

THE KILVERT SOCIETY

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

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SEPTEMBER 1981.

Dear Member,

At the last Committee Meeting it was agreed that the Society should make a donation of £20 to the Father Ignatius Memorial Trust Fund and that the gift of £30 to churches where the Commemoration services are held be increased to £50. A new Visitors' Book was to be presented to Bredwardine Church, in memory of our late Treasurer, Mr. J.D. Worsey.

Because of the continued strike by the Civil Service, the outing to the National Library of Wales has been cancelled, and so the only events to report are the Walk on June 27th. and the service at Langley Burrell the following day. Mr. Morgan has an account of the former, elsewhere in this newsletter.

At Langley Burrell we were welcomed yet again with the warmth and friendliness we had received on former occasions, from the Rev. Derek Copeland and our stalwart Mr. & Mrs. Joe Payne. We appreciated the simple, yet profound, sermon of the Rev. A.G. Martin and the Act of Remembrance made by Rev. J.C. Day. Mr. Scott-Ashe of Langley House kindly allowed us to wander in the grounds, and Mrs. Scott-Ashe delighted the garden-lovers by taking them in person round the magnificent herbaceous borders and other plantings. The Society is most grateful to these ladies and gentlemen, and also to the other ladies who quenched our "hungers and thirsts after righteousness". And once again the sun had shone for us!

The arrangements for the Walk on Saturday, September 19th. are detailed elsewhere in this newsletter.

The Commemoration Service at Llanbedr Painscastle on Sunday, September 20th. at 3 p.m. The service will be conducted by Rev. P. Ralph Bowman, priest in charge of Llanbedr. The preacher will be the Archdeacon of Brecon, the Ven. O.W. Jones, and the Act of Remembrance performed by Rev. G.W.E. Rooke, a member of the K.S. Committee. The lessons will be read by our members Mrs. Ursula Cooper (Glasbury) and Mr. J. Brereton (Painscastle). Mrs. Cooper has mounted exhibitions at her home, Treble Hill - the most recent this last month, and it is her charming sketches which accompany the Painscastle Mini-Guide, (reviewed by Mr. Grice elsewhere in this issue). Mr. Brereton is a historian, and wrote an article on Kilvert in "Blackwood's Magazine" in the centenary year.

A coach to Llanbedr will leave Hereford Town Hall at 1.00 p.m. on the 20th. September. Approximate cost will be £1.60. Bookings to me please.

Tea will be served at Painscastle Community Hall at a cost of 75p. The approach to Llanbedr Church is along a narrow lane, but Rev. Ralph Bowman assures me that there will be ample room for parking near the churchyard, and in the churchyard itself if it is reasonably fine and the ground is dry, via the top gate.

Rev. D.N. Lockwood, one of our Vice-Presidents, suggested to the Committee that the K.S. might give the 3 volume edition of the Diary as a present to H.R.H. Prince Charles on the occasion of his wedding, and this suggestion has been warmly approved. The following letter, composed by Mr. Lockwood, was sent with the present:

"Your Royal Highness,

It is with the greatest pleasure that the
Kilvert Society presents you and your bride, the Lady Diana
Spencer, with these three volumes of Francis Kilvert's Diary.
They are sent with our affection and sincerest wishes for your
future happiness together.

We believe that you will enjoy them, for Kilvert, like you, loved the countryside and all its changing moods. We know, too, how you enjoy the "Journals of the Highlands" of your great-great-great-grandmother : so we trust you will find much to interest you, move and often amuse you as well.

There is also a personal link for you as Llysdyman House at Newbridge-on-Wye is mentioned, where you stayed with a kinsman of Kilvert's Rector, the Rev. Richard Lister Venables.

Assuring you of our great loyalty and affection now and always".

I am sure that members will not be surprised that as yet no acknowledgement has been received!

Yours sincerely,

E.J.C. West.

OBITUARY:

We regret to announce the death of the following members:-

Mrs. M. Thompson (Cinderford) a member since 1969.

Miss K.C. Harper (Worcester) a member since 1970.

Miss E. Lane (Isleworth) a member since 1964. Mrs. Peters tells me that Miss Lane and her sister Miss M. Lane used regularly to attend Kilvert functions in Hereford.

Mr. J.A.J. Evans (Hereford) a member since 1972. Mr. Evans always travelled by the coach to Commemoration Services. I came to know him well, and he told me once that he had been born in Clyro, of a family mentioned in the Diary. It was very pleasing that his widow, Mrs. E. Evans, despite severe physical handicap, should have journeyed to the service at Langley Burrell in June.

E.J.C.W.

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ACCOUNT OF A WALK IN THE RADNORSHIRE HILLS, SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH.

About twenty members turned up for this walk, an encouraging number in view of the fact that the main event of the weekend was to take place, the following day, in Wiltshire.

Before luncheon a short walk was made, starting from the assembly point on "the waste" just north of Bryngwyn Church, around the Glasnant (Lower and Upper) Farms. A steep descent took members down to the Lower Glasnant, which is picturesquely situated on the Glasnant Brook about a mile above the confluence of the latter with the River Arrow. Some half mile below the Lower Glasnant, opposite the beautiful Vyalit Wood which clothes one side of the valley, the route changed direction, climbing up over the brow of a hill and then down to the Upper Glasnant, where the brook was crossed on stepping-stones. The old farmhouse here, a building dating from mediaeval times, has now, alas, completely disappeared and has been replaced by a modern dwelling. A further climb brought the walkers up onto the road which circles Bryngwyn Hill and thence back to the cars for luncheon.

