

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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OCTOBER 1979

Dear Member,

Since the last newsletter I have felt that the Society can never have kept its officials so busy. My colleagues, Mr. Worsey and Mrs. Peters, (both founder-members of the Society) assure me that my impression is correct, as does Mr. Godfrey Davies (another founder member), who deals with the photographic side of the Society! Mr. R.I. Morgan, who most sadly was taken ill during the centenary weekend, reports too that he has never been so busy with publishing. (His friends will be glad to learn that he is now improving in health).

Not only has the enthusiasm and interest of members been responsible. The amount of publicity given to F.K. this year has been most surprising as well as pleasing. The June number of "The Countryman", September issues of "Country Life" and "The Illustrated London News" have all contained articles. Our member Rev. D.R. King (who will be remembered for his part in our Langley Burrell service) wrote an article for the U.S.A. publication "The Living Church"; and of English religious newspapers both the "Church Times" and "The English Churchman" paid their tributes. Miss E. Gray, a Lancashire member, had an article printed in the "Hereford Times". Among the national dailies and weeklies, "The Guardian", "The Birmingham Post", "The Sunday Telegraph" and "The Daily Telegraph" all made reference to the centenary weekend. ("The Sunday Telegraph" managed to "produce" a village green at Bredwardine!). An "In Memoriam" was inserted in "The Daily Telegraph" for September 22nd.

Nor have other media ignored the diarist. Mr. Colin Davis, an old and valued member, has produced on Radio 4 a series of "Kilvert in season" (the last of which will be heard on Nov. 19th), and on Sept. 23rd. his Epilogue commemorated F.K. The BBC2 series, with Mr. Timothy Davies as Kilvert, is being currently repeated, (and both these gentlemen gave those present at the Bishop's Palace, Hereford, on Sept. 23rd. an unforgettable evening - but this is more fully dealt with elsewhere in this issue).

The many visitors to the Three Choirs Festival at Hereford who bought the Festival handbook will have read an excellent article on "Kilvert and Music" by our Bristol member, Mr. Vincent Waite, and if they visited the City library they would have seen the excellent Kilvert exhibition, brought together by our Committee members, Mrs. M. Mathers and Mr. Godfrey Davies, and most attractively staged by Miss Sandford (Curator) and her staff.

Mr. Timothy Davies gave two performances of "Readings from Kilvert" at the National Theatre on Sept. 10th. and 13th. I was able to inform a few London members, one of whom wrote to tell me of his being present on Sept. 13th. and his intense pleasure; Mr. Davies's reading of the entry for July 7th. 1875 being absolutely unforgettable.

Our Centenary weekend at Hereford was followed by celebrations at Birmingham organised by one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. E.F. Jelfs, and at Selborne where Mrs. Anne Mallinson of the Selborne Bookshop organised a most intriguing weekend of events.

The Committee has been delighted with the response of members during the Hereford weekend, and to have met and talked with them. And it is with the remarks of one of them I close. In golden sunshine, gazing down at Bredwardine Bridge, I was approached by a lady who was enjoying the scene as much as myself. She said, "We shan't have long to wait for another weekend such as this", and noticing my mystified look added brightly, "Well, we shall be celebrating the 150th. anniversary of his birth in 1990, shan't we?".

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West

Hon. Secretary.

We much regret to record the death of Mrs. Pritchard of Hereford, who had been a member of the Society for nearly 20 years; and we offer our sympathy to her daughter, Mrs. M. Stewart, herself a long-standing member.

REVIEWS:

Canterbury Cathedral by Lois Lang-Sims

Lois Lang-Sims, member of the Kilvert Society and valued contributor to our Newsletters (her analysis of the poem Nydd Eos, which was found in Kilvert's blotter after his death, was a first class piece of criticism) has just published a splendidly illustrated book on Canterbury Cathedral, of which she is an official guide. The book is not merely an inflated guide book to the cathedral, but a fascinating personal account, full of intriguing anecdotes and sidelights. Publishers' blurbs can be misleading but in this case the closing words of their jacket note - (This is a book to be read before a visit, to take into the cathedral, and then to re-read at leisure) are particularly appropriate. How I wish I had had this book when, last year, I went to Canterbury with a party of K.S. friends. (Cassell - £8. 95).

Wiltshire Village by Heather and Robin Tanner

For many years the Kilvert Society has been indebted to Robin and Heather Tanner of Kington Langley - for their restoration of the Poet's Gate, for Robin's designs and Heather's researches, for their constant munificence to the Society. It is a special pleasure to notice the reprinting of their book Wiltshire Village (stocks of the first edition were destroyed by a wartime bomb). This is a heart-warming book, brilliantly illustrated with Robin's etchings of country scenes (villages, stiles, barns, implements and flowers) with accounts of village people, crafts and customs that rank it with classics of village culture such as A Shepherd's Life and Lark Rise to Candleford. As Mr. Tanner told a reporter recently, this book has twice been instrumental in doing good. The royalties from the first edition financed the escape from Germany of a Jewish refugee who still lives with the authors as their son at Kington Langley. The royalties from the re-publication go to the Crafts Study Centre at Bath which they helped to found. The book is published by Robin Garton, 9, Lancashire Court, New Bond St. London. W.1. The special de luxe edition costs £75 and the standard edition £8. 95.

The Buildings of Wales (Powys) by Richard Haslam.

The Buildings of Wales series is a continuation of the Pevsner volumes on the Buildings of England. It is an invaluable guide to the main buildings of what used to be known as Radnorshire, Brecon and Montgomery. It throws especially a great deal of light on those churches in the neighbourhood of Clyro which the K.S. has visited in the last decades. (Penguin Books - £6. 95).

STOP PRESS.

The Kilvert Notebook given by Mrs. Essex Hope to Jeremy Sandford was sold at Sotheby's on 24 July to Bernard Quaritch, a London dealer, for £10,500. The Notebook which I inspected before the sale is similar in format, size, etc. to the Plomer Notebook. It is labelled clearly in Kilvert's own hand-writing, Notebook No. 2 (7 April to 10 June) a clear proof that Kilvert did not as has been suspected, begin his diary before 1870. Its final destination was the National Library of Wales.

F. Grice.

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HESBA STRETTON - (AUTHOR OF "MAX KROMER"):

Kilvert was only one of very many Victorians who enjoyed the books of "Hesba Stretton". In a collection of photographs called "The Country Camera" 1844 - 1944, (by Gordon Winter, Country Life) there is an attractive photograph of the authoress, though she is turning away from the camera to talk to a shopkeeper. The caption underneath runs:-

" Morning Salutation. Hesba Stretton at Mary York's in New Street, Wellington, Shropshire. The exact date of the photograph is not known, but from Hesba Stretton's dress it was probably in the early 1870's. The Post Office Directory for Shropshire for the year 1865, shows Mary as keeping a baker's shop; to judge from the jars in the photograph, she evidently sold sweets as well.

