

THE
Journal
OF
THE KILVERT SOCIETY



THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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

Registered Charity No. 1103815

www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk

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Dates for your diary

Saturday 27 September

Meet at 12 noon at the top of the car park in Hay on Wye for a guided walk. Bring a picnic lunch. Tea at the Parish Rooms, Hay on Wye, £4.50 per head.

Sunday 28 September

Meet at 12 noon at the car park at Llanthony Priory. After a picnic lunch in the ruins we will go to Capel-y-Ffin for our Commemorative Service in St Mary's, Capel-y-Ffin. Tea at the Parish Rooms, Hay on Wye, £4.50 per head.

2015

Saturday 28 March

Clyro pub lunch and a visit to Lower Cwmgwannon.

Friday 24 April

AGM at the Bishop's Palace Hereford. Speaker to be confirmed.

Saturday 25 April

Seminar and Annual dinner at The Radnorshire Arms, Presteigne. Speakers to be confirmed.

Saturday 27 June

Wiltshire pub lunch, venue to be confirmed.

Saturday 26 September

A visit to Kinnersley with tea at the Vicarage to be confirmed.

Sunday 27 September

Commemorative Service details to be confirmed.

Our Hon Treasurer is appealing to members who have yet to update their subscription standing orders after 2013's rise please to do so. The rates are on the inside back cover. The Society's account is at Lloyds TSB, Hereford, 30-94-14 ac no 0024 1904

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

Front cover Murillo's *Flower Girl*, one of Kilvert's *gems* which we savoured on our visit to the Dulwich Picture Gallery in March – our first visit to the South London gallery since 2003.

Back cover Scenes from the Society's June 2014 visit to Clyro. Among the landmarks are the Baskerville Arms, where we enjoyed an excellent lunch, Ashbrook House (with the window from the church and the bas-relief on the wall nearest the village street), the little road beside Ashbrook House, the Policeman's House, Paradise Cottage and Wye Cliff.



FROM THE CHAIRMAN

On Thursday, 25 May 1876 Francis Kilvert and Anthony Mayhew visited the Anglo-Catholic Church of St Barnabas in Jericho, Oxford. The two friends dismiss the sermon and the pomp and regalia of the service. As they left Mayhew said: '*Well, did you ever see such a function as that?*' No, I never did and I don't care if I never do again (vol iii, p320).

In the *Diary* there is only a perfunctory description of the building, and that is a pity. Recently I visited the church for a third time and was able to gain entry to see the interior. Apart from services the church is used for community functions. One of the churchwardens welcomed me and pointed to a blue plaque commemorating the founding of the church in 1869 by Thomas and Martha Combe. Thomas was Printer to the University and the church was built to serve the spiritual needs of the workers of Oxford University Press. Most of the workers lived with their families in the local area of Jericho. The Combes were supporters of the Oxford Movement. This was a reaction against liberalism and laxity in the early 19th-century Church of England. Thomas and Martha were also patrons of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

The interior of the church is simple and attractive. It is well lit by natural light, has interesting carvings, fine murals and beautiful wrought-iron work. There are modern improvements including heating installed under a concrete floor surmounted by oak blocks.

There is an excellent guide (written by Richard Whitlock) available in the church. He describes the seating arrangements in the church: 'The church has never had fixed pews; the first chairs were of wood, with rush seats, some of which remain in the baptistry. These chairs were replaced gradually over many years from 1910 and the later chairs, which have wooden seats, are those still in use today. The church was said to seat 1000 people when built and certainly the whole nave and the aisles used to be full of chairs. With smaller congregations it has been possible to reduce the number of chairs and, with other improvements, the church now has a more open and uncluttered appearance.'

If you are in Oxford the church is well worth a visit. Jericho is now considered a very fashionable place to live. The average price for a two bedrooomed terrace house is around £500,000. What would Kilvert and Mayhew have made of that?



FROM THE SECRETARY

For me it's that time of year when making arrangements for Society events begins to draw to a close. As I write I have just returned from Capel-y-Ffin and Llanthony Priory where I met up with our Archivist, Colin Dixon, to plan the final event for this year. The details are as follows:

On Saturday 27 September, we meet at noon at the top of the car park in Hay on Wye for a guided walk. Bring a picnic lunch. Tea will follow at the Parish Rooms, Hay on Wye, £4.50 per head pay on the day.

On Sunday 28 September, we meet at noon at the car park at Llanthony Priory, where drinks and toilets are available. After a picnic lunch in the ruins we will progress to Capel-y-Ffin. Here we should have time to see the ruins of the monastery of Father Ignatius before our Commemorative Service in the beautiful and atmospheric church of St Mary's, Capel-y-Ffin, a truly Kilvertian setting. Tea once again will be at the Parish Rooms, Hay on Wye.

The June service at Clyro was made rather special by a welcoming peal of bells. The service was led, in the absence of a clergyman, by our Vice Chairman, Michael Sharp and the organist was our member from Nuneaton, Colin Brookes. Readings from the *Diary* featured during the service. We were fortunate that the service was well supported by the local parishioners as the number of Society members attending was woefully small, but a sumptuous tea was provided by the ladies of the parish at Clyro that did us proud.

Plans are now in place for next year's events. You will note that there is no commemorative service for June. This is due to the poor attendance of members in recent times and it will now be held, as this year, in September in the hope that members will be free of summer commitments and will be able to attend.

The winter event 2015 will be on Saturday 28 March when it is hoped to visit Lower Cwmwannon. As this is prior to the publication of our next *Journal* please return the enclosed 'Expression of interest' slip and details will be sent to you in January.

Unbelievably, despite numerous reminders, about forty members have still not amended their subscription standing order to that of the rate from 1 January 2013, £18 for two at the same address or £15 single membership. Please check you are paying the correct amount. Also, do I have your email address? You can contact me via the Society's website, www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk.

I hope you will support Society events wherever possible, many of our members travel great distances to attend Society events and they are the stalwarts of the Society.

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Inside Back Cover Society publications and other recommended books about Francis Kilvert



Sermons in stone

Our Secretary joked he feared JOHN TOMAN's seminar address last April on Kilvert and Geology might prove a dry topic, but in the event John had Members enthralled. This article is based on his talk and nods at his recently published book, 'Kilvert's World of Wonders'

THE title is a phrase used by the Duke in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. He was urging his courtiers, now they were exiled to the forest, to find 'sermons in stones and good in everything.' The phrase was also popular with Victorian geologists to denote their wish to see the hand of God in rocks. Kilvert believed that all natural phenomena were God's handiwork; he applied that same reverential attitude to rocks.

A range of factors brought geology and its findings into his understanding. His uncle Francis liked to spread knowledge of the work of the Cambridge geologist Professor Adam Sedgwick



(left), amongst friends and the pupils at his (Francis's) school, which the diarist attended. Aunt Sophia Kilvert, Francis's wife, also urged that geology should be one of the 'scientific amusements' of a good home. The 1820s and 1830s were a period of geological mania and of literary and imaginative geology books with dramatic pictures aimed at a predominantly upper-middle-class readership. This was the pe-

riod when Kilvert's uncle and Kilvert's father were young men. Geology continued to be both a popular and controversial subject when the diarist was growing up. As a subject, it appealed to the tastes of the middle classes and to their habits and resources. It fed, as natural history did, into their pleasure in an open-air life and in travel, and it was cheap. In addition, it set out to instruct as well as amuse, so was morally acceptable. It could in its early days be reconciled with religion. It found approval with many clergymen-naturalists.

Evidence suggests that geology was aired in reading and discussion in the Kilvert household. Several passages in Kilvert's father's *Memoirs* employ geological insights and phrasing. Robert described the effects of a violent storm: 'A waterspout had burst,' he wrote, 'and had *scarped* the face of Beechen Cliff.' He noted, of the valley in which the estate of his Falkner cousins lay, that 'higher up the ground is broken...limestone rocks *crop out*' (my italics.) He told of a boy killed while playing at Hampton Rocks 'where there is a tramway for lowering stone to the level of the canal.' This horrifying episode fixed limestone into the Kilvert consciousness. In summer 1821, Robert visited Weymouth and toured the Portland stone works where he talked at length with one of the foremen. When Kilvert visited Dorset, he always noted Portland, as for example on 3 August 1871, when excitement at seeing Lyme Regis's *bold white cliffs* is followed by a reference to Portland Bill.

Uncle Francis Kilvert encouraged his pupils to visit Hampton Rocks (*top right*), outcrops of oolitic limestone on Bathampton Down overlooking Bath. What did they see and find there on their field trips? Rock strata are clearly visible at the site and

it yielded interesting rock specimens for the museum of uncle Francis's school, such as flint and quartz pebbles, chert (a form of quartz), and pieces of coal.

Kilvert's geological knowledge manifests itself in two main areas: mineralogy and land forms. Minerals were important to him as the source of the nation's wealth. This emerges most clearly during his Cornish holiday when he was acutely aware of the county's mining heritage. He noticed a lighter up a creek *loaded with limestone* and St Austell's *China clay washings*, with piles of it at the station *waiting to be despatched to manufacturers as raw material*. Once he had arrived in Cornwall's slate country, he recorded passing the *Bowthick slate quarries*. At Kynance Cove he was impressed by *huge serpentine cliffs (below)* and *marble cliffs*. On his way to Cornwall, he noted near Dawlish *red cliffs* and *sandstone rock*.

His diary does not abound with names of different rock strata but he was always aware of them, and there is an implicit sense that they lay in a particular sequence. He was like Wordsworth in consistently assessing landscape with a geologist's eye. Terms for strata and mountain systems were household names in the early to mid-nineteenth century. Kilvert used them in his teaching. He devoted time and extra effort to geography as a 'special subject' with older pupils at Clyro School at the time of an HMI inspection. The inspector asked hard questions, Kilvert recorded, about 'the Pennine, Northern, Cambrian and Devonian mountain ranges.' We know from this entry that the terms 'Cambrian' and 'Devonian' were in common use in 1870. He would have met them in Professor Sedgwick's Letter II (Part I) in Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes*, which we know he had read.

Scenic beauty linked to mineral wealth is a theme of Kilvert's entry about a visit to Land's End. It actually begins with a focus on industry: *we came upon an old tin-stamping wheel and works... looking so wild and strange that it might have belonged to and been worked by one of the old giants of the Land's End*. This fanciful idea contributes to the entry's main theme – that this landscape is alien, non-human.

To him, being there was *the accomplishment of an old dream*, suggesting that it was a place he had read about. Approaching the promontory, he became preoccupied by granite, by which he was surrounded: *we came to a strange bare wild village where everything was made of granite*. There was in the village, he ob-



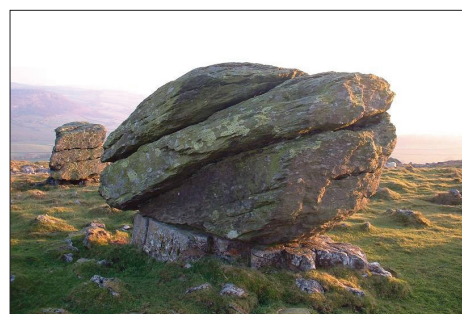
served, *nothing but granite, enormous slabs of granite set up on end and roofed with other slabs*. Among some nearby rocks, the leader of Kilvert's party, Captain Parker, *discovered the black streak of a vein or lode of tin in the rocky pathway underfoot. The close solid black ore glittered and sparkled with a thousand tiny points*. The diarist took a specimen home to add to his collection, just as he had of the serpentine found for him at Kynance Cove by his friend Hockin, who likened himself to the mineral hunter and polymath, Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin.

It may be assumed that uncle Francis, a keen Wordsworthian, had introduced Kilvert to the poet's *Guide to the Lakes*, the 1835 edition of which contained Sedgwick's three 'Letters' on geology. The book's general influence on Kilvert appears in his interest in land forms. Several precise parallels between his viewpoint and that of the *Guide* are evident. One is Wordsworth's notion of 'variegated landscape', which he defined as 'a multiplicity of symmetrical parts uniting in a consistent whole.' The term 'variegated' appears in many *Diary* entries. One example is the 26 March 1872 entry: *'The snowy brilliant crest of the Black Mountain rose into the blue sky over the shoulder of the nearer green hills, and the sunny hill sides and bright blue bloom of the distant woods gleamed in variegated beauty through the clear West wind.*

The influence of Sedgwick's 'Letter I' on Kilvert is seen in the amazing regularity with which his descriptions of landscapes register what he called 'watercourses,' a term often used by Sedgwick. The concern both men had with watercourses was basically a concern with the question, a much debated one in geology, of what created valleys.

It was in turn connected with the question of the changes wrought by time on the surface of the earth. The streams on the sides of the Black Mountain always caught Kilvert's attention, as on 5 March 1870 when he wrote: *Every watercourse clear upon the mountains in the searching light*. In his frequent references to such streams, he not only uses the technical term 'watercourses', but emphasised the wearing action of water. The 24 February 1870 entry refers to *all the furrows and watercourses* of the Black Mountain. On a walk, he heard what he called *the rushing of distant streams in the watercourses with which the mountain sides were seamed and scarred*. On 5 April 1870, he was again taken by *every scar and watercourse on the broad bare mountain side*. This last entry also includes the observation: *[We walked] up a lane now dry but which is probably a watercourse in winter*. This awareness of water changing the landscape comes through strongly in the 20 April 1870 entry: *The Wye is quite a small stream here, very wild, strewn strangely with blocks and boulders of grey rocks*.

That Kilvert found it strange that large boulders rested in what was a small stream indicates his awareness that one theory for



their appearance in river beds was that they had been brought there by winter floods. Powerful floods could also be responsible for those boulders, termed 'erratics' (left), isolated on hills or plateaux,

far from river beds. Accounts of erratics appeared in the 1830s during the debate between 'fluvialists' (believers in the power of rivers to shape land forms) and 'diluvialists' (believers in a great flood). Water alone seemed inadequate as the motive force behind erratics and some geologists suggested that they had been

deposited far from other similar rocks by thick liquid mud or by glaciers in which they were embedded. Kilvert thought it odd to come across in Cornwall *granite boulders up a sharp rise* near the top of a moor, as he put it. His curiosity appears again on 4 May 1876 when he encountered near St Harmon's *the open hillside . . . strewn with huge grey boulders*.

Kilvert's Cornish diary, focused as so much of it is on geological matters, provides some good examples of his habit, a common one in nineteenth-century travel writing, of embarking on imaginary journeys. Since geology was centrally concerned with time, the imaginary journeys its followers made had the aim of reconstructing the remote past.

Kilvert's account of Land's End (below) of 27 July 1870 incorporates an effort to take readers back to the time when the earth's surface was being formed by violent catastrophes. It presents cliffs rising there and then out of the sea as geologists pictured them doing ages before.

Kilvert wrote of *cliffs rising sheer from the ocean, rearing themselves aloft in wild fantastic masses and strange awful shapes*. The disturbing quality of this imaginative vision deepens as he dwells on Na-



ture's terrifying power: *the iron granite rocks split, riven, wrenched, torn asunder, tossed and tumbled in huge piles and vast fragments*. The preoccupation with time becomes more evident: they seemed about to *crash forward into the sea like falling towers . . . undermined by caverns*. Thus the very cliffs that reared up from the sea are now in danger of being cast down into it again, as in the endless cycle of change in land forms envisaged by the great Victorian geologist Lyell. The sea is a force strong enough to erode even granite, reforming the coastline: Kilvert wrote of how *waves wash boiling, foaming, wearing the granite away gradually and threatening to detach large masses of rock from the mainland*. And he speculated on the changes which over time would be effected by the sea on the coast: *Probably the bridge which spans the cavern will give way some day, and the present Land's End will be an island*.

The entry about Tintagel Castle is also concerned with time: *The work of the Castle is so ancient, simple, primitive, that it looks almost like the natural rock in parts*. The description of its walls as *fabulously ancient time-worn* places them at the farthest limits of human history, young certainly in the scale of geological time, but deeper geological time is evoked by Kilvert's observation that *The two cliffs on each of which part of the Castle now stands . . . and which were once joined . . . are now divided by an enormous chasm*.

It is no accident that granite figures so much in the Cornish diary nor that he referred to the rock from which Tintagel Castle was indistinguishable as *simple* and *primitive*. His account of Cornish landscape is permeated with awareness of Nature's prodigious power to shape the earth's surface through such elemental forces as wind and water. The power of fire too is implicit in his preoccupation with granite because he knew it was produced by volcanic action. Theories of the earth assumed that only two agents, fire and water, could result in the consolidation of rocks from existing materials. The idea had grown up that granite was the oldest, or one of the oldest, forms of rock and hence it was labelled 'primitive'.

Basalt was akin to granite because it too was particularly hard.

Sedgwick's definition of it was probably known to Kilvert from Wordsworth's *Guide to the Lakes*: 'When rock crystals are very small,' Sedgwick wrote, 'and the rock almost compact, it is said to be basaltic.' He identified its constituent parts as quartz, feldspar and mica. Basalt (*below*) to Hutton was a form of lava which had not been erupted from a volcano and lay underground. Controversy over basalt's origin was intense in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The debate moved on with Lyell's *Principles*



of Geology (1831-33), which rejected an aqueous explanation for basalt in favour of an igneous one. Kilvert had opportunity and reason to reflect on these issues when on 13 June 1871 he

climbed Cader Idris in North Wales. Dominating the entry is the idea of alien rock, which dominated his Land's End account: *Cader Idris is the stoniest, dreariest, most desolate mountain I was ever on*, he wrote. Central to this reality is basalt.

That the idea that he was on a volcano lurked in Kilvert's mind appears in his likening himself to Moses on Sinai (Exodus 19:1-25). God descended on to the mountain in fire and smoke issued from it so that it looked and felt (it trembled violently) like a volcano. Kilvert may have been hinting at the idea of a volcanic crater on the mountain when he noted: *We came to the edge of a vast gulf or chasm or bason... a small black tarn lay in the bottom of the bason*.

