

THE JOURNAL OF THE KILVERT SOCIETY



Number 29 *September 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:
June Weekend – Over the fields to Llangasty (John Wilks in the lead) and an opportunity to admire the treasurer's calves. Photo: Val Dixon

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From the Editor:

I wrote the first part of this editorial straight away after my return from the AGM weekend at the end of April, while the events were still fresh in my memory. 'The best ever', said some members; well, not quite, in my view, because the April KS event has always been rather special. However there is no doubt that this was a good one and those of you who were unable to attend missed a treat, or several. For a start there was the 'Kilvert weather', once again the three days were blessed with warm sunshine throughout (the beginning of the promised 'Barbecue Summer', we may have thought), the Border countryside was in full leaf, with primroses in the lanes and the woodlands carpeted with a haze of bluebells – the whole recalling perhaps the description of Clyro in the *Diary* entry for 19 April 1870: *the air blew sweet from the mountains and tempered the heat of the sun. All around the brow of the hill the sloping woods budded into leaf... and the afternoon sun shone golden on the grassy knolls.*

Such then were the external accompaniments to a particularly encouraging larger-than-usual turnout for the indoor events at the Bishop's Palace and the *Radnorshire Arms*, where we were regaled with fine hospitality and a trio of fascinating and contrasting talks.

After the buffet on Friday evening, Muriel Kilvert, armed with an enormous family tree, spoke to us about her Uncle Frank, such that henceforth it may well be difficult to think of the Diarist other than with that title! On Saturday morning the Robinsons gave us a most accomplished duologue on the Webbs which was followed by a beautifully illustrated performance from Peter Morgan Jones whose subject was the Black Mountains – 'not really black at all', he began.

We are very fortunate to have such talented speakers among our membership but we are always ready to hear from others who may be 'hiding their light...'; volunteers to speak on Kilvert-related topics, literary, topographical or whatever will be assured of an enthusiatic welcome from the events committee!

The afternoon was free allowing time to sample the delights of Presteigne and the tranquillity round about before we assembled for the annual dinner, which was, as ever, marked by the customary good food, good fellowship and the high quality of the conversation around the tables! You can read about all this in detail in Charles Weston's report on page seven. Thank you Charles for so willingly once again accepting the role of Special Correspondent when my attempts to find *new* reporting talent among those present, failed. Relatives have their uses....!

After this most happy occasion it was such a tragic irony therefore that we should learn of the death of Muriel Kilvert just two weeks after her triumph there and where she had been in such splendid form. Nor was this the end of sorrowful news, for, very soon afterwards, we were to hear of the sudden illness and death of another who had been such a lively presence at the AGM, Laura Bolton, younger daughter of our late president, David Lockwood. Here was a young woman, newly married, so cruelly struck down. More recently has come the news of the death of Harley Dance, distinguished former KS treasurer and of Elizabeth Organ, owner of Ashbrook House in Clyro. Then, just as I was preparing this edition for the printers we were told of the death of another loyal member, Tony Yeardye. Sadly, therefore, as a consequence, the obituary section of this issue is all too prominent.

Now, some happier news; the Appeal for funds for the conservation of the Kilvert memorabilia has had an astonishingly successful start. Just over a quarter of the membership has already contributed and very generously and I am sure that we are nowhere near finished yet. Our thanks to you all and to our indefatigable secretary whose energetic promotion of his 'Kitcheneresque' campaign is being so richly rewarded.

Concerning the editorship of the *Journal* I am very pleased to announce that Charles Boase from Monmouth, a member since 1977, has declared himself ready and willing to take over as editor and he will be gradually settling into the editorial chair next year. For the time being however, contributions for the *Journal* should continue to be sent to me.

An interesting programme of events for 2010 is revealed on page three and you can even reserve your place for one of them ... already! ... and vote for another (see the insert).

From the Secretary:

When the Society visited the Deanery and Cathedral at Worcester in March, some sixty members attended. The June event at Llangorse Lake only attracted fourteen members and at the Commemoration Service on the Sunday at Hay-on-Wye, the congregation numbered just sixteen which was very disappointing and I believe a record low. A lot of work is involved in arranging these weekends. I know John Wilks spent a great deal of time and effort researching the walk at Llangorse, so it was particularly disappointing to have such a poor turnout when the weather was so glorious.

The Archive Conservation Appeal has got off to an excellent start, with donations and pledges received up to 31 July totalling £16,068 (including one donation of £1,000). This from just 27 % of our membership, including many of our overseas members. When we add Gift Aid on some donations, a potential further 28% is refunded by the Inland Revenue, which gives an approximate grand total of £20,000. This emphasises the importance of Gift Aid to the financing of not only the Appeal Fund but to the Society in general, so if you have not signed a Gift Aid declaration, and you are an income tax payer, it has never been more important than to do so now.

To those of you who have already contributed to the Appeal, a very big thank you. You have succeeded in accomplishing the successful financing of Stage I of the project. We still have a long way to go however! The situation concerning grants is not good news; with trust funds struggling themselves in the present economic climate, grants are proving difficult to acquire. If all our members made a contribution the project would be self-financing, so I appeal to those of you who have not yet done so to 'Sign the Pledge' and support the Appeal. Your Society really does need you! I am delighted with the response to date but there is still so much we can achieve with everyone's support.

THE APPEAL

The Society very gratefully acknowledges donations from the following members, received up to 31 July:*

P. Aarseth
E. Allen
L. Aston
W. Baldock
C. Bass
P. Beddall
M. Bickmore
A. & D. Bissell
C. Boase
H. Boyle
A. & J. Brimson
M. Burchett
C. Burgess
H. Casey
C. Campbell
M. Campbell
A. Chambers
W. Clare Lees
M. Collins
Sir Patrick Cormack M.P.
H. Cossham
A. Cosway
F. Craig
C. Craven
J. Dame
S. Davies
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C. & V. Dixon
J. Doyle
C. Dunabin
C. Dunkley
P. Dunn
E. Edwards
D. & M. Elvins
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R. Graves
D. Green
B. Greenslade
L. Hancock
A. Hardy
E.R. Heaton
W. Henderson
D. Hill
E. Hobart
J. Hockin
S. Hodgson
F. & S. Hooper
G. Housam
D. Howell
M. Hurlbutt
R. & N. Jackman
L. Jackson
I. Johnson
M. Jones
S.A. Jones
S. Keen
H. & J. Kilvert
O. Knight
A. Larner
J. Lawson
L. Le Quesne
T. Lewis
T. Lloyd
W. Lockwood
A. Longmate
R. & A. Lovett
D. Macaulay
D. Machin
E. Madigan
C. Mardon
C.J. & P.M.E. Marshall
J. McBride
R. McVittie
B. Palmer
A. Pendle
A. Pitt
H. Pugh
C. & R. Pritchard
J. Read
J. Reis
M. Reynolds
M. Richards
R. Richardson
P. Robertshaw
M. & S. Rose
A. Rowe
E. Rowe
E. Russell
A. Scharf
M. & S. Sharp
B. & C. Smith
M. Smith
S. Smith
G. Startin
M. Steele
J. & O. Stoker
K. Szpakowska
J. Tearle
J. Toman
W. Utting
R. & H. Vine
M. Walk
L. Walpole
J. Watts
C. Webber
C. & M. Weston
R. & P. Weston
D. Wheeldon
E. Wheeldon
J. Wilks
C. Williams
J. Williams
R. Woodhead
H.A. & J.E. Yeardye

£16,068 = £20,000 (approx with Gift Aid)
135 members have contributed

*Donations received after this date will be acknowledged in the March 2010 *Journal*.

THE KILVERT SOCIETY: Charity Registration No: 1103813
Statement of Accounts for the year ending 31 December 2008

INCOME	**2008**	**2007**
Subscriptions	£4,623.00	£4,614.00
Donations	£177.00	£186.14
Gift Aid Refund	£1,031.74	£968.05
AGM Income	£180.00	£271.00
Publication Sales	£1,391.20	£1,218.06
Special Events	£3,119.15	£1,276.50
Legacies	£150.00	£150.40
Interest	£310.33	£692.69
TOTALS	**£10,982.42**	**£9,376.84**
EXPENDITURE		
Grants & Subscriptions	£925.00	£230.00
Monuments & Collection	£1,885.00	£390.00
Committee Expenses, Postage, Stationery, Phone	580.49	£368.34
Printing	£659.00	-
Publication Sales Expenses	£19.43	£623.84
Journal Printing & Postage	£4,383.50	£4,084.64
Insurance	£150.00	£150.00
Refunds	£85.50	-
Special Events	£3,104.54	£1,262.00
AGM Expenses	£335.20	£567.92
TOTALS	**£12,127.66**	**£7,676.74**
ASSETS		
Balance Lloyds Hereford	£791.19	£2,084.88
Balance Nat West Hay	-	£161.88
Nationwide Building Society	£10,405.14	£10,094.81
Expenditure over Income		-£1,145.24
	£11,196.33	**£11,196.33**

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

2009

September

Saturday 26	12 noon	Meet at the car park at St Peter's Church, Langley Burrell for a pub lunch at *The Langley Tap*. There will then be a walk led by Jim Hall, followed by tea. **It is important that you order tea via the secretary by Friday 18 September at the latest please.** (There will not be a service in September).

2010

Winter Event

Wednesday 3 March		A full day at Clifton, Bristol to include a visit to the S.S. *Great Britain*. **See enclosed booking form**

Full details of the following events will be in the next edition of the *Journal*.

AGM Weekend

Friday 23 April	7 p.m.	AGM at the Bishop's Palace, Hereford followed by a buffet supper and a talk.
Saturday 24 April	10.30 a.m.	Seminar at *The Radnorshire Arms* hotel, Presteigne. Afternoon Free.
	6.30 for 7 p.m.	*The Radnorshire Arms* hotel – Annual Dinner.

June Weekend

Saturday 26	12 noon	Meet at *The Baskerville Arms*, Clyro for a walk to Bettws (see sketch, p18) and to the remains of the Old Soldier's cottage. Followed by tea.
Sunday 27		Commemoration Service at Bettws (to be confirmed). Followed by tea.

September Weekend

Saturday 25	12 noon	Meet at Llanbedr Church for a walk to the site of the Solitary's Cabin. Followed by tea.
Sunday 26		Commemoration Service at Llanbedr Church (to be confirmed). Followed by tea.

A MEMORABLE FUNERAL

By Dudley Green (Clitheroe)

The Society's Winter Visit to Worcester Cathedral
Wednesday 4 March 2009

At 11 a.m. on Wednesday 4 March, on a cold, sunny day a large party of Society members gathered in Worcester at the Edgar Tower, the fourteenth-century entrance to the Cathedral precincts in College Green. This was the first Society outing to Worcester since 1967 and our aim was to revisit the scene of Maria Kilvert's funeral on Friday 2 December 1870, an event which Francis Kilvert and his parents attended as the chief mourners. Kilvert's vivid description of the occasion in the *Diary* has since been described by Virginia Woolf as the funniest account of a funeral in English Literature.

Our first port of call was to Maria Kilvert's home at 10 College Green. Maria was the unmarried daughter of the Revd Canon Richard Kilvert, the great-uncle of our Francis Kilvert. After taking his degree at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Richard Kilvert was elected a fellow of the College. He was then appointed chaplain to Richard Hurd (Bishop of Worcester 1781-1808) and in 1786 he was made a canon of Worcester Cathedral, where he took up residence at 10 College Green. After his death in 1817, Maria and her mother resided elsewhere in Worcester, until in 1825 she was assigned the tenancy of her old home in College Green. She remained there for 45 years until her own death in 1870 at the age of 80.



The Deanery, 10 College Green Photo: Val Dixon

Maria Kilvert was a wealthy woman and, as her cousin, Kilvert's father, had some expectation of inheriting a substantial sum in her will. It is clear from the *Diary*, however, that there were uneasy relations between Maria and Kilvert's side of the family. In 1860 the Revd Francis Kilvert, Kilvert's scholarly uncle, had edited the *Memoir* of the life and writings of Bishop Hurd. In his obituary it was stated that this work 'was generally deemed to have been executed with singularly good taste and judgment' and that a debt of gratitude was owed to its author. For some reason, however, Maria Kilvert seems to have borne a grudge against him for undertaking this work. Although her father had been dead for 43 years at the time of the publication of the *Memoir*, she may have resented the idea that Mr Kilvert should be regarded as the authority on the life of Bishop Hurd, rather than her father who had been his chaplain. Certainly Kilvert seems to have been under this impression. In his diary entry for 30 November, written after he had received from his mother a summary of Maria's will, he expressed his opinion forcibly: *A most iniquitous will, not a shilling left to any of the Francis Kilverts, the old grudge and malice against Uncle Francis for writing Bishop Hurd's life ruling strong in death.* Two days later, however, when the will was actually read to the family by the lawyer, Mr Hooper, he learned that his father had been left a share in the residue of the estate, which amounted to £7,000.*

Under the knowledgeable leadership of Colin Dixon, the Society's Archivist and Publications Manager and our guide for the day, we crossed College Green and assembled at the door of No. 10, an attractive early eighteenth-century red-brick house which since the 1980s has been the Deanery. Originally it had been envisaged that there would be 30 members on this visit but in the event we turned out to be a group of nearly 60. Unknown to us, the Dean, the Very Revd Peter Atkinson, had most hospitably prepared coffee and biscuits for an expected party of 30. Faced with the alarming prospect of double that number, he rose to the occasion superbly. The party was swiftly divided into two. One half went for a tour of the Cathedral precincts where they heard a *Diary* reading by our indefatigable secretary, Alan Brimson, while the others were shown round the Deanery and its garden. When the first party had completed their tour, a rapid washing of cups took place!



The Deanery garden Photo: Val Dixon

The Dean kindly gave us an informed account of the house. Soon after Maria's death it had been substantially enlarged under plans drawn up by a local architect, Abraham Perkins. Despite these changes, however, the central core of the house remains much as it was, including the original stairs down which Maria's coffin was borne. The Dean was unable to explain Kilvert's reference to *a conical roof*, of which there is no trace today. He kindly invited us into his drawing room and also into his study, both of which are on the south side of the house and command a fine view of the River Severn. We were also permitted to go down a sequence of steps and walk across the attractive garden which falls steeply down to the riverside path and is bisected by a portion of the precinct wall of the old monastery.

*For Aunt Maria's Will see page 13

It was then time for us to follow the route of the famous funeral procession across College Green and through the cloisters into the Cathedral. According to the *Diary*, the canons and prebendaries who had gathered at the house as pall-bearers were *not on the whole a distinguished looking company*. More importantly, they had been selected *not at all with reference to their fitness for the task, but with reference to the friendship entertained for them by the servants of the house*. The main problem was that *one of the bearers on the right side was very short, so short that he could not possibly support the coffin level*. A comic touch was added by the presence of a very fat man who *constituted himself chiefest mourner of all* and walked directly behind the coffin, ahead of Kilvert and his father. The coffin appeared to be very heavy and as they walked across College Green *it lurched and tilted to one side over the short bearer*. A further complication was added by the fact that the bearers were blinded by the black velvet sweeping pall and very nearly missed the arch into the cloisters. As they processed along the east walk towards the door into the cathedral, their progress was marked by the tolling of the great bell, whose *deep thrilling vibration hung trembling in the air long after the stroke of the bell*.

