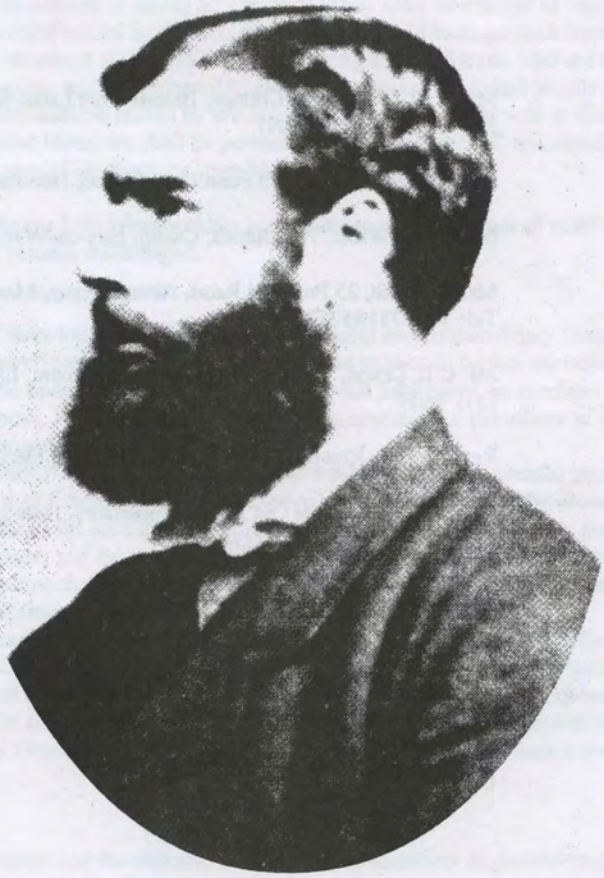
THE JOURNAL



OF THE KILVERT SOCIETY

Number 5 **June 2001**

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

Formed (in 1948) to foster an interest in the Revd. Francis Kilvert, his work, his diary and the country he loved

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From the Editor:

I am writing this on Sunday evening, 29th April at 9.30 p.m.; that is to say immediately on my return home from a truly splendid AGM weekend – and while the events are still fresh in my mind. Happy coincidence played a very large part in the success of the occasion. To begin with, and for reasons which I explained on the Friday, it brought us Adrian Harvey and his fascinating, revelatory talk about his father's enthusiasm for the *Diary*, his correspondence with Plomer, Essex Hope and others and, of course, his unique photographs. Then, as a conclusion, at the Kilvert evensong on the Sunday it meant we were able to share in the final service and subsequent tributes that marked the end of Dr. Roy Massey's 27 years as organist and master of the choristers at the Cathedral. What is more, the Chancellor, the Revd. Canon John Tiller, honoured the Society's presence there by taking as the foundation for his sermon Kilvert's fine *Diary* entry for Easter Sunday 1876; building on that he then went on to consider the broader theme of the Resurrection. (See page 7).

I do not propose to say any more here about the events that came between because you can read our correspondents' views of these and of this often serendipitous occasion further on, starting on page two. The extended weekend gave us all extended opportunities to greet and talk with old friends and to make new ones. It was a particular pleasure, this year, to welcome American members the Revd. Pamela Cranston and her husband Ed., who had come over from San Francisco especially to attend.

All seemed to agree that it was a marvellous occasion – as good as the Jubilee weekend said many and even better said some.

So, now your committee will have to decide whether such an expanded event is something which should be repeated every year or whether to tantalise by making it bi- or tri-ennial! I would be pleased to have your views.

THE THREE-VOLUME *DIARY*

Our member Mrs. Sheila Hooper of West Sussex who owns the copyright of some aspects of the published Kilvert material has written asking me to publish the following (-ed.):

Dear Sir,

Having read Mr. Kenneth Clew's article in the March 2001 edition of the *Journal*, I would like to put on record my approach to the reproduction of Kilvert material to which I have copyright, so that members of the Society are in no doubt that I have sought to encourage the publishing of Kilvert material whenever possible.

Over the years since copyright passed to me, whenever a request has been made for the use of copyright material I have readily granted permission, and sought to encourage the use of the material to which a number of publications will testify. Copyright income has played no part in this.

The fact that the economics of reprinting the three-volume edition does not appeal to the publishers is something over which I have no influence, particularly as the material in that edition is no longer in copyright as Mr. Clew so rightly points out. However, you can be sure that I will continue to encourage and support any reasonable project to further spread the writings of Francis Kilvert to which I have copyright.

Yours sincerely,
Signed: Sheila Hooper

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Members who have not so far paid their annual subscriptions are reminded that these became due on 1st January this year. At the time of the Society's AGM in late April, over 80 subscriptions were still outstanding, which is regrettable.

Members who have not paid are asked to send their subscriptions, without delay, to the address given at the back of this *Journal*. Overseas members are kindly asked to pay by sterling draft.

The individual annual subscription is currently £6. This amount also covers two people, living at the same address, who receive one copy of the Society's *Journal*. (This concession applies for the remainder of this year only).

Barry Smith (Membership Secretary)

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

June Weekend

Saturday 23rd — Meet at the Baskerville Arms at 12 noon for a walk from Clyro to Hay and return. The walk will be led by Michael Sharp and will include a tour of places of Kilvert interest in Hay. Because of the present FMD restrictions, please note that the walk will be confined to roads. Please bring a picnic lunch.

Sunday 24th — 3.00 p.m. Evensong at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Eardisley. This will be conducted by, and the preacher will be, the Revd. Dr. Humphrey Fisher of Newchurch, assisted by Revd. Jen Pollock. This will be of interest because of the *Diary* reference to the Revd. Palmer of Eardisley (Vol. III p. 281 et al). A portrait of him and his wife will be on display after the service. Tea will be provided afterwards at a cost of £3.50 per person.

September Weekend

Saturday 22nd — Walk in the Rhayader, Elan Valley area (more details in September's *Journal).*
Sunday 23rd — 3.00 pm Evensong at Clyro Church

Members may find it useful to know when planning their own diary for the year that the AGM weekend is normally the last weekend in April and the summer and autumn services are normally held on the last Sunday in June and September respectively.

Llandewi Fach Pilgrimage – July 29th

No decision has yet been taken on this event, but once again because of the foot and mouth epidemic this may have to be cancelled. Anyone proposing to go should contact Dr. Fisher nearer the time on 01544 370632.

THE AGM WEEKEND

Friday Evening
By Richard Weston (Hereford)

The Great Hall of the Bishop's Palace welcomed the members of the Society to this year's AGM. Its glorious décor and gracious gardens, glimpsed through the french windows, are always a welcoming sight and this year they provided the backdrop for a most interesting evening.

The chairman made the members welcome and introduced the business part of the evening, which proceeded smoothly. Among the matters discussed were the adoption of the new Constitution (a copy of which is enclosed with this edition of the *Journal* – ed.) and the new rulings with regard to life and joint membership. All the proposals listed on pages 1 and 2 of the March *Journal* were carried nem. con.

Presentations were made to Basil Butcher, the venerable retiring member of the committee and to Lawrie Jackson, the former membership secretary, both of whom had made outstanding contributions to the work of the Society. Mrs. Butcher and Mrs. Jackson graciously received large bouquets.

AGM presentation to Mr. & Mrs. Basil Butcher
(Photo by Ann Dean)

The interval allowed an opportunity for members to remake old acquaintances and it was obvious that this break for refreshments was enjoyed by all. The buffet supper, provided as usual by Café Ascari, was up to its usual very high standard and the publications' department did a roaring business, since this was the first opportunity for us all to study the new biography *Kilvert: the Homeless Heart* by John Toman, which looks a good read for £12.95. (This is available from the publications department at £15 inc. p&p and will be reviewed in the next issue of the *Journal* - ed.)

After the break we all settled down to listen to Adrian Harvey with a feeling of great expectation. What *had* he discovered among his late father's (recipient of one of the three original notebooks) papers we wondered … we hoped.

However Adrian began by saying that, sadly, he was not able to produce a copy of the missing manuscript nor any more notebooks. Nonetheless he gave us a fascinating talk on his father's involvement in the early days of Kilvert appreciation, when he had cycled round the Clyro area armed, or perhaps burdened down, with his Sanderson quarter-plate camera, which Adrian had brought along to show us. Later on, Harvey senior had begun to correspond with Plomer, Frederick Grice, Essex Hope and, of course, it was the latter who had ultimately presented him with the manuscript notebook, Kilvert's Journal No. III.

To begin, via the episcope, ably managed by Adrian's wife Christine, we viewed photographs of Clyro taken in 1953, before the bypass was built and some of Clyro Mill Lane (1958) – which has now all but disappeared. Then came some evocative photographs, which included Bron Dhu, Rhosgoch Mill, Tybella, (photographed in 1955 – long empty even then and becoming increasingly dilapidated by the year); and the keeper's cottage below John Morgan's garden at the Bronydd and one of the remains of the cottage itself.

