

**THE
JOURNAL**



**OF THE
KILVERT SOCIETY**

Number 8

June 2002

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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To whom all contributions for the *Journal* should be sent.

From the Editor:

I am very pleased to be able to announce that the 'colour supplement' half-promised in the editorial of the March issue is now a reality and I am indebted to John Wilks, our treasurer, for allocating the extra funds necessary to achieve this. I hope the *Journal* can continue to justify his enthusiastic support and that we can afford to carry on producing colour pages from time to time.

It is good too that the first appearance of colour in these pages should be used, in part, to illustrate a very enjoyable and successful AGM weekend.

The success of the occasion fully vindicated the committee's faith in its decision to continue with the extended format of this, the most important weekend in the Society's year. I do not think there can be any going back now.

This was a weekend to relish, right from our arrival at the Bishop's Palace on a radiant April evening until our departure after an evening of good food, wine and company at the Swan Hotel in Hay. It did not matter that by then it was raining heavily – we were all glowing! But, I hasten to add, it was a very seemly occasion and there was absolutely no sign of *an unusual number of men returning drunk* (Diary 11 April 1870). Personally, I regretted the absence of a service on the Sunday but that, I think, is something the committee will have to reconsider for next year.

There is, of-course, no way in which we can reproduce in the *Journal* the sheer pleasure of the various events for those of you unlucky enough not to be able to attend but we can ensure that you do not miss out on the two excellent talks. John Toman has willingly agreed that the Society can publish, separately, his talk on Kilvert's choice of reading and Adrian Harvey has kindly consented to prepare an edited version of his seminar on the Webbs of Hardwick which will appear in the *Journal* in due course. What is more David Howell and Charles Weston hope that they have captured for you some of the flavour of the other events.

Pam and I were so pleased to meet again many old friends and to make some new ones during the weekend, a weekend all too short, unfortunately, to fit in as many conversations as we would have liked. We now look forward to the day at Langley Burrell organised by our Wiltshire 'branch.'

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS 2002 - DEADLINE

At the time of going to press, some twenty subscribing members had neither paid their annual subscription, due on 1 January, nor indicated their wish to leave the Society.

Under clause 10 of the Society's constitution, any members who have not paid the appropriate subscription by 30 June will be assumed to have terminated their membership of the Society.

Any members who may be unsure whether they have renewed their subscription already are invited to check with the membership secretary, whose details, along with current subscription rates, are given at the back of the *Journal*.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

June Weekend:

Saturday 29th – Day Visit to Langley Burrell

The Chippenham area members of the Society are organising a day event at Langley Burrell, Wiltshire. This will commence at 10.30 am – meet at the church car park. There will be a walk in the morning led by Jim Hall followed by lunch at the village inn – orders taken on arrival.

In the afternoon there will be a service at St Peter's, Langley Burrell, which will include Prayers of Thanksgiving for HM The Queen's Jubilee. Tea will be served afterwards in the village hall. It is hoped to run a coach from Hereford (departing at 8.30 am) picking up at Ross-on-Wye. **Please see the booking form enclosed.**

September Weekend:

Saturday 28th

Walk in the Llandewi Fach -Begwns area. Meet at the Baskerville Arms, Clyro at 12 noon. Bring a picnic lunch and stout footwear.

Sunday 29th

Service at Newchurch beginning at 3 pm followed by tea at a nearby location – still to be arranged.

THE HAY LITERARY FESTIVAL

The Festival begins on Friday 31 May and runs until Sunday 9 June and this year, for the first time, the Kilvert Society will be represented there so please come and visit our 'stand' which will be open every day except Sundays. We look forward to greeting as many members as possible and hope to make some new ones as well.

Our grateful thanks to Ann Dean for arranging this.

LLANDEWI FACH PILGRIMAGE

A few years ago the Revd Humphrey Fisher conceived the idea of a pilgrimage between four of 'Kilvert's' churches: St Mary's Newchurch, St Michael's Bryngwyn, St Peter's Llanbedr and St David's Llandewi Fach.

After a gap of one year in 2001 on account of FMD the Pilgrimage will take place once again this year, on Sunday 28 July starting at Newchurch at 9.30 am. There will be a brief service at each of the churches. Please bring a picnic, wear stout footwear and, although it is hoped they will not be needed, – waterproofs!

Further details from the Revd Dr Humphrey Fisher, Rose Cottage, Newchurch, Kington, Herefordshire HR5 3QF
Tel: 01544-370632

HARLEY DANCE – AN APPRECIATION



Mr. Harley Dance, now one of our senior members, joined the committee of the Society on Tuesday 14 October 1980 and was appointed hon. treasurer on 1 December of that year.

Harley, as you would expect, has always been a very active member of the Society and in addition to his impeccable work as treasurer, always took a leading part in our weekend events. Indeed, for a time, he used to make recordings of the anniversary services. (I wonder what happened to the tapes – ed.) He has, of course, a scholarly knowledge of the *Diary* and whenever he read from it his wonderful voice brought the reading to life, such was its resonance and clarity.

He became a very good friend to so many members and is still very greatly respected by all who know him. He was a generous and, I suppose, an uncharacteristic treasurer too, in that he was always most reluctant to recommend increasing the annual subscription (a tradition which John Wilks has continued this year!) and, what is more, such was his careful stewardship of the Society's finances that any increase was very rarely necessary.

Harley reads from the *Diary* outside the Venables vicarage in Clyro (April 2000)

In the late Nineties Harley began to have problems with his health and felt unable to carry on with the responsibility of the post of treasurer so, in 1998 he resigned the office but continued to serve on the committee. He was elected an honorary life member of the Society at the AGM of 1999.

About a year ago Harley's health deteriorated still further and after spending some time in hospital in Leominster he is at present in a residential home there. He has now resigned from the committee.

The committee feels that members would wish to express their appreciation of Harley's devotion to the Society as a congenial Kilvertian, efficient officer and kindly friend and to wish him well in his new home.

Ron Watts (chairman)

The above was read out by the chairman at the AGM of 2002. (ed.)

THE AGM WEEKEND

By David Howell (St Alban's)

FRIDAY

Almost of one accord the anticipatory voices fell silent as the chairman Mr Ron Watts rose to welcome members to the Great Hall in the Bishop's Palace for the AGM; the harbinger of a Kilvert weekend which was to include two memorable talks, a rain-free walk and a welcoming dinner.

The chairman extended a special welcome to the president, the Rev David and Mrs Lockwood, to the Rev John and Mrs Day from Wiltshire and to Miss Muriel Kilvert, a great-granddaughter of Kilvert's brother Edward (Perch), who was accompanied by her nephew Henry Kilvert.

Next, the secretary Mr Michael Sharp drew our attention to an exhibition at the Glenfield Library, Leicester, of Kilvertian scenes illustrated in pen and ink and watercolour by Mr John Finnie who is the artist in residence at Leicester Cathedral. The librarian there is a Kilvert devotee and wishes the Society to promulgate the existence of these Kilvert scenes.

The minutes of the last AGM so ably recorded and read by Mrs Val Dixon were passed as a true record and as is customary all members stood in remembrance of those who had died during the last year which this time included a Canadian member Mr Patrick Mackie and Mr Kenneth Clew who had written several informative booklets about Kilvert and Kilvert churches.

The comprehensive report by the treasurer Mr John Wilks was adopted and passed. Although the cost of the *Journal* has risen, its transformation under the guidance of Mr Jeff Marshall was much appreciated.

The existing committee was voted to continue in office plus two new members, Mr David Elvins and Mr Richard Weston.

The chairman then reminded the meeting that two stalwarts of the Society were unfortunately unable to be present with us this year. Mr Harley Dance, the past treasurer; also Mr Basil Butcher the most senior member (and indeed a founder member) at ninety years of age and past committee man. One remembers the joy Harley had in his voice when he invariably referred to the tea and biscuits he had taken with Mr Rogers when presenting his accounts for audit. It was agreed that an appreciation of his work should be entered in the *Journal*.

In his final remarks as chairman, Mr Watts spoke of the success of the website, of the *Journal* and of the implementation of the new constitution and then ended his tenure of office with this poignant quotation from William Plomer's writings which he felt explained the reason for our presence together:

By a complex of lucky chances, one man evolved by a particular civilisation in a particular place and time, a man who had a healthy appetite for life, and who was uncommonly articulate, left on record how the strong sweet cup of life tasted to him. By another set of lucky chances we can escape into his lost world and we can enter into it so closely that it seems to become part of our own experience.

I feel that it does express the magnetism that emanates from the Diary of Francis Kilvert.