Particularly interesting to Kilvert, in addition to the mountain's basalt top, which made growth of grass virtually impossible, were *the huge lengths of basalt, angled, and some hexagonal [which] lay about or jutted from the mountain side like enormous barks of timber*. Clearly the considerable fascination with and knowledge of basalt he showed had to have sources. He may have seen when young *Peter Parley's Wonders of the Earth*, published in 1837 by the Quaker William Darton. It was an extremely popular children's book. One of its chapters is entitled 'Of the rocks called Basaltic.' (Kilvert had other books by Darton in his childhood.) Two other significant sources of his knowledge of basalt should be mentioned. Firstly, the Bath museum visited by him and other pupils of uncle Francis's school contained over seventy specimens of basalt. Secondly, Sir Hans Sloane had basalt specimens in his London museum, which Kilvert may have seen on his visit there in 1851. Travel guides and popular geology books of the time frequently featured articles on those two basaltic wonders, the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave.

Kilvert's description of landforms around Llangorse Lake near Talgarth included the observation: *On the West the Fan stood grand and blue and peaked like a volcano*. Later, he mentioned the *scarped sides of the volcano-like mountain*. He was referring to Pen y Fan, the 886 metre peak in the Brecon Beacons. Both comments reveal that at some point he had examined pictures of volcanoes.

It is of the utmost significance that Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was one of his favourite poems, the focus of passionate exchanges between him and Katharine Heanley. It reviewed all the major ideas of geology current at the time (written between 1833 and 1849). D R Dean, in *Tennyson and Geology*, wrote of the poem: 'Once *In Memoriam* appeared, it became part of the literature of geological controversy...Tennyson became almost the centre of Victorian attitudes towards geology.'

Tennyson is the link to another geological strand in the *Diary*.

Kilvert's holiday in June 1874 on the Isle of Wight may be seen as a following of the poet's steps. When Tennyson moved to the house of Farringford in 1853, he went on geologising trips to nearby Freshwater Bay, examining its chalk cliffs and caves, the Needles (*below*) and Alum Bay. The 19 June *Diary* entry gives at least a hint that Kilvert's awareness of all this was an element in his expedition to Freshwater Bay. He noted Tennyson's house, Freshwater Cliffs and caves, Alum Bay, and the Needles. His knowledge of the poet's local geological interests could have come from newspapers, George Venables (who knew him), and his Isle of Wight hostess, Mrs Cowper Coles, whose father (Kilvert remarked) had built Farringford.

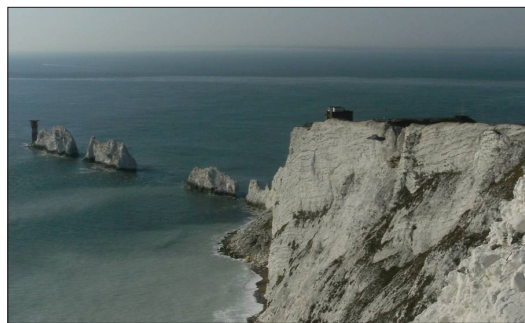
A consistent motif in Kilvert's account of his Isle of Wight trip and of other south coast trips is chalk. He recorded seeing *dazzling white cliffs* at Seaton (Devon), *vast precipitous white chalk cliffs* at Beer (Devon), *brilliant white chalk cliffs of Lulworth* (Dorset), *bold white cliffs* at Lyme Regis (Dorset). During his Isle of Wight holiday he referred to chalk cliffs wherever he saw them: *the long white chalk headland of Culver Cliff*; *the lofty white chalk cliff near Nunwell*; *the long line of cliffs terminating in the Needles* (also chalk). He was clearly aware that chalk formations were a feature of the south coast in general and the Isle of Wight in particular.

Thomas Brettell's *Handbook to the Isle of Wight* (1844) describes 'a pleasant walk' to Freshwater and a walk from there to Alum Bay. This was the *expedition* made by Kilvert on 19 June 1874. Brettell explained what lay behind the Bay's name:

It derives its name from the quantity of that valuable mineral found on the shore...On one side it is bounded by lofty precipices of chalk...on the other, by cliffs with different colours, arising from the strata red and yellow ochres, fuller's earth, and sands, both grey and snowy white. The white sand is valuable for the manufacture of glass and chinaware.

(Alum, a sulphate of aluminium and potassium, was used to purify drinking water.) Kilvert's description of Alum Bay was perhaps cur-

tailed by Plomer; it is oddly brief. It ignores the main feature which drew tourists – its brilliantly coloured cliffs. Various strata



had been up-ended vertically to form these cliffs, whose colours derived from the minerals quartz, feldspar and mica.

The popular view of the diarist is that he was devoid of intellectual interests yet he regularly read three heavyweight journals that featured articles on geology, among other scientific topics. Nor should we forget his long and close friendship with Thomas Webb of Hardwicke, one of whose many interests was geology.

Kilvert's geological bent appears in his work at Clyro School, where he taught pupils about mountain ranges. Perhaps he seized their attention by telling them that the terrible January 1872 floods, when the Wye burst its banks and flooded large areas of land, exemplified Nature altering the face of the earth, as it did aeons before. Perhaps he raised the possibility that the cone-shaped mountain, Pen y Fan, might become an active volcano again, and start to smoke. Perhaps he told them of the enigma of the volcanic rock on the summit of Cader Idris. One would like to think that he did all these things.

Immortal, imperishable and ever young at sweet green Dulwich

We were privileged on our visit to the Dulwich Picture Gallery in March – our first since 2003 – to have as our guide the chief curator, Dr Xavier Bray. While Kilvert's comments are those of an educated amateur, we were treated to the latest scholarly views of the gallery's 'gems', especially its Murillos, for which the Diarist had a special liking

IT is definitely the most popular pictures of the time that Francis Kilvert appears to have focused on when he visited Dulwich Picture Gallery in 1872 and 1876, said chief curator Dr Xavier Bray when he welcomed the Society on our visit in March. Ignoring the strictures of the arbiter of 'good taste' John Ruskin against 'vile' 17th century Spanish realism the Diarist picks out *the two superb and famous Murillos, the two Spanish peasant boys and the Spanish flower girl* as the *gems of the collection*. He also lingered on Rembrandt's *immortal serving girl*.

'These pictures were incredibly famous and well known,' said Dr Bray as he personally guided us around the gallery, 'mainly perhaps because Ruskin hated them so much. He found them the most despicable depiction of poverty. Who would want to see these street urchins looking so vile? And it is worth doing what you are doing with Kilvert, worth reading out Ruskin in the gallery out aloud. If you get a good actor's voice, it is quite amazing to hear that sort of rhetoric of 19th century art criticism. The kind of words they use are incredibly violent as a way of describing pictures. Kilvert was much more appreciative.'

'Rembrandt's *A Girl at a Window* is one of those key pieces that people still come to see especially. And why is it so popular? I think it is because it is so natural, rather than posed, the innocent face looking out to us, very, I'm afraid, chocolate-box-like, something that is very appealing to the senses.'

'What's really fascinating is we know very little about the picture. There is a legend that Rembrandt would exhibit it by pushing it against one of his windows and, when people would pass, they would go 'Hello little girl' and then suddenly realise it was a painting. The idea is that he did it on purpose to trick people as they walked past. I'm afraid that's just a legend.'

'The picture was originally a square format so it didn't have that sort of oval arch on the top. That's an 18th century reframing, which is a pity because I think the picture would probably look slightly better in a more rectangular format. But it is pretty incredible. The way Rembrandt has her leaning on her elbows, fiddling with her necklace, looking very directly at him. I think that is what appeals. It's a very direct invasion of the viewer. Certainly a lot of people think that most people posing at the time would have looked down. If they did look at you most people would think you were a courtesan. I think her looking directly has made people think she's a courtesan.'

'I think she is more of a day servant, probably working in Rembrandt's household and he needed her as a model. Interestingly Venetian paintings were being sold – paintings by people like Titian – that had similar masonry as a studio prop as a way of making the picture more interesting, by having these different ways of going into the picture. We haven't quite worked it out. We actually have a broken brick here where he signs it Rembrandt with a date 1645. This device is purely invented, I think, it doesn't architecturally represent a window and a wall. It is composition. You have to realise this is very much a fabricated painting for effect.'

'We've got two scholars working on it and they have come up with the idea that maybe she is a Jewish girl, a Jewish bride – the way she has got her hair, you see some of her hair has been embroidered with a interesting coloured kind of thread; and then we were wondering if the necklace was actually gold, that she's not actually just a poor servant girl but actually quite a wealthy daughter of a Jewish merchant. The kind of flesh tones remind me of an Eastern European Jew. There were many Jews who



Dr Xavier Bray, the chief curator, enthuses about Rembrandt's 'Girl at a Window'

worked as merchants and moneylenders in Amsterdam where Rembrandt worked and we do know he produced quite a lot of pictures for the Jewish community, so maybe that's another way in. Because of the sweetness, because of the direct natural rendition of this pose it appealed a lot to Victorian visitors and it was copied a lot and people came to see it.'

Kilvert, on his second visit to the gallery recorded in the *Diary*, describes the 'servant girl' as *a-smiling from the window as she has leaned and smiled for three hundred years*, yet, as was remarked, she doesn't actually seem to be smiling. Dr Bray commented on her 'Mona Lisa' smile and joked that perhaps that was how the gallery should market the picture.

Kilvert refers to another picture, *Jacob's Dream*, which was celebrated as one the gallery's great Rembrandts. *The solitary white angel still hovered down through the gloom*, he writes. Closer inspection shows there is not one, but a group of angels coming down the stairway from heaven. Even closer inspection would have revealed it was not by Rembrandt at all. 'Unfortunately,' said Dr Bray, 'they failed to realise it was signed right in the corner by Arent de Gelder, who was a student of Rembrandt's, a very gifted student, and so most people came here and saw this as one of the greatest Rembrandts.'

'Again you have got that sort of naturalism, that sort of sentimental naturalism, and here you've got that sort of visionary approach which I think again would have appealed to Victorians, mainly in the fairy look of these angels as they come down, in some dream state, and appear to Jacob down below, who's fallen asleep.'

'It is one of the great pictures in this collection. But because it is no longer Rembrandt it is slightly overlooked and I'm delighted that Kilvert mentions it.'

Moving on to the Murillos, 'as Kilvert would have pronounced it', said Dr Bray, before giving us the name again with its authentic Spanish rolled 'll', he continued: 'Murillo's *Flower Girl* [see front cover] is one of my favourite pictures. I prefer it in a way to *Girl at a Window* because it is painted in a more subtle, refined way, much lighter. It is a mysterious picture. We don't know who she really is. She is dressed as a sort of peasant girl, a well-looked-after peasant girl, I would say. She is wearing a turban with a rose and in her shawl she has some flowers. People think she is a flower girl. Other people think that yet again she is a courtesan or gypsy. But recently we had this picture X-rayed. When you X-ray pictures you can see sometimes any change of composition and amazingly when you turn this picture on its side you have the bottom half of an Immaculate Conception, the Virgin with a crescent moon and two angels. It's a painting that we know he painted other versions of and we can date it to about 1666. It basically tells us that he recycled the painting in his studio in order to paint this young girl. And I think he probably painted this young girl very much for his own pleasure.'

'I don't think it was a commissioned picture, although he did sell it quite quickly afterwards, because we know who had it first. My instinct is that it could be his own daughter, who we know was deaf and mute and was about to join a convent of Dominican nuns and, what's interesting, as a Dominican nun she leaves behind her maiden name Battista and she becomes Rose of Lima as her religious name and I have always wondered if the rose is

here to allude to the fact she will become Rose of Lima as a nun. And this could be a fatherly way of saying goodbye to her before she joins the order.

'What's exceptional about it is the expression. A bit like the *Girl at a Window*, she looks at you directly from her position in the window wanting to engage with you but at the same time there is a sort of blank look. You think she is deaf and mute, there is a sense of silence around her which I find very evocative. When you get closer you will see how wonderfully painted it is in terms of the brushwork of the sleeves, the whites, even the flowers are beautifully painted. I think again, like the Rembrandt, the appeal is the sort of natural pose, it is a very direct way of looking out to the viewer. And, as I said, this picture was copied so, so many times.'

One picture which Kilvert would have seen, but did not discuss, is the Beggar Boys (*Three Boys*). 'In Victorian times the title wasn't *Two Peasant Boys and a Negro Boy*, it was entitled *The Poor Little Black Boy*,' said Dr Bray, 'and that's probably because everybody felt sorry for the black boy because he was being denied a piece of treacle tart by these two young street urchins. So what's interesting is a lot of Victorians would attach narrative, quite an emotional narrative, quite Dickensian in a way to the beggar boy. I wonder if Kilvert was interested in that.'

'What is going on is these two boys are very likely either to have stolen or have been sent out to buy some treacle tart and instead of bringing it back home they decide to tuck into it and they are sitting down. Walking past is this black boy who has probably been sent to collect water in that ceramic cistern and he is asking

them 'Come on, give me a bit' and while he is asking we can see that this boy is subtly pulling at his pocket. Of course Victorians all thought he was being pick-pocketed by some kind of Oliver figure. When we X-rayed this picture we saw that, here his lips are concealing his teeth, but in the underpaint we can see his smile has large teeth and he is going like this, almost grinning at the black boy, and the hand is not in the pocket but on the hand pulling the hand away, so that the black boy has no chance of getting a piece of treacle tart. The more you look at it, it's a wonderful painting of dirt, I mean it is my favourite dirty feet in all history. I just find that so beautifully painted. And look at this ceramic jar. Everything has been wonderfully put together.'

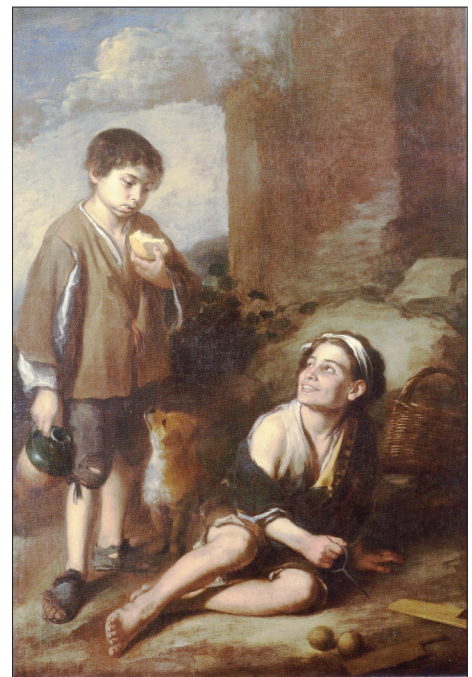
'What you start noticing is that the black boy is actually probably the one that is better dressed. He has good shoes, he's got a proper shirt and jacket, shorts. He is probably a household slave and we know that Murillo had slaves who he eventually freed as a special sort of favour, because he is said to have been a very kind man. It is probably his house where they are posing for this picture. So Murillo is making it up but probably basing it on what he would have seen in Seville in the 17th century in terms of the poverty he saw in the streets.'

'It is extraordinary to read Ruskin on this where he thinks it is the worst kind of representation of poverty. He finds the realism very upsetting. To us now, this kind of realism is almost beautiful compared to photography of what's going on in Syria and other places like that. If a Ruskin figure were alive today it would be interesting to see how he would react to this.'

'Kilvert talks about the *Mother and Child*, another famous

| NAME. | ADDRESS. |
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| G. B. B. B. | Camberwell |
| J. Bolding & Co. | Camberwell |
| Thursday Jan. 4 th | |
| S. S. S. S. | Camberwell |
| E. Robinson | Camberwell |
| W. F. F. F. | New Cross |
| A. H. White | Camberwell |
| A. W. W. King | Camberwell |
| C. C. C. C. | Camberwell |
| W. D. D. D. | Camberwell |
| C. C. C. C. | Camberwell |
| J. J. J. J. | Camberwell |
| P. P. P. P. | Camberwell |
| C. C. C. C. | Camberwell |
| L. L. L. L. | Camberwell |
| A. A. A. A. | Camberwell |

The visitors' book, signed by RFK in 1872



Left, Dr Bray discusses the *Three Boys*. Right is the *Invitation to a Game of Argolla*. Ruskin appears to have mixed the two paintings up in his critical fury

Murillo, again a very naturalistic Christ child. But the work that most people were interested in was the two boys (*Two Peasant Boys*). *The Spanish boys still laughed audibly and went on with their game* and indeed they are playing a game, a Spanish game a bit like a form of croquet in Spanish known as argolla. It was a bat and a ball and you had to try to push it through this nailed sort of rounded top which you put into the floor. The Victorians' title for

this is interesting. It was *Idleness versus Industry*, so I presume he – the one on the left – is Industry because he is munching away while the other is sitting there inviting him to a game of argolla. This is a picture I still haven't completely worked out because, one, is this a girl or is it a boy? – I think it is a boy – but the way he is grinning away and looking up at this boy who's munching away with bread like a hamster tucked away in the side of the jaw

Ruskin on Murillo. . . 'Look at the two ragged and vicious vagrants that Murillo has gathered out of the street [Invitation to a Game of Argolla]. You smile at first, because they are eating so naturally, and their roguery is so complete, But is there anything else than roguery there, or was it well for the painter to give his time to the painting of those repulsive and wicked children? Do you feel moved with any charity towards children as you look at them? Are we the least more likely to take any interest in ragged schools, or help the next pauper child that comes in our way, because the painter has shown us a cunning beggar feeding greedily? Mark the choice of the act. He might have shown hunger in other ways, and given interest to even this act of eating, by making the face wasted, or the eye wistful. But he did not care to do this. He delighted merely in the disgusting manner of eating, the food filling the cheek; the boy is not hungry, else he would not turn round to talk and grin as he eats. But observe another point in the lower figure. It lies so that the sole of the foot is turned towards the spectator [Ruskin is confusing it with the Three Boys]; not because it would have lain less easily in another attitude, but that the painter may draw, and exhibit, the grey dust engrained in the foot. Do not call this the painting of nature: it is mere delight in foulness. The lesson, if there be any, in the picture, is not one whit the stronger. We all know that a beggar's bare foot cannot be clean; there is no need to thrust its degradation into the light, as if no human imagination were vigorous enough for its conception.'