Photographs of Llanshifr, included a fine shot of Mr. Lloyd himself and one of the kitchen there taken in 1958 which showed it, apparently, almost unchanged since Kilvert's day.

A photograph which evinced particular interest was one of Mrs. Crichton of Wye Cliff in archery costume, taken in 1870. This had been shown to Mr. Harvey senior by Essex Hope and he had reproduced the original together with one of Wye Cliff house.

Another copy of an original of 1902 revealed Florence and Helen Hill of Upper Noyadd and a view of the house showing the window at which Kilvert describes the two sisters standing in May 1876.

One of the most moving items was a photo of Mr. Meredith of Tump farm taken in 1956; this old man was the son of the 'boy with lockjaw'. Mr. Meredith told Charles Harvey that his father's condition had been cured by a man who worked with charms. Mr. Meredith himself had had his thumb nearly severed in a turnip-cutting machine and he too had been healed by an 'old wizard chap' – and lo and behold! there was Mr. Meredith proudly displaying the thumb in question!

A very beautiful shot showed old Mr. Williams of Sunny Bank sitting peacefully in the porch of his house. Charles Harvey had met him there in three successive years and on each occasion he had been sitting in exactly the same position!

A photograph of Bettws Chapel was followed by photographs of water colours; of the chapel itself and of Clyro school, painted in 1865 by Thersie, Kilvert's sister. These original paintings had been given to Charles Harvey by Essex Hope and had hung in the Harvey family home in Birmingham for 30 years before becoming, together with the manuscript notebook and other Kilvert material, the property of the National Library of Wales in Aberystwyth. Another fascinating photo showed the silver cup presented to Kilvert (with the *Thin Green Leather Book* – see page 9 – ed.) on his departure from Clyro on 24th August 1872. This photograph was taken in 1960 since when the cup's whereabouts remain uncertain.

Finally came a photograph of the reading desk at Brobury Church, the installation of which is described in the *Diary* and a very beautiful study of Dora Kilvert, again an original given to Charles Harvey by Mrs. Essex Hope.

We were all enthralled by this collection of photographs and by Adrian's fluent recollection of his father and the latter's fascination for Kilvert – and indeed for other diarists too.

We all agreed with Laurence Le Quesne's subsequent remarks that all the material in Adrian's possession could ultimately be expanded into a book of reminiscences. We shall have to wait and see, ….. and hope.

The evening ended with a vote of thanks proposed by Jeff Marshall and we all left with thoughts of Kilvert very much in our minds and full of anticipation for the rest of the weekend's events.

Adrian Harvey and his wife Christine
(Photo by Ann Dean)

The President amd Mrs. Lockwood with American guests Pamela & Ed Cranston
(Photo by Ann Dean)

Saturday Morning
By Anthea Ingham (Leamington Spa).

When I bought my computer recently, I asked the man in the shop why it was called 'Windows'. 'Well you see,' he replied, 'you click on a programme and immediately you are presented with a mass of different views – insights to the subject and links with others.' A bit like Kilvert and the Kilvert Society, I thought.

I was reminded of this on Saturday morning when our speakers, through the medium of Kilvert, showed us such a plethora of fascinating information, sometimes directly related to Kilvert and the Society and sometimes opening windows to entirely new subjects. Who would have imagined that we would have met such diverse characters as T.S. Eliot, St. Peter, Queen Mary, Walter Savage Landor and Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, not forgetting Mr. Maurice John, the last stationmaster of Hay. We were shown too, fascinating and disparate vignettes: Jews in ginger wigs, William Plomer in a troika ('the most blissful experience of my life'), the eleven-year-old daughter of our president announcing proudly 'I have just eaten eleven cakes, (and that under the disapproving eye of Oswin Prosser!) and yet there it all was, because our speakers had 'clicked on the button' marked Kilvert.

The President, the Reverend David Lockwood opened the morning by speaking of his friendship with William Plomer. Although he had known him earlier, (David told us that he had asked him to lunch cooked by the 'help'. 'She was a good help', remarked David, leaving us to guess the rest!).

His real friendship with Plomer began after the tragic death of his eleven-year-old daughter when he received letters of sympathy from Plomer. 'I am,' said the latter 'hesitant to offer advice to a clergyman, but keen to help a friend'. As the friendship progressed, he became a father-figure to David, 'I am often a father, although I have never been one,' he once remarked.

David recalled him telling the Lockwood daughters of his travels, and inspiring them with a lifelong love of travel. He was full of stories: once, while staying in Norfolk, he was told: 'Make yourself tidy, William, Queen Mary is coming to tea'. She was apparently, a highly intelligent woman prevented by the difficulties of social position from fulfilling her potential. She had to wait until after the death of her husband, when she was over sixty, before she saw *Hamlet.*

As David talked, we built up a striking picture of Plomer: his distinctive speaking voice, (rather like Cardinal Newman's), his love of flowers, his kindness, his humour and his perspicacity: on reading a memorial of one of David's predecessors, he declared: 'loved by all? Nobody is loved by all!' He was right; this particular cleric had transported an innocent boy to Australia.

He knew many distinguished literary men: T.S. Eliot (whom he hadn't much time for), E.M. Forster and members of the Bloomsbury Set among others). He 'enjoyed a party, but also enjoyed meeting no-one on the road.' He was full of fun, but at heart he was a serious man, caring most deeply for causes such as Apartheid.

David answered charges of arrogance often levelled against Plomer in his editing of the *Diaries:* in the first place at the time there was no money available for producing nine volumes, and much of what he chose to excise was repetitive or even dull; William Plomer was a publisher's reader, he knew where the public interest would lie; and he was right; instead of reposing in some dusty academic library, the *Diary* met with instant success. There was moreover, no arrogance in him; he was, of all things a liberal.

David finished by reading us four poems: *Queen Mary and the Pigeons, Flowers, The Axe in the Orchard* and finally and most fittingly, one of his own entitled: *William Plomer at Witley Court*; the last stanza read as follows:

There is an ungaugable tide in time
With its own floods, ebbs and springs
That has no cognisance with the chime
that rings.

How true that seemed, that morning.

Those of us who had heard Jeff Marshall speak two years ago, on music in the *Diaries,* had looked forward eagerly to a new treat in store. We were not to be disappointed! Jeff's theme was the Radnorshire-Herefordshire Kilvert country.

It began with a lass and it will end with a lass (*Diary* entry 23rd August, 1871) – he began, and sure enough there was a slide of a bedraggled, rain-soaked ten-year-old Ann Marshall standing upon the Gospel Pass, the starting point of our journey.

Soon we had crossed Hay Bluff (our courier had told us to fasten our seat belts!) and moved on down to Clyro, where in the churchyard of St. Michael's we saw, or rather, for a moment, we *thought* we saw, a hitherto unviewed picture of Kilvert himself! But no! We were back in 1988 when the Revd. Martin Reed had dressed up as the Diarist in the course of hosting a Kilvert weekend.

Moving on down Clyro's main street to Ashbrook House we came upon Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, the then president of the Kilvert Society, unveiling the Kilvert plaque in 1973. 'A professional Welshman,' commented Jeff dryly. (The editor of the *Journal* can, like William Plomer, express perspicacious views succinctly.) Next on to Clyro Court, home of the Baskervilles and to Maesyronen Chapel and a great burst of snowdrops in the churchyard there. Then, eastwards to the Bronydd and here we saw what remains of the Old Soldier's, John Morgan's cottage (there now, thanks to Colin Dixon is a commemorative plaque). Here too Kilvert had helped the Peninsular war veteran lift a row of potatoes. Further on up the hill we came to Bettws chapel where Kilvert had baptised a baby in ice and a cow had gazed at him through the window while he preached.

An archive view of Whitney showed us the old railway bridge, broken in a storm in 1878. At the time Kilvert wrote: *No trains can run ... the gap will be filled by coaches.* 'Does this sound familiar?,' asked our guide. Still in Whitney the church came next; here Jeff had once seen on the occasion of a Kilvert service 'dear old Edward standing at the door to welcome members. I can never pass there now,' he continued, 'without recalling the man and the moment.' Now it was over the Wye to Hay, past the castle and again, from the archive, a picture of the railway station and a mention for Maurice John, sometime Kilvert Society member and the last stationmaster of Hay.

More archive material took us to 1958 and a picture of KS members at Mouse Castle; to Llanthomas, to Llanigon and poor Daisy's grave, where we paused to reflect on the sadness of a wasted life.

