THE JOURNAL OF THE KILVERT SOCIETY

Number 28

March 2009

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

Formed (in 1948) to foster an interest in the Reverend Francis Kilvert, his work, his Diary and the countryside he loved

Registered Charity No. 1103815

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Cover:
Tanybwlch Beach, Aberystwyth. *On thine Aber, sweet Ystwyth, my blessing shall be, and my love shall abide by the Cardigan sea* (RFK The Tanybwlch Beach) Photo: John Wilks

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From the Editor:

As announced in *Journal* No 27 last September this present edition is the first of only two that will appear this year;* but, I did promise then that, even so, there would be no reduction in the total annual content.

This may have been rather a rash promise, however, because the past twelve months have produced very few unsolicited articles. Luckily, for this issue, those that were received were substantial, otherwise *Journal* No 28 would have been much slimmer than intended. Therefore, I now repeat an appeal which I made in the editorial of the September 2007 edition: if you have ever thought of producing an article for publication then now is the hour – your *Journal* needs you!

If original research, development of or comment on Kilvert studies does not tempt you then you might like to consider an item for the regular or occasional series: 'Discovering Kilvert,' 'Have you been here?', or 'Then and Now' (examples in this and previous *Journals*) or even suggest and write the first of a *new* series.† The new editor will be grateful too, which leads me on to the question of my successor. I am pleased to say that I hope to begin discussions soon with an interested volunteer.

Disappointingly, my wheeze, mentioned frequently last year, to increase membership, under the guise of an anniversary gift for the Society achieved absolutely nothing. Sue Rose tells me that we made just enough new members to cover losses through resignations and deaths. So, as with *Journal* contributions, the future of the Society depends on the activity, and energy of its membership, in particular here with regard to promoting interest in and knowledge of RFK and the *Diary*, thus recruiting new members, or so one hopes.

Finally, how good are your powers of observation? I wonder whether you noticed a change on the front cover – a rather less stern-looking Frank in the medallion. If you did, good! You are just the sort of careful and attentive reader… *and* contributor that your *Journal* requires!

* The June edition of the *Journal* will be replaced by a brief Newsletter. The review of the Winter Visit and the AGM Weekend etc. will appear in September.

† The closing date for issue 29 is 11 July. 'Old Faithfuls' may ignore this appeal, you deserve a break!

From the Chairman:

Members will have read in the *Journal* what I said in my report to the Annual General Meeting last April, in particular that 2008-09 was to be my last year as Chairman. I intend to retire at the AGM this April.

I originally gave notice at the 2006 AGM, but as there were no nominations for my replacement at last year's meeting, I agreed to serve a further year.

I realise that members will possibly think that at the AGM in April I will relent and agree a further term and so on. I regret that this will not happen.

It has been, and remains my honour, privilege and pleasure to serve the Society, but I will have been on the committee for fifteen years and an officer for all but one of those years and I feel that the time has come to relinquish the ultimate responsibility of the post of chairman.

Consequently, your committee is forming a strategy for the immediate future, which it will present at the Annual General Meeting.

I earnestly ask you to give this plan your support, because the alternative, by the terms of the Constitution, may well create difficulties for the Society.

Michael Sharp

From the Secretary:

Firstly an apology, the dates for the AGM, Seminar and Annual Dinner given in the September 2008 *Journal* were incorrect. It is, of course, Friday and Saturday 24, 25 April, as usual the last weekend in the month. I hope this has not inconvenienced you in any way.

The committee is continuing its investigation into the conservation of the Society's archive material, held in the Radnorshire Museum at Llandrindod Wells. We have acquired the services of a conservator who has inspected and reported on the deteriorating condition of each item. We are also most grateful for the guidance and support of Heather Pegg, curator at the Museum on this matter. It is going to be a very expensive project and an appeal for funds along with applications for grants will be made later this year.

Our Diamond Jubilee year came to an end in October with a wonderful performance of 'The Clyro Diaries of the Reverend Francis Kilvert' by the distinguished actor and director James Roose-Evans, at St Mary's Church, Hay-on-Wye. In the twenty or so years of my membership of the Society this has to be, perhaps, one of the most outstanding events I have attended.

James made his appearance down the aisle, entered the pulpit and for the next ninety minutes held his audience spellbound as he performed readings from the *Diary*. His clear faultless rendition was most moving, each passage interspersed with appropriate music and hymn tunes. I closed my eyes and listened intently to the performance as James brought the *Diary* to life, it was as if Kilvert was thinking aloud as he wrote his daily journal.

Our thanks to James for a truly memorable occasion and a warm welcome to him on becoming a member of the Kilvert Society.

Alas, this event could have been better supported. To those of you who were unable to attend you missed an outstanding event in the annals of the Kilvert Society.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

AGM Weekend

Friday 24 April	7 p.m.	Bishop's Palace, Hereford; AGM with a buffet supper provided by Sue and Michael Rose – £4.50 per person, pay on the night. Followed by a talk by Miss Muriel Kilvert: 'Francis Kilvert and his Family.' (Miss Kilvert is the granddaughter of Perch and the great-niece of Francis Kilvert).
Saturday 25 April	10 for 10.30 a.m.	Seminar at *The Radnorshire Arms* hotel, High Street, Presteigne. 1) A talk by Janet and Mark Robinson: 'The Stargazer of Hardwicke and Friends'. 2) An illustrated talk by Peter Morgan Jones: 'Kilvert and the Black Mountains'
	Afternoon free.	
6.30 for 7 p.m.		*The Radnorshire Arms* hotel – Annual Dinner

A booking form with menu for this weekend is included with this *Journal*. Please return this along with payment to the secretary **by 11 April at the latest please, after which no bookings can be accepted.**

June Weekend

Saturday 27 June	12 noon	Walk at Llangorse Lake led by John Wilks. From Llangorse village follow the road signs to the lakeside. Meet at the car park near the Lakeside Café, for a picnic lunch and then a walk of three to four miles on level ground with some stiles. If the weather is, or has been, wet bring wellington boots as well as walking shoes as it could be very wet underfoot. (But it is going to be a glorious summer!?) Followed by tea at the Lakeside Café – £4.50 per head, pay on the day.
Sunday 28 June	3 p.m.	Service at St Mary's Church, Hay-on-Wye, conducted by the Revd Father Richard Williams, followed by tea at the Parish Hall – £4.50 per person, pay on the day.

To help our caterers please pre-book teas on the enclosed booking form and return to the secretary **by 17 June at the latest please.**

September

Saturday 26	12 noon	Meet in the car park at St Peter's Church, Langley Burrell, for a pub lunch at *The Langley Tap*, followed by a walk led by Jim Hall. Details to follow in the June Newsletter.
Sunday 27		Possibility of a service: Details in the June Newsletter.

THE SEPTEMBER WEEKEND

By Peter Beddall (Dorstone)

Saturday 27 September 2008

I set out for Builth Wells (I know, wrong venue, explanation to follow!), the weather was absolutely beautiful. The drive from Glasbury to Builth is, with the river flowing along beside the road and the rocks of Aberedw towering above, one of my favourites.

Arriving in Builth I started to wonder where in the world were Temple Street and the Radnorshire Museum. In a moment of sheer genius I decided to go to the Tourist Office, only to be told: 'wrong town old boy'. As I drove towards Llandrindod Wells!!!! at full speed I racked my brains to see why I had made such a silly mistake and been so absent-minded. I can only put it down to the fact that I was so totally absorbed in looking after my recuperating wife that I had not read the notice in the *Journal* thoroughly.

Entering Llandrindod I spotted Richard Weston standing, gazing at the *Metropole* hotel (bars not open at that time, Richard) so I knew I was close and soon found my way to the Museum where about thirty members of the Society had assembled for coffee and biscuits (Alas, as usual Alan Brimson snaffled all the custard creams!). We then settled down to listen to a talk by Heather Pegg, the Curator of the Museum. The Society's collection of memorabilia and artefacts are currently housed there, and Heather's talk concentrated on the poor condition of some items, an unhappy state of affairs mentioned more fully in the September 2008 *Journal* by our Chairman.

'For my next trick', Alan Brimson dumbfounds members.

After the talk we were invited to inspect the Kilvert collection using white gloves to handle the artefacts for their protection after which Heather suggested that we made a tour of the Museum, to view the other historical items on show. I am sure all of us were impressed by what we saw. I was especially impressed by a video display of the wilder parts of Radnorshire. It was a helicopter's-eye view of the County with its ancient roads, forts and settlements superimposed upon the modern landscape. There was also a brilliant display of coins that had been dug up in a local field. I can heartily recommend a visit to the Museum and its excellent collections as well as, of course, the Kilvert memorabilia. I could have done with more time there.

Colin Dixon examines some rare items.
Photos: Val Dixon

For lunch I joined Richard Weston and John Toman at the Brasserie in the *Metropole* hotel. Over lunch John told us of his forthcoming Kilvert book and the problems associated with publication. We can look forward to the imminent publication of his book. (See page 23)

I was interested to see the *Metropole* hotel again. Twenty-two years ago I left my daughter there for her first 'work experience'. The weather was freezing and there was snow everywhere, the roads were impassable. There were no guests so the trainees had to imagine that there were! My daughter says now that these were not as awkward as real guests! By the way, the carpets are still the same.

For the afternoon Richard drove us to our next destination Abbey Cwm-Hir Hall, which Kilvert had visited in 1870. Upon arrival one could see what a magnificent setting had been chosen for the Hall, dating from 1834. Mr Thomas Wilson had the Hall built, and in 1869 the Phillips family took over and made many improvements. One of these was a snooker room with a magnificent vaulted ceiling. The Hall is surrounded by an estate of twelve acres and has a one-and-a-half acre walled garden. We all had a walk around it and admired the flower beds, delightful in the autumn sunshine.

The present owners, Paul and Victoria Humpherston, bought the house in 1997 and spent the following nine years restoring it. Victoria has overseen

the design and the rest of the family helped physically with the work. Our party was divided into two groups, one guided by Paul and the other by his son. We could choose, said Paul, which guide we wished to follow, depending on whether we wanted experience and charm or youth and beauty!

Our tour commenced in the garden-room which contained a large collection of publicity material from bygone days. Such as Lyon's cakes, 'Craven A' cigarettes (said to be good for the throat!). There was even a petrol pump showing the price, five shilling per gallon! Please tell Gordon Brown.

Abbey Cwm-Hir Hall and Gardens

As we went through room after room it became more and more apparent how much work had gone into the decoration and displays. I had never seen so many items – who does the dusting? Every room had a theme, marble fireplaces, cast-iron fireplaces, elaborate ceilings and paintings. Every room had a story of how Paul had acquired the displays or had them made by local craftsmen. Paul had been employed in Stoke with a porcelain manufacturer so he had retained good contacts for purchase of the dinner services. Some are now unobtainable but are displayed in the Hall. Apparently at Christmas-time every room is decorated with a seasonal theme. Even the cellars have been decorated and turned into a bar and social area. The central heating boiler is the largest I have ever seen.

The tour ended with a cup of tea in the garden-room. Paul and his family have certainly worked very hard to achieve all this and they made us very welcome. He told me there was no inherited money and that it had all been done on a shoestring. Some shoestring if you ask me!

* * * * *

Sunday 28 September

After the beautiful weather of yesterday's visit to Abbey Cwm-Hir I awoke to grey skies and a light drizzle. On the journey to the rendezvous how different the countryside seemed, the hills almost bleak.

Llwynbarried Hall

It was clear, as we assembled, that there would not be as good a turnout as yesterday. The house we were to visit was Llwynbarried Hall which Kilvert had visited on Wednesday 20 April 1870. Colin Dixon who had organised the visit was very apologetic stating that there appeared to be nobody at home and that the house seemed totally deserted. It is now owned by Mr Bill Boddy, an elderly gentleman and former KS member. The drive was very overgrown and it was impossible to see the House at first. We parked the cars by a garage/stable block and walked towards the house. I was glad I was with company as it was very isolated and not a place to visit on a dark stormy night on your own!

Pevsner recorded the presence of the house and writes: 'a parlour ceiling with deep chamfered beams and Tudor Rose bosses at their intersections suggests this was a *circa* sixteenth-century house of good standing. Much alteration of the 1870s [Kilvert's time] including a neat neo-Jacobean staircase, by S.W. Williams. A barn built as late as 1772 has crucks combined with box framing. Stone from embattled garden towers of c1820 is re-used at Llandegley Church.' Looking at the house as we stood in the yard I would not have thought that anyone had lived there since! It was in a poor state of repair externally. However we spotted that a brand-new set of calor gas cylinders had been fitted very recently so the house was obviously being lived in. I stepped through the long grass to peer through a window. Yes, it was lived in and I could see beautiful panelled walls and a huge fireplace.

It was a pity we could not gain access as I am certain that the interior of the house would have been both atmospheric and interesting. The house is still stuccoed and the garden still has the oak trees, all as described by Kilvert.

It had been an excellent Kilvert weekend and now we can all look forward to our Society visits in 2009.

* * * * *

THE SERVICE AT YSFA

By Carol Smith (Aberystwyth)

Sunday 28 September

The Eucharist service that afternoon was the first one since the very recent change of status of St Mark Ysfa from Mission Church to Parish Church. Francis Kilvert had attended the laying of the foundation stone of the Mission School Chapel in April 1870.*

Ysfa Church

The service was taken by the Revd Peter Brooks, Vicar of Rhayader and priest-in-charge of St Mark Ysfa. Approximately 30 Kilvert Society members attended. The vicar offered a welcome cup of tea to everyone before the service commenced, served by ladies from the congregation to whom we send our grateful thanks.

Three hymns were sung *Take my Life and Let it be consecrated Lord to Thee, Jesus shall reign where'ere the Sun* and *When we walk with the Lord*. The organist was Mrs June Pugh. There were two readings, one from Exodus Chapter 32 verses 1-14 read by Michael Sharp and one from Matthew Chapter 22 verses 1-14 read by Val Dixon. Peter Brooks, who spoke extempore, gave a very interesting and relevant sermon.

The church with its bare brick walls was decorated for the Harvest Thanksgiving. The date 1870 can be seen on a brick on the right-hand wall. The main change since Kilvert's day is the replacement in the 1950s of rush-bottomed chairs by pews.

After the service, a very pleasant tea was taken at the Halt café at Doldowlod. Colin Dixon gave us an interesting, appropriate and amusing reading from the *Diary* (Vol. I, 21 April 1870) detailing the laying of the foundation stone with all the mishaps and attendant crowd problems.

At Doldowlod, there are still some remains of the railway station that existed in 1870.

** Details of Kilvert's visit to the area are on page 106 of Vol. I of the* Diary. *See also the photograph on page 22.*

The remains of Doldowlod Station
Photos on pages 4 and 5 by John Wilks

* * * * *

CONFIRMATION AT YSFA

The *Mid Wales Journal* of 7 November last reported that history was made at Ysfa Church on Sunday (presumably 2 November) when the very first Confirmation Service was held at St Mark's Church, Ysfa.

The Right Reverend John Davies, Bishop of Swansea and Brecon, confirmed five candidates including one from the nearby parish of Llanyre.

Ysfa Church forms part of the newly formed Gwastedyn group of parishes.

The article was accompanied by a photograph of the participants and concludes:

'St Mark's Church is well known for its links with the Rev Kilvert (sic) who was present at the laying of the foundation stone. On that occasion when there was a bishop present there were near riots* at the entertainment that followed. Fortunately on this special celebration everything went well.'

