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MAY 1980.

Dear Member,

The A.G.M. took place on April 18th. about 100 being present including members from as far distant as Sussex and Cornwall. Mr. F. Grice took the chair. Officers and Committee were re-elected en bloc, with Revs. G.W.E. Rooke and D.T.W. Price co-opted on the latter. Mr. Grice gave a brief and pleasing talk about the weddings mentioned in the Diary, among them the macabre story of Llanlionfel, the strange behaviour of the Venables' housekeeper and what was for Kilvert the happiest of all such occasions, the Findon wedding. In connection with this last there was the interesting link that in the audience were Mrs. Victor and Miss Cholmeley, whose aunt had been the bride on that occasion and whose father, the bride's brother, had given her away! After refreshments the company reassembled for a talk by our member, Mr. K. Kissack, M.E.B., J.P. author of "The River Wye". Skilfully he linked the present-day problems of the Wye Board with views expressed in the Diary, and showed excellent slides of the older churches from Disserth down to Monnington. It was universally agreed that his talk had been one of the very best ever given at our A.G.M's, and we are much indebted to him.

OUTING TO BOWOOD AND NONSUCH, JUNE 14TH. A coach will leave Hereford Town Hall at 9.30 a.m. (Bookings to me, please). Other members are asked to meet at Malmesbury Abbey at 11.30 a.m. when we shall have a guided tour of the building. A picnic lunch follows. After visiting Bowood and Nonsuch (the latter by the kind permission of Mrs. McNeil) we shall proceed to Langley Burrell where our very valued members, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, will provide tea. Costing of the day is difficult, but for the coach party it should not exceed £4.00. and for other members £2.00. The difficulty lies in the fact that admission to Bowood is normally £1.15. but for O.A.P's 60p; further, that if parties are booked and paid for at least 10 days in advance there is a reduction of 20%. Members who wish to save the 20% should let me know of their participation by June 3rd. It would also help Mr. & Mrs. Payne to know numbers for tea.

WALK, JUNE 28TH. Meeting at the Baskerville Arms, Clyro, 11 a.m. Picnic lunch and tea, and stout shoes.

SUMMER SERVICE AT EARDISLEY, JUNE 29TH. at 3 p.m. (by kind permission of Rev. F. Willford). The preacher: Rev. J.R. Williams, Vicar of Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent. As usual, tea will be available after the service. Eardisley (pronounced "Urdslee") is 12 miles west of Hereford, it has a very interesting old church with a truly remarkable carved font and there are many picturesque black and white houses. A coach will leave Hereford Town Hall at 1.50 p.m., fare 90p.

The Autumn Service will be held on September 21st. at Aberedw at 3.00 p.m. and a Walk on the previous day. Full details in the September newsletter.

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West.

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OBITUARY:

We regret to announce the deaths of Mr. J.L. Naimaster and Mrs. D. Palmer. Mrs. Palmer, who lived at Wellington, Herefordshire, was a most regular member at our events, travelling with her husband on the coach, and her most cheerful and friendly

BY WAY OF COCKLEBURY FARM. (2 miles approximately).

1870. Monday, 16 May. " Got to Chippenham shortly before 2 p.m. I walked up by Cocklebury, the lane and fields deliciously shady green and quiet. My Father came across the Common to the black gate waiting for me by that way, then came over the field to meet me".

Kilvert mentions Cocklebury Farm several times in his Diary, it obviously being a favourite short cut of his when coming and going to and from Langley Burrell. What fascinating entries they are, inviting one to retrace Frank's footsteps. It must have been such a familiar walk to him, hurrying along, eager to get home or longing to return to his beloved Clyro, or loitering along enjoying the sights and sounds of the countryside.

Is it possible to retrace his footsteps? Yes, it is, although it is certainly easier if one has the O.S. Map of Chippenham, 1:25 000, Sheet ST 97, on which one can find the location of the well-hidden Rectory. Drive or walk from the station with the railway line on the left, then look out for an old lane or cinder track between high old hawthorn hedges, running off to the left. A battered old notice forbids cycling along the path. Close your eyes to the encroaching modern housing estate and you are transported back in time. Wander up the lane and to the left will appear a piece of pure Kilvertiana rising up, calling you back a century. Partly hidden behind tall overgrown bushes, brambles and weeds, it is possible to make out the old red tiles on the roofs of farm buildings, buildings which seem to want to melt into the past, to disappear in a general air of rubble and derelict buildings and old hedgerows, but which still retain the characteristic way in which farm buildings are set at right angles to each other to form a central yard. Here indeed must be Cocklebury Farm. Savour the moment and then do not resist the urge to walk amongst the decaying buildings, which will bring not only sadness that what is left of Cocklebury Farm will one day be gone forever, but which will evoke strong feelings for the past and for the Diarist.

Continue up the lane and pass even deeper into Kilvert country. White cow parsley grows in the grass at the edge, hawthorn hedges bound the sides, the old stone bridge beckons. If a notice had been erected saying, "Kilvert's Way", it would surely not seem out of place. Cross the old bridge, literally retracing Frank's footsteps, and you can see the course of the dismantled railway, always a sad sight. On up the strange rambling untidy stony lane, black and white cows staring at you from the fields now open to view, with further on the buildings of Rawling's Farm (mentioned in the Diary) at the end of the drive on the right, some electric works, pylons, all rather depressing, but one can easily disregard these modern intrusions. Over the wide brick-sided bridge of the present line and on up the stony lane until more industrial buildings and high wire fences appear on the left and the lane has succeeded in turning itself into a road. To the right you are approaching the Common and Kilvert would not be far from home now, and to the right, as if by way of welcome relief from the tarmac, you arrive at a gap in the hedge where possibly there had once been a gate. Look right across this field in the direction of the old Rectory, hidden behind a straggling clump of trees which surround and enclose it. Surely Frank must have cut across here many a time, for it affords a most convenient short cut to the Rectory? Why bother to walk up the lane to Maud Heath's Causeway and then turn right up the drive? Past the trees surrounding the Rectory and across the Common, you can see the backs of Common Farm and other buildings of Langley Burrell. What happy times Frank had spent on the Common, whether gazing long and carefully at the golden buttercups or playing cricket!