John Ruskin (1819–1900) (left), the leading art critic of his day, could see nothing good in Murillo. He said that artists like him 'only perceived and imitated evil'.

In 'The Stones of Venice' (1851–53) he divided artists into three categories. The highest, the Purists, took the good and left the evil. They select from their subject 'what it has of grace, and light, and holiness, and leave all, or at least as much as possible, of the rest undrawn,' he wrote. The early Italian and Flemish painters qualified.

The second class of painter 'render all that they see in nature unhesitatingly, with a kind of divine grasp and government of the whole, sympathizing with all the good, and yet confessing, permitting, and bringing good out of the evil also.' Artists in this class ranged from Michael Angelo to Rubens, the latter sometimes falling from grace.

The last class, he said, perceived and imitated evil only. 'They cannot draw the trunk of a tree without blasting and shattering it, nor a sky except covered with stormy clouds; they delight in the beggary and brutality of the human race; their colour is for the most part subdued or lurid, and the greater spaces of their pictures are occupied by darkness. Murillo, he said, belongs, along with Rembrandt, naturally to this lower class.

Despite Ruskin's strictures about the 'rascally black Spanish things', the taste for Spanish art – so long held back by the 'black legend' of Spain and the prevailing anti-Catholic sentiment – was growing in Britain. The Dulwich Picture Gallery exhibited Spanish paintings and the National Gallery was able to expand its collection when the Galerie Espagnole of King Louis-Philippe was sold off in 1853.

and looking down, it's extraordinary, it's so informal, so almost unexpected. I think that is the picture that Ruskin really hated, because he just found it disgusting, seeing them eating with their mouths full.

'We now call it *Invitation to a Game of Argolla*, which is a bit recherché, but it's essentially what we see, but what's going on? I mean the dynamics in the *Three Boys* are better resolved. Maybe because it's between two people you think there is more going on than there really is.

'But, as I said, I think the pictures that Kilvert seems to have focused on really are the quite realistic. He didn't go for the Italian paintings, like the Guercinos; he doesn't mention Poussin, the great French classicist who based a lot of his visual information on antiquity and Italy. He seems like many others to have gone for that broad Spanish realism which was very popular at the time, and there's no doubt about it, particularly Murillo and Velasquez. There was a big exhibition in Manchester in 1857 when a lot of these pictures were shown, so I think Kilvert was very much a reflection of the taste of the time and was definitely looking at the pictures that most people paid attention to.'

One painting we were not able to see on our visit was Guido Reni's *St Sebastian* (*St Sebastian still raised his eyes to heaven with the sublime pathetic look of tender submission and gentle resignation*). As Dr Bray explained: 'Unfortunately the *St Sebastian* which normally hangs right there [pointing to where there was now a picture of *St Cecilia* by Guercino] was lent to Budapest and is at this very moment in a truck making its way back and we will be rehang it on Monday.'

In Kilvert's time, Dr Bray explained, the present main entrance did not exist. 'The entrance was originally through here,' he said, pointing to the end of the gallery. 'That is why one day I would love to reclaim this as the main entrance. Even though it is a small door it leads into a palace of great treasures and of course [Sir John] Soane wanted you to see this first. He didn't want you to enter through the middle and miss out on seeing this incredible line-up of pictures. I am 100 per cent sure that your dear friend Kilvert would have come in through this entrance here. There was a little lobby just behind here with ladies' loos (not men's loos, I'm afraid), and a place to leave your jackets and coats and in you would come to view the collection.'

Soane laid the foundation stone in 1811 and the gallery opened in 1817, a good seven years before the National Gallery. 'It was a place where people came to study pictures, look at pictures, copy pictures. That is the sort of atmosphere that Kilvert would have seen, great pictures being copied and used for teaching purposes, said Dr Bray, adding to laughter: 'I get a lot of letters from people saying "I've got a Murillo in my attic" and it happens to be yet another 19th century copy after our painting.'

'Dulwich had a good relationship with the Royal Academy. They would come and help us hang it, they would select pic-

tures from time to time to bring back to the Royal Academy so they could copy them. It was a collection that was used a lot and people really travelled from central London, which was the only place you could buy a ticket. You couldn't buy a ticket here. So if you came here without a ticket you would be sent back into London, which is a pretty good present, because it does take a bit of time to get here, although now with the overland it takes 12 minutes from Victoria.' (That last comment brought a ripple of amused dissent, because on the day we visited, the railway had suffered severe disruption. Luckily that was over in time for Dr Bray to be able to dash back from lunch with the Spanish Ambassador at the National Gallery to be our guide.)

The gallery's display is essentially a collection put together for the King of Poland who, thanks to Napoleon, was no longer in a position to accept delivery. Since Dr Bray arrived at the gallery (from a keepership at the National Gallery), the emphasis has been to show fewer pictures but to give those of high quality more space. The walls have been repainted (thanks to Farrer and Ball) to a deep red.

Drawing attention to the natural light, Dr Bray said: 'Please tell me if the National Gallery in Cardiff has better light than this. This is natural light and it is the best way to illuminate paintings. The light here is very special and it's very evenly perfused and therefore the pictures react very well, particularly anything to do with flesh tones.'

'Lighting in 1860s and 70s, so far as I know, was always natural light. The gallery shut at dusk. In Kilvert's time, the light would have come in from side

windows. It would have been a touch darker, it has to be said. It is the first picture gallery in the world with this top lighting, so it is considered revolutionary.

'I have been working very hard at keeping the artificial light levels down in order to be more like it used to be and also because it is much better for picture viewing. But as a visitor you have to spend a bit more time in front of a picture to allow your eye to adjust. Once it does it is wonderful, but it takes time. That's why Dulwich is a special place. There are no barriers, you can really engage with the paintings.'

'When Kilvert would have come these pictures would have all have been glazed with glass. You can see where the hinges originally were. The pictures would have been opened up from time to time to be cleaned. So most people got to see these pictures behind glass. But this has since been removed. I like it just to be unglazed.'

Thanking the Society for coming (and before Richard Weston thanked him for giving us the pleasure of having the pictures explained by 'such an expert') Dr Bray said it was good to have groups like our Society coming to the gallery for a very specific reason: 'You get to see the collection through someone else's eye.'

People really did write about coming to see the collection at Dulwich, he said. 'One day, it would be nice to publish a book of writings by visitors and include what Francis Kilvert had to say.'

Additional material by Charles Boase



The gallery in the 1890s. The St Sebastian is on the right and Three Boys on the left. The walls are much less crowded now



The man who saved Beatty at Jutland

Kilvert's favourable opinion of seven-year-old Hugh Evan-Thomas – one of the first characters we meet in the Diary – was in tune with the world's. Here ROB GRAVES tells how 'Hughie' rose in the Navy with barely a ripple to command a battle squadron at Jutland. This contribution is part one of two

ON the opening page of Kilvert's *Diary*, dated 18 January 1870, we find him at the home of the Thomas family of Cranmers, Mitcham, at that time a village outside London. Interestingly, it is not the parents we encounter, but, at the outset, two of the sons, Llewellyn, aged ten, and Owen aged eight. Kilvert goes with the two boys to the Crystal Palace and watches a pantomime with them, noting that *we sat just under the great organ, too far off to hear anything, but were very much amused*.¹

The following day he takes the boys and their cousin Charlie Pearson to see *Natural phenomena* at the Polytechnic. The boys become over-excited on the way back and later at tea, and Kilvert has to speak sternly to Owen about his behaviour, and the boy remains suitably subdued for the rest of the evening. On the 21st Kilvert goes riding with Llewellyn and Owen on the common, breaking a stirrup leather and taking a fall. They play football in the evening, and later, after the arrival of Kilvert's brother Edward, they all have 'a great romp' in Kilvert's room. It is only now that he mentions a third brother, Hugh, by name, with the information: *Perch brought down my musical box, which delighted Hugh*.² Hugh, the youngest of the three boys, is here aged seven. On the 22nd they have another game of football, stage a mock battle in the faggot pile and playfully torment various animals, in the process of which the boys harness the donkey to the donkey cart and, with Owen taking the reins, run the cart against the gate. On the 27th, by which time Kilvert has moved from Mitcham to the Pearsons' home at Hobart Place, he orders a vignette of Hugh from Williams the photographers of Regents Street.

On 11 February, now back in Clyro, Kilvert buys two Valentine cards to send to Cranmers. That evening, at dinner in an unnamed house, he meets Miss Clara Thomas of Llwynmadoc and has a pleasant talk with her about the boys. On the 15th he receives *a pretty Valentine from Hughie*.³ Two years later, on 23rd March 1872, he writes of sending Owen a copy of *The Young Fur Trappers* for his birthday, at the same time sending Hugh *The Gorilla Hunters*, both appropriately adventurous titles for young boys. This is the *Diary's* last reference to Hugh and his brothers.

The Thomas family of Mitcham, who, as Tony O'Brien points out⁴, were distant cousins of the Thomases of Llanthomas, had ten children in all. Charles Evan Thomas, the father, was a barrister by profession and a direct descendant of the main or Llwynmadoc branch of the family. The Miss Clara Thomas whom Kilvert met was in fact his niece. Charles' father Evan, his grandfather Henry and great-grandfather Evan, the founder of the family fortunes, had all lived for all or most of their lives in London, the younger Evan returning to the family home at Llwynmadoc some time between 1808 and 1815. Charles himself, who was actually born in Sully, Glamorgan, was to continue this tradition of living apart from the ancestral home by spending a good part of his own adult life in London and by acquiring the Gnoll estate in Neath during the 1860s, which the family used as a residence and from which he gained the informal title of Charles of the Gnoll. Richard Thomas, in his history of the Thomases of Powys, *Y Ddwr Bo'r Diolch*, suggests that in about



Evan-Thomas children (when they still the Thomases). Hugh is third child from the left



Cranmers, the Evan-Thomas home in Mitcham, as it was when Kilvert visited. Below, Llwynmadoc, the family seat in Breconshire



1877 Charles moved his family from Mitcham to Llwynmadoc on the death of his sister-in-law, Clara, the mother of Kilvert's Clara Thomas. Whether he had any intention of setting himself up there for an extended period is not clear, but he certainly established close links with the surrounding county of Breconshire from around this time, being listed as a magistrate for the Breconshire Quarter Sessions in 1877, becoming High Sheriff for Breconshire in 1885 and chairman of Breconshire County Council with the start of local government in 1888. It is certain, though, that he continued to maintain throughout his life a residence in London. In January 1879, when Kilvert writes of the arrival of his pupil Sam Cowper-Coles at Bredwardine, he tells us that Sam has broken his journey from the Isle of Wight at Kensington, and that he has come from 98 Queens Gate from the Evan-Thomases today and slept there last night⁵. (Charles had in 1878 changed the family name to Evan-Thomas). The 1881 census shows the family at the same Queens Gate address, and although the 1891 census has Charles (aged 73) and his wife Caroline, or Cara, (a sister of Mr Venables' second wife, Minna) at Gnoll House along with twelve servants, the 1901 census shows Charles and Caroline again in London, now at 12 Southwell Gardens, Kensington. Significantly, at his death in 1902, Charles chose to be buried in the churchyard of Eglwys Oen Duw, at Beulah and close to Llwynmadoc. His body

was brought from London by train and conveyed to the church from nearby Garth Station on a carriage drawn by horses especially sent from the Gnoll, a procedure aptly linking the three locations with which he was principally associated in life.

Though Charles was by any standards a very wealthy man, leaving at his death an estate worth slightly over £108,390, the sheer size of his family meant that his sons were expected to make their own way in the world. Algernon, the eldest, born in 1852, became a naval officer, retiring on medical grounds with the rank of Commander in 1885. He died in the same year as his father as the result of an accidental fall from a railway bridge; the second son, Edmund Lyons, born in 1856, was like his father a barrister. Among the public offices he held were those of High Sheriff of Glamorgan and Justice of the Peace for the counties of Glamorgan and Breconshire; the third son, Llewellyn, born in 1859 and known to Kilvert as a young boy, became a shipping agent with the firm of Gellatly and Hankey, living for many years in Antwerp; the fourth, Owen, the object of Kilvert's disapproval in the *Diary*, born in 1861, did not follow in the paternalist or professional traditions of the family, becoming an antiques and fine arts dealer. Divorced for adultery by his first wife Bessie in 1907, he married in 1922 Marie-Françoise Marandel. He had

two sons by Bessie, the elder of whom, Elystan, was a minor film actor in America; the fifth of Charles' sons and the subject of this article, Hugh, or Hughie as Kilvert calls him, born in 1862, followed his brother Algernon into the Navy and rose to command the Fifth Battle Squadron at Jutland; the sixth, Charles Henry, born in 1866, was like his father and brother Edmund a barrister; and the last son, Bartle, born in 1869, died of a brain tumour in 1877, aged only eight.

There were also three daughters: Emily Lillian, mentioned in the *Diary* simply as Lillian, born in 1856, who died of tuberculosis in 1873 aged seventeen; Catherine Alicia, born in 1863, who married John Neale Dalton, of whom more will be heard in due course. Their son, Hugh Dalton, would become Chancellor of the Exchequer in Clement Attlee's 1945 Labour Government; and Cara Mary, born in 1865, who followed family tradition by marrying barrister Cecil Sparrow.

It is interesting that, of the three brothers, it was evidently Hugh who made the most favourable impression on Kilvert. He was to have a similar effect on the majority of those with whom he came into contact later in life. This was certainly true of the response he evoked in the Reverend John Neale Dalton, his future brother-in-law. As a naval cadet, Hugh was first acquainted with Dalton in the latter's capacity as tutor to the Princes Albert Victor and George, sons of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, at the Dart-

mouth cadet training ship *Britannia* in 1877, towards the end of Hugh's period of training. There appears to have been something about Hugh which impressed both Dalton and the princes sufficiently to lead the former, as a rule fastidious as to those he allowed into his charges' company, positively to encourage a friendship between Hugh and the two young princes. The two boys nicknamed him Old Voice, presumably because Dalton had impressed on them the importance of taking notice of an older and wiser voice. There was, naturally, also an element of irony at work in this since Hugh, then aged fifteen, was only some fourteen months older than Albert Victor. It was, nonetheless, a friendship which, at least in the case of the younger Prince George (later King George V) would last all of Hugh's life.

In December 1877 Hugh left *Britannia*. The princes each sent him a card from Sandringham that Christmas. In February 1878 he joined the battery ship *Swiftsure* in the Mediterranean as midshipman, moving on to the turret ship *Monarch*, captained by a cousin, Algernon Lyons, in August of the same year. When, a year later, the moment came for the princes to leave Dartmouth, it was determined that they should be sent on a series of cruises under Dalton's tutorship in order to continue their education and to allow a check to be kept on the somewhat backward and



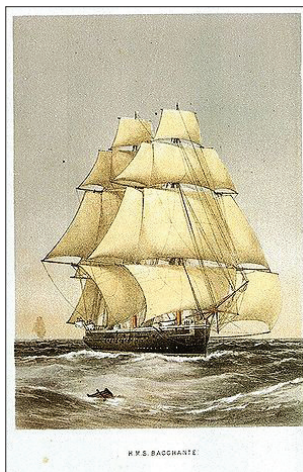
Cards for Christmas 1877 sent to Hugh Evan-Thomas by Prince Albert Victor, top, and Prince George, who were at Sandringham

obdurate Albert Victor, known less formally as Eddie, who was proving not altogether amenable to Dalton's efforts to mould him for his role as second in line to the throne. The choice of vessel for this cruise fell on the corvette *Bacchante*, it being made clear that she should be officered by individuals of impeccable character. Quite naturally, Hugh Evan-Thomas, as he was by this time to style himself, was appointed to serve as midshipman on *Bacchante's* starboard watch and to keep an eye on Albert Victor. In the event *Bacchante* undertook three cruises: to the Mediterranean and West Indies, to Spain and Ireland and a final world cruise lasting two years and starting in 1880. By the time he left the ship in 1882, now promoted to sub-lieutenant, Hugh had become a trusted member of the royal group, accompanying the princes on trips ashore – even going with them to meet the Zulu chief Cetshwayo in his farm compound in South Africa – and in between times acquainting Dalton, through letters written to Hugh by his sister, Catherine Alicia, with the woman who was to become his wife. The couple would eventually marry on 16 January 1886.

On leaving *Bacchante*, Hugh went to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich for his lieutenant's qualifications, meeting and befriending there John Rushworth Jellicoe, who was on the same course. This too would prove a lifelong and valued friendship. During this period he maintained his contacts with the princes through letters and also visited Albert Victor at Sandringham and Cambridge while George was at sea. The correspondence from this time reveals a not insignificant degree of string-pulling by the royal family on Hugh's behalf. On 4 January 1884 George wrote to congratulate him on receiving his lieutenantancy in the following words: 'Let me write you a few lines to congratulate you very heartily on your promotion. I hope you will have every success. My father has been doing his best to get it for you for some time.'⁶ Clearly the Prince of Wales, was more than willing to use his influence to give Hugh a helping hand. He had already, at Dalton's suggestion, attempted to secure a place for Hugh on the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, but his efforts in this direction had been thwarted by intrigue from Sir Astley Cooper Key, the then First Naval Lord, who was resolved to get his own



A portrait of Sir Hugh Evan-Thomas, 1862–1928, which hangs in the dining room at Llwynmadoc. Below is the corvette HMS Bacchante in which he served as a midshipman from 1879, keeping an eye on both the starboard watch and on the two princes, namely the 'somewhat backward and obdurate' second in line to the throne, Albert Victor, and George, the future King George V



for the 1892 manoeuvres, officering the ship with various comrades from earlier days. This was a plum appointment for Hugh, one which should normally have gone to an older man. Dalton too was on board as a guest, though sadly, he could not have enjoyed the experience, for the manoeuvres proved very much of an ordeal, the bad weather causing Prince George to be severely seasick.

son appointed to the Yacht. Albert Edward was successful, however, in assisting Hugh to obtain a position on the iron-clad *Sultan*, on which he was to serve thirty-one months.