At the Cathedral door they were met by the clergy and choir, who then set off up the nave singing in solemn procession 'I am the Resurrection and the Life saith the Lord'. There then ensued a *dreadful struggle at the steps leading up from the Cloisters to the door*, although the singers were unaware of the vivid drama that was being enacted behind them. We were most anxious to have a close view of the scene where this drama took place, but sadly, under the dictates of Health and Safety, the steps have now been covered by a wooden structure providing a ramp and some stairs. To gain a full understanding of the terrible struggle to bring the coffin up into the nave, one can only turn to Kilvert's incomparable account, which was read for us in the cloisters by Val Dixon:

> *The bearers were quite unequal to the task and the coffin seemed crushingly heavy. There was a stamping and a scuffling, a mass of struggling men swaying to and fro, pushing and writhing and wrestling while the coffin sank and rose and sank again. Once or twice I thought the whole mass of men must have been down together with the coffin atop of them and some one killed or maimed at least. But now came the time of the fat chief mourner. Seizing his opportunity he rushed into the strife by an opening large and the rescued coffin rose. At last by a wild effort and a tremendous heave the ponderous coffin was borne up the steps and through the door into the Cathedral where the choristers, quite unconscious of the scene and the fearful struggle going on behind, were singing up the nave like a company of angels.*

There was one final problem left for the bearers – how to deposit the coffin decorously on the floor: *In the Choir there was another dreadful struggle to let the coffin down. The bearers were completely overweighted, they bowed and bent and nearly fell and threw the coffin down on the floor.*

The funeral service itself progressed in a fitting manner. Canon Wood, taking the place of the Dean who had gout, *read the lesson well and impressively in a sonorous voice* and the psalm *was sung nicely to a very beautiful chant*. Kilvert mercifully draws a veil on the progress of the coffin to the family vault at the south-west side of the Cloister Garth. We gathered round the flat tombstone, which is now very badly weathered, and we were just able to distinguish the Kilvert names. Even this lettering, however, will soon become indecipherable and we discussed the Cathedral policy of not renovating tombstones in the Cloister Garth. Some of us wondered whether a small plaque provided by the Society might be the solution.*



The Kilvert grave in the Cloister Garth Photo: Val Dixon

The party then broke up for lunch and an opportunity to go round the Cathedral independently. Several members went on a guided tour in the afternoon. Worcester Cathedral has much to offer. I had not been there for about 40 years and was glad to have the opportunity to make my own exploration. One of its most striking features is the view from the west door. Here one may look down the entire length of the building, through the fine medieval nave to the choir and high altar and on to the Lady Chapel at the east end. In the choir, the back rows of the stalls on either side have very fine fourteenth-century misericords. The Cathedral also has the last resting places of two royal personages. The impressive tomb of King John (1199-1216), the earliest surviving royal tomb in England, occupies a dominant position in front of the high altar, while just to the right is the Chantry Chapel containing the tomb of Prince Arthur, the elder brother of King Henry VIII. Destined to become king, Arthur was married to Catherine of Aragon in 1501, but he died in the following year at Ludlow Castle at the age of fifteen. The east end is dominated by the thirteenth-century Lady Chapel, constructed in the Early English style, and the great east window, which depicts scenes from the life of Christ, is Victorian. The crypt is the oldest part of the Cathedral, begun in 1084 by St Wulfstan, who was Bishop 1062-95. It is the largest Norman crypt in England and a good example of Romanesque architecture. The simple, unadorned, Norman columns and whitewashed walls create an atmosphere of great peace. The Chapter House, whose vaulting is supported by a slender central pillar, dates from the twelfth century and is claimed to be the earliest of any English cathedral.

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*An excellent idea – committee please note.

Our member, Heather Vine, attempted a brass-rubbing or rather a 'stone-rubbing' of part of the inscription with a fair degree of success.

An added bonus at the time of our visit was an informative exhibition in the Dean's Chapel on the life of the Revd Geoffrey Studdart Kennedy (1883-1929) who died 80 years ago this year. He was for some years the Vicar of St Paul's Church, Worcester, where he carried on a remarkable ministry amongst the poor. It is said that his wife once found him dismantling their bed in order to take it to a destitute family in the parish! He became famous for his work as a chaplain during the First World War when he acquired the nickname 'Woodbine Willie' from his habit of giving out cigarettes with the pocket New Testaments he was distributing. After the war he worked tirelessly as the Chief Missioner of the Industrial Christian Fellowship and died in Liverpool at the early age of 45.

My final call was to the Prior's Parlour, the Cathedral tea-rooms. Here I was able to round off the day by sampling the excellent Victorian sponge cake on offer. When I returned to the Foregate Station for my journey home to Lancashire I had another bonus, that of passing the *Star Hotel*, where Kilvert and his parents stayed during their time in Worcester.

The Society's grateful thanks are due to Alan Brimson for organising this highly successful winter outing and to Colin Dixon for so ably leading us on the day.

I am very grateful to Colin Dixon, the Society's archivist for kindly supplying me with background information.

NOTES

(1) No. 10 College Green

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were not formed until 1835, eighteen years after Canon Kilvert's death and ten years after Maria Kilvert took up residence on her new lease in 1825, according to Frederick Grice, (*Miscellany Three, The Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet 1985* p 38).

The Commissioners could not, therefore, have owned the building in either 1786 or 1825. It must have been some other Church body. The only earlier organisation I know of is Queen Anne's Bounty, which was established 1704 to help poorer clergy and assist in the upkeep of parsonage houses, but I do not think they owned property. Presumably the Commissioners took No. 10 over after their formation in 1835 and then sold it to the Dean and Chapter after Maria's death.

According to Frederick Grice, after her father's death, Maria and her mother went to live in the Tything, Worcester (*Francis Kilvert and his World*, p 93) until moving back to 10 College Green. Since her mother did not die until 1859 at the age of 95 (*Newsletter* 2 Oct 1967, p 2), if her mother continued to live with her, Maria may only have lived on her own in College Green for eleven years. She certainly did not live there alone for 53 years, (*Miscellany Three, The Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet 1985* p 38). But eleven years is sufficient time to develop a reputation for eccentricity! I have not been able to find the Tything on my map of Worcester.

(2) The Cause of Maria's resentment

Kilvert clearly thought it was caused by his uncle Francis writing the *Memoir of Bishop Hurd*. This was published in 1860 (*Newsletter* 12 June 1967 p 10), 43 years after Canon Kilvert's death. But Maria can hardly have thought that uncle Francis was supplanting her father's right to write the *Memoir* himself, since he had clearly failed to do so in his lifetime. It seems to me most likely that she resented uncle Francis putting himself forward as *the* authority on Bishop Hurd, a position that she thought rightly belonged to her father, his chaplain. It is also possible that uncle Francis had somehow gained access and used in the *Memoir* some of her father's papers that she considered private and confidential.

(3) The *Star Hotel*

It seems that Kilvert in the *Diary* is slightly ambiguous over where his parents actually stayed in Worcester. It is clear that they set up their headquarters at 10 College Green and spent the day there, but it seems probable that they actually slept at the *Star*:

> **Wednesday, December Eve:** A *letter from my Mother from College Green, Worcester – Maria Kilvert's house, where they are staying. When* [they] *... arrived, the servants were crusty and did not intend them to stay there ... not liking to take any step without his* [Mr Hooper's] *sanction they went to the Star for the night ..... Next morning he told them,'Certainly, they had a perfect right to go to the house and stay there'. So armed with his authority they went to College Green and took up their quarters there.*
>
> **Thursday, December Day:** Kilvert arrives and comes to College Green.
>
> **Friday, December morrow:** *I had a comfortable dry warm bed and nice bedroom at the* Star. *I walked up to College Green and my Father and Mother drove up to 8.30 breakfast* (surely implying that they too were staying at the Star).
>
> **Saturday 3 December:** *At 1.30 this morning I was awakened by a horrible screaming in the* Star. *The whole hotel was in an uproar. ... Happily my Mother never heard the noise and slept through it all. We went to breakfast to College Green.*

The Inscription

on the Kilvert Grave at Worcester Cathedral
(by courtesy of Mr Christopher Guy, Archaeologist at the Cathedral, to whom our thanks.)

M.S.

RICARDI KILVERT A.M.
hujusce Ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Praebendarii, qui diem
obiit supremum VII Idus
Decembres A.D. MDCCCXVII
Ætatis suæ LXII

Et MARIÆ uxoris ejus
quæ diem obiit supremum
XV Calendes Decembres
A.D. MDCCCLIX
Ætatis suæ XCV

Et FRANCESCÆ MARIÆ KILVERT
filiæ eorum
quæ diem obiit supremum
VI Calendes Decembres
A.D. MDCCCLXX
Ætatis suæ LXXX

Translation

Sacred to the memory:

Of Richard Kilvert MA Prebendary of this Cathedral Church
who met his last day on the seventh of December
A.D. 1817 in the sixty-second year of his age

And of Maria his wife who met her last day on
the seventeenth of November AD 1859 in the
ninety-fifth year of her age

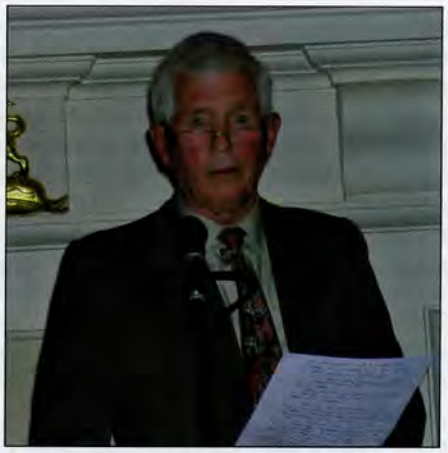
And of Frances Maria Kilvert their daughter who met her
last day on the twenty-sixth of November AD 1870 in
the eightieth year of her age.

THE AGM WEEKEND

By Charles Weston (Thornton-le-Dale)

FRIDAY 24 APRIL

There was an extremely good turnout for the AGM held as usual at the Bishop's Palace in Hereford. The statutory business items were dealt with efficiently before Michael Sharp made his final address as Chairman. He reported on the past year's activities: the Jubilee weekend last June, the September weekend, the visit to the Radnorshire Museum and the March '09 visit to Worcester Cathedral. It had been a most successful year he felt, somewhat marred by startling revelations from the Llandrindod Wells Museum. I feel sure that his alarm call for urgent restoration work to be carried out on important Kilvertian items will feature prominently in other sections of the *Journal*, but, in a nutshell, the Curator at the Museum has identified a need for conservation work which could cost somewhere in the region of £40,000. There was an audible sharp intake of breath (excuse the pun!) from the 60 or so members present when the outgoing chairman stated that ... 'credit crunch or no credit crunch we will all have to give where it hurts in order to maintain this invaluable collection of memorabilia ...' Well, as most of us are pensioners and are only just coming to terms with declining interest rates and rising prices, these comments inevitably caused some nervous shuffling and body clumping. Was a hat going to be passed round? Was a surcharge about to be imposed on our buffet in the interval? Alan Brimson set our minds at rest when he stepped up and took over the



Farewell remarks from the retiring chairman. Photo: Ann Dean

chair from Michael. He gave us all a detailed account of the work needed to tackle the problems of poor storage, insect infestation and the need for paper conservation work by a specialist conservationist (at £40 per hour!) on the 700 or so items in the collection. It was, he stated ... 'a huge, huge project ...' Ultimately, when the work has been completed, there would be a first-class exhibition with prioritised items properly treated and on show in display cases, with digitalisation ensuring that all primary documents would be accessible to the world through our website. Grants would be sought in due course but matched funding conditions could mean that the Society (or individual members) could be required to stump up 50% of the total cost.

After tributes had been paid to Michael Sharp and other departing committee members notably Anne and Elizabeth Wheeldon we departed for the buffet and a period of quiet reflection.



'Say it with flowers' – Anne and Elizabeth Wheeldon retire from the committee Photo: Ann Dean

The second part of the evening proved to be sheer delight! Muriel Kilvert – great-niece of the great man himself and granddaughter of Perch (Francis Kilvert's brother Edward) gave a memorable talk – or should one say 'observations' on the man she called 'Uncle Frank'. Delivered in clear, lucid tones she captured the essence of the man who had been dead and buried for almost 40 years before she herself was born. There were no earth-shattering disclosures – no skeletons in the family closet to be revealed, just astute observations on his physical and personal attributes – his love of walking and his knowledge of flora and fauna, his sense of humour, as displayed in the entries that she read on Aunt Maria's funeral cortège and the description of the lack of prowess of the village schoolmaster in violin-playing, his love of children and dislike of 'noxious tourists'. At the end of her talk she produced copies of her book *Around the World in a Green Goddess* – an account of her round-the-world trip in an ex-MoD fire tender in 1972-73. In her introduction to the book she wrote about Francis Kilvert's 'sensitive love of the country'. As I read chapter two and her account of her visit to the Great Falls on the St John River the inherited literary traits became apparent:

> 'We ... saw the fast falling water gambolling and playing in the sunshine with the spray rising into the clear air, free and expendable, before falling with its great weight upon the well-washed boulders, giving rise to sounds of light spray contrasting with the booming noise of the main waterfall.'

SATURDAY 25 APRIL

Mark and Janet Robinson led the first of the two Saturday seminars – their topic being 'The Stargazer of Hardwicke and Friends.' Kilvert mentioned on several occasions 'the stargazer of Hardwick' and visited the vicarage often. Some 140 years later it was the Robinsons who, for a time, occupied the former vicarage and they proved to have been well and truly bitten by the Webb (and by association the Kilvertian) bug. The Reverend John Webb, the father, had retired to Hardwick (where his son, Thomas, was the incumbent) in order to pursue his research for a book into the English Civil War. However, just as with that other Victorian (albeit a fictional one) who was obsessed with historical detail – Mr Dick in *David Copperfield* – he never completed his tome on the subject and died in 1869. It was left to his son Thomas, Vicar of Hardwick, to finish his father's researches and to become the minor celebrity of his day. By delving into astronomy he used some of his time at Hardwick to write a seminal book on the subject – *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes* and established an observatory with a rotating roof in his garden. Kilvert's visit to Hardwick (Clifford Priory? ed.) on Tuesday 12 July 1870 for afternoon tea with other local dignitaries ended with a twilight stroll round the garden observing a lunar eclipse. Surely no coincidence that the two events occurred on the same day although, alas, no mention was made by Kilvert of the famous telescope! The two Robinsons (not unlike the Two Ronnies in delivery style) switched seamlessly in their dialogue from one to the other as they used computer technology to illustrate the people and places of the time. The main focus of the talk was inevitably on Thomas Webb's astronomical achievements – the 'Patrick Moore of his day' – but there were interesting diversions into the history of the *lonely, deserted house* at nearby Penoyre and Kilvert's seismographic sensitivities at night-time!

Peter Morgan Jones' talk on the Black Mountains was both entertaining and comprehensive. By using a collection of slide transparencies he transported us to remote spots within that range of hills which he rightly pointed out should not be called 'Black' at all. In his opinion their colour reflected the mood and the season of the year and Peter seemed to have spent much of his life strolling the hills. He had a wonderful fund of stories and observations which he shared with us; tales of landslips, miracles, pilgrimage routes, and church architecture, amongst others. The castles, he informed us, were strategically placed around the base of the mountains in order to control the pathways that led up into them thus making transit difficult for the cattle rustlers ' .... You couldn't get a cow to walk on tip-toes ...' I'm sure I was not the only one present to be struck by a surreal comic strip image of that scene! He kept us waiting for the Kilvertian connections with the Mountains. ' ... Now here's a view that Kilvert would never have seen ...' was a remark that peppered his commentary on many of his early slides but eventually the Diarist came into view. The accounts of Kilvert's documented visits were backed up by some wonderful historical detail – of Father Ignatius and the Burning Bush apparition of the Virgin Mary at Capel-y-Ffin, the Eric Gill connections with the Monastery in later years, of Llanthony Priory with its' Couloir des Morts' and its distinctive arcading design. And yes, I for one was sufficiently inspired by the talk to make my own pilgrimage a couple of days later to see the leaning tower of Cwmyoy church and the rood screen and loft at Patricio.

The weekend was rounded off by the customary dinner at *The Radnorshire Arms* in the evening. Conviviality was in abundance, the conversation flowed and numerous toasts were drunk, not least to RFK.

THE JUNE WEEKEND

By Alan Brimson (Bristol)

SATURDAY 27 JUNE

At the appointed hour, 12 noon, some fourteen members gathered at *Lakeside*, Llangorse. Blankets were spread on the grass and a picnic lunch was enjoyed by all.



Llangorse Lake

Someone had said to me, when today's walk was planned, that Llangorse Lake was hardly mentioned in the *Diary*, whilst this is true of the three-volume edition, our leader of the walk, John Wilks, really had done his homework to produce numerous pages of text from the notebook of June-July 1870, one of the three surviving originals (the Harvey notebook).