**See* Diary *entry mentioned above*

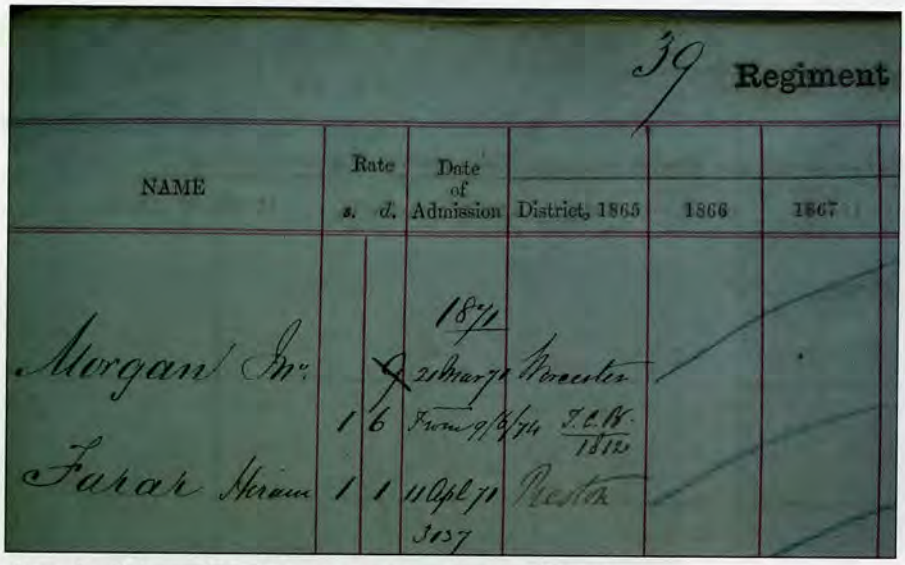
THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE SHEPHERD

By Jeremy Archer (London)

Part I

One can now be reasonably confident that the 'Old Soldier' of the title, John Morgan, was the son of John Morgan and was baptised at Bryngwyn, Radnorshire, some four miles north of Clyro, Radnorshire on 30 June 1793.[1] It has been a very confusing trail to follow: John Morgan provided the Census enumerators with wildly inconsistent information, to the extent that it is possible only to conclude that he was born between 1783 and 1793. Furthermore his place of birth varied rather alarmingly. According to the Census Returns, John Morgan was born either in Radnorshire (1841), or in Michaelchurch (1851 and 1861) or in Clyro (1871). According to the Army General Muster Books and Pay Lists he was a labourer from Dorstone in Herefordshire while, from Army Pensions Records, it seems that he was born at Brilley in Herefordshire.[2] On balance, it appears that he was indeed born at Bryngwyn, misinterpreted by the clerk in the Pensions Office as Brilley, but may have moved to Michaelchurch, a neighbouring parish to Dorstone, in order to find work. It does not help that there are two villages named Michaelchurch in relatively close proximity: Michaelchurch Escley, Herefordshire and Michaelchurch-on-Arrow, Radnorshire.

St Michael's Church, Bryngwyn



39 Regiment

NAME	Rate s.	Rate d.	Date of Admission	District, 1865	1866	1867
			1871			
Morgan Jn°			25 Mar 71	Worcester		
	1	6	From 9/8/74	7.C.R. 1812		
Farar Miriam	1	1	11 Apl 71	Preston		
			3127			

Entry for Private John Morgan in Army Pension Records

What we do know for certain, however, is that – whether driven by patriotic motives, the attraction of taking the 'King's Shilling' or trying to escape a hard life as an agricultural labourer – John Morgan enlisted in the 39th (Dorsetshire) Regiment of Foot on 1 October 1812 in Hereford.[3] The recruiting officer was Captain Wilson and, on 25 October 1812, John Morgan was recorded in the records as a 'Recruit joined DPM Hereford'.[4] His '3rd Part of the Bounty to the Recruit, paid on final Approval', amounted to £6 15s 0d.[5] On 9 February 1813, before his formal transfer to the 1st Battalion, 39th Regiment of Foot (1/39th Foot), he was sent to the Depôt at Hilsea, near Portsmouth. The records then confirm that John Morgan was a member of a party of 194 soldiers against whose names it was noted: 'Transfer from 2nd Battn Paid at Hilsea Depôt to 14th March 1813'.[6] After spending five days at Hilsea, he sailed with this very significant detachment of reinforcements from Portsmouth to Lisbon in order to join the 1/39th Foot in the Peninsula. The 1st Battalion, 39th Regiment of Foot was to be John Morgan's home for the next six years.

John Morgan was illiterate and signed his name with a cross, as can be seen in the Parish Register entry for his first marriage. With very few exceptions, it was the officers who wrote letters home, kept diaries and later wrote up their experiences in the Peninsula for publication. Occasionally, soldiers were persuaded much later in life to commit their memories to paper by those to whom they told their stories. For example, George Bankes of Kingston Lacy encouraged Sergeant William Lawrence of the 40th Foot, while Captain Henry Curling performed a similar service for Benjamin 'Rifleman' Harris of the 95th. We are fortunate indeed that Kilvert acted as amanuensis for John Morgan, to whom he invariably referred in his diary as the 'Old Soldier' or the 'Peninsular veteran'. While the officers suffered many of the privations of their men – particularly with regard to the dreadful weather and poor food – they were frequently mounted on horses, often had servants to look after them and tended to produce accounts that lack the immediacy and authenticity of those of the humble private soldier.

Samuel Johnson famously said to James Boswell: 'Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea.' Kilvert may well have had similar thoughts about himself and frequently recorded military references in his diaries: on 7 October 1870 and 18 June 1875 to the Battle of Waterloo; on 7 April 1872 and 10 March 1873 to the Crimean War; on 22 January 1873 to the Indian Mutiny; and on 11 February 1879 to the disaster at Isandhlwana during the Zulu War. However, a theme that runs

throughout the *Diary* concerns his visits to, and conversations with, the 'Old Soldier'. In his Introduction, William Plomer described John Morgan as 'a man whose memories would have delighted Hardy'.

The first mention of the 'Old Soldier' is just four weeks after Francis Kilvert commenced his diary: *Coming back called on the Lewises at the Bronith [Bronydd] and the old Peninsular veteran.*[7] By a pleasing symmetry, the final mention is one of the last to survive. Francis Kilvert was no longer living at Clyro, but had accepted the living at Bredwardine, a few miles further down the River Wye, prompting the 'Old Soldier' to tell the diarist that *I have lost my shepherd.*[8] It is clear from the diaries that the 'Old Soldier' and the 'Shepherd' established a remarkable bond, despite an age gap of almost 60 years.

The cottage at the Bronydd, home of John and Mary Morgan.

When John Morgan joined the 1/39th Foot they were still in winter quarters at Coria, on the river Alagón in Extremadura in eastern Spain, just twenty miles from the Portuguese border. Reinforcements were desperately needed, following heavy losses during the terrible retreat from Burgos and Salamanca the previous November. Less than two months earlier Lieutenant Benjamin Marcus Ball, 1/39th Foot, whose letters home to his mother provide excellent, first-hand accounts of the activities of both battalions of the 39th Regiment of Foot during the Peninsular War, wrote: 'I found the Regt tolerably comfortable as to quarters, (tho' this town is most wretchedly poor, and has twice been sacked by the Enemy), but the mortality, in consequence of the Retreat, is most dreadful. It equals any idea I had formed of the Plague. There are in the Regimental Hospital here a hundred and ten patients of whom two, three or four die daily I do not exaggerate. There are besides four hundred and upwards in the general Hospitals in the Rear, who are also dying very fast. Thus a Regt. which on Christmas day 1811, mustered effective in the field 1,240 men is now reduced to 998, without a Shot having been fired at them, and notwithstanding the numbers which die, the Hospital List increases.'[9] This party of some 200 reinforcements almost made up the resulting shortfall.'

In the light of what he could see with his own eyes, Lieutenant Ball was roused to fury by a 'Circular Letter' from Wellington: 'His first assertion that the Army met with no disaster and suffered no privations is a downright falsehood. His Lordship must have been very little acquainted with the state of his Army if he was ignorant that for nine days at a time they had neither Bread nor Biscuit nor any thing of the kind. That their only subsistence was the Acorns which the woods most fortunately at that period happened to afford. As they must actually have perished by hunger had they not been able to defraud the Pigs of their rightful food.'[10]

The five months that the 1/39th Foot were to spend at Coria therefore presented a badly-needed opportunity to recover strength and retrain. In addition, there were many new experiences, even for a countryman like John Morgan. On 23 March 1870 Francis Kilvert wrote in his diary: *Looked in upon the old soldier and stayed there reading and chatting to him an hour and a half ... Talking of wolves he said he remembered when the English army was in Spain at Correa [sic], every night soon after sunset he used to see the wolves come down to drink at the river. Then they would walk up the hill again into the coverts and vineyards, sometimes there were 4 or 5 of them at once. They were like mastiffs and as big. The soldiers used to scare them by snapping the locks of their flint muskets and making a flash in the pan.*[11]

A few months later the 'Old Soldier' and the 'Shepherd' had a similar discussion: *We talked about the War and he amused me by telling me his remembrances of the wolves in Spain, how they were very large and fierce, much larger than any dog he had seen. 'We frightened them,' he said, 'by making a flash of powder in the pan of our muskets. When the wolves saw it they went away. They did not like to see that.' It is nothing to write, but the old man said it so quaintly as if the wolves disapproved of the proceedings and did not wish to countenance it, so they walked away.*[12]

John Morgan was not permitted to acclimatise at Coria for more than a week or two before the summer campaign season got under way. On 28 May 1813 Benjamin Ball wrote: 'On the 15th [May] we broke up from our cantonments in Coria and its vicinity, and marched to Galestia where the Brigade united. We then proceeded [....]towards Bejar, and the Division united in Camp about a league from it, near a village called Valdefuentes. At this place we halted a day, in order to be reviewed by Sir R. Hill. The Division brought into the field ten thousand Men, in as fine order, and as well equipped as any Army in the world.'[13] It was not long before John Morgan was to have his first taste of action.

On 24 June 1813 Ball informed his mother: 'I write from near the frontiers of France – So glorious a Campaign never graced the Annals of British History. The operations have indeed been arduous, and so rapid as to rival Buonaparte himself. [...].

Benjamin Ball continued: 'Lord Wellington has always chosen his own ground for fighting and of course was not disposed to waive his choice at a moment, when he has got them completely in his power. He therefore moved the Army off to the Left and crossed the Ebro at Puente Arenas, leaving the Enemy so completely ignorant of his intentions that he nearly succeeded in getting in their rear. They however all withdrew towards Vittoria, where they took up a very strong Position, resolved to give us battle ... On the

glorious 21st of June we marched from our Encampment near La Puebla to attack them. Their Position was about two leagues in front of Vittoria, occupying a range of heights. [...] We accordingly advanced under a very heavy and galling fire from the Enemy and succeeded in driving them from the Heights and pushed down into the Valley whither we pursued them, and occupying a wood at the foot of the Mountain kept up a heavy fire of Musketry upon them, which they returned threefold. In the meantime our Brigade advanced by the main road, and dislodged the Enemy from the Village of which they retained possession during the remainder of the Day.'[14]

On 23 June 1813 Captain Duncan Campbell, serving with the 1/39th Foot, wrote from Vittoria to his old friend and former colleague, Captain Exham Vincent, who had left the 1/39th Foot six months earlier and was now serving with the 2/39th Foot at Weymouth: 'My Company was posted in a wood on the side of the hill, and fought with great gallantry. I could hardly keep them in any kind of order, they were so eager to get at the enemy. Thank God none of them were killed, I had seven wounded. At present I am unacquainted with the loss of the enemy ... If only half the destruction and loss of the enemy is true, this is one of the greatest and most decisive victories that was ever fought. [...] Carthew so slightly hurt as to be able to ride in, had a cannon ball pass between his legs, without doing any injury but a slight contusion. [...] Campbell concludes his letter by noting that 'this is without exception the most beautiful town I ever saw in Spain. The Signoritas old and young are all beautiful'.[15]

Captain Exham Vincent, 39th Regiment of Foot

Almost sixty years later Private John Morgan's recollections of the Battle of Vittoria are more vivid than those of his officers. He told Kilvert that *as they were rushing into action his front rank man, a big burly fellow, was swearing that 'There wasn't a bloody Frenchman who had seen the bullet yet which should strike him'. A few minutes later he was shot dead.*[16] *He also said that he well remembered being in a reserve line at Vittoria when a soldier sitting close to him on the edge of a bank had his head carried off by a cannon ball which struck him in front on the throat. The head rolled along the ground, and when it ceased rolling John Morgan and the other soldiers saw it moving and 'playing' on the ground with a twitching of the features for five minutes after. They thought it so extraordinary that the subject was often talked over round the camp fires as an unprecedented marvel.*[17]

Benjamin Ball concluded his description of the battle: 'In the meantime Lord Wellington had gone round with three Divisions to their Right and succeeded in turning their flank by which movement they were completely routed and fled in all directions, pursued by our victorious troops for the space of three leagues. [...] We continued our pursuit till yesterday. The road to this place was strewed with the carcasses of Men, Horses, and Mules ... I have escaped unhurt however and that is some consolation as the Regt. suffered severely, having eight officers wounded, and about two hundred men killed and wounded. The Brigade lost eight hundred.' The 'Old Soldier' was fortunate not to have been amongst the casualties: *After the battle when old Morgan was shaking out his blanket to wrap himself up at night in the bivouac he shook three or four bullets out of it, and one ball had gone through his cap, so close as almost to graze his head.*[18]

During the next five weeks, Wellington's army pursued the defeated French into the foothills of the Pyrénées, against a stronger enemy, reinvigorated by Marshal Soult, who had replaced Joseph Bonaparte after the rout at Vittoria. The 'Old Soldier' recalled an incident that occurred during this period: *'There was one Lieutenant Bowen an Irishman who joined the regiment between the battles of Vittoria and the Pyrenees. He was very vicious to the men and much hated. Just before the battle of the Pyrenees (which John Morgan calls the Battle of the Pioneers) this Lieutenant Bowen became very mild and humble to the men fearing he should be shot on purpose by his own soldiers in the battle from revenge. He was not shot.'*[19]

The Chemin des Anglais, *the Pass of Maya (the old road followed the crest of the hills).*

Soult now decided to make a stand in the Pyrénées, the last natural barrier between Spain and France. Benjamin Ball described the experiences of the 1/39th Foot in the battle that followed: 'On 7th we were again put in motion. The Enemy had taken up a strong Position on the Pass of Maya, which we now occupy. The last Pass in Spain on the road to Bayonne. [...] Neither of us had Artillery, as they had lost the whole of theirs at Vittoria & from the extreme badness of the road we were obliged to leave ours behind ...[...].

'Having formed, we were ordered to sit down, and in that position await the Attack of the Enemy. We had not however long to wait for on they came immediately, drumming as hard as they could (which they always do when they attack, I suppose to rouse their courage), and fired a Volley at us, which we instantly returned and cheered, when they very suddenly disappeared. In a few minutes they came on again and were received as before, and this repeatedly. One time, however, they forgot to fire first, and as ever we perceived them, we gave them a Volley, cheered and advanced a pace or two, when they disappeared without firing a Shot, and for some time their fire ceased. [...] They never attempted again to attack us in a body but merely sent out their Light Troops to harass us.'[20]

The contribution of the 39th Foot towards a famous victory was fully recognised, as Ball explained: 'General Stewart, who had been with us all the time, called together the Officers of the Regt and thanked them for their Conduct on the 7th.[21] [...] The conditions were unhelpful, as Ball described to his mother: 'The weather for the last few weeks has exceeded anything I have ever experienced in this Country even in Winter. It is incessantly raining, and we have been pretty well exposed to its fury as we have not entered a house since we left Coria.'[22]

This commanding position in the Pass at Maya now formed the lynchpin of the outpost line that Wellington established in order to protect his troops besieging Pamplona and San Sebastian. On 25 July 1813 the French launched a counter-attack in what they hoped would prove to be overwhelming strength. Benjamin Ball later wrote to his mother: 'About noon the Count d'Erlon attacked these Heights with 15,000 men. The two Brigades we had here did not amount to 3,000; besides we were not even alarmed in proper time, as the Enemy had actually gained the Heights before we could reach the point attacked. This he was enabled to do from the very correct information he had from our Deserters, who, I am sorry to say, have been extremely numerous. Our Brigade, however, advanced against him, and supported by the first Brigade, maintained a severe Action for some time, till overpowered by numbers and outflanked in all directions, we were compelled to retire which we did by alternate Regts. over the Heights disputing every inch of ground.[23] [...]