After luncheon the members split up into two parties for the afternoon walks. The more active members climbed up to the largest of the many Mawn Pools situated in the Radnorshire hills, this particular one, at some 1,700 feet elevation, being several acres in extent, the haunt of blackheaded gulls, which, judging from the hostile reception they gave the walkers, were still nesting. "Mawn" is the Welsh word for peat, and it was the extraction of this for fuel, in bygone days, which caused the formation of the many pools high up in the hills. The return route took the walkers past The Bailey, another very old farmhouse, which is situated beside the "infant" (as Kilvert would say) Bach Howey brook.

The less active members were content to take a walk right round Bryngwyn Hill, a distance of about four miles.

Taking part in the Walk (and also attending the service at Langley Burrell the following day) was Miss Evelyn Madigan, who may be regarded as our "furthest-flung" member. Miss Madigan, who became interested in the Diary after seeing the BBC Kilvert film, lives at Dunedin in New Zealand's South Island.

R.I.M.

BOOK REVIEWS:

A Corsham Boyhood, The Diary of Herbert Spackman 1877-1891.

Edited by Faith Sharp and Heather Tanner.

Picton Publishing, Bath Road, Chippenham. £5. 85.

A Corsham Boyhood is part of the diary of Herbert Spackman, father of Mrs. Heather Tanner, a member of the Kilvert Society, who has made many contributions to Kilvert research. She and her sister, Mrs. Faith Sharp, have made selections from their father's diary (written originally in shorthand, and purely for practice) covering the period 1877-1891 (he actually kept the diary from 1877 almost up to his death in 1949) - roughly the decade following Kilvert's death. His father having been prevented by the agricultural depression of the late 19th C from following the traditional Spackman career, farming, Herbert had to help in the family business of grocery, drapery and undertaking in Corsham, supplementing his income by occasional reporting for local newspapers, by teaching violin and shorthand and by playing in concerts in and around Chippenham. The main interest of the diary for members of the Kilvert Society will, of course, be the frequent references to places and people well known to Kilvert. Herbert Spackman mentions many places that had been visited by his fellow-diarist - Bowood, the Colston Hall at Bristol (where both enjoyed the Music Festivals), Chippenham, Glastonbury, Cheddar, the Moravian School at Tytherton (which Kilvert's mother attended and where Herbert later gave music lessons), Malmesbury, the Crystal Palace, Clifton Zoo, and Hardenhuish Park where Herbert went to rehearse with the Miss Clutterbucks. In one entry which will especially intrigue K.S. members, Herbert Spackman tells how he visited Tintern Abbey, and like Kilvert climbed to the top of the walls of the ruin. In these pages appear, too, many names familiar to Kilvert - the Misses Awdry (were these the young ladies who annoyed Lord Cowley at the skating party at Draycott?), Mr. Clutterbuck and his daughters, the Rev. C. Clarke whom Kilvert calls Charlie Clarke, (in the notes) Mr. Goldney the politician who stood for Chippenham, and a Rev - Lyne (could he have been the brother to Father Ignatius, and the man whose sister Kilvert fell for?).

Herbert Spackman did not set out to describe his world as fully as Kilvert did his; nor did he have Kilvert's literary skill (when he began his diary he was no more than a boy, and in 1891 he is still barely in his twenties). But he is a lively and informative recorder, and it is interesting to see Kilvert's world surviving almost unchanged into the next decade - a world of village cricket matches, magic lantern shows, penny readings, skating parties, flower shows, lectures (was the man who spoke on Mesmerism the same who intrigued Kilvert and his mother at Weston?), harmoniums in church, choir suppers, outings to Weymouth, train excursions to London - even bagatelle and the Christy Minstrels. A Corsham Boyhood is a valuable social document, and an intriguing complement to Kilvert's more famous journal.

It ought to be added that the illustrations are the work of Robin Tanner, who drew the K.S. Christmas cards.

Frederick Grice.

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BRIEF GUIDE TO THE PAINSCASTLE GROUP OF CHURCHES - KENNETH CLEW:

(20p plus stamped addressed envelope - at least 9" by 4" - from Rev. P. Ralph-Bowman, Rhosgoch Rectory, Painscastle, Builth Wells, Powys, LD2 3JU).

Kenneth Clew, who wrote the invaluable guides to Bredwardine and Langley Burrell, has now produced a mini-guide to St. Peter's, Llanbedr; St. David's, Llandewi Fach; St. Michael's, Bryngwyn and St. Mary's, Newchurch - all closely associated with Kilvert. It is full of information which is bound to be of great interest to K.S. members; and is illustrated by some charming drawings by another of our members, Mrs. Ursula Cooper of Glasbury-on-Wye.

POETRY FROM WORCESTER CATHEDRAL:

(95p with postage 15p. from M. Craze, Rosemorran, Pershore Road, Whittington, Worcester).

The volume contains several poems by our Deputy President, including one on Emma Hardy's room at Max Gate, written during a recent holiday with some other members of the K.S.

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HOW DID KILVERT GET TO THE GOWER?

Kilvert made two visits to the Gower, in April 1872 and in June 1878. Each time he stayed with his friends the Westhorps at Ilston Vicarage. On a map of South Wales you will find that the Gower is a peninsular lying west of Swansea, and in that peninsular Ilston, is east of centre. The village remains unspoilt because it is accessible only by a narrow winding lane which twists steeply down to the old church beside the Ilston brook in its pretty cwm (Welsh for a valley - the dingle of Radnorshire and related to 'coombe'). The vicarage lies on high ground behind the church, out of the cwm.