From this point you can elect to walk up to Maud Heath's Causeway and turn left towards Chippenham, but it is suggested that it is preferable in this case to retrace your steps, to return and so to see things from a new perspective, as Kilvert had seen it on his outward journeys.

D. Hopley.

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THE REVEREND ANTHONY LAWSON MAYHEW:

Members will know that the Reverend Anthony Lawson Mayhew had the privilege of reading some of the Diary, at Kilvert's own invitation. (Vol. 3. p. 213), "Mayhew ... has been much entertained by some of my old journals which I gave him to read, more especially by the accounts of my interviews with the three remarkable men, the

Solitary of Llanbedr Painscastle, Father Ignatius and William Barnes the Dorsetshire poet".

Kilvert does not mention a similar opportunity being given to anyone else, so we may assume that Mayhew was not only a trusted friend, but someone whom the Diarist knew would appreciate his descriptive writing. (Elsewhere in this Newsletter, Mr. F. Grice's note on Mayhew as Author and Language Scholar confirms this opinion). However, despite this unique privilege, Mayhew remains a very shadowy figure in the Diary, being mentioned on only thirteen separately dated entries, and even then the personal information given by Kilvert about his friend is very sparse.

Anthony Lawson Mayhew was born on the 23rd. February, 1842, at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, and was baptised on 7th April at St. Mary's Church. He was the first child of Anthony and Julia Lydia Mayhew (nee Lawson). White's Directory of Suffolk 1844 indicates his father's occupation as Chemist with a Pharmacy at 52 Abbeygate Street. About 1843 after the birth of a second son, John Charles, the family moved to South London. About the same time Mayhew's father retired from trade; later Directories designate him as 'Esquire' or 'Gentleman'.

Details of Mayhew's early education are not known but according to Oxford Men and Their Colleges, Joseph Foster 1893, he later attended Clapham Grammar School and then entered Wadham College, Oxford, on the 9th. May 1860. R.B. Gardiner's Registers of Wadham College, Vol. 2. p. 510, tell us that Mayhew received his Degree on the 4th June 1863, and again from Crockford's Clerical Directory, 1916, we learn that Mayhew was ordained Deacon in 1865 and Priest in 1866 at Lichfield.

He became the Curate at St. Paul's Church, Mansfield Road, Little Chester, Derby, in the summer of 1865. The curacy had been vacant for eighteen months. St. Paul's Church had been built about 1845 to accommodate the growing population in the Parish of St. Alkmunds.

Unlike Kilvert, Mayhew married young and on December 27th, 1865 at the Parish Church in Banbury, Oxon, he married Jane Innes Griffin, the 22 year-old daughter of John Griffin, Esq. M.D. Their wedding is reported in "The Banbury Advertiser" for December 28th. 1865 as follows:-

"On Wednesday (December 27th. 1865), the Reverend A.L. Mayhew, B.A., of St. Paul's Church, Derby, led to the Altar, Miss Jane Innes Griffin, the accomplished second daughter of Mr. Alderman John Griffin, M.D., of this town. The fair Bride arrayed in spotless white, was accompanied by her Father and Mother, the bridesmaidens, her three sisters, and Miss Kenrick; their dresses white trimmed with blue, and rarely has our respected Vicar, (The Reverend Henry Back, M.A) looked down on a fairer or gayer gathering".

Mayhew returned to Derby with his bride in early 1866 and remained at St. Paul's Church for a further twenty months. In the autumn of 1867 the Mayhews moved south to Kent where their first child, Ethel Innes, was born in the Medway area in late 1867. Mayhew obtained his Master of Arts Degree at Wadham College on 12th. March 1868 and became Curate at the Church of St. Margaret's-next-Rochester, living at Zenith House, Borstal Road, Rochester. Whilst Mayhew was at St. Margaret's a new Church School was built. The new School was called St. Matthew's, Borstal, and is referred to by Kilvert on 23rd. March 1872, Vol. 2. p. 156, when he writes, "Last Saturday I had a letter from my old Wadham friend, Anthony L. Mayhew, one of the owners of the 'Times'. He says he is now living just out of Rochester, with his mother, his wife, and two children. He says he has a sole charge, a mission school chapel". When Mayhew wrote this letter to Kilvert, he had in fact been the Curate-in-Charge of the District of St. Matthew's since October 15th. 1870, as the following extract from a local Rochester and Borstal newspaper clearly shows:-

"OPENING OF ST. MATTHEW'S SCHOOL CHURCH, BORSTAL
October 15th. 1870.

The School Church of St. Matthew, just erected at Borstal, in connection with St. Margaret's, Rochester, to which church it is to form a not unnecessary adjunct at a distant portion of the parish, was opened by the Dean of Rochester, on Thursday last.

