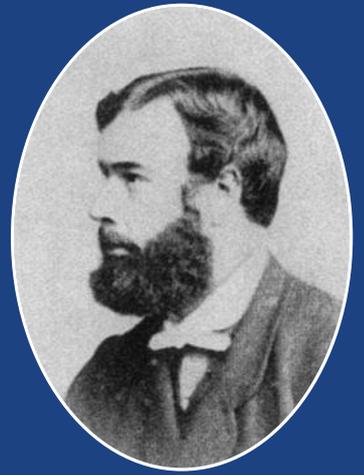


THE  
*Journal*  
OF  
*THE KILVERT SOCIETY*



Number 42

March 2016



# THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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

Registered Charity No. 1103815

[www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk](http://www.thekilvertsociety.org.uk)

## President

Ronald Blythe FRSL

## Vice-Presidents

Mrs S Hooper, Mr A L Le Quesne

## Hon Life Members

Miss M R Mumford, Mrs M M Hurlbutt, Mrs T Williams, Mr J Palmer, Dr W Mom Lockwood, Mr J Hughes-Hallett

### Chairman: David Elvins

Sandalwood, North End Road, Steeple Claydon, Bucks  
MK18 2PG. Tel: 01296 730 498, mobile 07799 800 990

### Hon Secretary: Alan Brimson

30 Bromley Heath Avenue, Downend, Bristol BS16 6JP.  
Tel: 0117 957 2030, mobile 07765 226 329  
email: [jeanbrimson@hotmail.com](mailto:jeanbrimson@hotmail.com)

### Vice-Chairman: Michael Sharp

The Old Forge, Kinnersley, Herefordshire HR3 6QB.  
Tel: 01544 327 426

### Hon Treasurer: Richard Weston

35 Harold Street, Hereford HR1 2QU. Tel: 01432 378 018

### Hon Membership Secretary: Mrs Sue Rose

Seend Park Farm, Semington, Trowbridge, Wiltshire  
BA14 6LH. Tel: 01380 871 665

### Hon Publications Manager and Archivist: Colin Dixon

Tregothnan, Pentrosfa Crescent, Llandrindod Wells, Powys  
LD1 5NW. Tel: 01597 822 062

### Hon Editor of the *Journal*: Vacant

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

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

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

## *Dates for your diary*

**All teas and pub lunches must be pre-booked with the Secretary by post or email ([jeanbrimson@hotmail.com](mailto:jeanbrimson@hotmail.com))**

### Wednesday 2 March

A visit to Oxford and St Barnabas Church. Meet at Wadham College at 10.20am.

### Friday 22 April

7pm: The Bishop's Palace Hereford. Annual General Meeting and Seminar. Speaker, Mr Tim Bridges, Church Buildings Support Officer for the Diocese of Hereford.

Buffet supper £4.50, pay on the day.

### Saturday 23 April, 10 for 10.30am

At the Radnorshire Arms Hotel, Presteigne.  
Seminar: Mr Oliver Balch, the well-known travel writer, resident of Clyro and Kilvert Society member. The title of his talk is: Francis Kilvert: A Model for Modern Living?  
Also Mr David Harrison will talk on the Zulu Wars.  
Tea and coffee will be provided.

**6.30 for 7pm** also at the Radnorshire Arms Hotel. The Kilvert Society Annual Dinner (to be pre-booked with the Secretary).

### Saturday 25 June

Meet at 12 noon at Clyro outside Ashbrook House, for a pub lunch (to be pre-booked) or bring a picnic lunch. Then a walk to the Roundabout in the Radnorshire Hills.

### Saturday 24 September

Meet at 12 noon at St Andrew's Church, Bredwardine. Details to be confirmed in the June Newsletter.

### Sunday 25 September

Evensong at St Andrew's Bredwardine 3pm. Details to be confirmed in the June Newsletter.

If you are on email please help us to cut postage costs by sending your e-address to the Secretary at [jeanbrimson@hotmail.com](mailto:jeanbrimson@hotmail.com)

*Front cover: Kinnersley Church, late Summer 2015, on the day of the Society's visit.* Photo: Alan Brimson

*Back cover: The former Kinnersley Rectory.* Photo: Val Dixon

## From the Chairman

I have recently read a book by Iris Murdoch on moral philosophy (*Metaphysics as a Guide to Morals*). The book is partly concerned with the decline of religion and the increasing influence of science. The author examines the problems of establishing a moral code devoid of religious influence and towards the end of the book she turns to a number of writers including Kilvert: ‘...a religious man of simple faith.’ She says that there is a natural kind of love of nature and people in his writing and gives a number of short extracts from the *Diary* in support of her assertion:

- I went to see my dear little lover Mary Tavener, the deaf and dumb child. When I opened the door of the poor crazy old cottage in the yard the girl uttered a passionate inarticulate cry of joy and running to me flung her arms about my neck and covered me with kisses (12 June 1875).
- Old William Price sat in his filthy den, unkempt, unshaven, shaggy and grey like a wild beast and if possible filthier than the den. I read him Faber’s hymn of the good shepherd. He was much struck with it, That’s what he has been telling me said the old man (26 January 1872).
- The road was very still. No one seemed to be passing and the birds sang late and joyfully in the calm mild evening as if they thought it must be spring. A white mist gathered in the valley and hung low along the winding course of the river mingled with the rushing of the brooks, the distant voices of children at play came floating at intervals across the river and near at hand a pheasant screeched now and then and clapped its wings or changed its roost from tree to tree like a man turning in bed before he falls asleep (27 January 1872).

Murdoch maintains Kilvert’s ‘simple faith’ gave him certainty and security in a changing world. This is something that most can only wonder at and envy.

## From the Secretary

FOLLOWING the resignation of Charles Boase as editor of the *Journal*, our appeal for someone to take on the role and also assistance with word processing etc. produced a completely negative response (other than a kind offer of proofreading). As a result of which this edition of the *Journal* has been produced and edited jointly by Jeff Marshall, who I have dragged out of retirement, and myself, ably assisted by Val Dixon and Jean Brimson.

I would like to thank Charles Boase for his service to the Society in editing the *Journal* and managing the website over the last five years. I am sure all members will agree that he did an excellent job and his professionalism will be sorely missed.

So what of the future? The committee recognises that the *Journal* is the most important link to the membership and it is absolutely essential that we continue to publish twice a year to the best of our collective ability.

Of course, the *Journal* can only be as good as its contributors, so dear members do bombard me with articles, photographs, e-mails or letters of comment, questions, praise or otherwise. All are essential in keeping the *Journal* and indeed the Kilvert Society very much alive in our 68th year!

Now on to other matters: Our AGM and seminar weekend approaches. On Friday 22nd April 7pm at The Bishop’s Palace, Hereford, following our AGM and buffet supper our speaker is Mr Tim Bridges, Church Buildings Support Officer for the Diocese of Hereford.

On Saturday 23rd April meet at 10.00 am at the Radnorshire Arms Hotel Presteigne for coffee and at 10.30 am we will be addressed by Mr Oliver Balch, the well-known travel writer, resident of Clyro and Kilvert Society member. The title of his talk is: Francis Kilvert: A Model for Modern Living? On the back of his upcoming publication, *Under the Tump* (Faber & Faber, May 2016), Oliver will ask if and what Francis Kilvert has to say to today’s world about place and belonging. What did Kilvert understand by ‘community’? How does he model neighbourly virtues? And, above all, what lessons does he have for the ‘newcomer’ in the Welsh Marches?

And back by popular demand is David Harrison who will give his presentation on the Zulu Wars.

Following warranted criticism of my time management at last year’s weekend, Friday night’s session should finish no later than 10 pm and that of Saturday morning no later than 1 pm but both occasions could finish earlier.

We meet once again on the evening, also at the Radnorshire Arms Hotel for the Kilvert Society Annual Dinner; meet at 6.30 pm for 7 pm. I put no time limit on this occasion, leave after the meal or linger to talk amongst friends, it’s up to you.

Please see enclosed booking form – let’s make it a bumper attendance this year – I look forward to seeing you there.

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**The Annual General Meeting of the Kilvert Society will be held in the Great Hall of the Bishop's Palace, Hereford on Friday 22nd April, 2016 at 7.00pm**

**Agenda**

1. Welcome to Members.
2. Secretary's Announcements.
3. Apologies.
4. Minutes of AGM of 24th April 2015.
5. Matters Arising.
6. Obituaries.
7. Chairman's Remarks.
8. Financial Report.
9. Election of Officers.

**i) Existing Officers offering themselves for re-election**

Chairman	Mr D Elvins
Hon Vice Chairman	Mr M Sharp
Hon Treasurer	Mr R Weston
Hon Auditor	Mr J Wilkes
Hon Membership Secretary	Mrs S Rose
Hon Publications Manager	Mr C Dixon
Hon Secretary	Mr A Brimson

**The following are ex-officio Officers**

Hon Archivist	Mr C Dixon
Hon Editor of the Journal	Vacant
Hon Minutes Secretary	Mr C J Marshall

**ii) Existing Committee (in addition to the above Office)**

- iii)** Mrs V J Dixon,  
Mr E J Hall, Mr M J Reynolds, Mr M Rose.  
The existing Committee offer themselves for re-election.

- iv)** Nominations for members of the Committee:  
Two or more members may nominate one or more members (with their consent) who are eligible, either as officers or ordinary Committee Members. Such nominations shall be delivered to the Hon Secretary not less than 30 days before the date of the AGM

10. Any other business previously notified to the Secretary.

**End of AGM**

**INTERVAL**

Society publications on sale  
Refreshments (at £4.50 per head payable on the night) will be provided by a member of the Committee.

A talk to be given by Mr Tim Bridges

Vote of Thanks

Close of meeting

Alan Brimson  
Hon Secretary

**For information only**

**President**

Dr Ronald Blythe FRSL

**Vice-Presidents**

Mrs S Hooper, Mr A L Le Quesne

**Hon Life Members**

Miss M R Mumford, Mrs M M Hurlbutt, Mrs T Williams, Mr J Palmer, Dr W Mom Lockwood, Mr J Hughes-Hallett

# THE KILVERT SOCIETY: Charity Registration No: 1103815

## Statement of Accounts for the Year ending 31st December 2015

<b><u>INCOME</u></b>	<b><u>2015</u></b>	<b><u>2014</u></b>
Subscriptions	£4,287.99	£4,575.81
Donations	£293.00	£217.00
Appeal Donations	–	£26.00
Gift Aid	£1825.06	£75.05
AGM Income	£215.00	£149.00
Publication Sales	£559.60	£372.52
Events	£797.00	£1,258.20
Interest	£30.59	£34.63
Transfers	£3,000.00	–
Unpaid cheque	£9.00	£500.00
	<b><u>£11,017.24</u></b>	<b><u>£7,208.21</u></b>

### **EXPENDITURE**

Grants & Subscriptions	£1,465.00	£765.00
Monuments & Collections	£1,425.00	£550.00
Postage, Stationery, Phone	£612.66	£651.49
Printing	£433.55	£60.00
Journal	£3,204.70	£3,007.11
Insurance	£152.00	£152.00
Events	£760.61	£1,246.35
AGM Expenses	£601.64	£309.36
Website	£827.03	£385.20
Transfer	£3,000.00	–
Unpaid cheque	£9.00	–
Publication Purchase	£400.00	–
	<b><u>£12,891.19</u></b>	<b><u>£7,126.51</u></b>

### **ASSETS**

Balance Lloyds	£1,237.92	£3,322.59
Balance Lloyds Reserve Fund	£232.83	£52.01
Nationwide Building Society	<u>£11,981.30</u>	<u>£11,951.40</u>
		£15,326.00
Excess Expenditure over Income		£1,873.95
	<b><u>£13,452.05</u></b>	<b><u>£13,452.05</u></b>

**Richard Weston, Honorary Treasurer**

### **Auditor's Certificate**

I have examined the foregoing income and expenditure account with the relevant records and certify it to be correct and in accordance therewith.