At the conclusion of this time, just as he was about to join his cousin, now Rear Admiral Sir Algernon Lyons as flag lieutenant on the North American and West Indies Station, he fell ill. Illness, unspecified in nature, was to prove a recurring feature of his service. It was not until six months later that he was able to take up the post with his cousin. After only nine months, on suffering a further bout of ill health, he returned home to recover and afterwards take part in various training courses, during the last of which he once more found himself in Prince George's company. Together with Dalton, the former 'ship-mates' engaged in a *Bacchante* reunion dinner at Portsmouth.

In 1889 Hugh went to the Mediterranean in the battle-ship *Camperdown*, transferring to the *Victoria* in May 1890 when the latter took over as flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet. He was still serving on *Victoria* when Prince Albert Victor died in January 1892. Given his questionable character and the scandals that accompanied him throughout his brief life – Queen Victoria wrote of his 'dissipation' – it is perhaps as well for the survival of the monarchy that he did so. His death may have ended one of Lieutenant Hugh Evan-Thomas' royal contacts, but it did not put an end to his links with Prince George. Some weeks after Albert Victor's funeral, Hugh was recalled from the Mediterranean at George's prompting for service on the junior Royal Yacht *Osborne*. The move, however, turned out to be premature. *Osborne* was not ready for sea and was waiting idly at Portsmouth for new boilers to be delivered. In the interim Prince George, having been given command of the new cruiser *Melampus*, offered Hugh the position of first lieutenant

Hugh emerged from this, though, with a commendation from the prince. As first officer he had performed well in getting *Melampus* ready for sea trials after commissioning and in preparing the ship for inspection by Lord Clanwilliam, Commander in Chief Portsmouth, and the Prince of Wales at the Cowes Week naval review following the manoeuvres. Prince George wrote to Hugh: 'Both my father and the Admiral were excessively pleased with the ship and everything they saw on board. As for myself, I am delighted, and I must say you and the men must have worked devilish hard to get her to look what she does.'⁷ Following the subsequent disbandment of *Melampus*' company and with *Osborne* still not ready to go to sea, Hugh now had time on his hands, which he filled in part by seeing a good deal of a Miss Hilda Barnard, daughter of Bedfordshire banker and county magistrate Thomas Barnard.

Finally, in February 1893, with Hugh as first officer, *Osborne* left for Genoa to take on board a royal party consisting of Prince George, his mother Alexandra and his sisters the Princesses Victoria and Maud together with their attendants. As executive officer Hugh was responsible for the yacht's efficiency and day to day management, a task demanding a particularly high degree of diplomacy and tact. That he was able to perform his duties to the satisfaction of all concerned is a reflexion of the reliability of his character. At Piraeus Prince George left the yacht, the rest of the party returning home by train from Venice in May 1893. In July of that year Prince George married his brother's intended bride, Mary of Teck. As for Hugh, he was offered, on returning home, the post of flag-lieutenant to Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the new Commander in Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. He was to serve in this capacity for three and a half years, first in the battleship *Sans Pareil* and then in the new pre-Dreadnought *Ramillies*. This would be the longest single appointment of his career. It was a period that would allow him to renew his friendship with John Jellicoe, Culme-Seymour's executive officer, and which would establish his own reputation as a signals officer of considerable merit. As Andrew Gordon points out in his highly detailed analysis of the period *The Rules of the Game*, signalling was still carried out in those days, as in Nelson's time, by flags, but the procedures involved had been hugely complicated by the greater manoeuvrability of modern steamships and the freedom this allowed for complex and rapid movements by fleets and squadrons. The number of flag signals available to signals officers now ran into the thousands, and it was slowly being realised by some in the Navy that this in itself had the potential to pose a serious problem especially under wartime conditions. It was an issue which would come to haunt Hugh in later years.

In the meantime, however, on a personal level, Hugh's relationship with Hilda Barnard had blossomed. The couple became engaged and were married in July 1894 at St Saviour's Church, Walton Place, London, Hugh having been sent home temporarily from the Mediterranean for health reasons. Prince George and Princess Mary did not attend the wedding, but did send a silver tea service accompanied by a congratulatory letter from the prince. It emerges from this letter that Hugh was at the time again angling for an appointment on the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*. George wrote here of the peculiar difficulties of obtaining such a position: 'Perhaps you are not aware that every year three lieuts: names are sent by the Admiralty to Admiral Fullerton as candidates for the 'Yacht', they are submitted by him to the Queen who chooses one of them. So until you can assure me that the Admiralty have sent in your name as one of the three, I can do nothing for you. But as soon as you let me know that this has been done, I will do all in my power to get your

name selected, I will also speak to my father about you.'⁸

As events were to show, this attempt also ended in failure, and Hugh returned with Hilda to the Mediterranean to set up house in Valetta where they were able to enjoy the social life cultivated by the Culme-Seymours, noted for their society gatherings which often included royalty. In December 1896 Hugh parted company with the Mediterranean Fleet, returning home to gain a promotion to commander on 1 January 1897. Being eminently qualified for the task, he then took up a post as secretary to an Admiralty committee charged with revising the 1889 Signal Book. On completion of this, in November 1898 he assumed command of the Portsmouth Signal School, a post he held until November 1900 when he assumed his first seagoing command as captain of the cruiser *Pioneer*, once again in the Mediterranean. Two years later he was taken on by Vice Admiral Lord Charles Beresford as flag-captain with the Channel Fleet.

A great many things were about to change in the next few years both for the country and the Navy. Queen Victoria's death in January 1901 ushered in the new, short-lived Edwardian era. And not long after Edward VII assumed the throne the Navy found itself entering the period of its greatest and most rapid technological changes: the so-called 'Fisher years'. These were the years between 1904 and 1910 when the dynamic and imaginative First Sea Lord Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher singlehandedly pushed through a revolution in virtually every aspect of naval life. It was a revolution ranging from the provision of knives and forks for the lower decks to the design and construction of entire new classes of ships: the Dreadnought battleships, a wholly new concept in warship design, and the Invincible class battlecruisers, Fisher's particular pet, combining with their lighter armour and massive guns both speed and firepower. It was a period that would reach its apotheosis in the clash of the dreadnoughts at Jutland on 31 May 1916.

During a large part of this epoch making period Hugh acted as Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, serving in succession three First Lords, Lord Cawdor, Lord Tweedmouth and Reginald McKenna. He remained in this capacity for what were, in Andrew Gordon's words 'three and a half of the most tumultuous peacetime years in modern naval history... and left scarcely a ripple.'⁹ Hugh missed the launch of the innovatory *Dreadnought*, the first of her class, in 1906 due to yet another bout of illness, but in 1909, on leaving the Admiralty, he got the captaincy of the brand new *Bellerophon*, bigger and more advanced even than the *Dreadnought*, and joined the newly formed Home Fleet (another Fisher innovation). In August of that year he dined with King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra aboard the *Victoria and Albert*, and the outcome of this meeting would lead to a significant renewal of his royal associations. When, in November 1909, he was offered the prestigious appointment of Captain of the Fleet to Sir William May, Commander in Chief Home Fleet, he turned down the offer to take command instead, in July 1910, two months after Edward VII's death, of Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, which had replaced the old training ship where he had been a cadet. His task there would be to undertake the supervision of another pair of royal princes, Edward and Albert, the two somewhat unpromising sons of his former charge George, now King George V. Hugh spent two and a half years in this post, he and Hilda taking up residence at Redlap, Stoke Fleming.

In July 1912, on his promotion to Rear Admiral, Hugh left the college and, after serving on a committee for Dartmouth recruits from public schools and attending a war course in Portsmouth, went on half-pay until December 1913, when he was made sec-

ond in command of the First Battle Squadron under Vice Admiral Sir Stanley Colville with the Home Fleet. He was still in this post when, on 29 July 1914, six days before the outbreak of war, the Home Fleet, now renamed Grand Fleet, sailed from Weymouth to its new base at Scapa Flow in the Orkneys. On 4 August, the day Britain declared war, Sir John Jellicoe, with some reluctance, replaced Sir George Callaghan as Commander in Chief.

The outbreak of war gave the Grand Fleet and its First Battle Squadron little scope for action, however. The fleet's activities were confined to maintaining a distant blockade of Germany's North Sea coast, gunnery drill at Scapa and regular sweeps of the North Sea in the vague hope of encountering anything of interest. Those engagements that were fought in these early stages of the war at sea were not the prerogative of the mighty dreadnoughts of the battlefleet but of the faster, lighter cruisers, battlecruisers and destroyers of both sides. It was not Admiral Jellicoe but officers like the charismatic Vice Admiral David Beatty, commanding the battlecruiser squadrons, who were experiencing the bulk of the fighting. Beatty commanded the battlecruisers in actions at Heligoland Bight on 28 August 1914 and the Dogger Bank on 25 January 1915. Two battlecruisers, *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, under the command of Vice Admiral Doveton Sturdee, destroyed a German squadron at the Battle of the Falklands on 8 December 1914, avenging the loss of two British armoured cruisers at Coronel on 1 November, and winning in the process the one decisive naval victory of the war. And it was the battlecruisers which were first into the pursuit of German raiders in the wake of their sporadic bombardments of East Coast English towns in the years preceding Jutland. It was following one such raid, the bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby on 16 December 1914 that a decision was taken to move Beatty's battlecruisers from Scapa south to Rosyth on the Firth of Forth so as to be better positioned to intercept further German attacks.

Although he was witnessing no action, events for Rear Admiral Hugh Evan-Thomas in 1915 were about to take a more promising turn. In October he was given command of the Fifth Battle Squadron, comprising the newest, fastest and most powerful battleships in the Grand Fleet. When brought up to full strength on completion, these five Queen Elizabeth Class battleships with their improved turbines, oil-burning engines and fifteen inch guns represented the most formidable force any British battle squadron commander of the time could aspire to. Jellicoe's appointment of Hugh to command his fast battle squadron seems at first sight a strange one. Hugh may have possessed many good qualities. He might well have been, as has been frequently attested, kindly and likable, diplomatic and eminently dependable. He might well have been a first rate seaman, as has also been attested. But his was not a naturally dynamic character, nor did he possess the dash or aggressive instincts of a David Beatty. Jellicoe's choice of Hugh to this command has been ascribed to an inbuilt reluctance on his part to appoint to high positions subordinates displaying marked initiative or independence of mind. He preferred to have men around him who were pliable and amenable to his will. Certainly these were qualities to be recognised in his old friend.

Whatever the truth, developments now were beginning to take their own course. By early 1916 the British public were starting to complain, after the disappointments of the 1915 Gallipoli campaign, which had begun as a purely naval operation, and with little to report in the seas closer to home, that the Admiralty was adopting too passive a role in the war. On the other side of the North Sea, meanwhile, the Germans were taking a more pro-active stance. In February 1916 Admiral Reinhard Scheer assumed command of the German High Seas Fleet at its base at Wilhelmshaven. Scheer was known to be a more thrusting

and energetic figure than his predecessor, Admiral Pohl, and British Naval Intelligence were now on the alert for some sign of fresh activity on the part of the new Commander in Chief. This came on 25 April when German battlecruisers bombarded the towns of Lowestoft and Great Yarmouth. The German strategy in such raids was to lure out and destroy a part of the Grand Fleet, in the hope of reducing Britain's considerable numerical superiority in ships. Though Beatty and Jellicoe both headed south to catch the raiders, heavy seas hampered their progress and they achieved nothing. In consequence of this attack, and following appeals for protection from the

mayor of Lowestoft, a decision was taken to move Rear Admiral Evan-Thomas' Fifth Battle Squadron to Rosyth to join Beatty's Battlecruiser Fleet, temporarily replacing the Third Battlecruiser Squadron – the *Invincibles* – sent north to Scapa for much needed gunnery practice.

On 30 May Naval Intelligence deciphered German radio messages to the effect that the High Seas Fleet was planning to put to sea the next day in a movement up the west coast of Denmark. This information was transmitted to Jellicoe by the Admiralty, and on that same evening, in darkness to avoid being spotted by submarines or zeppelins, the Grand Fleet slipped their moorings and headed out to intercept the Germans. At Rosyth, Beatty's six remaining battlecruisers along with their supporting cruisers and destroyers and the Fifth Battle Squadron – though minus the squadron's name-ship *Queen Elizabeth* which had gone into dry dock at Rosyth for refit – did the same. They left their bases four and a half hours before any German ship had got under way. The first stage of the Battle of Jutland had been set in motion.

REFERENCES

- 1 *Diary*, Vol I, p21
- 2 *Ibid*, p24
- 3 *Ibid*, p35
- 4 *Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary*, p33, The Kilvert Society, 2010
- 5 *Diary*, Vol III, p448
- 6 Bourdillon Family Papers
- 7 *Ibid*
- 8 *Ibid*
- 9 Andrew Gordon, *The Rules of the Game*, Naval Institute Press 2012, p371

The second part of this article follows in Journal 40

My especial thanks are due to Patrick and Miranda Bourdillon for giving me access to their family papers at Llwynmadoc. Patrick Bourdillon is a direct descendant of Charles Evan-Thomas and the great grandson of Hugh's brother Algernon. ROB GRAVES.



This is the Christmas card sent to Hugh Evan-Thomas from King George V and Queen Mary. The message on the back reads: With our best wishes for Christmas 1914. May God protect you and bring you home safe. Mary R. George R.I.

Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

It is impossible to read the Diary without an awareness of the cataclysm about to befall it which would change forever the almost medieval world that Kilvert knew. Here, on the centenary of the start of the First World War we remember three from Diary families who died for their country



The Clyro memorial to the war of 1914-19 (the war continued in Mesopotamia after the 11 November 1918 armistice in Europe). The side panel adds four names from the 1939-45 war. Our headline is taken from the inscription at its foot

The Brecon and Radnor Express

THURSDAY 19 JULY 1917

Llysdyman family's bereavement

We exceedingly regret to report that Captain JOHN VENABLES-LLEWELYN, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs Venables-Llewelyn of Llysdyman Hall, has been killed in France. The sad news was wired by the Colonel of his Regiment and had reached Mrs Venables-Llewelyn whilst she was in attendance at a meeting connected with County business at Llandrindod Wells.

The fallen officer was educated at Eton and Sandhurst and he obtained a commission in the 3rd battalion of the Coldstream Guards in January 1915. He went out to France in the September following, and was wounded in January 1916.

He returned to France in May 1916 and at the time of his death he was in



A plaque on the wall on the Anglican church in Newbridge on Wye, within sight of the Venables-Llewelyn family home at Llysdyman. As well as recording the death in action of Captain John Dillwyn Venables-Llewelyn, it also honours George William Dillwyn Venables-Llewelyn, a second lieutenant who was killed in the Norway campaign of 1940

command of the 3rd Company of his Battalion. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in January 1915. In September 1916, he was made a temporary captain, and about a fortnight ago he was gazetted full captain. He was 20 years of age on the 26th March last. He was a fine and promising young man, and profound sympathy will be felt for the bereaved family.

Colonel Venables-Llewelyn has been in France for some time but he is expected home on leave on Thursday. The deceased was a grandson of Sir John Llewelyn of Penllergaer, one of the most highly esteemed of the whole of the Welsh nobility.

The funeral took place in France on Wednesday, when Colonel Venables-Llewelyn was able to be present.

The Brecon and Radnor Express

THURSDAY 19 JULY 1917

A Service to the memory of the late Captain John Venables-Llewelyn

(Coldstream Guards) was held at All Saints Church on Sunday afternoon. It was a well attended and most impressive gathering.”

The entry for Captain John Lister Dillwyn Venables-Llewelyn in the Commonwealth War Graves Commission's Roll of Honour gives the information that he was killed on Tuesday 10 July 1917 and is buried in the Canada Park Cemetery, Grave reference number 1. B. 27.

The Brecon and Radnor Express

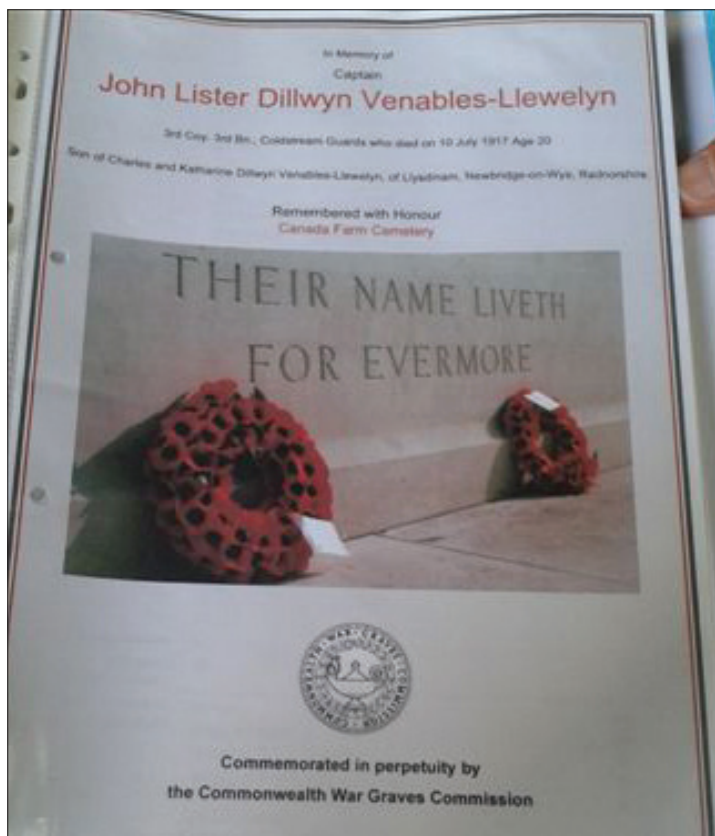
THURSDAY 27 SEPTEMBER 1917

Local News: HAY: News has been received that Private Frank H ANTHONY, son of Mrs Mary Anthony of Clyro, has been killed in France. A letter sent by A C NEALE, Captain, said that Gunner Anthony had been killed instantaneously by a shell on the 12th September [1917]. Captain Neale, after expressing his deepest sympathy, told Mrs Anthony that many of the

deceased's friends were due to attend his funeral during that afternoon.