Another view of the rugged terrain in the Pyrénées – courtesy of Ian Fletcher

On 2 August 1813 the British retook the Heights and, as Ball wrote, 'we are only four Leagues from Bayonne, on the top of the inhospitable Pyrénées whence we cast many a longing eye towards the Sea and the fertile Plains of Gascony. The privations and deprivations we suffered during the operations were very severe, we had scarcely any Bread, and no time to cook, marching night and day, retreating and pursuing. From the 25th to 2nd we were without our baggage, which however was no great inconvenience to me, as I had told you before, I lost it all at Vittoria. During these ten days I have never shaved, nor took off any part of my clothes, but when we halted, lay down as I marched. I was even obliged to march without a Shoe, having lost one in the mud on the night of the 25th.'[24] [...]

Private John Morgan was one of those to suffer from these deprivations. The records reveal that, between 25 June and 24 September 1813, he was 'Sick Absent' for the Second and Third Musters.[25] The Muster for 25 August shows that, out of 899 rank and file officially on the strength of the 1/39th Foot, just 423 were fit for duty. Benjamin Ball wrote: 'Indeed you may consider it was warm work, when they had five to one against us ... The Regt. is reduced to a mere skeleton. We have only one officer per Company, instead of four, all the rest are killed, wounded, or missing.'

It had indeed been an extremely hard campaign, fought in the most demanding conditions. Due to his absence on sick leave, John Morgan took no part in the 'glorious Action of 10th Novr.'[26] when the river Nivelle was crossed; the battle at St Pierre d'en Haut on the outskirts of Bayonne on 13 December; the action at Garris on 15 February 1814 or the expulsion of the French from a strong position at Orthes on 27 February. The 1/39th Foot received three battle honours – Nivelle, Nive and Orthes – for these actions, although they only played a relatively minor role in each, and suffered few casualties. The 'Old Soldier' could, however, be proud of the fact that he had taken part in the two most gruelling battles fought by the 1/39th Foot during the Peninsular War: Vittoria and the Pyrénées.

The final act was fast approaching. On 11 March 1814 Ball wrote: 'Our present destination is I suspect Toulouse the Capital of the delightful Province of Languedoc ... Before us lie the rich, the fertile plains of Gascony stretched immense and lost in the Horizon,

and the Sea washes the numberless Towns and Village which line the Coast.'[27] Ball's intelligence was good. The 'Old Soldier' had returned to the fray by 10 April 1814 and was therefore present at the final battle of the Peninsular War, the capture of Toulouse. Ironically, this was a battle that should never have taken place, since Napoléon had abdicated six days earlier. [...]

Lieutenant Francis Henry Hart described the Regiment's part in the battle: 'The 39th Regt was the first to commence the action by driving in the Pickquets [sic] of the enemy & was the first to enter the City after its investment. The 39th Regt certainly does not bear on its Colours the title of Toulouse – neither do any of the Regts which composed Lord Hill's Division – but the 2nd Division was as essential to the glorious termination of the contest in this instance as it was in the Position held at Busaco – which, if it had not been occupied would have render'd it vulnerable.' Nevertheless this contribution was insufficient for the 39th Foot to be awarded the battle honour 'Toulouse'.[28]

Ball later wrote: 'Lord Wellington, unwilling to destroy a City of such celebrity, and whose Inhabitants were so well disposed towards us, designedly left the road open for Soult to retire if he thought proper, which he did on the night of the 11th, having been persuaded from his resolution of defence by General D'Armagnac, a native of the place. As soon as the Retreat of the French was known our Advance guard entered to the great joy of the Inhabitants, and the Army passed thro' on the road from Perpignan on which Soult had retired. At one o'clock Lord Wellington made his triumphal entry into the City. Nothing could equal his reception.'[29] [...]

On 21 April 1814 Benjamin Ball transferred to the 40th Foot as a captain, thereby ensuring that, for him at least, the war was over. His erstwhile colleagues were not so fortunate. In June 1814 the 1/39th Foot was ordered to North America: sailing from Bordeaux, they arrived at Quebec on 5 August. The records confirm that Private John Morgan took part in this expedition. Most of the men were detailed to occupy abandoned American trenches at Chazy, while the Light Company took part in the disastrous assault on Plattsburg on 11 September 1814, in which three men were killed, another died of his wounds, and an ensign, a sergeant, a corporal and twenty-five men were taken prisoner. This equates to almost half of those members of the 39th Foot that took part. When the prisoners were released, on 10 April 1815, only ten rejoined the Regiment. The others are listed as 'Deserted from Prisoner of War'. It was a particularly frustrating interlude since – not only was remarkably little achieved in the best part of a year – but the Regiment forfeited the chance of achieving everlasting fame at the decisive Battle of Waterloo.

The 1/39th Foot finally returned to Portsmouth just four weeks after Waterloo, only to be sent straight to Ostend, where they disembarked on 21 July 1815. The Regiment was to spend the next three years as part of the Army of Occupation in France, initially in Paris, with Headquarters in Montmartre. In late 1815 the 1/39th Foot moved to Tanques, east of Paris, for the best part of a year, before moving every few months between St Omer, Valenciennes and Berles, all in the Pas de Calais. The records show that, between 25 August and 24 September 1815 (Third Muster), John Morgan spent 20 days in the Regimental Hospital, followed by a further 16 days of hospitalisation between 25 November and 24 December 1815 (also Third Muster).

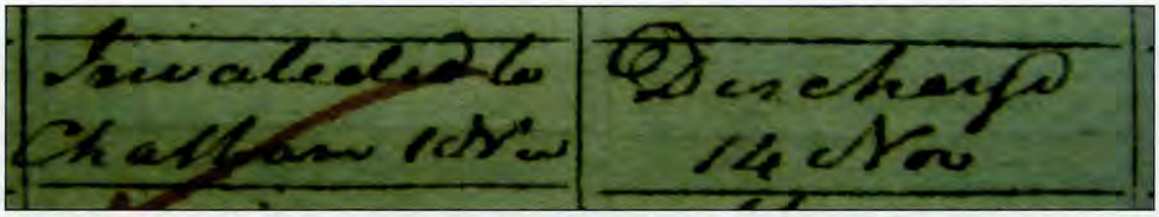
On 15 August 1870, at the height of the Franco-Prussian War, Francis Kilvert went to visit the 'Old Soldier': *I asked him as an old enemy of the French which side he took, French or Prussian. He said he knew nothing of the Germans, the French were more natural to him and he wished them well. They were very kind to him, he said, when he was quartered in the Allied Army at a small village near Arras. He helped them to dig their fields, garden, cut wood or do anything that was wanted. In return they rewarded him by giving him their nice white bread, while the dark hard ration went to the pigs. Morgan said there was often a good and friendly feeling between English and French soldiers when they were in the field. He had often been on picquet duty less than 50 yards from the French sentries. He would call out, 'Bon soir'. The Frenchmen would sing out in return, 'Will you boire?' Then they would lay down their arms, meeting in the middle space and drink together. Morgan liked drinking with the French sentries because they mostly had something hot. He believes and believed then that if they had been caught fraternising, he would have been shot or hung.*

Nine months later they discussed the Army of Occupation once again: *I went up the lane to see the old soldier and read him from* The Times *a notice of Lord Palmerston's tours in France in 1814 and 1818, mentioning the occupation of Paris by the Allies, and giving some anecdotes of the Duke and his opinion of the British soldiers, especially of the Peninsular regiments. The Duke's kind words pleased the old Peninsular Veteran. He remembered the time so well. He has seen them all in their pride. Emperors, King, Duke. Then I read to him by the fast fading light Matthew ix and after some talk he asked to receive the Sacrament shortly.*[30]

Francis Kilvert was reading the following passage, from *The Times* of 17 February 1871: '"Nothing, he thought, could surpass, or indeed equal, the British troops in the field. The sense of honour among officers existed in no other service in the same degree. He felt always confident, when he put a detachment into a post, that they would maintain it against any force till they dropped. As for looks, we did not look so well in a review as some of the others, and, indeed, he thought we paid too little attention to the dress and smartness of our men. A soldier was more likely to be orderly and well-behaved if he was obliged to be attentive to the neatness of his appearance." It must be admitted that in the Peninsula those heroes of whom the Duke spoke so warmly were seldom in a condition to pay attention to their dress or uniform, and the few that are still alive who were the Duke's comrades in the march to Madrid, and afterwards, to Vittoria, well know how torn and ragged were the uniforms of the veterans who chased the French out of Spain.'

Before the 1/39th Foot returned to England, when it was decided that the period of occupation of France should be reduced from five to three years, there was a grand military review of the Allied armies at Cambrai on 24 October 1818. On 27 February 1871 *The Times* reported: 'At the end Lord Palmerston remarks of the British troops, – "It was not national prejudice nor mistaken vanity that made us exclaim 'How beautiful!' when we met the redcoats. The superiority of our troops in activity and facility of manoeuvre is now universally admitted. As to their conduct on the day of battle, nothing need be said of that."'

If Private John Morgan was on parade that day, then this will have been one of his final appearances in uniform. Just a week later, on 1 November 1818, John Morgan was 'invalided to Chatham', one of the principal Army hospitals, from where he was formally discharged from the Army on 14 November 1818.[31] He had served with the Colours for six years, one month and thirteen days. His pension records reveal that he suffered the 'fracture of thigh from a fall in 1819 [sic] causing lameness'[32] This must have been the reason for his premature discharge – without a pension.



The final entry in the Regimental records: John Morgan's discharge from the Army – courtesy of the National Archives (WO12/5260).

Part II will follow in the September *Journal*.

References

1. For this information, together with much other practical assistance, I am indebted to Colin Dixon of Llandrindod Wells, Publications Manager of the Kilvert Society. I first contacted him after establishing that John Morgan served with the 39th Foot, the Museum of which Regiment in Dorchester I am a Trustee.
2. WO116/101 ref. 7377 – Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Disability and Royal Artillery Out-Pensions Admission Books, January-June 1871.
3. Private soldiers were paid sixpence a day, rising to seven pence after seven years' service, and to eight pence after fourteen years' service. The county titles were of little significance at this period: just six years earlier the 39th Regiment of Foot had been known as the East Middlesex. A significant proportion of both officers and men were recruited from Ireland, particularly from the local militia, and connections with the county tended to be coincidental. There was, however, great loyalty to the regiment, with sons often following their fathers into the same regiment.
4. WO12/5315 – 2/39th Foot General Muster Books and Pay Lists 1812-1813.
5. Ibid. Based on average earnings, this sum would now be almost £5,000.
6. WO12/5258 – 1/39th Foot General Muster Books and Pay Lists 1813-1815.
7. *Kilvert's Diary*, chosen, edited and introduced by William Plomer, published by Jonathan Cape in 1938, 1939 and 1940 – 15 February 1870.
8. *Kilvert's Diary* – 11 September 1878.
9. *The letters of Lieutenant Benjamin Marcus Ball, 39th Regiment, 1811-1814* – courtesy of the Military Museum of Devon and Dorset, Dorchester. Ball letter dated 26 January 1813 from 'Coria'.
10. Ball letter dated 21 February 1813 from 'Coria'. This contradicts – in no uncertain terms – the advice given by Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick Lindesay to Exham Vincent in a letter dated 26 October 1811: 'I would not advise you to bring more baggage with you than you really require, as the necessaries of life, and even little luxuries, are to be had wherever there is any considerable station of our troops. Tea and sugar, a ham, cheese and spirits are the principal support of the campaign to be carried in one's baggage. Wine you get in the country, fowls, eggs, etc., etc. and our ration meat, in general excellent, and our ration wine often good, our rations of spirits always so.'
11. *Kilvert's Diary* – 23 March 1870.
12. *Kilvert's Diary* – 15 October 1870.
13. Ball letter dated 28 May 1813 from 'Camp near Osbada'. Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, K.B., commanded the 2nd Division.
14. Ball letter dated 24 June 1813 Ball from 'Camp before Pamplona'.
15. *Diary of Captain Exham Vincent 54th and 39th Regiments 1800-1813* – courtesy of the Military Museum of Devon and Dorset, Dorchester.
16. *Kilvert's Diary* – 27 July 1871.
17. *Kilvert's Diary* – 9 April 1870.
18. *Kilvert's Diary – 27 July 1871.*
19. *Kilvert's Diary* – 9 April 1870. The death of this officer was reported in the *Limerick Chronicle* on 17 January 1835: 'At Prospect Row Stephens Cole Bowen Esq son of the late Henry Cole Bowen Esq of Bowens Court co Cork originally of the Royal Irish Artillery and late of the Roy Vets Battn. This lamented gent served with credit in America & the Peninsula War with 39th & 90th Reg.'
20. Ball letter dated 21 July 1813 from 'Camp near Maya'.
21. Ibid.
22. Ibid.
23. Ball letter dated 3 August 1813 from 'Heights of Maya'.
24. Ibid.
25. WO12/5258 – 1/39th Foot General Muster Books and Pay Lists 1813-1815.
26. Ball letter dated 8 December 1813 from 'Cantonments of the 2nd Division on the Banks of the Nive, near Cambo, France'.
27. Ball letter dated 11 March from 'Aire'.
28. Hart letter of 21 June 1847 – Ibid.
29. Ball letter dated 15 April 1814 from 'Ville Nouvelle'.
30. *Kilvert's Diary* – 2 March 1871.
31. WO12/5260 – 1/39th Foot General Muster Books and Pay Lists 1818-1819.
32. WO116/101 – Ibid.

Photographs from Jeremy Archer

FRANCIS KILVERT AND THE WRITTEN WORD

By Heather Pegg
(Curator of the Radnorshire Museum, Llandrindod Wells)

Part II of a lecture given at Presteigne on 24 April 2008 during the Society's AGM weekend.
(For Part I see *Journal* No. 27)

The historian's job is to try to recover the overlooked, hoping to find something missed, preferably from under other noses. To discover new archival jewels, to capture beguiling glimpses of the past and then to reassemble, from the fragility of this jigsaw, the clues to that past. All this, you will say was done by William Plomer in his editing and then by knowledgeable members of the Society reviving the echoes, their curiosity kindling the pale gleams of the passions of former days. This is indeed so but let us look at the Revd Francis Kilvert's ODQ entries. He is accorded three by Margaret Drabble:

An angel satyr walks these hills – 20 June 1871. A single sentence entry, thought by David Lockwood to be a vision of Kilvert's 'unrestricted imagination: his "id" at play'.

It is a fine thing to be out on the hills alone. A man can hardly be a beast or a fool alone on a great mountain – 29 May 1871 (Oak Apple Day).

Of all the noxious animals, too, the most noxious is a tourist. And of all tourists the most vulgar, ill-bred, offensive and loathsome is the British tourist – 5 April 1870 at Llanthony. A rare moment of a less than kindly approach.

Walter Savage Landor had purchased Llanthony in 1811 and started his married life there. He wrote an amusing doggerel on the House of Hanover. The last line is: 'When from earth the Fourth descended/God be praised the Georges Ended'. On 6 September 1878 Priscilla Price was to describe to Kilvert seeing the Coronation of George IV. Kilvert captured her reminiscences comprehensively in the *Diary*. Priscilla Price said that 'she favoured the Queen' (Caroline of Brunswick).

Kilvert flavours his writing with words from other pens, as he, in his turn, appears in the works of others. His memory seems excellent, his head full of quotations and not just the expected Biblical ones, which, curiously, are fairly rare.

On Thursday 9 June 1870 he wrote: *In the night there came a cooler wind and fair showers out of the west.* [The blessed west]. *The falling white blossoms of the clematis drift in at the open window on the fresh morning breeze. In the garden there are red roses, and the blue hills beyond. Last night the moon was shining in at my west window through the lacing boughs of the mountain ash – the moonbeams fell across the bed and I saw 'the gusty shadow sway' on the white bed curtain.* So here is Tennyson's *Mariana*: 'In the white curtain, to and fro,/She saw the gusty shadow sway./But when the moon was very low,/And wild winds bound within their cell,/The shadow of the poplar fell/Upon her bed, across her brow.'