The building is a handsome one, and is situated on a bank on the south side of the Borstal-road. It contains a schoolroom and class-room, opening into each other. The former measures 35ft. by 22½ft., and the latter 13½ft. by 13½ft. The cost of the building, we understand, was about £700. It is estimated to accommodate rather more than 100 scholars, and for worship it will seat 120 persons. There is a commodious store room below the school.

The building is erected in a most substantial manner by Messrs. Naylor & Son of Rochester, from plans by Mr. Bulmer of Strood. The ground on which it is erected was partly given by the Government. There is sufficient space upon it for the erection of a Church, which will ultimately, we anticipate, take place. Ground is laid out for the erection of a teacher's house beside the school, which will take place when sufficient funds are obtained. Gifts to the amount of upwards of £100 have been given for the fitting up of the school as a church; among them the following:- Communion plate from Mrs. Drage and family, in memory of the late Rev. W.H. Drage (who first proposed building the school); lectern from Mrs. and Miss Benifold, reading desk from Mrs. Alfred Smith; altar cloth and rails from Mrs. Charles Philips; Harmonium from Mrs. Mayhew, etc.

The Rev. A.L. Mayhew has been appointed curate in sole charge of the district and will officiate at the first Sunday service, which will take place at three o'clock tomorrow, when the harvest festival will be celebrated. Miss Cornwall of Farningham, has been appointed schoolmistress, and will open school for infants on Monday next.

The proceedings of the day commenced with Divine service at St. Margaret's church at 11 a.m. at which the attendance was rather small. Morning prayers were read by the Rev. A.F. Wharton, curate of St. Margaret's, and the Lessons were read by the Rev. A.L. Mayhew, curate of the new district. Te Deum and Jubilate being chanted respectively after each. After the third collect, the hymn, 'The Church's One Foundation' was sung and before the sermon 'Fountain of Good, to Own Thy Love' (both from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' which is the hymn book in use at this Church).

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J.G. Carey, M.A., Rector of Snodland, from Ecclesiastes xi, 6. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest whether they shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall be both alike good". At the end of the sermon Rev. Carey entreated all to make a further sacrifice in order that the building might be started free from the outstanding debt of £60, and therefore urged that liberal contributions might be made to the School Fund. A collection was made for this object during the reading of the offertory sentences by the Rev. A.P. Wharton, the amount realized being £22. The preacher then dismissed the congregation with the Benediction.

The opening Service at the school took place at three o'clock in the afternoon. A large number of ladies and gentlemen from the town were present, indeed the building was very closely filled. The clergy present were the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester, (Dr. Scott), The Revs. S.W. Phillips (Vicar of St. Margaret's), A.P. Wharton (Curate) A.L. Mayhew (Curate of the new district of St. Matthew's, Borstal), J.G. Carey (of Snodland), and H.F. Phillips (of St. Peter's, Rochester). Among the visitors were W.H. Nicholson Esq., J.P., and Alderman J.G. Naylor, of St. Margaret's.

The Rev. S.W. Phillips commenced the service by reading a form of prayer issued for use on such occasions. Hymn 365 of Hymns 'Ancient and Modern' was then sung, the choir being composed of some of the members of the St. Margaret's choir, with some ladies who volunteered for the occasion. There is an excellent harmonium in the school. The Dean, before formally announcing the school to be opened, made an address. The Dean then read the following words:- "In the faith of Jesus Christ, and in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we now open this school", adding, "for the instruction of children in the faith of Christ and the doctrines of the Church of England. Amen".

Some further prayers were then said and a hymn sung, during which a collection, amounting to £17. 10s., was made. The Dean afterwards dismissed the congregation with the Benediction, and this ended the service of the day".

The 'two children' referred to by Mayhew in his letter to Kilvert in March 1872 included his second child, Ruth Grayston, born in Holborn, London, in early 1871. A year later in the Spring of 1872 Jane Mayhew gave birth to their third daughter, Janet Evelyn, and it is these two little girls whom Kilvert describes as "sweet Ruthie" and "dear lovely little Janet" when he stayed with the Mayhews in Oxford in May 1876, (Vol. 3. pp. 308-22).

Returning again to 1872, the Log Books of St. Matthew's School show that Mayhew was visiting the School as "Correspondent of the Managers" and apparently giving lessons on a regular basis. The last entry in the Log Books is on 1st. October, 1872. However, we have not ascertained when Mayhew left the district. We do know that by December of 1872 he had moved with his family to Bearley, Warwickshire, where Mayhew became the Vicar of St. Mary's Church. The living was a perpetual Curacy in the gift of King's College, Cambridge, but the University Library are unaware why Mayhew was offered the living. His appointment was unusual for two reasons. Firstly, the length of his stay was only six months, and secondly, because of a meeting convened on

December 19th. 1872, when the Vestry Minute Book states that, "he (Mayhew), called for the building of a new church, of which he showed plans by a Mr. Cotton, Architect, and pledged himself to collect or be responsible for the whole amount required to rebuild the Church". This Minute was recorded as "being approved by the Meeting". St. Mary's Church was a mediaeval building dating back in part to the 12th. century and had already been rebuilt once at the beginning of the 19th. century. The proposed rebuilding did eventually take place but not until 1875 by which time Mayhew and his family had settled in Oxford. Whether or not the rebuilding cost was fully subscribed, or whether Mayhew personally pledged the money, we do not know. It can be fairly assumed that Mayhew had no financial worries and indeed he accepted no appointment for the next seven and a half years. We cannot discover why Mayhew left Bearley so suddenly but it has been suggested that he did not enjoy robust health and may have decided to retire from active ministry to become a university scholar. In the autumn of 1873 Mayhew's fourth child and first son, Anthony Arnold, was born at Oxford. At the same time the Registers of Wadham College show that Mayhew's name had been 'Replaced' on the College Roll as from 15th. November, 1873.