Mrs Ann Dean was unanimously voted in as the new chairman and was handed the small bronze bust of Kilvert which seems to have been adopted as the Seal of Office.

The president was then asked to present the retiring chairman with a book token as an appreciation of his devoted time in office. He had originally wished to stand for two years but had in fact stayed on for an extra year. The president added that he would rather have presented him with 'a painless back!'

Mrs Lockwood presented Mrs Watts with a most colourful bouquet.



Ron and Joan Watts with the president after the presentation.

With the meeting closed we were then invited by the new chairman to partake of the delightful refreshments which awaited us in the adjacent room. As we did so we filed past Mr Barry Smith who was dealing with subscription queries (and their collection!) and Mr Michael Reynolds who was the recipient of our tea money.

Laden with cup and saucer plus a plate of delicious sandwiches, sausage rolls and cakes we were able to show our dexterity at handling both while engaged in earnest conversation, all the time conscious of our table manners as the overbearing Bishop Atlay (Pope's 'confirmation') gazed imperiously down from his large portrait.

Mr Colin Dixon used the tea interval to lay out his impressive array of Kilvert publications.

Duly refreshed we reassembled in the Great Hall to listen to our first talk of the weekend given by Mr John Toman the author of the recent publication *Kilvert: The Homeless Heart*.

Before the beginning of his talk Mr Toman mentioned that whereas last year, because it was a restricted area, he had been unable to visit the rocks of Aberedw, this year he had been successful and he fully realised why they had had such an impact on Kilvert.

Oh Aberedw, Aberedw, I never pass thy enchanted gorge and look up through the magic gateway of thy Rocks without seeming for a moment to be looking in at the gates of Paradise just left ajar. (13 April 1875)

Introducing his subject, 'Kilvert Readings' the speaker referred to the comprehensive list of books which had been handed out to members.

Many of the books had a strong Christian message and emotional impact; reading that would stimulate rather than amuse.

More than half of these books were written by women and about women. Although he was not a feminist Kilvert was most conscious of the role of women in society and was only too aware of their vulnerability and innocence especially young girls; often children were society's victims, particularly as the age of consent was only twelve years. Often the seduced received greater shame than the seducer.

Kilvert's own susceptibility and natural male appetite only increased his consciousness of the vulnerability of women.

He hoped that Gipsy Lizzie of whom he was particularly fond would *grow up as good as she was fair*.

He felt that the woman's role was ideally that of a home-maker and Mrs Crichton was his role model; she was artistic, talented, attractive, very practical and a mother. We know that Kilvert so very much wanted children and a family of his own.

He would lend books that would possibly be helpful to the reader. *Ruth* by Mrs Gaskell deals with the plight of the fallen woman. To Hannah Whitney he lent the book entitled *The Pathway to Safety*.

To the old soldier John Morgan, a veteran of the Peninsular War, Kilvert read *Max Kromer and the Siege of Strasbourg* which had great emotional impact. Mr Toman had obviously carried out a great deal of research and his talk gave us a deeper insight into Kilvert's own character.

The president on behalf of the Society expressed his thanks and appreciation to Mr Toman who received heartfelt applause and so ended the first part of the Kilvert weekend.



Mr John Toman



Mr Adrian Harvey

SATURDAY

And so to 'pastures new'. Hay-on-Wye; the heart of the Kilvert Country with the Diarist's lodgings just across the river at Clyro.

How many times he must have visited Hay: perhaps to catch a train home; to buy notebooks and valentines from Horden's or as a guest of the Bevans at Hay Castle.

The Swan Hotel, mentioned in the *Diary*, was to be the centre of our Saturday activities.

Arriving in good time for coffee we filed into the room arranged for our second talk of the weekend, this time to be given by Mr Adrian Harvey.

Mr Harvey had delivered a fascinating talk to the Society at last year's AGM based on his own father's great interest and research into Kilvert. It was father Charles to whom Mrs Essex Hope had presented one of the three remaining notebooks now housed in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth.

One reflected on the bond and common interests of father and son, shown also between Kilvert and his father and between father John and son Thomas Webb, the principal personalities described in Mr Harvey's new talk entitled, 'The Webbs of Hardwick'.

Mr Harvey began by saying that he had discovered that two members of the Society, Mark and Janet Robinson, had for a considerable time, already been engaged in research concerning the Webbs of Hardwick, so he felt reassured that he could call upon their kind assistance during question time!

Mr Harvey outlined how the Webbs, like many of their fellow priests, provided the foundation of knowledge and scholarship of the time, without impairing their parochial duties.

John was the historian and interested in fine arts; Thomas the scientist and astronomer, but their work is inseparable. When John died well into his nineties, it was Thomas who completed his father's unfinished work.

Henrietta Webb, wife of Thomas was, like him, a talented artist and gave lectures on Switzerland. She seems to have been a tactful lady also, for it was she who at the Hardwick bazaar hinted to the loquacious Bishop Atlay that he should conclude his talk or else he would miss his train back to Hereford. The bishop's talk had already seemed too long to his listeners!

There was no such problem with Mr Harvey's talk and although he modestly declared he was no expert, the research he had obviously made, proved otherwise.

The chairman thanked him for once again entertaining us so royally and he was given warm applause.

THE DINNER

About sixty members gathered in the lounge of the Swan eagerly chatting, reminiscing and sharing common interests before proceeding into the spacious, attractively laid-out dining room, it all looked most inviting.

The president said a most thoughtful and moving grace which was a poignant reminder to us of the starving peoples of the world.

Having already decided upon our meal, a most original colour code system was implemented which enabled the staff to place our chosen dish before us.

The convivial atmosphere, which is the hallmark of the Society, was soon in full spate and allied to the excellent food and liquid refreshment the time passed all too quickly.

New friendships had been created, old ones renewed, as the president rose to thank the secretary, treasurer and past chairman in particular for their work in making the evening such a success.

The chairman then proposed the Loyal Toast followed by a toast to the Diarist Francis Kilvert who, once again, had brought us all together.

As we all left the Swan and wended our way homeward I recalled the lines from *Richard II*: *I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends.*

It had indeed been a most enjoyable and memorable weekend.

THE WALK

In Kilvert's footsteps to Cusop Dingle

By Charles Weston (Thornton Dale)

There was a very good turn-out for the Saturday walk from the Swan Hotel in Hay-on-Wye along the well-trodden footpaths and tracks to Cusop church and Dingle. David Elvins led the way at a cracking pace with one eye cast heavenwards at the ominously blackened sky over Hay Bluff whilst using the other one to help him guide us past the mud patches and cowpats along the way. The first stop came soon enough – at the rear of the municipal car park – for the first of a number of selected readings from the *Diary*. Looking across the fields towards Cusop Dingle the selected reading was appropriate for the vista if not perhaps for the weather conditions. On 14 March 1871 Kilvert recorded eloquently that he saw a *solitary cloud Over the brilliant sunlit town which lost its bright prismatic hues and moved away up the Dingle in the shape of a pillar and of the colour of golden dark smoke* His subsequent description of the appearance of the mountain tops as the cloud and mist rolled away represents perhaps one of the most moving records of one of those great moments of spiritual awe and wonder. No whistling man on a cart-horse to share the view on this occasion, however, just the occasional curious glance from the passing ramblers on the Offa's Dyke Path.

And so on across the field towards the Dingle where a steep incline down towards the Dulas brook took us past a couple of stone cottages which looked very much unchanged since Victorian times. David pointed out a stone gateway on the other side of the brook complete with wrought iron gate which is still known locally as 'Kilvert's Gate' before leading us up the lane towards Cusop church. Once there he gave us an insight into Kilvert's association with the parish; most notably his friendship with the curate, Andrew Pope. The *Diary* entry for 31 March 1870 then followed – the account of the mistaken confirmation of Pope by the 'overbearing and imperious' Bishop of Hereford.

The church itself described by Kilvert as *sunny and pretty* was just as he described it. John Wilks mounted to the pulpit to tell us more – recounting details of its general history and of Kilvert's associations with Pope. As young clergymen they

must have been privy to each other's most intimate aspirations and desires – Kilvert was Pope's best man at his wedding in September 1874. However, three years before that event on 22 September 1871 Kilvert had attended harvest thanksgiving at St Mary's Cusop. His love affair with Daisy Thomas ...*My own dear girl ... my own precious love ...* was bubbling away nicely at this time and on that day he was a happy, anxious man awaiting parental approval from Daisy's father. Mrs Venables accompanied him to the service but her obvious approval counted for nought as the following day Mr Thomas wrote to Kilvert telling him ...*To give up all thoughts and hopes of Daisy ...* He obliged!