At Presteigne, a favourite resort of our editor and his wife, we were advised to visit the Judge's lodging in the old Shire Hall, where a portrait of magistrate Venables hangs in the courtroom. 'One of the very best museum visits,' said the commentator. Here too we were reminded of the Revd. Ormerod, the local vicar, who, claiming he had no change, always put his pocket knife in the collection plate and was careful to retrieve it afterwards – never apparently, substituting any cash!

We 'drove' on through the countryside beyond Presteigne, stopping to admire the quiet, pastoral beauty of God's own county on the way to Colva church, the 'highest in Wales!' 'Do you mean geographically?' enquired our president gently. (I was very slow appreciating that remark and it had to be explained to me by my wife later!! Sorry David, I spoiled your joke! – ed.) Beautiful, well-named Glascwm was next. *I am bishop here*, said the vicar to Kilvert, when the Diarist called on 22nd May 1871, ... *come and see the Cathedral.*

Turning north now we travelled via Builth to St. Harmon. 'A bleak and dismal place,' said our guide, 'and it's easy to see why Kilvert did not stay long.' Swiftly now back across the Black Mountains to Llanthony – here Walter Savage Landor was driven from the valley by its furious natives and Kilvert, in the fine entry for 5th April 1870 saw the tourists 'posturing' in the ruins of the Priory.

At last, to Bredwardine to watch the shadows on the hill, to view the ('clumsily') repaired Kilvert seat and the graves of little Davie and the Diarist himself. 'But enough of tombs' said our speaker and we were off then on our final stroll, across the finest brick bridge in England to Brobury church, now a private dwelling with the surprising addition of a hideous tower. On up the Scar – 'Herefordshire's best-kept secret,' (not now, a hundred or so Kilvert Society members have seen it), through the woods and along Monnington walk to Monnington itself, home of Kilvert's sister Thersie and her husband the Revd. W.R. Smith; all this a route Kilvert must have often followed.

The penultimate view was from Merbach Hill, looking back along the Wye towards the heart of the Kilvert country. *It began with a lass and it will end with a lass,* and there was Pam Marshall, loyal assistant to the photographer, huddled up in a church doorway against the cold of last February, but managing to look glamorous nonetheless. We were back in the present.

This really was a morning when we had 'clicked' on to Kilvert and looked through windows at familiar sights, places and friends, but also encountered, through links with the Diarist, a whole world of new ones. We had however one advantage over the computer-user, we had been transported, not by the impersonal mechanism of a machine but by the skills of two erudite and charming speakers who had illuminated the whole with their personalities. Our grateful thanks to them both.

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (!)
By Heather and Richard Vine (Warminster)

As first timers on the Kilvert AGM weekend in Hereford, we have to say that we had a thoroughly enjoyable time in that lovely city. Over the weekend new faces and familiar faces came and went, at all the various events, but by the time the dinner on the Saturday night came along, we felt we had made quite a few new friends. The Green Dragon did very well in feeding 65 or 70 people and we enjoyed the chatter and exchanges between fellow guests on where they were staying and what they had seen and done. We found ourselves surrounded by 'old hands' who habitually stay in Clyro, live in Bredwardine etc., as well as others who come from far and wide each year to get together and talk of Kilvert.

Good fellowship at the Dinner
(Photo by Ann Dean)

Our chairman read us the *Diary* entry for Friday 16th June 1871 written at the Hand Hotel at Llangollen where Kilvert rhapsodised on the Welsh harp: *the first I ever heard.* He was clearly entranced and *would have come all the way to Llangollen on purpose to hear [it].* Lo and behold! we were then entertained by a delightful and talented harpist named Charmian whose melodious strings interspersed our conversation. What an inspired idea for an event so strongly rooted in Wales! We found ourselves sitting near the grandson of Emma Hockin of Tullimaar and were transported to the potting house where 'Mrs. H.' planted the ferns from the Gurnard's Head expedition. A wonderful link with the past.

And so happily to bed, fortunately not stumbling over two pairs of boots and finding that we were invading *a room where a man had retired to bed with his wife ....* The Green Dragon is a splendidly creaky old hotel. Probably too upmarket for Kilvert who preferred places like the White Lion at Dolgellau and the Star at Worcester. At least we were spared the screams of the mad woman at the latter (Sat. 3rd December 1870) but were more than adequately compensated by some golfers from the Rhondda (not Welsh of course!) raising some 'hwyl' at 5 a.m.!

The following morning about 22 of us split into two parties and were taken on an enlightening walk round the city with guides, who really knew it well. Nothing particularly Kilvertian about the walk but then a visit to the railway station, which occupied much of Kilvert's time in Hereford, would have been rather too prosaic! It was a lovely sunny day and we so appreciated seeing the city devoid of shopaholics, (it had been teeming on the Saturday as though it was the last day before Christmas!). We followed little cobbled streets round to High Town and were shown timbered dwellings that we might not have noticed and one even squeezed between two 1960s modern shops! Then on down towards the old castle area, the Motte and Bailey, the Nelson memorial erected to commemorate the provision of timber from the area for the building of the fleet to fight the French and Spaniards – and so across the Wye and along the other side, with such lovely views back to the Cathedral. It really was a memorable way to see the city at its best – devoid of crowds and in the bright sunshine! Fortunately we didn't come across the ghost of Kilvert's dentist, McAdam, who showed the diarist *the new anaesthetic laughing gas ... indeed, quite safe. (St. Swithin's Eve 1871).*

We took home happy memories of being drawn together in the name of Francis Kilvert.

Sunday Afternoon

THE ADDRESS

Given by the Chancellor of Hereford Cathedral, the Revd. Canon John Tiller, at Evensong on 29th April 2001

Francis Kilvert wrote these words in his diary for Easter Sunday 1876:

When all the people had left the Church and no one remained but the Clerk putting away the sacred vessels I walked alone round the silent sunny peaceful Churchyard and visited the graves of my sleeping friends Jane Hatherell, Mary Jefferies, Anne Hawkins, John Jefferies, George Bryant, Emily Banks, John Hatherell, Limpedy Buckland the gipsy girl, and many more. There they lay, the squire and the peasant, the landlord and the labourer, young men and maidens, old men and children, the infant of days beside the patriarch of nearly five score years, sister, brother, by the same mother, all in her breast their heads did lay and crumble to their common clay. And over all she lovingly threw her soft mantle of green and gold, the greensward and buttercups, daisies and primroses. There they lay all sleeping well and peacefully after life's fitful fevers and waiting for the Great Spring morning and the General Resurrection of the dead.

Those words are a fine example of Kilvert's capacity to write beautiful descriptive prose evoking a response to nature and a feeling for our common humanity.

But what of their theology? What substance do they contain of Christian truth? Did Kilvert literally think of his friends as sleeping peacefully underground where their mortal remains lay buried, and did he literally expect a physical resurrection at the last day? Or is he using poetic language to link spiritual truths to the processes of nature in the world of our senses?

I remember the first time I had a conversation about death with one of our children. We were on holiday and entering a churchyard one Sunday morning to attend the service at a village church. Our church at home in an urban parish had no burial ground, and Andrew our eldest, who was about five at the time, asked me what the tombstones were. When I told him they marked people's graves he replied that he thought people went to heaven when they died. I said that they left their bodies behind, which revelation stunned our son, who thought for a moment and then said, *But I'm very attached to mine.*

I'm afraid my explanation was insufficiently careful as a piece of theology whereas his comment was spot on. Of course we're very attached to our bodies and can't imagine being fulfilled and happy in a detached and purely spiritual state. Human personality *requires* a body to express itself. I don't mean the kind of narcissistic worship of the body which is one of the great idolatries of our modern age; but the human spirit lives in and through the body, and for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, we worship *with* our bodies, that is, we serve and give worth to God and our fellow human beings by the deeds we do in our body. This essential identity of selfhood with our bodies has surely to be considered in any view of life after death. It finds expression in the Apostles' Creed, where we declare our belief in the *resurrection of the body*. Yet from a modern scientific point of view, such an idea clearly has difficulties. What in fact *is* an individual body? The physical constitution of each one of us changes many times during our lives as cells grow and die and are replaced. During that process significant changes take place in our appearance, so that someone meeting us after a long time may say *I'm sorry, I didn't recognise you.*

Only yesterday a couple called on me whom I had last seen over twenty years ago: it was very flattering and a great relief to hear them say *You still look the same* – though of course it isn't true! We feel nervous about physical change, and can think of it only in terms of decline and decay as the process of ageing takes its toll. If there's to be a resurrection of the body, it's difficult to find much comfort in the thought of having to go on inhabiting the frail and often disease-ridden bodies which are ours at the point of death.

Clearly there has to be some kind of transformation. The only evidence which is available to Christians is what happened to the body of Jesus of Nazareth. As a historian I believe the strong probability is that the tomb of Jesus was empty on Easter Sunday. If not, then when within days followers of Jesus were being arrested for telling people that he was alive, why didn't it occur to someone to make a search and exhume the body? If, on the other hand, some disciples had removed the body themselves, then it's a psychological impossibility that they were changed from being doubting cowards into fearless martyrs.