On 22nd. May, 1876, (Vol. 3. pp. 308-322) Kilvert records he travelled to Oxford to stay with "...my dear old College friend, Anthony Lawson Mayhew, at his new home, St. Margaret's, Bradmore Road...." That Mayhew was continuing a scholarly life is confirmed by Kilvert when he mentioned the lecture on Slavonic languages which Mayhew had just attended prior to meeting Kilvert at the railway station. During the five days' stay at Oxford, Kilvert describes people he met and places visited. Old friendships were renewed and nostalgic memories revived. He gives little information about the Mayhew household other than, "Mrs. Mayhew's music in the evening was a great treat. She plays exquisitely". There is no mention of the new baby in the house, a second son, Charles Lawson, born in the Spring. What a pity it is that Kilvert did not employ his talent for description and tell us more about Jane and Anthony Mayhew.

Mayhew is not mentioned in the Diary again, as we know it, until 4th. January, 1878. Kilvert is now Vicar of Bredwardine, and records that he has received a letter from his friend, (Vol. 3. p. 350). In the same month, Hopewell Morrell of Clyro wrote to Kilvert to say that, "he had offered Mayhew the living of Moultsford", which was within his gift as Lord of the Manor. Hopewell's Uncle, the Reverend George Kidd Morrell had just retired from the parish where he had been the incumbent for 30 years. The living was worth only £60 per annum. Kilvert, unfortunately, tells us nothing of Mayhew's reaction to the offer.

In July 1878 the Mayhews are staying at Bredwardine for a few days and Kilvert records the visits they made to his family and friends. Just before the Mayhews had arrived, Kilvert had declined the Cannes Chaplaincy. This must have been a major topic of conversation between the two friends.

We have no record that Kilvert saw Mayhew again after Thursday, 4th. July, 1878. The last diary reference to Mayhew is on 19th. August, 1878, when Kilvert says, "Looking over the Hereford Journal in the Reading Room my eye fell upon 'Some Radnorshire Words' which I had given to Mayhew and which he had sent to 'Notes and Queries' whence the extract was copied into the Hereford Journal". (Vol. 3. p. 411).

Jane and Anthony Mayhew remained living in Oxford where two more sons, Alfred Innes and Arthur Innes were born. A fourth daughter, Margaret Dorothea, born in 1883, completed their family of eight children. It is tempting to think that the name 'Dorothea' was given to this baby in memory of the friendship with Dora Kilvert. In December 1880 Mayhew was appointed Chaplain to Wadham College by the Warden, Dr. Griffiths. He was to keep this appointment for 32 years until October 1912. When he resigned the following tribute to him, written by the then Warden, P.A. Wright-Henden, was published in the Wadham College Gazette, (Vol. IV. p. 64-65):-

"After thirty-two years of service Mr. A.L. Mayhew will in October next resign his post as Chaplain of Wadham College. He took his degree in 1863 when Dr. Symons was Warden, and remembers many things about that remarkable man and the Wadham of those days. After seventeen years, most of them spent in clerical work, he returned to Oxford, and was in December, 1880 by Dr. Griffiths, appointed Chaplain in succession to Mr. G.C. Hanbury.

When he came back to Wadham he found that some changes had been made in the Chapel and in the ritual. The old harmonium, which some of us may remember, had given place to an organ worthy of the Chapel and of the College; attendance on the week-day services had ceased to be compulsory, and a roll call had been instituted as an alternative; the form of service for week-days had been abbreviated in accordance with the change of feeling which showed itself at that time in Oxford and elsewhere, a change, of course, no more acceptable to every one than changes usually are. But the very simple ritual

of Wadham College Chapel, when Mr. Mayhew became Chaplain was, and still remains, the ritual which very old members of the College can recall to their minds with kindly feelings and more than kindly. In this quiet and peaceful sanctuary, unvexed by controversy or innovation, the gentle and kindly man, who is now in a sense leaving us, must have found much happiness. His service has been in every sense a faithful one, for he has never been late for Chapel, and has only once missed a service for which he was responsible. Can all Chaplains past and present - the past especially, of whom the writer is one - produce such a record, which is quoted without the permission of Mr. Mayhew?

He will take with him the kindest of farewells from all who knew him - not indeed in one sense farewells, for he will not leave Oxford, but will still pursue the studies which have made his name known to philologists, especially to all serious students of the English language.

P.A.W.H. "

Mayhew's life as a University scholar and philologist continued until shortly before his death. Jane Mayhew died in March 1915 at their home at 21, Norham Gardens, Oxford, and Anthony Lawson Mayhew died on December 21st. 1916 in the Warneford Asylum. The following two obituaries, the first published in the Wadham College Gazette, Vol. V, 1917, and the second in 'The Times' on December 26th. 1916, gave a brief assessment of the character of the man who was Kilvert's "dear old friend".

"Immediately after Christmas we heard of the death, after a long illness, of our former Chaplain, the Rev. A.L. Mayhew (1860) who had served us in that office from 1880 to 1912. When he retired, the Wadham Gazette (Vol. IV. P.64) was able to give an appreciation of his work from the kindly pen of the late Warden. Here it will suffice to say that many Wadham men of varying generations will remember his unfailing personal kindness, while the few who are students of English in the strict sense, will regret him as a man of real learning, whose printed contributions to our native philology were considerable, and would have been more so but for the distressing illness which shadowed most of the last ten years of his life".