**John Wilks, Honorary Auditor**

# MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE KILVERT SOCIETY

HELD AT THE BISHOP'S PALACE, HEREFORD  
ON FRIDAY 24 APRIL 2015 AT 7pm

THE Chairman, David Elvins, welcomed 47 members to the meeting.

## APOLOGIES:

Apologies for absence were received from:

Colin Brookes (Nuneaton), Anthea England (Worcester), Dudley Green (London), Diana Jones (Hay-on-Wye), Susan Keen (Coventry), Charles and Maureen Weston (Thornton-le-Dale), and Cathy & John Wilks (Cusop). (9)

## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS:

The secretary requested those present to sign the attendance book which was being passed round. He reminded members that supper would be served following the meeting (£4.50) and that the Saturday seminars (10.30am) and the annual dinner (6.30 for 7pm) would take place at the Radnorshire Arms, Presteigne. He also urged members to attend the dedication of the new churchyard gates at Bredwardine which would take place next day at 4pm. Finally he appealed to members to become more involved in the Society and suggested two ways in which they might volunteer to help – as speakers at seminars or as leaders of walks and excursions.

## MINUTES:

The minutes of the AGM of 28 April 2014 which had been circulated with the *March Journal* were taken as read and acceptance having been proposed by Michael Reynolds and seconded by Val Dixon, they were carried and signed by the Chairman as a true record. There were no matters arising.

## OBITUARIES:

The names of those members whose death had been notified since last year's AGM (9) were read out and members stood in silence as a tribute to their memory. The list of names is attached. (See minutes book)

## CHAIRMAN'S REMARKS:

The Chairman was pleased to report on another successful year for the Society.

In June over 30 members had enjoyed a visit to Clyro. After lunch at the Baskerville Arms Colin Dixon led a walk around the village visiting various Kilvert locations.

On the Sunday following 25 or so members attended the commemoration service in Clyro church, followed by tea kindly provided by the ladies of the parish.

On Saturday 27 September the Chairman had led a walk round Hay and Cusop visiting many places mentioned in the Diary. He combined this with an account of the infamous Armstrong murder case of 1922 and a visit to a number of places associated with the crime. This was followed by a lively, informal discussion on the validity of Armstrong's conviction at Hereford Assizes. Afterwards a substantial tea was enjoyed at Hay Parish Room. Although the attendance at this event was very disappointing, those present had had an enjoyable afternoon. On the following Sunday over 30 members visited Llanthony Priory and Capel-y-Pffin church. Father Richard Williams conducted a

beautiful service in the tiny church of St Mary. Once again tea was provided by the hard-working ladies of the Parish.

On Sunday 28 March members assembled for lunch at the Baskerville Arms and then drove to the home of Jean and Tony Carter at Lower Cwmgwanon – once the home of Mrs Watkins, the 'mad woman' of the Diary. Jean and Tony made the group very welcome, showed members round the house and provided tea and biscuits.

With great sadness the Chairman went on to refer to the passing of two committee members, Peter Beddall and Meriel Oliver, both had made significant contributions to the Society. Peter, in particular, had been involved in a number of projects, notably restoring the remains of the Old Soldier's cottage and the Kilvert memorial seat at Bredwardine.

The Chairman was pleased to report that the Kilvert memorial gates to the churchyard at Bredwardine had now been replaced and thanked Jeff Marshall who had co-ordinated the work with Philip Minton, the carpenter who had carried out the work.

He then went on to thank the officers and committee members who had worked so hard for the Society during the year.

In conclusion he wished to thank particularly the Society's hard-working secretary, Alan Brimson, with whom, he added, it had been a pleasure to work.

## FINANCIAL REPORT:

The balance sheet for the year was circulated to those present. The treasurer reported on a year of little overall change to the Society's finances.

## Income:

- i) Subscriptions: Income was slightly higher.
- ii) Appeal Donations: A very small amount here as the Appeal was virtually closed with only one person still paying.
- iii) Gift Aid: Here the treasurer confessed to an error in that he had missed the deadline for the submission of the 2014 claim which would now be added to that for the current year.
- iv) AGM Income: Lower than in 2013 on account of fewer members attending.
- v) Publication Sales: Considerably reduced, explained by the fact that the 2013 total had been greatly enhanced by sales of the photo album.
- vi) Events: Little change.
- vii) Monuments etc: £500 represents the donation from Mark Caudwell, a relative of Addie Cholmeley, and is 50% of the cost of restoring her grave at Croft, Lincs.

Overall, the drop in income of almost £500 is explained by the reduced income from publication sales and the error over the Gift Aid claim.

## Expenditure:

- i) Grants and Subscriptions: A small rise here owing to the Society's decision to raise the donations to the Kilvert churches.

- ii) Printing: Much reduced; once again on account of the absence of the cost of the photo album.
- iii) Journal: The continuing stable, even reducing, cost of the *Journal* is very pleasing.
- iv) Website: The rising cost of this item represents the need to keep it up-to-date.

Hon Publications Manager  
 Hon Secretary

Mr C Dixon  
 Mr A Brimson

**The following are ex-officio officers:**

Hon Archivist  
 Hon Journal Editor & Website Manager  
 Hon Minutes Secretary

Colin Dixon  
 Charles Boase  
 Jeff Marshall

Overall, the end result reveals little change to the Society's reserves.

There were no questions, although one member did spontaneously congratulate the Treasurer on his work, or possibly on his mathematics.

The acceptance of the year's accounts was proposed by Michael Sharp and seconded by Ann Dean and carried nem.con. The Chairman thanked the Treasurer and the Hon Auditor. The balance sheet is attached.

**ELECTION OF OFFICERS:**

There were no nominations for any changes here and a proposal by Val Dixon seconded by Ann Dean that the officers be re-elected en bloc was carried nem.con.

Chairman  
 Vice Chairman  
 Hon Treasurer  
 Hon Auditor  
 Hon Membership Secretary

Mr D Elvins  
 Mr M Sharp  
 Mr R Weston  
 Mr J Wilks  
 Mrs S Rose

No nominations had been previously notified here so Joyce Ball proposed and Mary Le Quesne seconded a proposal that the present committee should be re-elected en bloc. This too was carried nem.com.

Note: Mike Rose, whose co-option to the committee was proposed at the committee meeting of 7 May 2014 is now thus confirmed as a full member of the Society's committee

There being no further business the meeting closed at 7.25 pm.

Members then adjourned to the adjacent conference room for a buffet supper prepared by Sue and Mike Rose. They reassembled later for a talk by Dr Sarah Whittingham on 'Fern Fever: The Story of Pteridomania'.



*Members at the dedication of the new gates at Bredwardine (see page 17)*

# A visit to Kinnersley

*Jeff Marshall writes about the Society's September visit to Kinnersley*

SO, you didn't come to the Society's September weekend ... well then you missed a real treat. Indeed, all Kilvert Society events are a treat and to say that you miss them at your peril is perhaps pitching it a bit strong, but certainly it is your loss. For example, listening to and reading the accounts of the June visit to Wiltshire has, undeniably, made me very sorry that Pam and I had to forgo that excursion to one of the more unusual corners of Kilvert Country. What is more we also therefore missed the sumptuous tea (always a feature of Kilvert Society occasions) at the home of Sue and Mike Rose.

At this point, if you did attend the two days at Kinnersley then you are entitled to feel smug, because then you will know that it was another glorious episode, blessed, yet again, with what has become known as Kilvert weather. As I have said before, Frank does indeed look after his own.

At 12.30 then on Saturday 26 September about thirty of the smug were to be seen standing on the green in front of Kinnersley Church, the group framed by rich, autumnal shades of foliage, by the mellow brick wall that flanks one side of the path to the church and by the wonderful grey immensity of the saddleback tower of St James's. All were armed, as requested, with a picnic – but where were we to install ourselves to eat it? According to our Secretary the idea was: In the church or in and around its ancient timbered porch; but it was too splendid a day to be indoors.

As we stood indecisively around a *Deus (Dea?) ex Machina* in the person of Janet Greenfield (our hostess for the Sunday) appeared at the gateway opposite (across a lethal highway!) and beckoned us to follow her up the drive to her home, the former Rectory (visited by RFK on 11 July 1878) where we were able to settle ourselves on the terrace at handily placed tables, on benches and chairs beneath the glass awning while she passed among us taking orders for tea and coffee. What wonderful, unexpected hospitality! Since she and her husband James had already 'contracted' to look after us all for tea next day, this was probably beyond the call of duty! But they did not seem to mind and indeed seemed to revel in it. There was now plenty of time to enjoy a leisurely picnic and conversation, before the first group of 15 departed for a guided tour of the Castle at 3pm.



The Castle lies directly behind the church, well hidden from the road, such that if it were not for a glimpse of the chimneys one would hardly suspect its presence; what Pevsner calls 'its towering, commanding appearance' is not apparent until you are standing before it.

Kinnersley Castle is indeed a lofty and amazing pile composed of varying shades of brick and stone with an interesting fenestration, the whole grouped around a central tower and topped with stepped gables that looked like later additions. We trooped through a doorway at the foot of the tower and disposed ourselves comfortably in and on an assortment of chairs in the library, while Kate Garrat-Adams of the family of owners gave us an introductory talk on the history of the building, before we ascended too many, or so it seemed to me, flights of stairs to view the upper rooms. Here we were able to admire splendid Elizabethan plaster ceilings, ancient panelling and an especially fine chimney piece with columns, the Vaughan arms and, above the fireplace, a wonderful and intricate tree-branch motif. It was Roger Vaughan who remodelled the House in the sixteenth century, the remodelling of a true castle; indeed Kate hinted at the existence of a previous Marcher Lord's castle, referring to the five-storey embattled tower and to vaulted cellars which extend beyond the now vanished east end. There are unusual connections too with Arts and Crafts architect George Bodley. Outside in the organic gardens are many fine trees, including, we were told, one of the largest ginkgos in Britain.