This notebook contained the detailed record of when Francis Kilvert accompanied his father and his brother Perch on their two-day fishing trip to Llangorse Lake on 22-23 June 1870.

I imagine William Plomer had little interest in fishing as the wonderfully descriptive account of their expedition was much edited in the published *Diary*. John had warned us there would be more readings than miles on this walk and so it was to prove! It was all the more fascinating that most of the beautiful entries of the trip in the notebook were all but discarded by Plomer. What other gems were similarly discarded?



Before the start – a picnic

Photos: Val Dixon

The weather was clear and sunny, the ground firm and dry, so the wellington boots were not required. From our rendezvous at *Lakeside*, on the north shore of the lake, we set out on our walk heading west across Llangorse Common, crossing the River Llynfi by way of a footbridge, where we paused for our first reading. We were then to cross several meadows, welcomed by chaffinches, goldfinches and pied wagtails to their habitat. We interrupted the grazing of a herd of cows, who eyed the progress of us Kilvertians with great suspicion, as we loitered in a corner of their field.

Here was the cart track the Kilvert fishing party would have taken on their walk from Talyllyn Junction railway station, now long gone, to the lake. One could see them now carrying rods, creels and keep nets as they walked down the lane, catching sight of the lake, their pace quickening in eager anticipation of their sport.

We walked on, now more slowly, as the heat of a perfect summer's day grew ever warmer. Gradually we followed the western shore, to our right the peaks of Pen-y-Fan and Gwaun Rhudd, high on the Brecon Beacons, loomed large and clear against the azure sky. To our left, as a backdrop to Llangorse Lake, stood the Black Mountains and Mynydd Troed.

Eventually our walk brought us to the church of St Gastyn, which snuggled under the hill alongside the southern shore of the Lake. St Gastyn was thought to be of Breton origin but little is known other than that he was the tutor of St Cynog, son of Brychan, King of Brycheiniog (Brecknock) and probably established a church on this site in about 450 AD. There has been a church here ever since and is the only one dedicated to the Saint.

By 1838 the church was described as 'a dark, ancient and decaying edifice'. To the rescue came a young couple from Yorkshire, Robert and Frances Raikes (a kinsman of Robert Raikes associated with the founding of the Sunday School movement). Whilst at college at Oxford he came under the influence of the Oxford Movement, he gave up his partnership in the family bank and came to Llangasty to put into practice his tractarian (High Church) principles. He engaged a young architect, John Loughborough Pearson who rebuilt the church as we see it today. Pearson went on to become one of the leading architects of the Victorian period designing many important buildings in the Gothic-revival style, including Truro Cathedral.

Entering the church the cool interior was a respite from the heat of the day. As we sat in the pews one of our members, Michael Tod of Abergavenny, read his poem *The Church by the Lake*, written on an earlier visit.

Leaving the church we walked a short way up the lane where we viewed, across a field, *Treberfydd* the home of the Raikes which is still in the family's ownership.

Retracing our steps we skirted the lake, pausing on a jetty for another reading. The water was busy on this balmy Saturday afternoon with many sailing boats tacking across the lake and on the far, eastern side, water skiers skimmed across the water in the tow of sleek speedboats.

Finally, we returned to *Lakeside* and here was the house in which the Kilvert party had lodged, for the grand sum of seventeen shillings and sixpence. It is still owned by the same family, descendants of Stephen Pritchard.

As tradition has it our party now retired for tea, this time to the Lakeside Café for the customary post-walk Kilvert Society Bun Fight – hot sausage rolls, fresh from the oven, a mountain of sandwiches, followed by the jammiest jam doughnuts that oozed their contents down many a chin, all accompanied by endless cups of tea.

Our thanks to John Wilks for leading the walk, he was a fount of knowledge. I certainly learnt so much more of Kilvert's fishing trip to Llangorse Lake. I came away wondering about what was lost of *Kilvert's Diary*, not only because of William Plomer's editing, but also on account of the loss of so many of the original notebooks.

SUNDAY 28 JUNE

Our Commemoration Service was held at St Mary's Church, Hay-on-Wye and was conducted by Father Richard Williams. Our congregation was probably our lowest on record, just sixteen souls attended.

The service commenced with the hymn *Come Let Us Join Our Cheerful Song*. Our shortage of numbers did not inhibit the occasion however and the hymn was heartily sung.

Jimmy 'the curate' had decided to sit with Colin Dixon as the service progressed with prayers and Psalm 122. The first lesson, *Deuteronomy* viii verses 1-10 was read by Val Dixon, followed by the *Magnificat*. The second lesson, II *Timothy* i verses 3-14 was read by Elizabeth Rowe. Following the Creed and the Lord's Prayer the hymn *Breathe On Me Breath Of God* was sung and after prayers and the Act of Remembrance the hymn *Come Down O Love Divine*.

Father Richard then entered the pulpit and gave a very moving sermon, speaking affectionately and knowledgeably of Francis Kilvert. He thought Kilvert viewed his world through a child's eye, with complete honesty and without a hint of prejudice or malice.

Our service concluded with the hymn *God That Madest Earth And Heaven* followed by the Blessing.

Father Richard, who had also played the organ during the service, then entertained us with a virtuoso performance of *Choral Song* by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, sometime organist at Hereford Cathedral. This brought a warm round of applause from the congregation along with a warm round of barking from Jimmy the 'curate', Father Richard's standard poodle dog, which caused much laughter.

Following a £100,000 appeal a Victorian pipe organ has been acquired and installed in the church. It has an unusual Italianate case of gilded light oak with two life-size female figures on each side of the console with beautiful painted organ pipes. Father Richard spoke enthusiastically of the project and one could sense he was itching to give the opening performance once the installation is complete and the organ is in full working order.

Tea was taken in the Parish Rooms and the sumptuous feast was provided by committee member Elizabeth Rowe and the ladies of the Parish. Our thanks go to them for a superb tea.

So our weekend came to an end, with excellent weather, a fabulous and informative walk, an excellent church service and two wonderful teas.

There was only one thing missing – more members in attendance.

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE SHEPHERD (Part II)

By Jeremy Archer (London)

For Part I see *Journal* No. 28 March 2009

John Morgan now returned to his home county after an extraordinary odyssey: from Hereford to Portsmouth to Portugal, through Spain to France, to North America and then back to France, before finally returning to Radnorshire. The next time he appears in official documents was the occasion of his marriage to Elinor Catherine Jones on 2 March 1822. The Reverend Samuel Powell officiated at the ceremony, which took place at St Michael, Bryngwyn, thereby providing strong evidence that Bryngwyn was indeed John Morgan's home parish. Out of uniform, he was once more an agricultural labourer, despite his disability.

Over the next fifteen years Elinor bore him five sons and two daughters: John (born 1824); Ann (born 1827); Jane (born 1828); James (born 1831); William (born 1833 died 1852); Thomas (born 1836) and Henry (born 1839). At the time of the 1841 Census the family was living at *Fairlands*, a cottage in the north of the parish of Clyro. John and Elinor later moved to the Bronydd, a hamlet a mile north-east of Clyro, on the road to Hereford. Elinor was buried at Clyro, at the age of 58, on 13 September 1848. On 7 May 1849,

also at Clyro, John Morgan married Mary, daughter of John Williams, who worked for the Dyke family at Cabalva. She already had a natural son, William (born 1843).

On 1 June 1847 Horse Guards issued a General Order, published in the *London Gazette*, inviting applications for the Military General Service Medal 1793-1814. Applications were verified by cross-referencing the General Muster Books and Pay Lists. Thus it was that Private John Morgan, 39th Regiment of Foot, was issued with a Military General Service Medal with three clasps, doubtless one of his proudest possessions and perhaps the only relic that survives from his long life. After one of his visits to the Morgans' cottage at the Bronydd, Francis Kilvert wrote: *The old soldier showed my brother his Peninsula medal with the Vittoria, Pyrenees and Toulouse clasps, and after some talk about the army and the Peninsula we left.*[33]

John and Mary Morgan lived at the Bronydd, probably in the same cottage that he shared with his first wife, Elinor. The isolated cottage lies up a very steep track, on the edge of a wood. Although the building itself has now largely collapsed, the Kilvert Society has stabilised the old chimney, which is all that remains. Twenty years later it seems likely that both the rector and his curate felt that the 'Old Soldier' was in need of financial support since he was 'on the Parish'. On 19 April 1871 Francis Kilvert wrote that: *Mr. Venables heard this morning from Chelsea Hospital. The authorities have granted a pension of ninepence a day to our old Peninsular veteran John Morgan of the Bronith with arrears from February. Mr. V. went to the old man's house to announce the good news.*



Remains of the Old Soldier's Cottage Sketch: KS Archives

The records reveal that John Morgan was 'granted [a] special late pension for injuries rec[d] in the service per W.O. 18/3/71 No. 7487/74', with effect from 28 February 1871.[34] Three months later Kilvert recorded: *In the afternoon I took the old soldier the first instalment of his pension, £8 0 4 for half a year. Mr. Venables has got the pension for him at last after a long correspondence with the War Office.*[35] While the War Office was persuaded to pay a pension to John Morgan, they may have decided to do so on the basis that he could not realistically be expected to live much longer. In that respect they were to be disappointed! In fact his pension was doubled to 1s 6d per day from 9 June 1874.[36] John Morgan was 'five feet three inches tall, of fair complexion, with brown hair and grey eyes'.[37]



39 Regiment

NAME	Rate s.	Rate d.	Date of Admission	District, 1865	1866	1867
Morgan Jn°			1871			
	1	6	February 7	Monster		
Farar Hom	1	1	1871	Reste		

Entry for Private John Morgan in Army Pension Records

Away from all the talk of soldiering, there was a touching and simple spiritual side to the unexpectedly open relationship between Francis Kilvert and John Morgan, between the curate and the communicant, between the 'Shepherd' and the 'Old Soldier', as the following extracts from his diary testify: *The old soldier asked me to pray. So we knelt together in the dusk and when I had finished praying he whispered aloud, 'O Lord, please to hear us this night'.*[38] [...] *I found the old soldier sitting in his house and read to him the remainder of that most touching story of Max Krömer and the Siege of Strasbourg. As I drew near the end of the book I became deeply affected and my voice was broken with emotion. My eyes filled with tears and I could scarcely see the page. The letters swam before me. Once or twice I was stopped by my sobs and the choking in my throat and when I closed the book I was crying. 'I thought,' said the old soldier to me tenderly, 'by the sound of your voice that something was pressing upon your mind.'.*[39]

In 1872 Francis Kilvert resigned his curacy and returned to assist his father at Langley Burrell. For the next five years his visits to Clyro were intermittent, although he occasionally found time to visit his confidant: *At the Bronith I went up the steep stony lane to see John Morgan, the old soldier and Peninsular veteran. The old man was sitting in his chair, nearly 90 years old, but not looking a day older than when I saw him last. His stalwart wife Mary stood by him. 'I knew your step in a moment,' she said. The veteran was delighted to see his old friend again. 'I have clean lost my shepherd,' he said. Speaking of my Father taking the whole duty at Langley during my absence the old soldier said, 'You have left him a heavy legacy'. 'I do try to oblige the Lord all as I can,' he said with a touching earnestness and humility.*[40]

In November 1877 the Reverend Francis Kilvert was offered the living of Bredwardine in Herefordshire, less than ten miles from Clyro, which enabled him to renew old friendships. This is the last entry in which the 'Old Soldier' is mentioned: *The morning was so lovely in the autumn veil of mist that I was tempted to go to Clyro again. Called at the Whitcombes and went to see old John Morgan. The old Peninsular veteran was working in his garden digging potatoes.*[41] *He came indoors and sat down awhile. 'I have lost my shepherd,' he said. I asked him as Pharoah asked Jacob, 'How old art thou?' 'I am 97,' he said, 'but the Lord has behaved very honourable to me'.*[42]

At Wootton, near Woodstock, Oxfordshire on 20 August 1879 Francis Kilvert was married to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of John Rowland of *Hollybank*, Wootton. Within days of returning from honeymoon in Scotland, he died from peritonitis. I obtained a copy of John Morgan's death certificate from the General Register Office and read that he had died from 'senile decay' at the Bronydd on 23 September 1879, at the age of 96. Sensing something rather remarkable, I reached for my copy of *Kilvert's Diary* and read that he, too, had died on 23 September, aged just 38. It is some comfort to know that neither the 'Old Soldier' nor the 'Shepherd' would have been aware of the death of the other.

John Morgan was buried at Clyro on 26 September 1879: the officiating minister was the Reverend J. D. Williams. Under the burial entry in the Parish Register appear the words – quite inaccurate as it happens – 'Waterloo' Medal, for 'Quatre Bras'. Mary Morgan did not long survive her husband: she was buried at Clyro on 23 April 1880, at the age of 64. Neither has a memorial in Clyro churchyard. The 'Old Soldier' would not have expected one, having once said to his 'Shepherd': *'When death do call upon we it don't matter what becomes of our bodies.'*[43] The Reverend Richard Lister Venables officiated at the burial of his former curate at Bredwardine the following day. Francis Kilvert's widow, Elizabeth, returned to Wootton, where she dedicated the rest of her life to good works – and never remarried. By one of those strange quirks of fate, the place that should rightfully have been hers – next to her husband in the churchyard – was no longer available when she died in 1911. The graves on either side of her late husband had already been taken by Julia and Catherine Newton, spinster sisters and the daughters of a previous incumbent. Elizabeth Kilvert is therefore buried in the graveyard extension at Bredwardine. Together for such a brief time in life, they were sadly fated to remain separated, even in death.



The grave of the Reverend Francis Kilvert, flanked by those of the Newton sisters. Photo: from Jeremy Archer



Elizabeth Kilvert's grave in the 'new' churchyard (far right with the cross). Photo: Editor

Biographies

Francis Henry Hart was born at Devonport circa 1788, the son of Gratian Hart, who worked for many years for the Civil Department of the Ordnance, and his wife, Ann Michell. He was appointed ensign without purchase in the 39th Foot on 5 January 1805, when in his 'seventeenth year', being advanced to lieutenant without purchase on 15 January 1807. He served in the Peninsula with both the 2/39th Foot and the 1/39th Foot, later receiving a Military General Service Medal with eight clasps, the largest number received by a member of the 39th Foot. Lieutenant Francis Hart was promoted to captain without purchase on 8 April 1825 but promptly sold his company. He received a pension of £140 per annum as a result of wounds received at Albuhera and the Pass of Maya. Initially on the half-pay of the 84th Foot, Captain Francis Hart later transferred to the half-pay of the 90th Foot, being promoted to major on 28 June 1838. On 11 June 1829 at St Augustine's, Bristol, he married Joanna Barnes; they lived first in Bristol and later at Bishop's Well Cottage, Yatton, Somerset. By then a widower, Major Francis Henry Hart died at Chesterfield, Derbyshire on 10 June 1867, leaving a son and a daughter.

Benjamin Marcus Ball was the son of the Reverend John Ball of Attanaugh, Co. Kilkenny and his wife Penelope, daughter of John Paumier of Cabinteely, Co. Dublin. He was appointed ensign in the 39th Foot on 13 August 1807 and was promoted to lieutenant on 25 May 1809. He served throughout the Peninsular Campaign, first with the 2/39th Foot and later with the 1/39th Foot. Had he lived long enough to claim his Military General Service Medal, then he would have been entitled to the maximum eight clasps. On 21 April 1814, just eleven days after the Battle of Toulouse, Benjamin Ball transferred to the 40th Foot as a captain but he did not fight with his new regiment at the Battle of Waterloo. He transferred to the half-pay of the 72nd Foot on 17 January 1822. On 13 October 1814 at St George's, Dublin, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Cuthbert Feltus of Hollybrook, Co. Carlow. After his retirement they lived in Charlemont Street, Dublin. Benjamin Ball died in 1841 (P.C.C. will dated 9 March 1841 and proved 30 September 1841), leaving five sons and four daughters.