Hesba Stretton, though her name is no longer widely known, was a highly successful authoress in her day. Her real name was Sarah Smith, but under her pen name she wrote 'Jessica's First Prayer', an improving work that describes a poor young girl's discovery of religion. It first appeared in 'The Sunday at Home' in 1866, and was issued in book form a year later, with results that would still make any publisher pale with envy. It sold one and a half million copies, and it was

translated into every European language, and most Asiatic and African languages as well. Hesba Stretton was born in 1832; if she was forty when the photograph was taken (and she does not look more), that dates it at 1872. "

M. Mathers.

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AFTER LE QUESNE:

I should like in this article to clarify or expand two passages in Mr. Le Quesne's book, 'After Kilvert', and then comment upon them. The passages are those in which he refers to the novel by John Fowles, 'The French Lieutenant's Woman', which came out in 1969 and gained the W.H. Smith Award, making it popular reading at just the time when Mr. Le Quesne was moving in at Ashbrook. This novel has a curious framework in purporting to tell a Victorian love-story by a Victorian author but allowing it to be seen at intervals that this is merely a device by a 20th century author who is occasionally permitted to survey the action with the hindsight of our own times. We thus have an 'advanced' hero by Victorian standards, a figure something like the poet Clough, but limited by the pressures and values of his day, as the modern novelist brings out. Mr. Le Quesne's object in alluding to the novel is to suggest that Kilvert too, at certain critical moments or moments of illumination in his life, almost broke through the narrow conventions of his day into a terrain reminiscent of that occupied by John Fowles's heroine, if not his more shackled hero.

The occasions which Mr. Le Quesne refers to are the incident at Mouse Castle and the encounter in the train with Irish Mary. At first glance these passages might appear to have little in common, since in the first Kilvert is a mere spectator, almost a voyeur, while in the second he seems an active participant, although how active is a matter for speculation. Mr. Le Quesne links the two by his use of the word "picaresque". The "wild family" and Irish Mary are alike in belonging to a stratum of society untouched by the Victorian moral code, like the gipsies of whom Leslie Stephen wrote in discussing Borrow, remarking upon the oddity of a people for whom all that Gladstonian striving towards improvement and progress amounted to no more than certain changes in the law of trespass and the powers exerted by the police. Mr. Le Quesne was also writing in the heyday of the hippies, whom he mentioned a few times, their existence and indeed presence in rural Wales clearly sharpening his sense of the impulse to drop out and combining with a strong motif in Mr. Fowles's book.

Mr. Le Quesne's allusion is therefore an instructive one; but having, I hope, made its significance a trifle clearer to non-readers of the novel, I am left with the question of the degree to which Kilvert was actually in danger - if that is the word - of rejecting the Victorian proprieties. Elsewhere in his book Mr. Le Quesne emphasizes Kilvert's deference when he comes up against Victorian authority and he attributes this streak in him, rightly I believe, to his father's severity as a disciplinarian in the formative years of childhood. (Mr. Grice, in his earlier publication, 'Francis Kilvert, Priest and Diarist', had already spoken of Kilvert's "characteristic submissiveness"). There is something cowed in Kilvert's attitude on these occasions, an arrested development which comes out conversely, I think, in his short-lived schoolboyish exulting over Ettie's parents when he supposes that he has her love while they remain in ignorance.

But Mr. Le Quesne, in appearing to endorse 'The French Lieutenant's Woman', would seem to accept John Fowles's thesis that only an exceptional spirit could swim against the tide in resisting Victorian taboos; environment was a stronger force than character. We ought then to test Mr. Fowles's account of the age, which, to be frank, is no startlingly new one. He stresses its puritanism - a middle-class ethos which middle-class writers have deceived us into treating as universal - the way in which desire was sublimated, sometimes with remarkable achievements resulting, and a powerful inner censorship of the true nature of man's deepest drives. These forces came into play above all when sexual attraction was socially 'impossible'. But with Irish Mary, Kilvert was well aware of what he was feeling and a diary entry of two years later shows that the memory of her still haunted his mind. Yet these are only diary entries and his first reference to her, the account of their meeting, may, as I have hinted earlier, suggest a degree of precariousness absent from his overt behaviour at the time and injected into the writing as a pleasant fluttering of his imagination.

Kilvert's other loves, those for instance for Daisy and Ettie, did not challenge propriety in the same way; they were unsuitable from the standpoint of the ladies' parents, but not outrageous. Kilvert was of their class in all save wealth and prospects. Nevertheless, much Victorian fiction does treat such incompatibilities as virtually insurmountable; just as the humbly-born Lizzie Hexham in Dickens's 'Our Mutual Friend' can only rise to the professional-class Eugene Wrayburn when the latter

has been crippled by a savage attack, so Jane Eyre, the orphaned daughter of a poor clergyman, wins the landed Rochester only when he becomes a blind, almost helpless wreck.

However, not all lovers in Victorian literature acquiesce in these prohibitions and some writers saw fit to question their demands. John Fowles himself draws attention to the Tennyson who composed 'Maud', a work which significantly becomes his hero's favourite reading, and there is also the more prosaic Trollope, who, in more than one book but perhaps outstandingly in 'The Duke's Children' of 1880, explored the theme of resistance to parental influence. In that work the social gulf between Frank Tregear and Lady Mary is certainly wider than that between Kilvert and any of his forbidden middle-class loves. Tregear's confidence in his claim is firmly based on his view of himself "as a young English gentleman of the first water"; this entitles him, he believes, to aim as high as his affections dictate. With a not dissimilar background, Kilvert has the same initial impulse, but little of Tregear's force or determination. But Trollope, by no means a social revolutionary, must have felt that a fair proportion of his readers would acknowledge the justice of his hero's stance and ultimate success.

What I believe this adds up to is the fact that the more thoughtful Victorians (and not just the Rossetti circle, as John Fowles seems to imply) were critical of official social and sexual mores and struck out against them. That Kilvert submitted has its psychological explanation as we have seen (his "submissiveness"), but also its intellectual one - he was not thinker enough to challenge received opinions and 'disliked' argument. Perhaps in the concrete situations in which he found himself such independence of attitude would have availed him little, as he himself may privately have glimpsed. Also, novelists, and perhaps Trollope more than most (as Anthony Powell suggests in 'The Soldier's Art'), do tend to intellectualize their scenes, that is, allow rational analysis a larger place than it has in actual life. All the same, we cannot help regretting that Kilvert did not cut loose on at least one occasion and give way to his deeper and stronger urges. Messrs. Fowles and Le Quesne would probably consider this an unhistorical wish, one which moreover, if granted by some Time-God, might well have deprived us of that triumph of sublimation, the Diary. More realistically I hope that these pages may have shown that Kilvert was, on the one hand, further from the brink of unconventionality than Mr. Le Quesne in one place suggests, but, on the other, that, if he had been the intellectual which he was not, his social opinions might well have penetrated the fog which Victorian caution generated. For the spirit of social as well as political dissent was already, in his lifetime, abroad, even within his own unadventurous middle class.