Kilvert admired Wordsworth too. In the entry for 18 March 1871 he refers to *March Noon* now known as *The Oak and the Broom:* 'I saw a crag, a lofty stone/As ever tempest beat!/Out of its head an Oak had grown/A Broom out of its feet./The time was March, a cheerful noon/ The thaw-wind, with the breath of June/breathed gently from the warm south-west.'

It is not too fanciful to suggest that Kilvert, loving Wordsworth's lines as he did, in describing *The fair flower of Llandovery* was quoting from *Yarrow Visited* (1814): 'Where was it that the famous Flower/Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?/His bed perchance was yon smooth mound/On which the herd is feeding:/ And haply from this crystal pool,/Now peaceful as the morning,/The Water-wraith ascended thrice-/And gave his doleful warning.'

The 'famous Flower of Yarrow Vale' is a quotation from the first stanza of Logan's *The Braes of Yarrow*: 'For never on thy banks shall I/Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow.' Kilvert was to address 32 lines of verse to *The Flower of Slaughterford* published by his friends posthumously (*Musings in Verse*).

When down the stormy crescent goes/A light before me swims,/Between dark stems the forest glows/I hear the noise of hymns. Kilvert is quoting Tennyson's virgin knight, Sir Galahad, after a solitary walk from Hay to Clyro without meeting a single person, *always a great triumph to me.*

On 22 April 1872 he writes that he *held a consultation with Mrs Venables about my love affairs, plans and prospects. I see how it will all end. Alas, who could have believed that I could be such a villain?* 'Alas for the breaking of love' – Augustus Hare (*Memorial of a Quiet Life*). Augustus Hare had been a pupil of Kilvert's father and 'remembered boredom and severity in equal measure'.

It began with a lass and it will end with a lass writes Kilvert on 23 August 1871, quoting James V of Scotland, when speaking of Robert the Bruce's daughter, Marjorie, and the Scottish Dynasty. (The last lass being Mary Queen of Scots).

Robert Burns is mentioned often: *Such a day as Burns would have liked.* Frank Vincent, a dragoon in the 1st Royals is described as *being fond of Burns*. Kilvert read him Burns'

Heather Pegg Photo: Val Dixon

Epistle to Andrew Aiken, in 1874 (5 Feb). On the first fine Sunday in May: *Robert Browning had a peculiar love for such a day as this,* and on 15 June 1873, *Again a beautiful peaceful summer Sunday morn such as Robert Burns would have loved.*

One is hard put to find a book about rural England and the quiet places, anthologies of writing about such and anthologies of the clerical life without finding an affectionate reference to Kilvert. A.N. Wilson, Richard Mabey, Ronald Blythe, Jan Morris, Susan Hill, D.J. Enright to mention the best of them.

Kilvert's verse was described by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch as 'vicarage verse'. This sounds more than faintly dismissive and one wonders whether Sir Arthur would have described the work of Robert Herrick and Sidney Smith, both clerics, as vicarage verse.

Kilvert was eager to see his verse in print. *In Loving Remembrance of Little Davie,* composed at Bredwardine and dated 5 February 1879, is written, firstly in the dying child's voice and then in the third person plural: *All in a little, little bed we laid the child to rest.* The *Diary* entry describes that Christmas afternoon: *The weather was dreadful, the snow driving in blinding clouds and the walking tiresome. Yet the funeral was only 20 minutes late. The Welcome Home, as it chimed softly and slowly to greet the little pilgrim coming to his rest, sounded bleared and muffled through the thick snowy air.* The verse of that same moment reads 'with muffled knell the burial bell tolled through the thickening gloom/And faint and dim the soft sweet chime rang out his Welcome Home.' In the *Diary* Kilvert continues: *I preached from Luke ii.7. 'There was no room for them in the inn' and connected the little bed in the churchyard in which we had laid Davie to rest with the manger cradle at Bethlehem.* One hopes that the distraught parents were comforted by a vicar showing such wisdom, kindness, sympathy and robust faith. The poem was some six weeks in the making and let us hope too the writing of it brought some comfort to Kilvert.

Sir John Betjeman gets it, as so often, spot on when he writes of the *Diary:* 'The best picture of quiet vicarage life in Victorian England that has yet been given us'. The Revd David Lockwood suggests 'there is a flavour of Chekhov' who, although not a priest, read medicine.

Jan Morris writing about Dolgellau in *The Matter of Wales: Epic views of a small country* quotes directly from the *Diary* entry for 12 June 1871: *I have always had a vision of coming into a Welsh town about sunset and seeing the children playing on the bridge ...*

Eric Ravilious to Helen Binyon, (Lawrence's twin daughter) on 12 January 1941: 'Here is the Kilvert for you – the third and final volume. I'm very fond of Kilvert'. In February 1938 Ravilious began a two-month stay at Capel-y-Ffin where he found 'the skies are superb but the hills so massive it is difficult to leave room for them on paper'. As someone more accustomed to the skies of Essex, the Black Mountains must have produced a different sort of challenge. Ravilious designed the cover for *London Fabric* by James Pope-Hennessy which won the Hawthornden Prize in 1939.

Like John Betjeman in his turn, Francis Kilvert waxed lyrical about bits of the female form or, more accurately their extremities:

John Betjeman: The 'strongly adorable tennis-girl's hand' of the recently late Miss Joan Hunter Dunn (d 17.4.08)

Kilvert: *Longed to kiss that beautiful white little hand* of Miss Lyne.
The prettiest foot I ever saw belonging to Kathleen Hall.
The strange sweet thrill of Ettie's hair...

He had a penchant for beautiful innocent eyes and tangled hair, which does rather suggest a different pleasure, but one well based on precedent. Back to Robert Herrick who admired 'sweet disorder in the dresse'.

Whilst away from the fairer sex on 6 March 1871 he writes with apparent self-discovery: *I like wandering about these lonely, waste and ruined places. There dwells among them a spirit of quiet and gentle melancholy more congenial and akin to my own spirit than full life and gaiety and noise.* On 7 April 1870 he had said that he had *a peculiar liking for the deserted road.*

Sometimes the things he disliked appear in the *Diary*: *Stuffy railway carriages, smoke and, especially a combination of the two.* He *loathed* London.

Other links:

- He reminds us that Petrach *In the cathedral on Good Friday* saw Laura.
- William Barnes, Rector of Winterbourne Came whom he visited is called *The great idyllic poet of England.*
- Kilvert recalled 'Hulbrand carrying Undine through the flood' (Milton's *Paradise Lost* book IV, (1497-1503) 'he in delight'...) when he beheld Daisy Thomas being carried by her brother over some wet ground. Did his sad heart ache when he, in his turn, carried Clara Powell across the water coming back from Brobury in late December 1878? Did he remember Daisy at all by then?
- *The last sigh of the Moor* we now know refers to an epic poem by George Hughes. A lower case 'm' and an 'r' misread for the letter 'n' defeating recognition until now [see *Journal* No. 16 March 2005].

Delightfully Kilvert often mentions what he is reading:

- Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems lent by Mary from Hay Castle.

- Kilvert was reading Robert Browning's *In a Gondola* and thinking of dear Ettie whilst *sauntering round the lawn at Monnington Rectory watching the waving of the birch tresses*.
- The Dean of Canterbury, Frederick William Farrar's (1831-1903) *Life of Christ* (1874). William Holman Hunt had designed the wood engravings. Kilvert was to find Hunt's *The Shadow of Death* 'theatrical'.
- On 24 February 1870 Kilvert is reading about the Mordaunt Warwickshire Scandal Case with its *horrible disclosures of the depravity of the best London society*. A rare moment in the *Diary* of both worldliness and censure. Elizabeth Hamilton's book *The Warwickshire Scandal* was published in 1999.
- *Alone in London*.
- *Stepping Heavenward* – his, at least sometime, favourite book.
- He purchased *Faust* in the Tischendorf series for 2/-.
- *The Marquis of Lossie*, the sequel to *Malcolm* by George Macdonald.
- *Puck. A Talking Dog*. 'Clever, bitter, extravagant, full of repetitions and absurdities and ludicrous ambitious attempts at fine writing, weak and bombastic. The great blot is the insane and vicious hatred of women. Evidently written by a woman.' (Ouida, aka Marie Louise de la Ramée).

On Childermas Day Kilvert *read to Hannah Williams, hoping to soothe her to sleep, but in vain*. I think that we can safely assume that the choices came from his shelves and included *The Eve of St Agnes* by Keats. On 7 January 1873 this was to be in Kilvert's head when he danced, with such evident fun, at Norton House, a Sir Roger de Coverley with Francie Rooke, returning home after supper at 1 o'clock on a fine moonlit night. *'The pipers loud and louder blew, the dancers quick and quicker flew'*.

What of the Welsh language and the mystery of the sermons at St Harmon? You will remember that there were two services at St Harmon at 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. with sermons in Welsh. Was it Francis Kilvert preaching? Had he learned enough of the language to preach and read the banns, without fear of making the sort of faux pas which the vicar of Glascwm, Mr Marsden describes being made at St David's by an assistant curate. Farther west and more isolated than Clyro, Welsh would have been heard at St Harmon more often than at Clyro. St Harmon was the last parish church in Radnorshire to have Welsh services. Until 1835 all the services were in Welsh and afterwards one Welsh service was held each month until 1865 (W.H. Howse *Radnorshire)*. Kilvert was *surprised to hear children speaking Welsh* at the Golden Lion.

To return for a moment to Kilvert's early life: He was educated at his father's school 'which was very strict', then at his uncle's 'poetry-filled' one at Bathwick, before going up to Wadham in 1859 and after three years and one term obtained a fourth class degree in Law and History in 1862 (See C.S.L. Davies' delightful and informative article in June 2005 *Journal*). He was ordained in Bristol Cathedral and theological training for him was as a working curate.

The Revd Robert Kilvert, RFK's father, had been educated at Oriel with John Henry Newman. The convert and future Cardinal said that 'Robert Kilvert had left a fragrant memory at Oriel behind him'. After hearing his son preach on 19 March 1876 Robert Kilvert was to tell that son, 'As you were preaching there came back upon my ear an echo of the tones of the sweetest human voice I ever heard, the voice of John Henry Newman. No voice but yours ever reminded me of him'. A compliment so treasured that it is recorded in the *Diary*.

Why do I keep this voluminous journal? I can hardly tell. Partly because life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing that it almost seems a pity that even such a humble and uneventful life as mine should pass altogether away without some such record as this, and partly too because I think the record may amuse and interest some who come after me.

We are told in a 1977 Society Newsletter that V.S. Pritchett saw it as 'a deliberate work of art – of literature'. Your President thought it 'a gesture against oblivion' and 'certainly an outlet for longings and emotion'.

It would be so nice to be able to send to Kilvert one of his approved postcards to tell him about the Society dedicated to his memory and how delighted are those of us who read his diaries.

I let the Revd Francis Kilvert have the penultimate word when he neatly, amusingly and factually writes about the Bishop's speech at the Hardwick Bazaar, 29 August 1870, I have spoken: *readily, but not eloquently for an hour.*

To end on a note of frivolity:

Sam Cowper-Coles who became a pupil of Kilvert for all too brief a period of time in January 1879 has a descendant who is currently Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to Kabul. Sir Sherard Cowper-Coles, a member of this Society, is mentioned in the film of a somewhat different diary, *The Diary of Bridget Jones*, when the object of her affection, Mark Darcy, speaks to him about Bridget's imprisonment in Thailand.

List of Books referred to:

Benjamin Britten – A Biography, Humphrey Carpenter.
The Faber Book of Fevers and Frets Edited: D.J. Enright.
John Henry Newman – A Biography, Ian Ker (Parish priest).
A Very Private Eye Autobiography, Barbara Pym.
Lord Berners: The Last Eccentric Mark Amory.
London Fabric James Pope-Hennessy.

Francis Kilvert; Abridged for Children Elizabeth Divine, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone.
A Warwickshire Scandal Elizabeth Hamilton.
The Knox Brothers Penelope Fitzgerald.
Eminent Victorians Lytton Strachey.
Mid-Victorian Britain 1851-75 Geoffrey Best.
The Matter of Wales: Epic views of a small country Jan Morris.
Eric Ravilious at War Edited by Anne Ullman 2002.
Country Matters: Selected Writings 1974-99 Richard Mabey.
The Countryman's Britain Edited by Crispin Gill.
John Betjeman: Letters 1926-1951 Edited by Candida Lycett Green.
Field Work Ronald Blythe.
Puck (A talking dog) Ouida, aka Marie Louise de la Ramée.
Radnorshire W.H. Howse.

MOCCAS CHURCH

By Gordon Rogers (Ross-on-Wye)

This previously unpublished piece by Gordon Rogers appears now in his memory.

In June of 2003 the Kilvert Society service was held in the church of St Michael and All Angels at Moccas, west Herefordshire.

On the Saturday we had visited Moccas Court and also the Deer Park with its wonderful display of old trees, particularly oak; we ended up with tea in the splendid new village hall. Afterwards a few of us went back to the church for a look round prior to the Sunday service. I had visited the church on a number of occasions in the past and made several notes about it for my own personal interest, supplemented from time to time by additional information acquired from other sources. Our editor kindly suggested I might like, in due course, to write an article on the church for inclusion in a future edition of the *Journal*. This therefore is the result.

As to the name Moccas: this apparently derives from the Welsh 'moch' meaning pigs, and 'rhos' a moor. By 1130 AD, about the time this little Norman church was built, the name had become Mochros, later anglicised to Moccas. No doubt the earlier name harks back to the time when the swine used to feed on the acorns in the great oak forest.

The church itself is quite small, though the absence of a chancel screen and the fact that the chancel arch is quite wide probably reduces this impression to some extent. The entrance porch is on the nave south wall, and there is a small open belfry on the west end of the nave roof with niches for two bells. The church was restored in 1870 by Gilbert Scott (Junior).

The building has two main distinguishing features. Firstly the construction material, which is calcareous tufa, a rock of rough or cellular texture alleged to have been obtained from a local source; one suggestion I have seen is from a dripping well and petrifying springs not far away. This is not the place to go deeper into the material used, except to add that it is a sponge-like rock formed by water running over calcareous rock deposits. If interested in such matters I suggest looking up a good dictionary or geological book; for completeness inspect also travertin(e). Incidentally, for those with earlier copies of the Kilvert Society Newsletters there is an interesting description in the February 1981 edition at page seven.

Moccas Church Sketch: KS Archives

This material gives the church stonework a whitish appearance with slightly pitted surface. To me it brings to mind the modern 'breeze-block' though much lighter, but this is just a personal sensation.

The second feature of importance is the organ and its case, which occupies best part of the west wall of the church, extending right across from north to south walls. This remarkable instrument was installed in 1872 during the time that the Revd Sir George Cornewall, Bart of Moccas Court was rector; he also paid for the organ. It was literally built into the west end of the church; the case was painted by Thomas Kempe, and a plate on the console records the building of it in 1871 by Walker and Sons of London. Gilbert Scott (Junior) designed the case.

Anyone interested in further details of the organ and its installation, and who possesses the relevant old Newsletters, is advised to consult the issues dated 9 September 1970 (page 9) and 22 September 1971.

The unique organ Photo: Editor

Because of the absence of a west window, often the largest one in a church or cathedral, this end of the church is rendered somewhat darker than it otherwise would be. However this is a small price to pay for the presence of the unique organ.

Brief details of further interesting features of the church worth noting can be summed up in the following notes.

There were carvings on the tympana over the south and north nave doors, the latter now blocked up. However when we were there in June 2003 I observed that nothing was now to be seen of this work. Both surfaces were relatively flat and seemed to be coated with what resembled brown paint. However I have two references to these carvings which may be of interest. The Wye Valley *Ward Lock Guide* of 1971 records: 'Over the north door is a carving representing the Beast eating the Tree of Life, while over the south door the Beast is seen devouring a man who holds on to the Tree of Life, the branches of which form a cross.' Pevsner in his volume *Herefordshire* (1973) states: 'The tympana are effaced. That on the south side contained a tree of life flanked by human figures and beasts. On the north side were a beast and scrolls. The scrolls appear in frantic disorder.'