The Brecon and Radnor Express

THURSDAY 4 OCTOBER 1917



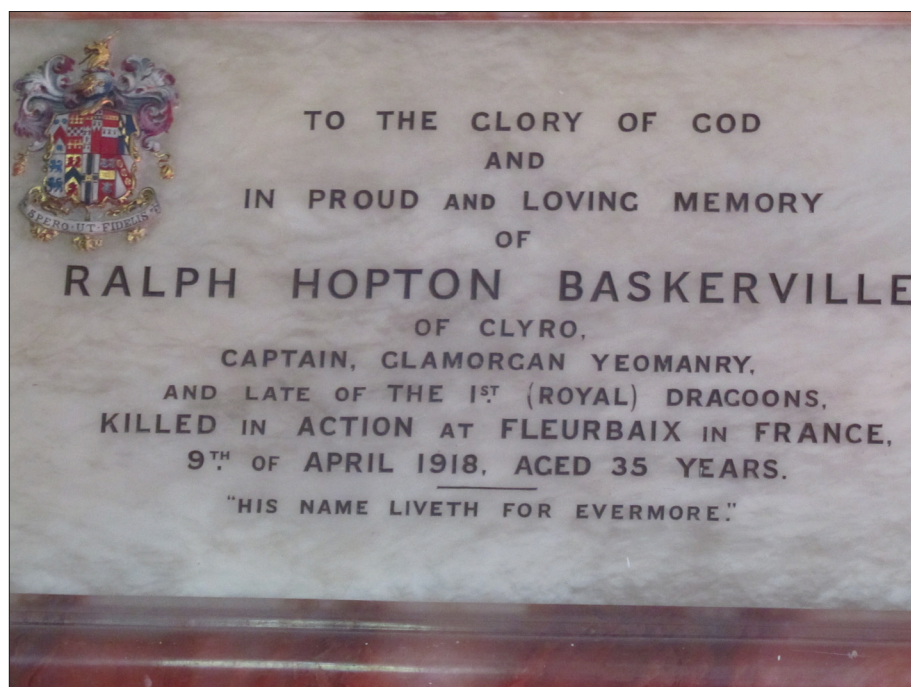
The Book of Remembrance at Newbridge on Wye church, open at the page honouring John Lister Dillwyn Venables-Llewelyn

HAY News: A service to the memory of Gunner F H ANTHONY, (son of Mrs Anthony at Clyro) who was killed in France in September was held at the Parish Church, Clyro, on Sunday afternoon at 3pm. Gunner Anthony had attended this church from a lad and a large congregation assembled to pay their last respects to the fallen hero.

Canon GRIFFITHS officiated.

Gunner F H Anthony, of Royal Garrison Artillery, Service No 121976, is buried in Bard Cottage Cemetery, Grave IV. G. 40.

Information compiled by Teresa Williams; Newbridge on Wye photos by Val Dixon



Captain Ralph Hopton Baskerville of the Glamorgan Yeomanry was killed on 9 April 1918, a victim of the Germans' Spring Offensive. Capt Baskerville, of Clyro Court, was 35 and a magistrate for Radnorshire. He has no known grave but his name is on the Ploegsteert Memorial (UK Panel One) at Hainaut in Belgium. The Memorial lists 11,383 casualties. This marble memorial is to be found in Clyro church

[illegible]

The Altitudes are given in feet above the Approxi



DORSTONE

LAT. 52° 4'

Here XXXI. S.

Northern or Leominster Division
DORSTONE

Southern or Ross Division
DORSTONE

Northern or Leominster Division XXXVII. N.W. Southern or Ross Division CRASWALL MICHAELCHURCH ESCLEY

Scale — Six Inches to One Statute Mile or 880 Feet to One Inch — 1/10560
5280 Feet 1 Mile
Price Is. 10 Chains 5 0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 Chains 1 Mile
40 Perches 20 0 40 80 120 160 200 240 280 320 Perches

1887
Plans and Published at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.

Here. Sheet XXXI.
Breck Sheet XVIII.

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| N.W. | N.E. |
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Mean Water at Liverpool, those indicated thus (B.M. 54.7) refer to Marks made on Buildings, Walls, &c.



Links with the past – the Watkins–Morgan connexion

The continuity of the families of Kilvert's world is brought out strongly by EVA MORGAN whose people have been involved with New Farm, Bredwardine, ever since Little Davie and his family left there for Old Weston in the mid 1870s

THE Davies family, David and Margaret (née Havard who married at Dorstone in July 1862) and their children Andrew, born at Dorstone c1865, and Lilla, moved to New Farm, Bredwardine, sometime between Lilla's birth, shown as at Clifford, in October 1866 and Margaret's in October 1868, to be followed by 'Little Davie' born at New Farm in December 1870.

The 1871 Census shows David aged 36, agricultural labourer, born at Llyswen, with his wife Margaret aged 31, born at Michaelchurch (now Michaelchurch-on-Arrow), Kingston, (but by 1841 of Llanigon), Andrew 6, Lilla 5, Margaret 2 and David 3 months living at New Farm. A third daughter, and fifth child, Ruth was born there in May 1873.

Another family, named Ireland, lived in part of the house shown as a separate dwelling, which, as can be clearly seen from the photograph on page 309, could have easily have been so.

Between 1873 and 1876 the family moved to Old Weston, a much larger house then than it is now. It was at some time in the 1700s the home of George Jarvis, whose bequest to the local parishes founded the Jarvis Charity. Sadly Little Davie died there on 23 December 1878 10 days after his 8th birthday of meningitis, certified by Dr Peter Giles Jnr as such. His father registered his death on Christmas Eve 1878. Kilvert wrote very movingly in the *Diary* (vol iii, p441-446) of his visit that day to the sad home, of meeting David Davies, the shepherd, at the Weston, on his way to order the coffin and to mark out the spot in the churchyard for the grave. (He probably registered the death with the village registrar on his journey.) Kilvert had been wrongly informed that it was Andrew who had died.

Davie's father was distressed and indignant as he felt the child's life had been thrown away by some mistake of the doctor. (Sadly children still die of meningitis in this 21st century, despite all the advances in medical knowledge). Kilvert went on to be greeted by Margaret Davies, whose *humble gratitude* to him for visiting touched him greatly. Kilvert and Davie's mother went upstairs

to see the child, when he *never saw death look so beautiful.... The pretty innocent child face looked as peaceful and natural as if the child were asleep and the dark curls lay upon the little pillow. I could hardly believe he was dead.* Kilvert goes on to describe how he and the mother knelt beside the bed to pray and that both stooped and kissed the child's forehead, *cold and as hard as marble.* It brought

back a vivid memory of his being told to touch the tiny hand of his dead little sister, 30 years before. Margaret Davies described what Davie had seen and heard as he lay dying: *pretty children dancing in a beautiful garden and heard some sweet music, seen beautiful birds, the men of the Weston (who were to carry him through snow to his funeral) and imagined his sister, Margaret throwing ice and snow on him.*

At 2.15pm on Christmas Day (following morning service and lunch with his sister, Dora, at The Cottage as guests at their *special desire* of the Misses

Newton), Kilvert returned to church for the funeral on a cold, dark Christmas afternoon of *snow, driving in blinding clouds and the walking tiresome*, making the funeral 20 minutes late. *I asked the poor mourners into the Rectory to rest and warm themselves but they would not and went into church. The poor father, David Davies the shepherd, was crying bitterly for the loss of his little lamb.* The family stayed for the afternoon service when Kilvert, preaching on Luke ii verse 7, 'There was no room for them in the inn,' *connected the little bed in the churchyard in which we had laid Davie to rest to the manger cradle at Bethlehem.*

On 3 January 1879, Kilvert visited Old Weston and Margaret Davies. He comforted her, and found *her humble gratitude and delight at what she considered to be a great favour found most affecting.* He shared a cup of tea with the children. A month's end (memorial) service was arranged for the following Sunday afternoon when he *would speak a few words about the child.*

On 17 February Kilvert records that *Dear Margaret Davies was profuse in her gratitude for the lines in the 'Hereford Times' (presumably written by Kilvert) on Little Davie and told me she*



Bredwardine in 1887. New Farm is towards the bottom left corner, beyond Crafta Webb. Old Weston is towards the top in the middle, a few fields from the river Wye



Benjamin and Margaret Watkins, my mother's grandparents, are seated on the right with her brother, his wife and their family

had asked Mr Horden of the Hay to print off some copies on cards to be framed and glazed. We agreed that a monumental cross should be put up in Bredwardine Churchyard to Little Davie. Within the month, 13 March 1879, with mention of snow still on the Black Mountains, we have the last known entry in Kilvert's *Diary*.

On 20 August Francis Kilvert married Elizabeth Rowland of Woodstock, Oxfordshire. Sadly a month later he died and was buried near 'Little Davie' with a similar white cross being erected above the grave.

It may be worth noting that my father always called the town 'the Hay' as had Margaret Davies. Also that a family of a shepherd could or would afford glazed memorial cards and a marble memorial cross. May Kilvert have contributed in some way? He, as did the family, seemed exceptionally fond of the little boy.

David Davies, Davie's father, died at The Green, Bredwardine in May 1890. Margaret, his mother, lived on there until at least the 1891 Census and is shown as school cleaner living at the School tenement in 1901. She died at the home of her daughter, Margaret and her husband, Reuben Preece, at Little Pound, Newent, in May 1933 aged 95. David and Margaret Davies are buried at Bredwardine near their little son.

The Abberley girls of Upper Cwm, of whom there is much mention in volume iii, were a little older than the Davies children but would probably have known the family. Sarah Abberley (born 1859) became the second wife of my grandfather, William Morgan of Old House, Bredwardine. She died in 1906 and is buried beside her step-daughter, Esther Annie Gladys and her mother, Naomi, near to Kilvert and 'Little Davie'.

Previous Census Records for New Farm

1841 The reproduction of the form is very faint and difficult to read. There appear to be 4 families listed at New Farm, all agricultural labourers and their families. Was this the use for which the large, gaunt house was built, maybe around this time?

1851 No record found. Crafta Webb, the now lost village, appears on many pages, as do houses on Merbach Hill.

1861 Richard, 39, agricultural labourer, born Colva and Elizabeth, 38, born Brilley, Williams and his nephew (undecipherable) Jones, 4, born Ploughfield.

1871 David Davies and his family

1881 shows New Farm still being used to house the families of, maybe, estate workers or those for neighbouring farms. John Lucas, 50, agricultural labourer, born Llanbister; his wife, Martha, 46, born Hay, and his niece Mary Ann Price, 12, scholar, born Byton.

In the separate part of the house, as in the Davieses' days at New Farm were: James Ireland, 32, agricultural labourer, born Michaelchurch: his wife, Emily, 31, born Longtown and children, Jonathon, 10, scholar, born Merthyr, Glamorgan, Emily, 4, born Preston-on-Wye and Anne, 1, born Bredwardine.

The Watkins family, formerly of Llandilo Graban and Cregrina, Radnorshire and of New Farm c1896 - late 1930s.

In 1878 my maternal grandmother, Mary Anne, was born, as

their 5th child and 4th daughter, to Benjamin and Margaret (née Samuel of Disserth, near Llandrindod) Watkins at Brynrydd, Llowes. The family's stay there was short, the older children being born by 1868 in Rhulen (Llywn Farm) and for the 1871 Census, Margaret in 1875 and Mary Anne in 1878 at Llowes with Ada and Albert born at Llan-elieu before the 1881 Census.

Their youngest son Albert Robert was born at Sychnant, Llanellieu, Talgarth, in 1886, soon after which they spent some years at Pentrecoyd, Brilley, for the 1891 Census and the marriage of daughter Margaret to Thomas Boore Prosser at Brilley in 1895. By the time of the 1901 Census they were at New Farm, Bredwardine. My mother always thought that they had spent what must have been a very short time (not unusual when almost all farms were tenanted on large estates) at The Crowe Farm, Willersley, near Eardisley, but I have no record of this. The large family now fill the whole house and it is a separately farmed tenancy, on the Moccas Estate.

In 1892, their former neighbour at Upper Bridge Court, Brilley, William Morgan, had been widowed by the death of his first wife, Elizabeth (née Mills, the Watkinses' step-niece, stepdaughter of Sarah, second wife of David Mills of Cathedine, Breconshire, and a daughter of Benjamin and Margaret) 7 months after the birth of their baby son, John Thomas Morgan, who had died aged 4 months. He was now their neighbour again at Bredwardine with the little 3-year-old daughter Elizabeth had left. That little girl, Esther Annie Gladys Morgan, was born on 21 March 1889 at Cusop.

William Morgan, widower, of Old House, Bredwardine, aged 36, and Sarah Abberley, aged 34, of 25 or 26 St Owens Street, Hereford, were married by licence at St Peter's Church, Hereford (recorded in the parish records of the parish of St Owen), on 5 February 1894. He, a farmer, was the son of James Morgan (deceased of Llandilo Graban), farmer, and she was the daughter of William Abberley, of Bredwardine, retired farmer. The witnesses were John Morgan and Selina Matilda Morgan, the bridegroom's brother and sister. All of them signed the register in their own handwriting.

The 1841 Census of Bredwardine has no record of any Abberleys in Bredwardine but by 1851, William Abberley, aged 30, an agricultural labourer, born at Old Radnor c1811 and Naomi, his wife aged 28, born Llanbister c1813, were of Dolvach, Bredwardine. Sarah was baptised at Bredwardine Church on 15 April 1859, the daughter of William Abberley, labourer, and his wife Naomi, of Botterell, Bredwardine. They were at Upper Cwm, Bredwardine, for the 1871 and 1881 Censuses.

Naomi, whose age and birthplace were sometimes incorrectly recorded, was born c1821 and died aged 53 and was buried at Bredwardine on 8 November 1874, just in front of where Kilvert's grave would in a few years time be placed. At this time Kilvert was still his father's curate at Langley Burrell. Naomi's daughter,

Sarah, the second wife of my grandfather, William Morgan, of Old House, was buried next to her on 8 July 1906, in the same grave as her stepdaughter, William and Elizabeth's daughter, Esther Annie Gladys Morgan, who had died 28 November 1905 only months before the death of Sarah herself. Their death certificates may show a similar illness leading to both deaths occurring only 6 months apart.



The Old Weston (photo Ann Dean), a smaller house than it was once. Below, a more distant view. Little Davie's family moved there from New Farm between 1873 and 1876



Nearly thirty years previously, on 6 September 1878 Kilvert wrote in his *Diary* (volume iii, p416] of calling in at the then home of the Abberleys, when *I came down by the Upper Cwm and had a long pleasant talk with nice Sarah Abberley, who was neatly dressed, waiting in a clean bright tidy kitchen to give her father his tea when he came in.* Sarah's sisters are mentioned on several other occasions in that period as listed below:

In vol iii, p367 we are told that the Abberley girls' father would not let them attend his cottage lecture at Crafta Webb (the lost village on Bredwardine Hill the subject of recent excavations and a film).

On p372, vol iii Lizzie Abberley recalls a visit by Kilvert with the Housemans of Bredwardine Vicarage to Bredwardine School during his Clyro days.

And p376-7 carries a long description of a visit to Upper Cwm by Kilvert on Saturday 2 March 1878 when he mentions Annie Abberley reminding him that she was a house parlour maid at Pont Vaen when he was at Clyro and later she was at Whitney Rectory and then with the Housemans at Bredwardine Rectory.

On p444, vol iii Lizzie Abberley tells Kilvert on 26 December, the day after the burial of 'Little Davie', that there is an idea in Bredwardine that three deaths generally happen together.

On 21 January 1909 aged 52 and having been widowed twice and lost both his children, William Morgan married Mary Ann Watkins, aged 31.

Mary Ann was the daughter of his long-time neighbour, at Brilley and Bredwardine, Mr Ben Watkins, of New Farm, Bredwardine, and his wife Margaret, née Samuel. Mary Ann became William's third wife; witnesses were her brother Albert Watkins and his cousin (and Mary Ann's brother-in-law) David Smith Lloyd. My mother remembered hearing that my great-grandmother, Margaret Watkins, went from New Farm to Old House to make the butter when Sarah, William's second wife, was ill; and later her daughter, Mary Ann, helped out there after Sarah's death and eventually she married William whom she had known since her childhood Brilley days.

After the marriage in 1917 of their elder son, also Benjamin, the older couple moved down to The Prospect, a cottage on the lane up to Old House where they died in ripe old age in 1927 and 1931. Ben's wife, Margaret, née Hancox of The Pentre, suffered mental ill health after the death of several babies and was

admitted to Burghill Mental Hospital where she died maybe in 1940 aged 53. Their two surviving daughters were brought up by a Mrs Wood at Benfield Farm, near the bottom of Bredwardine Hill. The family lost contact with them in later years. Ben died at Dolvach in 1935.

William and Mary Ann had three daughters:

1910 (Mary) Ella was born. She married c1942 George Wall, they had an adopted daughter, Shirley b1944 and son, Tony, about two years younger. After her death George married his housekeeper and had at least one daughter, Eva, c1960.

1911 Margaret (Annie) was born. She married (David) George Watkins June 1941. They had two daughters, Eva (Ann) in 1942 (myself), and (Georgina) Mary in 1944.

Margaret died aged 70 in February 1982 and George aged 80 in 1988 and are buried at Peterchurch near his parents and brother Thomas.