Exham Vincent was the son of Exham Vincent, Postmaster of Limerick and Mayor of that city in 1770, and his wife Jane (née Morony). Having held a commission in the Limerick Militia, he was appointed ensign in the 54th Foot on 20 February 1800 and

took part in the abortive attacks on the Spanish arsenals at Ferrol and Cadiz later that year and also the Egyptian Campaign of 1801. He received the Sultan's Gold Medal but does not appear to have claimed the Military General Service Medal, to which he was certainly entitled. He was promoted to lieutenant on 6 October 1801, before going on half-pay on 24 June 1802, three months after the signing of the Peace of Amiens. On 9 July the following year Exham Vincent transferred to the 39th Foot, serving with 1/39th Foot in Malta from July 1805 until June 1810 and then in Sicily until August 1811. He served with the 1/39th Foot in the Peninsula between 16 October 1811 and 8 May 1813, when he was offered a company in the 2/39th Foot, stationed in Weymouth. He returned to England on 16 June 1813, after 'an absence of eight years, two months and twenty-one days'. He went on to half-pay on 25 February 1816 and sold his commission for £1,600 in 1826. Exham Vincent never married and died at 48 London Street, Reading on 3 February 1863, at the age of 80.

Footnotes

[33] *Kilvert's Diary* – 16 June 1870

[34] WO116/101 ref 7377 – Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Disability and Royal Artillery Out-Pensions Admission Books, January – June 1871.

[35] *Kilvert's Diary* – 27 July 1871. The pension was 50% more than the daily rate of pay that John Morgan had received when serving in the ranks.

[36] WO23/58/2 – Royal Hospital Chelsea, Admission Books, Registers and Papers – Out Pensioners – 32nd-40th Foot.

[37] WO116/101 – Ibid.

[38] *Kilvert's Diary* – 2 November 1871.

[39] *Kilvert's Diary* – 8 May 1872.

[40] *Kilvert's Diary* – 1 May 1876.

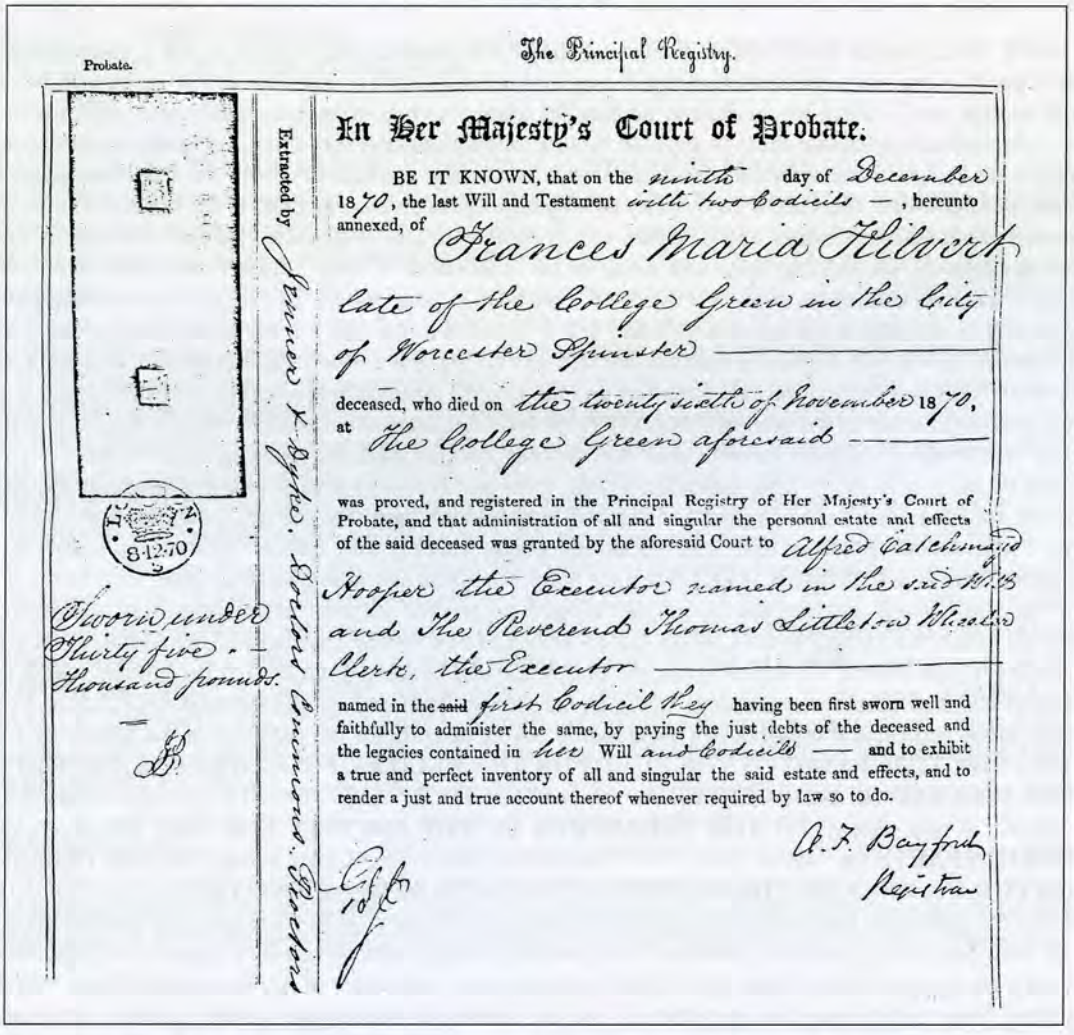
[41] Vegetable gardening is a pleasingly democratic activity! On 30 April 1826, shortly after he had resigned his commission, Captain Simon Newport, John Morgan's Adjutant during his time with 2/39th Foot, wrote to his cousin, Sir John Newport Bt: 'You will judge that I have converted my Sword into a tolerably good Ploughshare when I tell you that I have in front of this house an acre of Potatoes already earthed, and expect to have them ready for the Citizens latter end of May.' Newport Manuscript Collection (MS7) at Queen's University, Belfast.

[42] *Kilvert's Diary* – 11 September 1878.

[43] *Kilvert's Diary* – 15 January 1872.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

AUNT MARIA'S WILL



The Principal Registry.

Probate.

In Her Majesty's Court of Probate.

BE IT KNOWN, that on the ninth day of December 1870, the last Will and Testament with two Codicils —, hereunto annexed, of

Frances Maria Filmer

late of the College Green in the City of Worcester Spinster

deceased, who died on the twenty sixth of November 1870, at The College Green aforesaid

was proved, and registered in the Principal Registry of Her Majesty's Court of Probate, and that administration of all and singular the personal estate and effects of the said deceased was granted by the aforesaid Court to Alfred Catchmaid Hooper the Executor named in the said Will and The Reverend Thomas Littleton Wheeler Clerk, the Executor

named in the ~~said~~ first Codicil they having been first sworn well and faithfully to administer the same, by paying the just debts of the deceased and the legacies contained in her Will ~~and Codicils~~ — and to exhibit a true and perfect inventory of all and singular the said estate and effects, and to render a just and true account thereof whenever required by law so to do.

A. F. Bayford
Registrar

8 DEC 70

Sworn under Thirty five Thousand pounds.

Extracted by Spencer & Sykes, Solicitors, Worcester.

This article is very largely based on notes sent to me (Edward West) by Mr Hugh Dearlove, compiled from photostats of the will which our Vice-President, Mrs G. Grice, had found among her late husband's papers. (KS Newsletter – March 1993)

The first section of the Will consists of legacies to servants past and present. Charlotte Sayers and Jane Stroud receive £20 per year for their life, while the late servant Jane Booth has £7 per year for life. The sum of £100 is given to Elizabeth Middleton and to the two executors of the will. Sufficient money for housekeeping for one month after her death is to be set aside, and each servant is to receive £5 to '... enable them to provide themselves with decent mourning.'

These legacies were to be paid out of her £5,000 in 3% consols. The residue, together with the sum resulting from the sale of all her effects, was to provide for the following payments: £10,000 to the Relief of widows and orphans in the diocese of Worcester, and £2,000 to each of the following societies, for the Propagation of the Gospel and that for the Mission for increasing the number of Curates.

The remainder of the estate was to be shared between Margaret Kilvert, widow of her cousin John, Robert Kilvert and his sister Mary Matthews. A codicil two years later gives the rose trees to Robert and the furs and lace to his wife. (The original will had been made in 1868. Maria had died on 26 November 1870). An earlier codicil had changed Charlotte Sayer's legacy to a flat £100.

When we read the entry in the *Diary* for 30 November 1870, it is easy both to sympathise and criticise. But first a query: 'Margaret, widow of my cousin John' is referred to in the *Diary* by the name 'Marianne', and the 'Motherwells' must refer to Mary Matthews and her children. Of the eight Kilvert cousins, Robert, Mary and John's widow were the only ones living when the will and codicils were made, and they are duly remembered. Kilvert's outbursts regarding the servants' legacies seem quite unjustified. Why should not loyal servants receive some reward? His comments on the sums given to the religious societies are unnaturally fierce, but are prompted by the hurried letter from his mother when she was not fully aware of the situation. One is prompted to ask if the ties between Maria and the cousins were close – she was fourteen years older than Robert, who had responsibilities as both parent and priest and in the feud between Maria and his brother Francis would surely have sided with him.

It is with some relief that the reader finds in the entry for December morrow that a sum of about £7,000 will come to Robert! The heat of the moment has gone!

* * * * *

THE WILL

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me **FRANCES MARIA KILVERT** of the College Green in the City of Worcester spinster First it is my wish and direction that I may be buried in a plain and respectable manner in the same grave with my late father and mother and I direct my executors hereinafter named to pay to each servant living with me at the time of my decease the sum of five pounds to enable them to provide themselves with decent mourning I also direct my executors to continue the housekeeping for the space of one calendar month after my decease for the benefit of my servants I nominate and appoint my friends **ALFRED CATCHMAYD HOOPER** of the City of Worcester gentleman and **THOMAS WESTON** of Lower Wick in the County of Worcester gentleman Executors and Trustees of my Will and I give to each of them the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS in consideration of the trouble they will have in the execution of their office I give and bequeath to my servant **CHARLOTTE HAYNES** an annuity or sum of TWENTY POUNDS a year for her life to my late servant **JANE SHAW** now residing at Leicester (?) an annuity or yearly sum of TWENTY POUNDS a year for her life to my late servant **JANE BEECH** an annuity or yearly sum of SEVEN POUNDS a year for her life and to my late servant **ELIZABETH MIDDLETON** a legacy of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS and I direct the said annuities and the several legacies hereinbefore given to be paid free of legacy duty and to be paid and provided for out of the sum of FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS three percent consols standing in my name the said legacies to be paid within three calendar months after my decease and the said annuities by equal quarterly payments the first payment to be made on the expiration of three calendar months from my decease I give devise and bequeath the residue of the said sum of five thousand pounds consols after payment of the said legacies and subject to the said annuities and all and every other my real and personal estate stocks funds monies and securities goods chattels and effects whatsoever unto the said **ALFRED CATCHMAYD HOOPER** and **THOMAS WESTON** their heirs executors and administrators upon trust as soon as conveniently may be after my decease to sell and dispose by public auction or private contract as to them may seem most advisable the DWELLING HOUSE AND PREMISES in the College Green wherein I now reside and also ALL MY HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE PLATE LINEN AND OTHER EFFECTS in and about my said house and to stand possessed of the monies which may be produced by such sale and sales and also all other my monies stocks in the public funds and all and singular my estate and effects upon trust after payment of my debts funeral and testamentary expenses to pay or provide for the payment of the following legacies **TO THE TREASURER FOR THE TIME BEING OF THE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF WORCESTER** the sum of TEN THOUSAND POUNDS (Free of legacy duty) to be applied by him for the benefit of that charity **TO THE TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS** the sum of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS free of legacy duty **TO THE TREASURER OF THE HOME MISSION FOR INCREASING THE NUMBER OF CURATES** the sum of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS free of legacy duty and I direct that the said three last mentioned legacies be paid out at expiration of three calendar months after my decease and exclusively out of such part of my personal estate as I can lawfully charge with payment of legacies to charitable uses and after payment of the said legacies upon trust to pay and divide the residue and remainder of my estate and effects into three equal parts or shares and to stand possessed of one third part thereof and the interest dividends and annual proceeds arriving therefrom upon trust to pay the yearly interest dividends and proceeds unto **MARY ANNE KILVERT** the widow of my late cousin JOHN KILVERT and her assigns for and during the term of her natural life and upon her decease upon trust to pay or transfer the said one third part or share and the stocks funds and securities on which the value may be invested unto the three daughters **ANNA MARIA KILVERT**

LUCY the wife of THOMAS PARSONS and **ELIZABETH KILVERT** in equal parts and proportions and in case any or either of them shall have died in the lifetime of their mother leaving any child or children then I direct that the share of her or them so dying shall be paid or transferred to her or their child or children in equal shares if more than one and if but one then to such only child absolutely and to be paid or transferred to give her or them on his her or their respectively attaining the age of twenty one years and to stand possessed of one other third part thereof and the interest dividends and annual proceeds arising therefrom upon trust to pay the yearly interest dividends and proceeds unto my cousin **ROBERT KILVERT** and his assigns for and during the term of his natural life and upon his decease upon trust to pay or transfer the said last mentioned one third part or share and the stocks funds and securities on which the same may be transferred unto the child or children of the said **ROBERT KILVERT** in equal shares and proportions if more than one and if but one then to such only child absolutely and in case any one or more of such child or children shall have died in the lifetime of the said **ROBERT KILVERT** leaving any child or children then I direct that the share of him her or them so dying shall be paid or transferred to his her or their child or children in equal shares if more than one and if but one then to such only child absolutely and to be paid or transferred to him her or them on his her or their respectively attaining the age of twenty one years and to stand possessed of the remaining one third part thereof and the interest dividends and annual proceeds arising therefrom upon trust to pay the yearly interest dividends unto my cousin **MARY MATTHEWS** and her assigns for and during the term of her natural life and upon her decease upon trust to pay or transfer the said last mentioned one third part or share and the stocks funds and securities on which the sums may be invested unto the child or children of the said **MARY MATTHEWS** in equal shares and proportions if more than one and if but one then to such only child absolutely and in case anyone or more of such child or children shall have died in the lifetime of the said **MARY MATTHEWS** leaving any child or children then I direct that the share of him her or them so dying shall be paid or transferred to her or their child or children in equal shares if more than one and if but one then to such only child absolutely and to be paid or transferred to him her or them on his her or their respectively attaining the age of twenty one years provided always and I hereby declare that the said **ALFRED CATCHMAYD HOOPER** shall be entitled to his full professional charges and allowances for the transaction of all business relative to the said trusts or in any way connected with this my will

IN WITNESS THEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this **SEVENTH DAY** of **JULY ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT**
FRANCES MARIA KILVERT
Signed by the said Frances Maria Kilvert as and for her last will and testament in the presence of us who in her presence at her request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses

THO^{S} WILSON **FRED^{K} HADELY**
Clerks to MESSRS CLIFTON & HOOPER WORCESTER

THIS IS A CODICIL to the LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of me **FRANCES MARIA KILVERT** of the College Green in the City of Worcester spinster which will bears date the Seventh Day of July One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty Eight whereas **THOMAS WESTON** named and appointed in and by my said will as a trustee and executor is lately deceased now it is my will that the **REVEREND THOMAS LITTLETON-WHEELER** of Bromwirth House in the Parish of Saint John in Bedwardine in the City of Worcester Precentor of Worcester Cathedral shall be substituted in the place of the said **THOMAS WESTON** as one of the trustees and executors of my said Will and I direct that my said Will shall in all respects be read and consulted as if the name of the said **THOMAS WESTON** and whereas I am desirous **THAT THE COLLECTION OF PRINTS ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS** in the Drawing Room of the house in which I now reside may not be dispersed upon my decease but may be presented to the **BISHOP OF WORCESTER** for the time being and be kept at Hartlebury Castle or other the Episcopal House of residence of the See of Worcester for the use and enjoyment of the said Bishop and his successors and to descend as heirlooms along with the Episcopal House of residence now I do hereby direct my Executors within a convenient time after my decease to offer the said **COLLECTION OF PRINTS ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS** to the **BISHOP OF WORCESTER** for the time being in order that the same may be removed to Hartlebury Castle or other the Episcopal residence of the See of Worcester and there kept and preserved for the use and enjoyment of the Bishop of Worcester for the time being and his successors and to descend as heirlooms along with the Episcopal House of residence and in case the said Bishop shall accept the said collection then I give and bequeath the same to him to be used and enjoyed accordingly **I GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO MY EXECUTORS** in addition to the legacy of one hundred pounds each which I have given by my said Will the following **BOOKS** that is to say to the said **ALFRED CATCHMAYD HOOPER** NASH'S ANCIENT MANSIONS OF ENGLAND and to the said **THOMAS LITTLETON-WHEELER** 'GALLEY KNIGHTS ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE OF ITALY' and in all other respects I ratify and confirm my said Will in Witness Whereof I have Hereunto set my hand this **FIRST DAY** of **NOVEMBER ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED** and **SIXTY NINE**

