 POSTSCRIPT

### Inside Back Cover

Society publications and other recommended books  
about Francis Kilvert

On Friday 8 October at The Bishop's Palace, Hereford at 7 pm, the much-delayed AGM will be held, following which, after our buffet supper, Mark Jickells will address us with his talk 'Walking the Wye'.

The next day, Saturday 9 October, we gather at The Pilgrim Hotel, Much Birch 10 am for coffee and at 10.30 am A Victorian Magic Lantern Show is presented by Patrick Furley, followed by Gillian & Colin Clarke who launch their new book 'The Handkerchief Tree- A Life in Letters'.

On the evening, at the same venue, our Annual Dinner, meet at 6.30 pm for 7 pm for a lively evening of readings and good food. This must be pre-booked and if you have not previously done so, you are not too late, so please contact the Secretary to book your place at the dinner. Those of you who had booked earlier, rest assured your reservation has been carried forward.

## From the Chairman

"May you live in interesting times," runs the supposedly Chinese curse that turns out not to be Chinese at all but more probably a coinage of twentieth century Western origin. Whatever the case, the truth is that we have all living in interesting times over the past year and a half and have learned to appreciate the meaning of this soi-disant 'curse'. All our lives have been turned upside down, including the life of the Society. Since 23 March 2020, the date of the first lockdown, the Society has missed two AGMs and all of its planned excursions up until June this year, when our first organised visit, to Aberedw, was finally permitted to take place, an occasion greatly enjoyed by all who attended as much for the opportunity to meet face to face as for the experience of returning to a place so dear to Kilvert's own heart.

"The more things change the more they stay the same," declares the French expression. This sentiment of Gallic cynicism strikes one as rather hard to swallow coming from a nation that saw a revolution, the guillotining of a king and queen, the rise and fall of an emperor, three more kings of doubtful quality, another emperor, a military defeat and the declaration of a republic all in the space of eighty odd years. Most of us, at root, do not greatly care for change, but it is something we have had to get used to over the past eighteen months, enduring restrictions to our freedom unknown outside wartime. In the course of the pandemic we have had to embrace a hitherto unsuspected sense of social discipline and social responsibility. Our view of 'normality' is no longer what it was and we have been forced to reassess those values in life which we once considered so important. Perhaps this is no bad thing. We have had to re-learn, sometimes in the most cruel of circumstances, what life is really about and who and what are the truly important elements that make up our lives. Hopefully, after all the changes we have undergone things will not stay quite the same. Let us trust, as we emerge from the covid pandemic, that we have learned its lessons and that the 'new normal' will be better, if only by degrees, than the old.

## 'Kilvert took some of the school children to Aberedw'



Aberedw Rocks from River Edw. Photo from an 1888 album, now part of the Kilvert Archive in the Radnorshire Museum. Thanks to John Price for supplying his copy of the photo.

This intriguing entry is from the diary of the Revd Venables for Wednesday 15 May 1872. Frustratingly, this date is omitted from Kilvert's published *Diary*. On 11 May, Kilvert reported that the weather was *the bitterest bleakest May I ever saw* with snow on the hills, but a whole week's entries are missing and, by 18 May, the weather had completely changed and Kilvert took his book outside to read. We must assume that the weather was good enough to allow an outing on the 15th but we don't know whether its purpose was an educational school trip or a celebration of some kind.

How did Kilvert get the children to Aberedw? The *Diary* records two walks he took from Clyro across the hills: on 17 March 1870 with Morrell, and on 14 September 1874, also with Morrell and this time accompanied by the new vicar (Prickard) and his curate (Trumper). On both occasions, they came home by train as far as Hay, from Aberedw station on the first walk and, on the second, from Erwood. He must have taken the children by train. The stations were on the Mid-Wales Railway, which was one of the numerous small railway companies that were founded during this period. The Mid-Wales Railway had big ambitions, but competition confined it to a seventy mile route between Llanidloes and a junction at Three Cocks with the Brecon and Merthyr Railway, which took them to Hay. Kilvert used this train when he visited the Venables' at Llysdinam and he praised the beauty of the route on a couple of occasions: on 17 September 1874 and on 12 April 1875. The latter trip was the occasion of the eulogy beginning *Oh Aberedw, Aberedw* (Vol 3, p168-9). It ends with these words:

*And once again I hear the merry voices and laughter of the children as they clamber down the cliff path among the bushes or along the rock ledges of the riverside or climb the Castle Mount or saunter along the narrow green meadow tree-fringed and rock-bordered and pass in and out of Llewellyn's cave, or gather wood and light the fire among the rocks upon the moor; or loiter down the valley to Cavan Twm Bach and cross the shining ferry at sunset...*

Could he be referring to the Clyro school children in this passage?

The editor thanks Margaret Collins for pointing out this entry, Laurence Le Quesne for his article on Mr Venables' diary in the *Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet* (p43-58) and Chris Barber for his note on the Mid Wales Railway in *Exploring Kilvert Country* (p148).



# EVENTS AND EXCURSIONS

## The June Visit to Aberedw

*By Rob and Kerry Graves*

We began the day with some trepidation, with light but steady rain falling as we made our way to the meeting point at the Station Gallery, Erwood. The turnout proved better than expected, with close to thirty members attending and meeting for the first time since the Society's Wiltshire visit as long ago as September 2019.

Fortunately, the weather brightened up as we went on by car to Aberedw village, with the River Wye on our left and the rocks of Aberedw, so beloved of Kilvert, hidden by trees high on our right. Proceeding to the church, dedicated to Saint Cewydd, the Welsh patron saint of rain, we were warmly welcomed by churchwarden Ann Humphries who gave us leave to peruse the building at leisure. The church, though relatively unassuming on the outside, has a delightful interior graced by a particularly impressive rood screen. Oddly, Kilvert makes no mention of the church at all in the *Diary*.

A picnic lunch was held in the churchyard in glorious sunshine, the normally fastidious Saint Cewydd having, it seemed, stayed his hand and granted us a dry day. After lunch, the party listened to an extract from Vol 3 of the *Diary*, in which, on 13 April 1875, Kilvert, on a visit to Builth, recalls his first walk as a young curate to Builth via Aberedw on 29 May 1865. It is a passage vibrant with Kilvert's enchantment with the village and its surroundings. As usual with Kilvert, the passage hints at the characteristic lure of the feminine, clearly evident in his description of *the two beautiful chestnut haired girls at play with the children*, followed by the puzzling reference to *the angel with the flaming sword* who bars the entrance to Paradise. Whatever it was that Kilvert saw in the village and that so entranced him



*Aberedw church: the Medieval screen.*

Photo: David Elvins



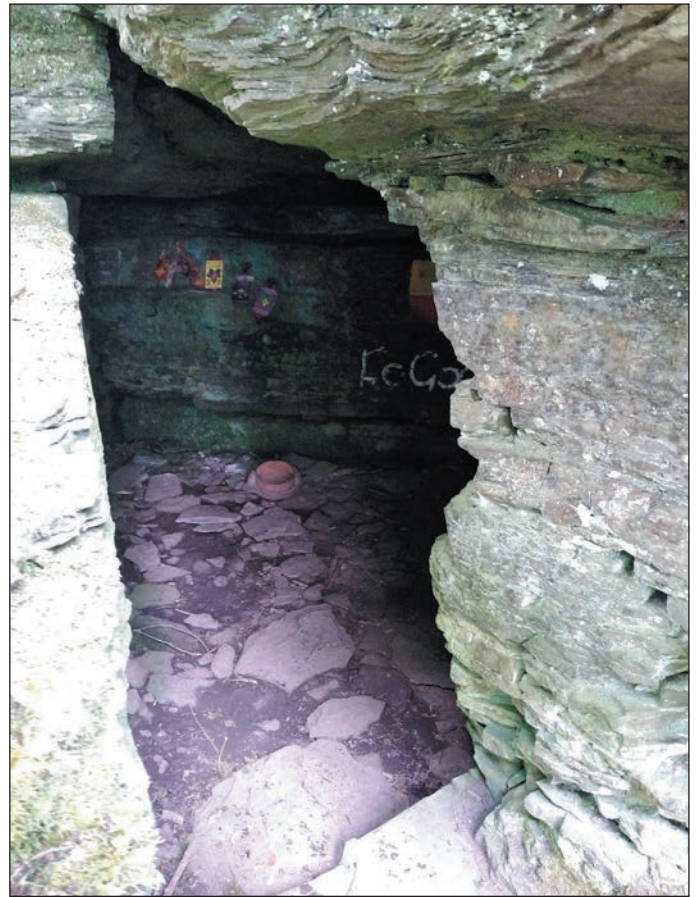
*Aberedw church: the Victorian font.*

Photo: Ann Dean



that day remains unknown, but one thing is starkly clear, and that is the darkening of his mood in the lapse of the preceding ten years. Though Aberedw itself retains its magic for him there is an unmistakable air of personal disillusionment in the way he seems to view his current situation. Perhaps we have here a reflexion of his now declining relationship with Katherine Heanley and his possible fear that marriage and children may not be for him. There is a poignant sadness in the final words of the entry: *Oh Aberedw, Aberedw*.

For the more stalwart among our group there now followed a walk up to Llywelyn's cave on the high ground above the village. Some fifteen of us braved the steep ascent to the meadow where, on the left-hand side, the cave lies hidden in the undergrowth. It is, incidentally, the same cave that is reputed to have been inhabited by Saint Cewydd himself during his life as a hermit. Kilvert walked here with his friend Morrell of Cae Mawr on 17 March 1870. (Vol 1, p58-61) He writes of a door, long since gone, fitted to the cave entrance and of carvings on the walls inside, though these were indistinguishable to us in the poor light of the interior. Today there are daubings on the walls commemorating Prince Llywelyn, the last ruler of an independent Wales and the last Welshman to hold the title Prince of Wales. The group gathered together to hear a reading of Kilvert's description of the cave and a brief account of two versions of Llywelyn's death in 1282 at the hands of English soldiers, both written decades later in England. Both versions of the story are somewhat confused, but whether we believe that Llywelyn spent a night in the cave only to be killed by an English horseman the next day, or that he died in a battle at nearby Cilmeri, there are elements in the two



*Llywelyn's Cave entrance.*

Photo: David Horner



*Picnic lunch at Aberedw.*

Photo: Nicholas Green





*Llywelyn's Cave paintings.*

Photo: David Horner

narratives that appear to point to a common source, though it is one that can now only be guessed at today.

Following our trek back to Aberedw, a good deal easier than the ascent, the whole party then returned by car to Erwood, where we were treated to an excellent tea provided by Sue Rose

and Jean Brimson, both of whom are to be roundly thanked for all their hard work. It was a perfect ending to what had proved to be a very pleasant and worthwhile day, one made all the more enjoyable by the experience of meeting one another again after so long and so difficult a period.



*Sue Rose manages tea at Erwood.*

Photo: Val Dixon





Outside the Seven Stars Inn, Aberedw, next door to the church.

Photo: Rob Graves

## Index of Kilvert Society Excursions, 2000 – 2019

This index is of excursions reported in *Journals* 1 – 51. Excursions are listed alphabetically by place, with date and *Journal* page reference. Services held as part of an excursion weekend are listed with the excursion. Reports on Kilvert Pilgrimages are listed separately at the end.