The walk continued back down to the Dingle past Cusop Mill and along the lane which runs beside the Dulas brook. The grass verges looked much as they would have done in Kilvert's time – with a profusion of wild flowers – primroses, bluebells, cowslips, herb-Robert, wild garlic, forget-me-nots, white campion and violets – much in evidence. Past attractive waterfalls the roadway led eventually to the Paper Mill Cottage where on 3 September 1878 Kilvert obtained milk to drink with his picnic beside the brook.

We retraced our steps back down the road making just one final non-Kilvertian stop. A large detached house close to the main road came under close scrutiny from the assembled party. Dastardly deeds had been committed within its portals by one Major Armstrong, solicitor, in the 1920s. By being convicted of murdering his wife and of attempted murder of a rival solicitor by arsenic poisoning he made legal history by becoming the first member of the profession to be convicted of such a crime. His wife's body had actually been exhumed for autopsy from its final resting place in St Mary's church thus making a very loose connection with the afternoon's ramble.

Photographs of the AGM weekend appear in the colour section – ed.

TRANSCRIBING KILVERT'S DIARIES

Following the amazing coincidence of eighteen months ago which introduced Adrian Harvey to the Society comes another. A mutual interest in Woodforde's diaries between our vice-president Laurence Le Quesne and Dr James Case of Deal in Kent led to a discussion of Kilvert whereupon it emerged that Dr Case's wife's aunt, Mrs Hilda Holt (née Taylor), had been involved in the transcription of *Kilvert's Diary* when she worked for Cape's in the late Thirties. Her recollections are revealed below following an extract from Dr Case's letter to Michael Sharp:

Dear Mr. Sharp,

As an ardent student of Woodforde's diaries I can understand your interest in the process by which Kilvert's diaries were transcribed and selections made for publication.

My wife's aunt was staying with us for Christmas and Woodforde came up in conversation whence the topic turned to Kilvert. Knowing that the manuscript Kilvert diaries had been destroyed my main interest in talking with Mrs Holt was to quiz her about the fate of the transcript which was prepared. Unfortunately, she cannot shed any light on what became of the typescript. However, I carefully recorded her comments (some, of course, in answer to my questions). She has agreed to the accuracy of my notes and of course I have given her a copy.

I note from the published history of Jonathan Cape's firm that Plomer was at some time the president of the Kilvert Society and he would surely have known the importance to the Society of the complete transcript. One therefore has to assume that this transcript was also destroyed or became the property of the family and was thus not available.

On the other hand one cannot help thinking that such a hard-won transcript would not be quickly discarded. Cape's must surely have considered that *further* selections could have been published in the future? I wonder who took over the business of Jonathan Cape (Random House—ed.) and I wonder if this transcript still exists in some dusty attic file? But I am probably going over ground long-since explored by the Kilvert Society! I would be interested to know what efforts may have been made already to try to find the original transcript.

Mrs Holt, although in her eighties, is fit and well and mentally very alert and competes with us in completing the more demanding of crosswords! She has agreed to my sending you our recorded notes about her recollections and a copy of these are enclosed. She specifically asks me to tell you that she can probably add no more.

The following notes have been constructed following conversations with Mrs Hilda Holt (née Taylor). Mrs Holt agrees that they are accurate to the best of her memory of events which occurred over sixty years ago.

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I was born in 1917 and in the late 1930s I was working for Jonathan Cape, the publisher, at 30 Bedford Square, London WC1. This was a handsome building approached by lovely wide front doorsteps. Our large office was just inside the front door on the right hand side of the entrance hall and I was the receptionist and general 'dogsbody'. Looking back I now realise that I had some fascinating experiences, writers such as Arthur Ransome, Beverley Nichols, Douglas Reed, Veronica Wedgwood, and T.E. Lawrence all came through our office. I eventually acquired a first edition of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* and now wish I had kept it a little longer.

Jonathan Cape had decided to publish selections from Kilvert's diaries but I wasn't involved of course in any of the discussions. The process was managed by one of the two 'readers', a man named William Plomer who brought the manuscript diaries into the office to be typed. I remember Plomer as a 'Pickwickian' character – a pleasant, fatherly, middle-aged man. The other reader was a man named Guy Chapman, a brusque individual, who would often discard manuscripts by just writing 'NBG' on the covers and I don't think I need to explain this abbreviation. I don't recall that any urgency was given to the typing of the diaries, we were just instructed to fit it in amongst all our other work. The five girls involved with this task were as follows:

Phyllis Neale	(Jonathan Cape's secretary)
Eileen Neale	(sister of Phyllis Neale, Ruth Atkinson's secretary)
Molly Taylor	(Rupert Hart-Davis' secretary)
Faith Sheldrake	(G. Wren Howard's secretary)
Hilda Taylor	(myself – the receptionist)

I was the slowest typist of the five, all the others could touch-type and probably completed more of the work than I did. We all worked together in the one large office and we picked this task up and put it down amongst all our other duties. As I recall (although I may be in error), Ruth Atkinson was the advertising manageress, Rupert Hart-Davis was a junior director, and G. Wren Howard provided the financial brains in the firm.

I have no recollection of how many diary volumes were involved but I feel sure that we typed the whole diary; William Plomer would then take away the typescript together with the manuscript diary and make whatever selections would then go forward for publication. In typing the material I feel sure we would also have made a carbon copy, as everything was typed in those days in that way. If we had difficulty in deciphering some words we would all get our heads together to come to a conclusion; but Plomer of course would later be able to compare our typescript with the manuscript.

I recall that the diaries were about the size of what we would now call A4 (the two I have had the privilege of examining at the National Library of Wales Aberystwyth were approximately A5 – ed.) and about half an inch thick. They were bound volumes which had supple black covers, probably made of some kind of leather. Each page had narrowly spaced lines like an exercise book. The writing was in black ink I think, small spidery writing, with every page filled. Some parts were a nightmare to read. I do not recall that my part of the diary contained any sketches or diagrams but there would be written additions and corrections to the text inserted here and there.

I have no idea what eventually became of our transcript (or of the carbon copies). I only remember that we girls were all given copies of the three volumes of the first editions (published in 1938, 1939 and 1940). They were signed by William Plomer with a note of his thanks; I still have my copies. I left Jonathan Cape's firm in 1940 when I was married; I had worked there for about four years.

KILVERT AND DULWICH PICTURE GALLERY

By Hilary Rosser (Dulwich)

According to the *Diary*, Francis Kilvert visited Dulwich Picture Gallery on two occasions, on 4 January 1872 when he was curate at Clyro, and on 24 June 1876 when he was curate to his father at Langley Burrell. His signature appears in the Gallery visitors' book on both occasions.

On the first, mid-winter, occasion he mentions that he came 'by rail' but the second entry reads: *Midsummer Day, and the cuckoo singing from Gipsy Hill. Walked to sweet green Dulwich and visited the picture gallery.* Visitors still come from London by rail to West or North Dulwich station, and they continue to find Dulwich sweet and green, in the spring and summer at least.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
<i>E. A. my friend</i> Bolding & Co	<i>Camden Town</i> Camberwell
Thursday Jan. 4 th	
S. Stephenson	Wentworth Villa
E. Robinson	Camberwell
H. F. Evans	New Cross
A. H. White	Camden Town
A. W. W. King	Camberwell
C. M. M. M.	Camberwell
M. M. M. M.	Camberwell
C. M. M. M.	Camberwell
J. M. M. M.	Camberwell
R. F. M. M.	Camberwell
G. M. M. M.	Camberwell
H. M. M. M.	Camberwell
Kilvert's signature in the visitors' book (4.1.72)	

But what did Kilvert come to see at Dulwich? Perhaps to his surprise and certainly to that of many visitors before and since, a collection of outstanding European paintings dating mainly from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and including works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Canaletto and Van Dyck among many others. Certain paintings made a marked impression on Kilvert during his first visit, and four and a half years later he made a point of seeking them out again. One was Rembrandt's *Girl at a Window*: *Rembrandt's immortal servant girl still leaned on her round white arms a-smiling from the window as she has leaned and smiled for three hundred years since that summer's day when her master drew her portrait and made her immortal, imperishable and ever young.* Kilvert's well-known susceptibility to youthful, feminine beauty no doubt heightened his response to this painting; but his reactions to all he sees supply evidence of his romantic sensibilities rather than of an intellectual or aesthetically educated approach.