On each visit Kilvert arranged to be met by the Westhorp's waggonette at Killay Station. Today Killay is the westernmost suburb of Swansea with a 'cwm' between Killay and Upper Killay. Through the cwm a railway line accompanied the Clyne brook which further south finds the sea and the Swansea to Mumbles coast road at Black Pill. This line was a casualty of the Beeching railway closures so that Killay Station is well within living memory. As the A4118 crosses the old railway bridge you can drive left into the former station forecourt and park your car. The buildings have gone but the Railway Inn remains (not as an inn), and from a footbridge between the inn and the road bridge you can see the overgrown platform curving away beside the empty track. A few railway relics are lying about or affixed to buildings. On the April '82 visit Kilvert was met by the waggonette but on his second visit there had been a misunderstanding. He had been expected to arrive by a later train. No one met him, so he 'walked over the fine high common through the screaming of peewits and a strong wind blowing from the sea'.

It puzzled me for some time how Kilvert got to Killay. The Station was on the line to Swansea Victoria (from which the last train was signalled out on the 15th. June, 1964), the line itself branching off from the Central Wales line which still operates from Shrewsbury to Llandelli and now from thence to Swansea by another route. The problem arose because on each journey Kilvert spoke of changing at Llechrhyd. My first thought was that he would have travelled via Brecon and taken the line via Defynnog and Craig y nos, changing at Coelbren for Swansea St. Thomas Station. In that case he might just as well have been met by the waggonette at Swansea. He did use this line from Neath when he returned from St. David's with his father in October '71, greatly admiring the scenery around Penpont, as they approached Brecon. If it is reasonable to travel north to go south he could also take the Mid-Wales line up the Wye Valley from Three Cocks (frequently mentioned in the Diary) a journey familiar to readers because it took him to Newbridge when he went to the Venables' home at Llysdyman. He also took this route when he went to St. David's with his father, recording a touching scene on the platform at Llanwrda. I have noted already that they came back by another route.

On neither of these lines will you find a station called Llechrhyd.

The mystery station is Builth Road. In the development of the Welsh railways it was common practice to name stations after nearby villages or towns to which there was ready access from the station by road; an existing example on the Central Wales line is Llanbister, some five miles from the village of Llanbister. Builth Road, alias Llechrhyd, is two miles from Builth on the Rhiadr road, A470, going north. The current Ordnance Map does not show the name Llechrhyd at all. Older O/S maps print Llechrhyd above the station and name the present Court Farm as Llechrhyd Court. However, the 1979 volume of "The Buildings of Wales", edited by Nikolaus Pevsner, has an entry for the church under 'Cwmbach Llechrhyd' and the road sign as you approach reads 'Cwmbach Llechrhyd' so the policy of the Ordnance Survey appears to be misguided in this case. In 1871, when Kilvert was met at Builth Road, he drove - in the yellow Perth Cart drawn by the bay pony - past 'the new Cwmbach schools', described in 'Buildings of Wales' as 'an attractive late C19 polychrome brick school'. It is not that attractive, but the church across the way is. According to Pevsner's book it was not there in Kilvert's time; it is twice dated 1886. However, trusting the evidence of its foundation stone, the parish celebrated its centenary in 1977, so Kilvert could have seen it in the last years of his life. I think the lady who financed its building was the same Mrs. Thomas of Pencerrig who he had been assured by Mrs. Venables would help him greatly if he accepted the parish of Disserth near Llandrindod Wells.

The Central Wales Line still operates and uses Builth Road Station higher level. The lower level, the line much travelled by characters of the Diary from Three Cocks, survives in many places as a track without rails, but at Builth Road there is no vestige at all except the bridge it passed under and the separate station, now a public house. When you park your car outside you are roughly where Kilvert would have descended from the train. I wondered if he took the little footpath with rusty railings and wild flowers to the upper line.

No wonder the Index in Volume III lists Builth Road and Llechrhyd as separate places. It has one entry for Builth Road and eight for Llechrhyd (several inaccurate). Yet Kilvert only speaks of Llechrhyd in connection with the station, adding his reference to the new school.

The clue to identification was his reference by implication to the High Level. Travelling to Killay in April 1872 he wrote: 'Waiting an hour and a half at Llechrhyd, reading Faust on the lower platform, the copy of which my mother gave me at Worcester Foregate Street Station, December 3rd. 1870'. To be precise, on December 3rd. his birthday, Kilvert was leaving Worcester after attending his aunt Maria Kilvert's funeral at the Cathedral. What his mother gave him was five shillings to buy a book as a present: 'Part of it, 2/-. I spent on buying a copy of Faust, an English translation, one of Tischendorf's series, at the Foregate Street Station'. I suppose he thought it appropriate over a year later, to read at one station a book he had bought at another.

A nice little book on the Central Wales Line, now out of print, gives the timetable of 1875, between Kilvert's two visits. Travelling from Bredwardine in 1878 he left 'the station' - presumably Kinnersley - at 9. 50 arriving at Killay at 3. 30. Assuming the timetable to apply he would have caught the 12. 45 from Builth Road scheduled to arrive at Killay at 3. 18. I am assured that as long as trains ran by steam the duration of journeys was little altered on these lines. That midday train took two hours and thirty-three minutes to reach Killay; a later one stopping at fewer stations, took two hours twelve minutes.

We do not know the extent of Kilvert's friendship with the Westhorns of Ilston and whether he had visited them prior to these two holidays. Mrs. Westhorp was sister-in-law to Mrs. Venables; there was the introduction. Kilvert went to Clyro in 1865, but this rail connection was only made in 1866, when the Central Wales Line was extended to join the Towy Valley Line at Llandovery. 1866 is the date on the gable to Builth Road, alias Llechrhyd, High Level Station.

S.G.A. LUFF.

NOTE: I am indebted for help in working out railway problems to a local expert, Mr. Richard Rhys Rees of Llanwrda.