FRANCES MARIA KILVERT

Signed by the said Frances Maria Kilvert the Testatrix as and for a Codicil to her Last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in her presence at her request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as Witnesses

THO^{S} WILSON **FRED^{K} HADELY**
Clerks to MESSRS CLIFTON & HOOPER WORCESTER

THIS IS A SECOND CODICIL to the Last Will and Testament of me **FRANCES MARIA KILVERT** of The College Green in the City of Worcester spinster which Will bears date the Seventh Day of July One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty Eight Whereas I have in my said will given and bequeathed to **CHARLOTTE HAYNES** an annuity of **TWENTY POUNDS** a year for her life now I do hereby revoke the said bequest and do give and bequeath to her in lieu thereof a **LEGACY OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS** I also give and bequeath to her **MY CLOTHES AND WEARING APPAREL EXCEPT FURS AND LACE** which I give and bequeath to **MRS THERMUTHIS KILVERT** the wife of my cousin ROBERT KILVERT I also give and bequeath to my servant **HANNAH JONES** a **LEGACY OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS** the said legacies to be paid free of legacy duty within three calendar months after my decease In all other respects I ratify and confirm my said Will and the previous Codicil thereto IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand this **SEVENTEENTH DAY** of **MARCH ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY**

FRANCES MARIA KILVERT

Signed by the said Frances Maria Kilvert the Testatrix as and for a second Codicil to her Last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in her presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses

ALFRED C. HOOPER Sol[r] Worcester
FRED[K] HADELY Clerk to Mr A.C. Hooper

(She died on 26 November 1870 eight months after the second Codicil)

TULLIMAAR, DEAR *TULLIMAAR*, AND THE HAPPY DAYS

The piece which follows, by Michael Trinick of Bodmin, appeared in the KS Newsletter of April 1971. Mr Trinick enclosed with his contribution photographs of Perranwell Station and a spray of *Asplenum Marinum*. In addition to his Cornish connections Michael Trinick also had links with the Radnorshire Kilvert Country because his grandfather was one of Archdeacon Bevan's curates at Hay before becoming Vicar of Newbridge-on-Wye.

Francis Kilvert's diary of his Cornish idyll, 19 July to 6 August 1870, has all the descriptive genius we have come to expect, together with his touchingly romantic adoration of his hostess, Mrs Hockin, and a splendid comic turn in Captain Parker of *Rosewarne*.

Tullimaar ... the very name evokes peace, beauty, happiness, allied with melancholy, and the place is the same today.

The house stands high above the road from Truro to Falmouth on a steep wooded slope overlooking the head of the Restronguet Creek which runs down to the estuary of the River Fal. Two tiny lodges guard the Truro and Falmouth drives, overshadowed by the tall trees which surround the house closely, common and copper beech, ilex and oak, the graceful Cornish elm.



Tullimaar Photo: Collection of the late John Hockin

The garden can scarcely have changed since the Hockins' day, a terraced lawn to the south of the house, sun-dappled glades, shady lawns, lovingly cared for by the present owners.

Built in 1830 by Benjamin Sampson, the proprietor of the gunpowder mills in the adjoining parish of St Gluvias, *Tullimaar* had been inherited about 1865 by William Hockin whose mother, Ann Hockin, was Sampson's niece. The house has been little altered, a low pitched roof of small Cornish slates, simple stuccoed facades with sash windows set inside shallow recessed arches, the windows fitted with shaped blind boxes, and a plain porch with Doric columns.

To the left of the entrance front there is now a conservatory. In Kilvert's day its place was occupied by a curved stuccoed wall hiding the approach to the back door and decorated with a niche and more recessed arches.

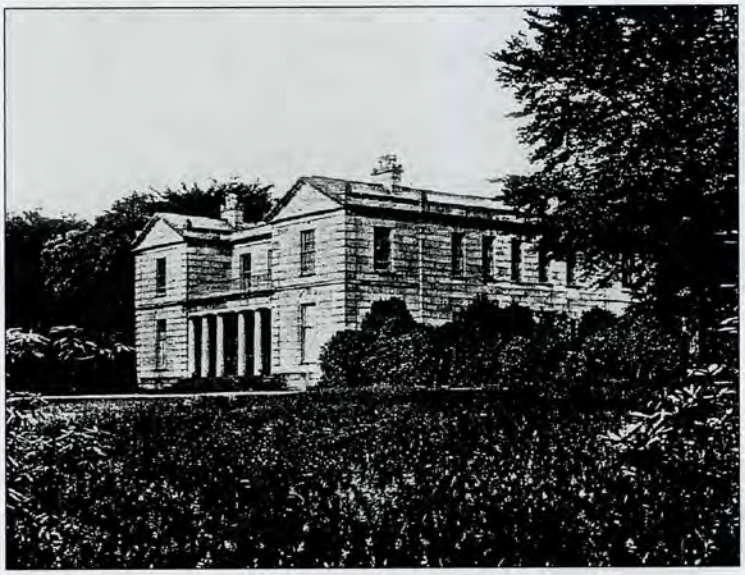
William Hockin's father, the Revd Henry William Hockin (died 1846) had been Vicar of Perranarworthal, the parish in which *Tullimaar* stands, and also Vicar of the neighbouring parish of Stithians. He came from a family of Cornish parsons and his brother Frederick, our William Hockin's uncle was at this time Rector of Phillack, near Hayle in the west of Cornwall, as had been his father and his grandfather before him ever since 1763.

There is no evidence in the *Diary* as to what, if anything, William Hockin did for a living. His mother had inherited money from her

family, the Sampsons, who were in a considerable way of business. His father had enjoyed two comfortable livings which he held in plurality and was presumably able to leave money to his son. Perhaps, like so many of his class at this time, William Hockin's income was sufficient to live quietly at *Tullimaar*.

At this time Hockin had three children, Ernest, Florence and Beatrice (Kilvert's godchild) and after the (inexplicable) removal of the family to *The Ferns* at Taunton in the following year two more were born, one of whom is the father of a member of our Society, Mr J.C. Hockin.

William Hockin had two unmarried sisters, Emily and Charlotte, who lived in Truro, five miles from *Tullimaar*, and they accompanied the party on more than one expedition during Kilvert's three weeks' holiday. We cannot follow them on these journeys but it is pleasant to record that many of their visits can be enjoyed in unchanged surroundings today. From Truro by boat to Malpas to pick up ginger beer at the inn, and thence down the wooded estuary of the River Fal, to St Michael's Mount, Mullion and Kynance Cove; to Falmouth for the Regatta; the journey to the Logan Rock where *Captain Parker was the life of the party and kept the waggonette in a roar*, and thence to the Land's End; to Lord Falmouth's park at *Tregothnan* to see the church of St Michael Penkevil which his Lordship had restored four years before; the marathon expedition to the Gurnard's Head where Kilvert gathered the bright glossy green fern *Asplenum Marinum* from the rock crevices for Mrs Hockin (it can still be found there today) followed by a midnight supper at *Rosewarne*. Visits to Tintagel and the wild north Cornish coast and *the last happy day* at Godrevy. Visiting the ancient church of Gwithian buried in the sand, with another supper at *Rosewarne*.



Rosewarne House, photographed around 1906
Photo: Collection of the late John Hockin

The latter house still stands, a large mansion in beautiful wooded grounds in the busy industrial town of Camborne. It is now most happily a home for spastics. In 1870 it was occupied by Captain Frederick Townley Parker as the Resident Officer for the Commissioners of Lunacy. The house had been bought about the middle of the eighteenth-century by the Harris family, who were much concerned with local mining adventures. It was most handsomely rebuilt in granite ashlar by William Harris a few years before his death in 1815. His daughter married in 1819 a Berkshire barrister named Henry Hartley but soon separated from him. She returned to live at *Rosewarne* in such an eccentric manner that in 1843 she was adjudged incapable of managing her affairs and trustees were appointed. Her son, W.H.H. Hartley, who was also of weak intellect, continued to live there after his mother's death in 1868 and Captain Parker was appointed by the Lunacy Commissioners to manage the estate on his behalf.

He seems to have made very much the best of what was at first sight an unpromising job! Kilvert's description gives no inkling that the Captain was not a substantial country gentleman in his own right.

Parker's humour was perhaps typical of its period. On the Land's End expedition he said to Mrs Hockin, *'If we wanted a donkey to go on what would you say?' Then he added instantly in a loud voice 'Proceed, Edward'. There was a roar from the waggonette, everyone was convulsed, and Edward* [the coachman] *grinned a tremendous grin, looked somewhat red and foolish and* proceeded *amidst a storm of laughter.'* When further laughter broke out inside the omnibus on another occasion, *'None of your larks' said Captain Parker occasionally and reprovingly to the people inside. But he was the most larky of the party!*

Mrs Parker, however, was an admirable hostess in her *hospitable house*. Kilvert took her in to supper after the Gurnard's Head expedition and had some talk with her about Wales and Monmouthshire where she had formerly lived.

After the day at Godrevy they called there again, *walked round the pretty flower gardens and fine kitchen garden and visited the fern and fruit houses. Dinner at 8 and a most admirable conger eel. I had no idea conger was so good, or good at all. As we drove away the church clock struck ten and the granite pillars sparkled in the moonlight.*

There we must leave the Captain and his wife, whose only claim to remembrance is the brief glimpse which Kilvert gives of them. For on the next day Kilvert's holiday was to finish and when he got back to *Tullimaar* he was: *Packing till after one.*

William Hockin drove him to catch the 7.35 train which they missed and had to return to *Tullimaar* and wait for the 11.05. A chance for further farewells with Mrs Hockin, *I thought – was it so – that there were tears in those blue eyes when we parted. I know there were tears in mine. Forget me not, oh, forget me not.*

But off to the station again Kilvert had to go and this is where we who live in Cornwall must say farewell to him.

Perranwell Station is yet in existence, a sad shell, unstaffed and unkempt, but it is still possible to get there by train from Chippenham, changing at Plymouth and Truro.

The Falmouth branch line, on which it stands, was never more than a single line but double tracks were provided at the stations and Perranwell even boasted a goods' shed, now occupied by a firm of agricultural merchants.

The signal box, which controlled the passing loop and the small sidings to the goods' shed, is curiously mounted on stilts over the platform so that the signalman could get a view up and down the line.

Only a single track now remains but the station is still a beautiful place with tall clumps of white heath, *Erica Lusitanica,* on the bank above the up platform, *Rhodendron Ponticum* on the side of the cutting as one approaches from Truro, and ferns growing round the cast-iron pump which delivers water from the well beside the platform on the down side.

In the station building the doors swing in the wind, the glass in the windows is broken, and a melancholy spirit pervades the place which would not have come amiss to the traveller who left here with bittersweet tears in his eyes on a *fresh cool and lovely morning* just a century ago.

* * * * *

It is intended to publish some further archive material on Tullimaar *in the March 2010* Journal, *including descriptions of visits by C.T.O. Prosser and David Lockwood.*

There has been a number of notable residents and owners of the house: Princess Marthe Bibesco, a Romanian aristocrat, who had links with the Bonapartes, she was a great-granddaughter of Napoleon. A.L. Rowse was a friend and he devotes a chapter to her in his book Memories and Glimpses (Methuen 1986): *'The first of many letters to me mentions her pleasure at my introducing her to Kilvert', he writes.*

General Eisenhower stayed there for a fortnight before D-Day, apparently sleeping in the bedroom that Kilvert had used and also surviving an assassination attempt while there!

The novelist Sir William Golding was a later owner.

Editor



Kilvert's bedroom at Tullimaar
Photo: Collection of the late John Hockin

A KILVERT PILGRIMAGE

By Kenneth Day (Banstead)

One sunny morning in September 1974, my wife and I set out by car for Mitcham, where Francis Kilvert had stayed at a house called *Cranmers* (*Diary:* 21 January 1870). We had ascertained from the Mitcham Librarian that *Cranmers* had stood on the south side of Cranmer Road facing Mitcham Common, and that the house had been entirely demolished about 1927, the site now being occupied by Wilson's Hospital. We found the site, and enjoyed the view across the Common, which can have undergone but little change over the intervening century.

We then continued through Streatham to Upper Norwood, and turned into Gipsy Hill, where Christ Church stands on the left, a little way down the steep hill. Here Kilvert attended morning service (*Diary:* 25 June 1876). As I remember the scene over 50 years ago the dominating feature on the northern skyline visible from this point was the great dome of St Paul's Cathedral, some five miles distant: and that feature would undoubtedly have been observed by Kilvert on the occasion of his attendance at Christ Church on Midsummer Morrow of 1876, prior to his visit to St Paul's on the afternoon of that day. The dome may still be discerned from here on a clear day, though it no longer dominates, being much overshadowed by the enormous tower blocks of the modern City of London.



Cranmers, *Mitcham, Surrey, as it was when Kilvert stayed*
KS Archives

Continuing down Gipsy Hill, and just before we reached the station of that name on the Victoria and Crystal Palace line, we turned left into Victoria Crescent (originally known as Victoria Road). Here, at No. 12, Kilvert stayed with his sister Emmie, (*Diary*: 22 June 1876). We were fortunate to find the house still standing; a tall typically Victorian semi-detached residence with a flight of steps leading up to the front door. Though fashionable in Kilvert's day, property in the vicinity now appears much neglected and decayed, and, following the fate of other roads in the same locality, these houses may well, before long, be swept away and the whole area redeveloped.

Returning to Gipsy Hill (but with no cuckoo singing as on Midsummer Day, 1876) we then made our way to nearby *sweet green Dulwich* which still merits Kilvert's refreshing description. Here we found the Picture Gallery in its delightfully rural setting, at the apex of Gallery Road and College Road and opposite Dulwich Park. Entering the Gallery, we spent an enjoyable hour in identifying those pictures which so pleased Kilvert on his two recorded visits (*Diary*: 4 January 1872; 24 June 1876) – in particular *Albert Cuyp's Cows, The two superb and famous Murillos, the two Spanish peasant boys and the Spanish flower girl* and above all, *Rembrandt's immortal servant girl* still leaning from her window, though a hundred years has elapsed since Kilvert last saw her.

Thus ended a most rewarding excursion.

KS Newsletter, March 1975



Snodhill Castle before the undergrowth took over. Rt. Rev. Newnham Davis and Mrs Davis, Bernard and Connie Humphreys KS Archives



Bettws Chapel Sketch: KS Archives

DISCOVERING KILVERT

By Richard Vine (Warminster)

I fondly remember an AGM Seminar at the *Swan at Hay*, given by our illustrious Editor with a 'chorus' of readers, which ended in one of those endearing Kilvertian discussions on whether the well-known picture of RFK was 'back to front', much attention being paid to the buttons on his coat!

I came to Kilvert back to front! Most people, one would assume, perhaps wrongly, might be introduced to Father Ignatius Lyne of the ill-fated Monastery at Capel-y-Ffyn, through the wonderful descriptions of Kilvert's visits. However, my mother was a Lyne and I had always heard of Father Ignatius. He was apparently a cousin of her grandfather. I have seen a family tree which has both my mother's and Father Ignatius' name on it, but it needs a decent billiard table to lay it out! My mother would mutter darkly about 'goings on' in the Black Mountains, with 'infant oblates'!