Kinnersley or, at least its station, features 21 times in the *Diary* (Vol III) and indeed in the penultimate sentence of the last entry of all, 13 March 1879. There is no mention however of a visit to the Castle nor yet of its existence, but we did wonder whether there had been references in those entries excised by Plomer.

There was tea after the tour, a cream tea, served in the Castle dining-room and thus concluded day one.

We reassembled on Sunday (once again at Kinnersley Church) for a three o'clock service. This is another unusual Kinnersley building, the interior as great a mixture of styles as the exterior – bits of Norman, Perpendicular, Jacobean and Victorian and then of course there's the austere tower! There is nothing austere about the internal decoration however which, to my mind, gives the whole a strongly continental flavour – not quite the sort of church interior ('exceedingly pretty' says Pevsner) one would expect to see in rural Herefordshire. The nave, chancel and organ case are all Bodley designs and the decorative frieze above the nave arcade is the work of a former incumbent the Revd Frederick Andrews, an incumbent, said Michael Sharp, who evidently



*Picnic lunch at the Rectory*

Photo: Alan Brimson



'Exceedingly pretty'

Photo: Val Dixon

must have enjoyed much more leisure than the present rector, who is responsible for seven parishes and eight churches! Other delights – a very fine marble statue to Lady Morgan and, at the front, near the pulpit, a small statue of the church's patron, St James, Sant Iago himself, brought all the way from Compostela. He, however, is allowed out of the vestry only on special occasions, as for our visit! In the absence of the Rector, recovering from an operation, the service of BCP Evensong was conducted by our vice-chairman, local resident and churchwarden Michael Sharp who pronounced the Act of Remembrance. There were some lively hymns too, notably *He Who Would Valiant Be* and *O Happy Band of Pilgrims* the latter, no doubt, a reference to the 22 KS stalwarts, dotted around the church. The idea of readings from *The Diary* instead of a sermon was a very happy one and the selections were chosen to represent Kilvert at worship.

Then, guess what? It was time for tea again – and what a spread, laid out on the table in the Rectory drawing-room. I don't know whether the Greenfields refer to it as such but a drawing-room it certainly is. As we gazed at the delights set out before us the cliché 'the groaning board' inevitably sprang to mind and all of it prepared by the ladies of the village. Once again we were able to sit outside, in the late afternoon glow while Sue Sharp and Jean Brimson dealt with the delivery of (wholesome) drinks. Our most grateful thanks therefore to all those involved in the supply, preparation and serving of the spread.

Thus another KS 'best tradition' was well and truly preserved and how this one would have delighted the late David Howell who wrote his appreciation *In Praise of Kilvert Teas* in *Journal* No 3, of September 2000.

Afterwards for those not too full to move about there was croquet on the lawn. Our warmest thanks go to the Greenfields then for their generous hospitality. Sue Sharp presented them with a bottle-shaped token of our appreciation (I know nothing about its contents) – and that was it. See what you missed – don't let it happen again .....



Val and Colin Dixon and not their dog!

Photo: Alan Brimson



David John and Mike Reynolds at lunch

Photo: Alan Brimson



Sue Sharp makes the presentation to Janet & James Greenfield

Photo: Val Dixon

## Word from Wormingford



### *Ronald Blythe reads entries from a diary that smells of apples*

I stand on a chair to reach down Francis Kilvert's Diary. Long ago, I shelved the apple-room to make a library, and the books smell of fruit; and, when it came to mature fruit, of D'Arcy Spice. These apples were left to wrinkle and even to rot, and were eaten with maggoty cheese, and thought a great treat. The maggots were affectionately called cheese hoppers, and the post-Christmas Stilton on the sideboard would have its craters topped up with port and last until Easter.

Here I am in the apple-room-cum-library, however, with Kilvert in my hand, as indeed he should be; for am I not President of his Society, and a lifelong devotee of his enchanting Diary? So what does he say for late September?

See him, a sturdy-looking curate from the Welsh border who walked miles and miles, who kept one of the best rural diaries ever written, who loved girls, who married late and died soon after, and who had his sermons torn from his papers by William Plomer just before the last war.

Such is life, I for one would have very much liked to have "read" young Francis's sermons. He was one of those people who hesitated to call himself a writer, although he did nervously publish some poetry. As for the wonderful diary, it lay in the dark until a young South African returned it to the light.

Anyway, returning to the house after calling on St Francis, I began to re-read it, the entries for autumn: "Monday 14 October. Last night I had a strange and horrible dream. It was one of those curious things, a dream within a dream, like a picture within a picture.

"I dreamt that I dreamt that Mr Venables and Mrs Venables tried to murder me. We were all together in a small room, and they were trying to poison me, but I was aware of their intention and baffled them repeatedly. At length, Mr Venables put me off

my guard, came round fondling me, and suddenly clapped his hand on my neck behind, and said: 'It's of no use, Mr Kilvert. You're done for!'"

Alas, poor Kilvert would be done for at the age of 39. He had just been married, and his coffin was carried under the same floral avenue as had been made for his wedding. I read his *Diary* constantly, now and then at matins – just fragments from it, when his Welsh rain seems to join our East Anglian downpours, and we ourselves, all these years on, are so little different from his parishioners.

Except – and it is a big exception – his parish was full of encounters. Other than the postman, one could walk to my stunted farmhouse for a week without meeting a soul.

Five horses commune in the hilly meadow opposite, and might be ridden on a Sunday morning. But only might. The rain has made their coats shine like conkers. When I was a boy, I used to wonder why horses did not leap over the gate and gallop off to Bedford, this town being as far as I could imagine.

I once went there to see John Bunyan's anvil. He was a strong craftsman who humped it on his back when he strode off to repair pewter. He was a whitesmith, as opposed to a blacksmith. In *The Pilgrim's Progress* it became each person's load of sin. As Bunyan walked, he could see in the distance the heavenly blue Chilterns – his celestial mountains.

Once, Alan and I walked in his steps. There it all is, for anyone looking for a great walk through a great book: a decided progression still, just like Kilvert's *Diary*.

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# Elizabeth Kilvert

*In the first of two articles the indefatigable Teresa Williams reveals the results of her research on the widow of the Diarist and the Rowland family*

## Part 1

IN July 1940 when the third and final volume of *Kilvert's Diary* was published, it contained an Introduction by Dr William Plomer, the editor of the original manuscript. Speaking of Kilvert's bride, he said, "I have no information about this lady, the circumstances of their meeting, their married life, or her subsequent career." At the time Elizabeth was identified as being "the daughter of Mr J Roland [sic] of Holly Bank, near Woodstock," whom Kilvert had married on 20th August 1879 at Wootton in Oxfordshire. The known details of Elizabeth's life, and of her family, both before and after 1879, are still quite sparse and it is the intention of this article to expand our knowledge by references to her and her family, found in newspapers and other published documents.

The three volumes of the *Diary* had an instant appeal when published in 1938, 1939 and 1940, receiving many favourable reviews. In late 1940, soon after the final volume appeared, when our country was being bombed and under threat of invasion by Hitler, Kilvert's wonderfully evocative prose provided a much-needed escape from the horrors of the War.

The first President of The Kilvert Society, Mr Sid Wright, was responsible for encouraging a great deal of interest in Kilvert, especially during the War years. His articles in *The Hereford Times*, under the title of 'Shop Talks,' regularly quoted extracts from the *Diary*, often initiating letters to him as well as visits to his premises, from readers. His continual referrals to the diarist eventually contributed to the formation of our Society.

In July 1946, the Vicar of St Michael's Church, Clyro, (Reverend James Lloyd), decided to hold a Commemoration Service in the church for the Diarist. The service was a huge success and an interesting account of the proceedings was published in *The Hereford Times* for Saturday, 11th July 1946. This article is recorded on page 40 in the Society's booklet, '*Looking Backwards...a Kilvert Miscellany*,' edited by C T O Prosser in 1969 to celebrate the 21st year anniversary of The Kilvert Society (founded in 1948, two years after the Clyro service.) The booklet gathered together as many details as was then known about Elizabeth Rowland. This information came

from various sources but principally from a niece, Miss M A Rowland, who with her older sister, Jane, were child bridesmaids at the marriage ceremony of Elizabeth and Kilvert.

The Kilvert Society was inaugurated in 1948, when more information was sought on Elizabeth and her background. As previously mentioned, one of Elizabeth's nieces, Miss M A Rowland provided some reminiscences which appear on pages 22/23, in the booklet, '*Looking Backwards*.' Miss M A Rowland, was Mary Alice (born in 1870) one of the two daughters of Thomas John Rowland, who died in October 1871. He was the eldest of the three sons of John and Anne Rowland of Hollybank. He lived with his family in Banbury and was an architect and surveyor by profession. Mary Alice was a baby at the time her father died and she and her sister, Jane (born 1869) are listed in the 1881 Census as living at Hollybank, Wootton, with their Rowland grandparents and their widowed aunt, Elizabeth Kilvert. These Rowland granddaughters who did not marry, continued to live at Hollybank until 1902, eventually moving with Elizabeth, and Elizabeth's unmarried sisters, to 'Redlands' Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.

Some reminiscences on page 23 in the '*Looking Backwards*' booklet, are undated, but in an earlier letter from Miss Rowland dated 1940, she wrote of how Elizabeth and Kilvert met:-

"They met during a tour to Paris – with a mutual friend, the Rev A L Mayhew, [Chaplain of Wadham College Oxford,]."

An editor's note on page 24 of '*Looking Backwards*' said Mrs Essex Hope had once suggested the tour was arranged to take place during the summer of 1876 to help Kilvert recover from the ending, by her family, of his romantic friendship with Ettie Meredith Brown. Essex, who was not born until April 1880, might have heard this event spoken of by her family, or had Essex read a comment recorded in the original *Diary* manuscript by Kilvert himself?

I think that the Reverend Anthony Lawson Mayhew, M.A.,



probably did engineer a meeting between Elizabeth and Kilvert, and eventually encourage the Diarist to propose marriage. Mayhew would know that with Dora leaving Bredwardine to marry James Pitcairn, (volume 3/455), Kilvert would need someone else who could support him with his parish duties and help with his pupil, Sam Cowper Coles, Mrs Venables's nephew.

Mayhew, who lived in Oxford, and held the position of Chaplain to Wadham College, had a connection with Wootton Church, two of his younger sons having been baptised there during the 1870s, whilst he occasionally performed duties as an officiating clergyman. He would surely have known Elizabeth and believed she would be eminently suitable as a wife for Kilvert. The photograph we have shows her with a gentle gaze and an expression of mature steadfastness.