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KILVERT IN DEVON:

One of Kilvert's relations of whom few personal details are given in the Diary was his Uncle Will, who lived at Hawkchurch, near Axminster. Both Kilvert and his sister Dora were fond of Uncle Will and Aunt Augusta. Kilvert had a long stay at Hawkchurch in August 1870, travelling to Axminster by train and doing the rest of the journey in his uncle's dog-cart. Dora was there in 1872, and in July 1873 both Kilvert and his sister were there, on this occasion Kilvert only for three days. He clearly enjoyed staying with his uncle. During the course of his first stay he saw what was left of Lambart's Castle Fair, went to Lyme Regis, Beer, Seaton, Charmouth, Monkton Wyld, (where he attended an Oxford Movement service which he did not admire) and Axmouth. As always he was greatly stimulated by what he saw, and his diary entries include a vivid description of the bustling beach scene at Axmouth, and fine lyrical passages on the Devon lanes and avenues, especially the great lime avenue near his uncle's house, to which he paid a sentimental farewell visit at the end of his holiday. The countryside around Hawkchurch is still very much as Kilvert knew it, and it is easy to understand his enthusiasm for it.

This year a number of K.S. Members found themselves near Hawkchurch, and by a series of lucky chances were able to clear up some of the ambiguities in the Diary. Kilvert's Uncle Will became the Rector of the parish, and his full name was William Pigott Cay Adams. Mrs. Adam's maiden name was Coleman (she was sister to Kilvert's mother); and the handsome Victorian Rectory where Kilvert stayed was built by him in the late 1860's or early 1870's. By a lucky accident we met Mrs. D.M. Clarke-Irons, and were shown some of the rooms that Kilvert must have known (at one point the Rev. D.N. Lockwood, who was of the party, read out for us the prayer that the Rector had composed to commemorate the completion of his house); and during the course of our conversation a tantalising piece of information arose. The new Rectory had been built by Mr. Hicks the Dorchester architect for whom Thomas Hardy worked before he made his name as a novelist; and Hardy's own Architectural Notebook (published in facsimile by the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society in 1966, but now unfortunately out of print) contains a plan of the building, a few details of interesting architectural features he noted in the cellars, and a note - Hawkchurch Rectory. Rector pleased with its convenience.

Clearly Hardy had visited the house, and probably on many occasions.

It has been known for some time that Kilvert and Hardy had many friends and acquaintances in common - notably the Rev. Henry Moule, the Vicar of Fordington and a close friend of Robert Kilvert, and William Barnes, the Dorset poet and Scholar. Both Under the Greenwood Tree and the Diary contain the anecdote about the parson who had a broken font and used to spit on his hand when he had to baptize a child. On several occasions they must have been in the same neighbourhood. Now it appears that Hardy must also have known Uncle Will and Aunt Augusta; and a further entry in the Architectural Notebook suggests that he had also worked on the church at Findon, where Kilvert met 'Kathleen Mavourneen'. Unfortunately however, these two men who had so much in common (although Kilvert would not have sympathised with Hardy's pessimistic view of the world), seem never to have met, an ironical circumstance that has almost in itself the makings of a Hardy story.

F. Grice.

R.I. Morgan.

"POOR GEORGIA SPENCER'S BABY"

When the "La Plata" sank off Ushant in November 1874 among those who were lost was the Captain, Frederick Homes Dudden, whose widow Georgia was expecting a baby. The Diary reports that the news was kept from her as she was "very delicate". The baby must have been born in the last days of the year, and a note tells us that he was named Frederick Homes after his father.

In 1922 my father was appointed headmaster to the King's School, Gloucester and a Minor Canon of the Cathedral. A Canon Homes Dudden was the Canon in Residence at that time and he was also Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. I was then a schoolgirl but I can still remember what a brilliant preacher and compelling personality the Canon was. Last year, reading the Diary, I suddenly wondered whether the Canon was indeed "Poor Georgia's baby". Correspondence with Pembroke College and dignitaries at Gloucester have proved that he was. He took a First in Greats in 1897, became Fellow of Lincoln College and obtained D.D. in 1907. He was elected Master of Pembroke in 1918, a post he retained until his death in 1955.

(Mrs) Isabel Back.

TWO ASPECTS OF KILVERT:

(I) Despising the Tourists.

Although it must always be Clyro which comes first to mind when we think of the Diary, it is remarkable how much of the work has to do with jaunts, trips and excursions to other places, not to mention the long periods of residence elsewhere. These journeys are either local ones undertaken alone or with one or two companions (often Morrell) or in a party ("the usual set") or visits to friends or relations (sometimes to attend some function or ceremony) further afield, or longer holiday projects in areas like North Wales or Cornwall. I say "remarkable", but perhaps it is not so really, since William Plomer's eye must inevitably have been attracted by the highlights in what Kilvert himself considered "a humble and uneventful life", although we may not find it so very uneventful, even in comparison with our supposedly racier times. Certainly the selection must give a somewhat false impression of Kilvert's existence, with this emphasis upon movement, for we need to take into account not only the more routine entries which must have been omitted as lacking in liveliness, but also the weighty fact that the Diary does not begin until the last year or two of Kilvert's stay in Clyro. We can only speculate on the difference which a diary starting in 1865 might have made to our image of Kilvert. In all probability the five 'lost' years were the most active and strenuous ones of his life, but this must also have been the time when he really put down roots in the Wye Valley and began to feel a part of the community.

It is this sense of belonging which may in part explain that paradox which has been commented upon before in newsletters, the one concerning his own delight in getting about and seeing the world, placed beside his well-known outbursts at the expense of the British tourist. It is not necessarily a contradiction; although I am far from believing Kilvert incapable of inconsistency or from thinking the worse of him, should he be caught in the act. But I believe that something of interest may be learned by going a little deeper into this question than has been done previously, so far as I know.