Abbey Cwm-Hir, Llwynbarried Hall, Ysfa	September 2008	28:3-5
Aberedw, Llewellyn's Cave, Twm Tobacco's grave	September 2007	25:2-5
Aberystwyth	September 2003	13:4-5
Bath	February 2004	14:3-6
Bath	March, 2012	35:164-7
Brecon	June 2018	47:7-8
Bredwardine	May 2012	35:176
Bredwardine	September 2016	44:6
Bristol	February 2006	20:3-5
Bristol	March 2010	31:38 – 39
Bristol, Brunel Museum	March 2019	49:7-8
Brobury and Snodhill	September 2004	16:3
Bulkington and Keevil, Wiltshire	June 2015	41: 354-5
Chippenham	February 2008	26:2-3
Chippenham	September 2017	46:7-8



Clifford	September 2012	36:208-9
Clyro and Bredwardine	April 2000	2:2-7
Clyro and Credenhill	June 2005	18:2-4
Clyro and Bettws	June 2010	31:46-49
Colva	June 2007	24:2-4
Condoover	September 2000	4:4-5
Cusop	April 2002	8:6-7
Dulwich Picture Gallery	February 2003	11:3
Dulwich Picture Gallery	March 2014	39:293-6
Elan Valley	September 2001	7:1-3
Hartlebury Castle	April 2018	47:3-5
Hay-on-Wye	June 2001	6:3
Hay-on-Wye, Llanthony, Capel-y-Ffin	September 2014	40:324-8
Kinnersley	September, 2015	42:6-7
Lacock	September 2013	38:282-3
Langley Burrell	June 2002	9:3-4
Langley Burrell	September 2006	21:3
Langley Burrell and Kellaways	September 2009	30: 5-7
Langley Burrell and Hardenhuish	September 2011	34:133-4
Langley Burrell and Draycot Cerne	September 2019	50:5-7, 16
Lincolnshire	May 2010	31:40-45
Llanbedr	September 2010	32:5-13
Llangorse Lake	June 2009	29:9-10
Llanigon	September 1999	1:2-5
Llanigon and Clyro	September 2018	48:9-11
Malmesbury	March 2017	45:2-3
Moccas	June 2003	12:3-4
Monnington	June 2004	15:2-4
Monnington	June 2012	35:174-5
Old Weston, Bredwardine	June 2006	21:3-5
Oxford	February 2005	17:10-11
Oxford	March 2013	37:227-30
Oxford	March 2016	43:2-6
Peterchurch	June 2017	45:4-5
Radnorshire Museum	September 2008	28:3
Roundabout (viewpoint)	September 2002	10:3-4, 43:8
Salisbury and Britford	February 2007	23:3-4
Snodhill, Dorstone and Clyro	June 2011	33:108-109,112
Snodhill and Dorstone	June 2019	49:13-16
Tintern and Glaschwim	June 2013	37:226, 231
Weston-super-Mare	March 2011	33:105-8
Whitney-on-Wye, Disserth, Llys dinam	June 2000	3:2-3
Worcester	March, 2009	29:4-7
Wotton by Woodstock	September 2005	19:3-4

Kilvert Pilgrimages are reported as follows: 3:6-7, 16:17, 19: 4-9, 23:14-16, 26:21-4, 37:247, 46:9



## Motor Coach from Hereford

### A short history of Kilvert Society Excursions

‘It has been arranged that a WYE VALLEY MOTOR COACH (OR COACHES) will leave the CITY LIBRARY, BROAD STREET, HEREFORD at 1.45. Seats are 4/6d each’

The main event of the Kilvert year from its inception was the Annual Commemoration Service<sup>1</sup>. From the beginning, it was the practice to hire a coach from Hereford to the service, as can be seen from a 1949 letter reprinted in *Journal* 26 (p9). The archive of Society newsletters begins in April 1960 which records a visit to Worcester cathedral, to Uley, where they visited Kilvert’s great niece Thermuthis Olivia (Mrs Williams) who was a Vice-President of the Society, and a walk from Bryngwyn to Colva. Society excursions were a feature by now and a note in the April 1964 newsletter gives us an earlier date, as it refers to two coachloads visiting the Chippenham area in 1955.

In the June 1966 newsletter, it was reported that, after hearing a programme of readings about Kilvert in the Builth Wells area ‘the vote taken afterwards was overwhelmingly in favour of a motor coach tour to these places on a Saturday afternoon in the near future.’ This tour took place, and a third coach hiring that year took members to a ‘special service’ at Monnington. This began a tradition of holding an autumn service as well as the annual commemoration. Secretary Oswin Prosser later explained to new members that the autumn service was often held at a Kilvert church that was too small to take the numbers expected at the main commemoration service. The Builth Wells visit being a success, ‘suggestions were made that something similar should be done’ and an excursion to Capel-y-Ffin was arranged, for a Thursday as there would be too much traffic on the narrow roads on a Saturday afternoon. Despite this attempt to avoid travel problems (which must have ruled out most members with jobs), there was a difficulty with the coach proprietor, who refused to take his vehicles beyond Llanthony. Another company took the booking, but only if the Society accepted an older, narrower coach. There was quite a link with the Father Ignatius Memorial Trust at this period and for some time afterwards.

The Spring 1970 newsletter advertised the Annual Spring Coach Tour for May, a June service at Clyro, an autumn service at Wotton-by-Woodstock, ‘a nice run across the Cotswolds’ and a party of members being invited to visit Llwynbarried Hall. Car drivers were also expected at events, and detailed parking instructions were supplied for parking at Bredwardine, then at Clyro: ‘ON ONE SIDE OF THE ROAD ONLY...NO PARKING ON CORNERS’.

For the May 1971 coach trip to Oxford, a small 29-seater was booked and members from outside the Hereford area would join the party by car. Also in 1971, the autumn service grew into a Kilvert Weekend: a walk on the Saturday to Aberedw, an evening at Clyro village hall looking at slides of Society events, and a commemorative service on Sunday afternoon. The pattern of a walk one day and a service on the day before or after was developed as members travelling from a distance wanted to make the most of their stay. Walkers could be intrepid; in 1962 members ‘climbed Plynlimon’ and in 1981, despite snow showers that morning, walkers recklessly went on from Capel-y-Ffin across the mountain towards Lord Hereford’s Knob, until a blizzard persuaded them to turn back. Coach excursions became longer: to Langley Burrell, Malmesbury, Bath, Oxford, Bristol, Aberystwyth, the Gower in October and again in the following May in case it wasn’t raining this time. Individuals also arranged holidays for small groups of fellow members, including to Cornwall and the Isle of Wight, led by the then Membership Secretary, Hugh Dearlove.<sup>2</sup>

In 1982, a new word entered the excursion arrangements. The trip for June ‘will take the form of a motorcade’, undertaking an eighty mile round trip as far as St Harmon and Abbey Cwmhir. By 1983, excursions were becoming separated from services, and the coach booked for Oxford was cancelled with two carloads only making the trip. No summer event was arranged the following year and it was noted that the August event was becoming unpopular. In 1988, members were asked how they would like events to develop and the idea of a residential weekend around the AGM was mooted. As well as commenting ‘This would involve more organisation’, it was explained ‘Many of these ideas spring from the perception that the membership of the Society is much more scattered than was the case when the Society began in 1948’. Only 40 members replied, and the consensus was for no change: ‘don’t rock the boat’. A change was made in 1990, however, ‘three lectures’ being held on the Saturday after the AGM, instead of a walk; then the former pattern was retained, with coaches transporting Borders members to Langley Burrell, and Wiltshire members to Bredwardine. The last coach excursion I could find was to Aberystwyth in September 2003.

Major change came in 2001, when the AGM took its present form of a Saturday morning Seminar, free afternoon, and





*A mishap on the road during an early Kilvert excursion.*

Photo: Kilvert Society Archive

evening Dinner. As well as this, a proposal for a winter event was made in the September 2001 *Journal*. The first was a visit to Dulwich Picture Gallery in February 2003. The winter visit moved to March in 2009. The pattern of winter visit early in the year, AGM, seminar and dinner weekend, summer and autumn events was established for twenty years. And then, Covid-19 stopped everything, and 2020 was the first year since the Society was founded that no events or excursions took place.

There had been some worries expressed at Committee meetings in 2019. Despite anxieties about numbers attending, these compare well with those reported for earlier years. The big decline was attendance at services, where the numbers had dwindled so dramatically from the hundreds reported in the 1960s, with loudspeakers relaying the service to an overflow congregation in the churchyard, that the Society reverted to holding one service a year. In 2019, a successful joint service was held with the Clyro Harvest Festival, and this connection was to have followed in 2020, including an organ recital, an event curtailed by lockdown. The small Committee copes with

the organisation required for the AGM weekend plus excursions, much of the workload undertaken by the Secretary. A request for volunteers for an Events Secretary has gone to members. We aim to, not rock the boat, but keep considering what is wanted, and manageable, for our members, including new members who haven't yet had a chance to get involved with the Society in person.

## NOTES

The newsletters were written by Oswin Prosser until the end of 1977, then by Edward West until Jeff Marshall took over in 1999 and launched the *Journal*.

<sup>1</sup> A record of services from 1948-2007 appeared on pages 13-14 of *Journal* 26.

<sup>2</sup> See *The Handkerchief Tree: the journal of Frederick Grice, 1946-1983* for descriptions of some of these minibus tours.



# SARAH HAMLIN of the BELL INN, OVERTON

*Another story from a Wiltshire Diary entry, by Teresa Williams*

**M**rs Sarah Hamlin is mentioned just once in the published *Diary*. She features in the long entry for Wednesday 15 April 1874 (Vol 2, p432-5), when we read of *the Hamlins* (of the Bell Inn, Overton), *who were so kind to Kilvert's brother Teddy during the time he stayed at the inn with a sprained foot in 1873 at harvest time.*

The edited *Diary* makes no mention of Teddy suffering any accident in the late summer of 1873. There are just nine *Diary* entries for the month of August 1873 and sixteen for the following month. The *Diary* has a gap from 9 to 19 August 1873, the editor William Plomer providing no explanatory footnote as to the reason. In September 1873, Kilvert is away at Taunton from the 8<sup>th</sup> to the 16<sup>th</sup> enjoying a short holiday with the Hockins, with a subsequent short visit to Wells and Glastonbury. Nowhere during that period is there any indication of the accident which stranded Teddy in the Bell Inn, Overton, at harvest time in 1873. Nor do we know the reason for Teddy being in the neighbourhood unless he had been visiting his old school, Marlborough College.

The village and church of Overton, Wiltshire, where the Bell Inn is situated, are described in the 1868 *National Gazetteer of Great Britain and Ireland* as follows:-

‘OVERTON is a small village 4 miles S-W of Marlborough. It is situated on the River Kennet which is generally dry in summer. The living is a Vicarage consolidated with that of Fyfield and curacy of Alton Priors in the diocese of Sarum, worth £319. The Church dedicated to St Michael and All Angels has a square pinnacle tower with three bells and is an ancient stone edifice.’

On Wednesday 15 April 1874, which Kilvert said was a day of *A bright hot sun and cold east wind, the sky a deep and wonderful blue and the roads dry*, he and Teddy decided to walk to Overton on the Marlborough Downs. *We went by train to Calne at ten o'clock.* In Calne, they briefly visited the noble Church with its Norman pillars and arches but realising it was the time of morning prayer and as they had not time to remain and join in the service we closed the door reverently and came away. After refreshments of ale at the Black Horse in the presence of the great White Horse on the hillside at Cherhill, Kilvert and Teddy commenced their walk *on and on over the long white road stretching up and down but rising ever across the backs of the great rolling downs, with the sun glaring hot and scorching on our right hand and the N.E. wind piercing keen on our left.*

The *Diary* entry describes their walk in great detail. *Soon we saw the first outlying barrow rising over a shoulder of the down, solemn, mysterious, holding its secret in unbroken silence and impenetrable mystery. There was a ceaseless singing of larks in the vast empty expanse of the sky and down. They were rising in the sunshine all over the hills..... Teams of horses and oxen were crawling slowly along the great slopes at plough and harrow and one team of four white oxen harrowing in the distance seemed scarcely to move at all. The grey Tower of Yatesbury Church rose among the grove of trees, which sheltered the village, far on the left.... Solitary barrows rose here and there upon the heaving down. The sun glared blinding upon the white flint road and the white chalk land and the great yellow dandelions by the road side stared at the sun. On, on, up the interminable road winding like a white ribbon over the green downs till at length*



*Bell Inn, Overton.*





Calne Church Interior:

Photo courtesy of Teresa Williams

*we climbed to 'Needle Point,' the highest ridge, and began to descend to Beckhampton. Then the King of the Barrows, strange, vast, mysterious Silbury Hill came in sight, the great problem, the world's puzzle, with the white chalk landslip on its steep lofty green slope. The great cloud shadows came flying over the downs and sweeping swiftly across the Mount.*

During 1873, Silbury Hill had been advertised for 'Sale' in an auction of the Avebury Manor House Estate, the auction to take place at the Bear Hotel in Devizes. Details in the *Swindon Advertiser & North Wiltshire Chronicle* dated May 1873, briefly described the Barrow as:

"A large artificial Mound, 170 feet in height,  
covering an area of about Five Acres  
and possessing a great Archaeological Interest."

On Monday 7 July 1873, the *Devizes & Wilts Gazette* announced that "Silbury Hill, with the adjoining Bank, fell for £500 at the Auction to Mr George Sainsbury, solicitor of Devizes, acting on behalf of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., this being the second occasion on which this public-spirited antiquarian has come forward to secure the preservation of priceless monuments of Avebury." (This referred to an occasion a few years previously when Sir John had purchased an Avebury meadow, containing ancient standing stones, to prevent the land from being built upon).

The benefactor, Sir John Lubbock, Bart, [1834-1913] was an English banker, philanthropist, Liberal politician and holder of the Nobel Prize for Literature. He was responsible for the introduction into the House of Commons of the Ancient Monument Protection Act in 1882 and eleven years earlier, the

1871 Bank Holiday Act, ensuring that clearing banks should close on the first Monday in August each year. He was also President of the Wiltshire Archaeological Society.

In August 1879 the Society met at Marlborough for a Dinner, (Sir John Lubbock, presiding), following an 'Excursion' to Avebury and Silbury Hill. The local press reported the after-dinner speeches telling the story of "Sir John's generosity and determination in acquiring these two important ancient sites," and acknowledging "his efforts in the House of Commons to protect these world-famed monuments." (These days the whole area is scheduled a World Heritage Site.)