It was not an unusual practice for men to arrange introductions for their friends with eligible ladies. A similar arranged introduction is revealed in a *Memoir* written by the Reverend Richard Lister Venables for his children. In the *Memoir* was (edited by O W Jones and published by the Radnorshire Society in their 1994 '*Transactions*') Mr Venables speaks of his loneliness as a widower, his wife Mary Augusta, having died in October 1865. In early 1867 he received an invitation from the Evan Thomas family of 'Cranmers' at Mitcham, to visit them at the end of April. A guest due to be in the house party was one of Mrs Caroline Evan Thomas's sisters, the unmarried Agnes Minna Pearson. If, as I suspect, Caroline hoped RLV would consider asking Agnes to become his second wife, she was correct. In the *Memoir*, after speaking of receiving the invitation, he said:

"I soon perceived what a change to my then lonely life at home it might be if I could marry Agnes Pearson. Before Agnes left 'Cranmers' I had made known my wishes to her, and also [to] her mother and sister who cordially wished me success."

Mr Venables was successful, and he and Agnes were married in August 1867.

Kilvert's marriage took place on 20th August 1879 at Wootton Church. We learn from Miss Rowland's reminiscences that the day was wet. [The summer of 1879 apparently broke records for being the coldest and wettest for 40 years.] A Marriage notice appeared in several newspapers, but despite much searching for any published report of the ceremony, nothing can be found. We know only that they honeymooned in the North of England, visiting York and Durham and travelling on to Scotland, where they saw the Palace of Holyrood. We can only wonder what Kilvert thought of glorious York Minster and if he saw the room at Holyrood where Rizzio, secretary to Mary, Queen of Scots was murdered. Sadly, we do not if he wrote any description of these places for his Diary, or whether the swift onset of his illness intervened.

The local press published, in great detail, the very wet 'Homecoming' into Bredwardine on Saturday 13th September 1879, followed two weeks later with reports of Kilvert's death and funeral. These text of these reports can be in the '*Looking Backwards*' booklet. Part of the same newspaper accounts appear in the 'Introduction' to Volume III of the *Diary*.

Elizabeth can hardly have had time to unpack many of the wedding presents received, when the tragedy of Kilvert's death occurred on September 23rd. She could not stay at Bredwardine Vicarage and had, therefore, no alternative but to return to live with her parents at Wootton. On 27th October 1879 before leaving the district, she wrote a letter to the children of

Bredwardine School. Later copied into the School Log Book, it is also quoted on pages 228-9 in Frederick Grices's book, '*Francis Kilvert and his World*,' [Caliban Books, 1982]. Elizabeth ended her letter by saying,

"Your beautiful present I shall always look upon as one of my treasures.

It will often remind me of you all, and the kindness and consideration shown to me during these weeks of overwhelming and inexpressible sorrow."

Kilvert died intestate, and Letters of Administration were granted to his widow on the 18th November 1879 at the Principal Registry of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice. The single sheet document gives his 'Effects as under £450, with no Leaseholds. 'Resworn Jan. 1883, under £1,500.' An adjustment was probably necessary because Robert Kilvert had died in 1882. Elizabeth's address was given as 'Holly Bank, Wootton.'

It was not only Elizabeth who was heart-broken at Kilvert's death. His father, the Reverend Robert Kilvert resigned the living of Langley Burrell on hearing of his son's death, preaching a farewell sermon there on Sunday, 28th September 1879. We know from the impassioned letter Fanny wrote to Mrs Venables that she and her parents had already moved to Bath and were settling into their new home at 9 Beaufort Buildings East, just fifteen days after her brother died.

At the time Elizabeth returned home, she had three sisters and two brothers living, her eldest brother, Thomas, as mentioned previously, having died in 1871. During her childhood, she grew up in a comfortable home where several domestic servants were employed. Her father, John Rowland, as we are told in the '*Looking Backwards*' booklet, originally trained in medicine but did not practise. The 1851 Census taken on the night of 30th March, lists him aged 35, farming 340 acres and employing 15 men, three boys and two women at Manor [House] Farm, Islip, Oxon. His wife, Anne (nee Creek) born Steeple Aston, is also 35 years of age. Five children are recorded: Thomas John, aged nine, Mary Sarah, six years, both shown as 'scholar at home,' followed by Elizabeth A aged four, Anne P, three, and Catherine, one year. A governess, named Emma Gutteridge, aged 27, is employed together with a housemaid, dairymaid, nursemaid and a groom.

Ten years later on 7th April 1861, John Rowland is still farming at Islip and there are three more children, i.e., John E, aged eight, William C, six years and Louisa M, four years. Thomas aged 19, is now an architect. The children have another governess, Sarah Colquhoun, aged 29 years from Woolwich, and there are three female servants registered. The Census on 2nd April 1871 is the first one giving the Rowland family's address as 'Holly Bank, Wootton.' John is 55 and listed as 'Farmer.' In the 1881 Census, John Rowland is aged 65 and has reduced his land holding down to 170 acres employing seven men and two boys. John Edmund, is aged 28, with Jane and Mary Alice, the daughters of the late Thomas John Rowland listed for the first time at Hollybank. Elizabeth aged 34, is recorded as 'Widow,' a status unchanged during her lifetime.

In the 1871 Census, William Creek Rowland, the youngest son, was not recorded at Hollybank in Wootton, but was one of six boarders at a school in Abingdon, named 'The Park.' Run by Mr E Summers, a clergyman 'without the Cure of Souls,' he was helped by his wife Mary and two tutors.' *The Oxford Journal* of Saturday 5th August 1871, describes a Sports Day held by the

school to celebrate the start of the summer holiday. William, with two other boys, named Bull and Dowson, competed in a land and swimming race on the river Thames, reported as follows:

“They mustered in a meadow at seven o’clock in the morning, near the bend of the river above Blake’s Boat-houses.” The aim was to “start from the left bank, cross the Thames, run out about 50 yards on the riverbank around a flag, and then re-crossing the river, run in about 10 yards from the river to the ‘finish.’” William, apparently, was an early race leader but became tired and lost.

Eight years later, William after attending a Theological College at Wells was ordained Deacon in Holy Orders by the Bishop of Bath and Wells in Wells Cathedral on Sunday 21st December 1879. A report published in *The Western Gazette* on Friday 26th December 1879, also noticed his Preferment to the curacy of Woolavington-cum-Puriton, Somerset. William was ordained Priest a year later on Sunday, 19th December 1880 at Wells Cathedral, *The Taunton Courier* noting, “the Gospel was read by a newly ordained Deacon, the Reverend Robert David Russell Cowan, and sermon “preached by the Very Rev the Dean of St Pauls, who selected his text from Acts xiii 2.” I believe it most unlikely Elizabeth attended the first ceremony so soon after her husband’s death due to strict mourning customs, but I am she would have given her support in December 1880, if at all possible.

In August 1883, the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* stated: “A separation by Order in Council has been effected in the hitherto united parishes of Woolavington and Puriton. The Reverend W W Aldridge, [the present Vicar]retains the former, and the Reverend W C Rowland, till lately a curate, has been appointed to the vicarage of the latter parish.” William was Vicar of Puriton for just over 53 years, celebrating his Jubilee in July 1930. He had been also Rural Dean of the Pawlett Deanery for over 20 years. *The Taunton Courier* for 2nd July 1930 commented that he had been responsible for many improvements in the church fabric, the last restoration being of the tower and bells. In December 1930 the same publication drew attention to the fact that on Christmas Day 1880 he had officiated for the first time at a marriage when he “wedded William Hookins and Sarah Mason

who were now this year of 1930 celebrating their Golden Wedding.”

In January 1882, William Creek Rowland was married at Stoke Abbott Church, Beaminster, Dorset, to Althea Louisa Wickham, the third daughter of the late W J Wickham, Esq., of Winchester and a sister of the Rector of Stoke Abbott, the Reverend Frederick Piers Wickham. Althea and William would have known each other at Wootton as Frederick Piers Wickham had been Rector of Wootton from June 1874 until March 1878. *The Oxford Journal* for 2nd December 1876 praised the Reverend Mr Wickham for his work in the village of Wootton, especially for the inauguration in 1876 of a Working Men’s Reading Club, with subscription rates of 2/- quarterly or 2d per week.

I have been unable to find any newspaper report of the wedding, but, I think can we assume that the Rowland family celebrated the occasion at Stoke Abbott. If Elizabeth did attend the event it must have been a bitter sweet experience for her, bringing back vivid memories of her own wedding day when she must have had so many hopes of a happy and secure future as Kilvert’s wife.

Althea and William lived at Puriton until 1934, raising a family of two sons and two daughters. The West County newspapers contain numerous accounts of parish news during his 53 years at Puriton where he was obviously respected and regarded with affection. After he retired, they moved to Chilcompton, near Bath, where William died on the 24th September 1938, at the age of 84 years. An obituary published in the *Bridgwater Mercury* on 5th October 1938 described the funeral at St Michael’s and All Angels, Puriton, where his coffin had been taken by motor hearse. The four bearers were old Sunday school scholars of William, with the large congregation including old parishioners and clergy and friends from neighbouring parishes. William’s widow, Althea, died the following year on 19th March 1939 at the age of 92 years, she having been eight years older than her husband. A short notice of her death appeared in the *Bridgwater Mercury* stating her funeral was at Puriton where news of her death was received in the parish with sorrow.

**Part II will follow in the next edition of The Journal**

## Fern fever

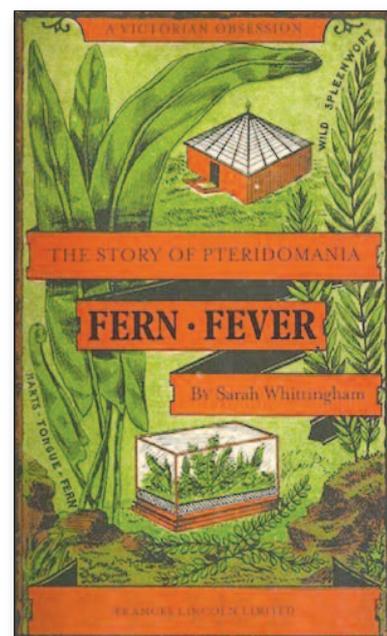
*Charles Boase reviews the talk given by Dr Sarah Whittingham after the AGM, April 2015*

‘OH that sunny happy evening gathering ferns among the cliffs’, wrote Francis Kilvert on 29 July 1870 during some of the most blissful days of his life, on holiday in Cornwall with the Hockins, ‘*Asplenium Marinum*, with its bright glossy green leaves, hiding itself so provokingly in the narrowest crevices of the rocks.’