However, there's no denying from the evidence that the risen Jesus appeared to his disciples in a bodily form which was different from the body which was taken down from the cross and laid in the tomb. Undoubtedly there was continuity: Thomas insisted on seeing the marks of the nails; Jesus broke the bread as before and shared meals with his followers. But the risen Jesus came through locked doors and disappeared; he walked alongside people and conversed without them recognising him; and his risen body did not remain long on earth – indeed, it's difficult to say in what sense it existed on earth at all following the resurrection.

That's where it was so different from the body of Lazarus. Have you ever asked yourself why Jesus wept when he came to visit Martha and Mary after their brother's death? Was he joining with the sisters and the other mourners in their sadness and bereavement? But why, if he was about to restore Lazarus to life? Was it a sign of his compassion and willingness to come to the aid of suffering humanity? Indeed, the comment of some present was to say, *See how he loved him.* But what was the place of tears if he could actually do something about it?

I believe that the tears of Jesus have more to do with the fact that both sisters had said when they met him: *Lord, if you had been here my brother would not have died.* It is the tragedy of the human condition that we must lose our loved ones and that faced with this dreadful and intolerable fact we only wish to have them back, *and nothing more*.

The Lazarus who came out of the tomb was physically the Lazarus who went into it. Whether or not he continued to suffer from whatever disease had killed him, he certainly had the same fragile body which would expire once more in due time and return again to our common clay.

The challenge to our faith is to know Christ as *the resurrection and the life:* the one who has passed through the grave and gate of death and revealed to us a life beyond which is subject no longer to decay. In him what St Paul calls *the body of our low estate* is transformed and glorified.

The friends of Francis Kilvert were not sleeping in some state of suspended animation until the day came when they would get up out of their graves and the squire return to the manor house and the gipsy girl to her caravan. Rather, the passage from this world takes us into the sphere of Christ's resurrection, there to be clothed with his glorious body.

On earth the grave, the tombstone, the memorial tablet or the place where the ashes are scattered provide us with a place of remembrance. And that is important, because, as C.S. Lewis pointed out, it is not the resurrection of the body that concerns us so much as the resurrection of the senses. Physical matter is only important to us because it is the source of our sensations. And it is the power of human memory which can recall past sensations: the look, the touch, the voice, the smell of one we have loved; the places where we were happy together and the shared landscape we inhabited.

And in the resurrection such memories are clothed with new life. To quote Lewis:

Then the new earth and sky, the same and yet not the same as these, will rise in us as we have risen with Christ. And once again, after who knows what aeons of silence and the dark, the birds will sing out and the waters flow, and lights and shadows move across the hills and the faces of our friends laugh upon us with amazed recognition.

Guesses, of course, only guesses. If they are not true, something better will be. For we know that we shall be made like him, for we shall see him as he is.

Such for those who are in Christ is the nature of all our leave-takings. And we say not, *Lord if you had been here my brother would not have died;* but *Lord because you are here my brother cannot die*. Alleluia! Christ is risen! Thanks be to God.

(I am very grateful to Canon Tiller for granting permission to print his address. – ed.)

OUT TO LUNCH

By Ann Dean, (Hereford)

The Radnorshire Arms Hotel, Presteigne, a 17th century former coaching inn, was the venue for the Kilvert committee lunch in February. Coffee and warm shortbread were served to us on arrival, which we took upstairs to the lounge. A tiny room off the lounge, discovered some years ago during renovation work, had apparently once been a priest's hole. Sipping refreshing coffee, we basked in the warmth of the early spring sunshine, streaming into the lounge through enormous windows. The old rooms, with their original panelling, now mellowed with age, gazed on our happy band benignly and I wondered how many similar scenes they had witnessed over the years.

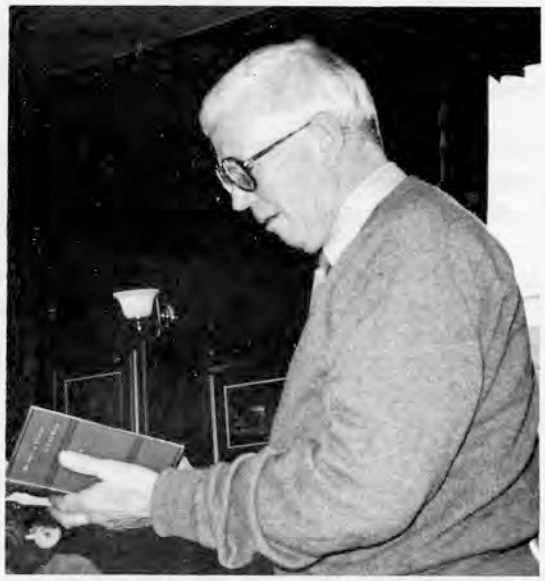
Stepping into the welcoming warmth of the hotel was like going back in time. I would not have been a bit surprised to see our secretary, Michael Sharp, entrusting his steed to the stable boy; or to encounter Jeff Marshall in the corridor, cloak billowing, his buckled shoes clinking as he strode, purposefully to the room assigned for our meeting. (Hmm! - ed.) The misses Anne and Elizabeth Wheeldon, their elegant gowns rustling as they swept gracefully into the room, greeting their friends. (If we do this again, maybe we could wear period costume!).

However, having enjoyed coffee and shortbread, it was time to put away flights of fancy to concentrate on practical matters in the real world of debate and decision. Spouses and friends occupied themselves exploring the small town, or browsing in the shops whilst the committee meeting was in progress.

Business over, we all gathered for lunch, consisting of steak and ale pie, or a delicious vegetarian alternative. The first course was followed by high-calorie desserts (which nobody seemed to mind!) and coffee. After lunch there were readings from Kilvert's diary, (Ron Watts and myself). Barry Smith read a poem by Kilvert and Jeff Marshall read from ....? (sorry Jeff, I can't remember. I wasn't asleep, honestly!!!). (It was a piece about Presteigne and the Radnorshire Arms from *The Celtic Borderland* by F.J. Snell. Wake up at the back, there!- ed.) Michael Sharp read from his priceless edition of Kilvert's verse and from some of his own work, including a poem about Daisy Thomas, and David Lockwood recounted an interesting little story with a twist in the 'tale!'

We were all reluctant to disperse into the cold afternoon, our business, (and pleasure), over. However, we have a super memory of the day – the lunch that began with morning coffee and ended with after-dinner speakers!

The committee in session. Flanked by Michael Reynolds (l) and the editor (r) the treasurer makes a point ...
(Photo by Ann Dean)



The secretary reads Kilvert's verse
(Photo by Ann Dean

LEAVING CLYRO: THE *THIN GREEN LEATHER BOOK*

By Lawrence Jackson, (Sherborne St. John)

By the beginning of 1872, Francis Kilvert had been curate to the Rev. Richard Lister Venables in Clyro for over seven years (because of his lack of prospects and money). His chances of marrying Daisy Thomas had finally been thwarted by her father the Revd. William Jones Thomas of Llanthomas, who also wanted, selfishly, to keep his five daughters at home and as a result they all remained unmarried.

Kilvert recorded in his diary on Sunday, 17th March 1872:

After dinner Mr. Venables told me that I must write next week to the Bishop to give notice that I mean to resign the curacy of Clyro on July 1. He asked me what I should do if the living of Clyro were offered to me 'I should refuse it,' I said. 'Then you would be mad.' He said. 'But I don't want the living of Clyro, I don't want to be vicar of Clyro'.

The next *Diary* reference to his departure was six days later on Saturday, 23rd March 1872:

I had a long talk with Mrs. Venables this morning about my prospects. Pointing to a letter on the mantlepiece she said smiling, 'From your father-in-law'. She thinks I am quite right in wishing to decline the living of Clyro if it is offered to me. I devoutly hope it will not be. She says what is quite true, that I could scarcely keep the poor old vicarage in repair. Carpenters and masons are almost always there now to prevent it falling down.

Then on 26th March he records having written to the Bishop:

To-day I wrote to the Bishop of St. David's to give notice that I intend to resign the Curacy of Clyro on the 1st of July next, 'when' (I added by Mr. Venables' advice, but against my own wish) 'I shall have been a licensed curate in the same parish in your Lordship's diocese for seven years and a half'.