After passing by Silbury Hill the Diary's account of the walk continues, At Kennet our *eyes were refreshed by the vivid green of the rich low water meadows and the soft murmur of the streams, and our hearts by the thought of the strong Kennet ale that we should get at Overton. Along the crest of the last ascent, Seven Barrow Hill, the five remaining barrows rose in a line marking perhaps the graves of an army that had been destroyed defending the road. As we descended the hill towards Overton and the little wayside Bell Inn came in sight a sad presentiment seemed to come over my brother that the kind people, the Hamlins who were so kind to him when he stayed at the inn with a sprained foot last harvest, were dead or gone away.*

On arriving at the Inn, they saw that the name of 'Sarah Hamlin,' the licensee, *was still over the door.* Kilvert asked a young man who was *lounging in front of the house, 'Is Mrs Hamlin at home?'* only to be told '*Mrs Hamlin's dead.*' On hearing this sad news, Kilvert writes, *My brother was much distressed. It was a great and sudden shock.* The young man, whom they learn was Sarah Hamlin's son, Henry, then said,



'Miss Hamlin's at home'. 'Miss Hamlin' was Sophia, Sarah's daughter, described by Kilvert as *a tall beautiful girl in deep mourning with a sweet firm small mouth and singularly brilliant dark eyes*. Teddy asked her, 'Do you remember me?' and Kilvert confirmed, *She knew him at once.....They were old friends*.

Sophia told Teddy and Kilvert that her mother Mrs Sarah Hamlen, (the spelling used in all official records), had died at the Bell Inn a month previously. Records show her death as having taken place on Thursday 19 March 1874, and the Burial Register for St Michaels Church, Overton, lists her funeral on Friday 27 March. She was 53 years of age.

We can first trace the Hamlen family in the 1851 Census listing William, Sarah and their three children, Fanny and Henry at 9 and 8 years of age respectively and Sophia aged nine months. They are living in the hamlet of West Kennet in the parish of Avebury. Records show Fanny and Henry were each born at Uffcott, where they were baptised, whilst Sophia's birthplace was at West Kennett. Her baptism took place there on 4 August 1850. It has not been possible to positively identify a marriage date and place for William and Sarah due to more than one Wiltshire marriage involving a 'William Hamlen' marrying a young lady named 'Sarah' in the Marlborough area.

By the time of the 1861 Census, William, Sarah and daughter Sophia, now aged 11 years, are residing at Wroughton, Wiltshire where William is carrying out farm bailiff duties. The elder daughter, Fanny, is not mentioned but Henry, now 16 years of age, is living away from home as a boarder/apprentice in the household of a harness-maker named Enos Burge. Enos, his wife Sabina, (a straw-bonnet maker) and their family live and work in Avebury.

There is no mention in records available online of the year William Hamlen became the licensee of the Bell Inn at Overton, but the family were certainly there by 1869. On 21

January 1870, an arsonist set fire to three ricks on a Kennett farm belonging to Mr Roger Spackman and a young man living in the neighbourhood was accused of the crime. On the night in question, the young man had been with his mother and brother at the Bell Inn, he staying on for another hour after they left to travel home. In February 1870, Sarah Hamlen was called as a witness at a local court as to the attitude and behaviour of the accused whilst drinking at the Inn. She testified that the young man was not drunk or agitated in any way that he might commit such a crime on his way home. Fortunately for the defendant, Sarah's testimony helped in having the case dismissed at the Assizes in June 1870.

In her testimony, Sarah said that she particularly remembered the night of the arson attack because her husband was ill upstairs, an illness which later intensified and proved fatal. Her husband William, according to a notice in the *Devizes & Wiltshire Gazette* for 3 March 1870, died at the Inn on 28 February, "after a short but severe illness aged 66 years and 11 months." He died intestate but Sarah made a successful application at the County Sessions Court in Marlborough for the Inn's licence to be transferred into her name. It was not unusual for a woman to hold the licence for an inn or public house following the death of her husband, in order to make a living and avoid entering the dreaded Workhouse. In 1875, the licence of the Fighting Cock Inn at nearby Fyfield was transferred to Mrs Hannah Scott after the death of her husband the licensee, James Scott. It must, however, have been very hard physical work for a woman, in addition to dealing with customers who became inebriated and possibly aggressive.

In early June 1870, the local press advertised the "Annual Meeting of the Marlborough & District Agricultural Association," a well attended local event. The advertisement read as follows:-



'In the presence of the great White Horse on the hillside'.

Photo: EC BY-SA 40 via Wikimedia Commons

## **PLOUGHING and MOWING MATCHES**

Will take place on Tuesday, 14<sup>th</sup> JUNE Instant on Lands in the Respective Accommodations of Mrs LONG and Mr Henry JEFFREYS.

The MOWING will take place on a Field of Grass and Clover opposite Mr A TAYLOR at Fyfield.

The PLOUGHING will take place in a Field situate between Lockeridge and Overton."

A LUNCHEON will be provided by **Mrs HAMLEN** at the **BELL INN, OVERTON.**"

Sarah Hamlen appears to have been a successful hostess on the day according to reports in the local press. The *Wiltshire Independent* for Thursday 23 June 1870 said:-

"The number of gentlemen attending the Luncheon at the Bell Inn was greater than anticipated but Mrs Hamlen placed an excellent repast on the table and was warmly eulogized. The wines were provided by Mr Carter of Marlborough. Mr George Brown of Avebury presided and the Meeting and Luncheon were judged to be a complete success."

Sarah, no doubt, would have been delighted with this favourable comment about the luncheon she had provided, probably hoping that the recommendation would mean other local societies might be encouraged to use the Bell Inn.

In the 1871 Census Sarah was confirmed as the widowed head of the household and licensee of the Bell Inn. Her daughter Sophia aged 20, is listed as helping with the daily business of the Inn. There was no Census entry for daughter Fanny and Sarah's son Henry Hamlen, now 25 years of age is away from Overton still residing at Avebury. He is living in the household of Mrs Harriet Pratt who is shown as conducting a harness and saddle business. Henry and another man are employed as harness makers and two apprentices are also listed as lodgers.

The Bell Inn is next featured in Wiltshire newspapers on Monday 8 September 1873, when the Inn provided help after a person suffered a serious accident. An unnamed labouring man received severe facial injuries when he stumbled and fell beneath the hooves of a horse whilst walking alongside some that belonged to a troop of Royal Engineers returning to Aldershot from manoeuvres on Dartmoor. When the accident occurred, the soldiers were passing by the Bell Inn. The man's wounds were attended to there by a surgeon from the 93<sup>rd</sup> Highlanders travelling with the troop. The man was then put on a waggon and taken to Savernake Cottage Hospital for further treatment. He was later said to be making good progress.

Records for 1874 show that a month after Sarah Hamlen's death in March of that year, Probate and Administration of her estate and effects (valued at under £200) were granted at Salisbury on 24 April to 'Henry Hamlen of Overton, Harness-maker, the Son and one of the next of kin.' Two months later, Henry applied at the Marlborough Petty Sessions Court to become landlord of the Bell Inn, his successful action being reported as follows:

From: *North Wiltshire Herald*, Saturday 20 June 1874

"The license (sic) of the Bell Inn, Overton was granted to Mr Henry Hamlen, the Son and Administrator of Mrs Sarah Hamlen, the late holder."

A fortnight later, a notice of Henry's marriage appeared in Wiltshire, Hampshire and Berkshire newspapers:-

"Marriage: On Thursday 25<sup>th</sup> June 1874 at St Mary's Church, Marlborough, by the Reverend John Parr, Vicar, Mr Henry

Hamlen of the Bell Inn, Overton to Miss Elizabeth Cook, the daughter of the late Mr Cook of the King's Arms Inn at Pewsey, Wiltshire."

Elizabeth's father had died in early 1874 and Petty Session documents for Pewsey record the licence of the King's Arms Inn being transferred 'from Mr George Cook to a Mr George Plank on Friday 13<sup>th</sup> February 1874.' As usual, this notice was published in several local newspapers. Elizabeth must have been a help to Henry as she would have been familiar with the daily business of an inn. Presumably Henry's sister, Sophia, continued to assist him as she had whilst her mother was alive.

A reference to Henry and his tenure as landlord at Overton comes in a newspaper called the *Sporting Life*. Published in London, the edition for Saturday 26 September 1874 contained a column written by 'Amesbury.' Reporting on the winning dogs taking part in the Avebury Coursing Meeting held in that area, which had concluded on 23 September, the journalist wrote:-

"I should recommend those who wish for comfortable quarters during the forthcoming Beckhampton Open Coursing Meeting commencing on Tuesday, October 13<sup>th</sup> 1874, to patronise Mr Hamlen at the Bell Inn, Overton without delay. The Inn is situated within two miles of the Coursing Ground." An advertisement by the Hon. Secretary explained the Meeting was for "Greyhound Stakes for All-aged Greyhounds, the draw taking place at the White Hart Inn, Calne on Monday 12<sup>th</sup> October. Nominations cost £2 and a Dinner ticket, Four Shillings."

This is the last sighting so far found of Henry Hamlen in archive newspapers online nor has he and his wife Elizabeth been traced in later records.

Henry's sister Sophia married Hubert Andrew Norris at Trowbridge, Wiltshire on 12 February 1878. The 1881 Census shows they are living at the Swan Hotel in Bradford-upon-Avon, listed as victuallers. Ten years later in 1891 their residence is the Phoenix Hotel in Gillingham, Dorset. Sophia and Hubert raised a family of two sons and one daughter, their elder son, Francis Hamlen Norris, being killed in action in the Great War during the 1915 Gallipoli campaign.

In the 1880's, the Bell Inn continued to give help and shelter to travellers affected by accidents or harsh weather and also acted as the venue for auctions of property and sales of wood. In January 1881, England suffered a snow storm of epic proportions causing drifts up to twelve feet deep across open country. Two men and a boy lost their lives near the Bell Inn in the blizzard and their frozen bodies were brought to the Inn to await a coroner's inquest.

Similar weather had prevailed during the first half of the century in the Marlborough area and a 'Memoir' describing such conditions was published in the *Bath Chronicle* in April 1893. Entitled 'Old Coaching Days' it told of past times when "On several occasions up to ten Night Coaches were seen snowed up outside the Bell Inn at Overton, very often for a day and a half."

More instances of assistance being given by the Bell Inn were reported in the local press during the years up to 1898 but as none named the licensee of the Inn, we do not know the length of Henry Hamlen's occupancy as landlord. At the Wilton Estate auction in January 1898 *The Salisbury Times* announced that "Lot 6, the fully licensed Bell Inn" had been auctioned off at "an annual rent of £101 to Mr Butler of the Kennett Brewery."

The Bell Inn at Overton is still in existence, nearly a century and a half after Teddy's stay there in 1873, and the kindness of Sarah Hamlen was recorded for posterity in *Kilvert's Diary*.



# ‘Sweet’ Georgie Gale

## Mysteries and Coincidences

By Richard Parker

*This happy afternoon I went lilying in Hartham Woods with sweet Georgie Gale:* so begins Kilvert’s diary entry for 13 May 1874 (a memorable last entry in Plomer’s Volume 2), and apart from a passing reference to her the following month (which I’ll deal with later), this is the one and only time we ‘meet’ her. So what justifies a full length article on someone who is such an extremely minor player in the *Diary*? The answer is that her story, I believe, is of some interest and worth telling. Kilvert had arranged to meet young Georgie (he refers to her as *child*) to go *lilying in Hartham Woods* and it is an indication of the marked difference in social attitudes then and now that her family was relaxed enough to allow this and it is unthinkable today.

The frustrating aspect of this is that Kilvert obviously already knows Georgie and her family, so it seems possible that previous diary references have been omitted by Plomer – even the sole remaining narrative seems shorn of text, given the abrupt way the return home is introduced with the family referred to as ‘them’ with no prior mention of names.

We know that Georgie and her family lived in the village of Biddestone, situated 4 miles west of Chippenham and as Kilvert approached the village, he grew rather paranoid lest she be suddenly called away or taken ill or even have died. Despite being a weekday he did not worry that she might be at school; so can we assume that, by then, she had left school? My research shows she is aged 15, so a possibility. Kilvert’s reference to the *tall chimneys of the old manor roofs* would suggest that the Gales lived at the Manor House, at the corner of the Chippenham road and the village main street; however, research shows they lived closer to Old Manor Farm, a little nearer the village (see map).<sup>1</sup> Kilvert’s approach to the house had briefly provoked the family’s large black dog, bearing the bizarre name of *Nipriss*, until calmed by Georgie’s appearance at the door.