Kilvert shared his passion for ferns with thousands in Victorian Britain. He often mentions them, especially in his Cornish Diary (19 July to 6 August 1870). Sometimes, such as when he and H (William Hockin) had clambered down a zig-zag path to a sandy cove near Portreath, they form a ‘luxuriant forest’ draping the rock with a ‘green curtain overhead’, tantalisingly out of reach. Another time, at Restormel Castle, the ferns grew in ‘luxuriant profusion’. ‘Hedges and banks full of lovely ferns,’ he writes, ‘were dripping and sparkling, and everything looked fresh, moist and tender

bright green’ (all the more amazing because of the terrific heat during his stay).

The attraction of ferns for Victorians was much more than simply admiring them in their natural state; they were, if possible, to be collected and transplanted into ferneries both domestic and municipal. The enthusiasm of collectors



supported rural economies and gave rise to colourful characters such as the itinerant fern vendor, as well raising fears in some places for the very survival of the treasures themselves as they were stripped of greenery. It all seems very remote from our day, when we tend to overlook these delicate, ancient-looking plants with their ‘croziers’ (the foliage, as it unfolds, would look at home in a bishop’s hand). Bracken is now our best-known fern and it is usually unwelcome.



*Hart's Tongue*



*The Bracken Gatherer*

Our appreciation of the *Diary* is deepened by insights into what it was like to be alive in Kilvert’s time. And until the talk after our annual meeting last April, I suspect few members would have begun to suspect how big a part ‘fern fever’ played in the Diarist’s world.

‘Fern Fever’, in fact, was the title of the talk given by Sarah Whittingham after our annual meeting last April. It is also the title of her recent and warmly received book (sub-titled ‘The Story of Pteridomania’ – that is what the world of ferns is technically called, from the Greek root meaning a wing). It is safe to say, as one reviewer did, that Dr Whittingham makes ‘these madly delightful fronds so beguiling you have to wonder how they ever left centre stage’.

The fronds – it is probably wrong to call them leaves – are in shades of greens and browns. They have no gaudy flowers to attract our attention. It is their exquisite delicacy of form unchanged for unimaginable lengths of time that enchants us. For Victorians to learn their favourite *osmunda* (like the ‘enormous’ specimen Kilvert and the Hockins saw in a brook near Camelford on 3 August) had been unchanged for 180 million years would have dealt a blow both to the new theory of evolution and the old beliefs of Archbishop Ussher.

Dr Whittingham, who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and an architectural historian based in Bristol, took us into the Victorian psyche through tales of fern forays to the creation of verdant ferneries in private homes and gardens. Her commentary was richly accompanied by illustrations (there are 155 in her book) and literary quotations. One, from the first version (not the more usually quoted one) of Coleridge’s ‘This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison’, has the lines:

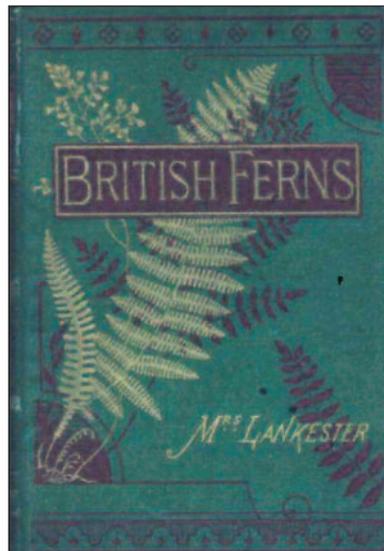
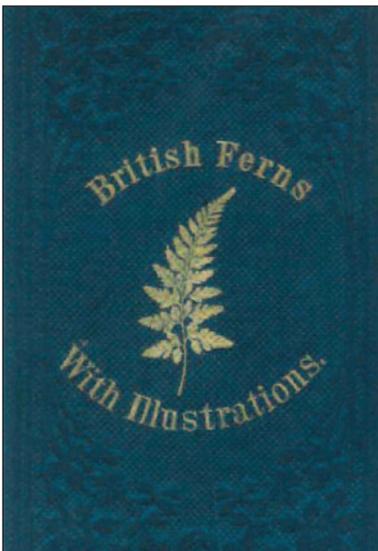
....‘where many an ash  
 ....Twists its wild limbs beside the ferny rock,  
 ....Whose plummy ferns forever nod and drip  
 ....Sprayed by the waterfall...’

‘Plummy’ evokes the ‘Prince of Wales feather’.

Another, from Wordsworth in his ‘Point Rash Judgement’, goes:

Many such there are,  
 Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern  
 So stately, of the Queen *Osmunda* named’

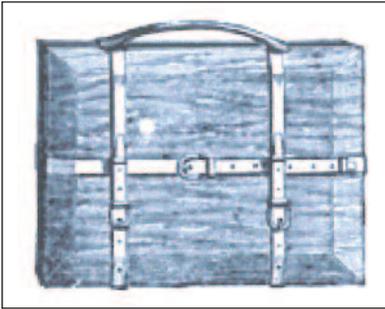
Fern collecting received a fillip in about 1829 from an invention by Dr N B Ward. His sealed glass aquarium protected the delicate plants from the sulphurous urban air. The Wardian case, as the miniature hot-houses were known, became a feature of stylish drawing rooms. By the 1840s books on ferns were beginning to appear. Sixty-one books on ferns appeared in the 1860s alone.



*Two of the sixty-one!*

Britain's own version of the 17th-century tulip-mania took root with some plants costing the equivalent of £1,000 each.

The new railways saw an opportunity to cater for the enthusiastic collector. Guard's vans became used to carrying luggage specially designed to carry specimens, like the Botanist's Portable Collecting Press available from Mr Bogue of 3 St Martin's Place, London.



A botanist's portable bag

Devon was a favourite destination. 'The fern paradise, a plea for the culture of ferns' (1876) by Francis George Heath, admittedly a Devon man, said that 'the number and variety of the most exquisite forms of these beautiful plants to be found in Devonshire are equalled by those of no other county in the United Kingdom.' He added, almost unnecessarily, 'Devonshire is emphatically the "paradise" of the British Ferns. There they are in very truth at home.'

Sometimes, rather than risk life and limb, it was better to employ a professional collector, said Dr Whittingham. She quoted the Reverend Bree, writing in 1846 about 'The ferns occurring at Lynmouth, North Devon': 'A young man of the name of John Cutcliffe, who resides at Hele, about a mile from Ilfracombe, knows the plant, and where to find it, and is ready to procure it when required. Of course he expects to be reasonably remunerated for his time and trouble, and, indeed, deserves to be so; for it is a service attended with labour and some risk: the ladders required for the occasion have to be carried a mile, and conveyed down the cliff by a very awkward, if not dangerous path, and afterwards over the rugged rocks on the shore. Cutcliffe and his father were both drenched to the skin in procuring the fern for me.'

The professionals could hold the amateurs to ransom, said Dr Whittingham, quoting Glenn Horridge, writing in the 1890s about a particular specimen she had failed personally to find: 'The donkey-women make a monopoly of it, and sell it to all Fern-lovers. It was in vain to coax and wheedle, to promise a larger sum for the pleasure of gathering it myself. The woman who brought it at last dilated largely on the difficulty of reaching the spot where it grew: she had to climb precipices, creep through holes in the rocks, jump over chasms, and encounter dangers equal to those of "Arabian Nights" heroes. And when, making full allowance for her spirit of romance, it was argued that "what woman had done, woman might do," she assumed a different style of defence, and said the other women would take her "poor dear life" if she divulged their secret.'

Fern-collecting parties were a perfect way of escaping the chaperone. *Punch* saw scope for mischief: 'Botanising is not a bad way of getting over the afternoon, and if you can get your basket well fern-ished so much the better; and it is a well-known fact that the rarest specimens grow in the least frequented spots, so you and your blooming companion can – but the hint is sufficient.' Ferns were said to boost your love life (as well as curing madness).

Long narrow trowels were made specially for collectors to extract ferns and their roots from cracks in the rock, and the specimens were then stowed in a vasculum, a botanist's tin case.

Those in the cities who wanted to populate their Wardian case without effort or danger could respond to advertisements like the one in *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion* in 1877: 'Lovely Devonshire Ferns, hampers of 100 for rockery or fernery, packed in moss, 4s. 6d., varieties named, half carriage paid in additional ferns. Twenty roots free, 1s. 3d. Devonshire Ferns. Twenty roots, six varieties. 1s. 100 roots, nine varieties, 5s. Leaves, 100 for 14 stamps. Beautiful moss, 6d. per pound. Carriage of twenty roots or two pounds of moss to London 4d.'

Reproductions of ferns became a theme in Victorian life. Dr Whittingham showed carvings of ferns on the capital at the entrance porch to Tyntesfield in Somerset and the entrance to the walled garden at Rousdon in east Devon. The theme is taken up in church windows and gravestones (like in the churchyard at Holy Trinity Church at Ilfracombe), in carpet patterns and in engravings on glass utensils. Honiton lace featured ferns, as did garden benches, dinner services, children's toy sets, even coal scuttles. Nearly a hundred properties listed in a directory to Bristol and Clifton in 1889 had 'fern' in many permutations in their names.

Kilvert says his 'scramble up among the rocks [on 29 July] to search for ferns for Mrs H [was] not very successful, and H had got some much finer ones, but she did not despise mine, though they were very poor little ones in comparison.' But he needn't have worried, all turned out well in the end despite the fact that the ferns 'grow in the narrowest crevices of the rocks and it is very hard to get them up by the root'. He recorded that when in September 1872 he visited the Hockins in Taunton (where they had moved to run a nursery and lived in a house called The Ferns), 'Mrs Hockin gave me what I value extremely, one of the plants of *Asplenium Marinum* fern which I got for her at the Gurnard's Head two years ago and which she has kept ever since.' The gift revived happy memories of his holiday in Cornwall.

The Society owes thanks to John Toman for arranging for Dr Whittingham to come and address us.

Her book, 'Fern Fever: The Story of Pteridomania', is published by Frances Lincoln, price £35.



Tools



Tyntesfield



Rousdon House

# David Bentley-Taylor

*A distinguished and enthusiastic Kilvertian, the late David Bentley-Taylor was a member of the Society for 23 years*

THE Society's archives have recently come into possession (thanks to David's widow, Felicity) of the extensive writings and research on Kilvert by David Bentley-Taylor – even the most cursory glance through this collection reveals his huge interest in and affection for the Diarist and his work. The main item is a bound 140-page volume entitled *Kilvert in the Wye Valley – Selections from Kilvert's Diary*.

After an introduction with appropriate maps come three sections: Residence at Clyro; Return visits to Clyro and Residence at Bredwardine. These are, as the titles suggest, selected relevant Diary extracts, with occasional interpolated comments. There follow two further chapters: Joy and Sorrow and The Genius of Kilvert. 'This final chapter', says David, 'is my own analysis of the amazing descriptions contained in these selections'; and he lists 14 topics which, he adds, 'highlight this genius' and which he examines under such headings as: Christian Beliefs and Practices, Family and Close Friends, The Black Mountains, Animals, Trees, Flowers etc. There are photographs too.