Then, in 1969, I was travelling down from Harlech with my mother and we decided to divert into the Black Mountains to go to Capel-y-Ffyn. It was a glorious Spring day as we drove over the Gospel Pass and down the narrow lane to the Monastery. We were able to wander in the ruined church and see Father Ignatius' grave and then into a part of the Monastery itself, including I remember, a little chapel. Was this the Oratory in which Father Ignatius slept, described by RFK on 2 September 1870? Probably not. My mother kept wondering where the 'infant oblates' lived!

But, I was in thrall – to the Black Mountains and the Radnorshire border country. It was almost as if I *knew* that something (other than Father Ignatius) would draw me to this magical part of the world. It was to be a few years before I discovered what!

I was reading the walker John Hillaby's account of his walk through Britain and in particular the section on the Black Mountains, in which he briefly mentioned Father Ignatius. In a wonderful aside, he reports Gerald of Wales' account of his march with Archbishop Baldwin through the Mountains, during which a soldier called Hagernal, miraculously 'voided a calf in the presence of many'! Then on the next page, he mentions Kilvert 'the Clergyman Diarist who found life such a curious and wonderful thing'. Who was this Kilvert I wanted to know? Then, of course, came the BBC 2 series of short extracts from the *Diary* and, like so many people, we became entirely gripped. First came a copy of Plomer's single-volume abridged version, tattered now as to be almost unusable. This led to many visits to Clyro, Hay and around and to Bredwardine for the first time, quite unconsciously within a couple of days of the hundredth anniversary of RFK's death.

There is a second, rather curious connection with Kilvert. My cousin Barry Lyne (another long-lost, but less enthusiastic relative of Father Ignatius) married Jacqui, the widow of Thomas Herbert, a well-known vet in Aberaeron in Cardiganshire. When Jacqui first came to our house, she was peering at our bookshelves, as one does, and her eyes alighted on the three volumes of the *Diary*. 'Kilvert', she said, 'the Old Grey Mare'. Now, I wouldn't pretend to be capable of *Mastermind* on the 'Life and Works of Francis Kilvert' in two minutes, but I reckon I would make a reasonable showing in a pub quiz on the subject. However, the Old Grey Mare meant nothing to me and I rather shamefacedly drew a blank in the index.

It wasn't until I visited these Lynes in Wales, that Jacqui showed me the National Library of Wales edition of the Sandford Notebook (April – June 1870) which contains the sad story of Gipsy, the old grey mare, in full. Tom Herbert, Jacqui's late husband, had been asked by the editors Kathleen Hughes and Dafydd Ifans, to write up a veterinary note on Gipsy's condition, which appears at the back of the edition. Her copy is handsomely dedicated to Tom Herbert, in Welsh, thanking him for his help. As there is no mention of the Old Grey Mare in Plomer's editing, I was relieved to find that I was not so stupid as I had feared! Incidentally, I was fascinated to read Jane Humphries' most interesting article on 'The Unfortunate Demise of Gipsy, the Grey Mare' in the March 2009 *Journal*. She makes no mention of Tom Herbert's notes on the same subject, but perhaps had not seen them.

Margaret Collins has written a marvellous 'Discovering Kilvert' in the same edition of the *Journal*. I loved the thought of her continually reading the three volumes. For me, the *Diary* is not just seeing the world through Kilvert's eyes but, as she says, 'Kilvert alone has the ability to lift one into his world'. Kilvert becomes a friend (albeit occasionally a mysterious one). We fall in love with the girls (particularly Ettie), we gaze in wonder at the landscape, we suffer his headaches and tightness of chest, we feel real compassion for the poor people he visits. Above all, we marvel at the delicate touch with which he paints a scene so simply. Thursday 9 June 1870, so often quoted, *In the garden there are red roses and the blue hills beyond* is a classic example. Just writing this, I am transported and again, in thrall.

My wife Heather and our family have been mostly patient admirers of this passion of mine. There is a *Diary* extract for almost every occasion and my children have had them in abundance, almost with their mother's milk! Sometimes it is too much, 'Oh no, not the "Death of Little Davie of the Weston", *again*, Daddy', cried Little Laura and Tiny Tim! Even my ever-polite son-in-law reminded me that he had had the "Freezing Bath on Christmas Day", more than once!

Laura accompanied us on the first Kilvert Society Winter Visit to the Dulwich Picture Gallery and was honoured to be asked by your persuasive editor to write up the event for the *Journal* (the youngest person ever to do so?!).

Shortly before she became a mother for the first time, she and her husband spent a few quiet days at Clifford on the banks of the Wye and of course, visited Clyro, the Black Mountains and Bredwardine. So, let's hope that, our little grandson will have absorbed some of our passion for this enchanting part of the world by osmosis. I have, however, promised him in writing, not to bore him on the subject of RFK until he is old enough to tell me to shut up! Now, this is going to be difficult!

KILVERT'S VISITS TO HANNAH WILLIAMS

Margaret Collins (London)

'For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May'
(Tennyson)

A glance through the *Diary* leaves no doubt that Francis Kilvert was a conscientious visitor of his flock. He enjoyed meeting people and if they were ill or in need he would do what he could to help them.

One such parishioner was Hannah Williams, daughter of a Langley Burrell family. Just after Christmas 1874 she fell on the ice while carrying a bucket of water and badly jarred her spine. She was in great pain which her distressed parents did their best to alleviate. The doctor, Spencer, told Kilvert that he at first feared the accident would prove fatal. As so much of the *Diary* is missing we cannot know how frequent Kilvert's visits to sick people were but his visits to Hannah are well documented and certainly seem to go beyond the call of duty. He goes to see her on at least eleven occasions between 26 December and 14 January.

Following the family's request for him to visit, Kilvert goes immediately to their cottage that same morning and notes with a detectable hint of satisfaction: *The proud haughty beautiful face was laid low at last*. He calls again in the afternoon and sits by Hannah's bed *repeating the Evening Hymn 'Sun of my Soul'*. This hymn by John Keble speaks of the comfort Christ brings:

> *...Abide with me when night is nigh/For without Thee I dare not die.*
> *If some poor wandering child of Thine/Have spurned to-day the voice divine,*
> *Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;/Let him no more lie down in sin.*

In the evening Kilvert walks *across the dark icy fields...to try to read Hannah Williams to sleep* only to be told that she fell asleep two minutes before he arrived. Could it be that she heard his arrival downstairs and feigned sleep, entreating her mother not to let him come up? Perhaps she could not face a third visit from him that day with more solemn hymns about illness and dying. There are two later inferences that Hannah did not particularly like Kilvert but in her current hapless circumstances she had no choice but to put up with his presence at her bedside.

Kilvert is quick to see an element of divine retribution in Hannah's misfortune: *The poor wild beautiful girl is stopped in her wildness at last, and perhaps by the finger of God*. Kilvert is clearly fascinated by Hannah and during this illness he describes her as *beautiful* on five occasions. The following day, Sunday, he calls to see her twice. In the evening he goes to read to her and turns her in bed every quarter of an hour: *She says I turn her and lift her better than anyone else*. Did Hannah volunteer this opinion or was it in reply to a question from Kilvert? Such close contact with Hannah would certainly have added a frisson to these visits.

On the Monday after the accident Kilvert attends a clergy conference with his father and then hastens across frozen fields to see Hannah. She is not much better and despite that fact her hands are *in fiery agonizing pain* he takes the opportunity to talk to her *very seriously about her past wild conduct*. Hannah's *wild conduct since her Confirmation* preoccupies Kilvert.

What exactly this *wild conduct* was we can only surmise. In his latest book John Toman states (p. 214) that it referred to Hannah's sexual promiscuity. We cannot be sure. We do not know Hannah's exact age but more than once Kilvert describes her face as *proud* and *haughty*. These adjectives are not neutrally descriptive of her facial characteristics for they imply something about her character, as experienced by Kilvert. We do know that she had been confirmed so she was probably in her mid-teens and a girl for whom, as W.S. Gilbert observes in *The Mikado*, 'everything is a source of fun/nobody's safe for we care for none/life is a joke that's just begun'. Perhaps Hannah was simply high-spirited, flirting with the local lads and giggling with her friends (not at the confirmation class we hope – but who knows!). In any event, Kilvert is stern and disapproving. Kilvert's ideal of young Christian womanhood is exemplified in the pious novel *Stepping Heavenward* in which the vivacious sixteen-year-old, Katherine Mortimer, is subjected to unrelenting criticism for her perceived headstrong and selfish behaviour by her sanctimonious mother and the vicar. Her father, however, fondly calls her 'his dear little Flibertigibbet'. In his professional capacity Kilvert is censorious of Hannah's *wild and wilful* behaviour but at the same time he was attracted to 'saucy' beautiful girls and had been sorely tempted to throw caution to the winds and follow the bewitching *Irish Mary*. Had Hannah been a plain and dutiful model of piety would she have received quite so much attention from him?

We do know that on the Cornish holiday Kilvert confessed himself out of his depth in his understanding of young women: *Young lady affectations, peculiarities, vagaries &c &c – unintelligible*. Also, Kilvert is troubled by what he sees as the *licentiousness* of some of the schoolgirls, including Lucy Halliday who had been sent to fetch him by Hannah's family. Maybe this too was an overstatement for normal youthful high spirits. Hannah's parents appear to make no reference to any *wild conduct*, nor does anyone else and passing references suggest that Hannah had a good relationship with her parents. Did Kilvert share with her parents or the doctor his thoughts about the retributive *finger of God*? This was almost certainly kept to the pages of his diary.

When Kilvert visits on Friday, New Year's Day, he says *I had not seen her for two days* so he must have paid a visit on Tuesday but there is no *Diary* entry for that day. On Thursday, New Year's Eve, he had to go to Bath to officiate at a family wedding and later sees the New Year in with thoughts of his love for Kathleen Mavourneen. Then on New Year's Day he visits Hannah and detects a *brilliant look of glad welcome on the proud beautiful face as if the wistful dark eyes seemed to say 'Where have you been? I thought you had forgotten me.'* This is Kilvert's interpretation, Hannah's thoughts are not known. Three days later her mother welcomes Kilvert heartily: '*Come up,.... Hannah was afraid you would not come tonight'. At which the girl blushed and shyly hid her beautiful face in the pillows*. Again, we do not know Hannah's thoughts. It could be that she was simply embarrassed by her mother's enthusiasm for Kilvert's assiduous visiting.

On Kilvert's part there is a degree of eagerness which goes well beyond the boundaries of a pastoral visit to the sickroom. To have Hannah brought low by her accident gives Kilvert unprecedented access and also the upper hand in his dealings with her. Did her parents never raise an eyebrow at the frequency of his visits to their daughter? It seems not. In the absence of modern medical care, Kilvert and the doctor would be the only professionals giving support to the family and his presence would be welcomed. We remember the touching gratitude of the family of Little Davie who died at Christmas 1878.

The most curious aspect of the whole episode is the reading material Kilvert chose on Monday 28 December, his sixth visit since the preceding Saturday. Despite Hannah's terrible pain he talked *very seriously about her past wild conduct ...and prayed with her. Then I read her the May Queen, New Year's Eve, the Conclusion, the Miller's Daughter, and St Agnes Eve, hoping to read her to sleep, but in vain*. It would seem that Kilvert had a book of Tennyson's poetry with him and that *St Agnes Eve* was Tennyson's poem and not Keats' well known poem which is entitled *The Eve of Saint Agnes*. There is no indication that he chose to read selected verses from these poems and as Hannah did not fall asleep, he would indeed have read them in their entirety.

The May Queen tells of a young girl, Alice, and her great excitement because she has been chosen to be Queen of the May:

> *You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,*
> *To-morrow will be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:*
> *Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;*
> *For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.*

Alice is impatient and disdainful towards her devoted admirer, Robin, who she takes pleasure in ignoring as she runs past:

> *...They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,*
> *For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.*

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother – what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad will woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

A fitting choice to read to Hannah which would help to cheer her up one thinks, but Kilvert did not leave it there. He clearly drew a parallel between Hannah's situation and Alice's because he goes on to read the final two sections of the poem, *New Year's Eve* and *The Conclusion*. The joyous tone is gone and these sections are very dark indeed.

In *New Year's Eve* the happy, carefree young girl's situation has changed dramatically. She is ill, probably with consumption, and expects to die:

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,/And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid./I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,/With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

And significantly: I *have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;/You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go*...The rest of the section is melancholy and bleak.

The Conclusion is equally grim as Alice's tragedy unfolds. It is March and she has not yet died but death is near. It contains the lines: *But still I think it can't be long before I find release;/And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.*

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!/And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!/O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!/A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed..He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin...

The high-spirited and exuberant Queen of the May is now brought low, chastened and changed by her illness. She dwells on her imminent demise for another ten verses and expresses regret for her past treatment of Robin and her sadness at leaving her mother and her sister Effie. *The Conclusion* is very close to home as Hannah was herself seriously ill at the year's end 1874 and it was thought that she could die.

The theme of death was woven into Victorian art and literature. Untimely bereavement was common, as Tennyson's great work *In Memoriam* bears witness. Had *The May Queen* been written today it would be received with indignation and bafflement but Tennyson's poetry was of its time and spoke to the Victorian experience and mindset. Tennyson was a national celebrity and his much lauded poetry still has the power to move us deeply. Kilvert's reading of *The May Queen* to Hannah as she lay helpless and in pain, seemingly to press home the point about her past behaviour and her possible death, appears very harsh. Yet we remember little Fanny Strange, systematically beaten for bad behaviour by her parents. When she becomes ill as a result, Kilvert visits and notes approvingly that these sustained assaults may have had *a happy effect and have broken her self-will and cured her faults..her parents have wisely not spared her or the rod.* That such attacks upon a child were cruel does not enter his thinking, for the important thing to Kilvert is that *happily the poor child has come to a better mind.* This reflected contemporary notions of disciplining disobedient youngsters.

The Miller's Daughter is an equally surprising choice and stands in complete contrast to the sombre meditations of John Keble's hymn and the last two sections of *The May Queen*. *The Miller's Daughter* is a story told by an old man reflecting on his courtship and eventual marriage to the beautiful daughter of the local miller. It is their love story, a tender rustic romance. Three pages in length, it contains sections which strike an odd note when one knows they are being read aloud to Hannah by a man of 34 who seemingly disapproves of her flirtatious ways: *But ere I saw your eyes, my love,/I had no motion of my own..And there a vision caught my eye; The reflex of a beauteous form,/A glowing arm, a gleaming neck/As when a sunbeam wavers warm/Within the dark and dimpled beck.*

For you remember, you had set, that morning, on the casement-edge/ A long green box of mignonette, And you were leaning from the ledge;/ And when I raised my eyes, above/they met with two so full and bright-/ Such eyes! I swear to you, my love,/That these have never lost their light...Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek/flushed like the coming of the day...

There follows a three-verse song the lover has composed. The tone is unmistakable, for he wishes he was the earring touching her neck, the girdle round her waist and the necklace falling and rising *Upon her balmy bosom..And I would lie so light, so light/ I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.*

It is a charming, wistful poem but at its heart is a man's highly charged romantic longing...*Round my true heart thine arms entwine/My other dearer life in life,/Look thro' my very soul with thine!* Throughout the narrative there is more in the same vein and it is extraordinary that Kilvert should have chosen to read it to Hannah. It is a far cry from the virtuous precepts of *Stepping Heavenward.*

St Agnes' Eve is again about the cold snow and winter, the very weather which caused Hannah's accident, and tells of the passing of a young woman's soul to heaven in death: *My breath to heaven like vapour goes:/May my soul follow soon!* There is much florid imagery of the gold and glittering starry vision of heaven where the woman is drawn as a bride in white robes to meet her *Heavenly Bridegroom* who *will make me pure of sin...*

Even allowing for her pain, it is small wonder that poor Hannah failed to fall asleep!

We only see Hannah through Kilvert's eyes. If she was not very intelligent then it could be that all this washed over her but it seems that she is a fluent reader for on 14 January Kilvert *went to see* ___. It is clearly Hannah as she is sitting in her bedroom having finished the books Kilvert brought her (he took her a book on 11 January) and he has brought her some more which would presumably necessitate a further visit to collect them. One of these books was probably the 'improving' *Stepping Heavenward*.