And in 1916 Dorothy Elizabeth was born. She married Horace Broad in 1955. They had no children. He died aged 91. William was buried in the new graveyard at Bredwardine in 1929 where Mary Ann joined him in 1942. Their daughter Ella was buried near by (aged 45) in 1955 and the ashes of Dorothy (aged 91) interred in William and Mary Ann's grave in 2007 when a new stone was erected carrying their names and dates and those of Horace Broad.

The Morgans of New Farm late 1930s – the present day

In about 1938 New Farm was purchased from Ben Watkins for £2,100 by John and Vera (née Haines of Snodhill Court) Morgan of The Llan Farm, Dorstone, neighbours on the Dorstone side of Dorstone Hill. They never lived there, renting from May 1940, as tenants on the Garnstone Estate, Chadnor Court, Dilwyn, to which they and their eight sons moved. Their 8th child,

a daughter, (Vera Elizabeth) Ann had died of diphtheria in the previous December, aged 4½ years. I (Eva Ann Watkins, of Penllan, Peterchurch), married (Reginald) Brian, their 8th son and 9th child, on 8 June 1960. We had two sons, David (John), still after over 100 years of family occupation, farming the Watkins (that is my father's Watkins family originating in the Olchon Valley) farm at Penllan, Peterchurch, and Glyn (Ian), has become chief executive of Hereford Cathedral Perpetual Trust. David has two daughters aged 23 and 21 as at June 2014.



The photograph of New Farm is from the early 20th century. The couple standing on each side of the fence are probably Benjamin and Margaret Watkins, my mother's grandparents. Below, a more recent view (photo Beryl Claybrooke)



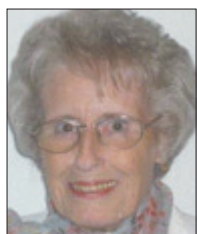
Until after John's death in January 1957, New Farm was largely let to neighbours, the Walkers of Penny-moor, Dorstone, with a lesser portion to John's brother, Percy, who followed them to The Llan. Since then it has been farmed by Vera and her 5th son, Elwyne, at which time they relinquished the tenancy of Chadnor Court, and took up that of her old home, Snodhill Court, Dorstone, (first tenanted by her father from the Prosser Powells of Dorstone, in 1908) on the retirement of her brother Price Haines.

The house he and his wife retired to in Peterchurch (first purchased by his father, Roger Haines, in 1922 and sold a few years later, for use as Peterchurch Vicarage until being repurchased by his son, in 1955) is now the home of our son Glyn. Since Vera's death, aged nearly 87, in January 1985, New Farm has been owned and farmed by Elwyne, who lives at Snodhill Court, and

his two sons Philip and Simon. Philip, his partner and daughter live there and his sister and her sons, in a converted barn belonging to the farm, in a field lower down the side of Bredwardine Hill.

So since the Davies family left New Farm for Old Weston, until the present day, my family and that of my husband have been involved with New Farm for almost all of those 136 years!

The writer is indebted to Beryl Claybrooke's article in Journal 22



Read all about it – What The Papers Said

TERESA WILLIAMS continues her series of contemporary reports in the press about people connected to the Diary. Appropriately this time – following our Commemorative Service at Clyro in June – there is a bias towards the village that brought tears to Kilvert's eyes to leave

Radnorshire Standard & Llandrindod Wells Gazette

WEDNESDAY 20 FEBRUARY 1901

DEATH of CAPTAIN CRICHTON in SOUTH AFRICA

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Captain J E T CRICHTON of Wye Cliff, Clyro near Hay. The deceased officer who was in the Manchester Regiment, Mounted Infantry Company, was wounded at Schwartz Kopjes on the 12th February and died at Belfast, S.A., two days later. Captain Crichton was the youngest son of the late Mr Benyon Crichton, J.P., D.L., and Mrs Crichton.



The memorial brass to Captain Crichton in Clyro church

The late Captain Crichton was a very promising officer and his early but gallant death is much regretted throughout the district. He joined the 1st Manchester in 1896 and was gazetted Captain last September and was mentioned in despatches lately, when the 19th Hussars were surprised in a night attack on November 6th and would probably have suffered severely if they had not been well supported by the Manchester Infantry under Captains BAIDYFORD and

CRICHTON. He went out to South Africa with his regiment in August 1899 and went through the Ladysmith siege, his regiment being encamped on Caesar's Camp.

Much sympathy is felt for the relatives in their sad bereavement.

The Radnorshire Standard

WEDNESDAY 25 JANUARY 1905

MARRIAGE of the REVEREND W L CRICHTON:

On January 12th at St Jude's Church, South Kensington, London, by the Reverend Canon BECK, Vicar of Roath, Cardiff, assisted by the Reverend A PERRY, Evelyn Alice IND, elder daughter of the late Major Ind, R.A., and of Mrs Ind of Collingham Road, South Kensington to the Reverend W Llewelyn CRICHTON, Vicar of Bayford, Hertfordshire, son of the late Henry Benyon Crichton JP, and of Mrs Crichton of Wye Cliff, Hay.

The ceremony took place at 2.15pm and was fully choral. The choir preceded the wedding party up the aisle, singing, 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden,' and 'Thine for Ever.' The bride who was given away by her brother, Mr A Ind, wore a white silk gown, veiled with chiffon and trimmed with flowers of old lace and pearl embroidery. Her veil was of tulle and covered a wreath of orange blossom and she wore a turquoise, pearl and diamond pendant, the gift of the bridegroom's mother. The bridesmaids were Miss Liliias Ind (the sister of the bride), Miss Crichton and Miss Elinor Crichton, sisters of the bridegroom, and Miss Margaret HORNBY.

Their dresses were of cream taffeta silk, with long chiffon fichus and deep red velvet belts, and they wore large red straw hats tied with red velvet strings. The bridegroom's presents to them were bouquets of red carnations and asparagus fern and garnet and pearl pendants. The Reverend the Hon. R DALRYMPLE was 'Best Man.'

A reception was held after the ceremony by Mrs Ind at 9, Collingham Road, South Kensington and later the Reverend W L and Mrs Crichton left for Mainsail Haul, Dorset, lent by Mrs ASHTON for the honeymoon. The bride travelled in a costume of navy blue cloth and a blue straw hat with a shaded ostrich feather.

Among invited guests were Sir John and Lady LLEWELYN, Mr and Mrs C D VENABLES LLEWELYN, Colonel and Mrs HORNBY, etc. During the ceremony the bells of Clyro Church, Radnorshire, were rung in honour of the occasion.

Presents to the bride from the bridegroom: gold half-hunter watch, diamond and sapphire ring and an amethyst ring. From Mrs Crichton the pendant and a 'Singer' sewing machine. Colonel and Mrs Hornby – a ruby and diamond ring: Mrs Ind, a cheque and furs: Mrs Sandys Thomas

– handkerchieves: the Misses Thomas, silver hatpin cushion: Colonel Thomas – a silver photograph frame: another silver hatpin cushion from Mrs and the Misses Mildred.

To the bridegroom from the bride: silver flask and a book. From Mr and Mrs H Morrell – silver tea spoons in case: from Sir John and Lady Llewelyn, a cheque: Miss Crichton and Miss Elinor Crichton – old Sheffield plate candelabra: servants at Wye Cliff – inkstand: from the villagers at Bayford, Herts., a clock: Bayford School teachers and school children – pair of bronze figures and a sardine dish. Mr Allen H Crichton – a cheque. The household at Bayford – pair of brass candlesticks. There were many more presents given to the Reverend and Mrs Crichton.

The Radnorshire Standard

WEDNESDAY 15 FEBRUARY 1905

CLYRO PRESENTATION:

The good people of Clyro are warm-hearted and quick to find an opportunity to give expression to their feelings. It was only a few weeks ago that the Reverend W L CRICHTON – son of Mrs Crichton of Wye Cliff, and Vicar of Bayford, Hertfordshire, entered into the matrimonial state. This seemed to

the parishioners a most fitting time to show in a tangible form, their great respect of the Reverend W L Crichton and also of the family of Wye Cliff. A committee was formed with Mr R P BISHOP as Chairman, to arrange for a suitable wedding gift. Last Thursday week the presentation took place at Clyro and in the unavoidable absence of the Chairman of the committee, the Reverend T F MACFARLANE, Vicar, took the chair. He referred in very feeling terms to the late Mr Crichton and to Mrs Crichton and to other members of that amiable family. He mentioned the many deeds of kindness which had come from that quarter to the parishioners and wished to make it known how much they appreciated such spontaneous efforts in doing good to their fellow men. Some time ago he had much pleasure in exchanging duties with the Reverend W L Crichton, but he had no idea how he was spending his spare time, but now they all know that he had spent it well and wisely by winning a bride whom they were all so proud to know. Mr DAVIES of Boatside then rose to make the presentation – a Silver Salver with the following inscription:

'Presented to the Reverend W L Crichton on the occasion of his Marriage By the Parishioners of Clyro, 1905.'

Mr Davies spoke in very eulogistic terms of all the members of the family and how fervently they – as parishioners – wished the Bride and Bridegroom all the joy and happiness that they as human beings could enjoy. The Reverend W L Crichton returned his best thanks for their beautiful present, and for the kind thoughts which had prompted such a gift. He could not help feeling that it was more or less through his mother that he received this very acceptable gift – his mother's light seemed to be reflected upon him. He would, however, take care that the present should not remain at Wye Cliff but should grace his own home at Bayford – there to be a continual remembrance to him and his wife of their great kindness to all members of his family.

Brecon County Times

THURSDAY 18 OCTOBER 1928

The Late Mrs CRICHTON:

The death occurred at Dorstone Rectory, Herefordshire on Wednesday night, the 10th instant at the age of 90 years of Mrs Emma Charlotte CRICHTON,



formerly of Wyeclyff, Clyro, the widow of Henry Benyon Crichton and sister of the late Sir John Talbot Dillwyn LLEWELYN, Bart., of Penllergaer, Swansea. Her husband, who pre-deceased her 40 years, was a personal friend of the late King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, travelling with him on one occasion in the Holy Land.

There were five sons and four daughters of the marriage – Reverend W Llewelyn Crichton, vicar of Llyswen: Mr Allan Crichton and Mr Bertram Crichton of British Columbia: Lieutenant Llewelyn Crichton, R.N., who died 33 years ago: Captain John Crichton of the Manchester Regiment, killed in the South African War: Mrs G H POWELL, wife of the Reverend G H Powell, rector of Dorstone: Mrs H A CHRISTY wife of Captain H A Christy of Llangoed, Llyswen, and two daughters who died in infancy.

In her day the deceased was an enthusiastic archer and with her husband was a member of the Wyeclyff Bowmen. She was a co-opted member of the Hay Board of Guardians for many years and resided at Wyeclyff. She was also an enthusiastic supporter of the Church in every way and was especially interested in the work of the Girls' Friendly Society. After her children left her she went

The grave (left) of Henry Benyon and Emma Charlotte Crichton at Clyro, who died 40 years apart. The low headstone on its right marks that of their daughters Lily, 7, and Madeleine, 5. Railings and a white cross have disappeared



to reside with her eldest daughter at Dorstone Rectory.

An APPRECIATION

'Mrs Crichton of Wyeclyff' is a title that has won the affection of all in the district for half a century. She came as a bride to Wyeclyff, winning hearts by her sweet sympathy and cheeriness with all. Such she remained through the long years of married life and 40 years of widowhood. Her enduring popularity was won by her hospitality, her skill in sport and art, her knowledge and love of gardening, but surpassing all, her devotion to the poor, the sick and the depressed. How many bless her memory for her work as a Guardian and for the work she did for the mothers through the Mothers

'A pretty picture of Mrs Henry Crichton'

The *Diary* opens with Francis Kilvert in London. On 27 January 1870 he dined at Mr Arthur Crichton's, 11 Eaton Place. It is the first mention of the Crichton family. While at 11 Eaton Place he noticed *a pretty picture of Mrs Henry Crichton of Wye Cliff, with little Lily* (right).

Member Rita McVittie, whose mother was a Crichton, told in *Journal* 19 how one of the nine Wye Cliff children, Elinor (Nell), married Archibald Christy and settled at Llangoed Hall, between Crickhowell and Brecon.

'It is a very grand house rebuilt by Clough Williams-Ellis at the beginning of the twentieth century,' she wrote, 'and as a child during the Second World War I remember running up and down the long corridors which were lined with grand pictures. A picture which always caught my eye was of a beautiful lady with a skein of wool in her hands and a little girl with a chestnut-leaf. Later on I was told this was my great grandmother with Lily.'

'After great-aunt Nell died (well into her nineties) the house was finally sold to Laura Ashley. The question of the paintings was raised – many far too big for your average house – and the portrait of Emma Charlotte with Lily was given to the National Library of Wales.

'There was an inventory made when the Crichtons left Wye Cliff (I believe it was only rented) and an item is as follows: Portrait [in oils, 1866] of Emma and Lily Crichton by [George R] Chapman – £74.00, frame £11.14sh, total £85.14sh.'

The portrait now hangs at Swansea Museum



Union and for the Girls' Friendly Society. This sweet lady leaves in our memory a fragrance of love and joy.

THE FUNERAL

The remains of Mrs Crichton were laid to rest besides those of her husband and her two infant daughters in the picturesque churchyard at Clyro, Radnorshire, on Saturday afternoon.

The service in church was conducted by the Vicar of Hay, the Reverend J J de WINTON, RD. The psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd' and the hymn, 'Jesu, lover of my Soul,' were sung, the Vicar of Clyro, the Reverend E D Perrot-Bush, being at the organ. At the grave-side the Reverend E D Perrot-Bush officiated. The coffin bore the inscription,

'Emma Charlotte Crichton, died 10 October 1928, aged 90 years'

and was carried by Messrs HARRIS, R ANTHONY, Charles LEWIS and B THOMAS.

The relatives present were – Reverend and Mrs G H POWELL (son-in-law and daughter), Captain and Mrs H A CHRISTY (son-in-law and daughter), Reverend W L and Mrs CRICHTON (son and daughter-in-law, Sir Charles and Lady VENABLES LLEWELYN

(nephew and niece), Miss Valerie CRICHTON (grand-daughter) and Major T P POWELL (Whitney-on-Wye).

Among a large number of mourners also present were the Hon Mabel BAILEY and the Hon Gwladys BAILEY (Hay Castle), Mrs S MAVROJANI (Clyro Court), Dr T E HINCKS, the Reverend W E T MORGAN, the Misses DEW, etc., etc. The grave was lined with Michaelmas daisies and many wreaths and other floral tokens of sympathy were received.

Brecon & Radnor County Times

FRIDAY 16 OCTOBER 1896

CLYRO NEWS: The death of Mr Llewelyn CRICHTON at Wye Cliff on the 6th instant has evoked many expressions of regret from those who knew him. He had a singularly sweet disposition and winning manners which endeared him not only to the family circle which now mourns his short life and early death, but to many who only casually and for a short time came under the influence of a fascinating individual.

Mr Llewelyn Crichton entered the

Royal Navy, underwent the usual training on the Britannia as a naval cadet, and as his first experience of naval life, had to face the climatic perils of the China Station. He was there, like so many more of our young sailors, prostrated with a fever from the effects of which he never entirely recovered, and to which his death at the early age of 25 years is primarily attributable.

NOTES

In September 1905 Mrs Crichton held a Garden Party at Wye Cliff for everyone who had subscribed towards the testimonial on the occasion of her son's marriage. 'There was a delightful tea with party games and various competitions for which some nice prizes were awarded. Mr DAVIES of Boatside in thanking Mrs Crichton referred to the warm regard and mutual sympathy which had always existed between Mrs Crichton and the parishioners.'

The *Diary* Index lists 18 references for the name of Mrs Crichton. Some of these simply mention her name at a dinner party or event, but others show the high regard in which Kilvert held her. At the beginning of the published *Diary*, on Tuesday 8 February 1870, (vol i, p31)

he delivers a large book I brought down for her from 11 Eaton Place. She is busy painting the walls of her room upstairs but came down to see him. Kilvert remarks *It is a real pleasure to do anything for her.*

On Monday 4 July 1870, (vol i, p169) Mr Venables loans him the dog cart for the afternoon. Mrs Kilvert was staying in Clyro and Kilvert is most likely taking his mother to visit Wye Cliff and Hay Castle. At Wye Cliff they are shown upstairs to Mrs Crichton's boudoir which she has painted blue with her own oil and water colour paintings hung on the walls. The diarist declares *This room is holy ground.* In November 1870 an edition of *The Saturday Review* published an article entitled 'Great Girls' which, Kilvert wrote, *described Mrs Crichton to the life* (vol i, p260).

On 17 August 1872 (vol ii, p248-9) he gathers a great bunch of purple heather blossoms to take to Wye Cliff to-night for Mrs Crichton. Later in the same entry he comments the heather and wild cotton are for the *Flowers of Glamorgan*, presumably an allusion to the county in which Mrs Crichton was born.

Kilvert left Clyro on 1 September 1872. At the ceremony at Clyro School, on 24 August he received a silver cup which was presented to him together

with a thin green leather book with my initials stamped in gold on the cover. On the title page Mrs Crichton had painted an exquisite picture of Clyro Church and School and illuminated an address and subscribers' names. (vol ii, p251).

Miss Newton held a picnic in Moccas Park after a *sumptuous luncheon* at her house on Friday 30 August 1872. Mrs Crichton was at the picnic and after tea sketched *the scene of our gipsy party.* Kilvert said goodbye to Mrs Crichton and writes in his *Diary, Perhaps I shall never see her again. Well, God bless and keep her always* (vol ii, p254).

On the 10 July 1878, Kilvert expresses his delight at seeing Mrs Crichton at another picnic in the deer park at Moccas. *Dear Mrs Crichton from Wye Cliff was there, the great pleasure of the day.* (vol iii, p402).