*The Jenkins' home on the bridge at Bredwardine: the Old Court beyond (one of the illustrations from David's book)*

In addition to the above volume are other interesting items which include David's contributions to the Society's Newsletters of the time. What shines through this collection is his immense enthusiasm for all things Kilvert.

David was a large man of great energy which is apparent throughout these writings and indeed in his membership too, as those who knew him will remember.

For those who do not, and, as a memory of David it is intended to publish, beginning in this issue of the *Journal*, extracts from the collection so that those members too may share in his passion for the *Diary*.

David, who had a very distinguished career as a Christian missionary, was born on 25 January 1915 in Liverpool. When he was one year old the family moved to Hereford where his father was manager of Lloyds Bank; they lived in what was then, and still is, The Old House.



*David Bentley-Taylor at Arthur's Stone*

He was educated at the Cathedral School and later as a boarder at Shrewsbury School. After spending some time in Germany to learn the language he went up to Trinity College Oxford in 1933 to read English and Theology. While at Oxford and as a result of a talk given by the charismatic Brian Green, he became a devout Christian, although he was not from a strongly church-going family.

In 1936 he began to preach and carry out missionary work in London's East End before moving to China as a missionary, which necessitated his learning Cantonese at a language school in Shanghai. While in Shanghai he met and married Jessie a Canadian nurse. There followed several months travelling in northern China during which time twins were born to them. In 1944 they returned home and David became Candidates' Secretary to the China Inland Mission.

Between 1952-60 he was abroad again working for the Overseas Mission Fellowship in Malaysia, Java and Indonesia. Further home appointments followed – General Secretary of the International Fellowship of Evangelical Students and International Secretary of Middle Eastern Christian Outreach (1974-80).

In 1980 he and Jessie retired to Eardisley and he became a member of the Kilvert Society – did his interest in Kilvert precede membership, we wonder.

However, he certainly very soon began to immerse himself in Kilvertiana and in the life of the Society – not least, leading walks in the Herefordshire/Radnorshire Kilvert Country.

Jessie died in 1983 and David subsequently, in 1994, married Felicity, who had been brought up in China and been a prisoner of the Japanese. It is to Felicity that we are indebted for these biographical notes. In 1994 David and Felicity moved to Southbank Close in Hereford. Still the keen researcher David spent his final years writing on many different subjects – apart from Kilvert! – among numerous examples, were St Augustine of Hippo, Josephus, Erasmus and the nineteenth-century missionary Henry Martin.

David died on 10 February 2003.

*The series of examples of David's writing begins here with an undated article: The Diarist or Priest and Diarist? followed by his review of the Harvey notebook, purchased by the National Library of Wales in 1985 and published by the Library in 1989.*

## The Diarist or Priest and Diarist?

THERE are two plaques on the wall of the house in Clyro where Kilvert lodged for seven years. The smaller one, alongside the front door, reads "Ashbrook House. The home of Rev Francis Kilvert, the Diarist, 1865-1872." The larger one, placed higher up, states that "Francis Kilvert, Priest and Diarist, lived here, 1865-1872."

Ever since I first saw them it has seemed to me that the wording of the smaller one is ideal but that the inclusion of the word "Priest" in the larger one is unfortunate, for it describes Kilvert in a way many may find objectionable and for which the Diary gives no encouragement. "Rev" is a mild and neutral title. "Priest" is a loaded word.

"Priest" is a common expression in the Bible, referring in both Old and New Testaments to Jewish priests, occasionally to heathen ones, but never to Christian ministers. Neither Peter nor Paul nor any of the Twelve is ever called a priest. In the New Testament the only Christian use of the word is as a description of every believer and in allusion to Christ Himself – our "High Priest". It never once refers to a special class of Christians distinguished from "the laity". On the basis of these facts, no Free Church ministers are ever called priests. Collins English Dictionary (1979) gives as the basic meaning of the term "a person ordained to act as a mediator between God and man in administering the sacraments, preaching, etc", which is an essentially Catholic standpoint, either Roman Catholic or Anglo-Catholic. In those circles it is, of course, highly honoured. By others, who are aware of its implications, it is repudiated. In considering whether or not it should be applied to Kilvert, the crucial question is, What does he say in the Diary which bears on this matter?

Kilvert never once describes himself as a priest except when he visited Bristol Cathedral "where I was ordained Deacon and Priest" (ii 282), using the formal phrase handed down from Catholic times. Many ordained Anglicans, who would say the same thing, nonetheless would avoid ever saying "I am a priest", which would imply acceptance of views they do not hold.

Kilvert never refers to his father as a priest, nor to his brother-in-law, nor to Mr Venables. In fact, in the whole of the three volumes the word only occurs 12 times. Once he preached about Jesus Christ, "the High Priest of Humanity" (ii 88). Twice the word refers to Jewish priests (ii 155). Twice he mentions Roman Catholic priests celebrating Mass (iii 135, 226). He thought the Vicar of Llan Madoc "looked like a Roman priest" (ii 184). At Monnington he heard "the Priest's bell", the signal for the clergy to enter and robe (iii 265). Once he used the word in an off-hand way – "talk of being priest-ridden" (ii 189).

On only four occasions does the word refer to Anglican ministers. Peeping into Calne Church he heard "the priest's voice" and reverently closed the door (ii 432). At Britford he met the Morres brothers, "soldier and priest" (iii 50). He humorously alluded to "two priests" in a boat on the Wye whose coat tails were dragging through the water (ii 147). And at St Barnabas Church in Oxford, during a High Church service of which he strongly disapproved, he mentioned "the last priest in the

procession, wearing a biretta and a chasuble stiff with gold", whom in the privacy of the Diary he later described as "the hideous figure of the emaciated ghost" (iii 319-320). That is all.

In contrast, the words "curate", "vicar", and "rector" occur frequently in the Diary. Now and then an ordained man is called a "minister", a "pastor", or is said to be "in Holy Orders". Three times Kilvert is informally described as a "shepherd". The word "parson" occurs fourteen times. "Perhaps they saw the parson coming up the hill", he said, referring to himself (ii 123), while Mr Venables and his new curate are called "two parsons" (ii 270). On at least 44 occasions he refers to ordained Anglicans as "the clergy" or "clergymen", but never as "priests". At Bredwardine he was "the clergyman of the parish" (iii 411). He and his father were "clergymen of the Established Church" (ii 206).

William Plomer, the Editor, keeps in step with him in this matter. He mentions that Kilvert was ordained deacon in 1863 and priest (i 10) in 1864 (iii 12) and quotes his nephew as saying that he was "a very faithful parish priest". But Plomer himself in his Introductions to each volume and in his occasional notes on the text consistently alludes to Kilvert as "the Diarist". He describes him as curate, vicar and rector, but never as priest.

Kilvert's work rarely brought him into contact with the Roman Catholic Church and he showed no hostility towards it. His favourite tomb in Clyro churchyard was an old Catholic one (i 315). He enjoyed a visit to the Catholic Church in Bath. "Surely a Protestant may pray in a Catholic Church and be none the worse." (iii 230). Later he spent "a quiet, solemn half hour" there (iii 357). In Oxford he was glad to find the Catholic Church "quite plain, simple and Low Church in its ritual compared to St Barnabas", which was Anglican (iii 320). But he was not pleased when he found "Romanist tendencies in the Church of England" and drove his mother to collect signatures to strengthen their Bishop's hand "in contending against the Counter-Reformation movement" (ii 437). He took pains to find out about Father Ignatius and his monastery in the Black Mountains but without concealing his disapproval of "the morbid unnatural life of these monks, going back into the errors of the dark ages" (i 78). On meeting one of Ignatius' novices he remarked, "I hope he is reserved for a better fate" (i 224). His account of the Ascension Day service at St Barnabas, "the incense bearers and a great gilt cross, the thurifers and acolytes", is a scathing satire. "It appeared to me to be pure Mariolatry". He said he did not care if he never saw such a function again (iii 318-320). He had no sympathy for what he called "Imitation Mass, the clergyman going about the chancel, to and fro like a puppet on wires in a play. He was playing at Mass" (i 386).

However, he was not pleased when Mr Winthrop was so anxious to repudiate all High Church tendencies that he "denied the gift of the Holy Spirit at Ordination and Baptism" (i 331), nor did he agree with Mr Strong's "violent Low Church speech" at a Clergy Conference (iii 127). He alludes to three types of Anglican ministers: Low Churchmen, High Churchmen and Moderate Churchmen. If some label has to be pinned on Kilvert, it should be "Moderate Churchman".

This is borne out by his attitude to Holy Communion, which he also calls H.C., Communion, or the Sacrament, never the Eucharist and only once The Lord's Table (iii 414). He mentions it more than sixty times but never enthuses about it. All the references are of a brief, matter-of-fact type. He connected "the reservation of the Sacrament" with Catholic times long gone (ii 414). He recorded Father Ignatius' sense of the Real Presence "in the Blessed Sacrament" as the monk called it (i 222-223) but not his own, except when gazing at the representation of Christ in a picture gallery (ii 350). The only Communion services which really moved him were those held in people's homes, when an elderly couple who could not kneel "sat reverently in their chairs" (iii 296), when Hannah Whitney took it for the first time at the age

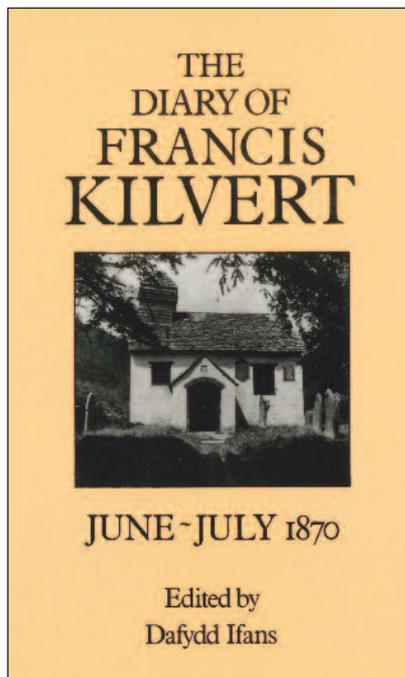
of ninety (ii 331), or Edward Evans in bed in his smelly hovel (i 238). In each case it was the condition and reactions of the humble poor which fired his imagination rather than the sacrament itself or his own role in "administering" it. It would be as wide of the mark to describe him as an Anglo-Catholic as it would be to suggest he was an Evangelical. Neither of these words is found in the Diary and neither suits him.