The font near the west end of the nave is twelfth or early thirteenth century and the cover is sixteenth or seventeenth century, while the stem is modern.

The recumbent figure on a tomb chest in the chancel is an effigy of a Crusader Knight, Sir Reginald de Fresne, a member of the Fresne family who were Lords of Moccas in the Middle Ages. The tomb has a carved decoration all round the sides and ends, consisting of a single repeated motif – a shield in a quatrefoil surround.

In the apsidal sanctuary is a piscina which seems rather large for a small country church, so I doubt if it can be the original. Next to it is another recess, no doubt an aumbry. Each is fronted by an ogee arch.

Another feature which intrigues me is the type of seating in the chancel. There are eight conjoined polished wooden seats on the north side and eight on the south. Each seat has a hinged base, but when lifted up reveal no ornamental display of ecclesiastical, grotesque or eccentric subjects as one would expect from what appear to be authentic misericords. A narrow desk or shelf for placing the books fronts the seats in a line. We seem to have here a miniature replica, though less ornate, of the choir stalls found usually in much larger churches and cathedrals. I wonder why.

We cannot end without some reference to Francis Kilvert if possible. Fortunately we need not be disappointed because the *Diary* records that on 10 April 1875 he visited the church while Sir George Cornewall was playing the organ: *When Sir George had finished playing he came up into the chancel and courteously shewed me round the beautiful little Moccas Church with its apse and stone altar. The thing which interested me most in the Church was the beautiful tomb of Sir Reginald de Fresne, the Crusader, perhaps an ancestor of my own.*

Outside, the churchyard is well kept and, apart from the graves, consists of well-mown grass, three grown yews and a couple of other small growing trees, and with a few clipped rounded bushes along the southern boundary. There are good views of the Moccas parkland with its many trees, also of the Court itself.

Perhaps these few comments will encourage members who have never as yet visited this little gem of a place, to do so if and when opportunity occurs; I am sure you will not be disappointed.

To read more of Gordon Rogers' writing see page 17 of Journal *no. 23.*

THE UNFORTUNATE DEMISE OF GIPSY, THE GREY MARE

By Jane Humphries (Llandrindod Wells)*

In May 1870, Kilvert writes about Gipsy, a grey mare, and her unfortunate demise. The story unfolds over several days, eleven in all. As a modern day vet working in mixed practice in Powys, I have been asked to give an opinion on Gipsy's illness and treatments. The following is very much just an opinion, although I have sought advice from some specialist horse vets and veterinary historians and any comments or criticisms would be gratefully received.

*Jane Humphries is the daughter of the late Mrs Molly Stewart whose obituary appears on page 32.

Gipsy's illness was recorded by Kilvert as beginning on 5 May, although Kilvert notes she had been ill three or four years earlier and presumably recovered uneventfully. She is noted as having 'stomach staggers', a term which Kilvert seems to use with familiarity and which accurately describes her symptoms – stumbling, falling and hurting her head, symptoms which were to come and go over the next few days.

My first question was: what is stomach staggers? Kilvert seems to use the term almost as a diagnosis. A definition in an old reference book states 'stomach staggers is an affectation of the brain due to impaction of the stomach, especially in young horses at grass, causing dullness, distended abdomen and often death in a short time.' Other definitions include 'distension of the stomach with food or gas' or 'a temporary condition due to impaction of the stomach'. Kilvert also comments that it looks as if Gipsy had not had enough exercise and had overeaten.

One consideration I had was, did Gipsy have colic? Rutter, the original vet to attend to Gipsy, thought she might have eaten sawdust from the loose box floor, and that could certainly lead to colic. Our modern day definition of colic can embrace abdominal pain of varying origins, including originating from the stomach. We certainly do see stomach distensions/impactions – sometimes these can be resolved relatively simply by passing a tube down into the stomach to allow gas and fluid to escape and giving a modern-day anti-inflammatory to relieve the pain. However not all distensions/impactions can be relieved easily and sometimes the stomach will rupture, leading to a temporary resolution of the symptoms, followed by death due to peritonitis.

But Gipsy was also stumbling, staggering and falling. While horses with colic will certainly get down and roll, this is a conscious response to pain, whereas the staggering fits Gipsy suffered from seem to indicate brain involvement.

Following Kilvert's comment about the possibility of Gipsy having overeaten and been under exercised, I also considered a condition called Azoturia, or 'tying-up'. This can be seen when a horse has been rested without restricting its feed and is then exercised. Symptoms can include weakness and trembling, sometimes with progression to lying down. However, if they remain standing they are often very stiff and reluctant to move. If they do become recumbent, they are unlikely to proceed then to rise and fall repeatedly the way that Gipsy is described as doing.

I felt further input from a specialist horse vet would be useful and received some very helpful replies to my letters.

The opinion seems to be that Gipsy's symptoms could have been caused by many different conditions but that some kind of metabolic or neurological condition was the most likely diagnosis. A list of possibilities would include brain trauma, brain abscess, cancer, meningitis, poisoning and a brain disorder, secondary to liver disease. Diseases less common nowadays which may have been seen in Kilvert's day include parasitic brain inflammation due to worm damage, lead poisoning, mycotoxins ('mouldy corn disease') and even rabies.

As modern day vets we have many tests at our disposal to make a more definitive diagnosis. In first opinion practice we could pass a stomach tube to see if Gipsy has any fluid or gas in her stomach and take blood tests to look for indications of infection, inflammation or metabolic disorders. At a referral practice she could have had an x-ray of her head and neck, and even a magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) scan.

The vets in Kilvert's day had none of these tools. They had to rely on their own close observation of symptoms and experience. The art of diagnosis by clinical examination alone is a skill that arguably has diminished in the veterinary field even since I qualified nineteen years ago, as we have come to rely more on diagnostic tests.

Gipsy did, however, receive a second opinion. Two days after she became ill, Kilvert was advised that Rutter, the vet initially called upon to attend to Gipsy, was 'an ignorant incapable quack'. Fleetwood, a vet from Hereford, was recommended. Kilvert did hesitate as he felt the fee for this vet might be high, but in the end consented and agreed to risk Mr Venables' disapproval. This second opinion by Fleetwood confirmed the diagnosis and treatment given by the first vet.

As we read on through the story of Gipsy she seems to have periods when she is a little better interspersed with times when she is worse again. On 12 May she is described as having episodes of falling and rising, as on the first day. On 13 May she is no worse and eating. On 15 May she fell again, but revived for a while. On the morning of 16 May, she sadly died *with a fearful struggle, plunging and rearing*.

The waxing and waning of the course of Gipsy's illness may give us a further clue as to what may have been wrong with her. Most of the conditions mentioned so far would have had more constant symptoms, with steady regression or progression. However, symptoms of hepatic encephalopathy (neurological/brain symptoms secondary to liver disease) can wax and wane, with episodes of falling, stumbling and head pressing. I had two separate opinions from specialist horse vets who both felt hepatic encephalopathy was the most likely explanation for Gipsy's symptoms. Interestingly, one mentions that stomach impaction can be a sequel to liver failure, which ties in nicely with our old textbook diagnosis of 'stomach staggers' above, referring to it as being due to stomach impaction.

If Gipsy did have liver disease with its distressing consequences, what caused it? Again, both vets cite the same possibility – chronic ragwort poisoning. Signs of ragwort poisoning can be very acute, even though damage to the liver has been over many years. We are unsure whether the severity of ragwort poisoning was known in 1870 and without modern-day spraying it could have been inadvertently included in the grass cut for hay.

I also considered the treatment of Gipsy, then and now. Her treatments back in 1870 included blistering liniment rubbed into her head and over her ribs, 'bleeding' (initially about a gallon of blood), injections (unknown), drenches (possibly henbane or ammonia), and clystering (enemas). She was, at times, walked up and down in the sun, and wrapped in blankets soaked in hot water to 'steam' her. She was also given brandy, port wine and egg in her gruel, linseed tea, and crushed and boiled oats.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to see how some of these treatments could have helped Gipsy – in fact, some of them may have made things worse. Fleetwood, the second opinion vet said the blistering was a mistake, and that the henbane/ammonia drench was too strong and given in too large a quantity. Kilvert himself comments on 11 May that Gipsy should not have been taken out 'lightly clothed' after being covered with steaming blankets all night, and also describes her as having sore skin from the blistering (her flesh was later described as peeling off) and a sore mouth from the ammonia. I am inclined to sympathize with these opinions. From my own research, I see that henbane can actually cause sedation, wobbliness and hallucinations which may have exacerbated Gipsy's symptoms. It may also be toxic to the liver. The ammonia drench would also have aggravated symptoms of any hepatic encephalopathy as it is the high levels of ammonia in the body which is one of the primary causes of the symptoms in this condition. Interestingly however, the enemas may actually have helped, by reducing the amount of ammonia in the bowel which would otherwise be absorbed.

So what would we do nowadays? If Gipsy was suffering simply from an uncomplicated colic, then stomach tubing and anti-inflammatories/pain relief would be our first line of treatment. We would administer electrolyte fluids and or liquid paraffin as needed via the stomach tube, rather than by drenching. We have the option of surgery for more complicated colics. Anti-inflammatories would also be used for many other conditions including azoturia and meningitis. We obviously have antibiotics to treat any infection, and anti-parasiticides for worms. However, if, as is our greatest suspicion, Gipsy may have been suffering from hepatic encephalopathy, we are not really able to offer any more effective treatment than they offered Gipsy 150 years ago. While general nursing, fluid therapy and a low protein, high carbohydrate diet with vitamin supplements may act as supportive treatments, in horses with progressive signs and uncontrollable encephalopathy, the prognosis is poor. Sadly, it is probable that euthanasia would be advised, to prevent further suffering such as that endured by Gipsy.

I have no doubt that all those caring for Gipsy were doing their very best to help her. The treatments described, such as bleeding, blistering and enemas, were quite traditional treatments of their time, used in the belief that they 'cleansed, purified and balanced'. On more than one occasion, several people were described as staying up all night with Gipsy, including Rutter the vet and Kilvert himself. The effort put into her care was second to none, and would be a challenge to anyone nursing a horse today. Kilvert was clearly moved by her condition.. *Oh, poor old Gipsy* he says, *what you must be suffering!* He leaves us with the moving epitaph: *A good many memories go with this faithful old servant.*

Many thanks to the Kilvert Society for this fascinating introduction to *Kilvert's Diary*.

The account of Gipsy's illness and death appears in the Sandford Notebook, April-June 1870.

DISCOVERING KILVERT

A Continuing Journey

By Margaret Collins (London)

When leafing through my hymn-book each week I always look at the dates of the writers and wonder if their hymns would have been known to Kilvert and whether their lives were contemporary with his. Walter Chalmers Smith who wrote *Immortal, Invisible* lived 1824-1908. John Henry Newman author of *Lead Kindly Light*, who remembered Kilvert's father at Oriel, lived 1801-1890. Anna Laetitia Waring writer of *In heavenly love abiding* lived 1820-1910 and Samuel Trevor Francis, *O the deep, deep love of Jesus!*, 1834-1925. These lives spanned Kilvert's by decades and Kilvert himself could have lived well into the twentieth century; he could not have known that his life was to be so cruelly cut short, but the reader knows and that knowledge provides a poignant backdrop to our reading of the *Diary* and is a sombre counterpoint to Kilvert's record of his daily life in all its diversity. Likewise, there is a melancholy undertone to the *Diary* entries during that freezing Bredwardine winter of 1878-79. Dora is ill and has gone home for a month and Kilvert battles on alone in his new parish, beset by a series of health problems. To crown it all he then learns that Dora, his beloved sister and housekeeper, is to leave him, to be married. We know, but he could not, that in the following spring his life will take an upturn and he will meet Elizabeth Rowland and marry her in the summer. Sadly, like the Dewings' marriage, this was to be but a *short gleam of happiness*.

My first encounter with *Kilvert's Diary* was whilst browsing in Waterstone's (whose current carrier bags bear the apt quotation from Hemingway 'There is no friend as loyal as a book'!). As I dipped into the pages of the *Diary* I was captivated by the immediacy of the author's informal, accessible style and from that moment the *Diary* had me under its spell. I was delighted to learn that there was a Kilvert Society and joined, reading all the Society's publications. I ventured an article for the *Journal*, which our editor encouragingly printed and received a letter from Mr R B (Ray) Taylor, author with the late Eva Farmery of *Kilvert's Kathleen Mavourneen*. Ray was very helpful and lent me the *Cornish Diary* and the *Sandford Notebook* which I had not known were available and sent me items from past KS Newsletters.

Corresponding and exchanging views on the *Diary* with members is very rewarding, especially as I live far from 'Kilvert Country' and cannot get to the Society's meetings. I have managed to attend three of the winter events which I greatly enjoyed. It was good

to be in the company of other enthusiasts and to discover my fellow Kilvertians to be a most friendly crowd! Through reading the *Diary* I have become very interested in the Victorian era and attended an Adult Education class on 'The Victorian Legacy'.

What is the enduring appeal of this *Diary* which I read last thing every night? When I have finished volume III, I begin again with volume I (much to the amusement of my family). As Lewis Carroll's Alice stepped through the little door from the dark hall and 'found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower beds and the cool fountains' so I feel when I read the *Diary*, as if I am stepping into a lavishly filmed costume drama or into a Victorian painting by William Powell Frith or John Everett Millais. How is it that the life of an obscure country curate from the 1870s possesses the power to so engage the reader? It cannot simply be that the *Diary* provides an escape from the mundane which we seek when we read a novel. However much we may love a particular novel and return to it throughout life it is unlikely that we will read it every day, year in year out, and not tire of it. Such is the power of Kilvert's writing that when I read the *Diary* I am right there standing invisibly alongside him, breathing the country air and noting the sky and the changing seasons as he goes on those long walks. I enter into his quieter, slower, bygone world. Living as I do in built-up noisy south-east London, with no convenient park nearby and where the only means of getting a daily breath of country air is to tune in to *The Archers*, I do indeed feel like Alice stepping through that little door.

In the past I read the Diary of Parson Woodforde (1759-1802) a fascinating insight into the life and times of another clergyman. More recently I read *The Grasmere Journal* of Dorothy Wordsworth. This is an account of life with William before and after his marriage to Mary Hutchinson. Dorothy is very sensitive to the natural world and there are some lovely descriptions of the countryside around her home and also many details of domestic life.

Much as I enjoyed these two diaries I do not want to read them every day. Kilvert alone has the ability to lift me up into his world. The magic of the *Diary* is that it comes up fresh each time I read it and, inexplicably, I am able to journey deeper into it.

Kilvert has a zest for life and there is a remarkable vividness in what he tells us about his daily round. Like an artist he records what he sees and his powers of description enable us to see the picture for ourselves, yet each time we look at that 'painting' we notice details that we did not see before. The scenes he portrays are tableaux caught in time and a cavalcade of characters, young and old, rich and poor, from the far-off 1870s who would normally have long been forgotten, process before us as if in a pageant and shine out immortal from the pages of the *Diary*. Kilvert achieves this by masterly use of language and without ever overloading his narrative with extraneous material. His writing is very focused and yet conjures up for his reader an entire scenario. We are not simply observers, we are partakers.

As we accompany the Diarist the people we encounter leap off the page. The description of the children playing at Mouse Castle is typical. We meet these *genii loci* but fleetingly, yet we enter into their high-spirited revels so completely that it is hard to believe that we were not present.

When Ettie Meredith Brown and her sister visit Langley Burrell Rectory for tea, the game of croquet played on the sunlit lawn is captured forever. Kilvert makes no mention of the spontaneous laughter as the cat brings her kitten into the midst of the game *and looks round as if for applause* but I can hear it so very clearly. Similarly, I experience the dusty heat of that *quiet, sunny happy afternoon* when Kilvert, Mrs Venables and little Katie wander round the garden at Llysdinam and Mrs Venables picks some violets for Kilvert as *friendship's token* before she and the child wave him off at the station. It perfectly evokes for me the heat and stillness of a moment in summer, like Edward Thomas' poem *Adlestrop*.