Emma Charlotte's home before marriage was Penllergare House near Swansea. She was born there in 1837. Her parents were John Dillwyn Llewelyn and Emma Thomasina (nee Talbot). Emma Thomasina was a cousin of Henry Fox Talbot of Lacock which led to her husband's interest in photography. The house was demolished in the 20th century after standing derelict. Council offices were built on the site and an

estate of houses was erected in part of the garden, and finally the M4 link to Swansea cut across the top of the estate.

In 2000 The Penllergare Trust was formed to save the woodlands, walled garden and an observatory. A very good website, under the Trust's name, has many interesting links showing historic and modern photographs of the area with information of the work in progress. One link 'J.D.L's Album' has some photographs of Emma's parents and siblings in the 1850s. It is possible to roam around a map of the estate as it was in its heyday bringing up photographs taken by Sir John with at least one watercolour by Emma Crichton. (The Library of Swansea Museum website also has a collection of John Dillwyn Llewelyn's photographs).

John Llewelyn (1810-1882) was a founder member of the Photographic Society, later the Royal Photographic Society. He built an Observatory for his eldest daughter, Thereza, and they took the first known photograph of the moon. Thereza (1834-1926) was interested in scientific experiments with plants etc, and prepared a paper but was unable to present it at a meeting, being a woman.

Thereza and Emma's brother, John Talbot, became the 1st Baronet in 1890 and died in 1927.



At the end of the KS walk around Clyro on 29 June, writes Mary Steele (left), I had a stroll around the churchyard looking for the graves of Lily and Madeleine Crichton, whose deaths as small children Kilvert records in his diary. I was looking for two grave memorials, one, I thought, carved with a lily. Two other members of our group, looking in a very overgrown area,

found a plinth on which we could make out the names of the two girls. Further digging along the grave sides with our feet revealed stone coping with inscriptions on each side:

'My beloved has gone down into his garden to gather lilies' [from the *Song of Solomon*]. 'He shall gather the lambs with his arms' [this, with the sentence completed 'and gather them in his bosom' also appears on the restored grave of Davie of the Weston at Bredwardine].

I remembered Kilvert describing a memorial and thought Madeleine had died first. With the aid of the index in the three volume edition, and *Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary*, I saw that I was mistaken. Lily died, aged 7, on 18 October 1872. Kilvert, making a return visit to Clyro, wrote on 24 March 1874 (vol ii, p428):

I went into the Churchyard and stood by Lily Crichton's grave. It is marked by a beautiful white marble cross upon which is carved the touching emblem of a drooping lily broken from its parent stem. A wreath of flowers hung over the cross and some more flower wreaths lay upon the turf within the little enclosure framed by the marble coping and low iron railings. In the summer time a tall lily grows at the foot of the grave.



Less than four months after this visit, Madeleine died aged 5 on 12 July. Kilvert recorded this during a visit to Clyro on 12 September (vol iii, p80):

There are two little twin sister graves now in Clyro Churchyard where Lily and Madeleine Crichton sleep side by side. If any addition was made to the memorial beyond inscribing Madeline's name (apparently spelt thus), there is no sign of it, the cross having disappeared, as have the railings.

TERESA WILLIAMS writes that in the *Brecon & Radnor Express* for 9 July 1931 an article by Canon W E T Morgan entitled 'Clyro' mentions that in Clyro church items on the altar were given by Henry Crichton in memory of their two little daughters.



Time-travelling along Herefordshire lanes

A chance find in a second-hand bookshop set RICHARD DOBSON off on a journey of discovery around Herefordshire that left him musing about 'what if' the Victorian literary traveller Henry Timmins, in whose footsteps he was walking, had met and known Francis Kilvert

HOW honoured I feel to have become a member of the Society so long after 'discovering' Francis Kilvert for the first time in July 2005. It was on the occasion of my first visit ever to Bredwardine, one of many which would follow while I was writing my book *In My Own Time*, a personal account of an unforgettable journey I made on foot through Herefordshire.

I had chosen the Red Lion Hotel in Bredwardine as a base for the section of my walk from Monnington to Hay. I had read somewhere beforehand of Kilvert's 'gnarled grey old men' of Moccas and become intrigued by such an emotive description of a few old trees. When I eventually saw those fabulous ancient oaks, curiosity to know more of the Diarist overwhelmed me, even more so after later seeing the ghostly white cross marking his grave in St Andrew's churchyard.

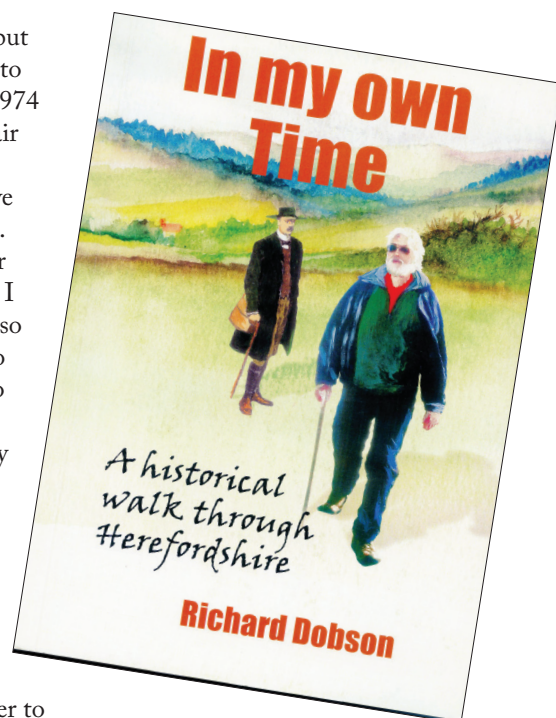
Bredwardine eventually became a favourite spot from which to explore that beautiful area enclosed between a more gentle part of the river Wye and a challenging scramble up Merbach Hill. I will remember always my first sight of the impressive views from the summit of Merbach west to the mountains of southern Wales and east down the Golden Valley, the eye-catching spread of spring-grown rape seeming to justifying the valley's title. The origins of the name 'Golden' have long been argued as the result of confusion by the Normans. They referred to the river which runs through the valley as 'D'or', French for 'of gold', after hearing that the Welsh referring to it with the similar sounding 'Dwr', meaning 'water'. Trivial though that may seem, I prefer the modern visible seasonal explanation.

The Red Lion is a popular hotel for fishing folk and after spending time watching them at their sport from the river bank, some of them became part of my story. As did Robert Francis Kilvert. I took time out to read extracts from his diaries as well as Frederick Grice's compelling book *Francis Kilvert and His World*. At the time, I was concerned that Kilvert's emerging power over me would seriously undermine my involvement with another Victorian writer, Henry Thornhill Timmins, whose footsteps I was attempting to follow around Herefordshire. When I eventually published *In My Own Time* the Kilvert influence became obvious with his appearance, or at least a caricature of a Victorian man he resembles, alongside my own on the front cover. The figure of course is meant to be Timmins but as there is no known picture of him my cover artist used a little creative imagination.

That was ten years or so ago now. My perambulation is long completed and the book published.

I live near Bristol but since my first visit to Herefordshire in 1974 I've had a long affair with that beautiful county, and the love has remained deep. For the last quarter of my working life I was self employed so had the freedom to choose how best to use my hours, and that included many trips across the Severn Bridge.

Henry Timmins was a Birmingham man, a trained architect who gave up a professional career to develop his artistic talents. His father was a collector of watercolour paintings by the likes of David Cox and Joshua Crystall so it's not surprising that he was influenced by such fine works around him. Like me, Timmins found Herefordshire, that delightful backwater of England, so fascinating that he wrote and published *Nooks and Corners of Herefordshire* in 1892. Not only wrote, but drew it, too. His pen sketches of landscapes and buildings of the places he visited are impressive and I make no apologies for including a few of them in my own version. He occasionally made use of The Woolhope Club members to guide him on his countryside rambles but he made good use of the railways too in making his way eventually to Hay on Wye.



*The Rhydspence Inn, as depicted by Henry Timmins in the 1890s for his *Nooks and Corners of Herefordshire**

To be perfectly frank, I was not only ignorant of Kilvert when I first set out to walk through Herefordshire, I knew nothing of Timmins either and it wasn't until I came across *Nooks and Corners* in a second-hand bookshop in Ross on Wye that I discovered my *raison de le faire* to turn my daily hikes into something more ambitious. His book became my guide, his emotive descriptions my inspiration. Kilvert was already dead by the time Timmins strolled the lanes of west Herefordshire recording in his excellent sketches all that he saw as

architecturally significant. Churches in particular were a target for his trusty quill. Of Kilvert the clergyman there was never a mention though Timmins might have known of him. In 1891, the year of Timmins' Hay visit, the diaries had still to come to light but he was a close friend of Walter Pilley, mayor of Hereford and a man who knew everything Herefordian. He advised Timmins what to look out for on his rambles and it is tempting to believe that opportunities might have been taken to discover something of a popular priest in Clyro and Bredwardine but not written down.

Timmins' journey from Weobley to Hay took him via Sarnsfield churchyard, stopping to pay homage at the tomb of John Abel, the great seventeenth century builder of Herefordshire's spectacular timber framed town halls and market houses. He travelled thence to Hay via Eardisley and Clifford, avoiding Clyro. Nor was Bredwardine in his sights on leaving Hay on the Golden Valley train to Pontrilas and back to Hereford.

Kilvert's omission from Timmins' notes was most likely unavoidable, after all he was an avid recorder of historical facts and in 1891 Kilvert's time among his Clyro flock was still a relatively recent event. The lost opportunity by Timmins to visit St Andrew's church at Bredwardine was compounded by missing the great treasures at Moccas a few miles up the road. Notwithstanding the ancient tree specimens in the deer park, he might have waxed lyrical too about St Michael's church and its historical connections with the legendary Celtic monk Dubricius who is said to have built his monastery there in the sixth century. Just the kind of place Timmins usually sought and would certainly have included in his Herefordshire book had he travelled that way.

In 1898, Timmins published *Nooks and Corners of Shropshire* after another sketching tour. Along the way, he stopped to draw Conover Hall, the magnificent edifice built by Thomas Owen three hundred years before and regarded as one of the finest Elizabethan houses in Shropshire. Conover remained in the hands of the Owen family until the late 1860s when it passed to the wealthy land owning Cholmondleys before they too sold it in 1897. Timmins knew all this as he perched on his sketching stool beside the Conover stream. What he couldn't have known was that the Diarist's great-grandfather, Thomas Kilvert, had worked as steward for a previous owner inhabitant of the Hall, Letitia Barnston (she was indeed an Owen), over a century before.

It is difficult not to reflect on the historical and geographical connections of these two Victorian literary travellers, Francis Kilvert and Henry Timmins, without wondering how much more we could now know about both had they met. How fascinating it might have been had each been simultaneously a member of The Woolhope Club for example, sharing stories of their own time as they strolled along the Herefordshire lanes. Might Timmins then have written a Wiltshire addition to his *Nooks and Corners* series to coincide with Kilvert's early life? He did visit Pembrokeshire in 1895 and produced the most popular edition of his trilogy, but his later Shropshire book was his last.

Henry Thornhill Timmins died unexpectedly during a trip to his beloved Italy in 1908. During his lifetime his artistic achievements were modest and his time as a writer for the monthly *English Illustrated Magazine* was equally short, preferring to spend more of his time travelling.

No doubt had he lived there would have been further

fascinating discoveries of *Nooks and Corners* of old England. *'In my own time, a historical walk through Herefordshire', by Richard Dobson, is available from independent booksellers at £12.99*



The Society warmly welcomes the following new members:

Mr Richard Dobson, Backwell, Somerset

The Rev L Arthur Dominique, Tahoma, California USA

Ms Marie Mikolich, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada

Mr William Pritchard, Chester

Mr David and Mrs Sandra Reekie, South Woodford, London



JOHN TOMAN, author of *The Lost Photo Album – a Kilvert Family Story*, published by the Society, is working on a revision of the book, with additional material and a comprehensive index. Meanwhile, he has made some additional points that will interest readers:

CARTES-DE-VISITES: The Kilvert family photograph album, on which the Album book is based, consists of a number of what were known as 'cartes de visites', which were visiting cards containing photos. Their popularity was noted at the start of chapter one of the *Album* book. By 1860, they were all the rage. Evidence has been found showing that they were in use in England in 1857.

On 10 May 1875, Kilvert met a clergyman called Byrnes (the diarist spelt his name as 'Burns') on a train going to London. He found Byrnes very interesting because he could talk with him about the scientific work of the great Victorian physicist, Professor John Tyndall. I am currently editing Byrnes's *Journal* for publication, and came across this entry for 20 August 1857: 'Called on the Clanders to bid them farewell and gave them my Card for the first time. How they stared!' Clearly he took delight in being able to surprise the Clanders, a family he had met on a tour of North Devon, with this bit of the latest, fashionable technology. He gave frequent lectures on his experiences of Swiss mountains (another topic he discussed with Kilvert) and used the latest technology to present them. The latter had the same kind of mentality, as my *Kilvert's World of Wonders* demonstrates.

THE BRITISH IN INDIA

The *Album* book made frequent reference to sexual relations between British men and Indian women. One of the *Album* characters was the product of such a relationship. Reference was also made (in chapter three) to William Parsons, whose sister Anna married Kilvert's grandfather Francis, the Bath coach-builder. William worked in India as a clerk with the East India Company. When he returned to England in spring 1794, he came with his illegitimate daughter, born of his Indian mistress.

INDIA AND CHANGE

Chapter six of the *Album* book refers to Kilvert's obsessive fear of 'India's sinister power to change people'. His fear was directed towards his sister Emily, her husband and children. He was especially concerned that the children were becoming Indianised in appearance and manners through contact with their ayah and Indians in general. An element in his fear was that they would become ill or die. It was a fear that Emily shared because she brought her daughters Katie and Annie home from India and

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left them in the care of her parents at Langley Burrell from February 1872 to April 1875, and from then on the children, including new daughter Mayndie (Mary), born in June 1871, remained in England.

In her recent book, *The Fishing Fleet. Husband-Hunting in the Raj* (London, Phoenix, 2012), Anne de Courcy explained the background to decisions made with regard to their children by Anglo-Indian parents:

In the eyes of those who served the Raj, there were compelling reasons for sending their offspring home to England. To begin with, medical advice was uncompromising on this point. In 1873 Sir Joseph Frayer, whose decades of service in the Bengal Medical Service had rendered him an expert, had declared: 'It has long been known to the English in India that children may be kept in that country up to five, six or seven years of age without any deterioration, physical or moral.... But after that age, unless a few hot seasons spent in the hills should enable parents to keep their children in India until a somewhat later age, to do so is always a doubtful proceeding. The child must be sent to England, or it will deteriorate physically and morally....' As with many pronouncements from renowned doctors, it was a view which echoed through the years, despite the fact that child-mortality was actually greatest in the under-fives: British cemeteries in India are scattered with little cholera graves.

There were also pressing social reasons.... The fear that a British child might pick up the accent of, or become too friendly with, the children of Eurasians was very real in the India of the Raj.

These understandings help us to make sense of Emily's behaviour regarding her children. She returned from India in April 1875 with Mayndie and the ayah Jemima, and was reunited with Katie and Annie. On seeing them again, she declared she was *very much pleased with their appearance and manners*. In May 1875, she was house-hunting in Clifton in order to secure a home for herself and her children; Sam had remained in India. Jemima returned to India on 26 May 1875: that was the end of the children's exposure to Indian influences.

Kilvert had felt sorry for Jemima when she had to say goodbye to the children in May 1870; on that occasion she cried bitterly. Emily must have felt in need of Jemima's help during the voyage home in 1875, even though there was only Mayndie to look after, but it meant that the ayah had to endure both another painful farewell to the children and a voyage back to India alone. (Returning to England during April, meant avoiding some of India's heat; the hot season began in mid-March and temperatures usually reached 45 degrees celsius.)

Sympathy is also due to Emily because she had to endure partings from her children: she left them with her parents for

over three years during 1872-5. Again de Courcy is useful for spelling out what that meant to daughters of the Raj, who sent their children home for safety, or an English education, or to avoid Indianisation:

It posed an agonising dilemma that few could solve: whether to abandon the husband who needed them, to live in England, probably on very little money, or to stay with the husband they loved and leave the children with others. One Raj daughter wrote: 'Early or late the cruel wrench must come. One after one the babies grow into companionable children; one after one England claims them, till the mother's heart and house are left unto her desolate.'



EDWARD MORGAN, he of Cwmpelved Green, doesn't get a very good press in the *Diary*, but it is worth reading the entries in volume one (p233, 372, 379-80) to see why Kilvert was *never more mistaken or surprised*.

John Palmer, the great grandson of Edward Morgan, sent the

| 1871. Marriage solemnized in the Parish Church in the Parish of <i>Clyro</i> in the County of <i>Radnor</i> | | | | | | | | |
|---|------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------|----------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| No. | When Married. | Name and Surname. | Age. | Condition. | Rank or Profession. | Residence at the time of Marriage. | Father's Name and Surname. | Rank or Profession of Father. |
| 179 | July 5 th 1871 | Edward Morgan Caroline Wright | 26 19 | Bachelor Spinster | Labourer — | Cwmpelved Green Cwmpelved Green | Edward Watkins George Wright | Farmer Shoemaker |

Married in the *Parish Church* according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by *after Banns* by me, *R.F. Kilvert Curate*

This Marriage was solemnized between us, *The mark of Edward Morgan* in the Presence of us, *The mark of Catherine Price*



Journal a copy of Edward's marriage certificate (above) signed by RFK (who must have had his misgivings, referring to Edward's 19-year-old wife as his concubine), and photos of Edward's drinking horn, which John still has in his possession. Edward Morgan's initials can be seen on the bottom of the drinking horn.



TWO historic books have been given to the Society by Ken Snook, who used to live in The Old Rectory, Hardenhuish Lane in Chippenham.