Ivor Lewis.

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CHARLES PALMER OF EARDISLEY:

The Rector of Eardisley a hundred years ago was Charles Samuel Palmer, a man in his 40's, whom Kilvert knew well. The Rector's first appearance in the Diary is as a witness to that bizarre episode in Whitney Church when the Bishop of Hereford, James Atlay, confirmed the curate of Cusop himself instead of his candidate, a farmer's daughter! It was also Charles Palmer who personally handed to Francis Kilvert the note from Canon Walsham How inviting him to accept the permanent Chaplaincy at Cannes. Kilvert notes that Palmer "thought it might perhaps be desirable to accept it on account of my health". But alas! seven days later Kilvert wrote to Palmer, declining by note the post overseas which might have saved his life.

For once, Kilvert appears to be confused over names in his Diary. On 30 August, 1872, he records that "Palmer of Eardisley drove over with his brother Captain Charles Palmer and Mrs. C. Palmer and his daughter, May. Sweet Marjorie was not well and could not come". He must have got their Christian names transposed in those earlier years of acquaintance, for it was Charles who was the Rector of Eardisley and his brother Thomas who was the Captain. They were both sons of the Rev. Henry Palmer of Withcote Hall, Co. Leicester.

The Rev. Henry Palmer was the third son of Sir Thomas Palmer, the fifth Baronet. Henry's two elder brothers were Thomas and John, the 6th and 7th Barts. respectively. The Rev. Henry Palmer married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Heyrick, in 1816; she died in 1860, and he in 1856, aged 76. Henry and Elizabeth had eight male children, two of them dead before Charles Samuel became Rector of Eardisley in 1866. Another brother Robert Heyrick, died in the year Kilvert declined the Cannes Chaplaincy.

Charles Samuel was born in 1830, the sixth son of the Rev. Henry and Elizabeth. He married Ellen, daughter of the Rev. Henry Douglas, Canon of Durham, in 1854. His ecclesiastical career may be summarised as follows: ordained priest by the Bishop of

Oxford, 1855; Rector of Eardisley for 40 years; Canon Residentiary 1892, and Treasurer of Hereford Cathedral in 1905.

There were three children born to Charles Samuel and Ellen Palmer, one - a boy - dying at the age of two. The other two were both known to Kilvert, and both girls. One was Margaret Eleanor, who was the 'Marjorie' referred to twice in the Diary, at a four-year interval, as "Sweet Marjorie". Margaret married Charles Henry Fehler Christie, of Chipping Ongar, in 1891, and died as recently as 1943. The other daughter was called May by Kilvert, in reality baptised Mabel Jane Palmer, who became Mrs. Richard Crawshaw Bailey two years after Francis Kilvert's death in 1879. May died several years before her father.

Thomas Palmer - "Tom" - in the Diary - was two years younger than Charles. He was a Captain of the 47th Regiment and lived in Bath at the time of the Diary. In 1860, he married Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Dawson, M.P., of Whatton House, Leicestershire. There was no issue of this marriage.

Charles and Tom were the 6th and 7th sons of the Rev. Henry Palmer. The 8th and last son is worth mentioning, even though he does not figure in the Diary. He was Herrick Augustus Palmer, born in 1835, and was a Captain in the 6th Regiment. He married and had many children, one of whom won the D.S.O. in the First World War.

Charles Samuel Palmer died at Hampton Manor, Tupsley, Hereford, on March 10th. 1921. He was buried with his wife - who had predeceased him some sixteen years - at Eardisley. Present at the funeral were his daughter Margaret (Mrs. Christie) and three grandsons, two by his other daughter, the "May" of Kilvert's Diary. One of them was the Rev. C.H. Bailey, of Buckland Rectory, Dover.

The churchyard at Eardisley today contains a great Wellingtonia tree. It was planted there by Canon Palmer in 1897. It had been 18 years since he had stood in the churchyard at Bredwardine and said a final goodbye to his friend, Francis Kilvert.

Mark Doughty.

(Members might like to know that the above article was the result of researches carried out by the writer from his home in Montreal! He is a fairly recent member, Professor of Chemistry at Concordia University, and has a passion for genealogy. He writes that he is researching currently into both the Canadian Kilvert Connection and the students at Hardenhuish).

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MAHALAH AND THIRZA:

26. Feb. 1870

'... as I was going out I was sent for to baptize Mrs. Jones the jockey's baby opposite..... The name selected was as far as I could make it out Mahalah, which Mrs. Jones declared to be the name of one of Cain's wives, on the authority of a book she had read called the Life of Abel. She called her elder girl Thirza, which she says was the name of Cain's other wife. Not a happy allusion!

Diary - Vol.1. 44.

Through Mrs. Heather Tanner, whom members will remember as a contributor to the Newsletter and the editor of the Memoirs of the Rev. Robert Kilvert (pub. by Kilvert Society) a copy of the book that Mrs. Jones had been reading has been sent to the Society. It was sent to her by Mrs. Marjorie Brakespeare, a devoted Kilvert reader, to whom the book was left by an aunt who lived in Trowbridge.

Mrs. Tanner has sent us the following notes on the book, its writer and the names Mrs. Jones chose.

Salomon Gessner, the author of The Death of Abel was a Swiss painter and poet who was born in Zurich in 1730. He was apprenticed by his father to a bookseller but tried to make a living as a landscape painter, and later a writer. He was the author of Daphnis, Inkle and Yarico (what relation had this to the popular 18 C play?), Idylls, and The Death of Abel (Mrs Jones or Kilvert got the name wrong), a kind of prose epic which gained a celebrity beyond its deserts, and according to Charlotte M Yonge became a great favourite 'among the lower classes in England'. Mrs. Jones seems to have been a bit confused about the other Christian name Thirza, which was the name not of Cain's other wife, but of Abel's wife.

The book has been very kindly given to the Society by Mrs. Marjorie Brakespeare and will probably be deposited among the other Kilvert archives in the Hereford Public Library.

F. Grice.

SAMUEL ALFORD, AN UNUSUAL PARSON:

The Rev. Samuel Alford is mentioned four times in the diary but Kilvert's opinion of him is somewhat inconsistent. On 22nd May, 1871, he turns up unexpectedly at Clyro and Kilvert describes him as "boring me excessively and driving me almost frantic with his impertinent gabble". On the other hand, on 14th. December, 1871, when Alford is about to leave the district, Kilvert refers to "the good little parson".