A Girl at a Window (Rembrandt)



St Sebastian (Reni)

Had Kilvert been a disciple of John Ruskin, the great Victorian thinker and art critic for instance, he might not have expressed such enthusiasm for other favourites of his such as St Sebastian by the Italian Baroque artist, Guido Reni: *St Sebastian still raised his eyes to heaven with the sublime pathetic look of tender submission and gentle resignation;* and still less for two of the three paintings of street children by Murillo owned by the Gallery. (Why did he ignore the third, one wonders?) On his first visit Kilvert unequivocally states: *But the gems of the collection are the two superb and famous Murillos, the two Spanish peasant boys and the Spanish flower girl.* Ruskin disagreed: 'Look at those two ragged and vicious vagrants that Murillo has gathered out of the street ... Do not call this the painting of nature: it is mere delight in foulness' (!) On Kilvert's second visit: *The Oriental-looking Spanish flower girl still offered her flowers for sale. The Spanish boys still laughed audibly and went on with their game.* He refers to other paintings briefly, but many of the Gallery's treasures, such as the Poussins, the Claude, the Teniers and the Tiepolos, do not get a mention.



Invitation to the game of Pelota (Murillo)



The Flower Girl (Murillo)

But how did such a collection come to be in 'sweet green Dulwich' in the first place? The origins of the core collection go back to the 1790s when the then King of Poland commissioned two London art dealers to put together a representative collection of European paintings as the basis of a national art collection in Poland; but when Napoleon invaded Poland, Stanislaus lost his throne and the art dealers their client. Having failed to persuade the British government to buy the collection as the basis for a national gallery in Britain, they made the best of the situation and kept the collection for themselves. When in 1811 the survivor of the two saw death approaching, he made the decision to bequeath the entire collection to Alleyn's College of God's Gift in Dulwich, provided it was properly housed. Alleyn's College was a charitable body founded in the early seventeenth century and consisting of a college for 'twelve poor scholars' (the forerunner of the present Dulwich College) and almshouses for men and women. It also possessed a small collection of paintings. The College – and the collection – were very fortunate that the renowned neo-classical architect, Sir John Soane, offered to design a gallery for the paintings free of charge.

Dulwich Picture Gallery was the first purpose-built art gallery in the country and also the first that was open to the public. (The National Gallery was only opened in 1825, eight years after Dulwich.) At first tickets had to be obtained in advance in central London (to keep out the *hoi polloi*?), but in 1867, shortly before Kilvert's first visit, not only were tickets obtainable at the Gallery, but 'retiring rooms for ladies and gentlemen' were built as visitors were increasingly complaining about the 'want of any convenient arrangement'; so we may assume that Kilvert's visits were comfortable as well as uplifting!

When Kilvert visited it, the Gallery consisted of the five sequential rooms that Soane had originally designed. Since his time eight additional rooms have been created, making room to display more of the collection including earlier and subsequent bequests of paintings. This has contributed to the international reputation that the Gallery now enjoys. When the Gallery was last refurbished, in 2000, a café was included in the additional accommodation provided, a benefit that was not available to Kilvert or other previous visitors. Despite these changes it is still possible to envisage how the Gallery looked when Kilvert visited it a hundred and thirty years ago. Why not walk in his footsteps and come to 'sweet green Dulwich' this summer to find out for yourself? The Gallery is open every day except Mondays and there is free entry on Fridays.

Our member Hilary Rosser is a volunteer guide at the Gallery and, if available, will be pleased to show Kilvert Society members around. (ed.)

KILVERT CONNECTIONS

By John Day (Mere)

My father first made me aware of *Kilvert's Diary*. When I was young he spoke about it often and knew many of the local Wiltshire family names. His aunt (my great-aunt) was born in Langley Burrell and was baptised by Robert Kilvert. The family name was Matthews. She lived to be a hundred and was proud of her, albeit minor, association with the Kilverts. Alas as a child I did not think to ask questions about her childhood in the village. Born in 1860 she would have been a fund of knowledge concerning *Diary* characters. Me? I was born in Chippenham, home was close to Hardenhuish and the Harnish fields were a favourite childhood playground.

In 1990 I became the parish priest of Sturminster Newton, the Dorset town where William Barnes was born and spent his formative years (*Diary* entry May Eve 1874). Part of my parish included the nearby village of Kingstag where I was to meet a lady who would provide yet another link with Francis Kilvert.

Opposite the Kingstag village inn a path leads to an isolated dwelling known as 'White Cottage'. In 1928 Perceval Smith (Thersie's son and Kilvert's nephew) bought this cottage and spent the rest of his days there, living in seclusion. It was he, of course, who came into possession of the original twenty-two notebooks of the *Diary* and in 1937 submitted them to Jonathan Cape. My parishioner told me that she had lived in the village all her life growing up at the Green Man inn. As a child it was her job to deliver Perceval's weekly provisions. She recalls him as very polite and kind but one who never went out and rarely mixed. When he did go out it was always at night and only in his garden. Among his interests were astronomy and stamp-collecting and he had been a keen fisherman. He was also an expert wood carver and she still has a wooden doorstep that he made. Over his front door, she remembered, he had carved the words: 'Here is Peace.'

Essex Hope his sister visited regularly but always stayed at the Green Man. Perceval was found dead in the cottage in, I think, 1955. He must have been about eighty. The *Diary* entry 14 April 1875 had described him as 'a baby.' Essex his only close relative came and quickly cleared everything out of the cottage presiding over huge bonfires in the garden. Was valuable Kilvert material then destroyed?

The cottage was purchased by a Mr and Mrs Hyslop who were interested in the previous owner and corresponded both with Essex and Edward West. In a letter to Mrs Hyslop, Essex gives brief details. Following Cambridge, Perceval was ordained in Winchester Cathedral (1902) but for reasons unknown soon abandoned his vocation and for some years coached boys for university entrance. Edward mentions that he had served three short curacies, the last being Abbey Dore 1908-10.

Methinks I took the Kilvert trail a little too late. Had I been older I would have asked my father and great-aunt many *Diary*-related questions and had I come to my parish fifty years earlier I might even have persuaded Perceval to tell me his story and show me his Kilvert treasures.

A DAY OF TWO CHURCHES (Part II)

By the Revd Pamela Lee Cranston (Oakland, CA)
(For Part I see March 2002 issue)

October 12 1994 St Andrew's Church, Bredwardine

This has been a very full day, as my friend Nicoli and I were joined by Edward West who gave us the grand tour of Kilvert country. We started from Kilpeck Church near Wormbridge, which Edward pronounced with soft rolling Rrrrrrs, and then went from Dore Abbey to Llanthony Abbey, where the nineteenth-century poet Walter Savage Landor built an inn by the abbey ruins. After this, we drove to Capel-y-Ffin, Bettws Chapel, Rhydspence inn and ended at Snodhill. We spent some time at Snodhill, where Edward pulled out his copy of Kilvert, found the entry about the Snodhill picnic and read the long passage aloud for Nicoli's benefit, with great gusto and r-r-r-rolling Rs from start to finish.

The grand finale of the day was, for me, getting to watch the bell-ringers ring the changes at Kilvert's church in Bredwardine in the evening. By 7.30 pm eight bell-ringers (ages 30-75, both men and women) arrived, led by the bell-master, John Hope. John is a thin, intelligent-looking man with wavy grey-black hair about in his 50s – much like a math teacher in tweeds. Both he and his wife Margaret have been bell-ringing for 30 years.

The other ringers were: Leo Price, a white-haired, stocky man of 70 with a ruddy face, a retired farmer and almost deaf; Jonathan Cross, a retired army officer who's been working on some Kilvert church registers; Graham Alcock, fortyish, stout, bearded, the group clown and flirt; Aliceanne, his wife, very shy and quiet, Rachael Jones, a farmer's wife and country girl of about 30 and Diane Cooper, a woman in her early 50s, blonde, educated, and sociable, who like me, had difficulty remembering the sequences.

When I asked to join them, John said that I couldn't 'ring up' the bells because you need at least six hours of classes before trying. If you don't know how to ring bells properly, the four-ton bell can pull you right up to the 20-foot ceiling if you don't let go of the rope. Diane said: 'Last month, an experienced bell-ringer broke her little finger when it got caught in the rope.' However, they graciously let me pull the sally and chime the bell when it was already 'down'. Not an easy task. It took some pulling before I could get it to ring. 'Pull it like you're milking a cow', John said. Never having milked a cow either, he might as well have been talking Greek to me but finally I got it to chime. Wonderful to feel the momentum in your arms and the vibrations once the resonant gong of the bell sounded.

COLOUR FEATURE

THE AGM WEEKEND



Scene of the Saturday events



Morning coffee at Hay. Muriel Kilvert (back to camera) talks with her cousin Henry Kilvert.