The *Diary* draws the reader in. The joy of Kilvert's chance encounter with the beautiful Florence Hill when *the doors and windows of heaven were suddenly opened...the flights of golden stairs sloped to my feet and one of the angels had come down to me* communicates his rapture so directly. His perceptions frequently find resonance with our own experience. The face of the deceased Maria Kilvert elicits *a vague, fleeting dim recollection which I could not catch or define*. When he receives the letter from Daisy's father: *The sun seemed to have gone out of the sky*. His disappointment at missing the Miss Hills brings the sad reflection *such is life, meetings and partings* and of the mental sufferings of John Couzens he says, *Oh, how little we know of the agonies that are being endured within a few yards of us*. There are many instances where an observation or insight rings true for us across nearly 140 years, and Kilvert is Everyman.

Kilvert wanted to be recognised as a poet and took his poetry writing very seriously, but the results are rather disappointing. His earnest attempts to express his thoughts in verse are often laboured and it is no surprise that his father did not enthuse over his son's desire to publish. Is it not ironic, then, that Kilvert's poetry is in his prose? It is there that he is able to encapsulate the moment and present it to us entire and unalloyed, enabling the reader to experience it as he did. That is poetry.

In part, I feel that I know the Diarist well. It is clear that Kilvert was greatly liked by those who knew him and the reader also quickly warms to his humanity and straightforward, pleasant personality. Men found him companionable and women were certainly drawn to him and he to them. He had the gift of relating easily to children, for there was part of him that had never grown up. However, we only know as much about Kilvert as he chooses to tell us. Evidence from third parties is sparse and it is not always easy to read between the lines. Despite Kilvert's seeming openness and apparent candour, there are hints at aspects of his personality which suggest that the *Diary* may not be quite the whole story. For instance there are those oblique references to sin, about which he does not care to elaborate. Kilvert remains a rather private and enigmatic figure; he leaves us clues but we cannot entirely pin him down. For me, this elusive quality adds to the interest of the *Diary*.

Over the years I have visited and revisited many of the places mentioned in the *Diary*. My (long-suffering) husband who acts as

chauffeur on these expeditions once wearily asked me: 'Is there anywhere Kilvert *didn't* visit?'. A trip to Kynance Cove and the Lizard in 2007 was particularly evocative. *The Cornish Diary* almost becomes a guidebook, so unchanged is everything and I expected to turn round and see the energetic Kilvert and 'H' climbing up and down the cliffs. There are disappointments too. *Tullimaar* is not visible from the hill above or the road below and how one would dearly love to see inside the rectories at Hardenhuish and Langley Burrell. Alas, always a case of so near yet so far!

On first visiting Bredwardine churchyard I was taken aback and not a little amused to see how close the Misses Julia and Catherine Newton were to Kilvert in death. There they were, buried right up on either side of him. I can just imagine the raised eyebrows and local comment that must have caused! The sisters' sense of ownership of their vicar, apparent during his lifetime, certainly extended beyond it. Little could Kilvert have imagined, when he chose the plot for his grave, in whose close company he would lie for eternity. He could not know that Elizabeth would be so cruelly denied her rightful place by his side.

We all love a mystery and the *Diary* provides this aplenty, not least because we are only able to read a small part of the original. The *Cornish Diary* and the Sandford and Harvey notebooks are a tantalizing reminder of how much more was contained in all those lost volumes and papers so perversely destroyed by Essex Hope. We can only feel gratitude that her brother Perceval had the vision to send the diaries to Jonathan Cape all those years ago and that they landed on the desk of William Plomer.

Last night I again smiled at the hilarity and merriment caused among the populace of Chippenham by *Goodbye poor Bunny, 1876* as I read volume III. This volume along with the other two in my boxed set has well-worn covers and pencilled scribblings. My paperback edition is well-thumbed, well-travelled and dog-eared. Yet these books are the doorway through which I step daily into a long-vanished world and their pages are sprinkled with gold dust.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

As I looked through past Newsletters in connection with the extended archive sections for last year's *Journals* it occurred to me that members might be interested in reprints of other articles which have previously appeared, those with a particular relevance, perhaps, to present and subsequent events and research.

For this issue I have chosen an article by John Hockin of Swanage who died last September. It is, therefore, very appropriate, in John's memory, that we should have a chance to read again the fruits of his research into the Hockins of Cornwall, in particular William and Emma Hockin, his grandparents and Kilvert's hosts for that memorable Cornish holiday.

This article is from the Newsletter of June 1984.

Editor

THE HOCKIN FAMILY

By John Hockin (Swanage)

Kilvert's Cornish holiday continues to be of interest to students of the *Diary*. His friendship with William and Emma Hockin raises many questions and there are, so far, few answers. A short article of mine on the subject was published in the Newsletter for March 1977. As this is no longer readily available to new readers it seems appropriate to cover the same ground with added detail.

William and Emma were my grandparents. My knowledge is mostly from old family and other records, as my parents died before I became interested in Family history. William and Emma's marriage certificate shows that they were married on 1 January, 1867, at St John's Church, East Dulwich; her father was John Borlase Baines, Gentleman and her mother Edna. I assume the family lived in the area. William had an Uncle John at Amersham House, Beckenham. William was in the process of inheriting a considerable fortune and the house, *Tullimaar*. I infer that, owing to a law suit, occupation was delayed. It may be for this reason that they moved temporarily to Langley Burrell. The Ashe family papers in the Wiltshire Record Office show that they rented *Langley Lodge*, Langley Burrell in September 1867 until about March 1869 when they moved to *Tullimaar*, Perran-ar-worthal, near Truro.

Did Kilvert become acquainted with them when they moved to Langley? Possibly either Emma or William had a local connection in the area which caused them to live here briefly on their way to Cornwall. Kilvert's references to Emma could well imply that he had been acquainted with her before her marriage when she was a Miss Baines. I cannot trace a Baines family in the area, although the Ashe Family papers refer to legal documents (not yet examined) between William Henry Awdry and John Baines of Melksham. Another possible connection is that in 1874 the above-mentioned Uncle John's eldest son, Arthur Pendarves Hockin was appointed a curate at Hullavington Church (Vol. III page 155) and was subsequently the last of the Hockin Rectors of Phillack. It may also be significant that Emma's father was John Borlase Baines. Borlase is a wide-ranging Cornish name, indeed William's father (of whom more anon) had a curate at Perran-ar-worthal Church, the Rev William Borlase whose wife Georgina bore a daughter christened Edith Ann in 1838.

Some readers have already visited the fine, very old church of St Felicitas at Phillack near Hayle in Cornwall. It can be seen from the list of Rectors that for 160 years from 1763 until 1923 the living was held by a Hockin. The first of these Rectors at Phillack with Gwithian (there is another fine church at Gwithian with many Hockin connections) was the Rev William Hockin born 1738 died 1813. He purchased the advowson when it came on the market and thus was able to keep this living in the family. Two of his sons died young, the third was another Rev William Hockin born 1776. He was the Rector from 1809 until his death in 1853. He married Peggy Williams a daughter and eventual heiress of the Rev Anthony Williams of St Keverne, Cornwall.

Phillack Church Photo: Editor

They had eight sons and four daughters. The eldest son Williams Hockin became a solicitor in Truro and the family there were the Truro Hockins mentioned by Kilvert in the Cornish Holiday. Emily, Charlotte and Agatha were three of his six daughters (Vol. I page 198. etc) the second son, Henry William Hockin, was 'our' William Hockin's father. He was originally destined to inherit the living at Phillack and meanwhile after ordination served as curate at St Stithians with Perran-ar-worthal. He was granted that living in 1836 on the unexpected death of the then Vicar the Rev Charles William Woodley. Henry William married Anne Sampson Cloak that same year and they had three children, Anne Sampson born 1837, William born 1838, Deborah Margaret born 1839. Their mother died in 1844 and only two years later they lost their father in 1846. He died at *Finchley House*, St John's Wood, London. I should like to find out more about this address.

The orphans aged 7, 8 and 9 were probably taken care of by the grandparents at Phillack. Still living at that time were four maiden aunts also probably at Phillack: Elizabeth, Susan the housekeeper mentioned in the unpublished part of the Cornish Holiday, Emily who married the Rev Henry Wright and Mary Caroline the youngest who died in 1950. There were also five uncles, the youngest being Uncle Frederick who had just gone to Cambridge and who succeeded to the living at Phillack in 1853 on the death of his father and then became responsible for the orphans. William's grandfather left a relatively large estate in Cornwall but of course it became much divided among the eight surviving children, grandchildren, etc.

However, the orphans William and his two sisters were not without prospects. Their maternal grand-uncle was Benjamin Sampson, a wealthy industrialist who, *inter alia*, owned gunpowder plants at Kennal Vale and previously at Cosawes, supplying the huge demand from Cornish mines for blasting powder. I surmise that Benjamin's sister Jane married a Richard Cloak, had a son known as Benjamin the Younger and a daughter Anne who were possibly left as orphans and adopted by Benjamin the Elder and his wife. They became heirs to his estate including the large Victorian house built by Benjamin and still standing at Perran-ar-worthal called *Tullimaar*. I now think that the secret of this puzzling name, which I am still researching, may refer to a coffee plantation overseas!

'Our' William inherited a considerable fortune following the death of his maternal Uncle, Benjamin the Younger, in 1864, but not before a long and difficult law suit. When Benjamin the Elder built *Tullimaar* in 1830 at a cost of around £5,000 he did so on land leased from the De Dunstanville Estate for a period extending to the longest of three lives (a common method in those days). Provision was made for extending the lease by nominating fresh lives to replace those that died. A series of mischances, however, meant that this was never done and soon after William and Emma moved into *Tullimaar* in 1869 the last surviving life, that of a Richard Hockin, expired and the property reverted to the De Dunstanville Estate.

William's orphan sister Deborah Margaret did not marry and died in 1932. His elder sister, named Anne Sampson after her mother, married Charles Frederick Poole in 1873 and had a boy and a girl. One wonders if there was any relationship to the Mr Poole – a keeper at the British Museum – whom Francis met at Miss Newton's house in August 1872 (Vol. II, page 252).

William's Uncle Frederick who succeeded to the living at Phillack in 1853, as described, married the same year, Susan Ann Petty, daughter of Dr Thomas Petty of *Wellwood House*, Bardsea, Ulverston; they had a son Thomas Edmund and a daughter Lucy Margaret. The former was a famous rowing blue at Cambridge. He rowed in the Boat Race from 1876 to 1879 inclusive. The year 1877 was the year of the only dead heat. This is why we find William and Emma travelling from Taunton to see his cousin rowing in the Boat Race (Vol. III, pages 251 and 254 – the last reference in the *Diary* to Kilvert's friendship with the Hockins). The daughter of Frederick, Lucy Margaret, married William Martin Dignes La Touche and subsequently inherited her brother's property which then included, I think, the Riviere House and Estate at Hayle, referred to by Kilvert during the Cornish holiday. It had been purchased by Frederick by auction in 1868 and 1869 from the Cornish Copper Coy. (See *The History of the Cornish Copper Company*. W.H. Pascoe. Dyllansow Truran, Cornish Publications, Redruth, Cornwall).

For the reasons explained above William and Emma left *Tullimaar* some time in 1872 with their then three children, Ernest born December 1867 at Langley Burrell, Florence Mary born 1869 and Beatrice Emma born 1871 at *Tullimaar*. They moved to *The Ferns*, Taunton, a substantial Victorian House with large grounds. Possibly, for financial reasons William set up as a nurseryman and seedsman with a shop at 12 North Street, Taunton.

Kilvert visits them on 11 September 1872 (Vol. II, p.267) and Emma was then less than a month off the birth on 3 October, 1872, of her fourth child, my father Lancelot Cuthbert Baines (names from her family), following which she had a severe illness. She had only just recovered when Kilvert went to Taunton to christen him on 13-14 December, 1872 (Vol. II, page 292). It is not entirely clear from this entry that it is Emma's fourth child that Francis is christening.

Their subsequent history at Taunton is not fully known. My father attended the Huish School at Taunton and by 1890 they are living at Overton House, West Monkton near Taunton where Emma died suddenly on 19 July, 1890 aged 46. The unexpected death gave rise to an inquest and a verdict of death in accordance with the medical evidence of natural causes was given. Her body lies in St Augustine's Churchyard West Monkton under a headstone which reads:

'In Loving Memory of Emma Kate. The beloved wife of William Hockin, who fell asleep 19th July 1890 aged 46 years'

'Father in Thy Gracious Keeping, Leave me now thy servant sleeping'.

Subsequently after a lapse of some years William married again and died in Ramsgate in 1916.

I should like to acknowledge the assistance received from Barry Smith of Truro and of Hugh and Guy Dearlove in gathering the information for the story as I know it so far.

Emma Hockin Photo: KS Archives

TWO ARCHIVE PHOTOGRAPHS, ONE QUITE RECENT, ONE LESS SO!

The Committee at the AGM Weekend, 25 April 1997. Back, l to r: Morris White, Molly Stewart, Ron Watts, Val and Colin Dixon, Jeff Marshall, Barry Smith, Mike Reynolds, Edward West, Lawrie Jackson. Front, l to r: Anne Wheeldon, Revd Nigel Rowe, Harley Dance, David Lockwood (Chairman), Michael Sharp. Photo: KS Archives

The Thirlwall Family taken at Nantmel Vicarage, 6 December 1897. Edmund and Effie (rear), the Revd T.J. Thirlwall and his sister. Effie laid the Foundation Stone at St Mark's Ysfa on Thursday 21 April 1870.
Photo by courtesy of Milwyn Pugh, Churchwarden at Ysfa

KILVERT AND CHOLERA

By Dr Andrew J. Larner (Liverpool)

20 December 1871: *Miserable all day with an attack of cholera and diarrhoea.*

It came as a surprise to a reader who had received his medical education in the late twentieth century to read the above entry in *Kilvert's Diary*, sufficient to indicate that the writer may have used medical terminology in a sense different from current usage (Larner, 2008). When we think of cholera in the nineteenth century, we are apt to think in terms of an epidemic disorder with high mortality ('King Cholera'), which caused great anxiety in the population at large and provoked social unrest. Kilvert's diary entry is, in contrast, almost throwaway, with no specific comment or follow-up report.

A clue to the solution of this problem came from a reading of the correspondence of Charlotte Brontë (1816-1855). In a letter to her friend, Ellen Nussey, dated 25 August 1852 she writes:

'Poor Tabby is ill ... at present with English Cholera which complaint ... has lately been almost universally prevalent in this district' (Smith 2004:63).

Tabitha Aykroyd was the Brontë's faithful servant for over thirty years who survived until February 1855, dying shortly before Charlotte's own demise.

A distinction was drawn in the nineteenth century between 'Asiatic cholera' (also known as Indian cholera and cholera morbus) and 'English cholera' (also known as summer cholera, simple cholera, and cholera nostras). The former was a malignant disorder which, spreading from India, occurred in epidemics throughout the world, mostly notably affecting the British Isles in 1831-32 and 1848-49, including Wales (Penrhyn Jones, 1958). This was recognised by practitioners as a new disease because of features such as the torrential 'rice water' diarrhoea, the intense blueness and coldness of the body, a shrivelling up of the person's extremities, all consequent upon profound dehydration of the body, often resulting in rapid death. Treatments common at the time, such as bleeding, purging, blistering and vomiting, may have done little other than hasten death by further compromising fluid volume.

'English cholera', though characterised by diarrhoea, vomiting, stomach ache and cramps, in contrast to Asiatic cholera was rarely fatal to adults. The similarities and differences between the disorders were debated in the medical press: for example, Barrett (1842:92) concluded that they were 'identical in fundamental character' but 'differing very widely in intensity'. This was, of course, many years before the advent of germ theory and Robert Koch's identification of the *Vibrio cholerae* bacillus as the causative agent of Asiatic cholera.