And so it seems to me that the smaller plaque by the front door of Ashbrook House is correct. "The home of Rev Francis Kilvert" acknowledges his status as a Christian minister in a way which gives offence to none. Then only one word is required to summarise his fame, "The Diarist"

(Undated)

## The last of Kilvert

### *A personal reaction*



IT has been a thrilling experience to study the long lost *Diary of Francis Kilvert: June-July 1870*, covering the period June 11 to July 17 in 101 pages, cut down to 22 pages by Plomer (i 158-180) and further abridged to 12 pages in the one – volume edition (43-56). I began by adding stars and crosses to the text to indicate the beginning and the end of passages preserved by Plomer, which made it easy to identify what was new.

As expected, there is nothing revolutionary

here. None of the mysteries surrounding Kilvert's career are cleared up, apart from an allusion to "the Seven Years Convention about Clyro and Langley" made with his father, which suggests why he felt he must leave Clyro in 1872. But the writer's genius as an observer and recorder is evident on every page. Glorious phrases, sentences and paragraphs abound. Time and again some triviality inspires him to immortal utterances, such as the classic statement on "the patience of women" (88).

And there are defects – too much of the superficial social round towards the end, too much archery and croquet – but these forced me to recognise how much we owe to Plomer for weeding out what was banal. The specimen of Kilvert's handwriting (26) shows what he had to contend with. Reading this part of the huge diary in beautiful print, it is only too easy for us to deplore the splendid passages Plomer failed to preserve.

Kilvert's father and mother and his brother Perch were with him in Clyro for some of the time, so they figure quite a lot. And although the diarist, as usual, makes remarkably little allusion to his ministerial duties, they do become slightly more prominent

than in Plomer's extracts. There are repeated references to preparing parishioners for confirmation and a unique description of Carrie Gore remaining in the church at Bettws after the Sunday service while Kilvert sat at the reading desk "in the surplice with the desk door shut" instructing her for no less than 45 minutes. (48-49). Equally priceless is another detail from Bettws. Kilvert often mentions what text or subject he preached about, but only here does he give an account of what he actually said. "I prepared as I went up the hill on the text 'They feared as they entered into the cloud'. The different kinds of cloud: sickness, misfortune, old age, death. We fear as we enter into them. But every cloud except the cloud of sin has a silver lining and from it may be heard the Voice of God. The darkest cloud of all is the cloud of sin." (61).

Six pages (9-14) are devoted to a walk to Aberedw, quite different and much longer than the similar trek recorded by Plomer. It pays to read it several times, not least the fascinating account of walking along "the bed of the Edw" river just before it flows into the Wye.

Six more pages (23-28) are given to the outing to Snodhill Castle and Dorstone, preserved by Plomer but with the omission of ten passages of no particular interest.

Seven pages (39-46) cover the visit to Llanthony, of which Plomer kept only part of what happened within the Abbey. The original gives the full story of the walk up from Llanigon through the Gospel Pass to Capel-y-Ffin as well as of the struggle back out of the Vale of Ewyas against a gale of wind raging over the Pass. Our gain is substantial.

But perhaps the greatest prize is the ten-page description of the fishing trip to Llangorse Lake (29-38) which we now discover was spread over two days. Of this Plomer salvaged only one and a half pages, missing many marvellous things including the encounter with a vast flock of starlings which begins with the words "Then a sudden noise swept over the lake, growing louder and louder as if a great wind were rushing swiftly towards us".

The book is a delight to handle, an admirable index includes even the cows and the moon, and the notes most helpfully state the ages of many people mentioned. There are eleven pictures, the most impressive being of Mrs Essex Hope, thanks to whom we were robbed of many more treasures like this volume.

(November 14, 1989)

# The Golden Gates of Bredwardine



AS members will have seen from the photographs on the back cover of *Journal* No 41 (September 2015) the Society recently donated new Kilvert memorial gates for the churchyard at Bredwardine.

It was in about 2013 that the committee decided that ‘something ought to be done’ about the old gates there. They certainly needed some care and attention; they needed a coat of varnish or paint, there were signs of rot and they had dropped on the hinges and were becoming difficult to open and close. So, whereas visitors to the Church and looking at the gates may well have been impressed by the Society’s desire to commemorate the Diarist, they may well have subsequently decided that the condition of the gates reflected very badly on its continuing commitment to Frank’s memory.

Thus, in the end, it was resolved that something was going to be done and our late committee member Peter Beddall builder and therefore a man skilled in all manner of useful, practical accomplishments advised the committee that repairing the gates would be difficult and probably not worthwhile. He proposed a new set of gates, which he was prepared to construct – wonderful man!



*Doomed!*

The project was about to start when, alas, the committee and the Society were robbed of Peter’s friendship, wisdom and skills by his untimely death. He is still missed in so many ways, not least because it was always reassuring to have such a practical man as a member of the committee! Members will remember his energetic instigation and supervision of the work of making safe the ruins of the Old Soldier’s Cottage at Bronydd, and his single-handed repair of the memorial stone bench, also at Bredwardine.

Fortunately and very shortly afterwards, while the committee was pondering what to do now, the name of local carpenter Philip Minton emerged by chance and, even better, Philip declared himself able and willing to build a new set of gates – of the same pattern as the old ones and using the original ironmongery.

So it was that on 25 April the Saturday of the AGM weekend of 2015 and before an admiring crowd, the new gates were dedicated and blessed by the Rector, The Rev Dr Anand Sodadasi – before they were officially .....opened! Very handsome they looked too in the brilliant spring sunshine (Kilvert weather again) which enhanced the golden glow of the varnish. Philip was on hand to replace the plaques, the original and the new one donated by Pam Marshall.

By the way we never did find those screws for the new plaque!

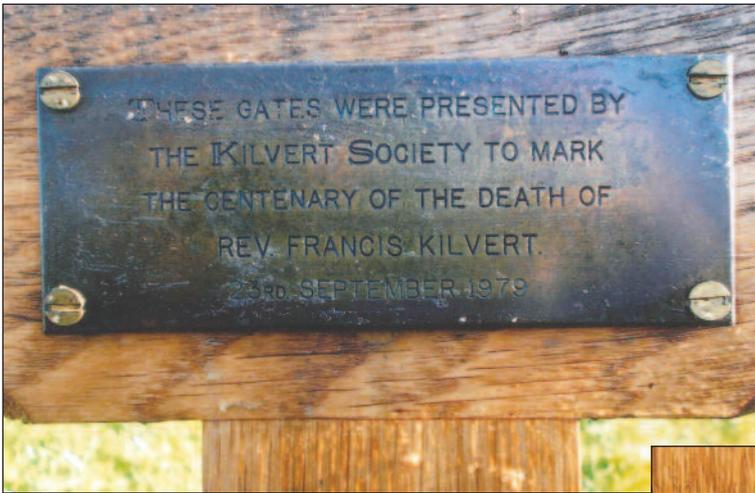
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The Society gratefully acknowledges the assistance in this project of Mrs Charlotte Sellar, churchwarden at Bredwardine.

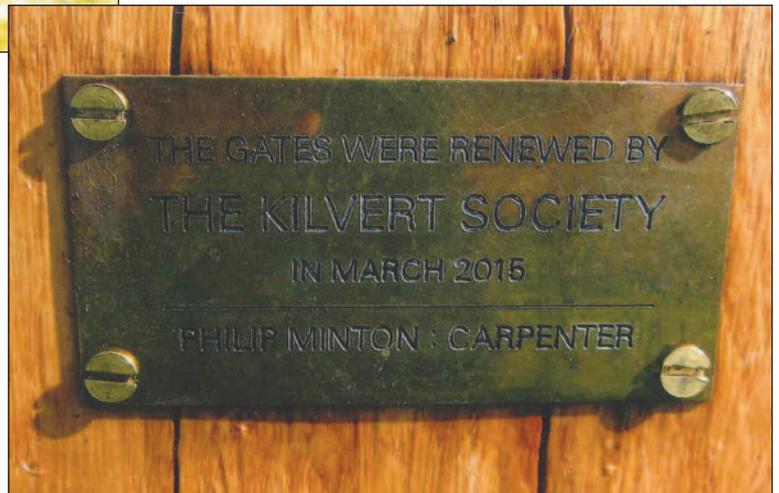


*The Rev Dr Anand Sodadasi dedicates the new gates*

Photos: Jeff Marshall



The plaques – the old and the new



Photos: Michael Sharp

## The Staff of St Curig

by Charlie Bass (Builth Wells)

KILVERT was Vicar of St Harmon from June 1876 to December 1877. During that time he had many conversations with the Schoolmaster, Mr Arnold, and no doubt with many of the locals in his parish. I wonder whether he was made aware of the folklore surrounding the Staff of St Curig which, it was believed, had been in the possession of St Garmon's church in St Harmon. I give below three quotations which would appear to support this folklore:

***Folklore of West and Mid Wales*** by Jonathan Ceredig Davies, Member of the Folklore Society. 1911

In the Church of St Harmon, Radnorshire, was once preserved a pastoral staff supposed to have belonged to St Curig, the founder of Llangurig, in Montgomeryshire. Giraldus Cambrensis (Geraid of Wales born c 1146 – died c 1223) says that this staff was covered on all sides with gold and silver, and resembling in its upper part the form of a cross; its efficacy has been proved in many cases, but particularly in the removal of glandular and strenuous swellings.

***The Place Names of Wales*** by Thos Morgan (Skewen) 1912

St Harmon – from St Garmon, to whom the parish church is dedicated. Germanus-Garmon, Bishop of Auxerre, was the son of Rhedyn, and a native of Brittany. Giraldus says that in the church of St Harmon, near Rhaiaadr, was the crutch of St Cyrig,

plated with gold, and adorned with pearls, above loft, called lloffft y grog (because the image of the cross was generally painted on the front of the loft). This crutch possessed the virtue of healing many diseases, such as the plague, the king's evil, and all manner of swelling in the armpits. The sick person would kneel with reverence before the crutch, and offer a piece of money for his cleansing, and unless this was done, no cure could be expected. This crutch was burnt at the Reformation.