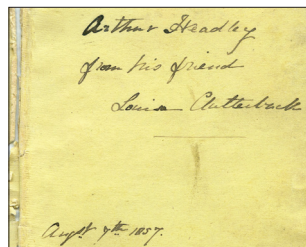
One is *The Book of Strange Preachers* at Kington St Michael. A 'strange preacher' is 'any Clergyman who is not the Incumbent, or a Licensed Curate of the church in which he officiates'. The Churchwardens, under canons 50. 52., are 'empowered to

| Date. | Say whether Morning Prayer, Evening Prayer, Sermon, or Other Office. | Hour of Service. | Name of Clergyman Officiating, with that of the Parish, if any, where he serves. | By what Bishop Licensed or Ordained. |
|-----------------------|--|------------------|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1864 | | | | |
| Nov. 6 th | Evening Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | R. F. Kilvert - Curate of Llanfyllter Church | Bishop of Gloucester & Bristol |
| Nov. 13 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 3 p.m. | R. F. Kilvert | |
| Nov. 18 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | J. J. Daniell | |
| Nov. 20 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 3 p.m. | R. F. Kilvert | Wp. Glanville - Minister |
| Nov. 21 st | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | R. F. Kilvert | |
| Nov. 22 nd | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 3 p.m. | R. F. Kilvert | Wp. Glanville - Minister |
| Nov. 27 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | R. F. Kilvert | |
| Nov. 28 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 3 p.m. | R. F. Kilvert | Wp. Glanville - Minister |
| Dec. 4 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | R. F. Kilvert | |
| Dec. 11 th | Ev. Prayer & Sermon | 10 1/2 a.m. | J. J. Daniell | |

hinder any Stranger from officiating until he shall have exhibited his License (or his Letters of Orders)'.
 The first entry records the church reopening after repairs in 1858, and the last is in 1906 (entries for the later years seem to have been less methodical). There are a number of entries in 1864 and 1865 recording Francis Kilvert as officiating (*top*).

The other book, which Mr Snook found on a shelf in an old stable at the Rectory, is a children's book of six stories entitled *Round the Fire*, by Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, published in 1856 (it is still in print). It is of interest because of a 1857 dedication to Arthur Headley 'from his friend Louisa Clutterbuck' (*above*).

Sue Rose, to whom Mr Snook sent the books, said: 'Arthur was the son of the Rev Alexander Headley who was the Rector of Hardenhuish Church from 1857-1890. I'm not too sure about Louisa Clutterbuck. She must have been related to the Hardenhuish Park family but she isn't mentioned in our *Who's Who in Kilvert's Diary*.'



The books are expected to be deposited at Chippenham Museum for restoration and safe keeping.
 Mr Snook, who is 84 and has been a member of the Society since 1988 (and a life member since 1993), also made a donation to the Society.

ON a point of style the *Journal* consulted the ever-helpful editor of the *Church Times* Paul Handley if it was ever correct to refer to a clergyman as, say, Rev Jones (the style guide of *The Times* says saying 'Rev Jones' is as great a solecism as calling Sir Bobby Charlton 'Sir Charlton').

Paul replied: 'Not sure about *The Times*, but the correct style is, indeed, 'The Rev' (we use Revd to avoid the unstopped abbreviation, though, to be pedantic it ought to be 'the Revd') for the first mention and 'Mr' thereafter (though Anglo-Catholic clergy prefer 'Fr'). It helps to think of 'reverend' as an adjective. You

won't see 'Rev Jones' or 'the Rev Jones' in the *Church Times*.

'These days, there is an additional challenge with married clergy: technically 'the Revd Tom and Anne Jones' is correct, but unenlightening: we use the clumsier 'the Revd Tom and the Revd Anne Jones'. Not 'the Revs'. He added: 'Probably not an issue in Kilvert's time.'



THE dressing of graves at Eastertide is a fine old Welsh tradition, even if its artlessness irritated Francis Kilvert. In a recent article in *The Oldie*, Sharon Griffiths (author of *The Accidental Time Traveller*) talked about the buzz when everyone would be there tending the graves. In the Valleys the date was Palm Sunday (Sul y Blodau in Welsh, Flower Sunday), but farther east and west it was more likely to be Easter Sunday.

'There's nothing like a graveyard for a good picnic,' writes Sharon. 'A flask of tea and a tin of Welsh cakes, flowers, scrubbing-brush, garden tools and away we'd go.... It took all afternoon. That's why we needed the picnic.'

She quotes an American journalist who wrote in 1884 about 'women washing and scrubbing tombs and headstones, men trimming grass and shrubs. Each step covered in moss, a root of maidenhair and primrose on each step. When Easter is late and flowers consequently numerous, the whole churchyard as we enter on Palm Sunday seems to be one mass of blossom and colour.'

Apparently there was even the scope for mischief by planting the 'wrong' flowers on an enemy's grave. The *Monmouthshire Merlin* reported in 1888 that 'due to rowdiness in the cemetery [where is not stated] on Flowering Sunday there was yesterday a strong force of police on duty.'

The cutting was sent to the *Journal* by Jeff Marshall, who will be pleased to know that at Pontypool, his old stamping ground, the graveyard on the hillside is a blaze of colour at Easter.



OUR President, whose 'Word from Wormingfold' has been a weekly fixture in the *Church Times* for more than 20 years, praised as 'one of the most elegant and thoughtful columns in British journalism', was hailed in April by *The Oldie* as 2014's Sage of the Year. The magazine then celebrated the 91-year-old Dr Blythe in its feature 'Still with us'. 'I love each day as it comes,' he is quoted as saying. 'Most people have retirement hanging over them. As an artist or writer you just go on working.'

His latest book, *The Time by the Sea*, was published by Faber in June at £15.99.



ANDY PITCAIRN, related to Dora Kilvert, who married his great grandfather James Edward Pitcairn, told the *Journal* that his brother and he always wished each other Happy Brothering Monday on the day after Mothers Day. Why? Because of the

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mysterious reference in the *Diary* to Brothering Monday in vol i, p314.

He says: 'I googled Brothering Monday in an attempt to research it, but this largely drew a blank. If anyone manages to find out more about Brothering Monday and to explain the reference, then my brother and I will be interested.'

It is rare to hear of Google being stumped, but then it hasn't heard of Sistering Tuesday, either.



ANDY PITCAIRN also mentioned that in his father's house in Claygate, Surrey, they have the beautiful original desk and chair and also the travelling writing desk, which they know



were both owned by Francis Kilvert.

He writes: My father, who is 86, recalls them in his parents' house in East Horsley, Surrey when he was growing up. He thinks that Essex Hope [Kilvert's niece] was instrumental in these desks coming to his family, presumably by inheritance.

The chair is original although refurbished.

I have memories of doing homework sitting at the desk for many years. Was I inspired in my English essay writing by the great brain of Kilvert who sat at it many years previously?



The lockable travelling writing desk is in very good condition with its original key and contains a fascinating labyrinth of secret drawers and cubby holes. This includes a small outside side drawer which can only be opened by pulling a pin device once the desk is unlocked and opened up. If you pull out that drawer completely then another hidden shelf slides down from nowhere. Two inkwells on



either side for the Kilvert quill pen.

There are some silk flowers inside and a ribbon and a small handwritten card addressed simply to 'Uncle Frank, with love from Katie'. No further clues. Nothing else in the desk. Sadly no lost parts of the *Diary* anyway!

It is lovely to think of Kilvert writing his wonderful *Diary* at each of these desks and I wonder what secrets the hidden parts of the travelling desk once contained.



ALAN BRIMSON writes: In May 2010 the Society made a memorable visit to Croft near Skegness, this being the home of Katharine Mary Heanley, 'Kathleen Mavourneen', who was formerly engaged to Francis Kilvert. Also Adelaide Maria Heanley née Cholmeley, 'Young Addie' lived here. Francis Kilvert eloquently records her marriage to Charles Heanley at Findon, Sussex, on 11 August 1874, where he met 'Kathleen Mavourneen' for the first time.

As we gathered that bright sunny morning in the churchyard of All Saints, the parish church at Croft, we were guided to the Heanley Family graves by our local distinguished member Ray Taylor, who along with the late Eva Farmery had produced the booklet *Kilvert's 'Kathleen Mavourneen'*. This had shed more light on Kilvert's connexion with Croft and his engagement, subsequently broken, to Katharine Heanley.

Here before us, in pristine white marble, was the memorial gravestone to Katharine, the picture of which graced the front cover of *Journal* 31 of September 2010 and in which our visit was recorded by Margaret Collins. Alas the memorial to 'Young Addie' lay broken and in pieces on the ground, a very sorry state of affairs, which left me much saddened, but with a determination to put this right.

'Young Addie', a great favourite and the second cousin of Francis Kilvert, is affectionately mentioned in the *Diary* on numerous occasions, following her marriage to Charles Heanley in 1874. They lived at Clough Farm, Croft, and she became the mother of three children; Eleanor Mary (4.3.1876) Montague, (baptised 25.3.1877) and Thomas Walter (26.1.1879) who lived until the age of 100. Sadly 'Young Addie' died on the 15 March 1879 from scarlet fever, in an epidemic that swept the area. She was aged just 24 and left three children under 3 years of age, the youngest barely 3 months old. Her memorial gravestone lay broken amongst the undergrowth. Surely, I thought, as custodians of the relics and memorials to those who feature prominently in Kilvert's *Diary*, the Society can remedy this situation.

On our return I sought permission, duly granted, from the committee to investigate the possibility of restoring Addie's gravestone. I discussed the issue with Ray Taylor, who was as keen as I was to make possible the restoration. He quickly contacted the funeral directors, Frank Wood & Son of Skegness, a part of the Co-op group, who had previously

restored the memorial to Katharine Heanley, and the wheels were set in motion. Little did I realise it would be nigh on four years before the project would be completed.

There then followed what I can only describe as a battle of wills to overcome the reluctance of the Church authorities to give permission for the restoration. We were passed from pillar to post and back again. Finally, after lengthy correspondence with the Archdeacon of Stow & Lindsey, approval was given for a like-for-like restoration in the same material. I was referred back to the Rector at Croft, armed with the Archdeacon's approval, he relented and at long last the project was under way.

Due to this delay, of up to three years the cost of the restoration had rocketed from our initial quotation. We now needed to raise somewhere in the region of £2,000. Our saviour came in the guise of Mr Stuart Chambers of Frank Wood & Son. Stuart, over the years, has gone more than the extra mile for the Society and following one of our more than regular telephone conversations suggested I write and submit to the Co-op group, through him, a resumé of what The Kilvert Society were all about and our thinking and reasons for the restoration project, and this I did. The Co-op group made grants for specific cases such as ours and Stuart thought we had a good chance of some financial help. True to his word the Co-op group came up trumps, leaving us now needing to raise £1,200. The committee took a



From left, Stuart Chambers, Jean Brimson, Tony Laverick, Alan Brimson, Ray Taylor and Mark Caudwell beside the newly restored memorial to 'Young Addie' at Croft, Lincs. Below, Jean sets to work to return the grave of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' to its pristine beauty



collective deep breath but agreed to go ahead.

At Croft in 2010 we had met Mark Caudwell, a local farmer and a direct descendant of the Heanleys (his mother's maiden name). Mark at the time had generously offered £500 towards the cost, but we were now four years on, so would he still be in a position to help? I am pleased to say Mark honoured his pledge and on completion of the restoration his cheque was duly received with much gratitude.

On 4 April this year Jean and I visited Croft. It was a great pleasure at last to meet Stuart Chambers in person and to be able to thank him for his unwavering support and advice,

since 2010. At the churchyard we met Stuart, Ray Taylor, who also was a great help and deserves our thanks, and our member from nearby Boston, Tony Laverick, along with Mark Caudwell. We gathered to admire the new memorial and to pay our respects to 'Young Addie'. Mission accomplished!

Near to this new pristine memorial was that of Katharine Heanley, now covered in green algae and bird droppings. We asked Stuart about cleaning the grave and he advised soap and

water would do the trick. The next day Jean and I returned armed with buckets, scrubbing brushes, detergent and with copious amounts of hot water. We donned the marigolds and set to work.

I am pleased to say The Kilvert Society now has two pristine memorials in Croft churchyard.

If you are ever in the vicinity please pay a visit. Croft is 3 miles south west of Skegness, just off the A52.

THE passing of our member Margaret Burchett recently, in her 95th year, brings to mind a tale of the long arm of friendship the Society inspires.

When she travelled to New Zealand in 1995 she was met by three of our farthest-away members – Ivy Goodsir and Evelyn Madigan, and Lyndall Hancock, who told the *Journal*: 'She was a delightful companion. I found we had both been at the 1988 Clyro festival, but alas, we hadn't happened to meet.'

Margaret, who latterly had lived in Tunbridge Wells, was in Libya in the 1970s where uncensored English papers were so rare she read every word, even the television programme information. 'And that was where she read of a series on TV that piqued her interest, about Francis Kilvert,' said Lyndall. 'Back

in England she remembered this and bought the *Diary* and in 1984 attended her first Kilvert Society function.'

She wrote up her memories of discovering Kilvert and later meeting members in New Zealand in the *Journal*. Recalling her first function – the AGM – she wrote how she had approached the Bishop's Palace with some trepidation, as she knew nobody. 'I saw a lady walking in front of me and spoke to her. She said she was attending for the first time too and was terrified. That made two of us, but we need not have worried as the AGM proved a most friendly event.' She added: 'Many good things came out of Libya, despite the privations, and they were all due to Kilvert.'

We send our condolences to Margaret's family

Obituary

It is with regret that we record the death of our committee member, Peter Beddall

Alan Brimson, Secretary, writes:

Sadly Peter Beddall passed away on 25 June aged 70 following heart surgery.

Peter was a very valuable member of the Society's committee, where his 'can do' philosophy greatly contributed to the successful accomplishment of many Society projects. Peter was a builder and property developer by trade and his skills came to prominence when he applied his energy to preserving the ruins of The Old Soldier John Morgan's Cottage at Bronydd, near Clyro. Those of you who have visited the site will appreciate the herculean task Peter faced in just getting building materials onto the site let alone in undertaking the work. This was typical of the man.

Peter was a member of the sub-committee that plans our programme. He took responsibility in arranging our last visit to Snodhill Castle. Little did we realise that he would spend days prior to our visit using a machete to hack a path through the thick undergrowth. Without his efforts we could not have gained access for our memorable visit.

Singlehandedly Peter restored the Kilvert Memorial Seat in the churchyard at Bredwardine to its original condition and at the time of his passing he was planning to repair the Memorial Gates there as well.

At his funeral in his home village of Dorstone, his two sons, Richard and James spoke so eloquently of Peter, but what summed him up to me was he always said to them 'Don't stand there thinking about it – get on and do it!'

Personally I shall greatly miss Peter's friendship. On Society walks, we would inevitably land up at the back of the party where his marvellous sense of humour would come to the fore with his amusing anecdotes.

His passion in life was rugby and living on the border he took great delight in being English. He relished the England v Wales fixture, much to the chagrin of his Welsh-born and rugby-mad grandson in whose rugby prowess Peter took much pride. This friendly rivalry was reflected in the hymns at his funeral – *Guide Me, O Thou Great Redeemer* and *Jerusalem*.

Peter will be sorely missed. He made a lasting contribution to the Society, his like does not come along too often.

Our thoughts are with his wife Carol, daughter Emma, sons Richard and James and the grandchildren.

ST FAITH'S was full for the funeral service conducted by the Rector of the Border Link parishes, the Rev Dr Anand Sodadasi, assisted by the Rev Sally Barnes, who knows the family very well (*writes Charles Boase*). Richard and James

expressed the family's thanks for the support they had received from far and near and they spoke of their memories of their father – his love for his family, for Dorstone (where they had been made so welcome) and for rugby. 'He lived life to the full and never shied away from an opportunity or a challenge,' said Richard. 'He was my hero.'

One of the stories that made us smile was how, a couple of

days after Peter had died, Carol showed the family the spot in the graveyard near to the church she had chosen for Peter's resting place. She was explaining that, from that spot, you could see the poplar trees at Broadlands, the family home, when up piped grandson Harry, as he lay down on the very spot: 'Granny,' he said, 'I can't see the trees from here – and Grandpa's going to be buried.'

James told how the couple of years they had spent living in a caravan while they built their house in Dorstone were among the family's happiest. The job would have been finished in half the time if Peter had been able to restrain himself from chatting with every passer-by. 'Dad was the first to enjoy every ounce of life,' he said. 'I know that if I could achieve only half of what you achieved I would die a very happy man.'

Carol (whose address was spoken by Ms Barnes) told how she and Peter had gone to South Africa for the 1995 Rugby World Cup, but had also visited Zulu War sites.

On their return, they had gone to the South Wales Borderers Museum in Brecon and on the way back had visited the grave of Rorke's Drift hero Robert Jones VC at Peterchurch. That was their first visit to the Golden Valley and they fell in love with it. Moving there they joined the Kilvert Society and made a whole new set of friends with whom they enjoyed many outings. Peter had been proud Carol had helped to set up the Dorstone Front Room (the response to the threat to the village post office) in 2008.

Carol also spoke about Peter's love for music, not just rock'n'roll but also the gospel music that had been Elvis Presley's first love. Peter even went to Las Vegas to see Elvis perform live. One song was his special favourite, Elvis singing *Peace in the Valley*. 'I pray that my dear Peter, too, will find his peace in the valley, the beautiful Golden Valley that he loved so much,' said Carol.

The service concluded with *An American Trilogy*, with which Elvis used to close his shows.

A collection was taken for Wye Valley NHS and Charitable Fund Heart Function Team. After the interment a tea of positively Kilvertian splendour was provided on the sunny lawns of Broadlands.



Peter, in claret jumper, leads us to 'his' Snodhill in 2011. At the time he died he was preparing a talk about the castle to the Dorstone History Group, of which he was a keen member

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

List of Kilvert publications

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

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

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Newsletter/Journals. Back

numbers of some Newsletters and Journals. £2.50.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PUBLICATIONS MANAGER, Colin Dixon, Tregothnan, Pentrosfa Crescent, Llandrindod Wells, Powys LD1 5NW (tel 01597 822062).

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