Setting off on the walk.



A Diary reading during the walk.

These three photographs by Ann Dean.

LOCATIONS



Bredwardine Vicarage



Colva Church



Colva Church, west end. Here is the best place to stand to test the famous echo (see 26 Feb. 1870)

FROM THE ARCHIVES



The actor Timothy Davies (who played Kilvert in the 70's BBC TV series) leaves Ashbrook House.



New Zealand member Lyndall Hancock examines the Sandford Notebook at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth (Sept. 1988)

When everyone arrived, they removed their coats, and stood five in a circle in the belfry as John called out the start of a set of Grandsire doubles: 'Look to! Treble's going. She's gone', he pulled his cord down and everyone followed as if driving the rope into the ground, accompanied by a peal of cascading metal song. A dance of sound and motion. Occasionally John would sound out changes like 'single' or 'bob' or 'round' or 'stand' but I couldn't tell the difference from the bells except when they stopped.

The bell-ringers rang peal after peal from 7.30 until 9 pm. The ringers took turns ringing because it's hard work and the bell-tower got smellier and steamier the longer they rang – like a men's locker-room. From time to time, I wandered out of the stone-cold church into the warm autumn night under a hazy half-moon hanging yellow in the blue-black sky and marvelled at the miraculous luck of this moment.



Bredwardine Church

The Bredwardine bell-ringers ended by 'ringing down' the bells, going from 1 – 5 with shorter and shorter motions but faster and faster peals until the whole bell tower vibrated with the overtones from the ecstatic 1-2-3-4-5-1-2-3-4-5-1 peals. It sounded magical and silvery – quite haunting. When John ordered, 'Stand!' all the bells suddenly hung down in perfect silence. All was still.

Afterwards, we joined the whole gang of bell-ringers at the Red Lion inn for a pint of beer. Over drinks, I asked Diane why she took up bell-ringing. She said half apologetically: 'I suppose it's because I'm not very musical but at least with a bell I can ring one note and together we make music. There is really something special about bells. I think they are the soul of a church. A church without bells is like a dead church. I think – nothing living in it. Whenever I ring, I come home feeling so alive and energized. It really does something for me.'

THE MORRELLS

By Thomas Payne (Lexington, Kentucky)

Issue No. 6 (September 2001) of the *Journal* carried a request from Thomas Payne of Lexington for help with his research into the family of his great-great grandfather Hopewell Baker Morrell of Cae Mawr. This proved very fruitful and we are very grateful to Mr Payne for sending us much of the results of his extensive research (including photographs) extracts from which appear below.

He writes (July 2001)

Dear Mr. Sharp,

I was thrilled to receive your mailing of July 20th. Thank you, and thanks as well to your committee for this thoughtful gesture and the effort which went into it. Your mailing included several new pieces of information for me and also a few which I may be able to correct or embellish.



Hopewell Baker Morrell



**Louisa Foote Hay Morrell,
Wife of Hopewell Baker Morrell.***

The dogs were named Rex and Kaiser. According to my family history one of them apparently caused the death of one of Louisa and Hopewell's offspring by stepping on a loaded gun during a hunting trip. I don't know which child it was.

I was stunned by your note showing Hopewell leaving only £1,267. Perhaps I shouldn't have been: our family oral history states that he sold Moultsford because he couldn't afford to keep it, and my copy of *Kilvert* includes a note from my grandmother stating that Hopewell eventually sold Cae Mawr to the Baskervilles. Louisa, apparently a crabby, imperious woman, is often quoted by my mother and aunt as saying 'A gentleman does not work!' I suspect that, given the social pressures of the time, as evinced by his wife, Hopewell simply ran out of money. I hope to pursue this topic in great detail some day. In Louisa's defense, she must have been almost continuously pregnant, which would do little for anyone's disposition.

Hopewell's Ancestry

Hopewell's father James W.H. Morrell was the eldest son of Baker Morrell of Oxford. Baker had a very successful law practice which he had taken on from his father, James Morrell. (There are a plethora of gentlemen named James in this family!) Baker's first cousins, James and Mark Morrell, were the founders of Morrell's Brewery, and Baker's father James, the uncle of the brewers, played a large part in bankrolling his nephews' fledgling business. James the brewer built the original Headington Hill Hall, which his son (again named James) substantially expanded. Well known around Oxford is that the now-disgraced Robert Maxwell lived in Headington Hill Hall for many years: less well known is the coincidence that Robert's son Kevin now lives in Hopewell's old manor house at Moultsford.

Baker's third son Frederick ended up with the family law practice, and in turn handed it down to his son Frederick. The younger Frederick's son Philip was a Liberal MP during WWI and was the long-suffering husband of the eccentric Lady Ottoline Cavendish-Bentinck Morrell, hostess of the Bloomsbury Group.

Baker's fourth son, George Kidd Morrell, became the first vicar of Moultsford around 1846 and remained in this role until 1877. Hopewell inherited Moultsford from his great-uncle Deacon in 1854 (at age 18!). You'll note in *Kilvert's Diary* that Hopewell offered the living at Moultsford to Anthony Mayhew in 1878, which would have been the year following the end of his uncle George's term as vicar. George's son George married his distant cousin Emily, who was the sole heir of the brewing family. This ended up keeping the brewery in the Morrell name for several more generations.

The Children

The most notable characteristics of Hopewell's children are that they seem to have either died young or scattered to the four winds.

The eldest was named Hopewell James Shuldham and was born in Paddington on 22 December 1860. He is the 'Hopie' of the *Diary*. He died on 21 March 1906 and is buried at Moultsford and is listed on his tombstone as being Lord of the Manor.

The third child Arthur Frederick Way is an interesting case. The only descendants of Hopewell's I have found or made contact with are a few of Arthur's great-grandchildren, all of whom live in Australia. Arthur is considered by his descendants to have been something of a 'remittance man'. He headed to Australia as a young man, lived a successful life, and died in Sydney in 1950 at the ripe old age of 86. But he only had one child, a daughter, who died in her 30s after bearing several children. Most of his descendants are named Waterford; Jack Waterford is the editor of the *Canberra Times*, the primary newspaper of Australia's capital city.

Reginald Lister Morrell is my great-grandfather. He also headed to Australia, apparently to seek his fortune in the Victoria gold mines. He married an Australian native, Ada Florence Brown, whose father was a free British immigrant and whose mother was born in Tasmania to Irish parents. Although I have no indication that her mother's parents were convicts, certainly Tasmania was known as such a place in the early 1800s. Reginald and Ada relocated to Sydney, where Irene Louise was born in 1894 and then my grandmother, Winifred Christine Campbell Morrell, was born in 1896. Sometime afterwards, the couple returned to Great Britain, which is how my grandmother has memories of Cae Mawr. Reginald and Ada had a third daughter, Louie Marian; I don't know if Louie was born in Australia or England, though.

Violet Winifred was next – she and Reginald are mentioned in Kilvert near the end.

My Family

When my grandmother was a teenager, her family left England and came to America as well, immigrating via Ellis Island in New York, destined for Chicago to meet up with 'Uncle George'. Not long afterward, Ada and Reginald divorced and my grandmother ended up on her own while still in her mid-teens. The family splintered and my grandmother didn't say much about it. This is why we don't know more about the family and why I have been so interested in researching it.

My grandmother married Lloyd McDonald, an American with Scottish roots via Nova Scotia. They had three children, David Janet, and Joan. David died in the 1980s, but Janet and Joan, my mother, are still living. David and his wife had four children who in turn have produced 12 grandchildren. Janet and her husband adopted two children. I am the eldest of three children, am currently 43 years old, have a 5-year old daughter, Tasman Elizabeth, and a son due to be born in September. I have lived all over the US, and have visited Australia and New Zealand but never Great Britain. (I hope to change that soon!).

It is entirely possible that all of Hopewell's currently living offspring are represented by the descendants of Arthur and Reginald, but I hope this is not true. I have recently written to the vicar of Clyro in an attempt to glean more information regarding Hopewell's other children, burial records, etc., but have not yet heard back from him.

Additional Information

I am enclosing photocopies of my grandmother's notes in her copy of Kilvert. They're not earth-shattering by any means, but they certainly personalized the reading experience for me.

Extracts from Winifred's annotated *Diary*

seen sparkling among the tops of the cedars on the hill. The sun rose quickly and the rays struck red upon the white walls of Penllan, but not so brilliantly as in the winter sunrises. I got up soon after 5 and set to work on my Easter sermon getting two hours for writing before breakfast.