"The death took place at Oxford on December 21st. of the Rev. Anthony Lawson Mayhew, who was from 1880 to 1912 Chaplain of Wadham College, and was one of the foremost English scholars and philologists in the country. He was the author of several English lexicographical books, and had for years done a quantity of valuable work for the Oxford New English Dictionary. He graduated from Wadham in 1863, and before becoming Chaplain there he held for a short time the living of Bearley, Warwickshire".

Mrs. Teresa and Miss Alison Williams.

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ADDITIONAL NOTE ON A.L. MAYHEW:

Mayhew was a very distinguished philologist who, on his own or in collaboration with the famous Professor W.W. Skeat, Professor of Language at Cambridge and one of the greatest language scholars of his time, was responsible for at least seven publications:- a Dictionary of Middle English, a Phonology of Old English Words, a Glossary of Tudor and Stuart Words, etc. In the introduction to English Past and Present (R. Chenevix Trench, 1889) which Mayhew revised and partly rewrote, there is a passage which sounds as if it might have been written by Kilvert himself. Mayhew says that it was in June 1859 when his schoolmaster, Charles Pritchard, later Savilian Professor of Astronomy in Oxford, put this book into his hands for general reading.

I have always looked on the event as an epoch in my life. For (it) opened my eyes to a new world - the fascinating world of Words. I was made to see that every word had its history, and that the history of many of our common everyday words is as eventful and romantic, as full of human interest as the external history of nations and dynasties.

This seems to me to echo very forcibly Kilvert's own deep interest in words.

Incidentally, it was Professor Pritchard whom Kilvert offended by an ill-timed laugh when he was staying at Oxford with Mayhew. (Vol. 3. p.310).

F. Grice.

P.S. Mayhew did not accept Morrell's offer of the living of Moulsoford.

F.G.

LAST OF THE GENTLEMAN:

"Three tries for a Welshman" is a popular saying in these parts, which does not refer (or apply exclusively) to rugby football. What I propose doing this time is not so much to amend, as to add a short passage on my recent theme of the Gentleman as it concerns Kilvert, to close the subject - as far as I am concerned at least; for by the then the audience, as Shaw said, will be exhausted, although the topic may not.

My starting-point is a comment in 'After Kilvert' on a diary entry for 29.VI.70 : "There was a dispute whether he was a gentleman or not, Mrs. and Miss Bridge saying he was, Bridge asserting that he was not". Mr. Le Quesne remarks : "how absolute the social categories were then!"

Now the impression which Kilvert's entry makes upon me is that, although the Victorians may have imagined that they could say definitively whether a person fulfilled their notion of a gentleman or not, they were often discovering in practice just how loose this conception was, a looseness leading to disagreements of the kind quoted. As it happens, other entries round about this date throw light on this particular dispute. The person in question was a young man named Clavering Lyne, a brother of Father Ignatius, the founder of the monastery at Capel-y-ffin. In the summer of 1870, Clavering, in the company of his sister, was staying in Hay for the purpose of visiting his brother and, despite Bridge's reluctance to endorse him, both brother and sister seem to have got themselves accepted remarkably quickly by local polite society. During the period of their visit, which seems to have lasted about three weeks, for Kilvert spotted them first on June 29th. but seemingly they had been there a few days by then and they left on July 16th. Kilvert went twice to Clifford Priory, to dinner on July 7th. and to high tea on July 12th. but does not mention finding the Lynes there. This could hardly be expected, of course, as the Allens' guests on these occasions were almost wholly "the usual set that one meets and knows so well", as Kilvert - a trifle complacently - puts it; but, as evidence of the Lynes' success and of the relative openness of this society there is the fact that they were twice asked to croquet parties at Hay Castle, despite their newness and unconnectedness.

Bridge's view of Clavering is understood better in the light of Kilvert's sketch of him. He depicts a mildly eccentric young man, oddly attired ("He was dressed entirely in white flannel edged with black and wore a straw hat. He looked like a sailor". - 29.VI.70), something of a tease ("he persecuted poor little Fanny Thomas almost to the verge of distraction" - 4.VII.70) - and - Kilvert's harshest observation - "a bit of a buffoon" (13.VII.70), an illustration of this being the number of dogs he had with him, four, out of his "usual complement" of thirteen. It is amusing to observe that, while Kilvert's impression of Clavering is not modified much on closer acquaintance ("I am very sorry they are going, at least that she is going" - 15.VII.70), his attitude towards Miss Lyne is fairly speedily transformed. When first seen, she is bracketed with her brother ("two strange looking people" - 29.VI.70), as she is still ("very odd people" sitting "on the tombstones opposite each other kicking their heels" in Clyro churchyard on a Sunday afternoon) some days later - 4.VII.70. But by July 13th. Kilvert has decided "Miss Lyne is a very nice sensible unaffected girl, rather pretty", despite being also "rather short". And, two days later, she came towards him "and held out her hand so pleasantly, the beautiful little hand just what a lady's hand ought to be" - 15.VII.70. So Miss Lyne's status, at least, is confirmed.