Samuel Alford was born at Muchelny, Somerset, on 3rd. October, 1803, and was educated at Ilminster Grammar School. After preparing for a legal career in Bristol, he went to Queen's College, Cambridge in 1837, obtained his B.A. in 1841 and was ordained in 1841. After holding curacies at Chidcock (Dorset) and Wyneswold (Leic) he became curate of the Breconshire Glasbury in 1847 where he stayed until 1871. Cambridge Alumni states that he was curate for all this time, although Kilvert mentions the tumbledown vicarage where he lived and his successor, the ill-fated Newman, is mentioned in the Venables diary as vicar.

One gathers from the diary that Kilvert was worried about being a curate in his mid 30's, but if the Alumni is correct here is a man still a curate at 68. At that age, however, he obtained his first living becoming Rector of Upper Helmesley in North Yorkshire. He held this living until his death in 1886, and he is buried there.

J.F. Burrell.

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KILVERT AT OXFORD:

Kilvert, who was at Wadham from June 1859 to Michaelmas 1862, was the fourth member of his family to go to Oxford. Francis Kilvert, his uncle (often known as the Antiquary) was at Worcester; Edward, the diarist's other uncle, was at St. Alban's Hall, and his father was at Oriel. This was a great achievement for a family that had to contend with the loss of the father and bread-winner at an early age. But a certain price had to be paid. Kilvert's father lived a very retired life at Oxford (see his own memoirs, published by the K.S) and the odds are that his son was also compelled by relative poverty to live a similarly austere life. Up till recently I had been under the impression that it was this lack of means that prevented him from making many college acquaintances; but in the light of new evidence I have been compelled to modify that opinion.

In the first place Wadham in the 19th century was an extremely small college. In Kilvert's year only 13 new students went up. Admittedly that was an abnormally lean year; but the total number of students in residence with Kilvert cannot have been much more than sixty. Only one college member who came up with Kilvert finds a mention in the diary, and he is an enigmatic figure.

'In Merton meadows we overtook 'David' Laing, now Fellow of Corpus, and we came upon him again on board the barge. David was in an odd excitable mood, and whilst walking backwards like 'a peacock in his pride', and declaring he would rather be a drunkard than a teetotaler, because there would be some pleasure and satisfaction out of drink and drunkenness, he was very like to have got enough to drink and put his paradox to the test, for he suddenly staggered as if he were really intoxicated, overbalanced himself and nearly fell in the river. Then David suddenly became hospitable and invited us to breakfast on Saturday, but shortening his notice of invitation like a telescope he brought us nearer to his view and heart and at last it was settled that we should breakfast with our old college friend in his rooms at Corpus tomorrow.

Diary Vol. 3. 310.

Kilvert's picture of Laing is borne out by all I have been able to find out about this man.

He was a mystic. His real name was Robert Laing, but he had abandoned that for one which signified that he regarded himself as under the protection of St. Cuthbert of Durham. (Laing was a native of Tynemouth). He had founded a Society which he called the Society of the Grain of Mustard Seed, of which friends and acquaintances were liable to find themselves members (whether they wanted to or not). (G.B. Grundy. Fifty-five Years of Oxford)

Laing was a very unstable character. During one of his many mental breakdowns he scared his college fellow-members by lighting a bonfire in his rooms; but in his sane periods he could be a very interesting and stimulating companion. As we learn from a later passage in the Diary he opened Kilvert's eyes to much that was worth knowing, such as the famous poem by Bishop King. He had been a brilliant scholar, took a first

in Jurisprudence and History (Kilvert got a fourth) and wrote a book 'Some Dreams of a Constitution Monger'.

Another Oxford acquaintance who took a first was a young man who came up in Kilvert's last year - Spurling who went on to become a fellow of Keble.

A more familiar figure is the man who came up the year after Kilvert and remained one of his closest friends for the rest of his life - Anthony Lawson Mayhew. Kilvert first mentions him in Vol. 2. 136. when he describes him as one of the owners of the Times, and living near Rochester where he is in charge of a mission chapel. Some time later Mayhew came to stay with Kilvert at Langley Burrell and Kilvert let him read parts of his journal - the only person to be accorded this confidence. By 22 May 1876 Mayhew is back living in Oxford. Kilvert went to see him and with him attended that remarkable Tractarian service at St. Barnabas's, Oxford. The new information which the Wadham Registers reveal is that Mayhew, like so many of Kilvert's friends, was a published author. He wrote a Glossary To The Book Of Common Prayer, and, more intriguingly, a Dictionary of Middle English. It was Mayhew who got Kilvert's notes on some Radnorshire words published in Notes and Queries, and he may have been the source of those strange archaic words (Wind Monat, Barn Monat, Trimilki, etc) that Kilvert at one stage used for the names of some months.

I am grateful to the Keeper of the Archives at Wadham, and the Librarian of Corpus Christi, Oxford, for bringing most of this information to my notice.

F. Grice.

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"THE BUSY WORLD IS HUSHED":

Under this title the B.B.C. is publishing in November as a paperback, Mr. Colin Davis's last series of Epilogues. In the introduction he refers to Kilvert's Diary, and there are a number of quotations from it. His series of programmes entitled, "Kilvert in Season" has given much pleasure to radio listeners this year; and of course those members privileged to attend the "Readings from the Diary" at the Bishop's Palace during the centenary weekend will have an abiding memory of his admiration for and interpretation of the diarist.

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KILVERT AT KINGTON ST. MICHAEL:

Since writing the note on the enigma of Kilvert's stay at Kington St. Michael, I have discovered several church register entries that throw some light on the problem.

2 October 1864 Kilvert baptises two children at Langley Burrell.

4 November 1864. He conducts a burial at Kington St. Michael.

6 November 1864. He conducts a baptism there.

23 November 1864. He conducts another baptism there.

(Burials at Langley Burrell in Nov. 1864 and Feb. 1865 were conducted by his father).

2 March 1865. First Kilvert entry in the Clyro registers.

It seems very probable that in late 1864 and early 1865 Kilvert was for some reason standing in for the Rev. Edward Awdry, Vicar of Kington St. Michael. Mr. Awdry, who remained his friend long after he had left Langley Burrell and visited him at Bredwardine, was liable to attacks of lumbago; but whether he was ill or merely on long holiday remains to be discovered.

KILVERT AND FOLK LORE:

Through the kindness of Mrs. Parker of Woolpit, Suffolk, whose husband was a descendant of Capt. Henry Thomas, brother of 'Daisy' Thomas of Llanthomas, I have been able to inspect a notebook in which Edith Burham Thomas made a collection of Radnorshire sayings and superstitions. Since Edith usually names the source of her information, her notes help to build up a picture of life at Llanigon in Kilvert's time. She mentions, for instance, that one of her informants was William Thomas the gardener who had been with the family since 1859, and was in all probability the gardener who, Kilvert thought, overheard him speaking to Mr. Thomas about his affection for Daisy.