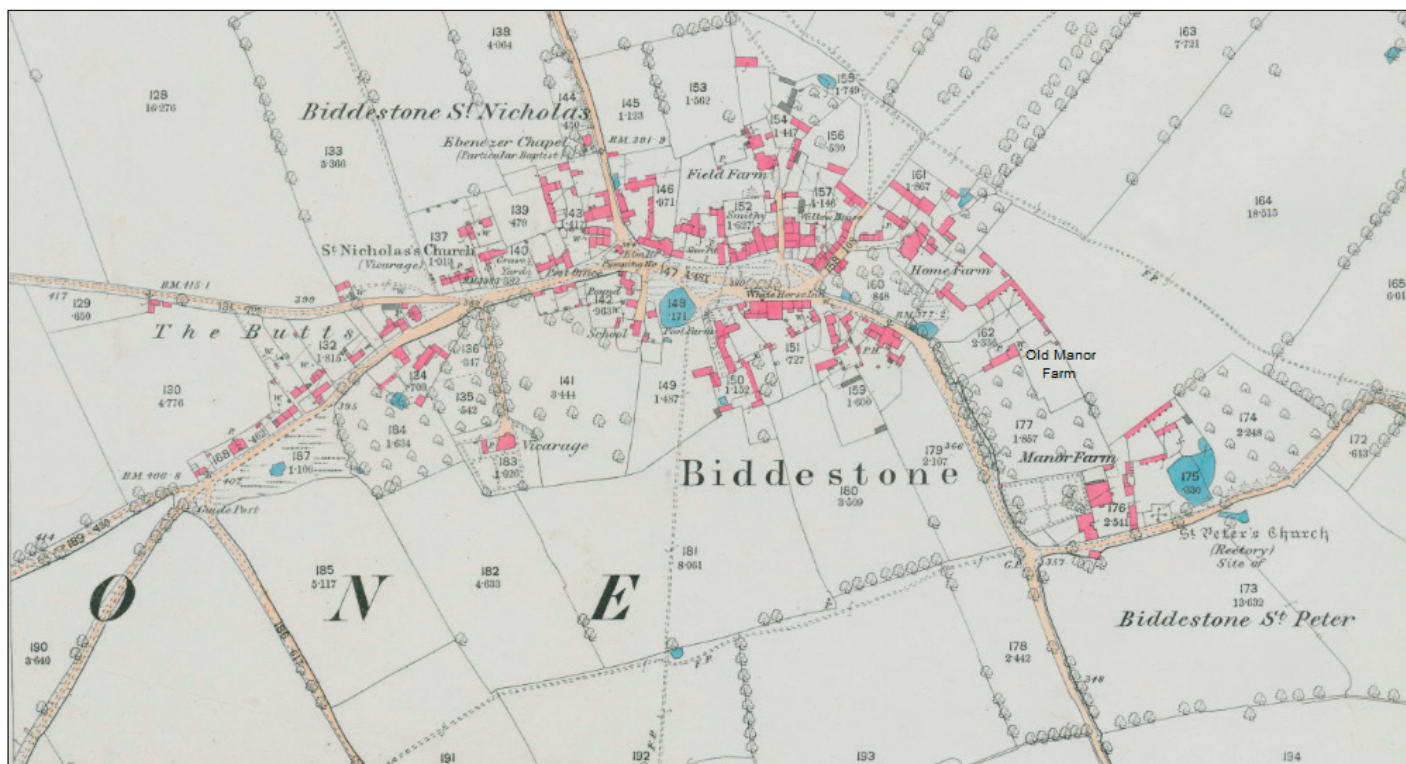
Kilvert states that their destination is Collett’s Bottom and so I assume this implies Collett’s Bottom Wood; the detailed description of features on their journey enables the route to be followed, partly at least, on old maps. *Up the broad picturesque village street, past the church* [St. Nicholas’s] *and by the open green called the Butts* – all this can be easily traced on the 1886 map; however, at the Butts the road forks giving a choice of passing to north or south of it; the south fork later splits three ways, the middle road leads directly to Collett’s Bottom Woods and seems the obvious choice. But Kilvert advises that the road *descended steeply into the beautiful deep Coombe which winds down from Castle Combe...* and more persuasively implies taking the lane north of the Butts, which maps show as having a steeper than 20% gradient into the combe – the alternative way mentioned lacks such steepness. Perhaps Kilvert just chose the more interesting byway.

*After passing some great white doors in a wall on the lefthand side and going further down the precipitous rocky lane*

*we came to a gate ...on our right.* The gate to Collett’s Bottom was locked but Kilvert and Georgie sneaked in alongside via a gap in the hedge *as many people before us seemed to have done.* Impossible to identify *the great white doors* but if my route supposition is correct, these doors could be entrance gates to Honeybrook Farm and continuing along the lane a point is reached where, on the right, the northern most tip of Collett’s Bottom Wood just reaches the lane, so possibly it was here the hedge was breached. The wood was part of the Hartham Estate (as I believe it still is) and Kilvert knew he was trespassing as at one point he hears footsteps and voices in the lane and fears it might be the gamekeeper, but the travellers pass on by. How did Kilvert know that lilies of the valley were to be found here? Most likely a matter of local knowledge but it is also interesting to note that an 1837 botanical guide book<sup>2</sup> refers to Collett’s Bottom Woods as a locus for *convallaria majalis* [lilies of the valley] and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that Kilvert had access to this book, given his interest in wild flowers. Incidentally, the two lines of poetry quoted by Kilvert, *A lily of a day / Is fairer far in May* are from *The Noble Nature* by Ben Jonson.

So who is this *Sweet Georgie Gale*? We can gather some idea of her appearance from the second diary reference mentioned before, that of 27 June 1874 (Vol3, p44) when Kilvert went to a London art exhibition and noted the striking similarity between her and the subject of a painting entitled *Picture of Health*. The painting is by John Everett Millais of his daughter Alice, painted that same year when she was aged 12. Starting with the census closest to 1874, that of 1871, there is no Georgina Gale (or similar likely name). The only Gales in Biddestone are a William Gale (a farmer and corn dealer with 152 acres) and his family. Turning to 1861, no Gales appear there and in 1881 only William, his wife, Mary Porter and a son Moyle. So where were the Gales in 1861? Their son’s name Moyle proved very useful in tracking them down to Easton near Corsham<sup>3</sup> and apart from the persons already noted, with the exception of a wife Henrietta instead of Mary Porter, there is a daughter Louisa Chillcott Gale, aged two, born in Corsham – this is Georgie. As she would only be aged twelve at the 1871 census, why does her name not appear?

In desperation, as the Chilcott name suggests a surname rather than a forename, and searching for a birth, marriage or death, behold a marriage reference for a Louisa Georgina Chillcott, which certainly caught my attention. The marriage took place in 1888 (13 June) at Broad Hinton, Wiltshire when this lady married a Samuel James Kepple. In the parish record transcript Louisa’s father’s name is stated as ‘James Gard’, so this is not our Georgie. One of the witnesses is named as Thom[as] Crees and this rang a bell as I recalled seeing this name among other searches.



*Biddestone Village – Detail from 1886 OS 25" Wiltshire Map Sheet XIX.16*

Photo: British Library Board

So could this Louisa Georgina Chillcott somehow be Georgie's mother? Seemingly not, as Georgie's birth certificate gives Henrietta Gale (nee White) as her mother and William Gale as her father, ditto for all their other children, none of whom are mentioned in the *Diary*. Georgie was born on 30 October 1858 at Easton House near Corsham with her full name given as Louisa Georgina Chillcott Gale. She had one sister Henrietta Mary Ann and three brothers, Charles William, Allen Henry and Moyle, all older. Another brother, William White had died aged eleven in 1859.

Back to the 1871 census and casting the net wider, Georgie turns up as Louisa G C Gale, boarding at a small private school for girls in Clifton, Bristol and in case any doubt as to identity lingers, this is dispelled by her age (12) and most convincingly, her place of birth – Easton, Wilts. The school was run by the three spinster Jenkins sisters at 10 Arlington Villas and at the time of the census, there were 13 pupils with ages ranging from 9 to 19. Why was Georgie sent here and when? Unfortunately, any school records have not survived but if boarding school started between her mother's death and her father's second marriage then one can venture that perhaps her father felt unable to cope with bringing up a young daughter, particularly if his eldest daughter had already left home. Was the mysterious Louisa Chillcott an influence, who, at the time, was living with her first husband in Portishead, only some nine miles away from the school via the Clifton suspension bridge?

Georgie's mother (Henrietta) had died aged 56 in 1866 when Georgie was only 8 years old, so when Kilvert visited Georgie in 1874 he presumably met her stepmother – her father had married his second wife, Mary Porter Little in January 1871. This marriage took place in a village just outside Bristol, despite both parties being resident in Biddestone, presumably for the convenience of Mr. Gale's daughters and the Chillcotts, all living in the Bristol area.

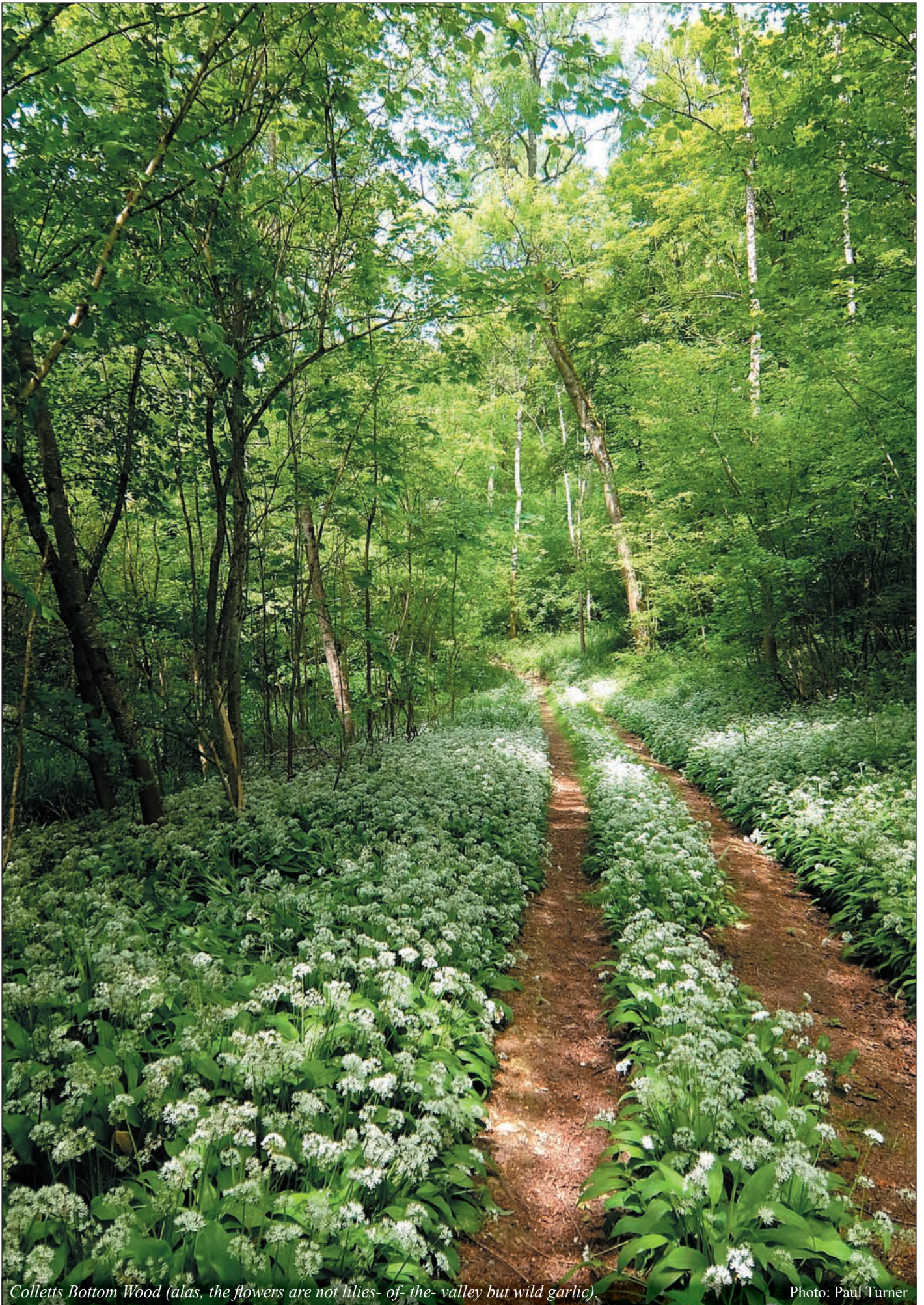
What of Georgie's adult life? The 1881 census finds the 22 year old as a visitor to Thomas Crees's farm at Manor Farm,

Coate, Bishops Cannings (Wilts) where she is described as sister-in-law; Thomas Crees's wife Henrietta, aged 30, is Georgie's sister. They had married on 20 July 1875 and Henrietta's address then was given as 'Portishead' so presumably resident at the Chillcott's home. Witnesses to the marriage included William Chillcott and Georgie. Mr. Gale died on 5 May 1888, leaving his estate to be shared equally amongst his offspring (four named including Georgie).<sup>4</sup> The value of the estate was just over £871 (2020 approx. equivalent £115,773). The second Mrs. Gale didn't survive much longer; she died on 14 October the same year.

In 1891, the unmarried Georgie was still living with Thomas Crees, he having moved by then to Manor Farm, Broad Hinton (Wilts). In 1901, Georgie appears to turn up as a lodger with a family in Falmouth, Cornwall, I say *appears* because her name is stated as *Lavinia* G C Gale; however, her age, 42 is spot on and so is her place of birth: Corsham, Wiltshire. Marital status is 'single' and no profession or occupation is stated. So I believe this to be our Georgie as I've found no evidence of a 'Lavinia' Gale born in Wiltshire for the years around 1859.