I shall begin by recalling that authors have for long been touchy on the subject of mass tourism, which most people take to be a post-war phenomenon. If you are thinking in terms of air-travel, they must be correct, of course, and the Victorians may have seriously under-estimated what a 'mass' can amount to. However, there were, clearly, enough people on the move, in search of pleasure or edification, in the days of the Diary, to make their presence felt. As some confirmation of this, here are a few words written by Henry James in 1877 concerning a return visit to Kenilworth Castle:

"I remember perfectly my first visit to this romantic spot; how I chanced upon a picnic; how I stumbled over beer-bottles; how the very echoes of the beautiful rain seemed to have dropped all their 'h's'. That was a sultry afternoon; I allowed my spirits to sink and I came away hanging my head. This was a beautiful fresh morning, and in the interval I had grown philisophic. I had learned that, with regard to most romantic sites in England, there is a constant cockneyfication with which you must make your account. There are always people on the field before you, and there is generally something being drunk on the premises".

You do not get this sort of talk about cockneyfication from Kilvert, not because the diarist was less of a snob than James, but because, as Dr. Plomer said in one of his addresses, Kilvert seldom generalises. There are, I think, three incidents to be looked at, each with individual features, the first included with some hesitation. This is the scene below Hay Bluff when the excavations were displayed to the public. Strictly speaking, tourists do not appear in this passage and Kilvert's shunning of the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club differs from his scorn of tourists. All the same, looking at it may remind us of qualities in Kilvert's strange make-up which may prove relevant when we examine the other scenes. There seem to be a number of elements in his attitude towards the Woolhope. (In a recent article Mr. R.I. Morgan expresses the hope that Kilvert's ill-will is meant to be directed elsewhere, but it is not easy to accept this reading. The motivation seems to me to be the chief puzzle). There is his preference for solitary contemplation and his dislike of being dragooned ("tagging about" as he calls it), which oddly co-existed with a hearty enjoyment of company in congenial circumstances and perhaps the right sort of numbers. In the case of the archacological site, however, there seems to be an additional factor, not to be overlooked. About five months previously, Kilvert had visited an old sick shoe-maker living not far from Twyn-y-beddau, a parishioner of his friend, Pope. This impressive character, like someone out of Wordsworth's poetry, moved Kilvert deeply, as did his stories about the history of the mounds and the graves of the chieftains thought to be among them. He himself came of a family which had lived thereabouts for centuries, or so he believed, and the experience of listening to him seems to have struck Kilvert as a true example of the handing on of folk tradition; thus when, the next summer, the excavation gave rise to a public display, Kilvert absented himself, I believe, because so many of the spectators, he suspected, would be insensitive to the ancient spirit of the place. He does not express it in these terms himself, but, with Kilvert, one has to use intuition at times, on the basis of the poor sprinkling of facts that we have.

The scene at Llanthony Abbey (5.IV.70) is the best-known instance of Kilvert's disgust at the presence of tourists. Here it is scarcely a question of numbers as Kilvert and his two friends are more numerous than the tourists, who are only two; even if this proves to be enough to keep Kilvert and company from the tea-room for the best part of an hour. Kilvert is rather weakly satirical about the walking gear of the tourists and about the imparting of information about the ruins. My own belief is that, here again, if I was right to any extent about the "herd" at the excavation and the "prattle" spoken there, Kilvert has convinced himself that his party are authentic residents in the area, while the other is a brace of aliens, comical in appearance but awkwardly there, holding up Kilvert's progress. This impression seems to be reinforced by his attempt to hob-nob with the landlord, remembered from four years back by Kilvert, but unkindly proving unable to return the compliment. The purchasing of photographs and "little books about Llanthony and the Black Mountains" seems the final capitulation.

The other main example is the incident in Cornwall near the Logan Stone, itself not far from Land's End. The date is 27.VII.70 and certainly impresses the general reader as another instance of what we should now call over-reaction on Kilvert's part. He writes:

"As we returned to the wild granite village (i.e. Treen) along the field paths a rude vulgar crew of tourists (real British) passed us going down to the cliffs, grinning like dogs, and one of the male beasts said in a loud insolent voice evidently meant for us to hear, 'I hope they haven't upset the Logan Rock!'",

There is hardly space to discuss how this mild specimen of banter rates as vulgarity beside Captain Parker's little jest at the expense of Kilvert's party's driver, which had so amused the whole group shortly before. Our chief concern should be to see if the pattern outlined earlier can be applied to this situation. At first sight it looks as though the 'insider' attitude cannot be affecting the diarist here in Cornwall, where he was as much a newcomer as any of the "male beasts" so despised or any of the "large vulgar picnic party" cluttering up the inn in the village on their arrival there. (Kilvert's bad luck at inns had followed him from Llanthony to Cornwall. He was discovering empirically the truth which James would formulate a few years later). I can only suppose that Kilvert somehow missed the logic of all this. Finding himself thoroughly accepted by friends and acquaintances in a party of six, the others all being local people - although the Hockins were not natives of Cornwall or destined to remain there much longer - Kilvert was scarcely conscious of his true status, adapting as was his way so quickly to his new environment.

It would be tedious to list chronologically all the other journeys which are recorded in the Diary for the rest of Kilvert's short life. The remarkable fact about them is that, although they are numerous, they hardly ever portray Kilvert as more of a tourist than he was during these weeks in Cornwall. I mean by this that he was seldom required to put up at inns or hotels or boarding houses. So far as I can make out this only occurred on his tours with his father into Mid and North Wales and afterwards into Pembrokeshire. I imagine that these were in the nature of treats, his father footing the bill, and probably Kilvert, with his rather sentimental feeling about Wales, was inclined to view these journeys not as voyages of discovery but as calls made in places already spiritually if not physically familiar. The extent to which Kilvert and perhaps his parents as well to some extent leaned upon the hospitality of others for both meals and accommodation may strike a modern reader as extraordinary, although good taste seems to have silenced comment. It is true, of course, that we should not apply the standards of our own grimly egalitarian century. In Kilvert's time even the moderately well-to-do would scarcely have noticed another place at dinner or another guest to put up. The all-important factor of cheap domestic labour explains much in Victorian conduct. But in Kilvert's defence it should be stated that he clearly preferred staying with friends to being at an hotel and the affectionate side of his nature responded warmly to any hospitality. He does not actually express gratitude very often, in the Diary at least, but there is no trace of disloyalty either. Perhaps in these ways he continued to escape the hated name of tourist.