The dialogue which follows on this visit is quite strange and it is the nearest we get to hearing Hannah's own voice. Kilvert is *begging* her to behave, for further *wild and wilful* conduct would make him *deeply grieved. Taking her hand and looking earnestly and lovingly upon her I said 'You do like me a little bit, don't you?'* to which Hannah replies *'Yes..a great deal'. 'Dear child, and I do love you so much. I have loved you through it all'*. I do not think *'through it all'* refers to her present illness but to some situation in the past, when Kilvert had experienced Hannah as *haughty* and *proud*. Her beauty alone is not the sole reason for such frequent visiting for there is a clear hint at 'unfinished business' of some sort. Maybe he had tried to discuss her *wild conduct* and was rebuffed. Kilvert is anxious that Hannah should not dislike him and he seems to have succeeded, because she appears to soften and says that *Yes* she likes him *a great deal*. Did Kilvert omit Hannah's name from this entry due to the personal nature of this discussion? This device is used elsewhere in the *Diary* when he chooses not to disclose names. All we have here is a 'snapshot', for it is not possible to know the circumstances that led to this conversation.

A young woman like Hannah would have been understandably confused by the mixed messages Kilvert was sending by reading *The Miller's Daughter*. Was he oblivious to the implications of the poem and the effect that his reading it in such intimate surroundings could have on an impressionable teenager? Or it could be that Hannah well understood Kilvert's attraction to her and, aware of her power, enjoyed these bedside exchanges. It would be enlightening to have her version of events.

We know that Hannah recovered, at least in the short term, because on Sunday 30 May, Lucy Halliday is again sent to the Rectory with a message for the doctor to go to see Hannah after he has visited Perch. Hannah is in bed with a fever. Kilvert is not directly requested to attend, maybe because it was early on Sunday morning, but it seems that the pull of Hannah is undiminished for Kilvert goes to see her straightaway before the morning service, when he could quite reasonably have left it until afterwards. He visits her twice that day and is again in thrall to the beauty of that *haughty face... I went home for some Eau de Cologne and a fan and bathed the pure beautiful brow..and fanned her till my arm was tired* for which Kilvert fancies that she is grateful. How Hannah viewed these ministrations we cannot know.

These visits to Hannah are not quite what one would expect of a pastoral visit today. Moreover it is impossible to imagine Mr Thomas, Daisy's father, allowing such attentions to be paid to any of his daughters in similar circumstances. Hannah's parents certainly had no such misgivings and their attitude to Kilvert would anyway have been deferential, also it is unlikely that they would have been very familiar with the works of Tennyson.

We hear no more of Hannah Williams after the entry of 30 May 1875. Possibly there was more about her in the lost sections of the *Diary*. We will never know if she kept her promise to amend the *wild conduct* which so perturbed the earnest curate. With regard to Kilvert's own 'conduct' in the situation we can only, as he himself says in another context, *look wonderingly on*.

THE BELLS OF ST MARY'S

By Adrian Chambers (Clyro)

THE STORY SO FAR

The following article first appeared in the February 2009 edition of *Signposts*, the magazine for the Irfon and Wye Valley Churches.

I came from Clyro Hill to Newchurch by the same way that Kilvert used to come – on foot, by Crowther's Pool and over Little Mountain (I would have driven but I had been banned from driving). It was 7 May – 135 years and a day since Kilvert had made the same walk with scores of lapwings wheeling about the hill; I found not the parson's daughters castrating sheep, as he had done, but the parson himself (or rather the curate) preparing for the service.



Photo: Editor

I was early and Humphrey asked me to sound the bell. This is not difficult, but it requires firmness and timing; I was firm enough, but one mistimed pull brought the rope coiling down around my head in a cascade of feathers, twigs and dust. Humphrey did not notice. When I confessed after the service he was delighted: 'This is most opportune; we have been wanting to clear the loft as the bells need looking at, and now here is someone I can give that task to with a clear conscience.'

I tried on several occasions to push open the trapdoor. Our son Laurence's road to work took him through Newchurch, and I asked him to give the trapdoor a try. He managed to shoulder it open, indeed

wrenched it off its hinges in the process. There were twigs, jackdaw garnerings (all worthless), jackdaw guano and jackdaw skeletons to a depth of nearly three feet. Four inches of bell rope remained attached to the rim of the half-wheel by a single rusty nail!

Laurence took sacks up the ladder and started the dirty and laborious job of filling and lowering them. The task took less time than expected as after a day the floor collapsed, and when the dust cleared a little you could see Laurence hanging on to the bell frame, with his feet dangling, and a mound of detritus on the gallery floor. We loaded it all into big nitrate bags and Norman Lloyd the Churchwarden moved over half a ton of it from the Church. It took a long time to clear the thick layer of dust that covered the interior.

The bells could now be seen by surveyors. There are two bells in the tower, both weighing about 2 cwt, both dated by Fred Sharpe in *Church Bells of Radnorshire* as mid-fourteenth-century. One is plain and one (supposed by Fred to be cracked) is inscribed AVE MARIA GRACIA PLENA DOMINUS TECUM. The first surveyor, Mr Smith of Taylor Eayre & Smith wrote, 'Both bells are very important, as bells of their age are rare and to have two in the tower is extra special.' The second surveyor, Mr Berry of Malvern, agreed, and both say the cast-in iron staples are badly corroded and need replacing.

Quite why there are *two* bells of very similar age, size and pitch hanging in the tower is no longer known . Possibly the one was to replace the supposedly cracked one (though the surveyors now say the tone is due not to a crack but a mis-hung clapper). There may have been clues in the old church, but the Revd David Vaughan, friend of Kilvert and father of the knife-wielding shepherdesses, tore it down and rebuilt it in 1857. The inscription on the one bell suggests to me that it was always at St Mary's, though the surveyors are sceptical.

In six and a half centuries the bells have seen much, have called souls to countless devotions, have tolled to mark many events – not least deaths in the parish (in former times thrice for a man, twice for a woman, once for a child). Mr Smith notes in his report, 'the bell is becoming quite heavily indented where the clapper has been striking it.' Indeed.

After the surveyors came, Laurence continued to take an interest in the project, returning to take measurements and putting forward ideas, and it is certain it would be further on had he not died following a car crash at Kinnersley on 29 September 2007. (In the partly deflated tyre of his car they found a rusty nail). He was 21.

So this year there is work to do and there are funds to be raised, and when the bells are re-hung we will have a dedication to both of them and of Laurence's headstone. For he lies close the foot of the tower where he worked so hard and nearly came to grief, and very close too to the graves of the Vaughan family – the Reverend David and Eleanor, one of the shepherdesses, among them.

POSTSCRIPT
We have had a most generous response to the appeal letter which Humphrey and I sent out with a copy of this article. At the time of writing (mid-July) enough has been donated (about £2500) for us to go ahead with the repair of the bells themselves There is another £3500 to be raised for additional work: the bell frame and fittings need to be treated; the belfry floor needs to be replaced (as you will have gathered!), as does the gallery floor, and we aim to put in oak stairs up to the belfry to replace Laurence's ladder.

The bells will have been taken down by the end of July and are due to be re-hung by Sunday 4 October (the second anniversary of Laurence's death), when we will hold a service of dedication at 10.30 a.m. Anybody who would like to come will be most welcome. (Please ring me on 01497 821414 nearer the time to check we are on schedule).

In the meantime we who have the care of the Revd David Vaughan's Church and its ancient bells would like to thank you all who have contributed so generously, and to ask any of you who may not have heard of our appeal until now to help if you can. (*St Mary's Church Appeal, Rose Cottage, Newchurch, Kington HR5 3QF – please Gift Aid where possible).*

ALL AT SEA WITH KILVERT

By David Howell (St Albans)

Although we all love Kilvert particularly for his descriptions of the countryside around where he lived in Wiltshire, Radnorshire and Herefordshire there are many vivid descriptions also of the sea and coastal scenery which are equally memorable and evocative.

When visiting St David's Head with his father in October 1871 he writes: *and so we came to the end of the world where the Patron Saint of Wales sleeps by the western sea*. He made several other visits to Wales staying in Gower at the home of the Revd Sterling Westhorp and his wife, the sister of Mrs Venables. His description of the oyster boats in Swansea Bay, *heaving in the greenest sea I ever saw*, reminds one of the Swansea poet Dylan Thomas who writes of 'the fishing-boat-bobbing sea.'

Kilvert's longest and perhaps happiest stay by the sea was his Cornish holiday at *Tullimaar: bosomed in rare and beautiful trees and shrubs*, the home near Falmouth of the Hockins. For Kilvert it was *the fulfilment of the two years' dream* as his stay with them was to include a driving tour around Cornwall taking in excursions to such notable features as Land's End, Tintagel and St Michael's Mount. Cornwall was to intoxicate Kilvert, *the splendour of the place, the gorgeous blue, rippling sea, the coloured rocks, the towering cliffs, the coast, the golden swimming mellow light amongst the huge dark rock masses, indescribable ... .*

We know he liked to wander alone on his walks around Clyro and the rocky coast of Cornwall was also to provide alcoves of isolation for him.

On 29 July 1870 he writes, [I] *sat alone amongst the wilderness of broken shattered tumbled cliffs, listening to the booming and breaking of the waves below and watching the flying skirts of the showers of spray. Perfect solitude.*

In his *Cornish Diary* we are reminded that it was still an age of sail: *Danish and Norwegian ships three-masted vessels from 200 to 400 tons were lying anchored lower down the river ... They had brought timber and were waiting to take back miscellaneous cargoes among other things, tin and copper.*

Shipwrecks often occurred and Kilvert writes of one off the Lizard in dense fog when he spoke to some of the crew who had been brought safely ashore.

He finds it heartbreaking to leave Cornwall and speaks of *the last longing lingering farewell look at the Cornish sea.* Undoubtedly the presence of Mrs Hockin added to the enjoyment of his holiday.

He seems to have been a good sailor because on a rough passage by steamboat from Weston to Ilfracombe all the passengers were ill save it would seem Kilvert and surprisingly his mother, who was accompanying him. His Testament reading on the morning of the trip was very prophetic, *there came down a great storm of wind upon the lake and the ship was filled with the violence of the waves.*

He loved swimming particularly if unencumbered by wearing 'drawers.' He preferred bathing naked and had a bravado attitude to ladies who objected to seeing men bathing naked, *why don't they keep away from the sight?*

In these brief glimpses of Kilvert's seascapes this one of the view from the ferry boat when crossing over to the Isle of Wight is another one to savour: *It was most refreshing and delightful embarking in the steam boat with the salt air blowing cool, the sea dimpling, sparkling and shimmering, the Island smiling in the glorious afternoon sunlight and the tall white-sailed yachts standing stately up and down the Solent and flying over the bright blue water.* Kilvert paints such a soothing summer scene that one feels almost alongside, gazing across the water with him.

NEW BOOK

***GOWER IN HISTORY:* Myth, People, Landscape.**



Llanmadoc Church



Commemorative plaque at Llanmadoc Photos: David Howell

This new history of the Gower Peninsula by our member Paul Ferris has just appeared. He is a native of Swansea and is thus very well qualified to write about this area which lies just to the west of the city, 'Swansea's backyard' he calls it somewhere, but it is a very beautiful backyard and because 'it was not on the road to anywhere, that made it remote,' and so it remains unspoilt.

Paul Ferris begins his journey of historical research in the village of Llanmadoc, 'a village in the corner of the Gower peninsula [which] straggles along the road and ends with a small church after which there is nothing but fields, sand dunes and the sea. The church was there before the village, built by or for the Normans.' 'This is *the* place to start', says the author, because this was where the rector, the Revd John D. Davies (1831-1911), Gower's classic historian, lived and wrote.

Chapter 12, entitled 'The History Man' is devoted to Davies and it is here that RFK appears, because, as we know, in April 1872 Kilvert was taken by the Westhorps, with whom he was staying, to visit Davies (see *Diary* vol. II p.183 *et seq.*): *Mr and Mrs Westhorp went into the unfinished barrack of a rectory while I minded Bob and the waggonette. Presently, they came out with the Vicar, Mr Davies, who looked like a Roman priest, close shaven and shorn, dressed in seedy black, a long coat and broad shovel hat ... The Vicar said that when he came to the place the church was meaner than the meanest hovel in the village.*

'Davies was a practical man,' writes Paul Ferris, 'he built boats and carved wood, which can still be seen in Llanmadoc church .... The building dismayed him when he arrived. The roof wasn't safe and the floor was bare

earth, wet in winter. He raised nearly £600 for restoration (over £50,000 now) sufficient to more or less rebuild the place ... His practical side was the one the people knew. The careful observer, accumulating detail for the History was less obvious ... [he was] uneasy with formal history and worked best when he recorded what he saw and heard.' Just like Kilvert.

He is very clever and can turn his hand to anything ... an uncommonly kind good fellow, was how the Diarist summed him up.

Among the sixteen chapters of the book are those which deal with 'Origins', 'The Bay', 'The Burry Estuary,' 'War and Memory' and even 'Race Relations,' a chapter which offers an interesting analysis of the 'racial divide' between the Welsh and the English in Gower, a divide which is part of a wider Welsh history, particularly since the industrialisation of South Wales. Chapter 13 'Hill Country' describes a part of Gower which was unknown to me, and I suspect to many others, Upland Gower, nothing to do with the peninsula, but lying to the north of Swansea and very very different – a wilderness, once a hunting ground for the nobility, part even has a mining-valley atmosphere and 'the district has an air of proud under-privilege, unlike the self-assurance of peninsular Gower.' What a neat assessment! Here too we can read about an entrepreneur known as 'Death Ray' Matthews, an English inventor and mischievous engineer, who had his 'laboratory' in Upland Gower, where behind fences and barbed wire he worked to perfect the ultimate secret weapon! You will have to buy the book if you want to know more.

This is a comprehensive and fascinating study of a most unusual part of South Wales, that peninsula, beyond Mumbles Head which is so close to and yet such a contrast with the city which lies just a few miles east, once just a tram ride away. The style is relaxed and the whole very readable. Paul Ferris now lives close to the heart of the border Kilvert Country and has a large literary output (fiction, reportage and biography); in particular his Lives of the Thomases, Dylan and Caitlin, are standard works.

***GOWER IN HISTORY, Myth, People, Landscape,* by Paul Ferris.** Armanaleg Books, Hay-on-Wye, 2009. Paperback 240 pages, £9.95.

Editor

OBITUARIES

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

Mrs Laura Bolton (née Lockwood) of Swansea died on 30 May, aged 46. She had been a member since June 2005. Only recently married (see *Journal* No. 25, March 2008) she was the younger daughter of Wilhelmina and David Lockwood, our late President and former Chairman.



Laura on her wedding day

The following is an abridged version of the tribute given by her elder sister Diana at her memorial service on Thursday 11 June in the parish church of St Meilig, Llowes.

None of us imagined that we would be at Laura's funeral this June. It is painful because we are all sharing a deep sense of loss but we should celebrate her life. Her life was several decades shorter than it should have been but she achieved much and touched the lives of many people. Laura had many qualities, she made good friends, she was a skilled linguist, she was

passionate about finding solutions for developmental and environmental issues and had a life-long connection with Wales. But above all else she had a great sense of humour. This is what we shall all remember her by, this ability to joke and puncture pomposity.

She was born on one of the coldest nights in 1963, in a Worcestershire village rectory. She was the youngest of three sisters and she had a very special bond with Henny, her elder sister by three years. I'm afraid that I was a typical eldest sister and looked down on them disdainfully and called them 'the little ones' but they had a close friendship and Henny who was mischievous often led Laura who was also mischievous into trouble. When Laura was eight Henny was killed in a road accident. This cast a shadow across Laura's childhood, but she was also the special youngest daughter and remained close to my parents.

She was half Dutch, through my mother and this gave her a special European heritage. She learnt to travel at a very early age, going with my mother to visit our grandparents and Etha, our favourite Dutch aunt.