These jottings are also interesting in their own right. Many of the sayings and beliefs can be found in any county folk-lore survey, but others show that unusual

imaginative quality that Kilvert prized in the poor of Radnorshire.

A lie will travel round the world while truth is putting his boots on.

It's the early crow as eats the late one's breakfast.

Where there are three children, two to fight and one to part them, that's nice.

The origin of the Moss Rose. The Angel of Flowers once fell asleep under the rose tree and enjoyed his sleep so much that when he awoke he asked what he could do for her as she was already so beautiful; he said that the moss veil was the only thing he could think of. So that is how the moss rose has its moss covering.

Corn Bluebottle. Devil in the bush - his body surrounded with the scales of the serpent, brimstone torches, and his brazen face in the middle.

And sometimes the notes read as if they might have been made by Kilvert himself.

May Day. Agin the first of May Anne Thomas's mother and even herself ran about after Whittun tree (Rowan) and Birch and put it above even the least house to keep the witch out.

But perhaps the main interest that Edith's notebook possesses for Kilvert lovers and students is the revelation that he was clearly not the only one to be interested in Radnor folk-lore. I have written about Kilvert's collection of folklore notes (see A Kilvert Symposium) which Mrs. Essex Hope used and then destroyed. Now it seems he had a fellow worker in this field. Edith was clearly a very talented young woman. Kilvert frequently speaks with admiration of her sketches, and mentions especially her paintings of local flowers and fungi (Diary Vol. 2, 38). It may have been her keen interest in all things local that stimulated Kilvert to make his collection; but it is more likely to have been the other way round. Edith was not yet twenty when he began to make his notes. But it is a very pleasant thought to imagine the two friends getting together on the very numerous occasions on which the diarist was at Llanthomas to compare notes. What a pity that the companion notebook to Edith's was destroyed by Mrs. Hope.

F. Grice.

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AN INTERESTING COINCIDENCE:

In the course of a visit to the Tenbury Wells area the Worcestershire Archaeological Society went to Bockleton Church. Readers of the Diary will remember that on 23 October 1871 Kilvert went to stay with his friend Mr. Mence of Bockleton Vicarage; and while he was there he dined at Bockleton Court the home of Capt. and Mrs. Prescott-Decie. What a charming coincidence it was for members of the Society to find that their guide to the church was Colonel Prescott, a lineal descendant of Kilvert's hosts at Bockleton Court.

F. Grice.

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BREDWARDINE CHURCH LANE:

Members who know Bredwardine Church may be interested in the following extract, taken from a bulky volume, published in 1939 and entitled: "The Royal Record of Tree Planting, the Provision of Open Spaces, Recreation Grounds and Other Schemes undertaken in the British Empire and Elsewhere, especially in the United States of America, in honour of the Coronation of His Majesty King George VI".

HEREFORDSHIRE

Bredwardine. Along Church Lane, to replace a former avenue: 12 common beech (Fagus sylvatica) placed alternately with flowering trees, 6 Paul's double scarlet thorn (Crataegus oxyacantha flore pleno coccinia) and 6 double white cherry (Prunus avium flore pleno), the greensward below the trees being planted with bulbs: presented by the Parish. The land leased at a peppercorn rent by Sir Geoffrey Cornwall, Bt.

No date is given for this planting, but most probably it would have been done either in

the autumn of 1937, the year of the Coronation, or during the early part of 1938. Of the 24 trees thus planted only 14 now survive: 10 beech and 4 cherry. The daffodils still make a splendid show every April. In the churchyard itself the snowdrops mentioned by Kilvert still flower prolifically each year, usually in February. This year flowering was delayed by at least a month owing to the severe weather.

R.I. Morgan.

CAROLINE STOTHERT, KILVERT'S COUSIN:

Diary Vol. 2. p 74.

(Kilvert, on his visit to Bockleton, calls on the Hewitts at Leycesters Parsonage).

'A young lady sat by the fire in deep mourning. I fell into conversation with her, and after we had talked as perfect strangers for some time something led me to mention Wiltshire, Chippenham and that my father lived at Langley Burrell. 'Why', said the young lady, 'your name must be Kilvert and I am your cousin'. It was Caroline Stothert of Bathwick Hill'.

Mr. Hugh Torrens whose book The Evolution of a Family Firm (Stothert and Pitt of Bath) has just appeared has sent to the Society the following interesting information on Caroline Stothert:-

She was born on 9 July 1836, daughter of a Bath Ironmonger called John Stothert and his wife Susanna. She was baptized at St. Mary, Bathwick, on 10 August 1836. She was the author of a book called 'Picturesque Bath', published in 1881. The explanation of the deep mourning she was wearing when Kilvert met her was that her sister had died at sea in June 1871, and presumably the news took some time to reach her.

Mr. Torrens's book, which throws a great deal of light on the early days of the Kilvert family in Bath, and especially on Kilvert's unfortunate grandfather, is available from this address: Mr. H. Torrens, Geology Dept., University of Keele, Keele, Staffs.ST5 5BG.

F. Grice.

A BOTANICAL NOTE:-

(From "Mirror of Flowers" by Dorothea Eastwood).

Another though less potent herb for the Midsummer ceremonies was Roseroot, with which Orpine was often confused, and both were called Midsummer Men.

In Cornwall on Midsummer Eve the girls picked Midsummer Men and hung it over their doors to test the fidelity of their lovers. If, after it had hung for a while, it turned to the left, the lover was unfaithful, but if the thick leaves, and mauve-pink flowerhead twisted the opposite way, then the world seemed suddenly full of light - the girl could trust her sweetheart, he was hers.

Even that Victorian lady, the mother of Francis Kilvert, could remember the flowers in use, for in her son's diary for June 11th. 1873, he noted: "Drove my mother to Kington St. Michael by Langley Fitzurse in a shandry dan which had been drawn by a pair of donkeys ... In Gander Lane we saw in the banks some of the 'Midsummer Men' plants which my mother remembers the servant maids and cottage girls sticking up in their houses and bedrooms on Midsummer Eve for the purpose of divining their sweethearts".

Roseroot	-	Rhodiola rosea.)	
Orpine	-	Sedum telephium.)	From "The Concise Flora" by W. Kable Martin.

M. Mathers.

PUBLICATIONS NOTICES

PRICE INCREASES:

The stocks of one of our standard publications, "Looking Backwards", now being all but exhausted, it has been necessary to place an order for the printing of a second edition. Since the original edition was printed, many years ago, printing costs have increased enormously, and were we to increase the price of "Looking Backwards" by the extra amount we are now obliged to pay, its price to Members would be at least doubled. Instead we have decided to mitigate the effect of such a large increase on this

particular item by increasing the prices of all publications (including "Looking Backwards") by about twenty per cent, and these increases are put into effect in the accompanying Price List. In view of the fact that this is the first price increase for several years it is hoped that such a step, unwelcome though it is, will not be thought unreasonable.