The 1911 census finds the 52 year old Georgie living in Sutton, Surrey with a 20 year old single female companion. Georgie is described as of 'private means' but most startling is her marital status of 'Widowed'. Clearly she could only have married between 1901 and 1911 and it transpires that on 2 October 1905 at the age of 47 she married an 82 year old widowed artist by the name of ... William Gale. How on earth did this come about? The marriage certificate gives Georgie's address as The Manor, Broad Hinton, Wilts, which points to her residing again at Thomas Crees's farm; her husband was resident in Hammersmith, London. This William Gale was a pre-Raphaelite artist and remembering the portrait by the pre-Raphaelite John Everett Millais, would it be too wild a speculation to surmise Kilvert mentioning the likeness to Georgie or even buying a print for her?





*Colletts Bottom Wood (alas, the flowers are not lilies- of- the- valley but wild garlic).*

Photo: Paul Turner



William Gale was a painter of religious, oriental and sentimental subjects and exhibited annually at the Royal Academy from 1844 until 1893. It seems he was well known in his day; however, I can find no obituary for him in the national press. There is a record of an exhibition of his paintings in Bristol in early 1914, for which Georgie lent at least six examples.<sup>5</sup> According to a newspaper article, Gale was blind for the last years of his life.<sup>6</sup> His first marriage was in 1851 to Mary Warner Chubb and four children resulted, one of whom William Joseph, was murdered in Palestine, aged 19 whilst on a painting tour with his father. It appears Mary may have blamed her husband for her son's death as husband and wife thereafter became estranged, Mary eventually dying in Cheltenham in 1891, aged 60. Although Gale was born and lived in London, a Wiltshire connection appears via his parents, both of whom were born in or near Chippenham.

This narrative would not be complete without some account of the 'mysterious' Louisa Chillcott, who seems to hover in the background to the Gale family without ever revealing her exact relationship. She was born Louisa Georgina Guard (or Gard) in Bishop's Tawton, Barnstaple, Devon to James Guard, a stonemason and Ann Holland, and baptised on 27 May 1835. Her mother died in 1843 when Louisa was aged 8. On 17 May 1856, aged 21, came her first marriage to 46 year old William Perry Chillcott, a Bristol born and bred 'silversmith' (actually more of a pawnbroker). They were married at St. Peter's Church, Chippenham and their addresses were both stated as Oxford Villa (Chippenham), although William's true address was Studley Villa, Portishead, Somerset (1856 PO Directory). If we assume Louisa was living for a time in Chippenham, then it does explain a possible means of acquaintance between her and Georgie's parents.



'Picture of Health' (1874) by John Everett Millais (1829-1896), of his daughter, Alice. Photo: Photo Courtesy of the Jersey Heritage Trust

From hereon of course she lived in the Bristol area and the first concrete proof of contact with the Gale family occurs in 1871, when Georgie's 20 year old sister Henrietta was a visitor to Studley Villa, presumably there to visit Georgie at her school. No children resulted from this marriage – most surprising considering Louisa's young age. William Chillcott died on 30 July 1885 followed by William Gale on 5 May 1888, and very shortly after, on 13 June, Louisa Chillcott married Samuel James Kepple, a Bristol china and glass merchant, again in Wiltshire but this time at Broad Hinton which tallies with one of the witnesses being Thomas Crees; as this is also Louisa's stated address, it's a fair assumption that this is Thomas Crees's abode where, as already noted, Georgie was living at the time.

Returning to Georgie's later life, she did not remain married for long, as her husband, William Gale, died on 10 October 1909, so a mere 4 years, but this could hardly have been unexpected and she never remarried. In 1911, she was still resident in the marital home of *Innellan*, Sutton, Surrey with a 20 year old female companion but, by 1927, electoral rolls show that she has moved to Cheltenham, at various addresses until her death, aged 78, on 20 November 1936. Despite the Cheltenham residence she was buried in Sutton, presumably near her husband's grave. It's tantalising to reflect that she died only three years before Volume 2 of the *Diary* first appeared with its concluding account of one carefree summer afternoon in her young life.

The two Louisa Georginas both died childless, one having married early and the other late. The great mystery is how Georgie's father came to know Louisa Chillcott – he must have met her well before 25 November 1858 (Georgie's baptism). It's possible he met her through William Chillcott – he describes him as 'friend' in his will of 1874 – but why is she of such significance for him to name his daughter (apparently) after her, presumably with his wife's agreement? I've searched for family connections without success; one wonders if there is another side to this story.

## NOTES & REFERENCES

- <sup>1</sup> Censuses show the Gales living in the parish of Biddestone St. Nicholas, in Biddestone St. (this part later called Corsham Rd.) but not in Old Manor Farm, which is occupied by several farm labourers and their families. The Gales are clearly resident near the Farm but not as far as Home Farm. The other Manor was in the defunct parish of Biddestone St. Peter. (in Chippenham Lane). The parish church of St. Peter had been demolished in 1846 & the two parishes were amalgamated in 1884 but St. Peter properties were identified in the 1891 & 1901 Censuses.
- <sup>2</sup> The New Botanist's Guide to the Localities of the Rarer Plants of Britain, Volume 2 by Hewett Cottrell Watson.
- <sup>3</sup> Easton is a tiny village about a mile east of Corsham & 3 miles south of Biddestone.
- <sup>4</sup> Will dated 15 December 1874 names Georgie, Henrietta, Allen Henry & Moyle. No mention of son Charles William which suggests he might have been deceased; I've found no trace of him post 1861. The income from an investment of £320 was bequeathed to the second wife but this transferred to the named offspring upon her death.
- <sup>5</sup> Clifton Society 12 February 1914.
- <sup>6</sup> Western Daily Press 9 February 1914.



# Kilvert: drink, temperance – or the road to ruin?

By Robert Anthony

## Temperance and respectability

Kilvert liked a drop. At least once, in company, he took more than a drop, and suffered for it. He did not express contrition for his intemperance but only regret for the effects of his condition.

Especially during his time at Clyro, Kilvert's conduct was coloured by the class of company he kept. The fact that, as a clergyman, he drank alcohol appears never to have been remarked upon. Nor does Kilvert ever appear to decline a drink at any of the many private social gatherings he attended; and he sometimes enjoyed a glass at home in his rooms at Ty Dulas (later renamed Ashbrook). He accepted drinks when *villaging* and sometimes supplied wine to his sick (poor) parishioners.

Given Kilvert's background and character, this is probably not surprising behaviour for a middle-class Victorian cleric. Kilvert's father Robert, also a clergyman, has been described as being 'very abstemious'<sup>1</sup> and a 'stern and Calvinistic Evangelical'<sup>2</sup>, but his son's Evangelism was more tolerant and sensitive.<sup>3</sup>

The Victorian Evangelical movement, concerned with personal salvation and the repentance of sin, stressed the importance of self-control and self-sacrifice as the essential 'glue' for keeping society together. Kilvert followed these principles but it is evident from the *Diary* that he was accepting of authority and the existing class structure. He was too timid to criticise the wealth and indolence of the gentry – but did not hesitate to reprove his poorer parishioners for drunkenness.<sup>4</sup>



An 1877 cartoon of a drunkard.

Photo: Wellcome collection

The temperance movement, influenced by Evangelism (and mostly supported by the middle-classes), believed that over-consumption of alcohol was immoral, and also wasteful and damaging to society and to the individual affected. The aim was not to prohibit alcohol consumption but rather to regulate it; after all, many of the middle- and upper-classes drank (in private) wine daily, and this was not going to stop. But (it was thought) working-class behaviour required management without which the consumption of alcohol could lead to public drunkenness, crime and the immiseration of whole families.<sup>5</sup> This had to be prevented - if necessary, by legislation.

A strengthening of support for temperance in the 19<sup>th</sup> century was accompanied by the emergence of a belief in 'Victorian values' and 'respectability'. This process was reinforced by temperance publications such as Cruikshank's 'The Bottle' (1847) which illustrated, in eight tableaux, the journey from respectability along 'the road to ruin'. Kilvert himself delivered temperance tracts to his parishioners.<sup>6</sup> Generally, Anglican clergy supported temperance and preached the evils of drink (Jesus having miraculously produced a non-alcoholic wine at Cana), but found the suggestion that grape juice be substituted for wine at communion to be a step too far.

Many of the working-class objected strongly to the idea that only they indulged in drunken behaviour, and considered this to be middle-class hypocrisy. They also complained that the temperance movement diverted attention from the real problems of impoverishment: bad housing, overcrowding and ill health. Temperance attempts to close public houses, or reduce hours of opening, deprived the poor of the only places of recreation they possessed.

## Private pleasures

Historian A.L. Rowse summarised the pleasurable aspects of Kilvert's social life in the early 1870s:

'...that secure Victorian life – archery and croquet on the lawn, tea under the trees, picnics on the unspoiled Cornish coast, grapes and claret on a grassy bank, dinner parties at Clyro Court, the busy, kindly life centring on the Church.'<sup>7</sup>

Kilvert was curate at Clyro from 1865 and, by the date of the first entry in the *Diary* (18 January 1870), had become on easy terms with most of the gentry families in the Clyro and Hay areas. His first recorded encounter with alcohol was on 20 February 1870:

*Drunk too much port after dinner at Cae Mawr last night and a splitting headache all today in revenge.<sup>8</sup>*

Cae Mawr was the country residence, near Clyro, of his friend and walking companion Morrell (from a brewing family). Others of his social circle included the Bevans (Hay Castle), the Dews (Whitney), the Haigh Allens (Clifford Priory), the





HE IS DISCHARGED FROM HIS EMPLOYMENT FOR DRUNKENNESS: THEY PAWN THEIR CLOTHES TO SUPPLY THE BOTTLE.

One of George Cruikshank's drawings for his series 'The Bottle'.

Photo: Wellcome collection

Crichtons (Wye Cliff), and the Thomas family (Llanthomas). Although his vicar, Richard Lister Venables, was an important influence on him, Venables was less prominent socially. The grandest residents, the Baskervilles (Clyro Court), tended to keep to themselves.<sup>9</sup>

June and July 1870 were hot and dry and this weather no doubt influenced Clyro's hectic social calendar during these months. To begin with, *tea etc. and cup* were served on the lawn at the croquet party at Hay Castle on 27 June.<sup>10</sup> The usual crowd (plus two Baskerville sisters) gathered the following day at Cae Mawr for archery and enjoyed champagne, cup, tea and coffee, trifle and strawberries and cream.<sup>11</sup> On 29 June, Kilvert was at Cae Mawr (*again*) playing croquet and taking high tea;<sup>12</sup> and, on 6 July, the Crichtons hosted archery at Wye Cliff where *tea, coffee, cider; cup etc.* were laid out in the summer house.<sup>13</sup>

The fun, games and jollity continued briskly for, on 7 July, dinner at Clifford Priory included:

*Good champagne and the first salmon I have tasted this year, a nice curry and Riflemen strawberries quite magnificent.*<sup>14</sup>

Then, the following afternoon (8 July), to Clyro Court for:

*the usual thing – croquet and archery, and much the same party as at Wye Cliff on Wednesday...and the usual cup, tea, coffee etc. on the lawn...*<sup>15</sup>

And on 12 July a party comprising:

*the usual set that one meets and knows so well...Everyone about here is so pleasant and friendly that we meet almost like brothers and sisters*

gathered at Clifford Priory for iced claret cup and *enormous* strawberries and to enjoy croquet, *great fun on the lawn*.<sup>16</sup> This entry, dominated as it is by consumption, and redolent of privilege, is redeemed by some fine descriptive writing.

It is little wonder that Kilvert expressed *ennui*, and that Plomer excised some of the excess from the published *Diary*.

Nothing else in the *Diary* comes close to the self-indulgence exhibited by the wealthy set in Clyro in June/July 1870, either



during Kilvert's remaining time at Clyro or subsequently (the lost notebooks covering the later period may, of course, have contained something). One rather priceless entry (18 December 1873) reflecting on the gentry may, however, be noted: Squire Ashe's cellar at Langley House was seemingly so extensively stocked that it took 9 months to discover that *4 dozen of wine and a brandy* had been pilfered.<sup>17</sup>

Kilvert's frequent long walks and excursions, often with friends, would not have been complete without alcoholic refreshment. For example, at the picnic at Snodhill Castle (21 June 1870), *cups of various kinds went round, claret and hock, champagne, cider and sherry...*<sup>18</sup> On walks to Llanthony Abbey on 5 April and 24 June 1870, beer washed down the bread, butter and cheese; on an expedition to Land's End on the 27 July 1870 the party enjoyed *sherry all round*.<sup>19</sup> And, on the 25 August 1870, at a picnic on Crug Common near Brecon, *grouse, snipe...and champagne...and other more substantial things* were enjoyed with (later) sherry and soda water.<sup>20</sup>

There were, of course, social and professional advantages to this. Kilvert was, on arrival in Clyro in 1865, taking up his first (independent) clerical post. It would have been surprising had he not wished to become on first-name terms with the local gentry – indeed, they may have sought him out given that he came from a good clerical family (and, so, a 'gentleman') and curate to the respected and well-connected Revd R L Venables of Llysdyham who, obviously, would have facilitated the initial invitations. As the years as curate slipped by, Kilvert would have been increasingly conscious that these same people may be useful in furthering his career. And, of course, there was always the possibility of meeting a suitable wife – notwithstanding his modest curate's stipend.