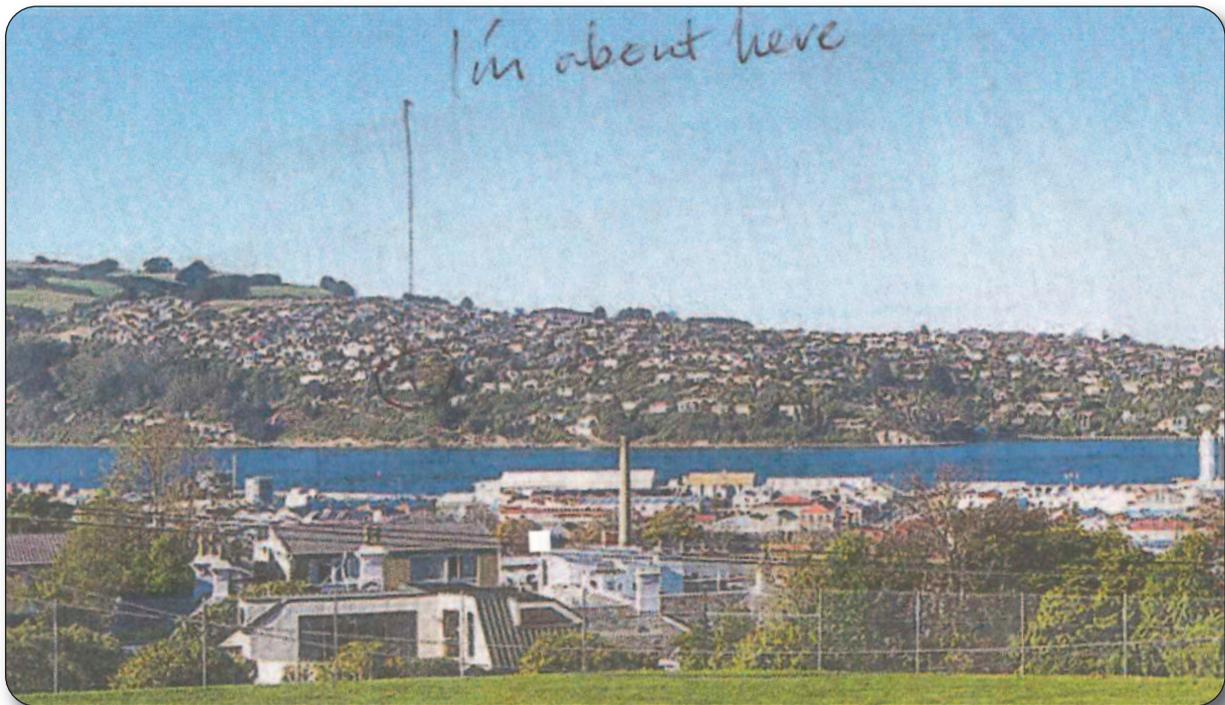
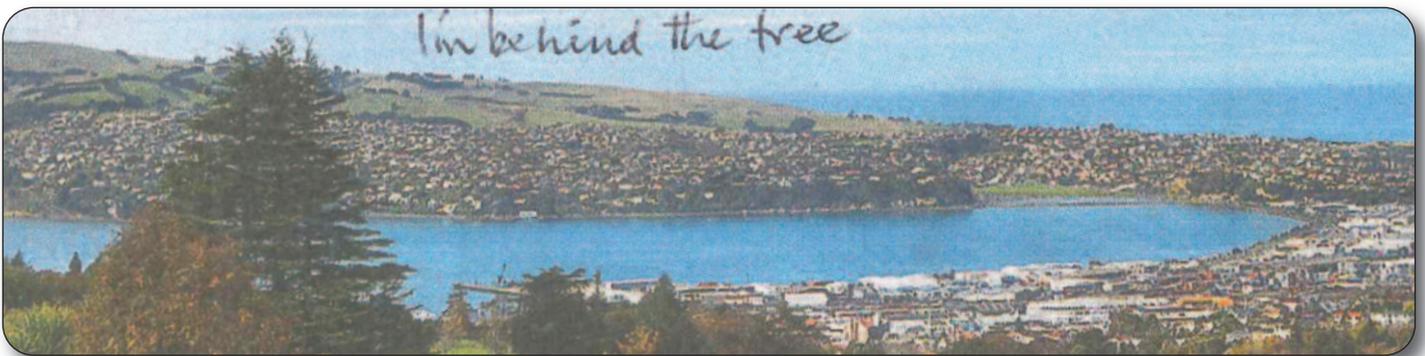
***Radnorshire*** by W H Howse 1949

St Curig's Staff – The church of St Harmon had a possession as wonderful as Bangu. This was the staff of St Curig, covered on all sides with silver and gold, which had the power of curing tumours and other diseases for such people as made an oblation of one penny. Giraldus relates that a patient thought to deceive the staff and presented it with a halfpenny, with the result that his tumour subsided only in the middle, on payment of the other halfpenny the entire cure was effected. Another person obtained a cure on the promise to pay a penny, but did not fulfil his promise; his infirmity returned and not until he had paid three pence was he cured.

Given the interest that F K had in folklore I am sure he would have been fascinated by this legend and its connection with his church. We have no way of knowing if he was ever aware of this story.

## Notes

- Kilvert had a couple of mentions, spotted in last summer's press. In addition to a reader's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in July from Mr Keith Hill in Rochester, referring to the 'delightful Diary of the Rev Francis Kilvert' and recounting the story of the christening at Fordington (Diary 30 April 1874) (see *March Journal*), there was in August a lengthy piece in the *Sunday Telegraph* informing us about what our leaders would be reading during their summer break from running the Nation. Among the many boastful claims about the weighty and improving(?) tomes some said they would be reading, it was most refreshing to learn of Labour MP Alan Johnson's choice – yes, you've guessed it – *Kilvert's Diary*.
- One of our New Zealand members, Lyndall Hancock writes regularly from her home in Dunedin. In a recent letter she enclosed these two cuttings from her local newspaper. Lyndall lives in Waverley, a suburb of Dunedin and her home overlooks the harbour there. She has, of course, a most agreeable view. We believe, however, that she is none too pleased with a recent interruption to that view – the newly constructed international rugby stadium, on the opposite shore!



## ***SPECIAL OFFER***

**for a limited period only**

Now is your chance to purchase a three-volume edition of *The Diary* for £45. Usual price £60.  
See inside back cover.

## Obituaries

*It is with regret that we record the death of the following members:*

### **Elizabeth Mary Wheeldon (1928-2015)**



Elizabeth, Liz to the family, was born at the home of her maternal grandparents, at Ross-on-Wye on 3 March 1928, the elder daughter of Dorothy and Arthur Wheeldon.

After war service on the Western Front her father returned to Kington (where his father was a bank manager) and ran the garage there with his brother, Lawrence, later farming

at Spring Farm nearby.

Sadly, when Liz and her sister Anne were very young, Arthur died from TB, contracted in the trenches. This left their mother with the daunting task of raising two small children alone. Fortunately she had a supportive family on both sides and Liz had many happy memories of her early life in Kington.

Liz's great ambition was always to become a nurse, but initially her poor health was an obstacle so, upon leaving school, she enrolled on a cookery course. However, thanks to her determination her dream eventually did come true and she began nursing training at the West London and Charing Cross hospitals.

A period of her life which she loved dearly was that of her military service in Malaya with Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps – service of which she was extremely proud. She remained an active member of the Hereford branch of QARANC, enjoying the camaraderie and occasionally taking part in Remembrance Day parades at the Cenotaph. A real highlight was attending a Royal Garden Party in 1994.

After military service Liz worked as Matron at Rossall and Wellingborough schools and later as a casualty sister at Kettering General Hospital and finally in the same role at Hereford County Hospital, whence she took early retirement to care for her mother, an example, one of many, of putting family duty before herself.

Liz always had a great thirst for knowledge and had wide interests; she was a member of the Woolhope Club, of an arts society and an active and dedicated supporter of her beloved Kilvert Society which she had joined, with Anne, in 1972 and they became active members of the committee. She was a great traveller too, loved driving and had an ambition to drive round the coast of Britain, which was partially successful.

Liz would love to have married and had children of her own but, sadly, that was not to be, mainly as a result of that strong sense of family duty which caused her to reject at least two offers of marriage. Painful decisions, no doubt, but either would have meant living far from Hereford and abandoning mother and sister. The three had moved into Penn Grove Road in 1948 and this remained the home of Liz and Anne

until recent years when failing health necessitated a move for both of them to Homer Court where Anne still resides.

Liz died on 31 October 2015. Alas, Anne was not well enough to attend her sister's funeral at Hereford Crematorium on 17 November. The Society was represented by Howard and Ann Dean, Val and Colin Dixon, Rose Jones, and Michael and Sue Sharp.

*The above is an edited version of the tribute given at the funeral by Liz's nephew and godson, to whom our thanks for permission to reproduce it.*

### **Joan Watts**

It is very sad that we have, belatedly, to announce the death of Joan Watts, the wife of our past Chairman, Ron Watts. Joan apparently died on 5 October 2013 at the age of 91. We believe she was buried at Yew Tree Brake near Cinderford, joining Ron, who was buried there in December 2006.



Joan and Ron came to Herefordshire in 1960 and very much enjoyed the outdoor life, both keen on walking and cycling. They were founder members of the Ross Walking Club and Joan continued walking with organised groups well into her 80s and amazed those who knew her well with her youthfulness and joy of life.

Ron and Joan became Life Members of the Kilvert Society in 1982 and regularly attended events, organising outings and walks. Following Ron's death, however, Joan was unable to attend as many Kilvert events as she would have liked, not being able to drive and being nervous of going home alone to her cottage along a country lane.

She was a talented artist and apart from teaching art she also specialised in doing miniature portraits on enamel. Joan loved her cats and if you visited her home you would usually find at least one curled up somewhere in her comfortable living-room.

Joan and Ron had two children, Peter and Jane. Some of our members may know of Peter (Peter Overend Watts) who was a founder member of the group *Mott the Hoople*. She will be sadly missed as she was a lively and popular member of the Society.

### **Tony Carter**

Tony was the husband of our member Jean Carter, who made us so very welcome on our visit to their home at Lower Cwmgwannon in March 2015. He'd had an interesting and very long life; he died soon after his 89th birthday.

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

# List of Kilvert publications

**Three-Volume Diary**, packed in slip case, available to members at £60 plus £10.50 p&p. But see Special Offer panel on p19.

**The Lost Photo Album: A Kilvert Family Story**, by John Toman (SECOND EDITION, expanded). 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&p.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**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.

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

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

**The Other Francis Kilvert**  
Francis Kilvert of Claverton (1803-1863), by Teresa Williams and Frederick Grice. The authors, after diligent research, have produced an extremely interesting account of the life and work of the Diarist's Uncle Francis. £2.

**The Books Kilvert Read**, by John Toman. £2.

**Index of Journal Newsletters 1956-2000**, by the late Rev Dr Nigel Rowe. £2.

**The Bevan-Dew Extracts**  
Entries from the original Diary relating to the Bevan and Dew families which were omitted from the published Diary. £2.

**Kilvert and the Visual Arts**, by Rosalind Billingham. A transcript of the authoritative lecture given by Miss Billingham at the 1979 Annual General Meeting. £1.50.

**Vicar of this Parish**, by John Betjeman. £2.

**Children of the Rectory**, by Essex Hope. £1.50.

**Newsletter/Journals**  
Back numbers of some Newsletters and Journals. £2.50.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 0-907158-02-1.

**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,  
Penrosfa Crescent,  
Llandrindod Wells,  
Powys LD1 5NW  
(tel 01597 822062).

Prices include UK postage and packing, unless noted. For overseas orders, please see below. If postage prices change, the price list may have to be amended.

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