But did the prejudice itself continue? It was pointed out by an observant contributor in March 1978 that "all the opprobrious references to tourists come in the first volume covering 1st. January, 1870 to 19th. August, 1871". The writer suggests that Kilvert may have grown more tolerant or that economic depression may have reduced the number of tourists. My own notion is that a clue survives in the use in the two main sources - the passage about Llanthony and the one about Cornwall - of the word "British". Many readers must have wondered at this emphasis upon nationality, since Kilvert is not generally thought of as a widely travelled man. However, work on the Venables diaries has brought to light that Kilvert's holiday in Switzerland, to which there are allusions in the Diary, took place in 1869, quite a short time therefore before the bias is aired in the Diary. This makes it likely that Kilvert had had some unpleasant brush with fellow-countrymen in Switzerland which rankled for the next couple of years before abating, so far as we can judge. There may be no more to it all than that. However, I prefer to think that the speculations made in this essay are not pure fancy, but do point towards some permanent strain in Kilvert's complex nature. The complexity is illustrated by the way in which this strain could apparently stir up some of his least agreeable characteristics, for which the most charitable name is clannishness, but also some of his very best feelings - a protective regard for people and places, a real if also slightly romantic sense of the past, and a need to belong, wherever he chanced to find himself.

Ivor Lewis

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THE CLUTTERBUCK FAMILY:

The records of the Clutterbuck family, to which Thomas Clutterbuck, Robert Kilvert's patron, belonged, can with certainty be traced back to the fifteenth century; but it is probable that they came from the Netherlands and settled in England at an even earlier date. Many branches of the family belong to Gloucestershire, but others have been recorded in Essex, and of course there was a Mr. Clutterbuck in Boughrood in Kilvert's time.

Thomas Clutterbuck, who had been an Officer in the Royal Horse Guards Blue and was Sheriff of Wiltshire in 1826 and 1852, lived first at Widcombe House, Claverton, (is this the same as Widcombe Manor?), but subsequently purchased Hardenhuish, commonly known as Hardenhuish Park, and with it the advowson of Hardenhuish, the living of which he presented to Robert Kilvert. Thomas Clutterbuck married Henrietta, daughter of the famous economist, David Ricardo, M.P. for Portalington and at one time owner of Gatcombe Park, now the home of Princess Anne and her husband. Emily Wyndowe in her Rambling Recollections says that it was Henrietta who brought into the family the fatal tuberculosis that carried off two of her daughters, Emma and Mary Elizabeth (called Elizabeth Mary in the family records), and Edmund Lewis, Thomas's heir, at the early age of 36. It was Thomas Clutterbuck, a benevolent and much-loved squire, who built the school room on to the Hardenhuish Rectory, and Miss Emma Clutterbuck took such an interest in it that, Emily Wyndowe says, it was known as her school. Thomas Clutterbuck's second son, Daniel Hugh, was wounded in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade, and had to use a wheel-chair.

Thomas Clutterbuck died in 1852 and was succeeded by Edmund Lewis Clutterbuck, who seems to have been as devout and philanthropic as his father. According to a notice in the Wilts. Independent (28 Feb 1861) for which I am indebted to Mrs. Theresa Williams, he was largely responsible for the building of the church at Kington Langley, (and also for the abolition of the Kington Langley Mops, which he seems to have disliked as much as Mr. Thomas disliked the Llanigon Foast and Mr. Moule the scandalous goings on at Fordington Races). He was a conscientious magistrate and Deputy Lord Lieutenant for Wiltshire, but his health, never good, began to fail in 1860, and he died at Torquay on 9 Feb. 1861, aged only 37.

He was succeeded at Hardenhuish by his son Edmund Henry, who married Madeline Charlotte Raikes in 1880, and had several children, the Christian names of some of whom raise interesting speculations. The seventh child was Violet Thermuthis, and the eighth Mary Hope Letitia. Since Thermuthis was a Christian name used almost exclusively by the Ashe and Kilvert families, and Letitia was the Christian name of Squire Ashe's wife, was there some connection between the two families?

I am indebted for most of this information to Mr. David Greig, a member of the Kilvert Society, and the son of Mary Hope Letitia and Capt. Ronald Henry Greig, D.S.O. (killed in action 28 Aug. 1916). Mr. Greig, who lives at Gladestry, is therefore a direct descendant of the Thomas Clutterbuck who played so crucial a role in the life of the Kilvert family.

Frederick Grice.

Footnote: Shortly after meeting Mr. Greig I met in the Cathedral Library at Worcester another descendant of the Clutterbucks of Harnish - Father Lawrence, SSE of Glasshampton Monastery. He told me that he once met a man whose grandfather had given Kilvert the account of the funeral of David Ricardo which appears in the Diary; and that the Thermuthis mentioned above was probably the god-daughter of the diarist's mother, or of Thersie Ashe, the daughter of Squire Ashe.

F.G.