Again, on the 3rd of April he speaks to Mrs. Henry Venables (sister-in-law of the Revd. Richard Lister Venables) about his leaving:

*I found Mrs. Henry Venables in the drawing room at the Vicarage this morning and had a long talk with her about the sad break-up at Clyro and our all going away (*the Revd. Richard Lister Venables was also preparing to leave Clyro and return to this home at Llysdinam). *She spoke most kindly and said she agreed with me that I should be unwise in accepting the living of Clyro should it be offered to me.*

Between the 3rd of April and his final departure from Clyro on the 2nd of September there are twenty entries in the *Diary* referring to his leaving. During these five months, they reflect the sadness he felt and the sorrow of the parishioners in Clyro and the surrounding area at the prospect of his leaving. On St. Bartholomew's Day (24th August) he returned to Clyro from Llysdinam with Mr. Venables.

This morning I left Llysdinam for Clyro with Mr. Venables. As soon as we got to Clyro we were in the full swing of the School feast. My last in the dear old place. It all seemed very sad. And in the midst of the tea drinking on the Vicarage lawn the new curate Mr. Irvine arrived in the omnibus from Hay. It gave me a bitter pang, but I went down to Mrs. Chaloner's at once to see and welcome him. He preferred naturally remaining at home and not joining us, though he promised to dine at the Vicarage.

After the usual sport in the Cae Mawr Crichton sent up a most successful fire balloon which curiously enough went home again, descending in the garden at Wye Cliff, though to us watching its course from Cae Mawr the balloon seemed to have crossed the river and to have travelled at least as far as Llydyadyway.

After the balloon had gone up I received a hint to go to the school which immediately after was thronged with people gentle and simple. Wall the Churchwarden mounted the schoolmaster's desk platform and made an admirable speech presenting me in the name of the parishioners with a testimonial of a magnificent silver cup. Then Holding, the butler at Clyro Court, came forward. He also made a very nice speech and gave me a beautiful inkstand from the servants and workmen at Clyro Court. I was deeply touched. I tried to say a few words, but my heart was full and I could not speak what I would.

Along with the inkstand was given me a short written address followed by the autograph signatures of the subscribers, and with the cup was presented a thin green leather book with my initials stamped in gold on the cover. On the title page Mrs. Chrichton had painted an exquisite picture of Clyro Church and School and illuminated an address after which came the as far as possible autograph signatures of the subscribers to the testimonial.

The thin green leather book contained 113 names and showed the amounts donated by parishioners and local people. It totalled £19.10s.4d.

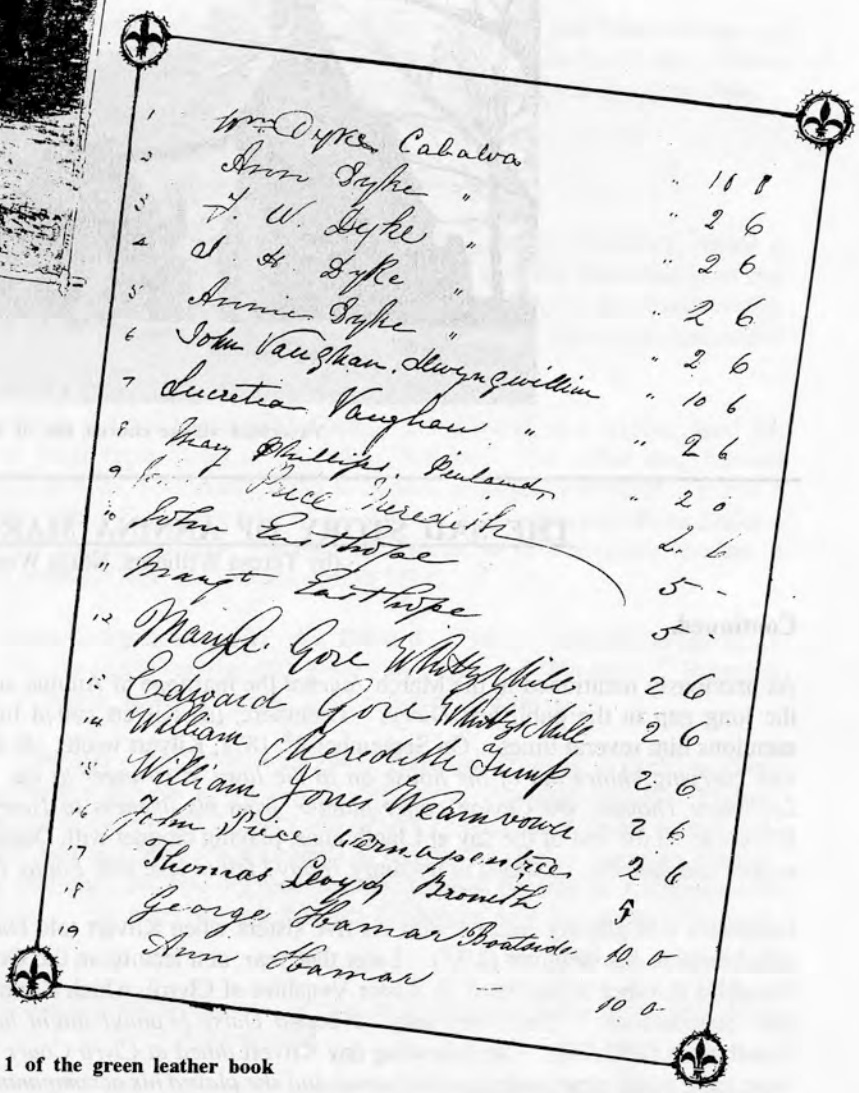
The highest amount donated was one guinea (£1.1.0) by Mr. J. Grant Hodgson and his wife who gave the same amount. They lived in some style at Upper Cabalva, had seven servants and were of 'independent means' according to the 1871 Census. The smallest of 4d. was given by Sarah Williams, a labourer's widow and a 'pauper'. Kilvert's 'Old Soldier', John Morgan gave a shilling.

A comparison with present day wages and money is difficult to assess. Official Government figures, surprisingly, do not exist before about 1890. We know from the *Diary* (Thursday, 23rd May 1872) that Mr. Venables offered Kilvert £160 a year to stay on in Clyro, which was probably higher than his existing stipend. We can understand why Mr. Venables was desperate for Kilvert to stay on. He did not wish to have to deal with a new untried curate because he himself was planning to leave Clyro and return to live at Llysdinam. Kilvert's stipend was probably around £100. A curate in the Church of England at present day earns around £13,000. If the amount donated is multiplied by a factor of 130, the present day value of the testimonial was around £2,500, which shows the generosity of his Clyro parishioners and their high regard for him as a priest and friend.

The 1871 census of Clyro and district conveys a vivid picture of the people who lived there at the same time as Kilvert and highlights the sharp difference between the lives of the labouring classes and the gentry. The people who contributed to Kilvert's departing testimonial came from all classes and included farmers, farm labourers and their wives, the village schoolmaster, blacksmiths, the postmistress and many others. After Kilvert's death his wife inherited the *Diary* and his papers, including the *thin green leather book.* She destroyed two large sections of the *Diary*, which were believed to record Kilvert's courtship of her. It came into the possession of Kilvert's nephew Percival Smith, the son of the Revd. W.R. Smith of Monnington-on-Wye and Thersie his sister, together with other possessions including the *thin green leather book.* On his death they passed to Percival Smith's sister, Frances Theodora (Essex Hope). The *thin green leather book,* Kilvert's silver spoon and fork (engraved with his initials), the parchment manuscript of the marriage settlement of Edward Newton Kilvert (Kilvert's brother) and Eleanor Pitcairn together with the original black notebook, believed to be lost, in which Kilvert's father wrote a memoir of his life, all came to the late Canon Robert Kilvert on the death of Essex Hope in 1964. His grandfather was Kilvert's brother Edward Newton. The widow of Canon Robert Kilvert, Mrs. Marguerite Kilvert who lives in Petersfield, now has these four items. Two sisters of the late Canon Kilvert, great nieces of the diarist, are still living.

This article is a fragment of the information gathered from the 1871 census of Clyro and the surrounding district, *the thin green leather book,* talking to Mrs. Marguerite Kilvert, and other research. It is Mrs. Kilvert's hope that it will be possible to gather all this material together and publish a booklet.

The cover of the green leather book



Page 1 of the green leather book

A DREAM FULFILLED

By John Hodkin, (Cumbria)

One of the most moving passages in Kilvert to my mind is the entry for Wednesday, 17th June 1874, when he finally visited Yaverland during his visit to the Isle of Wight.

Today was fulfilled the dream of a quarter of a century. Today I went to Yaverland. Yaverland to my imagination has always been a romance and a paradise since a quarter of a century ago I read a beautiful and touching story of the old manor house, writes the enraptured Kilvert.

My brother-in-law, Keith Hammond, took this picture of the village church when he recently visited the island with his wife, Joyce. It will be seen what a fine old building it is.

Kilvert is full of praise for the bell-turret surmounted by a stone cross, the porch and the chancel arch, but is scathing about the rest of the church.