The prices of items bought in from publishers for re-sale, (e.g. "Kilvert's Diary") have been increased slightly to take account of the recent increases in postal rates.

R.I. Morgan, K.S. Publications Dept., "Haulwen", Castle Gardens, Hay-on-Wye, Hereford.

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A NOTE ON MARIA KILVERT:

Frances Maria Kilvert, cousin to the Rev. Robert Kilvert of Langley Burrell, died at Worcester in November 1870. The diarist's mother sent him a rough sketch of Miss Kilvert's will, the provisions of which, especially the exclusion of the family of his uncle Francis of Claverton from any legacies, made him angry.

'A most iniquitous will, not a shilling left to any of the Francis Kilverts, the old grudge and malice against Uncle Francis for writing Bishop Hurd's life ruling strong in death'.

Many readers have wondered what was the nature of the grudge Maria Kilvert felt against her cousin. The reason for her dislike of the book, The Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Bishop Hurd, must have been personal, for there is nothing in the picture of Bishop Hurd to give an objective reader offence. The portrait of the Bishop is not in any way derogatory, and there are no notable lapses of taste or discretion.

The explanation for Miss Kilvert's resentment may be her jealousy of her cousin for doing what she may have considered the proper province of her father. Before coming to Worcester as the Fourth Canon, the Rev. Richard Kilvert had been chaplain to Bishop Hurd. Did Francis Kilvert make unfair use of documents that Richard Kilvert brought to his notice? Had he stolen a march on her father? Or was Maria Kilvert merely annoyed because her gifted cousin and not her father had been chosen to write the official life of the Bishop?

By 1870 both father and cousin were dead. Francis Kilvert died in 1863; Richard Kilvert in 1817. In 1825 the house on College Green in which she died was assigned to her, and she lived there alone for 53 years,

Kilvert speaks of the house as if it were hers, but in fact it belonged to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. On her death the Dean and Chapter, after some delays, bought it from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for £750. It has remained in their possession ever since and is now the Deanery.

Kilvert says that no report of Miss Kilvert's funeral appeared in the local press, but he was mistaken. The following account, found in Berrows Worcester Journal for 3 December, 1870, was brought to my notice by Miss V. Noake, a Kilvert Society member.

Kilvert. November 26, at her residence, College Green, in the city, Miss F.M. Kilvert, only daughter of the late Canon Kilvert.

The late Miss Kilvert - Miss F.M. Kilvert - only daughter of the late Canon Kilvert, died after a few days's illness, on Saturday last, at the advanced age of 80 years. The deceased lady was of a most kindly disposition, and gave of her wealth with an unsparing hand. To the Cathedral Restoration Fund she contributed £600, to the Clock and Bells Fund, £300, and to many other objects of public utility and charity she gave most liberal support. Her remains were interred today (Friday). The body was conveyed from the deceased's residence in the College Green to the cathedral. The pall-bearers were the Rev. T.L. Wheeler, A.C. Hopper Esq. the Rev. W.W. Douglas, the Rev. R. Cattley, R.A.D. Gresley Esq. and J.W. Isaac Esq. The funeral cortege proceeded to the choir, where the first part of the burial service was read by the Rev. Canon Wood. The service was fully choral. The body was then taken to the west side of the cloister garth, and laid in a vault where the remains of the deceased's father and mother had been interred. The concluding portion of the burial service was read by the Rev. W. Rayson. Among the bequests of the deceased were the following:-

To the Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy of the Diocese of Worcester, £10,000; to the Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel, £2000; to the Home Mission for providing additional curates, £2000. The ringers propose, with the permission of the Dean, to sound a short muffled peal this (Friday) evening, as a tribute to the memory of the late Miss Kilvert, whose munificence to this scheme is so well and so fully appreciated. The appliances for ringing, as our readers are aware, are not yet fully completed, nor is the peal in perfect order for the 'opening day', but the work is sufficiently advanced to admit of this respect being paid.

Miss Noake adds the following notes:

1. The Cathedral was undergoing the great restoration of the 1870-4 period, which explains the state of the 'appliances for ringing'. Kilvert had already noted that the tower had been recently repaired - he says 'restored by Lord Dudley'. Earl of Dudley, then in residence at Great Witley, was among the most generous donors to the fund.
2. Before leaving Worcester on Dec. 3rd. Kilvert noted that he bought a copy of Berrows Journal and could find no mention in it of the funeral. It would appear from the files that he bought the later one which carried nothing about the matter.

F. Grice.

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MEMBERSHIP AND MEMBERS:

In the last three months membership has risen by 30, to a total of 863, of which number some 200 must have attended at least one of the weekend functions. It was delightful to welcome overseas members:- Mrs. M. Jordan of Ontario, Canada, Mr. Frank Smith his wife and daughter from Mississippi, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stock of Westport, Connecticut, and Archdeacon A. Matthews, his wife and family from Queensland, Australia. U.K. members came from as far north as Edinburgh, from Cumbria, Lancashire, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, from London and the South, from Wales and the Midlands.

Earlier this year I had the pleasure of showing some of the Kilvert Country to three of our American members; Miss Elizabeth Webb of North Carolina, Rev. D.R. King and Mrs. King and, perhaps most memorable for me, Rev. H. Lee Wilson of California. This gentleman had no car, so we met at Hereford and proceeded by bus to Hay. After a walk round the Kilvert sites, we went on to Clyro, and walked up to Bettws. This I had never done previously. Mercifully it was not a day of extreme weather, such as Kilvert so often records, but admirable for walking. For this sexagenarian it was good that Mr. Wilson was a keen photographer, and made frequent halts to snap Court Evan Gwynne, the Standing Stone, the ruins of Whitty's Mill, etc! Mr. Wilson's great knowledge of the diary, and his interest in birds and flowers added much to my enjoyment. He assured me, as did Rev. D.R. King, that the Society would be in his thoughts during the weekend.

Just after writing the above paragraph I received a letter from another member in California, Mr. Bill Cummings, who wrote: "I have spent the entire weekend in my library reading Kilvert, and enjoyed it to the fullest ... I love Bredwardine, it is about my favourite spot on earth, with Yosemite (the great National Park in California). When I sit alone in the house, here in my library, reading the diary, I seem to be with him". A sentiment we all surely echo!

Many members, in stating their inability to attend the weekend, have sent their greetings and best wishes to the Society - for which we are very grateful!

E.J.C. West.

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THE SERVICES AT LANGLEY BURRELL AND WOOTTON.