At 11 I went to the school. Next I went to Cae Mawr. Mrs. Morrell had been very busy all the morning preparing decorations for the Font, a round dish full of flowers in water and just big enough to fit into the Font and upon this large dish a pot filled and covered with flowers all wild, primroses, violets, wood anemones, wood sorrel, periwinkles, oxlips and the first blue bells, rising in a gentle pyramid, ferns and larch sprays drooping over the brim, a wreath of simple ivy to go round the stem of the Font, and a bed of moss to encircle the foot of the Font in a narrow band pointed at the corners and angles of the stone with knots of primroses. At 2

Sea, having been routed horse and foot with great slaughter and loss by bugs or fleas. They intended to stay at St. Leonard's a month or more longer.

Saturday, 5 March

Very cold last night, and sharp frost and the day brilliant and the air exquisitely clear though the wind was East. The view from the banks lovely, the river winding down from Glasbury like a silver serpent, flowing beneath at the foot of the poplars. Hay in the distance bright in brilliant sunshine. Every watercourse clear upon the mountains in the searching light. As the sun went down a pink and then a deep purple glow bathed the mountains and Cusop Hill and a keen frost set in. The rich pink and deep purple light very unusually splendid.

1 Sunday in Lent, 6 March

After evening church, visited the Pughs and found Mary at

Saturday 5 March 1870

Easter Eve 1870

southern window bowered in roses and beautiful creeping plants and the birds chirped and sang in their bowers and I opened my eyes on the old familiar view as I looked up the valley of the V to the heights of Clyro Hill. Muirbach Hill dawned a soft azure through the tender morning mists. Pretty Louisa Dew bounded the stairs to meet me with a bright rosy morning face and a love kiss, when she heard me leave my room. She will be a noble-looking girl one day and will make somebody's heart ache. She is a very fine girl for her age now and as wild as a hawk but as good as gold, in spite of her dancing spirits. After breakfast a ramble in the garden to see the fruit trees. A white nectarine was in a blaze of purple blossom.

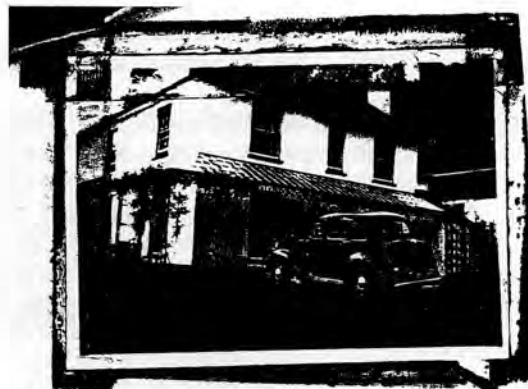
I rode with Henry Dew senior to Clifford Priory to see how Haigh Allen was. We had a scamper back to Whitney Rectory to catch the 1.8 train which was to take me to Hay to stay at Hay Castle.

In the afternoon Mrs. Bevan, Mary and I drove to Clyro. As we passed along the old familiar road that I have journeyed over so many times a thousand memories swept over me. Every foot of Clyro ground is classical and sacred and has its story. When we reached the dear old village the children had just come out of school. I kissed my hand to them, but they seemed as if they could hardly believe their eyes and it was not till after we had alighted at the lodge under the old weeping willow and were walking up the steep drive to Cae Mawr that a ringing cheer came up from the playground.

Mr. Morrell was not at home, but Reginald and Winifred came downstairs. They had both forgotten me. Baskerville came to the door and we sat down in the drawing room for a chat.

23 March 1874

my father aged 50 years
my aunt, for whom I was named



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Cae-Mawr in 1949

Winifred used her copy of the *Diary*
as a photograph album!



*The Venables: My father's middle
name, came from Rev. Venables
/ Lister*

Book plate from Winifred's copy of the *Diary*

Additional documents, including family trees and extracts from an out-of-print book *The Morrells of Oxford, a Family and their Brewery 1749-1993* by Brigid Allen are in the Society's archives and available for consultation -- ed.

KILVERT ENJOYED CONCERTS!

By Sidney Ball (Swindon)

Early in January 1870 among advertisements in *The Times* was the announcement: 'Saturday evening concerts at Exeter Hall will commence on Saturday January 8th, 1870. Prices 1s, 2s, 3s, Stalls 5s. Mlle Sinico will sing the aria *Qui la Voce* and a new song *The Birds were telling one another* (Henry Smart): Mr Sims Reeves will sing *Adelaide*, *My own Guiding Star* (C. Macfarren) and *Tom Bowling*. These were the songs Francis Kilvert so much enjoyed hearing sung when: *Mrs Pearson and I went to a good concert at Exeter Hall and heard Sims Reeves, Santley and Mlle Sinico* (1/25).

Kilvert's companion was a sister-in-law of Mrs Venables and the wife of Colonel Richard Pearson, of 3 Hobart Place, London. Francis wrote that: *It was the first time I had heard Sims Reeves, and he was delightful* (1/26). Sims Reeves had been a famous singer for many years then, and having been born in 1818, was about 51 years old when Francis first

heard this great tenor. Kilvert heard him again at the Handel Festival in 1874, when Sims Reeves sang ...*as splendidly as ever* (3/44). (The TV actress Liza Goddard is a great grand-daughter of Sims Reeves).

I have seen in the National Portrait Gallery a fine large painting of John Sims Reeves in the title role of Fra D'Avola. Also shown are some old theatre etc. posters of Sims Reeves.

The Pearsons moved from 3 Hobart Place soon after Kilvert stayed there with Mrs Pearson.

FROM RECENT CORRESPONDENCE **TO THE EDITOR**

i) Muriel Kilvert writes from Woodbridge in Suffolk with a number of corrections to recent articles in the *Journal*:

- My brother's name was Robert Wynne Kilvert not Wyn (March 2002 issue) and there are various errors in Adrian Harvey's article (September 2001 issue), viz:
- I was head of Runton Hill school in Norfolk not Sussex.
- The lid of the Presentation Cup fitted and was not loose, etc.
- I know of no signet ring belonging to my great-uncle Frank and had certainly not been 'digging potatoes' and losing it!

I am pleased to put things right, but in fairness to Mr Harvey I should point out that he was quoting from his father's recollections as recorded by him in his journal at the time ... and, to get myself off the hook, I merely recorded the spelling Wyn as written on the back of the photograph submitted by the family! At any rate it was very good to meet Miss Muriel Kilvert at the AGM weekend and to see her in such excellent (and combative) form. – ed.

ii) Roger Evans writes from London NW4:

As a new member of the Society I have much enjoyed reading the *Journal*. I was most interested to read in the article by Teresa Williams in the June (2001) issue that Edward Lechmere Thomas returned to Ceylon in 1872. The author mentions that at this time 'a wind-borne disease was ravaging the coffee crops', but I wonder whether your readers are aware that the influence of the disease is still with us today.

The disease was caused by the coffee rust fungus. The organism responsible had been identified and named in England by another country clergyman, the Reverend Miles Berkeley, on leaves sent to him from Ceylon in 1869 (he had previously identified the fungus responsible for the Irish potato famine, but that's another story). The impact of the disease was devastating, losses through the 1870s were estimated to be £2,000,000 per annum, perhaps that does not seem to be a lot these days but when we realize that in the late 1870s Francis Kilvert could hire a housekeeper for £14 a year, then we get some idea of the true scale of the losses. Many planters and their financial backers went bankrupt and the Oriental Bank crashed. Fortunately much of Ceylon proved to be suitable for cultivation of the tea crop and coffee was soon replaced by tea. Our continental cousins fared rather better than we did during this period for they obtained their coffee via the Dutch from several different countries and the disease was not as detrimental to their coffee supply. They remained coffee drinkers but we were forced to switch to tea and so as a consequence of that minute fungus Britain became, and largely still is, a tea-drinking nation.

iii) Paul Robertshaw writes from Ilkley pointing out a connection between E.W. Hornung (the creator of the gentleman-crook Raffles) and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He writes:

In 1893 Hornung married Constance Doyle, the sister of Sir Arthur and it is interesting to note the contrast between the fictitious heroes of the two brothers-in-law – one on either side of the law.

iv) The Revd R.D.W. Hawkins writes from Dorking in search of a 3-volume *Diary*, which he says, he has been looking for for years! He adds:

I was in Hay and Clyro last August and much enjoyed retracing Kilvert's steps and discovering Bredwardine for the first time. (I hope his search for the three volumes has now succeeded. –ed.)