## Drink: social and medicinal

Kilvert was regularly offered alcoholic refreshment at the homes of his better-off parishioners (usually farmers), and others of his acquaintance, on whom he often called unannounced (but from whom he invariably received a welcome). For example, on 26 March 1870 he accepted from Mrs Meredith (Clyro) a glass of wine, with cake and biscuits.<sup>21</sup> On 22 May 1871 the Vicar of Glaschw (one of the last of the old-fashioned parsons) was particularly hospitable and produced *some splendid Herefordshire cider*.<sup>22</sup> And even the *singularly dilapidated and forlorn... Solitary of Llanbedr* (Revd John Price, Vicar of Llanbedr Painscastle) greeted Kilvert and a friend on 3 July 1872 *with perfect courtesy and the natural simplicity of the highest breeding* to his home which, according to Kilvert *was a sight never to be forgotten...the squalor, the dirt, the dust, the foulness and wretchedness of the place were indescribable....*

And in the midst of this chaos, 'the Solitary' did not forget (if it ever came to his mind) that he was a gentleman and *rummaged out* a bottle of wine and *filled our glasses with some black mixture which he called I suppose port and bade us drink*. Kilvert left no tasting notes.<sup>23</sup>

Obviously, Kilvert did not receive, nor expect, alcohol at the homes (or, as he often referred to them, 'hovels', 'huts' and 'cabins') of his poorer parishioners, whose conditions of life were often on par with those of 'the Solitary'. But alcohol did play a part in the 'medicinal' sense with Clyro Vicarage housing a store of *sick people's wine*.<sup>24</sup> On 29 April 1870, Kilvert visited Morgan of the New Inn, who looked *miserably sunken and ill*, and promised him some port wine, which he subsequently obtained from the Vicarage store and duly delivered.<sup>25</sup>



*The Rose and Crown, Hay.*

Photo: Kilvert Society Archive

Kilvert was himself in receipt of the medicinal 'cure' on 19 May 1870:

*All afternoon I had a bad face ache and could enjoy nothing. I tried laudanum and port wine, but nothing did any good.*<sup>26</sup>

But on 10 December 1871:

*...crazy with face ache....After dinner and four glasses of port I felt better.*<sup>27</sup>

So it sometimes worked.

Kilvert visited William Price (Clyro) in his *wretched hovel*, on 13 April 1872 and found him in a *miserable state* lying alone and *very drougthy*. He brought the invalid some brandy and water. In gratitude, Price wished that Kilvert be *remembered in heaven*.<sup>28</sup>

## Public excesses

*Last night the Swan was very quiet, marvellously quiet and peaceful. No noise, rowing and fighting whatever and no men as there sometimes are lying by the roadside all night drunk, cursing, muttering, maundering and vomiting.*<sup>29</sup>

Kilvert's rooms in Ty Dulas overlooked the public entrance to the Baskerville Arms (he called it by its former name, 'the Swan'); he was (understandably) very sensitive to the activities there, particularly when proceedings spilled out onto the porch, the steps and even the street, thus intruding into his, and the public, domain. On 10 October 1870, he commented, in a memorable entry:

*All the evening a crowd of excited people swarming about the Swan door and steps, laughing, talking loud, swearing and quarrelling in the quiet moonlight...Here come a fresh drove of men from the fair, half tipsy, at the quarrelsome stage judging by the noise they make, all talking at once loud fast and angry, humming and buzzing like a swarm of angry bees. Their blood is on fire. It is like a gunpowder magazine. There will be an explosion in a minute. It only wants one word, a spark. Here it is...*<sup>30</sup>

Kilvert, on this occasion, recognised that the root of the trouble lay in the failure to sell inferior cattle at Hay Fair earlier that day (*No one wants to buy them. Where are the rents to come from?*<sup>31</sup>). He had sympathy for these farmers and nor was he critical of the landlord of the Baskerville Arms, a public house frequented by smaller-scale farmers rather than labourers. Kilvert did not, however, hesitate to condemn the character of the New Inn, an alehouse further up the village street resorted to by farm labourers and others of the poor working-class:

*There seemed to be a good deal of disputing and quarrelling through the village about yesterday's sale and the things bought. A quarrel arose at the New Inn and Henry Warnell the gipsy came cursing, shouting and blaspheming down the road into the village mad with rage...The whole village was in an uproar...*<sup>32</sup>

The New Inn was *abolished* by the magistrates on 30 October 1871 *a happy thing for the village*.<sup>33</sup> But those in the village

disapproving of it had not entirely rid themselves of public disturbance arising out of working-class high spirits for, on 11 November 1871:

*The wedding feast [of Catherine Price] was at the New Inn...as I passed the house I heard music and dancing...tramp, tramp, tramp ...I thought they would have brought the floor down...When I came back the dance seemed to have degenerated into a romp and the girls were squealing, as if they were being kissed or tickled and not against their will.*<sup>34</sup>

It is reasonable to assume that alcohol had lubricated proceedings. (Did Kilvert secretly wish that he had been present?). He would, perhaps, have justified his disapproval as a concern for the consequences of over-consumption of alcohol and damage to respectability. The fact that Catherine Price was married before the Hay registrar (*What I call a 'gipsy jump the broom' marriage*<sup>35</sup>) no doubt reinforced this.

Kilvert had occasional encounters with drunk or rowdy poor parishioners: his reaction depended on the circumstances and the demeanour of the individual concerned, and was reflected through the lens of his Evangelism. A much quoted episode (19 August 1870) involved Ben Lloyd of Bryngwyn *reeling up the steep fields above Jacob's Ladder carrying a horse collar and butter tub*. Lloyd was seriously under the influence and, as Kilvert drew level, he fell flat on his back. Kilvert *gave him some good advice* and asked if he was married. He was, in fact, a great-grandfather. Kilvert, unimpressed, told him that *his wife would be vexed and grieved to see him come rolling home*. Lloyd:

*became savage at once, cursed and swore and threatened violence...reeling and roaring, cursing parsons and shouting what he would do if he were younger and that if a man did not get drunk he wasn't a man and of no good to himself or the public houses.*<sup>36</sup>

Compare that with this (6 February 1874):

*As I crossed the Common on my way home...a form loomed through the thick mist...It was poor George Bouchier staggering along the worse for drink. I took his hand. 'George' I said sadly and gently, 'you have had too much'. 'I have, Sir,' he said. 'God forgive me. I cry about it night and morning. I will try to leave it off. God bless you'. The poor wandering sheep.*<sup>37</sup>

And with this (5 April 1870):

*Coming through Hay this evening I saw Phillips of Pen y Llan standing at the door of the Rose and Crown...I asked [him] why he never came to church. He said...because he heard that I had said he was wrong in fighting in a public house...I was not afraid to tell him to his face that he was wrong in fighting and rowing. He seemed rather pleased and promised to come to church next Sunday.*<sup>38</sup>

These men's contrition for their drunken conduct (was it genuine?) resonated with Kilvert and his Evangelical principles - redemption through the repentance of sin - but the humiliated Lloyd's violent rejection of Kilvert's moralising was received as presumption and, as such, could not be tolerated.<sup>39</sup>



## The road to ruin?

On 17 September 1874, at Erwood station, Kilvert encountered:

*...Mr. de Winton. He had been fishing...He looked fearfully ill and shrunken and feeble. It went to my heart as he said to me in a mournful voice, I can't shoot, and I can't fish, and I can't do anything now.<sup>40</sup>*

On 29 May 1878, Kilvert recorded Walter de Winton's death at Maesllwch Castle on 24 May, aged 46.<sup>41</sup> He had advanced cirrhosis of the liver. Deprived, through (self-inflicted) failing health, of his favourite pursuit of field sports (abhorred by Kilvert), it appeared that he had nothing else to live for. Even although de Winton was deeply disliked in the locality for his indolence and arrogance, Kilvert felt able to express compassion for the plight of this member of the landed gentry.<sup>42</sup>



*Robert Anthony was a pupil at Christ College, Brecon; (RFK had coffee there on 31 May 1870 on the occasion of Archdeacon de Winton's visitation – see the April-June 1870 notebook). He recently retired from a career as a solicitor; perhaps more relevant for this article, he was, for some years, co-owner of the Three Tuns brewery and pub, Bishop's Castle. He doesn't know of a connection with the Anthony family of Clyro in the Diary, but it may exist: his family moved from Radnorshire to the iron works of Ebbw Vale during the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He accompanied to Society events his mother, Veronica Anthony, who was a keen member, and he remembers CTO Prosser; and meeting William Plomer at Llysddinam in June 1968. He now lives in the Pembrokeshire National Park where he belongs to an organisation that is trying to rescue Nevern Castle as Snodhill has been rescued by its Trust.*

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- <sup>1</sup> Lockwood, David, *Francis Kilvert*, (Bridgend, 1990), p.25, citing Robert's own diary.
- <sup>2</sup> Duncan, John, 'The 'stranger' and the priest', *KS Journal* March 2012, p.152.
- <sup>3</sup> Toman, John, *Kilvert: The Homeless Heart*, (Almeley, 2001), pp.141-3 and 360.
- <sup>4</sup> Toman, *op. cit.* pp.142 and 360.
- <sup>5</sup> For online essays on the subject see, eg: Mc Allister, Annemarie, 'On the Temperance Movement'; and Smith, Rebecca, 'The Temperance Movement and Class Struggle in Victorian England'.
- <sup>6</sup> Mr Brunt was amused at receiving one of Kilvert's tracts under the door: 'Whatever did the gentleman leave this here for?' Hughes, Kathleen and Ifans, Dafydd (eds.), *The Diary of Francis Kilvert, April-June 1870*, (Aberystwyth, 1982) p.78 (4 June 1870).
- <sup>7</sup> Rowse, A.L., *The English Spirit* (London, 1944) quoted in Duncan *op. cit.* p.152.
- <sup>8</sup> Plomer, William (ed), *Selections from the Diary of the Rev. Francis Kilvert* (3 Vols, London, 1971), Vol. 1, p.38. Kilvert was a regular not an excessive drinker. His recorded tipples (usually provided by others) were port, claret, champagne, cider, beer and sherry.
- <sup>9</sup> Frederick Grice usefully provides potted biographies: Grice, F., *Francis Kilvert and his World* (Horsham, n.d.) pp.58-74 and 88.
- <sup>10</sup> Ifans, Dafydd (ed), *The Diary of Francis Kilvert June-July 1870* (Aberystwyth, 1989) pp.49-50
- <sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 52
- <sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 53
- <sup>13</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.170.
- <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. 1, p.171.
- <sup>15</sup> Ifans, Dafydd, *op. cit.* p.73.
- <sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, pp.84-8.
- <sup>17</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 2, p.378. I am grateful to KSJ Hon Editor Mary Steele for this reference.
- <sup>18</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.162
- <sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, pp.80, 165 and 194.
- <sup>20</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, pp.214-6.
- <sup>21</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.67.
- <sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*, p.344.
- <sup>23</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 2, pp.225-30.
- <sup>24</sup> Hughes, Kathleen and Ifans, Dafydd (eds.), *op. cit.*, pp.86 and 89.
- <sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, pp.9 and 67.
- <sup>26</sup> *Diary*, Vol 1, p.140.
- <sup>27</sup> *Diary*, Vol 2, p.96.
- <sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*, pp.178 and 182.
- <sup>29</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.86, 12 April 1870.
- <sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p.239.
- <sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>32</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, pp.167-8, 2 July 1870.
- <sup>33</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 2, p.77.
- <sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, pp.84-5.
- <sup>35</sup> *Ibid.* Le Quesne is insightful on the demarcation of drinking habits of the different classes in Clyro at this period: Le Quesne, A.L., *After Kilvert* (Oxford, 1978), pp.174-180.
- <sup>36</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, pp.213-4.
- <sup>37</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 2, p.412.
- <sup>38</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.74.
- <sup>39</sup> See also, on this topic, Grice, *op. cit.*, p.181 and Toman, *op. cit.*, pp.263-4.
- <sup>40</sup> *Diary*, Vol. 3, p.84.
- <sup>41</sup> *Ibid.* p.393.
- <sup>42</sup> Toman, *op. cit.*, pp.308-9. Toman is enlightening on de Winton's character and behaviour – see also *ibid.* pp.284-291. His drunkenness appears also to have been disapproved of by his peers: see the 'tipsy squire' episode on 19 July 1871: *Diary*, Vol. 1, p.378. I am again grateful to Mary Steele for this reference.

# Changing Plans

*We have all had to change our plans many times during the last eighteen months. Some changes are more crucial than others.*

By Mary Steele

There are two letters from Kilvert to Mr Venables in the Venables collection at the National Library of Wales. These were found by Kathleen Hughes, who both catalogued the Venables papers and co edited one of the two *Diary* notebooks held by the NLW. Rosalind Bolton commented on the letters in *Journal 21* (p 11). The second, written from Bath on 22 December 1871, refers to Mr Venables' plans to retire the following year. Kilvert wrote *Should any delay...arise you may depend upon my seeing you through the remainder of your time at Clyro... I owe this to you.*

But, by the following May, Kilvert had changed his position.