Laura went to school in Worcester and then to Aberdeen University where she read Italian and French, graduating in 1987. She loved Italian and spoke it fluently. She then went to Japan on a year-long programme and taught English in a school in Kyushu. Teaching was a thread running through her life; she did a TEFL course in London in 1990 and later a PGCE at Sussex University. She then combined her interests in teaching and Japan, spending five years in Tokyo teaching English. She loved Japanese culture and learnt to speak and write Japanese. Her links with Japan continued; even last year she was teaching English to Japanese women posted here with their husbands and they came to her wedding in January.

She then became interested in developmental and environmental issues. This arose from her friendship with Oona Mansingh a fellow student at Sussex University. Oona returned to India where she and her husband set up a development project in the Himalayas which Laura visited several times. Seeing the local initiatives that Oona and Susheel were working on stimulated her awareness of environmental issues. When she returned from Japan she came to Swansea to do an MSc in development studies and she completed her degree in 1997. She stayed on in Swansea working for Sustrans and was based in the environment centre. Sustrans is a large NGO, committed to promoting cycling and developing the national cycle network. She also discovered a previously unused ability to do practical things. She worked with David Judd on the West Wales cycle tracks. She was good at charming people into doing things for her, whether it were farmers who might be a tad reluctant to let the cycle network across their land or motivating teenagers on work camps. Working for Sustrans made her passionate about cycling, but she also realised that there were few opportunities for disabled people to cycle. So she set about correcting this and developed facilities and raised money to buy specially modified bikes for disabled people. Initially this was on a shoestring with a few specially adapted bikes in a storage container. The enterprise acquired the name Bikeability and it became a full-time job. She supported herself through teaching, taking in lodgers and from personal donations. It has been fantastic to see Bikeability grow especially in the last two years. She has worked with volunteers who share her passion and ideals. There was such pleasure in her voice when she talked about children in wheelchairs whose faces lit up as they realised that they could cycle and could feel the wind in their faces. Bikeability is now based at Dunvant Rugby Club where there is a fleet of weird and wonderful bikes, it also adjoins the Swansea cycle track where in due course we shall plant a memorial tree and place a bench. Recently there was an award of money from the Lottery fund and Laura's contribution had also been recognised with awards in 2007, 2008 and 2009 for outstanding service in the voluntary sector. I think her work for Bikeability represented a fusion of her interest in empowering people, developing sustainable lifestyles and perhaps an expression of Dutch genes for cycling and I am confident that this will continue as a memorial to her.

She expressed her creativity in many ways, perhaps most successfully through glass-making and she made several pieces of fused glass and two windows for her house, one of which is a fine Japanese scene.

For both Laura and me our connection with Wales started in childhood when we were taken to remote churches in mid-Wales tracking down the wanderings of Francis Kilvert, the Victorian diarist. Laura then accompanied my parents when they moved here to Llowes in 1982 and this was her base for many years whilst she travelled the world. Then she made her permanent home in Swansea. Latterly she was the youngest member of the Kilvert Society.

It is also appropriate here to reflect on Laura's beliefs. We were brought up as Christians and that stayed with her although when she was in Japan she became interested in Buddhism and explored that without feeling that it was right for her. She did have a spiritual belief and I think that recently she combined this with environmentalism. She will have a green burial in the woodland cemetery in Swansea. This is a beautiful oasis of green wilderness overlooking the Bay.

In 2007 she met Keith through the Internet and it was soon clear that this was going to be a major and defining relationship for her. Keith bought a bike, moved to Swansea and the house became tidy! Their wedding in January 2008 encapsulated Laura's and Keith's best aspects. She looked stunning. Within five minutes of the ceremony starting we were all laughing as we heard the strains of Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* change into a rendition of *Daisy, Daisy*. Keith started off his married life cycling Laura to the reception. He has been a wonderful husband, quietly supportive of Bikeability and all the things that mattered to Laura. I may have lost a sister but I have gained a friend in Keith and I know he will remain a member of the Lockwood family.

There is much to celebrate in Laura's life, her wit, her vivacity. She has left behind a unique charity and a host of friends across the world who have been touched by her life and work.

A service of thanksgiving for Laura's life was held at St Meilig's church, Llowes on 11 June and was followed by a celebration service at Mumbles, Swansea and burial at Oystermouth cemetery on 12 June.

The Society was represented at Llowes by Michael Sharp who read from the Diary, *and by Sue Sharp.*

Mr Harley Dance of Yarpole died on 25 June at the age of 94. He was a former treasurer* of the Society and had been a member since 1980 and an honorary life member since 1999.

The following is an edited version of the eulogy given by the Revd Canon Gordon Tarry at Harley's funeral service at St Michael's church, Bodenham on Friday 3 July. I am indebted to Canon Tarry for permission to use his address (ed.).

Harley was born at *Poolhead*, Bodenham on 6 November 1914 to Ernest and Ada Dance; Ernest was one of two blacksmiths in the village at the time. Between the ages of five and eleven he attended Bodenham village school before going on to Leominster Grammar School. I have a picture of Bodenham folk which shows Harley, aged eight, in the pantomime *The Queen of Hearts*. While he was a pupil at Leominster it was remarked that 'he would probably make a teacher'! Indeed he did, because in 1933 he went to Saltley teacher training college in Birmingham and in 1935 he took up his first teaching post in the city before returning, in 1950, to Bodenham as Headmaster of his old village school. He remained there until his retirement in 1976.

Not surprisingly Harley took a huge part in village life and was always very willing to help others. He was confirmed by the Revd Fred Worsey (Vicar at Bodenham for 40 years and father of Harley's predecessor as KS treasurer, John Worsey), he was churchwarden, a member of the church choir and of the Parish Council (1952-75) and also its hon. treasurer. A keen local historian he produced, in 1980, a pamphlet *Some Observations on Changes in Village Life in Bodenham 1905-55*.

During the war Harley served in the army, in the Intelligence Corps, service which took him abroad to Palestine and elsewhere, acquiring thus his taste for foreign travel.

At the age of 62 he retired, bought his bungalow in Green Lane Crescent, Yarpole and almost immediately set off for VSO in Montserrat, which was where I met him over 30 years ago. Harley was sent out there to introduce and support science teaching in primary and middle schools, using locally available materials. He remained there for three years and made many friends. I know that he had at least one offer of marriage, but he graciously declined! We enjoyed hiking around the island and had many a discussion about our faith. Harley's faith was renewed during that time and although he always remained an Anglican he came to see Scripture and his faith in a new light.

For a bachelor in his sixties, and although liking his set routines, he was also remarkably adaptable and open to learning new things and visiting new places. He continued his involvement with VSO after his own stint and encouraged others, mainly younger people to venture abroad.

Harley, therefore, was a man of many interests with an active and enquiring mind. The Woolhope Club was for him a source of friendship and discovery with its excursions and the exploration of local and national history, archaeology and architecture and so on. As we know, the Kilvert Society was another of his abiding interests and he was its treasurer for nineteen years. He was, in fact, one of only five treasurers in the 60-year history of the Society. He knew and loved the *Diary* and enjoyed walking in the Kilvert Country.

The church at Yarpole benefited enormously from Harley's commitment and generosity, as did the church at Croft Castle, where he was churchwarden.

The community of Green Lane Crescent was always a fascination to my family when we stayed with Harley who would tell us all that went on in this small friendly road – the *Archers* come to life! Friends and neighbours were always very good to Harley, especially later on when he needed a helping hand, and here I must mention the Mitchells, the Passeys (Mrs Passey had worked in Bodenham with Harley for many years) and the Joneses.

Harley was superbly organised – 'a place for everything ... etc.' and he took great pride in his appearance, he was always well turned out and you would *never* see him without a jacket and tie... or hat!

He loved his native county and we enjoyed excursions with him to hidden churches and beauty spots, Queen's Wood, Bircher Common and Ludlow were favourites.



Harley, dressed for rambling(!), reads from the Diary, *Clyro, April 2000.*

Photo: Editor

When his health began to deteriorate he found in West Eaton House nursing home a place where he could be cared for and he was very content there during the last eight years of his life, again finding routines and little jobs to occupy himself.

I know that Harley was extremely grateful to his cousin Lionel Price and his wife Janet for their love and care, regular visits and their help in sorting out his affairs and for taking him out for a change of scenery, from time to time.

Harley was a man of great humility and generosity. In his passing we lose much, a way of life that is passing too, an understanding of country ways that is fading and links with a former quite different way of living.

Harley was a gentleman in every sense, much loved and he will be sadly missed.

(These are sentiments which will be loudly echoed by all those members of the Kilvert Society who had the privilege of knowing and working with this fine man – ed.)

Well done thou good and faithful servant. May he rest in peace and rise in glory.

* * * * *

* When he was appointed in 1980 Harley was only the third treasurer of the Society. He had been preceded by Mr J.L.G. Atkinson, who held the post for just over a year, and then by John Worsey, a founder member of the Society, for the following 31 years. John, as mentioned above was the son of Prebendary Fred Worsey, Vicar of Bodenham 1905-44.

Harley retired as treasurer in 1999 when he was awarded an honorary life membership of the Society. He was succeeded by John Wilks.

The editor well remembers Harley's efficiency as treasurer and in particular the first AGM he attended when he listened with astonishment as Harley announced that *he saw no need to raise the annual subscription*. Now *that* is treasurership!

Several members of the Society attended Harley's funeral.

Miss Muriel Kilvert of Woodbridge, Suffolk, died on Tuesday 12 May at the age of 91. She was the granddaughter of Kilvert's brother Perch and had been a founder member of the Society and a life member since 1970. The funeral service was held at St Michael's Church, Framlingham, Suffolk on Thursday 21 May but she was interred at her local church, All Saints, Saxtead. The Society was represented by the Acting-Chairman Alan Brimson and his wife Jean.



Muriel at the AGM 2009. Photo: Ann Dean

Susan Fraenzel writes: In the March edition of the *Journal* Henry Kilvert wrote an article outlining some of the biographical detail of Muriel Kilvert's long and interesting life. It was subtitled 'The Story so far'. Sadly, just two months later and only two weeks after she had given a very well-received talk at the Society's AGM, she died suddenly at her home in Suffolk.

On my recent visits to see her, she would often reflect on the events that shaped her life and thought that should she ever write an autobiography, it would be entitled 'Opportunity and Adversity'. Some of the adversities she overcame included illnesses in childhood, the loss of her father to typhoid fever when she was only five years old, a plane crash and several car accidents; the opportunities she took were joining the WRNS, studying at LMH, Oxford, taking up the offers of headships in Ceylon and the Sudan and her appointment to Runton Hill School.

Her positive outlook, self-confidence and sense of adventure helped her live life to the full. Her favourite saying was 'Time is a precious commodity' and she was determined not to waste it. Taking early retirement in 1972 aged 54, gave her the chance to realise her ambition of making a round-the-world trip. Originally she had hoped to buy a Landrover for the journey but finances did not stretch even to a second-hand one. Undeterred she put her mind to finding an alternative vehicle and bought a government surplus Green Goddess and an ex-army desert signals' van which combined to give her *Peregrine*, her own custom-designed and original camper van. *Peregrine* was shipped to Halifax, Nova Scotia and in June 1972 she set off westwards across Canada to begin an extraordinary eighteen-month journey that was to take her to the USA, Mexico, India, Nepal, Kashmir, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, Greece, and then finally across Europe and back to Suffolk.



Muriel, comfortably installed in Peregrine
Photo: From the cover of her book – *Around the World in a Green Goddess*

Her travelling did not end there. In both 1974 and 1975 she drove overland to Tehran where she had secured a short-term position as adviser to a consortium of Iranian businessmen who were planning to open an International School there. In later years she travelled extensively with a friend, Stella Sills, to Peru, China, the Falkland Islands, Chile and Libya. Aged 79 and 80 years old respectively, they drove from England to Jordan and back, camping all the way in a self-devised tented awning which attached to the raised tailgate of the car. On her return she seemed surprised to report that they had not seen any other obviously European cars or, in fact, any other octogenarian campers! She thought of herself as a traveller not a tourist and would never dream of using an official campsite. She would seek out well-lit spaces next to official buildings and would always befriend the local people. Some of her more unusual 'campsites' have included, a police vehicle compound in Central Park, New York, and a hospital car park on the outskirts of Tehran where the night-watchman offered tea at 2.30 a.m.

Muriel was one of life's enthusiasts. She had a number of hobbies and many interests and would always be ready to give something new a try. She took courses in tailoring, furniture restoration and upholstery and could knock up a new frock in an afternoon. Her interest in local history resulted in the publication of her book *A History of Framlingham* and most recently she had finished a guide to the church at Saxtead. Her energy was an inspiration, her enthusiasm infectious. Her desire to lead an independent life was admirable. She was determined not to be defined by age or to give in to the ageing process. She gave up driving her car three years ago but the frustration of not being able to get about independently was too much for her. She bought a mobility buggy and was often to be seen making the six mile round-trip to Framlingham for shopping and dismissed all fears for her safety on the hazardous lanes of rural Suffolk, convinced that her 'guardian angel' would be looking out for her!

Muriel was my aunt, my headmistress, my travelling mentor and a towering example of how to live life. She was an inspiration. She was generous, energetic, fun, positive, enterprising, resourceful and talented. In her role as headmistress, she gave all the girls in her care the chance to develop into confident young women whom she encouraged to be open-minded and independent. She imbued us with the feeling that anything was possible; have the ideas, find a way to follow them through with drive and enthusiasm and enjoy the results. She touched the lives of many in her 91 years and will be remembered with enormous fondness by all who knew her. For my part, I have lost not only a dear and formidable aunt but a shining example of how to tackle life.

A service of thanksgiving for her life will take place in Framlingham on Sunday 4 October.

Susan Fraenzel is the daughter of Muriel Kilvert's brother, the late Revd R.W. Kilvert and his late wife, Marguerite.

In 1972 at the age of eighteen she accompanied Muriel on the first 6,800 miles of her 'Green Goddess' world tour, travelling across Canada from Halifax to Vancouver. Three years later she again travelled with her aunt, on the second of her overland London-Tehran excursions, this time in a Ford Escort!

I am most grateful to Mrs Fraenzel for so readily agreeing to prepare this obituary. (ed.)

* * * * *

Mrs Elizabeth Organ of Clyro died on 29 June at the age of 75. She had been a member since 1986.

A service of thanksgiving for her life took place at St Michael's church, Clyro on Thursday 9 July. The service was conducted by Father Richard Williams, Vicar of Hay-on-Wye.

Elizabeth Organ with her partner, Eugene Fisk, was the owner of the Kilvert Gallery in Clyro which they established in Ashbrook House, Kilvert's lodgings during his time as curate to Mr Venables. For a time, before their removal to the Radnorshire Museum in Llandrindod Wells, the Kilvert artefacts were housed in the Gallery for which the Society was very grateful to Mrs Organ and Mr Fisk, as a home for the display had to be found at extremely short notice after its removal from the Hay-on-Wye public library.

Elizabeth Organ's artistic career began in 1953 when she left the City of Worcester Grammar School for Girls with a scholarship to Leicester College of Art. Here she specialised in painting and stone carving and went on to become a lecturer in drawing at Loughborough College. During her first year there she met and married the portrait painter, Bryan Organ.

She spent the next fifteen years or so working as a lecturer and in 1960 she established a design business working for architects on murals and decorative installations. After her divorce she went to work in Germany and elsewhere in Europe and continued to teach and exhibit her work.

In 1984 she met her partner Eugene Fisk who at that time was artist-in-residence in Milton Keynes. Tempted by the unspoilt nature of the area they moved to Radnorshire and eventually settled in Ashbrook House, which they decided would make an excellent gallery for the showing of domestic-scale works of art, paintings, sculpture and ceramics. The garden also was used as an exhibition space.

The Gallery gained a wide reputation and appeal for its high quality work.

* * * * *

Mr Tony Yeardye of Great Hivings, Chesham, died on 18 July after a long illness. He and his wife Julia joined the Society as life members in 1990. His funeral took place at the local church, St Mary's, on 28 July. Tony and Julia were very active members of the Society and regularly attended events.



Tony and Julia at Langley Lodge during a KS visit in Sept 2006
Photo: Val Dixon

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

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 March 2010 edition of the *Journal* should reach the editor **not later than 16 January 2010**. 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 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.**

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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.

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