- v) **Conrad Goldup writes from Canterbury with some details of the life of his mother, whose death was recorded in the March issue:**

My mother was born in Plymouth in 1925 and while still a child moved to Kent. During the war her love of the countryside led her to join the Women's Land Army and afterwards she became a farm secretary. In 1955 she married my father, a market-gardener, who grew flowers, fruit and vegetables for Covent Garden. She wrote for the parish magazine and worked for years in a second-hand bookshop in Canterbury – a treasure-trove for one who loved literature so much. I believe her interest in Kilvert grew from when she inherited her father's volumes of the *Diary* in 1960. Her correspondence with Oswin Prosser fostered an even keener interest in the *Diary* and she visited Kilvert Country a number of times. In June 1998 she enjoyed your Golden Jubilee weekend in Hereford.

NEW BOOKS

The editor writes about:

***Plenderleath's Memoranda of Cherhill*, edited and introduced by John Reis. Fulmer Publishing. pp 134, 8 illustrations, ISBN 1 903979 05 6**

£10.50, post free from: Fulmer Publishing, Street Farm, Compton Bassett, Calne, Wilts SN11 8SW

This recently published book will be of great interest to Kilvertians because the Revd William Plenderleath, rector of Cherhill, Wiltshire, (until 1891) was a near contemporary of Kilvert. He was only nine years older and both were at Wadham College. What is more Cherhill is only about nine miles from Hardenhuish and Langley Burrell, so it seems certain that they must have known one another, as the *Diary* entry for 7 January 1873 may testify:

At 8 o'clock Fanny, Dora and I went to a jolly party at Sir John Awdry's at Notton Hall. Almost everybody in the neighbourhood was there An excellent supper and we got home about one o'clock on a fine moonlit night. And there were present the Merewethers the Plenderleiths (sic) of Cherhill 150 or more altogether and they fell to playing catch-as-catch-can.

Cherhill gets four mentions in the *Diary*, Kilvert obviously having been particularly struck by the nearby White Horse, the especially fine entry for 15 April 1873 is one such. Plenderleath kept his memoranda in two similar quarto volumes bound in calf and the present volume is a more or less exact transcription of what he wrote in his 'wonderfully clear and meticulous hand'. (cf. Kilvert!)

In his introduction the editor, John Reis, writes:

'It is pleasant to be able to draw a connection between William Plenderleath and Francis Kilvert. Kilvert was surely one of the greatest of English diarists To travel with Kilvert is not just to see Victorian England but to experience it, to know what it felt like. Or, at least, to know what it felt like to inhabit that stratum of Society in which he found himself. And this is exactly where Plenderleath and his memoranda add just a tiny additional touch of colour, a flash of light, in that English rural idyll still largely untouched by the Industrial Revolution and yet to be devastated by the twentieth century.'

Of particular interest and relevance in this Jubilee year is Plenderleath's lengthy account of the Jubilee Commemoration of 21 June 1887.

Concerning the Cherhill jollifications, which cost £19.11.2 (£19.56p, for our younger readers – ed.) with beer at 1/8d. (9p) a gallon, we read:

'With regard to the *locus in quo*, the schoolroom will no doubt be requisitioned in many parishes: in others, better still, the biggest barn or cart-house that the village affords. We in Cherhill are in no difficulty as we are fortunate enough to be possessed of nearly, if not quite, the largest wooden barn in the county in which probably 300 persons could comfortably dine. So as we have only 108 men to provide for all told and subsequently 102 women and 116 children for tea we ought to do very well.'

Plenderleath also appends a fascinating list of 'One Hundred Jubilee Festivities in the neighbourhood of Devizes extracted from the *Devizes and Wiltshire Gazette*'

Here we discover that at Langley Burrell on 21 June there was a service in the church followed by a dinner for the men and women and tea for the children, entertainment was provided by a conjuror. At Hardenhuish the celebrations were on 29 June, there was no service but tea for 30 children was served at 4.30 pm followed by dinner and supper (!) for the men and women. There were also athletic sports and games, but whether before or after eating is not stated!

What a pity that Kilvert was not still alive then to have added his impressions to those of Plenderleath. This is a fascinating book and a valuable adjunct to the study of Wiltshire life in Kilvert's time. Plenderleath's purpose, more intentionally outward-looking than Kilvert's, was, he says, to tell us 'What an English Country Village was in the XIXth Century, as portrayed by one who had the best opportunities of knowing, and an English Country Parson, as depicted by his own hand.'

Orders may be placed using the enclosed flyer.

Other New Books:

***The Language and Craft of William Barnes, English Poet and Philologist (1801-1886)* by Frances Austin and Bernard Jones. ISBN 0-7734-7240-1**

Price £49.95 or receive a 20% discount by pre-paying £39.96 plus £2.50 p&p from The Edwin Mellen Press, Mellen House, Lampeter, Ceredigion SA48 8LT. Tel: 01574 423356

This study focuses on the way in which Barnes uses and experiments with techniques of metre, rhyme and sound, and shows how an understanding of the language of the poems, not only dialect but also standard English, is essential to appreciating the worth of Barnes's poetical output. A detailed examination of the way he set about composing his verse reveals the careful and self-conscious craftsman who lies behind the superficial oddities that may strike the present-day reader.

Dr Bernard Jones, co-author of the above, is a life member of the Kilvert Society and has taught at the University of Cape Town and in England. He has worked extensively on Barnes's papers and prose works as well as the poems. In 1962 he published *The Poems of William Barnes* in two volumes, and this has been the standard work for the poetry ever since. He has also written on Hardy and other Wessex writers. (See below)

***Fifty-Seven Poems by Thomas Hardy* – a limited edition of 250 copies. Price £10.50 from The Dorset County Museum, Dorchester or £12, to cover p&p, from the publisher: The Red House, East Stour, Gillingham, Dorset SP8 5JY. Please make cheques payable to B. Jones-Meldon.**

These short poems, of which the themes are Baby Beasts, Birds and Pets, were originally published anonymously between 1911 and 1915, in three separate volumes with illustrations by E.J. Detmold and descriptions by Florence Dugdale (who was to become the second Mrs Thomas Hardy in 1914). This is the first time they have been brought together in one volume and all attributed to Hardy, the case for which Bernard Jones argues convincingly in his introduction to the book.

ODDS AND ENDS

By Basil Butcher (Hereford)

I have been re-reading my collection of Kilvert 'Extras' and came across my copy of the Bevan-Dew extracts. It's a very old copy and marked in red by Oswin Prosser: 'Sample copy, not for sale – not previously published.'

This was obviously put out at some meeting to try and get copies sold. Oswin must have given it to me later on. It is an interesting 'extra'. Inside was a letter from dear Edward (West) asking me about the Tupsley houses mentioned on one of Kilvert's visits to Hereford. (See Bevan-Dew extracts, page 14 for 28 October 1871 – ed.) *The Crescent* is still up a drive off Bodenham Road, but the considerable land that was around it is now built over with rather posh houses.

After the Judge's lodgings (which was in High Town near Pritchard the tailor's shop) were pulled down, the Judge, when he came for the Assizes used to take over *The Crescent* and the owners had to clear out! While the Judge was at the house a policeman was stationed at the end of the driveway.

The Poplars is still where it was, at the turning off Southbank Road to Bodenham Road, but has been turned into two homes, one a B & B.

But what I thought might be of interest for the *Journal* is the piece about the funeral of the late Mr W.F. Dew buried at Whitney – together with an entry from the *Ceylon Times* and a picture of the gentleman.

THE LATE MR. W. F. DEW BURIED IN WHITNEY.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst., the body of the late Mr. Walter Frederick Dew was laid to rest in Whitney Churchyard. Mr. Dew died suddenly on July 9th at his Devonshire residence, Ford, near Drewsteignton, and his demise recalls the old and interesting associations of his family with the county of Hereford.

The coffin was brought from Devonshire on the 12th, and was met at the lych-gate by the Rev. E. N. Dew (brother), vicar of Galleywood, Essex, and the Rev. L. W. Richings, rector of the parish. After a short service, the coffin lay all night in the church, and the Holy Eucharist was celebrated next morning at 8 a.m. by the Rev. Edward Dew.

The burial took place in the afternoon. The service in church was conducted by the Rector. The hymn "Praise to the Holiest in the Height," was sung by the surpliced choir, and Psalm xxxix. (Dixi-custodiam) was chanted. The coffin was draped with the Union Jack (the same flag which flew from the Whitney Church tower when peace was proclaimed with Russia in 1856)—the deceased gentleman having obtained a commission in the Army on the outbreak of war—and covered with many beautiful wreaths and crosses.