FRANCIS KILVERT AND SIR GILBERT LEWIS:

On December 20, 1870, Kilvert dined at the Clyro Vicarage and was introduced to the Reverend Sir Gilbert Lewis. There was much talk by Sir Gilbert that evening on the visit of Louis Napoleon to Queen Victoria. On the following day, Kilvert found Sir Gilbert pacing round the gravel walk at the Vicarage trying to keep warm in the bitter, miserable weather. Sir Gilbert, a Canon of Worcester, told Kilvert a lot about Maria Kilvert, whom he had known quite well; Maria had been buried only 19 days before. The Canon had given up visiting her in Worcester for three years before her death, but Lady Lewis "used to call and was sometimes admitted" by the eccentric Maria.

The only other entry concerning Sir Gilbert in the published Diary is dated 6th April, 1875. That was the day when Kilvert with his two sisters - Dora and Thersie - and his niece - Florence - went to Monnington Court and Monnington Church. The churchwarden told them about the great flood of February, 1852, when he and Sir Gilbert - then Rector of Monnington - had punted a boat through the Church door, up the Nave and into the Chancel.

Sir Gilbert Frankland Lewis, the 3rd. Bart., was the younger son of Sir Thomas Frankland, the 1st. Bart. Gilbert was born in 1808, educated at Eton and Magdalene, Cambridge, ordained a priest by the Bishop of Hereford in 1833 and immediately

became Rector of Monnington, where he stayed for 31 years. He was a Canon of Worcester from 1856 to 1881. He succeeded his brother to the baronetage in 1863 and died at Harpton Court, near Kington, Herefordshire in 1883. It was in preparation for the long cold journey to Harpton that Kilvert found Sir Gilbert trying to get himself warm on that cold day in 1870.

Sir Gilbert Lewis was knowledgeable about politics and state matters for a very simple reason; his elder brother - Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the 2nd. Bart. was a distinguished statesman and a great favourite of Queen Victoria. Two years older than Sir Gilbert, Sir George became a Barrister, M.P. for Herefordshire, Editor of the Edinburgh Review, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1855-58, Home Secretary 1859-61 and Secretary for War 1861-64. He died unexpectedly early at Harpton Court in 1863. The House of Commons adjourned for a day in homage and within a year, a bust was in place in the North Transept of Westminster Abbey and a public statue unveiled at Hereford. He was buried in the family vault at Old Radnor Church.

The word Cornwall in Sir George Lewis' full name is of course well known to the readers of Kilvert's Diary. He got it from his mother, Harriett, who was the fourth daughter of Sir George Amyand Cornwall, of Moccas (1748-1819). He was the Grandfather of the Sir George Cornwall so often referred to by Kilvert in his Diary.

As already mentioned, Lady Lewis - Sir Gilbert's wife - was occasionally entertained by Aunt Maria. Lady Lewis was born Jane Antrobus, eldest daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus, 2nd. Bart. She had a son, Herbert Edmund, who became the 4th. and last Baronet, his death in 1911 causing the title to become extinct. Jane Antrobus also had a brother Frederick, (1838-1903) who was, at one time, attaché at the British Embassy in Paris. He became a Roman Catholic and ended his days as a Priest of the Brampton Oratory.

Anyone interested in usage of words in the Herefordshire of the first half of the 19th century may be interested to read Glossary of Provincial Words in Herefordshire, which was published in 1839, and written by the future Home Secretary, Sir George Cornwall Lewis. There is a copy in the British Museum Library.

Professor M. Doughty (Montreal).

Sources: Burkes; Debrett; General Catalogue of Printed Books, British Museum; Boase, Modern English Biography (1912 edition); W.G. Gorman, Converts to Rome (1910); D.N.B.; George Cornwall Lewis, The Government of Dependencies (1841).

(Sir George Cornwall Lewis is commemorated by a monument in New Radnor, as well as by the statue in front of Hereford Shire Hall).

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENCE:

Our New Zealand member, Miss E. Madigan, has written to me since her weekend in the Kilvert Country, and enclosed part of a letter from her great friend, Mrs. Dorothy Ballantyne. Following is what Mrs. Ballantyne wrote:

"My Greetings to the Kilvert Society! I'm moderately proud (if there is such a thing) of taking Kilvert to the Maniototo. I've just looked in my diary and find the date was March 26th. 1979. This Kilvert occasion was a Meeting of the Association of Anglican Women held at the Anglican church at Ranfurly. The Bishop's wife drove me up, which I thought was very suitable, and the extracts from Kilvert were all related to Easter 1870 - indeed I called the programme 'Kilvert's Easter'.

"The Rev. Russell Joyce read the Kilvert extracts (he is now vicar at Wakari). I chose him because he had a beard and looked rather like Kilvert. He sat at a table with Robert's silver inkwell, as though he were writing his diary at the end of a day".

(Maniototo is a country area of Otago, New Zealand; and Ranfurly the small country town of this area. "Robert" does not refer to Kilvert, but to Dr. Robert Ballantyne, husband of the writer).

In her letter Miss Madigan expressed her great delight not only in visiting places mentioned in the Diary, but also in meeting members and being received in so friendly a manner by them. She was particularly grateful to Mr. and Mrs. R.I. Morgan who took her to Llanthony and Bredwardine.

Not long after the receipt of Miss Madigan's letter, there came one from one of our Californian members, Mr. Bill Cummings of Santa Barbara. With his wife he intends to visit the U.K. in late August, and to revisit the Kilvert Country after some four years. He recalls that in Clyro churchyard he witnessed the filming of the TV episode where Kilvert talks to a Mrs. Crichton painting on the Sabbath - an incident he has never located in the Diary! I have written to tell him of our September weekend, and expressed the hope that he and Mrs. Cummings might be with us on one or both of these days.

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The Saint Andrew Press of 121, George Street, Edinburgh, is publishing on October 12th. "The Country Divine" by Michael Brander. Twelve country clerics and diarists have been chosen for this study, and edited selections from their diaries (covering the period from 1600 to 1900) have been provided to outline the social changes in the lives of country divines in a variety of regions of the U.K. Kilvert is naturally featured. The book is priced at £3. 90.