All else in the church was wretched and squalid, the walls covered with whitewash and green mould .... A hideous wooden gallery disfigured the west end of the church and the Communion Table was bare and unsightly.

It is a pity Kilvert did not live to see the restoration of the church in 1889 by the generosity of the Rector, Nelson Palmer. He would, without doubt, have been delighted.

Yaverland village church, Isle of Wight

THE SAD STORY OF ANNINA MARGARET de WINTON

(by Teresa Williams, North Wembley)

Continued.

As previously mentioned in the March *Journal* the marriage of Annina and Edward Lechmere Thomas took place during the long gap in the published *Diary*. Lechmere, (as Kilvert called him) was certainly known to the Diarist and he mentions him several times. On September 8th 1871, Kilvert wrote: *At 2 o'clock I walked to Llanthomas. A gentleman was carrying chairs out of the house on to the lawn, a stranger to me, deeply sunburnt, but I soon recognized him as Lechmere Thomas, the Ceylon coffee-planter, from his likeness to Henry and Charlie. A nice fellow I should think.* Kilvert spent the rest of the day at Llanthomas, playing croquet with Daisy (Fanny Thomas), and after being entertained to supper and dancing, confided in his diary *Today I fell in love with Fanny Thomas* (Vol. 2/28).

Lechmere was playing croquet with his five sisters when Kilvert told Daisy's father, the Revd. W. Jones Thomas of his attachment to his daughter (2/33). Later that year, at a lecture on the German Empire on 5th December 1871, by George Venables (brother of the Revd. R. Lister Venables of Clyro), which Kilvert attended, Lechmere was in the audience in the Hay Schoolroom. The *Diary* said: *I hoped Daisy [Fanny] might have been there, but there were no ladies from Llanthomas* (2/93-94). The following day Kilvert *dined at Clyro Court. Mary and Lechmere Thomas were there. He sang some good songs with a capital voice and she played his accompaniments nicely* (2/94).

Lechmere is mentioned again on Shrove Tuesday, the 13th February 1872, attending the Rifle Volunteer Concert at Hay. Kilvert was in a party with the Venables and Crichton when he saw Daisy and her sister Charlotte at the concert. Daisy told Kilvert that *she feared her brother Lechmere was going out to Ceylon again in May, two months earlier than he had at first intended and Walter going with him too, it was dreadful and for so many years* (2/138). The published *Diary* recorded on Friday 12th July 1872: *Rode the pony to Llanthomas to wish Lechmere and Walter Thomas goodbye. They sail July 25th before I return from Langley. They were, however, both away at the Sheep Shearing feast of Abergwesyn.'* This entry in volume 2/238 ends*: Daisy gave me a rose.*

Kilvert had, on first meeting Lechmere, described him as the 'Ceylon coffee-planter.' I was told many years ago by the late Edward West that Lechmere had first gone to Ceylon with a cousin to start a coffee plantation, and it would seem from the above *Diary* entry that Lechmere's younger brother returned there with him in 1872. At this time coffee and not tea, was the main export from Ceylon, but due to a wind-borne disease which ravaged the coffee crops, experiments began and eventually led to the planting of tea as a trouble-free crop, financed and managed by Europeans. In 1878 *The Overland Ceylon Observer* for the 10th of August remarked that, 'There was capital weather at Lindula (about 20 miles from Colombo) for extensive planting operations of tea, coffee, cinchona, gums and guinea-grass, etc. Yesterday's weather – the rainfall 0.96 inches: the thermometer stood at 61 degrees.'

Edward Lechmere travelled back to Ceylon with his bride to his plantation named 'Lindula' or 'Lindoola' at Dimbula, where their only child, also to be named Edward Lechmere, was born on Thursday 24th January 1878. This happy news was relayed by telegram and a birth notice appeared in *The Hereford Times* on Saturday 2nd February 1878. There is no comment in the *Diary* about the birth, but all the entries for that week are quite short, so any remarks might have been edited out. The final time Kilvert mentions Lechmere is on the 3rd of September 1878 when he hears, whilst at Hay Station: *of the death of Lechmere Thomas of cholera at Colombo last night. Most sad, only married to Mira* (sic) *de Winton eighteen months* (3/415). This tragic news had been received by telegram and Kilvert comments on the arrangements made to pass the information on to the de Winton and Thomas families.

The news of Lechmere's death at the age of 33 was also reported in the evening edition of the *Overland Ceylon Observer* on the day he died, saying:

'We have been inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear of the death of this gentleman whom we met two evenings ago apparently quite well. He had been suffering from diarrhoea which developed into cholera and proved fatal a few minutes before four o'clock this afternoon. He leaves a young widow, for whom deep sympathy will be felt, and an infant child.' Another newspaper, *The Ceylon Observer* printed the following short editorial the next day:

Saturday 3rd September 1878 – Editorial: The Death of Mr. E. Lechmere Thomas

Our deep regret at the loss of a valued member of society and an esteemed friend is embittered by our belief, which is strong, that he died from preventable causes. In a neighbouring house nearly all the inmates suffered from diarrhoea and dysentery and a friend who called on those affected, felt severe nausea. There is a patch of low ruinous dwellings nearby and the seashore is a scene of vile pollution. Now that valuable life has been lost we trust that the Municipal Authorities will do their duty.'

Annina Thomas returned to this country with her infant son and in the 1881 Census, she is listed, as a widow, aged 24, living with her maternal aunt, Sophia Harrrison at Bank Front Street in Whitburn, Durham. Her infant son, Edward Lechmere, is also listed, aged three years. Annina's mother, Thomasina, sister to Sophia, is listed as a visitor. It was a large household, 13 residents and visitors and 12 servants. Out of the total of 25 persons, there were only three males – the young Lechmere and two of the servants. Later during that year, Annina was married to E. Dumaresq Thomas, a solicitor in Brecon. There were no children of this marriage and Mr. Thomas died in 1911.

On Friday 16th December 1892, Annina suffered another tragedy when her son, Edward Lechmere, died at the age of 14 years and 10 months. His death was noticed in *The Times* for Tuesday 20th December: 'Death: On the 16th instant at Slough, Edward Lechmere Thomas of Shaw Dean, Newbury, in his 15th year. *Ceylon papers please copy.*'

Annina Margaret Dumaresq Thomas died on 19th February 1932 at the Caergwent Nursing Home in Wykeham Road, Worthing. The entry in the 1932 Probate Book gives her address as 'Nyewood', Walberton, Arundel, Sussex. Probate was granted at Llandaff on the 19th May to Frances Isobel de Winton, spinster and Walter Bernard de Winton, retired civil engineer. Walter was Annina's eldest brother who had returned to this country in retirement after a career in Madras. Frederick de Winton, who assisted at Annina's first marriage, and was her second eldest brother, became an Archdeacon in Colombo and incumbent of two churches in Ceylon. Annina, her son Edward Lechmere and her second husband, Dumaresq Thomas are all buried at Llanigon.

The Foresters' address given to Lechmere and Annina at Hay on their festive homecoming ended with the sentiment: 'That both of you should live long, live well and live happily.' Sadly, it was not to be.

FROM RECENT CORRESPONDENCE TO THE EDITOR

(i) Very senior Kilvertian Basil Butcher (a founder member of the Society in fact!) writes from Hereford on the 9th February:

'I shall be 89 in a couple of weeks and I have written to Michael and tendered my resignation from the Committee. I don't get about like I used to and feel I am out of touch but I shall still be a Kilvertian!

He continues:

'While reading parts of Kilvert (Vol. II) in bed this morning (5.50 a.m!) I came across, on page 289, his description of the mighty storm of 1872 and as soon as I read:

.... Where the Almighty was making the clouds His chariot and walking upon the wings of the wind ....

'I thought – that comes in Elgar's *The Kingdom*. I looked it up; it comes in part III *Pentecost*. The contralto sings of the coming of a wind and the tongues of flame and the Disciples follow with: *He who walked upon the wings of the wind, shall baptise with the Holy Ghost.*

I guessed it must come from the Bible for Elgar and Kilvert to use it. My father's Bible, given to him by the Revd. Winnington Ingram when he was Rector of Ross (later the Bishop of London), has a concordance and I found the quotation under 'wind.' It is from Psalm 104 v 3. Aren't I a clever boy?

(You are indeed, Basil. A Happy (belated) Birthday. I hope your resignation will not mean you will stop sending snippets for the *Journal*. ed.)

(ii) Our member Eileen Davies, who writes under the name of Eileen Elias, informs me that she still has for sale copies of her concise biography of RFK, priced at £4.50 including postage. Please order direct from her at 47, Priory Road, Cambridge, CB5 8HT (Tel: 01223-512052).

She has also produced a similar short biography of John Constable and is working, at the moment, on one of Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

(iii) Wendy Turgeon writes from St. James NY, USA informing us of the death, on 6th October 2000, of her father Peter, a life member since 1978.