Our first of the centenary services could not have been blessed with better weather. And a packed church; the singing led by a superb choir, a most memorable sermon by Bishop O. Tomkins - all made for an unforgettable service! Tea was available on the lawns of Langley House (and the building itself was opened for members to visit) and the meal and the setting were ideal. Members later met in the church, and Mrs. Hurlbutt in a charming and, not unnaturally, emotional speech spoke of her grandmother Mary Ann Powell and of her father; and in memory of him she presented the original Kilvert letter to Mr. F. Grice who accepted it on behalf of the Society and expressed the Society's great debt to Mrs. Hurlbutt.

For this wonderful opening of the centenary events the Society's most grateful thanks go to Rev. D.N. Copeland (priest-in-charge), to Mr. & Mrs. Payne who co-ordinated and organised the event, to Mr. Scott Ashe who so kindly allowed the use of his lawns and entry into the house, and to all the ladies of the parish who looked after us so well. It was a great pleasure to learn that Mr. & Mrs. Payne were going to organise a visit of our Langley Burrell friends to the centenary service at Clyro.

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If the weather fell short of the perfection of the day at Langley Burrell, the warmth of our reception was as great as at that event. The Rev. J. Biddlestone (the Rector) and Mrs. Biddlestone welcomed us into the church, most beautifully decorated for the flower festival and illustrating the seasons of the year. The marriage entry for Aug. 20th. 1879 was displayed. The service was conducted by the Rector, the lessons read by Mr. E.F. Jelfs and Mr. R.I. Morgan and the Act of Remembrance impressively performed by Canon Kilvert, who used passages from his great-uncle's diary. The preacher was Rev. D.N. Lockwood (a Vice-President of the Society); his most unusual sermon envisaged Kilvert's marriage surviving many years, and with the most opposite quotations from Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall" he united the two themes underlying the service. Members partook of a sumptuous tea in Mrs. Clutterbuck's house "Wootton Place", formerly the rectory, its beautiful rooms, furnishings and garden redolent of Kilvert's era. Afterwards there was an exhibition in the school, a collection of 19th. century wedding dresses and accessories being the highlight. We are much indebted to the Rector, Mrs. Biddlestone, Mrs. Clutterbuck and the people of the village for making the day so memorable.

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C. D. B.

SIR V.S. PRITCHETT'S LECTURE - (September 21st).

(Apologies are due to the many members who asked for an account of the lecture. The tape-recorder failed to function! Unaware of this I did take some notes for my own satisfaction, from which I have concocted the following. E.J.C.W.)

Our distinguished guest, having been introduced by our Deputy President, began by saying that he considered it a great honour to commemorate the centenary of Kilvert's death, in the part of the country where the diarist belonged. Sir Victor recalled his friendship with Dr. W. Plomer, and recollected receiving a letter from him some forty years ago in which he wrote "I think I've found a plum" (i.e. the notebooks).

A diarist is one who could sow but is awfully unlikely to reap. While total recall is possible, it is not always readable. A diarist needs to be alone, yet not lonely - and was this the reason that the later entries are sparse in comparison with the earlier? In F.K's diary we see a special kind of human being, through whom events pass like a tape through a machine, but since he was 30 years old when he began it the turgidity and introspection of youthful days are not to be found. Instead we have a modest man, who indirectly gives us a quite unforgettable self-portrait, which being incomplete is all the more intriguing. His aim was modest; the record might "amuse and interest some who come after", and his own life seemed 'such a curious and wonderful thing'. Indeed it was, and the diary does more than amuse. His temperament was such that he writes between the lines of social history. Offering a record of what really happened, a record of "sensible" facts, he is able to tell us of the cushions and hot water bottles of Mrs. Venables' carriage and almost in the next breath describe the wretchedness of a poor woman in the same village.

His ear for curiosities of speech produced some delightful phrases - "Jinny says 'unhackle' for undress, and 'to squeeze your eyes against your head and say nothing' is to be discreetly silent". He caught the appeal of outrageous characters and incidents. Who could forget the entry for Oct. 22nd. 1871 concerning the schoolmaster Josiah Evans?

Though the diary is chiefly located in rural areas, F.K's absorbing interest in national affairs past and present enables us to embrace such major events as the Peninsular, Crimean and African Wars, the battle of Waterloo, the illnesses and deaths of famous people, the loss of ships - all of which enlarges the vision and scope of his world as we see it.

Kilvert's descriptions are of course famous. Like all the Victorians he produced "purple passages". Many of these are remarkable, for example the train journey to Llysdyman on April 12th. 1875:- the train "gliding" and "sweeping" (two unusual words for the motion of a Victorian train) and followed by the description of the Wye. The whole passage is a vivid picture of motion and stasis. On the other hand some stunning effects were created by their very brevity:- "The mountains were shrouded in mist and a cow was roaring in the valley". A whole landscape was there, and the sentence could serve as a model to would-be writers!

There was no doubt of Kilvert's fascination, especially for the opposite sex. Time and again he records quite innocently the way girls reacted to him - "Harriet Watkins looking bashful at I know not what", and descriptions of Florence Hill, the Wall sisters and others bear this out. He bewitched them, and they bewitched him. He had the "strange power of stealing hearts", and with young girls too, as in the famous episode of "ten

miles for a kiss". He was like some Pied Piper.

Some of the longer entries in the diary aroused Sir Victor's envy as a novelist. He could never have envisaged them - for example the scene of Priscilla Price and the "idiot step daughter" described on January 5th. 1876.

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BREDWARDINE WALK AND PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH - (September 22nd).

It was with a feeling of intense excitement we set out on the Brecon road from Hereford for our first visit to Bredwardine. Soon we saw on the horizon the Black Mountains, and shortly after familiar names appeared on signposts - Monnington, Brobury. The road descended sharply, a bridge over the Wye and there was the Vicarage on our left! What a calm, pastoral landscape!

We met other members in the tree-lined lane to the church, and on entering we were welcomed by Messrs. Clew and Entwisle. What a wonderful atmosphere of timelessness in this haunt of ancient peace, and how very little had changed since Kilvert's day! Mr. Clew pointed out architectural details and Mr. Entwisle read relevant extracts from the diary. We then viewed the graves of the diarist, his wife and little Davy, and glimpsed the Vicarage. An awkward stile did not deter us from entering the grassy slope leading down to the river and giving a fine view of the bridge. (Our American members felt that the Society should do something about that stile!). Old Court Farm, the "Cottage" of the Miss Newtons, the Red Lion came to life far more impressively than we had ever imagined.

The ladies of Bredwardine W.I. had prepared us a most delightful lunch. Afterwards when most of the younger people had decided to walk up to the hills, we walked back to the church, sitting there awhile with thoughts of him whom we were commemorating that day and then on our way back to Hereford visited Monnington Church. That too was memorable, a remote gem of 17th. century architecture, and with Kilvert associations. M. and P.S.