The following mourners were present: Miss Sylvia Dew (only child), Mr. H. M. Dew (Hereford), and Mr. A. T. Dew (Pinhoe) (brothers), the Misses Jane, Helen and Alice Dew (sisters), Mr. A. B. Smith (brother-in-law, representing Mrs. Dew), Miss M. H. Smith (sister-in-law), Mrs. Lewis Davis and Miss Bevan (cousins), Mr. T. Hutchinson and Mr. J. G. Buchanan (Hereford), and Miss Snead (old nurse). It was much regretted that Miss Dew, Col. and Mrs. Furlong, Mrs. Rothwell, Canon Palmer (Hereford, formerly rector of Eardisley), the Hon. Robert Devereux and many other friends and relations were prevented attending.



A large number of the villagers, old friends of the deceased, were also present, most of whom brought offerings of flowers. The coffin was borne to and from the church by Messrs. James Wilton, George Lewis, H. Evans and W. Morgan, and the last rites were performed by the Rev. Edward Dew. The deceased's favourite hymn "Abide with me," was sung unaccompanied at the graveside, and at the conclusion of the service the "Last Post" was beautifully sounded on cornets by Bandmaster E. Stanton Jones and Mr. R. Jones of Hereford. The inscription on the brass plate of the oak coffin was "Walter Frederick Dew, born January 3rd, 1864; died, July 9th, 1915." After the funeral a muffled peal was rung for an hour. A memorial service was held in Drewsteignton Church at the same time, attended by his widow and many Devonshire friends.

Mr. Walter Dew, who was born in 1864, was the ninth child and youngest son of the late Rev. Henry Dew, for 58 years Rector of Whitney, and grandson of Mr. Tomkyns Dew, of Whitney Court. Over 20 years of his life were spent in Ceylon, where he was first a coffee, and then a tea planter. In 1888 he married Miss Ethel Grace Down, daughter of the Rev. Charles Down, rector of Winforton and formerly of Corfife, Devon, who died in 1898. He afterwards married, in 1907, Miss Nancy Smith, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Smith, Vicar of Gresford, near Chester. Since his return from Ceylon in 1910 Mr. Walter Dew lived in Devonshire, and was a keen rider to hounds. Always a true sportsman in every sense of the word, he was a member of the Fly Fishers' Club, and in 1910 won the first prize at Hendon for throwing the best salmon line. On the outbreak of the war, Mr. Walter Dew busied himself in raising recruits in Devonshire. He then obtained a commission in the 7th (Service) Battalion of the Bedfordshire Regiment—having had 17 years' experience in the Ceylon Mounted Rifles—and soon rose to the position of senior captain of his battalion. Later he was transferred to the 9th Battalion, but a few weeks ago was reluctantly obliged to resign his commission on account of ill health.

Capt. W. F. Dew.—Died. Late of Rangoon, Malakoff. Sergeant in Reserve of C.M.B. Volunteered for service on outbreak of war and appointed Captain 7th Bedfordshire in October, 1914. Died July, 1915.

From "Ceylon Times" X

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PARSONS AND PARSONAGES

By Jack Burrell

The editor still has in his files a number of pieces by the late Jack Burrell of Bristol and these will be published from time to time. Here is one of them:

In both the Welsh border and in Wiltshire Kilvert was blessed with a very high standard of parson-colleagues. Canon Bevan of Hay wrote a history of the diocese of St David's and Mr Venables a book on Russia. The Revd Andrew Pope, although not of literary bent and although only curate of Cusop was a good parish priest and held services in remote parts of the Black Mountains in very primitive conditions. Even the odd solitary of Llanbedr was an expert in an unusual field, inventing his own form of shorthand.

In Wiltshire the Revd Plenderleath was an expert on the White Horses of his neighbourhood and Canon Jackson was an antiquarian of some note.

Failures seem to be few – perhaps Newman of Glasbury, who disappeared rather suddenly.

Away from the area of his parsonage Kilvert was privileged to meet William Barnes and Henry Moule who wrote on a variety of subjects. Then there is J.L. Davies of Gower, a highly respected antiquarian and wood carver. The Revd Jones-Thomas of Llanigon, when not stopping his daughters from getting married, made a study of earthquakes and waterspouts. Of the latter one actually occurred near his home when a Hereford to Brecon freight train was derailed.

Outside of the church Canon Bevan was a good cricketer and H.K. Boldero of Grittleton, near Bristol won a Cambridge cricket blue in 1851-3 and qualified for inclusion in *Wisden's Almanac*. By the time of the *Diary* however, both were a bit old for cricket and, for Bevan, opportunities in the Hay area distinctly limited.

Few parsons have exceeded Henry Dew's 58 years at Whitney.

Parsonages varied from large old-fashioned ones to the three bathing machines inhabited by the solitary of Llanbedr (and later a hut). It is not mentioned in the *Diary* but we now know that Kilvert's nephew, Hastings Smith, interviewed an old man in Rhayader who recalled Kilvert being driven to St Harmon and accompanied by a lady as St Harmon's vicarage was occupied by someone else! Alford of Glasbury had very damp accommodation and like Pope at Cusop had to do all the hard work for an absentee parson. Another ill-provided-for living was Disserth near Llandrindod Wells. No house, no glebe and the chapelry of Bettws Disserth five or six miles away, at which a service had to be held every Sunday. It fell vacant just over a month after Kilvert had returned to Langley. Mr Venables wrote to the Bishop of St David's to recommend Kilvert. Kilvert is very divided but feels he may be missing an opportunity. The *Diary* does not record what happened and maybe Plomer rejected further mention.

OBITUARY

THOMAS HOWARD GODFREY, B.A., M.A., Dip.Lib., (1931-2001)

Er Serchus Gófam

The passing of Howard Godfrey (*Journal* No 7, March 2002, p 19) after a long illness robs the Society of one whose proud Welshness gave him a distinct scholarly advantage over his mere English contemporaries. Ironically, in the mid-span of life, he taught English to trainee teachers in Darlington, which then had a college in the town, and Howard specialized in the field of English language and mediæval literature. All went well until 1972, when the whole system of higher education in England and Wales was thrown into years of turmoil and uncertainty.

Howard was spared the direst consequences of the time – matters of professional careers, and perhaps even of life and death for some – because he had an additional further qualification, and was thereby able to deviate into librarianship. Sadly, however, Howard was stalked by multiple sclerosis. His wife, Patsy – they had three children – says that he met his fate stoically. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to them.

Kilvertians will recall Howard's concern with the mummers' plays, spear-fishing and anything to do with mining. Although he sported an uncle's miners' lamp, his literary concern with mining was the outcome of his reading of lead mining in George Borrow's *Wild Wales*. He was indeed one of the founder members of the Borrow Society.

Kilvert and Borrow alike afforded the mischievous chance of playing off Celt and Saxon against each other, and all done with apologetic good humour. And now it is hard to believe that such tilts and sallies are heard no more.

Bernard Jones

THE NATIONAL GARDENS SCHEME

Members may be interested to know that under the above scheme the following gardens with Kilvert connections will be open to the public:

Sunday 7 July:	Pen-y-Maes, Hay-on-Wye – (Miss S. Egerton) Open 2-5 pm Teas and plants. Admission £2.50
Sunday 11 August	Llysdim, Newbridge-on-Wye (Lady Delia Venables-Llewelyn and the Llysdim Charitable Trust) Open 2-6 pm Teas and plants. Admission £2.00
Sunday 1 Sept.	Baskerville Court Gardens, Clyro 8 Baskerville Court (Mr & Mrs S. Smith) 6 Baskerville Court (Mr & Mrs C. Young) Open 11-5 pm Teas and plants. Combined admission £2.50
Sunday 15 Sept.	Lower House, Cusop, Hay-on-Wye (Nicky & Pete Drew) Open 2-6 pm Teas and plants. Admission £2.10

Many other gardens in the South Powys area are open throughout the summer, details from the county organiser Miss Shân Egerton. Tel: 01497-820423.

GEORGE ELIOT FELLOWSHIP TOURS

The dates for this year's tours are:

Wednesday 12 June	11.00 am – 5.30 pm
Wednesday 7 August	11.00 am – 5.30 pm
Sunday 15 September	1.30 pm – 8.00 pm

Cost £10.50.

For details of the tour see *Journal* for September 2001 or contact Rose Selwyn, Tourism Officer, Nuneaton and Bedworth Borough Council, Town Hall, Nuneaton CV11 5AA. Tel: 024-7637-6490

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

The current ordinary subscription is £6.00 (Joint membership £9.00 w.e.f. 1.1.02) and is due on the 1 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*.