## Thursday 23 May

*This evening I had a letter from Mr Venables written yesterday (his birthday when he was 63) saying that he had decided not to resign the living of Clyro until the end of 1872, and offering me £160 a year to stay on. I decided to keep to my former plan and to leave Clyro at the end of August. (Vol 2, p200)*

This made a difference to Mr Venables: he would have to employ a temporary curate and, on 22 July, Kilvert received *A letter from Mr Venables saying that Mr. Irvine has taken the curacy of Clyro for 6 months.* Kilvert was in Langley Burrell for the month having promised Mr. Venables in answer to his request *that I would stay here through August till September 1<sup>st</sup> inclusive and go home for July if my Father wants me.* He added, irritably, *I hope this will be the last of the many changes and postponements that have been made in our plans. Anyhow I must give up the seaside this year and I fear Dora will be away at Hawkchurch all July.* (Vol 2 p 217-8).

This inability to agree with each other over their respective major changes may have caused some tension as Kilvert prepared his departure. It did not damage their friendship; Kilvert spent a six day holiday at the Venables home of Llysdinam from 19 August 1872 (leaving nobody resident in Clyro to do the weekday work). Mr Venables still called upon Kilvert for help and Kilvert was back in Clyro for three weeks in March 1873 (Vol 2, p330). Perhaps that was as close as Kilvert could get to seeing Mr Venables through. Mr Venables did not officially resign the living of Clyro until 8 August 1873 (Vol 2, p364). Kilvert had just ended a short stay at Llysdinam and was in Hay, where, at the Castle, he met Mr Baldwin, another temporary curate of Clyro.

Had Kilvert kept the promise in his letter of December 1871, he would have remained at Clyro for a full year more, as curate in charge of the parish, possibly making a good deal of difference to his promotion prospects. When Mr Venables asked him on 17 March 1872 what he would do if he was offered the living of

Clyro, Venables must have been thinking of proposing this to the bishop. *But I don't want the living of Clyro, I don't want to be vicar of Clyro.* No explanation as to why is offered by him, but, on 23 March, supportive Mrs Venables agreed that he could not afford the maintenance of the vicarage. Mr Venables had private means and was not living on his stipend.

Kilvert had made another promise, this time to his father.

Saturday 2 July (1870): *My father left us for Langley...we walked to Hay across the fields. It was cool and pleasant walking. As we walked we made the Seven Years Convention about Clyro and Langley.*<sup>1</sup>

This only appears in the June-July notebook and was left out by Plomer, possibly because nothing more was said about it, though Kilvert signified its importance by his use of capitals. David Lockwood was sure what it meant. '...from it we see quite clearly that Kilvert intended to leave Clyro in 1872. He was adhering to the old biblical tradition of the seven years' service'<sup>2</sup>. It is not known what was said about Langley and whether the Convention included the possibility of Kilvert being offered a living before 1872.

Kilvert's parents had also changed their plans by 1872. On 17 September 1871, *They say if they had inherited their natural share of the Worcester money they might have retired from Langley in my favour; but now that is impossible. They cannot afford it.* (Vol 2, p 35) It seems that it wasn't ever a promise and is now definitely ruled out. Kilvert was to return to Langley with nothing in view but going back to being his father's curate. By 1876, the relationship with Squire Ashe, the patron of the living, had deteriorated to the point that Kilvert wrote *our tenure of this living is a very precarious one.* (Vol 3, p 327) With that in mind, he accepted the living of St Harmon on 11 June 1876. He had *not sought this or any other preferment. Indeed I have rather shrunk from it.*

This could be another reason for his departure from Clyro. He had enjoyed himself for six years and suddenly realised, with the affair of his proposal to Daisy Thomas bringing financial reality to him, that he either had to do something to plan for his future, or leave and start again. His professional life was to be static for the next four years.

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<sup>1</sup> Dafydd Ifans (ed), *The Diary of Francis Kilvert, June-July 1870* (the Harvey notebook), (NLW, 1989) p 59.

<sup>2</sup> David Lockwood *Francis Kilvert* (Seren, 1990) p 95.



## The Handkerchief Tree

*Reviewed by Mary Steele*

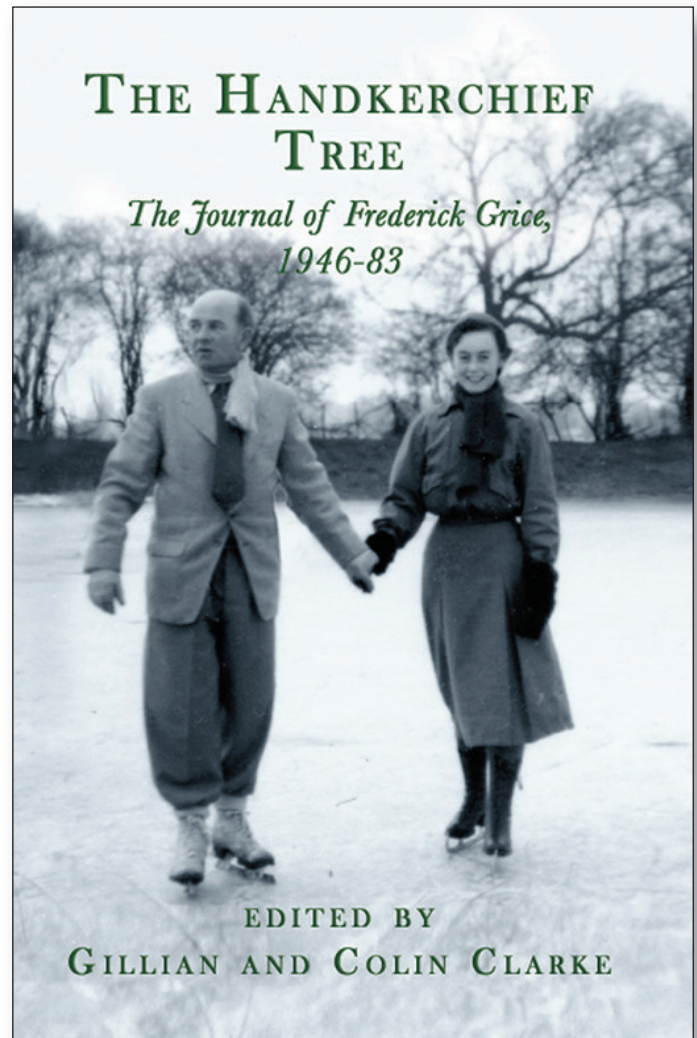
### **The Handkerchief Tree: the Journal of Frederick Grice, 1946-83**

Edited by Gillian and Colin Clarke  
(Mount Orleans Press, 2021 £25  
ISBN 978-1-912945-28-3)

Frederick Grice was Deputy President of the Kilvert Society from 1974 – 83 and author of articles about the Diarist as well as the biography *Francis Kilvert and his world*, published in 1982. During this time of deep involvement with *Kilvert's Diary*, he also worked on converting his own diaries into a publishable Journal, selecting and editing passages, rewriting for style and clarity, and choosing selections from his own poetry to intersperse the prose passages. This work has been edited by his daughter and son in law to stand as a second volume of his autobiography, following the publication of his wartime memoirs *War's Nomads* in 2015.

Frederick Grice's name was familiar to me as a distinguished author of novels for children, which he wrote in the 1960s and 70s. He had also written three collections of folktales between 1944 and 1954. His second novel *The Bonny Pit Laddie* was shortlisted for the prestigious Carnegie Medal. I looked up the winner, which was a title that has been completely forgotten; the Carnegie committee missed a chance to acknowledge a fine writer. Like others of his novels, *The Bonny Pit Laddie* drew upon his childhood in the north of England as the son of a Durham miner. In 1977, he was awarded The Other Award, a prize that had been established as a riposte to the perceived social exclusiveness of the Carnegie; it was a just recognition, though he was rather sardonic about it in his Journal. I was interested to read about his fiction writing, the short stories he decided not to publish, (where are they?) the school visits he undertook to talk to children about his work, with the usual questions – 'How long did it take you to write your book?' – meetings with other authors at conferences, who are summed up in a couple of words. He thought Laurie Lee was 'unassuming and unspoilt': of *Cider with Rosie*, Lee's nostalgic evocation of the last days of Victorian style village life, he said, shrewdly, 'I enjoy it, am impressed at times by the beauty of the prose, and do not wholly believe it.'

The Grice family, Frederick, Gwen, and the children Gillian and Erica, had moved from the north to Worcester after the war for Fred to take up a job as lecturer in English at the newly-established Worcester Emergency Teacher Training College, an institution that became a permanent College of Education and



is now the University of Worcester. He remained there as head of department until 1971, when he felt 'The students and I have drifted apart, and I am too old to be in charge of them now.' His retirement was busy, with the Kilvert Society, editorship for the Worcestershire Archaeological Society, his books, holidays, and regular group excursions, often organised by him, to museums, gardens and great houses. A three day trip to London would be packed with places; I counted thirteen on one visit, and a ticket for a new play on each evening. His groups visited houses in private ownership, sometimes well preserved, sometimes not: in one house he recorded the owner living in one room with two televisions, one on top of the other. He had an eye for old churches: at Hoarwithy and Highnam, built with Victorian flamboyance, he noticed the ravages of time on the fabric of the building and, in one case, the priest in charge. Both buildings survived to have entries in Simon Jenkins' *England's thousand best churches* and to benefit from restoration projects. He enjoyed modern art, but deplored the destructiveness of modern architecture, and some modern behaviour, on his adopted home town. Like Kilvert, he would get into conversation with strangers and produce pen portraits with the acute observation of



an author. The book contains marvellous evocations of people, places and period, such as the man who keeps clocks like pets. "They all tell different times, mind, but that doesn't trouble me. If I want to know what time it is I listen to the wireless."

'I sit in the conference room, watching the women light cigarette after cigarette in an effort to keep awake, to keep listening to the soft indecisive sentences of the man who is speaking. There is an air of unreality about everything. Nothing is real – except the sound of the engines in the station outside, preparing for departure, releasing sudden explosions of steam, their wheels shuddering and skipping on the rails as they strain to go; and the inexplicable outbursts of cheering from children somewhere below us.'

In this entry from February 1961, steam trains and smoking indoors make of this passage a piece of social history. In preparing his Journal, he wrote 'I suppose I am drawn to a Kilvert-like oeuvre because I feel as he did about life. However unsensational, however obscure – I feel that it must not be wholly forgotten. It has brought me so many pleasures that I cannot but tell them. So I will go in for something longer and even more revealing.'

He loved the countryside, going for long walks and writing about them in his poetry and in descriptive passages that echo *Kilvert's Diary*. Kilvert Society readers will find entries about the Society, its services, AGMs, 'unsatisfactory' in 1979, meetings with Colonel Awdry of the Wiltshire Awdrys, and Colonel Scott Ashe at Langley House in September 1974. 'Obviously there

are Kilvert documents in the house, but will one ever be able to see them?' Possibly not: 'Mrs Scott Ashe is not too enamoured of Kilvert and his Society', but did send Fred the photograph showing Kilvert (and Elizabeth Rowlands) amongst the guests at the wedding of Dora Kilvert to James Pitcairn in November 1980. There are tantalising hints: in February 1976 'The pages of my notebook are filled at this point with an abortive novel about Pope and Kilvert.'

He and Gwen regularly joined in Kilvert excursions and services. There were also holidays for up to a dozen Kilvert friends filling a minibus. The most notable took them to Hardy country and a diversion to Hawkchurch where, at an unexpected meeting with a Kilvert fan, they were told 'when she had been working in London University she had been given access to facsimilies (did she mention fifteen?) Kilvert notebooks...we may find ourselves on the brink of the biggest ever breakthrough in Kilvert studies'. Sadly, this lead yielded no results. A poem about this day is included in the Journal, including the thought, reminiscent of Kilvert and his *Diary*

*'Not much to record. Just the modest end  
Of an unpretentious pilgrimage,  
But an unforgettable day for us,  
Deserving an entry on someone's page'.*

In a final Kilvertian touch, the cover picture shows Gwen and Fred at a skating party.

## Poetic memorials

Two memorial slabs at St Cewydd's Church, Aberedw, showed that there was a fine stonecarver of texts and a writer of verses in the area in the early eighteenth century. One, now in the porch, is about another mason:

'Here lieth the body of Jeremiah Cartwright, son of Will Cartwright of Choulton in the parish of Lidbury, the county of Salop. Free-mason, he left issue Jeremiah, William John, Humphrey, Sarah, Elizabeth, Anne, he died 8 April 1722, Aged 73.

Now Cartwright he with all his skill, Can use no Pencill, Toole nor quill, As he on others often did write, Now others do on him indite. But though he lie awhile in dust, We have assured hope and trust, That's men's great builder will him raise...' [damage to the stone makes the last line unreadable]

Outside, on the north wall of the chancel, was a stone whose message would have touched Kilvert. It commemorates 'Catherine, daughter of John Davis, curate of this place, died 18 February 1709 aged 11 weeks'.

'How fading are the joys we dote upon, Like apparitions been and gone, But those who soon take their flight, Are the most exquisite and strong,

Like Angels' visits short and bright, Mortality's too weak to bear them long.'