We see from the above extracts that questions of dress, grooming, physique and social behaviour, with an emphasis upon conformity, entered into the Victorian view of ladies and gentlemen, as well, no doubt, as less superficial matters, such as points of character and personality and position. One might notice a brief reference from the account of high tea at Clifford Priory. "A young gentleman caused some amusement by appearing on the lawn in full evening dress, tail coat, white tie and all. It proved to be Miss Wyatts' brother come with the Webbs". - 12.VII.70. Here inappropriate clothing is immediately passed over and the person's status as "young gentleman" assured by virtue of his being the brother of known members of the circle and in the company of others. Clavering remained a doubtful entity for a longer period because he was not connected by blood or friendship with local families (apart from his brother, scarcely local and a greater eccentric than himself) and, if he is accepted before he leaves, it is partly vicariously, through his sister's graces - her looks, her "shyness and reserve" (15.VII.70), etc. which seem to have won over others besides the susceptible Kilvert. Kilvert's presentation of the two is further complicated by the fact that, during this blazing, socially full summer of 1870, that summer of "the heyday in the blood", Kilvert must have felt something akin to envy of Clavering, the privileged companion of a pretty young woman whom he was learning to appreciate quickly and yet too late. Kilvert saw Clavering once more, two months later, with his parents at the monastery, but does not appear to have met Miss Lyne again. Nor, I think, does he refer to her, at least in the Diary as we have it.

Whether Clavering was a gentleman or not must now seem the idlest of speculations to most people, perhaps a question of semantics at best, for the very term has been painfully demoted and debased. But if it does, that will at least emphasize the distance we have travelled from the ways of the Victorians. Our instinct is to fancy that the argument among the Bridges visiting at Cae Mawr, which Kilvert heard and considered worth recording, was the merest chit-chat, tea-time small talk, strangely preserved. But the evidence seems to show that these Victorian judgments struck Kilvert's contemporaries as mattering very much indeed. Absolute or not, the category of 'gentleman' seemed of vital importance to them. I cannot illustrate this truth better than by recounting an anecdote to be found in Peter Quennell's volume of autobiography, 'The Marble Foot'. Quennell was given the account by the historian, G.M. Trevelyan, about his father, George Otto Trevelyan, nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay. When the biographer lay dying, he murmured indistinctly with his last breath, "Uncle Tom.....wasn't quite - a gentleman....." but was unable to elucidate further, either his physical condition or the complexity of the subject proving too much for him. Quennell hints at the unexpectedness of this opinion - "Macaulay, after all, " he says, "had passed muster among the haughtiest Whig grandes", thinking no doubt of Macaulay's innumerable appearances at dinner at Holland House and at Bowood and one feels sure that the conception troubling those final moments must have been a more subtle one than that which fluttered the drawing-room at Cae Mawr. But perhaps of greater significance than that is the impression left of the brooding presence of this social ideal, so obsessive as to dominate a mind of considerable force in the hour of death; for I cannot believe that this was some quite arbitrary thought, like those floating through the consciousnesses of Mrs. Woolf's characters the greater part of the time. In the Victorian age, the concept provided a standard by which men were measured. Its weakening in this century is not altogether a sign of our decadence, because it had become a flawed ideal, an impossible blend of the aristocratic and the liberal, as Plantagenet Palliser is brought to half-realise in Trollope. Kilvert was, in some sense, a victim of this orthodoxy, although subscribing to it himself; and yet it brought him considerable benefits as well. Without it he would never have had the entrée to several of those affluent homes which did a great deal more for him than simply to supplement the fare provided at Ashbrook.

Ivor Lewis.

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A BOOK SIGNED BY KILVERT?

Some time ago, the Rev. A.J. Costin of St. David's found among his books a copy of Wake's Apostolical Fathers (London, 1817), and inside the signature - F. Kilvert. We hoped at first that this might be one of the diarist's own books, and that the critique of the book, written on the fly-leaf, might throw some light on his theological views. Unfortunately the comment is not in Kilvert's hand but that of his uncle, and it contains so many learned allusions (it seems a quotation from some theological authority) that it is clearly the work of a more erudite mind than the diarist's. We are very grateful, however, to Mr. Costin for his kindness in sending us the book, which throws more light, if not on the diarist himself, at least on the learned uncle who was his mentor.

F. Grice.

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THE GOWER CHURCHES:

(Our Swansea member, Mr. Elwyn Edwards, has sent the following).

A very interesting publication "The Gower Churches" has been written by Geoffrey R. Orrin for the Deanery of West Gower, all profits going to the Deanery. It is well illustrated and contains three full page photographs of carvings done by the Rev. J.D. Davies at Cheriton and Llanmadoc churches. This gentleman was Rector of Llanmadoc from 1860-1911 and particularly clever with wood-carving, which the photographs certainly convey. He paid the total cost of restoration at Cheriton from his own pocket. You will remember that Kilvert stayed with the Westthorps at Illston in April, 1872:

"After breakfast we set out to drive to Llan Madoc, over high commons, then through pretty lanes, catching glimpses of the Carmarthenshire coast, Pembrey, Bury Port, and the smoke of Llanelly, across the sands and blue water of the arm of Carmarthen Bay called Bury River.

A sharp pull up the steep hill brought us to Llan Madoc on the brow of a windy bare hill looking out on Carmarthen Bay. Westthorp and Mrs. Westthorp went into the *bare, unfinished, ugly barrack of a Rectory while I minded Bob and the waggonette. Presently they came out with the Vicar, Mr. Davies, who looked like a Roman priest, close shaven and shorn, dressed, in seedy black, a long coat and broad shovel hat. He took us into the Churchyard but let us find our own way into the Church which was beautifully finished and adorned but fitted up in the high ritualistic style. The Vicar said that when he came to the place the Church was meaner than the meanest hovel in the village.