We may therefore safely assume that it was the English variant of cholera which briefly assailed Kilvert in December 1871.

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NEW BOOK

John Toman's new book *Kilvert's Diary and Landscape* was published at the end of 2008 and is now available, at a special discount, to members of the Society – see below.

In this new work our member, John Toman, presents the first thorough examination of Kilvert's writing and offers a complete revaluation of the man and his work, tracing the literary and religious influences that brought him to write in the way that he did. This study takes account of Kilvert's education at his uncle's school, his reading of travel guides, his devotion to such figures as Wordsworth, William Barnes and the Revd Frederick Robertson, his visits to key locations, his parochial work, the role played by Romanticism and Evangelicalism in his outlook and the significance of walking as the driving force of his writing.

For those unfamiliar with the *Diary, Kilvert's Diary and Landscape* is an ideal introduction; it will take those who already know and love Kilvert back to his diary with renewed interest and deepened insight. This new study has much to offer readers interested in cultural and landscape history, literature, religion and the Victorian period.

This is John's second book on Kilvert and as he says in the Introduction: '[it] may be regarded as the second part of a revaluation of the diarist that began with my *Kilvert: The Homeless Heart* (2001).'

The book is published by The Lutterworth Press. It is a paperback of 404 pages and the RRP is £27.50. It is, however, available to KS members at a special price of £22.50 which includes postage and packing. The offer is valid until the end of May 2009.

Please order direct from the publisher quoting the reference **KILSOC0209:**

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* * * * *

Our President reviews the new book:

English literature is hugely indebted to the parsonage. However, when we think of Robert Herrick, Gilbert White, John Donne, William Barnes and many other geniuses, it is primarily as writers, not as clergy. Yet when we think of young Francis Kilvert it is as a curate who kept a diary, rather than as someone whose brief life was helplessly caught up in the need to create probably more than was necessary to carry out his duties as a priest. Not that Kilvert neglected the latter for one moment. But one cannot read him without knowing that the actual setting down of his words on the page was but the final part of an entire day in which he had walked, dreamed, listened, watched and felt as a writer, this being his awkward but true gift from above. Maybe his father had observed this strange side to him from childhood on, hoping that he would grow out of it, and it would explain his crushing response when Francis suggested the publication of his poems. Biographers have mentioned his celibacy as a cause for his emotional difficulties, but celibacy is a religious vow which he had not made and that aloneness of his was partly caused by his being single. And if we wonder why such an attractive man was not snapped up by one of the numerous girls in local society, we might remember the caution there was about marrying a poor curate who may not get a living.

John Toman's landscape interpretation of the *Diary* is quite wonderful, rich in its scholarship and adventurous in its treatment. It contrasts Kilvert's duality, or rather merges them to reveal the writer's complexity – that mixture of convention and uncontrollable imagination which produces a certain kind of vision and behaviour. And in his case, not an ordinary journal but a work of literature. Toman reminds us how William Plomer's editing, brilliant though it is, has shaped the *Diary* to the interests of the 1930s, a time when Victorian religion was somewhat despised and personal freedom and complexity found fascinating. The *Cornish Diary* remained unabridged and Toman takes us through it in exciting detail. The wild seas, the rough inhabitants, the passionate Methodism – and Emma Hockin, a beautiful married woman. One thinks of Thomas Hardy and his Emma inevitably. But Toman uses this part of the *Diary* to show a less enigmatic Kilvert and a great writer. The visit to William Barnes en route is among the unforgettable entries, for Mr Moule is there. Horace Moule his son has just committed suicide in Cambridge but Kilvert does not mention it. His friend Thomas Hardy was at his funeral. Kilvert's nearness to the heart of nineteenth-century rural literature activates Toman's study. We see Kilvert thinking and seeing like William Wordsworth, Frederick Robinson and Walter Scott, and being taught about the countryside by the new guidebooks.

Most of all, Toman sweeps away the tentative approach to Francis Kilvert and is able to accompany him on those vast tramps. 'The link between Kilvert's walking and his writing is a particularly significant one. His movement through landscapes is closely bound up with his exploration of his own identity. He had been influenced ... by the tradition of walking and writing that had been established towards the end of the eighteenth century.' Kilvert's walking guru was a Bath clergyman, the Reverend Richard Warner whose travel books offered a philosophy of the open road. It was whilst walking the English-Welsh border that Kilvert encountered the terrible realities of life. He set them down, not as a reporter or social historian, but as an artist. He had no mission to improve matters. Things are what they are. His cloth gives him the *entrée* to tragic or erotic scenes, to private matters, to scandal and gossip, and to some marvellous storytelling. He is not an innocent. Little shocks him, everything enthrals him. There is the best 'comprehension' so far of Kilvert's delight in young girls. And there is his love of physical beauty, whether in men, women or children. Also the sense of his own youthful physicality, though no sense at all that he would die young, rather an infectious sense of wellbeing which he continues to display to his readers.

John Toman misses nothing in this openly sensitive *Diary*, this successful 'book of the self', but his chief pursuit is the Kilvert of landscape writing. He says that the Radnorshire landscape 'became for him a symbolic form of an ideal world, his relationship with which enlarged his conception of himself.' He finds that Kilvert's attitude to the countryside owed much to the Quaker William Howitt's books such as his *Rural Life of England* and *Visits to Remarkable Places*. It was the scenery in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* which spread before him in Cornwall, and Builth and Aberedw which released the poetic energy in him in Wales. The familiar road between Hay and Clyro provided endless landscape writing of the highest order as Kilvert walked himself into a dream. He comprehended solitude – sought it out – and wrote some of the most intelligent comments on loners of one sort or another to be found in literature. On the way to any destination he picked up tales and news. He sat in huts and listened to the poetry of the illiterate and to the wisdom of the ages. He learned the secrets of the Druids 'the oak-knowers'. He thought nothing of walking twenty-five miles in a day. The scenery could be carried back to his desk and turned into words. Socially he was unprogressive, always looking back to what he believed was a better time, to romance and legend, and to daydreams. A minimum of natural history allowed his descriptive passages to soar and be drenched in colour. Yet it is Kilvert's *reality* which endears him to us. There are many nineteenth-century rectory diaries by both men and women, their being a kind of domestic activity of these quiet houses, but none to equal Francis Kilvert's in its vulnerability and its mastery of the form of the private daily account. It was not his adequately performed church life which gave him the power to write it, but what George Borrow's Lavengro called 'the wind on the heath, brother'. That exultation which fills the walker, that storyline which comes to him at every step. Kilvert, as John Toman proves in this understanding essay, could put it all down. As with Wordsworth's Lakes, it is hard to see the Black Mountains or Tintagel other than through his eyes.

Ronald Blythe

Kilvert's Diary and Landscape by John Toman.
The Lutterworth Press, £27.50. 404 pp. Illustrated. ISBN 978 7188 3095 3

THEN AND NOW
HAY BRIDGE
(By John Wilks, Cusop)

In 1763, when Hay bridge was first built, the bridge was a substantial construction of five stone arches. Despite this, floods, following a severe frost, carried a major portion of the bridge away in 1794. Only two of the stone arches remained and these were connected to Hay by five wooden piers. The wooden portion was yet again carried away by floods in 1855 and had to be rebuilt. Bridges up to this time were well below the level of the present road and crossed the Hay Tramroad by a level crossing. In 1861 the lease on the bridge ran out and the Board of Trade refused to allow a new bridge to be built unless it was high enough to clear the Tramroad, as this was about to become the railway. Thus a new lattice girder bridge (see photo) was completed in 1864 16 feet above the level of the old bridge, this was the bridge crossed so many times by Kilvert during his journeys from Clyro to Hay and back again. In 1958, the present bridge replaced the 1864 bridge.

1864 Photo: KS Archives

1958 Photo: John Wilks

MURIEL KILVERT
The Story so far .....
By Henry Kilvert (King's Lynn)

It was during the celebrations for my cousin Muriel's 90th birthday last year that I realised her life has been filled with extraordinary adventures about which I knew very little. Earlier that year Muriel told me about the many twists and turns that had shaped her life.

Muriel is Teddy's (Perch's) granddaughter and although she never knew him she is the closest living relative of RFK, whom she charmingly calls Uncle Frank. She did know great-aunt Fanny (Francis' sister) and auntie May (Thermuthis, who is Francis' niece) and they passed on their family reminiscences. I am sure that Muriel would be happy to share her recollections with the Society.

It is difficult to imagine such a robust 91-year-old as Muriel having a childhood with so many illnesses and mishaps. It started with a difficult birth and amongst other things included an operation because a dentist dropped an infected tooth on to her lung and a bout of scarlet fever. These illnesses meant that she seldom lasted to the end of a school term and was therefore deemed unacademic and was channelled into the practical subjects of woodwork, pottery and domestic science. When she left school she continued with the domestic science and became a cordon bleu chef for which she won silver medals.

Her plans were altered by the advent of war and she joined the Wrens' motor transport division as an ambulance driver. She was sent for officer training at Greenwich and became a unit officer on HMS *Aggressive* at Newhaven. Her talents for teaching and organisation were soon realised when she was promoted to being Head of Education and Vocational Training for the Wrens. She adapted three Fleet Air Arm vehicles into what were affectionately known as 'Kilvert's Cosy Kitchens' complete with washing machines and cookers to train the returning Wrens how to be housewives.

In 1946 with the War over Muriel gained a teacher's diploma specialising in cookery and the following year she was appointed as a catering supervisor for Sainsbury's. In 1947 Sainsbury had around 80 shops which were mainly staffed by Irish lads who lived above the shops. These boys were looked after by a housekeeper and it was Muriel's role to ensure they had a balanced diet. Two years later she became the catering advisor to 27,000 steel workers in South Wales. She was warned that when she visited the works she must not look attractive since she would be the only woman present!

The Kilvert family had always had a very cosmopolitan outlook and one Christmas a Sudanese family friend begged her to come out to Sudan and help set up a better education system. At the age of 32 in 1950 Muriel was taken on approval for two terms only to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She flourished in this academic environment and stayed on to complete her degree in Modern Greats also gaining a hockey blue in the process.

Muriel was still an undergraduate when she was appointed headmistress of the Unity High School, Khartoum, which was in the headlines last year over the furore caused by the teddy-bear called Mohammed. Flying out in a Hermes to take up the position her plane had to ditch in the Mediterranean. She managed to remove the emergency window and escape having to keep afloat one of her assistants who was unable to swim, until help arrived. They were in the sea for over two hours being badly burned by the aviation fuel which mixed with the sea water. Initially they were not allowed to land on the nearest island because they did not have their passports which had been lost in the plane. The photographs of her return home were featured on the front page of the *Daily Telegraph*. Not surprisingly when she did return to the Sudan she chose to sail out via Egypt.

Muriel Kilvert with her cousin Henry and Henry's wife Jill, at Presteigne, 2008. Photo: Ann Dean

Muriel's next appointment was as the lay principal at Bishop's College, Colombo in Ceylon which was an Anglican school with students from many countries. Returning to England three years later Muriel used her knowledge of running schools abroad by setting up a course at Reading University for headmistresses working overseas since their role included being the bursar, architect and dietitian.

The next change was brought about when Muriel decided to become a politician, so in 1958 she became a political education officer in London and participated in an early think-tank. Her ambition was to become an MP but it soon became apparent that female MPs were expected to shake hands, kiss babies and open bazaars so she quickly abandoned this idea. The final blow was when she was hit by a car when she was on her bicycle, catapulted over the car and crashed onto the tarmac. Fortunately the bleeding lung was not fatal.

Muriel was appointed headmistress of Runton Hill, a private girl's school on the Norfolk coast where she remained for the following fourteen years. The school was famous for its bracing winds and its character-building attributes. She is in contact with many of the pupils whom she still regards as 'my girls'. On a visit to a Kilvert Society AGM we had to make a detour around Hereford to catch up with one such pupil. Not surprisingly Muriel broadened the horizons of the girls which included visits to Petra, Crete and Italy. On the return trip from Italy they had to sleep in a doctor's surgery in Venice and a garage in Switzerland.

In 1972 Muriel embarked on her epic journey around the world in a converted fire-engine. Her Green Goddess she named Peregrine after the Kilvert family motto of Peregrinamur. Peregrine took Muriel across Canada, down the western seaboard of America to Mexico, back to San Francisco before crossing the Pacific in a container ship to Bombay. Floods in India caused an 800-mile detour before pushing up into Nepal, Kashmir, Tibet and Pakistan. They crossed over the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan and Iran during the last days of the Shah. Peregrine had no power-steering, weighed four tonnes and had rather unreliable brakes.

The doubling of the price of petrol caused by the Middle East crisis meant that Muriel ran out of money in Turkey. She received an unsecured bank loan since a local bank manager had been well treated by the British during the Second World War. You can read much more about these adventures in Muriel's book *Around the World in a Green Goddess*.

Since her retirement Muriel has coached at a sixth form college near Ipswich, raised funds for Suffolk Heritage, taken local history courses and written a history of Framlingham. Naturally she has continued her extensive travels which have included escorting tours around Mexico in a 12-seater van and driven down to Italy to collect a friend's olive oil.

At 91 Muriel remains a very engaging companion with a razor-sharp mind who is always happy to share her adventures and experiences. Whenever I have spent time with Muriel I always come away feeling uplifted by her positive outlook and her fascinating memories.

FROM THE MEDIA

On 30 October 2008 *The Daily Telegraph* carried an extensive obituary recording the very distinguished naval career of Rear-Admiral Michael Kyrle-Pope 'born on October 1 1916 into a family which traces its ancestry back to the Tudor manor of Homme in Much Marcle, Herefordshire.'

Homme was the home of the Money-Kyrle family into which the Revd Andrew Pope married on 9 September 1874; RFK was his best man. The photograph on page 8 of *Journal* No. 27 shows the wedding group with Kilvert modestly, indeed self-effacingly, seated almost behind a pillar on the far right of the group.

An advertisement in the September 2008 edition of *Herefordshire Life* reveals that the early sixteenth-century Homme House is still a private home, belonging now to the Finnigan family. It is however available for hire and offers a 'stunning backdrop for your wedding.' A small coloured illustration shows the facade of the House and the pillar behind which Kilvert was almost concealed.

The Daily Telegraph again: this time in the edition of 6 October. In an article entitled 'The year without a Summer,' Christopher Howse urges us not to despair about the endless rain and explores the inspiring power of stormy skies.

The article opens with a reference to Kilvert and the *Diary* entry for May Day 1875 (Vol. III, page 179) when the maid at Peckingell Farm complained to farmer Austin about the rain *because the men came in with muddy boots and made the house dirty,* she asked him: *master, why do you want so much rain? You be always crying out for rain,* Austin replies severely: *Maid, I do want rain on this here farm* every *night. Yes, I do want rain on this here farm* every *night.*

'There's no arguing with such cussedness', says Christopher Howse, 'but that old farmer would have had more than he bargained for on most days this year, if not most nights.'

Later on in the article there is a reference to *The Wrong Kind of Snow* which was reviewed in the September *Journal.*

*****

FRUGAL READERS

The above was part of a headline in *The Daily Telegraph* of Saturday 10 January. The accompanying article by Arts Correspondent, Stephen Adams, revealed that second-hand booksellers are among the few who are prospering in the present economic situation.

Apparently thrifty readers are buying fewer new books and frequenting second-hand dealers in the search for cheaper reading. The consequence is that such booksellers have recorded a bumper year!