She writes: 'He was a proud member of the Society and was fascinated by the rich observations of Mr. Kilvert and his celebration of a bygone era. I thank the Kilvert Society for sharing with my father their love for history and a respect for those who carved out a place for themselves in this whirling world.' She concludes: 'He was born on Christmas Day 1909 and lived a wonderous life, full of friendships and a never-quenched thirst for life.'

(iv) John Hodkin, writing from Cumbria, recalls the most amusing speech given at the Anniversary Dinner in 1998 by Robert Willis, Dean of Hereford (and soon to be Dean of Canterbury) and in particular his reference to the fact that he and the Bishop would *not* have been sharing the same table if it had been a Trollope Society function!

(v) From R.B. Taylor (Skegness):

Some news from your Lincolnshire correspondent! You will recall that in the September edition of the *Journal* you printed the information which I had supplied to Mr. Jackson concerning the closure of Croft Church owing to subsidence problems. I am happy to say that remedial work is in progress and the church is now open for services (except, at present, for the chancel) and that the bells can now safely be rung (including, of course, the tenor bell to which Kilvert contributed by proxy – *Diary* entry 19th December 1878). Happily the adjacent village schoolroom and cottage which Kilvert visited in March 1877 and which was rapidly falling into disrepair following the closure of the school some years ago has, with the aid of local government and other grants, been refurbished and renovated to serve as a village hall for the local community.

Many members will know that R.B. Taylor was the author, with the late Eva Farmery, of the Society's publication *Kilvert's Kathleen Mavourneen*. (- ed.)

(vi) Mrs. Margaret Collins (Penge) writes:

Thank you very much for sending the KS publications. I am greatly enjoying making my way through them. Currently I am reading the third volume of the *Diary* which I was very fortunate in obtaining. My own interest in the *Diary* began with a chance encounter with the paperback in Waterstone's and I have been 'hooked' ever

since. I found David Lockwood's biography an excellent introduction and the articles by Frederick Grice and Laurence Le Quesne provide the reader with scholarly insights. I do hope the poignant piece in the *Journal* about Daisy Thomas brings forth some more information about her. Fr. Gabriel Myers has led me back to Larkin and to explore some of the writing of Charlotte M. Yonge.

BOOK REVIEWS

Barry Smith (Abergavenny) reviews:

The Literary Pilgrim in Wales: a guide to places associated with writers in Wales **by Meic Stephens (Gwasg Carreg Gwalch, 2000 pp 273 £6.00 ISBN 0-86381-612-6)**

In the Society's *Journal* for September, 2000, I reviewed two books on Wales, containing references to Kilvert, which had been highlighted by life member Dr. Meic Stephens, in his work as literary critic for *The Western Mail.* Had time and space permitted, I should have referred to the above book, produced in the same year, by Dr. Stephens himself. This also contains references to Kilvert.

Dr. Stephens seems to have been well suited to this task. In 1992 he had edited the second edition of the *Oxford Literary Guide to Great Britain and Ireland*, whilst in 1998, he had edited *The New Companion to the Literature of Wales*. Such a background has enabled him to produce a most useful volume, which is a miracle of compression, slipping easily into the pocket and an excellent buy at the price.

The volume appears to be ground-breaking, in that, 'not until now has there been an attempt to map the literary landscape of Wales in English and in a single volume intended for the visitor and general reader.' The author's approach is to focus on places with literary associations, where there is some form of commemoration which 'usually takes the form of a plaque, statue or some other monument marking the spot where writers were born, lived, worked, stayed or died, in many instances, the location of their graves is given.'

The book has the form of an alphabetical gazetteer, with an excellent alphabetical index of writers in the back. Some thirty black-and-white drawings are interspersed in the text. In line with best current practice, the author gives the Welsh language form of place-names, where these exist, alongside English ones. He also usefully indicates, with details, where English language translations exist of Welsh language classics. Suggestions for further reading and some regional anthologies are also very useful.

Reference to Kilvert comes under five different place-names, that is Aberedw, Capel-y-Ffin, Clyro, Hay-on-Wye and Tintern and except in the case of Hay, apposite words are quoted from the *Diary* in each case. However, even where there may be no specific references to Kilvert, a reader can browse amongst places, such as Brecon, Builth and Llanthony, generally regarded as part of 'Kilvert Country'.

In the Society's publication *The Frederick Grice Memorial Booklet*, a helpful list is given of books and authors to which Kilvert alluded in the *Diary* and I was curious to know how many of these authors would find mention in the literary guide. To my reckoning, there are R. Blackmore, F. Hemans, Father Ignatius, E. Jones, Milton, Tennyson and Wordsworth. Of one or two, I knew relatively little – till now, that is. However, Edmund Jones (Vol. 1, 45) has a helpful entry under Pontypool, whilst Felicia Hemans (Vol. 1, 359), along with her dates, occurs under Abergele, Cadair Idris and St. Asaph. The Cadair Idris item has particular relevance to the *Diary* mention.

I leave readers with a challenge! Writing of Hay, Dr. Stephens says that apart from Kilvert, no writer of any note is associated with it. Can anyone prove him wrong?!

David Lockwood reviews two recent publications:

The Herefordshire Bowmeeting: A Social History **by R.W.D. Fenn and J.B. Sinclair Price £13.50. Available from The Chairman of the Herefordshire Bowmeeting, Ridgebourne, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3EG.**

This is a remarkable and well researched volume containing a mass of information belying its size and its interest is by no means confined to archers. It is fascinating reading for anyone interested in Herefordshire and the Welsh Marches in the nineteenth century.

The book begins with an engrossing chapter on the history of archery. It is as gripping as the account of a Norman soldier, as told by Giraldus Cambrensis, who was skewered by two Welsh arrows, one in each thigh. It apparently killed the horse but not the rider. On a less blood-thirsty note, several centuries later, it answered my question, why did Victorian ladies usually wear a large tassel hanging from their waist whilst drawing a bow? It was for cleaning the arrows.

The Herefordshire Bowmeeting was founded in 1826 when archery became a fashionable diversion for the gentry. The Society was almost wholly confined to the aristocracy and the clergy. Images of Trollope's Barchester continually arise from these pages. There were raised eyebrows when a rich industrialist was admitted to their ranks. The professions were excluded as being tainted by trade.

Kilvert is mentioned several times, he described the meeting at Wye Cliff so delightfully. The Philips whom he visited when at Abbey Cwmhir produced a valiant member of the Society in Miss Christine Philips who died in 1948.

Women played a great part, as in mediaeval tournaments, one lady presided at every event. In archery she was known as the Lady Paramount. There was feasting and dancing as a part of the proceedings so women were of great importance. BUT they were not permitted to even attend the Annual General Meeting until after the First World War. They could not become members of the committee until February 1949! Not without irony do the writers say that their motto could well have been *Non Hodie*: Not Today.

An intriguing story of differences within the ranks comes when George Stovin Venables, Richard Lister Venables', literary brother, wrote a fiercely critical review of Mary Ann Lewis's novel *Two Pretty Girls.* The author's father was Sir Gilbert Lewis, Canon of Hereford Cathedral and the families were friends. The outspoken George evidently cooled relationships for two years, for the Venables resigned. However relations were restored when Llysdinam was the venue for the meeting in 1891.

A touching episode in the Society's history lies in the paid secretary, George Francis Turner, whose copperplate writing graces the pages of the minutes over many years. He fell into some slight financial difficulty and he paid the accounts of the Society somewhat tardily. He had to resign. Two gentlemen were appointed in his place. Seven months later Turner was reinstated and when the Society celebrated its centenary he received an illuminated address proclaiming his fidelity to the archers. When he died in 1932, his demise was recorded, a wreath sent to his funeral and letters of condolence written. The reviewer feels that the gentlemen of the Society had indeed behaved as gentlemen should.

There is another link with the Kilvert Society. A meeting took place in the grounds of Witley Court in Worcestershire at the invitation of Lord Ward, later to be Earl of Dudley in 1850. A most notable banquet followed the sporting activities with, no doubt, all the flamboyance that family was noted for. The present President of the Kilvert Society was once rector of that parish.

This book is, indeed, what it claims to be, a social history. It records and not obliquely the vast changes in our mores and outlooks over the past one hundred and seventy years. I found it absorbing reading and deeply informative. My only quibble is that its near perfection is slightly marred by careless proofreading.

***A History of St. Paul's Church, Sketty, Swansea*, by F.G. Cowley. Price £9.99**

This quite excellent history of the important Victorian church in Sketty is of much interest to members of the Kilvert Society on many counts.