The Vicar invited us to join him at his luncheon to which we added the contents of our own picnic basket. He had a very good pie to which we did justice for we were all very hungry with the sea air. We were waited on by a tall clean old woman with a severe and full cap border who waits on Mr. Davies and is so clean that she washes the kitchen four times a day. She used to wash her master's bedroom floor as often till he caught a cold which frightened her and she desisted.

We suggested that she might be of Flemish blood which would account for her cleanliness. The idea had never occurred to Mr. Davies and he was much struck by it. The house was thoroughly untidy and bachelorlike and full of quaint odds and ends. The rigging of a boat stood in the hall for the Vicar was a great sailor and sails Carmarthen Bay in a boat built by himself. A quantity of pretty wood fretwork and carved work also stood about in the hall and the rooms, and miniature bookcases and cabinets for drawingroom tables made by himself and sold for the benefit of Cheriton Church Restoration Fund. He is very clever and can turn his hand to anything. Besides which he seemed to me an uncommonly kind good fellow, a truly simple-minded, single-hearted man.

The Vicar showed us what he called his newest toy - a machine almost exactly like a sewing machine - for sawing out the pattern in his wood carving. He promised to make me a little 10/- bookcase....."

I wonder if Francis Kilvert ever took delivery of this item?

* Rev. J.D. Davies built the Rectory of Llanmadoc across the road from the church with high roof and overhanging eaves, a style copied from an example he had seen when on holiday in Switzerland.

"The Gower Churches" by Geoffrey Orrin. Published by The Rural Deanery of West Gower at 95p. Printed by Crown Printers, Morriston.

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LINCOLNSHIRE SUNSETS:

In my paragraph under the above heading in the last Newsletter I pointed out that the hymn referred to as 315 in the Diary entry for 21st. August, 1874, is now Number 210. I have since discovered, with a sense of shock, that I have possessed my own copy of 'Ancient & Modern' for some 40 years, since when there has been a further revision and the hymn in question is now numbered 233.

I do apologise to members who may have been understandably mystified at the connection between 'Rock of Ages' and Katherine's letter!

R.B. Taylor.

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THE WALK ON APRIL 19TH. (Following is an extract from a letter I received recently - E.J.C.W).

"Though I had visited some of the Welsh Border villages associated with the Diary I had never explored the area to which Mr. & Mrs. Morgan led us. What a wonderful day it was, "the world-wide air was azure", and such wonderful visibility! Just to stand where we parked the cars was exhilarating, and panoramic in scope! I enjoyed the leisurely morning walk to the Glasnant immensely, but compared with the long afternoon trek it faded into almost nothing. The long slow ascent to the top of the Green Lane finally brought us to the spectacular valley of the Arrow. The Fualt, the bridge over the crystal clear river, the long steep hill up to Colva - every moment a joy. Having heard Mr. Kissack the previous evening enthuse over the little church, I was most anxious to inspect it and was not disappointed. Its simplicity of construction, of furnishings, of tablets was most moving, but on reading

the extract in the Diary I was saddened to think that nobody had tried the echo! However, all in all, a most memorable day! I do hope that you can convey something of my enjoyment to Mr. & Mrs. Morgan. "

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LANGLEY BURRELL:

Mr. K.R. Clew has produced a leaflet and postcard similar to those he produced for Bredwardine. A copy of both leaflet and postcard can be obtained by sending 20p plus a stamped addressed envelope at least 9" by 4" to Mr. J. Payne, Old Brewery House, Langley Burrell, Chippenham, Wilts.

On the same day as the service at Eardisley the Patronal Festival is being held at Langley Burrell at 11 a.m. This will be followed by a cold luncheon in the grounds of Langley House (by kind permission of Dr. Robert and Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott-Ashe). Tickets for the luncheon, price £1. 00 (plus stamped addressed envelope) are available from Mr. J. Payne whose address appears in the previous paragraph,

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A LETTER:

(Dr. Schlenther sends the following letter which he found in the second-hand edition of the Diary he bought in Shrewsbury).

From the Archdeacon of Brecon.

The Vicarage,
Builth Wells.

March 25th. 1940.

Dear Dr. Roberts,

Thanks for your letter. I am sorry to learn you have been so poorly but glad to know you are better, and hope you will soon be quite well again. I am interested to learn you have been reading "Kilvert's Diary". It is certainly a very delightful work and full of charm for those of us who knew so many of those mentioned in it. I will try and answer your questions with pleasure.

- (1) No, Bishop Bevan never mentioned Kilvert to me - I expect he had forgotten all about him.
- (2) Mrs. Lewis Davies is Fanny Bevan, "Coosie" was Ellen Bevan, Mrs. Dawson was Mary and Alice was Mrs. Morgan. Mr. Venables to whom Kilvert was curate was the father of Lady Venables Llewellyn and she has been most delighted in the book.

Kilvert later became Vicar of St. Harmons and Lady Llewellyn told me that then he often visited the nursery of Llysdyham - to which Mr. Venables retired from Clyro - and told them "Fairy Tales".

I asked Evans if he could find any news of interest of the St. Harmon's incumbency but apparently there are none. There are one or two old people who remembered him as Vicar. Another who knew him well was Canon W.E.T. Morgan. I only figure in the Preface of Vol. II because I wrote to Mr. Plomer to tell him how much I had enjoyed Volume I. Volume II was not quite so interesting I thought, as there were not so many people I knew mentioned in it. There is a third volume to be issued I believe.

Kilvert was evidently a very remarkable man in his day, and I am glad his Diary has been rescued from the waste paper basket, as it does show considerable light on local matters seventy years ago, and his descriptions are exceedingly interesting too.