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(This event, so much enjoyed by all who participated, was the brain-child of our member, Mr. K.R. Clew. To him, to Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle we are very much indebted for its success, and would like to thank them and the ladies of Bredwardine W.I. very much indeed for all their efforts. We hope that the profits of the 100 tickets sold will benefit substantially their Church Heating Fund. - E.J.C.W.)

THE SERVICES - (September 23rd).

It was a "season of mists" for the service of Holy Communion at Bredwardine, in sharp contrast to the sunshine of the previous day. About one hundred people attended the ceremony. The priest-in-charge, Rev. J.C. de la tour Davies (member of the Society) conducted the first part of the service, and preached on a subject much in the thoughts of the diocese of Hereford, modern marriage. He used the diary to contrast the old ideas on the subject and to point certain abiding qualities. The celebrant was Rev. D.T.W. Price, assisted by Rev. de la tour Davies and Rev. G. Burgoyne. Finally priests and congregation moved out to the new gates, and Rev. G. Burgoyne performed an act of dedication.

There was a crowded congregation for the afternoon service at Clyro, conducted by the vicar, Rev. D.E. Rees. The lessons were read by Messrs. Grice and Worsey, and the sermon was given by Bishop M. Charles Edwards. Using the text "the wind bloweth where it listeth" he spoke of Kilvert's spirit, like the wind, directed towards moral and spiritual values that time had shown to be of enduring worth - an excellent and most fitting tribute at this service of thanksgiving.

READINGS FROM THE DIARY - (September 23rd).

As a memorable climax to the weekend, the Great Hall of the Bishop's Palace was, by kind permission of Bishop and Mrs. Eastaugh, the venue for the Sunday evening "Readings from Kilvert". Some of us, seated beneath the gilded pillars and sparkling chandeliers, must surely have wondered what Kilvert the country curate would have made of this occasion - could he have listened to his own diary entries being read amid such splendour, beneath so many portraits of august Bishops of Hereford down the ages?

We all wondered still more when the programme got under way, and after an introduction from H. Colin Davis, writer and broadcaster, Kilvert himself suddenly strode onto the platform, tall, black-bearded and black-suited, diary in hand. It took a moment or two to step forward to our own century and recognise Timothy Davies, National Theatre player and hero of the TV Kilvert series, engaged as "reader" for the occasion. The familiar Victorian clerical clothes of the television screen gave the final touch of drama to a brilliantly devised evening.

Between extracts from the Diaries, Colin Davis provided, almost like a musical counterpoint, a parallel commentary from appropriate prose and poetry, including passages from Housman, Hopkins, T.S. Eliot and references to Hardy. Against this wider background, the audience shared a few of the special joys of Kilvertians - sensing Kilvert's nervousness at Llan Thomas lest his avowal of love for Daisy had been overheard by the hedge-cutting gardener; laughing with him at Irish Mary on the Liverpool

...and catching our breath, as he did, at the sudden last-minute temptation to "leave all and follow her". "Shall we meet again? Yes - No - Yes". Finally, alongside a moving quotation on death from Henry Vaughan, we recaptured that strange and unforgettable moment on the 9th. of March 1878: Kilvert, convalescent, walking on the sunny terrace at Langley Burrell and - was it with the shadow already upon him? - facing the day when "there will be no going out to enjoy the sweet sights and sounds of the earthly spring... May I then be prepared to enter into the everlasting Spring and to walk among the birds and flowers of Paradise".

Afterwards we gathered next door to partake of wine and cheese, some of us noting above our heads the portrait of that same Bishop of Hereford, "overbearing and imperious", who so testily re-confirmed poor gownless Pope, curate of Cusop, that March day in 1870 at the Whitney Confirmation Service. "It is a most unfortunate thing", comments Kilvert, "and will never be forgotten".

Never to be forgotten, indeed, but in a way undreamed-of by him, is the whole vivid life of Francis Kilvert, commemorated this centenary weekend.

Eileen Davies.

A COUNTRY CELEBRATION OF FRANCIS KILVERT, DIARIST 1840 - 1872.

At Selborne, Hampshire, from Friday 28 September to Tuesday, 2 October inclusive, our member Mrs. Anne Mallinson brought a feast of delights to the village. This year is also the 25th anniversary of the death of Kilvert's favourite niece, Emily Francis Essex Wyndowe, 'The Monk'. Mrs. Mallinson was brought up by her and the occasion gave the opportunity to pay tribute to both the Diarist and his remarkable kinswoman.

There were two exhibitions in the Village Hall. 'Life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing' concerned Francis Kilvert and his Diary. The other, 'Village life in Kilvert's day' was a collection of country by-gones and contemporary documents, etc. In one corner of the hall was a small tribute to Selborne's oldest resident, Ada Christmas, who had died 14 days previously. She loved gardening, and there on view were her garden tools, trug basket and the umbrella she carried until her death at the age of 98. How Kilvert would have appreciated this small display!

Both exhibitions were opened at noon on Saturday by one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. A.L. Le Quesne, author of After Kilvert. It is pleasing to record that there were several enquiries about membership of the Society. A further small display 'Kilvert and his Diary' was on view in The Selborne Bookshop.

On Saturday afternoon visitors flocked to Limes End Yard where Peter Ingram, a former traveller, now repairs gypsy and showmen's waggons. Here was yet another exhibition 'Bow Tops and Bender Tents' of caravans, gypsy life and crafts, superbly arranged by Peter Ingram. Also present was Dennis Harvey author of the newly-published Gypsies: Waggon-time and after -- (Batsford £7. 50), a record of these colourful people known to and recorded by Kilvert.

In the evening there were two performances of 'A Victorian Penny Reading', produced by Michael Bakewell of BBC fame. In the lead as narrator, and taking the part of Francis Kilvert, was Keith Washington, a BBC actor who was runner-up for the part of the Diarist in the Television Series. It was an enchanting occasion and, in the spirit of the times, admission was one penny (though there was a retiring silver collection).

On Sunday evening Kilvert's great nephew, Canon R.W. Kilvert preached at the Harvest Thanksgiving Service in a Church beautifully decorated. Also assisting in the service was another of our Vice-Presidents, the Very Reverend Hedley Burrow, Dean Emeritus of Hereford, who is 92 this month. Later the same evening Keith Washington took to the stage of the Village Hall once again, this time for 'Readings from Kilvert's Diary', with extracts from the month of September.

Although the main celebrations ended on 2nd. October, the exhibition 'Life appears to me such a curious and wonderful thing' will continue at The Selborne Bookshop until Sunday, 4th. November.

Kenneth R. Clew.

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POST SCRIPTA:

Mrs. Hurlbutt sent a photograph of her grandmother, Mary Ann Powell, which arrived the day before the exhibition was mounted at the Hereford City Library - just in time to be placed beside the original letter she had presented to the Society at Langley Burrell. She would like the letter and photograph to be kept together. We are most grateful for the gift.

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