The Revd. Montague Earle Welby, second incumbent of St. Paul's features largely. He was instituted as 'perpetual curate' in 1851, this was a 'job description' much disliked and considered ignominious, it was superseded in 1868 when it was decided that a perpetual curate could be known as Vicar. It was not actually rescinded until 1969, such is the speed at which entrenched institutions proceed!

Welby is known to *Diary* readers as the locum who came to Clyro when Venables went up to London for two months. This, reading between the lines, seems to have rankled with Kilvert and we, a century and a half later, ask why could not Kilvert have taken charge of the parish?

Welby was a high churchman, Kilvert was not, so Welby's wearing of a cassock did not meet with the Diarist's approval. He also claimed that Welby's voice stirred up every echo in Clyro church. Later, at lunch Welby mistook some cider for wine and had it decanted. Kilvert still resentful implies that Welby was not the social equal of Venables, or for that matter of himself. In fact Welby was extremely well-connected, he came of a well-to-do family in Leicestershire. He was educated at Eton and Magdalen College Oxford. He married Mary Dillwyn, daughter of the owner of the Cambrian Pottery, so he was connected to the Venables by marriage.

However, Kilvert was proved right in his estimate of his character. He describes him as a *pleasant well-mannered man with good features, but with a light lacksadaisical inconsequent unstable air*. Reading of Welby's time in Sketty and his subsequent career this opinion seems remarkably accurate.

Another link with Kilvert is with Welby's successor the Revd. E.W. Bolney. In the *Diary* this name is spelt wrongly as Bonley, no doubt a typing error which unfortunately continues. When Kilvert stayed with the Westhorps in Ilston on the Gower, there was a supper party, Bolney and his sister walked over to dine and spend the night. To the Diarist's distaste

after supper they argued over the Athanasian Creed until 1 a.m. and the entry closes with: *I hate arguing*. Kilvert wonders why Bolney changed his name from Brown. This book supplies the answer, it was the requirement of his aunt in order to inherit a legacy.

The links with Kilvert close, but not with Clyro. The Revd. Martin Reed, the present incumbent of the Wye Valley parishes is mentioned. He was curate in Sketty at one time.

This beautifully produced book with its special chapter by Professor Maurice Broady, on the stained glass, is full of interest, especially to anyone interested in Victorian church development and about the rise of the solid middle classes rising from the industrial scene. It is well illustrated and has excellent colour prints. I commend it heartily.

Copies available from Uplands Bookshop and Sketty Post Office or by post from Dr. James A. Davies, c/o St. Paul's Parish Centre, De La Beche Road, Sketty, Swansea SA2 9PR. £11.74 incl. p&p. Cheques payable to St. Paul's Church, Sketty.

KILVERT, FINDON AND HARDY

By Barry Smith, (Abergavenny)

In September, last year, I fulfilled a minor but long-held ambition to explore the Kilvert connections at Findon. To anyone contemplating the same, I heartily recommend, as a vade-mecum, the excellent article *Kilvert at Worthing* by Mr. M. Harris of Worthing, which appeared in the Society's newsletter for June, 1992.

The article succinctly sets out the interest of Findon: 'According to his diary, Francis Kilvert spent a couple of days here in August 1874 whilst attending the wedding of his second cousin, Adelaide Cholmeley, at the little parish church of St. John the Baptist in the village of Findon, just north of Worthing. It was during this visit that he first encountered Katherine Heanley ('Kathleen Mavourneen') who it has been convincingly argued was to become his fiancée and subsequently break off the engagement, which event in turn may have propelled him into marriage with Elizabeth Rowland'. (Vol. III p. 60 et seq.) The officiant at the wedding was the Rev. Robert Cholmeley, formerly of Wainfleet, Lincolnshire, home of the Cholmeley family. He was the bride's uncle.

Whilst researching my trip, I came across a most unexpected connection of Findon with Thomas Hardy. For some time, parallels between the lives, interests and connections of Kilvert and Hardy have intrigued Kilvertians. A useful conspectus of these was provided by Ivor Lewis in his article *Kilvert and Hardy* in the September, 1984 number of the Society's newsletter.

My piece of Hardy 'discovery' arose when dipping into Michael Millgate's *Thomas Hardy* (Oxford University Press, 1982). In Chapter 9 of that volume, dealing with Hardy's London years, Millgate recounts that there lived, only a few minutes from Hardy's lodging at 16 Westbourne Park Villas, a certain Eliza Bright Nicholls, employed as a lady's maid. She was, according to Millgate, 'the most important figure in Hardy's early emotional life – they seem to have been more or less formally engaged from about 1863 until 1867.' Moreover, she seems to have been the inspiration for important poems in the Hardy canon, such as the *She to Him* sequence.

Who was this lady who stole Hardy's heart? Millgate tells us that she was the daughter of George Nicholls, originally a coastguard on the South Dorset coast. 'A serious operation then forced his retirement to his wife's birth-place, the Sussex village of Findon, and the management of the Running Horse Inn (now Nepcote House).' Hence Hardy's early connection with Findon.

It seems that in January 1865, Eliza had gone to live with her parents at Findon and although her relationship with Hardy had been going 'off the boil' in the past two years, this did not stop Hardy seeing her at Findon. As Millgate tells us, 'Hardy could, and did, visit her in Findon, and during the Whitsun weekend of 1866 he sketched the little village church – the church "near the Downs", as it is called in his architectural notebook, where the erased word Findon is still faintly discernible.'

By early 1866, Hardy's relationship with Eliza was virtually dead, in part due to his infatuation with her sister, Jane. 'He went to Findon one last time,' Millgate tells us 'and had the final interview with Eliza which is recorded in "Neutral Tones".' She was, we are told, 'comfortless' and never married.

A note on *Vaynona*

In Kilvert's account of the wedding at Findon, the name *Vaynona* occurs several times. It had great resionance for Kilvert, since that was the house in Worthing where Kathleen Mavourneen was staying, though unbeknown to him at first *... had I not been a stricken fool I should have gone to Vaynona and been rewarded by seeing thee there.*

In the Harris article, mentioned earlier, we are told that the house – actually *Vainona* – had been rented by the sisters of the Revd. Robert Cholmeley, Katherine and Sarah. Like their brother, they were originally from Wainfleet, Lincolnshire. The house continued as a Cholmeley residence for a number of years.

But why the curious name? Some time ago, on a visit to 'Kilvert country' in Lincolnshire, I chanced upon a tourist leaflet which, I recall, had *Vainona* as the Roman name for Wainfleet. If so, the Cholmeley sisters took it with them to Worthing. Yet the memory plays tricks and I no longer have that tourist leaflet. If I am in error about *Vainona*, no doubt some Kilvertiana will put me right!

NEWS FROM BREDWARDINE

Thank you very much for the cheque for £25 from the Kilvert Society. As we have just bought a new mower for the churchyard that set us back £760 the gift is even more welcome than usual!

I'm not sure that we always acknowledge our indebtedness to the Society for the help that we are given, but I can assure you that we are very grateful for the continued interest and concern.

We have completed the work on the roof very satisfactorily and I have asked our architects to draw up specifications for the next phase of the work recommended by English Heritage. This involves completing the porch repair, dealing with smaller repairs to the small windows in the nave and installing a lightning conductor. When this has been dealt with we can start thinking about the bells!

Signed: George Newsholme
(Churchwarden, St Andrew's Church, Bredwardine)

OBITUARIES

It is with regret that we record the deaths of Mr. Peter Turgeon of Amagansett, NY, USA, a life member since 1978, Mr. F.B. Aggas, Weobley, a member since 1991, Mrs. C. Marsh, London, a member since 1979, Mrs. J.C. Naimaster, London, a life member since 1973, and Rev. G. Rooke, Herefordshire, a member since 1977. We offer our sympathy to their families and friends.

PUBLICATIONS

Please note that as from 1st September 2001 Colin Dixon of Llandrindod Wells will be the Society's publications' manager. Until that date, however, orders for publications should still be sent to me. I am very grateful to Colin for volunteering to take on this office. I hope he will enjoy the contact with members as much as I have. (-ed.)

WANTED

A copy of the *Diary* Journal No. II April-June 1870 (The Sandford notebook) published by the National Library of Wales. Please contact the editor.

Contributions for the September edition of the *Journal* should reach the editor no later than Saturday 28th July 2001

The current ordinary subscription is £6.00 (Joint membership £9.00 w.e.f. 1.1.02) and is due on 1st January of each year. Cheques payable to The Kilvert Society should be sent to:- Barry Smith, Membership Secretary, 25 Prospect Road, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, NP7 5DU.

DATA PROTECTION ACT 1984. The names and addresses of members are held on a computerised list exclusively for the distribution of the Journal and other information about the Society, to its members. If you object to this, please contact the Hon. Secretary. It has been decided that if any member objected, that member would have to provide **stamped addressed envelopes** for the dispatch of their Journals.