With all kindest regards.....

H.J. Church Jones.

EDWARD BUCKLAND:

(Members will recall Mr. W.K. Griffiths's article on Wm. Peare in the last newsletter. He has now researched into another of old John Bryant's recollections - 12 January 1875).

In a lonely cottage between Seagry and Sutton Benger in Wiltshire, Judith Pearce, an aged widow and Elizabeth Cackle, her twelve year old grand-daughter, were awakened out of their sleep in the early hours of the 18th. of November, 1820. They went downstairs to investigate a noise which seemed to have come from the kitchen. On entering the buttery, they were alarmed to find an intruder already in the kitchen and trying to gain entry into the buttery. They did their best to stop the intruder from entering; however, he managed to put his arm in and swiped at the old woman with a hatchet. Although suffering from a cut forehead, Judith and her grand-daughter succeeded in closing the door again.

After making a hole in the buttery wall, Judith and Elizabeth escaped into the garden. However, the intruder caught up with them and felled the old lady with a blow from the hatchet. Elizabeth managed to free herself from the clutches of the man and ran for help to her uncle's at Sutton Benger. On returning with her uncle and several other persons, they found her grandmother lying dead.

Elizabeth recognized the murderer as a gypsy, who lived all alone in a quarry not far from her grandmother's cottage. His name was Edward Buckland. Buckland "was such a bad 'un that even his own tribe kicked him out". He was a short man, only five feet three inches tall, 66 years of age, had a dark swarthy complexion, bushy hair and a long grey beard. He used to wear a dirty old blanket, go about barefooted and beg in the neighbourhood of Seagry for tinder, salt, needles and other trifles. On one occasion, so the story goes, Buckland came begging, as he usually did, to Judith Pearce's, a kindly old lady, who often shared a crust with him, but at the same time, lecturing him on the evil of his ways. He also demanded to come in and sit by the fire. At this Judith became alarmed and slammed the door in his face and barred and bolted herself in. That same night he set fire to the thatched roof. However, some passers-by aided by a heavy rainstorm, managed to put the fire out. Buckland was arrested, but somehow escaped and was not seen again in the area for about six months, when he came back to seek revenge on old Judith Pearce.

On the following morning Buckland was found close to the scene of the murder, and was taken into custody. His trial took place at the Lent Assizes of 1821 at Salisbury. During his trial he repeatedly exclaimed his innocence. When the judge passed sentence he threw himself on his knees and cried for mercy. When on the scaffold he exclaimed "Are any of my people here? (meaning the gypsies). They are going to murder me - can't you hang me up a little and then let me down again?" The drop fell at the last expression.

The inhabitants of Sutton Benger subscribed for the erection of a monument to Judith Pearce. Her tomb can still be seen in the churchyard; it bears the following inscription.

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC
SUBSCRIPTION IN MEMORY OF JUDITH
PEARCE OF SEAGRY, WIDOW, AGED 58 YEARS.

HER BLAMELESS LIFE OF DILIGENCY AND
HONESTY WAS TERMINATED BY THE MOST
MALICIOUS BARBARACY ON THE NIGHT OF
NOVEMBER THE 18TH

1820

SHE WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED BY
EDWARD BUCKLAND A GIPSY
WHOSE CRIME WAS PROVIDENTLY BROUGHT
TO LIGHT, AND HE WAS EXECUTED
MARCH 17TH 1821.

The area around Judith Pearce's cottage, which came to be known as "Murder Cottage", was always said to be haunted by the ghost of Edward Buckland. Mr. Dennis Selwood who lives in Seagry, tells me that his mother always insisted that when he was about 15, she was walking from Seagry to Sutton with two companions, one winter evening, and what she described as a man in a shapeless sort of cloak walked across the road in front of her. She screamed with fright. Her companions saw nothing and accused her of acting the fool.

Mr. Selwood told me another intriguing story. One winter's evening, a few years ago, he was teaching an 18 year old lad to drive, when suddenly his pupil swerved

across the road. Mr. Selwood grabbed the steering wheel and straightened the car. On being questioned why he had swerved, the lad said, "Didn't you see that old man, he was wearing a dirty old blanket and walked across the road in front of us? I thought we were going to run him down - you must have seen him!"

Mr. Selwood had seen nothing, but he realized that they were at the very spot where his mother, many years previously, had seen her ghost. The lad was a newcomer to the district and had never heard of Judith Pearce nor Edward Buckland, and he had never read Kilvert's Diary.

References:

Devizes and Wiltshire Gazette, March 22nd. 1821.

"County of Wiltshire Statistics of Crime from 1801 - 1850"

(William Dowding, Governor of Fisherton Anger Gaol, 1855).

Personal communication from Mr. Dennis Selwood, Upper Seagry. (Chippenham).

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C L Y R O

The blackbird sings no more in Clyro wood;
Kilvert is dead.
Softly in Bredwardine, the falling leaves
Cover his bed.

On Radnor hill he went his homeward way
Under the Welsh sky;
These are the paths that carried his feet
Down to Wye.

By summer-scented lanes; when frost was hard to bear
For man and beast,
He trod the enchanted land
Poet and priest.

The mountain wind that brought the morning rain
And filled the fragrant night,
For him, the world that gleamed from every glade and rill
Was all delight.

Beauty he found in human hearts
And grace in human eyes.
Fall gently rain, upon the earth
Where Kilvert lies.

J.E. James

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1. PC. in Kilvert fol.
2. Instructions
3. Copies in Mr. Jeffery's article.
of wall at Welsh Newton.