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Our member, Mrs. K. Hughes, who is Assistant Archivist in the Department of Manuscripts and Records at the National Library of Wales, has informed me that the Sandford Note-book has been transcribed, and, unless there are some technical difficulties as yet unforeseen, the library hopes to publish a full edition of this volume in the Spring of 1982. Further, it is hoped to publish some Kilvert notes in the Winter 1982 number of the "Library Journal".

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Mr. Kenneth Clew hopes to be at the service at Llanbedr, and tells me he will bring a supply of the Kington St. Michael mini-guides. The Painscastle mini-guide can be obtained by post from the Rev. P. Ralph-Bowman, Rhosgoch Rectory, Painscastle, Builth Wells, Powys, LD2 3JU. at a cost of 20p. but a stamped addressed envelope at least 9" by 4" must be included.

E.J.C.W.

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EXCURSION IN THE HEREFORD KILVERT COUNTRY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19TH.

Rendezvous at 11. 00 at MONNINGTON COURT. To reach Monnington Court, turn off Hereford-Clyro road (A438) opposite the Portway Hotel (approximately 9 miles west of Hereford). Follow lane signposted "Monnington" to end and then turn left at "Monnington Court" sign. Park inside entrance to Court.

MORNING PROGRAMME: Visit to MONNINGTON COURT, by kind invitation of Mrs. Bulmer. Visit to adjacent MONNINGTON CHURCH. Walk along MONNINGTON WALK and back (about two miles total distance), passing rear of MONNINGTON RECTORY. Thence by car to BREDWARDINE.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME: Visit to BREDWARDINE CHURCH, where luncheon will be taken in the Church Lane. Visit to MOCCAS CHURCH and, if permission can be obtained beforehand, to MOCCAS DEER PARK. Visit to MERBACH HILL, walking from CRAFTA WEBB (about two miles level walking there and back). Visit (time permitting) to the ARTHUR'S STONE cromlech, where tea will be taken.

All travelling, except for the two shortish walks mentioned above and possibly a stroll in the Deer Park, will be by car. Bring picnic luncheon and tea, as usual.

N.B. Enjoyment of intending participants may be enhanced by reading relevant Diary entries beforehand. Useful background information can also be found in the article - "KILVERT'S HEREFORDSHIRE", written with this excursion in mind and published in the Society's February 1981 News-letter. An account of Kilvert's visit to MERBACH HILL on the 14th. August, 1872, appears on page 18 of the Society's publication, "The Bevan-Dew Extracts", which is advertised in the accompanying Price List of Publications.

R.I.M.

PRESENTATION OF VISITORS' BOOK TO BREDWARDINE CHURCH:

This will be done on September 19th. at 1. 15 p.m. at a short service, when Predendary de la tour Davies (priest-in-charge and member of the K.S) will receive the Visitors' Book from our Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Harley Dance. Since the length of the afternoon Walk is shorter than usual, it is hoped that more members may care to participate in both the service and the Walk (which Mr. R.I. Morgan refers to on page 11).

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THE FAITH OF A RURAL PASTOR:

(In the last newsletter reference was made to an article by our member Rev. D.R. King of New Jersey, U.S.A., and hope was expressed that some parts of it might be printed in the future. The following extract is reprinted from the March 1981 issue of "The Historical Magazine of the Protestant Episcopal Church" with permission).

Kilvert's primary impulse was to help. Accordingly, the mood of his poems and diary is unfailingly uplifting and compassionate. Indeed, his writing represents well a parish priest's instinctive use of theology, not to promote any particular ecclesiastical party line, but to bring the relevant Christian doctrines to bear on the concrete needs of individual souls.

His central conviction was the reality of God, Creator and Father. A sharp observer of nature, he saw God's handiwork wherever he looked. Primroses "shine His goodness everywhere". The seasons pay "homage.....before the fact of God". The skylark is God's chief minstrel "to teach on earth the songs of Heaven". The sight of snow on the Black Mountains caused him to explain, "One's first involuntary thought.....is to lift up the heart to God and humbly thank Him for having made the earth so beautiful". Kilvert had no doubts that God had created the world and that it was good.

In particular, Kilvert was certain that God cares. "God's love encompasses the world". God "loves, thinks, cares for each, and painfully plans every little incident of life for our advantage". He watches over all we do; it is our privilege to "live and work, and walk with Him". Our Maker is also our "Almighty, Heavenly Friend".

Kilvert's positive and somewhat sentimental view of God shows considerable affinity to the ideas and attitudes of Frederick William Faber, whose hymn he knew and on occasion read aloud to parishioners. Indeed, Faber may well have been a major theological influence upon him. Like Faber, Kilvert believed that "There's a wideness in God's mercy / like the wideness of the sea"; that "The heart of the Eternal / Is most wonderfully kind"; and that "Our lives would be all sunshine / In the sweetness of the Lord".

As Kilvert taught in the local school, brought the sacrament to the sick and visited the afflicted, he communicated his certainty of the goodness of God and of His fatherly concern for his children. His imagery may have been conventional; but his message, in word and deed, was constructive and encouraging. Cheerfulness consistently characterised his religion. Although no stranger to life's tragedies and to human perversity, he felt "it was a positive luxury to be alive". No sense of gloom or doom shadowed his journal's pages. He had never attended a theological seminary or studied Augustine and other classical theologians. Raised in a rectory and at school near Bath with a clerical uncle, he had absorbed the Christian Faith rather than scrutinised it deeply or critically. His convictions were strong; his vocation was to help the dying child, the peasant mother, the bereaved shepherd and the girl going into domestic service, to be sure of God.