There followed a list of the Top Ten used books of 2008 according to Richard Booth's Bookshop in Hay and there at the top of an amazingly eclectic list was ... *Kilvert's Diary.*

Also in the list were Jane Austen, Charles Darwin, Enid Blyton even, and as a sign of the times, I suppose, *The Complete Book of Self-Sufficiency* and *Food for Free.*

Editor

JOHN OWENS

Churchwarden at Newchurch
By May Scharf (Solihull)

On your trips to St Mary's, Newchurch, to visit Emmeline's grave, or to attend services you will have seen the memorials inside the church, especially the one to Emmeline's father, the Revd David Vaughan: 'For 17 years curate, and 33 years rector of the parish.' Among the other memorials to various members of the Beavan family of Tynycwm there is a marble tablet on the north wall (opposite the Revd David Vaughan's) to John Owens, churchwarden during the incumbency of Emmeline's father. It reads as follows:

In Loving Memory of
JOHN OWENS (Farmer) of Tynycwm
CHURCHWARDEN OF THIS PARISH FOR 45 YEARS
WHO DIED APRIL 27th 1916
Aged 76 Years
***
ALSO OF ELIZA HIS WIFE
WHO DIED NOVEMBER 4th 1904
Aged 61 Years

There is an error carved in marble on this plaque: Churchwarden of this Parish for 45 years should read: for 33 years.

At the back of the church near the (welcome) refreshments' area is another metal plaque in a wooden frame presented to the church by John Owens himself a year before his death. This one is more accurate and reads:

PRESENTED TO
NEWCHURCH PARISH CHURCH
BY John Owens, TYNYCWM
32 YEARS RECTOR'S WARDEN
EASTER 1915

John Owens who was my great-great-uncle was born in 1840, the eleventh of sixteen children of my great-great-grandparents, James Owens, a farmer and Mary Morgans, who had married at Llanfihangel Rhydithon in 1826. Of these sixteen children only nine survived, seven having died in childhood.

John Owens lived at his parents' farm, Llanwenny in Llanfihangel Nant Melan, until his marriage to Eliza Morris in 1864. Their first child Eliza was born at Llanbadarn Fawr in 1865. Shortly after this the little family moved to Tynycwm, Newchurch, and all their other children, three boys and two girls, were born there and baptised at St Mary's, Newchurch.

John Owens farmed Tynycwm from about 1866 but it did not belong to him until 1888 when his father (my great-great-grandfather James Owens) died and bequeathed the farm to him. I quote from his will:

> 'I give and bequeath to my son John Owens the farms respectively called by the names Tynycwm situate in the Parish of Newchurch and Saffron Hill with one cottage situate in the Parish of Clyro'

In *Kilvert's Diary* we read: 3 May 1870 *I went by Tynycwm Meadows to Newchurch Village*.

And:

> 14 March 1873 *I went on to Newchurch by Dolbedwyn Mount and Tynycwm*.

This was during the time when John Owens, was farming at Tynycwm, and he and Francis Kilvert would have known each other.

At Newchurch there are several Owens' graves and these are in a line along the top of the road wall to the right of the gate. Among them are the now unmarked graves of John Owens, Churchwarden, and his wife Eliza. They are:

1. The first family gravestone next to Emmeline's is that of James David, son of John and Eliza Owens. He died 6 July 1874 aged 2 years 7 months. There is also a small footstone with the initials JDO 1874.
2. The next grave, marked with a cross, is that of Eliza and Rowland, adult daughter and adult son of John and Eliza Owens.
3. The next gravestone with a rounded top is that of the nephew of John Owens, William Richmond Owens, son of John's brother Owen Owens of Hergest Court.
4. Next is the grave with ornamental iron posts at the corners, that of Owen Owens himself of Hergest Court (brother of the churchwarden), and of his wife Margaret. This grave also has a flat stone commemorating their youngest son Frank of the 13th Cheshire Regiment who fell in action in France on 21 October 1916 aged 24.
5. The last one is a reddish marble memorial to Thomas Morgan Owens, the older brother of the churchwarden.

CONGRATULATIONS!

We congratulate the following KS members on some notable anniversaries.

Golden Wedding: Colin and Val Dixon celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary last September. They were married in Vancouver in 1958. (Colin is the Society's Archivist and Publication Manager; Val is Minute Secretary and invaluable to the editor in the preparation of the *Journal*).

Diamond Wedding: Pam and Lawrie Jackson will be celebrating their Diamond Wedding anniversary at the end of April 2009. (Lawrie was formerly the Society's Membership Secretary).

Pam and Lawrie Jackson enjoy afternoon tea at Kinnersley Old Rectory during the September Weekend 2008. Photo: Ann Dean

Threescore Years and Ten: Emeritus Professor **Meic Stephens** celebrated his 70th birthday in October 2008 with a literary gathering and the launch of his latest book *Necrologies*, a collection of 60 obituaries of writers, historians, artists, broadcasters, political archivists, cultural mandarins, educationalists and even cranks! Among those featured are Alexander Cordell, Kyffin Williams and Gwynfor Evans. Professor Stephens was a former *Western Mail* reporter, schoolmaster and sometime literature director with the Welsh Arts Council. In 1994 he took up a post as lecturer in creative writing in the University of Glamorgan and in 2000 became Professor (now Emeritus) of Welsh Writing in English. He recently published a novel set in Cardiff, *Yeah Dai Dando,* which was Waterstone's book of the month last September.

FROM RECENT CORRESPONDENCE

i) **Barry Smith (Aberystwyth)** writes about a number of items which appeared in the September 2008 *Journal*.

Firstly, with regard to the David Lockwood Memorial Booklet, which he thoroughly enjoyed. He expresses the hope that, in due course, Willeke, Laura or Michael might be prevailed upon to amplify some of the interesting points which are not really touched upon in the present volume. He would welcome, he says, further explanation of some of the key changes in David's career. In particular: When and why did he decide to enter the Church Ministry in the first place and then to leave it when he did?

Moreover: What about some details of David's day-to-day life as a parish priest; did he see himself as a latter-day Kilvert? Did he in any sense model himself on his Victorian forbear? Did he find parochial work entirely fulfilling? Unanswered, or perhaps, rather, unasked questions to which the answers could make fascinating reading.

Secondly, regarding Thomas Lloyd's query on page 21 about the location of the Solitary's dwelling at Pencommon/Pen-y-cwm (possibly the same place?). Barry refers Mr Lloyd to walk No. 7 on page 142 of Chris Barber's *Exploring Kilvert Country* for some additional information.

Finally, he adds a detail, unknown to me, about Mary Renner whose obituary appeared on page 24. As older KS members may have known Mary was the sister of Hugh and Guy Dearlove, who were such stalwarts of the Society for so many years, Hugh being Membership Secretary, amongst several roles he played.

ii) **Stephen Green (London)** writes: *Pace* page 15 of the September 2008 *Journal*: P.G. Wodehouse was not the son of a clergyman nor did he receive any education at Clifton College.

Colin Dixon, the author of the article, writes: In the September Journal *my article on the pupils of Clifton College stated that P.G. Wodehouse was the famous author of the Jeeves and Wooster stories. I am afraid that I made a false assumption for which I apologise. Wodehouse, not being a common name and having the initials P.G., I fell into the trap!*

iii) **From W. Barry Evans (Cockermouth):** In response to Thomas Lloyd's enquiry in the *Journal* for September 2008 I have a copy of the first edition of the one-inch OS map (Sheet 49 *Radnor*) published by David and Charles from which one can clearly see the Pen-y-Cwm farm where the Solitary lived at one time. It is situated on the map about one and a quarter miles north-west from Llanbedr. Cwm Ceilo where the hut was can be seen to the east of Pen-y-Cwm but the name is partially obscured by contour lines. The coordinates for Pen-y-Cwm are roughly 3 degrees 16 seconds longitude and 52 degrees 7 seconds latitude. I hope this information will be helpful to Mr Lloyd.

OBITUARIES

It is with great regret that we record the death of the following members.

Mrs Kathleen Chapell, a member since 1995, died in December 2008. (She was the widow of David Chapell whose book *Hillesley: A Backward Glance* was reviewed in the March 2008 *Journal*.

Mr John Hockin of Swanage died after a short illness on 11 September 2008, just five days short of his 92nd birthday. He had been a member of the Society since 1969.

Amazingly, John was a close link, indeed one of the last, with notable figures in the *Diary* in that he was the grandson of Kilvert's hosts for that memorable Cornish holiday, William and Emma Hockin. Moreover his father, Lancelot Cuthbert Baines Hockin, was baptised by Kilvert who travelled to Taunton, where the Hockins then lived, especially for that occasion (see *Diary* entry for 14 December 1872, Vol. II page 292). John's extensive researches into his family history were placed at the disposal of the editors of *Kilvert's Cornish Diary* (Richard Maber and Angela Tregoning) and duly acknowledged by them in the Introduction to that volume.

John and Joan Hockin at their Diamond Wedding anniversary celebrations in March 2008

From time to time too articles on that history and other topics appeared in KS Newsletters and *Journals*; in his memory a reprint of one such is to be found in *From the Archives* on page 20. John was also a skilled photographer and the Society is lucky enough to have been given a selection of photos from his collection. Members will recall seeing examples of his work in recent *Journals*; indeed his fine picture of Godrevy lighthouse on St Ives' Bay provided the cover of issue No. 24, September 2007.

Mrs Hockin tells me that John's ashes, at the suggestion of their son Trevor, are to be scattered near that lighthouse at Godrevy Point. A most appropriate choice, for Godrevy is, of course, close to Phillack and Gwithian, parishes long associated with the Hockin ancestors and forbears, as Hockins were rectors of the linked parishes for over 100 years.

I am pleased to say that Mrs Hockin will carry on the family's Society membership.

Editor

Mr Gordon Rogers of Ross-on-Wye died on 23 December 2008 aged 84. He had been a member of the Society since 1963.

Gordon was the Society's honorary auditor for more than thirty years until he resigned at the AGM in April 2006 at which time he was unanimously elected to honorary life membership of the Society (see *Journal* No. 20 June 2006). In those thirty years Gordon worked with only three KS treasurers – John Worsey, Harley Dance and John Wilks, the latter his successor as hon. auditor.

Gordon led many Society walks, always immaculately attired for the occasion and always accompanied by his brown shopping bag, the contents of which, a continual source of speculation, are now revealed below by John Perks – alas, more mundane than we may have supposed! A gentle man and a gentleman we shall all miss his company as a member and remain immensely grateful for his long, quiet and unobtrusive service to the Society.

Editor

Gordon ready to lead the walk at Monnington, June 2004.

John Perks writes:

Gordon and an old friend Photos: Ann Dean

Gordon was born in Enfield, Middlesex on 20 February 1924 the eldest of four children. He began his education locally and came to Ross-on-Wye when the family were moved there during the Second World War. He continued his education at Ross Grammar School and on leaving he went to work for Davies and Awre a firm of local accountants where he began his accountancy studies, studies which were interrupted by the war. Gordon joined the RAF in 1943 and served in India as a navigator and clerk until 1947. It was always interesting to talk to Gordon, outside, on a clear night when he would point out the various stars and constellations, knowledge he had acquired during his training and essential to his duties.

On leaving the RAF he took employment in London with another firm of accountants, continued his studies through a correspondence course and qualified as a Chartered Certified Accountant and member of the Institute of Taxation. After a period as an accountant with Henry Wiggins in Hereford he set up his own practice in Hay-on-Wye and much enjoyed working there with the farming community, doing everything himself and never employing any staff.

In June 1949 Gordon married Dorothy, a girl from Hay whom he had met during his service in the RAF. Dorothy was to suffer from ill health and died in February 1974. Her grave is at Rhos Goch in the Radnorshire Hills where Gordon was interred on the morning of 8 January 2009; a memorial service was held in Ross that afternoon.

Gordon continued to live in Ross and travelled to Hay on Thursdays, market day, to see his clients. He would often stay there until late in the evening. In the summer he would go for walks after work and return to Ross often after midnight. (See page 17 of *Journal* No. 23 for a description of one such walk). Although not a farmer Gordon's work for them was much appreciated by members of the local farming community.

Gordon had many interests. He loved travel and would often make a round trip by bus and train, all carefully planned beforehand; however it was not unknown for Gordon to sleep on a railway station when a delay in his journey resulted in a missed connection!

The Kilvert Society was, of course, very close to his heart and he will be remembered both for the walks he organised and for his long service as hon. auditor. He was involved in local music, was a member of the Ross Music Society, the Ross Arts Appreciation Society and the Elgar Society. He will be especially remembered for the brown shopping bag which he always carried with him and I can now reveal the secret of what it contained ... notebook, pen, timetables, maps, umbrella and gloves...!

It is also most important that I mention his involvement with Henry Street Evangelical Church in Ross, a connection which spanned a period of over 60 years, giving Ministry from God's work and sharing his Christian belief. Gordon was a remarkable man who set an example for each of us and who will be remembered in a variety of ways by us all.

I am most grateful to Mr John Perks for so readily agreeing to write this obituary (ed.).

John is married to one of Gordon's nieces and was an old friend. As a member of Henry Street Church it was he who gave the eulogy at the Memorial Service on 8 January.

Mrs Molly Stewart of Llandrindod Wells died on 1 January 2009 aged 83. Molly joined the Society in 1969 and was a life member. She was an active member of the Society and a committee member for many years. She was co-opted on to the committee and attended her first meeting on 29 May 1990. She resigned at the AGM in April 2000.

She was born Molly Pritchard, the daughter of a Herefordshire farmer and the youngest of four children. She was born at White House, Preston Wynne. The family later moved to Hall Court, Bishop's Froome, and finally to Sutton St Michael.

At sixteen, Molly left home and moved into the YWCA in Hereford. She worked for a while at Hereford library before moving to Birmingham to work in the Boots library there. She then returned to Herefordshire and worked for a few months at the Talbot Hotel in Leominster before returning to work at Hereford library. She thoroughly enjoyed working as a librarian, and in a hotel, as she loved meeting new people.

It was while she was working at the Talbot in Leominster that she met Alec, her future husband, and they were married in 1958. In 1959 their daughter Ann was born, followed in 1965 by daughter Jane. As Ann was born autistic Molly dedicated a large part of her life to her care, but always made time for the rest of her family and her friends.

Molly loved socialising and was a keen member of many societies including the Hereford Amblers and HARA.

Molly and Alec moved to Llandrindod in 2000 to be near their grandchildren, Molly and Byron. Sadly Alec (also a KS member) died in 2006. Molly lived a life dedicated to serving others and putting their needs before her own. She will be much missed by all who knew her, both family and friends.

We offer our sincere condolences to the family and friends of the deceased.

FOR SALE

Three-volume set of *Kilvert's Diary*, 1961 edition with index, in good condition. £25 + postage. Please contact: Eric Ball, 11 Kingsbury Close, Purton, Swindon SN5 4DE. Tel: 01793 770702.

NEWSLETTERS AND *JOURNALS*

Back numbers of the Society's Newsletters and *Journals* are available from the Publications Manager, priced at £3.00 each, including postage. Limited availability.

Members are reminded that ALL e-mail communications with the Society or its officers should be made via the dedicated website: www.communigate.co.uk/here/kilvertsociety.

Contributions for the September 2009 edition of the *Journal* should reach the editor **not later than 11 July 2009**. It would be helpful if contributors having access to a computer could put their article on disc (in Word for Windows) and send it to Val Dixon (same address as the Publications Manager on the inside front cover) and at the same time send a paper copy direct to the editor, thank you. **It would also help if any photographs included could be placed in a separate file on the disc.**

Digital Images
Please note that digital images submitted for publication should be in JPEG or TIFF format and have a resolution of no less than 300dpi, with a minimum width of 15cm.

The copyright of an article in the *Journal* rests with the contributor.

Opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Kilvert Society or of the editor of the *Journal*.

The current ordinary subscription is now £12.00 (Joint membership £15.00) and is due on 1 January of each year. Cheques payable to The Kilvert Society should be sent to: Mrs Sue Rose, Seend Park Farm, Semington, Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 6LH.

DATA PROTECTION ACT 1998. The names and addresses of members are held on a computerised list exclusively for the distribution of the *Journal* and other information about the Society, to its members. If you object to this, please contact the Hon Secretary. It has been decided that if any member objected, that member would have to **provide stamped addressed** envelopes for the dispatch of their *Journals*.

Back cover:
Springtime in a Radnorshire lane above Clyro.
Photo: Editor

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