The last sentence of the stone reads, sadly, 'It is hard the hour to pass.'



*The south porch, Aberedw church.*

Photo: David Smith



### How to save a castle

The Snodhill Castle Trust has held two web conferences via zoom this year, to act as fundraisers. 100 castle enthusiasts, including some KS members, met online and heard Garry Crook give a history of the castle's restoration. Garry pointed out that the Marches were the most heavily fortified medieval frontier in Europe and that the landscape around Snodhill provides a time capsule of a local landscape in the middle ages with a deer park and the village. Snodhill had huge towers and a thirteen sided keep, probably unique, a west tower added later in the castle's life and a terrace, which was unusual, as it was not easily defensible. Garry showed us pictures of the castle under scaffolding in 2017 – a nerve wracking procedure, as the installation of scaffolding at another castle site had caused the collapse of the building. Snodhill was, in places, being 'held together by air'. The scaffolding made it possible to see the surrounding area as it would have been seen by inhabitants from the top of the keep.

KS members last visited Snodhill in June 2019 for its reconstruction of the picnic recorded in the *Diary* (Vol 1, p160-3). You can read about the picnic and a history of the castle in *Journal* 49. Garry remembered that we were the last group to have *struggled up and slithered down again* just as described by Kilvert. Members who felt unable to do that, or would like to revisit, will be pleased to hear that easy access steps have been built to the top of the keep as part of the work that was done soon after our visit. The wooden props that we saw holding up sections of the wall have been replaced by local stone, the masons having to work carefully and take out parts of the props as they went along and their work gave the necessary support. Mysteries still remain: why is the north tower so large, while, in contrast, the south side of the castle is weakly defended? Where is the gatehouse? How was the high keep accessed? The second

web conference was entitled 'Castle of Puzzles'. The major excavation that took place in the summer of 2019 revealed that the north tower was a second keep, independently defensible, including having its own water source, the only well to be found on the site so far, though there must have been others. Findings of pottery suggest that the tower was built around 1400, during the war led by Owen Glendower. Kilvert, incorrectly, has him peacefully buried at Monnington (Vol 3, p165), but Glendower's were violent times and every other castle in the area around Snodhill was destroyed.

Covid restrictions permitting, further excavation was planned for summer 2021 and a third web talk proposed, to be called 'A Marcher Castle's Story'. For further information, go to the Snodhill Castle Preservation Trust website: [www.snodhillcastle.org](http://www.snodhillcastle.org).



### Midsummer mystery

'Midsummer mystery on a walk in Herefordshire's Twin Valleys' was the headline of an article in the travel pages of *The Guardian* for 21 June 2021. It described the Twin Valley Ley Line Trail, a 45 mile long walk that takes in Ewyas Harold, Craswall Priory, Arthur's Stone, Bredwardine Castle and Dorstone, as well as other locations. These are all places mentioned by Kilvert, though he didn't get as far as Craswall in his walk on 9 March 1870. (Vol 1, p52) The trail is not in Kilvert's memory, but in that of Alfred Watkins, born in Herefordshire, and author of *The Old Straight Track*, which proposed the deliberate alignments of ancient sites in the landscape. There is also a new 106 mile driving and cycling route, the Watkins Way and an exhibition of Watkins' photography was at Hereford Museum from June to 11 September.



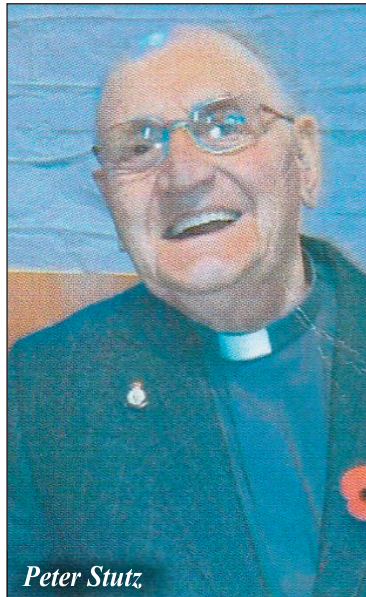
# Memories revived on Remembrance Sunday twenty years ago

Eva Morgan remembers...

The following piece was written by me, as you will see, nearly 20 years ago.

Recently, I read from a *Journal* back copy which was sent to me with many others by David Taylor of Cheshire after I replied to an offer in our Spring 2021 *Journal*. In the edition of April 1998, I read of a sumptuous tea the Society members had eaten at Burnt House, Middlewood, after what should have been a walk up onto Merbach Hill. Recent heavy rainfall and anticipated mud had decided a change of plan to visit Brobury House Gardens. The host at Burnt House, Rev Peter Stutz, then officiated at an enjoyable Evensong at Bredwardine Church.

Later, from the August 1983 Kilvert Society Newsletter, among several kindly given to me by Val and Colin Dixon, came an earlier quote, almost certainly written by EJC West, the then Secretary and Editor of the newsletters.



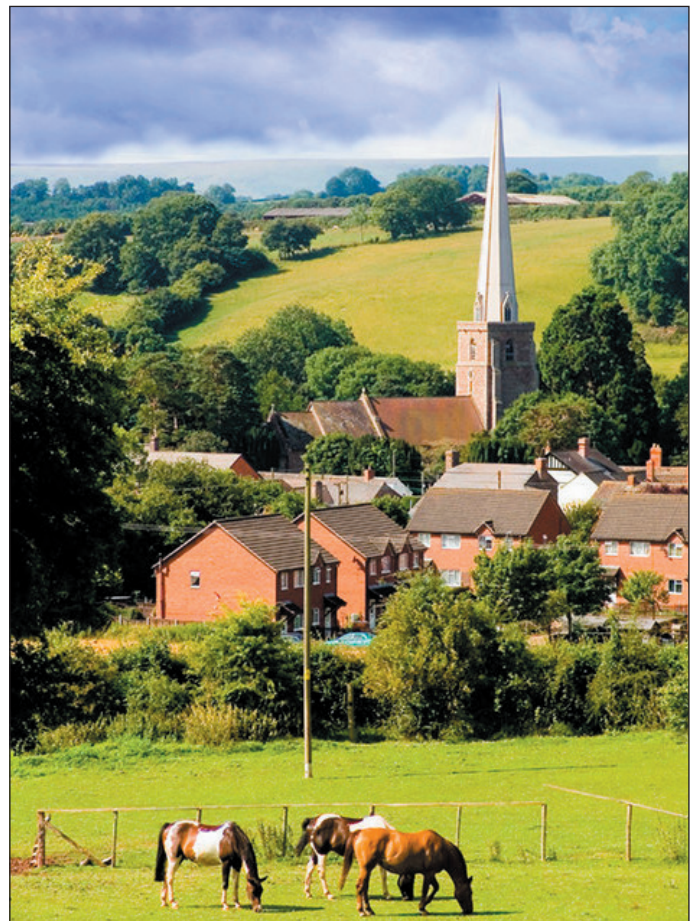
Peter Stutz

It was Christmas, sometime around 1950, and the St. Peter's Sunday School and Choir were performing their annual Nativity Play in the church. I was the plump angel in the back row [there were enough of us to fill several rows] in my Mum-made long butter-muslin dress with the large wired-on wings flapping on my back. I'm sure the same Mum would have made sure that there was a good woollen vest and a "liberty bodice" underneath the butter-muslin; it was after all mid-winter and the order of appearance demanded that we run back and fore outside between the dressing-room in the vestry and the entry for the angels through the door in the Choir! King Herod sat on his golden throne fanned on either side by a slave. Tall, dark and handsome, his bronzed torso owing more, I think, to the skill with theatrical make-up of Mrs. Watkins, the Sunday School

*Several members have commented on the appointment to the parish of Hardwick of a man chosen by his parishioners to be minister – Mr Peter Stutz who was ordained in June by the Bishop of Hereford. His appointment received some publicity in the "Church Times". Other members will know Mr Stutz and his wife as the owners of the Burnt House Restaurant between Bredwardine and Middlewood and also as enthusiasts of the Diary. On several occasions I have taken members to sample their excellent home-made teas: most recently Mr and Mrs Cummings of California.*

Peter Stutz and his brother John, had grown up in Peterchurch with a foster mother, Miss Verrill, so I'd known him all my life and I thought that Kilvert enthusiasts may enjoy reading about very another special clergyman who served in our local parishes in more recent times

Today (11 November 2001) the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month fell on Remembrance Sunday itself. As it also marked the second month since the awful events in New York of September 11 2001 it was a particularly poignant Royal British Legion Service at Peterchurch. It drew to a close with the Reverend Peter Stutz singing "For the fallen", a lovely setting of the words of tribute to those who did not return to their homes from the two World Wars and so many conflicts world-wide over the years since. As Peter's wonderful voice, still strong and confident, despite the passing of the years and recent illness, filled the Church, I was transported back in time.



superintendent and wife of the Peterchurch stationmaster, than to the winter sun of the Golden Valley; and, oh, how he could sing! That same strong voice echoed to the rafters as he advised the wise men to go and find the newborn King and return to “tell me that I may go to worship Him also”. We knew Peter well as he worked in Griffiths’s shop, once the proud emporium of C E Lane, in the centre of the village. I remember him best as he weighed out the biscuits into a paper bag from the big, bright square tins stacked in front of the counter. These would have been a rare treat as rationing was probably still in being. Throughout his years as a soldier on National Service, and after his marriage to his beloved Kathleen, as a farmer at Westbrook, a grocer at Dorstone and a restaurateur at Burnt House, Middlewood, Peter continued to give pleasure to so many with his singing and to serve his Lord faithfully. But he always had one unfulfilled ambition, to be a priest. That eventually came to pass when Hardwicke parish called him to the priesthood as their Locally Ordained Minister. Many years later, the butter-muslin dressed angel had become Churchwarden at Peterchurch and Peter came to conduct a service during an interregnum. As he commenced the service he looked across the aisle to where he had sat on the front bench of the “men’s side” of the Choir as a little lad. He reminded us that it had taken him fifty years to cross that aisle to the Priest’s stall but he had made it at last!

This piece was read, by his daughter, at Peter’s funeral at Hardwicke when he died aged nearly 90 in December 2015. He had sung, as he always did, at the RBL Service of Remembrance at Peterchurch in the previous November.

*Postscript: do old Journals or Newsletters bring back memories? Let the editor know for ‘From the Archive’.*

## MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Welcome to new members. Enjoy your Journal and join us at the AGM weekend and other events if you can.

## OBITUARIES

### Miss Margaret Pugh

Miss Margaret Pugh, of Builth Wells, died on 15 February 2021, aged 97. She had been a member since 1983.

## CORRECTION

### Mr William Barry Evans

The death notice for Mr William Barry, reported in Journal 52, should have read Mr William Barry Evans. Mr Evans, of Cockermouth, died on 10 October 2020, aged 90. He had been a member since 2000.

## POSTSCRIPT

### The Rocks of Aberedw

Exiled, in distant lands I seem  
Happy once more to walk in dream  
Through sweeping cloud and sunny gleam,  
By moor and vale and lake and stream,  
To the Rocks of Aber Edw.

I listen in my dream until  
I hear the plover whistle shrill  
Beside the green track o’er the hill,  
By which I seem to journey still  
To the Rocks of Aber Edw.

The coot sends up his mournful cry  
From where the silver lake does lie,  
Bright mirror to the hills and sky,  
And o’er the moor the track sweeps by  
To the Rocks of Aber Edw.

The sweet wind freshens o’er the moor,  
GOD’S breath alike for rich and poor,  
And from the west still blowing pure  
The mountain wind my steps doth lure  
To the Rocks of Aber Edw.

Across the great moor’s purple bloom  
How sweetly steals the sweet perfume!  
And far below I see the gloom  
Where thick woods wave their rustling plume  
O’er the Rocks of Aber Edw

I see the green hill’s ferny steep,  
The heather moor’s encircling sweep  
Slope dotted white with mountain sheep,  
And in its bosom seem to sleep  
The Rocks of Aber Edw.

And there lies hid the famous cave,  
And down the gorge the green woods wave  
And ‘neath the cliff walls towering brave  
I hear the flashing river rave  
Through the rocks of Aber Edw.

And murmur through my dream until  
The merry children’s laughter shrill  
Brings back that dear remembrance still,  
Our happy day upon the hill  
‘Midst the Rocks of Aber Edw.

Oh! May once more these pilgrim feet  
Tread those dear hills, these eyes still greet  
Love-yearning those twin valleys sweet,  
Within whose breast the waters meet  
By the Rocks of Aber Edw.

*This poem by Kilvert was published in his posthumous volume ‘Musings in Verse’, which was reprinted by the Kilvert Society in 1968.*



### **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 home-coming to Bredwardine and of Kilvert's death and funeral; extracts from the diary of Hastings Smith (Kilvert's nephew) relating to his

enquiries into his uncle's year at St Harmon, etc. £4.50.

**Miscellany Two: The Oswin Prosser Memorial Booklet.** Contents: The Solitary of Llanbedr by the Rev D Edmondson-Owen; Radnorshire Legends and Superstitions by Mrs Essex Hope; Honeymoon Journal by Dora Pitcairn; The Venables Diaries by 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 Maber 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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